

THE VARSITY

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THE PENANCE OF SIR GILDO.

I.

Idly on an island shore,
Gazing out upon the sea,
Hearing but the distant roar,
And the dull monotony
Of the breaking waves as they
Tossing o'er each other play,
Stood the Knight of my lay.

II.

Troubled was Sir Gildo's brow,
Passed a cloud across his face.
Ah! his form is bended now,
Silver sheen has ta'en the place
Of the jet that could not stay,
And the lone Knight's beard is grey,
For his years pass away.

III.

He is dreaming of his youth,
Of the songs that he had sung
With a loved one, for in sooth
He had loved when he was young,
He had joined in laughter gay,
Sorrow on his head ne'er lay,
But those years passed away.

IV.

Till the Knight is thoughtful grown,
And the laughing eyes that found
Answer to the love they own
Hurt and wounded seek the ground,
Wisdom high will not to-day
Homage due to Beauty pay,
Youthful years pass away.

V.

And his heart is colder turned—
Lured by a maiden cold
In whose breast no passion burned,
(For the maiden's name was Gold),
Will the Knight for her betray
Love he swore to Beauty? Say,
Shall Life thus pass away?

VI.

But he touched her silken dress,
Slowly trod her marble halls,
Vainly sought for happiness
Pent within those lofty walls.
God! the thought—a Knight to pay
Court to Mammon, and to pray
For what soon flies away.

VII.

Slow on the island broke the sea,
Sadly the Knight but calmly—"Good.
Blue eyes laugh no more for me,
I have wedded solitude,
This the penance I must pay."
Reader, hear the ballad say,
"Gather roses while ye may
For the years pass away."

T. A. G.

THE PROPHET OF THE NEW POETRY.

Ever since Matthew Arnold wrote his now famous lines—

"Wandering between two worlds, one dead,
The other powerless to be born,
With nowhere yet to rest my head,
Like these, on earth, I wait forlorn,"—

we have been accustomed to think that our lot has been cast in evil days, that it is an age without an epoch, that the old literature is dead, and that the rope that spans the chasmic break is one of sand. True it is that the new Music is said to have come, and to have cast an eternal shadow upon Beethoven, Handel, Mozart. The schools of the prophets have put new tunes to their words, and if the wine and the bottle do not always fit, it is one of the inevitable accidents of change. But in art the world is at a standstill; not even the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood availed to evolve a new order by modelling upon the old; and its principal members, Millais, Dante Rossetti and Holman Hunt, finally departed from their early faith. And thus, say the critics, is our condition in the field of poetry. Our present divinities are set at naught. Tennyson is a copyist, and when not, his muse is feminine and sometimes feeble. Browning is a philosopher in tones. Swinburne is a colourist, who paints but women, and them in scarlet. Morris tells

"A tale not too importunate
To those who in the sleepy region stay,
Lulled by the singer of an empty day."

Thus it is that Matthew Arnold sings:—

"Achilles ponders in his tent:
The kings of modern thought are dumb;
Silent they are, though not content,
And wait to see the future come."

And again he says:—

"Your creeds are dead, your rites are dead;
Your social order too!
Where tarries He, the Power who said,
See, I make all things new?
" the past is out of date,
The future not yet born;
And who can be alone elate
While the world lies forlorn?"

In one important respect, however, the age differs from its predecessors. It waits to welcome the new tide of song. Its neck is craned to catch the first strains, be they the heralding song of

"The busy lark, the messenger of day,"

or mutterings of the far-off thunder of a new announcement. Whatever be the signs, it is determined not to miss them; and so its literary scouts have been sent out to scan the horizon, to listen for the echo of the voice and to announce to us, when found, the incarnation of new poetic spirit.

Two of these scouts have recently come in from their search. As we advance to ask, What cheer? we remark the flush of haste with which they approach to vent the news, the eye of each bright with the promise of a secret unrevealed. The first, by name W. M. Rossetti, whispers

in our ear:—"Long have I listened for the voice, but at last I have heard it. It is as yet a wilderness voice, but it speaks with no uncertain sound. I know by heart the old songs and the old voices; this is the voice of the Poetry of the Future"—and he stoops to breathe low the name. After him Robert Buchanan, who says:—"I know the music of the past, and of the present, and of them I weary. I have heard the echo of the 'yet to be' and the singing has soothed me. I come to celebrate the singer of the future,"—he too breathes low the name. Nor does each whisper differently. It is true that Swinburne has leapt the gulf between the old and new, drawing with him the thread of Victor Hugo's reputation; but his position as a critic has gained nothing by this display of agility as a literary acrobat. We turn with more respect to Rossetti and Buchanan, whose judicial utterances have gained them a wide reputation in the field of letters. When they announce to the world that its new poet has come and that his name is Walt Whitman, we are bound to listen with reverence due to what they would say of the new divinity.

First, then, for Mr. Rossetti's opinion. He says that Walt Whitman "occupies at the present moment a unique position on the globe, and one which, even in past times, can have been occupied by only an infinitesimally small number of men. He is the one who entertains and professes respecting himself the grave conviction that he is the actual and prospective founder of a new poetic literature, and a great one—a literature proportional to the material vastness and the unmeasured destinies of America. He believes that the Columbus of the Continent, or the Washington of the States, was not more truly than himself the patron and founder and upbuilder of this America."

In this large-hearted estimate Walt Whitman would probably concur. In my copy of his works I find the following, often reiterated throughout the book with varying phraseology:—

"See, projected through time,

For me an audience interminable,
Successions of men, Americanos, a hundred millions:
With faces turned sideways or backward toward me to listen,
With eyes retrospective towards me."

"Americanos! conquerors! marches humanitarian;
Foremost! Century marches! Libertad! March!
For you a programme of chants!"

"In the year 80 of the States,
My tongue, eve y atom of my blood, formed from this soil, this
air,
Born here of parents born here, from parents the same, and
their parents the same,
I, now thirty-six old, in perfect health, begin,
Hoping to cease not till death."

In another place we find:—

"For your life adhere to me;
Of all men of the earth, I only can unloose you and toughen
you.
None have understood you, but I understand you.
I have the idea of all, and am all, and believe in all.
Within me latitude widens, longitude lengthens."

"I celebrate myself,"

Here is a short summary of what Mr. Rossetti has said about this prophet of the new cult: "His poem is, *par excellence*, the modern poem. . . . It forms incomparably the *largest* performance of our period in poetry. . . . He breaks with all precedent. . . . His work is practically certain to stand as archetypal for many future poetic efforts. The entire book may be called the pæan of the natural man. . . . This most remarkable poet is the founder of *American* poetry, rightly to be called, and the most sonorous poetic voice of the tangibilities of actual and prospective democracy. . . . I sincerely believe him to be of the order of *great* poets, and by no means of pretty good ones. . . . I believe that Whitman is one of the huge, as yet mainly unrecognized, forces of our time

—privileged to evoke, in a country hitherto still asking for its poet, a fresh, athletic and American poetry, and predestined to be traced up to by generation after generation of believing and ardent disciples. . . . His voice will one day be potential or magisterial wherever the English language is spoken—this is to say, in the four corners of the earth, and in his own American hemisphere, the uttermost avatars of democracy will confess him not more their announcer than their inspirer."

Hear also what Mr. Buchanan says, likewise condensed: "Walt Whitman is already exercising on the youth of America an influence similar to that exercised by Socrates over the youth of Greece, or by Raleigh over the young chivalry of England. In a word, he has become a *Sacer vates*—his ministry is admitted by palpable live disciples. . . . We are in concert with those who believe his to be a genuine ministry, large in its spiritual manifestations, and abundant in capabilities for good. . . . He professes to sow the first seeds of an indigenous literature by putting in music the fleshly yearnings of the cosmical man. . . . He sees in the American future the grandest realization of centuries of idealism. . . . Thoughts crowd so thick upon him that he has no time to seek their artistic equivalent; he utters his thoughts in any way, and his expressions gain accidental beauty from the glamour of his sympathy. . . . He is inspired. . . . In actual living force, in grip and muscle, he has no actual equal among contemporaries. He is the voice of which America stood most in need. . . . He is the clear forerunner of the great American poet, long longed for, often prophesied."

Against these words who dare lift up his voice? If he dared, he might not for want of breath. But too much space has already been occupied. In a future number we hope to add a few specimens of Walt Whitman's poetry.

J. O. MILLER.

THE RESCUE: SKETCHED FROM LIFE.

We found the old gentleman quite talkative that evening. He sat, coatless, in his stiff old yellow arm-chair, leaning far back, with his feet perched comfortably on the back of the great kitchen stove, his pipe in his mouth, and an air of indescribable self-satisfaction overspreading his face. It was thus we delighted to discover him, Fred and I, for at such times we were always able, with a little management, to draw out some queer old yarn, told in a dry, drawling, half-humorous fashion, of the toilsome days gone by.

"It was back in the thirties," he begins, after considerable encouragement. "It's a good long time back, boys, but I kin remember it like yesterday. I was a small kid then; along about ten year old, I should judge. The night it happened was a terror, one of those cold onpleasant ones, when you hear the wind, not blowin' a good honest blast, but comin' sneakin' down the chimley and round the corners, as though it would like to hurt you, an' couldn't. Well, I'd been sent to bed in the room off the kitchen there, the same old place; and mother, she set here just where I am now, (only we had no stove in those days, only the fireplace yonder) rockin' the baby—that's Jim, fifty years old come New Year's. The old man set for a while talkin' to mother an' watchin' her knit an' rock, knit an' rock to the tune of the old kitchen clock. Then he got up an' took down the lantern from its peg. By and bye, I heard the smack of his lips as he kissed mother, for he thought a deal o' the old woman, though you mayn't see why, an' the click o' the lock as he opened the door an' went out to see that everything was right for the night. We could hear him tramp, tramp across the stoop, and then all was quiet an' we couldn't hear nothin' but the wind whistlin' dreary-like outside, and the old logs blazin' and cracklin' up the fire place, and the clock tickin' and the cradle rockin', and mother hummin' some sweet old song, just as cheerful as if she was back in her English home, instead of here in a log house in the middle of the bush.

"After a spell I thought I heard a queer cry outside.

Mother seemed to hear it too, for the cradle stopped rockin' all of a sudden, an' she got quite still. Then it came again and mother jumped up and ran to the door. In a minute she came back and into my room. 'Tommie,' says she, and I could see by the candle she had she was as pale as death, 'don't be frightened, but I'm afraid suthin's happened father. Jump up like a good boy and watch baby. I must go an' see what's the matter.' And I'm blessed if she wasn't gone. Out into the bush, and the cold, and the storm, and the darkness, just as ready as she would have gone anywhere for *him*.

"Gosh, boys, but the time seemed slow! The wind howled dismallier than ever, and all kinds of queer stories come into my head—bears an' wolves, an' wild cats, an' what not, for livin' here then was different from what it is now, you may believe me! I hadn't set long though, perhaps a quarter-hour or so, when I heard the same queer cry. Well, sir, it made me shake all over. It was mixed up with the wind, and the dullish roar of the river down there an' all, but I knowed it was father, and *somethin' was wrong!*

"I grabbed up a light, got on my togs as quick as I could, fixed up the baby a bit, and, youngster as I was, out I started. I hadn't gone far when I stopped, so scared I couldn't move an inch. I could hear down yonder the crashin' of the ice and the splashin' of the water in the river. I knowed then what had happened. A deathly fear struck to my heart. The ice was broken through, the current was terribly swift, and father—

"For a minute I couldn't stir. Then I set my teeth and made for the spot. It was a fact; the ice had given way. But it wasn't father; it was the old man's best ox.

"Well, I'll be darned, boys, if I could help laughin'. There was old Jerry, kickin' like mad, right in the middle of the river. Father was sittin' at one end holdin on to his horns, and the old lady kneelin' at the other, haulin' the beast's tail taut, an' keepin' his hind quarters out of water. It was the all-firedest, queerest sight I ever seen. And the two of them settled there as sober as you please an' hangin' on like grim death.

"I didn't laugh long, though. Oxen stood for horses in those days, an' cattle wasn't so plentiful but that they had to hang on, ye see, to what they had. An' 'twas nothin' to laugh about, I can tell you. Sittin' on the ice, in the middle of a river on a bitter cold night, mayn't be the most onpleasant place for a woman brought up in comfort in England, but it's *somethin' near it*, boys, it's *somethin' near it*.

"So there was nothin' for it, but I should go for help. Off I set, a good two mile through the bush, to the nearest neighbour, and left mother haulin' on the ox's tail, like the brave old lady that she was. She durstn't leave go, mind you, fur the minute she did the current, which was mighty strong in those times, would sweep the poor brute under and away he'd go.

"I don't want another tramp like that there. I'd gone over it many's the time in daylight, an' 'twas bad enough then, but it's a leetle different at night, with the woods gettin' darker, an' the snow cracklin' louder at every step. However, I got there, an' Big Alex. Macdonald—dead and gone now, poor old boy—started back with me on the trot. An' there they were yet, fingers nearly frozen, cramped and numb and aching, but hangin' on for dear life to the two main ends of that blessed beast. Boys, that's the kind o' folks that made the country.

"Well, we got the poor brute out at last. He was nearly used up himself, an' could hardly stagger acrost the river. So up he came, slow enough, to the house, an' we got him close by the fire to thaw out. That night, sir, he was the best treated old ox in the county. They did him up in blankets, an' poured a whole bottle of old rye down his throat. He slep' here all night, an' next mornin' he was hale an' hearty.

"An' mother? Bless your heart, she thought nothin' of it. Ye talk of men for pluck, but I tell you they aint shucks to women when they *hev* got the grit in them."

The old man stopped. "I have often wondered, Uncle Tom," said Fred, after a pause, "why, when you hold women so high, you should never have married."

"Married," he cried, almost harshly. He went on in a slow, nasal, monotone: "Boys, when I come across another woman that kin hang on to a cow's tail for two mortal hours without budgin', I'll take her. I've been lookin' for forty-five years for a woman like *her*, and I aint seen her yet, boys, I aint seen her yet!"

UBIQUE.

LITERARY NOTES.

CANADIAN HISTORY AND LITERATURE (1)

Dr. Withrow and Mr. G. Mercer Adam, of this city, have just issued, from the Methodist Publishing House, a small text-book, "Canadian History and Literature," intended, we understand, to be used by members of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circles. Dr. Withrow's part, in the present instance, has been confined to the abridgement of his large history, and the result is a compact and readable compendium of the chief facts of Canadian history down to the present year. Mr. G. Mercer Adam has written a most interesting outline of the history of Canadian literature, which supplies an admirable appendix to this useful little volume. From the array of names and careful enumeration of the literary works of Canadians to be found therein, we think that there will be few to be found who will agree with the *Globe's* gruff comment that there is no Canadian literature. Such a list as Mr. Adam gives is ample proof that literature, though in its infancy, has taken deep root in Canada, and though only as yet in the blossom, gives ample promise of a glorious harvest hereafter. Mr. Adam generously mentions in his list of writers some few who have made the beginning of their literary reputations as contributors to THE VARSITY. Many owe much to Mr. Adam's kind encouragement and influence, of which their mention in this connection is another proof. The little volume before us contains 232 pages, of which the History occupies 176, and the Literature the remaining 56 pages. It is neatly printed, well bound, and will answer its purpose excellently as a compendium of the history of Canada and its literature.

A SONG OF TRUST. (2)

Mr. W. P. McKenzie, '84, has published, through Hart & Company of this city, a dainty little volume of some two-score pages, entitled "A Song of Trust, and Other Thoughts in Verse." The poems contained therein, about twenty in number, betoken a love of nature and a deep religious feeling, which finds expression in easy, melodious measures. Mr. McKenzie is fond of drawing analogies between the facts of nature and phases of religious sentiment, and this may be said to be the chief characteristic of the verses before us. He often accomplishes this very gracefully and poetically, as for instance in his sonnet on "Faith," wherein he likens Faith to white pond lilies—

"Keeping golden wealth in chalice white,"

And in "Offered Gladness," where sorrow is likened to a stream flowing sullenly on its way refusing the "offered gladness" of a tiny streamlet which joins it on its way, at last being comforted and strengthened to endure and overcome difficulties and obstructions. The best pieces, in our judgment, are: "A Song of One Weary," and "The Troubled Sea." Mr. McKenzie has been a frequent contributor to THE VARSITY, and we are glad to welcome the first-fruits of his Muse, and hope that he will be encouraged at some future time to include, in a second edition, some of the fugitive pieces which we miss from the present collection.

(1) "Canadian History and Literature": by W. H. Withrow, D.D., F.R.S.C.; and G. Mercer Adam, Esq. Toronto: Wm. Briggs, Methodist Book Room. Cloth, 232 pp., price 60 cents.

(2) "A Song of Trust and Other Thoughts in Verse": by W. P. McKenzie, B. A. Toronto: Hart & Co.

THE VARSITY.

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Contributions when not accepted will be returned if accompanied with a stamp for that purpose.

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

The present number of THE VARSITY will be the last regular issue for the present term. A special Holiday Number will appear, it is hoped, before Christmas and before the students leave town for the vacation. It is purposed to make this issue an entirely University one, and contributions are requested from graduates and undergraduates. These should be sent in at once to the editors. Arrangements are being made for the presentation of some special features in the Christmas Number of 1887, which will make it superior to all its predecessors. Subscribers wishing extra numbers are requested to send in their names at once to the Business Manager.

THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO AND THE JUDICIARY.

It is a remarkable fact, as Vice-Chancellor Mulock pointed out in his speech at the banquet the other evening, that most of the gentlemen recently promoted and appointed to the Bench in this Province, are graduates of the University of Toronto. Chancellor Boyd, recently promoted to the Presidency of the High Court of Justice, was graduated in 1860, taking the gold medal in Modern Languages; Chief Justice Armour, of the Queen's Bench Division, was graduated in 1850, with the gold medal in Classics; Judge Falconbridge was graduated in 1866, with the gold medal in Modern Languages; Judge Street graduated in Law in 1868, with the gold medal in that department. As a city contemporary points out, the three judges of the Queen's Bench Division are all graduates of the University, and each a gold medallist. This is a coincidence of more than ordinary significance, and is as gratifying as it is remarkable. It is evidence that the University of Toronto has done its work well, and that in the highest department of the civil administration of our Province, its graduates are found worthy to fill the most elevated and important positions.

A PARTIZAN ANTI-FEDERATIONIST.

Mr. W. F. Kerr has been lately airing his views upon University Federation with a freedom of expression and inaccuracy of statement that are as remarkable as they are amusing. It is a pity, however, that Mr. Kerr's excessive zeal on behalf of Victoria College should lead him to make statements about University College and the University of Toronto which are so wide of the truth, and to indulge in inuendos for which there are no foundation whatever. Mr. Kerr's personal opinions are in themselves of no particular public interest, but the persistency with which he reiterates them, and the fact that such, or similar, views are held by others interested in University affairs, make it important that something should be said to correct them.

The President of University College has very effectually answered Mr. Kerr's absurd statement regarding the diplomas of the new University. Mr. Kerr, in criticizing Dr. Burwash's recent magazine article on Federation, said:

"The Doctor's great claim, that the 'bond of each student to his college for the future is secured by the fact that his diploma is at once the diploma of the College and of the University,' is merely another sign of the inferior position which Victoria will occupy

in the federation. That clause in the Act was passed in compliance with the wishes of University College. It is amusing to find it quoted now as an evidence that Victoria will not lose her students under federation—a conclusion that does not appear sound. So fearful were the authorities of Toronto University least by any possibility a Victoria man might be mistaken for a University College man, that they insisted that the name of the college from which he came should be inserted in his diploma. So that a Victoria man must, like the lepers of old, stand afar off and cry out, 'unclean, unclean!'"

To this, Dr. Wilson replies:

"So utterly is this the reverse of the truth that, not only was the clause inserted solely at the request of the late Dr. Nelles and other representatives of Victoria College, but I objected to it at the time, though solely on account of the trouble and delay that must arise in the filling in of the numerous diplomas, no longer with one common formula, but with varying specifications of colleges and diversity of signatures. It was adopted solely on the assurance that it would be acceptable to Victoria College men, and to those other federating colleges."

Like some other anti-Federationists Mr. Kerr's attitude is that of a Jeremiah. He is full of lamentations; Victoria College is to occupy an inferior position, it will become merely a divinity school, and so on, *ad nauseam!* He apparently forgets these facts: that the Methodist Church has decided, rightly or wrongly, for Federation; that the success of Victoria as a component part of the new University depends entirely upon herself and upon her friends, and that it is unpatriotic—putting it upon denominational grounds alone—to discredit and embarrass the authorities charged with carrying out the wishes of the majority of the Methodist Church in this respect. Mr. Kerr and his brother Jeremiahs should remember these things, and should try and rise a little above the level of mere denominationalism in this matter. Let them build up, not throw down; let them stop lamenting, and begin encouraging; let them be national, and not provincial in their ideas.

A great deal of this narrow sectional jealousy which the letters of Mr. Kerr and others show, is born, we doubt not, of ignorance and a want of appreciation of the real facts of the case. A good many supporters of the denominational Universities regard the University of Toronto as an interloper, and as an unnecessary ornament to our educational system. They seem to forget that it is the Provincial Institution, the National University, and as such is entitled to their confidence, respect, and support. In their blind zeal for their own particular connexional institutions, they appear to think that it is a rival which must be crushed at all cost, by means fair or foul, and all that their own college shall grow and increase. It is well to remind these gentlemen that the University of Toronto is not a rival to denominational colleges, in the sense of the word which they make use of; it is the necessary and independent cap-stone of our educational system, which the government was as much bound to establish, as it is now bound to support. The necessity of its existence does not rest upon the same grounds as that alleged for the existence of denominational institutions. Whatever may have been the excuse in the past for their foundation, there is none whatever now for the establishment of more separate Church Universities in this Province. The University of Toronto exists because our educational system exists, and it would exist whether a hundred students or one student attended it. The State is bound to support an institution for higher education just as much as it is to support the primary or secondary schools. For this reason the University of Toronto exists. Among other claims these Church Colleges put forth, is necessarily that of connexionalism and denominationalism; that, for instance, a Methodist should attend Victoria; a Presbyterian, Queens; an Episcopalian, Trinity; and so forth. This is all right and good as far as it goes, but it is apt to be carried too far, and mere denominationalism exalted at some risk to the higher education. The University of Toronto, on the other hand, being a State institution, relies simply upon its standards, its professoriate and the character of the instruction given within its walls, to attract students. It regards with no jealousy the other universities which are doing the same good work which it is engaged in; it asked them to join in a confederation, in which each would exist independently, yet all accept one common standard for degrees.

All, except, Victoria, declined; and when she comes in, the idea of Federation, though necessarily limited, will be the same as that intended for all, and will be carried out in that spirit. Victoria will be as independent as she now is at Cobourg, all the difference being that the degrees earned by her students, under the instruction of her own professors, will be given under the standard, and with the imprimatur, of the National University. This is all that Federation at bottom implies. No more surely need be said to convince, even such a partizan as Mr. Kerr, that such a scheme involves the ruin and disgrace of Victoria College, and the undue pre-eminence of University College.

A MIDLAND UNIVERSITY.

Under this title, Professor J. R. Seeley, as President of the Midland Institute, delivered his recent inaugural address at Birmingham. Mr. Seeley is Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, and his opinions, in view of his connection with that University, are all the more interesting, as showing the change in public sentiment regarding a universities. Apart from this, the views expressed are, of themselves, worthy of respect and attention.

Mr. Seeley says truly that "the dead-level, insipid, barren, abject, shop-keeping life" requires to be raised in England, and that the "wonders of art, history and science need to be brought within the reach of all." To this end he advocates the extension of the University system of England, and says, "It should not be suffered that so many thousands should lead lives wholly unilluminated by any ray of that light which shines so near them, and should be outcasts of culture merely because culture has too few centres and employs too few hands." He predicts the time when the United Kingdom will have a score, and England a dozen universities, but frankly tells his hearers that Englishmen really do not know what the term "university" really means. He first of all negatively describes his ideal as "no longer a mere public school for older boys, or a mere young men's club, or a mere racing ground, where the favourites of the betting world will run for plates, called in this case Senior Wranglerships, Craven or Ireland Scholarships." Still negatively, the new university will not be, like the London model, a mere examining board, nor, like Oxford and Cambridge, full of anachronisms, abuses and defects, "excusable enough in old institutions, but inexcusable when transferred, when deliberately reproduced."

The collegiate system is to be abandoned also, at least in the beginning. With regard to examinations Professor Seeley speaks strongly, and his position and experience entitle him to be listened to with attention. He says: "Exclude competition as much as possible. If this rule is observed, then examinations become useful and important. But at the same time they lose all the charm, all the false lustre that has hitherto surrounded them. Reduced to a mere rough grouping of the better students into classes and a sifting out of the idle and incompetent, they are useful, but no longer very interesting; they can no longer be regarded as the main and central function of a great University." With regard to the collegiate side of his ideal University, Professor Seeley says: "Those who contemplate the creation of a new University should plan it altogether without colleges." He says that the collegiate system may be trusted to look after itself; that it will "appear in answer to a natural demand;" and goes on to say that: "At Cambridge and Oxford the college forced itself, in the course of time, into a real union with the University, and at last into such an ascendancy over it that the functions of the University almost fell into abeyance; but this was a perversion which could scarce be avoided where the number of the colleges and their revenues were so great."

Thus far the ideal University is to be non-collegiate and non-competitive. This is negative. What does Professor Seeley say positively? His definition of a University is very good: "Properly speaking, a University undertakes to see that every department of knowledge is cultivated by some competent professor, who expounds clearly and publicly what he has learned by fundamental study and

original research. The function is educational, so far as the professor is bound clearly and fully to explain what he knows, but not further than this. If it should so happen that his class-room should be frequented by students ill-prepared or not competent to follow him into the more difficult parts of the subject, the professor is not to sacrifice his subject to the needs of such students. He is not to abandon the higher parts of it, and descend to the level of a teacher of rudiments, because by so doing he may give lectures more immediately useful. This would be right in a school; it would be wrong in a University. A school exists for the pupils, a University exists for Science and learning."

Mr. Seeley admits, that for this reason, it is necessary that a University should have a supplement in the College, as a University, taken by itself, and under these conditions, would be unsatisfactory as a mere educational institution. His idea is simple in the extreme, and it is doubtful whether its complete negation of all established and pre-conceived ideas regarding Universities will make it popular with university men and college 'dons.' But it contains the germs of truths which sooner or later will prevail; that compulsion in the higher education is a mistake, that in future the demand shall rule the supply of teaching, instead of contrariwise, as at present, and that University professors shall be "truly competent, free, devoted to their subject, and original, in the sense of studying at first hand, while the students must be single-minded, listening, that they may know, not that they may pass an examination, or win a prize."

THE M.A. AND M.D. DEGREES

The Queen's College *Journal*, commenting on the recent change in the statute concerning the M.A. and M.D. degrees of the University of Toronto, very needlessly and foolishly insinuates that "our friends must be approaching a state of remarkably reduced circumstances when they are compelled to make use of such ultimate means in order to increase their funds." A writer in the same paper contends that the reasons we gave for approving of the change were untenable and weak. We are still of opinion that the granting of an M.A. or M.D. degree upon the writing of a thesis, not necessarily implying the result of further study or post-graduate work—and thus these degrees, with us, did not imply—is unsatisfactory and should have been abrogated long ago. If the degrees of M.A. and M.D. are to be given at all they should be given, either as a matter of course, or upon the completion of definite post-graduate study. For the prosecution of the latter, we have no facilities; consequently the other alternative was the only one open. Every one knows that the Bachelor's Degree really represents the hard work supposed to be necessary to its attainment, and that the Master's Degree is more or less meaningless. And since no one can attain the higher, who has not already taken the lower degree, no great harm is done by changing the "B" to an "M" if one is willing to pay for the luxury.

THE RAVEN *versus* THE OWL.

Grip has picked a crow with THE VARSITY Owl. The ravenous desire on the part of *Grip* to have "the scholarly" Owl rise and explain how, for instance, a "position can be discharged," and how, again, a dead man can be "replaced" at the head of an institution of learning, betokens a "plentiful lack" of imagination on the part of the late Mr. B. Rudge's Bird. By "reading between the lines" the Raven could have supplied himself with the ellipsis in the one case, and a more pedantic word in the other. Homer nods sometimes, and a hard-worked Owl can surely claim the same privilege? It is distressing work running a comic journal when the raw material is scarce, and THE VARSITY Owl is charmed to have done his Sable Friend a good turn by having furnished him with the ground-work for two original paragraphs displaying such surprising brilliancy of thought, and keen critical analysis. *Grip* is welcome to his Christmas dish of Crow; may he enjoy it!

ROUND THE TABLE.

In a mood close on the bounds of mental aberration the Poet of the Round Table contributed the following ballade :

A BALLADE IN MOTLEY.

Flotsam and jetsam, by sea-winds blown,
Drift ever with the drifting tide;
Ham and eggs have I always known
Confederated and allied.
One man goeth in pomp and pride;
Another in rags and tatters fares;
Together are bacon and liver fried;
All fields are sown with wheat and tares.

Beaumont and Fletcher to one have grown;
They are never apart though the world be wide;
Like Gilbert and Sullivan, flesh and bone,
They are one,—like the bridegroom and the bride;
Like cheese and celery twined and tied,
Like brandy and soda, like sinning and prayers,
Like Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde;
All fields are sown with wheat and tares.

Boy and girl with love their own,
Go forth hand in hand upon ways untried;
By the fireside dozing sit Darby and Joan,
Grown old together, at home they bide;
Loss and gain with equal stride
Come upon traffickers in all wares;
A young man's folly who hath denied?
All fields are sown with wheat and tares.

Envoy.

Prince, in the best of us, side by side,
The good and the bad dispute their shares;
The kings of earth have but lived and died;
All fields are sown with wheat and tares.

* * *

Once there lived a man named Yawkins, who owned a mule. The leading feature of this Mule was his appetite. Now, as Yawkins knew, there is nothing so bad as over-eating for a Mule; so he communed with himself that he might preserve that Mule's life. At last he found a Plan. He mounted strong magnifying glasses on that Mule's nose and reduced his ration to a handful of Hay. In his simplicity of Soul that Mule rejoiced at being placed above the reach of Want. So, first raising his voice in Thanksgiving, he fell to with good Heart, but was surprised, when the latest News came from the Seat of War, that the provision was insufficient. The sagacious Quadruped reflected, and as an aid thereto happened to caress his under Jaw with his off hind Foot. On observing the intense proportions thereof, the Mule straightway fell into a rapture. "What! should I, who have so noble a Frame, be the Ser-r-lave of man!" At this moment Yawkins entered to receive a Salaam from the Mule. An elegant bijou Casket at the funeral was the Cynosure of many eyes, but Yawkins' remains were whirling in space, a new Asteroid.

By this simple fable we are taught, says the Chronicler, never to give a Mule time to think, and never to bite off more than we can Conveniently chew.

* * *

In regard to the question of the study of Classics as part of a liberal education, and as having reference to the recent opinions on Literature and Culture recently expressed at The Table, the following passages from William Everett's charming book, "On

the Cam," will be found very appropriate: "I believe that classical studies are still the best mental training for the young in spite of the errors of which their professors may have been guilty. And first I believe them to be so, because they teach us the actual life of two great peoples, the most brilliant, the most powerful, the most famous that the world has ever seen. They teach us, from the lips of the actors and eye-witnesses themselves, the early history of liberty, the establishment of free governments, their struggle with despotisms and aristocracies, their downfall—and if Grecian literature taught nothing else, Americans and Englishmen might study it all their lives to good purpose."

* * *

"Can the world present a better study calculated to strengthen the memory, the accuracy, the taste, the observation, the forethought, the comparison of the human mind, than in tracing out the intricacies of language, in comparing the idioms of ancient and modern tongues, in transferring the masterpieces of one language into the expressions of the other? Can the wit of the young find a nobler scope than the field of two great literatures, confessedly the most complete, the most varied, the most suggestive, the most comprehensive the world has seen? Can there be a better practice for the lawyer, the statesman, the divine, the historian, the poet, than analyzing the most unexceptional models of style ever written? Where should the embryo general look but to Cæsar and Xenophon, the lawyer and orator but to Æschines and Demosthenes, the satirist but to Juvenal and Aristophanes? Where can the divine, apart from the Scriptures, learn holier lessons of truth and goodness than in Plato? Where can the warm-hearted friend, the keen observer of human nature, revel with greater luxury than in Cicero and Pliny? Where can the lover of nature find sweeter pictures, the patriot warm to nobler aspirations, the moralist gaze on sublimer characters than in the matchless strains of Homer and Virgil?"

* * *

William Everett was an enthusiast, an Anglo-American, and wrote his book as long ago as 1864! Possibly in his day Classics were of some account, but *nous avons changé tout cela!* Now, the Man of Science rejoices that "literary instruction and education" are expressly prohibited at a certain College in England, and says that a study of French, German, English and Sociology is sufficient! Verily the world moves!

* * *

The following definition of Poetry, given by E. A. Poe, taken from a prefatory letter to his volume of poems published in 1831, is given in *The Bookman* for November, and is probably new to readers of The Table:—

"Poetry! that Proteus-like idea, with as many appellations as the nine-titled Corcyra! 'Give me,' I demanded of a scholar some time ago—'give me a definition of poetry.' '*Tres-volentiers,*' and he proceeded to his library, brought me a Dr. Johnson, and overwhelmed me with a definition. Shade of the immortal Shakespeare! I imagine to myself the scowl of your spiritual eye upon the profanity of that scurrilous Ursa Major. Think of poetry, dear B—, think of poetry, and then think of Dr. Samuel Johnson! Think of all that is airy and fairy-like, and then of all that is hideous and unwieldy; think of his huge bulk, the Elephant! and then—and then think of 'The Tempest'—'The Midsummer Night's Dream'—Prospero—Oberon—and Titania!

"A poem, in my opinion, is opposed to a work of science by having, for its *immediate* object, pleasure, not truth; to romance, by having for its object an *indefinite* instead of a *definite* pleasure, being a poem only so far as this object is attained; romance presenting perceptible images with definite, poetry with indefinite sensations, to which end music is an *essential*, since the comprehension of sweet sound is our most indefinite conception. Music, when combined with a pleasurable idea, is poetry; music, without the idea, is simply music; the idea, without the music, is prose, from its very definitiveness."

COMMUNICATIONS.

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

HAZING.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—I am glad to notice Mr. Steen's letter about hazing in your issue of 3rd inst. I trust you may find room for what I have to say. It is a most important question, and one on which each man must take one side or the other, whether consciously or not. The very existence of the practice is going into the moral constitution of every undergraduate, so that it behoves all of us to consider it carefully. No candid man can afford to dismiss it with a grin; and it is for the purpose of causing others to think the matter over, honestly, seriously, and keeping all the consequences in view, that I ask a portion of your space.

I conceive that hazing is still in vogue, not because any man of enlightened conscience believes in it, but rather because the majority of our fair-minded fellows are indifferent. It is left for a few blood-thirsty individuals to officiate, while the thoughtless multitude applauds. No hope is entertained of convincing of the error of their ways those who seize upon the practice as a means of gratifying their animal natures; nor for a time, those imbecile notions, who being in possession of intellects naturally weak, and warped by early neglect, are unable to see that anything is either right or wrong unless perchance everybody should be continually drumming it into their ears. They denounce highway robbery, doubtless, but clearly they are not very sure why, for they defend hazing. With them practice is everything, principle nothing, conventionalism counts, but to justice they are strangers, these philosophers of an hour. If one were to call the nebular notions of these units convictions, he would be guilty of a deification of an abstraction calculated to make an ante-Homeric theologian imagine that he had forgotten his art. Our appeal is made to the great mass of dormant uprightness referred to above.

No man has a right to interfere with the personal liberty of another unless he find him breaking the law of the land, and then his duty is to bring him before the tribunals of the land. This, I think, no white man except a hazer, and perhaps a Russian, will deny; and although the hazers deny the principle they nevertheless scratch their puzzled heads and plead extenuating circumstances. For the satisfaction of those who consider the latter important I will discuss them, at least partially.

The freshman is cheeky forsooth; and it is for the freshman's own sake that the hazing is done! What unrecognized philanthropy we have here! "Full many a flower," etc.

First of all I do not believe the freshman is cheeky, unless resentment, to which he is often goaded by the insolence of his supposed superiors, can be so called. And who but a hazer will say that such resentment is not righteous? I also maintain that the freshman has a right to be cheeky if he is foolish enough, that he can take his chances among his fellows as he would in the world, and that, if such exist, soon seeing the folly of his course he will quietly alter it. At any rate, it is not for any organized, treacherous and tyrannous brutality to interfere with him. It is unjust in the nature of things, and nothing galls like injustice. As well might a vigilance committee from the Salvation Army bind the Mufti hand and foot and carry him to church as the taking committee of the hazers summon a freshman to appear before his little majesty's court. The intention of the soldiers might be good (the hazers' certainly is not) and, speaking impersonally, it would be a good thing for the Mufti to go to church, but would he be satisfied to swallow his own medicine, or would he consider that the end justified the means? I trow not.

Again, let us suppose the case of an abnormally and unquestionably cheeky freshman. To all appearances it would be to his advantage to haze him; his impudence will hurt him in the world.

I hear a chorus ask, "what about him?" Simply this: The principle enunciated at the outset still holds, that nobody has a right to touch him, and any who do so exceed their authority. But more extenuation is pleaded, and, for the sake of argument, let us give the hazers credit for the best of motives. The contemplation of the freshman's error ought to remind them of their own fallibility. Perhaps they are taking the wrong way with him. Still keeping our assumption in view, perhaps they misjudge him entirely, and he, being of a finer nature than they imagine, may be done irreparable injury. If he is really as bad as he appears he will learn better in time, and the lesson will leave no bitterness in his heart.

I had hoped to discuss this question more fully and systematically, but time and space forbid. There is much more to be said, and others may say it. In the meantime, as this is a question of peculiarly collegiate interest, what is your own opinion about it? To the front in the expression of your views on other matters, surely

you are not behind in this. For myself, I am not at war with any individual, but fairness makes it impossible to take any other stand than one of direct and energetic opposition to this practice. It is founded on brute force, unjust in its nature, degrading in its influence, conceived in secrecy, born in treachery, and carried out in the same darkness which shelters the burglar's harvest.

J. J. FERGUSON.

HAZING: A CRITICISM.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—For the violent diatribes of Mr. Steen last week I can find no adequate justification. Mr. Steen seems to be possessed by a desire to do away in a breath with a grand old college institution that has stood for centuries.

I shall endeavour to be brief in pointing out where your correspondent is wholly mistaken, and in stating a few of the many reasons which make hazing a laudable custom—a valuable and indispensable factor in the true culture of hazer and hazed.

There is in every man an indefinable something (a necessary concomitant of manliness), a yearning which book-learning cannot satisfy, and which athletic sports, though they may for a time lull it into peace, can never wholly meet. This feeling, this nameless longing of the soul, like every other capacity and faculty of our nature, must be cultivated if we would be truly symmetric specimens of the results of a liberal education. And I have discovered that this instinct—call it what you will—is best satisfied and stimulated by a vigorous belabouring of a fellow-student. Now, what fellow-student is better fitted to serve thus as a stepping-stone in my advance than a Freshman—and the smaller the better?

In the "profanity and coarseness"—so Mr. Steen harshly designates the rough and ready sarcasm, the pleasant wit, which accompany hazing—I see only a blessing in disguise. Mr. Steen may glibly answer that the blessing is probably in disguise because it does not wish to be recognized as present at an initiation ceremony, but I scorn all such quibbles. Seriously, we come to college to hear just such language, to pass through just such experiences. It is proof of a liberal culture to be able to do so without blushing. Hazing, that is to say, is of value in knocking off the sharp edges of scruple and prejudice, in steeling our boyish hearts and making men of us. In this connection let me quote Vinet, who, able defender of the faith as he was, seems to have been wholly in favour of hazing. "When," says he, "we have to recall an insolent offender to his duty, and to maintain a menaced authority, we have not always a choice of language."

Mr. Steen rashly declares—(having proved to my satisfaction the advantage to the hazer, I proceed to the advantage to the hazed)—that a Freshman is never arrested in his mad career of impudence ("vulgarily called cheek") by being subjected to the indignities of this process. This is plainly fallacious. Have we not known many of the most offensively cheeky of the breed so altered in a single night, that next morning, and thenceforth, they have been deemed worthy to be the bosom friends of their correctors? Mr. Steen should be careful.

Really, Messrs. Editors, there is a deal of cant in connection with this matter, of which we must rid our minds before we can discuss the question fairly on its merits. Much too great a stress is laid on mere intellectual acquirement. Man is many-sided. The strain of intense mental effort must at times be relaxed; therefore it is that our best and ablest students are always prominent on such occasions. Surely even Mr. Steen must admit that those who are now in a majority in the conduct of the hazing are well qualified to decide what constitutes true impudence.

Into the sufficiency of the charges enumerated by Mr. Steen I shall not enter. In the hands of the great Mufti—chosen by the worthiest men in the college—I am willing to leave all that. Dare Mr. Steen question his wisdom, his justice, above all, his mercy? Dare he suggest that though this year he was lenient, next year he may be cantankerous and harsh! If he dare I answer thus: He is ancient! "I should reproach myself almost as much," says Vinet, "for want of respect to an old thing as to an old man." The Mufti, as an institution, is old; he is from all ages of college history; ergo, he should last forever! Curiously, the devil is older than the Mufti. But I suppose that even him Mr. Steen would presume to abolish.

Verily, the iconoclast is abroad! The Mufti insulted, threatened! Truly, I had thought that ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened him with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of calculators, economists, namby-pambies and Y. M. C. A. men has succeeded. And Y. M. C. A. men never countenance hazing. Never?

UBIQUE.

UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE NEWS.

All reports from Societies must reach us by noon on Thursday to secure insertion.

MR. TOMMY MILLIGAN, the late president of the Society and political manager of North York, meeting the editor of the *World* the other day, asked him if his son and heir was yet able to speak. "Oh yes," was the reply, "he can talk Greek—at least it's Greek to me."

A Fourth Year man hung his coat and hat on a hook in the west corridor on Wednesday. The hat and coat parted company while he was at a lecture and he had to borrow a hat in Residence to go home with. Next morning the missing article was found hanging on a peg high up near the ceiling, just above where it had been originally.

The final students of the WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE have organized a Clinical Society, not a Chumical Society, as stated by a misprint in a recent issue of THE VARSITY. Dr. Workman visited the college the morning of the 7th inst, and gave an interesting, instructive, and very encouraging address to the students.

The McMaster Hall Cos Ingeniorum's second regular meeting was held Friday evening, Dec. 2nd. The following programme was successfully carried out: Recitation entitled "Laxa," by W. Mills; a reading from Mark Twain, by H. Robertson; a debate on the subject "Resolved, that the independence of McMaster University is for the best interests of higher education," the affirmative being upheld by Messrs. Metcalfe and Reid, the negative by Messrs. Huston and Cooke, resulted in favour of the negative.

The Modern Language Club held a French meeting in the Y. M. C. A. building on Monday last, December 5th, Victor Hugo and his works forming the subject of study. Mr. Squair's address on the author's life and work was well received. Readings were given by Miss Atkinson and by Mr. McLeay, after which the meeting broke up for discussion and conversation in the French language. Mr. J. H. Rodd has been elected Recording Secretary, *pro tem.*, Mr. F. C. Armstrong being yet unable, through illness, to perform the duties of the office. Mr. C. E. Saunders contributed an essay on "Ruy Blas," which, being well written and clearly read, was much appreciated.

Last Saturday's match closed a very successful season for the Association football team. It was unfortunate that so few matches were played, but this was owing to the scarcity of teams in the Central Association. Yet the very fact of there being so few competitors for the Central Association championship tended to make the Varsity's old rivals stronger than they have hitherto been, so that the Association Team have every reason to congratulate themselves in being able to retain the cup which they have held so long. Besides being the champions of the Central Association they played a draw game with the champions of the Western district.

Y. M. C. A.—Thursday next at half-past four, Dr. Kellogg gives the second of his Bible readings. Subject: "The purpose of the Missionary Work." Members of the University College Y.M.C.A. can, on a presentation of a certificate of membership, be placed on an equal footing, as regards the gymnasium, with the members of the city Y. M. C. A. Holiday Y. M. C. A. tickets entitling holders to all the privileges of associations visited can be had for five cents each. Regular Thursday meeting this week, led by J. S. Gale. Subject: "God shows His Love," founded on 1 John 4: 9. The speaker dwelt on the strength as well as the love of God, and showed that the latter is the only thing that can satisfy the soul of man.

THE VARSITY RUGBY CLUB'S RECORD.—The record below will show that the Varsity Rugby team have had a very successful season, winning six matches out of seven, the only team defeating them being Ottawa College, now the champions of Canada:

October 12th,	Varsity vs. Upper Canada College, won by 52 to 0.
" 15th,	" vs. Queen's College, won by 10 to 8.
" 18th,	" vs. Upper Canada College, won by 57 to 9.
" 22nd,	" vs. Ottawa College, lost by 9 to 0.
November 1st,	" vs. Trinity, won by 28 to 0.
" 5th,	" vs. McGill, won by 27 to 7.
" 12th,	" vs. Toronto, won by 11 to 5.

October 26th, Varsity 2nd Fifteen vs. Hamilton 2nd Fifteen, won by 31 to 7.

The Fourth Year class in Physics spend Wednesday of each week in the Laboratory, under the direction of Mr. W. J. Loudon, B.A. All the experiments this term have been on the subject of Acoustics. One of the many interesting experiments performed, and

one so simple that any person could try it, is the tracing of a curve on smoked glass with Blackburn's pendulum. A heavy ball is suspended from a wire attached to the ceiling, somewhat in the shape of the letter Y, so that the whole distance from ceiling to centre of ball is four times as great as length of wire from the fork to centre. The ball, when set swinging, has two motions in directions at right angles to one another, one with twice the velocity of the other. If a style be fastened to the ball with wax a very neat figure may be traced on the glass.

From the old adage, "There is no royal road to learning," it does not follow that original and striking methods of acquiring information are not highly laudable. That employed by a fourth year Moderns man last week is especially to be commended in this respect. By a clever piece of strategy, he obtained admission to the presence (in the police cells, by the way) of two Italian counts, exiles from their native land, and now engaged in the vending of peanuts. These noblemen were to such an extent exhilarated by their potations as to be most affable and loquacious, and our friend took advantage of this chance to enjoy an hour's profitable conversation in their native tongue. Such enterprise merits the warmest praise. We have no doubt that the class lists in Italian honours next May, will exhibit such striking results of this ingenious scheme, that all the students of the glorious lingo of the organ-grinder will, with difficulty, be restrained from following the command, "Go, and do thou likewise."

CANADIAN INSTITUTE.—The following is the programme for the Institute for the month of December:—Saturday, 3rd, Recent French Investigations on Hypnotism—Prof. R. Ramsay Wright. Saturday, 10th, Electro-Therapeutic Apparatus—A. M. Rosebrugh, M.D. Saturday, 17th, Maize and its Derivatives—C. Gordon Richardson. Architectural Section—This section will meet every Tuesday evening for model drawing, readings and discussions. Biological Section—Monday, 5th, Canadian Insects, Dr. Brodie; Microscopic Topics, W. E. Middleton. Monday, 19th, Notes on Canadian Reptiles—J. B. Williams. Philological Section—Monday, 12th, The Anatomy of the Vocal Organs, with special reference to the production of Speech in the Larynx—G. R. McDonagh, M.D., Lecturer on Laryngology, University of Toronto. Photographic Section—Tuesday, 6th, Regular Monthly Meeting. Exhibition announced for December 7th and 8th has been postponed until early in January. Due notice will be given of date. Meetings commence at 20 o'clock.

It is a significant fact that fifty per cent. of the past editors of the *Harvard Crimson* are now engaged in journalism. This might be said, in fact, of other college journals, for they have turned out nearly an equal proportion, proving beyond a doubt the usefulness of college journals in schooling men for practical service in the editorial field. The purposes which the college journals in America should accomplish are numerous and important.—*Ex.*

ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE VARSITY is conducted by undergraduates of the University of Toronto, and will appear 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 our 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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"Mercy me! What put that into your little head?"

"Why, she says all her prayers in French."

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The old bench in the grove,
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"Don't touch me; I belong to the aristocracy," said a drunken fop to a policeman. "And I belong to the aristocracy," responded the officer, as he led his prisoner to the station house.

"Ah, Jones, where away so fast this morning?" "I'm off for the whaling grounds." He was the district schoolmaster on his way to the school-house.

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