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TWO POETS.

A poet would be famous, so he caught
(In long, hot chase, as boys catch butterflies)
Fancies, light-winged, and marked with curious dyes ;
These into strange fantastic webs he wrought,
And with them snared the semblances of thought,
Echoes of feeling, simulated sighs,
Shadows of passion, and unfelt heart-cries ;
Then when the critics' final word he sought,—
"Exquisite art," they said ; "a wondrous rhythm."

Another poet bowed his head and prayed,—
A raptured agony whelmed him like a flood.

Now, when the first died all his verse died with him,
But of the second not a line shall fade,
For this man's verse was writ in his heart's blood.

A. ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

A PRINCETON CANE-SPREE.

It was the good fortune of the writer of this sketch to be a student of Princeton College during the session of '77-'78. No member of any of the four classes then at College will be likely to forget that memorable year—the year of the great hazing sensation, when Atterbury of '80 was shot and so many sophomores and freshmen were suspended ; the year when Princeton retained the football championship, beating Harvard and playing a draw with Yale ; the year when Earle Dodge was Captain of the football team, left-field on the baseball nine, and President of the Philadelphian Society ; the year of that celebrated chapel-stage, at which the oratory of "Sally" S convulsed the house, and won for the speaker the tribute of a bouquet, consisting of a cabbage head covered with rose buds. How the old scenes and faces rise as one looks back ! Never will the memory fade, of the marches round the "triangle," while we freshmen sang with might and main :

"Here's to eighty-one, drink her down ;
Here's to eighty-one, drink her down ;
Here's to eighty-one, for she'll always have her fun ;
Drink her down, drink her down, drink her
down, down, down."

And the rushes ! How we of '81 formed in solid phalanx and met with a shock the like array of '80 men, we smaller fellows at the back knowing little of what was going on in front, (where the men were piled in heaps, with occasionally a broken limb) only being well aware that we had to push with every ounce of force we possessed ! With what awful expectation we looked forward to our initiation into Hall ! With what humble deference we looked up to the grave and reverend seniors ;

and how far away seemed the day when we, too, should be seniors and wear plug hats ! How we laid our plans for class-day, and speculated as to who should have the various orations ! And now, that class-day has come and gone, very few of our prophecies were fulfilled. And they, who, in closest intimacy, talked over the things to come, have been scattered far and wide. Some are teachers, some preachers, some lawyers, some doctors, and some are dead.

Well, well ! I was to tell about the Cane-Spree of '77, and if I keep on sentimentalizing in this fashion, I shall have used up my space before I get fairly begun. So, to plunge into the midst. It has been an unwritten law from time immemorial in Princeton (and in other American colleges), that freshmen are not to carry canes. And it is a law that is well observed. A freshman who carries a cane is looked on with disfavor by the members of his own class. In fact, it is a fresh thing for him to do. At the same time, each freshman class feels bound to assert the rights of its members to carry canes if they choose. They refrain of their own free will (so they allege) and not because ordered or constrained by the senior years. Especially, does a Princeton freshman maintain that no sophomore has a right to forbid him to carry a cane. Hence, on a certain night chosen by mutual consent, the freshman class undertakes, yearly, to assert this right against the sophomores. And the manner in which the right is asserted is as follows :

A convenient night is agreed upon by the leading men of the two classes. (When I speak of leading men, of course, I mean the men who led in the really important interests of College life—athletics and sport of all kinds. In affairs of this sort no thought is given to a consideration of such secondary importance as position in the class-list). The night chosen is usually about three or four weeks after the beginning of the term. Then each freshman, who purposes entering the cane-spree, proceeds to secure for himself a second. A freshman's second is always chosen from the junior class, *i. e.*, the third year. Similarly, the sophomores choose their respective seconds from the senior year. The combatants are matched, man against man, and an effort is made by the seconds to have them as evenly matched as possible. A majority of the matches are thus made before the eventful night. Others are made on the ground.

Now let us mount the winged steed, imagination, and transport ourselves across the miles and the years that separate us from Princeton, N.J., on the night of the cane-spree of 1877. We alight here on the sidewalk of the main street—Nassau—in front of the University Hotel. We are in a town of 4,000 inhabitants, including five or six hundred negroes. This town evidently has grown and was not made. For its streets run in every direction, except at right angles to one another. A quiet, sleepy old place it is, with a quaint beauty of its own. The streets are wide and shaded with grand old trees, some of which, we would almost believe, must date, like a few of the buildings, back to revolutionary times. Princeton, we will not forget, was one of the scenes of action in those stirring days ; and old North College has gazed on sterner fights than the conflict on which its grey tower will look down to-night.

It is the first week in October—a perfect autumn night. The moon is shining clearly and the katy-dids are fiddling away on every side. We walk eastward a few steps and are at the gate of the College grounds. As we enter, a novel sound strikes our ears. Three hurrahs ! and a "tiger, 'sst, boom, ah !" That is Princeton's famous old cheer—the Nassau rocket. The fun has begun, then, and we must hurry. A couple of hundred yards from the gate and we are on the East