

THE VARSITY

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RONDEAU.

When hearts were trumps, ah! then the game went well,
The god of chance inwove his witching spell,
With dexterous hand she dealt the cards to me
And in her blue bright eyes I seemed to see
The faint first ray of triumph rise and dwell.

'Twere easy task the issue to foretell:
Her silver speech came like a fairy bell
That rang out gentle tones of victory
When hearts were trumps.

She won the game: my hopes forever fell,
Her lightsome laughter was love's cruel knell.
That I had lost my heart it seemed that she
Saw not nor cared: love's fetters left her free,
But bound me in a fate time cannot quell,
When hearts were trumps.

GWYN ARAUN.

FROM MY BOARDING-HOUSE WINDOW.

II.

On the first afternoon after my return to town in the fall—I returned late in October, for I had been away taking a fortnight's duck-shooting—I sat for a long time in my favourite position at the window, puffing idly at my pipe, and thinking over the past year with all its disillusion and changes of purpose. I recalled how I had come up, just a year ago, firm in the belief that everything was to be learned from books, and that I would find at the University many kindred souls, fired with the same ambition for knowledge and the same determination to acquire it by honest hard labour, and then the sickening doubt and despair when I found that the majority of my fellow-students regarded this work as something trivial, but irksome, to be got up and forgotten again as quickly as possible. How soon I had succumbed and learned to take the same view! Why had I let the work, for which I had been so eager, lag on and accumulate till a hasty and unwholesome skimming was all that was possible, and why was it that I had so calmly accepted the news of the fact, which I had never intended should come to pass, that I had only obtained low second-class honours?

Lazily I drifted on. Detached scenes of my last year's life began to float through my brain. I recalled vividly the night I made my first speech in the Literary Society. The benches of whispering, smiling students, the stamping when I rose to speak, the way my mouth dried up so that I could hardly articulate, my confusion when some heartless sophomore called out: "Take a drink, Freshie. It's only water, it won't hurt you."

These images pass away and I am in the "Gods" at the Grand Opera House, singing and shouting with my fellow-students, when I am suddenly seized by the collar, and before I

realize what is happening, the constable has hustled me out into the corridors and left me to find my own way down to the street.

Again the scene changes, and I am in a room with a noisy assemblage of fellow undergraduates. Beer bottles, whiskey bottles, glasses full and empty, litter the table. A dense cloud of tobacco-smoke envelops everything and, together with the uproarious din, lends an air of confused unreality to the scene. Clinking of glasses, boisterous laughter, much talking mingled with oaths, no listeners. As I sit half-dazed, I hear some one call my name, a loud acclaim follows, and then a partial silence. The man next me motions me to rise, someone thrusts a glass of beer into my hand, and I find myself stammering forth some almost unintelligible words about the honour I feel it to be admitted to such company, and that though I have hitherto never tasted a drop of liquor, I intend to begin now; then I raise my first glass of beer to my lips. Though it seems very bitter to my unaccustomed palate, I gulp down the whole of it without wincing, and sit down amidst tremendous stamping and clapping. My tumbler is immediately replenished, and somehow I am very soon induced to empty it.

Some one across the room, whom in my dizzy and stupefied condition I do not quite recognize, beckons me to drink with him, and I am just raising my third glass to my lips, when suddenly, through all the tobacco and liquor fumes, rises the form of Miss Erle. She stands there distinct a moment, unconscious of the surroundings, with a smile on her lips, her eyes fixed on my face, and her golden hair glinting as if in the sunlight, then slowly the vision fades away—and I am back again with the revellers. I put down my glass scarcely tasted, and mutter a curse on the fellow at the piano who is beginning a ribald song. But the merry-making continues, and I take many more drinks before I stagger forth into the open air and reel home. That night I pass in a half-conscious doze, my bed seems to rock like a boat at sea, and I wake late in the morning with a splitting headache and a throat as parched as the sands of Sahara. I crawl out of bed and over to my washstand to get a drink from my water-pitcher.

Here my day-dream was interrupted by the opening of the door of the red house opposite. "That inevitable fellow" appeared on the threshold, accompanied by Miss Erle, who leaned for some time against the side of the door and finally bade him good-bye in a manner that gave me quite a start. As I watched his figure disappearing down the street, I reviewed all the past occasions on which I had seen them together, and was forced into the belief that they must be engaged. This belief was greatly strengthened in the course of a few days by the fact that his visits were much more frequent than before the vacation. He used to come, I think, nearly every second day and pretty often in the evening. So here I was, brought face to face with my own feelings towards Miss Erle. It had been all very well last year to drift along in a dreamy way,

worshipping romantically at a distance, but the time was past for that kind of thing, and I had now either to school myself into prosaically regarding Miss Erle as a lady about whom I knew nothing, or to manage somehow to get an introduction to her, and embark on the somewhat desperate enterprise of supplanting her present admirer.

I was still brooding over this question, one day elaborating complicated plans for becoming acquainted with Miss Erle, the next abandoning them all, and resolving to choose the more discreet course of forgetting my fanciful regard for her, when what was my surprise one morning to see my rival, as I theatrically dubbed him, walking along the corridors of the college as if he were quite at home there. Upon enquiring, I learned that he was a student of Modern Languages in his third year, having stayed out the previous year on account of ill health. I at once resolved to make his acquaintance, and took advantage of the next meeting of the Literary Society to get a mutual friend to introduce me to him, and a very pleasant fellow he seemed.

It did not take long for Graham (that was his name) and myself to become great friends. Being in the same course, we had a common interest in our university work, and besides he was exceedingly well versed in miscellaneous literature; indeed, to my imagination, familiar with very few authors outside of Tennyson, Scott and Dickens, he opened a whole world of literary thought. We used frequently to take long walks together, and I would listen with the deepest interest while he perhaps sketched the last book he had been reading, after which we would discuss the ideas contained or criticize the artistic merit of the work with all conceivable complacency. Or we would go together on Sunday evenings to the Lutheran Church or to the little French Canadian Chapel on King St. to practise our ear in pronunciation. It may be imagined that in the unsettled state in which my feelings towards Miss Erle still were, I frequently tried to give a personal bias to my conversation with Graham, but though he always listened with attention and interest when I spoke of my relations and friends I could never induce him to volunteer any information about his own. Never did he refer even distantly to Miss Erle, and only once he mentioned his parents, and that was when he invited me to have a drink on the strength of his father's having increased his allowance. He never invited me to his house, and for some time refused to accept my hospitality, but at length one night after church I persuaded him to come in and have a glass of ale. We sat till well on towards morning smoking and drinking, and when he was leaving I said, with a scarcely suppressed smile, that I hoped he would drop in any time he happened to be in the neighbourhood. He did not notice anything peculiar in my manner, but answered quite simply that he was in the habit of frequently visiting the house across the way, as I very probably had noticed, and that he would be most happy to call and smoke with me.

This speech puzzled me strangely. It was delivered with such unconscious naturalness that it made me almost doubt the evidence of the events of the past year, and opened up the old question of my relations with Miss Erle. Perhaps Graham was merely an old friend of hers, and if so, here was the problem solved at once. He should introduce me, I would be certain of his support, for I knew he liked me, and I had nothing to do but go in and win,—if I could. But then, who ever heard of a man visiting a woman three times a week unless she was something more than merely an old friend. And besides, how was I to broach the subject with Graham? All the next day I wrestled with this tormenting doubt and in the evening was no nearer its solution. After tea I could settle

down to nothing, but went for a long walk by myself, determined to arrive at a conclusion; but with no result. I arrived at my house, sure only of one thing, that I felt very tired and lonely. I sat for some time in the dark, and then arose to pull down the window-blind preparatory to lighting my lamp, when I saw Graham and Miss Erle appear on the steps opposite. I stood watching them as they talked together. It was an exquisite pleasure to watch Miss Erle with the silver moonlight streaming over her golden hair and her lovely face, and I forgot all my recent mental struggles, and feasted on her presence with the same simple delight as when I first saw her, but when I saw Graham bend over and kiss her good-night, I pulled down the blind with a jerk, and started forth with the single idea of walking, walking, till I could control my thoughts. As I became more calm, I realized that the one thing I had to do was to kill my dream that I might keep my friend.

When I returned to my room and to bed, I had decided that I would speak to Graham, congratulate him as sincerely as I could, and I had sufficient confidence in my ability to conceal my own sentiments.

Accordingly, the next day I made a point of asking him to drop in, and as soon as he was comfortably settled, and a fitting opportunity occurred, I began:

"I trust you won't think me impertinent, but you know, living where I do, I could not help noticing your frequent visits to Miss Erle, and, indeed, you as much as acknowledged them to me your-elf. I think it only friendly to congratulate you. I'm sure she seems a lovely girl, and you ought to be the happiest fellow in the world."

I sat watching him, hoping that my face did not betray any unusual emotion. He looked at me in a puzzled way for a few minutes, then gave a low whistle, and said thoughtfully:

"So, you are the unknown friend who sent the roses to Miss Erle last winter?"

This was too much. After all my efforts at self-control, to be taunted thus was unbearable. I sprang up, crimson with anger and confusion, and blurted out:

"Well, if I am Miss Erle's unknown friend, I suppose there's no particular reason why you should be the only person with sufficient good taste to admire her?"

Then I walked to the window and stood with my back towards him.

After a pause he said slowly: "Oh, there's no reason in the world, old fellow, only Miss Erle, as you call her, is my cousin, has been married for two years to a captain in Her Majesty's navy, and I go to the house three times a week to teach her German." Then he whistled again, said, with a laugh, "We are such stuff as dreams are made of, etc.; I am going home to bed. Good-night, old man."

I did not look round, but he gave my hand a warm squeeze, I heard his footsteps on the stairs, the street-door banged, and I was left alone gazing forth from my boarding-house window.

HENRI.

THE BROOKLET.

"Thou Brooklet, clear and sparkling,
Oh whither dost thou run?
And where amid the mountains
Hast thou thy course begun?"

"Nay, I keep flowing, flowing,
I know not where nor why;
The rain drops sometimes prattle,
'Thou camest from the blue sky.'

"And as they stroke my bosom,
The breezes whisper me,
That all we little brooklets
Shall rest in one wide sea."

J.

AROUND THE CAMP-FIRE.

"Have you ever been in the woods?"
As many another Canadian would have been, I was fired with indignation at the mere insinuation that I, who had from earliest days wandered through the maple groves and tall pines,

of central Canada, an endless source of anxiety to the worthy farmer, whose sap-buckets I and my scapegrace companions emptied in the spring, and whose apple-trees we lightened of their tempting fruit in the autumn; that I, who had spent so many Saturdays with an old shot gun waylaying, but seldom doing any grievous bodily harm to, the timorous red squirrel; who knew every butternut tree for miles around my home, had never been in the woods! Why, the question was ridiculous on the face of it! When, however, I was informed that by "the woods" was meant that vast extent of country lying between the Ottawa and Hudson Bay, between Lake Superior and Labrador, my indignation rapidly cooled, and I had sorrowfully to confess that that land of moose and grizzlies had never been favoured by a visit from me.

It was not long before I did rejoice in the freedom, the wildness, and, alas, the sorrows of that home of nature. A day's ride from North Bay on Lake Nipissing left us where no more assistance from the horses was available, and there we spent the night. We roasted a couple of partridges which we had shot on our way, and on them made a scanty meal. The store-keeper at North Bay had forgotten to put our ordered provisions in the waggon. Hunger, however, was appeased, and rolling ourselves in our blankets we stretched ourselves on our bed of balsam boughs. My first night in the woods! Had I been a poet, in fantastic lay I might have woven the beauties of that scene, as the camp-fire shot its flickering rays of light among the pines and balsams, and the moon danced in and out amongst the swaying tops o'erhead; but sleep cut short my poetic wanderings, and next day a "pack" of six or seven miles completely dispelled the frenzy. To any who are ignorant of what "packing" is, I may simply state that it is a sport usually relegated to mules, but by means of a broad strap tying a bundle and passing over the forehead it is, in the woods, engaged in by men. This is one of the sorrows of the woods. Another is salt pork. The former is enhanced by the necessity of climbing over fallen trees and shoving through brushwood; the latter is alleviated by beans, dried apples, and dough-gods.

The main object of our expedition was the survey of a new township. I stoutly maintained that I had joined the expedition for fun. The other members disbelieved me, on the ground that no one would bury himself in these wilds, wade through swamps, "pack" with a load of seventy-five pounds over all but insurmountable difficulties, get half eaten by sand flies and mosquitos, and enjoy it. I did not enjoy it then, but I thought it was lots of fun before I started, and I think so now.

Despite our many ills and annoyances, there was one part of every day when every man in camp forgot these little disturbances and gave himself up to intellectual and aesthetic pursuits. The form which this pastime took was the regulation spinning yarns and singing songs around the camp-fire, kept continually burning by the cook. When supper had been disposed of, a swarthy group would gather and each old hunter would vie in efforts to impress his audience with his superior powers as a wild beast slayer. By common consent, Bill Frost, a bush-whacker with a little Indian blood, was by far the best liar of the party, but his laurels were feebly striven for by another experienced but dignified shantyman, Dick Graeme by name.

"Talk about yer pigeon shootin'," said Bill one evening as he lay against a stump in proximity to the blazing birch logs of the camp-fire, the flare disclosing a mischievous twinkle in his little black eyes,—"Talk about yer pigeon shootin'; but when I was a lad up at Calonge there used ter be a field of peas of ours which was fairly blue with pigeons every day. Well, yer see, if somethin' wasn't done soon ther'd not be a pea left in the gol-darned field. So one day I got a old army musket and jammed a couple of handfuls of powder inter 'er—that gun had such a big bore that that wasn't more'n half-an-inch in the breech—and then I chucked about half-a-pound o' shot in and rammed it all down tight—y' know when you o' shot in and rammed it makes 'er kick like blazes. Well, I ram the shot hard it makes 'er kick like blazes. Well, I crawled up to the fence, one o' them stump fences, don't yer know—and peeked through the roots. The field was fairly blue with pigeons, so I put the ole gun on the fence to take a good aim and shouted shoo-oo. Y' see I wanted to catch 'em on the fly. I jest seen a blue cloud rise up quick and let bang. Well, I was knocked back 'bout ten feet but wasn't hurt much, so I picked up the bag I'd brought and climbed over the fence.

I seen somethin' fall, but of course didn't know how many I'd hit. Well, when I got into the field I seen some pigeons' feet, and, d' y' know, I went on and picked up a bushel and a half of pigeons' feet. Y' see I'd fired jest a little too low and jest took off ther feet."

"Sure's there's a God'n heaven, Bill Frost, that's a lie," cried Bob Burke, an impulsive little Irishman.

"Blast ye, it's true, didn't I do it meself?" Bill coolly remarked, as he leaned forward and dished out a basin of tea from the pail beside the fire.

The fire flickered, its lurid rays danced on the expressive faces of the gang, the Frenchmen's wondering eyes, the Irishman's indignant, turned-up nose, and the Scotchman's impassive mouth. Increased volumes of tobacco smoke floated around the heads of all and vanished in the dark heights. Across the lake wafted the weird cry of the moose calling for its mate. Bill is the first to break the silence, and resumes:

"I'll tell yer another thing that happened to me one day. As I was comin' home from shootin' partridges I seen a fox rootin' around at the foot of an ole stump for mice. I seen a tail behind the stump and knowed there must be another fox there. Well, I hadn't a bullet left and hunted through all my pockets for somethin' to load up with. I tried my jack-knife but it wouldn't go down the barrel. All I could find was a chunk of spruce chewin' gum in my vest pocket. This jest fitted the barrel and I rammed 'er in and aimed right at the fox betwixt the eyes. Well, d' y' know, I struck 'm, and the other fox bein' frightened jumped out and the two foxes struck ther faces, and d' y' know, the wax had melted and they stuck together. Then I jest went up and knocked ther brains out."

Here and there amid the dark foliage of the back-ground the white top of a tent peeped forth, and towards these two or three of the listeners slowly wended their ways, first casting a dubious glance at the stolid hero, whose easy attitude, as he reclined against the stump and resumed his pipe, betokened utmost self-complacency. No one disputed the authenticity of the yarn, but Dick Graeme could stand it no longer, and launched forth. Dick once had been a school-master, and prided himself on his knowledge and cultivated tastes.

"As I was going out one bright morning to look at my traps I was admiring the fine sky when my practised eye caught sight of a crane away up, almost out of sight. For the fun of it I took a shot at it and went on about two acres to my traps and was returning when down fell a crane at my feet. I was so astonished I could hardly speak, but I knew it was the one I had shot at because there was the bullet hole right through its head. You may know it was pretty high up when it took so long to come down."

Dick finished up with a side-long glance at the complaisant Bill, and, amid the plaudits of his backers, retired with the consciousness of having successfully upheld his own honour and demonstrated his own superiority.

Again Bill's hand slowly sought his pipe, and even the wind's low whistling among the trees seemed to be subdued as the veteran slowly resumed.

"That shootin' reminds me of a day me and my brother-in-law was out huntin' moose. We came across a couple of moose tracks when we had given up and shot all our bullets but one at partridges. We were agoin' to get one moose anyway with that bullet, and when we came up to where the moose was we were goin' to try for two. Well, my brother-in-law crept away around the farthest one so he couldn't get his wind. The moose was two bucks, about two hundred yards apart. Well, I crept betwixt the two and held up my gun right opposite my brother-in-law so's he'd shoot and the bullet would go right thro' the buck and to me. He waved his handkerchief and then I knowed he was goin' to shoot. Well, he hit the buck right behind the fore-shoulder, and it came right through. I was holdin' my gun up, and seein' the bullet comin' jest gave it a little cant and that bullet slid down my barrel, and d' y' know I turned around and shot the other buck."

One by one the weary group got up, knocked the ashes out of their pipes and slowly, silently, solemnly faded into the forest. Bill lay whiffing his pipe for a few minutes, then lazily stood up, turned his back to the fire, threw back his head, gazed long and steadily with one eye into the starry vault. Then he, too, slowly vanished, and the glowing embers, reflected in the dark waters of the lake, dimly lighted the deserted scene.

G. B. McCLEAN.

THE VARSITY.

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The Office of THE VARSITY is at No. 4, King Street East, Room 10 (up-stairs).

A UNIVERSITY COMMISSION.

THE VARSITY has been continually urging upon the university authorities of this province the appointment of a Permanent University Commission. Thus far, without success. But we are not dismayed; being convinced of the utility of, and necessity for, such an organization. What has been suggested is a Commission to be formed of representatives of each of the different Universities and Colleges of Ontario, to bring about some sort of uniformity in regard to the general standards for matriculation, and degrees in Arts, Medicine, Law, Science, and Theology.

It cannot be doubted that much positive good would result from the formation of a Commission which would be empowered to deal with such questions. Much diversity exists at present, much jealousy, and much needless misconception. Each college seems to wish to work upon divergent, instead of upon convergent lines; and other and less exalted rivalries than that of giving the highest and best education have unfortunately crept in. A great deal of all this trouble arises, we believe, more from misunderstanding and from ignorance of one another's methods, than from any other cause. Much of it could be removed by the co-operation of university men all over the Province. There is nothing like personal intercourse to do away with misconception and jealousy.

Besides, there are questions of interest in the educational world which intimately affect society and the state, and upon which the proposed Commission could throw much light. It could also influence public opinion by the weight and concentrated force of its counsels and judgment. If we cannot have a corporate and an actual University Federation, we could and should have some such unity in feeling, sentiment and aim. The proposed University Commission could supply all these requisites without interfering with the local autonomy, or with the freest exercise of individual policy of the various colleges forming the Commission.

To whom will belong the honour of moving first in this much-to-be desired direction? Without the slighted desire to appear to "run" things we would suggest that the Provincial University should move in the matter. As the State Institution such a movement might very properly be inaugurated under her auspices, and there appears to be no reason to doubt that the other colleges would follow her example.

THE NEW PROVINCIAL SECRETARY.

The appointment of Mr. J. M. Gibson, M.P.P. for Hamilton, to the position of Provincial Secretary for Ontario has caused very general satisfaction. Especially among Toronto University men is this satisfaction felt, since the new member of the Cabinet is a graduate, and a distinguished one, of the Provincial University. The Hon. Lt.-Colonel John Morison Gibson, M.A., L.L.B., M.P.P., is a Canadian, and was born in the Township of Toronto, County of Peel, on New Year's Day, 1842, and is consequently 47 years of age. He was educated at the Central School, Hamilton, under Dr. J. H. Sangster, and was head boy of the public schools of his native town when he finished his school days. He matriculated in the University

of Toronto in 1859 and pursued the regular undergraduate course of four years, winning prizes and scholarships every year. In 1860 he was 1st year prizeman in Oriental Languages, and carried off the English Essay prize; in 1861, he was 3rd year prizeman in Metaphysics and Ethics, History, the French, German and Italian group, and won the Literary Society's prize for Public Speaking; in 1862, he carried off the prizes in Metaphysics and Ethics, History, English, the French, German, Italian and Spanish group, and Oriental Languages; in 1863 he graduated, taking the Prince of Wales' prize, at that time bestowed on the most distinguished graduate of the year. In addition to this he carried off the Silver Medal in Classics and in Modern Languages at graduation. In 1869 Mr. Gibson graduated in the Faculty of Law, receiving also the Gold Medal in that department. During his undergraduate career, Mr. Gibson took an interest in University local politics, and filled several of the most important offices in the Literary Society.

In military affairs, Col. Gibson has taken a prominent part. During the Trent excitement in 1861 he enrolled himself in "K" Company with many of the professors and students. After leaving the University he joined the 13th Battalion, of Hamilton, and rose from the ranks to the command of the regiment, which he now holds. He was present at Ridgeway in 1866. As a rifleman, Col. Gibson has always taken a high place. He was a member of the Canadian Wimbledon team in the years 1874, 1875, 1879, and in 1881 commanded the team, winning the Prince of Wales' prize of £100 and badge. Col. Gibson is a member of the Councils of the Dominion and the Ontario Rifle Associations, and is President of the Victoria Rifle Club, of Hamilton.

In educational affairs the Hon. Mr. Gibson has always taken a great interest. For many years he was a member of the Hamilton Board of Education, being its chairman for two years. At the first election of members of the Senate of the Provincial University, under the Act re-constituting the Senate, he was honoured by his fellow-graduates by being one of the first Senators selected. He has continued a member of that body ever since, having been subsequently re-elected in 1878, 1883, and 1888. He was examiner in the Faculty of Law in 1872 and 1873.

In Politics the new Provincial Secretary is a Liberal. He has represented the City of Hamilton continuously since the year 1879. Upon the retirement of the Hon. Mr. Crooks as Minister of Education, Mr. Gibson was freely mentioned as his most fit successor, but the political exigencies of the time prevented his acceptance of the portfolio. In 1884 he was appointed to the important chairmanship of the Standing Committee on Private Bills, a position requiring the exercise of much tact and judgment, and it is needless to say that he has acquitted himself admirably.

In private life the Hon. Mr. Gibson is a cultured and courteous gentleman, affable and approachable. The country is to be congratulated upon his appointment to a Cabinet office; perhaps a future rearrangement of portfolios will place Mr. Gibson in a position for which his talents and training specially fit him. But whatever office he may be called upon to occupy in the service of his country, he will acquit himself, we are sure, with credit to himself and advantage to the State. THE VARSITY congratulates him heartily upon his appointment and wishes him a long career of honour and usefulness.

A COLLEGE COURT.

In a paragraph in "Round the Table" last year, THE VARSITY thus expressed itself with reference to the Hazing Question:—

"More than usual interest is taken in the present discussion on hazing; the undergraduates who are in revolt against the Mufti do not content themselves, as in former years, with expressions of disapproval, but are forming a defence league. It is now conceded by those whom the authors of the circular are pleased to call the more respectable adherents of an old

college custom, that future hazings, supposing them to take place at all, must be quite different in the personnel of the tribunal, in the character of the proceedings, and in the reputed object of the ceremony. University College is in the somewhat singular position among the elder colleges, that the student body have no traditions (except, perhaps, hazing,) and no authoritative customs. . . . While the student body are in council, it may be fruitful for them to consider how best to excite an interest in college life, that may prove a source of continual strength to the University, besides interspersing some play with the sober exercises of the class-room."

In accordance with the views thus expressed, we further advocated the formation of a regular College Court, conducted openly and above board, and having a jurisdiction, by common consent of the students, over the doings of undergraduates in their student capacity. Such a Court, we thought and said, would serve as a compromise between extremists of both parties, and would go far towards preserving peace and good-will in the College. We much regret that the suggestion which we then made was not acted upon. We may be permitted to say that the action of the Non-Hazing Union in this respect was laudably inconsistent. Some of its more active members openly offered to accept such a compromise, though it should clash slightly with some of their expressed objections to the hazing system as a whole.

But now that the trouble which we then feared has actually occurred; now that the College has been disgraced by it in the eyes of the outside public—what shall be said of such a proposal? Briefly this: that it now rests with the advocates of hazing to do one of two things: first, to renounce hazing and all its works, in all forms, once and forever—and there are many who will be very sorry to be thus in at the death of an old (almost our only) college custom—or, secondly, to unite with non-hazing advocates of a general College Court in the attempt to form such a Court in such a fashion as to secure the withdrawal of the opposition at present offered by the Council.

With all due respect to the President's authority, we may say that we believe this matter would in the end have been well settled by the students themselves. However, the Council was, of course, bound to take some steps to vindicate its authority and the honour of the College; and if the students complain that its action seems somewhat arbitrary, they must lay the blame at the door of those who caused the senseless disturbance of December last.

But the Council's decree—prepared before the present scheme for a College Court was drawn up—was aimed not at such a proposition, we believe, but at the hazing as conducted in the past. That many extreme non-hazers can find nothing to object to in such a plan is the best guarantee the Council can have that the Court will be carried on with due regard to decency and order. To form the Literary Society into a College Court is, we think, contrary to its constitution, and out of the question. But this motion is otherwise well conceived and if adopted may solve the whole difficulty. We only regret that it was not made sooner. It is doubtful whether non-hazers will be ready to accept as a compromise now what was rejected when they offered it last fall. But we can see little to object to in the scheme, and think it worthy the consideration not alone of the student-body—hazers and non-hazers alike—but of the College Council as well.

PRIZES IN ENGLISH AND LATIN VERSE.

We understand that the prizes hitherto competed for in English and Latin verse are not to be awarded again. The prizes for French and German prose are also cancelled, but it is not of these that we wish more particularly to speak at present, although this measure too will be disapproved by many. When the intention was announced of abolishing the University Scholarships, we had not so much reason to protest against the innovation. Those who most warmly upheld the principle of money rewards for class merit, and who were most pronounced in opposition to the plan of total abolition, could

not fail to see some reasons supporting the course that the authorities took in the matter. And the most potent of all the reasons advanced was that the University was not possessed of the necessary funds. But in the present instance the paltry plea of poverty is of no avail, and the principles involved in a consideration of the Scholarship question are not applicable. The mere notice in the curriculum that such prizes were to be competed for, were they to remain forever unawarded, owing to the lack of response, or to the lack of merit in the responses, reveals motives of high intention and a worthy spirit of encouragement on the part of the authorities. But rather would we refer to the benefit resulting to competitors, for such there will always be if a fitting subject has been selected to allow of a powerful and artistic treatment. From a purely artistic point of view, practice in the construction of Greek and Latin verse, even where the imagination is not exercised, would result in a development of refinement and taste, and it is indisputable, whether from right motives or wrong, that the existence of prizes is a great spur to conscientious and careful effort. The withdrawal of the English Verse prize does not affect any course in particular, but is surely a matter for sorrow to that shy and retired band of uncrowned poets that do throng our halls, and who but need the consolation of a prize at the hands of the "Academie Canadienne" to assure themselves of immortality. It is too late to protest with effect against some inevitable changes to which Time and Reason have reconciled us, but this last elimination will only be effected at the cost of the good-will of many, and resulting in a subtraction from the dignity of our University.

COMMUNICATIONS.

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

A PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY:—

DEAR SIRS,—The professorial chair that has been established in the University of Toronto in the department of English is to be filled shortly. The report has gone round that a strong effort is being made to obtain the position for a gentleman who has acquired no reputation either for his scientific knowledge of the language or for critical and creative ability in English literature.

It is asserted that a thorough training in Greek and Latin is a sufficient qualification for a professor in English. A more absurd claim could scarcely be made. The assertion has its origin mainly in the intellectual arrogance of men who have only a classical training. This presumption has done incalculable injury to the study of English. Men saturated with the principles of the synthetic classical languages have been trying for centuries to force on an analytic tongue the laws of dead and petrified Greek and Latin. To change the figure, they tried and keep on trying to put the new wine of living English into the old bottles of the classical tongues. And so our study of English grammar has been conducted in a thoroughly unscientific method, barren of any good results. The undue influence of the classics appears, too, in our literature in artificiality of structure and figures, in narrowness of outlook and in pomposity and verbal emptiness.

It was Aristotle, was it not? who said that we learn to play the harp by playing on the harp—not on the violin or banjo. One would think English should be learned by the study of English.

The time is critical. What is wanted is a man with a scientific knowledge of English, literary ability in English and the power of inspiring students with earnestness of effort and positive enthusiasm. There is one such man offering himself for the position and it is to be hoped that he will get it.

Yours,
SIGMA.

ROUND THE TABLE.

There was published in London a year after the poet's death a collection bearing the title "Anecdotes of Lord Byron." Amid much that is amusing and doubtless trustworthy, have crept in many incidents, most certainly unauthentic, and which attempt to implicate certain enemies of the *raconteur* in charges which, read with knowledge of their falsehood, reflect all the dishonour on the source that inspired them. The following is a most glaring and malicious example of those blind charges and insinuations so frequently made against the pure character of Shelley, and which found such willing credence where the fact of belief arose from mere desire fanned by a whirlwind of hatred. The story relates of a pleasure trip to Sicily, that Byron is asserted to have made in company with Shelley and others. A gale is said to have arisen, during which the captain lost all hope of saving the vessel or even the lives of passengers. The noble Lord accepted his coming fate with the greatest composure, and his conduct is contorted into contrast with that of his slandered contemporary.

"Percy Shelley, who heretofore made no secret of his infidelity, and whose spirits we thought no danger could ever appal, appeared to have lost all energy, and the horrors of approaching death made him weep like a child. Those names, which he never before pronounced but in ridicule, he now called upon in moving accents of serious prayer, and implored the protection of that Being whose existence he affected to disbelieve. Thus

'Conscience does make cowards of us all.'

The breakers were seen immediately ahead of them, and the sight of beauty so disconcerted Shelley that he fell at Byron's feet in a state of insensibility. "His Lordship looked down upon him, and ejaculated, 'Poor fellow!'" The vessel, owing doubtless to Shelley's prayer, miraculously escaped, and Percy Bysshe was moved in a state of stupor to his bed.

"In the course of time Shelley had recovered from his fits of fear, and came from his cabin like a spectre from the tomb. His Lordship repeated, as he shook him by the hand,

"'Cowards die many times before their death,
The valiant never taste of death but once.'

"Ah!" exclaimed the reclaimed infidel, "I have tasted so much of the bitterness of death that I shall in future entertain doubts of my own creed." A glass of rum and water, warm, raised his drooping spirits, and in twenty-four hours he was the same free-thinking, thankless dog as ever.

* * *

How far may the writer—poet or prosaist—weave into his work his own personal experiences? Without the infusion of personal pain or passion there can be, it would seem, no true poetry. The more nearly the poet attains to the realism of actual life, the greater is the human interest of his work and the more certain is he to stir the hearts and attract the sympathy of others. We delight in a writer in measure as he voices for us the emotions which are common to all in their degree, but to which only the few can give adequate and fitting expression. The poet charms us by setting our most secret thoughts to music. And this he can do, only by voicing forth the songs, mirthful or melancholy, which sing themselves in the hidden depths of his own spirit.

* * *

And yet, there must be about all expression of passion, when addressed to the public ear, the suspicion at least of affectation. True, there are emotions the very nature of which urges him who feels them to speak them out to others. But with men's deepest and purest feelings this is often not the case. The man who sets himself to put his emotions in writing must have lost, to some extent, the first keenness of the sensations he describes. He has turned, in fact, from the emotions themselves to the description of the emotions. He has taken a stand, as it were, outside of himself and views himself and his feelings as he expects the world to view them.

The more real the poet's feeling,—the stronger his passion, the tenderer his love, the purer his pathos—the more will he shrink from displaying it openly to the work-day world. Deeply as our poets have at times penetrated into the hidden places of their own hearts, laying them open to our view, there must have been, for them, as for all men, secret doors which none but themselves might open, and they in solitude

and silence. The world's best poetry never has been—never will be—written.

* * *

The German Editor is a man of fine sensibilities. Accordingly, when the following little ode was handed in by its frenzied author, he it was who suggested that the title which now heads it might be more acceptable to ears polite than the bold English of the original:

AN DEN TEUFEL.

Come on, old chap! Good-bye to Care,—
She's a wrinkled old hag at best;
With her toothless gums and her tattered hair
Too long has she vexed my rest.
So, arm-in-arm o'er this scene below,
Where the sinners are quick and the saints are slow,
Where the saints are slow und the sinners are quick,—
We'll jaunt,—you and I, Old Nick!
I can't say I love you, old boy. You know
We once were the worst of friends;
But it's all on chance, in life's mad dance,
Who your partner may be, depends.
I might have had better; or worse, and—there!
The devil is better than Doubt or Care;
And devils are scanty and saints are thick,
So I've got a rare friend, Old Nick!
I think of sweet eyes as soft as May,
As blue as the foam-tossed sea;
But what reek I, since I know that they
Will lighten no more for me.
So if they are smiling, on whom, or where,
The devil may know and the devil may care;
Though spirit be weary, though soul be sick—
Come on! Off we go, Old Nick!

* * *

It is the consideration of such effusions as this—ventured the Critic, loftily—that compels one to agree in a measure with Locke's opinion of the course to be pursued with budding poets:

"If he have a poetic vein, it is to me the strangest thing in the world that the father should desire or suffer it to be cherished or improved. Methinks the parents should labour to have it stifled and suppressed as much as may be; and I know not what reason a father can have to wish his son a poet, who does not desire to have him bid defiance to all other callings and business. . . . Poetry and gaming, which usually go together, are alike in this, too, that they seldom bring any advantage but to those who have nothing else to live on."

* * *

Concerning the authorship of the great works hitherto known as Shakespeare's there seems likely to arise a controversy similar to that which since the publication of Wolf's celebrated Prolegomena has more or less fiercely raged concerning the authorship of the Iliad and Odyssey. Not only has Ignatius Donnelly, or, as Mr. Swinburne irreverently styles him, Dr. Athanasius Dogberry, startled (and amused) the literary world by the promulgation of his Baconian Cryptogram, but a gentleman named Wigston has "gone him one better" and published (in Boston, if our memory fail us not) a book in which he asserts and endeavours to prove that the Shakespearean plays are the work and production of a society of learned Rosierucians, of which, according to Mr. Wigston, both Shakespeare and Bacon were members. This forms in some sort a parallel to the Rhapsodists of old, to whom by some are attributed and parcelled out the Homeric poems. The arguments, however, by which Mr. Wigston supports his position would seem to be of that light and airy species which approaches nearly to speculative theorizing. But the question is one which bids fair to increase in interest and discussion, despite the indignation of a majority of literary men.

* * *

Speaking of Bacon reminds us, irrelevantly enough, of an anecdote which has been related of him as a judge. He was sitting on the case of the criminal Hogg, convicted of a felony. The culprit begged his lordship not to pass sentence of death upon him, because hog and bacon were so near of kin to each other. Lord Bacon replied: "My friend, you and I cannot be kindred unless you be hanged, for hog is not *bacon* until it is hung."

UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE NEWS.

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

LITERARY SOCIETY.

The Literary held a meeting on the 18th last, for it was Friday. Mr. Scane, sang and unravelled music both vocal and banjocal with the aid of one of those frying-pan-shaped tools that you pinch a tinkle out of. Mr. Black read some weirdistic verses in mimicry of Amelie Rives. Then there was a call for Mr. J. B. Pyke to read an essay, and we called and called but he didn't bite, bethinking himself, it may be, he was not our fit diet of a Friday. Under "Notices of Motion" Mr. A. F. Hunter made some amends for not speaking a great deal that night by reading a few pages. After this could be got to cease we worried Woman Suffrage.

And then it was that Messrs. Kerr and Segsworth arose, and being leaders of the phalanxes it was their duty to hurl one at the other the time honoured weapons that have been wielded by our fathers, missiles of debate as same as the "four balls for five cents" we used to throw at the "Jinny" in fairtime. For some minutes the air was drab with Mr. Kerr's words—"Boasted heights of superiority of intellect," "Physical force has paled and died," "Palliation not panacea." While on the other hand Mr. Segsworth showed deep care and fatherly for the "future generation."

Mr. Standing gave us something for our time, treading down all opposers with the elephant march of Huxley, Pollock, Mill and Aristotle, reducing what we before thought an intrusion of bonnetted prettiness to the operation of natural law. He spoke in a deliberated pedetentim manner, and in ingenious fashion turned this basswood subject into scientific maxims. Mr. McKinnon, who while Mr. Segsworth was up kept muttering at every sentence, "There goes another of my points," showed not a little rhetorical gallantry, and read us paragraphs of a speech and then laughed at himself for being so eloquent.

And so the tussle went on until the skeleton of Josh Billings got up and laid about him and, irresistible as death, cleared the field and piled up a trophy to electoral womanhood.

Next a savoury argument, enriched with constitutional subtleties by Mr. Smith and the Ferguson, sprang up around Mr. Coatsworth, and great was the anxiety concerning his boarding-house luck, for be it known that Mr. Coatsworth has long been using the Society to keep search for a perfect lodging-place.

Again, certain newspapers were taken in hand, and the mighty press was kicked about the hall where we meet. Finally, about 11 p.m., after repeated movings of amendments, previous questions, reconsiderations, points of order, and when it seemed as if an overtaxed constitution must give way, the chairman arose from his second-vice-presidential chair, pulled the constitution from under the feet of the excited multitude, and, amid a shower of parting-shot notices of motion, made the usual riot-act proclamation, "I declare this meeting adjourned."

THE PROPOSED COURT.

Following is the full text of the motion made last Friday evening and discussed last night:

WHEREAS, divers students have from time to time been heard to complain of the prevalence of a certain insolence of bearing, otherwise called cheek, among certain others of their fellow-students, and that attempts in the past to remedy the evil complained of as above have resulted in no small degree of irregularity, confusion, dissension and even riotous violence. And,

WHEREAS, it is yet desirable, even in the sense of those to whom violent and irregular remedies are distasteful, that some bridle should be put on the insolence of any student or students towards other students or the general body of college customs;

NOW BE IT RESOLVED: That this Society doth most earnestly request its committee that it shall make the Literary Programme on the night of the 8th of February next (or on such other regular meeting-night of the society during the present term as they shall find more convenient than the said 8th of February) to consist of the following proceedings: that is to say:

(1) That this Society, as represented by its undergraduate members present, shall resolve itself into a Court for the trial of all offences, by whomsoever of undergraduates made, done, or committed against college customs; holding jurisdiction of all such offences as cheek, freshness, violence, foppishness, vulgarity, tediousness, button-holing, undue loquacity and other acts or manners that may be offensive to one's fellow-students.

(2) That the President of this Society, or the chairman for the time being, shall sit as and be the justice of the said court, and adjudicate and decide all matters of law, adapting, if he so think fit, the tenets of the common civil or other law to the peculiar posture of college customs, and that the said justice shall be the appointer of such court officers as he may feel the need of.

(3) That all the undergraduate members of this Society then and there present, save those who for the time being may be employed as counsel or court officials, shall constitute and be the jury, and that they shall decide all questions of fact and condemn or acquit both on the evidence (if any) taken before the court and on their own personal knowledge of the matters of issue. And it shall be lawful for prosecutor or accused to call up any person present as a witness. But no witness in any case shall vote as jurymen in the case wherein he is witness.

(4) That in case of an accused being found guilty, or in case of contempt of court, a fine payable to the treasurer of this Society, in no case exceeding \$10.00 of lawful money of Canada, may be imposed, or forfeiture of or suspension from the privileges of this society and its Reading Room, or all of these penalties together.

(5) That such penalty or penalties shall be imposed by and in the discretion of the judge or at his option by the jury, and appeal may be had to the jury against the judge's sentences and if the same be reversed the jury shall fix the penalty.

(6) That information may be given at least 4 days before trial to the President or Recording Secretary or Corresponding Secretary of this Society by any member thereof, against any offending undergraduate, the offence being specified and the details given, and the President or Recording Secretary receiving the same shall not disclose the name of his informant but shall give the information to the corresponding secretary, who, without disclosing the name of the informant (if he know it), shall forthwith summon the accused by letter, either to him in person delivered, or registered, and shall in such letter specify to the accused the offence, and, so far as he knows them, the details thereof and the failure of the accused to attend the court shall be contempt of court.

(7) That the General Committee shall choose and instruct prosecuting counsel, and each accused may at his option defend himself or choose no more than two members as counsel to defend him.

(8) That it shall not be necessary and is merely optional for either prosecution or defence to call witnesses, but the issue may be left to turn on the general repute of the accused.

(9) That the Recording Secretary shall keep a record of the cases tried and the matter at issue in each; and the finding of the jury thereon, and the matters of law discussed and the holdings of the judge thereon, that the same may be in our books for the behoof of all that would shun transgression.

(10) That whenever any part of this scheme or plan shall be found to clash with any part of our constitution, such part of the constitution shall be for the time being suspended and of no effect.

AND BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, That the Society doth most earnestly request its committee to show and use all possible energy to put into effect and vigor this plan of proceedings, from their own ingenuity and foresight to make good any defects herein, and to have the court officers apprised of those formalities which are the essence of a court's dignity.

MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.

The Club held a French meeting of which Erckmann Chat-rian formed the subject, on Monday, 21st instant. The essay-ist of the evening was Mr. W. C. P. Bremner, who wrote on "Madame Therese." Readings were given by Mr. Fraser and Mr. A. J. McKinnon; and a recitation by Mr. Lafferty. French conversation followed for some time, after which the meeting adjourned.

At the next meeting, besides the regular programme in German, it is expected that Mr. W. J. Healy will read an English essay on "Experiences."

POLITICAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

The chief feature at the regular weekly meeting of the Political Science Association on Wednesday afternoon last was an essay by Mr. A. Smith on the "Constitution of the United States." The essayist handled the subject in a masterly and exhaustive manner. Several members of the Association asked Mr. Smith to explain vital parts of his essay, which he cheerfully did to the satisfaction of all. Prof. Mills, who was present as a visitor, made some pointed remarks upon the relation of the individual States to the Union. He stated that the ordinary books on the Constitu-tion of the United States conveyed the impression that the Federal Government received its power from the individual States, whereas the factis, that that power was wrested from Great Britain by the Revolution. Mr. Mills has kindly promised to deliver a lecture on Federalism at the next regular meeting of the Association.

Y. M. C. A.

On Thursday, R. J. Gibson, '89, and J. W. Scane, '91, ad-dressed the Y. M. C. A., the text for the afternoon being "Thy kingdom come," Matt. 6: 10.

The reception for Arts men and Medicals on Saturday eve-ning last, was a very pleasant affair, made so mainly by the presence of ladies interested in the various colleges and their kindness in providing refreshments which they served them-selves. Everything was made as informal as possible. Pre-sidents Harvey and Hargreaves received the guests. Hon. G. W. Ross presided and made a short speech. Sir Daniel Wil-son offered up a prayer and Dr. Gilbert Gordon gave an in-teresting description of Professor Drummond and his work among the students of Edinburgh. Numerous college songs sung by the company completed the programme.

Next week E. E. Ingall and G. F. Hull address the Thurs-day meeting. G. R. Faskin and A. T. Kirkpatrick have been appointed delegates to the convention at Ottawa, assembling on Jan. 31st.

LECTURES IN LAW.

We have reliable information that Mr. McCarthy's lectures on "Civil Rights," which were to have been delivered on January 22, 24 and 28, have been indefinitely postponed, owing to that gentleman's inability to find the necessary time.

Mr. B. B. Osler lectured on "Criminal Jurisprudence" this week on Jan. 23 and 25, and will complete the course on Tues-day, Jan. 29th.

Mr. McLaren's course on the "Comparative Jurisprudence of Ontario and Quebec" will probably take place as arranged in the time-table, viz., Jan. 31st, Feb. 5 and 6, at 9 a.m.

Mr. S. H. Blake's lectures on the "Ethics of the Law," (dated in the time-table for Jan. 30, Feb. 1 and 4), have also been postponed till some time during the month of April.

It is still a matter of uncertainty whether Mr. Edward Blake will lecture on March 4, 5, 6, as in the time-table, or whether he will be obliged to change the dates.

THE VARSITY is always pleased to note the doings of dis-tinguished graduates—especially recent graduates—in the out-side world. We have our eagle eye at present fixed upon Mr. Gordon Waldron, B.A., who has already proved himself a worthy son of our Alma Mater, by administering a severe

and dignified snub to a man named Dalton McCarthy, who ventured to disagree with the said Mr. Waldron's well-known views on national polity. We have no doubt that poor McCarthy feels sore, but we cannot find it in our editorial heart to pity so hardy an offender.

This is the bombshell that exploded last week in our midst:

"All interference with the personal liberty of any student, by arresting him or summoning him to appear before any tribunal of students, or otherwise subjecting him to any indig-nity or personal violence, is forbidden by the council. Any student convicted of participation in such proceedings will forfeit the certificate required for admission to university examinations, and will render himself liable to expulsion from the university."

The Committee of the Rugby Foot-ball Club met in Resi-dence on Monday morning last for the purpose of electing delegates to the meeting of the Ontario Football Union. Mr. E. G. Rykert and Mr. F. H. Moss were chosen to represent the club.

An Order-in-Council has been issued re-appointing Col. C. S. Gzowski, Senator John Macdonald, and D. A. O'Sullivan, M.A., LL.D., members of the Senate of Toronto.

PERSONALS.

C. J. Marani, '88, of the School of Science, is leaving for England, where he will spend some time in studying engineer-ing.

Miss L. L. Ryckman, '90, intends to obtain a dispensation from lectures for this term. She will, however, be ready for the spring examinations.

A Freshman, of nationalistic and know-nothing tendencies, is responsible for the hope that the soon-to-be-appointed Pro-fessor of English may not be an *English* Professor!

ANNOUNCEMENT.

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

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