

whether it marks the attainment of a further refinement, or whether it is only the sign of a relapse into the earlier barbarism. In defence of the first theory might be urged the neat way in which they usually part their hair in the middle and plaster the lank locks down on either side; while some colour is given to the other by the fact that when football is over they frequently cut it shorter.

In some countries, however, this custom does not prevail, but those who are engaged in football and other violent exercises wear short hair, thinking that it is cooler, and not only collects less dirt—for a football field is generally less clean than a drawing room—but also enables it to be more easily removed.

A TRINITY MAN.

P.S.—There is one other explanation of this phenomenon which suggests itself, that is, that it is a survival of the theory common in ancient times that the persons of warriors are sacred, and that it is therefore wrong or dangerous to cut off any part of the sacred body. The long hair of the Spartans at Thermopylæ will be remembered as a case in point, and in Judges v. 2, Mr. Robertson Smith wishes to alter the translation of the words 'for the avenging of Israel,' 'when hair was worn long in Israel,' i.e., 'when warriors abounded.'

HUNTING SONG.

Tally ho! Tally ho!
Blow, cold north wind, blow!
Carry far to the crimson west
Echoes of the huntsman's blast!
Sing, south wind, in murmurs sweet
The song of the horn and the horses' feet,
Tally ho! Tally ho!

Over the valleys white with snow,
Sleeping their sleep the mountains below!
Over the rills, and the ice-bound crest
Of the hillock's verge where an eagle's nest
Hangs on the rock by the breezes kissed.
Tally ho! Tally ho!

Fir-tree ring with thy silver cones
The hunter's song, while the north wind moans
'Tween thy swaying branches in dulcet tones!
Tally ho! Tally ho!

Set free the hounds! with frantic bounds
They long to away to the hunting grounds.
The quivering steed with nostrils wide,
Inhales the gust from the mountain side,
And champs and frets, by the bit repressed
From dashing away to the snow-clad glade.
With merry laughter and many a jest,
Now for the chase! Away! Tally ho!

H. CAMERON WILSON, '97.

SPORT IN INDIA.

THE Hindoos are great devotees of wrestling, and Punjab produces giants. Indeed the best wrestlers come from the North. There men are trained from early infancy. The wrestler trains from babyhood. He is picked out on account of his strength, and his exercises commence when he is a small tot. Every muscle is strengthened by an appropriate exercise. To harden their calf muscles these wrestlers, sometimes six feet and over, hop about the floor for hours together in a squatting position, while for increasing the dimensions of their biceps and the chest muscles they first lie flat on the ground, then raising themselves on the tips of their toes and with their hands well turned in,

commence to move up and down, putting all their weight on their arms. They continue this until they have done it 1,000 times. A man who has not exercised does well if he can keep it up for three or five minutes. After exercising they drink milk and a coarse sweatmeat made of ghi, clarified butter and sugar. Being Hindoos they only train on milk and ghi and sugar. The wrestlers are not independent. They generally attach themselves to some ardent sport, who pays them so much a month. They form part of his *entourage*, and these sports offer enormous sums to get wrestlers away from their rivals. Occasionally the sport issues a challenge to another sport, couched in the same language as a man would offer to wager his bird against another man's bird. The *pailwar*, or wrestler, who wins is always handsomely rewarded, sometimes with a money present, but generally with jewellery. They wrestle for necklaces—great gold nuts threaded on a string. The wrestling ground is in the open air and on freshly turned earth. They are not unattended by mishaps, for on one occasion a *pailwar* had his neck viciously broken by his adversary. As it was in a native State there was no trouble and the carcass was unceremoniously dragged out, and the matches proceeded. The Maharajah of Nipal was a great sport, and his subjects were heavily taxed to support his wrestlers. He was a shrewd old gentleman, and once sent for an athlete of great renown to wrestle with his men. The Panjabi overthrew all comers, but when he prepared to leave Nipal the Maharajah calmly informed him that such could not be the case; that henceforth he belonged to him, and assigned him quarters. He could send for his friends, but when he had a good man he knew how to retain him. The hint was of course deemed sufficient and the wrestler stayed.

A villainous amusement in India is that called *panjah*. It consists in locking hands and seeing who can be made to kneel. There is no fun in it, but still it is assiduously cultivated, and hands are daily being broken in this inane form of sport. Kite-flying is a national affair, and bets of the most extraordinary magnitude are made as to who shall cut his opponent's string. The swinging festival, or *churruk poojah*, is another form of pleasure which could only satisfy a race naturally cruel. There is now a good deal of correspondence between the India Office and the Government at Calcutta with a view of stopping this detestable sport. Hundreds of Europeans visit the scene and leave immeasurably disgusted, but the natives find much to enjoy in it and beat their tom-toms and blow their pipes with great gusto while the poor victims are swinging in mid-air. This sport has some remote connection with a religious rite, and the men who permit themselves to be thus tortured are probably fulfilling some hideous vow. Vows in India are common, and no vow can avail unless its performance inflicts some dreadful punishment upon the body. The affair is thus managed: A devotee has a hook passed through the muscles of his back, which hook is tied to the end of a cross-pole. This beam can be tilted for the express purpose of having victims fastened to it. After the man is securely lashed to the pole he is lifted up into the air, with his hands folded on his chest and the body fairly hanging by the hooks. There is no other support. The muscles of the back alone hold him to the hook. The pole is then rotated by pulling on the ropes at the counterbalance end, its attachment on the vertical part permitting of free rotation. This gentle amusement the Indian Government intend to abolish, but whether it will be done without serious trouble is a question. The Hindoos, too, are great swimmers, and swim dog-fashion with their hand and feet beating the water. The reason of this is to scare their