

## THE COLLEGE.

**THIS ISSUE.**—To make up for lost time, this issue has been got out in a week after the last, and the next two or three issues will be published at a like interval of time.

**CRICKET MATCH.**—On Saturday morning a match was played—the Fifth Form against the College. One innings was played, resulting in the triumph of the Fifth by three runs. The other innings will be played this week and will prove a very close match. Mr. Sweatman acted as umpire.

**SURVEYING.**—The VI. Form, feeling the necessity of some out-door exercise to ease their o'erwrought brains, finally bethought them of that useful, and at the same time entertaining mode of passing away the time, known as Surveying. And fortunately for their purpose, College had secured the services of an eminent mathematical genius, technically called in the prospectus the 'First Mathematical Master.' Who of all men more suitable for their purpose for

"Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,  
And o'en the story ran, that he could gauge"

with the greatest accuracy the height of any chimney top or flag pole within a radius of  $(p+q)$  miles, or more, if necessary. The instruments were forthcoming, and out the VI. went, "being covered as to their broad shoulders" with measuring chains and rods. The contrivance, vulgarly known as a *Theodolite*, was set firmly in the ground, and the top of a flag-staff heroically observed by the 1st M.M., while the indefatigable members of the form aforesaid, assisted by taking accurate views of the windows opposite. This machine (a Mæso-Gothic tripod) afforded great facilities for the above style of observation, though it did not further the calculations in any very perceptible degree. It was a great centre of attraction, and more so when it was rumoured that it had a 'neck,' around which was fittingly set a 'collar.' This latter had to be carefully 'clamped' before action could be taken thereon. This was considered an unwise provision as it might afford a dangerous precedent to the swells of the College who usually spend a rather lengthy time in performing the operation in 'clamping' their own collars, and other portions of their attire accurately before appearing on King Street. But now some chimneys are measured, and half-past twelve rings, while the lower forms come out and crowd around. The 1st M.M. assumes his dignity, and his voice is heard 'mid the din;

"While words of learned length and thundering sound  
Amazed the gazing 'Moderns' ranged around;  
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew  
That one small head could carry all he knew."

That mysterious *Lower Fourth* boy (is there such a Form in College?) who has had to bear the brunt of so many bad jokes, has again been palmed off upon us as the author of the following:—What profession was Jupiter? Answer—A clergyman. To prove this, we have to grant that Ovid knew more about Jupiter than we do—granted. Then Ovid particularly calls him, "Rector Olympi."

One day Erskine was hastening out of the House of Commons, when he was stopped by a member going in, who accosted him, "Who's up, Erskine?" "Windham," was the reply. "What's he on?" "His legs," answered the wit.

An Irishman, on being told that a newly invented stove would save just half his usual fuel, replied, "Arrah! then I'll have two, and save it all, my jewel."

Theodore Hook, about to be proposed as a member of the Phoenix Club, enquired "When they met?" "Every Saturday evening, during the winter," was the answer. "Evening? oh! then," said he, "I shall never make a phoenix, for I can't rise from the fire."

## TO THE EDITOR OF THE COLLEGE TIMES.

SIR,—Your note added to the article *Cricket* in last week's issue enables us to understand what "Cricket's" object is. Now, Mr. Editor, I think one sentence in his article shows the sentiment of the writer. "At the time I only felt an inclination to covet my neighbour's." What? "Odd cents," he says; but it would seem from his article that he is very covetous, indeed, coveting their ground and right to play what game they pleased. It is not much wonder the *unfortunate* Fourth Form should refuse to pay their subscription to a game they do not care for (but yet which they should) and especially when they are excluded from playing their favorite game base-ball. Base-ball supporters "say as there are so many Yankees here, we ought to play their game." And quite right, base-ball has taken a deep hold in Canada as well as in the States. Now, instead of *may be*, the Yankees are nice fellows, and they have never dictated in any way to us (for they know better); but yet "Cricket" has taken upon himself to dictate to base-ball players. "Aro we to throw away a harder game for a simpler?" "Cricket" exclaims; "that harder game was played by our fathers!" If cricket is harder than base-ball, played as it *should be*, it is something new to me, and to some others I venture to say as well. After calling cricket that "harder" game to play, he backs down and says, "Cricket is not so hard to learn as it appears." So that, by his own words, the "simpler game, as "played with our sisters," may well contest it with the "harder" as to which is the best.

Before concluding, I might say that this article has been written by request, and I am not to be understood as at all disparaging cricket; but I really think that base-ball players should have their share of the field as well as cricketers, and have only written this because I understand the strain in which the article "Cricket" was written, and why. Yours truly,

ANTI-CRICKETER.  
(BUT NOT ANTI-CRICKET.)

## WISE AND OTHERWISE.

A pavior, to whom Dr. Ratcliffe was indebted, caught him, after many fruitless attempts, just stepping out of his brougham, and demanded payment. "What, you rascal," said the doctor, "do you pretend to be paid for such a piece of work? Why you've spoiled my pavement, and then covered it with earth to hide your bad work!" "Doctor, doctor," said the pavior, "Mine is not the only bad work that the earth hides." "You dog," rejoined the laughing doctor, "come in and I'll pay you," which he did.

Sir Fletcher Norton was noted for his want of courtesy. When pleading before Lord Mansfield on some question of manorial right, he chanced to say, "My lord, I can illustrate the point in my own person. I myself have *two little manors*." "We all know it, Sir Fletcher," interposed the judge, with a bland smile.

Two graceless young fellows, who were determined to pose their minister, Watty Dunlop, meeting him in the high street, accosted him with much solemnity, saying, "Maister Dunlop, doo ye hear the news?" "What news?" "Oh, the devil's dead!" "Is he?" said Dunlop, "then I must pray for the two fatherless bairns."

A lady, walking with her husband on the sea-shore, enquired of him the difference between *exportation* and *transportation*. "Why, my dear," he replied, "if you were on board yonder vessel leaving England, you would be *exported* and I should be *transported*."

Quin, upon first going to Bath, found he was charged most exorbitantly for everything, and was complaining to Bean Nash. The master of ceremonies, who loved his joke, replied, "They have acted to you on truly Christian principles." "How so?" said Quin. "Why," said Nash, "you were a *stranger* and they *took you in*." "Ay," rejoined Quin, "but they have *fleece* me instead of *clothing* me."

## CRICKET.

Since the "Cricketeer," in a desponding mood, wrote his article in the last issue, cricket for this season, and prospects of it for the future, have brightened up very much. By the time his Jeremiado had gone to the press, the weather cleared up, and an inaugural game between odd and even register numbers was played upon the hill, when, though the display of science was not immoderate, there was shown a very fair amount of the stuff from which, with cultivation, scientific play results.

Again, on Saturday morning, a toss-up match, which lasted all morning, was played by the boarders, and, whilst this was going on, the Juniors were having another game, in the most orthodox style of playing and applauding, by themselves on the other side of the ground. It was, to a lover of cricket, a glorious sight to see the two games going, and to hear the sound of the bat, so long unheard in these grounds, borne across the field, and now and then the excited cries after the pause and whistlike stillness before the delivery of a ball.

The sight seems to have kindled a fire of emulation in the breasts of the representatives of the land across the lakes. Now they are at Rome they have resolved to do as the Romans do, and from all appearances they will not have much difficulty in doing it well. One, at least, of them will be on the first eleven, when it is formed. And, by the way, when is this first eleven to be formed? It is surely time that some steps were taken towards deciding upon the respective merits of the most prominent players. We shall, doubtless, soon have challenges sent in, and it will be necessary that the first eleven be ready to meet them well practised, and be uniformed with the College cricket dress.

A second and third eleven should also be formed for both outside and college matches. There may, in all probability, be outside matches to occupy the second eleven, though it is hardly likely there will be any for the third; however, it is necessary that a third eleven be organized, not only to facilitate the getting up of matches within the College, but also, and particularly, that if a vacancy occurs in the other elevens the vacant place may be filled up with regular precision; and it should be the duty of the captain of the first eleven to keep a general eye upon the playing of the others, so that he may rightly regulate any such succession to a vacancy. A great many vacancies will necessarily occur at Midsummer, and these will have to be filled up from below. However, the way the Juniors play is most encouraging. Like Christian, they are determined to enter upon their pilgrimage by the *wicket-gate*, and not turn aside to the broad and inglorious paths of base-ball and other abominations.

What encouragement is required in the shape of bats and balls should be liberally given them by the Committee, and all pains should be taken to foster their play, for on them the future prowess of the College depends. If the country towns will not send in players ready-made, as once they did, at least let new boys learn young to play the game here; and if, when children, they are trained up in the way they should go, when they are old they will go it, and acquire for the College a renown equal to the greatest it ever enjoyed of yore. "'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wish'd."

## DIED.

On Thursday, at the Old Fort, of consumption, HENRY GOODWIN, son of Major Goodwin, and till lately Gymnastic Master of this College.