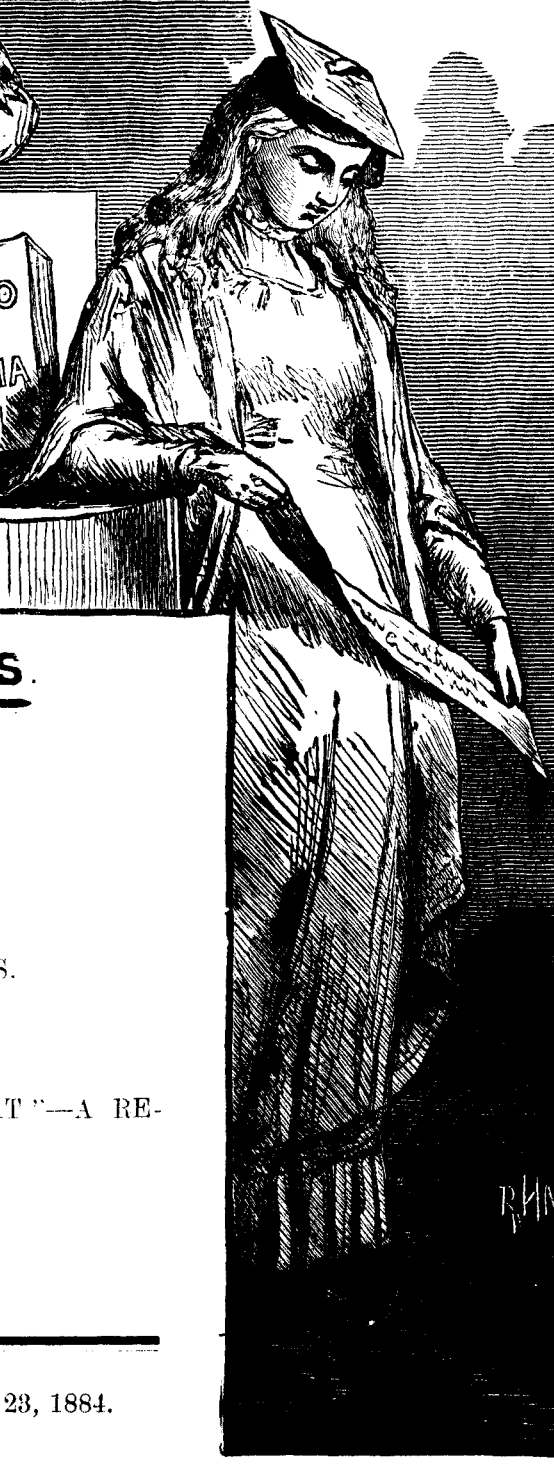
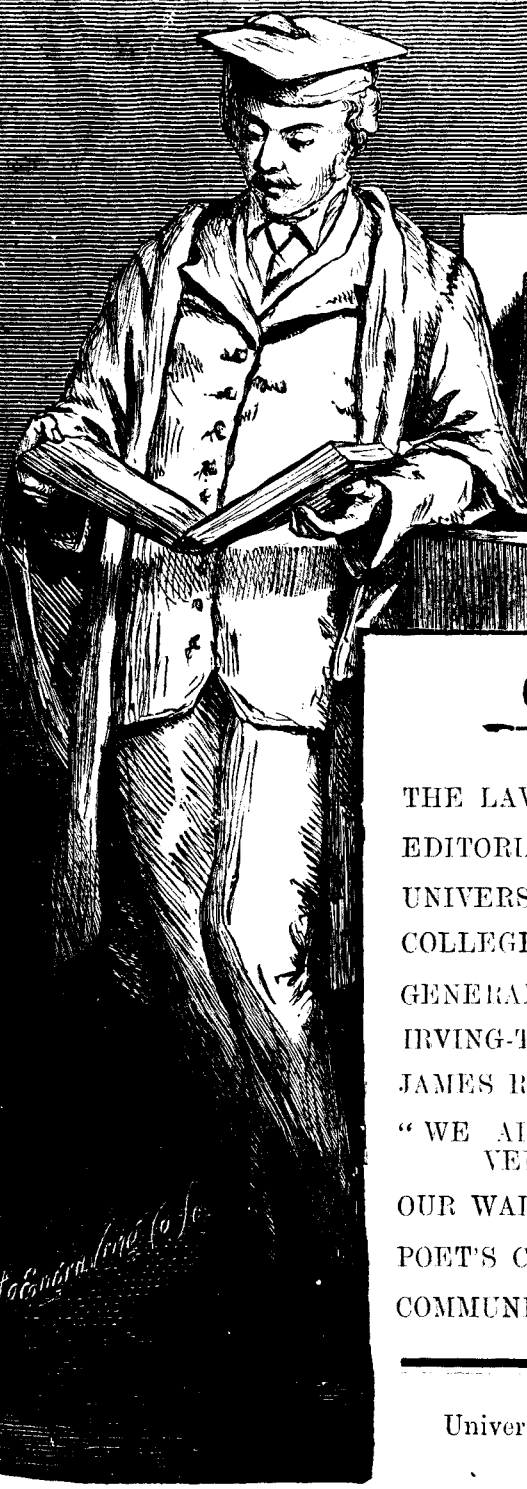
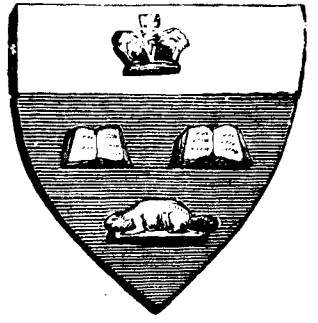


THE UNIVERSITY



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Tamptaciana (1884)

R. Harris del.

Stout party: 'Well, Pat, how's trade?' Grave-digger:
'Poorly, surr, entirely; shure, we haven't buried a livin' sowl
this three weeks.'

* * *

(Written for 'Varsity.)

HORACE: SEC. XXV., BK. I.

TO LYDIA.

Less loud, and nearer now the rappings are
Of wanton ones at windows left ajar;—
Male serenading youth your slumbers mar
Not like they did:—

Your door, that ever, on oily hinges free,
Pushed inward, yielded swift and silently,
Adheres to the threshold tight:—Than formerly
Less frequent bid.

You, drowsy,—'Waken:—'voices whining 'Why,
'My Lydia, sleep the live-long night, while I
'Your loyal lover, languish here and die
Shut out from you?'

No longer young, you will your years bewail,
When bacchanlains at your wrinkles rail;—
You, skulking in lone lanes, shall winds assail
Black as e'er blew;—

While hot within your cankered carcase rage,
Such eager itchings wanton war to wage
As madden breeding-mares:—through palsied age
Vile lechery lasts:—

Living too long shall you, with cause, complain
How—fresh young blondes and young brunettes can gain
Vigor's embrace,—to touse you all disdain
Save wintry blasts!
O. A. N.

Toronto, Oct. 24th, '83.

* * *

Vir—a man; gin—a trap; virgin—a man-trap.—*Ex.*

* * *

He was a dude of the extreme kind. He couldn't have
been more so. His overcoat was short, his undercoat long, his
collar high, his trousers so tight that it would seem he must
have greased his legs to get into them, his shoes pointed. As
he entered the reading room at the hotel everybody looked at
him, and a smile went round. There was a brindle dog in the
room at the time. As the dude paused at the news stand the
dog went up to him, sniffed of him, looked up at him once and
walked away with drooping tail and an air of intense disgust.
The disgust probably arose from the fact that the dude wasn't
the person the dog was looking for, but the animal's whole ap-
pearance seemed to say: 'This lets me out. I can't stand that
thing!' And the crowd howled with laughter.

Poet's Corner.

BY THE SEA.

I stand by the side of the sea,
Looking far out in the night,
When the waves are tossing in pain,
And the stars have stolen from sight.

I think of another sea.
Silent, and lone, and drear,
Whose waves are the changing moments
Of a never-ending year.

A sea in silence lying
By a lone and sand-blown shore,

Where the shadowy forms of the dead
Wander for evermore.

Forms that are sad and weary,
Lone-wandering with their pain,
Longing to catch through the darkness
Earth's far-off strains again.

And *she*, with her tear-filled eyes,
Beckons me out through the night,
With her in the flower-fields to wander
Forever in sweet delight.

And a mist comes up from the sea,
Floating on wings of grey,
And the shore with its shadowy forms
Fades in my tears away.

—FREE LANCE.

February 20th.

Communications.

AT LAST!

To the Editor of the 'VARSITY.

Mr. Gibson (Hamilton), has given notice that he will move
the following resolution in the Local Legislature before the end
of the present session:—

'That inasmuch as the Senate of the Provincial University
have for several years admitted women to the University Exam-
inations and class-lists, and inasmuch as a considerable number
of women have availed themselves of the privilege but labor
under the disadvantage of not having access to any institution
which affords tuition necessary in the higher years of the
course; in the opinion of this House provision should be made
for the admission of women to University College.'

This resolution is to receive the strong support of Mr. Har-
court and probably that of the Minister of Education, and several
prominent members both of the Government and of the Opposi-
tion. If this motion is carried—and there seems scarcely any
doubt that it will be carried—it will be virtually a vote of cen-
sure on the President of University College. And he has de-
served it. The intolerance, the blind prejudice and pre-determined
obstinacy which has characterized the President's action on this
question, find their only parallel in the character of his unlau-
dered predecessor Bishop Strachan. It is an exceedingly per-
tinent question just now, whether it is a wise policy of the Gov-
ernment to appoint such persons to the Presidency of the Pro-
vincial College. The man chosen to fill this, the first office in
the first educational institution in our country, should be a man
of broad and liberal views. He should not be behind the age
but rather in advance of it in all that tends to the elevation of
the race. But Dr. Wilson seems to be altogether out of accord
with the enlightened spirit of his time. He has little sympathy
with the Present, and the Future is nothing to him. The Past is
his idol and he sacrifices Canadian women to it. But Mr. Gib-
son is an Idol-Breaker, and short work will he make of the pseudo-
divinity.

The President might yet save a remnant of the dignity due
to his position, if he would anticipate the action of the Legisla-
ture by immediately announcing for the future a policy more con-
sonant with justice and common sense. But we do not believe
he will do it. There are persons who having once adopted a
course of action, without perhaps any definite reason for so doing,
will yet persist in it in the face of sure defeat, and at the same
time wilfully close their eyes against evidence which should con-
vince them that the course they have adopted is absurd and ir-
rational. Such men are fortified against conviction. They do
not want to be convinced. We hope the President of University
College is not of this character, but we fear that he is. When
those men are defeated, as sooner or later they always are, they
invariably regard themselves as martyrs to a principle. But they
are not. They are the victims of their own obstinacy. They
are obstructionists of the cause of humanity and blocks before
the wheels of the world's progress.

It is a small matter to Dr. Wilson to shut out seventy earnest young women from the only hope they can have of obtaining a higher education. He should put himself in their place. It is not a small matter to them. It is a shameful injustice. But the Doctor pats them on the head and tells them to be good, and—perhaps something will turn up, and—perhaps he will do something for them. But he will not do anything, and he never has done anything.

Undergraduates! you are interested in this matter. You are in the van of progress the world over, in Ontario as well as in St. Petersburg or Berlin. You protested with unanimous indignation against the President's action when first he shut the doors of University College in the face of women in 1880. When this resolution comes up for discussion, you should give its supporters the encouragement of your presence and sympathy.

To triumph! Old fogyism is doomed. It may die hard, but it must die soon. Peace to its ashes, and no resurrection!

I remain, Sir,
Very truly yours,
A. STEVENSON.

Upper Canada College, February 20th, 1884.

NOTICES.

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THE 'VARSITY:

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF

EDUCATION UNIVERSITY POLITICS AND EVENTS.

Vol. IV. No. 18.

Feb. 23, 1884.

Price 10 cents.

THE LAW DOCTORS.

In a former issue we called attention to the action of the Senate with regard to the degree of LL.D. and to the criticism on the part of certain newspaper correspondents which that action had provoked.

We feel sure that the action of the Senate in seeking power to grant this degree *honoris causa* has been taken after full and careful consideration, both of the objections to the present system and of the evils which might be introduced by the new system. Were the Senate to do otherwise than hold the matter with a firm hand, and had we not the fullest confidence that the Senate will, when they acquire this new power, use it discreetly, sparingly and solely for the honor of the University, and that the effect of their acquiring such power will be to enhance the value of the degree and to make its possession a matter of just pride to the donees thereof, rather than the object of ridicule which it now is, the 'Varsity would be among the first to enter a protest and to point out, that bad as things now are, they might possibly be made worse by an injudicious use of the degree-conferring power which the Senate now seeks to obtain. It is because we do feel that confidence that we support the action of the Senate.

The question was discussed to some extent by Convocation and it was there suggested that the additional power asked for should be given to the Senate, which body should also retain its present power to grant the degree after examination, and that there should therefore be two co-existing systems, one under which the degree may be granted *honoris causa*, another under which a candidate after passing the requisite examination may claim the degree as a matter of right.

Even such a system would be preferable to the present one, as it would enable the Senate to confer the degree upon some persons at least whose acceptance thereof would reflect as much honor upon the University as it would cast upon themselves; but the remedy so suggested would be but a half-hearted measure of relief timidly applied.

It is well to look the existing evil squarely in the face. The people who believe that competitive examinations are the chief end of man belong to a class which in the struggle for existence and the consequent survival of the fittest will soon be as extinct as the Dodo and the Great Auk. Some remnants of the class, however, remain, and it is they who have kept alive the present system under which any Bachelor of Laws of ten years standing may after writing two approved theses upon subjects in law obtain the degree of LL. D. as a matter of right.

World-wide custom has ordained that a B. A. or M. A. degree, or the degree of Doctor of Medicine, and various other degrees, may properly be granted after an examination, which is the admittedly imperfect, though ordinarily accepted test applied for the purpose of ascertaining whether or not a man has attained to a certain fixed standard of educational requirements, which, from a utilitarian point of view, warrants him in seeking to earn his living in some particular walk of life.

Like custom has fixed upon the degree of LL.D. as the Academic Hall mark by which recognition is made of eminent professional attainments, or of distinction acquired in literature, science or art. It indicates the attainment of the aforesaid educational standard, plus an indefinite something more which cannot be measured by the rule of thumb. To attempt to measure and fix the bounds of this something more by an ex-

amination is as absurd as it would be to fill the position of poet laureate after a competitive examination of candidates therefor.

To grant the degree in question exclusively to those who submit to the required examination, means to shut out from that degree the only men in the world who are fitted to receive it, for such men will never submit to such an examination for such a purpose. The fact that any man did submit thereto, under the circumstances which in this country would necessarily surround it, would be conclusive proof that he did not possess that becoming dignity requisite for the carrying of such a degree with credit to himself and honor to its donor.

To grant the degree after examination at all, means to facilitate its attainment by vain-glorious self-seekers, scores of whom would find no difficulty in passing the required test, and would then demand as a right that which practically the Senate would be bound to give, no matter what reluctance there might be felt in so doing.

Let the change be a radical one, let the degree be purely honorary, but above all let the Senate be most careful in its selections.

Editorial Notes.

At the last meeting of Convocation several changes were adopted in the statutes regulating Convocation, and referred to the Executive Committee, with power to act as a Committee of Legislation. In pursuance of these resolutions, an appointment has been made with the Minister of Education for Wednesday next, 27th inst., at 11 o'clock a.m., when the proposed changes will be submitted. No difficulty is anticipated in procuring the desired legislation.

Most people who have spoken much in a large debating society will have noticed how often a speaker is completely handicapped by hearing his intended arguments enunciated by some preceding debater. This is always more or less apt to be the case, but will inevitably result if the speakers are numerous, and no prior arrangement has been entered into among them. An obvious way of meeting this difficulty is to assign to each, one or two well-defined points, within the limits of which he is supposed to confine himself. The habit of speaking to the point is thus engendered, and no one cuts the ground from under his colleague's feet. In this way time—always an important consideration to undergraduates—is saved. The debater wastes less time in preparing, and less in the delivery of his speech. It may well be doubted if the habit of wandering over a whole subject and doing justice to none of its points does not engender much of that lack of conciseness and good arrangement of matter so noticeable in the ordinary speech. We understand that the leaders of the various years under the new arrangement have undertaken the task of dividing the subject, and assigning portions to those desiring to speak. We hope that the era of short, pithy speeches has now dawned, and that the proceedings of the Literary Society will in future be characterized by an animation somewhat lacking in the past.

Irving and Terry have been here and gone, and, as our ingenuous reporter has it, 'We have laughed, wondered, yea,

and even wept.' His opinions are ours and we will let them therefore stand for such, and merely say in addition that the visit of Mr. Henry Irving and Miss Terry has been to many a source of pleasure, keen, full and intellectual in the highest degree.

The only play of Shakespeare presented, *The Merchant of Venice*, was treated in such a way as to awaken in the audience the most unexpected thoughts and emotions. The somewhat hackneyed character of *Shylock* arose before us a new creation, and we were surprised into something akin to pity for his fate. The grandest conception of Henry Irving is his Louis XI.; this is universally allowed by the critics on both sides of the water, and the last scene of the play surpasses in intensity of power anything we have ever seen on the stage. A weird magnetism holds every eye in the theatre to the ghastly countenance of the dying king, and as his unforgiving and unforgiven spirit passes from him, no sorrow is felt, but a relief that such a life is over.

Henry Irving announced in his short speech at the close of the performance his intention to return to Canada. On good authority we learn that this may be within a year, and re-echo the hearty wish that came from the gods on Saturday night. May Henry Irving and the divine Terry 'return to us with all convenient speed.'

We publish a letter from Mr. Stevenson, in which he informs us that notice has been given in the Local Legislature of a resolution favoring co-education in University College. This, he thinks, if carried, will amount to a vote of censure upon the President for his refusal to admit women. We do not see how it could be considered in this light. The request for the admission of women was a request for a vital change in the policy of the College. Dr. Wilson, having, we are sure, the best interests of the College at heart, and anxious to do whatever might seem to be his duty, gave to the matter his careful consideration. He decided that there was nothing in the charter to justify the demand, and that the change would be injurious to the College. In this conclusion his colleagues agreed. Holding these opinions, what was his plain duty? Of course, to refuse the application. This, accordingly, he did. Now we fail to see in this anything censurable. We regret exceedingly that our correspondent has found it necessary in supporting his cause to speak so disrespectfully of the President of our College. We have had occasion before to censure Mr. Stevenson's style of argument, and we must now inform him that his letters must in future be written in a more temperate spirit in order to be published in our paper. Mr. Stevenson calls upon the undergraduates to rally for the support of this cause. No doubt if the undergraduates sympathize with his view of the question they will rally.

In the discussion that has now been continued for some time on University needs, very little has been said about the need of improvement in the College Residence. Yet we venture to think that in no other department of the work of the College is reform and improvement so urgently required. If any one wishes to be convinced what a hold, living in Residence has upon the average undergraduate's affections, let him survey our Residence, and then he will feel certain that no ordinary charm will persuade a man to bear with the discomfort and general slovenliness of such a place. The tie of affection must be indeed strong that will bind a man to it as his temporary home. Rooms in which there is a separate and special draft for every point of the compass—in which on a cold night the heat that a small grate fire can put forth only makes the dreary coldness of the place more apparent—rooms where the joyous sound of the broom or duster is scarcely ever heard, and where the hapless occupant can, like the mythological hero, gain new strength from close and daily contact with Mother Earth—these are some of the discomforts the inhabitants of Residence contend with. And then the meals and the appurtenances thereto—the household crockery—the spoons not free altogether from the suspicion of verdigris—the knives and forks—and last of all the tablecloth! How our memory loves to linger on the tablecloth! This article was purchased when the College was first founded, and graduates of that day have told us recently—confidentially,

of course—that private marks made upon it at that time were, on a recent investigation, found there still, showing that during all the intervening years it had scorned the enticements of the washerwoman. There are rooms in Residence in which the sun never shines, and the damp, unwholesome atmosphere of these is enough to beget ague. The attendance is so bad that if a man wants his room really cleaned he cleans it himself—and yet the occupants cling to the place and love it and would not leave it for the world. Can there be any stronger testimony to the value of a large Residence? Is there any more vital need pressing upon us now than that of having this place enlarged and renovated? Once let there be a Residence bright and attractive, with good attendance and meals, and it will be found that more even than in the past, the sons of the University will rally round the Alma Mater they have learned to love through the endearing associations of the Residence.

University News.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

An open meeting of the society under the new procedure was held last evening. The third Vice-President, A. H. Young, in the chair. The members divided, the affirmative occupying benches on the right hand of the chairman, the negatives the left. Mr. Cosgrove presented the account of the Decoration Committee and R. J. Duff the Lighting and Seating; both were adopted. Mr. Cosgrove then presented the report of the general Conversazione Committee. The following is an account of the receipts and expenditure:

RECEIPTS.

Sale of Tickets.....	\$641 50
Subscriptions from Professors.....	50 00

	\$691 50

EXPENDITURE.

Music Committee.....	244 00
Refreshments.....	201 50
Printing.....	64 80
Lighting and Seating.....	60 00
Physical.....	43 12
Dressing Room.....	28 88
Decoration.....	19 82
Science.....	14 50
Reception.....	8 00
Invitation.....	5 95

	680 57

Leaving a surplus of ninety-three cents (93c.)

It was decided by the society to grant \$5.00 to McKim, for services at the Conversazione. Mr. Roche, seconded by Mr. Cosgrove, moved a vote of thanks to the Professors who had subscribed to the Conversazione.—Carried. The Committee was then discharged.

W. P. McKenzie read one of the most touching essays ever given before the society. It was entitled, *The Handkerchief*. Although the readings were voluntary, A. McMechan responded. It may have been that after his splendid recitation on Novels, others did not like to come forward.

The subject of debate was, That at an early date it is expedient that Canada should sever her political connection with Great Britain and should set up an independent Government.

By the new rules the speakers do not leave their seats and after the leaders, no one speaks more than five minutes.

R. J. Leslie, in opening the debate, said the present advantages over independence are more apparent than real; that in case of war England would not help us; that we cannot make Commercial Treaties. All Mr. Leslie's arguments were put in a very logical form.

J. McGillivray, in leading the negative, referred to the present advantages we now enjoy, and that we have not the motives for separating from England, namely, coercion, and that our relations are becoming better every day and that we have more liberty than any State in the Union. This speech contained many telling arguments which were well put.

J. Short, affirmative, thought that connexion with Great Britain kept emigrants out of the country.

G. A. B. Aylesworth, negative, said independence was a stepping stone to annexation and that the United States would fall from its own ponderance.

J. Simpson, affirmative, drew attention to the fact of so many Germans going to the States and none to this country.

J. A. Ferguson, negative, did not think it was because we were not independent that emigrants did not come here.

Mr. J. A. Page, affirmative, in his maiden speech, said of the seventeen American countries fifteen were independent; if they could get along he did not see why Canada could not. His speech was characterized by a vein of good humor.

G. W. Holmes, negative, held the reason the emigrants went to the United States was because Canada was not known and we had no railway to the N.W.T. We are not ready for independence—the tie that binds us together is the tie that binds us to the mother country. This was the most argumentative speech of the debate.

J. Ross, affirmative, held England always did and would sacrifice our interests to her own.

T. C. Robinette, negative, held that England can make as good treaties for us when backed by us as we can alone; that if we became independent the same nation who gobbled up Alaska and abetted the Fenians would oppress us.

W. Hunter, affirmative, thought that the hostility of the Americans against Canada during their civil war was because it was connected with England, that the United States has a large enough territory and wants no more.

Fred B. Hodgins, negative, held the affirmative had said nothing of this independence, and in case of independence we would have to uphold a standing army.

J. G. Holmes, affirmative, said it would be more economic for Canada to be independent.

A. M. Macdonell, negative, accused the other side of a want of patriotism, and said the emigrants who were said to have left Canada were merely passing through.

H. B. Witton, affirmative, argued that we ought to leave Great Britain in friendly terms and not in anger, and now was the time to leave her.

T. Marshall, affirmative, thought we could get better treaties when we were separated from the old country.

A. D. Passmore, negative, said that when we became independent we would have to keep up a standing army.

R. J. Leslie, leader of affirmative, summed up his side. He said if independence was a stepping stone to annexation the negative had not shown that it was disadvantageous.

The decision being left to the meeting the affirmative, having the majority, won. This is perhaps one of the most successful debates ever held in the society and augurs well for the new rules.

F. Roche spoke in favor of his motion for a College year book, and Mr. J. G. Holmes seconded it. L. P. Duff also supported the motion. Mr. H. J. Cosgrove moved in amendment that the following committee viz. :—Messrs. Holmes, R. J. Duff, and Roche confer with the Executive Committee of Convocation in regard to the book. Amendment carried. Mr. J. G. Holmes tendered his resignation as essayist at the next Public Debate. The Society then adjourned.

MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.

The usual meeting of this club was held on Tuesday evening in Moss Hall, the President in the chair. Professor Nobile was present and was called to the chair; the programme, which was in French was then proceeded with. Mr. W. H. Smith read a speech from 'Cimra' in a vigorous and spirited manner. Mr. H. J. Hamilton read an interesting essay on Pousard's 'Charlotte Corday.' Mr. Needler then read a humorous sketch entitled 'L'Amour.' Mr. T. Shearer followed with another reading.

After a discussion on co-education in which Messrs. Sykes, Robinette, Rowand, Fere, and MacMechan took part, Prof. Nobile addressed a few remarks to the club. The meeting then adjourned.

NATURAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

This society held a meeting on Tuesday evening, the 1st Vice-president, Mr. T. P. Hall, B. A., in the chair. An interesting programme was presented. Mr. N. McEach-

ern read a paper which dealt with the theory of the 'Atomicity' of the elements. The design of the paper was to give some plausible explanation for the phenomena shown by some elements, of exercising different combining capacities in different cases. The reading of the paper elicited a lively discussion. Mr. Acheson favored the society with an explanation of the different methods employed for constructing, calibrating and graduating thermometers. The different kinds in use were also considered. It was shown how chances of error in construction, etc., might be avoided.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

The usual weekly prayer-meeting was held on Wednesday in Moss Hall at 5 o'clock. An encouraging feature was the noticeable increase in attendance: this is as it should be. After the customary opening exercises, Mr. A. H. Young addressed the meeting on the topic, 'Looking to Jesus,' taking as his text Heb. xii. 2. He showed how the metaphor of the race was taken from the Olympic games and applied to the Christian life: the weights to be laid aside are the sins and temptations peculiar to ourselves, such as too much study and the love of money, as well as our besetting sin. The ways to lay these aside he considered, were a better observance of the means of grace, study of the Bible, prayer, and attendance at church. He also dwelt on the rewards for the winners of the race; the prizes are not for one alone, but for all who run, and the prize is 'a crown of life.' Mr. W. P. Mackenzie followed; he spoke briefly on the application of this passage to the two classes, the saved and the unsaved. After a hymn the meeting closed with prayer.

There was a short business meeting held immediately afterwards at which it was decided to invite members from the general Y. M. C. A. conference to be held in the city next week, to address our next Wednesday meeting, and that the members of the college association should meet in Shaftesbury Hall on Thursday next at 4 p.m. to discuss the question of college work.

QUICQUID AGUNT.

Professor Young was indisposed Thursday, and consequently did not lecture.

Mr. Hugh Davidson is now rapidly recovering, and hopes to be around in his old haunts in a few days.

At the last committee meeting of the Glee Club it was decided to sing at Guelph and Galt during the beginning of April.

After the gaiety of last week the College now seems to wear a look of seriousness, and the reading rooms rapidly become crowded in the mornings.

There is an examination in Chemistry to-day at 11 a.m. in Convocation Hall for men of the first year who intend taking the College examinations instead of the University.

Several of the members of the Glee Club sang Tuesday evening at a social at the residence of Mr. J. C. Hamilton, Rosedale, in aid of the Charles St. Presbyterian Church.

There will be produced soon a medley, having an original solo, and the various College songs as choruses. The words are by an undergrad., and a prominent contributor to the 'Varsity. Professor Torrington is at present composing the music.

The non-commissioned class is still well attended every Tuesday afternoon at five o'clock under Lieut. Acheson. This year in order to get their certificates the class will have to pass an examination conducted by Capt. Delamere, M.A., Adjutant of the Regiment.

Dalhousie College has a professor in Ethics, a professor in Logic and Psychology, a professor in History and Political Economy, and a professor (Schurman) in English Literature and Metaphysics, while our University has only one in Metaphysics, Ethics and Logic.

Time—20th century. Disciple of Dr. Daniel Wilson (examining the walls of an old University at Toronto)—'And what makes some of the stones on the eastern side of the building darker than the rest?' Lone fisherman (on banks of an old sewer)—'Oh! they were stained by the refuse coffee at a conversazione some time in the days when separate denominational colleges existed in Ontario.'

RÖTTEN ROW.

With a view to facilitating study some of the Residence men have commenced to sport their oaks.

It is said the porter and waiters are patiently waiting for another Residence dance. They say there is a good harvest about the door of the Dining Hall.

Professor Brown, from the Guelph Agricultural College, paid a visit to the Residence, Friday.

Students putting themselves through college by waiting in the summer is a favorite way among American students. But selling newspapers on the street we believe is something new, and confined to Ontario.

The Third year debating club are discussing the following, 'Resolved that the pen is mightier than the sword.'

On the evening of the *Conversazione*, several Residence students were relieved of the refreshments they had provided for friends by certain intruding parties. The leading spirit of the pilferers is well-known, and a hint to remember his menial position and abandon his Vandalism may be of great service to him.

College News.

TORONTO SCHOOL OF MEDICINE.

As week after week passes by the examinations seem to draw near with such rapidity as to be now almost on the morrow, and with the approach the boys have entered upon their work in such a way that the almost monotonous routine of lectures and study seems about the only news to be recorded.

Mr. A. S. Rice, of Woodstock, has been on the sick list but has returned to lectures, and Mr. Peterkin of the city, is, we believe, at present dangerously ill.

We understand that Mr. Goodall has been accorded a special trial examination by the faculty of Victoria University, and will shortly repair to Jamaica in the capacity of missionary. We congratulate Mr. Goodall upon his success at his examination, and hope that he may have a pleasant and profitable time in the plague stricken country to which he is about to repair.

The report of the sessional committee was recorded at a recent meeting of the school. It was stated that a couple of the 'verdants' refused to pay their sessional fees. The matter was accordingly referred to a committee appointed to consider the affair, but before the day of meeting had arrived, the delinquents paid up, rather than be present at some midnight ceremony 'down among the dead men.'

A number of the students attended the *Conversazione* and Banquet of Toronto University, and, we presume, had a very enjoyable time. We regret that the representation was not larger.

KNOX COLLEGE.

At the recent meeting of the graduating class Mr. W. S. McTavish was elected valedictorian for 1884, and J. McKay, B.A., at a meeting of the students, was chosen to give the response and say a parting word to the graduates.

Rev. J. McEwen, Secretary of the Provincial Sabbath School Association gave a good address on 'The Sabbath School and its Relation to the Church,' on Thursday evening. The nearness of the examinations and other engagements account for the slim attendance.

The Glee Club Concert on Tuesday evening next causes a flutter of excitement. Punctual attendance on practices merits praise. Two pianos and an organ will be used by the club with their selections. The famed violinist, Miss Nora Clench, and Mlle. D'ervieux have places on the programme.

CAMBRIDGE LETTER.

DEAR 'VARSITY,—We had a more than usually spirited debate at the 'Union' yesterday evening. The well-known socialist, Mr. Hyndman, moved 'That, in the opinion of this house, the anarchy—economical, social, and political—which is brought, about by our present system of production and exchange, can only be put an end to by an ordered socialistic system in every department under the control of a completely democratic State.' Mr. William Morris, of Exeter Hall, Oxford, was also present to support the motion. The debate, which was an excellent one, lasted up to a late hour, when it was adjourned to the following

Tuesday evening. We shall then have the pleasure of ascertaining the number of socialists in our midst.

The author of the 'Elegy' is about to have a monument erected to him. A marble bust of the poet is to be placed in the hall of Pembroke College, and a bronze replica of the same in the Fitzwilliam Museum. You will remember that when Gray first came to Cambridge he began to reside in Peterhouse, and, being in constant dread of fire, he had a fire-escape attached to his window. The other undergrads of the College, who laughed at his fears, placed a tub of cold water under the window one night and then raised an alarm of fire. The nervous poet rushed to the window, let himself down as quickly as possible, and when he reached the bottom found himself struggling in the tub of water. The result of this practical joke was that Gray emigrated to Pembroke, and that College in consequence now claims the right of possessing the aforesaid memorial bust.

Our most eminent divine, Professor Westcott, was on Saturday last installed as Canon of Westminster in place of Dr. Barry who was lately promoted to the Bishopric of Sydney and Primacy of Australia. Dr. Westcott was previously Canon of Peterborough. The new Bishop of Sydney has just sustained an almost irreparable loss through the foundering of the ship which contained his whole library and many manuscripts which were the outcome of many years of study.

Oxford has just decided to abolish *viva voce* examination in Classical Honour Moderations, and it is expected that this step will soon lead to the abolition of all *viva voce* examination.

Mr. Hyndman, the socialist, whom I mentioned at the beginning of my letter, held a meeting at Oxford last Wednesday. After his address several questions were put to him and one of the audience asked what he intended to do with the tenant farmers. Mr. Hyndman, who failed to catch the question, thought he was required to explain what would become of the Ten Commandments under his proposed system, and much merriment was caused by his reply.

Yours, very truly,

T. C. S. M.

Cambridge, Feb. 6th, 1884.

General College Notes.

Eighteen editors on the Harvard daily.

Harvard is thinking of building a \$50,000 boat-house.

The number of American Indians attending school is 10,157.

Ohio claims to have as many universities as France and Germany together.

We are sorry to learn that death has removed a prominent student from Queen's.

At Harvard a 'Director of Sports' is to be appointed, with a salary of \$1,000 a year.

We sincerely hope McGill will not be disappointed in the handsome donation which she expects to receive.

A communication in the *Dalhousie Gazette* very wisely advises the establishing of a Literary Society at the college.

The Literary and Debating Society of Fredericton University resolved itself into a Parliament on Jan. 26th. The discussions were keen and exciting.

Chauncey M. Depew told the Yale alumni, at their dinner in New York, recently, that there are 3,000 college graduates in that city who could not earn a living.—*Ex.*

The students belonging to the Yale College Glee Club, who were injured in a railway accident, have been indemnified for expenses and losses by the railway company.

Number of students in some of the freshman classes are: Harvard, 270; Yale, 257; Princeton, 150; Columbia, 96; Wellesley, 120; Oxford, 625, and Cambridge, 767.—*Ex.*

There is one German University in Russia. Dorpat is the place where it is located, it has a faculty of seventy-three teachers and an attendance of 1,277 students.—*University Press.*

Out of 38,054 alumni from fifty-eight American colleges and universities since 1832, 3,577, or about nine per cent., are recorded as physicians; 9,991, or twenty-one per cent., as clergymen, and 6,105, or ten per cent., as lawyers.—*Ex.*

A bill has been presented in the United States Senate establishing a national university of medicine. The bill appropriates \$100,000 to be expended in ground and buildings, and \$1,000,000 to be placed at interest, the proceeds to meet the expenses of the university. The professors' chairs are to be opened to all medical schools, the great object of the institution being the general advancement of science.—*Michigan Argonaut.*

IRVING-TERRY.

DEAR 'VARSITY—I have been to the play—yes, I have been to the play four times—and you ask me to give you such impressions as the performances made on me, a casual spectator.

Well, I have seen much, I have wondered much, I have laughed much, and—I have wept not a little, but I fear that there are not words in me to tell the half of it to you.

I will wander a little about my subject first in order to acquire some measure of confidence in the task.

It would be well, dear 'VARSITY, if sundry well-meaning people,—those who occupy a large portion of the upper gallery, for instance, would take it for granted that Shakespeare, and even other minor dramatists, were writers of considerable merit. You ask me what I mean. Well, it is this in plain language. We go to the theatre to see the thoughts of play-writers rendered to us with the proper accessories of gesture and tone; in a word, with all the accompaniments of Life. And while there we endeavor to applaud when and where this is done with the greatest measure of success. But these well-meaning people of whom I spoke are seemingly so overcome by the very words of the author, quite apart and away from the manner of their delivery, as to vent vociferous plaudits on the sentiment of the lines.

Let us in future resolve to cheer and clap Shakespeare in our study, and reserve our theatre applause for the acting.

I saw a respectable old gentleman down whose mild cheeks the tears were trickling during the last act of *Charles I.* suddenly assume a ferocious expression as the beautiful pathos of the scene was interrupted by a burst of Bœotian applause from the upper gallery, and utter in a painfully audible voice the words, 'D—n the gods!' This remark would have found an answering echo in many breasts.

I heard a song from Olympus on Thursday night; it had reference to some complications which arose in connection with a Fish-ball. I heard it again on three other occasions, and, as it was almost the sole musical effort of the gallery during Irving's visit, I am inclined to believe that he and his brother actors will return to England with the fixed idea that our staple Canadian food is Fish in the form of Fish-balls, or at least that we hold this dish in such reverence as to direct most of our lyrical efforts towards the praise of it. Why did you not, dear 'VARSITY, send a few 'selected voices' from your Glee Club to honour the occasion.

There was a certain small boy who said a good thing which shall be permitted to pass to posterity through your immortal columns. This youth concentrated in himself the wit of the upper gallery—an indifferent easy task—in the following fashion:

Observing a box, the atmosphere of which was misty with lofty collars and eye-glasses, he watched for one of those rare delightful lulls which fortunately Olympians allow sometimes to occur, and, in his shrilly piping voice, thus spake—'One,—two,—three,—four,—five,—six,—seven,—eight,—nine,—ten. Fifty cents apiece!' There was a sudden relaxation of many orbicular muscles and a tinkling of eye-glasses!

But I have already glanced at the audience too much, let me look at the stage for a few moments, and first at the most beautiful figure on it—on any stage, I had nearly written, but the form of poor Neilson rises before me and I cannot write the word.

To me it seemed that the most striking features in Ellen Terry's acting were—first, its intellectuality,—second, its spontaneity. Every word, gesture and movement are so evidently the product of her own individuality; her intelligence is in accord with the author's in the minutest point, and not alone are his lines mastered but what lies between them has become hers, and the writer's very genius speaks through her lips. Not as though she were uttering the words of another, but as if the play of thought had instantly suggested to her such and such expression of her prevailing emotions.

Very few actresses have attained the art of losing all stage-consciousness to the extent that she has. There is no intimation of the fact that an audience is before her, nor are we ever unpleasantly reminded that she is playing to it. Fortunately it is unnecessary to describe Ellen Terry, for it would be impossible. Her beauty—a beauty of expression, speech and motion, cannot be fixed on paper, nor can any photograph do it justice. It therefore boots not to tell the color

of her eyes or hair. All I can say is that she is womanliness and grace incarnate.

She compels admiration even as the hoydenish *Letitia Hardy*, and before the stately *Portia*, uttering Heaven's justice to the earthly tribunal, we are fain to fall down and worship. The picture of *Antonio's* advocate, as erect, majestic, with upraised hand she pleads her cause, and quotes a law mightier than the laws of Venice,—'that in the cause of Justice, none of us should see salvation'—is an ineffaceable memory.

The character of the consort of the unfortunate *Charles*—did we ever till now think of him as unfortunate—is portrayed with exquisite tenderness and womanliness, but it is more than this, we see the queenly figure, undaunted by the perils that surround her, with regal mein commanding the obedience even of the 'traitors,' and, tireless and fearless doing more than man's work in rallying round her lord and husband his scattered forces. And we see her, the necessity past, and her task completed, fall into his protecting arms, and sink to his breast a trembling, sobbing woman.

What wonder that a hush fell over the house, and glasses grew too dim to use.

For the monarch himself we feel new and unexpected emotions. If his faithlessness and fatal obstinance drenched many broad acres of English ground with blood, if he broke his plighted faith and estranged all his truest friends, there was one bright spot on his life, he loved his Queen, and he met his death like a man.

Henry Irving shows us all that was fine in his character and demands our unwilling admiration for the man that lived a despot but died a King.

In all the plays presented,—save perhaps the *Merchant of Venice*, the support of the Company was good—so good indeed that nothing more could be desired,—but the veteran Howe, in *Charles I.*, Terriss, in *Louis XI.*, and several other characters about the king in that play, rose above the average. Nor must I forget *Gobbo—Launcelot Gobbo*—who played his parts admirably.

The setting of the plays was perhaps as good as anything we have seen in Toronto, though, naturally, much inferior to the scenery and stage appointments at Irving's own theatre in London.

But, dear 'VARSITY, my interest, as your's does I am sure, centres around Irving and Terry alone, and I confess I could not tell you even now how they were habited. This is no doubt a very masculine statement, but I am sure there are many fair friends who can supply you with details, and inform you whether the shade of Terry's dress was *old gold* or *mignonette*.

Irving, of course, took the chiefest part at all the performances, and exhibited the most marvellous versatility in his get-up, as well as in his acting.

Difficult it was to reconcile the dying *Louis XI.* with the dandified *Doricourt*, and no less hard was it to believe that these were one and the same with the demon-haunted *Burgomaster* and the balked *Shylock*. Poor Israelite! he was hardly used after all.

The last play, *Louis XI.*, gave undoubtedly the greatest scope for Irving's tremendous power, and it seemed to me that he had gone to more pains to master the character of the French king and had spent more time and study on it than on any other.

The childishly superstitious monarch who dreads the death he deals out so unsparingly, who forgets his diabolical plots at the sound of *Angelus* to mutter an *Ave*, stands before us startlingly and painfully real. And I can imagine nothing more ghastly than this figure of Death, clad in regal robes and maintaining to the last some measure of kingly dignity, gibbering prayers and curses in a breath.

His hour has come. Through the gathering darkness he sees the fierce eyes of death glaring at him. The breath of the grave sweeps over him and chills his marrow; his eyes are filled with terror and despair; he shrieks a prayer and, king to the last, struggling to his feet he commands a greater king than he to stay his hand! Slow falls the curtain, and as it falls we think to hear France cry with no feigned joy, '*Le Roi est mort, vive le Roi.*'

Well, dear 'VARSITY, I have trespassed on much of your space, and I fear to small purpose, but pray receive the above impressions, as genuine at least, albeit only those of a 'casual spectator.'

Yours, CAMP STOOL.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

I.

HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER.

It was the good fortune of James Russell Lowell to be born in the intellectual city of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and to be the son of a Unitarian clergyman with a mind of superior order. No doubt the advantages arising in connection with these two circumstances largely explain the fact that he was able to gradu-

ate in Harvard University with some distinction at the age of nineteen. This was in the year 1838. He then began the study of law, but soon betook himself to more congenial literary pursuits, publishing his first collection of poems in 1841. Two years thereafter, in association with Edgar Allan Poe, Hawthorne and others, he projected the '*Pioneer*, a literary and critical magazine,' which expired after the third issue, owing to the failure of the publishers. During the next four years Mr. Lowell published a number of poems and essays, of various degrees of merit, which were followed in 1848 by the '*Biglow Papers*,' and '*A Fable for Critics*.' These two works brought their author into immediate prominence, but he does not appear to have produced anything worthy of note for some time afterwards. The years 1851-2 he spent in travelling through England, France, Switzerland and Italy. After his return to America he employed himself for two years in lecturing on the British poets. In 1855 he was appointed to the chair of Modern Languages and Belles-lettres in Harvard University, a position which had just been rendered vacant by the resignation of the poet Longfellow. Before entering upon the active duties which he had undertaken, Mr. Lowell sought to qualify himself still further for the situation by two years more travel and study in Europe. In 1857-62 he appears first as contributor, and then as editor of the '*Atlantic Monthly*.' He resigned the latter position to accept the editorship of the '*North American Review*,' which he controlled for nine years. Then appeared '*My Study Windows*,' and '*Among my Books*,' his chief prose volumes. Shortly afterwards Cambridge University, England, was honored by his acceptance from it of the degree of LL. D. Though Mr. Lowell was by no means a politician, as that term is ordinarily understood, and though he had never previously filled, nor ever sought for, any political position whatever, yet in 1874 his countrymen had become so impressed with his great abilities and his sound political judgment that they offered him the post of minister to Russia. This, however, he declined, but accepted a similar position to Spain, in 1877, and to England, in 1880. The latter position he has since filled to the eminent satisfaction both of the people of Great Britain and of his countrymen—if, among the latter we except a few Democratic fire-eaters.

What most strikes us in the character of Mr. Lowell, is his intense moral earnestness. His convictions on questions of right and wrong are clear and strong, and he has never hesitated to express them, even at the risk of becoming exceedingly unpopular. He sees no special virtue in the majority, but rather the contrary.

'Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes—they were souls that stood alone.'

If a good cause be weak, that is a sufficient reason why we should strive with all our energies to assist it.

'Then to side with Truth is noble, when we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause brings fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just.'

He does not believe that evil will disappear on being left alone. He attacks it wherever it appears, and that in no faint-hearted way, but with all the vigor and persistence of which his Puritan nature is capable. With a buoyant belief of the final triumph of the right, he is yet fully conscious of the desperate nature of the conflict in which she is engaged.

'History's pages but record

One death-grapple in the darkness 'twist old systems and the Word;

Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne—
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own.'

Mr. Lowell is not afraid to say that he regards compromises as a device of the Evil One. He holds steadfastly to the belief of an immutable and eternal Right. Sincerity, enthusiasm and manliness are his delight; all time-serving and truckling to expediency are intolerable to him. He thus eulogizes the colonial soldiers who fell in the Revolutionary war:

'They had the genius to be men.

.....With heart and hand they wrought
According to their village light;

'Twas for the Future that they fought,
Their rustic faith in what was right.'

Yet he does not approve of war, unless as the last resort in resistance against oppression. The world, he thinks, is to be reformed mainly by moral and intellectual agencies, and not by gunpowder and bayonets. The gospel of physical force Mr.

Lowell will have none of, and he denounces its apostle, Carlyle, and all his disciples.

He scorns with a terrible scorn, all shams, counterfeits and empty forms, whether religious, political or social. Yet a deep religious instinct is manifested throughout all his writings, an instinct which has much of the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount and but little of that of creeds and confessions.

Mr. Lowell is a philanthropist and citizen of the world. In one of his poems he asks,

'Where is the true man's fatherland?'

and well he answers,

Where'er a human heart doth wear
Joy's myrtle wreath or sorrow's gyves,
Where'er a human spirit strives
After a life more true and fair.

Where'er a single slave doth pine,
Where'er one man may help another—
Thank God for such a birthright, brother,—
That spot of earth is thine and mine,
There is the true man's birth place grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland!

Such is Mr. Lowell, and we feel safe in saying that of all those on whom England has stamped nobility, there is, perhaps, but one who in the nobility of nature is the peer of this untitled ambassador, and that one is the premier himself. We have dwelt thus upon Mr. Lowell's life and character, since, in order to appreciate properly what a man does, we must first know what he is. Accordingly, we have reserved the consideration of his works for future numbers.

—A. STEVENSON.

"WE ARE WHAT WE EAT."—A REVERIE.

BY A PARSON.

Some cynic, we do not remember who or where, has said, "We are what we eat." Without acknowledging any servile subjection of mind to matter, the depressing or exhilarating effect that the body has upon the mind must be duly noted. Just as an insignificant insect can make it exceedingly uncomfortable for one of the kingly lords of creation, so also can a very slight physical cause produce an apparently disproportionate effect upon the mind. The state of the atmosphere also has its due influence, and so it would seem man is more or less, in individual cases, practically what he eats and breathes. The hardy, bluff, sturdy character of the English people is due, if we are not mistaking the cause for the effect, to the solid character of the roast beef and other viands he consumes at dinner. The Frenchman's taste for light and fanciful compounds is seen in the flippant, unstable character of his nation. The phlegmatic German, duly influenced by the tobacco and beer he consumes, is proverbially slow and meditative. The Spaniard's weakness for olive oil and garlic, is seen in the bland suavity that conceals the treachery he is purposing. And so with other nationalities. Perhaps the desperate determination of the Russian Nihilist is due to his enormous consumption of the strongest whiskey and brandy. We do not possess sufficient scientific acumen to explain the wherefore of all this—we only point out the fact.

Some time ago we had a dark, cloudy day, gloomy and suggestive of dyspepsia and 'the blues.' We had arranged for a pleasure excursion in the open-air, but just at noon rain began to fall, and our hopes were nipped in the bud—and then trouble began. We are sufficiently of the people to dine in the middle of the day, and everything at dinner seemed awry. The beef was roasted to such a degree of crispness that one could almost break it instead of cutting it, and the Yorkshire pudding, as if to remedy any excess of heat that had been applied to the beef, seemed to be a practical apology from the cook, for it was only half done. The gravy was cold and greasy, and the conversation at table was very personal, and everything that any one said seemed to be a direct insult levelled especially at one's own head. This dreary part of the programme being completed, we thought that, notwithstanding the rain, we would take a walk and get rid of the dreary monotony of remaining indoors. As we splashed along through the mud and wet we were moralizing on the unsatisfactory nature of life in general, and our own individual life in particular. What is life, after all, that one should struggle so earnestly for the goal that, once attained, falls on the taste and turns to ashes in our very grasp? A few years preparing for the business of life, a few years living, and a few years more preparing

to die—this is the life of nearly every man. Is it worth all the worry that we give it? Why battle with the dark and gloomy fate that seems to haunt us, and to drag us on into the 'outer darkness' of the future, where the blackness of the night makes the flickering beacon of hope seem but a faint glimmer in the surrounding gloom?

We called to see a friend—one in whose society we usually take great pleasure, but to-day the conversation was flat and uninteresting. The eyes that are wont to sparkle and brighten as we talk, to-day were dull and without expression. The hand that was extended to us as we left seemed cold and clammy and dropped from ours like a dead weight. We left the house with a dreary sense of dissatisfaction and disappointment, and with a reckless feeling that it mattered very little to us whether we ever saw any of our friends again or not, for sympathy and kindly warmth seemed to have departed from the world.

And so we wandered on; now we have left behind us the smoke and bustle of the city and are in the open country, walking briskly. Before us is a large cleared tract of land, and we begin to cross it. The world does not seem quite as dark as it did an hour ago. There are many clouds upon our mind still, but we do not feel so oppressed. Looking up, we see that the rain-clouds are breaking, and the sun is struggling to make himself seen through them. We walk on, our pace quickening. Our heart grows lighter. The sun, after a valiant fight, has succeeded in conquering the clouds, and they are broken now, and slowly disappearing. We are still moralizing. There is much in life, after all, to bring one enjoyment; work itself is a pleasure to one who is in health. The joyous consciousness of having done his duty is enough to repay a man for many weary hours of toil. The peerless pleasure of helping others, and of being able to mitigate some of the pain and misery in the world can be ours if we will but have it. And then the weary hours of uncongenial toil are few compared to the many hours of almost unmixed enjoyment that we have in the society of friends and the companionship of our books. The sense of strength and power that we feel in physical exercise makes living itself and for itself a pleasure, and we can understand the philosophy of the negro who gave as a reason for being happy, 'I 'se happy, massa, 'cause I 'se alive.' The light of the sun is on the fields around us; yea, it is in our very hearts, chasing away the gloom that has had place there and filling everything with joy and brightness. Our step grows more elastic, and we almost run. As the fatal dinner hour fades away into the obscurity of the past, our digestive organs, too dilatory, alas, with their work, have now done their duty, and remedied the evil that the dinner did us. Our spirits rise and there is a smile on our lips as we walk joyously along. We have gone far enough now, and regrettably we turn towards home.

We return much more quickly than we came, and as we pass our friend's house, we remember a message that we had forgotten and go in. A smiling face and sparkling eyes meet us at the door. A warm, hearty shake of the hands is given us and we feel that though all the rest of the world should forsake us, here one whole friendship will endure to the end. We talk quickly and laughingly, and at last we regretfully leave and turn our steps homewards. We arrive just in time for tea. It is a pleasant meal. The rolls are fresh and delicious, the butter the best the dairy can produce, and the cup of tea rivals for taste and refreshment the nectar of the gods. There is no want of bright, witty conversation, and having sat an hour at the meal we go to our comfortably furnished student room and sit down to think. The chair and dressing gown both seem very comfortable and so we draw up to the fire, and with our slippers feet half way up the mantle we review the day.

* * * * *

O, frail humanity, art thou the prey of thine own lower self? Canst thou not rise above thyself—thy fleshly erring, material self—into the spirit world beyond? Must thou always be conquered by thine own animal appetites? Art thou made for nothing greater than that thy mind should reflect thy body? Art thou indeed the varying, changeful creature of to-day, reflecting in thy soul, chameleon-like, the color of every passing cloud, dark or fair?

A Book is by us on the table and we read and think. Into our minds there comes the story of a sage, long years ago, who grappled with the problem of his life in earnest, anxious searching. The flesh was strong, the spirit weak, but still he struggled on, and at last he triumphed. Thoughtfully we ponder the story of his life, and as we sit and meditate the quiet peace of the midnight hour steals over us. We are half dreaming now, and the

powers of mortal sight seem transcended by a power that looks beyond. We gaze into the future, and the star of Hope leads us on to survey its bright expanse. The horizon is not bounded by mortal vision—we look beyond, into the vast regions of immortality, and all is fair and beautiful. The world of spirits lies before us, and on the portal of this realm, in flaming characters, with trembling fear we read "Who enters here leaves fleshly tastes behind." We are filled with longing to become a denizen of this bright kingdom, and to shake off the dread demon of materialism that has its deadly grasp upon us. A shrouded form stands by our side and whispers in our ear. Eagerly we listen, and the whispered words seem clear and sweet, 'Wouldst thou have thy wish fulfilled?' Speechless we nod assent. 'Within the Book at thy right hand the secret will be found; study it, ponder it, and know, O man, at last, that in the Christian life alone is found that which can bring thee thy desire.'

Our Wallet.

AT THE TOBOGGAN SLIDE.

Over the hill-top we gleefully go,
Down like a flash to the bottom below,
Fair faces smile as their bright cheeks aglow,
Blush at the kiss of the frolicsome snow.

Round us the snow-flakes in ecstacy dance,
Cold in their brightness a thousand gems glance,
Ha! how the North-wind—the tempest's keen lance,—
Charges in haste o'er the sun-lit expanse.

—NEMO.

* * *

An idea of the depth of interest felt in Birmingham, England, in the sports practised by its citizens may be formed from the fact that the recent defeat of the Aston Villa football team, by Queen's Park, Glasgow, in their tie for the association cup, was described in one local paper inside a black mourning border.

* * *

TO—

My little ship is a-sailing,
With sails of silver spun,
Its silken ropes are shining
With fire from the setting sun.

It floats in a sea of glory
Like the evening star in the glow,
And trembles in its floating,
As the waves run to and fro.

It sails in a sea of glory
By breath of violets fanned;
A glowing form is reclining,
She steers with her snowy hand.

Her hair flows o'er her shoulders
Like streams of sunny glow;
But my heart is full of longing
And joy that is almost woe.

For my soul is that ship a-sailing,
It sails in a love-lit sea;
But who is the form reclining
I dare not tell to thee.

—FREE LANCE.

* * *

Why is the Emperor of Russia like a small boy on Thanksgiving? Because he's confounded Hung(a)ry and longs for Turkey.—*Illini*.

* * *

The telephone is a truly great invention. It has worn out the voice of a Hartford female helloer.