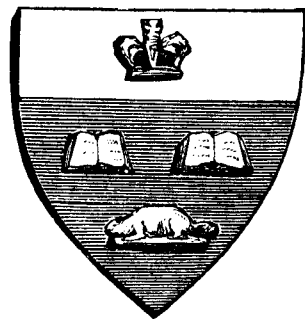


THE VARSITY



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Toronto, - - March 19, 1831.

Printed and Published by G. S. ...

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ON MONDAY, THE 20th JUNE, 1881.

Copies of the list of subjects in which candidates will be examined for the years 1881 and 1882 respectively can be obtained on application to the Department.

ARTHUR S. HARDY,
Provincial Secretary.

Provincial Secretary's Office,
Toronto, February 18th, 1881.

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THE ' VARSITY:

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF

EDUCATION, UNIVERSITY POLITICS AND EVENTS.

Vol. I. No. 22.

March 19, 1881.

Price 5 cts.

THE PRESIDENCY OF THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

The election for this office, which takes place towards the end of the present month, is already being preceded by the usual ferment. The actual storm of the election day should certainly be uproarious, seeing how the dead calm which comes before lasts without a squall from October to February. Now there is quite a refreshing breeze; the members of election committees and the nominees for 'minor offices' are to be met with in all the nooks of the College halls, intent on gauging the rises and falls of popular favor, and wearing on their countenances the expression which has been described as the 'weight of empire look.' The devices of the politician, the carefully-selected phrases of canvassers, and the discreet utterances of that mysterious being, the party organizer, indicate the anxieties and labors of the hour. To individuals of the bystanding type these labors must appear rather boyish, since out of three possible bases on which the election might proceed—(1) sectionalism, (2) personal sympathy, (3) attachment to well-defined principles—the last has not yet been introduced, the second is a small influence among a small minority, while the first holds undisturbed sway. The remedy which will bring about a rational and wholesome struggle has not been suggested, and there seems to be little prospect of a change towards giving to local undergraduate politics that character in miniature which belongs to the politics of the country at large. The opinion has been expressed, it is true, that to attain this object a reconstruction of party lines is necessary in the first place; but it requires little reflexion to perceive that such a reconstruction is more a matter of gradual growth than of arbitrary arrangement. The common plan of beginning at the top when an edifice is to be demolished is the more obvious course to follow, and accordingly the initial step of reform in this instance would be to alter the conditions of candidature for the Presidency. No prophetic faculty is needed to see that the alteration which would eventually meet with the widest satisfaction is the restriction of the office to the undergraduates. In the United States the university and college debating societies are presided over by undergraduates, as the belief is firmly held that men of the junior standing are capable of managing their own affairs. Speaking generally, a community makes a virtual confession of weakness by choosing its leader from outside itself or from a quarter where it possesses little or no control. The debating society, however, confesses itself in this manner every year, and goes on a begging mission among the Toronto graduates who have shown the interest they take in it by their absence at the meetings. As undergraduates, we protest against what practically amounts to a humiliating admission of incompetency to supply out of our ranks a fit occupant for the headship of what is really our own association. Such a proceeding is tantamount to an acknowledgment that, as regards governing capacity, we are inferior to the youth at American universities. The latter scorn to part with a tittle of their independence by allotting positions in their bestowal to any person other than one of themselves. But the Debating Society has no such scorn, and the idea it entertains of the capabilities of its active members (in other words, the undergraduates) may be conjectured from the fact that there has never been an instance of an undergraduate receiving even a nomination for the Presidential chair, save in some rare instances of members of the outgoing Year. The exception, however, is not a legitimate one, as such nominees, when successful, were graduates before entering on their term of office.

For the undergraduates an undergraduate President is wanted. The accomplishment of the political reform referred to above

would soon result from this new departure. The views of candidates in regard to the Constitution and other matters of interest to the Society could then be easily ascertained, and parties would form themselves in accordance with these views. Sectionalism would vanish, together with other elements which render the election to a great extent a contest of personal feeling instead of rival principles. A life and freedom would be communicated to the undergraduate body which it has hitherto been far from possessing, and the Debating Society would experience a resurrection from its long-prostrate and stiffened condition. There would be that animation exhibited in its proceedings which is alien to associations that are not self-governed; whilst the timorous attitude which is assumed in regard to questions that are supposed to depend for solution on the humor of the College Council would be abandoned.

From all reports it appears that Mr. Johnson is no longer a candidate for the Presidency, so Mr. Kingsford is the only nominee actually in the field at the present moment. An election by acclamation is an uncommonly-dull affair, and probably the supporters of the latter gentleman are as anxious for a contest as their opponents, whoever they may be. By all means let us have a fight, and if a graduate cannot be found to step into Mr. Johnson's place, there is no reason in the world why an undergraduate should not be started on this road to imperishable renown. The party which enters late in the race often betters its prospects by the adoption of novel tactics, and there always are some concurring influences which accompany an unprecedented policy. In this instance the cry of patriotism, of *esprit de corps*, would be warrantably raised, and might prove a very demoralizing cry indeed. What is worth considering is worth trying, and an opportunity which is not likely to happen soon again is now afforded for trying the experiment.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

"In the obituary of these days stands one article of quite peculiar import; the time, the place and particulars of which will have to be often repeated and re-written, and continue in remembrance many centuries."

It was thus that Carlyle wrote of the dead Goethe fifty years ago, in words which seem singularly expressive and, in a sense, prophetic of the feeling which the announcement of his own death was destined to awaken wherever the English language is spoken. It was to be expected, and the expectation has been fully justified, that the death of Carlyle would be the signal for the outpouring of an enormous quantity of obituary literature; newspapers and periodicals of all kinds and of every shade of opinion have given to the world their estimate of his character and influence, and weighed in the balances of their judgment the value of his work and the probable duration of his fame. It is with no purpose of rivalling these efforts of the secular and religious papers that we approach the subject, which they have ere this discussed in all its bearings, and settled to their own satisfaction, if not to that of their readers.

These criticisms, as a rule, have been generous and kindly in their tone, cordial in praise and temperate in censure. The most remarkable and deplorable exception to this rule that we have noticed is the Jupiter Optimus Maximus of Canadian journalism, who, emerging once a month from the Olympus where he 'lies beside his nectar,' condescends to merely human interests for a time under the humble guise of a *Bystander*, and taking for his domain, Art, Science, Literature, Politics, Religion and the Universe generally, unravels whatever tangled threads may have chanced therein during the preceding thirty days! From him we learn that Carlyle had long "ceased to take in or give out any new truth;" that his philosophy is "naught or worse than naught;" that "his cynicism became at last as bitter, as indiscriminating, and as barren as the east wind;" that his "preachings" are ruined by

"truculent sophistry" and "downright brutality." From these conclusions of this so "truculent" *Bystander*, we venture most heartily to dissent, but it is not for us to champion the cause of the departed Titan against the false gods of Drummagem :

*"Non tali auxilio nec defensoribus istis
Tempus eget."*

Our more humble aim is twofold—first, to pay the tribute of a grateful reverence to the memory of him whom we deem the truest Hero and Prophet of his day—a reverence in which there is no admixture of qualification and reservation, no 'damnation of faint praise,' such as that with which more cautious critics are wont to temper the wine of their commendation, for fear, doubtless, lest it should prove too deliciously intoxicating a draught! Our other object is to call attention to a phase of Carlyle's character which seems to us peculiarly worthy of notice in a university journal. We refer to his hearty sympathy with the special aims and ambitions, temptations and difficulties, of a student's life. He had felt these himself in their fullest measure during his college career, and the lessons thus taught were never forgotten. The evidence of this can be found everywhere in his works, but we meet with its fullest expression in one of his latest utterances—the Inaugural Address delivered on the occasion of his installation as Rector of the University of Edinburgh.

Well might the undergraduates cheer themselves hoarse in honor of the grand old man; well might they listen with attentive ears to the golden words of wisdom and encouragement and kindly sympathy that fell from his lips that memorable day. This address of Carlyle's, devoid as it is of artistic form or rhetorical ornament such as are generally associated with productions of this kind, seems to us to contain in small compass the elements of what is best and deepest in his teaching. It has also the merit of being singularly free from the quaint mannerisms and humorous exaggerations which sometimes veil his real meaning and make his works 'hard reading' to the uninitiated. The old man (he was over seventy at the time), with that rare sympathetic insight which is the characteristic of true genius, saw that for the work he had in hand—that, namely, of speaking a helpful word to these young and ardent spirits—his best course was to use the plainest and most direct terms he could find, and to eschew anything which might tend to obscure or weaken the force of his thought. But we have no intention of entering upon an analysis of the style or contents of this memorable address, which we trust is already familiar to all our readers. Many a Canadian student has already, we believe, learned from its pages the lessons which it teaches so clearly—the necessity of diligence, of honesty in inquiry, "accurate separation between what they have really come to know in their minds and what is still unknown;" that in all study and reading, the object should not be "the getting higher and higher in technical perfections;" but the higher aim of wisdom, of "sound appreciation and just decision" as to all things; that even in an age when 'fine speaking' is so much in request, "it is not the speech but the thing spoken" which they should chiefly be anxious about. It is worthy of notice too that the man whom it is the fashion to call an unpractical dreamer does not forget to remind his young friends of the care they should bestow on their health, and that the last word of this bitter and barren cynic, this apostle of despair, is—"Wir heissen euch hoffen—We bid you be of hope."

We began with some words of Carlyle's, and will also conclude with two or three sentences of his which seem to us well fitted to express what we believe is, and will continue the prevailing thought of those whose opinion is most worth having, as to the man himself and the work he did.

"And now we turn back into the world, withdrawing from this new-made grave. The man whom we love lies there; but glorious, worthy; and his spirit yet lives in us with an authentic life. Could each here vow to do his little task, even as the departed did his great one, in the manner of a true man, not for a Day, but for Eternity! To live, as he counselled and commanded, not commodiously in the Reputable, the Plausible, the Half, but resolutely in the Whole, the Good, the True!"

ΔΙΤΥΝΑΤΟΝ ΕΙΔΕΝΑΙ.

Ἐμοὶ γὰρ δοκεῖ, ἂ Σώκρατες, περὶ τῶν τοιούτων ἴσως ὥσπερ καὶ σοὶ τὸ μὲν σαφὲς εἶδέναι ἐν τῷ νῦν βίῳ ἢ ἀδύνατον εἶναι ἢ πάγχαλεπὸν τι.

PLATO. *Phaedo*.

"Good and evil, we know, in the field of the World grow up together almost inseparably; and the knowledge of good is so involv'd and interwoven with the knowledge of evil," &c.

MILTON. *Areopagitica*.

"Truth may seem, but cannot be."

SHAKESPEARE. *Passionate Pilgrim*.

Amongst the peaks
Of eastern, unknown lands, where Beloor-tagh

Or Himalay sits throned in silence grim;
Where mystic Indus and many divergent streams,
Bold Oxus and Iaxartes—now Sihoon—
With Etymander and the swift Er-gheu
Flow east and west and south, and seek to take
With them the Godlike calm that in that home,
That birthplace of the Devas, reigns supreme,
I rode.

Immortal peaks, married to immortal light,
Earth clasping heaven and breeding lights and shades:
These, evil, dark, in fathomless ravines;
Those, kind, and dwelling on the crimson snows,
Yet striving ever to reach those deep abysses
And causing there, alas! perplexity
And strife between each heaven-directed, health-
ful beam and pestilential, Stygian gloom.
Vague place, well calculated to create
Conceptions all but inconceivable:
The mystic, mighty cradle of Ormazd and
Of Ahriman. Impressed, I pondered long.

* * * * *

Thought, like to that shapeless 'shape' called Death,
Begoten by this Earth, at birth tears through
Its mother—Mind. Distorts her, and, in turn,
Impregnates her with those "Kerberian hounds"
Which we call Doubts. * * *

Alas! will no one find

A friendly anodyne to lull the pain
Infused by septic influences of
This hateful, thought-compelling world? I know
This pain will never die. Hatefully glad
Am I to know one fact at least. Why will
Not Earth woo some dark, horrid being like
Itself—incestuous, and breed some beings
More horrid, hopeless? Hopeless? That were rest.
If Hope, sweet Hope, must flounder deep submerged
In surging oceans of deep, damning thoughts
Where lean and hungry Doubts, insatiate beasts
With blood-red jaws, struggle among themselves
To clutch her, drag her down and stifle her—
Give me Despair, that dull, green corpse of Hope,
That down below all strife, awful, alone,
Sits motionless, and with its garish eye-
Less sockets gazes into nothingness.

Far in the purple air
Among the mountains proud,
Like a child's low, whispered prayer
When angry dangers crowd,
Innocently fair,
Floated a fairy cloud.

Reflecting the colors gay
Thrown by the sun above,
Blue and silver and grey,
Like a fearless, trusting dove;
A messenger sent to say
There lived an all-seeing Love.

"Love's messenger," cried I,
"Canst thou really teach
That there is tranquillity
For me, for thee, for each?
Nothing will I not try
That will help me Love to reach."

Silently sank the sun;
Vanished that cloud in gloom.

"Is there no answer? None?"

All was silent as the tomb.

Silently sank the sun;

"Ah! God, what a hopeless doom."

H.

OBSERVATIONS BY THE PATRIARCH STUDENT.

THE 'dear boy' who the other night fell into the tangle off that meandering man-trap that spans the ravine, has promised us an article on Middle Age Architecture.

* * *

FOR the gymnasium at Victoria University, there will be an appropriation made of from \$1,200 to \$1,500. Where does it come from? Is it from a college council?

* * *

THE Debating Society has requested the vice-presidents to pass in their photos. They (the photos) will be hung in the President's room. Just think of that now! Wouldn't you like to be a vice-president? The worst of it is, everybody will be running down to the town to get their 'Cabinets' and 'Panels' (daguerreotypes strictly prohibited) taken, in view of eliciting a similar acknowledgment for eminent services to something or other.

* * *

No election this year! O, stuff! Why, at the last two meetings of the Debating Society no less than 240 names were proposed for membership, which is unparalleled in the history of that venerable association. Surely enough fuel has thereby been supplied for a dozen party furnaces. If one side has swallowed nearly all this enormous voting power, then I say to that side: Go to, thou art a greedy wench, and thou dost not let us have the wherewith to raise a finger against thy boisterous tyranny! (This effort exhausts me, so I relapse into silence on this congenial subject).

VARSAITY MEN.—MR. E. F. Langstaffs, of the Third Year, has been for some time ill at his home at Richmond Hill. It is doubtful whether he will be able to take his examinations this year.

MR. J. D. CAMERON was flitting about town yesterday.

LAST week, in the School of Practical Science, Mr. R. F. Ruttan suffered an accident, which might have been of a much more serious nature. The dropping of a quantity of sodium into water caused an explosion, the result of which was marvellously slight.

THE Queen's College *Journal* has a kindly word to say of Samuel Woods, M.A., who has received an appointment in the Stratford High School. Mr. Woods has been actively connected with Queen's College in one capacity or another since his graduation from our University. He has edited several editions of the Greek and Roman Classics published in this country.

VARSAITY WOMEN.—Thursday evening, March 3rd, while Sophomores and Fresh-men were gathering at the Ithaca Hotel, the young ladies of the Freshman class, having obtained the necessary permission of "Ma" Kinney, met at Mrs. Cole's on East Buffalo Street, there to enjoy themselves in a thoroughly unique fashion. The young ladies have a complete class organization among themselves; and under the charge of this, they held their supper while the gentlemen Freshmen were drinking weak lemonade and breathing dire threats against the Sophomores in the town.

Suffice to say, Mrs. Cole outdid herself at the supper. When the dishes and remnants of the feast (it was a feast, for Cornell girls are good eaters) were cleared away, the literary exercises began. After music, 'Alma Mater,' the Toast Master, Maud Gage, took charge of the exercises, and called for toasts as follows:

I. Cornell:

"Here is everything advantageous to life."
—*Tempest*.

II. Our Homes:

"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."
—*Payne*.

III. Co-education and Co-eds:

"I will found an institution where any person can find instruction in any study."
—*Ezra Cornell*.

IV. Our Professors, to whom we owe an infinite debt of gratitude.

V. The Boys of 84:

"Young men think old men fools, but old men know young men to be so."
—*Camden*.

VI. The Absent Ones:

"Though lost to sight, to mem'ry dear."

VII. The Fair Woodford of 84:

"Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee."

—*Longfellow*.

VIII. Our Future Lives. May our efforts be to make them pure, happy, and hopeful.

IX. The Girls of 84:

"As merry as the day is long."

—*Much Ado About Nothing*.

"Earth's noblest thing, a woman perfected."

—*Lowell*.

Music followed the toasts, after which Gertrude Van Dusen delivered the Prophecy. The supper broke up about twelve o'clock, and the tired Misses of 84 took their way sage-ward.

Little suspecting what the powers of evil in the persons of the Sophomore Misses had in store for them against their coming, they went to their rooms to seek repose. But, alas! sad to relate, no repose was to be had in bed, bereft of quilts, sheets and pillows. Moreover, the rooms looked as though a small tempest had blown through them, spitting away whatever was essential to the enjoyment of life after dark; lamps, chairs and books were, for a time, not to be found. A shift was made to pass away the hours till the dawn, and then an investigation of this stupendous hazing affair was in order.

Thus ended the first Ladies' Class Supper. There is no reason why the good taste of the Freshmen fair should not be followed by those of succeeding classes, if they think the Ithaca Hotel at midnight, in company of four times their number of their boy-classmates, is not the proper place for social reunions. —*Cornell Era*.

MISS GERTRUDE VAN PELT, as a competitor for the Woodford Prize for Oratory, delivered an oration, which secured the Honorable Mention. According to the *Era*, her "delivery held the closest attention of the audience from beginning to end, and undoubtedly commanded more sympathy than any others of the orators."

UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE NEWS. Sanford Fleming offers, during his incumbency of the Chancellorship of Queen's University, a gold medal for competition among each Year; besides three prizes of \$50 each for essays on specified subjects. The *Dartmouth* has an article on the moral influences in colleges, and comes to the conclusion that "There is no ground for the opinion that a college is not a safe place for the morals of young men. On the other hand, the influence is the best in every respect, and nowhere can time be spent laboriously or idly with so much safety and profit." There are forty colleges in Canada. *Dartmouth*. Name them, please. The *Wittenberger* thinks co-education is likely to be a failure unless the proportion between the sexes is about equal. A book of college poetry will soon be published by J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston. The book will contain contributions from about 100 of the American colleges, and will be an impartial representation of the college poetry of the day. The *C. C. N. Y. Argus* is a new arrival, hailing from the college of the city of New York. When the young man could not answer the question of the professor, he said: "Though lost to cite, to memory dear." *C. C. N. Y. Argus*. An excursion is being organized by Professor Roberts to Guelph, Canada, via Niagara Falls. This is designed primarily for the class in Agriculture, but other students will be welcomed. It is proposed to visit the School of Agriculture situated there and investigate the methods of agriculture there used. *Cornell Era*. Could they not come on to Toronto? Harvard has existed 245 years and sent out 14,062 graduates. There are 170 colleges in the United States where both sexes are admitted as students.

CORRECTIONS. In the acknowledgment of subscriptions by the Gymnasium Committee, F. A. Vines, Esq., contributed \$5.00 and not \$3.00 as stated in our last issue.

In the report of the Meetings of the Senate in the same number, "classes" was a misprint for "degrees," in the President's motion respecting the admission of lady candidates.

GLEE CLUB. A concert will be given at Brantford during the last week of this month in which twenty-five members, accompanied by Mr. Torrington and Mr. Field, will take part. The fifty dollars which were turned over to the club by the Debating Society will enable the former to tide over the expenses of the past year, amounting, as was estimated, to about \$100. It is also the intention of the Gleemen to follow up the Brantford concert with another in Convocation Hall, admission to which will in all probability be free.

R. U. F. C. The club here has received a communication from the secretary of the similar association at McGill, on the subject of an inter-university match to be played in Toronto next October. At the last meeting of the committee this proposal found unhesitating favor, and

nothing now stands in the way of a match in the fall. Our eastern friends express the desire that this match should be the first of a series to be played annually and alternately at Montreal and Toronto. Any event tending to establish a fresh connexion between Canadian universities will be welcome to the undergraduates and graduates of Toronto, and the action of the committee in regard to the challenge in question will doubtless meet with unanimous approbation.

MY FIRST AND LAST VOYAGE.

BY ARON YETTE.

My home is Collingwood, Ontario—a forwarding merchant and ship-owner—Richard Harper, of Harper & Co. Owing to the great loss of life on our lakes last autumn, mostly caused by poorly built and old vessels being sent out by their owners, heavily insured, and ready to fall in pieces in the first gale, I give this to the Canadian public in hope that some of our statesmen who have the welfare of the poor seaman at heart, may—Plimssoll like—endeavor to remedy the evil. The story I tell is a true one, and though the details may be hidden from the public in general, yet the Canadian readers of the fall of 186— will remember the loss of the propeller *Jane Hooker*, owned by Hooker & Co., of Sarnia,

The following, clipped by myself from the *Daily Argus*, Toronto, of that time, gives leading particulars :

SARNIA, Nov. 1.—The propeller *Jane Hooker*, of this place, went down last Tuesday night, north of the Manitoulin, with nearly all on board, only one seaman being saved. The *Hooker* is an old vessel, one of the oldest on this line ; she was built by Messrs. Hooker & Co., of this place, the owners. Built from the hull of the *Canadienne*, an old vessel burnt in 1830, she has long been used in the Hooker Transportation Co., Sarnia and Chicago. She was loaded with corn, and could not be lightened. She was a very good vessel, but has been twice condemned for a fault in her engines, and has always been awkward in a storm.

This was all. A day's sensation for newspaper readers ; a few shuddered ; some commented on the sad fate of their brother humans ; another paper came out ; something new claimed the public attention ; the Company got their insurance ; and all was forgotten.

THE OTHER SIDE.

It was late one evening in the fall of 186— that I was wandering about the docks in Chicago. My home, as I said, was in Ontario, and as all my money had run out except a little to barely keep me, I had been looking for a chance to work my passage home. It was very late in the season, and the sky showed signs of a gathering storm. But still I had waited. It was growing dark when I happened to drop into a small saloon on the corner of Z— and W—Streets, a favorite resort of seamen, in hopes that I might hear of a chance. The place was empty ; so seating myself in a dark corner, I picked up a copy of a daily paper, and began perusing its pages. I had only been seated about ten minutes when the door opened and two seamen came in. They were evidently arguing some subject, and the older of the two—they both seemed about middle age—was partially drunk.

'I tell you, Bill,' said the older, seating himself in a chair near the fire, 'it's no use talking ; I won't go. The *Jane Hooker* may go to the bottom herself ; I ain't goin' to trust her rotten planks again.'

'Come, come, Andy, you've bin drinkin' again ; you won't go back on us, will you ?'

'I ain't goin' back on no one,' he growled, 'but I ain't goin' to be drowned for no one neither.'

'You're not goin' to be drowned, Andy ; the *Hooker* came, and she'll go back.'

'Never,' said the old fellow, taking a big chew of tobacco ; 'the *Hooker*'ll never see Sarnia again, not if old Andy Butler knows a vessel.'

'Sarnia ! a vessel bound for Sarnia ! why, there's my luck at last !' I dropped my paper, and the two men looked me in astonishment. 'I'll go,' said I ; 'I'll take his place.'

'You'll rue it then, my lad,' said the one called Andy.

'No, I won't,' said I, 'I'll take the risk,' for I was young, and the thoughts of getting home once more and spending Christmas with my mother outweighed all fear of danger.

'Did you ever sail before,' said the younger, cutting off a huge piece of tobacco.

'No,' said I.

'What biz ?' he says.

'A reporter. I—I just came over—'

'Oh yes, youngster, I know, you thought all was money over here—came over and got starved out—homesick—eh ? But you look as if there was a good bit of stuff in you for all your white hands, so if you

like to come on your own risk I'll take you ; but mind, I don't ask you to go.'

'No,' said I, glad of the chance to go, anyway.

'Look here, lad,' said the old man, turning round in his chair, 'old Andy's drunk and he knows it, but mind ye, he knows somethin' else also ; the *Jane Hooker*'s rotten, she is, and Dan Hooker's a d—d scoundrel. Can ye deny that, Bill, old boy ?'

'God knows its true as ye say, Andy ; but the captain, we should stick to him.'

'The cap'n, he's a fool, a fool, lad. Sixteen thousand insurance, and she ain't worth the nails in her hull.'

'Well, ye're not goin', Andy ?'

'No, old boy, these planks is too safe to trust corn coffins this time of the year.'

'Well, good-by, old hearty.'

'Good-by, Bill,' and the old man grasped his hand, and I noticed a tear stood in his eye. 'Good-by, Bill, I'll never see ye again, if ye'll go on the *Hooker*.'

'Nonsense, we'll meet in Canada again, never fear me. Come lad, and have a look at the craft. Good-by, Andy, old feller.'

'Never, never, Bill, never agin,' he said with a strange sadness not in keeping with his hard grizzled appearance ; and thus we left him.

Bill Marks was middle aged, rough, and blunt, but carried a noble heart under a rough exterior ; brave and callous to all danger, with a soul gentle as a woman's to anything weak. Many years he had sailed on the lakes, and knew every fathom from Duluth to Kingston. Standing by his captain, noble and brave to the last, he met the end.

'Here's the craft,' he said, as after threading several streets, we reached the docks. The moon happened to shine out from some clouds, and there, her sides and decks gleaming white in the moonlight, lay the notorious *Jane Hooker*—a large propeller, built after the regular lake style, looking as if she had only come out from the dry docks a week before.

'That vessel,' I ejaculated ; 'why, what did the old man mean ?'

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE DREAMS OF A MUSICIAN.

At the key-board idly playing,
Running lightly o'er the notes,
Many a fairy dream of fancy
Seized my thoughts in vagrant turn,
And some such forms as these they took.

I saw the ripple faintly plashing,
Plashing in a peaceful calm,
A pleasant shade the sight refreshing,
Gentle breezes wafting balm.

A temple stands a-top the cliff,
Column'd, vine-grown, marble white,
From whence, o'er all the wide expanse,
Lo ! the visions of delight.

There peeps between yon hoary trees
Shadows lengthening on the grass ;
There purple Ocean flaked with white ;
Far off mountains close the scene.

An altar stands bedecked with flowers,
Verdant, turf-built, trim and square,
While youths and maids in merry sport,
Laughing, fill with songs the air.

Hark ! hark ! the words in blitheful note ;
"Life is young, our hearts are true ;
Oh, now's the time for sport and mirth ;
Let us now our joys renew."

And now the dance begins, and fast,
Faster closes and entwines,
With each new movement more involved,
While the flying feet keep time.

But, look ! from the temple pacing slow

The aged priests in order go;
 They go the holy rites to pay,
 The Deity for peace to pray.
 The reverent crowd in haste withdraws;
 Their sports they cease, from uproar pause;
 And then the holy Hierarch
 Uplifts his voice, and bids them mark
 How all the omens too well show
 That ills, like joys, the gods bestow.

Whence comes that sound? Tush! it was nought!
 Again! A moaning ghastly blast;
 The sky is o'ercast, the trees bend down,
 The wind rustles shrilly, the day grows dark,
 The storm's in the air.
 To shelter! beware!
 Or all is lost.

The waves they roar, while the rocks they lash,
 The forest bows down with many a crash,
 The lightning shivers, the thunder rolls,
 The earth is shaken, the death-bell tolls;
 The storm has burst,
 The day is curst,
 And all is lost.

The vision changes. Ah! woe is there.
 I hear the anthem of deep despair.
 I seem to stand in cathedral dim;
 The monks are chanting the funeral hymn;
 Their voices sound in cadence slow,
 The echo answers in murmurs low;
 The long aisles stretch in darkling shade!
 The dim lights into darkness fade.
 The tombs of ancient warriors bold
 Strike terror by their aspect cold—
 And round the pillars and out of the gloom
 Gibbering shapes and phantoms loom.
 All is dark and drear and sad,
 Nought to me seems left,
 But into the grave to sink,
 Unpitied and unwept.

But hark! a martial blast comes echoing strong and fast;
 It rings in cadence strong like some old warlike song,
 And clattering on the street the rushing tread of feet,
 With scabbards clanking loud and weapons jingling proud.
 With tumbrils muffled roll and bells deep far off toll;
 With trumpets sounding far and drum beats rolling war;
 Such sounds do show full clear that mighty hosts are near,
 And soon the battle's strife will give them Death or Life.

Oh! mighty God of the human soul,
 We pray for the brave who fall:
 May their faults be forgot
 And their virtues writ
 Where they may be read by all.

EUREKA.

SKATING: A STUDY ON ICE.

In a recent number of this paper an article appeared on skating; but the writer more than fulfilled his promise, and treated us to some very pretty metaphysical reflexions, occasionally interspersed with expressions of languid interest for those who go to the rink. In the first place, I wish to state clearly that I am an authority on skating, as I am the champion of our village pond. When I left last fall, I whispered to my Samantha that when I came to college I would let some of the Toronto skaters see a little of the 'genuine thing.' Last Saturday evening I sallied forth for the first and I hope the last time to the G— Rink. I entered, reflecting how different would be my triumphant

exit on the top of a bench, amid chinese lanterns and 'colored lites.' I felt a little faint as I entered the dressing room, and it was with some difficulty that I got my skates secured firmly. Once outside, however, the smell of the ice brought back to my memory Samantha's blooming face. I now began rapidly to throw out feelers, and finally abruptly sat down to see if my skates were both there. A sympathetic friend asked me if I was looking for five cents, but I crushed him by saying that money was no object to me, and arose with becoming dignity. Suddenly the band struck up a familiar tune that reminded me of the little organ Samantha plays in the Sunday School at home. While thus musing I found myself carried swiftly along by the moving crowd half way round the rink and laid gently beside a stone wall with my head propped up by the sharp end of half a brick. I crawled up into a window sill and began to compose a threatening letter to the Rink Secretary, at the same time thinking that perhaps the gallery might suit others besides metaphysicians. Yet, I was not to be conquered; I thought of the story of Bruce and the spider, and it brought comfort. From my perch of observation I had for a time noticed the peculiar antics of some individuals in the centre of the rink; their contortions were the most wonderful I had witnessed since the circus had visited my native place. One young man hung his leg over his shoulder and went round like a threshing machine; I resolved I should do that or die in the effort. I was just about to dismount, when my attention was arrested by another, who would suddenly start with a great spread, and quickly curl up and come down on his ear to the ice, spinning all the time. On inquiry, I learned that this was 'the angle of 45.' I felt I knew more mathematics than any one present, and such a feat would therefore be to me an easy triumph. I darted out; I am positive I did the preliminary spread perfectly. The second part began immediately, sooner than I had intended. I recollect beginning to gravitate towards the ice. After that comes a great blank. I hear confused cries of "Get a bench," "He's made it," "Give him room," and other irreverent remarks. I have stated how I expected to leave that rink. I did it literally. I left it on a bench; I saw 'colored lites,' far more brilliant than I had ever hoped to gaze upon, and a second sight of which I do not think I could survive.

TIMOTHY TOMKINS.

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THE NATIONAL GAME.

Spring, gentle spring, with its flowers and sunshine, and freshets and floods and all-pervading mud, is approaching; and this being the case, perhaps a few words on the subject of lacrosse may not be considered unseasonable, especially as the Torontos and Shamrocks have kept the matter before us all through the winter by means of declarations and counter-declarations concerning the fifth game in their last championship match; the Shamrocks averring that on one occasion they put the ball through the Torontos' goal then, and the umpire gave them the game, but was thereupon threatened by the Torontos' cover point, and reversed his first decision. This statement the Torontos declare upon oath to be untrue.

The Committee of the National Lacrosse Association have decided by a vote of nine to two against the Shamrocks' claim; so the title to the championship being thus set at rest, it is to be hoped that there will be no more grumbling. It is a pity that such a dispute should mar what was a very fine and well-contested match, and a still greater pity that men such as compose the rival teams should each have seen the course of the ball, on the critical occasion, just as it was to the interest of their club to see it. Their statements are so directly contradictory, that the only deduction is either that the wish was father to the thought with the players who were near the goal, or else that some of them were not suited to play a fair honest game. It is an unfortunate circumstance, however it may be decided by the Council. May a meeting take place between the rivals early in the coming season as possible, and, both being in good trim, may the best men win.

YE OLDEN TIME.

Dropping modern lacrosse for the time being, let us go back into the past and take a glance at the game as played by the Indians. McNaught in his "Lacrosse, and How to Play It," says: "The present game of lacrosse differs very materially from the old game as practised by the red man of the forest primeval. Their game had no fixed or definite rules by which it was governed; each tribe laid down laws of its own, but in each case it was mind which was made subservient to matter, and not vice versa."

Here is a description of the original *cross* from the same source:

"Those of the Choctaws, Chippewas, Cherokees and Creeks were about three feet long, bent into an oblong hoop at one end, large enough to hold the ball. Those of the Sacs, Sioux, Obijiways, Dacotahs, Six Nations, Pottawatamies, and most other tribes, were about the same length, but the hoop was circular. . . . The network or strings were originally of *wattup* (the small roots of the spruce tree used for sewing bark canoes); afterwards they were made of deer-skins. Among the Choctaws, Creeks, Cherokees, etc., each player carried two sticks, one in each hand. The ball was caught and carried between them. There was considerable difference in the play between one stick and two—the former by far the most difficult. . . . The Indians dodged very little, except when the ball was caught or picked up in a crowd and dodging was necessary. . . . The original ball was about the size of a tennis ball, though differing among the tribes, and was first made of deer-skin stuffed with hair and sewed with sinews. Some of the tribes used a heavy wooden ball—generally a knot—while others improvised balls of the bark of the pine tree."

This then was the game in the original, and coming to the whites, as it did, fresh from their dusky brethren, there was at first a roughness about it which repulsed all but hardy and daring natures. Besides, at this time little of the science which was in the game had yet been developed, and speed of foot and strength of limb were the best guarantees of success. That this latter is not the case now, one has only to view a match between a junior city and senior country team to learn. There, with all the odds of strength and swiftness against them, the city boys play around their disorganized opponents with the greatest ease. The reason of their almost invariable superiority is that they have better opportunities for practising than can be got in the country; and they have also in the local senior clubs models of excellence which are of the greatest service.

The whites had not had the game long before they found that it was possible to make some alterations with advantage. First, the *crosse* was taken in hand and its shape altered from the compromise between snow-shoe and landing net form in which it appeared among the Indians. It was made longer and flatter, and eminently more suited for throwing the ball. Then the ball at present in use was introduced, made of cellular India rubber, tough and springy, and of sufficient weight to permit of being thrown to a great distance; and, lastly, in 1867, the Montreal Club framed the first laws of lacrosse. (See "Lacrosse, and How to Play It." 1873.) Up to this period the game had been played with no strict rules, each player guiding his action in accordance with the dictates of his own sweet will, and the only wonder is that any of the old players are left alive to tell the tale. A match in those times was a serious matter, and not unfrequently contained one or more pugilistic encounters, and sometimes a regular field fight.

The Indians had those various tricks which are now condemned as foul, and rough play reduced to a system, and the first white clubs that tackled them in this game fared ill indeed. Here is a description of one of the Shamrock's matches with the Caughnawagas, as related by an old member of the Shamrocks who was present and participated. "The 'ground' was a stubblefield (barley stubble, six inches in height), and was rough, uneven and stony. The men were frightfully cut up, Hyland having to be carried home; their clothing was torn to pieces, and some of them received actually serious injury from the tricks (then allowed) which the cunning of the Indians enabled them to bring into practice." The Shamrocks of course were beaten. A later day saw a different result take place; and if the gratitude of lacrosse players was due to the Shamrocks for no other reason, it is due them for the manner in which they vanquished the Indians in their own roughness. Volunteers were called from the club, and good play was not considered as useful a quality in a candidate as the capability of giving and enduring hard knocks. However, they astonished the Indians by out Heroding Herod, in the matter of pounding and jumping on opponents, and succeeded in wresting the victory from them. This was a specialty which the Indians had held pretty well to themselves, and its invasion by hard-fisted, aggressive Irishmen was a serious blow to their prestige and self-confidence. They never rallied sufficiently to play their old game against the Shamrocks, and the result was that for three entire seasons the Shamrocks were victorious in their encounters with the Indians, but were defeated by the Montrealers; yet the Indians could turn and defeat the latter club.

The Shamrocks are a phenomenal club. Composed almost entirely of men who had to earn their subsistence by hard daily labor, they yet found time to give to this apparently most violent of games. For six years they played patiently on in comparative obscurity, and never came near the championship. Their O'Connell took the captainship, stipulating expressly that he should not be interfered with in the management of the team, and immediately a great change came over them. O'Connell introduced and enforced strict discipline, and during all the time of his captainship the first twelve never lost a match.

When he gave up this position disaster overtook them immediately; and since then they have had hard work to hold their own against the Caughnawagas, St. Regis, Torontos, and Montrealers—clubs which approach so nearly to each other in excellence, as to make it a difficult matter to judge between them. They are a remarkable illustration of the worth of organization.

Perhaps the most perfect team which ever played together was that of the old Tecumsehs (Junior Toronto Club). From the year '69 to '76, they met and defeated all opponents. At length, having vanquished with ease all the junior and semi-junior clubs which ventured to oppose them, they concluded to fly at higher game, and accordingly, in the fall of 1875, challenged the Ontarios. A large crowd attended the match, and the wild cheering which arose when the Tecumsehs were declared the victors showed in what estimation they were held by their fellow citizens. This result of the match was a complete surprize to every one, for in spite of the well known skill of the boys, it had not seemed possible to the spectators that they could stand any chance against their veteran opponents. All through the winter which followed, the victors of the burly Ontarios prided themselves on their last conquest, and the future looked so roseate to them that they determined to declare themselves seniors. This they did in the spring of 1876. In the previous year the Torontos had succeeded in wresting the senior championship from the Shamrocks, and were then in the zenith of their glory. The Ontarios challenged them and beat them. This made the Tecumsehs look like a very important club, and they accordingly challenged the Ontarios for the championship. Upward of two thousand people gathered together to witness the match. It proved to be one of the hardest fought battles in the annals of the game. The game stood two to two, and the ground was wet and slippery with the falling rain. The boys, though tired out by the long struggle, still checked their powerful opponents with all their usual stubborn gameness. Fate was against them though, and the victory was declared in favor of the Ontarios.

The gallant youngsters never rose from this defeat. They had been the spoiled children of fortune all through their brilliant career, and they fell a prey to discouragement at the first adverse turn of her wheel. It is a singular thing also that the fine young players who were developed in this club never benefited any of the senior organizations. They had been held together by *esprit de corps*, and the magic name of the invincible Tecumsehs once degraded by defeat, they seemed never to care to play again. Here the Torontos challenged the Ontarios for the championship, and were successful in defeating them. In the fall of '76 the Ontarios broke up. They had lasted just ten years, having been formed in the fall of '66. They had played an uphill game pluckily up to this time, and it seemed a pity that just when the champion laurels were within their grasp they should dissolve. An attempt was made to amalgamate the Tecumsehs and Ontarios, and thus form a club which should overpower the Torontos. This was called the Athletics, and was short-lived and of no importance, the elements being incongruous. The present champions are almost too well known to need description; suffice it to say that from 1875, when they first gained the championship, till the present, year they have headed the list of lacrosse clubs.

It would not be fair to close these remarks without mention of the Montrealers, the old pioneer club, to whose energy and enterprize the spread of the game is mainly due. They are at present adopting a very curious course of procedure towards the National Association (a child of their own, by the way). Not being able to carry all their measures through at the meetings of the council, they left the association, and used all their influence to break it up. They complain that the Shamrocks have undue influence. The truth of the matter is, that since 1870, when the club was first defeated by the Shamrocks, the Montrealers have grown intolerant as they have become less vigorous. The gratitude of all lovers of lacrosse is due to them for the energetic way in which they exerted themselves to introduce the game, but their fretfulness at opposition in the council only renders them the subject of mirth to sensible people. It is to be hoped that the efforts of friendly clubs will suffice to bring them back to their early profession.

For the opening season the prospects of the game are remarkably bright. The championship of the Dominion, at present in Toronto and always held up to the present date, may ere long be contested by foreign clubs. The game has been received with peculiar favor in England. Nearly one hundred clubs have been organized in various parts of that country, including Rugby and Dublin College. In the States there are now over fifty clubs, and a late copy of the Melbourne *Australasian* contains a criticism of the sport as played there; it appears that a book on the subject having been forwarded to an acquaintance in Melbourne by Mr. J. K. McNaught of this city, and the game seeming good to the Antipodeans, they accordingly organized a club which soon grew to large dimensions, and splitting into three, is at last accounts multiplying as rapidly as ever.

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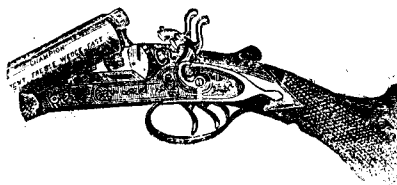
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Claims paid in Canada, - - - - -	over \$1,200,000
Investments in Canada, - - - - -	" 1,000,000
Total amount paid in Claims during the last eight years, over FIFTEEN MILLIONS OF DOLLARS, or about \$5,000 a day.	
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