

THE VARSITY

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No. 4.

BALLADE OF COMPULSORY LECTURES.

The burden of attending, when we must,—
The toil of getting up at half-past eight,—
The breakfast quickly gobbled, a mere crust—
O curses rest on such an adverse fate!
But I can get a snooze at any rate,
Or else from overwork I might expire;
Or I can gain a moment coming late;—
This is the end of every man's desire.

The weariness to Passmen, and the bore—
And what a farce the whole affair must seem;
Above all, when the lecture comes at four,
It rudely wakes him from his pleasant dream.
He seeketh not occasion to redeem
The error of his ways. *He* would admire
To get his name upon the football team:—
This is the end of every man's desire.

The woe of lectures to the honour man—
He's down the livelong day from nine to five,
Snatching between whiles what fresh air he can,
In the entrance hall. Thus he keeps alive:—
(Compare Macaulay's Essays—that on *Clive*)
Still, in the race for glory who can tire?
He after honours doth intently strive:—
This is the end of every man's desire.

L'Encoy.

The burden, and the weariness, and woe—
I'm placed between Inferno and the fire.
I really *must* get through in May, you know:—
This is the end of every man's desire.

S. LANG.

BASEBALL IN FRENCH.

This summer it was my privilege to penetrate into Lower Canada, as far down as a point about seventy miles below Quebec. In the peaceful village where I stayed, the inhabitants—that is to say, the natives of the place—were all French-Canadians, and were, withal, of a simple and unenterprising sort. They had never heard of baseball, and as for having ever seen a game, they were as innocent as Freshmen regarding it. Consequently, when in company with several other enthusiasts from *Le Haut Canada*, I proposed to help to amuse and instruct the *habitans* by performing for our amusement and their instruction a game of baseball, their interest was wrought up to the highest pitch.

Well, we played the game. It was between "Toronto" and a crowd who with much modesty dubbed themselves "The World." The result of the game is immaterial to the narrative I am now unfolding. Suffice it to say that under a very flimsy and very transparent excuse the "World" contingent

brought into play a lot of "ringers" and "professionals" and won the game in the fateful seventh innings.

The game was witnessed by a large and enthusiastic audience, who seemed to take a very real, if not very scientific interest in the sport, and so pleased were the inhabitants with our rendering of the pastime that they determined to imitate us, and take advantage of our presence in their midst to learn the game, and, by and by, to play it.

I had not thought of the matter again much after my return home, until lately, when I received a copy of the little local paper containing an account of our battle-royal, and all set out with a minuteness and sobriety that is infinitely amusing. I cannot pretend to give a literal and accurate translation of the account, nor will I reproduce the report of the match proper. All that I need do is to give a fairly accurate account of the worthy scribe's general remarks and description of the game of baseball. The rendering of the familiar terminology of the "ball-field" into French is comic in the extreme, but must have been a work of some difficulty to the reporter who so rashly essayed to coin French idioms and words in order to compass the lingo of the great and noble game.

The name, Baseball, is hardly recognizable in the phrase—worthy of a German: "*Le jeu-des-barres-aux-balles*," or literally: "the game of bases with balls." But this lengthy description is further reinforced by the accompanying and explanatory sentence: "*Le jeu national de l'Amerique du Nord!*"

The faithful scribe then proceeds to describe the game, how it is played, its laws, and its phraseology. First, he begins by speaking of going out to the "ball-grounds" as visiting: "*Le champ de jeu-en-forme-du-diamant*." The game, he continues, it played, by nine men on each side, and the positions of the combatants are described as follows: There is first: *M. le joueur* (the pitcher), and *M. l'arrêteur* (the catcher); these together form *une batterie*, (a battery). The first-baseman is disguised under this alias: *M. le directeur-du-sac-premier*, and the other basemen have similar disguises. Indeed, in French, the whole crowd of players wear masks which conceal their identity! The short-stop will answer any inquiry addressed to him if spoken to as *M. l'arrêteur-court*. The "holder-down" of the "left-garden" is described as: *M. le directeur-du-jardin-a-gauche*. And similar "legal additions" are applied to the other players in the out-field. The Umpire is whitewashed and tries to escape detection as *M. l'Arbitre*, but the cloven foot shows itself, even under a French dress.

"The game begins by *M. l'Arbitre* calling out loudly and in a commanding voice: "*Jouez, Messieurs*," at the same instant throwing upon the arena a new and unused ball. At this command *M. le batteur, il marche à la plaque-chez-soi*," (which being interpreted means: the striker walks to the home-

plate) "*quand M. le jeteur, standing dans sa boîte (in his box) prepares to jeter. Pitchers are right and left-handed.*" The French-Canadian horse-reporter speaks disrespectfully of a "south-paw twirler" by calling him: *M. le rotateur-avec-la patte-au-sud!*

"Now, if *M. le batteur* strikes the ball he flings down his batte and runs *envers-le sac-premier*, unless *M. l'Arbitre* admonishes him that the ball was *un balle injuste*"—otherwise in plain English—a "foul ball." In which case the batsman returns à *la plaque*. If, however, *M. le rotateur* makes or gives a *dés-appointement* (a balk) the batter can *marche* (he must trot) to the first bag without the necessity of striking the ball.

"In making the circuit of the bases, it is required that the player so doing shall reach the base before the ball. It is often imperative, then, that he should *glisser* (slide), and this advice is gratuitously given by *M. le conseiller* (the coacher), whenever he deems it expedient, and the case urgent.

"It often happens that the opinions of *M. l'Arbitre* and *M. le-jeteur*, or some other player, do not agree as to matters of fact, and in these cases, should the discussion wax warm, and the player who objects make what is known as a pronounced *coup-de-pied* (a kick)—this is of course metaphorical—*M. l'Arbitre* imposes what is called *une amende* (a fine) usually about 20 or 30 *trente-sous*, for each *coup-de-pied*.

"Players are paid as high as 15,000 piastres for a season, and are bought and sold, or released as if they were mere slaves or chattels. Baseball is truly *un jeu magnifique!*"

I have thus given a somewhat fragmentary account of the wonderful and fearful appearance which baseball presents when served à *la Française*, and can only conclude with the hope that the unusual and star ling idioms and phrases which are necessary to make baseball known to the French people will not interfere with their noble enthusiasm on its behalf which I myself witnessed this summer, and of which the above account is the first-fruits.

THE HORSE-REPORTER.

THE HIDDEN STREAM.

Hast thou heard of the stream that floweth
Deep under the noonday sands;
Where the hot wind never bloweth,
And weary-footed bands
Are treading above it their painful path,
Nor dream they of the river,
That, far below, doth onward go,
And, deep from the sun-god's fiery wrath,
Flows cool and peaceful ever?

But apart in the lonely valley,
Aside from the beaten way,
It gusheth forth; and the pilgrim,—
That, worn, hath chanced to stray
From the busy tracks of traffic,—
Drinks, and his soul is strong;
And the "little flowers that love the shade"
Dot all its banks along.

Hast thou heard of this stream that floweth
Deep under the desert heat;
Whose banks unseen are ever green,
Untrod by fretful feet?
And none knows whence it cometh,
Where goeth it, no one knows,—
Would'st find this wondrous river?—
In thy brother's heart it flows.

DAVID MACDONALD.

POT-HOLES.

Curious name, indeed, for a still more curious natural phenomenon!

It was on a summer Sunday afternoon that one of our party first stumbled upon them. We had taken passage *per* row-boat from Penetang, northward, and on this particular afternoon, about three o'clock, we were coming near the end of a Sabbath-day's journey, which was to bring us, as we imagined, to the mouth of the "Go-Home" river. An antiquated aboriginal of doubtful veracity, and with strange notions of lineal measurement, had given us clear and succinct ideas of the route to our desired haven. That we took four days and a French-Canadian guide to find the place—six miles away—is proof positive of the value of his information.

It is well known that Sunday travelling exercises a deteriorating influence upon the bodily energies. It may have been this fact, coupled with the ill effect of the Episcopalian morals of one of the party upon the strict Calvinistic principles of the other two, that made all three cast suggestive eyes upon our tackle as we passed through a cool deep channel, where a gentle current flowed listlessly between the rocky shores of two neighbouring islands. We were tired of the lazy motion of the boat, the water seemed indeed "pleasant to the eyes," and—in short, we yielded. We landed on the left bank of the Cut, and there we caught our supper and found the Pot-Holes.

It was, of course, out of the question that we should devote any part of Sunday to the pursuit of geologic science. Besides,—the maskinonge at the "Go-Home!" Accordingly, we pushed on, straining our ears to catch the roar of the falls at the river-mouth, which, our Indian misinformant had told us, was plainly audible at long distances, and an unmistakable indication of their whereabouts. Our adventures in search of them; our curses, not loud but deep, upon the perfidious red man; our conversations with that linguistic oddity, a Frenchman who talked English, Gaelic, and Chippewa, matter not here. Suffice it to say that when we again found ourselves on the banks of "Bell Island Cut," the pot-holes, which had been there for centuries, were there still. A solitary frog, of minute dimensions, poked his nose through the green scum which covered the surface of one and croaked a feeble but friendly welcome.

The sight of these freaks of nature affected one of our number in a curious manner. He assumed a learned and majestic air, together with a dialect wholly unknown to the others. He informed us of his previous acquaintance with pot-holes, and proceeded to impart to us all his information on the subject. We have a lingering idea that he said the rock was of the oldest known formation; also that it was azoic. Howe'er it be, we were convinced when we came to lie upon it some hours later,—not a twig or a clump of moss intervening,—that it had certainly had ample time to harden.

It was not, however, till the next afternoon that the Savant really reached the height of his scientific frenzy. By that time he had resolved to explore the pot-holes' awful depths. Then did Dollinger—for so did we name our pilot-man—protest. He felt no drawings of spirit towards the yawning chasms of those pre-Adamite excavations. He felt no interest in science, as represented by a circular pool of concentrated liquid malaria. His delicate olfactories rose in rebellion. In vain—the Savant was inexorable. Dollinger divested himself of his prejudices and his coat, assumed at once a leaky tin-pail and a

bearing worthy of the Canadian Institute, Geologic Section, and went to work.

As the water went down, the Savant's spirits and the rank odour of the pot-holes went up. When the water had all been bailed out, there was found beneath a layer a foot deep of decayed and decaying vegetable matter. Then was seen the noble spectacle of the learned and dignified Savant, but recently graced with the B.A., badge of well-earned honour, groping and grining in that putrid mass, bent on the pursuit of science, and wholly oblivious of the rising vapours and of the mosquito hordes that made in vain their multitudinous attacks upon his swelling brow. And when this had been cleared away, then, indeed, did his countenance beam with a great enthusiasm, for beneath there lay a mass of heavy earthy matter, fine of grain, hard of composition, in appearance much resembling common grey clay. And yet deeper did the Savant and the unwilling Dollinger explore, and did cast up, the one to the other, sundry pailfuls of grey sand and gravel, and sundry stones of various shape. And at times would the Savant shout with a great shout, and tear from among the *débris* stones round and smooth and regular, worked by nature with all the skill and more than the patience of man.

And now, at last, is the task complete, and the Pot-Hole is laid bare. The Savant is no dwarf, yet when he stands upon its rocky floor, his crown is four good inches below the level of the rock around. Its walls are smooth and regular, save where at one side is an irregular concavity deep in the solid rock, in which the hole has been in the course of long ages laboriously bored.

For, Dollinger, you who now stand there upon the pot-hole's brink and smile contemptuously upon the Savant below, there, where your unscientific foot now rests upon dry land, has in the long-forgotten past swept a mighty current, resisted here, and whirling round and round in its wrath, frothing and foaming, dashing back and forth with restless rage. And as it whirled it carried with it the stones, heavy and sharp-angled, that fell into its clutches. Round and round, round and round, wearing off the angles one by one, wearing deeper, too, into the solid rock-bed of the whirlpool, dashing with frenzied force against the side of the cavity they have made, and still round and round, deeper and ever deeper.

"And now?" asks Dollinger, showing at last a faint degree of interest.

"And now," the Savant quietly answers, "now we see the pot-holes, worked thus during ages of ages; the clay-like sand, the wearings from their sides; the rounded stones, the worn remains of rude and sharp-cornered masses of rock—all that is left of nature's boring-tools."

UBIQUE.

SOME AMERICAN AUTHORS.

The clever New York Reporter has given us his impressions of the appearance of some of the men whose names are household words:

Mr. Lowell and Mark Twain do not look in the least alike. Mr. Lowell has a dignified air of suppressed intelligence; Mark Twain has an intelligent air of suppressed dignity. In other words, Mr. Lowell endeavours to conceal his authorship, while Mark Twain presents to the public the spectacle of a man saying to himself, "Why don't they label us?"

R. H. Stoddard is described as a venerable gentleman with white hair, a snowy beard, and a ruddy complexion.

H. C. Bunner looks as youthful as Mr. Stoddard looks venerable. His hair and jaunty mutton-chop whiskers are to the hair and whiskers of Mr. Stoddard as a raven's wing to a snow-bank.

James Whitcomb Riley bears an intimate relation in personal appearance to William Nye. His face is as clean shaven as that of a Roman priest and there is not much hair on the top of his head. At first sight of Edward Eggleston the impression was conveyed that he was wearing one of those lofty head-coverings which are known as bear-skin caps, and which are affected by drum-majors. Close examination revealed that it was only his natural hair.

LITERARY NOTES.

Part 1, Book I., of the 5th Edition of Foster's Text-Book of Physiology has just appeared (Williamson & Co.).

The current numbers of the *Quarterly* and the *Edinburgh Reviews* contain long articles on the poetical works of the late Matthew Arnold.

A largely re-written and improved edition of Calderwood's Handbook of Moral Philosophy has been lately published by MacMillan & Co. It is the 14th edition of that popular though much-maligned work.

"The Ethics of Marriage," by H. S. Pomeroy (Funk & Wagnalls; M'Alinsh), is a work which has caused a good deal of comment. It is written by a physician, who is well able to discuss the question in all its bearings. It is an earnest and vigorous plea for a purer and higher standard in the marriage relation. The author has a strong belief in the doctrine of heredity, and shows very clearly what must be the ultimate result to individuals, communities and the state as a whole if nature and morality are disregarded as much as the writer believes them to be at the present day.

"Essays: Theological and Literary," by R. H. Hutton, has proved so acceptable that MacMillan & Co. have issued a new and enlarged edition in two volumes.

The name of the late Thomas Hill Green has been brought very prominently before the reading public in connection with Mrs. Humphrey Ward's novel, "Robert Elsmere," in which Mr. Grey is undoubtedly intended to represent the Professor, as he quotes, on three occasions, passages from a volume of lay sermons entitled "The Witness of God," which were delivered by the author of "The Prolegomena to Ethics."

The novel is certainly one of the most powerful that has appeared for some years, and, strange as it may seem, Mrs. Margaret Leland has done for her American readers, in her "John Ward, Preacher," which covers much the same ground or at least appeals to the same class of readers, and is considered to be hardly less inferior in merit—what Mrs. Ward has done for trans-Atlantic readers. Portraits of both these ladies will appear in the *Book-Buyer* for November. Students, however, while they may not be interested in "Robert Elsmere," yet may possibly be glad to know that the third and last volume of Professor Green's miscellaneous works, under the able editorship of Mr. R. L. Melliship, has just been issued in England. The volume will contain a memoir, a portrait, and a complete index to the three volumes, and should be of great interest to those who have studied his works.

The volume of sermons is published by Longmans, Green & Co., and as the price is moderate, many might easily obtain it for themselves.

THE VARSITY.

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THE MODERN LANGUAGE DEPARTMENT.

In all departments of study, the tendency in modern times is toward specialization. In the American colleges (notably in the case of Harvard, the boldest innovator of a progressive class), this tendency has been displayed to a remarkable extent, and our own University has been so far imbued with the spirit of the age in educational matters as to take the first steps at least in the direction named. Among other indications of its influence, may be mentioned the sub-division of the department of Mathematics, by which it is made possible for each student to pursue in the Fourth Year the special branch of the subject, — Physics or Pure Mathematics,—for whose study he feels himself best fitted.

It is but natural that this tendency to specialization—to the greater concentration of the student's powers—having begun with one department, should extend to others. Between our own position, with seven honour courses in which it is possible to graduate, and that of the American college with its limitless possibilities in this respect, there is, it would seem, (having once admitted the specializing principle) no logical standing-ground. Who will venture, having once admitted the student's right to choose his course, to define the limits within which that right may be exercised?

In this connection, the course in Modern Languages, as at present laid down, has been the subject of late of much discussion. To the student in that department it is wholly unnecessary to point out how extensive that course is; as for others, we need do no more than refer them to the curriculum as published. With the possible exception of the newly-formed course in Political Science, it embraces a wider range of reading than any other in the College.

There are obvious disadvantages attendant on an arrangement by which English, French, German and Ethnology, or the three first named and Italian and Spanish, are jumbled into one group. The chronological basis of arrangement is not without its objections. There would be as much propriety in classing Polish with Portuguese as there is in grouping French and German together simply on the ground that they are modern languages. Except for the purposes of comparison,—and, be it remarked, as matters now stand in the College, this possible advantage is almost entirely neglected—the classification is valueless.

There arises, too, the objection that, where so much work is taken up, not all can possibly be done to the satisfaction of the student. The undergraduate, for example, who wishes to obtain, during his college course, a wide knowledge of the literature of modern France, must be disappointed to find himself restricted in his fourth year to the study of the works of a single modern author. And yet, under the present system no better plan can be devised.

The specializer is, of course, ready with a remedy. Whether or not his prescription is of value, time and the experience of those who follow his directions alone will show.

He would propose then, the subdivision of the Modern Language group, in the fourth year at least, into two or possibly three departments. In his opinion, students in the course should be allowed a choice between the *Romance* and the *Teutonic* groups of languages. He would probably require the student in either of the new courses to take up the special work in English now required of honour men in Moderns. This for the present, at any rate.

It is our own opinion that the study of the English Language

and Literature should be formed as soon as at all possible into a separate course, and we earnestly hope that the Professor of English soon to be appointed may be chosen with a view to this end. In the meantime, having regard to the reputation of the College, as represented by her graduates, would it not be well to require every student in every course to devote some portion of his time in each year to the study of his mother-tongue? Surely the country has a right to expect that, whatever else her college graduates,—the representatives, in some sense, of her culture,—may lack, they should at least be able to speak and write the English language with some approach to correctness and elegance.

THE BASEBALL CLUB.

Evidently the game of Baseball has come to stay in the University of Toronto. The College Baseball Club has met with much opposition and abuse in times past, but it has steadily kept its place among college sports, and has recently developed and increased in popularity. It is folly to deny it a place among recognized college sports, and equally foolish to refuse to it proper rank as a scientific and healthful athletic exercise and pastime. Such being the case, and a large portion of our undergraduates being interested in the game, and especially in the project now under discussion—viz. : of taking a Varsity nine on a playing tour through the New England College district—THE VARSITY desires to say a good word for the sport, and to second warmly the proposal to take a "starving" tour in the States. There is lots of good material among the graduates and undergraduates of the University, and as they have always occupied an honourable and prominent position in other departments of athletics, we see no reason why baseball should not be encouraged, nor do we see why our men should not succeed as well at baseball as they have at football and other games. Such a tour as is contemplated would be desirable in every way and we hope that it will be accomplished in the near future. All the pleasant associations and legitimate features of baseball can be cultivated on the Varsity campus without any of the attendant objectionable circumstances to be met with in the professional arena, therefore it is that THE VARSITY extends a cordial welcome to the new candidate for popular favour among recognized college sports, and wishes the College Baseball Club every measure of success.

DEGREES IN SCIENCE.

Nothing has been more remarkable in the later history of our University than the recent rapid development and increased popularity of the Science Department. It has certainly received more attention and financial aid from the authorities of late than it ever did before, and has consequently been enabled to enlarge greatly its teaching staff and its laboratories.

There are now six graduating sub-departments in Science, if we include—as it seems fair and reasonable to do—that of Pure Mathematics. These are: Biology, Chemistry, Mineralogy, Geology, Physics, and Pure Mathematics. And yet there is no academical recognition of Science, no special Science degree awarded by the Senate of our University. A candidate may graduate in any one of the above-mentioned branches of scientific learning, and still the only degree granted to him is,—in his case,—the somewhat meaningless one of Bachelor of Arts! If these branches of education are deemed as important as those of Classics, Modern Languages, and the like—and the University does recognize them as on an equality—then we do not see why the Senate should not give some academical recognition to Science in the Provincial University.

The degree of Bachelor of Arts might very properly be retained for candidates who have successfully pursued some course in what are known as the "humanities," or those branches of study usually termed literary, as opposed to scientific, and including Classics, Modern Languages, Philosophy, and Oriental Literature, Political Science, and the polymathic pass, which embraces a portion of all the foregoing. It is about as sensible to give the degree of Bachelor

of Arts to a Biological student as it would be to give an LL.B. to a divinity student or an M.D. to a lawyer!

The Science Department is strong enough now to stand alone, and its graduates are entitled to some academical recognition and status as such. We believe this is a reasonable request, and one which, if granted, would be acceptable and pleasing to Science men. It is time that some distinction were made between graduates in the Science and Arts departments. If the latter are entitled to the degree of B.A., then the former are equally entitled to that of B.Sc., or its equivalent.

THE CANADIAN COLLEGE PRESS.

In our issue of November 10th we ventured, not without some hesitation, to advocate the formation of a College Press Association for the Dominion of Canada. We also made a promise of a practical kind, viz.: that we would furnish our brother editors with a News-Letter from time to time containing items of interest from and about our University. This promise we have made good, and our contemporaries have, ere this, doubtless received the first News-Letter from Toronto. This is somewhat of an experiment as yet, but it is a practical way of commencing the proposed journalistic alliance which we hope to see soon established. THE VARSITY trusts that its modest effort in this direction will be received in a kindly spirit by its Canadian brethren, and that some, if not all, of them will be encouraged to do likewise.

Already we have been much encouraged by receiving from the Editor of the King's College *Record*, of Windsor, Nova Scotia, the following words of approval and support:—"A College Press Association would put lots of life into us, and no one of us would be content to loaf and see his brother editors striding past him and bearing their papers with them! . . . *The Record* will support you heartily in your new work."

We regret very much that in the list of Canadian College papers published recently in THE VARSITY the names of two should have escaped our attention. These are: *The Acadia Athenæum*, of Wolfville, N.S., and the *Argosy*, of Sackville, N.B. The omission of these papers from our list was entirely unintentional, and we tender our apologies to the *Athenæum* and *Argosy*. We have to thank a Nova Scotia contemporary for calling our attention to the omission.

THE POLITICAL SCIENCE CURRICULUM.

The curriculum of the graduating course lately established in Political Science has appeared and has become the subject of considerable discussion. A glance at the list of works prescribed in the various years will show that the hopes of those students, who, misled by the previous meagre equipment of this department, were looking forward to Political Science as a possible source from which to obtain their degree with a minimum of work, have been woefully blasted; and indeed some of our graduates have been found to express a fear lest the framers of the curriculum may have fallen into the prevalent error of sacrificing thoroughness to comprehensiveness, and of preferring a mass of hastily skimmed work to a smaller quantity carefully studied and really mastered. Whether these fears are well grounded, the course of the next few years will show, but in the meantime, we cannot but welcome this first-fruit of Professor Ashley's advent amongst us, as a sign that he is going to do all in his power to make his department efficient.

THE FIRST CLASS-SOCIETY.

The meeting of Wednesday last, a short report of which will be found in another column, was decidedly favourable to the proposal to organize the Class of '89 into a permanent society. The attendance was large and those present were unanimous in their endorsement of the principle involved. The course adopted, of appointing a committee to collect full information before further action is taken, was certainly the best that could have been taken under the circumstances. THE VARSITY begs to express its gratification at the result of the meeting and to congratulate '89 on the probability of its being the first year graduating from the College to adopt a plan which

has produced such excellent results in the United States and which promises so well here.

The present graduating year is under disadvantages as regards the organization proposed. That so strong a feeling in favour of it should have been manifested is a pleasant surprise. At the same time, the chances of success would have been much greater, had the movement to foster a class spirit begun with the matriculation of the class. Let the third, second and first years begin the good work now. The information which the fourth year will collect will be at their disposal, and we hope that by the end of this year every class in the College will be thoroughly and permanently organized.

REVISION OF THE CURRICULUM.

A correspondent in another column draws attention to a few much-needed changes in the curriculum. As he points out, though the Political Science department has been established, the Metaphysical course is still burdened with a portion of the work which properly belongs to the former course. In other words, students in Philosophy have still to read Walker, Mill, Bagehot, Maine, and Bourinot, while these very works have been introduced into the Political Science course.

Modern History and Ethnology are still made compulsory upon those who take up the Modern Languages, and although there is no valid reason for mixing up History and Ethnology and French and German, for instance, and although the Senate has been importuned time and again to adopt some sensible and scientific principle of preparing the curriculum, yet they have not shown any disposition, thus far, to yield to the wishes of those most interested in the subject. It is a pity that the Senate did not take the occasion afforded by the preparation of the new Political Science course to overhaul the whole curriculum, and adopt those changes which, as our correspondent points out, are absolutely needed at the present time.

COMMUNICATION.

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

REVISE THE CURRICULUM.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY:

SIRS,—In the present kaleidoscopic, almost volcanic, state of the curriculum, it will perhaps seem gratuitous to draw attention to some of the incongruities which deface it; but as the matter is one which concerns a number of the students, affecting as it does the members of two courses, I cannot refrain from referring to it.

The Political Science course has been established, and has been welcomed by all of us; but, in introducing this newcomer, the Senate does not seem to have taken pains to assimilate its surroundings to it.

The Metaphysical course has been left with its small portion of Political Science unaltered, and we have the spectacle of two courses in the same subject existing side by side. Of course this defect will be remedied in time, but the uncertainty of when and how the alteration will be made produces a feeling of suspense which is detrimental to study.

Similarly, the Modern Language course, which has groaned so long under the burden of the History of the World from Deucalion to Napoleon, has not been relieved of its Atlas-like load, although it should undoubtedly be assumed by the newcomer. Is this change to take place soon?

The importance of this matter to students in either of the courses above referred to is evident, but when there are several students, amongst whom your correspondent reckons himself, who are taking both Metaphysics and Modern Languages, the annoyance becomes very serious.

As a student of the Third Year, it does not become me to refer to the work of the Fourth Year, to which I may never come; but the considerations mentioned above seem to apply to the Ethnology which is affixed to Modern Languages in that year.

STUDENT.

ROUND THE TABLE.

Among the unique performances in literature may be reckoned that of William Beckford, the author of "Memoirs of Extraordinary Painters," who wrote his wonderful romance, "Vathek," at a single sitting, and in French—a double feat of genius and scholarship. The tale is as weirdly great as any of the romances of Edgar Allan Poe or Théophile Gautier. The author amassed a marvellous collection of curios and brought together a fine library at Fonthill Abbey, the residence which he built for himself, and which, with its treasures, subsequently fell under the auctioneer's hammer.

* * *

There is a curious natural phenomenon in the Franconia range of the White Mountains, New Hampshire, described in the local guide-books as "The Profile, Franconia Notch." It is, in fact, the features in profile (for, viewed from all points but one, only formless masses of rock are apparent) of a colossal head, sculptured by chance from the living rock. The Indian legend connected with it is poetic. Long ago, says the tradition, there dwelt in this region two powerful tribes, ever at variance. The young chief of the one loved and was beloved by the beautiful daughter of the cacique of the other. She fled from her home to become his bride. But the marriage did not help to allay the enmity of the aged chieftain. After long entreaty, the girl prevailed upon her husband to allow her to go and strive to pacify her father and reconcile the hostile tribes. She promised to return the same day, and the young chief said he would sit upon the lofty rock that overhung the village and await her coming. But she came not back, having been secretly put to death, and night fell, and the morning dawned, and he sat silent upon the crag, never stirring, but suffering in silence, till his heart broke, and the Great Spirit in pity changed him into stone. And there he sits yet, Sphinx-like, amid the quiet of the mountains.

* * *

The revolting and fiendish series of crimes which has lately invested the name of Whitechapel with an association of horror, reminds one of the old stories about vampires and wehr-wolves. They had doubtless some foundation in fact. There exist creatures in human shape capable of committing any atrocity, however devilish and unspeakable. Nobody, probably, has ever imagined anything so horrible that someone, at some time or other, has not either done or attempted to do.

* * *

The following passage, from Shelley's "Defence of Poetry," is considered by some critics the finest example of prose in all the range of English literature:—

"Poetry turns all things to loveliness; it exalts the beauty of that which is most beautiful, and it adds beauty to that which is most deformed; it marries exultation and horror, grief and pleasure, eternity and change; it subdues to union under its light yoke all irreconcilable things. It transmutes all that it touches, and every form moving within the radiance of its presence is changed by wondrous sympathy to an incarnation of the spirit which it breathes: its secret alchemy turns to potable gold the poisonous waters which flow from death through life; it strips the veil of familiarity from the world, and lays bare the naked and sleeping beauty, which is the spirit of its forms."

* * *

In the world of letters, just as in the world of politics, there are extremists on both sides of every important question. With regard to slang, we have both radicals and conservatives—those who confess to a strong and frank admiration for and a tendency to make use in composition of the numerous floating uncrystallized words and expressions which appertain to every living speech, and the disdainful purists who decry the innovation of every slangy word or phrase into the language of literature.

Slang, however, may be said to be a natural process, with-

out which no language would expand and advance with the extending and progressive ideas of its speakers. A large proportion of the language in common and in literary use was once slang of the most barbarous description. Truly, the slang of to-day is the good English of to-morrow. And the main dislike of slang arises, not from its innate ineptitude, but from the fact that the introduction of many of its words and phrases is often forced and premature. Language is a gradual growth, and any attempt at artificial enlargement generally produces enfeeblement and enervation. The language richest in the strong yet delicate expression of thought will be that which neither offers resistance to nor essays to hasten the changes which time inevitably effects. Doing the one leaves the language in the rear of the national development; to do the other is to create, as it were, a new speech, or, at all events, to produce a wide and undesirable discrepancy between the popular and the literary language.

As in the growth of a tree leaves and branches are continually dying, and being replaced by others which burgeon in their stead, so in a language, words and expressions become inadequate or inappropriate to convey the ideas originally attached to them, grow obsolescent, and disappear, to be replaced either by ingrafting foreign words, or by the natural succession of hitherto uncrystallized forms. These, too, in the normal order of replacement, will always be such as peculiarly commend themselves to the taste, for their happy suitability to the idea to be expressed, for their condensed humour or metaphor, for their suggestiveness or picturesqueness. It is best, therefore, in language as in everything else, to let nature take her course, and time, or chance, perform its work unassisted.

* * *

Mr. James Russell Lowell recently reviewed on a public occasion the last sixty years of American literary effort. Sixty years ago, when he was in his youth, there were but two American writers, Cooper and Irving, who could have supported themselves with their pens. Now the number of American writers who earned a competency by literary work is vast indeed. This, too, although the publishing houses deluge the country with numberless cheap editions of foreign authors. The most characteristic development of all that period is a form of racy and popular humour, which, says Mr. Lowell, is thoroughly wholesome. He might have added, and wholly irreverent. For the great American joke is always a jibe, and when the joker has exhausted his material, he finds new resources in mocking at himself.

* * *

A genuine bookworm is perhaps to be avoided,—he is a bloodless man, who has lost in the turning over of the leaves of his tall folios sympathy with things external. And then, how useless to this quick life of men all his curious information. Yet have I known C—, kind, shrewd, honest, and a great reader withal. It is as good as a play to watch C— at a book-stall when he has found a book to his mind,—the way he has of deluding the seller as to his choice until the bargain is struck; the eagerness quivering in his voice in spite of his efforts to have it sound indifferent. For C— is a true believer in the natural wickedness of a book-dealer. When he has come to terms in the end, and has possessed himself of the coveted volume, he slips it under his coat, which he buttons triumphantly. But C—'s trials in the landing of his prize are not yet over. He must smuggle it into his den. For there is an edict of his household against more books to clutter up the place, and C— is of an easy temper, and cares not to fly in the face of authority. He cannot conceal his impatience at table, and at the earliest possible moment disappears. Now is the time to watch C—. He enjoys himself hugely as he settles in the padded arm-chair leisurely to inspect his purchase. After a time his interest is fired, and he begins to read, his zeal quickening as he turns the leaves, mumbling passages to himself, and at length pacing with long strides up and down, down and up, fairly devouring the pages, tearing them apart, if uncut, with a gaunt forefinger. The vehemence of the man is amazing. The next day his select friends knew that he had been making a night of it. For he shared with them the spoils. Peace to his ashes, for his was a gentle soul.

H.

UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE NEWS.

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

LITERARY SOCIETY.

At the society's ordinary meeting on Friday evening the programme given was as follows:—The meeting opened with an impromptu chorus from members of the Glee Club. Mr. T. D. Dockray read a selection from James Russell Lowell. Mr. F. J. Davidson's essay on "Tobacco" followed, but the reader was unfortunate in not speaking loud enough to be heard in all parts of the room.

The subject of debate for the evening was: "Resolved,—that the making attendance at college lectures compulsory is justifiable." Messrs. Forin and Kirkpatrick upheld the affirmative and Messrs. Gibson and McGee the negative, Messrs. Rothwell, Coatsworth and Cooke also spoke on the question. The decision was left with the meeting, which decided for the negative.

On the recommendation of the general committee the society decided to hold its next public meeting on the evening of Dec. 7th.

MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.

The regular weekly meeting of the club was held on Monday last, 19th instant, the President in the chair. Several nominations for membership were made.

A proposal of Mr. Thomas O'Hagan, M.A., to give a lecture before the club on "Longfellow," together with readings from his works, elicited considerable discussion. On motion, it was unanimously decided to accept Mr. O'Hagan's offer. Mr. W. C. Ferguson moved, seconded by Mr. Rodd, that Mr. O'Hagan be requested to give his lecture on the evening of the next regular English meeting, Dec. 3. Carried.

The literary programme was then proceeded with. Mr. W. R. Rutherford read an essay dealing with "Le Lutrin," by Boileau, and was followed by Miss Lawlor and Mr. W. H. Graham in readings from the same work.

The Society then resolved itself into groups for French conversation, and after some time spent in this manner, the meeting adjourned.

CLASS SOCIETY OF '89.

The members of the Fourth Year held a meeting in the Y. M. C. A. Hall on Wednesday last, for the purpose of discussing the formation of the Class of '89 into a permanent society.

In order to open discussion, Mr. Fraser, seconded by Mr. Cross, brought in a motion to the effect that: "We, the members of the Class of '89 here present, hereby approve the movement towards forming the year into a permanent Class Society and pledge ourselves to do all in our power to bring about and maintain such an organization."

This resolution, after a few explanatory remarks by the mover, was carried unanimously, and was followed by a motion, proposed by Mr. Cody, seconded by Mr. Elliott and carried, "That a provisional committee of the Class of '89 be appointed, to consist of Messrs. G. A. H. Fraser, Hull, Snider, Munro, Cross, Senkler, Spotton, Forin, McNamara, H. S. Robertson, J. S. Johnston, Spence, Moss, Buchanan, and the mover and seconder, which shall (1) Communicate with the representatives of class societies in American colleges with a view to gaining all possible information regarding their constitution and aims, (2) Draft a constitution for the proposed new Society and (3) Report to a meeting of the year to be held at the call of the convener of the provisional committee in January next when the Society may be permanently organized. The meeting then adjourned.

A meeting of the Committee on Organization was held yesterday afternoon in the Y. M. C. A. building, when the first steps were taken towards carrying out the plans proposed.

At a meeting of the undergraduates held in the Y. M. C. A. on Friday evening last, after the adjournment of the Literary Society, a committee consisting of Messrs. H. J. Cody, A.

Smith, F. C. Snider, J. J. Ferguson, T. D. Dockray, and C. S. Wood was appointed to draft a petition to the Senate asking that the Library be open from 9 a.m., until 5 p.m., and that the catalogue of books be printed. The petition is to be placed in the Janitor's room for signature.

KNOX COLLEGE NOTES.

A. E. Mitchell, President of Knox College Missionary Society, J. McP. Scott, J. Robertson, D. C. Hossack, and P. J. McLaren, were the delegates appointed to attend the Inter-Seminary Missionary Alliance at Cobourg. D. C. Hossack read a paper on the Jews, which was much appreciated. Besides the regularly appointed delegates, there were a few fellows who went down of their own accord, and were received there as delegates. They one and all say that they were well entertained, and greatly benefited by the papers, addresses, and discussions.

The Quintette Club, composed of Messrs. Gordon G., Gordon C., Tibb, Haddow, and Hamilton, are back again from their trip across the ocean and all look well. They have given the public of Toronto several chances to hear them which probably it will not have again for awhile, for they will soon be scattered, Hamilton at Knox College, Haddow at Milton, Tibb and Gordon C. at places unknown as yet, and Gordon G. at 513 Spadina Avenue, where he will try to relieve the ills incident to mortals.

The Knox College Library was improved considerably this summer by having new shelves put in, and the walls, &c., freshened up. The only trouble now is how to fill the shelves, which query is receiving the attention of those interested in the success of Knox, and they are beginning to show their interest in a practical manner.

W. P. McKenzie, B.A., who has been staying at Davisville, N.Y., for the benefit of his health, has returned to the College again seemingly in improved health, and is acting Librarian in the absence of J. A. Macdonald.

Mr. J. A. Macdonald, the managing editor of the *Knox College Monthly*, is in the Old Country, just now at Edinburgh. He was granted six months' leave of absence by the Literary and Metaphysical Society, and we hope that he may come back freshened and able to perform with still greater success than he has had in the past his duties in connection with the *Monthly*.

M'MASTER HALL.

Dr. Castle, who was obliged during the summer to undergo a severe surgical operation, is making satisfactory progress toward complete recovery. Contrary to the fears entertained, he is able to do full work. Mr. K. Castle also, who has been ill for some time with fever, is progressing very favourably.

The students of McMaster Hall entertained to dinner on the evening of Thanksgiving Day the Faculty and students of Moulton Ladies' College, the Governors of McMaster University resident in Toronto, and the Faculty of McMaster Hall. The young ladies furnished music, Mr. McLeod a Scotch reading, and Mr. Stone with some half-dozen others gave a very interesting gymnastic exhibition in the gymnasium.

The Theological and Literary Society and the *Cos Ingeniorum* Literary Society will hold a joint public meeting on the evening of Friday, November 30th. Mr. Woodruff will read an essay, Mr. E. J. Harris will deliver an oration, and Canadian Independence will be discussed by Messrs. O'Neill, Mills, Brown and Gilmour. Dr. Caven is expected to occupy the chair.

Mr. R. P. Wilder addressed the students of McMaster Hall after chapel service on Wednesday morning of last week.

THE LATE REV. JOSEPH BUILDER, B.A.

The late Rev. Joseph Builder, a devoted missionary from India, died recently at Asheville, North Carolina, of consumption. He came from Brantford, his home, to Toronto, early in life, and studied at Knox College and at the Univer-

city of Toronto, graduating from the latter institution in 1880. In December, 1883, he was designated as a missionary to Central India. He was stationed at Mhow, and was exceptionally successful in his labours among the natives. About a year ago his health began to fail, and he was compelled to return home. Upon the approach of the cold autumn weather he was advised to go South, which he did, but the change of climate did not prove of any avail, and within a few days after his arrival at Asheville he passed away. He leaves a widow and small family to mourn his untimely taking-off.

PERSONAL.

C. J. Marani, '88, is with Willis Chipman, C.E., in the Town Engineer's office at Brockville, Ont.

P. B. Wood, of the class of '88, has signed as pitcher with the Philadelphia Baseball Club for the season of 1889.

Geo. H. Richardson, '88 of the S. P. S., is in the office of the Toronto Engineer of the C. P. Railway.

A. N. Garrett and E. P. Gordon have returned from their tour in the British Islands with the Canadian Association Football team.

W. P. Thomson, '89, is visiting in Scotland, and is expected back in a few weeks.

C. E. Burkholder, '87, and W. H. Hunter, '87, took the first and second scholarships of \$100 and \$60 respectively, at the recent Second Intermediate examination in Law.

The following graduates and undergraduates of the University of Toronto have passed the Barristers' examination of the Legal Society of Ontario:—Graduates: J. A. V. Preston, W. C. Chisholm, W. I. Standish, M. S. Mercer, M. F. Muir, A. B. Thompson, E. W. H. Blake, and W. E. Thompson. Undergraduates: T. R. Ferguson, F. C. Jarvis.

J. H. Bowes, '84, and H. B. Witton, '85, were sworn in as Solicitors on Tuesday last.

The following graduates were admitted to the Law Society as Students-at-Law:—W. J. Robertson, N. Simpson, L. P. Duff, C. H. Glassford, E. C. Senkler, and T. B. P. Stewart.

It is said that the Registrar proposes posting this notice: "Gentlemen will remove their hats on entering the office; others *must*."

BOOKS ADDED TO THE LIBRARY.

Books received since Oct. 25th:—

Pindar.—The Olympian and Pythian Odes, ed. B. L. Gildersleeve.

Thucydides.—Bk. I., ed. C. D. Morris.

Æschylus.—The Seven Against Thebes, ed. Verral and Bayfield.

Xenophon.—Hiero, ed. Holden.

Geikie, A.—The Scenery of Scotland.

Powell, J. W.—Introduction to the Study of Indian Languages.

Tuttle, H.—History of Prussia Under Frederick the Great, 1740-56. 2 vols.

Bartlett, R. E.—The Letter and the Spirit. Bampton Lecture, 1888.

March, F. A.—Method of Philological Study of English.

Fotheringham, J.—Studies in the Poetry of Robert Browning.

Faussig, F. W.—The Tariff Question of the United States.

Life of Burns.—By J. Stuart Blackie.

Life of Bunyan.—By E. Venables.

Grandgent, C. H.—Italian Grammar.

Locke, J. B.—Elementary Statics.

Schurman, J. G.—The Ethical Import of Darwinism.

Church, R. W.—Dante, and other Essays; Miscellaneous Essays.

Freeman, E. A.—William the Conqueror.

Æschylus.—Translated by Anna Swanwick.

Sophocles.—Antigone, ed. with notes and translation by R. C. Jebb.

Agassiz, A.—Three Cruises with the Steamer Blake.

Gordon, C. G.—Letters to his Sister.

Chapman, E. G.—Minerals and Geology of Central Canada, 3rd ed.

Shakespeare.—The Irving Shakespeare, Vols. I. and II.

Shakespeare.—Doubtful Plays, ed. by Hazlitt.

Meissner, A. L.—German Grammar.

Heilner, G. M.—German Grammar.

Whitney, W. D.—German Grammar.

Kruger, H. M.—Conversational German.

Drummond, H.—Tropical Africa.

Arnold, M.—Civilization in America.

Sterne, S.—Constitutional History and Political Development of the United States.

Mannori, Solomon.—An Autobiography, trans. by J. Clark Murray.

Carles, W. R.—Life in Corea.

Ashley, W. J.—James and Philip van Artevelde.

Carlyle, T.—Essays, 3 Vols.

Morley, H.—English Writers, Vol. III.

Heidenham, R.—Hypnotism or Animal Magnetism.

Bourinot, J. G.—A Manual of Constitutional Hist. of Canada.

Chateaucclair, W.—The Young Seigneur.

Gow, Jas.—Companion to School Classics.

Burn, Robt.—Roman Literature and Roman Art.

Lowell, Jas. R.—Political Essays.

Earle, Jas.—Philology of the English Language, 4th ed.

Kant, E.—The Philosophy of, by James Watson.

Godefroy, F.—Dictionnaire de L'Ancienne Langue Française.

Turgot, par Léon Say.

George Sand, par S. Caro.

Mme. de Sévigné, par G. Boissier.

Molière.—La Comédie de, par G. Larroument.

Clédat, L.—Grammaire élémentaire de la vieille langue Française.

Clédat, L.—Morceaux choisies des auteurs Français du Moyen age.

Clédat, L.—Petit glossaire du vieux Français.

(To be continued.)

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 our University. The Literary Department will, as heretofore, be a main feature. The news columns are full and accurate, containing reports of all meetings of interest to its readers.

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