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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'Envoiy.

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-