

'It is said that an arrangement has been made whereby Dr. Daniel Wilson, President of University College, takes up his residence in Mr. John Turner's house on St. George Street. The house is immediately contiguous to the College, and Dr. Wilson will be able to exercise a closer supervision over the students than if he lived at a distance.'—*Globe*.

The latter sentence in this interesting paragraph is peculiarly impressive. By all means let us have 'closer supervision.' We should be more carefully watched; there are not enough telescopes and opera glasses in operation; the professors should long ago have pitched their tents on the various eminences that command the approaches to the University Colleges. Hurrah! Ever so many times hurrah! We may soon come under superintendence. Chorus of enthusiastic students: HORROR!! (*Hurrah* has this sound, you know, when shouted by a large number, and we always like to be graphic as well as literal.)

QUERY: Who broke the porter's windows on Friday evening?

Now that the snow has disappeared from the Campus, would it not be advisable for the 'Rugbys' to commence practice in view of the match with McGill.

### IMMORTALITY AND BOOZES.

There are two kinds of immortality.

Those eminent men who have not been prophets in their own country, nor appreciated in their own time, strive after one of these—those souls who profess to desire life only in the hearts of posterity, and thus cheaply attain a fanatic patience with present things. This is that morbid immortality which providentially is found only in books and in some imaginations, but rarely in the fresh hearts of living men.

Then there is that second and statelier immortality—immortality within the limits of life. This is what all healthy souls strive after, and which, rightly attained, predicates the other.

Now of all things that in the limited life are granted widest deathlessness, the most immortal is an immortal 'booze.'

The late John, Lord Chancellor Campbell, left on record behind him his belief in the salutary and beneficent effect of 'an occasional booze.' "It establishes," he says, "a generous and open spirit in a young man, strengthens friendship, makes him more gentlemanly, and is benign in its influence." Though rightly the Lord Chancellor adds: "The booze must not be carried to excess," since that is incompatible with true enjoyment.

What a long and eminent legal career found benign in its influence, a great and successful literary one had found dearest in memory—and to be dear in memory is the immortality I am speaking of.

In all Thackeray's writings, those seem laden to me with the gentlest—because unconscious—pathos which refer to the vanished boozes of bygone days; the old wine parties where the faces, now passed, once gathered beneath the sparkling lights, and where the voices, now forever dumb, trolled out many a joyous song of love and wine and women. All things, Thackeray's burden is, must pass, but of all that we would fain keep longest with us, and that we would finest that *ehen fugaces* should never be sighed of, the dearest and the brightest in memory are those famous carousals of bygone years when we had those 'great old times.'

It may be, perchance, that Plato is right after all, and that the truest world is the universe of 'Ideas,' to which the wine-cup is the only Ganymede. It may be that as the night draws on, and the booze progresses, and the eyes sparkle more brightly, and the waiters flit about more and more like shadows as the moments fly—it may be that then our inner eyes open as our senses close, and the heavens dispart, and the famous 'entities' dawn truly on the soul, and the realer life is given for a few brief hours.

However it be, we know that the sight of the ineffable glory of Plato's world, thus seen, intoxicates the soul with its richness and beauty. For it is vulgar to suppose that wine intoxicates; it is the transcendent strength and grandeur of that supersensuous world which wine discloses that intoxicates.

However these things be, we know that the glimpse of the beyond thus caught is stamped indelibly on the heart and made immortal there.

More—to those who have caught sight of the mysteries, there is a freemason bond of union forever more.

Is it not so? Suppose a solemn-faced individual is introduced to me. I know him not; he knows not me. And then I ask him, 'What he'll have?' Instantly we both 'smile,' our hearts are opened, and henceforth we would go arm and arm throughout this world together, all-trusting and all-trusted. The human lambs and lions lie down together, and the golden age dawns upon the earth.

It is that touch of nature makes the whole world kin, and makes all times of kith, and all the centuries brothers.

You meet your friends on the street. It is the day after a booze. Afar down you see them and you smile; they see you and they smile. Smiling you approach each other, cheerily and roguishly you shake hands and laugh aloud. That smile, that confidence, whence is it? It is the sign that you are brothers; you have boozed together.

You are walking with—with—well, say she's your cousin. It is the day after a booze. Wherefore that sly and subtle wink as you pass each other of that evening? It is the freemason smile, the token of glorious remembrance, of an immortal booze.

In hunting, after the day is done and the quarry killed, what is it that gives its immortality to the whole? It is the booze at the end. Think you if, after the day's hunt, the huntsmen had each solemnly taken a glass of water and said good night, the hunt would be worth recording? Nay! nay!

Ah! no. Life's immortality is not that way gained. When the years have fled and the faces that endeared them gone, and our remembrance goes backward over the past, it is not the successes we gained, the prizes we won, that we love to revive in memory's dim and softened light. It is not the school-days fled when we stood before the gowned and togaed learned and received the reward and the palm; nor is it the proud success at the Bar or in the Senate House, nor even is it our first love when the world became so new and life so wonderful; not these things come back to us as calm old age draws on, and we begin to love the house more than the field, and the fire more than the light of the sun.

No; the scenes then brightest in memory are those mad days of the song and the wine and the revel. The hairbreadth exploits we performed when many of us 'smiled' together, and smiling went forth to do audacious things and make all sober-minded people half mad with envy and indignation; the glorious deeds, half maddening, half laughable, and wholly good-natured. It is those days we remember, those days which are immortal—those days when you and Bill boozed together.

H. C.

### COMMUNICATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'Varsity:

SIR,—The election of senators by convocation is not very remote now, nor, it seems to me, unimportant; yet no word on the subject has come from the 'Varsity. I will not say that it is reprehensible, or even strange, this silence. We know that the 'Varsity speaks to undergraduates, and that graduates are only permitted to hear the oracle, a it were, through the window; and yet when one sees your claim to be a University organ—when one comes to find that the University consists principally of graduates and undergraduates in the proportion of a thousand and over to about four hundred—it is not surprising, I submit, that graduates should look to you for some notice of purely graduate topics. Can you not tell us something of the candidates for whom our votes have been solicited; what questions divide parties, if they exist; and 'who thinks what' on these questions?

Two circulars have been put into our hands, setting forth in one case the bare (but doubtless sufficient) personality of the ticket of three, with a retiring 'God bless you' from a rev. doctor down East (a sort of last will and testament bequeathing to the able and active ex-registrar his right, title, and interest in his senatorial seat); in the other, the views on certain fundamental points connected with the Senate (chiefly that a member ought to be at the meetings) of a well-known graduate (so I am told he is) living in Hamilton. Both these gentlemen present themselves, they say, in response to a numerous signed requisition. It might be a hard question for the candidates; but, Mr. Editor, what constitutes a numerous signed requisition in a community of a thousand graduates? Would you grant the epithet to a paper with a dozen names (or even two dozen), chiefly of men in the candidate's office?

Can you not tell us, sir, if there be not some one whose claims to our suffrages are real? Can you not name a graduate who has done something for convocation, not merely got a retiring member to point him to the chair he no longer cares to occupy, and another unexceptionable pair to take him by the hand? Is there no one who has shown himself to have 'views,' and has done something to see them carried out, not printed unmeaning opinions in a lazy circular? Where are the members of the committee that has done so much to work all our recent reforms? Where are the men who have enfranchised the B. A.'s? I believe Mr. Nicol Kingsmill was the chairman of that committee. I think he out to be brought out; certainly his claim to the suffrages of Bachelors of Arts are such that none of that class could refuse him a vote. Why don't you advocate him?

SAWBONES.