

VARSIITY

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CONTENTS.

TOPICS OF THE HOUR--	PAGE
To our Readers.....	235
The Harvard Divinity School.....	235
<i>Kosmos</i> or <i>Varsity</i>	235
Our Graduates Abroad.....	235
Professor Loudon's Letter.....	236
The Literary Society Elections.....	236
LEADING ARTICLE--	
Our Critic Criticized.....	236
LITERATURE--	
The Phantom Flock..... Thomas F. Watson	237
The Ins and Outs of Prince Edward County..... W. H. Irving	239
UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE NEWS--	
Literary Society Elections--Historical and Political Science Association--Engineering Society--Mathematical and Physical Society...	241
COMMUNICATIONS--	
A Suggestion..... G. D. Wilson	241
An Alleged Imprudence..... J. F. McCurdy	242
The New Lectureship in Oriental Languages..... Geo. M. Wrong	242
The Classical Course..... S. R.	242
DI-VARSITIES.....	243

THE VARSITY.

THE VARSITY is published in the University of Toronto every Saturday during the Academic Year, October to May inclusive.

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

Topics of the Hour.

As the examinations are now drawing near, we shall, according to custom, presently discontinue publication of the VARSITY for the current academical year. The next number will be the last regular issue. On Commencement Day in June we shall issue a special double number, which will be of a purely literary character for the most part; but will also contain full personal notices of the members of the graduating class. We ask contributions from those who so readily aided us in similar enterprises in the past, and also from new contributors. We hope to make every special number of this kind better than the last, but we cannot do so without the hearty co-operation of all our friends.

Last week we referred incidentally to a non-denominational theological school at Harvard University. In response to a request

for more definite information on this subject, we wrote to President Eliot, and he has just given us the following particulars which we quote from his letter. "By the Constitution of the Harvard Divinity School every encouragement is given to the serious, impartial, and unbiased investigation of Christian truth, and no assent to the peculiarities of any denomination of Christians shall be required either of the instructors or students. Of the professors two are Unitarian Clergymen, two are Baptists, one is an Orthodox Congregational, and one is a layman supposed to be a Unitarian. The course of study does not enable a graduate to meet the requirements of any denominational creed or liturgy. The fact that the Unitarian element is so large is due to the larger endowments mainly given by Unitarians. The number of students has always been low, numbering now 25."

In another column appears a letter from the secretary of the Historical and Political Science Association, by which it will be seen that an opportunity is offered for the appearance in "Kosmos" of the papers read at the meetings of that association; and we understand that the management of that publication is desirous of securing also the essays read before the Natural Science Association. Mr. Wilson's letter and the circumstance which has given occasion for it, while emphasizing the undoubted fact that the original papers read before our college societies are really valuable and worthy of being preserved, brings forward prominently the necessity there is that VARSITY should enlarge itself to fill what some would call a long-felt want. These original papers should appear in VARSITY, which is the organ of undergraduate thought in its various phases; but at the present size of our paper, an article of more than two or three columns in length is generally from its very length unsuited to our pages. It may be that some such arrangement as the one sketched out by our correspondent this week will be arrived at before VARSITY begins another volume.

It has been our frequent duty to chronicle the success of our graduates in other lands. The latest news of this nature comes to us from Grand Forks, Dakota. From a recent number of the *Daily Herald* of that city we learn that Henry Montgomery ('76) who was lately appointed to a chair of Natural Sciences in the University of North Dakota, is now acting president of that young and vigorous institution. The *Herald* speaks highly of Professor Montgomery's energy and popularity, and felicitates the University authorities upon the possession of so able an official. We learn also that another of our graduates is ably maintaining the reputation of his *alma mater* in the Western States. We refer to Professor J. W. Bell, who fills the chair of History and Political Science in the State University of Colorado, at Boulder. It will be remembered that Professor Bell took a post-graduate course in Leipzig University. As a result of his study and investigation while there, he has recently issued, in pamphlet form, an able history and discussion of German Socialism. It is hardly necessary

to say that Professor Bell fully approves of this revolt against the tyranny of Bismarck. And still another. Professor J. W. Wright, late assistant engineer of the U. S. Survey, and now professor of mathematics in Union University, New York, has just published a work which is being received with considerable favor across the border. The book is entitled, "A Treatise on the Adjustment of Observations with Applications to Geodetic Work and Other Measures of Precision." Professor Wright graduated from Toronto in 1863, and was at one time mathematical master in the Galt Collegiate Institute.

We lately called attention to the fact that Professor Loudon opposed the petition to the Minister of Education for increased graduate representation upon the Senate. The Professor appears to have been aggrieved by the publicity we gave to this action, and he does not seem to understand why his position on this important question should have met with the special disapproval of our graduates. We shall explain: Mr. Loudon sits on the Senate as one of the representatives of his fellow graduates. It is his duty in this capacity to further the wishes of his constituents. To oppose them is in effect to destroy the very ground upon which his title to the seat rests. A representative who does not represent is a contradiction in terms. If he cannot approve of the views of his constituents on great questions of University politics, then he is at liberty to resign, but until he does resign, it is not in good form for him to oppose them, either as an individual or in conjunction with an organized opposition body. But Mr. Loudon did not stop at opposing the will of the graduates, as shown by the resolutions unanimously adopted by Convocation, and embodied in the monster petition to the Legislature. He belittles the movement, and maligns those who took part in it. What does Mr. Loudon mean by calling Convocation "the machine"? It is certain that when Mr. Loudon seeks the suffrages of our graduates in the future it will be inconvenient for him to be called on to justify the expression. Mr. Kingsford, in his able letter to the city journals the other day, showed how utterly baseless were Mr. Loudon's insinuations. In any case, the epithet does not come with good grace from the gentleman who uses it, if ordinary university opinion is to be relied on. Mr. Loudon charges the graduates with exciting discord and fostering distrust within the walls of our national university. It seems to us that Mr. Loudon is on the wrong track here. It is only too evident that there is a feeling of distrust pervading our university at the present time, but the graduates did not originate it. In his reference to the deplorable state of affairs, Mr. Loudon ingeniously passes over the fact that the wishes of graduate representatives were entirely set aside in the recent creation of a new position in University College, and the further notorious fact that the quiet official delegation that waited on the Minister of Education, recently, did so for the very purpose of opposing the graduates. It ought not to be necessary to tell Mr. Loudon that such transactions as these are quite sufficient to excite among our graduates most positive fears regarding the future independence and welfare of our University, and to make them distrustful of any one who allies himself with their opponents at this critical juncture.

It is safe to say that in the history of the student organizations connected with our University, there was never an occasion which brought so many men together as the annual election of the officers of the Literary and Scientific Society on Friday, March 26th. The undergraduates were on hand in full force, and it is said that so large a graduate vote was never before polled. Notwithstanding the great interest which was taken in the course of the election, the most friendly feelings prevailed all round. Everybody seemed to recognize that it was simply a friendly struggle for positions which, after all, one set of candidates would fill as well as the other. The excitement was rather the natural outburst of repressed youthful spirits than the outcome of partisan feeling. Virtually the old

parties are broken up. This election produced what would have seemed to an old campaigner the most improbable alliances and divisions. The independent vote was large also, if we are to judge by the wide differences among the majorities. We congratulate Mr. T. C. Milligan and his associates upon their election to the honors and responsibilities of their offices. We feel sure that the highest interests of the Literary Society are safe in their hands. But the members of the society must remember that, however good may be the officers, they alone cannot make the society a success. The officers must have the sympathy and hearty support of all the members if a live society is to be maintained. Regarding the elections, some different plan ought to be taken for receiving votes in the future. Last Friday many members were unable to get their votes in even after waiting for hours for that purpose, and went home not at all pleased with the arrangements. One does not mind waiting a few hours, but waiting becomes exceedingly monotonous and wearisome long before six o'clock in the morning,—the hour at which the poll closed. There should be at least three or four polling-booths instead of one. The electorate could be divided alphabetically with a polling booth allotted to each of as many divisions as might be thought desirable. By this means the vote could be polled early and the results could be announced much sooner to the anxious candidates and party-leaders. We hope to see some measure of this nature adopted before another election. If it is necessary to change the constitution of the society for this purpose, the change should be made early in the year, while the memory of this last struggle is fresh in the crushed voter's mind.

Leading Articles.

OUR CRITIC CRITICISED.

One of our correspondents, Mr. Wrong, the Dean of Wycliffe College, calls us to account for our strictures on the authorities for the creation of the new chair in University College. Mr. Wrong's apparent justification of this proceeding compels us to go into details of the matter more fully than we have hitherto done. The university public will then be in a better position to judge between us and our censor. If Mr. Wrong can disprove in any substantial point the following facts he will then have some ground of complaint, if not, it would have been better if he had not been so hasty in his charges against us.

Since the University of Toronto and University College are practically maintained out of the same fund, which is all too small for their needs, it has been the custom for some years for the governing bodies of these institutions to come to a joint understanding upon any new project which entailed an increased expenditure. Thus when the new lectureships in Physics and in English, and the fellowships in other subjects were proposed, the Council and the Senate consulted on the advisability of the changes, and together decided upon them. And it was upon their joint recommendation that the decisions were carried into effect.

It was part of this same general scheme that the department of Romance languages should be put on a better footing. This change has been repeatedly postponed on the ground of a lack of money. An official statement was made to this effect, and yet, within a few weeks an entirely new position was created and a new salary voted, for which no one had publicly asked. Not only was the Senate not consulted on this matter, it was decided upon entirely without the knowledge of that body. The whole thing was done in the interval between two meetings of the Senate. It appears strange that the alleged need for an additional lecturer should be found out and acted upon so suddenly when other needs have had to be urged for years before anything was done.

Further, the new lectureship was ostensibly created as an assistance to the venerable professor who has filled the chair in Oriental Languages for so many years. But Mr. Hirschfelder did not ask for assistance, and the new position was created without his knowledge or advice.

The position, however, having been made, Mr. Hirschfelder recommended for it a distinguished graduate of our own University whose competency for the office can not be doubted. But Mr. Hirschfelder's recommendation was ignored and the Toronto graduate unceremoniously set aside. We hold that other things being equal, or nearly so, our own graduates should have the preference in all appointments.

Then, as to the relative needs of the various departments. Will any one say that an additional lecturer in Oriental Languages was required so badly when one unfortunate lecturer is compelled to carry the burden of all the English and Italian of the college with the recent addition of Gothic? Is this a fair or reasonable division of the subjects—two lecturers to the comparatively few students who take the optional subjects of Oriental Languages and only one to the multitudes who are compelled to take English! Then, what chance is there that Italian will receive due attention when only a paltry \$300 a year is granted for teaching it?

Touching the remainder of the letter we have a few words to say. It is quite idle for Mr. Wrong to speak of the "Ishmaelitish propensities of the editor." We have found it necessary at times to deal in adverse criticisms, but our readers can judge if, when occasion offers, we are not readier with our eulogies than our censures. As VARSITY is the recognized organ of Convocation, it is our duty to inform the graduates all over the country, and in other countries, just exactly how matters are going in their University. If abuses exist we cannot help it, but we must expose them to those whose right it is to know them.

Yet the VARSITY is not a personal or party organ as we have often said. It is simply a medium for the expression of graduate and undergraduate opinion. Mr. Wrong differs from our opinions, and we publish his article as readily as our own. We do not know what more can be expected of us.

It is not true that the VARSITY has conducted a crusade against theological colleges. One of the editors, acting not in his official capacity, but simply as an individual, wrote a signed article which called forth considerable discussion. But Mr. Wrong cannot justly say that we did not give the fullest liberty of expression to those who opposed him. Even when that liberty degenerated into the license of personal abuse we did not attempt to restrain it.

Nor is it the case, as Mr. Wrong alleges, that we have criticized some of the lecturers of University College. Not a single line has been written on this subject by any person connected in any way with the VARSITY. The letter to which Mr. Wrong refers was the work of responsible undergraduates, and we made no editorial comment on it whatever. However, we assert our right to criticize any of the college officials if we feel called upon to do so.

But Mr. Wrong concludes by saying that our "utterances have not been politic." Granted, we have never tried to make them so. We do not conduct the VARSITY on that basis. It is enough for us if we have been truthful without being politic. It is "policy" that we have been fighting against, and against which we shall continue to fight to the end. If our opponents do not like the battle let them draw off their forces; we shall not draw off ours.

Another disease is the Didactic Disease—*i.e.*, telling instead of teaching. Put shortly, this is an attempt to do everything for one's pupil—as if the teacher could digest for him. Dr. Arnold (*Life I.*, 115), as a rule; did not give information except as a kind of reward for an answer; and often withheld it altogether, from a sense that those whom he was addressing had not sufficient interest or sympathy to entitle them to receive it.—*Rev. W. Hales, in "Evolution."*

Literature.

THE PHANTOM FLOCK.

(It was believed among the Indians that food must be buried with the dead, to sustain them in their long march over the barren and desolate region to be traversed before the happy hunting grounds were reached.)

By the margin of the river, where the moaning rushes quiver,
Watching our decoys in silence, low lay Indian Joe and I,
Watching while the flaming splendor, wondrous, solemn, melting, tender,
Faded slowly, faded softly, from the cloud-rimmed sunset sky,
As the angel of the twilight hovered, open-wing'd, on high.

Then, as told by Indian sages backward o'er successive ages,
Indian Joe began to tell me, as we lay beside the shore,
This old legend, dim and hoary, sad as ever told in story.
As his fathers' fathers told it, thrice three hundred years before,
So he told this sad and sombre tale of legendary lore.

Winter, winter cold and dreary! Ah, the village hearts are weary,
Weary waiting for the spring-time, slowly dying one by one.
As the spirit of starvation hovers o'er the desolation,
All the days are dark, and night is darker; neither moon nor sun
Pierce the shadow which will brood there till the ghastly work is done.

Deep the snow within the forest, deepest now their need is sorest,
But the famine-stricken hunters bind the snowshoes on their feet,
Roam the wo dlands, faint, despairing, bitter loads of sorrow bearing,
Hearing in the wind the moan of loved ones they will never meet,
Down they sink, the snow descending wraps them in a winding-sheet.

Lowly in his wigwam lying, Wondago the Great is dying,
Wondago, their well-loved father, Wondago, the hero chief,
And the remnant gather near him, broken-hearted come to hear him,
And he speaks: "My children, weep not. Dry your eyes and calm
your grief.

I am old; the Reaper comes to garner in the ripened sheaf.

"Ye are weeping. Calm your sorrow. When ye bury me to-morrow,
Keep the food that ye would give me for my journey from the grave,
Give me bow and well-filled quiver; 'tis enough beyond the river."
Thus he died, and dying thought of how he might his people save,
And they wailed their well-loved chieftain, Wondago, the good, the
brave.

But they said: "Our noble-hearted father chieftain has departed,
In his life he would not eat but gave to us; for us he died.
That he may at no place tarry, to sustain him he must carry
Through the black and barren region far upon the other side
Food in plenty for his journey through that region bare and wide."

With his body, then, they laid it; for his wish, had they obeyed it,
Would have troubled them full sorely, dread although their need might be.
Then the weak died, and the stronger prayed for life a little longer
Till the melting rain and sun would set the ice-locked rivers free,
That their nets might sweep the rivers and their eyes salvation see.

But there came no gleam of gladness to dispel their cloud of sadness.
Cruel leaden skies frowned o'er them; icy hands were on their hearts;
Spectral shadows glided by them, moaning voices murmured nigh them—
Shades and voices of their kindred, visions that the night imparts
To the trembling, troubled dreamer when he wakes from sleep, and starts.

All forgotten with each other were the ties of friend and brother.
Wolfishly they glared and waited, waited in their savage greed
For the horrid feast that Death would yield them when the straining
breath would

Leave each hunger-worn and tortured body, that the rest might feed
At the grim and ghostly banquet in their grim and ghastly need.

Why this sudden, startled peering in the darkness, as if fearing
 Presence of an unseen figure standing there amid their fears,
 Presence of a guest unbidden, somewhere in the darkness hidden,
 Some mysterious, dark-browed stranger, who has whispered in their ears
 Counsel which the boldest, hearing, shrinks and trembles as he hears.

"Why, my children, will ye perish? He, whose memory you cherish,
 Journey done, last river traversed, out upon the margin bounds,
 Even now I see him kneeling, his uplifted eyes revealing
 Love and thanks to the Good Spirit, while the summerland resounds
 With ten thousand shouts of welcome to the happy hunting grounds.

"Therefore say I now unto you, take what rightfully is due ye.
 Brief his journey was, and game he found in plenty on his way.
 When ye laid the food beside him that no hunger might beside him,
 Nobly was your love and duty proven on that heavy day.
 Now the need is not, I counsel, take and eat without delay."

Then they question each the other, question wildly one another,
 Hope and fear contending, mingling on each haggard visage there.
 "Who has spoken? who has spoken? who the dark despair has
 broken?"

Question all, and each the query answers with an ashen stare,
 Then they shudder as they whisper "'Tis the Evil One; beware!"

"Two days since our chief departed, only two days since he started;
 Many days have yet to meet him ere his toilsome march be done,
 These their thoughts, yet, as they ponder, what they heard grows truer,
 fonder,
 Truer, fonder, grows the counsel, and their weakened wills are won,
 And the Tempter has completed what the famine had begun.

Then, by one wild impulse banded, food and life they all demanded,
 Forth they stagger, and the weaker, crawling, perish by the way—
 Maddened half and raging, fighting, wolf-like snatching, tearing, biting,
 While the gaunt survivors fiercely battle for the buried prey.
 Horrid peals of mocking laughter ring above the grim affray.

Lorn and lost, and anguish-riven, onward Wandago has striven,
 Blindly, bravely bearing onward through the void and arid land,
 Shapes of terror round him thronging, while his noble heart is longing
 To relieve the sad souls' sorrow with a loving, gentle hand,
 Though the pangs of thirst and hunger scorch him like a burning brand.

Till, on these infernal spaces, darksome, demon-haunted places,
 Fell the eye of the Great Spirit, and the barrens were aglow;
 Then majestically pealing—pity, justice, love revealing,
 Came the voice of the Great Spirit "Hearken! noble Wondago!
 For thine own thy life thou gavest—Lo! I raise thee from below.

"But ye people of the village by your sacrilegious pillage
 Have aroused my wrath, and merit punishment severe and long.
 As ye yielded to temptation, an eternal expiation
 I inflict, and ye shall suffer for this great and grievous wrong.
 And your tearful fate be chanted in the legendary song.

"Ye are doomed to wander ever as a flock of ducks, and never
 Shall your tired wings be rested, for ye never shall alight
 Where your happy kind are breeding and in summer marshes feeding,
 Under sun and under moon, through bright day and sombre night,
 Shall the beating of your pinions measure out unending flight.

"Once an hundred years a journey to the earth your fate shall turn ye;
 And the interlude, embittered by remembrance of the rest
 And the feeding of thy fellows on the lakes and marshy shallows,
 Shall be spent in haunted regions on a joyless, hopeless quest,
 Ever flying, ever hungered, doomed, abandoned, and unblest."

As I marvelled o'er the legend,
 Wonderingly dreaming there,
 Lo, there came a sudden beat of
 Pinions on the parted air.

My hand went out to reach my gun,
 But a spell was o'er me thrown,

Enchantedly, in rapt surprise,
 I gazed with staring, startled eyes
 On a sight I saw alone,
 For in the bottom of the boat
 The Indian lay prone.

Like to a prostrate worshipper
 Before a pagan shrine,
 He lay as people lie when dead,
 He lay and made no sign.

Once only did he speak, and then
 His voice it was so sad and strange
 I scarce believed so brief a time
 Could work so wonderful a change.

It seemed a voice from out the grave
 That fell upon my ears,
 In mute response I felt my eyes
 Suffused with rising tears,
 So sadly was the voice intoned,
 "It is the Phantom Flock," he moaned.

A flock of ducks they were, and yet
 Although in form and flight the same
 As those of earth, never were met
 The like on earth; methought they came
 From out a land of dreams to show
 That dreams are truer than we know.

Their plumage it was rich and rare,
 Rare and rich as the pearly glow
 At the setting of the sun,
 On a mountain peak of snow.
 Ah, never I ween
 Was ever seen
 Plumage of such celestial sheen.

With a long, long sweep and a sudden whirl,
 Down over the mute decoys they hurl,
 And there they poise with fluttering wings,
 With fluttering wings and plaintive cries,
 And helplessly they seem to hang
 Suspended from the skies.
 Vain, vain their effort to alight,
 Away they flash in upward flight.

Again and yet again they come,
 And hover over the carven flock
 So tristfully,
 So wistfully,
 That pitiless it were to mock
 The plight of these poor weary things,
 Ah, pitiless indeed to lock
 The heart whence pity springs.

And then a burden fell on the air,
 A burden of sorrowful cries.
 Ah, surely the like was never heard
 By mortal ears from any bird
 That moves beneath the skies.

It sounded in an unknown tongue,
 A tongue no boy will ever know,
 It was like human voices wrung
 With years of woe.

It followed the vanishing flock that sprang
 Up into the starry profound above,
 Where the pitiful, penitent voices rang
 In a wild appeal for mercy and love.

I prayed to the God that is over us all,
 Through my tears and my grief,

That he would forgive the poor ones who robbed
The grave of their chief.
For their need it was sore when they listened unto
The voice of the Spirit of Evil, who knew
That their wills were as snow in the eye of the sun,
When they heard the dread counsel by which they were won.

Windsor.

THOMAS F. WATSON

THE INS AND OUTS OF PRINCE EDWARD COUNTY.

I.

Do you want a summer excursion? Do you want to see a piece of Ontario, that in natural beauty and historical association surpasses any other part of it? Then, follow the footsteps of the writer and circle Prince Edward County. See it from within and from without. Listen to its history from the lips of some old white-haired "Landmark," or to a recital of its virtues from his son or grandson. Do this, and you will record a debt of gratitude to the credit of the writer for his suggestion, and understand him as he laments his powerlessness to write of his subject as its merits deserve.

For your guidance, should you read them and follow their suggestion these papers are written, for your entertainment as well, should the writer succeed in infusing into them the interest which belongs to them, and which their proper treatment should give them.

It may, doubtless, be felt to be an objection that our subject is of minor importance and interest, on a principle similar to that by which "a prophet hath no honour in his own country." Our answer to this is, that this apparent reason against it has been with us a reason in its favor. Why go miles and miles away to seek for that very thing which lies unnoticed, almost at your door? Why blossom forth in panegyrics on the glorious attraction of distant scenes, which perchance the very landscape around you surpasses? With natural beauties of scenery, which, if we credit writers who have seen what they write of, the famed places of the old world do not far surpass, and if not dotted with the historic spots, the theatres of scenes which the history of bygone centuries records, nevertheless with many such, of interest for the student of Canadian history, our subject should need no apology.

The Bay of Quinte district is in truth Ontario's historical ground. There her first sturdy settlers commenced their labours of civilization, and there by them were planted the seeds of the commercial and intellectual life of the Province, the germination of which has characterised Ontario during the century of its settlement; and the fruit of which is that high order of things, social, intellectual, commercial, under which the inhabitants of the Province are to-day living. Across the Bay of Quinte from the mouth of the Trent River, across the isthmus to the south of it, was traced nearly three hundred years ago, Champlain's path to the discovery of Lake Ontario.

It was when gathered about the remains of our camp fire on a bright August morning that we first contemplated the object of our intended conquest. We were on the point of Presquise headland, where, with but an indistinct knowledge of our whereabouts, prudence had led us to take refuge during the early hours of the same morning. At the extremity of the bay before us we saw the houses of the Carrying Place. On our right lay the low shores of Consicon, behind it and losing itself away off in the haze of morning, rose the dusky outline of Prince Edward County. Stretching southward, and then bending in semi-circular form till it leaves but a narrow space cutting off its second connection with the mainland, it lies firm against the encroachment of the ravenous lake that has swept away the shore-road on either side of it, it seems like the sheet anchor of the northern shore holding it with its rocky teeth

fast against the dashing waters that often with merciless, ceaseless beating would drive it back.

It was not without a look also of admiration and affection at our little craft, as she lay gracefully on her side on the sandy beach, that we concluded our morning observation. She was of the ordinary skiff build, scarce sixteen feet in length, but constructed for sailing purposes, deeper and more strongly put together. She had on this occasion demonstrated her sailing powers, which we had long known and felt, by leaving Cobourg and seventy miles behind her, before the day of our leaving Toronto Harbor had passed.

As it chanced to be the first day of the week, we decided to postpone till the morrow the commencement of our circuit of the county, and in the meantime give the finny tribe, that were said, untruthfully, we think, to patronize Presquise Bay, the benefit of our quiet attention. The sun had set and the range lights were shining out down the harbor, when we wound our trolling lines, with which, with little success, we had dragged the length and breadth of the Bay, and with a shore breeze on our quarter, ran for the Carrying Place. Out on the point from its whitewashed tower the lighthouse light, already surrounded by the usual gathering of bats and moths and dazzled gulls, flickered down on us as we rowed past it.

The Carrying Place, where, in a short time, we pitched our camp, is the narrow neck of land by which Prince Edward County is saved from entire separation from the mainland. It is an historical spot. From water to water, following the beaten path known to their tribes from time immemorial, the Indians, in the time of Champlain, carried their canoes. Over the same but well trodden road, in later times the batteaux, in their journeys from Kingston to York, made their portages, and it is the same track, now obliterated by a road of McAdam and bordered by other marks of modern civilization—the church and farm-house—that the tourist follows as he makes his way from Lake Ontario to the Bay of Quinte.

All day long our memories had been at work unravelling, one by one, incidents in an account we had once read of portaging at the Carrying Place in its palmy days. As we lay that night beneath our canvass in the shelter of the angle of a snake fence, our minds were busy weaving together these incidents. Asa Welter, after whom the bay that washed the land at our feet had been named, was the principal figure of the place in those days. He was proprietor and chief charioteer of the cavalcade of low wheeled trucks that transported the batteaux from water to water. The slow rumble of the trucks in their passage over the stony road, surmounted by the long, rakish-looking craft, with its mud-colored streamer at the mast-head, and drawn by sundry couples of sturdy oxen, had been the herald of a more than unusual occurrence to the settlers about the isthmus.

Imagination was here mingling with memory, and in our minds the story was soon completed. We pictured the inhabitants of the village flocking to the road-side; the farmer leaving his plough in the field beyond, and coming in haste to take the position at his fence side, and with the arms resting on it, view the "passing show." At the farm-house door stood the wife. The children had gone to swell the procession moving slowly along the road, amid the rattling of the wheels, the snorting of the oxen, and the shouts of their drivers.

All this we knew had long since passed, but even the shadow of a great thing is great, and into such a shadow our fancy had magnified an insignificant portage.

But sadly indeed did the reality of the morrow fall short of our imagination's picture. A common hay rack was our chariot. In its bottom rested our skiff. To the tops of the rack poles was suspended our baggage. A portmanteau occupied one and from another hung a flannel shirt and an oilskin coat. Two rubber boots inverted capped the projection of the end poles. We had also our charioteer, but no poetic name lent a charm of romance to him. He revelled in the sober Anglo-Saxon cognomen of John Smith. In

most particulars our passage lacked the importance and grandeur that our vivid imaginations had pictured for it. In only one particular, in truth, did it bear any close resemblance to the historical original. It was when the account of John Smith against the Prince Edward County Exploration Company was settled as we stood on the shore of the Bay of Quinte. The trucks and batteaux had disappeared, but the cost of transportation remained the same.

A swim in the waters of the Bay and breakfast on the beach were our preparation towards commencing our exploration of the region of land and water before us. The end of the portage road lies about the middle of the half-circular stretch of land that surrounds the upper end of the bay. A muddy shore, in places low and marshy, an expanse of water too, wide in extent and stagnating with decaying sawdust, from the mill below, made this portion of the bay the reverse of attractive. It is not until Belleville is reached and passed that the surroundings lose their signs of common artificiality and commercial defilement. At this point the scenery proper of the bay begins. Here the rocky shore with its dark covering of thick low bush begins on either side, its zigzag course and the clear cut rock and clean sandy shore making that sharp and decided connection with the bright blue waters which constitutes harmony in nature's art.

The first spot that claimed our notice as we began our journey in the direction of the lighthouse and spires of Belleville, was the Gilmour lumber mill at Trenton. A Canadian sawmill is a Canadian wonder, and one enterprise at least in which Canada leads the world. A variety of mechanical contrivances in the construction of this particular mill, marks it as the most complete and perfect in the country. It is a model of mechanical engineering skill which in its working is simply a marvel. We watched the logs as they moved side by side up the parallel runs and dashed through the rows of circular saws, traced the movement and working of the heavy machinery, inspected the monstrous engine and boiler rooms, and in short spent a morning of interesting sight-seeing, in spite of repeated verbal and placarded notices of the unlawfulness of our presence.

Leaving Trenton and following our course up the northern shore we passed the Sidney burying ground, one of the oldest in the district. It is prettily situated, stretching down to the water side, with the door of its vault fronting on the beach. It is the resting-place of many of the oldest settlers. "Gone," as a writer has said, "with the primeval forests that covered the slopes of the Bay of Quinte. Gone with the hopes and aspirations, and prospects and realizations, that crowned their trying and eventful lives. Gone, so that their ashes can no longer be gathered, like the old batteaux that transported them hither. Gone, like the old log houses whose very foundations have been ploughed up. Gone, like their rude implements of agriculture. Gone, by the slow and wearisome steps of time which mark the pioneer's life."

No small amount of history cotemporary with the time of their establishment, is to be traced in the names of places and districts along our route. In the "Earl of Moira" and "Marquis of Hastings," we find the origin of the river and county respectively. After General Picton, of Peninsular and Waterloo fame, and cotemporary with his lamented death, the town Picton was named. Belleville was so called in honor of the wife of Lieutenant Governor Gore. And so it is with almost every prominent name along the bay and in the county.

Arrived at Belleville, we left there the charms of nature for the baser and more material of civilized life, and varied our excursion with a taste, by no means stinted, of the hospitality of Ontario's oldest town. Variety proved itself still possessed of its time-honored spice, and it was with a keen relish for its beauties that we again launched our little craft and dropped slowly down the bay, as a bright afternoon was drawing to its close. We spent a couple of hours towards dusk, fishing from the deck of a schooner, wrecked in the narrows below Belleville. Held fast by an immense boulder

jutting through her bottom, she is a point of attraction and interest to the Quinte black bass and their enthusiastic admirers.

Leaving the schooner, we ran for Point Mississauga, near at hand, where our intention was to camp for the night. The Mississauga Indians, hence the name, were a tribe of the Ojibways and originally held the greater part of the Province. At the time of its settlement, the Indians were granted numerous reserves in and about the Bay of Quinte and elsewhere. Of these 1200 acres on Mississauga Point was one. The point is now a pleasant resort (in the day time) for Belleville citizens. It belongs exclusively to the mosquitoes in the night time—mosquitoes that for size, number and ferocity, beat the mosquito world, as it has been our lot to know it. The Indians have left. The excursionists also had left when, in the early evening we reached it. When again we go to Point Mississauga, we too will leave early. Whether the Indians left when the mosquitoes came or because they were there, or whether the mosquitoes came when the Indians left, history does not say. Just which was effect and which was cause we do not know. But we are inclined to thinking that one of the former two states the case. It was about midnight when, called to the rescue by the advance corps, whom we had slightly out-manouvered, the main body of the mosquito horde, cavalry and infantry, militia and marine, charged in upon us. It was no battle but a merciless rout. Out numbered and out generalled on every point, we were ignominiously defeated and driven from the ground. Luckily for us a mere assertion of their right to the domain on the borders of which we had infringed was apparently all that they battled for, because content with a pursuit into the middle of the stream, they abandoned it and returned to the care of their killed and wounded. One smiles as he thinks of the crafty foresight of the British Government in palming off these 1200 acres of rocks and mosquitoes on the poor unsuspecting Red Man.

But with all its drawbacks we cannot help, as we gain the middle of the stream, resting on our oars and glancing back on the point we have left. It looks wondrous pretty as the moon, having risen clear above the bank and hills in the background, lights it up. The trees on either side of the clearing on the point, throw their dark shade far out over the water, yet no shadows darken the open spot flanked by the woody patches, and it throws no shadow on the glittering water that runs between ourselves and it. In our experience it is a spot to be admired yet shunned. It is enchanted yet cursed.

Ensnconced one in either end of our boat, half asleep, we drift quietly for a time, when suddenly the "beat," "beat," of a steamer startles us. Down the bay we see it coming, green and red lights visible. She is on us in an instant, and proves to be a tug with a string of saw logs in tow. This is an opportunity too good to be missed. We drop quietly past her, close to her side, grapple the logs, swing ourselves slowly down to the end of the last one. and make fast to it.

W. H. IRVING.

(Concluded in our next.)

University and College News.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY ELECTIONS.

Perhaps the most exciting, and certainly the most protracted, contest for offices in the Literary and Scientific Society, took place on the evening of Friday, the 26th, and on the morning of Saturday the 27th of March, 1886. After the reading of the report of the Essay Committee, which awarded the prize to Mr. J. O. Miller, for his essay on "Adonais," polling began, and lasted without interruption until 6 a.m. on Saturday. The counting of the ballots was not finished till 4 o'clock on Saturday afternoon, when the following results were made known:—

	Majority.
President.....T. C. Milligan, B. A.....	54
1st Vice-President....T. B. P. Stewart.....	87
2nd Vice-President....J. O. Miller.....	109
3rd Vice-President....G. C. Biggar.....	59
Recording Secretary..H. A. Aikins.....	79
Treasurer.....F. H. Suffel.....	82
Curator.....M. V. Kelly.....	44
Corresponding Sec'y..F. A. C. Redden.....	54
Secretary of Com.....T. H. Moss.....	102
Councillors, 4th year...J. A. Garvin.....	324 Votes
" 3rd " J. H. Elliott.....	342 "
" 3rd " C. Marani.....	326 "
" 2nd " J. H. Rodd.....	299 "
" 2nd " W. P. Thompson.....	324 "

NOTES.

All the candidates elected belonged to the "Inside" Party. Messrs Stewart and Miller are on the VARSITY staff, and Messrs Garvin and Biggar are Directors.

The graduate vote was the largest ever polled.

Over 600 votes were cast altogether.

Mr. Houston, Returning Officer, and the Scrutineers, were on duty for twenty consecutive hours.

It was a surprise party all round.

The efforts of the Temperance League were crowned with a large measure of success.

Good humor reigned supreme everywhere, except in the polling booth.

Moss Hall needs a new fire escape. The ladder is a dangerous and antediluvian substitute.

Considerable money changed hands.

HISTORICAL AND POLITICAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

The last meeting of the association, for the present year, was held in Moss Hall, on Thursday afternoon, the President, W. Houston M. A., in the chair.

A communication was received through the president from the editors of "Kosmos" requesting permission to publish the essays read before the society; the matter was left for the present to the discretion of the individual essayists.

A change was made in the constitution to permit of certain officers being elected from the incoming third year, in the fall, namely: second vice-president, corresponding secretary, and two councillors.

The following officers were then chosen by ballot for the ensuing year:—President, Wm. Houston M. A.; First Vice-President, J. G. Hume; Recording-Secretary, Norman H. Russell; Treasurer, J. W. Garvin; Fourth-year Councillors, W. McMurchie, and J. McP. Scott.

Mr. Houston then delivered an address on the subject of "The Canadian Constitution," the lively interest in which was displayed by the large numbers present.

At the close of the meeting the following resolution, on motion of Mr. Logie, seconded by Mr. Hume, was carried unanimously:—That the Historical and Political Science Association regrets the little prominence given to the subject of Political Economy, and British American, and Canadian Constitutional Law on the University Curriculum.

THE ENGINEERING SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of this society was held on Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. The corresponding secretary finished reading Mr. W. F. Tye's valuable paper on "Cross Sectioning," which was left over from the last regular meeting. Mr. Tye fully described the different methods of staking out work, i.e., with tape and rod only, with three rods and attached levels, with hand levels, and with the ordinary "Y" level, in each case giving examples which he had

met with in the Rockies. He also explained how he had proceeded in inaccessible localities. The reports of the general committee and of the secretary-treasurer having been read and approved, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Professor Galbraith; Vice-Pres., Mr. J. C. Burns; Sec.-Treas., Mr. Apsey; Cor.-Sec., Mr. F. A. Martin; 3rd year representative, Mr. A. E. Lott; 2nd year, Mr. C. H. C. Wright. This society was first proposed by one of the students on the 6th of February, 1885, and a committee at once appointed to draught a constitution. This was done, and five first-class papers were written and read before the middle of March of that year. The second year was thus entered on the first of October and has now closed. Already eighty members have been enrolled, while the success of the papers has surpassed the most sanguine anticipations, and about twenty of the best of them will probably soon be printed in pamphlet form, and distributed among the members. That this society is bound to fulfil the highest expectations of its originators there can be no doubt, and the day is not far distant when the members will be scattered throughout the Dominion, and the society thus formed into the focus of the Canadian engineers

Y. M. C. A.

Mr. W. W. Baldwin conducted the meeting on Thursday, March 25th. "He that saith he abideth in Him, ought himself also so to walk as He walked," was the text on which several of the members spoke to the subject "Am I a Christian?"

The hall was fairly well-filled. A business meeting was held immediately afterwards, for the purpose of discussing changes in the Association's constitution.

The regular afternoon meeting was held on Thursday at 5 o'clock, Mr E. C. Acheson being the leader. His topic was "Manliness," Galations 2: 11. Man's manliness at its best is founded on self, and can be but a very feeble shadow of the manliness that underlay all Christ's actions. In striving to be manly we are too apt to thrust our principles aggressively forward when there is no need. This is not what Christ did. Let us be yielding on minor points, but where principle is at stake, let there be no hesitation in taking a manly stand.

Communications.

A SUGGESTION.

To the Editor of the VARSITY.

SIR,—During the past year many excellent and instructive essays have been read before the different societies connected with the College, but unfortunately none of them have been published, and so the benefits to be derived from them have been limited to those who attended the meetings of the societies. Besides this, the publication of these essays would do much to improve them, both in style and in subject matter. I have just received a communication from the editor of *Kosmos*, the well-known scientific journal in connection with Victoria University. He asks on what conditions he may publish the most suitable essays read before the Historical and Political Science Association, and offers to the members of that association the use of the columns of *Kosmos*. It is unfortunate that the most instructive and interesting essays read before the different societies are not published in our own college paper. We know that the editor of VARSITY would be glad to publish them if he had space. I would therefore like to see the VARSITY enlarged next year by devoting to each society two or three pages, the societies paying a stipulated percentage of the extra expense. This would prevent any loss to VARSITY, and would, I think, approve itself to the societies. I offer this suggestion as it will be

necessary for the societies to take some action this year so that the arrangements may be completed before VARSITY enters another year.

G. D. WILSON.

AN ALLEGED IMPRUDENCE.

To the Editor of the VARSITY.

SIR:—My attention has been called to an editorial remark in the last number of the VARSITY upon certain official announcements of mine. The allusion is not quite intelligible to me, and as I am not indisposed to intelligent public criticism upon the methods as well as the nature of my projected work, I trust that you will be so good as to explain in your journal the character of the "imprudence" referred to.

Respectfully,

Toronto, March 31, '86.

J. F. McCURDY.

[Last week we stated that an imprudence in the announcement of Dr. McCurdy's lectures had given occasion to one of our contributors for a humorous article. It should not be necessary for us to explain our meaning, but we shall do so. For very many years Mr. Hirschfelder has been the college lecturer in Oriental languages, and he has grown grey in the service of our *alma mater*. It was not prudent, then, for a new lecturer to have posted up on the public bulletin board so elaborate a notice as that which called attention to Dr. McCurdy's lectures in this department. To put it mildly, there did not seem to be any room left for Mr. Hirschfelder either on the announcement board, or on the curriculum, or in the class-room. Moreover, in the other departments students do not need to be told by a public announcement all the languages and dialects down to every detail, upon which they will be instructed. They take much of that for granted. We are aware that in some American colleges elaborate announcements may frequently be seen, but then there is a tendency in our cousins to run to spread-eagleism. In the case we are speaking of the announcement was made, we presume, under the sanction of the president of the college, but the nature of the remarks which it called forth is nevertheless fair evidence that it was an indiscretion.—EDITOR.]

THE NEW LECTURESHIP IN ORIENTAL LANGUAGES.

To the Editor of the VARSITY:

SIR,—Frequent reference has been made in your columns to the recent appointment of a lecturer in Oriental Languages, and you have either asserted or implied that there was something improper in the appointment. In connection with this will you allow me to say a few words?

I. As to the necessity for the appointment, you have stated that other departments are more in need of an additional lecturer than that of Oriental Languages. Without entering into a discussion of the relative merits of the various departments, I would call your attention to the fact that Mr. Hirschfelder, the honored lecturer in Oriental Languages, has been discharging his duties now for forty years without any assistance. During that time the work has increased more than four-fold, and those who have taken the Hebrew lectures know that when a change in the hour of a lecture was desired, how difficult it was to find an hour in which he was not engaged. When the work increased in the departments of Classics, Mathematics, Physics, and English, lecturers were appointed to do the increased work. In some of these and in other departments Fellows have also been appointed to relieve the professors and lecturers. Prior to this year no help had been given to the important department of Oriental Languages, and I think that most of your readers will admit that its turn has fairly come now.

II. As to the manner of the appointment, many readers would gather from your criticism that something unfair and improper had been done. The appointment was made by the College Council with the approval of the Minister of Education. The appointment of lecturers as professors in University College does not rest with

the Senate. As I understand the law the Senate may propose a nominee, but the College Council and the Government are the bodies directly concerned in an appointment.

Your insinuations of secrecy and of that general quietness that savours of things uncanny, is but answered by mentioning the simple fact that advertisements asking for applications for the position appeared in the daily papers a month before the appointment was made.

As you may fairly ask why I feel called upon to defend an action in which I have no direct interest, I anticipate you by saying that I only do so because I think an unjust attack has been made, which ought not to go unanswered. It may not be out of place for me to add, that, with many others who have in the past taken a warm interest in the VARSITY, I have been very much disappointed with some of its recent utterances. In my opinion many unwise attacks have been made, and the Ishmaelitic propensities of the editor indulged to the fullest extent. Every fair-minded man will approve of and welcome just and candid criticism, and should have it. It is, however, fairly open to question whether your crusade against the Theological Colleges, the College Council, and some of the lecturers in University College, and your utterances on some current questions in University matters can be denominated either just or politic.

Yours truly,

GEO. M. WRONG.

Wycliffe College, March 30, 1886.

THE CLASSICAL COURSE.

To the Editor of the VARSITY.

SIR,—Mr. Gibson's article in last week's VARSITY is evidently inspired by the conviction that somewhere in the classical course there is a wrong which should be righted. This conviction, I venture to say, is entertained by all classical men who give the matter any thought. If there is any difference of opinion it is as to the means which would most effectually remove the wrong.

But what is the wrong? To my mind it consists in the fact that, as Mr. Gibson has hinted, Latin and Greek books are too often regarded not as a literature—not as the embodiment of the thoughts of great men—but merely as "an interesting collection of modified Sauskirt roots:" a grammatical tread-mill in which the student is expected to grind for the period of his college career.

I do not deny a careful study of grammar: we all know its great importance. But we surely ought not to make it the end; it should be the means through which we seek to enter the society of Sophocles and of Plato. Thus, the attention of students of the third and fourth years should be directed less to the grammatical than to the social, political and philosophical side of Greek and Roman literature.

This would necessitate, no doubt, an alteration in the curriculum. Mr. Gibson thinks that the change should take the form of a removal of all prescribed text-books in the higher years. I cannot see how this would meet the difficulty. Perhaps an improvement might be made by specifying fewer authors, and assigning larger portions of those specified. Thus, the student would be given a more comprehensive view of the character of the author studied, his influence on his contemporaries and on succeeding ages. The teacher, too, would have a broader range: he could dwell on the author as a whole, his relation to his time, his position in literature, and many other points which can scarcely be touched under the present system of studying a writer in fragments, or rather of studying fragments of Greek and Latin, for the writer is but little studied.

I was glad to see Mr. Gibson's letter appear, and hope that it may have the effect of eliciting the views of more of our classical men on what we must regard as an important question.

S. R.

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AN ELECTION BALLAD.

It was a merry candidate,
With a voter from afar ;
Like western grizzly hunters, they
Were "admitted t' the bar ;"
And the voter, sampling various things,
Lighted a fresh cigar.

He smole the while a knowing smile,
And eke a wink wunk he.
As to the merry candidate
He spake quite pleasantly,
"By the great horn spoon I ask thee why
Thou buttonhole me?"

"Oh, nothing," said the candidate,
He said it carelessly,
"You'll keep my name in mind, of course,
F. Tompkyns L. atherby ;
Just vote the yellow ticket straight,
And—have another with me?"

"The ballot is," the voter quoth,
When he had wiped his chin.
"The ball'ot is the means by which,
That is to say, we win
Er,"—"yes, just so of course, ahem!"
The candidate chipped in.

The other said, "the way I vote,
Of course you want to know,
Why, opposite the names I put
A cross, you see, just so !
And then I fold the paper up,
And then outside I go,

"And then I don't tell every one
About my vote, but wait
And take in all the fun, you know,
And never ope my pate,
Except to"—"Take another drink!"
Up spake the candidate.

And having filled the flowing bowl,
They straightway emptied it ;
Now for an empty flowing bowl
No sane man cares a whit,
And so they filled it up again,
And straightway, as was fit,

They drank it off. The voter seemed
To have almost a skinful ;
The candidate looked on his friend,
Thinking it all quite sinful ;
Besides, when going in to vote,
His friend might stagger in full !

And lest the voter should get worse,
He said, "It's rather late.
You'd better get your vote in now,
For if you longer wait,
You'll,"—"Thass all ri'," the voter then
Assured the candidate.

"Whass the use, olefeller', ye know,
O' botherin' yerself 'bout me ?
I voted more'n' anhourago,
'Rah fur ourside—we !
Thassallri', Idid'n'vote,
Fur Tomp-p-kinsonl-l-leather er-by!"

H.

One of our brother journalists went into a barber shop the other day to have his hair cut, and fell asleep during the operation. The barber, who awoke him when he had finished, said to him : "You are tired. I understand it. It's the same way with me when evening comes. Ah, this head work is something terrible!"



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A bachelor, returning from a ball in a crowded coach, declared with a frown that he had not the slightest objection to "rings on his fingers," but he had most unequivocal objections to "belles on his toes."

PROFIT IN THE CHOIR.

"Rufus, wuz yer to de chu'ch dis mornin'?"
"Dat's jist where I wuz, Clem."
"I hope yo' drawed in much profit from de sarbice, Rufus."
"What yo' mean, sah? Jus' yo' take notis, Mr. Clem, dat w'en we play keerds in de quiah during sarbice we jus' play for 'musement, an' nuffin' mo'."—*Texas Siftings.*

SARCASM.

The Major "Now, then, what's the matter there?"
Bugler Simmons—"Beg pardon, sir, but I don't like to ride this horse."
The Major (politely)—"Really? Sorry, Mr. Simmons, but the regulations don't provide barouches for battery buglers."—*Harper's Editor's Drawer.*

A REFLECTION.

"I see the scoundrel in your face," exclaimed the Judge to the prisoner.
"I reckon, Jedge," was the response, "that that ere's a personal reflection, ain't it?"—*The Rambler.*

A distinguished Rochester mugwump, according to rumor, was recently hailed on the street by a little bootblack:

"Boss, have yer boots shined?"
The mugwump pleasantly shook his finger at him, saying: "My boy, I am no boss."
The little waif swung hss box over his shoulder, and eyeing the great reformer from head to foot, replied: "You're boss of your own boots, ain't yer?"—*Rochester Union.*

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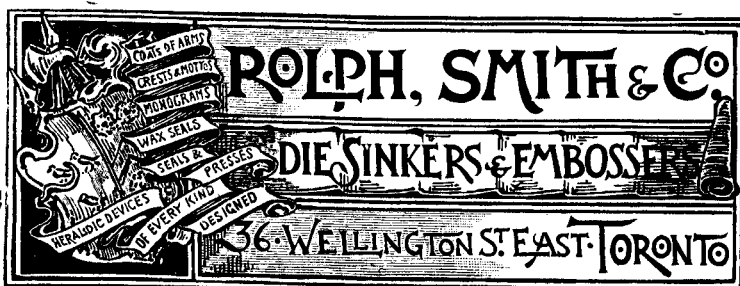
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