

quent football seen in the rough carvings of times prehistoric—that after a hotly contested match, the Britons, in 217, defeated a Roman team, from the garrison at Little Chester? “And thereafter,” says the historian, “a yearly game was played in memory of that victory.”

It does not seem that the Briton who plays football nowadays has degenerated from his ancestors who defeated the soldiers from Rome; we doubt, indeed, that these struggled against the Romans as manfully as their descendants now struggle among themselves. In his last book Max O'Rell paints for us a highly colored picture—*more suo*—of the English youth athletic, in a football match; telling us in the end, how, battered and bleeding, when the day is won, after having shown hardiness and stubborn tenacity well-nigh sublime, he dies with a smile on his lips, in the arms of Victory. It would seem that in the great Republic, too, the carnage at some of the inter-collegiate battles of late years has been truly Homeric. And in council sage the college authorities are fain to think, with Waller, that

“When a sort of lusty players try
Their force at football, care of victory
Makes them salute so rudely, breast to breast,
That their encounter seems too rude for jest.”

Thus—though Professor Sargent, of Harvard, said recently that it is too strong a game to be done away with by the faculty—football, at one time accounted a princely sport, is once more out of favor with the powers that be.

That the playing of this game was esteemed a princely sport, and a diversion not unbefitting the haughtiness and loftiness of mien of your man with a title and a pedigree, is made plain by the old author who tells us of a rare match played at Florence with all pomp and splendid circumstance, after the marriage feast of their Serenities Ferdinand Prince of Tuscany, and Violante Beatrice of Bavaria, in the year of grace 1688. After the bull-fight in the Piazza di' Santa Croce, the square having been cleaned and swept for the *giuoco del Calcio*, or “game of the kick,” a solemn procession bore to the centre of the Piazza a football not to be profaned that day by contact with a plebeian toe; for princes only and nobles might disport themselves before the long galleries from which dame and damsel, “beauties of every shade of brown and fair, in colors gayer than the morning mist,” glanced about the revels. Twenty-seven clad in yellow played against an equal number in red. The names of all are set down in the chronicle with a particular account of how they played. The yellows won the first goal, but the winners in the end were the noblemen in red; and at every fresh start was fired a salvo of artillery.

W. J. HEALY.

PAN REDIVIVUS.

The mere fact of having to start at our usual dinner-hour, and the prospect of having to travel on a Grand Trunk train confessedly slow would be enough, I humbly submit, to make angels cross. And we were not angels, but only a company of very ordinary mortals, whirled fortuitously together from the four winds into a rail-road car to journey there together for a brief fragment of time. Everybody seemed to have hurried to catch this train, been worried and vexed by the number of parcels or valises he had to carry, and then to have grown angrier and angrier as the minutes slipped by and we did not start. It seemed to be one of those trains that *have* no definite time for starting. There we stuck motionless as a painted ship, on a siding on the Esplanade, freight-cars, baggage-cars and coach, no engine in sight and no prospect of one, apparently. Added to this it was one of our hottest July days; the ugly boat-houses shut out the lake and any breeze that might be stirring; and sky, rails, buildings, seemed to raise, radiate and concentrate heat upon that musty oven of a car. The hush that pervades a public conveyance not in motion, when no one wishes to talk for the benefit of twenty critical unsympathetic strangers, reigned here and added to the horrors of the scene.

Then to this stuffy cage of broiling, suffering mortals, enter—Pan! For they speak false who say the old gods are dead. In outward semblance he was short, bandy-legged (the goat-thighs, doubtless) red-faced and—thus does the hard-hearted prosaic nineteenth century degrade the very gods—disguised in a flaming blue tie and an ordinary mechanic's second-best clothes. His advent was mysterious as fitting. This only I know; I saw it with my own eyes; with two attendant satyrs, he actually came in at the low door and seated himself on a dusty red plush seat as if he were even such a one as ourselves.

The next thing I was aware of was that somewhere, somehow, the oppressive hush of that heated car was gone. The coach was full of a hundred bird-voices, chirping, twittering, warbling, carolling in the gayest and clearest of trebles. Where had the song-flock flown from, in at the windows, in at the doors, bringing on

their wings the freshness of spring woods and early summer mornings, lapping gentle rains and light breeze-borne spray? I turned to look, there sat Pan, graved-faced as beseems a god, cheeks inflated and both hands spread before his lips, concealing a somewhat. A human music contrivance, wood and metal? Never! Pan and the pan-pipes, the loving, sorrowful, sweet-voiced nymph Syrinx, the breath of the wind bowing and rustling the tops of the reeds and the river-ripples whispering against their sides. The magic of the goat-foot god! Then he tuned his pipes to the joyousness of young life, such strains as set the fauns and dryads circling on the green lawns of Arcady.

Upon us the baking, the constrained, the uncomfortable, the effect was wonderful. Everybody began beating time to the music, chatting to his neighbour, and smiling in brotherhood and recognition of our common humanity. The Irishwoman (I knew she was Irish before she spoke; for she dressed in black and had a turned-up nose) turned round to speak to the dandy. “Shure I could dance to that!” said she. And the dandy unbent, smiled benevolently, forgetting to be formal. Three men, cleaning a parlour-car on the next track, ceased their work to listen. One, a poor human musician, produces an elaborate black and silver instrument, wishes Pan to try it. Goat-foot descends, examines it not incuriously, tries it, shakes his head. Then comes the humility, worship and despair of the mortal. “I am going to play this once more and then throw it in the Bay.” Poor human futility! Pan remained impassive, came back to us and went on playing, enjoying in a sedate way his own music, our wonder and his power over us. The train started, I believe, and he must have ceased and got out sometime, but I cannot tell when or where. He remains to this day, a mystery.

BOHEMIEN.

SONNET.

This year the whisper of the dying leaves
Comes with a sadder murmuring than last;
The wind has not, so soon, with bitter blast,
Hurried from tapering limb the tint that weaves

Bright glories with the grayness of the trunk.
But, lasting long, the leaves are paler than
If quickened to decay; and sad and wan
And sickly-hued the sight, and sorely shrunk.

Yet murmur not for beauties, forest leaves,
Which, to possess, is death and quick decay,
The barren glories of the fading year.

Our chiefest pleasure is that still the ray
Of stranger sunlight, shadowing you, deceives
Us to the hope that springtime lingers here.

PRO GREGE.

THE 'Varsity Book: PROSE AND POETRY.

It is to be hoped that every student will take note of the 'Varsity Book.

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Now by great marshes wrapt in mist,
Or past some river's mouth,
Throughout the long still autumn day
Wild birds are flying south.

There are many, I suppose, really good judges of poetry who might have no sympathy with this, farther than the melody of the words,