

# THE VARSITY

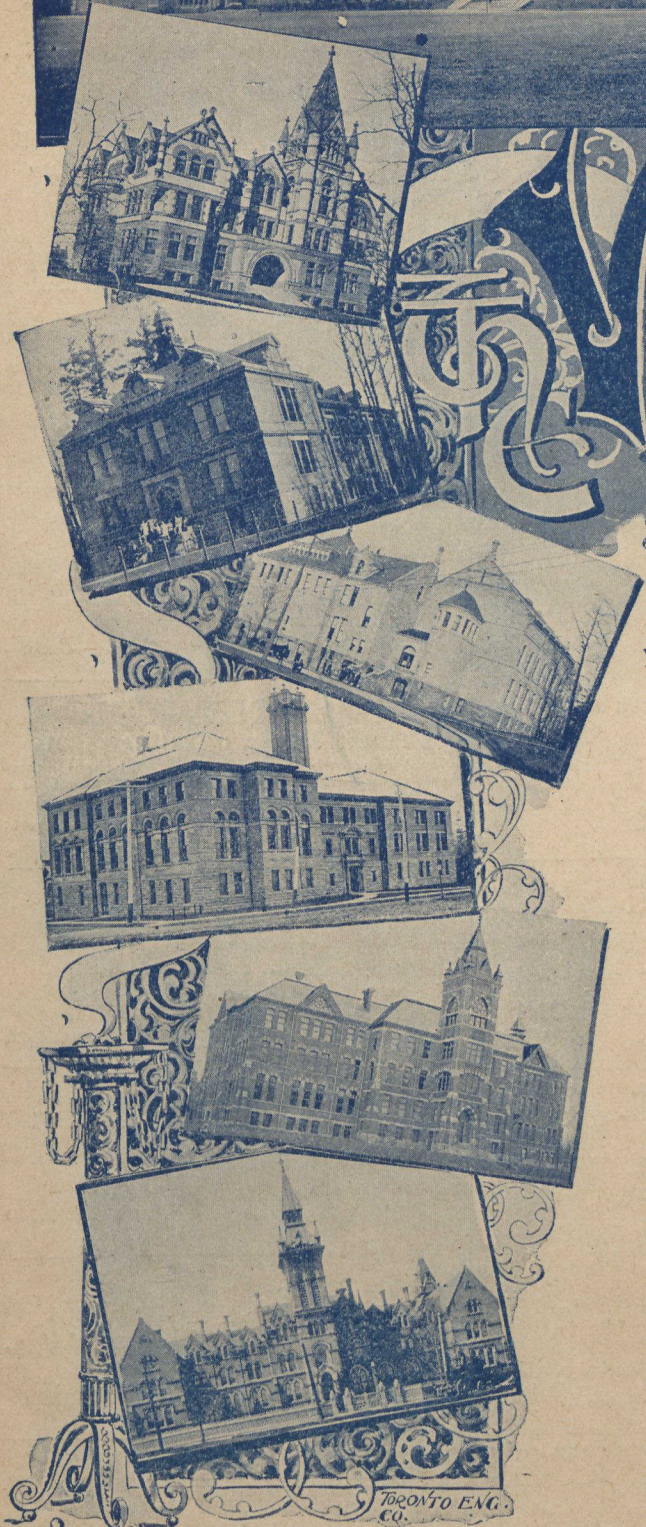
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University of Toronto.

TORONTO, JANUARY 13TH, 1897.

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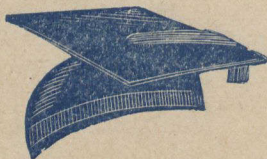
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# THE VARSITY.

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

VOL. XVI.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, JANUARY 13, 1897.

No. 11.

## NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Did ever mortal of our modern times  
  Regard this day with an indifferent air?  
Did ever soul, upon whose ear the chimes  
  Of old year out and new year in,  
  Of battles won and those to win,  
Remain untouched in heart, and free from care?  
  I trow that would be sin—  
Remain untouched, as that most solemn peal  
  Rings out across the midnight air so clear,  
All unconcernèd whether woe or weal  
  Has, since the dying year began,  
  And all throughout its twelve-month span,  
Been prone to purge with grief, or bless with cheer,  
  As months their courses ran!  
This is the day from which we count our time:  
  The look-out point from which we view the past,  
The higher we with care and trouble climb  
  By thoughtful gathering-up of mind  
  Each "cabinet in the brain" to find,  
The better we can estimate how vast  
  The year we leave behind.  
A year is vast, for when we ask its worth,  
  As of a friend who dies, a dear one gone,  
We learn that from the moment of its birth,  
  Its happenings both oft and rare,  
  Diffused throughout it here and there,  
Speak mighty volumes to the minds that con  
  O'er all their train with care.  
Ought not each one with sober sadness then  
  Take thoughtful leave of a departing year,  
To call its weeks and months to mind again,  
  And with a calm and careful view,  
  Note what was false and what was true,  
What wrought in love, and what performed thro' fear?  
  This ought each one to do.  
To some, perchance, the dying year would tell  
  Of love that long had lingered in the heart,  
But which, within the twelve-month 'gan to well,  
  And joyed to find the responsive love  
  As pure as that which dwells above,  
Had learned contentment and will ne'er depart  
  From one—a gentle dove.  
To some the year would sadly speak of grief;  
  Of moments when the heart was sorely tried;  
When slowly passing days gave no relief,  
  And it was hard midst the unrest  
  To see all working for the best,  
And yet thro' all, the true and faithful Guide  
  Was making each life blest.  
For every mortal, time now past and gone  
  Has stores of knowledge and of warnings too;  
By which those profit, as the days go on,  
  Who, o'er the book traced by each age,  
  Turn slowly backward page by page,  
To learn some lessons, even tho' but few,  
  Their future course to gage.

This is not all a retrospective day,  
  We turn our thoughts upon the new-born span,  
With firmly fixed resolve that all the way  
  Our mode of life shall ever be  
  So worthy, that each one may see  
The noble spirit of that Perfect Man,  
  Whose gospel makes us free.

CLARE READE, '97.

University College, Jan., 1897.

## 1896—A RETROSPECT.

[A paper read before the Women's Literary Society, at the request of the members of which it is published.]

Ill-omened has been the beginning of the year that is now passing away. Scarcely had the Christmastide, "Peace on earth, good will toward men," been sung, than war showed its hideous face, and even such kindred nations as the English and the American, displayed unchristian and unseasonable hostility. For on January 1st, 1896, the famous "Dr. Jim," having on December 29—Mr. Gladstone's birthday by the way—with his 500 followers, crossed the Transvaal borders to aid the Uitlanders against the Boers, fought at Krügersdorf. You know the sequel—the defeat and capture of Jameson; the period of wild excitement in England, made wilder by the congratulatory message of William, "the witless," cartoonist and Kaiser, to President Krüger; the putting into commission of the Royal Squadron, with a speed which caused as much admiration as alarm among the nations, who had thought the Queen of the Seas had lost her old-time vigor. The now historic phrase, "splendid isolation," described her position. For Britain, always unpopular in Europe, had added America to the list of her enemies. On the same day as Jameson's attack on the Boers, President Cleveland appointed his commission to investigate the boundary question between England and Venezuela. It looked as if England might have to face a world in arms against her. Did England's courage fail? We are told that never in the memory of man had there been such an eagerness shown by Englishmen, of all ages, sorts and conditions, to enlist. Cowardice is not one of the national characteristics.

Happily, however, in the interests of humanity and of the civilization of which we hear so much talk in such tiresome superlatives, war was averted. In the Transvaal President Krüger showed his good sense and justice in sending Jameson to England for trial; and, in spite of popular demonstrations in Jameson's favor, British justice condemned him to fifteen months' imprisonment. Only the other day, however, he was released, a physical wreck apparently. Poor Dr. Jim! In his case, valor, lacking its better part, discretion, bore its natural, if bitter fruits. And his failure brought with it the fall of him who has been not inaptly termed the uncrowned king of South Africa—Cecil Rhodes, Premier of Cape Colony. His place as Premier has been filled by Sir George Sprigg, but Rhodes has since then shown that, after all, he is the only Englishman that can be trusted to deal with the turbulent

natives there, and his eminent services in bringing to a close the recent notable rebellion will, no doubt, be recognized in his restoration to a post of trust, by his country.

More happily, if possible, has ended the controversy between England and Venezuela, or rather, between England and the United States. After much diplomatic manœuvring, the terms of a treaty have been agreed upon, by which the question is to be submitted to arbitration, with a proviso that a fifty years' occupation shall constitute a right of possession—a most sensible arrangement everyone thinks, except the people of Venezuela, who regard it with suspicion. The Venezuelan Cabinet have, however, accepted the arbitration treaty, and it is likely that, when they refer the matter to their Assembly, that body will confirm the action of its leaders.

Memorable in another way, was that first day of January, 1896. Another of those brutal massacres that have heated the blood of peoples, though apparently not of politicians, to the boiling point, occurred in hapless Armenia. Would that I were able to record, as I have of the two former issues, a happy outcome. Nothing, at least that is comprehensible to us who are not politicians or diplomats, has yet been done to put a stop to those unnameable horrors. Have we indeed emerged from the savage state? Is this the year of grace 1896? One is tempted gravely to doubt the fact, and to wonder if the clock of time has not been turned back. Week after week, throughout the year, our newspapers have cheerfully chronicled gruesome details of repeated butcheries, but, though just at present the Great Assassin stays his hand—I have not read of a massacre for a fortnight or more—no one can tell how soon he may be at his horrible work again. Mr. Gladstone—grandest of "Grand Old Men" that he is—lifted up his voice in behalf of hapless Armenia in that great Liverpool meeting of last September; but Mr. Gladstone is now helpless. His words, in fact, had a result that probably surprised him, for they brought about the resignation of the man whom he had recommended as his successor in the leadership of the Liberal party—Lord Rosebery, and this added to the already sufficiently sad disorganization of that once united and formidable phalanx. Meantime, nothing has been done for Armenia, and in President Cleveland's message to Congress on Monday last, he deplored the "still hideous aspect of Asiatic Turkey." The sonnet which the impassioned young poet, Mr. William Watson, composed last Christmas Day—"A Birthday"—is likely to be as applicable to the coming Christmas:

It is the birthday of the Prince of Peace :  
Full long ago He lay with steeds in stall,  
And universal nature knew through all  
Her borders that the reign of Pan must cease.  
The fatness of the land, the earth's increase,  
Cumbers the board ; the holly hangs in hall ;  
Somewhat of her abundance wealth lets fall ;  
It is the birthday of the Prince of Peace.  
The dead rot by the wayside ; the unblest  
Who live, in caves and desert mountains lurk,  
Trembling ; this foldless flock, shorn of their fleece.  
Women in travail, babes that suck the breast  
Are spared not. Famine hurries to her work.  
It is the birthday of the Prince of Peace.

But I must hurry over other issues of the year. It has not only been marked by rumors of wars which did not materialize, but of wars real enough. Italy has had her struggle with Abyssinia, and has been most emphatically beaten by Menelik, proud descendant of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. Italy's struggle brought about the English expedition to Dongola—an expedition where success means the further English advance upon Khar-

toum. For it was only the other day we read that Commander Kitchener had received orders from the British war office to prepare for the greater exploit. Just a week ago England paid over cheerfully the £500,000 into the Egyptian treasury demanded by the Court of Appeal. The world seemed at first to regard the Court's decision as adverse to England, but John Bull is quite complacent over the matter. "It is all right," he chuckles, "those who pay the piper call the time." In the plainer language of the *St. James Gazette*: "The judgment has thrown Egypt into our arms; we can never go now."

Still another war must be referred to—nearer home, and more interesting to us—as a struggle not for accession of territory, but for liberty. The knell of Spain's greatness has been long ringing. The beginning of the end was the memorable week's fight in the English channel when Elizabeth of England said to Philip of Spain in a way so plain and impressive as to be understood even by the slow-going Philip, "Thus far, no farther." Since then Spain has seen her empire slowly but surely fall to pieces. At the last she has become desperate, and the Spanish people, with a patriotism worthy of a better cause, are paying over \$1,000,000 a week for keeping sufficient forces in Cuba. Sufficient, did I say? Scarcely. For though, according to the reports of the Spanish commander, the rebels are always surrounded, the end seems no nearer than before. Early in the year the more humane Campos was recalled, but the brutal ferocity of his successor seems no more successful. This week's reports have contained accounts, verified two or three times, of the death of the insurgent leader, Maceo, and great has been the rejoicing in Madrid thereat. Yesterday's newspapers had heavy headlines "Maceo Still Alive!" and great, in Canada and the United States, has been the rejoicing thereat. Among the many details which from time to time have come to us of that heroic struggle, one incident should, I think, be especially interesting to a society like this. You know, of course, that many Cuban women have been fighting in the ranks, and in spite of traditions to the contrary, they are apparently good shots. One of these women the Spanish were trying to capture, and they did finally secure her, but not until she had shot down 17 Spaniards who attempted to seize her. She died with the words "Libre Cuba," on her lips.

I have not time to speak of other issues of the year: or the British expedition to Ashantee, successful of course; of the usual turmoil in French politics, though this year has been calmer than usual; of the change of leadership in the Irish party consequent on the resignation of Mr. McCarthy; of the big Dublin convention; of the passing away of great men, such as Leighton, Millais and Morris; of the Nicaraguan rebellion; of the re-election of that most remarkable man, President Diaz, of Mexico, of the triumph of sound money and McKinleyism in the United States; nor even of the exciting events of the year in Canada. The year has seen three Premiers in office; has witnessed the most exciting—I believe, an unprecedented—session of the Canadian House of Commons, when for a whole week, night and day, the House was in continuous session, and engaged in the discussion of the clauses of the Remedial Bill—may it rest in peace! Startling discoveries of gold and other less precious metals have been made, and the boom is gloriously high just now. Canada's outlook is brighter, as is the outlook of the whole empire. And in striking contrast to the condition of Spain, the last of whose colonies are slipping from her, Britain is making closer and stronger the bonds which connect her great trans Atlantic and trans-Pacific colonies to her. Schemes of federation are being discussed with a seriousness that never before marked them; the plan is no longer considered Utopian, but eminently practical, and the arrangement for

a permanent arbitration tribunal between Britain and the United States—an arrangement, nearly complete, said President Cleveland in his message the other day—will in a sense, at least, link together the two great British nations. Who can tell whether it may not be a first step towards a return on the part of the erring child to his father's house? England will, no doubt, be ready, when the hour comes, to welcome back the wanderer, and to kill the fatted calf. Everything points to a greater consolidation, rather than to a disintegration of the British race. In Canada there exists, indeed, an Independence Club, but it is quite insignificant. Meanwhile, England looks after us pretty satisfactorily, and incidents are constantly occurring to illustrate the advantages of British connection. The other day, for example, news was flashed from this land to England that two Canadians had been taken prisoners in Cuba by the Spaniards and sentenced to death. A reassuring cable was returned almost immediately, and England proceeded to look after those two insignificant Canadians. Have they been put to death? By no means. It pays to be a British subject. Federation, not separation, is the order of the day, and by federation we shall have a still greater future, a greater share in the glories of Imperial Britain,—that "blue-cinctured isle," which has been

"—————not to-day, but this long while  
In the front of nations."

NELLIE SPENCE.

### HYPNOTISM.

An interesting demonstration was given in the Students' Union under the sanction of some of the University staff, hence is legitimately open to criticism from the scholastic side. The subject was Hypnotism, and the operator a Mr. Hodgson. He was assisted chiefly by Dr. Tracy, who introduced the hypnotist in a preliminary address. Naturally the subject drew a large audience of both faculty and students. The Union was packed to the doors. Judging from the hearty applause the performance was a success. But as levity and scientific instruction do not go hand in hand, it is safe to conclude that there was but little of the latter. Judging of the performance as a scientific demonstration, it was to me, as well as a large number of those present, far from satisfactory.

Previous arrangements had been made, so claims the hypnotist, for several to come, as subjects, to the platform on the first call. Only one responded, and this person apparently a total stranger. Here is the point where the thin wedge of criticism should enter. Who or what was this so-called stranger, who became so willing a victim, so easily controlled and so clever under suggestion during the entire evening? I ask, because he appeared to be no novice, did the right thing in the right place, his remarks were pert and witty, and his entire conduct displayed the peculiar staginess well-known to those who have seen many such performances. Hence, I with many others, doubt the genuineness of his various odd antics as being those of a tyro. If real they were marvellous, and too fraught with meaning to produce mere laughter in such a presumably educated audience.

Many points might be noted, but space forbids the mention of all but a few. How can a suggestion that, as the hypnotist claimed, was given by word of mouth completely obliterate the form of a person, leaving only certain of his garments, as his hat, visible to the person hypnotized? No power of the will can make one part of the retina perform its physiological function and an adjacent part not. With the subject's back to the operator, why did he twice dodge round the vanished party? Was this latter transparent? What color was the wall beyond if no image lay between the subject's eye and the wall?

As regards judging time, the hypnotist claimed that the person under suggestion would act precisely on the given moment. This was irrational to expect, and was not demonstrated.

As regards the pin through the arm, this for a remuneration has hundreds of times been endured, and is comparatively harmless, and not seriously painful. Besides muscles can be numbed by various drugs, as cocaine. The pricking of the two hands demonstrated nothing more than the foregoing experiment.

Mr. Hodgson's claim to be able to control hemorrhage I cannot believe, as this is not governed by the will in either subject or operator, but by the physiological action of bloodclot. As regards the pepper on the tongue, if deception were present it would not be difficult to suggest a method. What was the scientific meaning of the operator's wand like spiriting movements? Was it not to inspire the audience with a sense of awe or mystery? To the critical mind the question would arise as to whether or not this subject was a professional assistant. I am of the opinion that he was, and perhaps came from a distance for the purpose of being present by some unknown arrangement. Was his acting merely by Mr. Hodgson's suggestion, or was he acting a purely conscious part? A satisfactory answer could not be drawn from the demonstration. Numerous and almost indescribable "give aways" were seen during the experiments. Nothing was done but could be accounted for by perfectly conscious action. It seemed like such, but the privilege is denied to any individual to cross the threshold into the consciousness of another and investigate. This area of seclusion has been in all ages the lurking place of double dealing and imposture. I do not say that the demonstration consisted of such, but the contrary was not proven.

It was a matter of regret that the operation on our own students did not give us some little confirmatory evidence regarding the occult problem. Considering the demonstration as a whole it lacked the keystones of proof that convince a critical searcher after truth. It did nothing to raise hypnotism from the ranks of such pseudosciences as mind-reading, clairvoyance, spiritualism and Christian science, in which various parts are deftly played by psychological magicians who in the light of modern criticism are gradually retiring to the more shadowy realms of mental life where the threads of solution are readily lost in the intricacy of the processes.

But there must be more than was demonstrated in this new science. I cannot believe that so many eminent philosophers, scientists and medical men have misjudged phenomena. Yet history tells us plainly that a man's eminence is no criterion by which to assert the infallibility of his judgment. Since the dawn of civilization all theories that have obtained a foothold in human life have been propagated by eminent men, as Pythagorus, Epicurus, Mahomet, Confucius and Ptolemy. Many eminent men of our own time, for example, Alfred Russell Wallace, believe in spiritualism whose initial stage is the joining of hands around a table; soon the table may move, proving that a medium is present who can answer all manner of queries. Of a kindred nature is the foolish planchette, to which I have heard sensible people pin their faith. This must be akin to the turning of a key in the Bible, and blood charms, which are firmly believed in by many of our older population of to-day. But I refer especially to the more refined of these beliefs, and hold that those who promulgate many of them are the lineal descendants of the soothsayers, necromancers and astrologers of early and mediæval times. We all remember the wisdom of Shakespeare when he says that there was no "error, but some saintly brow would approve and bless it with a text."

How much of this applies to the fundamental facts of hypnotism I am not prepared to say. It is certain that as

yet we must write guardedly concerning it. There is little doubt of the value of suggestive therapeutics, as every physician is aware. We know that mental states and bodily states interact on each other, that dwelling in thought on a diseased part may cause pain. But this is explained by the irritation that nerves carrying impulses, set up in the affected region. But such influence has its limitation; but to decide just where is one of the greatest of problems. The extreme idea is that of Christian Science, which holds that all diseases are mental, and, with a certain degree of religious faith, are under mental control. Just where hypnotism stands is difficult to define, as it introduces the huge factors of a foreign mind influencing in minute details the mental phenomena of another, and the total submission of the will-power of the latter to that of the former. At my present stage of study I cannot grasp the relations of any natural laws that accurately cover the whole of each case, and so must wait for more light.

However, in explanation of such phenomena we must be specially guarded against being deceived by a species of psychological legerdemain that I believe permeates many of the theological, metaphysical and even scientific theories of the age. Telepathy was, and is yet a fad of this nature in psychological circles, but it is losing ground, and we may expect soon to find it among the debris of undemonstrated theories. I am convinced at the present stage of my study that human mental phenomena can take place in no other region than in the confines of the nervous system, and consequently can find no evidence whatever for telepathy, spiritualism, and mind-reading, where there is no external thread of suggestion or sense communication, except the coincidence of some of the thoughts which, with great rapidity and in marvellous numbers, pass through the mind of the subject, coupled with the emphasis due to the mere fact of coincidence, which is always more or less striking. Also there is in the subject often a strong and apparently innate desire to wrap such a coincidence with circumstances that render an explanation difficult, by eliminating all possible clues to its solution. How often have we seen this subtle failing in our friends! Perhaps it is an evidence of the doctrine of total depravity. It appears to be governed by our feelings of prepossession or prejudice, and leads us to cherish that which we will to choose.

In conclusion, I quote a passage from the *Nineteenth Century* of a few years ago, which bears on some of the points at issue in which there are some dogmatic remarks that may apply in part to hypnotism as I have seen it from many platforms, but more especially to other later day psychological fads.

“ TELEPATHY.

“Telepathy sounds better to modern ears than mesmeric trance or clairvoyance; it has no more substantial foundation. It is an attempt to discover whether it is possible to see without eyes, to hear without ears, to receive or convey impressions without the aid of the special senses. The spirit-rappers, the Davenportes, the Bishops, the thought readers, the animal magnetizers, have dropped into darkness and are buried in the mud. Telepathy is a silly attempt to revive in a pseudo-scientific form, such as self-deception of this kind has always assumed, but in a very feeble form, and with very futile and inane results, the failures and impostures of the past. Happily, it is confined to a few, and those, I am ashamed to say, chiefly in this country. It has a feeble and lingering existence, and is undoubtedly destined to die immaturely.

“To conclude, then, these delusions, this miracle-mongering, these disordered visions and hysteric hallucinations, this exploitation of the love of the mysterious, these pseudo-magnetic attractions, these sham scientific floatings in the air, these fixations of the body, these thought-readings and foretellings, these vain pro-

nouncements concerning unseen worlds and invisible planes of being, these playings on the fears, the hopes, the feeble senses, the eager imaginations, and the ill-balanced reason of the masses, are as old as—nay, apparently older than—history. Sometimes in this, as in other things, we are tempted to ask, ‘Does the world make any progress, or are we still moving on the same planes and in the same grooves of ignorance and superstition, knavery, folly, and self-deception?’”

ALPHA.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

The postponed meeting of the Literary Society was held Monday evening. After waiting in vain for the arrival of the customary crowd, Vice-President Hancock, in the absence of Mr. McLennan, took the chair.

The small audience quickly came to order, and the son of Venus and Zeno read the minutes. Mr. Scarfe read a communication from the Osgoode Legal and Literary Society inviting a representative to their annual dinner. Mr. Shotwell was presented with the enclosed tickets.

A list of the conveners and officers of the Conversat Committee was then read, and Messrs. Little and Munroe immediately raised various objections to one name on the list, because he was a third year man. The little unpleasantness which threatened to disturb the meeting was quelled by a motion to refer the matter back to the Executive. Fault was also found with the committee in choosing a Mathematical, a Natural Science, and a Psychological Committee for the Conversat. Mr. Little said it was customary for these societies to select their own men. On a motion being put, it was decided to follow the custom.

The question whether the ladies should be asked to the meeting of the Mock Parliament after Christmas was now brought forward. After a long discussion as to who should have the honor of bringing in a motion to the effect that they be admitted, Mr. Sandwell won the coveted prize. On a vote, the motion was lost, and most of the ladies' men departed.

The meeting was now resolved into a Mock Parliament. Mr. Johnston was elected Speaker.

The Hon. Mr. Boulton moved that Messrs. Sandwell, Hancock and the mover be a committee to draft a reply to the Speech from the Throne. Mr. Hancock, in seconding this motion, made one of the most brilliant speeches of the session. The Opposition occasionally interrupted, and the Speaker was forced to make Mr. Hancock retract several of his statements, by proving conclusively by Bourinot, in the hands of Clerk Creighton, that they were entirely out of order, but the bulk of his voluminous speech was listened to with great attention.

The member for Spodunk moved in amendment that the discussion of the Speech from the Throne be continued. The original motion was carried.

The Hon. Mr. Sandwell now appeared from the devastated ranks of the Government, to deliver the best Budget Speech it has been the pleasure of the Mock Parliament to listen to for some sessions.

He assured the members of the Opposition that he would judge their actions, when in power, solely from the report of the blue book, and if they did not “blush a flaring red it was because their prospects of return to power were blue indeed.” Someone said Mr. Little tried to make a joke here, but this is not vouched for.

Mr. Sandwell proceeding told of a deficit of \$7,000,000 in the Finance Minister's report, the year previous. Small though the amount, the Honorable gentleman, and various members of both sides dwelt long and laboriously in trying to explain where it had gone.

In speaking of the economical policy of the present Government, Mr. Sandwell said "that the wasteful and extravagant appropriations of the late ministry for the encouragement of the statutory burglary industry has been abolished. The deficit, left as a legacy from our predecessors, will be met by various measures, for example, the levy of a stamp tax in the library, of 25 cts. per stamp; the levy of a North Pole tax upon persons leaving the door open when they come in; of a high license fee for men who sing flat in the Glee Club, and for those who dance at Class Receptions (and who do not)."

It was suggested to impose a tax to discourage the habit of attending the Glee Club concert with a person of the opposite sex, but the Government decided that this needed no further discouragement.

Mr. Sandwell said it was the intention of the Government to buy out certain great monopolies which were growing fat out of the purse of the poor, such as the University Quarterly, and the Toronto Street Railway.

He estimated the expenditure for the current year at \$50,000,000, and closed with a long quotation from some latter-day Sanskrit writer, in the original tongue.

The members, feeling the effects of the long session, decided they had had enough, and adjourned indefinitely at seventeen minutes after ten.

COMUS.

\* \* \*

The first meeting of the Literary Society in the Easter term was not characterized by the usual large attendance of the students, but doubtless they are reserving themselves for the Mock Parliament next week. Indeed, when the President took the chair at half-past eight last Friday night, there were present few more than the Executive of the Society and those who were to assist in the evening's programme.

Mr. W. D. Love read the minutes of the last meeting—held before the holidays. When the President called for communications, Mr. Hancock said that the two men to represent Varsity in the Varsity-S. P. S. debate had not yet been selected. Nominations were called for, and half a dozen names were placed on the blackboard—too long a list to be given here. The next business was notices of motions. Mr. Hancock announced that at the next meeting of the Society he would move that ladies be admitted to the first meeting of the Mock Parliament. This was not greeted with as much applause as was Mr. Black's notice before Christmas—which does not augur well for the passage of the motion. But such is the persistence of the young ladies' friends that perhaps they may eventually be able to bring their "Henriettas" to the Mock Parliament.

The evening's programme then commenced. Mr. D. A. Ross gave a humorous recitation about life in the west in the days of '49, entitled "The Conversazione." Women were few; and respect for them was so great that a prospective marshal lost all chance of election by asking for Charlotte Rouge (russe), one man explaining that Charlotte was a school teacher in the glen. Mr. W. D. Love sang very acceptably the song "I Loves You, My Horey, Yes I Do," and for an encore gave "A Tom-tit Sat in a Tip Top Tree."

Then came the most important number on the programme—a debate between '97 and '98, the subject of which was, "Resolved, that the benefits arising from the party system of government are greater than the evils." The affirmative side was supported by Messrs. Bale and Clark, '97, while it was assailed by Messrs. Auld and Gahan, '98. The affirmative began by defining party government as government by a body of men who are responsible to the majority of the House of Commons. Now, the question arises, what is party? Burke defines

it as a group of men united together to enforce a principle. About every question two or more views can be taken, and on every question two or more parties can be formed. Each proposes to deal with it in a different way. Elections are thus held on definite issues. The elector knows what course each party will pursue if returned to power, and can give his vote to the party which will carry out the principles which he holds. Individual electors have no force in the state, but many joined in a party have great force. Again, the services of able men, who could have no personal following in a legislature, are not lost to the state if they join a party, for they are backed by that party's strength. Under the party system there is less corruption than under any other system. Parties are usually nearly balanced in numbers in the legislature (and if they are not, the state has practically one party or really none). They can watch each other, and easily detect corrupt practices; likewise the Opposition can scrutinize the expenditures of the Government and keep them down. Thirdly, the rivalry between the parties induces a greater interest in vital political issues. Men read the newspapers, listen to both sides of the question, and come to more rational conclusions than they otherwise would. Consequently, questions are solved in a way that brings greater benefits to the nation. Fourthly, many revolutions are avoided. Before the party system was introduced, it was often necessary to carry by force of arms what can now be done simply by marking the ballots in the right way. Again, the system is being gradually extended over the whole world, and has existed in England for two centuries. This in itself shows that the benefits must be greater than the evils.

The negative challenged the affirmative's definitions. A party, they said, was a group of men united for personal interests, with the object of getting into power and remaining in power. Party government is a government of the minority by the majority, for the majority—is, in fact, a case of coercion, a thing which is so odious to an Englishman. The affirmative had claimed that the party system originated in King William the Third's choosing his ministry from the dominant party in parliament. The negative disputed this. They maintained that King William wished certain principles carried out. He entrusted the government to certain men. They saw that they needed the support of the majority, and strove to obtain it. Two parties arose—the party supporting the government and the party opposing. If the party system does induce a greater interest in questions of the day, it is wrong in its essence and should be condemned. They claimed that men join parties, not from reason but prejudice: because their father belonged to the party, and his father before him. The party system is a great evil, because it is introduced into municipal affairs, and men are defeated in municipal elections because they belong to a certain party. Secondly, independent candidates have no chance of election. Party men are suspicious of them, and unwilling to support them. Corruption increases under the party system. For party men who are guilty of corrupt practices are protected by a strong party and shielded from their just punishment. If the system was widely in use that was no plea for its existence, for crime is also widespread.

The reply of the affirmative was that while corrupt politicians did sometimes escape the punishment of ordinary criminals they are usually politically degraded. It is necessary to clearly prove a man guilty before he can be punished; and this is especially difficult in political offences. If men did join one party or another because their father belonged to it, that is a fault of human nature, not of the party system of government.

At the conclusion of the debate the President commented on the habit of referring to the speakers personally, saying that this had better be avoided. He gave his decision in favor of the affirmative. The meeting broke up at 9.45.

# The Varsity

TORONTO, January 13th, 1897.

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## THOUGHTS FOR THE SEASON.

NCE more has come around to us that holiday season, which constitutes the best remembrancer of our past, and through which our minds are most effectually brought to consider what the great, unknown future has in store for us. We, as students, may be said to have our New Year somewhat earlier than do the generality of mankind. To us, it comes with its proverbial good resolutions, its sense of a future, in which we may atone for the deficiencies of a past, not in the wake of Christmastide, but rather in the mellow days of Autumn, that time of new life and hope, while yet the dreaded spring time is but a painful recollection, or a dark foreboding. Then it is that, for the most part, we experience those feelings which come to people generally at this season. Strange is it not, that when the outside world assumes its gayest cloak, when all Nature receives a new life, we should be excluded from sharing in the general buoyancy of the re-awakened earth? And again, when things without are about to resume their wintry sleep, is it not anomalous, that we should then be entering upon our season of greatest activity and joy? But we must remember that a student to a great extent lives under peculiar conditions for the four years of his University course. Much that affects the rest of the world has only a passing interest for us. We do not live in the midst of the hustle of modern life; our sojourn here is but a preparation for a wider field of existence. Under the kindly nurture of college surroundings, the fair child of culture is reared, in his tenderer years unaffected by the worrying cares and blighting influences of ordinary life, as far as they can be warded off; but when virility is reached, he steps forth to take his place along with the great mass of humanity. As to the work which he then

does in raising his less fortunate brothers to a higher level of life and action, let those with experience tell.

\* \* \*

Yet we cannot escape from the general tendency to thoughtfulness and cheerfulness as well that a New Year's season inspires. It is at such times that we look around us and consider for what we, as University men, should be thankful, and what there is in our midst that still stands in the need of improvement. As we view at the present time the state of University affairs, we do not think that at any recent period has a feeling of hopefulness for the future of our Alma Mater been more justifiable than at present. In place of strife of teacher and taught, we have each body discharging its respective functions in the most amiable relations one with another. That far-away time, of which at present one is loth even to speak, when so much needless ill-feeling was engendered, with every influx of undergraduates is passing into the region of things soon to be forgotten. We have before us many and repeated evidences of the revival of that academic virtue, which we believe to have been in sad need of reviving, namely, college spirit. We need only refer to one of the many events of the Michaelmas term which has just gone by, the University College Dinner. Could anyone, who had the good fortune to be present on that occasion, fail to be impressed by the undoubted love of Alma Mater which that event manifested? Two years ago our *Conversazione* was held for the first time since the fire of 1890. Last year it was continued, and now we have the promise that that of the coming month is to far exceed its predecessors in all the qualities which go to make a successful event of its kind. Viewing the purely academic, the social, the athletic, every side of our life, it seems to us that the New Year should be to us one of particularly bright hopes.

\* \* \*

But is there not something that should be of a transcendent interest to us rather than the number and the success of the dinners, the *conversaciones*, the football matches, which go to make up the outward history of our University? At this New Year's season should we not most especially ask ourselves whether we are accomplishing that to which all these events are merely incident—the realization within ourselves of a higher ideal of intelligence and culture. We should ask ourselves if, in the past, we have availed ourselves of all the opportunities which have been given us of making ourselves more worthy of the training for life which has been given us, and of the influences for good with which we have been brought into contact. We must each remember that it is in University men themselves that the great public look for the results of a higher education. If any of us should fail to bear with us into life, on the completion of our course, evidences of our University training, then so much has the cause of higher education been impaired. So, when, in the coming year, a large class of graduates is once more flung upon the tender mercies of the world, may they be sufficiently impressed with the sense of the responsibility which thus rests upon them. And let those who still remain never forget the injunction to work while it is yet day. Seize the

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rich fruit which lies at your hands to-day, for this is the hour of your opportunity.

Those who have passed out from these halls in days gone by have repeatedly assured us that the advantages of our life here are never half appreciated, until we have to relinquish it. Take the warning which they give, and, in the end, you will find that application to the work which is laid out for each of you will work to your own truest good, and will be the best way in which you can advance the welfare of the University, whose interests, we believe, practically all of our undergraduates have at heart.

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To take over the control of this college journal, at a season when everything seems so bright for our future, has certainly fallen as a very pleasant duty. We are quite aware of how the editorial chair of this paper has been filled in the past by many of the University's most gifted sons, in comparison with whom we cannot but feel our own unworthiness. But, after all, the editor's contributions comprise but a small part of the material out of which this paper is constructed, week by week. If he receives the earnest support of those who are interested in the journal's welfare, if the quality of the work which they send to him is good, whatever his own ability be, the general body of readers need have nothing to fear. In our various contributors we have eminent faith. The only fault which we have to find, is that they are not sufficiently numerous. To those whose work should be seen in these columns, but is not, we would appeal. It is the duty of every undergraduate to do what lies in his power to aid those who have been placed in control of the affairs of this journal, in maintaining the high position which it has always held among the college papers of this continent. If that loyal support is given us which is our due, then we need have no fear for a bright and prosperous New Year for ourselves.

#### THE GLEE CLUB TOUR.

The Glee Club tour is over! That annual event to which all members of the Glee Club—with the possible exception of some of the committee—had so fondly and joyfully looked, is now a thing of the past. Perhaps a brief account of the trip may not prove uninteresting.

Thursday morning, December the seventeenth, saw the boys of both clubs hastening to the Union Station, to our private car, carrying all manner of satchels, valises, etc., and banjo, mandolin and guitar cases. Despite the hurry and consequent confusion occasioned from the fact that the train left some time before eight, no one was left, although the cares of the librarian of the Glee Club prevented his leaving till the afternoon train.

Brantford was reached at about 11 o'clock, and after the billets had been apportioned, the boys wended their various ways to their dinners. The club rehearsed in the morning, and the Banjo and Guitar Club held a long practice in the afternoon, which they idly imagined would last them throughout the trip. The concert in the evening was fairly well attended, and thoroughly enjoyed by all. After the concert the entire club was entertained at the home of the genial vice-president, Mr. A. B. Watt, whither Brantford's fairest damsels—not forgetting the Ladies' College—were assembled to meet the men from the east. Here the devotees of Terpsichore disported themselves till about 2 a.m., and went home, having heartily enjoyed themselves, though physically exhausted.

Brantford was left at a reasonable hour and the club arrived at St. Thomas after 2 o'clock, dined at the Grand Central, rehearsed and amused itself as it liked till the concert. There being no 'function' afterwards, all were enabled to seek their chaste couches at an early hour.

On the afternoon of the arrival in London the tourists were royally entertained at the Hunt Club 'kennels'—to which we were driven in vans by Messrs. Love, Macbeth, W. R. Meredith, Hunt, Kerrigan and Abbott, the London members of the clubs. Dancing was indulged in, and all thanks are due to these gentlemen mentioned who spared no effort to give the other boys a good time while in London.

Several of the boys went to Chatham on Sunday, but the majority remained in this city of churches. In the afternoon several of those stopping over were present at an afternoon tea given by Mrs. Smallman, in her beautiful residence in South London. The rest of the boys attended the Cathedral—St. Paul's—in the evening.

In Chatham, the boys were accorded a most enthusiastic welcome. The concert was given under the auspices of the Bicycle Club, and was an unqualified success. Judging from the experience of the Glee Club, there seems to be no doubt that if those in power in the wheeling world held the C.W.A. meet in Chatham this year, it would be one of the best attended and most successful in Canadian cycling history.

We all journeyed west to Detroit, where the Business Manager had gone before, and stayed at the Saint Claire, a new and handsomely fitted-up hotel. After the rehearsal the boys spent the afternoon seeing the city. It can hardly be veraciously said that the Detroit Opera House was crowded in the evening, but the audience, if not large, was appreciative, and applauded the various numbers heartily. Some Varsity boys in the gallery were noticeable in this. After the concert every person went to bed fairly early—in the morning.

Before six o'clock on the same day everybody within hearing distance was awakened by a practice of the Banjo Club in one of the rooms. It was not well attended, there only being three instruments at the practice.

However, it had the effect of getting everyone up in time for the 7.55 train. From Detroit we proceeded to Sarnia by the American side, and crossed over from Port Huron. There was no rehearsal, and several of the fellows went over the river in the afternoon. At the concert, at which there was a large audience, the clubs distinguished themselves.

The Glee Club here, as at Detroit, sang without music,—in their hands—and never did better in the history of the club, and the instrumental part was not behindhand. After the concert a good many enjoyed themselves at an impromptu dance at Mrs. Symington's.

Here the club disbanded. Most of us left at 1.30 a.m. Some stayed till 6 and others till noon.

Thus ended the club tour for 1896. S.

#### NOTES.

Mr. Elmer H. Smith captured the hearts of all the maidens at the places visited, by the captivating manner in which he played the two-step of his own composition. They all thought he was "perfectly lovely."

Mr. Snitcher Spinach Harris, by the combination of his pleasing young freshman ways and herculean stature, entwined himself in the affections of all the ladies who met him on the tour.

The bashful Cupid, that erstwhile confirmed woman-hater, thawed out completely on this tour, and left a small piece of his icy heart wherever the club went. It is rumored that he lost his nerve completely at Sarnia, and did not know what was expected of him!

Mr. George Black, despite his seeming susceptibility to the charms of the fair sex, came home with his heart

still unpunctured, but with a larger stock of photographs than any other man in the club. He is now heard daily warbling the favorite song "If I but knew." This no idle bar-room jest.

A good joke is being told about a youthful fourth year man, who was especially active on the trip. It is said that on the morning of his return home, he was indulging in a cold water bath in order to clear the cobwebs from his weary intellect, but overcome by the physical fatigue resulting from the many dances on the tour, he dropped off into a peaceful slumber, and occasioned considerable alarm to his anxious family who feared his sudden demise from heart disease.

Mr. Jew. Wallbridge, the gayest Lothario of '97, mysteriously disappeared during several dances at Chatham, and since then he wears that idle, dreaming, far-away, soulful look, which is so becoming to him.

The S.P.S. Camera fiend, Mr. H. R. Stovel, took a photograph of the club in all conceivable positions and attitudes. While taking a group of the boys at Chatham, the operator had the misfortune to tumble backwards off a large fence into the loving embrace of a snow-drift, whence he gracefully emerged some moments later. It is expected that the photograph will be slightly confused, as "some-one moved."

Mr. Walter H. Robinson sang with all his usual brilliancy, and his beautiful lyric tenor aroused the greatest admiration everywhere throughout the tour. His rendering of the love song, "If I but Knew," was especially delightful, and many a feminine heart was deeply stirred by his caressing high notes.

Mr. C. Frank King's solos were sung in a very pleasing manner, and gained him everywhere a deservedly cordial reception.

Mr. W. D. Love made a very successful accompanist, and especially displayed his ability by his brilliant execution of the difficult accompaniment to Mr. Robinson's clarinet solo.

The tour this year was probably the most delightful one in the history of the organization, and much of its success is due to the untiring efforts of Mr. J. L. R. Parsons who worked indefatigably in the interests of the club.

Mr. Wallace Scott and Mr. Douglas Ruthven managed the business affairs of the club admirably. Mr. Ruthven deserves especially to be mentioned as one of the most capable treasurers that the club ever possessed. B.

### THE WOMEN'S LITERARY SOCIETY.

True to their New Year's resolutions, that henceforth they would attend the meetings of the Women's Literary, a goodly number came to the first meeting of the term '97, in the Students' Union, on Saturday evening, Jan. 9th. They were not disappointed, for the meeting was a good one. The Vice-President, Miss Scott, after calling the meeting to order, asked the worthy secretary to read the minutes. There was, strange to say, no business to be discussed, and Miss Lapatnikoff, '99, gave the first number of the programme—a piano solo. The encore was not appreciated, for Miss Lapatnikoff did not respond to it. Miss Mullins, '98, recited in a very impressive way, "King Robert of Sicily." Miss G. H. Hunter read a comprehensive Literary Report of the last month. Just here a discussion was going on at the back of the room by representatives of '99 and '00 over some letters of the alphabet. I heard a good many O's, but I think the subject was a T. This must have been settled satisfactorily, for, when Misses Bapty, Webb, Roseburgh and Wegg arose to sing, the noise ceased. Miss Hamilton, B.A., read a Political Report, which was listened to very attentively. Miss F. Turner concluded the first part of the programme by a piano solo. A debate followed, on the subject: Re-

solved, that *Energy* has done more for the world than *Ability*. *Energy* was upheld by Miss Preston '99, and ability by Miss Hughes '00. Impromptu speeches were made supporting Miss Preston by Misses White, Benson and Andison, and, on the other side, by Misses Grant, Fleming and Mason. The century class won by one point.

Many graduates were present, among whom were Miss Hamilton, Miss Hillock, '95, Miss Laird, '96, and Miss Millar, '96. A. W. P., '99, Cor. Sec.

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

There was no meeting of the Association on Thursday of last week. This week the meeting will be held on Friday at 5 o'clock, and will be addressed by Mr. R. E. Lewis, Travelling Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement.

Sunday, Jan. 17th, is the Day of Prayer for Colleges. At 3.30 o'clock, a special meeting will be held in Y.M.C.A. Hall, at which it is expected that Mr. Lewis will speak. Let every student plan in advance to attend this meeting. The Bible classes which have been resumed, will meet earlier than usual; that of the first year at 2.15 and the one for the senior years at 2.30.

The Mission Study class has just finished a study of Missionary Biography. The lives of Mackay of Uganda, Alexander Duff, Dr. Kenneth McKenzie and Adoniram Judson have been full, not only of interest, but of inspiration for the men who have studied them. The study of Missionary History is now to be taken up for a few weeks, and no more favorable time could be found for new men to join the class.

The morning prayer-meetings are going on again as usual. Topic cards may be had at the office.

A joint reunion of the members of the Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A. was held last evening. An account of this will be given next week.

The monthly meeting of the Student Volunteer Union of Toronto will be held on Saturday, Jan. 16th, at 4.30 o'clock. Dr. A. B. Leonard, of New York, and Mr. R. E. Lewis, of Boston, will speak.

We would refer our readers to the announcement in the corridors of a series of three lectures on voice culture, by Mr. E. A. Hayes, an eminent New York teacher of vocal science. Two of these will be given in the Students' Union, next Monday evening and Tuesday afternoon, under the patronage of the Glee Club, to the conductor of which organization, Mr. W. H. Robinson, we are indebted for what will certainly be most profitable addresses.



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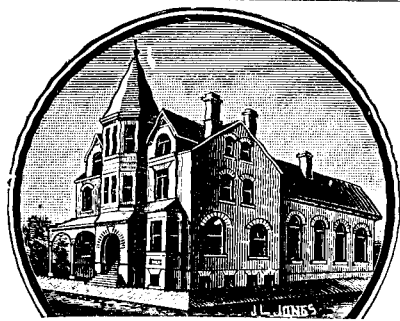
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## MEDIÆVAL LIFE IN GERMANY.

The above is the title of the public lecture delivered recently under the auspices of the Modern Language Club, by Prof. Vander Smissen, the Honorary President, in the Biological building. The lecture was illustrated by lime-light views, and the fair-sized audience present was delighted for the hour and a half, during which Prof. Vander Smissen sustained his high reputation as an interesting public lecturer.

The Middle Ages was a period characterized by courtesy, dignity and elegance of life. Not only on festive occasions did that love for display manifest itself, but, in the ordinary affairs of life, the great ladies were accustomed to wear their crown and coronets. There was no room among the upper classes for the boorish man, the *villain*, but the rules of etiquette were supreme. The spirit of chivalry, which was the natural accompaniment of such an age, showed itself either in the religious devotion, which culminated in the Crusades or in the quest of the knight for beautiful ladies. Too often it degenerated into mere sentimentality. The knight who would face every danger to show his devotion to a fair lady, often left his own wife and children at home starving. Yet examples are not wanting of noble self-sacrifice, of earnest devotion to a lofty ideal and of pure unselfish love, faithful unto death.

In Germany, in the Middle Ages, alongside of the decentralization of political life, was the centralization and authority of the ecclesiastical life. Service was the ideal of life. The individual was lost sight of in the struggle of society as a whole. The upper classes lived in the country. The duke built his castle on a high table-land, accessible only by a narrow path, which could easily be blocked against the invader. One of these fortified castles now exists as the Schlosz in Berlin, of which a picture was shown. The next illustration was that of the Wartburg, whose plan showed the Vorburg, the tilting yards, the chapel, the Hofburg, with its garden and cistern, the dungeon and the Kaminat, where the women lived, especially in the winter.

A picture of Martin Luther's room in the Wartburg, in which he had his encounter with the devil, was shown. The wall still showed traces of the ink-bottle, which Luther hurled at his adversary.

Next was shown a great hall, such as those in which the minstrels vied with each other in their performance at the banquets. These were uncomfortable rooms in winter. There were large open fire-places, but as window-glass was too scarce, the windows had to be boarded up in winter and the cracks stuffed with straw and rags to keep the cold out. Openings were cut in these boards and the

apertures covered with thin parchment. The best artificial light was from wax candles. Benches were arranged around the walls, while there were a few chairs which made your bones ache to look at them.

Prof. Vander Smissen then pointed out the mediæval character of the University building. The tower represented the same in the old castles, with its dungeon below; then there were the large halls. The eastern wing might be taken to represent the ladies' apartments; while the physical laboratory was like the kitchen, which was sometimes built as a round building, apart from the main structure. An illustration of the great fireplace in the hall of Frederick Barbarossa followed. A man of the Middle Ages in bed was the subject of the next view. The bedstead was handsomely carved, but the bed looked very uncomfortable, as it held the sleeper almost in a sitting posture. It was necessary to keep the head covered, on account of the cold, though a fire was kept going in the room.

How did people occupy their time in the Middle Ages? Boys were kept in the Kaminat until the age of seven. During this time they would play marbles, shoot birds or pummel each other, much like the boys of to-day. The end and aim of his education was to fit him for the court. Good manners were essential. Even at the age of ten he was taught to endure hunger, cold and fatigue. He served his apprenticeship at some distant court, under the supervision of some knight. He was trained in the use of arms in friendly encounters with blunt weapons, his first practical use of them being in the chase. Besides etiquette and bodily prowess, he received instruction in religion, music and languages, the Latin for religious, the French for secular purposes. Many of the men of the Middle Ages could neither read nor write, and a young man would often have to carry a love-letter around for perhaps ten days until he found a clerk who would read it and not divulge its secrets. Both sexes were taught singing and playing on the viol. The women were better educated than the men, most of them being able to read and write. The girls amused themselves in playing ball and sliding on the ice. Careful attention was given to their instruction in etiquette. They must not walk with long strides, nor sit with the knees crossed, nor address a gentleman first, nor talk with the mouth full, nor talk too much, which last admonition seemed to meet with the hearty approbation of the male members of the audience. The women were the tailors and weavers of the household. They were taught also to make simples, and dress wounds.

Dentistry in those days was relegated to the blacksmiths. Some half-dozen pictures of the costumes of the time were shown, as also one of a finger-bowl, so necessary in those days before forks were used. B.



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CORRIDOR CULLINGS.

Mr. C. D. Allin, '97, has been compelled to go south for the winter on account of ill-health.

J. J. Carrick, '97, has returned to complete his course, after sojourning in the Eastern States.

SOPH.—What do you know Century?

CENTURY (Mathematics)—Nothing—squared.

The management of the Cinematograph have arranged for a students' day next Saturday, at reduced prices. See posters in the corridor.

Messrs. A. W. Hendrick, '97, and D. D. Moshier, '96, were among the successful candidates at the recent exams. of the Ontario Normal College.

The Janitor will pay a reward of five dollars for information as to the thief who stole certain mail matter from his room during the Xmas vacation.

A meeting of the University of Toronto Baseball Club will be held in the

Gymnasium, on Thursday, Jan. 14th, at 4.30 o'clock, for the election of officers and other business.

The annual meeting of the Athletic Association will be held in the Students' Union, a week from Friday, at 4.30 p.m. The Association is particularly active this winter, as is evidenced in the construction of the fine hockey rink on the campus.

The following is the complimentary way in which the Chicago University Weekly refers to a coming football match with the University of Michigan:

"Hark!  
Hark!  
The dogs do bark.  
Ann Arbor is coming to town.  
Some with flags,  
And some with j-gs,  
And some to be done up brown!"

Mr. T. A. Colclough, '97, familiarly known as "Tommy," has accepted a position on the staff of the Stratford Beacon. The VARSITY congratulates our genial friend on his appointment, and wishes him an abundance of prosperity, though his presence will be much

missed by a large number of undergraduates.

Remember Bengough's Concert under the auspices of Varsity Y. M. C. A., in Association Hall, on Tuesday, 19th inst. As usual, it will consist of chalk-talks and verse. A special poem is being prepared regarding the Rugby Club, and a number of sketches of special academic interest will be given. Tickets at Y. M. C. A.

Evidence of the success of the graduates of our University, in the various fields of activity in which they are engaged, is constantly being brought to our notice. We copy the following from the Cornwall Local, published at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, N. Y. Mr. Cram is a graduate of 1894. "On Tuesday, the students of the New York Military Academy presented a handsome pocketbook, containing twenty dollars in gold, to Mr. G. LaFayette Cram, B.A., the professor of French and German. The latter, to whose popularity the gift bears testimony, will leave about Christmas to assume his duties as master in French at the celebrated Woodbridge school, Madison avenue, New York city."

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Mr. Percival's second SHORT AND CLASS will commence early in January. Students intending to join are requested to leave their names with the Registrar. Terms to students nominal.

Although the first course has yet two lessons to run, several of the students at the last lesson took down letters from dictation, and re-read them with facility, at the rate of nearly 60 words per minute.

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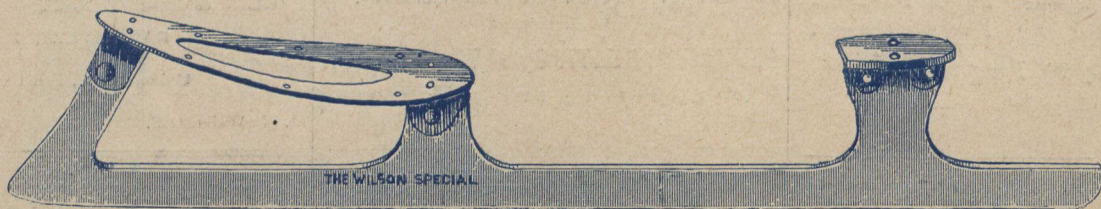
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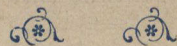
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