

# THE VARSITY

*A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.*

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## AT MOONRISE.

When daybeams fade from sight  
I think of thee with longing,—  
When star-maids of the night  
The fair Queen follow, thronging.

Not brightest doth she shine—  
One saith—but only nearest,  
But thou to heart of mine  
Art nearest and the dearest!

So unto thee, my Queen,  
I make the spheres attendant;  
Float on through life, serene,  
In purity resplendent!

WILLIAM P. MCKENZIE.

## FRASER'S SHANTY.

"We must be pretty near there, Murph."  
"Yes Cap'n, yon black clump's the point. Keep her up a little more. It will save us time when we run in."

My inquiry and its answer, the only sounds that had broken the silence during the last half hour of our run, roused Norton, asleep against the side of the lugger, and now for the first time exhibiting any signs of interest in the spot to which I had that day prevailed on him to accompany me.

Prodigious visions which my stories gave him of wonderful trout catches had led Norton to take his first extended fishing trip and become my companion that Spring on my semi-annual visit to the north.

Murph Connery, whom six years before I had by chance picked up among the rough inhabitants of a lumber camp and whose life during the intervening years contained nothing more unusual than his trips with me, as each succeeding Spring and Fall came round, north into the land of rod and gun, was a fine specimen of that *genus homo* which one so often meets with in northern districts, half huntsman and half lumberman, the former from choice, the latter from the necessities of livelihood. I had always felt some affection for the fellow. My lightest wish was his only law from the moment the lumbering stage set me down at the crossing and my canvas bags were transferred to his willing shoulders, on the journey up, to the time he dumped them back into the wagon again and, bidding me *bon voyage* home, turned away to await my return.

My experience has been that there are only two ingredients in a guide's interest in you and apparent regard for you: that you pay him better than any one else and evince a tolerable ability to bag everything he can put up for you and to land a fair proportion of what you hook. For, alas! for your favoured guide's appreciation of you if your companion's bag or basket gives your guide's rival in the business an opportunity of crowing over him or rousing an insatiable greed, as the camp is broken up, by a larger display of wealth.

But Murph was something better than this. He was above the ordinary run, a true sportsman, a clever bushman, and, better still, a pleasant and, I believe, a faithful companion. I had often fancied that his precious life had been passed in different circumstances, and so surely was I convinced of some-

thing of this kind that I had never ventured to put any enquiries to him concerning it.

Two years previous, on one of my expeditions, he had told me the story of the shanty, which he repeated to Norton and myself on the evening I speak of. I had promised then, that sometime when sport gave out, we would take a run down the lake and look at the scene of the events he had so strangely depicted, and that time had come. The fishing was well nigh exhausted, and I had no difficulty in inducing Norton to agree to my proposal, adding, as an additional inducement, for he had not then heard the story and felt no interest in its location, that the stream which opened out into the lake at the particular spot, was certain to produce trout in plenty and possibly we might strike it rich.

A favourable wind coming up a little after sundown, we took advantage of it, and completed a fast ten-mile run about ten o'clock. Swinging round the shoal made by the opening of the stream, we came to behind it in the mouth and dropping sail ran on shore. Norton, who, on hearing that we were near the end of our journey, had shifted his position from amidships, much to the annoyance of one of the hounds, which had been using his lap as a pillow for its tired head, and gone forward of the mast with Murph, was first to step out as the nose of the lugger buried itself in the bank.

"I don't see anything of your shanty, Murph," was his first observation after surveying for a moment our dark surroundings.

"It's back some twenty or thirty rod, sir, up the stream. There is some swamp between here and it, and it would be hard work getting to it in the dark. Best wait till morning and pole up in the lugger."

I hastened to concur in Murph's advice, as I had some doubts as to the efficacy of the picture of the shanty on Norton's ability to sleep and none the less on my own.

"What I want now is some grub," said I. "The shanty has waited two years now for me so that a few hours one way or t'other won't make a difference. Murph will fix us up something and after that, perhaps, he'll tell you the yarn, Norton. What do you say, Murph?"

"Well, sir, I expect Mr. Norton would sooner you'd tell it. You know all about it and can tell it a sight better."

"Not by a jugful, Murph," was Norton's reply. "I heard enough of his yarns before I left town about this country, and I must say my opinion of his veracity has been somewhat shaken by personal experience of the last few days. Why, Cap," turning on me, "we haven't seen a decent trout yet, and you promised me all I could catch."

"Ay, Norton, 'all you could catch;' why don't you go ahead and catch them? They are there sure enough."

"I think, Cap'n, we'll find some here," broke in Murph, "out opposite the opening of the creek. It's likely they've changed over to this side this spring."

We discussed the prospects for the morrow's sport as our repast proceeded and left the discussion of both as Murph, in response to Norton's "Now for your story, Connery," began:

"As near as I can remember, it's twelve year since I first joined a lumber gang and came north to cut. We cut the first year on the other side of the lake and then went further up and two years or so later came back here and cut on the Holland limit back of this. We used to come from the camp out here now and again for venison and, coming down the creek, often passed Fraser's shanty. The one we've come to see. None of the boys knew anything about him though we saw him often enough and, like them, did not care much.

"It was the winter after we cut on this Holland limit that I first heard anything concerning him. I had quit lumbering and was working about the storehouse at the mills and it was here that we first heard the story of an American hiding among the lumber districts with a million and more of American money along with him. The story was that he was either in Michigan or the Nipissing district. As soon as I first heard about it, I thought of Fraser. The rest of the men in the storehouse had never been out in the Holland tract, and there was no one whom I told of the man, and guessed how he was the American robber, that knew him.

"The story as it came to the mills was that the money had been stolen from the treasury before being sent out, and that the numbers of the bills were all known and could not be used by the thief; and that he was keeping it until the robbery was forgotten and he could spend it.

"I worked along that winter and about this time of the year was sent for one day by the foreman of the store. I went up to see what he wanted and found him with two other men, strangers. He said as I went in, 'Connery, these men are American detectives who want to find a man who is living in the bush near the Holland and calls himself Fraser. Jackson says you have been up there and know him and where he lives. These gentlemen want you to take them there. They'll pay your expenses and make it worth your while to go.'

"I was all mixed up, for I saw in a minute what they were after, but I said yes I would go and we started that same night.

"I soon found out for certain that Fraser was the man I had thought him to be, and soon discovered from the detectives, who were so dead certain about catching their man that they told me everything, that they expected to find Fraser, whose real name was Walsh, and with him to find the half of the stolen money. Walsh, it seemed, had only got half; the other half had been taken to California by his pal and there found and got back by the police, though the thief was never caught.

"We came up the same way as you gentlemen did and canoed up from the crossing camp. We reached the creek about noon and went straight to the house, expecting to find Fraser there.

"The hut stood very much the same as it had when I saw it first. The detectives went in some yards ahead of me, for going over from the creek I felt for the first time that there was something mean about my job and did not feel so ready to go on as I first had. But there was no need for my feeling so. Inside there was no sign of Fraser or any living being. Spider webs stretched across the beams and a musty close smell plainly showed that the place had not been lived in for a long time.

"The detectives turned back very gloomy looking.

"'He's gone,' said one.

"'Yes, we're too late' the other answered. The open door lighted up the inside and showed that it had not been left for good. A rod and tackle stood in one corner and about the place were scattered some cooking things and clothes. Fraser plainly had left in a hurry.

"We stayed there that day, for it seemed the detectives thought that their man could not be far off and they evidently intended staying some time, expecting that he would come back.

"In the morning they told me that they intended to search under the floor and about the hut for the money. After breakfast they commenced to work and tore up the bits of flooring and such like and rummaged about in odd and likely places, but nothing was found. Then they proposed digging up the surface of the earth under the floor. This was done with the old spade which was found in the hut, but nothing turned up. They seemed to be sure there was something hidden there and asked me to commence digging down deeper, starting in the centre of the hut bottom. I commenced and after three or four shovels full struck what sounded like board. I called them in and we went on digging. What I struck was a piece of plank about one and a half feet square. After the earth was taken off I stooped down and lifted the board, which came up easily, and the first thing we saw, gentlemen, was the feet and legs of a man sticking straight up. The earth had not been filled in up to the top and you could see the legs up to the knees.

"I am not easily scared, but I didn't take a great while to get up out of that hole.

"The detectives looked at one another and then one slowly said,

"'There's been devil's work here. Shove back the board, Murph, and fill up the hole; somebody's got ahead of us this time.'

"You may be sure I gladly obeyed and quickly covered up the awful sight.

"The truth seemed to strike the Yankees at once, though it did not occur to me at the time. Fraser had been murdered for his stolen money. But by whom? Either, so the detectives seemed to think, by someone who like myself had put together their knowledge of the dead man, and the report of the robbery; or by his companion, who, having lost his own share, had sought out his pal, and murdering him, robbed him of his. Any way, he had been murdered sure enough, and buried head down, like a post in a post-hole."

Here Murph stopped. The story was just as he had first told it to me, barring some rough comments of his own, which for some reason he had refrained from coming out with, before Norton.

The story, as I have told it, loses much in the telling, for the grim, bronzed hunter's language and gestures, and the dusk and gloom of our surroundings, lit only by an odd flicker from our dying fire, are realistic features which cannot be added to it here.

Norton, all through, had listened intently, and it seemed to me, from an occasional glance at him, with much interest. When it was finished he slowly removed his pipe to make what I thought would be a mild ejaculation of astonishment at the story, but it was no such thing, for slowly came the words,

"And do you mean to say, Captain, that you have brought me ten whole miles to see such a place as this shanty?"

"Nothing short, Norton," was my answer. "I thought from the look of interest on your face that you would esteem the journey light for the purpose of gazing on such a place."

"Well, I tell you frankly I don't want to see it. I am glad we are thirty rods from it, and just as early in the morning as you feel disposed to increase the distance you'll find me ready. The earlier the better. You may have a fancy for grave yards, I have none."

I saw the hut in the early morning, but Murph was my only companion. Nothing could induce Norton to go near it or to try the stream. "No, not for all the trout in Christendom" would he stay another moment in such a place.

MAC.

#### TO MY LADY.

The dew-sprent green of meadows gay,  
With daisy gems bedight,  
The dimpled brooklet's tuneful play,  
(It dances in its flight!)

The balmy evening's occult kiss,  
Bold Phœbus' facile glance:  
Do these impart transcendent bliss,  
Or man's love-dream enhance?

Ah! no, dear girl; a peerless mould,  
And eyes of liquid light,  
A gentle mien, not coy nor bold,  
And hand of lily's white,

A mind as well with gems inset,  
And voice of melody;  
Such virtues, no! I can't forget,  
—They woke my love for thee.

TAM GLENN.

## LETTER LEGACIES BY ONE NOW DEFUNCT.

A very short notice must suffice as excuse for the appearance of the series of letters which will be published in *THE VARSITY* columns. The series is the result of a friendship which sustained itself by correspondence till one of the friends died. The survivor, having occasion to collect his papers, found written permission to publish in *THE VARSITY*, as a token of his good-will, anything that might be found suitable. The matter in the subsequent letters bears for the most part upon purely literary subjects and may be often interesting for this reason.

JUNE 3rd, 1888.

DEAR FRIEND,—I regret that I cannot assist you in your quaint device, but this pleasant healthful spot intends to take care of the wreck of me till the Autumn at least. My ill-health still leaves me robust enough to indulge my rambling propensities, and, indeed, as Thoreau said, I need every stride that my legs take for me. I thought that the description of my surroundings in my last letter would have sufficed, but here Time spins with marvellous swiftness, and amazes one with his flowery changes. All varieties of colour express the deep happy meaning that the soil has so long been in labour to utter, and the delicate June airs impart their wafting aid to develop to the full the genius of the flowers. One mournful reflection must often strike you in your unwholesome locality, that our noses are more carefully formed to receive odours than fragrances. But here every breath, instead of leading us a moment deathwards, seems to bestow prolonged life, and the idea of speedy dissolution cannot impress me with possibility.

I shall not soon forget, for its beauty and suggestiveness, the particularly long walk I took yesterday through all the varieties of our remote landscape. I left the farm at dawn with my usual appliances and comforts—a Puritanic lunch and my favourite heathen poet, whose poeticised theories you may remember we hotly discussed at times, and forsaking them did not go and do likewise. But we received our lesson, and I still continue to receive mine from the same pages.

As the light struggled from a rather prosy sunrise, the merry rays were painted by the intense glow of the martial scarlet-cups' crimson, that my philosophy informs me shames to confusion the painted glow of city damsels' cheeks, which, moreover, impart no fragrance except it be a borrowed one.

There was one other eloquent surprise of the morning which impressed me more perhaps than all the flower-talk I had heard till then. Walking towards the south to a district I had never visited, I saw in the distance an immense grove, composed of trees whose graceful outline betrayed them as elms, although I was so far away. Indeed, the distinctive character of the elm family is always more apparent at a distance, because all harshness in outline and coarseness of complexion which a near view might disclose are unnoticed, and nothing exists to mar the most fantastic and dream-like shape that ever mortal tree attained to. It is not necessary, I think, to hug a tree to love it, although a passionate fancy for its qualities may lead us to hasten its demise by transforming it to other elements, so that it may penetrate to the chill of our bones, and that our lungs even may receive of its smoky incense. I have even known a whole forest to be transplanted for very love, and induced to stand bolt upright, partition-wise, for the rest of its natural life. But then, alas! all the sensitiveness of its youth has fled; Spring in its advance does not encourage the green shoots to enlarge from the old, nor do its leaves in summer rustle at the touch of some wooing wind. No, a thousand times no! rather do they groan in winter beneath the heaped up viands of the year, mock-turtle soup and entrées.

As I hurried towards the goal, which was sometimes hidden as I passed through thick shrubbery or as some obtrusive hill curtailed my vision, I trod among the season's flowers. The curtailed my vision, I trod among the season's flowers. The curtail-leaved violet, the prettiest representative of the blue-bloods of its family, was scattered generously in the sand and shade of the Beaver valley, as it is called from the stream that drains it. I am sending you some dried specimens more as a

memento than anything else, although the flower is not plentiful in your district.

I find it very hard to answer your last question. I feel now that our estimates of these poets were too abstract even to gain a definite idea of their methods. Let us take something with poetic possibilities in it—this gnarled old tree, for instance, with a few peeping flowers in the leaf-mould at its base. Let us view it through the eyes of each poet in succession, and see the different shapes it assumes beneath their gaze. I think if we do this aright we may ascertain their separate value to us as interpreters of Nature. How softly and fragrantly would the leaves rustle to the ear of Keats, and with what ease would each separate attribute of the tree subserve his descriptive purpose! His verse could express the hues and breathe the fragrance of the flowers before they faded. The gentlest of breezes would blow, the most melodious sound of falling streams would prevail upon us as we read. Perhaps his stormiest mood might suggest a sense of some fierce agony long prolonged, but he would tell of the anguish of the gods, and not of the moaning of the children of men. Or perchance in some sunny hour fairy troops would trip and sing to the sound of some enchanting music.

Fierce-worded Byron, wreaking his passionate thought upon expression, would ravish us into a far different mood. Pathos he has none and fairies would turn to goblins at his touch. Indeed, something so insignificant as a mere forest-tree, unless made sacred to his mind by some far-famed human action, would have its self-sufficing charm unglorified by him. The forest's united might bending to a hurricane's wild fury would find exalted expression in his genius; but where have the fairies fled, the streams, and the murmur of music? Shelley's power arises, I think, not alone from his intense spiritual sympathy, but from his genius that combines in itself a portion of Keats and of Byron, the dramatic force and passionate expression of the one, and the delicate sensibilities and rare perception of beauty of the other, with a pathos and humane sympathy that neither of his contemporaries possessed. Gods and fairies, tempest and calm, love and hate were alike used by him with a wonderful conception. His eye would not be blind like Byron's to the delicate half-seen shades and the subdued, nigh noiseless, surroundings.

Still, while using all the detail of Keats, though less elaborately, he would use it in a widely different manner. His imagery would teem with metaphors of love and death, his verse be overwrought with the music of his mind. But underlying the message of this most optimistic of poets, and revealed beneath the intense passion and idyllic sweetness of his friend is the same companion note of sadness, which must charm the reader to tears.

Let me read your pen-scratchings of affection very soon, and do not omit the scandal.

Yours to the death,

R. S. P.

## LITERARY NOTE.

"November Boughs," Whitman's latest publication, is included in the list of additions to the Public Library. A great deal of the prose is the same as that contained in the *Camelot Series*, though there have been corrections and a few additions made since that collection. The most noticeable feature in "November Boughs" is the poetry. "Sands at Seventy" contains his magazine contributions of late years, and some poems entirely new to me. Some of these latter are mere recollections poeticised in a few lines, but the one magnificent lyric, "With husky haughty lips, O sea," is sure indication that he is still capable of fine bursts of poetry, though they be of no great length. There are a great many memoranda and reminiscences in the prose that reveal past incidents in his life, and particularly his "Old Bowery" shows what a great frequenter he was of the theatres of fifty years ago. A short essay on Abraham Lincoln carries us back to the sixties, and a longer essay on Elias Hicks deals with a period that closes with the death of the subject in 1830. Prefixed to the volume is the latest portrait of the old man in his seventieth year, with one of the hands as usual defiantly thrust in a pocket.

## THE VARSITY.

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### "TORONTO UNIVERSITY LAW FACULTY."

When some weeks ago THE VARSITY announced as University and College News that Mr. McCarthy's, Mr. S. H. Blake's, and Mr. Edward Blake's lectures, on their respective departments of Law, had been postponed, it was with little idea of furnishing a text for an attack upon the new Faculty. The *Canadian Law Times*, however, has in its February number taken up this innocent little item and magnified it into an indication of failure of the whole scheme of lectures delivered by Honorary Lecturers, rather boldly inferring that it is doubtful whether some of the lectures which should be best will be delivered at all.

We believe that all the Honorary Lecturers for the year, except the above-mentioned gentlemen, have delivered their courses, some of them having extended the number beyond the three specified on the Time-Table, and furthermore we understand that the Lecturers and students have been mutually satisfied with the success of the plan.

When the University last year established the Faculty and adopted the present arrangement it was, we imagine, with no idea of its forming a permanent institution, but because its comparative convenience and facility afforded an opportunity for immediate action. To create and build up a new faculty on a thoroughly business-like basis with an efficient, well-chosen and well-paid staff must be the work of years, and the University and the Honorary Lecturers are alike to be congratulated, the former upon having devised a means whereby the need for instruction in Law may be met for the time being, the latter upon their courtesy and disinterestedness, which have made the plan so feasible and its execution so satisfactory, notwithstanding certain incongruities and defects incident to its temporary nature.

It must always be an easy matter for bystanders to criticize and make objections to the first steps in any new undertaking. Short-comings and inconsistencies are bound to appear which the action of Time can alone wear away. But while it is the right and duty of every one to point out these blemishes, it is surely equally a duty to do this in a friendly and generous spirit. Especially might we expect from the *Law Times* that it should favour every advance in the direction of elevating the standard of legal education throughout the Province, and it is therefore with regret that we see it taking such a decided stand in opposition to the New Faculty.

### TO OUR FRIENDS.

THE VARSITY would be glad to hear from its readers more often than it does. It is comforting and encouraging to receive evidence of the interest taken in one's work, and while we are far from believing that it is a thankless task to conduct the college journal, still something more than a tacit approval and support might be evinced by our graduate and undergraduate friends. We shall always be pleased to have discussed in our correspondence column questions of the day, especially these questions which concern University interests, and which lie nearest to the student heart; and shall always be willing to admit statements of both sides of any question, whether the opinions expressed be at variance with those of THE VARSITY, or not.

Questions both of local and of general interest are constantly being discussed among university men, and it might frequently further the decision of the matter on the *tapis* if the students would express their sentiments in the columns of their college

paper. THE VARSITY has surely some claim to be considered the proper medium for the expression of such views. Discussion so excited would haply prove beneficial in many a case, and matters that are now constantly being decided without comment on the part of those whom they most directly affect, would not be allowed to pass without declaration of opinion and perhaps proffering of valuable suggestion which would materially aid in the settlement of difficult and knotty points.

Moreover, to those among us of literary tastes and aspirations THE VARSITY offers facilities for laying the foundation of a literary training. Surely in such an intellectual centre as a university literary research and individual literary effort should be objects of paramount importance. Yet cultivation of literary taste and inclination to literary effort are not, we fear, attended to as they ought to be. And if graduates, undergraduates, and readers of THE VARSITY generally would show their interest and good will by occasional contributions, either of literature, correspondence, or news, they would not only lighten the hearts and labours of the editorial staff, but would widen the influence and enhance the value of the University paper. We invite all our readers to assist us in the double aim of fostering literary activity and forging that chain of associations (in which THE VARSITY should form one link) which will serve to bind us all together more fraternally in the realization of a true college spirit.

### THE BASEBALL TOUR.

Although Toronto is still sunk in winter, indications of the approach of spring are not wanting in the college world. Athletes of every persuasion are on the move, organizing their clubs and arranging their summer programmes, and the Baseball men are not the least active amongst them. Some time ago they proposed the scheme of travelling a team through the principal college centres of the States; THE VARSITY published correspondence on the subject and lent the movement its heartiest support. The idea has simmered for a time and now comes to the front again in our correspondence columns, where two friends of the game give the proposed tour their vigorous endorsement. Although THE VARSITY is glad to receive this evidence that interest in the subject is still alive, we must confess that we are disappointed in the matter of the letters. Their authors content themselves with panegyrics on the game itself, or with indicating some obvious advantages which would attend the execution of the proposal, but say little or nothing as to its practicability. It is undoubtedly very necessary to realize the benefits which the scheme promises, but if it is ever to be more than a scheme, if it is to become a successful undertaking, we must have something more. The friends of baseball and those interested in the advancement of college athletics scarcely require further insistence on the desirability of the tour, while the indifferent or hostile can be little moved by such insistence at the present early stage. What is needed, then, is a discussion of ways and means. If the enterprise is to be a success it must receive the backing of the majority of college men, who, in order to give it their support, must be instructed as to its probable extent, expense and general feasibility. We should like to hear what places it is proposed to visit, and what probability there is of receiving guarantees, &c. One of our correspondents gives a list of good players who might be available. Could not these men be interviewed and the probability of their being able to go be ascertained?

Y. W. C. A.

In another column we record the formation, among the lady undergraduates, of a Young Women's Christian Association. THE VARSITY would extend a hearty welcome to the new college society, of which the lady undergraduates have for some time felt the need, and which, we doubt not, will supply among them the place supplied among male students by their similar organization.

It is well that such an Association should exist. Apart from the benefits to be derived by the members, it is always to be remembered that such organizations supply the most obvious answer to the most common and most absurd charge brought against our University.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

THE Editors are not responsible for the opinions of correspondents. No notice will be taken of unsigned contributions.

## RIGHT ABOUT FACE!

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—The effects of a military training of the staff are clearly shown in your issues of last week and the week before. The command has been given; right about face is the word; and THE VARSITY, with soldier-like promptitude, obeys.

I have seen our College paper in a different attitude. I have heard it speak out boldly against what it considered wrong in the government of the University or of the College; I have known it to stand alone in its resistance to a bad or foolish policy—*tempora mutantur!*

You supported, you say, another man for the Professorship in English; now you believe the best man has been chosen. How, then, O VARSITY, can we ever more rely on your opinion?

QUERY.

[Our correspondent is entertaining; almost humorous. Were it not for a certain undercurrent of bitterness, we might believe him only half in earnest. However, since the man whose appointment we hoped for was not formally an applicant for the chair; since no word of ours implied that he was; and since we have done no more than congratulate the University on choosing a good man from among the actual applicants when choice was a difficult and delicate task, we may, perhaps, be allowed to plead "not guilty" to his charge of change of front.—EDITORS VARSITY.]

## THE BASEBALL TOUR.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—I was glad to read the letter from "Short Stop" in your issue of two weeks ago, and to learn that the proposed American tour of the College Base Ball Club has not been abandoned. There can be no reasonable doubt that such a trip, if properly planned and managed, is quite within the power of our Club to carry out to a successful issue. As to the men, there are a dozen players whom I could name, who, if they would consent to go, and to devote themselves to earnest and systematic practice for three or four weeks in the spring, under a professional coach, would be able to represent University College most worthily against the teams of Cornell, Harvard, Yale, and Philadelphia. We have got somewhat of an exaggerated idea of the strength of American College teams, and are given to an undue depreciation of the capabilities of our players. This is not altogether a mistake; for nothing is more to be avoided, in matters of this kind, than over-confidence. But I am afraid that we are not confident enough. Our men have really never had a fair show; they have never had systematic and scientific coaching or practice; and yet, notwithstanding these drawbacks, they have always succeeded admirably in their contests with the best amateur clubs in this city.

That the club has excellent material from which to select a team there can be no doubt. Take the following, for instance: Schultz, Bennett, Wardell, Clark, Garrett, McCrimmon, the Senklers and Rykert; take such a team, for example, and let them have lots of good practice, and I will be willing to back them against all comers. I hope the proposed tour will be undertaken by the College Baseball Club next summer, and that the undergraduates and other lovers of athletics in the University will do what they can, between this and the 24th of May, to assist the Club, in a practical manner, to realize their hopes in regard to it.

F. B. HODGINS.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—In last week's issue a correspondent makes reference to the proposed Varsity Baseball tour, no mean holiday excursion to the flowery suburbs of Rosedale, but a tour threatening the supremacy of the collegiate willow-wielders to the immediate south. At first glimpse the notion certainly takes on a rather previous tinge of uncompromising brazenness, but on closer inspection one is inclined to favour the scheme and not call into question its feasibility.

From what I learn the Varsity men have no swollen bloated

idea of lowering the colours of their brother collegians, inhabiting the diminutive domain to the south, at the American national pastime.

Such a high-flown project would be ludicrous in the extreme, and argue a complete ignorance of their professional excellence in all the delicate requisites of skilled diamond play. As far as the proposal in the abstract is concerned nothing can be advanced against it. Our college life has been altogether too confined, and like the growing youth, we are filled with a feverish desire to explore and see for ourselves. We have had little or no opportunity of becoming intimately acquainted with other academic associations, and thus imbibing a broader view of the possibilities of college life. However, the obvious benefits of inter-communication and interchange of courtesies have been sufficiently harped on and recognized to require further comment.

The spirit evidenced in conceiving such an extended tour is commendable, and shows that our college men are fretting under their enforced limits and desire to exhibit their athletic prowess in new and broader fields of conquest.

One of the brightest of our neighbours' characteristics is that they are very seldom influenced by silly, unreasonable prejudice, and possess the very happy faculty of forming a very correct estimate of the intrinsic worth of anything presented to their consideration. Once convinced of the beauty and desirability of an object, and they soon "catch on," and display no sluggishness in adopting it. Look at the attitude of Harvard, Yale and Princeton towards our distinctive national game! Did they fail to extend friendly recognition? On the other hand they have welcomed lacrosse with open arms, its devotees are many, and characterize it as a particularly "fast, scientific, invigorating and fascinating sport." The same pleasing attribute of discrimination led them to discover and patronize the talents of an Albani, and yet we claim the honour of her birth, and arrogantly call her the "Canadian" Queen of Song. Max O'Rell deigned not to pay us the tribute of a mere notice, but if he had I wonder if a flawless gem would have baffled his fault-finding eye.

We all confess Baseball to possess unparalleled beauties, to be the fastest, most exciting game ever invented, for it is an invention, an intricate invention, embodying the accumulated processes of years, until to-day the English game of "Rounders" brought over with the Mayflower has been changed beyond recognition. Baseball may truly be called the "whist" of outdoor sports, inasmuch as it exacts the most absorbing attention, and presents emergencies calling for quick-witted action. A game is often won by a run and consequently every point must be watched with unflagging interest. The close resemblance to "whist" is further carried out even to the humorous aspects of this mathematically moving card game. For in baseball how patiently we have listened to a partizan of the losing team volunteering most careful explanations and hints as to how the game might have been won if "he had done such a thing" and "the other fellow with the striped shirt had done something else," etc. A game of this nature makes one think, and perhaps some (only those who have had no time to devote to a trivial subject) will laugh to scorn the untamed assertion that "Baseball is and has been an educating factor on the masses." Without insinuating a disparaging comparison, (for even cricket, sleepy, slow and as much at variance with baseball as the bustling American contrasts with the star-gazing Englishman, possesses singular attractions) still baseball has amply demonstrated its surpassing popularity on this continent, by the flattering homage paid it by all conditions and classes of men.

Baseball and lacrosse are essentially the games of this continent, and our youth have no reason and should not be ashamed to uphold their own legacy of birthright and creation, for they both in a measure reflect the characteristics and pursuits of the people. Our conditions preclude us in this locomotive-speeding age from sacrificing two whole days to cricket (calling game at ten and pulling stumps at six each day.) Two hours satisfy our call for relaxation, but in that time we attain greater ends, more excitement, more brilliant and just as scientific exposition, and to cap the climax, the play is over, either won or lost. I intended at the outset to refer particularly to the features involved in the proposed Varsity tour, but must plead guilty to a digression, pardonable, I trust.

S. D. S.

## ROUND THE TABLE.

The city editor, besides being naturally of a sarcastic turn of mind, has had his heart blighted and dried up by unrequited affection, and consequently assumes an intensely cynical tone, so no one was surprised when he threw the following verses on the table, though many were grieved that his responsible position on the paper precluded the possibility of their exclusion:

Were I thy bride, my lover gallant, true,  
It's plain that you would be my husband too.  
No more you'd count the pretty girls you spied,  
No more would boast the sweet things they replied,  
Were I thy bride.

This bane of husbands would be yours beside  
To rise and nurse the baby when it cried,  
I'd find out many things for you to do,  
Were I thy bride.

The joys of wedlock you have magnified,  
Don't say you'd like them till you once have tried ;  
You might discover what you never knew,  
That many a smiling maiden is a shrew,  
I'd make you ope your drooping eyelids wide,  
Were I thy bride.

\* \* \*

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing ;  
Drink deep, or taste not, the Pierian spring."

William S. Walsh, in the March *Lippincott's*, comments well and wisely on the above celebrated couplet of Pope. He says: "In spite of Pope, a little knowledge is better than no knowledge at all. Indeed, when a man has mastered the whole sum and substance of human knowledge he has drunk only a drop of the Pierian spring. We are far too apt to consider that no books can be profitable save those which commend themselves to the scholarly taste. We forget that men and women cannot assimilate instruction that is uncongenial to their habits and constitution of mind. You couldn't recommend Kant to a clown, or even to a hard-headed, sensible business man. But it is possible so to present his life and his philosophy that some faint ray shall illumine the inner life of the average man." He goes on to speak of the benefits accruing from such publications as the "English Men of Letters" series, and characterizes them as educators of the public. Mr. Walsh's remarks seem very sensible. In earlier stages of our civilization it may have been possible for a man, if not, like Faust, to exhaust every sphere of human knowledge, at all events to acquire a goodly portion of the accumulated store. But at the present day, when the Pierian spring has, as it were, swollen into a mighty river, bearing in its magic waters the gathered art and science of a past that has seen the rise and fall of several civilizations, it is scarcely possible for a man of even phenomenal learning to do more than exemplify the definition of the poet:

"What is to be wise?  
'Tis but to know how little may be known."

So that the books which present in as small compass as is compatible with fact and readability a subject on which it is well to be generally informed are proportionally beneficial to the general reading public as to the specialists are the ponderous tomes which may present the same subject in all its details.

\* \* \*

The Ingenious Man is a great reader of the Classics, and it was after we had somewhat lengthily discussed Torontonensis' recent attacks on Sir Daniel Wilson, that he said: "Do you know those letters remind me very forcibly of Pindar. I do not mean that there is anything particularly poetic about them, although they are somewhat imaginative, nor do I think that they manifest great mental power; but they display a ridiculous ill-nature such as inspired the mighty Greek

when he somewhat irrelevantly informed a lady rival, who had defeated him in a dramatic contest, that *she was a pig*. Such is the story," he continued, "but I rather suspect it was one of the poet's friends who committed this unpardonable breach of etiquette, for we very frequently see the ill-advised actions of a friend saddle the most disgraceful sentiments on prominent men." After a silence the German Editor, who hates anything classical, said slowly and ponderously: "I believe that Pindar said it himself."

\* \* \*

The subject we are going to touch upon is no new one, though its attributes bear new aspects from time to time. The distressful arbitrariness of space will not permit us for a moment to give the debatable question of literary criticism the thorough treatment that we should like to bestow upon it. Therefore, with this admission that the following remarks are narrow and inadequate, we observe that existing English criticism is assuredly doing untold service, and increasing the area and volume of its influence by honestly advertising the good and condemning the bad. The reigning critics are generally freeing themselves from that old spirit of rancour which prevailed at the beginning of this century, poisoning all truth with the spite of political and religious differences. It may be safely affirmed that hostile criticism upon anything of worth is not now prevalent, and will soon be wholly dispensed with. The strife that is still rife, concerning the value of Whitman's work, is not to be considered in this connection. There is little debate as to his mental power, but there exists an intense hatred of the supposed manner in which he has perverted his undoubted genius to the destruction of all that has hitherto ennobled the refined art of poetical expression. He is so outside of art, whether beyond it or behind it need not now be said, that criticism upon him is not governed by established canons of candid reason, but emanates fierce and direct from the very core of passion, lavish in praise and rancorous in abuse.

\* \* \*

Everyone is aware of the criminal criticism that prevailed when Keats and Shelley wrote, and Byron and Scott were read. The magazine reviewer had meditated and decided within himself. "This man has fancy, but I am well; this man has wisdom, and I am well; this one writes melodious folly, still am I well; but till one man doth unite in himself all the graces, he shall not come into my grace. Of my party he shall be that is certain, of my sect before I regard him with favour, and for his morals, well, let them be of what colour it may please God."

\* \* \*

Let us consider some *Blackwood* and *Quarterly* statements of seventy years since, and although it may be unfair with the judgment of the years in our favour to revile contemporary criticism, let us be unfair, and laugh in our superior wisdom.

"The calm, settled, imperturbable drivelling idiocy of Endymion."

"Mr. Hunt is a small poet, but he is a clever man. Mr. Keats is a still smaller poet, and he is only a boy of pretty abilities which he has done everything in his power to spoil."

Before the publication of "Adonais," and the hot lines in attack of the critics of Keats, *Blackwood* contained the following:

"Mr. Shelley's mind is destined, under due discipline and self-management, to achieve great things in poetry."

Again—"Mr. Shelley has been infamously and stupidly treated in the *Quarterly*."

After the appearance of "Adonais" appeared the most insensate review and parody of the poem, the review informing England that a certain Mr. Keats had died, and that a Mr. Shelley had written rhymed nonsense accordingly.

The *Quarterly* is not behind in virulence.

"Take away from him the confused, the incoherent, the bombastic, the affected, the extravagant, the hideously gorgeous, and Prometheus and the poems that accompany it will sink at once into nothing." And so did our fathers attempt to forestal the judgments of posterity and are deemed bribed bigots for their pains!

## UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE NEWS.

ALL reports from Societies must reach us by noon on Thursday to insure insertion.

## MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.

The club held its regular meeting for the week on Monday last in the Y. M. C. A. building, the President in the chair. The programme was short but good. Miss L. L. Green opened it with a piano solo. Herr Friedrich von Livetzow, of the Berlitz School of Languages, then gave in excellent style "*Des Sängers Fluch*." Miss F. V. Keep followed with an essay on "Korner's Lyric Poems," which closed the programme, and which those who heard it much appreciated. German conversation followed, lasting for a longer time than usual, after which the meeting adjourned.

## NATURAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

A regular meeting of the Association was held on Feb. 14th in Prof. Pike's lecture room.

Mr. McCrae read a paper on "Insectivorous Plants of Canada," exhibiting some of his own collecting; J. S. Copland read a paper on "The Histology of Striped Muscle Fibre"; Mr. Saunders and the President, Dr. Ellis, made some remarks on the papers. Mr. Munroe was elected to fill the vacant office of 4th year representative. The meeting adjourned to meet again two weeks from this date.

## ENGINEERING CLASS OF '90.

Last December the Second Year School of Practical Science held a meeting with the view of organizing a class society, at which they appointed a committee to draft a constitution. On the 19th Feb. last they held another meeting at which the committee reported and the constitution they had drawn was adopted after a few amendments were made. The adopted constitution is as follows:—

## ARTICLE I.

1. This society shall consist of regular students in engineering of the School of Practical Science who shall graduate in 1890 and those students who are closely identified with that class who shall be elected to membership.
2. It shall be called The Engineering Class of 1890.
3. The objects of the Society shall be:—
  - (1) To cultivate a spirit of mutual assistance and personal friendship among its members.
  - (2) To facilitate organized action on all matters concerning the Class.
  - (3) To promote an interest in and loyalty to the School.

## ARTICLE II.

1. The officers shall be a President, a Vice-President, a Secretary, a Treasurer and one Councillor, all of whom shall constitute the General Committee. These officers shall rank in the above order.

2. The election of officers shall be conducted as follows:

Each member shall send to the Secretary, previous to the date of the regular meeting, the names of two candidates for each office in a sealed envelope marked *voting papers*; these envelopes shall be opened at the regular meeting by two duly appointed scrutineers and the votes counted. The member receiving the plurality of votes for each office shall be thus receiving the plurality of votes for each office shall be declared elected to that office; but in case the same member receives the plurality of votes for more than one office he shall be declared elected to the senior office and the member receiving the next highest number of votes for the junior office shall be declared elected to it. The officers so elected shall hold office until the close of the next regular meeting of the Class.

3. The President, or in his absence the Vice-President or another member at the request of the President or the Class, shall preside over all meetings of the Class, enforce due observance of the constitution and decide all questions of order. He shall announce the result of all voting and give the casting vote in case of a tie.

4. The Secretary shall conduct the correspondence of the Society; he shall give proper notice of all meetings of the Class and keep full and correct minutes of the same. He shall communicate with each member of the Class at least once a year and shall keep a record of the transactions of each member from which he shall compile a report to be read at the regular meeting. He shall also keep a list of all vacancies for engineers, which he shall forward, together with such other information as he may possess, to any member desiring it.

5. The Treasurer shall receive and account for all moneys belonging to the Society and shall, under the direction of the General Committee, pay all expenses incurred by the Society; he shall keep a roll-book in which shall be entered the name and address of every member of the Class with the date of each payment made by him and shall submit his report to two auditors at the regular meetings.

6. Every officer of the Class shall at the conclusion of his term of office deliver to his successor all books, documents &c., in his possession belonging to the Class, and such successor shall thenceforth be responsible for the safekeeping of the same. All records in the possession of any officer of the Class shall be open to the inspection of any member thereof.

7. The General Committee shall fix the exact date of the regular meeting and make all arrangements pertaining thereto, and shall assess the members for such sums as shall be deemed necessary to meet the current expenses.

A majority of the Committee shall constitute a quorum.

## ARTICLE III.

1. The regular meetings shall be held during the months of February or March, 1889, 1890, 1891 and thereafter as the Class may determine.
2. Special meetings may be called by the President, at any time on the advice of two members of the Committee.
3. Five members shall constitute a quorum.

## ARTICLE IV.

1. It shall be the duty of every member to report to the Secretary each change in his address or employment, also information regarding all vacancies for engineers and all other matters of interest to the Class.

## ARTICLE V.

1. Alterations of the Constitution shall be discussed only at the regular meetings and no such alteration shall be made without receiving the votes of at least two thirds of the members present.

## ONE OF THE PLEASURES OF THE VOLUNTEER.

The annual entertainment of "K" Company came off last Tuesday, 19th inst., in the shape of a driving party out to Lambton Mills. Arrangements were made with John Warren, the worthy proprietor of the Credit Valley House, whereby the Company might have a hearty supper and then entertain themselves by songs, etc.

Regrets were received from Major Delamere, Capt. Ellis, Capt. Vandersmissen, Capt. Baker and Prof. Loudon, all of whom expressed their deep sorrow at not being able to accompany the *Boys*. Our guests were Capt. H. V. Greene, Lieut. Gunther, Lieut. Mercer, Lieut. D. O. Cameron, 32nd Batt., and Trooper O'Connell, late of the Body Guards. The rendezvous was the Residence where, long before the appointed time of leaving, the troops mustered and waited anxiously for the vans, which were of course late. A two-horse van was the first to make its appearance, and after a good long wait the other two, four-horse vans, came up. It was remarkable to see the celerity with which those who had seated themselves in the two-horse rig left it for those drawn by the four-in-hand.

About 6.30 Capt. Brock gave the order to start, and away we went. The route led along College St. to Dufferin St., down Dufferin to Dundas, and then west to our destination, where we arrived about 7.30 with appetites of which only undergrads, and Residence men can boast. Some one rang the dinner-bell and a general stampede took place, and in another moment all were seated, piling into an excellent supper. All formalities were done away with, and the sweet abandon which reigned was pleasing to contemplate.

After every one was satisfied we adjourned to a large room

with a piano in it. Here Pte. Fairclough was a host in himself and played accompaniments to all the songs the boys knew. It is hard to tell how the Company could get along without this excellent musical artist.

Parties were also formed to go "bobbing" on the hill, just at the hotel door, which was in very good condition and a capital one for the purpose.

A great feature of the evening was the stag dance, when the Bombay Lancers were performed by the Company. The ladies were distinguished by handkerchiefs tied around one arm and great was the confusion when they became untied and fell off.

About eleven Capt. Brock ordered the horses, and we set out for home after having spent a most enjoyable evening. Every one will, I think, agree that after the above a soldier's life is *not* always one of severe privation and hardship.

#### WYCLIFFE NOTES.

At a special meeting of the Wycliffe College Literary Society held on Wednesday last, the revised constitution was submitted, and, after considerable discussion, adopted. It was decided to hold a public debate some time in April. Readers were appointed, and the following speakers will take part:—Messrs. C. H. P. Owen, Whalen, McCormack and Perry.

Mr. Wm. McCormack, '90, has been obliged to give up work for a time and return home, on account of ill-health.

The Jesuit excitement has penetrated even Wycliffe's quiet precincts, and there is quite a stir over the reported discovery of one of the order in the person of the Rev. Father McGlynn, of the second year.

Mysteries are in order. The shadow of a great secret veils the college. We thought we were nearing a solution when the Doctor summoned us some time since to his august presence, with the statement that he had something of importance to communicate. But we were dismissed unsatisfied, for the time for divulging it was not yet. So we must wait, unless some Pooh-Bah shall arise among us and deign to divulge State secrets for our consideration.

The *Mail* lay about the reading-room in shreds on Thursday last. *Causa latet*. It is not known whether its dilapidation was due in any way to its college items of the day before.

Notumque, furens quid femina possit  
Triste per augurium *victorum* pectora ducunt!

#### UNIVERSITY Y. W. C. A.

Since the lady-undergraduates have so increased in number, there has been felt the need of a bond of Christian union. This want has at last been supplied by the organization of a University Y. W. C. A. Some time ago, a deputation from the Y. W. C. A. of the Women's Medical College came over and presented the matter to the lady undergraduates, inviting them to join their Association or offering to assist them in any way if they preferred to form one of their own. The matter was given due consideration, and it was at length decided to form an Association independent of that of the Women's Medical College. Last week, therefore, a University Y. W. C. A. was organized, the membership of which is to consist only of lady-graduates and undergraduates.

The Association has adopted a Constitution, similar to that of the University Y. M. C. A. The following officers have been elected for the current year:—President, Miss Curzon; Vice-President, Miss Jones; Recording Secretary, Miss Hare; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Rose; Treasurer, Miss Robson.

The first regular meeting of the Association was held on February 19th in the Y. W. C. A. Hall and was led by the President. The attendance was good and the meeting promised well for the future success of the Association.

#### Y. M. C. A.

On Thursday of last week reports were received from the Guelph deputation and the delegates to the Ottawa Convention. At the former place good has been done by the visit of the men from University College; the relations between the two

colleges will probably be more friendly hereafter, and a Y. M. C. A. will be organized by the Guelph men.

Among other things done at Ottawa the College Associations were given a representation of four each on the Provincial Executive of Y. M. C. A.'s, thus bringing college men into much closer relations with the Association at large.

On Thursday of this week T. G. Malcheff, '91, a native Bulgarian, gave an interesting and intelligent account of life and mission work in Bulgaria and Macedonia.

Next week the meeting will be taken by J. B. Peat and A. E. Segsworth.

#### THE NEW COURT.

Our undergraduate readers may be interested to see that our College Court is exciting interest abroad. The following clipping comes rather comically at the present time, when the Court Question is so shrouded in uncertainty:—

"At the University of Toronto the literary society from time to time proposes to organize itself into a court to try cases of insolence of bearing, otherwise called cheek, among their fellow students. Those members of the society not taking active part in the trial act as jury; the culprit is placed upon the stand, and pays, if found guilty, a fine in no case exceeding \$10.00 of lawful money of Canada, or forfeiture of or suspension from the privileges of this society and its reading room, or all of these penalties together. The Canadians seem to have solved the hazing question."

#### PERSONAL.

We are glad to be able to announce Mr. W. Dale's return to College and resumption of lectures. He has been spending several days at St. Mary's, his native town, recuperating his strength.

It is with deep regret that we learn that Prof. Young has been taken suddenly ill. Last Wednesday morning, he was obliged to interrupt his Honour Lecture to the Fourth Year, and since that time he has been afflicted with a paralytic stroke. The anxiety and concern felt throughout the College by Faculty and students alike has cast a gloom over the week.

Prof. R. Ramsay Wright has discontinued his lectures for a day or two owing to slight indisposition. There is nothing serious, however, in the Professor's case, and he hopes soon to be back at his frogs and students again.

E. C. Acheson, '89, and graduate of Wycliffe College, has just returned from a visit to New York. He has many pleasant anecdotes to tell of his visit.

#### GENERAL COLLEGE NOTES.

One of the most interesting features of college life at Amherst is the development of the college senate. This is a body of college students composed of four seniors, three juniors, two sophomores and one freshman, elected by their respective classes, whose president is the president of the college, and who decides upon all matters that pertain to order or college decorum. Their decision is not valid without the approval of the president; but with his approval it is binding upon the entire college. Gradually the president and faculty have found increasing advantages to give power to this institution. The members chosen by the classes have thus far been remarkably well selected, and their decisions are accepted by the college with singular acquiescence. Any expression of opinion on the part of the senate is sure to carry with it the opinion of the college, and this attempt at self-government has been manifestly attended by an increasing self-respect and manly self-restraint on the part of the students. The good order which prevails at Amherst, the freedom from disturbances of classes and contests of student and faculty are largely due to the college senate.—*N. Y. Mail and Express*.

The University of Pennsylvania base-ball cage is to be 220 feet long by 110 feet high. The nine will begin practising some time in February.—*Chronicle*. 'Varsity boys, look out