

from a political point of view. England saw her brightest star arise in the genius of Shakespeare more than a century before modern German literature begins; and, in comparison with England, Germany is, politically speaking, much younger still. It is only when we keep in view the sudden rise of the German Empire to its present exalted position as a chief factor in European politics, that we can account for the existence of so much individual conservatism and non-progressiveness alongside of great national advances. The Government is nominally a constitutional, but really a despotic one. And events have shown that a despotism such as Prince Bismarck has exercised, beneficently and with patriotic moderation, is the sort of Government best suited to the present condition of the German people. If they were to be suddenly presented with the same amount of freedom enjoyed by citizens of the British Empire or the American Republic, they would not know what to do with it.

Anyone who has visited Germany since 1870 knows well the sentiments of that nation as regards France. German newspapers (which, by the bye, are poor both as regards their contents and general style), all talk of "the coming war" and abound in editorials upon the French cry of *revanche*. The average editor seems to be incessantly haunted by a nightmare that carries him across the Rhine. Since the time when Frederick the Great first laid the foundation of the Prussian Kingdom, from which as a nucleus the German Empire has gradually arisen, until the present day, the German has almost without intermission been the avowed enemy of the Frenchman; and this spirit of animosity to all things French has been so intense that it appears even in the National Anthem, which we should expect above all to be cosmopolitan in its nature, and suitable to be sung by all the generations of Germans to come, whether France continues to be Germany's bitterest enemy, or in the course of time becomes her closest friend. But now at all events the national sentiment is far from cosmopolitan, as is shown by the words which are daily sung with so much gusto:

Lieb Vaterland, magst ruhig sein,
Fest steht und treu die Wacht am Rhein!

Patriotism of this kind is one-sided. But it is in the white heat of enmity towards France that the loosely-connected facts of the new German Empire are being firmly welded together, and numerous States which have been until lately divided, promise soon, by virtue of a common interest, to be permanently joined in one united nation.

G. H. NEEDLER.

Leipzig, March 4th, 1887.

A MALCONTENT.

The wintry winds are blowing free
With shrill and icy breath,
And all the earth lies still and cold
In a fleecy shroud of death.

Such wintry scenes, so bare and bleak,
Fill me with sore distress;
With longing soul I deeply sigh
For summer's happiness.

The climbing honeysuckle's scent,
The crimson blushing rose,
The humming bird, the wandering bee
All tell of sweet repose.

On cool veranda, hammock-tossed,
Still sad and sore at ease,—
For she has sped to the gay seaside,—
I sigh for winter's breeze.

SAMUEL D. SCHULTZ.

THE VARSITY SPECIAL.

A GREAT RUN BETWEEN KING STREET AND COLLEGE AVENUE.

Precisely at half-past three, or as near to that hour as human foresight and diligence could contrive, a hand-cart laden with papers moist with the tears of the proof-readers who had wrestled with crabbed "copy" and irate typos for four weary hours, dashed along Bay Street and headed for the Pulp Tower. At the western end of that building stood Street Car 28, well supplied with seating capacity and standing room. The Car was manned by Conductor Smith (no relation of the genial Senator of the same name) and Engineer Jones (no connection of the esteemed Deputy Registrar, James-Edmund-Hyphen). The Car was horsed by two stalwart animals, loaned for the occasion from the Corporation Stables, and noted for their staying powers. Neither men nor horses came from Hamilton, as a malicious contemporary has insinuated. The Car was built at the Jones Car Manufacturing Works, Schenectady, N.Y., and is of superior construction, being intended especially for heavy work—similar to that of conveying VARSITIES from place to place in the metropolis. Ten minutes before the hour for leaving THE VARSITY hand-cart drove up, and almost as quickly as it takes to tell it, the huge bundles of papers were shot in through the plate glass windows (insured for full value), and were piled up in profuse but picturesque confusion on the richly-straw-strewn floor of the Car. Two active little "devils" (a technical phrase in typographical terminology) sorted the different bundles, and got them ready for distribution at Wycliffe College, Knox College, Moss Hall, St. Michael's College, the School of Science and the University Residence. On either side of the Car huge placards were displayed bearing the legend:

" VARSITY SPECIAL."

" King Street, 3.30 p.m.; Moss Hall, 4 p.m."

This announcement caused some Street Arabs to call "Rats," and otherwise to blaspheme, but the disturbance was immediately quelled by one of "the finest," who took the offenders into custody. Everything being in readiness, Conductor Smith tolled the bell twice, and Engineer Jones applied his hand to the lever (a brand new whip), and the Arabian steeds dashed forward as one man. On past the hundreds of drays and waggons and pedestrians the Car carefully ran, till the Rossin House was reached. Here an order was received from Superintendent Franklin at 3.35 to "Go slow," and to pass "downtown" Car No. 50 at the Sign of the Three Golden Balls on York Street. No order was received prohibiting the Driver or Conductor from having a "snifter" at the Rossin, and they obeyed instructions to the letter. After leaving the Rossin, the oscillations of the Driver and Conductor became very great, and the way that things went bobbing past, according to their sworn statement, was perfectly marvellous—to them. Osgoode Hall was reached at 3.45, the Car having passed No. 50, side-"tracked" at Rothschild's by the detectives. Some papers were thrown at the crew of the other Car. The whisking of lanterns, or the lanterns of whisky, showed that the men were picking themselves up, but like a flask the contents disappeared as the Special sped away westward. At 3.50 the Special rounded the corner of McCaul Street, and came to a standstill for a minute, to give the horses breathing time,—Engineer Jones having assured Conductor Smith from the snow-bank that they were "doing their best." Meanwhile the Representative of THE VARSITY amused himself by reading the notices in his palace car, to the following purport: "Please put the exact fare in the box—fare five cents;" "Passengers will please put their fare in the box upon entering the car;" "The driver will furnish change to the extent of \$2.00, but is neither allowed to receive or to deposit fares in the box;" "Children under twelve half-fare." The perusal of these and other gems of thought served to while away the time until the Car slowed up at Baldwin Street at 3.55 p.m., where it was to make close connections with a car going south. The remaining run, to the head of McCaul Street, was made in four minutes, and THE VARSITY Special drew up at Wycliffe College Siding at 3.59 p.m. sharp—just one minute ahead of time. Quickly the papers were unloaded, and distributed amongst a crowd of unpaid subscribers, who run a good chance of being "black-listed" unless they settle with the Treasurer very soon. *Verbum sap!*

TRISTRAM.