




THE VARSITY.

THE ❖ CHRISTMAS ❖ NUMBER. ❖

1884.

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THE ' VARSITY:

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF

EDUCATION, UNIVERSITY POLITICS AND EVENTS.

HOLIDAY NUMBER, DECEMBER, 1884.

OUR IDEAL.

Did ever on painter's canvas live
The power of his fancy's dream?
Did ever poet's pen achieve
Fruition of his theme?
Did marble ever take the life
That the sculptor's soul conceived?
Or ambition win in passion's strife
What its glowing hopes believed?
Did ever racer's eager feet
Rest as he reached the goal,
Finding the prize achieved was meet
To satisfy the soul?

DANIEL WILSON.

COLLEGE CHUMS AND COLLEGE FRIENDSHIPS.

I was reading quite recently an instructive story by Dr. J. G. Holland, the distinguished American writer, in which the career of two college chums is graphically sketched. That career and the varied experiences connected with it, as pictured by the writer, may differ widely in details from the corresponding ones of students in University College. And yet they are otherwise substantially the same. Both are controlled by, or are subject to, a potent influence not peculiar to college life—the personal influence of one student upon another, of one individual upon another.

An influence of this kind, if exerted at all, is almost always sure to be irresistible. The causes are not far to seek. A young man may be ever so "independent"—all fancy themselves to be so, and many are really so—and yet he cannot resist the subtle influences of those around him. And why? The answer is simple and yet complex. Self love is, however, at the bottom of it, and is really the key. The desire to stand well with our companions (and by the younger to be considered manly) often impels us at the time to fall in with views and opinions which in the abstract, and on communing with ourselves afterwards, we are compelled to dissent from. Many a time, it is sad to think, have the sweet influences of home life been dissipated, the reverence for sacred things laughed away, and the very germ of the Christian life in the heart destroyed in a weak moment, and in the effort to exhibit independence of thought and so-called manliness of spirit.

This is one side of the picture. And that side presents an example of the rule of the strong over the weak, or, properly speaking, the stronger will controlling the weaker. And yet this has its bright and better side, too.

A college chum, with clear, sharp views of life—its responsibilities and duties—its binding obligations to fulfil the purposes for which that life was given—has a tremendous power for good, and in favour of the true and right, in his unspoken utterances, or by his testimony in favour of a divine life in the soul. Such an influence is potential in proportion to its unobtrusiveness and genuineness. The daily consistent life of the sincere yet unobtrusive Christian man preaches more eloquently to his comrades than any sermon or homily can do. May I appeal to the student-reader to reflect upon these truths—rendered doubly so by many a sad, as well as by many a pleasant experience.

Every student is subject to the personal influences surrounding him to which I have referred, whether he wills it or not, or whether he is conscious of it or not. There are positive and negative poles in personal intercourse as well as in electricity. We admit and apply this principle in effect, when we speak of personal magnetism or of its opposite. It is as powerful and unerring as are the laws governing both electricity and magnetism.

Students are repelled from or attracted towards each other; and it is equally a matter of fact that those who unconsciously repel some attract others.

Few, however, stop to deliberate on these matters, or to estimate character, or to weigh motives. They generally decide as to both of these by the varying standard of feeling and impulse. And yet, on the whole, this student-instinct is rarely at fault. As a rule young men understand young men better than do their seniors.

College friendships, however formed, are generally lasting. They are as a rule the most pleasant and hearty of friendships in after life. A college chum of my own (long since dead), put it thus in a letter to me:—

"A 'college chum'—that delightful association of words. There is something about these words that will act like magic . . . There springs up to view immediately the old associations of college days, and all the good old things said and done a thousand times over . . . They carry one back to where he enacts over again the scenes and the times long gone by; and lives over again that part of life which must ever seem to bring the sunniest side of it. There are certainly constituents of a college life which render it the best,—the most fondly remembered of any of the different periods of our existence. And we will always cherish it with feelings of the purest kind—such as cannot attach to any other sort of life whatever."

Truly, the student, even more than the child, is father to the man. There is something unerring in the estimate formed at college of each student by his companions. And the estimate then formed of personal character, of ability and peculiarities, is generally verified by after-life experience. Speak to the graduate of some years standing of his former companions, and he will tell you with tolerable certainty (what you probably know yourself) as to how John Smith or John Jones has been acquitting himself in the battle of life.

Few students estimate at the time how truly their measure is being taken by their companions, or how insensibly each one has formed his opinion of the other at college.

I find, however, that I have fallen into a strain of moralizing rather than (as I probably should have done) dealing more pleasantly with the subject which I had set for myself at the beginning. My only apology is that life at college is so exceedingly momentous in its consequences to the individual student, that I could not refrain from saying a word or two—based on my own experience—as to the serious aspect of personal intercourse at college.

I hold (as my old college chum, quoted above, says), that there are as a rule no friendships more pure or lasting than those formed in our college days. Would that they were always as ennobling as they are enduring!

A word now of appeal as to personal responsibility. If it be so, as I have stated, that we are so much under the influence of fellow-students and others, how is it as to our influence on them? Is it good and wholesome and bracing? or is it the reverse in any particular? These are questions which none but the individual reader can answer. That we cannot rid ourselves of this personal responsibility is perfectly clear. The late Rev. Dr. Chalmers, in strong and eloquent words, puts this matter in the clearest light. He says:—

"Every man is a missionary, now and forever, for good or for evil, whether he intends or designs or not. He may be a blot, radiating his dark influence outward to the very circumference of society; or he may be a blessing, spreading benediction over the length and breadth of the world, but a blank he cannot be. There are no moral blanks; there are no neutral characters. We are either the sower that sows and corrupts, or the light that splendidly illuminates, and the salt that silently operates; but being dead or alive every man speaks."

J. GEORGE HODGINS.

Toronto, December, 1884.

SEPARATION.

The sky is one cloud, ash-grey and vast,
High-domed and wide;
After the long bleak day at last
Comes eventide.

I stand and bear on wishful lips,
One sweetest name,
And vain the cold horizon scan
For sunset flame.

Low down, in the distant west,
At last I see
A narrow and crimson flush, imprest
"Twixt sky and lea.

Both Gloom and Night that love-tint threat
In hateful strife.
Ah! what am I, if that flame should fade
From out my life!

BOHEMIEN.

AN ANCIENT UNIVERSITY.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

We are glad to be privileged to announce to the world a discovery. Among the Canadian boatmen on the Nile is one who was formerly a responsible functionary of University College: we believe, indeed, that he was under-porter of the Residence. This gentleman—to quote from a letter with which he has honored us—"conceived in the discharge of my official duties such an enthusiasm for classical literature that on reaching Egypt—the scholar's El Dorado—I determined to prosecute a course of independent research, such as is prescribed for the new fellows of University College. While exploring the ruins of a temple of the goddess Neith in the city of Sais, I had the good fortune to discover in the stomach of an embalmed cat several well-preserved rolls of Egyptian papyrus. These on perusal turn out to be a fragment of the tenth book of Herodotus, describing a visit of the historian to the island of Atlantis. I should have liked to publish my discovery in the original language, but as I am anxious to bring it within the range of the resident students of my *alma mater* I append a translation, and hold over the original for the present. I have only to add that I have shown the papyrus to a classical B.A. of Toronto University, who has kindly written a preface and appended short critical and historical notes. He has promised me also an excursus on Atlantis. A dissertation after the manner of Valckenar on the embalmed cat will be presented shortly to the Senate as his thesis for the degree of A. M. Finally, he has pointed out a few errors in my translation, arising from my imperfect acquaintance with Hellenic idiom."

PREFACE.

It is one of the vexed questions of classical antiquity, where was the island of Atlantis. One school of critics has pronounced in favour of America. Space forbids the discussion of that problem here, suffice it to say that the manuscript here translated affords strong internal evidence of the correctness of that hypothesis.

POST-SCRIPTUM.

The discovery of this MS. at Sais is not really surprising; rather it is surprising that it has been so long delayed. We know that Herodotus visited Sais (bk. 2, chap. 28); we know (chap. 175) that he visited the temple of Athena—that is, Neith, (vide Larcher's note on chap. 59); we know that he talked to its bursar (2: 28). What more is wanted to prove the genuineness of the newly-discovered MS. is amply supplied by the naive simplicity, by the truly Herodotean spirit of the document itself. With respect to the depositary of this precious heirloom, the cat, we must remember that the Egyptian entertained for this animal a religious veneration. What more likely, then, than that the bursar of Sais on some supreme crisis offered this manuscript—his most priceless treasure—to appease the displeasure or, it may be, the hunger of a feline god? Or perhaps the cat helped herself. Religious awe would protect her from interference during the meal and afterwards, and finally from a post-mortem. On such accidents does the history of literature hinge! Compare Sir Isaac Newton and his dog. The only conjecture involved in this theory—viz., that

the bursar had a cat or that his premises were on one occasion at least temporarily visited by a cat, is surely permissible; nay plausible: I had almost said certain. Without further explanation, I beg to lay before the universe the translation—too literal, but correct in the main—of this choice monument of Hellenic civilisation.

B. A.

CHAPTER I.

The declaration made by Herodotus of Halicarnassus as follows: (1) Having travelled in many lands and having heard and reported many and other marvellous stories, not the least marvellous appeared to him to be the story (2) of the bursar of Sais about the river Nile, how it rises from between Mount Crophy and Mount Mophy. To this bursar, therefore, he delivers the most marvellous of his own stories, that about Atlantis, both as to one more learned than himself in relating divine marvels, and especially (to see) if by any chance I could so borrow from the bursar five obols (3) to purchase a bottle of Egyptian barley-beer (4), for I chanced to thirst, it is heavenly how much (5).

[There is a lacuna here in the MS., several chapters having been too thoroughly digested by the cat.]

CHAPTER 34.

And among other institutions in Atlantis I visited the Lyceum where the young men attend upon the instructions of the there sophists. Now, these youths differ in this respect from the youths of the Britanni, of whom Atlantis is a colony. For among the Britanni the young men who study wisdom call themselves "men," as being then men more than at any other time; but here, "boys," as being then boys more than at any other time. As indeed was clear to me at least being so; and here is a sign; for they applaud their sophists with great clamour and uproar of their feet and mouths, so that I seemed to myself to have escaped my own notice (6) being again in the Athenian law-courts. Moreover, in this respect also their customs are different to those of the rest of the world, for in Hellas at least we praise those indeed who arrive early to their work, but those who are late we chastise. But in Atlantis the hearers applaud those of their fellow-learners who come too late to hear all the wisdom of the sophist from time to time (*ὁ δὲ ἀεὶ σοφίζόμενος*).

CHAPTER 35.

And they differ also in this. For whilst the many count that man most honourable, who has the fairest clothes, these youths honour him most whose ephebic (7) himation is most torn. Again, in other lands they wear a cap suitable to this gown, but here not; but rather any covering of the head as chance leads them, so as to seem more like anything rather than men (8); much less learners of wisdom. And looking at their ragged himatia I seemed to myself to be witnessing a tragedy of Euripides (9) and I wept (10).

CHAPTER 36.

They are divided into two factions, of which one faction resides around the Lyceum itself, and is called "residers." About whom it is reported in two ways; for some, indeed, say that this faction worships Bacchus, but others that they offer sacrifice to no god at all; to me, indeed, saying what is not credible. But the second faction dwell at a distance of about two stadia, in a large heroum, of which the hero eponymous is a sophist of those of old and he has long been dead. And "the residers" say that he was an austere sort of man (*σκληρῶς τις*), and that he talked to a queen of the Keltæ about virtue till she got ahead of him by falling to sleep (*ἐφθασε καταρθόουσα*). I am not obliged to believe what I am told, but I am obliged to report it (11).

CHAPTER 37.

And of the residers many other marvels are reported, and especially this first, that every year in the winter, before they have passed the *ἀπόδειξις* (examination), which the sophists exact, a divine plague is wont to seize some of them, so that they return suddenly to their own cities and kinsmen, unwilling to them unwilling (12) (*ἄκοντες οὐχ ἐκούσιν*). But having returned the wrath of the god or goddess is straightway appeased, and they become stronger than themselves, (13) and feast upon many banquets. Next, that in the spring there is a sacred day on which it is their custom to breakfast on the eggs of hens, for a reason which it is not holy for me to mention; and that once upon a time two of the learners ate twenty eggs apiece, so to speak (14). I know their names, but willingly forget them (15).

CHAPTER 38.

And their food is chiefly the flesh of bullocks; but after this they have a second course which used always to be served with the same sauce; whereas in Hellas we have different sauces—to me indeed pleasing—and for supper they used to have on every fourth day of the seven milk-cheese; and for this I guess there was a holy reason, for the fourth day is sacred to their god Woden, who is, to conjecture, the god of cheese; and seeing this I praise the piety of the learners; but so do not the learners themselves; but I was distressed to hear the cheese how they spoke evil of it (16). But so it is always with youth, and especially now when old customs are being ridiculed everywhere, as with us also in the case of that Alcibiades and the mysteries (17). For virtue has become old-fashioned, as Thucydides also says in very clear language (18), as also he is wont.

CHAPTER 39.

I saw also their amusements how they kicked a ball, and once as it was said, they contended with the youths of the city called *Μιχαλαί*, where the people rule; and they were defeated; which is to me a sign that democracy is better than monarchy. For if they had been contending for themselves and not for their Queen, I conjecture they would have been victorious; as I have already said in my account of the rise of Athens (19). And indeed some of them voted with me, for they talked with very many words of democracy and freedom; but some of their words I have forgotten and others I could not understand (20).

CHAPTER 40.

There is also in the Lyceum a society called the Club of the lovers of literature and the science of nature. And they are divided into parties and elect officers, and are excited and bribe and drink grape-vine and barley-wine (21), as do the politicians in Athens; so that indeed some of these lovers of literature are said to have been overcome by wine, as not being like Socrates (22). And for what they contended I was unable to learn; but I conjecture it was something very great; for it is not likely that lovers of literature and the science of nature should get drunk for nothing; not but what there are some who say that this Society is so named out of sport.

CHAPTER 41.

And whilst I was there there arose quite a discussion about maidens, whether they should hear the sophists together with the youths or not. And the sophists said no; but the youths yes. For my part I praise the youths in that they are zealous to win the goodwill of the maidens; for Callias also in Athens, whom I have praised in my other books (23), thought that maidens ought to be permitted to choose their own husbands. But I laugh hearing certain persons say that what they desired was the higher education of women. For in Athens we have hardly any educated women, far from it. But in saying this may the forgiveness of Aspasia be with me.

CHAPTER 42.

And of the sophists one is bursar and dean (*σωφρονιστής*) and priest of the residers and is present twice a day at an appointed time in the *ἐνοστειον* for a holy reason. Whether there is also a holy reason why some of the other learners and sophists are not always present I am not able to say. For some say that they are too late and are absent unwillingly; whichever seems to anyone the true account let him take that, according to the Attic proverb (24) *δραχμῶν δαπανῆς ἄρσεν ποιῆς*. Whether the sophists are very learned I am not able to say; but I conjecture some of them at least are; for they are bald, as is Socrates and the Scythian priests who are the most wise of men as I have said before (25). I conjecture therefore that baldness is a peculiar property or inseparable accident (*ἰδιόν τι ἐστὶ ἢ καὶ ἀχώριστον συμβέβηκε*) of learning. I am bald.

CHAPTER 43.

And there is one sophist who is very wise and cuts up fish; but having cut them up he does not eat them at once, as other men do, but puts them in oil: and I conjecture these are sardines or anchovies (26). But if any one has any other opinion let him declare it.

CHAPTER 44.

And there was once a goat grazing at large around the Lyceum as I was told. And of this many reasons were given: some saying—saying nothing (27)—that the artizan of the furnaces lived on the milk of goats; others in order that by its bleating it might divert the cares of those in office round the library (28); others in order that it might teach the original forms of language to those learners who were earnest about archaic Keltic and Cynesian

(Spanish) and other portentous things. For that the goat, as King Psmmetichus also thought, can communicate archaic languages, as I have related before in my Egyptian history (29). This then they assert and add thereto an oath, but they do not persuade me (30). But I conjecture that the real cause is this, that the goat is sacred to Dionysus the wise-god, and was kept against the time of the celebration of the mysteries of the residers: concerning which there are many holy stories, which it is not lawful for me to mention. For Æschylus was arrested by the eleven (31) for revealing mysteries (32).

CHAPTER 45.

And there was a contest between the sophists and the learners who should preside at the *ἀπόδειξις*. And the sophists boasted that they themselves would; but the learners no, but some others; whomsoever they, as I conjecture, would choose; with respect to which I neither myself say that the learners were wrong, nor if anyone else says it do I tolerate it (33). For I myself would gladly choose before whom to pass *εὐθυναί; περιδοῖο ἂν ὃ ξένο* (34). Not but what there were some learners who said that the reason they desired this was in order that they might be manifest, having "wide reading and emancipated intellects," as it is called in their language. But what is an "emancipated intellect" I was unable to learn from any one having seen it, nor can I conjecture, except that it is likely to be a divine thing in intellects (35).

CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES.

1. Compare the introduction of the first book of Herodotus 1-1.
2. Vide bk. 2-28.
3. Compare the fate of Milton, who sold the copyright of Paradise Lost for \$90.
4. *δῖνος ἐκ κριθέων*: vide bk. 2-77.
5. Our translator is too literal: *ὄνρανιον ὄσον* means "awfully;" compare the modern idiom "tarnally."
6. Too literal. *λεληθέναι ἐμαυτὸν* means (I seemed) "without knowing it," (to be again, etc.)
7. *ἐφηβος* corresponds somewhat to our "undergraduate," vide Capes' University Life in Athens; chap. 1.
8. Comp., bk. 6:125.
9. Euripides, "the most tragic of poets," was accustomed to introduce beggars and rags on the stage (vide Aristophanes Acharnians, 410-470).
10. Compare Plutarch, Life of Nicias, ch. 29, for Euripides' popularity.
11. Compare bk. vii. 152; bk. ii. 123.
12. This idiom defies idiomatic translation.
13. Too literal: "stronger than ever" we say; the Greek said "stronger than," or "strongest of" themselves.
14. *ὡς ἐπεὶ* is mistranslated here; it means "in round numbers."
15. Compare bk. iv. 43; bk. ii. 123. Vide Catlin's "North American Indians" for similar stories of primitive voracity; vide also Speke's book on the savages of Central Africa.
16. For this idiom compare Aristophanes, Clouds 145.
17. Vide Thucydides, bk. vi. 27-29.
18. This must refer to Thucydides iii. 82-84; but the language there is the reverse of clear. "Is our author ironical? or had he a different text of those famous chapters?"
19. Vide bk. v. 78.
20. Comp., bk. iii. 46.
21. *i.e.* beer, vide note 4.
22. Vide Plato-Symposium 220 B.
23. Vide bk. vi. 122.
24. We believe the origin of our proverb, "You pay your money, etc.," is here for the first time revealed. This is a rich discovery for philologists.
25. Bk. iv. 23.
26. Vide Aristophanes Acharnians 639-640.
27. *οὐδὲν λέγοντες* should rather be translated "talking nonsense."
28. *ἵνα παροχτευῆ τὰς μερίμνας τὰς τῶν περὶ τὴν βιβλιοθήκην ἐν τέλει ὄντων*.
29. Bk. ii. 2: but the story there is told in a somewhat more rational form.
30. Comp., iv. 105.
31. For these officers vide Hermann Political Antiquities, 189.
32. Vide Lobeck's Aglaophamus, 1-12.
33. This is an expression used elsewhere in our author, though we cannot point out the passage. In the present connection it illustrates his genial spirit.
34. This curious idiom has completely baffled our translator; the literal translation is "You may guarantee that, O stranger."
35. *θεσπέσιον χρέμα νοῦ*: compare bk. 1-86, *μεγὰ χρέμα σὺς*, "a great beast of a pig," and our own commercial idiom "a sweet thing in ties," "a new thing in trowsers." C.M.V.

THE 'VARSITY.

TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1884.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—Fred. H. Sykes.
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The 'VARSITY is published in the University of Toronto every Saturday during the Academic Year, October to May, inclusive.

The Annual Subscription, including postage, is \$2.00, payable before the end of January, and may be forwarded to THE TREASURER, F. W. HILL, University College, to whom applications respecting advertisements should likewise be made.

Subscribers are requested to immediately notify the Treasurer, in writing, of any irregularity in delivery.

Copies of the 'VARSITY may be obtained every Saturday of J. S. ROBERTSON & BROS., corner of Adelaide and Toronto Streets.

All communications should be addressed to THE EDITOR, University College, Toronto, and must be in on Wednesday of each week.

Rejected communications will not be returned, to which rule no exception can be made. The name of the WRITER must always accompany a communication.

OUR HOLIDAY ISSUE.

Our acknowledgements are due, and are here heartily tendered, to our many friends who so freely responded to the request for their co-operation in the preparation of a special number of THE 'VARSITY for the holiday season. In fact, so liberal was the response that, even in so large a number as the present, we were not able to find room for several excellent contributions. To the writers of these, however, we feel no less indebted than to those whose articles appear. We are sure that our new venture in the line of college journalism will meet with the approbation of our readers.

CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

Mr. George William Curtis well says:—"It is a peculiarly English festival. By some essential and mystic tie it adapts itself to English genius; it is characterized by English feeling; and old Father Christmas wreathed with holly and pouring a full flagon of generous wine, while the Christmas log blazes upon the hearth and the young folks kiss under the mistletoe, is a huge, hearty, English figure."

What a glorious and inimitable picture has Washington Irving given us of a thorough English Christmas. We cannot believe we are reading an American book, so imbued is the author with English feeling and sentiment. How many of us in this land across the sea have wished to spend just such a Christmas holiday as did the hero of *Bracebridge Hall*.

What a genial creation is the Squire; how courtly, how punctilious. We can well imagine his pardonable irascibility when the love-lorn young Captain began to sing the Italian air to the fair Julia. How perfectly can we picture to ourselves the parish clergyman, the old sexton, the organist, Master Simon, and the whole motley but picturesque assembly which gathered around the Squire's hospitable board—how natural and life-like they all seem!

The whole story reminds one strongly of Addison. The Squire of *Bracebridge Hall*, and Sir Roger de Coverley of the *Spectator*, are similar creations.

One is tempted to long for a revival of the good old days—at least, in regard to the celebration of Christmas. Alas, that it should exist only in fiction! The England of to-day is not what Addison and Irving have described. In this democratic country we can never hope to introduce the time-honored customs and habits of conservative old England. They would lack their greatest charm—association and remembrance. But though England is changed, and though America be democratic, still the same affectionate feeling, generous hospitality, and warm friendship, which cluster around Christmas-tide, are still as characteristic of this season—both here and in the old land—as they ever have been. These qualities of head and heart, transcending any mere observance or tradition, are the sacred heritage and precious privilege of all Anglo-Saxons to enjoy. It is their noblest duty to teach them to others.

The domestic life and home associations of England are her chief glory. It is here where she excels; here where the secret of her true greatness lies. In the many stately homes of England,

as in the humble village cottage—where love and affection reign supreme—are enacted those scenes of joy and gladness; those festivities and genial customs; those beautiful and inspiring glimpses of true English home-life which fill us with hope and thankfulness, and make England what she is—the dear old Mother Land, to which all hearts—no matter where they may be; no matter how situated—turn with instinctive longing and affection.

But we must leave England, and turn our faces homewards. What zest is given to our Christmas-tide by the abundance of snow; what merry music the sleigh bells make; what rosy cheeks the frosty air imparts. With what a truly artistic pencil are our window-panes decorated by that bluff old visitor, Jack Frost. We can hardly give him credit for such beautiful and delicate tracery.

What shall be said of the Christmas dinner! What visions of roast beef and plum-pudding does the very name suggest! Around the family table cluster two or three generations. The old people—grandfather and grandmother—with such pleased happy faces and welcoming smiles. How proud they are, and how much they talk of the old times. They live their lives over again in a single night. Then the next generation: how many brothers and sisters, husbands and wives, cousins, and lovers, are there! Then the third generation: many of them perhaps for the first time at table; eating and drinking with but little thought for the morrow—the young rascals! What a babel of merry voices; what laughter, what pleasant banter, what sidelong glances, what blushes.

And then the cloth is removed—metaphorically of course—and the health-drinking and speech-making begins. How all rise to their feet and loyally drink to the Queen—God bless her! After the other toasts—loyal and local—have been drunk, there is a hush as the old grandfather slowly rises in his place, and simply says, while the tears glisten in his eyes and run down his kindly old face—"our absent friends." How silently is the toast honored, as each thinks of the beloved friends far away, and of those whom they

"... have loved long since,
 And lost awhile,"

and whose loved presence never again can share in the joys and sorrows of those to whom they were so dear. The young people do not understand the silence, and the tears of the old people. But their time will come also, too soon, perhaps. Time will steal away their years and friends all too quickly. It is well that they are happy and light-hearted now.

Then let each of us enjoy to the full the hallowed delights and endearing memories of this blessed season. To stand aside and refuse to participate in the general thanksgiving and joy is to refuse to hasten that reign of universal peace and good will upon earth for which Christendom has so long and so earnestly prayed; and of which this poor world of ours stands so sadly in need.

"AMERICAN" POETICAL LITERATURE.

A distinctive national literature can only arise as the outcome of a distinctive national life. Such a literature represents the typical character of the nation as it is manifested in the various conditions under which exist the individuals and classes composing the nation. Now the United States are inhabited, not by a unified people, but by an aggregation of nations, a congeries of races, as yet entirely unassimilated—of all characters, customs, religions and languages—spread over a vast area of country possessing the greatest variety of climate and other geographical characteristics. Evidently then the lives of individuals in this country are developing under an infinite variety of conditions—a variety altogether too great to admit of the ascription of a typical character to any person, or to his writings. The present is a period of assimilation—of reduction from infinite heterogeneity to comparative homogeneity. Until this process of amalgamation of races shall have been completed, or at least until it shall have approached much nearer completion than it is at present, we would more properly speak of the people and literature of America, than of the American nation and literature. We have no quarrel with language, however, and no harm would be done if it were clearly understood that the latter form of expression is used, as we shall use it, merely for the sake of convenience.

That part of the literature of the United States which has any special ethnical flavor, is not national but sectional in its char-

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acter. There a large number of writers whose works are strikingly distinctive of New England, a smaller number are clearly representative of the Western States and the Pacific Slope, and a few characteristic authors have arisen in the South. But it would be a great error to say that Emerson and Holmes on the one hand or Bret Harte and "Bill Nye" on the other, are representative American authors.

In by far the larger portion of so-called American literature, there is absolutely nothing by which it could be distinguished from the great body of English literature. Longfellow's writings for example, cannot be considered as in the least degree typical of America. What with his translations from European works, his European themes, and the constant occurrence of explicit or implicit allusions to European ideas and persons, it might be supposed that he was a European poet writing occasionally of America, rather than a poet of America writing frequently of Europe.

Mr. W. M. Rossetti says that he "conceives Walt Whitman to be beyond compare the greatest of American poets." But many other critics, no less able than Mr. Rossetti, deny the character of poetry altogether to the rhapsodical rodomontade and the hop-skip-and-tumble catalogues which are the main features of Mr. Whitman's writings. This much at least is certain that although Walt Whitman is original enough to be sure, yet his work is typical not of America but of Whitman alone. Mr. Rossetti assigns the second place in his list of American poets to Edgar Allan Poe. But there is absolutely nothing in Poe's poems to show that he is an American writer. True, he lived in America and wrote his poems in the language of its people, but his works are not merely sectional or national in their essence; they are distinctively characteristic, not of any single nation or race, but rather they are the expression of the highest manifestation of two mental states common to all mankind—weirdness and exquisite sorrow.

In fine, it may be said that the worst possible basis for a classification and comparison of poets is what may be termed the politico-geographical; and the ethnical basis is but little better. All primary classifications should be made with reference to the matter rather than to the form, to the essence rather than to the accidents, and although sub-classes on the basis of country may be used for purposes of convenience, yet it should be well borne in mind that otherwise these are of little value. Hence, if we are to classify and compare the American poets at all it should be mainly on the basis of their more prominently distinctive mental characteristics or idiosyncrasies.

SIGMA.

P. P. C.

P. P. C.,—*Pour prendre congé*,—

Thus did Julia write to me,
And I knew that she was going
Far away across the sea.

And my fond heart fluttered wildly,
As I thought of what might be;
I resolved to woo and win her
Ere she went across the sea.

Just as usual she met me,
Smiling, with most gracious air;
Either hope or disappointment
Ere I left her I would bear.

When I spoke of love, her glances
Rested tenderly on me;
But she asked for time; she'd write me
Ere she went across the sea.

Then I waited, anxious, lest my
Suit should unsuccessful be;
Till there came the promised letter
Which should tell my fate to me.

Nervously I tore it open,
Ali she wrote was "P. P. C.;"
She had meant to break it gently,—
'Twas love's *congé* given me.

FRITZ.

THE PLACE OF POLITICAL SCIENCE IN A LIBERAL EDUCATION.

The term "Politics," in its wide and true sense, includes all that relates to the science and art of human government. In this sense it was used by Aristotle whose treatise on "Politics" is still valuable; and it is greatly to be regretted that it should ever have lost its signification to such an extent that even intelligent men may sometimes be heard contrasting the "statesman" with the "politician," very much to the disparagement of the latter. In fact the prejudice against the term has gone so far that authorities of colleges have been known to protest against the introduction of the subject into their curriculums on the ground that political science could not be taught without introducing political partisanship. Politics is the science of citizenship, and as "citizen" and "state" are terms expressive of the same relation viewed from opposite sides, it follows that the science of "Statesmanship," the science of "Citizenship," and the science of "Politics," are in scope and subject matter one and the same.

The German writers, who with their usual industry and zeal, have been foremost in carefully mapping out this great department of human knowledge and giving it scientific form, divide the Science of Politics into the "Law of Nature" (*Naturrecht*), the "Theory of the State" (*Staatslehre*), and "Practical Government" (*Politik*). This division has the merit of being exhaustive, and is for some purposes perhaps better than any other. It will be more convenient, however, in this paper to adopt one somewhat different, which, giving "Political Science" a limited meaning, will be as follows:—(1) Constitutional History and Law; (2) Political Institutions; (3) Political Science; (4) Jurisprudence; and (5) Political Economy.

This arrangement is also exhaustive, for what the German writers call *Naturrecht* may be regarded as falling under either "Political Science" or "Jurisprudence," their *Politik* being fully covered by the second and fifth of the above divisions, and their *Staatslehre* by the first and third.

It is unnecessary to dwell on the practical advantage to be derived from such a course as that outlined above, for this is usually admitted even by those who strenuously oppose the fuller recognition of these subjects in a University curriculum. No state is safe from destruction by internal forces unless a large proportion of its citizens have learned to take an intelligent interest in its government, and are prepared to throw the weight of their influence in favor of an honest administration of the law and of the public service. The least return which any state-supported University can make to the state which supports it is to furnish those of its citizens who desire to make a scientific study of politics, with an opportunity of doing so. This duty is now well discharged by the best American and German Universities, and is beginning to be recognized in England. There is a department, or "School," of Historical and Political Science in Columbia, Cornell, Yale, Harvard, Michigan, and Johns Hopkins, among the subjects embraced in the various courses being general history, systematic politics, constitutional history and law, diplomacy, international law, political and legal institutions, Roman law, and economic science. In the Cambridge Historical Tripos, besides a course in general and English history, the following are prescribed: (1) Principles of Political Philosophy and of General Jurisprudence; (2) Constitutional Law and Constitutional History; (3) Political Economy and Economic History; and (4) Public International Law in connexion with selected treaties. These examples suffice to show that our Canadian Universities must grant to Historical and Political Science its due prominence in their curriculums, or make up their minds to see those who desire to study these subjects go abroad to complete their education.

One of the merits of such a course of study is its liberalizing and broadening effect of the mind of the student. What is chiefly needed in the discussion of the practical politics of the day is more toleration amongst polemics for each other's opinions, and the best solvent for extreme partisanship, which is always the concomitant if not the result of political ignorance, is the diffusion of sound political knowledge. For effecting this the historical method is peculiarly adapted. No earnest and appreciative student of the works of Hallam and Maine is likely to become either a dogmatic conservative or a frothy radical. Each State grows with a life and a course of development of its own, and by a careful study of its history the student is taught on the one hand to wait without impatience for the amelioration of what he regards as evils, and on the other to view without dread impending innovations which he regards as unnecessary. In no department of human activity is a philosophical spirit so much needed as in

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politics, and the best, if not the only way to cultivate it is to study scientifically the history and working of political ideas and institutions.

If space permitted I might call attention to the great educative value of the above subjects, as instruments of mental discipline. I must content myself, however, with pointing out that such a course brings the student into contact with an exceptionally large number of exceptionally great minds; with Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle; with Cicero and the Roman Jurisconsults; with Machiavelli, Sir Thomas More, Bacon, and Grotius; with Hobbes, Locke, Puffendorf, and Leibnitz; with Vico, Montesquieu, Fichte, Hegel, and Savigny; with Bentham, Austin, Hallam, Maine, Story, and Kent; with Adam Smith, John Stuart Mill, Ricardo, Carey, and Roscher. These and other workers scarcely less noted than they have all contributed to the building up of that great department of learning which is ordinarily included under the title of "Historical and Political Science."

WILLIAM HOUSTON.

THE DEATH OF THE YEAR.

One trembling streak of light—as cold and pale
As that from gems on one who lies in death—
Has fluttered from the sky; and with chill breath,
The night is whispering to the rising gale,
"The last day of the dying year is dead,
Is dead." Across the cheerless waste of sky
Dark clouds are hurrying; while overhead
The wild night winds are calling, with a cry
As of a soul's despair,—the voices drawing nigh:

"Now day is dead, O dying year,
Bow down thy head, thy snow-white head,
For day hath fled.

Thy life is sped; the hours—thy last—
Are waning fast.

Death dooms thee dead.
Hark! 'Tis his tread! with wintry blast,
He cometh fast—his shadow, cast
Upon thy head, hath doomed thee dead.
Thy life is sped."

* * * * *
The quiet starlight sleeps, the clouds have passed
Like ships, across the blue to a shadowy coast.
. . . Now brazen throats of midnight bells loud shout
A New Year's advent, and the sound rolls out
Upon the night,—and now, the dead Year's ghost
Is groping through the darkness, in the vast
And crumbling catacombs of the buried Past.

The sound of bells is floating to the west;
From out the west, a floating murmur seems
To swell in answer,—but to whom address,
Who knows? Like to the voices in dreams,
It murmurs brokenly, and sinks to rest:
"Ah! to many a one he brought
A friend,—and was there none that sought
To ease his death? He died alone,
Alone, alone; the snow is blown
I' the beard that's tangled on his breast . . .
Gently through the purple deep
Of heaven, while the night winds sleep,
Bear him gently to his rest,
I' the haunted west."

W. J. H.

OLD GOLD.

This has been one of those bright cold afternoons which make a Canadian winter so enjoyable. In the forenoon clouds at times hid the sun—huge, cold, grey masses drifting silently through the heavenly aether, in vexed and troubled motion, as if burdened with the unrest of a weary human soul. The far-stretching lake, in cheerless sympathy with the clouds and sky, made unceasingly mournful music, as its leaden water beat wave upon wave against the frozen shore. There was a light downfall of snow yesterday, and this morning it was blown hither and thither at the change-ful will of blustering December

But in a few hours the wind fell, the disconsolate wail of the lake had sunk to a pacified murmur, the clouds with their sorrowful burden had passed away, and the blue arch above was filled only with the cold splendor of the wintry scene.

During the afternoon the snow on the south side of the roof melted a little and dripped slowly from the eaves. It melted away, too, on the sunny side at the foot of the stately elms in the College grounds, uncovering a little patch of the grass and a few of the brown, fallen leaves of a bygone summer. With the slow sinking of the sun the thawing ceased, the grass and leaves gradually stiffened, and here and there at the eaves the last drops were frozen into icicles before they could fall.

The evening shades are drawing on, and I sit down by my window, as is my wont, to spend a quiet hour with memory; although at first, perchance, with desultory eye I watch Nature painting her last picture ere she lays by her brush for the night.

Beautiful, ever beautiful! The rich amber haze gradually deepens and reddens into a glowing roseate flush which earth's painters might wear out their lives in striving to imitate. One by one, and here and there, as flowers come in spring, the stars appear—violets in the meadows of heaven. . . . There are other violets, gathered from terrestrial meadows, between the leaves of my journal. My only journal! here it lies on the table by me. I remember I began to write it when so much happiness had come upon me that I wished to treasure it somewhere, dimly fearing the future and the sorrows that it might bring. But the journal is still unfinished; the last writing there is just under the violets. It is an old book now, and to vulgar eyes the flowers would seem dry and faded. To me their beauty is a memory that cannot grow old. Fresh, as at first, their colour and delicate grace come down with me through the weary years since that quiet summer afternoon when they were plucked by the gentle hand that gave them to me. We were walking in a beautiful little valley ("Arcady" I called it then), a green pasture land, with here a fragrant cedar and there a graceful elm or a sombre birch. A little brook rippled and gurgled as it hastened, past cattle peacefully browsing, down to the mill pond at the lower end of the valley. Here, by the brook we sat down together on a grassy bank. There was much of which we might have spoken, yet few words were ours, since there is a converse sweeter than that which can find utterance. It was enough for me to be in that presence and to look in silence on that face of dreams. Neither the sorrow of the past nor a hope of the future broke in on the tranquil delight of that all-possessing present. The afternoon hours went by all unheeded, for in seasons like these the soul recks not of time or of things in time.

Then, in a thicket across the brook, a thrush began singing to his mate his evensong, earnest with an ecstasy sweetly divine, and tremulous from a tenderness he could not sing. As the shades began to deepen in the valley and the faint glimmer of the evening star rose above the western hill, we returned. There came no dull foreboding at parting to mar the happiness of that fair day, and in a few months we were to meet again, so ever to be, though death himself should seek to part us.....

.....Ah, no! Now gone forever, unless to fond memory, are those joys and the halcyon years in which such days could come. There was a shock of heart-quake, short and fearful, and the fair palace which my soul had built for herself to dwell in was rent and utterly fallen. But the tremor and the rumbling ceased long ago, and over that once happy site there is now the stillness and silence of desolation. Here, among the ruins of her fair possessions, she wanders often, filled with the care of living, and refreshes herself with the faint odor of the few violets blooming there, and the memory of what might have been.

A.

AFTER WINTER, SPRING.

Dead leaves are falling to the damp cold ground,
No bird breaks forth in song of summer cheer,
A sad and serious stillness rests on all around
Save where through naked boughs the wind moans drear.

These cold grey clouds will pass away erewhile
And sullen Winter yield a place to Spring;
In trees and flowers again shall nature smile,
With joyous song the birds come back from wandering.

—S.

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IN QUARANTINE.

A faith in the good sense of the Italians, greater than was justified by the event, led me to disregard the reports that a quarantine was about to be established on the Swiss frontier. Consequently, when the "sanitary strategy" of their government closed the Alpine passes by a triple cordon of troops, and established a quarantine of seven days for all travellers entering the peninsula, my disgust at the peninsular authorities was very great. The temptation was strong to accept a friend's invitation and remain in the Italian canton of Ticino, instead of carrying out my original design of studying in Florence. Other and dearer friends, fearing the results of what might be a personal contact with the dread disease (for scores had already died in the French frontier stations), joined their entreaties to the solicitations of my old fellow-student, and made the mental struggle all the more severe. But a conviction of the superiority of the Tuscan over all other forms of the most Protean of classic languages gained the day; and late in July I found myself on the road to Italy, with the pleasant prospect of a week's imprisonment on the border.

Inquiries made in Bellinzona during a day's sojourn with my friend, led to the choice of Luino as the best place in which to pass the quarantine. Beautifully situated on the eastern shore of Lake Maggiore, a little off the main highway between the St. Gothard Tunnel and Milan, Luino united to superior natural attractions a greater immunity than the other stations from the risk of infection. Moreover, of the two hotels used for "lazzaretti," or quarantine stations, one had the largest amount of "prison yard" to be found on the whole frontier. This fact was decisive, for nothing had seemed so dreadful as the lack of open air exercise.

So after a fraternal embrace which would have been awkwardly ardent on a Toronto platform, my friend bade me beware of the microbes, and commended me to San Raucó*. Never shall the cool fragrant air of that July morn be forgotten, nor the feelings of delight in the matchless beauties of lake and mount and sky which greet the traveller as he follows the Ticino on her course to the green waters of Maggiore. Mingled with those feelings began to come gloomy anticipations of what might be in store. It was not re-assuring to find as the train hurried past station after station that one by one the other first-class passengers got out, till at last I was left alone with my thoughts. Nor was it pleasant to find oneself a kind of spectacle to the train-men and station loiterers—indeed, it grew so oppressive at last, that I can imagine what must have been the feelings of Jack Shepherd or Jonathan Wild on their last melancholy ride. It was a relief—a "blowing off" of the engine—when the train stopped at Luino, and I was invited to descend by the custom-house officer who had been guarding the platform since we left the last Swiss station.

The few third class passengers had already been hustled forward with scant ceremony to undergo their fumigation, so that any wild thoughts of breaking the "cordon" by a bold charge vanished at once, as the odds were ten to one. A few minutes, five at most, were passed in being fumigated. This was a much more comfortable process than in Geneva. Instead of the sentry box which excited Dr. Koch's contempt and ridicule, there was a shed about fifteen feet square, in which I had my luggage examined, and was going out without observing anything peculiar when informed that I must wait a little longer before the "disinfection" was completed. Only then did the well-known sulphurous odor make itself felt. After-experience showed that the charge was in direct ratio to the number of people to be disinfected, and so that evening, when a score of fresh arrivals entered the hotel, one might have imagined oneself on the brink of the seventh circle of Dante's Inferno.

The passage from the station to the hotel awakened mirth in the spectators, who saw an escort of six soldiers guarding a solitary passenger in the omnibus. In front of the hotel lies the lake, separated by the road, a narrow terrace, and a shelving beach, on which a perpetual washing was going on. The terrace was converted into a camping ground for the soldiers who guarded the building, and who, when not on duty, amused themselves by playing "Mora," and bantering the "Lavandaie" or washerwomen. I was at once impressed with the beauty of the scenery. A more picturesque spot there could not be. The lake, whose changing waters were an incessant delight, is here about three or four miles wide. Directly opposite Luino a mediæval castle rises on a rocky islet close to the western shore, and added all the charm of feudal memories to the natural attractions of the lake. To the south a wooded point shut out the view, but the northern part, or Lake of Lugano, as it is often called, set in the frame of its mountain shores, was a picture of which one never tired. "It might almost make one in love with quarantine, to be quarantined in so beautiful a spot," were

*The saint whose aid is sought in time of pestilence. In Bellinzona, the night before, I had, for the first time in my life, seen a church dedicated to him. A strange coincidence!

the words that occurred to my mind, and I thought of the view at Peckskill-on-the-Hudson, of which this was an idealized copy, with bolder lines and deeper colors. Dunderberg, Bear Mountain, Anthony's Nose—even the smaller hills, all were represented. The sides of the mountains were terraced to the summit with vineyards and dotted here and there with villages and hamlets, their white houses clearly outlined against the dark green of the olive and the vine. It was the Hudson, but with how much more of grandeur and of beauty! The omen was auspicious, and accepting it as such, I threw off the cares which had clouded the brightness of the morning.

As the 'bus drew up to the door, the crowd within the hall hailed it with shouts of "I microbi, i microbi," (The microbes, the microbes.) But when they saw the solitary microbe descend, the shouting became louder and more derisive still. Another moment, and the bar had closed down behind me:—I was a prisoner of state.

Knowing that the hotel was crowded, my first care was to get a room. This proved impossible, not only all the bed-rooms, but the parlors, billiard-room, dining-room, and even the halls, were filled with beds. I was glad therefore to accept the head waiter's offer to give me a bed in a room already occupied by a young Italian, who was quiet and obliging and didn't snore. Poor fellow, he had been recalled from his business in Zurich to serve his year in the army, and after passing six days in the quarantine he received a letter from his family telling him that it was all a mistake and there was no need of his coming. Of course I expected he would leave at once, but as it would be necessary for him to have a special permission from Rome and to get a special guard to conduct him back to the station, the expense would be almost as great as a week's bill in the quarantine, so he preferred to stay one day longer. But I am anticipating. Having made sure of my bed I began to think about my board. Posted in the hall was an ordinance regulating the price of rooms and the number of meals and dishes. In appearance it was liberal enough, allowing a breakfast of rolls and butter, with tea, coffee, or chocolate served to order, a luncheon, or *déjeuner à la fourchette* of three courses at noon, and dinner of five courses at six o'clock. These meals, with a bed on the second floor, cost ten francs or two dollars a day. But the bill of fare was better on paper than on the board; in other words, it was better reading than it was eating. Of the three morning beverages but one—the chocolate—was bearable; of the three courses at noon only one was eatable; and dinner capped the climax by reducing the average to one good course out of five. This, my first day's experience, was the culmination of a state of things that had been daily growing worse; and the vigorous protest made to the government inspector on his call next morning brought a change for the better.

Besides the bad quality of the food another sanitary blunder became apparent to eyes and nostrils on visiting the ground. They had been laid out with a skilful taste that by affording new points of view had increased the charms of the scenery. But the landscape-gardener never intended that close growing thicket a few yards from the house to serve as a cover for a bone-yard. Nor could he have foreseen that one of his most beautiful outlooks would be spoiled by a pile of kitchen garbage three or four feet high, on the top of which lay a murdered pair of feathered bipeds, as though waiting like the dead Norse god and goddess till some hand should set the torch unto their pyre.

When I first discovered these plague spots, I was taking an after dinner turn around the garden in the company of a Parisian physician who had arrived the same evening. His indignation was without bounds. Himself an authority on the *bacillus*, he knew the folly of any such half-measures as quarantine, which left such centres of disease untouched. His personal appeal caused the inspector to have these lurking ministers of death removed. No better illustration could be found of the mistaken policy of the Italian government in dealing with the cholera. Dr. Koch, when asked what he thought of the quarantine measures, replied:—"I am convinced that they will be useless," and he continued, "it is as if wishing to cut off a cat's tail and not having the courage, you were to spend five or seven days or even more in hacking the end of it."

Equally unsanitary was the habit, which is by no means confined to Italy, of washing all clothing in lakes and running streams. A better way could not be contrived to spread any germs that might be lurking in the clothing of those who came from the seat of the epidemic. But most striking of all the inconsistencies that characterised these so-called preventive measures was the perfectly free intercourse allowed between those who had just arrived and those who were about to depart. The lady who sat beside me at the first meal in quarantine was in mourning. It did not strike me as peculiar till I heard the next morning that "the dangerous family" from Marseilles had left. The lady had come from that city where her husband had died of cholera two weeks before. Apart from such disagreeable features as these, and leaving the heat out of account, life in quarantine was far from being as tedious as I

had expected. During the morning the garden was filled with loungers reading, talking, card-playing, often doing none of these things, but, like the lizards on the wall, enjoying their existence and that of the beautiful world around them. At ten o'clock the heat grew too great for the garden, and then they were most enviable who had balconies facing on the lake, whence a cool breeze always blew. The physician already mentioned was thus blest, and by sharing this good fortune with me, doubled it, as he said, for himself. The idea was German, the complimentary application French. After the late breakfast those who had rooms sought them and tried to forget the heat by taking a *siesta*. The poor unfortunates who slept in halls and parlors wandered about in search of a quiet place that was not quite so hot. They seldom found it. Towards four the sentinel, who has been trying to get as much shade as he can out of his sentry-box without going into it, begins to pace up and down slowly, some of the others come out of their tent where they too have been trying to sleep off the heat, soon the sharp cries of the mora-players are heard again, and in the hotel some bold spirits recommence the gambling which had been going on in the morning. In another half hour all is life again and only by the loud voices and boisterous laughter of the people can one tell that we are in a southern clime. When dinner comes the contrast of the scene with that at an English or American hotel table brings out more strongly the national characteristics. As was natural there were but few foreigners in the company. Among the hundred and twenty persons in quarantine at my arrival I could not claim one as of English race. One did arrive the same day, however, in the person of a young American who was making a detour of ten days in going from Paris to a point in Savoy, in order to avoid passing through the infected French district. Of the score of other foreigners one was a Spanish American, one or two Frenchmen and the rest Germans from Switzerland. The extraordinary linguistic powers of that company excited my astonishment. All apparently could speak both French and Italian, the majority knew German and twenty at least knew English as well. This was partly to be accounted for by the fact that the greater number of the guests were students coming home to Italy from the various technical schools of Switzerland, Germany and France. After the dinner, which lasted about an hour and a half, came the walk and the smoke in the garden. Then began the dancing, which went on till after midnight, and here more than elsewhere the convivial temper of the people was shown. There were several young ladies returning from their Swiss boarding school with their governess. She was the liveliest of them all, and her pupils were apt learners. One was the daughter of a general, another the heiress of a wealthy count, and yet they were perfectly free and affable in their intercourse with everyone. Their departure was deeply regretted by the dancers, who had finally to give up dancing for lack of partners.

Gambling had gone on from the beginning of my stay but with the stoppage of dancing it greatly increased. The stakes were low, but one young student told me he had lost nearly a hundred francs in five days—enough to have paid his bill. Many a time I thought of Thackeray's descriptions as I watched the players round the table. The smallness of the stake had no tendency to lessen the excitement visible in some faces and visibly suppressed in others. Some sat nearly all day long at the table, which was in the so-called library—a library distinguished as much by the lack of books as by the lack of readers. Fortunately, I had my own traveller's library with me and on this I spent most of my time. A great part was passed in conversation with some of the interesting characters among those whom an ill-advised regulation had brought together. The one who impressed me most favorably was the Parisian physician already mentioned. Born in Switzerland, he had studied in Leipzig, Berlin, and Vienna, settling finally in Paris, where residence in the Boulevard Haussmann argued an unusual success. His French vivacity was tempered by the grave self-respect that distinguishes the Swiss, and his wide reading made him a pleasant and profitable companion. In striking contrast to this gentleman of the old French-Swiss school was his father-in-law, a wealthy Milanese merchant who was returning with Dr. A—to his villa on the other side of Lake Maggiore. He was generally the centre of a crowd listening to one of his well-salted tales, told in that fat voice of his which we usually associate with old Sir John. Indeed, "*mon beau-père*," as we used to call him, would fill the part well.

Altogether the most typical of the characters in the company was the young American already mentioned—one who combined Yankee with Parisian wit, and who to the training acquired during a youth abroad had added the Bohemian experiences of more than one Paris "*atelier*." Though he had not been on this continent since his tenth year, and found a little difficulty in his choice of English, I singled him out at once as a subject of Uncle Sam. A student of the "*Ecole des Beaux Arts*," he was full of the latest slang of the period, and the newest anecdotes of the stage. His songs, too, were the delight of the ladies, with whom he was a general favorite in his quality of Bohemian. He fitly represented

the art student of our day. We had another old student of the "*Beaux Arts*" who was the anti-type of young H—. After passing years as a student he had been prevented by family losses from carrying out his intention of becoming a sculptor. Nobly refusing to sacrifice his ideal by doing mere hack work, he relinquished his profession and threw himself into commerce. By so doing he had made his fortune, and kept his ideal of art unstained. A deeply artistic constitution of mind upon which his early misfortunes had only worked intensively. Yet hearing him talk in a little group one would think him a vain boaster. H. and I used to call him "*Le Blague*" at first, and a "*blow*" he certainly was. His successful adventures, his amazing feats of youthful strength, the praise given by his masters to his earlier plastic work—all these seemed to come in climactic order, and had he remained many days longer it would have been interesting to watch how these men in buckram grew. Only in a Frenchman could such tales be consistent with the high moral sense of the man.

There were many other characters among the Italians themselves, but I lack space to describe them all. Genial, friendly souls these, with musical Italian names—Guido Franceschini, Giuseppe de' Benedetti, Ranieri Pini, all anxious to have me renew their acquaintance if I should stop in Rome or Milan or Turin. My first impressions of the Italian character, already favourable, were deepened here, and greater familiarity brought with it greater esteem. The struggles that brought forth united Italy have idealized the national life and ennobled the characters of her sons. But I forget the quarantine in which I am still a prisoner.

The life was not without its incidents. Besides the changing faces of the company, with daily departures and arrivals, we had a thunderstorm, a robbery, a drowning accident, and an escape. The thunderstorm was Alpine—Byron's description in *Manfred* is as yet unsurpassed. Let it remain so. The robbery was strange, for we had all been congratulating ourselves upon security from brigands, as we had first three and afterwards six sentinels patrolling the walls and hedges which surrounded the grounds. But it was the obliging major-domo or chief waiter who was the brigand, and the hotel-keeper's wife who was the sufferer. It showed the simplicity of the poor fellow, whom I pitied on account of his youth and good-nature, that he took a hundred franc bill from the money drawer and deposited it in his trunk, the key of which he at once lost. When the trunk was broken open, there was the evidence of his guilt, and he was taken off, guarded by three soldiers. I now saw the heinousness of my own crime in entering Italy—it was at least *twice* as criminal as to rob a till. The drowning took place on Sunday just below the hotel. It was an outsider, of course—a Swiss stoker, who had been bathing in the lake, but as his body was carried past the building, most of us beheld the ghastly sight. It did not seem to lessen the enjoyment of that evening's ball.

The escape was also an outside incident. On Monday morning we found our guards doubled and their bayonets fixed. We were also informed by the Inspector that their guns were loaded with ball, not with blank cartridge as before, and that they had orders to fire after the third command to halt had been disregarded. It soon leaked out that a member of a certain noble family had escaped from the other hotel, and hence these precautions. He was captured before my week in quarantine was out, and summarily sentenced to two years in the penitentiary with hard labor.

Although in our penitentiary there was no harder labor than that of escaping the heat, and though the company was a kaleidoscopic study, yet no one seemed sorry to depart. Our day, too, arrived. H—, the Parisian, and I received our quarantine certificates, and at five o'clock in the morning we stepped out of the door—free men. An hour later we were sailing down the lake of Maggiore, and Luino was hidden from our view.

D. R. KEYS.

A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT.

Loud rings the blast across the eerie wold,
Sharp strikes the storm against the window pane;
Rich men, warm sheltered from the biting cold,
Think of the poor ones in the icy rain!
Pile your fire high, gather your dearest kin,
Laugh and rejoice in the sweet light of home,
But turn not all your treasures into sin.
By driving thence the waifs of life's wild foam,—
Drift that the tide casts helpless at your feet,
Pleading an alms of mercy from your hand.
Do as did He, even great and small must meet
Beyond the confines of the silent land;
For hark! His voice sounds ever and again,
"Peace upon earth, and good will unto men."

Berlin.

J. K.

Dec. 1884.

A FANCY.

She was singing to me, as the twilight
Fell, at the close of the day,
And the shadows, the firelight-children,
Danced on the walls in play.

Now rippling, in shining laughter,
Now quiet, in seeming thought;
And the flashes as they kissed her face
A brighter radiance caught.

Her fingers caressed the ivory keys,
Taught their response to voice
The language of her soul, whose thought
Made my fond heart rejoice.

As the melody floated towards me,
How it was I cannot tell,
But she seemed to be playing softly
On the strings of my heart as well.

Were I the soft fire-glances,
I'd not flit everywhere,
But gently kiss her darling face,
And rest forever there.

Were I the music, I would blend
With her heart's own melody;
Mingle with her sweet voice, and make
Divinest harmony.

Were I her love, if she were mine,
There could be naught of strife,
For I'd let the strings she touched that night
Vibrate throughout my life.

December, 1884.

—ERIC.

Written for THE 'VARSITY :

FOOTBALL IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY THE EDITOR OF THE HARVARD *Crimson*.

Rugby football was introduced into the United States some ten years ago, principally through the efforts of the Harvard students, who had begun to look forward to matches with Canadian teams. Before the year 1875 football was played in this country in a desultory manner; but the game was governed by no fixed rules and any number of persons usually engaged on each side. Even after that year the old style of game, which was known as the American game, continued to be played for several years in some parts of the country less forward in athletics.

Harvard having learned the game from the Canadians proceeded to teach it to the other leading colleges in the eastern part of the country, and through her efforts an intercollegiate football association was formed. This consisted of Yale, Princeton, Columbia and Harvard. Each year the teams contest the college championship. At first Princeton held it; now, for several years, Yale has taken the lead. Harvard has alternated between second and third place, while Columbia has stood at the foot with great regularity until this year, when her students withdrew from the association.

Meanwhile the game has been rapidly spreading throughout the country and each year the number of colleges which put teams in the field increases. Through the efforts of Michigan University Rugby is now being introduced in the west. Nor is the game confined to college students. The preparatory schools throughout the east are full of young players, and these schools may well be called the nurseries for future crack players. Teams of graduates and other gentlemen are sometimes formed, and in California there are several teams outside of the one college in the state. Nevertheless, it is to be regretted that the game is so largely confined to students. On all sides it is acknowledged to be the prince of exercise-furnishing games. Still, with its growing popularity it is likely to continue to spread rapidly as it has done during the last few years.

Although originally introduced from Canada, the game, as now played, has changed greatly from that which was played here ten years ago, and now differs considerably, not so much in rule as in style of play, from its Canadian parent. There has been a gradual evolution, principally due to the efforts of the intercollegiate association. The matches have been played successively by elevens, by fifteens, and now again by elevens. The latter is the number of men composing the present team, and if the style of play remains the same there seems to be no reason for a change

from that number. The men are always placed as follows: a full-back, two half-backs, a quarter back and seven forwards, or rushers, as they are called.

In putting the ball in play after "down" has been called it is never kicked forward by the snap-back (the centre-rusher), but instead he always rolls or "snaps" it with his toe to the quarter-back or to one of the rushers on his own side. The quarter-back or rusher who first touches it cannot pick it up and run with it; he can kick it or pass it, or let it touch his foot or person, and another man can then run with it. When the ball is near the enemy's goal line, the man who gets the ball tries to force his way over and score a touch-down. When "snapped" to the quarter-back the latter may do one of four things: either pass it to a half-back or to one of the rushers who has fallen back "on side" purposely; or turn his back to his own rush-line and have one of his own rushers run by and take it, while the others block, and then dash through any opening; or he may himself run forward if the ball has touched a third person, as explained above; or, fourth, kick it, usually a high punt, so that the rushers may be under it when it comes down. The rushers very seldom kick the ball, but confine their attention to running, blocking, tackling, and getting possession of the ball. The half-backs do most of the kicking and much of the rushing with the ball. The full-back confines his attention to tackling men who have passed all others, to "backing up" the half-backs, and to long kicks; but does little rushing.

Team play is an essential element for success, and the different manœuvres are usually made by preconcerted signals given by the captain or quarter-back. This kind of play leads to perfection in passing, as it is intended to keep the ball off the ground as much as possible. One side may hold the ball a long time if they make no errors, and when the teams are evenly matched little progress would be made were it not for a rule recently adopted. It is that if a side has made three "downs" in succession and has not gained more than five or lost more than ten yards, at the fourth "down" the ball goes to the other team. This has effectually stopped the "block" game, so called, prevalent three years ago, which threatened to make the game so dull as to kill it. Sure catching by the backs is also a requisite. For the rushers, the ball always being kicked from behind them, follow it so closely that a muff is usually attended by disastrous consequences. The style of kicking is two-fold; either a long drop or punt to out-kick the other side, or else a high punt, in which case the kicker or anyone behind him can run down past the ball and put his own men "on side" before it comes down. In putting the ball in play from the centre of the field, from the 25 yard line, and often after a fair catch, the ball is frequently "dribbled," i.e. ticked slightly with the foot and then passed to a rusher who tries to gain ground, or to a half-back who kicks it, the rushers meanwhile charging down the field, having gained a start, and reaching the ball in time to stop the kick of the opposite back unless he can get a fair catch. Fair catches, "heel in," are resorted to only when the opposing rushers are very close or when there is a good chance to try a place kick at goal. Scoring, as well as the game itself, has undergone many changes and is now as follows: goal from a touchdown, 6 points; goal from the field, 5; touchdown, 4; and a safety touchdown, 2 for the opposite side. This scheme went into operation at the beginning of the present season, and meets with much favor.

It would not be fair to close without mention of the evil which has crept into the game of Rugby football in this country. In their eagerness to win, the teams have been led to break the rules by unfair and brutal play to such an extent that public sentiment has begun to take cognizance of it. This is much to be regretted, and efforts are being made to bring the game back to its former purity.

HAIDÉE.

I trusted that this perfect love of mine
Had won like love from thee; and so my days
Were filled with song of birds and summer-shine,
And roses bloomed for me on all the ways.

But love comes not because we wish it so,
'Tis lawless as the cold, uncertain sea;
Some ships to peaceful shores its breezes blow,
But some are wrecked on reefs of misery.

And though thy love shall never come to me,
I cannot love thee less that thus it is;
Nor charge I thee with my heart-agony,
Constrained to love without a lover's bliss;

For thou hast been to me but purely good
And art so still, with gracious womanhood.

TRUE WORSHIP.

A SONNET.

Bend down thine head, stoop down to me, my love,
 To me, thy loved one, kneeling at thy feet;
 Show me, by gracious outward symbol sweet,
 That thou, my loved one, though so far above
 My utmost thought, art yet within my reach,
 Within my love. Alas! thou canst not see
 How utterly beyond all thought to me
 Thou seem'st. But yet I ask thee thus to teach
 Thy loved one, for because my love for thee
 Exceeds all thought, thus do I dare to pray
 That thou would'st stoop to me, would'st take my part
 That, by this precious sign, I so may be
 Emboldened to believe I may some day
 Be, through thine aid, made worthy of thine heart.

THE PARADISE OF VOICES.

It was in one of those strange moments when deep inward thought makes men as sleep walkers and outward things become "a painted show . . . the shadow of a dream," or when the soul leaves the body to wander in the far shadow-lands of sleep that the Paradise of Voices was revealed. In none of the spheres through which the passionate Florentine and his beloved lady wandered, not in the upper world nor in the nether, is the cloudy perfumed smoke Paradise of Voices. It is but for those souls that loved their kind supremely and who in life heard, of all sounds most willingly, those from the lips of men. It was not the sound of singing, in choral unison, triumph or praise and of the mysterious music of heaven, but murmurs many, varied, multitudinous as the voice of the sea. At first they were faint, confused, and far away. Then, coming nearer, one could know they were voices speaking; the words no man could hear, but what was said touched the other life. Wafted gently up and down in the heavy incense air the dreamer learned to know by degrees the diverse tones that went to make that strange unearthly sweet harmony. Though nothing could be seen, by listening could be *felt* the presence and the music of Human Lives. The sound first learnt was the faintest of all. It was the contented cooings of young babes and the hushes of the mothers rocking them asleep upon their breasts. Clearer came the fresh voices of young girls mingled with happy laughter, theirs to enjoy till "sorrow comes with years" to still it all. Ah! well-a-day.

More softly rose as a *withered* sound the voices of the Peaceful Aged as they sit and talk together of the children that have gone "into the next "room" before they were grown too tall to be snatched up and kissed, and of the other children "we thought would close *our* eyes." Stranger came the earnest voices of men, *friends*, when they speak of those *deepest* things to the woman, lost but still loved, and the heartache since. There, too, was the sound of prayer when the bitterness for the first-born is awed to reverence before the inscrutable cruelties of a father; the voices of young lovers whispering no time too long; the strong swell of triumph when a great work is *done*, and no tear falls for the hero, so worthy has been his life.

The welcome that is sighed not spoken after many years was there, and the tender words of the consoler heard through tears, single words of love dropped by chance to strangers, pet-names, and the names of home. All these and many more, infinitely varied as the leaves on a summer tree, blended from above, below, around, into such a harmony as is not in Earth nor yet in Heaven and drew the dreamer, bore him, along, aloft, gently, softly, in the dark and heavy air.

BOHEMIEN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF RÜCKERT.

(Aus der Jugendzeit.)

From my boyhood's day, from my boyhood's day,
 Rings one ever self same cry,
 O how far away! O how far away!
 What once had I.

What the swallows sang, what the swallows sang
 After autumn in the spring,
 Through the village rang, through the village rang,
 As yet they sing.

When I said 'Goodbye,' when I said 'Goodbye,'
 There was gold and grain to spare.
 Here again am I, here again am I,
 And all is bare.

O the childish tongue, O the childish tongue,
 That lisped the swallows' cries,
 Even Solomon, even Solomon,
 Was ne'er as wise.

O the old home-floor, O the old home-floor,
 Let me dream of that pure shrine:
 And in sleep once more, and in sleep once more,
 Believe thee mine.

When I said 'Goodbye,' when I said 'Goodbye,'
 Was the world so full and fair;
 There again stood I, there again stood I,
 And all was bare.

Back the swallows dart, back the swallows dart,
 And the wasted garner fill.
 But the wasted heart, but the wasted heart
 Lies empty still.

For no swallow brings, for no swallow brings
 Back the past for which we long,
 Yet the swallow sings, yet the swallow sings
 The self-same song.

When I said 'Goodbye,' when I said 'Goodbye,'
 Was there grain and gold to spare.
 Here again am I, here again am I,
 And all is bare.

—C.M.V.

A DREAM.

I dreamt the other night and lo; a noble-looking stranger stood beside me. I asked him whence he came, and he said, "from the planet Jupiter." "Is it possible?" cried I, "why you look wonderfully like a man." "That's so," said he, "we look like men, and we are like them." I hesitated a moment what to say next, then I asked him if they had any telephones up there, for I thought I would like to show him how clever we were. "Telephones!" said he. "why we have had telephones for the last two thousand years!" "But I think we can beat you in swift railroads," said I. "Not at all," said he, "Puck, one of Shakespeare's sons, built our first railroad, and a train takes only forty minutes in going round our world." I saw it was high time to change the subject. "Enough said in regard to material things," said I, "but I suppose we are ahead of you in some other matters. I don't suppose you have any such people up there as 'Communists?'" "O yes," he said, "we are all Communists; we never were anything else, but I'll tell you some things that you are ahead of us in. I have said that we are Communists, and, as a consequence, we have no kings, nor lords, nor beggars; drunkards, Temperance Societies, and the Salvation Army are unknown to us also." I felt it was time to change the subject again, so I asked him if they had any institutions of learning. "Certainly sir," said he, "plenty of them, we look on it as the most natural thing in the world that people who meet with difficulties in their work should be able to find a place where those difficulties may be removed. We have no examinations, no granting of degrees, every man comes only to be helped in what he can't do himself. And all sorts of people come, and they come for just as long or short a time as they will; some stay a day at a time, some a month, and some for years. Those who stay for a period of years would, I suppose, resemble what you call *Students* in some respects, though they are very different from them in others. Our young people have only one object before them while at college and that is: the acquisition of knowledge. They are not so anxious to cultivate their intellects as some of your people seem to be; they don't despise culture, but they have a notion that if they acquire knowledge in a natural, rational way, their reasoning powers will be trained as a matter of course. This desire to know things is so strong with them that they never have any time for "hazing," nor "esprit de corps," nor "college songs," nor "the real aim of college life," nor "forums," nor "building new rooms for the Y.M.C.A."

I began to feel anxious to have the subject changed again, so I asked him what sort of professors they had in their colleges.

"I have clearly hinted at that," said he, "Our professors consider that they have only one function to perform, namely: to remove difficulties. They never think of inspiring any one with the love of knowledge, for the desire to know is just as strong with us as the desire to eat. There is no reading of the same formal lectures year after year in text-books. No professor ever attempts to frighten students and make them believe what a wonderful man he is by flinging a lot of promiscuous facts at their heads, and then expressing his wonder that they did not know them before. No professor ever hurries over all the facts and doctrines in an important branch of science without caring whether the student is following or not. It does not annoy or disconcert our professors to be asked questions, nor is there any backwardness in asking on the part of students. No professor feels that any disgrace attaches to him if he cannot answer every question, nor does the student lose his respect for his master if he should err occasionally. No, they all recognise too clearly that students and professors belong to the same race of beings."

Just then he paused, and said he thought he should have to be going. I begged of him to stay and explain to me more fully the meaning of all these unheard-of things. He said he would, perhaps, another time, but just now he had to be off, for, said he, "I have to call on a friend that lives on one of our moons, and I wish to be back home in time for an early breakfast."

BLUENOSE.

THE HAPPY FAMILY.

I.

O, pleasant, witching night of leaty June,
How softly beamed the sweet, young virgin moon
O'er waving fields of swittly ripening corn,
That sigh'd for all the warmth of coming morn;
Hush'd lay the weary songster on his nest;
All mankind (query) bathed in sensuous rest,
Excepting one good soul—old Deacon Brown,
The leading hard-shell Baptist in the town,
Who, sleepless, wrapp'd in *close communion* deep,
Ne'er dreamed of wooing fickle sleep;
Sad thoughts of Christian theoretic sticks—
(Who argue bricks are stones, and stones are bricks)—
Came creeping o'er his poor distracted brain,
And fill'd his honest heart with tender pain
To think that wretched internecine strife
Existed so in modern Christian life;
And sadly mused how it could ever be
That Christian men and brethren don't agree
To live in mutual peace and harmony,
One friendly Christian Happy Family.

II.

Anon, the gloomy shades of black-robed night
Are slowly put to ignominious flight
By tiny streaklets of the silver'd dawn,
(Sweet heralds of the gently rising Morn),
Whose pleasant, cooing zephyrs softly steep
The Deacon's weary form in precious sleep.
Yes, sleep, for he—ere Orient shed his beams—
Had wander'd in the golden land of dreams.
He dreamed (deluded man), with much delight,
That he, and ev'ry leading "shining light"
Of all the different Christian sects had met,
That each had promised each that he'd forget
The bitter Past, and all their tenets flood
In loving Universal Brotherhood,
Whose leading thought and principle should be

Here, Discord smote the youthful "Family,"
For not a single "brother" would condone
One clause or principle except his own;
And, precious soon, the Deacon saw, alas!
The Christian Household one chaotic mass.

III.

He saw th' Episcopalian, upright, stand
With ramrod back and scornful pointed hand

At stern-souled Independent constancy
To narrow Congregational bigotry,
And, swiftly borne upon the sobbing wind,
He heard the rather sharp retort: "You'll find
The proud Episcopalian's foremost creed
Is stuck-up social pride and miser greed."
A Presbyterian quizz'd, as unrefined,
John Wesley's sweet, enthusiastic mind;
A dark-haired Quaker tried to trim the "lights"
By running down to earth baptismal rites;
Which *friendly* speech stirred up our Deacon's pride,
That, quick as lightning's vivid flash, replied:
"Quaker, our doctrines we shall ne'er regret;
Cold water, Friend, has never hurt us yet."
The recent dogmas of the Vatican
Were voted down by all, save one old man,
Who really thought "Infallibility"
Would surely save the "busted" Family.

IV.

A Mormon could not, for his very life,
See how a man could live with but one wife.
"What! more than one?" a Plymouth Brother said,
(Whose ragged ears and hair-denuded head,
Shew'd plainly that his own domestic life
Was not quite free from sanctifying strife);
"Another wife? Be silent. I'm no muff,
E'en one, I think, is more than quite enough."
The heir of Joseph Smith and Brigham Young,
Seeing each against him, wisely held his tongue,
Whilst all the others, leaving him, began
To jeer a young Salvation Army man,
Accompanied by a "Hallelujah lass,"
Whose noisy clamour horrified the mass,
Which shuddered when the hallowed name of Prayer
Was desecrated by th' excited pair,
Whose dubious actions, somehow, raised the thought,
And justified the popular report,
That both were Ishmaels in the social scale—
The woman from the streets, the man from gaol.

V.

Now, wrangling in Dissension's hateful throes,
From words these Christian swells soon came to blows,
Until the recent Happy Family
Seemed, to our Deacon, the epitome
Of batter'd "Christy stiffs," bedrabbled clothes,
Black, "bung'd-up" eyes, and claret-coloured nose,
With frantic tearings down of treasured rites
By blood-stained pugilistic "shining lights,"
Whose only earthly object seem'd to be
The decimation of the Family;
And, truth to tell, our pious beacon light
Was no inert spectator of the fight.
Right manfully he swell'd the bloody fray
On this eventful, fratricidal day;
Until—oh, cruel fate—two heavy blows,
Intended for St. Peter's Roman nose,
By sour-faced Calvin's trenchant arm of might,
And English Churchman, stalwart for the right,
Flew wide the saintly Peter, but, alas!
Hit Brown, who sank beneath this *coup de grace*.

VI.

The noonday sunlight streaming o'er the floor,
And anxious servant knocking at his door,
Recalled the warlike dreamer back to life,
From underneath the wrecks of party strife;
But sadly faded were the roseate hues
Of poor old Deacon Brown's Utopian views.
"No," sighed the good man, very mournfully,
"The different sects on earth will not agree;
In Heaven, ah, yes! in Heaven alone can be
One *bona fide* 'Happy Family.'"

Toronto, Canada.

H. K. COCKIN.

"HOLY, HOLY, HOLY! LORD GOD ALMIGHTY."

Sanctus! Sanctus! Sanctus! Deus Dominator!
Hymnis matutinis veneramur Te.
Sanctus! Sanctus! Sanctus! Clemens et Creator,
Semper Tres Personæ, sub uno Nomine.

Sanctus! Sanctus! Sanctus! Mare circumstantes
Crystallinum cantant Te cælicolæ!
Cherubim et Seraphim semper adorantes,
Qui es, et qui fuisti, et semper eris, Te!

Sanctus! Sanctus! Sanctus! sub nube latentem,
Te Deum profani non possunt cernere,
Solus Tu es Sanctus. Perfectum et potentem,
Semper summum solum confitemur Te.

Sanctus! Sanctus! Sanctus! Deus Dominator!
Cuncta quæ fecisti, semper laudant Te.
Sanctus! Sanctus! Sanctus! Clemens et Creator,
Semper Tres Personæ, sub uno Nomine.

—C. PELHAM MULVANY.

THE MISTLETOE'S STORY.

As it is now my turn to narrate a story to the readers of THE 'Varsity, or rather to relate an incident in my own experience, I know that I should feel very much less embarrassed if I were to introduce myself at once.

The name Mistletoe is, of course, not unfamiliar to you. Our family is one of great antiquity. "Dating back to the Conquest, did you ask?" Dear me, no! The families which date from the Conquest, though undeniably good old families, are parvenus compared with us. Though we date back more than a thousand years before the Conquest, we are, nevertheless, not strictly speaking, an aristocratic family, though the members of our house are welcome guests alike at the mansions of the great and the cottages of the poor. We belong rather to the ecclesiastical class, as our name in connection with Druidical rites of worship would plainly indicate.

I am very often invited to take part in Christmas festivities in company with my cousin Holly. You know Holly, do you not? She is dark, with a wonderfully rich complexion. Quite unlike me, who am colorless. She is thought very handsome, though, to tell the truth, I do not admire her type of beauty. But you should see her when she enters a humble home; then she is radiant; she is an inspiration; her very presence casts a glow on every inmate, as her warm, generous heart shines in her beaming countenance.

Perhaps my wonderful insight into human nature is as much due to the fact that I meet all classes and conditions of people as to inherent ability. Be that as it may, I am often amused when I hear my friends speak quite positively of the disposition of this one or some idiosyncrasy of another, and I almost feel inclined to tell what I know of the matter, but I recollect in time, and bite my lips in order to refrain from committing such a breach of trust as to violate a confidence.

Do you know, you would often be amused so see how readily the dignity of some grave don will unbend under the benign light of my countenance. It has often been a source to me of the keenest delight to see care-worn faces, which sorrow has deeply furrowed, relax into genial smiles as they witness the delight my presence brings—to see reconciliations which, I flatter myself, I have effected, and timid friendships cemented into those ties which will not be broken "till death do us part." So, when such is my life, I can not consider it either vain or trifling.

My cousin Holly says she blushes at my frivolity and my bad taste in speaking so much of myself. You will excuse it though, will you not? and I will at once begin my story.

Last Christmas I was a guest at a lovely, old-fashioned place in Yorkshire. My host and hostess were charming people, most hospitable, never happier than when they were promoting and participating in the pleasure of a company of young people.

There seemed to be an army of boys of all ages, and I assure you I never spent a more delightful Christmas than I did with that merry group.

Nora, the only daughter, was delightful; she was so absolutely unselfish that every one loved her. She was beautiful, too, though had she been less beautiful one would have been attracted to her by the irresistible charm of her manner; her eyes were of singular beauty, their color that dark grey which, under excitement or strong feeling, deepens to black.

Her complexion was pale, but of a creamy paleness, the effect of which was heightened by the dash of ruddy gold in the masses of her brown hair. She always wore her hair low, in a simple coil, which threw into strong relief the outlines of her fine head.

Besides the persons mentioned, there were half a dozen girls, cousins of Nora's, who were staying in the house. I shall not describe them, as they are not essential to my story.

For two days before Christmas the young people had been making preparations to spend Christmas right merrily. Nora was, apparently, the life of the party; if Nora was absent there was a break in the circle; the decorations must first have Nora's approval before they could be pronounced perfect.

I noticed, however, when the attention of the others was not directed towards her, that her enforced gayety gave way, and the wistful look in her eyes and the quivering of her lip made me long to be able to comfort her. I was most artistically twined round the gasaliers in close proximity to Holly, who really seemed to be ubiquitous.

Christmas eve came as last and with it the expected guests. There was an excited, eager light in Nora's eye, a slight flush upon her cheek, which I was not slow to observe as a tall, dark officer entered the drawing-room. He had that look of having recently recovered from severe illness which effectually challenges our sympathy. He was evidently the lion of the party. Handsome? No, I did not think so at all! His features were rather heavy than handsome, but it was impossible not to like the frank, kindly glance, the quiet gratitude with which he received his exuberant welcome. He glanced rather anxiously at Nora, but her kindly inquiries and rather excited manner seemed to disappoint him. I felt ready to cry with vexation.

"They are evidently misunderstanding one another," I said to Holly, who blushed violently as she whispered rather loudly, "Pray, Mistletoe, do not be so impulsive; they will hear you, and that will spoil all. Besides, as you have so frequently boasted of your influence, why not exert it now? Really, I would think more of you if you only blushed at your unpardonable curiosity, yet you still gaze with those cold, calm features of yours. They are certainly not indicative of the really warm heart you possess."

I began to be ashamed of my petulance, and resolved to act upon Holly's advice. It was not long before I learned the history of the young officer. His name, the joyous shouts of the boys soon informed me, was Jack Melville. He was a Lieutenant in Her Majesty's — Regiment, but since his return from service in Egypt he had been gazetted Captain, in recognition of brilliant personal valour. He had received an ugly bullet wound at Tel-el-Kebir, from the effects of which he had not yet entirely recovered. The ball had lodged in his shoulder, and had not been extracted for four days. Fever had supervened, and some months had elapsed before he had recovered sufficiently to be able to leave the hospital. His name really seemed to be the theme of every tongue.

He was praised by the boys, who were as devoted hero-worshippers as typical English boys are, because Captain Melville had, in addition to other distinctions, that of being the wearer of the Victoria Cross, conferred upon him for the same distinguished heroism which had won for him his promotion by the men, because his modesty was as characteristic as his enthusiasm, and by the women because of the gentleness and almost womanly sympathy which underlay the firmness of his disposition.

I overheard my host, in passing through the hall, say, "Splendid fellow, Melville, they hardly thought he would 'pull through,' but six weeks of English air have built him up amazingly."

On hearing this I became more interested in the Captain than before, though I had merely caught a glimpse of him since his arrival.

In the evening the gayety was at its height. Through the well-lit rooms moved a merry throng, much of whose mirth arose from my presence. My own spirits rose higher as my ear was greeted with gay bursts of laughter and witty sallies. I will not

describe the triumphant glances, the petulant poutings, and swift blushes of which I was constantly a witness.

Nora had once or twice flitted through the hall, but I had not yet seen the Captain. Nora was evidently in the best of spirits. I had not before seen her as gay. She was looking very charming in a gown of the palest green, with its drapery caught up by clusters of tea roses. A single rose in her hair, and a cluster of the same tea roses at her breast were her only ornaments.

At last my patience is rewarded, or rather my impatience is dispelled by seeing Jack and Nora pass through the hall on their way to the library. They never even glanced at me, but seemed very deeply absorbed in their talk and in one another. Jack was giving a lively account of one or two amusing incidents during the occupation of Cairo, to which Nora was a most attentive listener. In a few minutes they again pass near me, and this time I hear Nora say, as she glances at the Iron Cross, while she utters in a low tone the words, "For Valor." "I am afraid that I have not sufficiently congratulated you on the glory you have won, though I confess I feel more inclined to congratulate you on your safety. I can't help thinking, though, that it is quite possible for fame to be too dearly bought. Did you think of Her Majesty's colours when you fought so bravely to save them?"

"No, Nora, I cannot say that the thought of duty or heroic action ever occurred to me. What I did seem to be the only thing that it was possible for me to do. I am afraid that I thought more of some other colors, faded now, which I have carried with me for two years. They have been my talisman, and they were all I had to remind me (though I needed no reminder) of one who has always been dear to me. Would you like to hear their history?"

We were drifting down the river one sunny afternoon, when we decided to row into a small cove to gather water lilies. The large bunch we gathered was tied together with some ribbon, which disappeared when we landed. A simple explanation: I kept the ribbon, and have cherished it ever since for the sake of her who wore it. Do you know whose it was, Nora?"

I did not hear her reply, and Jack must have had as much difficulty as I had in hearing her, for he was obliged to stoop to catch the low tones.

They talked a while longer, but perhaps I should again take Holly's advice, and be silent.

As Jack moved off with Nora, in whose eyes a quiet happiness was shining, I heard him say, "After all, Nora, my past life seems richer now since it has won me you. Do you know, I am afraid that you are like Desdemona, in that you 'loved me for the dangers I had passed' more than for myself? But I will not mind that, for henceforth 'we will walk this world, yoked in all exercise of noble end.'"

The old Colonel, who had been as a second father to Jack, found opportunity to say, "Give me warning when I am to be allowed to congratulate you, as I have some rare old bric-a-brac for your wife's cabinet."

"You may now, if you like," was the reply. "I don't know when anything has pleased me so much," said the Colonel heartily. Then, glancing at the Victoria Cross, "I am as proud of that as if it were my own. Well, you are worthy of one another. Tell Nora she must wear her bachelor's hood over her wedding gown." Just then the people came crowding into the hall to hear the Christmas waits, who filled the clear, frosty air with fresh, young melody. I noticed that Jack and Nora stood at a window, rather apart from the others, not saying much, yet evidently finding the silence not at all oppressive. The steps of the waits were heard on the gravel less and less distinctly, until even the faint echoes of their songs died away.

As Jack and Nora left the window, Jack turned to stand near me, laughingly saying, "I must not neglect my privilege. Blessed Mistletoe, perhaps Nora and I may have you in our own home next Christmas."

So they passed into that new world which is the old!

And now, dear 'Varsity, I am afraid that my tendency to indulge in moralizing and in reminiscences is causing me to neglect those duties which the Christmas season never fails to bring.

There are some sunken eyes in the hospital that my presence may help to brighten, some patient little fellows with fever-parched lips and burning hands, who may, for a moment perhaps

forget their misery, and long hours of pain at sight of me, some white-haired mother, with bent form and tottering step, but kindly loving heart, to whom my coming will bring back from the recesses of long buried memories some tender recollection. Perhaps, unwonted tears may fill the dear, faded eyes, with their far-away look, as they seem even already to gaze at "the unseen and the eternal," while the tenderly-loving heart prompts the choked words "I shall go to him, but he will not return to me."

Good bye, dear 'Varsity. A merry Christmas, and many of them! Pray give your readers my kindest wishes, and tell them that whatever experiences I may be tempted to relate, nothing will ever induce me to betray their secrets.

M. E. H.

AVE JANUARIUS!

Old Year, good-by! with bumpers glowing

Around thy couch of death we stand;

Thy coming once, as now thy going,

We chanted, joining hand in hand;

In mild draughts roseate welcomed thee,

And, toasting, pledged "Our 'Varsity."

Faithfully through thy short life by thee,

Warm-hearted Gownsmen, firm we stood;

Why *in extremis* should we fly thee?

Thy evil fates were blent with good;

Thou gav'st to toil some moments bright,

For which here's brimming thanks to-night.

Sometimes our hearts would fairly fail us

O'er Dons' Draconian decrees;

Sometimes a pauper'd purse would quail us,

No cash to pay our college fees!

But now 'tis over we'll forget,

Nor for such filthy lucre fret.

But go! for here comes thy successor;

Shout out ye Gownsmen! shout out Hail!

For Eighty-five new born—God bless her!

Of students' candle bring us a pail!

Bring British bayonets for the Mahdi,

And wreaths for Gordon, the great Cadi.

New Year, come on! We gladly greet thee,

Our batter'd caps we'll toss on high;

Nor shall our cheers a moment fail thee,

If with good luck our fates you ply;

Be good to us, and we will be

As kind, as fond, as true to thee.

Bring out life's bowl to brew the measure,

New Year! which thou for us hast planned:

Pour in the spirit strong of pleasure,

With wisdom's water make it bland—

Love's lemon with joy's sugar link,

The punch is made—we drink! we drink!

Here's to our Queen, may joy attend her!

May Heaven her counsels sagely guide;

Here's Canada, may God befriend her!

And rear us up our country's pride;

Here's to our 'girls, heart-stealing elves!

Here's *Alma Mater* and Ourselves!

Berlin.

J. K.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

The most popular poetical works of the present day are probably those of Tennyson, Longfellow, and Swinburne. It would be folly to deny to any one of these writers the possession of many of the highest poetical qualities. Each of them, moreover, has a special excellence, but they and their hosts of followers and imitators have all the same defect, a defect none the less serious because of its commonness. Their poems lack in action; they rarely rise above the dead level of still life; they are monotonously and tediously quiet in passages where poetic truth absolutely requires the rush and force of action, heroic energy, and divine despair. Longfellow's poetry rings with the tune of

"Learn to labour and to wait." Tennyson's heroes are more or less "lotos-eaters," and Swinburne's are fatalists who are all their lives in the "Garden of Proserpine."

But Joaquin Miller's poems treat of heroic and desperate adventure, they glow with Titanic energy and breathe forth Promethean defiance. His heroes, whatever may be their faults, are at least not the carpet knights, the Sir Galahads, of the Poet Laureate. Here is one of them:

"And who rides rushing on the sight
Adown yon rocky long defile,
Swift as an eagle in his flight,
Fierce as a winter's storm at night
Blown from the bleak Sierra's height,
Carreering down some rocky gorge? . . .
And 'neath his courser's sounding feet
The rocks are flashing like a forge . . .
But now he grasps a tighter rein,
A red rein wrought in golden chain
And in his tapidaros stands,
Half turns and shakes two bloody hands,
And shouts defiance at his foe."

The "Songs of the Sierras" is our author's most characteristic work. His later productions show a slightly finer artistic finish, but there is less of the verve and fire which play and glow so vividly in the earlier work. These "Songs" are narrative poems, each being introduced by a short lyric. There is nothing original in the themes of these poetic tales. They all treat of love and valor and disappointment. There is, moreover, a lack of variety in the characters introduced. The heroine of the first tale, "The Arizonian," represents in her main characteristics the heroines of the others.

"That passionate child of the sun,
With her love as deep as the doubled main,
And as strong and fierce as a troubled sea.
That beautiful bronze with its soul of fire,
Its tropical love and its Kingly ire.
That child as fixed as a pyramid,
As tall as a tula and as pure as a 'nua." etc.

All the heroes are "mighty-thewed," "dark-browed," and "broad-breasted."

"Men strangely brave and fiercely true,
Who dared the West when giants were,
Who erred, yet bravely dared to err;
A remnant of that early few
Who held no crime or curse or vive
As dark as that of cowardice."

These characters are, however, to be considered rather as types than as individuals, and fresh and poetic types they are of the wild but not unheroic life of the great West. Compared with Joaquin Miller's men and women the heroes and heroines of modern fiction are but weaklings. The defects, then, to which we have referred are in a large measure compensated for by the exceeding originality and vigor of the characters themselves and also by the novelty of the situations in which they are placed.

Mr. Miller's descriptions of tropical scenery have a richness of color and an exuberant freshness of beauty which are exceedingly grateful to the ordinary reader, wearied with the unending monotonousness of the descriptive poetry of the old world. But it is well to observe here that this excellence of the "Songs of the Sierras" does not necessarily imply a corresponding excellence in their author. A part of the effect is due solely to the novelty of the subject matter. It is quite conceivable that even the most commonplace of English poets might write better poetry than they have ever written if they were to sojourn for a few years beneath the shadows or in the abysmal gorges of the snow-capped Cordilleras. There is inspiration there for any who are capable of receiving inspiration. But the dullness of much of that class of writing which is called by the many "descriptive poetry," arises from the writer's incapacity of being inspired—from his lack of sympathy with nature. He does not really feel what he is professing to feel. He knows that certain things are called beautiful by the masters of art, and so it behooves him to describe them. Hence the tiresome sameness, the perfect deadness of those descriptions. For a mere rhythmical catalogue of qualities is not a poetical description. Such are but the dry bones of poetry. Yet, let the true artist but breathe upon them, and lo! a new

creation arises, pulsating with life and glowing with beauty. This is not merely description, it is transfiguration. Such a poet etherealizes the forms of nature; he throws about them a spiritual halo of light and beauty. He becomes, as it were, one with what he sees and hears and feels, so that in expressing himself he is describing nature. But the common versifier stands outside of nature and points a stick at it like a showman in a menagerie.

Our author does not belong to this class of writers. The Sierras found him a poet; they did not make him one, and in later days he drew inspiration from the "dimpled Doon," from Italy and from Greece as he had formerly done from his own loved mountains. Moreover, no modern poet, except Byron, as we have said, shows such a deep sympathy with nature in her more sublime manifestations. He goes so far as to say in his latest work, "Memorie and Rime," that the secret of happiness is the appreciation of the beautiful in nature—the appreciation of God's written poetry. Listen to this description of Oregon from the same book. "'Tis the new-finished world . . . Once inside her white sea-shores, and a world so grand, so sublime and vast, so entirely new, is yours, that you stand uncovered, as if you had entered the home of the Eternal." And with the familiar reverence of a strong filial affection he thus addresses the mountains:

"Mount Hood! and fair Saint Helens!
Soft snowy breasts on Nature's swelling bosom.
Nature benign and bounteous—let me draw
Pure inspiration from you, as a child
Draws nurture from a loving mother's breast,
And be your child, your yearning wayward child,
And sitting here as on a parent's knee,
Gaze wonder-full into the face of Nature.

Our poet's spirit finds an affinity too in the forest,—

"(I) have turned me quietly aside
To know the majesty of peaceful woods.
There is a freshness there, a perfect fairness,
A candour and unlanguage'd harmony
That wins you and your worship unawares."

It is little wonder, then, that although Bret Harte, "Mark Twain," and other writers have given us somewhat full descriptions of that wonderful western scenery, yet the poetry of this region has found in Joaquin Miller its greatest interpreter.

Moreover, his descriptions are not only poetically picturesque but also exceedingly vivid and truthful. No prose writer has given so strikingly realistic a conception of the famous tall trees of Sonora as this is—

Above, the redwood boughs entwine
As dense as cove of tangled vine—
Above, so fearfully afar
It seemed as 'twere a lesser sky,
A sky without a moon or star.

Again, in describing the secret meeting of an Indian council at the bottom of one of those vast gorges of abysmal depth which are to be seen in the Cordilleras, he says—and could any picture be more vivid?

"All together, all in council
In a canyon walled so high
That no thing could ever reach them
Save some stars dropped from the sky.

In his latest work, "Memorie and Rime," Joaquin Miller, as has been said, alludes to Byron as his "master." But we think it will be admitted that the Western poet, while far inferior to Byron in artistic finish and precision, is yet quite equal to him in strength and depth of soul absorbing and soul mastering passion. Swinburne asserts that "in the main Byron's emotions were but skin deep." As a general estimate of the great poet's works this statement is of course ridiculously untrue. Yet there are passages in his poems where he gives expression to his despondency and discontent in such a fitful and pettish fashion that we are impressed with the idea that some share of these two emotions at least was artificial, make-believe, and gotten up for the occasion. But we never have this feeling in reading the "Songs of the Sierras." The very verse quivers with intense and turbulent emotion, and the reader responds to the poet in a thrill of genuine sympathy.

The main characteristic of these poems is passion rather than idealism. The general effect of the "Arizonian," and "With Walker in Nicaragua," especially, is almost purely passionate. Coleridge and Poe would have considered this preponderance of passion a mark of inferiority to the work of Wordsworth, Shelly, Keats, and others of the more idealistic

poets. Coleridge says that "passion is discordant with the highest poetry," and Poe declares that "pathos alone, however exquisite, cannot be ranked with the loftiest exhibitions of the ideal." But there is room for a difference of opinion here. There are probably few who would be willing to accept a dictum which denies the name of poetry to verses of such unquestionable power as the "Arizonian," or the better-known "Locksley Hall," another purely passionate poem. No doubt passionate poetry produces a somewhat different effect from the idealistic, yet it seems an arbitrary distinction to say that the one is the proper poetic effect, but not so the other.

If Mr. Miller had possessed a larger degree of ideality he would have displayed more originality in the choice of themes, and he would have given us a greater variety of characters. In these two respects his work is certainly defective. Intensity of subjectivity is certainly not a fault but rather a great merit in a poet, yet the absence of objectivity is a defect, and those writers are undoubtedly greater who are largely endowed with both faculties.

It is to be regretted that there are in the "Songs" too plain evidences of hasty composition. The author tells us concerning his best poem, the "Arizonian," that "it was written in one night and at a single sitting." But we conceive that perfection and not rapidity of work should be the aim of the poet, as it is of every other true artist, and although inspiration is said to come in flashes, poetic expression is almost always a work requiring time and patience. Aristotle says that that work of art alone is perfect to which nothing can be added and from which nothing can be taken without injury to the whole. Now, there are many verses in the "Songs" which might much better have been omitted and others which stand in need of improvement. In every poem there are great inequalities of composition. Passages of the highest excellence are followed by others of the merest doggerel. Sometimes, too, an otherwise exceedingly beautiful description has been hopelessly marred by the introduction of a low or un-ideal conception. Thus, in the "Arizonian" the poet compares the spirit of a beautiful Indian girl to

"A mystical brow-winged moth
Or midnight bat!"

Again in the "Tale of the Tall Alcalde" he thus describes the heroine.

"A face like hers is never seen
This side the gates of paradise . . .
. . . a *sample* (!) of the whole
That heaven has in store."

Of less importance, but errors still, are the grammatical improprieties which occasionally occur. A few examples of downright slang are also met with. Another of our poet's weaknesses is the excessive repetition of pet-words, adjectives chiefly. Within the compass of two or three pages we find "brown hands," "brown fingers," "brown skin," "brown face," "brown brow," "maidens brown," and "cocoa brown." It is somewhat tiresome, moreover, to read within twenty lines of "warm wet sand," "warm white sand," "warm wave," and "warm white wave." Other words upon which the poet rings the changes too often are "marvellous," "lifted," "hot," "sun," "fire," and "desire." Sometimes, also, we find pointless and unintelligible or inappropriate epithets, e.g.

"A *white* isle set in a wall of seas."

This verse is very forcible if the poet had intended it for a description of a coral island surrounded by a reef against which the ocean breaking raises a wall of surf. But by an effort of recollection we find that the poet is referring to England. Now the British Isles are characterized not by whiteness, but by their emerald greenness. True, Albion was 'the white isle' to the Gauls, but this merely because the only portion of which they could see was the white chalk cliffs of Kent. Again, though the sea about Britain in martial or patriotic poetry might be called a "wall," yet such a metaphor is utterly out of place here. The use of the word "set" is also objectionable for obvious reasons.

These may seem trivial errors, but they are not so since they mar so greatly the harmony of the whole work. While we admire the genius which could produce such a work as the "Songs," we at the same time find ourselves regretting that with such genius at his command the author should have turned out his work unfinished. We recognize in the poet a greater measure of poetic sentiment than of power of inspiration in his poems. In other words, we cannot but feel that the poems do not affect us with the full impression which the thoughts they contain seem fitted to produce. This failure in poetic expression also manifests itself even more seriously in the two other forms which will be noticed farther on.

There is reason to suppose that the defects we have noticed are not due to any deficiency in the poet's genius, but that they are rather the result of a failure to estimate duly the immense importance of adequate poetic expression. In fact, to judge from his own words, Mr.

Miller does not appear to have a clear and logical idea of what precisely constitutes the function of the poet. In "Memorie and Rime" he quotes with great approbation an after-dinner conversation between Dante Gabriel Rossetti, himself and others of the poetical critic's admirers. They rhapsodised on "unheard melodies," "unwritten poems," and "the *folly* of expression." Rossetti declared, somewhat dogmatically one must think, that "the greatest poets refused to write," and added that "every man or woman who loves the beautiful is a poet; the gift of expression is a separate affair altogether." Now these remarks are themselves very beautiful and poetical, but they are not logical and they are not correct. There is nothing to be gained to criticism, and much to be lost, by this confounding of terms and this wresting of words from their legitimate signification. For poetry is not art, it is only one of the many forms of art. The poetic effect is not the aesthetic effect, but only a form of it. The greater term includes the less, but it is not rational for even Mr. Rossetti to speak seriously of the less term as if it included the greater. Moreover, the simple capability of receiving or of producing in oneself the aesthetic impression does not make a poet. There is necessary in addition the capability of conveying that impression to others. All art is dual; to produce the highest artistic effect, there must be not only the highest idea, but the best expression, and he is the best artist who excels in both, in form no less than in matter; in expression no less than in idea. Now the artistic idea is expressed in different ways; that is, it may be conveyed from the artist's mind to ours through several different media. Titian used color, Praxiteles used marble, Liszt uses sounds, Tennyson uses words. As painting is the expression of art by colors and music, the expression of art by sounds, so poetry is the expression of art by words. But as not all sounds or combinations of sounds are musical, so not all combinations of words are poetical. Nearly all words acquire their meaning solely by association and a word is unpoetical either when the associations in connection with it are low and inartistic, or when these associations are not in harmony with the general intention of the poem or the passage into which they are introduced. A failure here is a very serious matter, as may be seen from the last two quotations from the "Songs."

We shall now proceed to consider Mr. Miller's lack of proper poetic expression in the two other cases to which we alluded in a previous paragraph.

It would be going too far to say with Edgar Allan Poe that rhythm is absolutely essential to a proper poetic expression. For the English version of the Hebrew Psalms and of the book of Job are poetical, and yet they cannot be reduced under any of our recognized rhythms. Some of the most poetically effective translations of the Greek and Latin poets are not rhythmical. Moreover, it is not paradoxical to say that in our author's latest book there are many passages of "Memorie" that are more poetical than any of the "Rime." It is true that these writings are characterized by easy flowing phrase and rounded and balanced periods, and so indeed is nearly all well-written prose. But even this ordinary prose rhythm does not appear to be essential to the production of the poetic effort. For there are passages in Carlyle which are as rugged and abrupt as they well could have been and are yet highly poetical.

But if rhythm is not absolutely essential in poetic expression rhyme is even less so. Yet it is a truism to state that an immense advantage is generally gained by the use of these two devices. The total artistic effect is by this means greatly increased, for the poet thereby avails himself in a slight degree of the aid of another art to intensify the effects of his own. This art is music. For it will be admitted that rhythm and rhyme are but an inferior order of musical expression, since music is essentially a harmony of sounds. And when by means of rhythm, rhyme, assonance or onomatopœia, a correspondence can be effected between the idea and its verbal expression, the complex effect produced is the greatest possible and the perfection of poetic expression has been attained.

Now, the objection we have to make in this connection to much of Joaquin Miller's poetry is not that he has not employed rhythm and rhyme, but that while he has professedly given us both, his rhythms are frequently exceedingly bad and his rhymes are if possible worse. His versification is probably not worse than Emerson's, and certainly not so bad as that of Walt Whitman, but then these can scarcely be said to have any skill in versification at all. In some of the "Songs of the Sierras" it is almost impossible to tell what rhythm the poet designed to use. It may have been intended for iambic or it may have been intended for trochaic, but it is nondescript. The neglect of versification altogether would probably detract less from the potential effect of a poem than the presence in a noticeable degree of inefficient rhythm and faulty rhymes. For in the latter case the reader is oppressed not only with the sense of discordance in the poem itself, but also with the sense of the poet's failure to do what he had intended,

This doubly disagreeable impression is not simply a neutral element in the poem, it has a strong positive influence, destroying a measure of the poetic effect which the other elements of the poem had produced.

Yet, when all has been said, it will be seen that Mr. Miller's literary offences have generally been only against the minor morals of the muse, while on the other hand he excels in nearly all the essentials of poetic composition. In strength and in action, in intensity of passion and in height, if not in breadth, of imagination, in beauty of description and vividness of imagery, the "Songs of the Sierras" have not been excelled, if indeed they have been equalled by any living poet.

THE EDITOR.

LE BEL CAVALIER.

1.

In the wide and fragrant garden
Of the Prince, his lord and patron,
Long ago, on one bright morning,
Strolled the troubadour, Vaqueiras.

2.

Heard he, mused in leafy pathway,
(*Suit of velvet, cap and feather*),
Soft, a sound of woman's laughter,
Tinkling through the balmy morning.

3.

Peered he through the fragrant hedgerow.
In a broad and sunny court-yard,
He espied a flame of ladies.
(*Cherry silk and lawn-like snow-drift*).

4.

As at gaze a herd of deer stand
In some still glade by the beech-trees,
Stood those fair Venetian ladies
Watching one, his Queen, his Chosen.

5.

She, eyes lit with mimic contest,
Featly swayed a sword of power,
Supple, straight, right foot advancing,
In the postures of a swordsman.

6.

With both hands the blade she wielded;
From white arms long sleeves droop'd hanging.
Hands and arms and steel together
Flash'd and glanc'd in dazzled sunshine.

7.

She saw naught in her flush'd proudness
As she hew'd with pass and parry,
Downright blow and sweeping back-stroke
Swift an airy foe in pieces.

8.

Knight Vaqueiras wander'd onwards,
In his eyes a happy smiling,
Mused apt rhymes and fitting phrases
For a chanzo in her honour.

LEAVES FROM A METAPHYSICIAN'S NOTE-BOOK.

It has always been granted that the metaphysical course as laid down in the University curriculum, and more especially as taught by the able professor in University College, is one of the very best for developing the mind. Never have I seen it intimated that a possible result could be the disturbance of mental equilibrium. I have lately, however, come into possession of several note-books, some of the contents of which have given rise to grave doubts. For instance, there is a constant reference to some mystical ribbon, which would appear to be conclusive evidence of the serious aberration of the compiler's mind. This ribbon seems to have gradually grown into exclusive possession of his mental faculties till it embraced the entire range of thought. Altogether the thing is so phenomenal I have deemed it proper to give it briefly to the public. I do this the more freely since the identity of the author is lost beyond hope of discovery, and he can never object to the publication of a few short extracts, showing the growth of the "single idea" which ultimately held such undivided sway over his whole being.

At the back of the book containing notes on psychology there are thirty closely written folio pages—a sort of daily record of thoughts suggested by this ribbon. I quote entirely from them.

"'Tis now two years since first I met it, but I remember it well. A bright October morning, with a sky so clear, and an atmosphere so subtle that the babble of brooks and the carol of birds came floating from meadow and woodland, a harmony of nature. A spirit of gladness pervaded all things, and with all things I was delighted, especially with this thing 'which I call myself.'

"At such an hour and in such a mood I, a self-important sophomore, entered the metaphysical lecture-room to await 'the grand old man' who was to open for us the door to the treasury of thought. He came, in appearance like the wise men of old, and as he uttered something about 'conjunction' and 'synthesis,' and 'apperception'—a magic sentence whose potency I have since learned—the door flew open. But alas, how dark were the depths beyond! I tried to pierce the impenetrable blackness and could not. I shuddered lest, perchance, unconscious movement might drive me on. The very darkness seemed to flow out upon me, and I would have turned and fled, had not my eye caught the presence of the ribbon red at one end and blue at the other. There upon that black field of vision, clear and bold against the uninviting back-ground it lay.

"Like the torch that lighted Columbus to a new world, it was an earnest that all was not an empty nothing before me, for in those days of ignorance a seeming something was to be preferred to a seeming nothing. Hence from the first I felt a sympathetic tenderness towards this ribbon red at one end and blue at the other, and gratitude for the favor done would assuredly have perpetuated the sentiment had the silken cord never presented itself again. But it did present itself again and again until its *occurrence and persistent recurrence* established the most definite and indissoluble system of relations between my mind and it."

In another place I find a paragraph, evidently written just previous to examination, which displays a vein of humor in our author as well as his perfect unconsciousness of the fate he is tempting. It is as one sporting in the outer currents of the Maelstrom.

"I have often remarked the almost complete identity of colors in our British flag and the metaphysical ribbon, and felt assured that it was more than accidental. Hitherto I have not succeeded in establishing any clear causal connection, but my attempts were entirely misdirected in that I took it for granted that the *white* must be eliminated from the flag. I now clearly discern its presence in the ribbon—it comes with the *white*-washing, otherwise termed plucking, in May. Then, hurrah! for "the red, white, and blue."

Yet the gradual development of the idea was not unnoticed by him, though it appears never to have suggested the question of its limit. Accordingly, instead of making an effort to throw it off, he seeks to justify his submission. While we admire the candor of his investigating genius and the frankness with which he accepts the inevitable, we can but commiserate the delusion his logic induces.

"The hobby horse," he writes, "on which my metaphysical lore in its infancy was wont to sport has become my 'old man of the sea.' It is with me daily, hourly; I find it in every research; it is present in every thought; even external objects, if they are not all ribbons to me, are at least *red at one end and blue at the other*."

"I ask myself in what does its virtues consist? I analyze it, tracing it through its process of manufacture into the earth whence it came. I submit it to the physicist, and he talks learnedly of complementary colors. But the answer is no nearer than before.

"I see ribbons everywhere. They bind the maiden's hair, lay softly on her bosom, or encircle her slender waist. Each man and boy wears one upon his hat and the fine lady ties one about the neck of her poodle. The shop window is hung with them till it looks like an exploded rain-bow."

Then, proceeding on a direct line of inductive reasoning, he reaches the conclusion, which he puts interrogatively: "Can it be, then, that the virtue lies in the particular conjunction of spatial relations qualitatively determined, by which I apprehend the red as here and the blue as there and these embraced within the unity of my consciousness give me the perception of a ribbon red at one end and blue at the other? I believe it is! Ah! now there is light dawning. Now I begin to perceive that the first requisite to the production of a cognition is SYNTHESIS."

Having thus, after great effort, arrived at a conclusion apparently satisfactory, he proceeds to show why a ribbon of any other colors than red and blue could never have performed the same high functions. The examination is too exhaustive to reward perusal, and we will only remark of it that it is so minutely critical as to render it very doubtful whether a mere reversion of colors, viz.: *blue* at the one end and *red* at the other, would be nearly so effective.

He has now become hopelessly absorbed and is slowly but surely settling into the state of half melancholy abstraction characteristic of minds possessed by a single idea.

"Yes, 'tis but a ribbon finite, limited, perishable. Yet even now as

in a vision I see it stretch away till it embraces a universe, I see it expand and in its folds lie countless happy memories. Let the vulgar be-ribbon themselves as they may with furbelow, tie, and crimp; it is the silken cord that binds to me the world without. It rescued me from the otherwise inextricable maze of *isolated, disconnected, incoherent, unrelated* units of the series in which I in common with humanity at large was hopelessly lost."

"Trees and windows, lamp and tables, keys, watches, round red discs, have all been brought forth in their season, but these would have been marshalled in vain had it not been for our confidence in the reserve force which lay close at hand in the ribbon red at one end and blue at the other."

But I have already quoted beyond my intention. On the last page there is a touching apostrophe, which is all the more interesting that it gives a slight indication of a returning sense of individuality probably aroused by "the trump and drum and roaring culverin" of Commencement and the magic transformation wrought by the Chancellor's "Et tu."

"Adieu, old friend. Whither I go it is contamination for thee to follow. We must part, I to mingle amidst the indiscriminate shades and colors of the world, thou into the tender mercies of a new generation. May they learn early that their course must inevitably be red at one end and blue at the other. Yet never will I forget thee, thou clear expositor of the external, simple illustrator of the manifold. Thou hast each day since first we met illumined my course upon the ocean of undiscoverable truth. Love for these dear old halls, deepest reverence for the Professor whom all delight to honor, and loyalty undaunted for my Alma Mater, do I carry away bound up with memories of thee. Where-soever my path may lead, whatever may be each day the line of action or of thought, while I pause at one end be thou at the other to remind me of the glorious truth that 'primitive conjunction is the foundation of the identity of the apperception itself which antecedes *a priori* all determinate thought.'"

Whether he succeeded in cutting himself free from the ribbon then or at any subsequent period cannot be ascertained.

P.M.I.

THE MIDDLESEX ALUMNI.

The following letter has been sent to us for publication. We gladly give it a place in our columns:—

To the Editor of THE VARSITY:—

Will you kindly publish the subjoined letter, which we are sending to the secretaries of the different County Associations throughout the western part of the province.

Inasmuch as there may be a number of graduates the address of whom we do not know, and who might be desirous of attending this meeting we wish this letter to be considered a general invitation, only asking that those who propose accepting it should send us their names and addresses not later than the 5th of January.

C. T. G.

DEAR SIR,—The Middlesex Association of Graduates of Toronto University propose holding in this city on Friday, the 15th day of January next, a union meeting of Graduates of our University residing in the western part of the province. It has been thought by us that the lack of interest in University matters displayed by graduates outside the city of Toronto may be attributed largely to the fact that they seldom meet together to renew old friendships or to discuss matters pertaining to the welfare of their Alma Mater.

It is true an opportunity is afforded for such a gathering on Commencement-Day, but owing to the distance from Toronto many are unable to take advantage of it.

It has also seemed to us that we are now approaching a crisis in the history of our University, inasmuch as the scheme for confederation or consolidating the Universities which has been in process of incubation during the last few months, will, we are led to believe, see the light of day about the latter end of this month, and we think it very desirable that some expression of graduate opinion should be passed upon that scheme before it is submitted to the Legislative Assembly.

In the hope, therefore, that such a meeting will prove acceptable to a large number of graduates, our Association has instructed me to communicate with the secretaries of local organizations, and directly with the graduates in counties where no associations have been formed, asking their support.

It is proposed that the business meeting should be held at 3 o'clock in the afternoon in the Court Room here, and in the evening our Association will give a dinner at the Tecumseh House to the guests.

Will you therefore kindly call a meeting of your association, and let us know at your earliest convenience how many members we may rely upon to attend, and their names, and give us any suggestions with regard to the best topics for discussion or upon any other matters pertaining to the meeting that may occur to you?

Yours fraternally,
LONDON, ONT. CHAS. T. GLASS,
Sec'y Mid'x. Ass'n.

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Subject for Sunday Evening, December the 28th, 1884:—
"IMPERIAL FEDERATION."

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