

ROUGE ET NOIR.

Forster Fiddler Forsatt Felleter.

Vol. III.

TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO, JUNE, 1882.

No. 3.

(ESTABLISHED 1836.)

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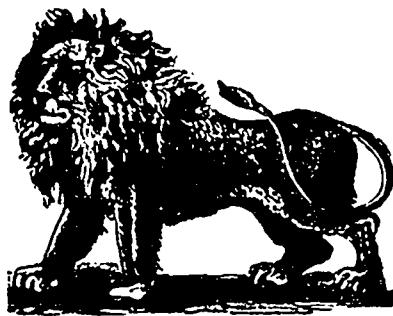
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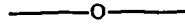
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VOL. III.

TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO, TRINITY TERM, 1882

No. 3

UNIVERSITY OF TRINITY COLLEGE.



The Matriculation Examination will begin on Tuesday, October 3rd, 1882, when the following scholarships for general proficiency will be offered for competition:

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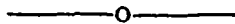
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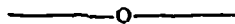
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December, 1881.

DIDO DESERTED.

BY J. A. R.

Forsaken Dido, lonely and forlorn.

Wand'ring in tears along the wild sea beach,
Watching the cruel waves which late had borne
Her love and life so far beyond her reach.

Striving to view from out the cloud of tears
Which veils those eyes, till now so purely bright,
The white sails of the ships, anon she hears
The wild birds screaming in their seaward flight.

She hears the sobbing of the restless sea,
Lapping the cold gray sand in its embrace,
Filling her brain with its sad melody—
She feels the salt spray damp upon her face.

Moaning she cries across the watery plain,
"Ah love! sweet love! come back, come back to me,
I cannot bear for long this weary pain,
I cannot live and be apart from thee."

And then she listens o'er the heaving wave,
Thinking to hear from it her love reply,
But all is still and silent as the grave,
Save for the sobbing sea and wild birds' cry.

Seeming to mock her in her wild despair—
Then low she sinks upon the wind swept shore,
Till the brown sea weed mingles with her hair,
And cold waves wash the limbs that feel no more.

THE NATURE OF SOUND.*

BY REV. A. J. BELT, B. A.

What is sound? "Don't you really know?" the would-be scientific student doubtfully queries; and, from the high pedestal of his own superior acoustical knowledge, we are deluged with a supply of "airwaves," "vibrations," "condensations and rarefactions," enough, one might fancy, to completely annihilate whoever should be so bold—or so unfortunate, perhaps—as to question the undulatory theory of sound. But, supposing we do object to the definition, and venture to support another—opposing—theory, what then? "How can you?"—"How dare you?"—the embryonic physicists, on all sides, exclaim with holy horror at the seeming sacrilege depicted on their countenances, and then, with scarcely a moment's warning to prepare ourselves for the onslaught, the illustrious names of eminent supporters of the wave theory are hurled upon our heads. Yet, this theory of the nature of sound has been assailed, and in the humble opinion of the writer of this paper, successfully.

Although we are not easily frightened, yet it required some time before our courage was sufficiently worked up to push on the stone, already set rolling, against the huge superstructure erected by the undulatory hypothesis of sound, gathering and growing as it has been for 2,500 years. The foundation laid by Pythagoras, it has been added to and developed by scientific men ever since, and now rests upon the shoulders of Newton, Laplace, Konig,

*The subject of a large portion of a work entitled "The Problem of Human Life," by A. Wilford Hall, published by Hall & Co., New York, from which exceedingly interesting and very convincing treatise, the arguments in this paper are mostly drawn. Although, of course, the writer fully feels his inability to present the subject in as lucid a manner as the author of the above admirable work has done, yet he hopes that even if the article is not sufficiently convincing to change the mind of any, it will at least prove interesting.

Tyndal, Hemholtz and Meyer—a pretty strong foundation surely, and a big stone needed to knock down such a building, much larger than we could lift. But then the stone has already been set rolling—other hands have been stretched out to give it a shove and increase its impetus—and, without a spark of *egoism*, we think ourselves able to give a tiny push, at all events, we run behind and try, as a young child adds his strength to that of the full grown men who are endeavouring to pry up a firmly embedded stump which clings very tenaciously to the earth, but which is, nevertheless, doomed to loose its hold and make room for something better.

"Something better?" the doubting Thomases sneeringly exclaim. Ah, yes, we said it—but you, yourselves, shall judge. Professor Huxley, somewhere says, if we remember rightly, "Every hypothesis is bound to explain, or at any rate, *not to be inconsistent with*, the whole of the facts it professes to account for; and if there is a *single one* of these facts which can be shown to be inconsistent with the hypothesis, such hypothesis *falls to the ground*. One fact with which it is positively inconsistent, is worth as much, and is as powerful in negating the hypothesis, as *five hundred*." If we may be allowed to express an opinion, the worthy Professor could not have given utterance to a more profound truth. Now, our unwarrantable obstinacy permits us to see *inconsistencies* in the idea that sound consists merely of "air-waves" thrown off by a sounding instrument. We expect a drubbing for our boldness—we look for nothing else—but to all who should be tempted to open their batteries upon us we would gently say, "don't"—it might not be advisable. According to this learned Professor of Natural History, then, one single inconsistency in any hypothesis "is as powerful in negating it as five hundred." We would like to spin out the inconsistencies in the undulatory hypothesis of sound to "five hundred," for we have the conceit to think it can be done; but, if, on high scientific authority, *one* is sufficient, we need not take up so much time.

But we must haste and give that "shove" to the projectile, which, we think, will hurl the wave theory to the ground, and not only demolish it, but accomplish the startling and unusual feat of erecting "something better" in its stead. You are getting curious, perhaps, to know what it is. So, before going further, we explain a little, and shall unfold as we proceed. The reference is to a theory—only a few years old, as far as we know—that sound is a *substantial entity*, consisting of corpuscular emissions; and that, therefore, it is lawful to talk of sound atoms or molecules as distinguished from the particles of the air—the atmosphere acting merely as a conductor for its transmission, just in the same way that water, wood, iron and rock do.

One thing which seems to strike the mind very forcibly is this fact: Man is endowed with five senses, viz., touch, taste, smell, sight and hearing. Now, the first three are acknowledged to be molecular, and the only way they can be perceived is by the actual contact of the particles of the thing touched, tasted or smelled with our senses, *e. g.* we gain knowledge of the shape of a thing touched by the actual contact of its particles with our bodies, we perceive taste by the actual contact of the particles of the thing tasted with the palate, smell is the actual contact of the particles of odour with the olfactory nerve. On what principle of reason, then, is a line drawn—the remaining two senses requiring clever men to invent an all-pervading, ethereal substance for their transmission to the optic and auditory nerves—when no earthly neces-

sity exists, a molecular or corpuscular theory answering quite as well for that as for the others, and without nearly the inconsistency involved in the generally accepted idea of sound waves? We possess not a particle of proof of the existence of this "luminiferous ether," and yet the belief in its all-pervading nature is very extensive. True, a great many now accept the molecular theory of light, and at their head is the name of Sir Isaac Newton, the discoverer, but a large portion of intelligent people still cling to the firmly-rooted hypothesis of undulations. Strange that when it occurred to Newton that light consisted of something more than the mere waves of this "etherial medium pervading space," he did not see his way out of those inconsistencies into which the study of sound lead him, by adopting a like theory for it, and one which meets all difficulties. If he had not allowed himself to be worried—almost distracted—by the continued attacks of the small scientific fry, instead of abandoning the first theory, he would, no doubt, have proceeded to the development of the second.

We ask again, "What is sound?" Something, most certainly, must cause the sensation which we call sound. What is it? The two theories that have been advanced, set side by side, are these. The 2,500 years old one we place first—it states that sound consists of air-waves, generated by the sounding instrument, which cause the tympanum of the ear to vibrate, and that thus musical notes and other sounds are carried to the brain. The hypothesis we have undertaken to support would define sound to be a *finely attenuated substance, generated by the vibratory motion of whatever instrument produces it, which is radiated from the sound-producing body by an unknown law of diffusion.* Now, our opponents need not think that because we said "unknown law of diffusion" they have got a handle with which to shake our hypothesis, for—as far as our knowledge goes—it has never yet been scientifically explained why liquids of different densities tend to mix or project their particles through each other in opposition to the law of gravity, or why grains of odor shoot through the still atmosphere at considerable velocity, or by what law magnetic atoms stream ceaselessly from the ends of a magnet. Why may there not be an "unknown law of diffusion" to govern the spreading of sound, as well as odour, magnetism or electricity?

The first question which occurs to us is, can air-waves travel as fast as sound is known to do? In the article on "Hurricane," in Appleton's American Cyclopaedia, it is stated that "from the observed destructive force of some gusts, it has been maintained that a velocity of ten miles a minute must have been momentarily attained; but such computations are not very satisfactory. The highest hurricane winds that have ever been actually observed have, on the British coast, attained a velocity of 130 miles per hour." Now, sound is known to travel at the rate of 1,120 feet a second—in round numbers, 700 miles an hour—*nearly six times as fast.* Fancy a man whistling: according to this undulatory theory, he sends off from his mouth air-waves which travel nearly six times faster than the highest and swiftest winds! The disparity between the *possible* velocity of air and the *known* velocity of sound, gives scope for an endless amount of ingenuity to reconcile. Now, let us develop our argument somewhat. It was thought that sound travels through bodies in relation to their density and elasticity. On this basis Newton discovered an "inconsistency." His calculations of the relative density and elasticity of

air made the velocity at which sound should travel in the air—on the wave hypothesis—to be about *five-sixths* of the observed rate at which it travels, *i. e.*, that sound travels one-sixth faster than air-waves can do, *not taking into account the resistance offered by the atmosphere.* Inconsistency number one, which, on Professor Huxley's authority, should be equal to "five hundred."

Ah, now, the worthy friend with whom we have been suppositiously talking, full of the scientific education of our schools and colleges—we well remember how, in our youth, we swallowed it all ourselves comes with the honored name of Laplace to the rescue. But, perhaps, Professor Tyndall can explain it for us best. When he wants his hearers to grasp the idea of sound, he says—we chose one description out of many—"figure clearly to yourselves a harp-string vibrating to and fro, it advances and causes the particles of air in front of it to crowd together, thus producing a condensation of the air. It retreats, and the air particles behind it separate more widely, thus producing a rarefaction of the air. . . . In this way the air through which the sound of the string is propagated, is moulded into a regular sequence of condensations and rarefactions, which travel with a velocity of about 1,100 feet a second."—(Quoted from *Prob. of Hum.: Life*, p. 79.) Now we are given Laplace's idea. It is well known that sound travels faster in a warm atmosphere than in a cold, and the French acoustician ingeniously suggested that the pressing of the air together, or, "condensation," caused by a vibrating string or fork, generates sufficient *heat* to make up this deficiency of "one-sixth" in the velocity of sound. According to this, then "air-waves" travel faster when the atmosphere is warm than when cold; therefore, a hot wind must travel faster than a cold one, and our North American "blizzards" be far behind the cyclones of equatorial regions. Perhaps they are, but we very much doubt it as a universal fact. At any rate, we come across this inconsistency, a high wind travels faster than a low one—therefore, if the wave theory be correct, a loud sound shall travel faster than a weak one; but universal observation tells us that the velocity of sound is always the same. Is there any way out of this difficulty? A canary is at this moment whistling in a room below ours, and at some distance away from where we sit, is this little bird actually able, with its tiny throat, to set the air vibrating and send it off in waves, with a velocity nearly six times as great as the fiercest tornado, not only all through a large house, but even through doors and floors, around corners and back again, in a way that wind was never known to travel? In this connection, consider the great weight of air and amount the bird would have to shake. But what of these "condensations and rarefactions" which generate "heat" enough to add one-sixth to the velocity of sound? It is the air being quickly pressed together—forming "condensations"—which generates this additional "heat," we are told.—Now, to our unscientific mind, it would seem as if the associated "rarefactions" should counteract the effect of the "condensations," and retard the sound pulse by generating as much *cold* as the latter does *heat*. We leave this difficulty just where it is for want of time, and space, and proceed.

One grand mistake acousticians seem to make in estimating these "condensations and rarefactions" of air-waves is in leaving entirely out of account the great *mobility* of the air. To be sure, air-waves are incidental to sound and accompany it, but can no more be called the cause than the rebound of a cannon or the kick of a

gun can be said to cause the projectile to shoot off, or than the waves seen in the track of a steamboat can be held accountable for the boat's forward motion. I pull a string so that it vibrates—moves to and fro—less than 16 times a second, and no sound is heard—the “air-waves” from this can't go very far or very fast, every one will admit. But supposing the vibrations are increased to 40—the low E of the contra-bass—instead of 15; then the string, moving on exactly the same principle, and travelling the same aggregate distance, instantly “carves the air into condensations and rarefactions,” which travel at the enormous velocity of 1,120 feet a second! Why not explain it in this way, that “in the first instance the stops and starts are so slow that they give off nothing but air-waves, while in the second, the change of direction is rapid enough to generate sound pulses, as well as air-waves, producing such a molecular effect upon the atomic structure of the string itself as to cause the emission of that peculiar substance we call sound!” Is that definite enough. If it isn't, please explain how can we have two entirely different systems of air-waves, one travelling 7 or 8 inches per second, the other 1,120 feet! A bugle-horn can often be heard, in a still night, in all directions for three miles. Let the bugler blow directly through the horn without producing sound, and exert all his lung power, and he can't stir the light of a gas jet a dozen feet away. But let him adjust his lips to the mouth-piece, in the proper manner to produce tone, and, by a simple vibratory motion—as the current theory teaches—and without nearly the amount of lung power, he can manufacture and send off air-waves which *shake the entire atmosphere through 36 square miles*, moving all the particles with sufficient force to vibrate the tympanum of the ear at any point, or in fact, all the tympanums of all the ears which can be crowded into this space! We confess that this appalling deduction helped to shake our faith in the wave theory of sound.

But we were going to say something about the mobility of the atmosphere. Prof. Meyer (Amer. Cyc. Art. “Sound”) tries to explain the transmission in this way: “If we imagine a long tube, open at one end and closed at the other by a piston which moves in the tube without friction, it is evident that if the piston is pushed into the tube a certain distance, the air would at the same time move out of the tube at the open end (*i. e.*, if air were incompressible.) But air is compressible and elastic, and after the piston has been pushed into the cylinder, a measurable interval of time will have elapsed before the air moves out of the open end of the tube. This interval is the time taken by sound to traverse the length of the tube.” Now, first of all, if we pushed the piston in a little way, would the air travel along and out of the tube as fast as if pushed further, with consequently greater compression? And since “heat” adds to the velocity of sound—1 foot per second for every rise of temperature of 1—it has occurred to us to ask, in all humility and teachableness, whether the learned professor ever *heated his tube* in order to find out, by actual experiment, how much faster the compressed air would travel through it than when cold? But why confine the air in a tube to demonstrate the air-wave hypothesis of sound? Evidently because the free air wouldn't answer the purpose, *it being extremely mobile*. When we run, the air, pressed away from in front, rushes round and takes its place behind us, and is not disturbed at any great distance around, but the tramping of our feet generates and sends off sound pulses, which reach the ear much farther off and travel

with much greater velocity than the incidental shaking of the air caused by our moving bodies. A fish in the middle of the ocean, by moving its fins, pushes away the water from in front which immediately rushes to the rear on account of the great *mobility* of the element, whose mass is disturbed only a very short distance around the fish—the moving of the water being incidental to its propulsion, just in the same way that air-waves are incidental to the propagation of sound.

Another difficulty—which we have only time to suggest—is this: if sound be nothing but “air-waves,” is it conducted through water, wood, lead, copper and iron—through all of which it is transmitted much quicker than through air—by means of undulations too? In the depth of our simplicity we ask, isn't it inconsistent? A little bird on the top of a huge oak, by the simple scratch of one of its tiny claws, can set into *undulatory motion* all the particles of the tree from the top to the bottom, and that in an instant too!!

One curious thing about sound which—without intending to weary ROUGE ET NOIR'S readers—we would like to dilate upon a little, is the subject of *sympathetic vibration*, or the surprising fact that if two strings or forks are tuned in such a way as to have the same number of normal oscillations per second, and if one be thrown into vibration its unison neighbour, if placed near enough, will also start into vibratory motion, and sound without any connection whatever with the first, except the intervening air. In a little book by us, “The Throat and the Voice,” by Dr. Cohen, of Philadelphia, p. 109, the subject is very concisely treated, but on the old sound theory:

“The influence of the pitch of a sound in exciting a silent instrument attuned to the same pitch is well known to musicians. The response of a glass gas-globe to certain tones of the voice, for example, or the rattling of a pane of glass from a similar cause, must be familiar to all. The effect is mechanical altogether. It is similar to the effect of rhythmic vibration of a suspended bridge, which may accumulate for long enough to throw it down. Hence marching in time is prohibited upon suspension bridges. There is an old saying that a bridge of this kind could be destroyed by continuous fiddling on a note of the same pitch as that of the bridge, from mere accumulation of force in the sonorous waves. Heavy bells are started by commencing with gentle impulses in rhythmic accord with the proper oscillation of the bell. To quote from an excellent novel (Middlemarch, Chapter XXX):

“How will you know the pitch of that great bell,
Too large for you to stir? Let but a flute
Play 'neath the fine-mixed metal! Listen close
Till the right note flows forth, a silvery rill:
Then shall the huge bell tremble—then the mass
With myriad waves concurrent shall respond
In low soft unison.”

Could all this be the effect of air-waves? Fancy a fiddler standing on the Suspension bridge at Niagara—the bridge has a certain pitch, or vibratory motion—he finds this out and then strikes the note which has the same number of oscillations per second, keeps on playing this note, and lo and behold! according to this “old saying,” combined with the wave hypothesis of sound, the atmospheric undulations given off by the motions “to and fro” of the fiddle string are enough to topple the mighty structure over! The “old saying” might possibly have some foundation to rest upon, but the “air-waves” generated by the vibrating string which “carves the air into condensations and rarefactions,” producing heat

enough to add *one-sixth* to the velocity, never could be responsible for so prodigious a result. As well might we expect an ant beneath the ponderous foot of an elephant to exert sufficient strength to throw the huge beast down. We confess that, when we read and gloried in that very delightful work of George Eliot, it never occurred to us that any principle of acoustics was involved in the lines above quoted. But could small air-waves given off from one note of a flute tend to so great a result, when a much louder and shriller tone, giving off waves with more force, would have had no effect at all? But about the law itself—the working of it—if it is impossible to explain it consistently on the wave hypothesis, how will the corpuscular stand? Supposing that a true sympathetic attraction exists in every sound-producing body for every other sound-producing body which has a unison or synchronous vibration, is there anything inconsistent or difficult to accept here? Surely not more than in the attraction of a magnet to iron. In what way a loadstone overcomes the inertia of iron, causing it to change places, no scientist can tell. Yet nothing is more certain than that some kind of substantial currents pass off from the magnet and seize hold of the iron, or we wouldn't have the visible and corporeal result of *lifting* which occurs, as most certainly a movement can't be produced by *nothing*; and simple undulations won't answer, because a magnet moves and lifts iron through an intervening substance, as *e. g.*, palatinum, gold, or sheets of water. Which is the more mysterious? Why acknowledge that one can't be explained and then inconsistently try to fathom the other? It is easily proved that the sympathetic vibrations of a unison body are not caused by the air-waves sent off from the actuating string or fork. If any one is curious enough to try the experiment, let him hang two pendulum balls synchronously, *i. e.*, with short rods of equal length—place them closely together so as not to touch, and start one swinging rapidly—the air-waves thrown off may equal those of a ticking pendulum, but so long as no tone is produced by the one set in motion, the other will remain quiescent.

I have spun out this article to much greater length than I intended, and humbly crave pardon for not confining myself to half the space—especially as some may think it an altogether unnecessary waste of time and paper on an uninteresting subject. But it is one that *should* be interesting, and one, moreover, unlike the waves of air, very difficult to *condense*. One objection I must answer before closing. It is asked, "How can a sounding body emit corpuscles without gradually diminishing its own substance and wearing away?" A simple reference to *odour*—which is acknowledged to be atomic—should be a sufficient answer. A grain of musk left out would scent up a very large area of still atmosphere without losing any perceptible amount of its bulk. And the scent from a fox's foot has been keen enough to guide a dog correctly hours after the fox passed, and with even a steady breeze blowing across the track.

SOME ASPECTS OF ÆSTHETICISM.

BY R. T. NICHOL, B. A.

"THE LUKIAN.—This fruit is of a hot and humid nature. To those not used to it it seems at first to smell like rotten onions, but immediately they have tasted it they prefer it to all other food. * * *

"The pulp is the eatable part and its consistence and

flavour are indescribable. A rich, butter-like custard highly flavoured with almonds gives the best general idea of it, but intermingled with it come wafts of flavour that call to mind cream-cheese, onion-sauce, brown sherry and other incongruities."—*Wallace's Malay Archipelago*, ch. v., p 75.

In the above passage Mr. Wallace furnishes us, I think, with a very apt simile of æstheticism. Nothing more composite, more many-sided, alternately admirable and disgusting, do I know of. At once a synonym for the happy virtue of discrimination and the folly of senseless imitation, it may command our entire respect or deserve our scorn. And this will be determined by the meaning we assign to the word itself. To begin, then, let us be strict, if pedantic, and remember its etymology—*αἰσθησις*—perception—nicety of discernment, the characteristic of a *connaisseur*—a "cunning" person—(I am tempted a step farther in philology)—a *koenig*, a king. And of what a kingdom! If we consider man as compounded of bodily, mental, spiritual, then the second of these is the æsthete. All those emotions of the mind—all those noble senses by which the beauty of the outer world is apprehended and enjoyed—the colour which thrills, the sound which kindles, the odour which acts as a talisman of memory—all these are the *matter* of the science of Æsthetics. It has to do with their development, their perfecting, their quickening, their maintenance in perfectness. And why should the care for these be regarded with scorn? It is not indeed of equal importance, nor of such surpassing excellence as that which deals with the spiritual life—that marvellous "hidden life of the soul"—hid with CHRIST in God—which has power to lift those who follow it above the world, nay, above self—to merge all their personality in another—to fasten them with entire self-forgetfulness in ceaseless contemplation of infinite perfection—of whose votaries, one who has best written of it, represents the Divine Master Himself as saying, that "being lifted up above themselves, and carried out of love of themselves, they are wholly set on the love of ME, in Whom also they rest with enjoyment."

This is the highest life of all; nor can we wonder that when pursued without interruption, it so engrosses all powers as to leave no capability of appreciation for any other. We all know the story of S. Bernard, who, after walking all day long by the lovely Lemn Lake, was found at evening to ask where he was, having been quite oblivious of all exterior surroundings.

It is not surprising that those who have been on the Delectable Mountains, and walked in the Land of Beulah, where the "shining ones" also walk, who have "beheld the King in His beauty, and the land that is very far off," should care not for the beauty of any transitory thing. We cannot imagine that even "her magnificence, whom all Asia and the world worshipped," and the choruses of the vestals, awoke a single emotion of pleasure or admiration in the heart of the Apostle, who had

heard the "voice of the Beloved, and seen the vision of Patmos.

But this atmosphere is too rare to be breathed by all, these heights too difficult of access for all to reach them. Next then to the entire apprehension of spiritual things is the power of appreciating those immediately surrounding us, and which their Maker approved as "very good." Nor of these only, but of whatever man, in the exercise of his powers of imitation, has nobly achieved in the poetry of speech, or colour, or form.

Beside these the mere animal or vegetative life which we share with the plants and brutes—of growth and increase of strength, nay, of precision and activity in the use of the bodily powers—does it not seem mean and contemptible?

The skill of the savage describing marvellous circuits with his boomerang, and of the cricketer sending the ball with unerring precision on the wickets, are equally admirable as a display of bodily training—equally inconclusive of either's superiority. It is only by ministering to the two higher faculties that it becomes worthy of cultivation and encouragement.

It was limbs trained in the exercises of the Palaestra that gave models for the frieze of the Parthenon, and the strength of Samson was better and more wholesomely employed in carrying off the gates of Gaza, than lying dormant at the feet of Delilah.

So again, as bodily perfection is solely admirable when subserving some æsthetic or spiritual end—developing beauty of form, or affording an outlet for unruly passions—so do I conceive æstheticism to be chiefly noble when ruled and exercised in obedience to the spiritual part.

I can best illustrate this by collating a few passages from the same work of the great master of modern, noble æstheticism—Mr. Ruskin. I have before instanced the senses of *hearing*, *smell* and *sight* (which last Newman, in his "Dream of Gerontius," terms,

The princely sense,

Which binds ideas in one, and makes them live.")

I have instanced these, I say, as so many channels of perception, and their several *virtues*, as Aristotle would call them, the apprehension of sound, and odour, and colour. Of the last of these, Mr. Ruskin says:—"The fact is, of all God's gifts to the sight of man colour is the holiest, the most divine, the most solemn."

"It will be discovered in the first place, that the more faithful and earnest the religion of the painter, the more pure and prevalent is the system of his colour." "It will be found in the second place that where colour becomes a primal intention with a painter otherwise mean and sensual it instantly elevates him, and becomes the one sacred and saving element in his work."

"The opposite poles of Art in this respect are Fra Angelico and Salvator Rosa: of whom the one was a

man who smiled seldom, wept often, prayed constantly, and never harbored an impure thought. His pictures are simply so many pieces of jewelry, the colours of the draperies being perfectly pure, as various as those of a painted window, chastened only by paleness and relieved upon a gold ground. Salvator was a dissipated jester and satirist, a man who spent his life in masking and revelry. But his pictures are full of horror, and their colour, for the most part, a gloomy grey."

Here, I think, is sufficient to prove what I wish. Æstheticism is the science of perception, the princeliest of perceptions is sight, the best of gifts to sight is colour, and a delight in colour is the characteristic of the most spiritual minds: so that, as I said before, æstheticism is then most noble when informed and guided by the spiritual part.

So far, then, I have endeavored to establish the true relation of the three parts of man—first the spiritual, which in its highest form is capable of being all engrossing, and of converting the whole being to its own uses, but this highest necessarily only for a few—secondly the æsthetic, which is most admirable when most highly spiritualized—thirdly, the purely bodily, which is only desirable to subserve the other two.

What a vast field then does true Æstheticism occupy! The exquisite education of all the senses to the appreciation of beauty—the refining of our sympathies till they answer like the strings of a Stradivarius to each skillful impulse, be it ever so slight, and become unerring in judgment and true in tone, and perfectly concordant with all good and right, and utterly impatient of all evil, and false.

And true Æstheticism is indeed sensuous—as Milton says all true poetry ought to be but *not* sensual. I have already quoted Mr. Ruskin on the spirituality of colour itself the most sensuous of perceptions hear him again on the same subject:—"Observe also the name of Shem (or *Splendour*) given to that son of Noah in whom the covenant to mankind was to be fulfilled, and see how that name was justified by every one of the Asiatic races descended from him. Not without meaning was the love of Israel to his chosen son expressed by his 'coat of many colours,' nor without deep sense of the sacredness of that *symbol of purity* did the lost daughter of David tear it from her breast—'with such robes were the King's daughters that were virgins appareled.'"

And is not this same master himself, making war on the lifeless formal architecture of the Renaissance,—and on the Renaissance itself, —with its heathen Popes, its cold cynicism, its heartless luxury, its foul morals, is not he a proof that true Æstheticism is a refining and purifying influence,—a warmth and fire indeed, but the warmth and fire of healthy life, the best preservative from death and corruption.

A very common idea regarding Æstheticism is that it is effeminate. Now, why a man is less a man, I can-

not for the life of me conceive, who has a soul appreciative of all beauty in art or nature; who is capable of admiring Giotto's Campanile, and Ghiberti's Gates, and the rainbow front of St. Mark's, or a fresco of Angelico's, or a statue of Donatello's, or even a plate of Palissy's, who would fill our streets with palaces, as of old, instead of with regimental rows of brick; who can love the lilies of the Swiss meadows as an Holy One, whom this age would gladly forget, once loved those in the fields of Gallilee; who is not ashamed to have felt a choking at the sudden sight of the glad rippling of a broad, sunlit water, or to be strangely moved by the sight of pine-tops waving against the blue. As rationally contend that the poet who confesses that to him—

"the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears,"

was a man weaker and less manly than the ignoblest of his own creations, the sturdy idiot of whom he writes:

"A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

Addison in his essay on "The Man of the Town," with perhaps a little more real venom than his wont, after enumerating and castigating several kinds of pedants, concludes thus.—"In short a mere courtier, a mere soldier, a mere scholar, a mere anything, is an insipid, pedantic character, and equally ridiculous." And had he lived in our day, I am sure he would have added—the *mere* aesthete.

A real love for the beautiful will indeed make us desire in building to build nobly—to make, as I said before, our streets, streets of palaces, our homes full of grace, but only that we may live nobly and gracefully, above all, honestly and purely in them. It does not necessitate an affectation of gait, or appearance, or dress, nor inanity of speech, nor—though the Chinese have taught us much in the minutiae of art, and how to draw birds and flowers as we knew not before—to bespatter our walls with cheap imitations of Celestial art, and cracked "willow-patterns" from the kitchen dresser. It does not necessitate an assuming of attitudes of rapt admiration before a sunflower, nor, *very decidedly*, any maudlin palliation of the sin of Francesca di Rimini, though, like Dante, we may be utterly pitiful of her fate.

Ah! there's a true aesthete for you—grand, passionate, brave, *melancholy*—there are those, we are told, who shrank from converse with him, scared by the aspect of the man who had passed through the glooms of hell, and seen the "Vision of the Almighty"—yet with senses to be thrilled with all beauty of form and sound and colour, and a heart so sympathetic as to divine the hearts of all men else.

Read his description of the valley of the Kings on the slope of the Mount of Purgatory, and of its angel guardians, and of Matilda gathering flowers on the edge of Lethe, and singing "as though enamoured," of the glare of the crescents over the city of Dis, and of the concentric

bands of Angels, like a great white rose, singing the Alleluias in Heaven, and say if these are not aesthetic in the true sense of the word—in a ravishment of every sense, a refining and purifying of it, enabling us to see beneath the surface of things, and illustrating Plato's saying that "the beautiful is only the visible form of the good."

And as Dante is the greatest and noblest of Christian poets—that is, of all poets—so is the age of Dante the greatest and noblest of all ages. For as in a man "nobly planned," the three parts will be found in perfection, i. e. each acting so as best to subserve the end of beauty aimed at by its superior part—so also in an age or a state.

And St. Louis fought the paynim for the glory of God, and established his kingdom in peace and justice, yes, and built Sainte Chapelle, too, to the glory of God, and died broken-hearted because he failed in the ideal of his life. And our own Earl Simon, with strong hand and clear head, thought and fought for truth, and right, and country, and he died, too, unsuccessful, and on a field of defeat, and devout monks of Evesham "carried him to his burial, and made great lamentation over him." And Cimabue painted and Giotto planned, and Angelico—for though not in fact *in* this century, yet assumedly, as M. Taine says, *of it*—brought heaven down to men that they might grow purer, having seen the forms of Angels. And Florence rose, nor it alone, but cities throughout all Europe, filled with all preciousness of art and design, and nobility of building, and wealth of colour, and endless grace of form. And above all, sanctifying and ruling all, in very truth the soul and vital principle of this age. Francis in his cell at Assisi, subdued demons, and conversed with the citizens of Heaven, and with the birds and beasts of the earth too, and became so filled with the love of God and man that he, like St. Paul, was judged worthy to bear in his body "the marks of the Lord JESUS," and receiving the *stigmata*, died in blissful agony.

Here, then, in an age in which were attained the mightiest triumphs in art, and literature, and architecture, we find the highest spirituality, and the most effectual uses of strength, so that I conclude that not only is true Aestheticism not inconsistent with them, but that they flourish best together with it.

PAST AND PRESENT.

II.

airew airep' aui—Pindar.

It does not appear a very long time since I was an Undergraduate. The habits and ideas happily contracted *in Academia*—clinging to one through life—friendships tried and strong bring one back in recollection imperceptibly to Alma Mater. The fragmentary remains of a treatise on logarithms, all that is left deservedly in hand or head of what cost so much time and patience curled up in an out-of-the-way corner of your box, an old letter, a disabled pipe each the witness of young

confidences—a casual remark, casting its shadow of the past—all memory provokers—dead leaves of youth's spring-time. Days gone, you reflect; time wasted perhaps. Yet through the confused mass of recollections—intangible product of your University life—the clear outline of the Three Towers is always present, and with it the feeling that you owe the fruit to the shell. *In statu pupillari*: ay, but patriotism is bred of discipline and respect by a delicately tempered distance. What means have you within yourself, my brother Bachelor, of softening the lights and shades of this afterlife, whose beginnings were not laid in College days? 'The disabled pipe'—the first symptom of your most pardonable weakness; but surely Pigeon's muscular mutton and the labored efforts of digestion, bred a predisposition to the disease. An easy chair, your slippers and dressing-gown, a grate fire, light and warmth in your pipe and heart—well, never mind a few grey hairs, you are in Trinity again. A briar with a bone stem—no merschaum—a modest friend that none will covet. Watching the coal fire, alone with a friend who hangs upon your lips and owes to you his life's breath, your creature, verily, yet no worry, whose society is cheerful, whose intimacy and dependance are real, sociability without talk, no word but the gentle remonstrance when the bowl is emptied—your whims humoured in his airiness, ashes to sympathize with your gloom and his rich autumnal hue chasing from you all but mature reflections—pray whither fly your thoughts if not to the third year corridor and the snug little den of long ago? *Bryere* and wing-bone—a dainty engraftment—an emblem in a way—a strange union of stability and fickleness. I had such an one once: others, they say, such an experience. Ay, one whose sweetness, I had thought, would never be tasted by other lips—something I called my own—and I would smoke and follow thoughts chasing a shadow till the heel of 'perique' (thought "the thing" in my day) smouldered, and the flickering images in the grate took quaint forms—for the fire burned low—the blue tongues of flame, fluttering on the last coal, looked strangely through the haze—shall I confess it? a pair of dancing eyes seen through a tangle of fair hair—teazing me—*Bryere* and bone! retrospect, beginning and ending in smoke.

'Rubbish, my dear sir,' saith the reader, 'simply rubbish. Surely life is not all smoke and sentiment, all beer and skittles?' No—not altogether, my captious friend. None will gainsay the intellectual healthiness of the logarithm—none grudge a full mead of praise to its dreary discipline—but, *per contra*, life is not all prose. Technical development is expected of the undergraduate, but in after life his thoughts, wandering back over the nine terms, linger longest by their birth place—his sitting-room hearth. There it was, young, impressionable—visionary, if you will—his bent was shaped, and nature's warp (under what kindly influences!) was woven imperceptibly into a tangible web. Perhaps tobacco was not the sole, but the predisposing, cause, yet if stimulant is needed why not take the gifts—and of them the gentlest the gods provide. Only a weed—yet I warrant it will not spring up and choke the flowers of fancy. It is not, O suspicious, with tobacco as with liquor—*ipso facto* there is little enough in smoking. Who would puff a pipe in the dark, unless well a-glow? As who would grope in talk with a friend without, at the least, a flickering from the hearth fire.

Maybe there is nothing in smoke—nor in Trinity.

After all, perhaps it is a pure coincidence that one's mind and soul were quickened together before the natural force of youth was abated, yet reason as we will, the inevitable instinct of each claims the ill kept hearth in the grim corridor as the birth place *magna pars mei*—truly the *Alma Mater*—lovable, reverend, albeit rank with tobacco. With what a reverential satisfaction, past-men gaze in after time upon their Penates of undergraduate years! Do any of my readers, I wonder, remember the story of S—, a townsman, who had gone into residence in his second year? It is worth repeating. He had brought his sister one afternoon, with the worthy and proper pride of a fledgling, to view his rooms, and was startled (poor cicerone!) by a knock at his door. Dreading the chaff of those who did not take in the situation, in a bit of a funk, he persuaded her to hide for a moment behind the curtains. Enter a middle aged gentleman, bald, bald, and apologetic—these were his rooms, he explains, in his old freshman days. Would the present occupant let him have a peep at them again. What else for it, but 'with pleasure.' 'Ah!' he murmurs, 'the same old room,' and reflectively surveying its appointments, he adds, 'the same old goods.' Pausing a moment, he spies the well faded window hangings, and lovingly stroking his old-time friends, discovers—ah! well, thinks he—his host's indiscretion, and turning upon the bewildered undergrad with a grim chuckle, whispers, 'Ho! you sly dog, the same old game.'

You think the suggestion *mal-appropos*? Well, well—though not many scenes that mar life's story can be referred to one's College 'Den'—to its influences or opportunities—yet how many acts in the drama of thought are first rehearsed in those luxurious moments before midnight, in the twilight, in the after glow of the coal fire, to be happily damned in the cooler judgment of to-morrow? Be advised, steer clear, most certainly, of the visionary dyspeptic, but clearer still of that academical horror—the would-be *rauc* in his teens. And there is a mean only for those who can quit themselves like men. Be strong, then, else and lest in the hour with pipe and arm chair before your hearth, what might have been your heaven of the past, pictured dreamily in the fire-glow, prove in very deed coals of fire on your head—the bars of your grate, memory's prison, with its iron surely entering into your soul. It seems as yesterday, that summer vacation—an idle moment, and an idle act. Heedlessly? Ay, and long before (poor fool!) I learned to feel how precious blue eyes could grow when turned away. Red, red lips! What, pray, could a mad boy do, but take the kiss he wanted? What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba? Nay, rather, what did she *become*? Kind sir, I owe an apology even to the recollection.

No, not the warmth and stillness of the air.
Lady fair,
But a voice's artless music—All was done,
Pretty one.

While of it I was a-drinking
What intoxicating sips?
For I madly fell a-thinking
How much sweeter your sweet lips,
Sweet lips for love's fulfilling*—counting not what
risk I'd run,
Half wild—
You seemed half willing, were you not,
Pretty one.

"Oh, I could not choose but go into the woodland hoar," quoth the poetical senior, when he was discovered ruminating among the trees in the ravine.

Rouge et Noir.

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TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO.
TRINITY TERM, 1882.

THE recent activity displayed by the Provost and council seems to be resulting in unprecedented good. The Registrar has already the names of twice as many candidates for matriculation as have presented themselves for many years past. This is promising.

THE Supplemental Endowment Fund is being vigorously proceeded with, and an appeal will shortly be made to all the graduates, who will, no doubt, respond liberally in support of their *Alma Mater*. On June 5th the Provost will address the Synod of the Diocese of Ontario, at Kingston, on its behalf.

WE congratulate the corporation on their selection of members of the council for the present year. The Rev. Henry Wilson, D.D., and Christopher Robinson, Q.C., have been elected. We have received a very kind letter from Dr. Wilson desiring us to thank the electors on his behalf for the honor they have done him.

THE new Theological Professorship has been accepted by Mr. G. A. S. Schneider, B.A., of Caius College, Cambridge, and the appointment will be confirmed at the next meeting of the Corporation. His University Honors are Second Class Classical Tripos, 1880, and First Class Theological Tripos, 1881. Although so young a graduate, he has already attained a high position in the University, and for some time past has been Superintendent of the Choir Sunday School, a large school conducted entirely by members of the University. He is personally known to the Provost, who confidently hopes he will be a great strength to the work of the College.

A CIRCULAR has reached us from Knox College, Illinois, proposing the publication of a "History of College Journalism," and asking us to contribute our quota to the same foundation, history, &c., of this paper—guaranteeing, of course, to take a certain number of copies. To call the proposed book a history of college journalism would seem to be altogether a misnaming it, if we are to judge from the words of the circular; it seems rather to be a sort of dictionary of college papers, giving certain particulars about their rise and progress, and in any case, we imagine that such a history would be about as useless a book as could be published.

We clip the following from the *Daily Citizen*, of Ottawa, Friday, May 19th:

"PERSONAL."

"We are glad to notice the name of J. Travers Lewis, son of the Right Rev'd Bishop Lewis, of this city, in the list of successful competitors at the recent final examinations in Toronto, for Barrister and Solicitor. Some forty candidates, we understand, presented themselves for admission Mr. Lewis being successful in ranking third on the list of newly made solicitors, was formally "called to the bar" at Csgoode Hall, on Monday last. He will practice his profession, we learn, in Ottawa, where he has studied for a year past with Mr. A. F. McIntyre."

We offer our heartiest congratulations to Mr. Lewis, who was one of the founders and first editors of this paper.

IN looking over the new calendar for 1882-3, we perceive that the new born wisdom and activity of our legislators have produced several remarkable and beneficial changes. The degrees in law and music have been set upon a new footing, made matters of competition—matters of value. We are to have annual June examinations in law, called the first, second and final. "If the candidate produce a certificate of his having been called to the degree of Barrister-at-Law by any law society in Her Majesty's Dominions and be a graduate in arts of the University of Trinity College, or of any recognized University, (or not being such Graduate, if three years have elapsed from the date of such call), the first two examinations may be dispensed with, and the degree of the B.C.L. may be conferred after the candidate has passed the final examination only." The candidate is required to be of the "full age of twenty-three years"—all which is very good except that the age might perhaps be a little further advanced. We understand that no less than ten applicants for this examination have sent in their names. We shall now have *bona fide* graduates, men who shall not be a bug-bear in the eyes of those who know that their degrees are worth nothing.

In music the statute has ordained that the candidate shall have employed five years in study and practice of the faculty of music and shall produce credible testimonial of his having done so. He shall compose a song or anthem in four parts, to be publicly performed in the Convocation Hall, and satisfy the Examiner by examination that he knows enough of the theory of music to compose such an exercise. The doctor in music is required to bring credible testimonial of "his having studied in this faculty for three years subsequent to his admission to the degree of Bach. of Music." He must also compose "a song or anthem in six or eight parts, with orchestral accompaniments, and perform the same publicly in the Convocation Hall." This musical degree seems to be the weak spot in our degree-granting power. No examiner has been found, and when, last autumn, a candidate presented himself, the first one in fact during thirty years, the whole matter seems to have been so miserably mismanaged that no degree was granted and the applicant apparently gave it up in disgust. Now that the requirements for

the degree have been set forth, the council should find an examiner—if possible, a *reasonable* examiner—and settle the whole matter in black and white, so that there may be no trouble about it.

A list of advanced subjects has been set for candidates in Classical Honors at the Matriculation. This is well too, as balancing the subjects in Mathematics, and also keeping up with the other Universities which have adopted the same plan. We must take exception, however, to the subject appointed for English prize poem. They have gotten a worse one, if possible, than before. After all the hideous desecration which has been brought upon the memory of the late President Garfield by the circumstances of the absurd trial of last year, after all the measureless mass of nonsense in prose and rhyme which has been heaped upon his name, it is rather hard to expect a man to squeeze any poetry out of himself on that subject.

CRICKET.

| | 1st Ins. | 2nd Ins. | Total. |
|---------------------------|----------|----------|--------|
| May 19. Trinity College.. | 105 | 59 | 164. |
| Newmarket. Newmarket..... | 54 | 24* | 78. |

Drawn. *Newmarket lost 2 wickets.

This, the opening match of the season, was favoured with pleasant weather and a good wicket, and resulted in a very satisfactory commencement for the University. Five Trinity wickets had fallen for 19 runs, when Hague and Martin came to the rescue, the former playing a fine and faultless innings of 39, while his companion put together his 14 by good, sound cricket. Godfrey also contributed 17, and J. S. Howard obtained 9. The most successful Newmarket bowler was E. McCormick, who delivered 100 balls for 41 runs and 5 wickets. The first innings of the local team left them in a minority of 51. Atkinson headed the score with a good 19, and Moncreiff knocked up 13, (not out) by free hitting. D. M. Howard had two wickets for 16 runs, Campbell 3 for 23, and J. S. Howard 3 for 12—the last named astonishing himself and every one else by the peculiarly destructive balls with which he captured two of the enemy. Trinity, in the second essay, failed to do much with the bowling of Jas. Boddy (6 wickets for 25 runs) and McCormick (3 for 8). The chief scores were D. M. Howard's 15, and J. S. Howard's 10. There yet remaining a little time for play, Newmarket appeared again at the wicket, and hit up 24 for the loss of 2 wickets, Moncreiff once more carrying out his bat for 12. Atkinson had not batted, but Boddy was out, and Newmarket were left with 86 runs to get and 8 wickets to fall, the chances being very much in favour of Trinity.

| | 1st Ins. | 2nd Ins. | Total. |
|---------------------------|----------|----------|--------|
| May 20. Trinity College.. | 35 | 45 | 80. |
| Aurora. Aurora..... | 70 | 11* | 81. |

Aurora won by 7 wickets. *3 wickets down.

Another good wicket and even a finer day, "Old Probs" being determined to disappoint the gloomy anticipations

of our veteran, who carried a seven pound gum coat in his grip sack. D. Howard was compelled to be an absentee and was much missed, notwithstanding that all the bowlers engaged were in good form. The most conspicuous weakness was in the batting, and young players should be admonished that no batsman can do himself justice after dancing into the small hours of morning. No Trinity batsman obtained double figures in either innings—a thing which has not, to the writer's knowledge, occurred before in the history of the club. Campbell's 9 in the second essay was the highest, but so well was the field arranged that he was unable to score anything beyond a single, though he succeeded in causing a change of bowling. Stevenson bowled very steadily for the home team in both innings, and Tracy's fast, high deliveries were very destructive to the less practised batsman, though he appeared incapable of maintaining his attack against any determined resistance. The top score for Aurora was made by H. C. Scadding, of Orillia, who hit vigorously for his 21, but succumbed after a change of bowling in the second over. Macdonald, (the captain), also made 18 in good form, after being missed through Campbell misjudging a ball skied to long-stop. Howard and Townley began the bowling in capital form, and, but for the mistake just mentioned, and one or two others, the score would probably have been small. As it was, Godfrey had 3 wickets for 9 runs, Campbell 4 for 18, Howard 2 for 20, Townley none for 16. The second named was also presented "gratis" by the umpire with four "wides," none of which was $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet from the wicket! Of the 11 runs required by Aurora to win, 6 were got from "extras" including 3 wides. Godfrey had 2 wickets for 2 runs, Howard 1 for 2. Very good catches were made by Townley, Fidler and Radcliffe, and the fielding was good all round, though not equal to that of most of the home team. Martin deserves especial credit for his long-stopping on very uncertain ground, and handicapped by a bad finger.

The recollection of this match incites us to remark, (1.) That it is bad policy to go from home without a scorer and umpire (our score book has been deposited in the Zoo, and is a real curiosity.) (2.) That members of an eleven, other than the captain, would do well to hold their tongues on the field. (3.) That during an innings, club pads, gloves and bats ought to be kept in one place, and each batsman make sure of the whereabouts of everything he requires before his turn comes. (4.) That bad running between wickets spoils half the innings played in Canada, and is persevered in, with a mulish obstinacy, which springs from pure ignorance. The batsman at the bowler's end can be at least two yards out of his territory every ball.

| | 1st Ins. | 2nd Ins. | Total. |
|------------------------------------|----------|----------|--------|
| May 24. Trinity College.. | 22 | 73 | 95 |
| Bks. of Ontario. Banks of Ontario. | 77 | 20* | 97 |

The Banks won by 6 wickets. *4 wickets down.
The resumption of a former annual event and this

time a decisive victory for the men of money. For the winners the batting of Gamble, Redmond and Bethune was very effective, notwithstanding that all the Trinity bowling was good. Of their bowlers, Dudley kept up his end steadily, taking 10 wickets at a cost of 34 runs, and Conolly has 7 for 24; but there was nothing in the bowling to excuse the utter collapse of the University in their first innings. In the second attempt Campbell made a resolute effort to pull the match out of the fire and was well supported by Hague. The former went in when 3 wickets had fallen for no runs and ran himself out when in with the last man, Fiddler, who played very steadily for 6. Their best bowler was Townley (6 wickets for 31 runs). The fielding on both sides was poor, but Brent (substitute for D. Howard who was absent during the first innings) made four good catches.

| | 1st Ins. | 2nd Ins | Total. |
|--------------------------------|----------|---------|--------|
| May 27, University of Toronto. | | | |
| University of Toronto.. | 36 | 42 | 78 |
| Trinity College..... | 33 | 48* | 81 |

Trinity won by 3 wickets. *7 wickets down.

Boulton was top scorer on the winning side, with a well played 19 in the first innings. In the second, Keefer obtained 11 (including a leg hit for 5) and Creelman carried out his bat for a like amount very well and carefully obtained. Townley headed Trinity's account with 13 and 9—he and Campbell (21) putting on 21 for the first wicket in the second innings. The ground had been well watered on the previous day and the rain, which fell almost during the entire time of play, converted the wicket into a veritable mud puddle, so that the batsmen who got runs are entitled to great credit for their performance. Most of the bowlers enjoyed quite a little picnic. In the first innings of Trinity, E. Wright bowled 15 overs for 8 runs and 7 wickets; Lindsey having 3 wickets for 16 runs. Creelman was their best bowler in the last innings, taking 3 wickets in 6 overs for 2 runs. Godfrey for the winners took 9 wickets for 20 runs in 86 balls; D. Howard had 9 wickets for 32 runs. Lindsey and Fiddler made good catches. A curious incident occurred in this match. Through a mistake in summing up the score of the losers' second innings, it was supposed that 47 runs were required to win instead of 46, and two wickets actually fell after the latter number had been obtained; so that the victory was really by 5 wickets instead of 3.

EXCHANGES.

The *Rockford Seminary Magazine*, for May, contains an excellent contribution entitled "Woman's Relief Work in the City," brave words, wisely and kindly written, worthy to be studied; and among others a literary article on "Happy Thoughts" which is worth reading.

In the *Occident* for May 18th are two good things—a poem entitled "The Voyagers," by Charles H. Shinn,

having a smack of Mathew Arnold about it, far above the common standard of college journal poetry; and an article on Rosetti also exceedingly good. It is the best number we have ever seen.

The *Collegiate* is a college paper in the common style, which now gradually disappearing, made up for the most part of short editorials, locals, jests, exchange column, (not a very good one either) and personals. Its literary department, the most important in a publication of this kind, is apparently neglected. It contains two pieces clipped, one of them a bad copy of verses from the *Society Scroll*, and a small original article on Sir Thomas Browne, which is pretty good. The editors should pull themselves together and rouse more interest in things literary.

The best things in the *Spectator* of May 15th are the poem "A Visionary Pearl," by W. J. K., who seems to be a steady and valuable contributor; and the exchange column. The article "Erin's Exiled Sons and Daughters," however, is a decidedly bombastic piece of writing, containing more enthusiasm than truth. We thoroughly agree with the *Spectator's* exchange man on the subject of religious discussion in college papers. There are one or two of our exchanges who should read carefully his remarks and take them to heart. The *Spectator*, we are glad to see, does not indulge much in the standard college joke, his only fault in this respect being too large a use of those idiotic little ejaculations at the beginning of the "Multa non Multam," otherwise "Local Column."

A new light hath broken in upon us through the dark mists of college verbosity which have enveloped us round about for some time. It cometh in the shape of a *University Monthly* from the University of New Brunswick, Fredericton. The moment we set eyes upon it, we saw that we had a fellow sympathy with it. It has evidently a strong literary ambition, "the wide field of literature is open to us," say the editors, whose words are plucky and determined. The *University Monthly* and the *College* it represents seem to be much in the same box as ourselves: "Something is needed to awaken public interest in the University. As an institution it is only known to a few; our aim shall be that it shall be known and favorably known to many, and that the poorest shall be led to see that the country's interest consists in having it efficiently maintained." In a little editorial respecting exchange matters they say: "We hope by perseverance and by adhering to the principles avowed in making our bow before the public, to carry our journalism to a successful issue, and to obtain at least a respectable standing among the college journals of Canada." We wish them every success, and prophesy, from what true literary spirit we have observed in their columns, that they will obtain all the distinction they desire. Two of the contributed articles we were especially delighted with; the quaint humour of the "True and Faithfulle Hystorie of-ye Squattykke Trippe" (especially the writer's description of the Anachronism), by C. G. D. R., of whom we have heard; and "Eadgyth Swanneshals," by Erato, the last lines of which, that is of the part published, are the best. Only one thing we object to, and that is some of the witticisms, indeed all of them, in the "De omnibus rebus" column. Such things may create a laugh when they are passed round from tongue to tongue, but in print they look like a very little boy in long trowsers, excessively foolish and out of place. This is the only thing, in our opinion, that the *University Monthly* need correct.

ABOUT COLLEGE.

"I am weary, weary, I wish that I were dead," sighed the would-be cricketer as he saw the Secretary's 42nd notice intimating that his services were required for the purpose of rolling the crease at 2:30 p.m. sharp.

A sad sight truly to see the L. W. C. gather the remnants of its scattered forces together and weep over its departed glories; no more from its deserted chambers is heard the sound of revelry by night. How are the mighty fallen—but we'll have to stop here—want of space, &c.

Ye batter seized his trustie batte
And sallied forth to playe;
Ye firstlie balle his wickets took,
And strawed them in ye waye.

When extremes meet. Mr. Rainsford kindly entertained the members of the P.E.D.S. and Trinity College Divinity Class on Thursday, the 18th, when a most enjoyable evening was spent. A greater unanimity of feeling between these two bodies is certainly desirable, and we hope that this friendly *re-union* may have the desired effect.

A real live member of the O.O.R. haunts the "wilderness," and at stated periods "shoulders his arms and shows how fields were won" to his infinite amusement and the terror of his room-mate, who not unfrequently raises his eyes from his books to see the valiant (?) hero of a hundred fights coolly levelling the rifle at his head, remarking at the same time that he is only practising.

It seems rather strange that the attention of the authorities has not been called sooner to the dilapidated condition of the bath-room—but better late than never; so we would suggest to them that something be done at once in the way of repairs that would make it fit for use for the present, or at least till proper ones can be made. The discomfort arising from want of a proper bath-room can be better imagined than described.

The flag pole which was so kindly presented to the college last year by the Rev. John Davidson, of Uxbridge, after undergoing many trials and vicissitudes, has at last been erected with all due ceremony, and now rears its lofty head towards the blue, scorning the low things of earth, more especially the bed of clay and water in which it reposed during the winter months.

The Queen's Birthday was again duly celebrated, and notwithstanding the unfavorable weather, all the preparations for its customary observation resulted satisfactorily. The warm summer sun which shone through our bed-room windows led us to expect a bright, pleasant day, and various were the conjectures as to the most profitable way of spending this first general holiday. Some thought of excursions, others of pic-nics, a few preferring the field of Mars, had already accompanied the Queen's Own Rifles to Kingston, whilst the majority remained at college and contented themselves with the amusement there offered them. Immediately after breakfast the students assembled outside the gates, and led by the sweetly melodious voice of the Head of the college, sang "God Save the Queen" as it never was sung before. This is an ancient and good old custom, and as regularly as the day comes crowds line the fence (the asylum fence) and vigorously applaud the loyalty of their fellow creatures.

The huge pine "hewn from Norwegian Hills" no doubt, that had long enjoyed uninterrupted rest upon the lawn seemed by some subtle power of magic to be stand-

ing erect. We thought we were asleep or dreaming; but no, after rubbing our eyes we were surprised and equally delighted to find that the dream of our college life had been realized, and that the flag pole was in very truth standing before us. From it floated two Union Jacks and a St. George's Cross. The annual cricket match with the Bankers of Ontario was commenced at 11 o'clock and two innings were almost finished before half-past one. All then assembled in the dining hall, where the steward had prepared an inviting luncheon. About 3 o'clock the guests began to arrive and in an hour's time the terraces were lined with interested spectators, among whom was a goodly sprinkling of the fair sex, who were by no means one-sided in their applause. The harpers "discussed sweet music," chiefly operatic, during the afternoon, and after the match was finished, played in the Convocation Hall, where dancing was kept up till 7 o'clock. This is decidedly a pleasant ending to a game of cricket, and as the match with the Bankers is to be an annual institution on the 24th May, this method of celebrating the Queen's natal day bids fair to become popular among the associates of both elevens and friends of the college generally.

It is pleasant to keep up a close connection with Port Hope School, from which so many of our future undergraduates are to come, and a happier plan than the Annual Cricket Match never was hit upon. This year the match was played on Monday, May 29th. In striking contrast with the mud of Saturday, the school boys brought splendid weather with them. A numerous attendance of ladies watched the match in the afternoon. The ground recovered rapidly from its drenching and was in capital order; the crease having been rolled a good time beforehand, the balls rose very true. In fact everything was propitious for a good day's cricket. The school boys presented, as usual, a neat and tasteful appearance and drew favorable criticisms from many bystanders. They went in first, sending Messrs. Dickson and Burritt to the bat: however the fierce looks of Mr. Godfrey, while bowling, seemed to strike terror to their unsophisticated hearts, and they readily succumbed in the order mentioned. The score stood 7 wickets for 4 runs at the fall of the seventh wicket, when Mr. Ince made a valiant effort to retrieve matters, but was so unfortunate as to be run out. A lack of courage seems to have been the chief cause of the rapid disappearance. The school then took the field—having made only 19 runs—and the University sent in Messrs. Townley and H. J. Campbell, who has so often proved a tower of strength to his Alma Mater. The school fielded throughout in the most approved style, and the bowlers, notably Mr. McDonnell, shewed considerable knowledge of their art. Mr. Hamilton's wicket keeping also is worthy of mention. After a steady innings the last Trinity man went out for a total of 72 runs. Lunch—no unimportant feature in a cricket match—was then discussed in the College Hall, we think we may say it gave satisfaction to all concerned in it. In the second innings, after lunch, they seemed to recover from their terror. The play of Abbott for 10, Cayley for 10, and Ince for 19 were noticeable features in this innings. The school went out for 60, and to finish the game Trinity sent in Messrs. Godfrey and Radcliffe who easily ran up the necessary 10 without accident. The game was then continued till 6 o'clock for the benefit of the spectators. After singing a few songs—Auld Lang Syne, as usual, to finish with—the school team returned by the evening express.

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