

# THE VARSITY

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

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No. 11.

## TO THEE.

What other subject needs my humble muse  
Than thee whose image cheers me ev'ry hour?  
Bright glances from thy light blue eyes infuse  
The tardy blood about my heart with power  
To write to thee and set my uncouth verse  
To witching music from thy liquid voice.  
I'll shrine thy image in my heart, disperse  
All other shapes and forms howe'er so choice,  
And in my study, lighted by thine eyes,  
I'll fashion odes and sonnets to thy praise,  
Which, as devouring time fast onward flies,  
May live to give thy name to future days;  
But, hold! such lofty theme suits not my lowly muse;  
And so, fair girl, my impudence you must excuse.

MENDORE.

## A WINTER EVENING WALK.

Just before sunset, after a day of close work in my study, I walk out into the streets to give free play to my cramped bodily energies and to bring rest to my wearied mind. It is midwinter; the snow lies thick on the ground, and the merry jingle of sleigh-bells has replaced the usual rumbling of carriage and cart-wheels. Even the street-cars, which still refuse to exchange wheels for runners, except in the busiest places have their harsh roar softened by the padded carpet that covers the track. The air is keen but not stinging—just cold enough to be thoroughly bracing. I walk rapidly toward the busier streets, watching the faces and forms of those I meet, and noting with passing interest the various types of manhood and womanhood there exhibited. Old and young, stout and slender, handsome and ugly, they jostle on at such a pace as each can command; for all alike seem to have caught the infection of briskness from the pure invigorating air. Everything that lay foul or tainted with decay in neglected back yards and narrow alleys is now sealed by the frost and hidden under the fresh, unstained snow; and the wind that blows down the street to-night and kisses the blush into many a fair cheek on its way comes into the heart of the great city as fresh and pure as, far out, it sweeps over the lonely hills or sifts among the sombre pines and naked maples of the woods. Every breath one draws is a draught of exhilarating wine, which sends the life-tide bounding through one's whole being and makes all worry and weariness fade away like the shadows of a dream.

Yonder in the stream of passers-by comes a woman whose cheeks, although now suffused with the rich glow of exercise, were perhaps all day pale with confinement to her room, and were perhaps all day pale with confinement to her room, and were perhaps all day pale with confinement to her room, and close application to her work. See, she has unwarily stepped where some children have made a sliding-place on the sidewalk; her foot slips, but by a sudden movement, more ener-

getic than graceful, she recovers her balance; and, as she passes on, you see her trying in vain to repress the good-humoured smile that plays round her lips and dances in her eyes at the thought of the awkward figure she has cut. If, a few hours earlier, while breathing the vitiated air of a close room, she had been subjected to some petty annoyance, I am not sure but the angry flush and the impatient word would have been as hard to repress as are the smile and the bright look now. But under the magic influence of this air it is impossible to see any but the bright and amusing side of things.

Night has come on unnoticed before I reach the most crowded part of the city—the intersection of two thoroughfares, and the tender twilight has given way to the hard staring glitter of electric lamps in the shop-windows and in the street. Here the excitement of my walk is at its highest. The rapidly-moving sleighs gliding in every direction with their well-robed occupants; the crowds of people on the sidewalk thronging this way and that; the voices of teamsters, the jingle of bells, the roar of cars, the shouts of newsboys,—all this shifting scene, the confusion of sound and motion under the unreal electric glare lifts me into that peculiar condition described recently by Tennyson: I almost lose the consciousness of my personality and seem to become fused into the chaos surging round me.

But I walk on, less rapidly now, leaving gradually the stir and rush behind and finally turn westward into a quiet street leading towards home. The light from the few gas lamps here is so faint that I catch sight of the evening star shining calmly down on all this turmoil, emblem of a higher, brighter existence than most of us get any glimpse of while we walk in the glare of our own nearer yet infinitely feebler lights.

T. W. S.

## WORDSWORTHIANA.

Under the title of "The Complete Poetical Works of William Wordsworth,"\* Messrs. MacMillan & Co. published in December last, the latest and what may be considered an authorized edition of the poet's works. The name of the editor does not appear anywhere in the volume, yet it is very evident that some one, vested with authority from Wordsworth's representatives, has accomplished what many have long desired to see.

Mr. Edward Dowden, in a late number of the *Academy*, has taken this unknown editor to task for "a serious wrong done to Wordsworth, a serious wrong done to Wordsworth's readers," and again for "the disrespect shown throughout the volume from first to last to Wordsworth's judgment, the entire disregard shown to Wordsworth's wishes." It would be presumption to ignore the opinion of one so capable of knowing and appreciating the benefits to be arrived from an edition which would show that arrangement of the poems

\* London: MacMillan & Co.; Toronto: D. S. MacAinsh.

in groups and in the definite order in these groups, in which the poet wished them to reach his readers. Mr. Dowden finds fault with the editor's chronology of the poems, and is able in some cases to prove his statements by documentary evidence. Another cause for censure is the arrangement of the poems—poems undoubtedly connected with each other in style and subject being widely separated in this volume. In an edition where the arrangement is chronological, it would be impossible to place such poems together; still, some note might have been made where such close relation exists. The fact, too, that certain poems which, after careful consideration by the poet, were omitted in the latest editions published during his lifetime, are here printed in full, and that Mr. John Morley has written the introduction, afford him opportunities for fault-finding—it can hardly be called just criticism. He dismisses in one short paragraph the very valuable addition of the poem entitled "The Recluse," which, though it has never hitherto been published, in no wise detracts from the fame of the poet.

In closing his review, Mr. Dowden lays down certain dicta which he maintains should be observed in preparing a complete and authorized edition of Wordsworth's poems. These are admirable, but it would be impossible to carry out his ideas fully and at the same time issue such a work in a form that would be so satisfactory in point of size, price, etc., as the work under consideration. This volume meets a long felt want in the shape of an edition neither too cheap nor too expensive. Reasonable in price; perfect as far as size, type, paper and binding are concerned; all that anyone—be he millionaire or 'Varsity student—can desire, it will become the edition in convenient form for all lovers of Wordsworth.

There are certain features in this volume which might well be imitated by authors and publishers. A very good portrait of the poet forms the frontispiece, after which comes the table of contents, in which the poems, with the first lines, are arranged in chronological order. Mr. Morley's introduction, which is excellent, comes next and will repay careful study. The poems with their introductory notices, the explanatory notes to the poems, the prefaces and appendices to the various editions, occupy about nine hundred pages. While all this is good, what will be of very great service to the student are "The Bibliography of Wordsworth" and "The List of Biographies of Wordsworth and the Best Critical Articles on his Writings." Such summaries would be appreciated if they were more generally found in the complete works of poets and dramatists, novelists and essayists. Indexes to the first lines of the poems and to the poems themselves complete the volume.

The firm has issued in England, though it has not yet reached Toronto, a volume entitled "Wordsworthiana," made up of articles contributed by leading and well-known students of Wordsworth, such as the late Matthew Arnold, R. H. Hutton, James Russell Lowell and Lord Coleridge, so that the views of such competent critics may be had in a single volume.

B.

## SONNET STANZAS.

Deep sunk in thought I sat within my room  
 Where bright the midnight lamp outflung its ray.  
 Tall stately shelves of books in trim display  
 Uprose around: and clouds of odorous fume  
 Tempted my weary senses to assume  
 The robes of revelry: lapped in dreams I lay,  
 And summoned up fair scenes of far away,  
 The while without the world was wrapt in gloom—  
 When sudden a light rustling at my door  
 Aroused me from my thoughts and visions vain;  
 I rose and flung the portal wide: before  
 Me danced the lifeless autumn leaves: again  
 Face to face stood I with the Night: no more  
 Did unreal fancies fill my weary brain.

FREDERICK DAVIDSON.

## EXTRACTS FROM AN ESSAY ON THOREAU.

DELIVERED AT THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

I have presented you with enough biographical details for a partial understanding of the man, and shall now proceed to consider his genius, and examine as far as I may the significance of his life. The attempt of most men to introduce some vital reform is generally unattended with success, unless the time and the place be favourable. It is as if a man on the top of a train of cars should attempt to make progress if he set his face in opposition to the current of motion, which must whirl him on its course with the rest of the cargo, unless he choose to break his neck in exceeding the limits that this symbolic world opposes to his movements. Thoreau played many tricks on this ponderous rolling-machine of humanity. He claimed for himself the right to profit by any conveniences that it used to further its advance, but anon he withdrew himself to minister to the demands of his exacting genius by a solitary communion with his higher self, with his cherished lichens, and all the rankness, variety, and splendour of vegetable growth and of brute existence. Nothing incensed him more than the arbitrary demands of labour, money, and liberty that civil institutions made upon him in his retirement.

At one early period of his life, while he was yet teaching school, the State confronted him with the deliberate request to pay a certain sum toward the support of a clergyman. He refused to pay, saying that he did not see why the school-master should be taxed to support the priest, and not the priest the school-master. At the request of the selectmen he made the following statement in writing:—"Know all men by these presents, that I, Henry Thoreau, do not wish to be regarded as a member of any incorporated society which I have not joined." This same independent spirit pervades all his political writings, and is their chief charm. He is well aware of the necessity of a timely individual resistance. Anything of a morbid nature that he is thought to display in his books, is nothing but a brisk and hearty preconception of Whitman's idea of the sacredness of the human personality, and of the necessity of its separate and unrestrained development. Thoreau opined that law may only attack man's liberty when licence is synonymous with crime. The transcendental sentiment, so strong within him, opposed itself to the mercenary encroachments that commerce made upon the liberty of action, and all strangeness in Thoreau conforms with this one principle which sweetened his life to the end. The evils of the time which then spread unchecked, but which were in process of being wiped out in blood as he himself lay dying, were the principal causes of his determined resistance. To slavery every fibre in his being was fervently opposed. "If the Government is of such a nature that it requires you to be the agent of injustice to another, then, I say, break the law. Let your life be a counter-friction to stop the machine. What I have to do is to see, at any rate, that I do not lend myself to the wrong which I condemn."

Such language stamps the man at once, and informs us in plain bold terms of the evil which his Government countenanced, and which it would have been traitorous to himself and to his cause not to oppose with voice and hand. He had instituted an ideal government over the passions and virtues within himself, and demanded a like ideal and possible rule established over the community that possessed these same passions and virtues, which he did not care to see too rudely dealt with. "I heartily accept that motto, 'That government is best which governs least.'"

Many people have entertained the belief, which I have found wholly erroneous, that Thoreau was a skulker, a Stoic, who concealed his own emotions, and thought that selfishness would give him the freedom that cares not to express its sympathy for another. He was a Stoic in as far as the acute sorrow he might experience harrowed himself alone. But when the pestilence of slavery was rife through the land, when escaped negroes were returned to their torture-fields in chains, when a general apathy lulled the sympathies of the people, and John Brown lay in prison under a criminal death-sentence, and there was none in America to risk his life in open protest, Thoreau, the skulker, made fierce and public avowal of con-

tempt for the laws and law-givers that made Justice hand-  
maiden to Sin, and expediency the excuse for both.

"I have lived for the last month, and I think that every man in Massachusetts capable of the sentiment of patriotism must have had a similar experience, with the sense of having suffered a vast and infinite loss. I did not know at first what ailed me. At last it occurred to me that what I had lost was a country. I had never respected the Government near to which I lived, but I had foolishly thought that I might manage to live here, minding my private affairs, and forget it."

Such words resound with the ring of truth, and do not strike us as issuing from a hollow selfishness. I have first presented this political aspect of the man that his subsequent actions may be viewed aright. Whenever he retires to solitude we may be assured it is not hermit-wise or in petulance, but as a man and patriot, intent upon his own purification, and consciously in the service of humanity. Bacon says, as said Aristotle before him, "Whoever is delighted in solitude is either a wild beast or a god: for it is most true that a natural and secret hatred towards society in any man hath somewhat of the savage beast, but it is most untrue that it should have any character at all of the divine nature except it proceed from a desire to sequester a man's self for higher conversation." These words contain much that bears upon the problem of Thoreau's life, and many essays have been little more than enlargements of this idea.

Bacon would have us consider this type as either Divinity or Beast. We can in justice do neither; and if our investigation should reveal for the most part the god-like qualities of his nature we should make wide reservation for all the wild traits of aboriginal or animal life that he incessantly betrays.

I doubt if a knowledge of the nature of an author's formula of religion is necessary to the understanding of his writings, unless indeed he be of the tribe of religious improvers or reformers, and his creed confront you everywhere with its doctrines of reason or nonsense. But in this time of great world-moving reforms and religious agitations, the belief of individuals is not without interest and importance. And because Thoreau makes full confession of his relation to Christianity it is impossible to avoid a notice of his religious position. Different biographers would pronounce upon him after their own manner, either by attack or by approbation. No critic with conscience could be silent. To the most rigid his life should justify his belief which he tells us is hostile to Christianity. As in every other respect, so in this for the satisfaction of his religion, he extracted from the accumulation of ages what profited him most and what his genius most approved. In a few significant sentences is to be found all that is needful to understand his position.

"It is necessary not to be a Christian to appreciate the beauty and significance of the life of Christ." Again—"Some, seemingly very unimportant and unsubstantial things to me, and relations, are for many people everlastingly settled; as Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and the like. These are like everlasting hills to them. But in all my wandering I never came across the least vestige of authority for these things. They have not left so distinct a trace as the delicate flower of a remote geological period on the coal in my grate."

"To see from earth to heaven and see there standing, still a fixture, that old Jewish scheme! What right have you to hold up this obstacle to my understanding you, to your understanding me! You did not invent it; it was imposed upon you. Examine your authority."

Thoreau's literary style differs but little from book to book. In "Walden" perhaps it is most coloured with thought, for there he examines the most difficult problems that he ventures upon. Everywhere there is noticeable a conscious restraint, which is not thawed into emotional language even when he coldly examines the passions. I remember but one passage where he overleaps his self-imposed barrier, and that is in an apostrophe to the forest. In this passage he permits a yearning *Oh* to escape him, and perhaps regretted having done so, though it was in the privacy of his journal. He is compelled to stop short and receive a new vocabulary, when figures suggest themselves with the rapidity of high imagination. He dreaded an over-painting in words, though he is one of the most prodigious

exaggerators in literature. He trusted to the inherent beauty of the objects described or to the magnitude of the ideas discussed for all effect. His love of conciseness is remarkable, and is a great assistance to the strength of his intellect. In this respect he recalls the method of Emerson, but notwithstanding reports to the contrary, I think him natural if not original. A truth undressed may not charm us with measures of melody. The ear may not serve as a channel to the understanding. But the truth distils upon us no less, and the mind untrammelled by subservient considerations of art beholds truth as pure inspiration. Thoreau by excess laid himself unshielded to the charge of indulgence in mannerism. But this implied fault serves sometimes to enhance the value of his compressed wisdom.

PELHAM EDGAR.

To be continued.

### THE TOURIST.

This is not the usual season for either ourselves or our readers to go "globe-trotting," yet one can very well do so, seated at home in his easy chair with all the accessories to comfort about him and a pile of the latest magazines at his elbow. We shall make an effort to explore the aforesaid pile and see if there is anything of value in it.

In the January *McMillan's Magazine*, Mr. Goldwin Smith contributed an article on "Shakespeare's Religion and Politics," which was reprinted in the *Globe* of January 15th. It is now reported that he will have a paper on Professor Bryce's "American Commonwealth" in the February number of the same magazine.

The *Fortnightly* for January is above the average. Oscar Wilde's "Pen, Pencil and Poison: A Study" treats of that strange character, Thomas Griffiths Wainwright, who was a *dilettanti* in art, letters and all things beautiful; a forger and a poisoner of no mean skill. J. A. Symonds writes "A Comparison of Elizabethan with Victorian Literature."

"Auld Wattie Scott" beams with kindly eyes on the reader who turns to the promised article on "The great novelist at work" in *Scribner's* for February. It is a most readable essay by S. H. Woodruff. R. H. Stoddard contributes a delicate little poem called "A Lyric of Lyrics." An illustrated paper on "Some Greek Portraits" proves interesting reading on account of the light it throws on the influence of Greek art in Egypt.

The *Century* opens with an article on the French artist Gérôme, which is virtually contributed by himself. The engravings are masterpieces. "Napoleon before the Sphinx" ("L'Eclipe") and "Thirst" particularly claim our attention; there is a strange fascination about them which leads one to them again and again. The publishers deserve great praise for the series of "Old Italian Masters" with illustrations of their work which they are now presenting to their readers. The influence of these papers must make itself felt on American art. Another article in the same line is Laurence Hutton's "Portraits of Mary Queen of Scots," but these do not impress one with the beauty of that unfortunate Queen. With the exception of the "Morton Portrait" one would be inclined to think that her beauty was rather a myth.

"All aboard for a trip round the world!" This might well be the preface to the February *Harper* and this number of *The Tourist's Guide*. In a very readable and well illustrated paper Theodore Child acts as our cicerone in exploring the mysteries of the Hôtel Drouet in Paris. We next find ourselves in "The Land of the Midnight Sun," of which Bjornstjerne Bjornson gives us many a glimpse. The next stopping-place is in Russia, where an artist with almost as unpronounceable a name as the preceding, to wit Vassili Verestchagin, is our guide through "A Russian Village." After a steep climb up the Himalayas in company with Henry Ballantine, we are well rewarded by the information he gives us of "Nepaul, the Land of the Goorkhas." We cross the Pacific and lie over a train or two to take a run through "Dakota" with P. F. McLure. This number is hardly up to the standard in poetry; Amélie Rives has two Scotch songs which show that she has overcome to some extent the difficulties of the Scotch dialect. One of them, entitled "My Laddie," is expressive of intensely passionate love, but there is a note in it which is quite in keeping with the style of the author of "The Quick and the Dead." In a long and very able article, Dr. Chas. Waldstein discusses "The Work of John Ruskin,"

## THE VARSITY.

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All communications of a business nature should be addressed to THE BUSINESS MANAGER.

The Office of THE VARSITY is at No. 4, King Street East, Room 10 (up-stairs).

### AMERICAN ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

Last summer a movement was set on foot amongst the Toronto members of the above organization, and those of the general public at all interested in scientific pursuits, to induce the Association to hold its annual meeting for 1889 in Toronto; the invitation was accepted some months ago, and now that all the arrangements are well under way, and everything promises a successful assembly, it will be well to give a brief account of the Association and its objects, and to indicate the probable features of this particular meeting. The A. A. S. was formed in 1848, being the offspring and successor of the American Association of Geologists and Naturalists, which had existed for eight years before that date. By the first article of its constitution, the objects of the Association are defined to be, ". . . by periodical and migratory meetings, to promote intercourse between those who are cultivating science in different parts of America, to give a stronger and more general impulse and more systematic direction to scientific research, and to procure for the labours of scientific men increased facilities and a wider usefulness." One of the most striking features of the Association is its division into sections, sub-divisible at will, which are as follows: (a) Mathematics and Astronomy, (b) Physics, (c) Chemistry, (d) Mechanical Science, (e) Geology and Geography, (f) Biology, (g) Histology and Microscopy, (h) Anthropology, (i) Economic Science and Statistics. From this list, including as it does every important branch of modern science, may be gathered the immense scope and range of the labours of the society. That the attention of the Association is not entirely given to the strictly theoretical side of Science, but also takes an intensely practical stand, may be gathered from the following examples taken at random from a list of Special Committees appointed at one of the General Sessions, viz., Committees on Weights, Measures and Coinage; on the best methods of Science-Teaching in the Public Schools; in relation to Duty on Scientific Books.

The City of Toronto has for several years been endeavouring to obtain the privilege of entertaining the Association, and the fact that there is the keenest competition for this privilege and that it is extremely difficult for even the largest cities to secure it, makes the present success a matter of sincere congratulation. The University will probably be asked to lend its building for the occasion, and the benefits which will accrue, both to those University men who may have the good fortune to be present during the convention, and to the University itself, in becoming more widely known, are too obvious to require more than indication.

From the City, too, thanks are due to the promoters of this movement, among whom we may mention Prof. Loudon, the Secretary of the Local Committee, to whose exertions are largely due the present forward state of the arrangements; as the great bulk of the work and responsibility will continue to fall upon the Local Secretary's shoulders, it is to be hoped he will receive ready assistance from all those interested in the success of the convention.

### THE CONVERSAZIONE.

The Conversazione is drawing nigh, and by next Saturday will have become a thing of the past. This annual event is of

no mean significance, in more ways than one. It is the only opportunity which the students have of entertaining their friends and of returning the hospitality extended to them by the city.

Aside from these considerations the way in which it has been managed in past years renders it an occasion of general social importance. The Literary and Scientific Society of University College has ample reason indeed to congratulate itself on the success of its conversat. hitherto; and there is certainly good ground for saying that this year promises as much as former years have fulfilled.

It is no small task to attend to all the *minutiae* of preparation, and the zeal and devotion of time on the part of the committeemen are highly commendable. But it is a labour of love, and as such certainly merits the full measure of success, which, as before, will doubtless attend it.

### THE NON-HAZING UNION.

The annual meeting of the Non-Hazing Union held on Friday, 1st instant, and adjourned for further discussion until yesterday, recalls the circumstances under which its organization was effected a year ago, and suggests a comparison of the state of things then existing with the present position of affairs.

At the time of its inception there undoubtedly existed a strong and somewhat bitter feeling between the promoters of the Union and their opponents, a feeling which was evinced by hasty and ill-considered words and actions on both sides.

Since then, however, it has been discovered that the treatment (or maltreatment) of freshmen is not the sole subject of interest in the University world, and that, important as it is, it can yet be discussed in a quiet and friendly tone. The recent scene on the lawn we regard as the action of a few hot-headed students and not in any way as compromising the whole undergraduate body, and, this outbreak excepted, the feeling this year has been temperate and reasonable. The Non-Hazing Union is to be congratulated on the sensible and dignified stand it has taken throughout the year (for we do not hold the Union responsible for the now famous letters in *The Mail*) and we believe that, whatever may be the outcome of the present discussion of the formation of a College Court, the somewhat stupid and barbarous hazing of the past is no longer possible.

### EXCHANGE NOTES.

THE VARSITY welcomes gladly the first number of this new magazine. The title-page describes it as "a monthly magazine devoted to the interests of undergraduates" and in their prospectus and editorial columns the editors declare their object to be the elevation of the tone of the College Press and the formation of a means of introduction for undergraduates of literary tastes to the outside world. It is proposed also, we imagine, to perform for College Journalism the same function as *Littell's* and other magazines perform for the general monthlies, viz., to select for republication whatever literary matter seems of most merit. Such an enterprise should meet with the heartiest support of all college journalists.

The *McGill University Gazette* comments rather dubiously on the movement towards the formation of a college press association. The *Gazette* seems to think that the plan proposed by THE VARSITY some time ago is quite impracticable and even chimerical. However, it considers the promulgation of the scheme a step in the right direction, and we are pleased at receiving even a qualified approval. According to the *Gazette*, "college journals possess a certain influence, but it is chiefly local." Why should they not, provided they deal with subjects of general interest, extend their influence through the whole sphere of education, through the whole college world?

Of course, there are plenty of subjects which are purely local in character and indifferent to outside readers, but surely there is a sufficiency of general matters to provide interesting and acceptable reading to students everywhere. If there is not "community of interest or feeling" among college journalists, there ought to be.

## LITERARY NOTES.

Professor Sayce has left Oxford for a tour in Egypt; while there he intends to copy the cuneiform tablets which are now being collected in Cairo.

Mr. T. H. Warren, President of Magdalen College, Oxford, has long been engaged on an edition of *Plato's Republic*. He has at last issued, through MacMillan & Co., a volume in which the first five books have been edited. There has been a long-felt want for such a work and while there are admirable translations of the *Republic*, yet there is no good text with English notes. This will be heartily welcomed by Honour Classical men in the University.

Richard Holt Hutton has the reputation of being one of the best living English essayists, and the popularity of his 'Literary Essays' (D. T. McAlinsh), which has passed into its third edition, is sufficient proof that he is a very able writer. In the new volume he writes on: Goethe and his Influence, The Genius of Wordsworth, Shelley and his Poetry; Mr. Browning, The Poetry of the Old Testament, Arthur Hugh Clough, The Poetry of Matthew Arnold, Tennyson and Nathaniel Hawthorne; all are masterly productions. The one on Tennyson is specially fine.

C. C. McCaul, B.A. '79, has sent THE VARSITY a copy of his inaugural address as President of the Lethbridge (N.W.T.) Scientific and Historical Society. This society has set before it most worthy objects—that of gathering together and preserving the historical records and traditions of the Territories, their fauna and flora, and other facts of interest and importance, besides, of course, scientific and historical work of a general kind. Lethbridge is the centre of the great coal region of the N. W. Territories and is rapidly pushing to the front. It is pleasing, therefore, to see that the inhabitants are not wholly given over to material pursuits, but that they have the time and inclination to devote to literary and scientific studies. Mr. McCaul's address is eminently practical in tone, and if it reflects the spirit, as we have reason to believe it does, of the Society in general, then the new Society is bound to succeed and to become a centre of light and learning in the Territories.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

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

## THE PROPOSED 'VARSITY BASEBALL CLUB TOUR.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—Will you kindly allow me a short space in your valuable columns, in order to bring before the undergraduates generally a scheme, just now in the bud, but which, I think, will commend itself to all those who feel an interest in their Alma Mater, and in sport generally; I refer to the proposed baseball tour through the various American colleges.

This scheme has been more or less discussed by the baseballers during the present year. On the face of it, it seems a rather ambitious undertaking, but when we fairly consider the question, it becomes quite feasible.

There are several very important questions to be considered. Can a representative college team be got to go, which will be able to play winning games? What benefit are we likely to derive from such a tour, either directly or indirectly? Can money be raised in order to start the team, which cannot be expected to go at their own expense?

With regard to the first, I may say that I think the Baseball Club now contains at least one team of very strong players; in fact, almost if not the strongest the Varsity has ever had in the field. The team would include several men who are individually as good ball players as almost any of the amateurs in any college.

Baseball is quite a modern game in the University; a decade ago it was unknown. But a club has been organized for five or six years, and has during this time played matches with the leading amateur clubs in the city, and has won 75 per cent. of them, a good showing for a young club.

But good individual play without equally good combination is only likely to almost, but not quite, win the games, and much team practice and individual training is necessary for such an undertaking, and if anyone concerned could suggest a place where team practice could be held, such a suggestion would be most thankfully received.

One of the immediate effects would be the creation of a better *esprit de corps* between the students in our University and those of the American colleges. Besides, a greater interest concerning Toronto University would be created in the young American minds. How is it we have so few American students here? I know there are a large number at the Agricultural College, and also at the Veterinary College. I venture to say that one principal reason is, the lack of a general athletic spirit, that so characterizes all the American colleges. In this way also American students would be led to attend our University.

Again, a baseball team is the only one we could send; for the Americans do not play either Rugby or Association Football as we do, while lacrosse and cricket are scarcely played there at all.

The third question is an important one. I may say that replies offering good guarantees have been received from several of the leading colleges *e.g.*, Yale and Cornell, but not enough to justify a team in starting on any trip. The undergraduates, however, might do a great deal in the way of a subscription list or something of the kind.

SHORT STOP.

Feb. 6th, 1889.

## COLLEGE SOCIETIES.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—During the past year or two there has been one circumstance becoming every week more and more noticeable; and it is a thing greatly to be lamented:—Our societies are becoming more and more dead creatures. Those not already dead to all good are fast becoming so. An offensive little odor rises now and then, which tells us that the one-time robust frame of the Literary Society has become already a victim to intellectual starvation; a plaintive, effeminate wail, just audible, convinces us that the Modern Language Club yet lives, but is in a rapid decline; while, although the Political Science has been much strengthened by the late generous supply of fresh and supporting alimant, it is yet in a precarious condition, and a relapse is hourly expected. And how much more might be said of other equally valuable associations.

A University, I take it—and surely it is the more cosmopolitan acceptance of the term—a University should embrace and foster all and every institution where instruction, practical and theoretical, may be and is obtained. And so has our University done her duty in this respect. While yet in embryonic existence she had her various associations, and they were, in those olden days, conducive of material good, and flourishing. But they, like the Indian from our plains, are vanishing from our halls. Now, sirs, how is it that such should be the case? we have to-day just as smart and able men in our college precincts as then.

But have you not noticed that each year seems more and more to take a "wall-eyed" view of a course in college? I am not, sirs, inclined to pessimistic views, or to belittle my successors; but somehow each advancing year seems to be composed ever more exclusively of "plugs"—(I need not explain). Men appear to think that if they have not their optics ever screwed down to some printed sheet, they will be missing the essential object of a course. That is true to some extent. But is it comparatively true that much may be learnt at these societies? In very sooth, do not both go hand in hand; and the one is most beneficial when associated with the other? I will not tell you how much may thus be learnt in rubbing off the excrescences of a hitherto almost hermit life and in giving a manly carriage to the shaping character. In fine, gentlemen of the First Year seem to think that they are being duped, when asked by their seniors to join some society. And while this lasts, so long will each of our societies be a nullity and of no influence. Let us take an interest and pride in our student institutions.

Univ. Coll., Feb. 5th, 1889.

W. C. H.



## ROUND THE TABLE.

In a half-serious, half-bantering article in the *Nineteenth Century*, Mr. Oscar Wilde bitterly laments the "Decay of Lying." The Table hastens to reassure Oscar's sorrowing heart. No musty legends of the past, we are sure, can contain more unique and æsthetic falsehood than one (our impartiality forbids us to indicate which one) of the two following reports of the same meeting. Thus saith the organ of the Buffs:

"Dr. Capulet was in great shape and made a magnificent speech, holding the audience spell-bound, and dealing in a masterly manner with the public questions of the day. At the close of his speech he received an ovation.

"Mr. Clevis made the usual blue ruin speech, talked about innumerable iniquities, abused the Premier, told a German elector in the audience that his vote was not worth much, and finished up with what was considered and admitted by ardent Blue friends to be a miserable tirade of abuse."

And thus the mouthpiece of the Blues:

"At two o'clock the speaking commenced, Dr. Capulet speaking first. He claimed the support of the electors on the ground of what he had done for the country, and plainly threatened that unless he was elected again the Government would do no more for it. Mr. Clevis followed, and in a splendid speech of an hour and a half placed the issues of the day before the immense crowd in a masterly manner. He was repeatedly cheered."

All which leads the Table to wonder whether the internal evidence does not warrant it in believing that the Blues and the Buffs have the same correspondent at the seat of war.

\* \* \*

In the editorial columns we notice the new magazine *The Collegian*. The "Table" also looked over it, and recognized with a start, such as one feels at meeting his own ghost in the street, its name, "The Round Table," figuring boldly at the head of a conspicuous department of the new volume.

\* \* \*

The conversation happened to drift upon Noah and his cargo. Why we should happen to drift upon this subject, is almost as inscrutable as why the ark should happen to drift upon Ararat rather than any other mountain, but the fact remains that we began to discuss the story of the ark. Our speculative City-Editor had a great many questions to ask as to the smallest size possible in order that the ark might contain representatives of all the animals of the globe; as to the average rainfall per hour necessary to drown the world, etc., etc.; all of which queries were successfully disposed of by the Foreign Editor, who is well-read in Theology, and besides prides himself not a little on his scientific knowledge. But at last our doubting Thomas, driven into a corner, asked as a parting shot what the venerable vessel did for ventilation, since there was only one window some two feet square in the whole concern. "And besides," he added as an after thought, "even if the polar bear did persuade Noah to open the window for a little fresh air, the giraffe would certainly begin to cough, and ask to have it closed again, for fear of sore throat, and thus this shipful of first parents would come to an untimely end through asphyxia." All were struck dumb by this new view of the case. The Foreign Editor ventured an explanation which was unanimously voted rubbish. Finally the College News man, who, by the way, is exceedingly fond of local satire, feebly suggested that perhaps Noah and his family had attended lectures at University College, and so become inured to any atmosphere. "If he hadn't, you know," he concluded, "he would not have known enough about Natural Science to stock the ark."

\* \* \*

For the opinions expressed in the following passage—quoted by George Eliot from Heine's "*Reisebilder*"—the Table wisely declines to hold itself responsible: "Oh, the women! We must forgive them much, for they love much—and many. Their hate is properly only love turned inside out. Some-

times they attribute some delinquency to us because they think they can in this way gratify some other man. When they write, they have always one eye on the paper and the other on a man; and this is true of all authoresses except the Countess Hahn-Hahn, who has only one eye."

\* \* \*

MEAT PIE.

*A Rhymed Rhapsody.*

Wearied are we of Vanity—  
Old battered pasteboard fortress  
Ten thousand thousand times assailed  
By orator and oratress.  
Bereached of parsons, of poets berailed,  
Once eloquently, now with glib inanity.  
Wearied are we of Vanity,  
Yea, of that hollow, hollow Vanity  
Called Hunger.

Substantial foe of meagreness!  
Portly rotund edibility!  
Hast heard tell of hollow crown,  
Where antic death shows sad agility?  
Thy solid coronet of pastry brown  
More worthy far ambition's eagerness!  
Substantial foe of meagreness!  
Banisher of lean, gaunt meagreness!  
All hail! Meat Pie!

Poets oft seek for a dream-suggestor,  
Seek the genial, red-eye'd whiskey,  
Till round and round their pine-board table  
May swirl the elves and goblins frisky.  
A poet's right to drink when able;  
Less frequent feeder he, than good digester.  
Poets oft seek for a dream-suggestor;  
For a lurid, lurid dream-suggestor,—  
Give me Meat Pie!

Shall we sing in song democratic,  
Cheaply purchased Nationality,  
America's strange commodity?  
Truth is oft a strange reality,  
And fiction less and less an oddity.  
Citizenship for the asking seems erratic,  
Argues our guilt of profusion Asiatic.  
Shall we sing in song democratic?  
"Naught good for nothing," the true saw demo-  
cratic.  
Meat Pie—Five Cents.

There thou art in the pork-shop window,  
Like a Frenchman waiting destiny,  
Silently reserved—a glassy reservation.  
Yea! a plate-glass barrier, lest any  
Five-cent-less student mar thy preservation.  
The uncrediting pork-man can't be skinned. Oh!  
There thou art in the pork-shop window,  
Behind the penal-statute-guarded plate-glass window.  
Farewell, Meat Pie!

A. T. HUNTER.

\* \* \*

The metaphysician had long sat in silence, staring through his green goggles at the fantastic flickering of the fire. Suddenly he began in slow sententious speech: "We think our works are great: we have even appreciation of what we so think great; but how can we know it? What criterion, infallible, or even approximate, do we possess? Mayhap, viewed in the light of superior intellect, they would be insignificant and foolish. The greatest productions of the most sublime genius would be ordinary and commonplace if genius were a universal quality of man. There is no such thing as absolute greatness or absolute truth. We are doomed to live in an unreal relative atmosphere of being." Sadly, silently, solemnly the company arose, donned its outer garments, and passed into the darkness of the night.

## UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE NEWS.

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

## LITERARY SOCIETY.

Friday, Feb. 1st. Literary Society. A small meeting—a skeleton meeting. A Gaunt Cadaver of what should be, and at its best is, the great student society sat to-night in our meeting hall. Mr. Gadsby sang, and, as the custom is, was encored—a custom well followed this time, for G. is one of the not too many Residence students who trouble themselves about our meetings. Mr. Buckingham read of Pickwick and Pickwick's nightcap. Mr. Rodd's essay, being a digest of American humour, was an austere concern, muscled out with scientific words. No servile adulation of Yankee levity, but a manifest zeal for proper humour. The President—and it isn't his custom—thought it worthy of criticism and uncarpingly criticised.

Then we had a disinterested canvass of the virtues of "Inebriate Asylums." Mr. Taylor was as statistical as an account rendered, but rather lazy in plucking fruit from his statistics. Mr. Swanson seemed to know all a student has any licence to know about such a subject. His arguments coasted close in by the matter. The debate was then declared open and found empty. The member who speaks too often told the trials of the man who swore off ale and for months and months drank nothing but beer, but he spoke not to the subject and if the Society had remembered itself would not thus have spoken to it.

After the debate the President made a by no means very necessary but manly apology for words used a week ago; drawing in his perhaps too vigorous words of disapproval but not the disapproval.

The *Mail* was then struck off the fyles for one week—on motion by Mr. Godfrey—not for "its anti-hazing stand," but for its alleged untruthful words about student concerns.

## MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.

The Club held its regular weekly meeting for the week on Monday last, February 4th, the President in the chair. The programme was in English, Scott being the author discussed. Mr. Rodd read a selection from *Marmion* and was followed by Mr. Spence in an essay on "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." Miss Lawler gave a piano solo. Miss Robson closed the regular programme with an excellent essay, "Scott as a Descriptive Poet," which was heartily applauded. Discussion followed and lasted for a considerable time. Among those who took part was Mr. T. A. Rowan, B.A., a past president of the Club, who recalled the days of his connection with it.

## NATURAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

The regular meeting of the Natural Science Association was held on Jan. 31st., the first vice-president in the chair. After the ordinary business of the society, two carefully prepared and interesting papers were read to the society, one by Mr. B. Kilbourn on the "Pineal Eye of *Lacertilia*," and one by Mr. Saunders on the "Life and Habits of Ants." Many strange phenomena of the Biological world were set forth in both papers. J. J. McKenzie B. A., J. Munro, E. C. Jeffry and T. McCrae, were among those who took part in the discussions after the papers.

## POLITICAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

The Association met as usual on Wednesday last. The attendance was small, owing to the absence of the President and Vice-President. Mr. A. Smith took the chair. After the routine business was disposed of, Mr. Peet read a paper on the "Malthusian Theory of Population," the careful preparation of which was fully appreciated by the audience. A number of members took part in an after discussion, and plied Mr. Peet with questions. Next evening Mr. G. R. Faskin will read a paper on currency.

## GLEE CLUB.

The Musical Committee has at last made up its mind, and has engaged Mrs. MacKelcan of Hamilton, and Miss Campbell,

Mons. and Madame Boucher, as soloists for the *Conversazione*. Besides the "Hope" waltz-song, "Tannhäuser Chorus," and the "Slavonic Love-song" announced in our last issue, the Glee Club will render "Ulalie" from the College song-book as a glee without a chorus.

## MCMASTER HALL.

The bells of the college are now rung by electricity, a clock being so arranged as to set the current going at the proper time. Mr. J. P. Hall B. A., an old University graduate, is inventor of this particular system.

After an exciting election in connection with the Literary and Theological Society the following officers were elected for the ensuing term:—President, Mr. W. T. Graham; Vice-President, Mr. A. J. Vining; Secretary, Mr. A. Stone; Councilors, Messrs. W. E. Boggs and J. Roberts.

The *Cos Ingeniorum* Society returned the following gentlemen for the same term, President, Mr. F. C. Cooke; Vice-President, Mr. G. F. Peterson; Critic, Mr. C. N. Munro; Sec. Treas., Mr. W. S. McLay.

Mr. D. G. Macdonald entertained his fellow students of the graduating class at dinner on Monday evening at his residence, 314 Bathurst Street.

Thursday, 31st ult. was observed as a day of prayer in the various departments of McMaster University.

## THE CLASS OF '89.

The Fourth Year met in the Y.M.C.A. Hall on Tuesday last, 5th inst. Mr. G. A. H. Fraser took the chair and Mr. J. S. Johnston acted as secretary. The meeting was large and very enthusiastic.

The election of officers resulted as follows:—President, H. J. Cody; Vice-President, G. A. H. Fraser; Secretary, J. D. Spence; Treasurer, J. S. Johnston; Historian, F. C. Snider.

An amusing discussion took place on the motion to reconsider the standing in the Society of lady members of the Class. In mercy to the mover, we refrain from publishing his name. The motion was snowed under.

The Class Photo was the next matter considered and again came discussion. It was at last decided that no gowns should be worn and that the lecturers as well as the professors should be asked to sit. Other details were left to the Executive.

The Class will hold their first dinner on the evening of Commencement Day of this year.

## THE CLASS OF '91.

The Second Year met last Saturday in the Y.M.C.A. Hall to receive the report of the provisional committee appointed to draught a constitution. The Constitution as adopted will be published next week, space not being available this issue.

After the adoption of the Constitution the following officers were elected for the current year:—President, C. A. Stuart; Vice-President, Howard Ferguson; Secretary, D. Walker; Treasurer, A. J. McKinnon; Poet, J. M. Godfrey; Historian, W. E. Buckingham; Orator, D. J. Armour; Musical Director, G. H. Fairclough.

## THE CLASS OF '92.

The First Year met in the Y. M. C. A. Hall, Wednesday afternoon, to consider class organization. Mr. Shiel occupied the chair and Mr. P. McArthur acted as secretary. After considerable discussion of an entirely favourable character, a motion was unanimously adopted endorsing the scheme. A provisional committee was then elected to draft a constitution. The following are the names of the committee:—J. A. McLean, (convener) Wood, Tucker, Bunting, Parks, Shiel, Thompson, McArthur, McRae, McClive, Shipley and Tennant. Co-education is evidently popular among the classes of '92, as they have decided to extend to the ladies of the year a formal invitation to join the society.

## CONVERSAZIONE TICKETS.

Graduates may procure tickets from Messrs. Creelman, Barwick, T. C. Milligan, F. H. Sykes, G. Acheson, T. C. Robinette, J. A. Ferguson, A. H. Young, G. Waldron, M. S. Mercer, J. E. Jones, A. F. Chamberlain, J. J. Mackenzie.

The following letter has been received by the University College Y. M. C. A. from J. S. Gale, B. A., their missionary, who has arrived in Korea:—

YELLOW SEA, Dec. 14th, 1888.

MY DEAR FELLOWS,—We are now coasting the west of Korea, almost at our journey's end, and arriving to-morrow, as we hope, at Chimulpo. I send this to tell you of our safe arrival and to give you some little idea of Korean life as I have already seen it.

On Wednesday last, about eleven o'clock in the morning, we rounded the north end of Isushima—the last of the Japanese island,—when the captain, who is an Englishman, though it is a Japanese boat, said, "Yonder is the Land of Morning Calm," pointing to the smoky hills in the distance. The sea was rolling heavily, but the interest I felt in those smoky hills kept me on deck. About three o'clock we entered Fusan Bay, the southern port of Korea.

All round about were brown, bleak-looking mountains. At the head of the bay, and sheltered by a few trees, was a collection of houses known as the Japanese settlement. As we had here some twenty-eight hours to wait, I went ashore both days to see what I could of the Koreans. There were crowds of them dressed in white, wearing loose bagged trousers tied round the feet; there were some with coats of light blue and white, others again with long robes. I rather like the dress when it is moderately clean.

The people themselves are taller than the Japanese,—fine-looking, intelligent fellows, fit to be away above what they are. They have an air of independence about them which gives them more dignity than most of these Easterners have. One thing I noticed right at the start: they all smoke, every man carrying a pipe; sometimes it is sticking through their belt, sometimes hanging down their back,—just a bowl showing behind their ear, but the pipe is always somewhere about their clothing if it is not in their mouth.

Fusan I found to be principally Japanese, and that to see a Korean city I should have to go back into the country about three miles.

Harkness, Gifford (a young American missionary) and myself started off the following morning (yesterday) across the mountain, directing our course by the white objects moving in the distance. We followed a rough, unkept roadway, the sharp stones making it difficult walking. About half-way along we passed the Chinese Consulate and numerous Korean hovels. Crowds of people carrying bundles on their back were going down towards the port; a number of women were to be seen as well washing clothes in a creek. Perhaps I might tell how they wash them,—they dip the clothes in the running water then lay them on a stone and pound them with a stick; almost as hard on them as a Toronto steam laundry. We had to jump the creek or get across on stepping-stones, as they have no bridges or public conveniences of any kind.

We met several chairs carried by two men at a brisk trot; by the robes of one of the occupants we judged that he was something higher than the coolie class. After an hour or so we sighted the walls of the town. These were built of rough stones held together in some way by means of mud. The houses, which are, on an average, about three feet and a half high (from the eaves to the ground), are thatched with straw and built of mud. The occupants crawl in through a hole in the sides, and, of course, are obliged to keep seated or lie down. Another opening, through which the smoke curled, showed that a fire was kindled underneath to keep up the temperature.

The streets are some ten or twelve feet wide, and so crooked that you cannot see farther than a few yards before you. The refuse and the filth of the place, which is something terrible, lies stagnant or winds its way by a sort of ditch along the middle of the road. The stench made us almost run at times, not being as yet acclimatized to this sort of thing. Many gazed in wonder at us, and beside the people themselves, wolfish-looking dogs would congregate at the holes in the wall and gateways, and, while paying no attention to the Koreans passing, they made the whole town hideous by their uproar about us, I saw several people grinning at the reception the dogs gave us.

There are no stores, as we understand stores. On some of the mud window-sills we saw a row of straw boots or a few leaves of tobacco. Now and then we passed a lonely-looking

fellow sitting by a basket of sweet potatoes. The people themselves are terribly noisy,—different from the Japanese in this respect, shouting and rushing about as though their lives were at stake.

After thus taking in the town we turned back to Fusan (Japanese), a paradise to what we had just seen. We are all sad at the sight of such darkness and misery, but rejoicing that the Lord has sent us to a place needing the Light so much.

I have tried, as I always shall, to give you as near as I can a correct idea of the place, and yet there is much left out that makes the reality worse than you can have any idea of from this letter. But dark as it is the Lord will answer our prayers as he has answered those for a safe voyage and blessings by the way.

I shall send you word every three weeks as boats leave for Japan.

In Tôkyô the gentleman who had been American Consul in Seoul up till last year, hearing that the Y. M. C. A. were sending workers to Korea, asked that we should call at his house. He received us very kindly and said he was glad we were going as missionaries and that we were British subjects. He says we are the first of Her Majesty's subjects to enter Korea as missionaries. He told us that at present the prospects for work were dark, but he says freedom must come. I have with me a letter that he gave us to Her Majesty's Vice-Consul, Mr. Scott. This Lieutenant Foulk is a Christian and is deeply interested in mission work in Korea; he knows the country better than any other foreigner, having been all through it. So his kindness will, I know, be appreciated by you all.

Let us all be united in prayer that the word of God may not be bound in that land. As long as our eyes are on the Lord we shall not be downcast. I found this true the other day in reading the eighty-eighth Psalm. Here the singer's eyes are on himself and his song is one of death, ending with "darkness."

In the eighty-ninth there is a change. He has turned his eyes upon the Lord and the first thing he says is "I will sing of the Lord forever." The whole psalm is one of light and life. So, when I feel down-hearted or far away from my friends, I look in the direction of the eighty-ninth Psalm and the shadows flee away.

I know as time goes by and vacation comes you will not forget Korea.

The sun shining so warmly and everything looking so bright almost made me forget to wish you a Merry Christmas.

Yours sincerely,

J. S. GALE.

#### ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE VARSITY is conducted by undergraduates of the University of Toronto, and is published every Saturday of the academic year. It aims at being the exponent of the views of the University public, and will always seek the highest interests of the University. The Literary Department will, as heretofore, be a main feature. The news columns are full and accurate, containing reports of all meetings of interest to its readers.

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