

THE VARSITY

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

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A MEMORY.

Something transient as may be
Floating on a sunset sea
Stray tints of sky-built radiancy—

E'en as mournful as the wail
Of some summer-haunting gale
When the stars cloud-shadowed fail

Was the light in my lady's eye,
Was the tone of each love-lit word
That swept thro' my soul till its deeps were stirred,
Ere Death said "Come," and she hurried by.

P.

WHAT IS POLITICAL SCIENCE ?

PROFESSOR ASHLEY'S INAUGURAL.*

When Her Majesty, to use the official language, has changed her advisers, and a new Government comes into power, the authoritative declaration of intentions by the first Minister is of real consequence. It is the platform—the succinct statement of tenets and principles which for the time will be embodied in legislation and carried into effect, as far as may be, by the Executive. Political Economy, as a lifeless adjunct of the course in Philosophy, has given place to the study of Political Science. Formerly, we traversed as slightly as possible the classical doctrine of the English Economists, a doctrine unrelated to the changeful life of man, but based on the pure economic theory of man the mercantile being. Now, we are seriously to inquire into our political society as it is—its constitution and functions, the organs by which these functions are discharged, its relations to the individual and to other societies. At the onset of this inquiry the preliminary words of the man under whose leadership we are henceforth to be, are worthy of our best attention.

Political Science naturally falls into several well-defined branches. These are not distinct and independent subjects of inquiry, but allied parts of the same general inquiry. For example, the purpose of the State, the limits of individual liberty, the opposing claims of order and progress, all have their bearing on the study of Political Economy proper. And it is with this branch of the general inquiry that Mr. Ashley is chiefly occupied. His point of view is instructive.

The classical economic maxims or laws cannot claim to be true at all times and places; their truth is relative to certain conditions, which may be absent or change. It is not that all Political Economy is valueless, but that a particular set of doctrines have only a relative truth. The abstract deductive method of the past has performed what service it could. The fruitful field now is in following new methods of investigation—historical, statistical, inductive. What is valuable in the orthodox teaching is the result of observation and historical

comparison. These results are not to be thrown away; nor is an opposition set of dogmas to be brought forward. Having mastered the abstract theory, the important thing is to attack directly the pressing economic questions of the present. The method is direct observation and generalization from facts, whether past or present. The economist will not aim at ending with a law of rent or a law of production based on Ontarian facts, but with a picture of Ontarian agriculture and of the influences that affect it. Having found what is, the duty of the economist is to point out what should be. On him is the duty of practical guidance. For he who has given more careful consideration than others to the economic side of social life ought to be more capable of giving sound advice about it. He is to find some standard. The final test, of course, must be the welfare of the State. Thus the relation of economic phenomena to the whole of society comes within the purview of the economist, and political economy is a vital part of the great department of Political Science. This is the change in treatment of the subject that is associated with the modern scientific school of economists.

A University may be defined to be a nucleus of intellectual effort. Its value to the State is to be sought not only in the positive acquirements of the individual university man but, further, in the atmosphere of research, in the concentrated attention bestowed on the great questions of the hour by men who have the opportunity and the facilities for unbiased inquiry, and in the right such men have, by virtue of their position, to afford to the public the results of their labours. The Professor is a leader of thought. In the name of the Province the University has invited Mr. Ashley to an important sphere of duty. Problems of race fusion; of internal polity; of our relations with the mother-land; of our relations with the American Republic; tariffs; industries; railways; our penal and dangerous classes, what is to be the outcome of democratic tendencies; in short, a host of problems require the wisdom of our statesmen, the constant care of our law-givers, the aid of our statisticians, and, which has been almost denied us in the past, the trained insight of our students of Political Society.

W. H. H.

JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL-PHILLIPS.

The news that Halliwell-Phillips, as he was familiarly known, has lately died, will be received with profound regret by all thorough students of Shakespeare. Born in 1820, in London, in the regular course of study he entered Jesus College, Cambridge, where most of his attention was directed in the line of mathematical research—some of his earliest published work relates to that subject. At the same time he was busily engaged in poring over the many manuscripts to be found in the various colleges at Cambridge. The result of this was seen in

* Toronto: Rowsell & Hutchison, 1888.

his edition of the works of Sir John Mandeville, issued when he was eighteen.

It would be vain to attempt to give a list of his works, as a complete set, including the many reissues, would form a good library in themselves. His most valuable contribution to Shakespearean literature was the edition of the great dramatist's works, issued in some sixteen folio volumes. It is most exhaustive, yet he acknowledged that the work was uneven. Like many another editor, some plays exercised a strange fascination over him and led him to devote more attention to these than to others; but the collation of early editions, the original tales and novels on which the plays were founded, the wealth of illustrations to each play and the life of the poet, make it the most complete edition published. This edition was limited to 150 copies, so that the original price was very high and time has only added to its monetary value. As if to make amends for this prohibitive style of publishing, he almost gave away—for he published it at a loss to himself—his "Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare." This has passed through six editions since 1881, the last in two large volumes and sold at the very low price of half a guinea. These two works constitute his greatest and most enduring memorials.

Until 1872, he labored on at his work of love—for he was a poor man—in the unselfishness of his heart, editing books gratuitously for the Shakespeare and other societies. In that year his circumstances altered very materially. On the death of Sir Thomas Phillips, his wife inherited her father's estates, and as a condition Mr. Halliwell took the surname Phillips. He was now in a position to gratify his longings. He was known throughout England and the Continent as an enthusiastic collector of all things relating to the literature of Shakespeare's age. He did not do this for himself but made very liberal donations to Stratford, Birmingham and Edinburgh University. He was most indefatigable in his researches for new facts that might increase what was known of the great dramatist. He lavished his time and money on Stratford; the town records were ransacked, all collections of private papers to which he could gain access were carefully examined, so that it is hardly likely that much new light will hereafter be thrown on the poet's life.

As by-work he had collected and prepared what he had collected for a history of the English stage. This only needs some further investigation and a competent editor to put it in the hands of the publisher. After the sale of the estate he removed to Brighton, intending to build a home near that city, but he took such a fancy to a temporary dwelling that he abandoned the original plan and erected a set of wooden houses in which he stored his treasures. He called this home Hollingbury Copse, "that quaint wigwam on the Sussex Downs which has the honour of sheltering more records and artistic evidences connected with the great dramatist, than are to be found in any other of the world's libraries." Here he lived and received many a one who had travelled far to see that marvellous collection, or even to speak with one whose knowledge of the poet was so great.

By his will, his library, with the exception of a portion that is to go to Edinburgh University, is offered for purchase to Birmingham. It is to be hoped that it remains intact and in England. He was the last of the little band that many years ago founded the Shakespeare Society. By his death England loses her highest authority on all matters relating to the life of Shakespeare. He was not one of those who studied Shakespeare—as he persisted in spelling the name—from an aesthetic standpoint; what he hungered after was facts, and this found expression in his researches into the connections of the poet with the families in Stratford and Warwickshire,

his early life there and after-career in London. As a man he had a singularly fine disposition; even-tempered, unselfish even to prodigality, refined and sympathetic, he must have been a man to love and honour.

"*Sit tibi levis terra.*"

DION.

HOMER.

The Tale of Troy, blown on the lips of song,
Outlived the city which it celebrated,
Fallen into ruins, and outlived the hated
Triumph of Argos and the Trojan's wrong.
Cassandra, Achilles, Diomed the strong,
Hector and sweet, white-armed Andromache,
Helen and Paris still live on for me,
And will forever to the world belong.
The fresh Scamander and hill-sprung Simois,
The plains and late uncovered walls remain
To say that once Troy was, and only this;
But Homer peoples the deserted plain:
Heroes the better by their deeds are known;
Troy's empery and Homer in the Iliad live alone.

Univ. Med. Coll.

E. H. STAFFORD.

FROM TWO STANDPOINTS.

I.

Outside the wind howled and struggled, hurtling around the corners of the old stone building with maniacal fury—while the rain beat heavily down; within, at this moment there was silence. The largest mass of coal lying black and sullen, suddenly burst apart, and a hundred little flames rushed up the old chimney—growing in size and energy, overleaping one another, hurrying up into nothingness.

Leaning forward to seize the time-worn poker, Needy gazed at his companion, whose face was all but invisible in the wreathing smoke of his white clay pipe.

"That's good, Olaf—but I can tell you something better. Lord! it is too rich."

And with manifest emotion, he proceeded to stir the fire. There was no reply. The passivity of the mighty form opposite irritated him in his eagerness—the imperturbable and smoky countenance annoyed him beyond measure. He sat there, his graceful head thrown back—meerschaum in one hand, the heated poker in the other.

"Speak, man, speak!" and the poker began to describe hot and mystic circles about the white clay pipe, "or 'I'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich and'" Clear through the clouds of smoke and the shimmer of glasses, satanic eyes looked forth. Hastily Needy dropped the poker, murmuring as he sank back in his chair, "But really, now, I can tell you something rich."

Some minutes had elapsed, when at length the great one spoke.

"You're somewhat of an ass—you are eternally chattering—why not let a man smoke in" . . . "But really Olaf, it is about—about Miss Lincoln, you know, and" . . . Here Needy giggled absently at the flames, in nowise rebuffed.

"If you have anything to relate, sir, relate it!"

And having thus delivered himself, Olaf tilted back his chair, and comfortably elevating his legs, strove to feign indifference.

"Well, two or three days ago, I was going along King about half-past five—quite dark, you know—when I suddenly became aware that the dainty little brown-clad figure in front of me was none other than that of our fair young student, the charming Lincoln. I kept on my way behind her, till she came to the corner of Bay. A car—her car—was some distance off, and, with one hand gracefully catching up her skirt, she walked half way across the road; then with a little start she recognized me, paused, hesitated. I felt hopeless; I saw I was in for it. Sure enough, she retraced her steps and met me face to face.

"Ah! Mr. Needy' (in a very surprised tone), 'Good evening.' My hat was duly doffed and, next instant, side-by-side we strolled along."

The uplifted legs shifted themselves: "Don't be fanciful, my friend, don't adorn your narrative!"

Mr. Needy looked up reproachfully. "The devil take you, Olaf, if you don't want to hear, why—say so—that's all: it is only because—really—I have to tell you the facts."

"Go on!" with godlike patience Olaf spoke, and then with still greater serenity, as Needy handed him a glass of hot—lemonade—which he had meanwhile been preparing, "Go on, or I'll hang you."

"Well, we walked on together, and she talked sweetly of one thing and another. She told me she had been 'shopping' and I asked her if she liked 'shopping.' 'Oh! yes,' she said, 'it displays so many different phases of human nature.' Oh! If you could have heard the words coming in all gravity from her rosy lips," and Mr. Needy went off into an hysterical titter.

"Then she told me she was tired—and now for the joke. 'I would have ridden up,' and she turned her eyes *innocently* upon me, 'but I left my purse at home.' 'Shopping' without a purse was the thought that occurred to me. I think it struck her too, for she quickened her pace a little. However, I replied that though that might be unfortunate for her, still for me, etc., and 'it is an ill wind, etc.' Well—a—we were not far from her door, when she drew her pocket-handkerchief quickly from her muff and something fell. I stooped to pick it up. She had paused for an instant and then passed on. What do you think it was? A pretty little red morocco purse, with oxydized silver clasps. Oh! shall I ever forget that purse? What could I do? I hadn't the moral courage to give it to her—I couldn't keep it. She was walking on; I had to overtake her. By Jove! I was wild. I slipped it in my pocket and joined her. Her head was averted—she drooped; the light of the street-lamp discovered her flushed cheeks and tremulous lips. She was terribly cut up; she turned her head slowly round to me, as if awaiting her doom. I talked away—Heaven knows about what. She could hardly speak; I saw the agony she was in to think she had been found out. 'Well, good night, Miss Lincoln,' I said, 'I am indebted to you for this delightful little chat.' She smiled faintly—her eyes couldn't meet mine. 'Good night,' she answered, and disappeared within the sheltering portals." Mr. Needy seized his glass and drank long thereof.

"Is that all?" came in a heavy voice from the other side of the fire.

"Not quite," and the narrator, running his fingers through his luxuriant hair, said bashfully: "You see I felt deliciously flattered, but terribly uncomfortable. I did not know how to give her the purse. But an idea struck me, and next day I sent it over to the college and had it left with the matron, with strict injunctions that it was simply to be given to Miss Lincoln. That afternoon the sun was shining; the snow looked warm; the vast blue dome above was...ahem! I was making *for* the College; Miss Lincoln was sauntering *from* it. 'Will she cut me?' I mused. 'Will her unjust resentment thus revenge itself, or will her magnanimity conquer? Perchance the humiliation will be greater than she can bear.' We steadily approached one another. She was looking straight before her in assumed unconsciousness; her blushes called forth my own—her lips were rigid—but her whole being was agitated. Then, ah! we met; her face relaxed; turning towards me flushed and smiling, she just *beamed* and cried out in a fresh timid voice, 'Pleasant afternoon, Mr. Needy!' It had been a struggle, but her native nobility came out, you see. I don't think she will lie to me again even for the sake of enjoying my—a—my society."

Needy viewed his friend—smiling. His friend viewed the fire—not smiling.

The wind still blustered without, and the windows rattled in concert. The music of the caretaker's footsteps resounded in the corridor, as he laboriously accompanied a scuttle of coal to the bosom of his family, gathered together in the third room to the left.

Olaf got up—regarded the smiling Needy thoughtfully—"Better call in at the office about eleven to-morrow. Put out the lights—and come on!" and taking his hat and stick, he made his exit.

"Tom," said Mrs. Caretaker to her worthyspouse, as he stood warming his huge, red hands, "isn't them fellows gone yet?"

"Jes gone, I guess—there's the door slummin'."

"They're up late enough of nights anyhow—I believe in lookin' after the body as well as the brain."

Mrs. Caretaker was not without opinions.

"Them's the brains as 'ull rule this here country after a while; they *hev* to be cultivated."

"I s'pose so"—and the good woman sighed.

II.

From the warm red depths of her favourite armchair Miss Seagram discontentedly surveyed the artistic draperies of the handsome drawing-room curtains. On her lap lay Laokoon and a German dictionary; on the table at her side a steaming cup of coffee and a plate of fresh cracknels invited her discussion. But neither German nor coffee, it would seem, could offer her consolation. A sudden peal of the door-bell, however, interrupted her reverie; Miss Seagram rose to her feet just as the door was thrown open—and love and light and hope presented themselves in the shape of Edith Lincoln.

"Oh! you wretch you," cried Miss Seagram, eagerly flying to her, "I have a great mind not to speak to you. To think that you could leave me alone all this time, shut up in this house—sick, too! Oh! Edith, you darling, I'm so glad to see you. I thought you had forgotten me. Why didn't you come before?"

"I was ashamed to come, positively ashamed, Lizzie. I'll tell you all about it. You poor girl—but indeed you look ever so much better. You are better, are you not?"

During these little outpourings they embraced one another fervently, and being now sufficiently uncomfortable, repaired to the capacious armchair.

"Well, *do* tell me," continued Miss Seagram, rapturously gazing into the grey eyes so close to her own, "tell me all about it. What happened to you?"

"Oh, nothing, I went down town the day after I saw you and bought your purse, just the kind you wanted and".....

"Is there anything to be ashamed of in that?"

"No," returned Miss Lincoln, lightly, "but on my way home I lost it—I got it again though, and here it is," so saying she pulled out a red morocco purse.

"You found it then?"

"No—not exactly. I don't know where, when, or how I lost it. I had it in my muff quite safe, but when I came to look for it, behold! it had vanished like a tale that is told."

"How odd!" said Miss Seagram, laughing.

"No, my dear, but it is odd that next day it should be handed to me in the common-room over at the college, and that no one should know whence it came."

"Odd! I should say so—just left there for you?"

"Just left there for me," nodding gently.

"I am glad anyway, for it is just lovely. Did you see any one down town?"

"No person—much—it was so cold out," and Miss Lincoln gave a little shudder. "I was too cold to look at anybody. I met that friend of yours though, what is his name? Seedy—no—Needy,—Mr. Needy."

"Did you? oh! where?" enthusiastically.

"On King—I was just about to hail a car when I remembered I had no money, and at that moment Mr. Needy came up. I inwardly hoped he was not coming my way, because I was too weary to talk. He makes me tired, anyway."

"Oh! Edith—I think he is so nice—so interesting; he really has more in him than a dozen other men."

"There may be something *in* him, but there certainly is not much *of* him."

"Oh! How *can* you, Edith? He is so different from other men—so free from *conceit*—so generous. I *know* he is incapable of anything mean—incapable of attributing mean motives to people, or anything like that, you know. Why, he is just splendid!"

"I won't quarrel with you, dearest, but I find him a bore; though I confess I did beam on him the other day when I met him on the lawn. Having just got back your purse, you know, I felt in such a good humour with the world in general—I believe I would have called a friendly 'good day' to Mephistopheles himself. However, let us talk of something more interesting."

And very cheerfully the moments slipped away.

E. A. D.

THE VARSITY.

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THE NEW PROFESSOR.

The Ontario Government has at length settled the much vexed question as to who is to occupy the new Chair in English in Toronto University, by passing an Order-in-Council appointing Dr. W. J. Alexander, Professor of English Literature in Dalhousie College, Halifax, to the position.

Judging by the testimonials presented and by the records of the various applicants for the place, and at present we have little else to judge by, we must acknowledge that in choosing Dr. Alexander the Government have in our opinion chosen the best man available.

Dr. Alexander is still a young man, having been born in 1855. In 1877 he matriculated in the University of Toronto, taking scholarships in Modern Languages and in General Proficiency. In the following year he won the Canadian Gilchrist Scholarship at the matriculation examination of the University of London. During the years 1874-7 he continued his studies at University College, London, at the end of that time taking his degree of Bachelor of Arts in the University of London, with first-class honours in English. On his return to Canada, he discharged the duties of first master in the Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown, P.E.I. During this period he formed the resolution to devote himself to the study of English Literature, and this decision has guided his movements ever since.

In order to increase his knowledge of other literatures, especially of the Classics, he entered the Johns Hopkins University, where during four years he took courses in Comparative Philology, Latin and Greek. He won a graduate scholarship a year after entering, and was appointed to a fellowship in Greek in the following year, 1881. After holding the fellowship for two years he graduated as Doctor of Philosophy in June, 1883. His graduation thesis appeared in the *American Journal of Philology* for October, 1883.

Dr. Alexander then went to Berlin, and passed a year at the University of that place in the study of the German Language and Literature. While at Berlin he received the appointment at Dalhousie University which he has since held.

Among Dr. Alexander's testimonials, perhaps the most remarkable is that from Dr. Gildersleeve, Professor of Greek at Johns Hopkins, who says: "In my long career as a teacher I have never had a more sympathetic pupil in all that pertains to the æsthetic part of my work, and when he returned to his favourite province of study, as he did shortly after leaving the Johns Hopkins, he has shown in his chosen field the same insight, the same enthusiasm, that made me hope so much for his future as a classical scholar."

It augurs well for the breadth of Dr. Alexander's culture that, although he made English his specialty, he did not grudge giving three years of his life to the study of Classics, and one year to that of German, in the belief that a proper treatment of English must be based on a thorough and sympathetic knowledge of what the Germans call "World-Literature."

THE NEW ENGLISH COURSE.

Now that a new Professor in English has been appointed, it may be expected that the whole course of study in that department will undergo a thorough revision, and when this is done, it behoves the University and the public generally to see that it is well and carefully done. Consideration of the branch of Philology, may be omitted here, and as to Composition, as

we believe, it can only be learned by practice. What the present article aims at is to make some practical suggestions as to the system to be pursued in selecting the list of authors for critical reading in the various years.

If we look at the present curriculum we find prescribed, for Junior Matriculation, for Pass, various works of Coleridge, Thompson, Scott, etc., and for Honours, one of Shakespeare's plays. Passing to the First Year, we find Shakespeare figuring in the Pass course, while Chaucer and Milton are linked together in strange fellowship on the Honour course. The Second Year stands by itself, in that English is only studied by Honour men, who again attack Shakespeare. In the Third Year we find poor Milton, again in doubtful company, descended in his turn to the Pass course, while Shakespeare and Spenser monopolize the Honour department. In the Fourth Year, however, the two latter authors once more admit Milton, with whom comes Pope, to the attention of Honour men, while Wordsworth, Coleridge and Shelley fall to the lot of the Pass men.

When we read this list, the question immediately arises, what principle has decided its selection? The only apparent excuse for Chaucer's presence in the First Year is that Chaucer comes first chronologically. But even this superficial classification, involving as it does a commencement at the most difficult end of the subject, is not adhered to. As to the other authors, they seem chosen entirely by chance, which, though it is sometimes said to rule the universe, should certainly not govern a curriculum. Lest, however, our criticism shall seem, not constructive, but wholly destructive, we shall proceed at once to the statement of what we take to be a plain rational basis for the new course.

Let us be guided by chronology. But instead of commencing with Anglo-Saxon and working down to the present day, let us start with some such man as Browning, and go gradually back to Chaucer and, if desirable, back to Brut's Layamon.

Moreover, while we are thus gradually taking up the old authors, let us continue our study of the new, thus making the course resemble an arithmetical progression, commencing at Junior Matriculation from the base of Modern Literature and gradually increasing, till the Fourth Year becomes a synopsis of the sum total of English Literature. Thus the interest would be made continuous and unbroken, and the subject would be presented in a form most adapted for a large and comprehensive view.

The Pass course, in our opinion, should follow the main lines of the Honour course, differing only in being less copious in the list of authors read, and in being more general in their treatment.

THE VARSITY would also wish to offer the following proposition for consideration, viz., that the plan, lately adopted in the Law course, of obtaining outside lecturers on different branches be extended to the English course, which would still be under the supervision and control of the Professor, but would by this means become much more popular and useful than is possible under the scanty staff which will be at its disposal.

There are many men in Canada, who could be prevailed upon to deliver lectures or courses of lectures on various authors of whose works they had made a special study, and who would be able to deal with the writings of these authors both more sympathetically and more fully than a Professor who found himself obliged to lecture, perhaps on the same day, to four different years and on four different authors.

ENLARGEMENT OF RESIDENCE.

In some quarters there is an inclination toward total abolition of residence in college as an institution, and Dame Rumour whispers that not a thousand miles from Toronto there are those who would be glad to see our University Residence become a thing of the past.

To this desire we are diametrically opposed. Rather would we see the place enlarged and improved so that its advantages might become more numerous and more apparent, and more accessible to all students than at present. It is a fact that there are reasons not a few on the side of those who look with disapprobation on the present state of affairs with regard to Residence. Among the points in the present régime to which

exception might be taken is that of the price charged for board and lodging. The fees at present exacted for the above place the same beyond the financial reach of students whose pockets are not well lined with shekels. Of course the consequent narrowing down of numbers creates a tendency to, and fosters the growth of cliquism to an isolating degree. A sort of plutocratic microcosm—permit us the expression—is formed whose inhabitants become more or less a distinct and severed section of the student body.

Their life is less and more than the life of outsiders. There is an *esprit de corps* developed, undoubtedly: but would it not be infinitely better that this *esprit* should permeate and "enthuse" the whole mass of students instead of being confined to some thirty or forty of them?

It is an open secret that a large number of students who are at present boarding in private houses throughout the city would be attracted by the conveniences of Residence if the expenses of a life there were reduced within more rational limits. And surely the obvious method of effecting this is to enlarge the accommodating power of Residence itself. If the expenses be distributed among a larger *clientèle* this can without difficulty be done.

There is another point to be observed. Though there is a tendency to cliquism in Residence on account, presumably, of paucity of numbers and isolation from the main student body, it is a noticeable fact that there is a strong spirit of loyalty to the Alma Mater also fostered, and this is especially apparent in the case of graduates who have been resident students. Life, then, in Residence forms a bond of connection and union with the College, which is sorrowfully lacking outside of it. After all, it is not unnatural, however undesirable it may be, that a man who lives outside the College and only meets his fellow-students at lectures, or perhaps occasionally at some meeting of a society, should conceive no lasting regard for his college, and should at graduation pass out of her doors without a regret for the days that are gone, and should in after days prove indifferent to her interests when they may be at stake, and heedless of the growth or decay of her best institutions. It is little to be wondered at.

It is a fact that athletics are mainly cultivated in Residence and that Residence students control the athletic organizations. Why is this? We should be as sorry to believe that there are no mental giants among the students of Residence as to credit that there are no athletes among outsiders. Are the Residence students stimulated to the pursuit of physical sports by the indifference of the others, or is the appropriation of athletics by them a clique characteristic which serves to keep the others aloof?

One thing, we think, is obvious. Let Residence be enlarged, and the athletic movement will gain recruits and expand its influence. And more than this, the influx of numbers will republicanize the bias of Residence men, and will extend that spirit of loyalty to our Alma Mater, which is one of their best present characteristics.

COMMUNICATIONS.

THE Editors are not responsible for the opinions of correspondents. No notice will be taken of unsigned contributions.

HAZING AND THE MAIL.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY:

SIRS,—May I ask space in your correspondence column for a few words regarding the Literary Society's discussion of the above subject last Friday evening? It appears to me that several most important points were after all left untouched. In fact, circumstances made it impossible at the time to consider the question as fully as common fairness to one of our number demanded.

The condemnation of the *Mail's* correspondence on this matter has been almost universal. Hazers and non-hazers agree that the articles in that newspaper should not have appeared. But have we taken sufficiently into account the circumstances that produced them? Let me state them briefly. For the purposes of this letter I shall assume (what the supporters of Friday's motion confidently declare) that the *Mail's* correspondent is an undergraduate and a Freshman.

A Freshman, then, let us assume, hot-tempered, as his letters prove, and manly, as late events have made quite evident, finds

himself subjected to indignities and personal insult by certain individuals whom I at least consider his inferiors in all respects. He hears continual rumours of a hazing in prospect and continual warnings to Freshmen not to attend certain meetings, which it is their undoubted right to attend. He finds that while the best of the hazing faction are inactive, certain insignificant and insolent persons take it on themselves to teach Freshmen a lesson they have not begun to learn themselves. He finds, at last, on leaving a meeting, that his personal liberty is menaced and personal violence done to himself and to another Freshman—a warm friend of his own. In the excitement of the hour, still hot and angry, he does what any spirited fellow would do—seizes the weapon nearest at hand and strikes back. That weapon happened to be his power as a *regular reporter* of the *Mail* newspaper, and, thoughtlessly and indiscreetly, in striking at his persecutors, he struck the College as a whole, by making public what should not have been made known abroad. I do not attempt to justify his action; when the report first appeared non-hazers were as loud as any in its condemnation. But we should condemn much more strongly, I must think, the actions on that night of many of those who are now hounding the *Mail's* correspondent. Why did we hear nothing on Friday of the low rowdiness in the gallery which degraded every self-respecting student in his own eyes? Why did we hear nothing of the rude jostling at the door, regardless of the presence of ladies in the crowd? Why did we hear nothing of the attack on a certain first year man which began the row? The *Mail's* report, it is said, disgraced the College. Perhaps; but we must go behind the report. The motion of Friday night to strike the *Mail* off the files was, I think, quite beside the question; if the College has suffered we must blame the men who caused, more than the man who reported, the disgrace. And here let me add that the conduct of the gallery-gods on that occasion was calculated to do more to disgrace the University than any newspaper report.

In conclusion, I may say that the events of the past couple of months have only confirmed an opinion many of us have long held, viz.,—that "cheek" in Sophomore or Freshman is, nine-tenths of it, the direct and legitimate outcome of the hazing system.

J. D. S.

A LIBRARY CATALOGUE.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY:

SIRS,—Heaven and earth have been stirred to effect reforms in our library management, but we seem still as far as ever from the goal of our desires. The authorities have turned a deaf ear and hardened their hearts to all appeals. If we agree with Milton—and what sensible man will not?—that it is a crime to kill a good book, surely it is scarcely less a crime to imprison one. Who is responsible for the imprisonment of the splendid collection in the library, the individuals of which are thus debarred from all communication with other books, or even bookworms? This is to make the library a gaol, every book a convict, and each librarian a turnkey. At the most one can merely interview a book, as the reporters interview a condemned criminal. But there is one defect more manifest, more glaring, if not more serious than the rest. This is the lamentable lack of a catalogue or tabulated index of the poor books. No one will venture to assert, or even in the ravings of febrile delirium imagine, that the ponderous and hoary-headed scrap-books which encumber the reading room are any fit substitute for what is needed. For all practical purposes, they are utterly useless. What paragon of patience could be expected to disentangle his information from a wilderness of scraps? and how much less a student whose time is precious and who is in a hurry to get the book he wants. Nor is there any trace of arrangement or systematic compilation in these relics of a barbarous age.

What is wanted is a printed catalogue, copies of which could be furnished to every student. This catalogue should be complete, arranged according to departments, and should be added to each year as the number of books increases. If we could once see a proper catalogue in the hands of the students, we might hope for the eventual accomplishment of more important reforms. For my part, rather than that the present state of affairs should exist, I would see the musty shelves alive with book-worms, sipping at leisure the Hybla-juice of their literary sweets.

GWYN ARAUN.

ROUND THE TABLE.

Those who are continually sniffing the air, if, haply, they may discern afar off the first faint indications of a coming Canadian literature, are wont to assign many ingenious reasons for its non-appearance. Lack of appreciation—the neglect which expatriated Grant Allen and leaves Roberts in obscurity; lack of national sentiment—the apathy which most Canadians manifest towards the ingenious and polished patriotic pieces which most of us have tried to write and which (in all cases but our own) we heartily despise for their want of the true Canadian feeling which their authors profess; lack of literary culture—a want which again we deeply deplore in all our fellows—these are some of the counts in their indictment of the Canadian public.

* * *

And, truly, it would seem that it is rather with the people of the country than with the country itself that the fault lies. Canada is rich in undeveloped poetry. She offers in her past, in her present, in her future; in her hills, her plains; her lakes, her rivers; her forests, her mountains, material in abundance for the patriotic speaker or writer. And, were she less beautiful than she really is, poetry would not of necessity languish, for has not the heavenly weed flourished often in most unpromising soil; even with that graceful Grecian Keats himself, did not the divine afflatus mingle, in his early days, with the noisome odours of a livery-stable?

* * *

It is not with Canada, then, that the fault lies; rather with her votaries, or those who should be her votaries. Her poets have not learned the greatness of self-abnegation. They kneel with a half-hearted worship at the shrine of poesy; they try to serve Nature and Mammon, to mingle dollars with devotion. Are we not right in holding that in our Canadian literature—as we are willing to call it—we find continual reminders of the author's personality; continual hints that they seek, not the Muses' glory, but fame and favour for themselves? In the case of that blunt old Scotchman, even, who has, in giving up his life to literature, displayed a more than ordinary love for such pursuits, we find this true, and bombast and unnaturalness are the result. So with other of our writers. The great trouble with most of them is, that each of them imagines that, by manufacturing a Canadian literature to order, he can win the Muses' favour? Nay, rather name and fame and fortune for X or Y or Z, the great Canadian Poet!

* * *

The situation with reference to the individual writer is well summed up by Trollope in his "Autobiography." He discusses the causes of literary success and failure; and attributes the latter, in many cases, to the compulsion put upon men who have once met with success in the arena of letters, to continue therein. They wrote first because they had a message for the world; they continue writing because a petted public (or their own vain-glory) demands it of them. The distinction between most of our rhymsters and true poets is closely analogous to that drawn by Mr. Trollope between good novelists and bad; the former write because they have a story to tell; the latter because, (in their own belief at least,) they have to tell a story.

* * *

What we need in Canada is a real, not a simulated love for literature and literary pursuits. And if the day ever comes—as in the fulness of time it surely will in Canada—when men shall look back with a smile on the Frenchified pedantries of to-day; when the noble red man shall no longer grunt in blank verse, nor poets peddle as their own the trite maxims of older and wiser heads—when that day comes, it will come as the result of the self-surrender of some enthusiast, loving literature for its own sake, not as a means of making a name or a living for himself. That is to say, not till our poets for-

get themselves in their art, shall we have what we may call, with any degree of self-respect, a Canadian literature.

* * *

A striking example of American journalistic enterprise has just been afforded a wondering public by the New York *World*. Max O'Rell (Paul Blouet), who was over in the States last year making a study of the country and its custom, has recorded his impressions in a book entitled *Jonah et Son Continent*, a pendant to *John Bull et Son Ile*. On Saturday, Jan. 19th, the book was published in Paris. On Sunday morning it appeared in full, translated, in the New York *World*. Think of the "go-aheadism" required to accomplish this! Of course the book had to be telegraphed across, word for word, translated, set up in type, proofs struck off and corrected, and the whole sent to press and got ready for distribution, not to speak of the rest of the paper, which contains thirty-four pages, and of which the matter of the book only occupies about an eighth, within less than twenty-four hours! It is simply phenomenal. In ordinary shape the book would be a 12mo volume of some 200 pages. Here are a few typical extracts:

"The population of America is sixty millions—mostly colonels."

"In America . . . more than anywhere else, talent without money is a useless tool. . . . The country's genius, instead of consecrating all its time to the production of works which would tend to elevate the ideas and aspirations of the people, is obliged to think of money making.

'Ah, my friend,' said one of America's most graceful bards to me one day, as he touched his forehead, 'it seems to me that I have something there; that I possess the *feu sacré*, and that I might do a little share of good by my writings. But how write poems when there are rumours of panic in Wall Street?—Excuse me, I have not a moment to lose, I must rush to the Stock Exchange.'

Of New York the writer remarks: "As in London, hundreds of churches and taverns; . . . it is the same ignoble Anglo-Saxon mixture of Bible and beer, of spiritual and spirituous."

Commenting on the activity and invention of Chicago, he exclaims: "What will they not invent in Chicago? That which looks like a joke to-day may be a reality next week, and I shall not be surprised the next time I go to Chicago to find that the talking power of woman has been utilized as a motor for the sewing-machine by connecting the chin with the wheel."

The chapter on "The American Girl" is an amusing one.

"She will not embark in romance until she sees her way to profit—and profits thereby. Fortune or a title, that is her aim. She keeps it in view, even in the most touching moments. Between two kisses she will perhaps ask her lover: 'Are you rich?' It is the pinch of rhubarb between two layers of jam."

And so on.

The book is, as it professes to be, a book of jottings. The author's impressions of the United States are given in a lively, humorous, and often epigrammatic style. He says of himself: "In speaking of a people, I like to touch on their pet transgressions, their faults and weaknesses." But he does not confine himself to making fun of the latter; he is not slow to notice and emphasize the good points of a nation. His estimate of America is decidedly an admiring one.

* * *

They tell the story of a Sophomore from—Algoma. His own vigorous denial is discredited by the court as *ex parte* evidence. He is not youthful; he is said, indeed, to have already made such a contract with a maiden up north as will probably influence his future career to a considerable extent. His course—metaphysics—is not wholly congenial to him, and he finds it hard at times to keep his mind from wandering (northward) to the detriment of his more serious studies. Something he must do to lure his mind to labour. Accordingly he presses into service the miniature photograph of his charmer, which he has constantly about his person. This he places in his book always a dozen pages ahead of him, and presses towards it—like Douglas toward the heart of Bruce. The effect on his work, it is said, is extraordinary.

UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE NEWS.

ALL reports from Societies must reach us by noon on Thursday to insure insertion.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

What used to be called the Literary met to-night (Friday, Jan. 25th) and belied its name by freezing out the literary programme. After a few songs by Mr. Gibson, of '89, "business arising out of the minutes" brought it to our memories that time itself is made of minutes. The Recording Secretary stood up and read a notice of motion—to establish a Customary Court—by Mr. A. T. Hunter. He began in a voice suited to a young and earnest man, and the tone grew deeper and took on an official solemnity, but the dust of time gathered on his tonsils and the peroration or postamble came out with the feeble accents of age. After the echoes had subsided, the builder of the motion arose, and he began to read the motion. He read it "clausenal." He kneaded in comments, explanations, glossaries of words that had meantime grown obsolete. Finally, having traversed it all from beginning to end, he rubbed the moss from it with the relics of his strength. Then sat he down in such exhaustion that throughout the remaining time he could rise to speak again scarce seven times. Him seconded one Mr. H. H. Sinclair who, when first they began to read this motion, had been a first year student. Mr. McNichol now read an amendment bringing the motion down to the needs of modern times. Discussion called for. A long and solemn pause. The mighty ocean of speech, so long banked out, seemed to find no inviting fissure. At last a little leak is sprung in the dyke—a trickling begins—the stream is growing larger and larger until Mr. Desbarres, like the little hero of Harrisburg (or was it Harlem) we used to read about in the school readers before the Minister of Education—well, Mr. DesBarres sticks his finger in. His request is a mild one—to have the motion read. A yell of despair his only answer. However, he secures a copy and retires to peruse. One hour later he breaks silence—complains bitterly of not having had time to read the motion—asks six weeks in which to do so. In the meantime the banquet has been going on. A few have tried to digest this strange and strangely cooked animal, à la boa constrictor, but it wouldn't down. Mr. Faskin praised the thing as an amateur praises beer, with many wry faces. Some said kind things of its owner and only half pardoned the motion. Others praised the motion and cathauled its owner. Finally the president got up and rescued both owner and motion. It had "good points"—part of it was illegal, part of it was ungrammatical. On his recommendation it was remanded until Feb. 22.

Now the members might have been seen to rise from their seats as black-bass rise to induct a kicking grasshopper. The kicking grasshopper—*The Toronto Mail*. It had kicked about certain student superheatednesses that concerned it not. Messrs. Kirkpatrick and Ferguson had the first nibble. They wanted the paper suspended for a week—not from publication but from the reading-room. Mr. DesBarres had read the *Mail* and was willing to do so again. Mr. McCann struck sparks on the firm rock of student dignity. Most members wanted to read the *Mail* and all wanted to disapprove its action. Mr. Hunter moved its suspension on the Sabbath Day. Finally the President termed the writer of the obnoxious article a blackguard (applause), explained how any article may be got into a paper and made observation that "It is not always the best way to maintain our dignity—to make ourselves ridiculous." The chair prevailed.

After various other motions—one well fought through by Mr. Munro—the three members who had not made speeches rose to leave and the meeting disintegrated.

The following amendments to Mr. Hunter's motion of Friday, Jan. 25th, were proposed at the last meeting of the Literary Society:

That in clause (3) after the words "condemn or acquit" there be inserted the words "by a majority vote."

That in clause (4) all after the words "contempt of court" be struck out and the following inserted in the place thereof:—"Neither fine nor forfeiture of privileges shall be imposed, but an earnest recommendation shall be made to the accused that he cease for some certain limited time to exercise the privileges

of a member or the use of the reading room or that he pay to the Treasurer of this Society some certain sum not exceeding \$10.00 of lawful money of Canada which said sum shall not be considered a fine or penalty but merely as liquidated damages voluntarily paid or as a pledge of sincere repentance."

That clause (5) be struck out and the following inserted:—" (5) That such recommendation may be made and the terms thereof fixed by and in the discretion of the judge or at his option by the jury, and in case of its being made by the judge the accused may require the same to be ratified or another recommendation made by the jury on a majority vote."

That in clause (6) all the words beginning with "forthwith summon" be struck out and the following inserted: "by no means summon the accused, but shall write him a friendly letter, to be either to him in person delivered or registered, and shall in such letter use no imperative words, but in courteous language and debonnairely convey it to the sense of the accused that certain dark rumours be floating about concerning his repute, and give as far as may be the substance of the accusation, and offer as a friend to put at the disposal of the accused, that his honour may be made clear, the platform and attention of this society on the night of the eighth of February next as aforesaid. And the attendance of such accused shall be deemed a voluntary act."

That to the resolution at the foot or end thereof there be added the following clause:

"That, inasmuch as it has ever been the wish and endeavour of this Society to protect its members from violence, indignity or interference with personal liberty, now be it further Resolved, that in no part of this plan of proceedings is it meant that such violence, indignity or interference shall come to any student, and that this Society has resented in the past and will continue to resent any insinuation of its meaning so to offer such violence, indignity or interference, as being false and insolent."

MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.

The Club met on Monday, the 28th ult., the Vice-President, Mr. W. H. Graham, in the chair. The programme was in German and dealt with the works of Goethe.

Miss Green gave a piano solo, after which Mr. W. C. Ferguson was called on for a reading from "Hermann and Dorothea." The essay by Mr. R. J. Bonner treated the same work, the essayist prefacing his paper with some remarks on essay-writing in general in French and German. The meeting then resolved into groups for German conversation.

Among those present were Mr. E. C. Jeffrey, B.A., last year's medallist in Moderns; and a number of ladies from St. Hilda's College, Trinity.

CLASS OF '89.

The members of the Class of '89 held a meeting Saturday, Jan. 26th, for the purpose of considering the draft of the Constitution prepared by the provisional committee. The attendance was large and enthusiastic, and considerable debate arose over various knotty points, notably the position to be occupied in the new organization by the fair sex. Notwithstanding the gallant efforts made by Mr. Macnamara to have the post of Vice-President set apart for the ladies, it was decided that they should occupy the same footing as the stronger sex. The Constitution as adopted was as follows:

ARTICLE I. NAME.

1. This Society shall be known as "*The University of Toronto Class of '89.*"

ARTICLE II. OBJECTS.

2. The objects of the Society shall be
 - (1) The maintenance of friendly social relations among members of the Class.
 - (2) The promotion, among graduates, of interest in and loyalty to the College.
 - (3) The aiding of the College in such specific ways as may from time to time seem possible.

ARTICLE III. MEMBERSHIP.

3. The membership shall consist of
 - (1) All students graduating in Arts in 1889 from the University of Toronto.
 - (2) Such others as, having been connected with the Class

during not less than two years of their college course, shall apply to the Secretary to be enrolled as members.

ARTICLE IV. OFFICERS.

4. The officers of the Society shall be a President, a Vice-President, a Historian, a Secretary and a Treasurer, who shall constitute the Executive Committee and shall be elected at each regular meeting of the Society, to serve for the term intervening between it and the regular meeting next following.

ARTICLE V. DUTIES.

5. (1) THE PRESIDENT shall preside at all meetings of the Society and of the Executive.

(2) In the event of the absence of the President for any reason, the VICE-PRESIDENT shall take the place and perform all the duties of President.

(3) THE HISTORIAN shall keep a full roll of the membership (a copy of which he shall deliver annually to the Secretary) and shall communicate with each member of the Class at least once a year with a view to obtaining information regarding place of residence, occupation, &c., of each member. He shall prepare, and shall read at the first regular reunion, a brief historical account of the Class, and shall read at each meeting of the Society thereafter a short paper dealing with any points of interest connected with the College, the Class or its individual members.

(4) THE SECRETARY shall keep a full and true account of all meetings of the Class, with the names of those present; he shall duly notify all members of meetings to be held. He shall conduct the correspondence of the Society, and shall assist the Historian by means of any information he may possess in the preparation of the Class papers.

(5) THE TREASURER shall receive and account for all moneys belonging to the Society. He shall keep a roll of all members with payments of assessments made by each.

ARTICLE VI. MEETINGS.

6. (1) Before the graduation of the Class, meetings may be held at any time at the call of the Executive. Notice of each of such meetings, signed by the Secretary, must be posted in the entrance hall for at least two full days before the date named for the meeting.

(2) The Society shall meet after graduation as follows: One year after graduation, three years after graduation, and thenceforward as the class may determine. The exact date of each of such meetings shall be fixed by the Executive. The Secretary shall notify each member on the Historian's roll of such re-unions at least one month before the date fixed therefor.

ARTICLE VII. ASSESSMENTS.

7. The annual assessment shall be fixed from time to time by the Executive.

ARTICLE VIII. AMENDMENTS.

8. This constitution may be amended at any time by a vote of not less than two-thirds of the members present at any regular meeting.

THE VARSITY COMPANY.

A meeting of the shareholders of the Company was held at its chambers, 4 King St. East, on Friday, 27th ultimo, for the consideration of important business. The Vice-President, W. H. Blake, B. A., occupied the chair.

The vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. F. B. Hodgins from the editorship-in-chief was filled by the election of Messrs. J. H. Moss, '89, and J. D. Spence, '89, as joint editors.

The resignation of Mr. J. S. Johnston, Business Manager, was accepted and Mr. H. M. Wood appointed to act as Treasurer and Business Manager for the remainder of the year.

Messrs. Jas. Brebner and S. B. Leacock were added to the editorial staff.

The auditing committee reported the affairs of the Company in a satisfactory condition.

Mr. Spence being unable to act, Mr. Moss becomes editor-in-chief.

LECTURES ON LAW.

Last week Mr. B. B. Osler delivered an interesting course of lectures on Criminal Jurisprudence. Mr. McLaren's course on the Comparative Jurisprudence of Ontario and Quebec will take place on Jan. 31, Feb. 5, 6.

Mr. Moss will lecture on Equity Jurisprudence Feb. 7, 8, 11. Mr. Blake will handle the subject of Constitutional Law on March 4, 5, 6, and Mr. S. H. Blake that of Ethics of the Law on April 15, 17, 19.

The date of Mr. McCarthy's lectures has not yet been fixed.

The Glee Club is hard at work practising for the Converzazione Concert. The musical committee has not yet decided on the entire programme to be produced, but the principal numbers which the Glee Club will render are "The Pilgrim's Chorus," from "Tannhauser," "Hope Waltzes," and a "Sclavonic Love Song." Mrs. Mackelcan, Mrs. Caldwell and Mr. Boucher have also been proposed as soloists.

OUR CHROMO.

The managers of THE VARSITY have decided to give a copy of the engraving of the College Entrance to all new subscribers, who will also be able to obtain back numbers from the Business Manager.

PERSONAL.

Mr. E. C. Jeffrey, B.A., '88, has returned to College for the Michaelmas term and is completing his course in Natural Sciences, which he was obliged to abandon last year.

J. McDougall, B.A., has been staying in Toronto and has paid the College several visits.

Mr. W. Dale has been unwell for some time and his lectures have in consequence been interrupted. He has left Residence and gone to stay with friends for a few days in order to recuperate.

N. H. Russel, who is studying Theology at the Manitoba College, Winnipeg, is director of the monthly journal published there.

W. J. Healy, '88, has left for Ottawa to write up the session of the Dominion Parliament for the *Telegram*.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE VARSITY is conducted by undergraduates of the University of Toronto, and is published every Saturday of the academic year. It aims at being the exponent of the views of the University public, and will always seek the highest interests of the University. The Literary Department will, as heretofore, be a main feature. The news columns are full and accurate, containing reports of all meetings of interest to its readers.

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