

whom I am desirous of paying my earnest tribute of admiration. Before quoting Pliny, it may be well to transcribe Sir John's account of the Astomi, to be found at p. 297 of his "Voilage and Travaile." "The folk of the Yle that is clept Pytan teyle not, ne labour not the Erthe; for thei eten no manere thing; and thei ben of gode colour, and of faire schap, afre hire gretnesse; but thei smale ben as Dwerghes, but not so litylle as ben the Pymegyes. Theise men lyven be the smelle of wyld Apples; and whan thei gon ony fer weye, thei beren the Apples with hem. For zif thei hadde lost the savour of the Apples, thei scholde dyen anon. Thei ne ben not fully resonable, but thei ben symple, and bestyalle." Pliny's account of them is more circumstantial. "At the very extremity of India," he writes, "on the Eastern side, near the source of the river Ganges, there is the nation of the Astomi, a people who have no mouths. Their bodies are rough and hairy, and they cover themselves with a down plucked from the leaves of trees. These people subsist only by breathing, and by the odours which they inhale through their nostrils. They support them selves upon neither meat, nor drink; when they go upon a long journey, they carry with them only some odiferous roots, flowers and wild apples, that they may not be without something to smell at. But an odour, which is a little more powerful than usual, easily destroys them."

What an amiable, gentle and interesting race, and how much it is to be regretted that it is now extinct! These "most delicate monsters" were indeed deprived of one feature of the human countenance which possesses an endless charm for painters, poets and lovers, but along with it disappeared a thousand ills to which our flesh is heir. With the Astomi there was no toiling for necessary food—no eating of bread in the sweat of their face. With them, no scarcity was ever created by wicked combinations among speculators in wheat. With them, society was not plundered by farmers, millers, butchers, bakers, cooks and confectioners. With them, toothaches were never felt, and dental surgery was unknown. In their happy country there was no wrangling, no mob oratory, no tumultuous mass-meeting. With them there was no noisy forum; no factious senate; no jabbering city council; no Teachers' Convention. In their quiet societies no female orator "talked you dead." No political pretender insisted on entrusting you with state secrets. No scandalmonger tried to make you an accomplice in killing character. The whole business of society was transacted as quietly as if by telegraph, and parties of pleasure were silent as the historical four and twenty blackbirds in the pie—before it was opened. Nevertheless, the Astomi were not without the sensual enjoyments of life, or an abundant supply of luxuries suited to their refined appetite. Their food and drink were the delicious odours of roots and fruits, leaves and flowers. They inhaled their nourishment through the organ of smell, and pampered their palate through their olfactory nerves. They could breakfast plainly on a plate of rosebuds, and dine luxuriously on the fragrance of a nosegay. The perfumes of the garden, and the scents of the orchard, or the forest, were their only meals. Their store-rooms and pantries were filled with sweet-smelling fruits, dried herbs, aromatic leaves, and bottled essences. Like Titania's favourite they were filled in Summer

"With apricots and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries."

On a journey or a march, their magazine of provisions consisted of baskets of flowers, or collections of fragrant herbs. Their banquets took place in their gardens, and while they appeared to be sitting idly in the midst of a parterre, or carelessly ranged around a flower-plot, they were greedily inhaling their invisible dinner. However varied their bill of fare, it had reference only to the nose. Instead of our familiar invitation, "Come and eat your beef or your mutton with me to-day," they would say in their language (tongue, of course, it could not be called), "Come and smell your violets or pine apple with me this evening." The epicures among the Astomi were known by the fineness of their scents, and the piquancy of their essences; and their gluttony by the length of their meals and the quantity of their inhalations. But notwithstanding the delicate nature of their viands, it seems that the sensualists among them were

not exempted from the distempers that attack their brethren who have mouths and grosser appetites. For, according to our author, they were sometimes carried off by too strong an æthereal diet, and expired in the ecstasies of an aromatic apoplexy.

Correspondence.

To the Editors of the MCGILL UNIVERSITY GAZETTE.

Sirs,—In your issue of February 1st there appears some column or so of some miserable attempt at wit, purporting to have been sent you by W. A. De W.

As I am, as far as I can find out, the only man with such initials in the medical building, I have been accused several times of being the author of the effusion and it has already caused some coolness on the part of some who have hitherto been among my friends at the college. In justice to myself, therefore, I would ask you to publish my denial of being the author of such a low piece of work, or of having anything to do with it.

I remain, Sirs,

Very truly yours,

W. A. DE W. SMITH.

[Although the contribution to which Mr. Smith refers was signed with the initials W. A. De W. it is needless for us to say that we never for a moment suspected that that gentleman was capable of writing such a miserable attempt at wit. We are very sorry that the resurrection which our Poetical Editor caused amongst the contents of our Waste Paper Basket should have led to any coolness between Mr. Smith and his friends, and we sincerely hope that upon the appearance of this denial he will immediately be received back into the bosoms of his fickle admirers. Whoever may have written the poem in question, it was certainly unwarrantable for him to make use of the initials W. A. De W. and we think that the matter ought at once to be investigated in order that the culprit may be brought to light.—Eds.]

Sporting News.

HOCKEY.

During Carnival week, great numbers of people visited the open air rink on the College grounds, and evinced great interest in the hockey tournament. Although the Victorias won the championship, the result need by no means discourage our men, as will be seen from the following resumé of the matches played during the week.

	MATCHES.	
Victorias, (champions),	won 4,	lost 1.
Ottawa,	" 4,	" 2.
McGill,	" 3,	" 2.
Crystals,	" 1,	" 3.
Wanderers,	" 0,	" 4.

Had time permitted, it would have been better to have had the matches played off in pairs in the usual way, as the Ottawa and Victoria teams are now in reality equal, having won one match each. Most of the matches with the Crystals and Wanderers went by default. We may mention that several members of the Ottawa team were old McGill men, whom we were very glad to see amongst us once more.

The following are the matches in which the McGill team took part:—

MCGILL VS. VICTORIAS.

The admirers of the popular and exhilarating game of hockey collected in goodly numbers to witness the opening of the grand hockey tournament on the rink at the McGill College Grounds on Monday afternoon. There were also present many who were strangers to the sport, but who evinced the greatest interest in the proceedings. The ladies were well represented notwithstanding the fact that the weather was bitterly cold. The Victoria and McGill Clubs opened the tournament. Both teams were in fine trim and the ice was in splendid condition. The following were the teams:—

MCGILL.	MCGILL.
G. Dunn.....	Goal.....Hutchinson
Shearer.....	Point.....J. Elder, Capt.