



UNIVERSITY

OF

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APRIL 11, 1885

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# THE 'VARSITY:

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF

EDUCATION, UNIVERSITY POLITICS AND EVENTS.

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TORONTO, April 11, 1885.

No. 24.

## THE 'VARSITY.

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ASSOCIATE-EDITORS—A. Stevenson, B.A.; F. B. Hodgins.  
BUSINESS MANAGER—W. H. Irving.

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Rejected communications will be returned if accompanied with a stamp for that purpose.

## Editorial Notes.

*THE attention of those whose subscriptions remain unpaid is called to the Treasurer's missive, in this issue. It is very desirable that all accounts should be settled before the end of the term.*

THE Secretary of the 'VARSITY Company has had several shares of 'VARSITY stock placed in his hands for sale at par value. Those interested in the paper and not already holding stock are invited to become shareholders.

THE communication from the troops printed in another column is an extract from a private letter from Lieut. Cassels, a graduate of Toronto, which was very kindly placed at our disposal by the recipient.

THE report of the Essay Committee of the Literary Society is well worthy of remembrance, as earnestly calling attention to the neglect of essay writing among the students. That there is a lack of literary activity among us, we are not ready to admit; but that it has made itself lamentably evident in the meetings of the Literary Society is only too true. Nor, indeed, was the atmosphere of the Society during the last year calculated to produce any other result. Moreover, some improvement would undoubtedly be effected were it well understood that all competing essays must be read before the Society, and if our junior members were fully convinced of the fact that prize-winning is not such a difficult task as they seem to imagine. In the words of the report, we would insist on our students attaching more importance to composition, "than which no subject requires more practice and none receives less."

SEVERAL members of the graduating class have suggested the holding of a year dinner on the evening of Commencement Day. We can conceive of no pleasanter reunion for those who after a relationship, more or less intimate, extending over four years, are about to face the realities of life. Up till two years ago it had been the custom to wind up the proceedings of Commencement Day with a social gathering in the evening.

Owing to the examinations being protracted till close on to that day, difficulty was found in making necessary arrangements. As a consequence the affair was not the success it otherwise would have been, and was last year, when held at a different time. It has been proposed that the dinner this year be quiet and unpretentious and limited exclusively to the members of the class of '85. We trust that action will be taken at once, in order that all necessary arrangements may be completed before the examinations commence. ✕

AS announced in last issue, the bringing out of a book of selections in prose and poetry from THE 'VARSITY is being vigorously proceeded with. The project is a somewhat bold one, but has not been entered on without due consideration. If there is literary spirit in the country at all, one would naturally suppose it would manifest itself strongly in the University, and consequently in the University paper. It is because we are fully convinced that there is that literary spirit among us that THE 'VARSITY pledges its name and influence to the project. We shall certainly be aiding the literary life of the country thus to show confidence in and encourage the modest beginnings of literary activity among ourselves. To those who have been connected with THE 'VARSITY in past years the book will be an interesting memento, while it will afford others the only possible means of possessing some of the best writings of the earlier numbers of the paper. The selections for the book will approach as much as possible what De Quincey calls the literature of power, and as wide a selection of writers will be made as is consistent with this characteristic. Our shareholders will understand that if there should be a financial loss in the production of the work it will be borne by those who are already so liberally contributing to the guarantee fund; should there be a profit, it will be devoted to the funds of THE 'VARSITY. There will be placed in all the colleges a subscription list, which those who desire copies are requested to sign without delay.

OF all men entrusted with national affairs those who have to do with the exigencies of war are supposed to take public opinion least into consideration. We were, therefore, somewhat surprised to hear that General Middleton's first reason for not accepting the proffered services of twenty-five Indian scouts was that public opinion would not bear him out in it. But it is to the second reason urged by the general that we feel disposed to take strong exception. "In England," he says, "I should be strongly condemned." We do not object to the conclusion that it would be a mistake "to set nation against nation." We have not data sufficient to justify a decided opinion of our own, and feel willing to rely upon that of the commander. It seems very possible that if the ulterior results would be to introduce a lengthened tribal warfare the slight advantage to be gained by adopting that policy would be more than counterbalanced. Still, in view of the fact that this plan has been adopted by and has worked to the satisfaction of United States generals of great experience in Indian warfare, and in view of the general's statement that by adopting it he "could put an end to this trouble in short order," the question is still an open one and should not be decided by any reference to English opinion. In behalf of the wives and mothers whose weary days and anxious nights are filled with thoughts of those who may never return, and in the name of human sympathy that would snatch the lives of women and children from the hands of savage cruelty now upon them,

we ask that this war be carried on for *them* and for *Canada*, and that no plan of action or precaution be adopted or rejected with a view to any opinion from across the sea. General Wolseley's career of advancement began with his Red River expedition, and, remembering this, we are compelled to ask if it is that which General Middleton has in his mind when he shapes his policy according to English opinion. If so, then the sooner we get Canadian officers to fight Canadian wars, and do it all for Canada alone, the better it will be for us. Can it be that the lesson taught by Braddock's blunder has been already forgotten?

## Editorial and Contributed.

### THE NEW MODERN LANGUAGE CURRICULUM.

IT appears that the form in which the draft of the New Modern Language Curriculum is printed in the last number of THE 'VARSITY has given rise to some misapprehensions. It has been asked, for instance, why it is proposed to omit all modern French and German literature in the honor work of the third and fourth years. The answer is that all modern literature is included, not excluded, but the student is expected to be able to stand an *ad apturam* examination on it. This will, of course, necessitate a change in the style of examination, but that is desirable for other reasons.

It has also been asked why so much archaic French literature has been prescribed for fourth year honor work. The answer is that the whole amount required is very limited, and that it is all contained in one small volume, Bartsch's "Chrestomathie de l'Ancien Français." The titles that followed this title in THE 'VARSITY are merely the names of those extracts that have been selected as on the whole the most suitable. The archaic French of the third year, it will be noticed, is to be found in the same collection.

We are pleased to learn that the committee who prepared the draft were unanimous in the opinion that reading archaic texts is a much better way of mastering the philology of the French or German language than memorizing paradigms or perusing treatises on the subject. If this position is correct, then the best way to become acquainted with old English is to read old English literature, instead of "cramming" books like Earle's "philology." We hope that this view will yet commend itself to the Senate, and that the new curriculum will take cognizance of old English from "Beowulf" down, as the curriculum of every other Canadian university, and of every University of good standing in the United States has done for years past.

We have in the University of Toronto been too long required to learn *about* languages, including our own. The new curriculum will go some distance in the way of requiring students to learn the languages themselves. It would be well if less dependence were placed on books like Bain's "Composition," and more on actual rhetorical practice, with good English prose writers for models. At least this should be, and we hope will be, the method adopted with the pass classes of the first and fourth years. Mere acquaintance with books on rhetoric never yet made one good writer of English.

### UNIVERSITY EDUCATION IN GERMANY.

THE German may well be proud of his Fatherland. For Germany is not only the first military power of Europe, but she is to the civilized world to-day what Athens was to the Roman empire. Her seats of learning are thronged with the picked students of foreign universities; her educational system is being copied by nations beyond the seas; and her methods of investigation have revolutionized—if, indeed, they have not created—modern science. So long as the Imperial Federation scheme is still unsettled we have little immediate concern in the military ascendancy of the German Empire; but her educational supremacy must excite the interest of all those nations whose sons and daughters are studying in her halls. Our *Alma Mater* has been and is represented on the student rolls of more than one German University; some of her best students look forward to a similar post-graduate course; of her professors in one department alone, two hold German degrees, the third won his spurs as the assistant of a German professor. We

may assume therefore, sufficient interest in the subject of this paper to make the following remarks welcome to the readers of the 'VARSITY. The writer gained his experience from three consecutive semesters at the University of Leipsic and two subsequent visits during the summer semesters of 1880 and '81. The information thus gained would have saved him at least one semester's work, had he received it a year before leaving Toronto. This applies especially to the student of modern languages, who is naturally the best fitted to enter on a course of "German study." To all students, however, who are anxious to spend some time in this kind of post-graduate work, any information must be of use, and in the hope of aiding such seekers after light these hints have been written.

This is not the place to investigate the causes that have given Germany her present lead in science. Let it be enough to say that the famous historical method is due mainly to the influence of Savigny, who was not only the father of modern Roman law, but, through his influence on Grimm, was the godfather of modern philology. His centenary was celebrated with unbounded enthusiasm in all the German universities in the year 1878.

It is well to understand that this historical or comparative method is the foundation of the German system. That this fact may be easily lost sight of is proved by the mistakes of those who would borrow the German method of specializing without imitating the thoroughness of their training. To raise the pyramid of science each laborer must know the general plan, as well as the place which his own block is to fill. To the distant spectator every workman may seem to tug at his own load and to pay no attention to the form of the building, but in reality they are all working towards the completion of the same design, with every here and there a master workman directing their efforts, as well as hoisting a heavier load of his own.

The graduate of a Canadian or an American college might naturally expect to find himself in advance of the average "Fuchs" or Freshman at Leipsic, but such is rarely the case. There are, of course, many exceptional instances of professors from American colleges spending a session or two in Germany,—there were three such from Harvard alone in the winter of 1878-9. Apart from these the foreign students are, as a rule, inferior in classical and general knowledge, but superior in their quickness of work and in their haste to get the degree.

The requirements for a degree are different in the various universities, and the value of the parchment depends entirely on the place where it is obtained. There is some difference also in the case of the foreigner, who is perhaps more leniently treated than his German fellow-student. On the production of his diploma the foreign graduate is allowed to matriculate. The native, however, must show proof that he has passed the final examination of the *Gymnasium* or *Realschule*. Only in very special cases is an entrance examination required.

The foreigner, once a student, is at liberty to graduate as soon as he can write the thesis, which is the most essential part of his work, and pass the examination, which "follows hard upon." Toronto students will be amazed to hear that there is only one examination in the German university course, and that this only lasts three hours. A few words now as to the subjects of this examination and of the all-important thesis, on the acceptance of which the candidate's chance of being examined depends.

In studying for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, one must take up three branches, two of which it is expected will be akin to each other, while the third must belong to a different department. To instance a few sets of subjects which were actually taken by students:—English, French, Modern History; Political Economy, Modern History, Greek Philosophy; Hebrew, Syriac, Greek Art. Greek Art or Greek Philosophy are the pet third subjects for modern language men, as they are the most easily covered, needing only about a month's work besides the attendance on lectures. For a Toronto man who had taken both Modern Languages and Metaphysics, the Greek Philosophy would be an occasion for pleasant memories rather than for hard work.

Of the three branches thus chosen, the principal one (the *Hauptfach*) is that in which the subject of his thesis is to lie. To it he devotes his chief energies, the others being called *Nebenfächer* (subordinate subjects). Now, as to his thesis—the most important point of all. The writer made many calls on various members of the Leipsic faculty in the interests of an American friend, who, in his eagerness to know the quickest way to graduate, could not wait even till he knew enough German to ask his own questions. It was gathered from these visits that two years was the shortest time in which a degree could be taken, and subsequent experience has shown this to be the case. With one exception the utmost kindness was manifested towards the enquirers, and many subjects were suggested, but invariably with the added injunction to wait until a year had been spent in attending lectures before attempting to begin the work. For this thesis, treatise, or dissertation, as it is called, means a very different production from those presented for M.A. by our own graduates. In this treatise, which, except in classics,

may be written in English, the writer must produce an addition to the sum total of human knowledge that will prove his claim to the title of a scientific discoverer. This new fact may be comparatively minute, it may be the derivation of a word, the use of a case by an old English author, the character of a scholiast upon a play of Terence, but, if it be judged sufficiently valuable by the professor to whose department it belongs, it will gain the coveted distinction, provided the examination is successfully passed.

Although to add something to the special knowledge of a subject implies no slight acquaintance with that subject, still it is by no means uncommon to hear of a student whose thesis has been accepted failing to pass the examination. This will be better understood on hearing that it is entirely oral. Its ceremonious formality is itself enough to chill the candidate's courage. Iron custom prescribes the full dress, and pitiable is the sight of the anxious candidate, in white kids, in white tie, in white face, hurrying to the hall where his three examiners are seated. He is politely received and takes the chair placed for him and the glass of wine which he prays may revive his fainting heart. Then, after a few civilities, the attack begins and he is subjected to forty-five minutes of questions put by a perfect master of the subject, who is sure to notice the slightest weakness in defence, and who may roam over the whole field of his department or confine himself to one corner and dig a grave in it for the unfortunate candidate. Twenty-five per cent. of the German students are plucked after succeeding in their theses, and this is not remarkable when we remember that there are three examinations to be passed in this awful fashion. We now understand why out of nearly 3,500 students less than 200 passed in 1878.

Hitherto but one Toronto graduate has acquired this high distinction and to his credit and that of Toronto, be it spoken, the degree was taken *magna cum laude*, and the examiners were men remarkable even in Leipsic, being Roscher in Political Economy, Voigt in History, and Wundt in Philosophy. Dr. J. W. Bell (B.A., Tor., 1877), who thus reflected honor on his Alma Mater, is now professor of Political Economy in the State University of Colorado, adding another to the long list of Canadians that have won distinction in the neighbouring Republic.

Further hints as to expenses of living and style of lectures on subjects in arts must be reserved for a future occasion, as these notes are already longer than was intended.

RHO.

#### VITUPERATIVE JOURNALISM.

Toronto has become the scene of an unseemly and continuous encounter between two professional mud-slingers. The Queen City, though she laid aside the name, has never divested herself of the character of "Muddy York," and it seems that when her streets shall no longer recall that primitive name, her "big Dailies" will more than sustain the reputation and the title. Even now the liquid earth on our thoroughfares scarcely covers as many square yards of surface as are each day befouled by the presses of the *Globe* and *Mail*.

The rank of "the fourth Estate" in the British constitution has been claimed for the Press, and merit has sometimes made good the claim. But if the principle of journalism at present prevailing in Canada is to continue, history will have to record as a warning that the last estate of that realm was incomparably worse than the first. To characterize this principle would be a task as undesirable as it is difficult.

The personally abusive language, the vile epithets hurled indiscriminately at each and every offender, the vixenish persistency with which a petty spite is pursued, all combine to give the lowest possible tone to our morning editorials. No book composed in the style of the *Globe* or *Mail* articles would run through an edition of a dozen copies. No Canadian audience would tolerate a speaker for ten minutes if he employed such language as fills the columns of these journals. And yet it is day after day thrust upon tens of thousands who are compelled to wade through the mire in order to pick the very few grains of reliable information. Though this spectacle is sorry enough, there is even to it a ludicrous side. When a man habitually and in cold blood speaks of those with whom he chances to differ as "scoundrel," "rascal," "liar," "villian," some little curiosity is aroused as to the terms he would employ in case he became moderately (?) angry, and those who doubted the possibility of adapting the English language to such a gamut have this week seen their doubts confirmed. The way in which the *Mail* has wrestled with the "Queen's English" in the frantic endeavour to strike a higher note still has been a sight for the Gods. Not a few rejoice, however, that the agonizing effort proved unavailing.

Let any one read the editorials of the *Globe* and the *Mail* with a view to discovering the ground principles of each. There is but one conclusion possible. Each is the *ratio essendi* of the other. Without the *Mail* the *Globe* would cease to exist, and without the *Globe* the *Mail* would find its usefulness gone. Yet we will have to admit that this is only the legitimate result of that system of government which first submerges

principle in the tide of Party and then sinks individuality before the Party Boss. The citizen ceases to be a co-operative and expansive power and becomes simply an objective unit, while the pride of honest citizenship, no longer to be realized in action, lives only in the hearts of a patriot few. Not the Principle, nor yet the Party, but the Person (under the title of Leader) affords the subjective and motive faculty of all government. It is then the inevitable consequence that the One-man system will divert all attention, as it has diverted all power, to the Person. Thus reason and principles disappear from the discussion of politics and personalities take their place. The greater facility with which the average editor takes to the latter makes the transition an easy one, and disuse soon obliterates whatever ability may have been possessed in the former direction. Yet even with this explanation the development here must be regarded as abnormal. As an instance of total journalistic depravity, the *Globe* and *Mail* may safely be put against the world. So confirmed has each become in the habit of personal abuse and so utterly incapacitated for anything else, that, having exhausted their usual sources, they have fallen to abusing each other in the most revolting manner, and they do not seem even to be conscious that a disgusted public are anxious for nothing so much as the realization of a certain feline legend that once delighted our childhood.

What effect will attend this style of journalism it would be difficult to say. The character of it is certain, but the extent must remain unknown. The immediate result in College circles may be briefly told. There are nearly four hundred students here, all of whom came bringing a lively personal interest in the public affairs of our country, and disposed to take decided views on all political questions. They therefore watch the daily press closely and with this result—they first lose faith in the Party-papers, then in the Party-leaders who tolerate them, and then in the Parties themselves, who run when their Leader cries "scat!" and howl when their Organ pipes.

But disgust does not end here. These public prints are almost the sole means of obtaining that knowledge of his country which every young man desires and must possess if he is to be a man among men. But what are we to think of a country, a nation that pretends to be great, when its leading journals can find nothing to talk about but each other and each other's bosses? A paper is supposed to furnish the most important topics and discuss the most important events, and hence the conclusion of not a few among our students is that if the matters of greatest concern to this country are the private motive of Sir John A. Macdonald and Hon. Edward Blake or their subs., and if public attention has more to do with the mud-flinging of two editors than the development of the country, then they will none of it. No young man is going to settle down in a country in which he has no faith, and if any of us have faith in Canada it is because we have taken the trouble to clear away from the line of vision the barriers of rubbish heaped high all around us by the *Globe* and the *Mail*.

To prescribe a remedy to the evil is more difficult. Each of these papers is established upon a solid financial basis, sustained by the advertising and not by the reading public; and each is almost indissolubly connected with the traditions of its respective party. Only an energetic course of treatment will avail, and we believe that in the end wisdom and necessity will demand that we rid ourselves of both the Papers and the Parties.

#### THE COURSE IN ENGLISH.

**D**URING the past year THE 'VARSITY has wisely given a good deal of attention to matters pertaining to education, with special reference to the modern language course in our own University. I wish to add a few words on the study of English, for the purpose of pointing out wherein I think the course as laid down is deficient, and the best way to remedy the deficiency.

On one occasion the pass mathematical paper at junior matriculation was very stiff, and a certain would-be Freshman thought it probable he would be plucked. Well, convinced that the paper was beyond the capacity of an ordinary individual, the idea occurred to him that if he could obtain favourable opinion on the subject, *ex cathedra*, all might yet be well. So he hied him down town and consulted a graduate, (not, by the way, an honour man in mathematics), who gave it as his deliberate opinion that the paper was too hard. Rejoicing thereat, he returned and communicated this decision to a person high in authority. But alas! his hopes were rudely dashed by receiving the reply: "Young gentleman, there are graduates of this university, not a few, who know no more of mathematics than you do." Even the covert compliment was not able to restore his shattered spirit. Now, is it too much to say likewise that there are graduates of this University, not a few, who, when they leave, know next to nothing of the beauty and power, and of the educative value of English literature? Surely not. And if this is true, is it not a thing to be ashamed of, a deficiency to be remedied as soon as possible?

To state the case briefly: the number who graduate in modern languages is exceedingly small when compared to all the other departments combined. Without discussing the honour course in English, which has been done in these columns before, I shall confine myself to the pass work. And when the statement is made that the vast majority of honour men may complete their four years' work without reading a single text in English literature, after matriculation, may it not be said with truth the course is inadequate and inefficient?

A great writer once gave a young friend who wished to become a literary man, and wrote for some hints on composition, the following advice: "If you want to learn to write, write!" No one will now deny the wisdom of the remark. Be a man never so learned, be he never so eager to express himself upon a particular subject, he will not be able to do so even fairly well, without having had practice. So it is in the case of English literature. The only way to know English literature is to study English literature—the thing itself.

It is not necessary to advocate the claims of our grand literature in this place. He would be a somewhat hardy individual who would venture to state that a thorough knowledge of this subject is not more important than any other, to a young man leaving the halls of his Alma Mater. And yet, what have we to supply this great want in the case of the great majority of our students? *Craik, Earle and Bain*. The lecturer in English is bound to follow the curriculum. The result is lectures on the figures of speech, on philology and the grouping of a few great names in the history of English, with a short account of their principal works. Stale and unprofitable work! with which to employ the time of a lecturer, when he might be engaged in digging up the hidden talent and putting it out to usury.

If a man is to make his mark in literature, he must begin early. A vast amount of experience is necessary to produce a style like that of Goldwin Smith or Matthew Arnold. Now, what is there to encourage literary work in our own University? 'Ten dollars' worth of books every year, and this a very questionable method of encouragement. The only true way to make a man produce good work is to make him love his subject; but the mention of love of English here is perhaps the finest irony.

It seems to me that, to apply an efficient remedy, about four times the present attention should be paid to pass English; and that, so far as it affects all honour men who take any other course than moderns, a radical change should be made. There the course is, as has been said, *Craik, Earle and Bain*. The last is admitted to be of little or no use. If a man wants to learn to write, he must write, not read *Bain*. *Earle* is a useful book, but philology is a subject in itself, and not English literature. *Craik* is a handy-book of reference, but it really does seem absurd to call it a text. It is a category of authors with their works, and Mr. *Craik's* opinion thereon. But we don't want Mr. *Craik's* opinion, or anyone else's; we want the power to form an opinion of our own; that is what the course in English should aim at from beginning to end; that is the proper work for a lecturer to do. If any change can be made in the curriculum so as to take cognizance of these objections, it is felt that a stimulus will be given to the study of our own language, and that the cause of education generally will be served.

PRO GREGE.

#### PETIT ROCHER DE LA HAUTE MONTAGNE.

THE true spirit of chivalry is found elsewhere than behind burnished shield and steel-tipped lance, and romance did not pass from the world with casque and plume and tented field. In the record of our country's history we find many a tale of noblest self-sacrifice and unflinching daring, and Canadians can proudly point to deeds worthy to be ranked side by side with the world's greatest ensamples of heroism. We have our Thermopylæ, and shame be it if its story is not familiar to all bearing the name of our country.

*Petit Rocher de la Haute Montagne* is a well-known French Canadian song, and so tragic an interest surrounds the circumstances of its composition, and the death of its author, that I shall endeavour to give an idea of the story recalled to peasant, trapper, and voyageur as it is sung around the winter fire, or in lonely camps by lake or river. Mr. J. C. Taché has told the tale in French, and I am indebted to him for the facts, which, there is every reason to believe, are entirely true.

I have essayed to render literally some verses of the song itself, but freely acknowledge despair of being able to transfuse the spirit of the original, which hangs around it like the scent of pine forests and the murmur of mountain streams.

On the upper Ottawa and in the middle of the portage known as the *Sept-chutes*, is the *Petit Rocher de la Haute Montagne*, and hard by it the grave of Cadieux, hero and author of the song. As the *voyageurs* rest here with their canoes and loads, the oldest among them sometimes tells this story, and willingly the others listen to the melancholy and familiar tale.

It was in the time of the ancient feud between the Algonquins and the

Iroquois—a feud so bitter and long-continued as to be almost without parallel, and both tribes kept continually alert to gain advantage by any means over their hereditary foes. Their method of warfare was to make sudden and rapid descents, surprise a small settlement, give no quarter to man, woman or child, and effect a retreat before an opposing force could be aroused.

Cadieux was a Frenchman and a man of considerable influence among the Indians with whom he traded. He was interpreter, *voyageur* and trapper, and it seems was possessed of some little education. Married to an Algonquin, he passed the summer with the tribe bartering for the products of the chase, and the winter in hunting and trapping. At the time of which I write he was in permanent camp, with a few other families, at the *Petit Rocher*. It was the month of May and the snow had disappeared from the woods and the ice broken up in the rivers, and daily they were expecting the arrival of the Indians from above with whom they intended to descend the river and carry their stock of furs to Montreal. All was peaceful and quiet in the little settlement, when one day a young Algonquin who had been down the river a short distance came running breathless into camp, gasping out—The Iroquois! The Iroquois! A large war-party of them was then indeed about a league away, and knowing well that the Algonquins would be descending the river about this time, their plan was to surprise and easily overpower them on the portage.

It was instantly clear to Cadieux that there was only one possible way of escape, and this was to shoot the rapids,—a thing almost unheard of at any time, and now more dangerous by reason of the swollen condition of the angry, rock-impeded river. He saw further that it would be necessary to create some diversion to draw the Indians off the scent, and hinder them from examining the traces left by those departing. Otherwise their clever foes, on finding the recently deserted camp, would instantly divide into two bands; one going up, the other down the river, and the deeply laden canoes of the fugitives would speedily have been overtaken.

Cadieux took on himself the noble but dangerous task of holding the Iroquois at bay, and kept as his sole companion the young Algonquin, in whose courage and fidelity he had perfect confidence. They were to follow their people if they survived, and a search party was to be sent out in case they did not soon appear.

It was arranged that the party in the canoes were to embark and remain in the shelter of the bank till the sound of firearms warned them that the Iroquois were engaged. All preparations being made, Cadieux and his companion, armed with their guns, axes and knives, and carrying a small store of provisions, set out to meet the Indians.

Scarce an hour passed before the party in the canoes heard the report of a gun, followed by another and another. At once the canoes plunged into the swift and terrible current,—hurled hither and thither in the midst of the boiling eddies and foam, rearing on the crests and sinking into the hollows of the angry waves, the steersmen at bow and stern still managed to keep the frail barks on their course, while the women ceased not to pray to the good Ste. Anne to guide them safely through, and to preserve the noble hearts they had left behind.

"I saw nothing all the time," afterwards said the wife of Cadieux, "I saw nothing but a great white angel gliding on before us and showing us the way!"

The canoes got safely through their dangers, and the fugitives reached friends and safety before many days, and we must now tell how fared the Indian and Cadieux. Having chosen a place on the portage suited for an ambush, they concealed themselves in the thick underbrush a little way from the trail, and awaited the Iroquois,—the Algonquin at some little distance from Cadieux, in order that the impression might be conveyed of there being a greater force.

Cadieux allowed the foremost Indians to pass—those clearing the way and carrying the canoes—and retained his fire till the sound of his companion's gun and the cry of a wounded enemy threw the party into confusion. The Iroquois, unexpectedly attacked, instantly halted, but before the porters could put down their loads, a shot fired by Cadieux passed through the heart of a second warrior. This completed the surprise of the enemy, and at once taking advantage of their embarrassment, the Algonquin and Cadieux sought to make their escape and reach an arranged place of meeting. Cadieux managed to evade his maddened adversaries. The Algonquin never got to the rendezvous, but sold his life dearly in the overmatched struggle.

For three days the Iroquois searched the woods for traces of the families, not deeming it possible that they had made the descent of the rapids; for three days they tracked the brave *voyageur*—days and nights without sleep or rest for the unfortunate Cadieux. At the end of this time, despairing of finding the families, or of getting their redoubtable adversary within their power, putting their canoes into the stream, they redescended the river.

Several days had passed since the fugitives reached safety, and still hearing no news of Cadieux, a party of three set off in search of him. At the portage they found signs of the occupation by the Iroquois, and also indications that their friend had been in the neighborhood. A little shelter of branches beside the *Petit Rocher* encouraged them to persevere in their search, and with the idea that Cadieux had taken refuge with the friendly Indians further up the stream, they pushed forward. Here they learned nothing, and the thirteenth day since Cadieux had parted from the families, saw them again approaching the *Petit Rocher*, all hope of seeing Cadieux alive, dead in their hearts. As they sadly passed the *Petit Rocher* for the second time, they saw near by the path, and beside the little shelter they before thought abandoned, a wooden cross, which they approached with reverence and a strange astonishment. The cross was set at the head of a shallow grave, and in this grave, scarce rigid in death, lay the body of Cadieux half concealed by branches of pine and cedar. The hands of the dead man were crossed over his breast, and on them lay a large sheet of birch bark covered with writing. One who could read, gently raised the birch

bark, and, face to face with the corpse of the brave Cadieux, learned the mystery of his death. From the birch-bark writing and from what they had seen, they gathered that the unfortunate Cadieux, his reason weakened by fatigue, anxiety and privation, had come at last to wandering aimlessly hither and thither. That he had found himself at length back again at the Petit Rocher, and once there had lived for some days *sans dessein*,—subsisting on berries and what he could kill with his gun, and not daring to light a fire for fear of the Iroquois. That day by day he had grown weaker and weaker, and when his friends passed the spot before, though seeing and recognizing them, he shock of his joy had held him speechless and motionless. That after their departure, his last faint hope being gone, and feeling death very near him, he had used his failing strength in writing these adieux to his friends, and then in preparing for his own burial. He fixed the rude little cross at the head of the hollow he had dug with his hands, and plucked the evergreens which were to cover him when he should lie down to his last rest. There, lying in the attitude of prayer, with the woods he loved so well rising green and fair around him, the distant river gently murmuring, and the blue sky above his face, death came quietly upon him and the brave soul passed away, while over his heart rested this message to his friends and his Death Song.

Rock resting on the mountain's lofty side,  
My failing footsteps now to thee I guide,  
Familiar echoes! hear this dying song,  
My weary spirit will not linger long.

Ah! little forest birds, the careless mirth  
Of your sweet notes still draws me back to earth;  
Had I your wings to bear me swift away,  
I'd happy be e'er breaks another day.

Lonely amid the pines, and filled with fear  
For fate of friends and wife and infants dear,  
Trembling I asked: Have waves or arrows keen  
Swift messengers of death to loved ones been?

One day returning from a distant chase,  
I saw beside my fire a well-known face,  
... The joy too keen that help at last was come,  
My knees lost power, my voice was stricken dumb.

I fell to earth, and speechless saw them go,  
The friends whose coming I had longed for so.  
Alone I'm left. . . No friendly voice will cheer  
When chilly Death shall hover o'er my bier!

A howling wolf skulked at my cabin's door,  
To see if smoke rose from my fire no more.  
I said to him—Sneak back from whence you came,  
Or, by my faith, you'll try my rifle's aim!

A crow was flying through the trees o'erhead,  
And perched himself beside my branchy bed,  
Black carrion-seeker, go elsewhere to dine,  
Find for thy meal some other flesh than mine!

Try down there in the swamp and gloomy wood,  
There's many an Indian's corpse will serve for food;  
Ay, flesh you'll find and bones amid the trees,  
Away foul bird! . . . Leave me to die in peace.

Sweet nightingale, go give my mistress true  
And fair young babes their father's last adieu;  
And say that, though my hope of life is past,  
Firm love, strong faith, I've guarded to the last.

No succour in the world below I find,  
My hope is in the Saviour of mankind:  
Forsake not, Holy Virgin, like the rest,  
Grant me to die upon thy tender breast!

W. H. B.

HISTORICAL AND POLITICAL SCIENCE.

THE following draft of a course of historical and political science, intended to form part of the Arts curriculum of the University, has been greatly modified and improved since it was published in these columns a few months ago. An attentive perusal of it will show that the pass and honor courses are nearly as possible parallel, the difference between them being mainly one of difficulty and thoroughness. The subjects included in each course are, (1) Constitutional History and Law of England; (2) Constitutional History and Law of the United States; (3) Constitutional History and Law of Canada; (4)

comparative or systematic Politics, or Political Science; (5) Jurisprudence, and (6) Political Economy. The reader will see that the pass course is carefully graded, not merely in respect of difficulty, but in the order of the subjects, and that the honor course is similarly graded. He will see also that while the historical method of treating the subjects is made very prominent, the analytical method has been by no means overlooked. The pass course embraces no more than every intelligent citizen ought to know about the origin, history and general character of the great social system by which he is environed; the honor course is very thorough and well adapted for one who intends to become a publicist or to enter political life. The course, it will be seen, includes the old standard works, such as Hallam's, Story's, Adam Smith's and John Stuart Mill's; but it includes also many of more recent dates, such as Maine's, Spencer's, Bagehot's, Jevons' and Stubbs'. Canadian authorship is fairly represented by Bourinot, O'Sullivan and Todd; that of the United States by Story, Cooley, Wilson and Sterne; the ancient classics by Plato, Aristotle and Cicero, while Sir Thomas More stands *facile princeps* in his acute treatment of social topics and his anticipation of the discussions of our own day. There is not likely to be any complaint if the course is adopted, that it is too easy, the amount of outside work proposed to be added being unusually large and varied:—

PASS.

SECOND EXAMINATION.

CREASY, Rise and Progress of the English Constitution.  
FAWCETT, Manual of Political Economy.

THIRD EXAMINATION.

SMITH, History of the English Institutions.  
STERNE, Constitutional History and Political Development of the United States.  
BOURINOT, Parliamentary Procedure and Practice in Canada (Chaps. I. and XXII.).  
AMOS, Science of Politics.  
WILSON, History of Modern English Law.  
WALKER, Political Economy.

FOURTH EXAMINATION.

BAGEHOT, The English Constitution.  
WILSON, Congressional Government: A Study in American Politics.  
O'SULLIVAN, Manual of Government in Canada.  
SPENCER, Study of Sociology.  
MARKBY, Elements of Law.  
JEVONS, Money and the Mechanism of Exchange.

HONORS.

SECOND YEAR.

TASWELL-LANGMEAD, English Constitutional History.  
THOMPSON, Elements of Political Economy.

THIRD YEAR.

COX, Institutions of the English Government.  
STUBBS, HALLAM, and MAX: Constitutional History of England.  
STORY, Commentaries on the Constitution of the United States (Bks. I. and II., and the first five chapters of Bk. III.)  
Documents illustrative of the Constitutional History of Canada, with special reference to the following:—Articles of Capitulation, 1760; Royal Proclamation under the Treaty of Paris, 1763; Quebec Act, 1774; Constitutional Act, 1791; Lord Durham's Report, 1839; Union Act, 1840; Resolutions of Quebec Conference, 1864; British North America Act (1867) and Amending Acts; Royal Instructions to the Governor-General since 1760.  
MORE, Utopia (Arber's Reprint).  
MAINE, Ancient Law, and Village Communities.  
CICERO, On Laws.  
GIBBON, Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire (Chap. XLIV.)  
MILL, Principles of Political Economy.  
CAIRNES, Character and Logical Method of Political Economy.

FOURTH YEAR.

HEARN, The Government of England.  
COOLEY, Constitutional Law in the United States.  
TODD, Parliamentary Government in the British Colonies.  
FREEMAN, Comparative Politics, and History of Federal Government (Vol. I.).  
PLATO, Republic.  
ARISTOTLE, Politics (Bks. I.-IV.).  
Comparative Constitutional History, with special reference to Greece, Rome, the Great Powers of Modern Europe, and the United States of America.

MAINE, Early History of Institutions, and Early Law and Custom.  
 HOLLAND, Elements of Jurisprudence.  
 HALL, International Law.  
 HYNDMAN, Historical Basis of Socialism in England.  
 SMITH, Wealth of Nations (Rogers' edition).  
 ROSCHER, Principles of Political Economy, with Preliminary Essay by Wolowski on "The Historical Method of Political Economy."

In addition to the work above specified, it is suggested that the following be prescribed in the usual way, by regulation:

1. The LATIN of the First and Second Pass Examinations.
2. Either the GREEK of the First and Second Pass Examinations; or
3. The FRENCH and GERMAN prescribed as an alternative for the GREEK of these Examinations.
4. All the ENGLISH (Pass and Honor) prescribed in the Curriculum.
5. All the HISTORY (Pass and Honor) prescribed in the Curriculum, and the ETHNOLOGY of the Fourth Year.
6. The MATHEMATICS of the First, and the MECHANICS of the Second Pass Examinations.
7. The CHEMISTRY, or BIOLOGY, of the First Pass Examinations, or the MINERALOGY and GEOLOGY of the Second.
8. The MENTAL SCIENCE and LOGIC (Pass and Honor) of the Second Year.

In our Modern Language Curriculum we omitted Knapp's Reader in Spanish, and the study of the works of Victor Hugo in French, both included in 4th year work.

#### CORRESPONDENCE FROM THE TROOPS.

"UP to Wednesday our trip was quite uneventful; since then, we have had a very trying time, cold, hunger and wet the unceasing companions of us all. We reached Dog Lake, the end of the C. P. R. eastern division, about 7 p. m. on Wednesday evening, and after a magnificent supper in the Navies' Shanties, we started in teams to cross the break, 51 miles. Supper was a delightful experience. The meals up to this time had been few and far between, and the men thoroughly enjoyed a hot sit-down spread. Among other delicacies we were supplied with beef, salmon, lobster, mackerel, potatoes, tomatoes, peas, beans, corn, peaches, currants, raisins, cranberries, prunes—all these canned of course, and fresh bread, cakes, pies, tea, coffee and butter;—the men were all anxious to be taken into the C.P.R. employment at once. We drove all night through a very wild country, and suffered very much from cold, and about 8 a.m. reached a place called Magpie Lake, 35 miles. Here we had a good breakfast and after a short rest started again and made the 16 miles in about 4 hours. The roads were frightful and the upsets frequent, but no accidents happened. We reached the track again between 2 and 3," at a most desolate looking place. Found that some accident had happened, and no train was ready for us. We had to stand in the cold snow till about 7.30 p.m., and were then packed in open platform cars and started supperless for our railway stretch of 107 miles.

"Our experience that night was frightful. The track, of course, was very rough, the sleepers being merely laid on the snow, and the train had to go very slowly. The thermometer went down to five below zero, and the men were fairly stiffened with cold. The officers had a stove in their car, and one had a chance to get warmed up now and then. About 4 a.m. we reached a place called Heron Bay, and got some breakfast. The delay here and at other places was great. The accommodation is very limited and the men have to be fed in relays of 60 to 80. After thawing out we started again and travelled by train to Port Munro (15 miles), where the second break begins. Here we had a "snack," and then marched across the ice along the north shore of Lake Superior (18 miles), where we reached the railway again. The roads were drifted and very heavy, but the men did wonderfully—made the distance in six hours and a half, carrying everything but knapsacks; scarcely a man fell out. We found a small train waiting for us, and were, unfortunately, obliged to divide our forces, the Infantry School and companies 1 and 2 going on, 3 and 4 remaining for the second load. I was one of the fortunate ones, and we reached Jack Fish Bay (16 miles) early in the evening and had a capital supper and were comfortably stowed away for the night in an old warehouse. The other two companies did not join us till the morning, the engine having broken down. They had a most wretched time, lying out all night without shelter or food. The School and companies 1 and 2 pushed on early in the morning by train across the next break (23 miles) and reached the railway again at a place called Winston's dock about 3 p.m. No train was there for us, and we had to wait in the cold and wet four hours. A train then reached us and took us to McKay's Harbour (7 miles) for the night. This is the most miserable place we have been in. They could feed only fifty men at a time, the food was abominable, and the sleeping accommodation was as bad as could be. Companies 3

and 4, who had been resting at Jack Fish Bay, joined us early in the morning. After an attempt at breakfast we all left together about 10 a.m. on Easter Sunday, and made the run of 49 miles by train to the next and last break in three hours and a half. We then marched eight miles across Nepigon Bay and found the train in which we now are awaiting us.

"We reached Port Arthur early this morning and the train hands expect to run us through to Winnipeg to-night. We have no definite orders yet, but may push right through to the front. The Colonel wants to wait for the Tenth if possible; we have beaten them about 36 hours, and on the whole have made magnificent time. Only two men have fallen out, so far, and they will likely join us, as nothing is seriously wrong. We have, however, left Lieut. Gunther and 10 men behind, they formed a rear guard on the first march and got behind in some way or other; we believe teams failed. The conduct of the men has been simply admirable. Not a single case of intoxication or misconduct of any kind, and all thoroughly willing and cheerful; hardship seems to have no effect except to make them more contented; they certainly are a fine lot of fellows. The country is most barren and desolate; no timber, no farming land, nothing but rock, reminding me very much of the north shore of the lower St. Lawrence. There is some magnificent scenery,—the mouth of the Nepigon very fine and many places that strike one. The breakers must be tremendous here in the fall; there is ice along the shore 40 and 50 feet above water level, beautifully blue and clear.

"At Port Arthur we got late Winnipeg papers, no very definite information, but it looks as if we shall have a brush, the men all very anxious to get up in time.

"A great many men are suffering severely from sunburn. I of course as usual come in for this, otherwise am in splendid trim, much better than when I left. The burning here is no joke, the sun is tremendously hot and then the bitter winds coming over the ice almost cut one."

A later communication announces the arrival of "the boys" in Winnipeg. They "are mostly suffering from heavy colds. Redden, Nesbitt, Ross, Smith, and Lieut. Gunther were by an accident left behind at Dog Lake, and it is very doubtful whether they will catch up to us at all, as they are now a day and a half behind."

A special telegram to THE VARSITY, received at 1 a.m. to-day, announces the departure of the Q. O. R. for Swift Current; that the boys are all well, and that the rear guard has managed to rejoin the regiment and will proceed with the troops.

#### AN ANCIENT RONDEAU.

"TOO Ydle Eyes, I wis, O Emelye,  
 Mote not yvieve this Booke; and certainly  
 Sith here in Greke ywrit,"—"But I wolde faine  
 List to y<sup>e</sup> Frescheman rede and eke explayne  
 Hys wondrous booke ywrit in Greeke," quote she.

"Certes," I said, and then Right Schollarly  
 I redde, as fro y<sup>e</sup> Booke: "It seemeth Me  
 No synne ye heavenly Blue of thy Eyne twaine  
 To Idolyse.

When, Ladye mine, thy star-lyk eyes I see,  
 I'd faine Fall at thy feet, thy captiv boe  
 Alway,—thilke words ye Authour here hath sayn."  
 "What sillye Greeke!" then quote she with disdeigne,  
 And went; and thus I wasted utreltye

Two Ydle Lyes.

H.

## University and College News.

#### NATURAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

McMurrich Medal.—The special meeting to receive the report of the committee appointed to examine the essays submitted in competition for this medal was held on Tuesday evening. The committee, comprising Prof. R. Ramsay Wright, B.Sc., Dr. W. Hodgson Ellis, and Geo. Acheson, Esq., M.A., who act in conjunction with the donor, W. Barclay McMurrich, Esq., M.A., recommended the award of the medal to Mr. Frank T. Shutt, the author of the essay entitled "Notes on the Anatomy of the Woodlouse (Oniscus)." The committee further expressed their satisfaction at the high standard of merit attained by the authors of several other essays competing for this medal.



## MCMMASTER HALL.

Examinations commence on the 14th. J. B. Kennedy, who has been in Michigan during the winter, has returned, and will write on these University examinations.

Owing to the large number graduating this year, four have been selected as speakers, viz., Messrs. Anderson, Trotter, Grant, and Boville. Both the Literary and Theological Societies have closed their meetings after a successful term's work.

The warlike spirit of the age seems to have penetrated our quiet building. We notice Mr. J. L. Gilmour drilling the students. Mr. G. E. Morphy acts as bandmaster. The company marches to the sound of the fife like old veterans.

It may not be known that the cats of McMaster Hall speak Greek. In answer to a question one was heard to say, "μη ου."

"Pat-rology," said a metaphysical student in astonishment, gazing at the three hundred volumes in our library which contain the writings of the early church fathers, "I did not know that Ireland had produced so much literature."

"The most expensive kind of suit you can get into," said a student who was engaged in dressing, "is a law-suit." Then he added, "There goes my suspender." "You mean," said his room-mate, "that some day you will get into a law-suit that will cause you to be suspended?" "No, I'll be hanged if I do," he replied.

## Y. M. C. A.

The Prayer-Meeting on Thursday was led by Mr. Talbot. Subject, "The Great Feast," Luke 14. The thoughts suggested were the following:—In order to obtain the blessings of the Gospel Feast we must be prayerful and free from desires after carnal things. Those who are fed by this bread of life will be filled for work for God. Those cannot be discontented who satisfy themselves from these supplies of grace. They must be filled with happiness. We must grow spiritually weak if we allow occupation with their engagements however pressing to keep us from feeding on the Word of God.

This feast is constantly spread for us so that we can always avail ourselves of its provision. It argues the greatest ingratitude on our part if we neglect these great blessings so freely provided.

The bread of life and the water of life are given freely to us that we may become the dispensers of them to others and so be a means of blessing.

As those bidden to the feast offered excuses founded on their engagement with perfectly lawful occupations, so our engagements of whatever kind may be sinful if they lead us to neglect spiritual things.

The meeting next Thursday will be addressed by Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education.

The canvassing committee would acknowledge the following additional subscriptions towards the new building:—Already acknowledged, \$2,900; Hon. Wm. McMaster, \$100; T. G. Mason, \$50; Dr. Aikens, \$25; Dr. Reid, \$10; H. F. Ross, \$5; D. McKay, \$5; C. D. Massy, \$25; Robt. Brown, \$25; W. H. Irving, \$5; John Crawford, \$5; W. S. Lee, \$5. Total, \$3,160.

## Editor's Table.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt, through the kindness of T. J. W. Burgess, M. B., of Toronto University, of a copy of Trans. Roy. Soc. Canada, containing a valuable article by him and John Macoun, M. A., on Canadian Filicinæ.

We are also in receipt of a couple of small hand books on (1) "Abbreviated Longhand," by Wallace Ritchie, and (2) "Rules for Punctuation, or Suggestions to Type-writers." Both of these handy and useful little books are published by J. B. Huling, Chicago.

In looking over the English periodicals, one is struck with the vast literary activity displayed at the present time. In history, biography, poetry, and literature of a lighter kind, everything seems to be running at high pressure. The reviews highly recommend the following books, and our readers would do well to make a note of them for extraneous reading in the long vacation: "Zoroaster the Prophet," by F. Marion Crawford; "Wyllard's Weird," by M. E. Braddon; "Shadow of a Crime," by Hall Caine; "Chasing a Fortune," by Phil Robinson; "Stories and Poems," by William Black; "Lyrics," by Jean Ingelow; "At the Gate of the Convent, and other Poems," by Alfred Austin; and last, if not driest, Mommsen's fifth volume of the "History of Rome."

The Delta Upsilon Quarterly, of which we have just been favored with the first number of vol iii., is well worthy in appearance of the prosper-

ous society it represents. Dr. Griffis, of Rutgers, in an article on the "Manliness of Non-Secrecy," thus outlines the principles of this society, whose foundations are "justice and anti-secrecy":—

"To maintain esprit, order, diligence, and that reverence for authority, and that tenacity to rights which characterizes the typical American. Finding our ideal neither in the obituary nor in the beer saloon, but in clean, pure manhood, fun-loving and social, neither blatantly committing wrong nor allowing ourselves to be the victims of it, we ally ourselves with all that makes the American colleges compel the respect of the world."

American literature has sustained a serious loss in the death of Richard Grant White. The son of a New York merchant, he was educated at the University of New York, whence he graduated in 1839; and, six years later, was called to the bar. Deserting law for literature, he became art and literary critic for the *Courier and Enquirer*, and later on started the *World*, which he edited. As a journalist he was distinguished for his criticisms on matters of art, particularly music, upon which he indulged some original ideas. One of his earliest publications was "A Biographical and Critical Handbook of Christian Art." He is best known, however, as a Shakespearean scholar, and as a student of philology. His most important works are:—A variorum edition of Shakespeare, 12 vols.; "Life and Genius of Shakespeare;" "National Hymns," an essay embodying a collection of hymns; "Poetry of the Civil War;" "The Gospel of Peace, etc." (a political satire); an edition of "The Book-Hunter;" "Words and their Uses;" "Every-day English;" "England Without and Within." His "Washington Adams in England," and its sequel, "The Fate of Mansfield Humphreys," have done much to dissipate popular ignorance of America in England. He also contributed frequently to the leading American magazines. His death is a real loss to the best current literature.

*Literary Life* for April adds to the interest we take in this periodical. Ella Wheeler contributes a fine love poem, "Surrender;" the "Sweet San Antonia River" is beautifully illustrated; and another contingent of the article on art in the City of Pork arrives. In the editor's interesting article on Bayard Taylor is quoted the following fine poem, "which might have been sung to Cleopatra":—

Daughter of Egypt, veil thine eyes,  
I cannot bear their fire;  
Nor will I touch with sacrifice  
Those altars of Desire.  
For they are flames that shun the day,  
And their unholy light  
Is fed from natures gone astray  
In passion and in night.  
The Stars of Beauty and of Sin,  
They burn amid the dark,  
Like beacons that to ruin win  
The fascinated bark.  
Then veil their glow, lest I forswear  
The hopes thou canst not crown,  
And in the black waves of thy hair  
My struggling manhood drown!

The following books have been received in the library since the 24th ult.:

"The Lenapé and their Legends." By D. J. Linton.  
"Life of Abraham Lincoln." By I. N. Arnold.  
"Mountain and Prairie." By D. M. Gordon.  
"Canada on the Pacific, etc." By C. Horetzky.  
"Fisica di Corpi ponderabili." By A. Avogadro. 4 vols.  
"Contemporary Review." Jan.-June, 1884.  
"Nineteenth Century." Jan.-June, 1884.  
"Fortnightly Review." Jan.-June and July-Dec., 1884.  
And other periodicals of 1884, bound, 30 vols.

## Drift.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Eyes planet calm, with something in their vision  
That seemed not of earth's mortal mixture born;  
Strange mythic faiths and fantasies Elysian,  
And far, sweet dreams of "fairy lands forlorn."  
Unfathomable eyes that held the sorrow  
Of vanished ages in their shadowy deeps,  
Lit by that prescience of a heavenly morrow,  
Which in high hearts the immortal spirit keeps.

—MRS. S. H. WHITMAN.

What, speaking in quite unofficial language, is the net purport and upshot of war? To my own knowledge, for example, there dwell and

toil in the British village of Dumdrudge, usually, some five hundred souls. From these, by certain "natural enemies" of the French, there are successively selected, during the French war, say, thirty able-bodied men. Dumdrudge, at her own expense, has suckled and nursed them; she has, not without difficulty and sorrow, fed them up to manhood, and even trained them to crafts, so that one can weave, another build, another hammer, and the weakest can stand under thirty stone avoirdupois. Nevertheless, amid much weeping and swearing they are selected; all dressed in red; and shipped away at the public charges some two thousand miles, or say only to the south of Spain, and fed there till wanted.

And now to that same spot in the south of Spain are thirty similar French artisans, from a French Dumdrudge, in like manner wending; till at length, after infinite effort, the two parties come into juxtaposition, and Thirty stands fronting Thirty, each with a gun in his hand.

Straightway the word "Fire!" is given, and they blow the souls out of one another, and in place of sixty brisk, useful craftsmen the world has sixty carcasses, which it must bury and anon shed tears for. Had these men any quarrel? Busy as the devil is, not the smallest! They lived far enough apart, were the entirest strangers; nay, in so wide a universe, there was even unconsciously by commerce, some mutual helpfulness between them. How then? Simpleton! their governors had fallen out, and, instead of shooting one another, had the cunning to make these poor blockheads shoot.—*From Sartor Resartus.*

## DREAMS.

He spake not truth, however wise, who said:  
 "That happy and that hapless men in sleep  
 Have equal fortune, fallen from care as deep,  
 As countless, careless, races of the dead."\*  
 Not so, for alien paths of dreams we tread,  
 And one beholds the faces that he sighs  
 In vain to bring before his daylight eyes,  
 And waking, he remembers on his bed;  
 And one, with fainting heart and feeble hand,  
 Fights a dim battle in a doubtful land,  
 Where strength and courage are of no avail;  
 And one is borne on fairy breezes far  
 To the bright harbors of a golden star,  
 Down fragrant, fleeting waters rosy pale.

\*Aristotle.

—ANDREW LANG.

## Communications.

## MODERN LANGUAGE COURSE.

To the Editor of THE 'Varsity.

SIR,—As a preface to a few remarks on the revised Modern Languages curriculum, let me express my appreciation of the noble stand taken by THE 'Varsity during the whole of this year, in its advocacy of the rights of Modern Language students. The opinions have been clear and well-defined, and we hope the bold expression of these opinions in our university paper will bear fruit in a more thorough attention to this branch of our Arts course. In referring to the revised curriculum, as published in your last issue, I shall take up in the first place the work assigned to the Second Year. Here it is noticeable that no conversation

in either French or German is required even for Honours. This, I hope, will not be allowed to pass unheeded. Let our students understand from the very first that their knowledge of French and German must be put into practice, and that they must early learn to express in these languages also the thoughts which they can so easily express in their mother tongue. Then, too, we must consider what we owe to the Modern Language Club. If conversation be not required for the Second Year, the students will be more likely to neglect, during the first half of their course, the great benefits to be derived from this club. As a result, not only will they suffer individually, but the success of the club will also necessarily be impaired.

With regard to Fourth Year Work, a question arises in my mind. Must ethnology and anthropology be studied in conjunction with the long list of works here named? If so, I pity those who will be expected to distinguish themselves in this course. That long list of French, German, Italian and Spanish works recalls to our memories the list of those famous Latin and Greek authors who for so many years have thundered forth their eloquence on wearied would-be classic graduates. By all means, let us give our Modern Languages students a more thorough acquaintance with their chosen literatures; let us make every effort to lift from the course that cloud of contempt in which it has too long been involved; but in lifting this cloud, let no other take its place. Classical men are, I believe, still weighed down by the burden of those Fourth Year authors; loud and long have been the complaints sent forth by the sufferers. Let us learn a lesson and not overcharge our course, while we are trying to make all necessary improvements. If it be thought better, as it no doubt is, to provide the means for a deeper searching into the rich mines of French and German literature, then take away all obstacles that lie in the way of the miners. The study of ethnology and anthropology is one of the most interesting and instructive of all those contained in our Arts Curriculum, if it be pursued when the mind is unaffected by the dreary forebodings of examinations. But when a student is compelled to force so many facts and theories into his brain within a very limited period, this study loses a very large part of its interest, and many possible benefits are entirely lost. From these considerations, I would urge the removal of this study from its present position.

Yours &amp;c., W. HARLEY SMITH.

[We understand that in all probability an option will be allowed between ethnology and Spanish—*Ed.*]

## 'Varsity Notices.

There will be a meeting of the Directors of the 'Varsity at 4 p.m., Wednesday, April 15, in the 'Varsity Office, to discuss important business.

At 5 p.m. the same afternoon the usual semi-annual meeting of the shareholders of THE 'Varsity will be held in Moss Hall. Statements of the financial condition of the Company will be presented and important business transacted.

By order, W. F. W. CREELMAN, President.

Our subscribers will take notice that the present number of THE 'Varsity is the last issue but one of this year. On June 9th a double number will be issued, similar in character to our Christmas number, and special contributions are requested to make this June number as great a success.

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