

# ROUGE ET NOIR.

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Vol. V.

TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO, MARCH, 1884.

No. 4.

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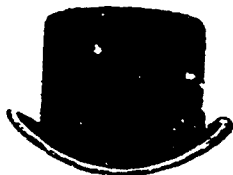
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# ROUGE ET NOIR.

## A TRIP TO VESUVIUS.

Never shall I forget my first glimpse of Vesuvius. We had left far behind us Rome, ancient and yet modern—the former appellation amply justified by its ruins, the latter by its American hotels and modern luxuries—and were rapidly nearing the world-renowned Naples, though not, in the words of the Italian proverb, with the intention to “see Naples and die.” Suddenly we beheld a red light in the sky, which we at once pronounced to be the moon. How often, I wonder, has a fire been taken for the moon, and *vice versa!* by those who are ignorant or forgetful of the times and seasons! But on our recollecting that about this time the moon was shedding its rays somewhere on the other side of the horizon we were forced to the conclusion that this ball of fire, looking so weird in the darkness of the night, was none other than the breath of the far-famed “Vesuvius.” After arriving at our hotel we gazed from the balcony for some time, before retiring for the night, at the strange appearance, and solemn feelings crept over us. How could we go to sleep with that mountain breathing fire in such close proximity to us? Ever and anon the red light would slowly die away and then suddenly reappear. It looked like some danger signal hung up in the sky, and danger signal it was, as but three or four short weeks afterwards the terrible disaster at Ischia testified—warning the inhabitants of the neighboring country that they were living over a fiery furnace. From that time we could never day or night lose sight of the burning mountain; it was always present to us, in the daytime as a cloud of smoke, and at night as a ball of fire, though we were told the red appearance was but the reflection of the internal fire and not actual flame. We could then realize in some slight degree the awe which must have possessed the Israelites of old. Of course we could not leave Naples without paying a visit to Vesuvius. As we had gazed on Pompeii, we must needs see the originator of such destruction. It being the month of July, about the worst season of the year for such a trip, our guide advised us to visit the volcano as early in the day as possible to avoid the mid-day sun. After appointing a day for the trip, the night previous thereto we retired early, but not to sleep. There are things which produce sleeplessness which are not included under the head “Insomnia,” and for which Naples is almost as famous

as it is for beggars. So after a restless night we left the hotel at 4 a.m., without breakfast, to make the ascent. As I gazed upon the comfortable carriage drawn by three iron grey horses (abreast)—powerful and eager for the fray—I could not help thinking what an interesting turn-out this would be for King Street, Toronto. Our coachman was a short and sturdy Italian; our guide large, broad shouldered and smiling. It was a beautiful morning; everything seemed propitious as we prepared to “do” Vesuvius. The driver cracked his long whip and off we went. Though the hour was early the streets were well filled with people of all classes, but principally those from the country who were coming to market. We met numbers of comical little mules harnessed snugly to little carts, piled high with garden produce, on the top of which were men and women folk in such numbers one would think the little mules would be crushed beneath their loads, but they seemed well used to the Neapolitan lash and burdens, and trotted along in perfect contentment. Here we saw in sweet (?) profusion the Lazzaroni—men with arms, men without them; deaf dumb, lame, halt and blind; impotent and impertinent; impecunious and importunate. Though almost destitute of clothing they were each and all provided with a hat, and though the air was a little chilly, yet polite to the last degree they approached us hat in hand. They seemed in no way disconcerted if we refused to accede to their demands, but calmly turned away to await the coming of the next passer-by. We found the most expeditious way of getting rid of them was by haranguing them with the Queen’s English, to which they responded in native Italian, probably Neapolitan profanity, which passed harmlessly over our heads. We, though going at a good speed, occupied an hour and a half in getting out of Naples, but there was so much to be seen on every side, every phase of Neapolitan life being represented, that the time passed very quickly. Finally we drew to the foot of the burning monster, majestic in the stillness, looming far above us, and began the ascent. The road was, of course, a winding one, and we doubled on our tracks continually as we steadily mounted higher. It seemed a very short distance we had to traverse, yet we went on and on and did not lessen it perceptibly, but the grandeur of the piles of lava scattered far and wide around us gave us ample food for reflection though it did not serve to allay the pangs of hunger which were

beginning to creep upon us. The driver urged on his horses at full speed, interspersing the almost continuous cracking of his long whip with an occasional "ah! ah!" We who had been accustomed to see horses walk pantingly up a hill, be it ever so slight, remonstrated with him for his seeming cruelty. He smiled, with a look of superior knowledge and informed us that were they to stop it would take the force of Vesuvius itself to urge them on again, or words to that effect. To our dismay we afterwards were enabled to substantiate this statement and ascertain that he spoke the truth. As we passed onward and upward we began to see traces of the devastation that Vesuvius had wrought in its day. It must have been no small labour to build the road we were travelling on, although one would suppose that after the lesson the then dwellers near this fiery font learned in A. D. 79, few persons would care to risk their lives and property by building dwellings in this vicinity, yet we found even the sides of the mountain were not altogether destitute of houses. Suddenly as though from the bowels of the earth a mountaineer joined us. He was hatless and shoeless, and his clothes were in rags. From the absence of hat we were confident that he could not be a beggar. He seemed to emerge from under the carriage, and on looking behind it we discovered that he had found his shoes so heavy that he had transferred them to the axle of our carriage. Vast masses of lava lay around us on every side. Some looked as though they had suddenly cooled whilst boiling most fervently and one could almost detect the bubbles still in them. Others looked as though they had been hurled from the top of Vesuvius and broken into thousands of pieces. All showed traces of a mighty destruction having taken place. The top of Vesuvius looked so near one felt like walking up to it, yet we went on and on, for a time at least, and it seemed to draw no nearer. The air became filled with a delicious odour, which we found proceeded from clusters of yellow flowers that grew in abundance even in his wild spot. Our friend the mountaineer seemed to perceive our appreciation of it, for he at once came forward with bunches of flowers and threw them into the carriage. We were astonished that he did not demand money for this service, and we still were convinced he was in no way related to the Lazzaroni, but had a soul above such trifles as lira and centesimi. Whether it was the additional weight of our mountaineer's shoes—some shoes are large and heavy—or a general fit of "pure cussedness" I know not, but suddenly as though by mutual consent our steeds came to a standstill and refused to proceed further. Imagine our position, half-way up Vesuvius, three baulky horses, plenty of Italian profanity, and empty stomachs. In vain our guide and driver "ah'd" and "ah'd" but all to no purpose. It was a case of "get out and shove;" "shoulders to the wheels." Our mountaineer worked with a will. Traces broke, harness snapped, but still the brutes would not go on. We were joined by several other mountaineers who

assisted. As the road was narrow and built over the lava which rose above us on one side and formed steeps on the other the aspect of affairs was decidedly dangerous. Finally we all left the carriage and climbed on the rocks of lava, leaving our Neapolitan steeds to prance, rear, or back, just as they pleased. The driver used his lash with great celerity, but we remained an hour in or about the same spot. Finally with as much suddenness as they had stopped, after our harness had been nearly torn to shreds and just as we had decided to return to Naples, the brutes started off on the full gallop and we had to toil for some distance to overtake them. Sighs of relief passed freely amongst us when we re-entered our carriage. After ascending for some time in continued terror lest the trio should abruptly come to a standstill again we reached the foot of the cone and entered the waiting and dining room there without needing special invitations, as it was now nine o'clock and the inclined railway in which we were to surmount the cone and peep into the depths of Vesuvius did not send up a car till ten, we had an opportunity of refreshing ourselves. We called for breakfast. Like the usual continental breakfast this consisted of coffee and two rolls. When we who are accustomed to Canadian breakfasts had partaken of this frugal fare, we felt by no means satisfied but called for lunch or "dejeuner a la fourchette." These two meals had the effect of calming our ravenous appetites, and we prepared to ascend the cone. From this position we had a magnificent view of the surrounding country, of Naples with its beautiful bay and the islands adjacent, but this was nothing in comparison with what was yet in store for us. To one standing at the foot of the cone and looking up, the railroad seemed almost perpendicular, and those of us who are prone to be giddy shuddered at the prospect of being hung between earth and heaven half-way up a precipice. The car which was drawn up by a wire rope worked by a stationary engine at the foot of the cone, was like the carriages on the Rhigi Railroad, so constructed that we always occupied a horizontal seat, or one nearly so. When we entered the car we were followed by about eight rough looking Italians whose object in ascending we were at a loss to imagine. They chattered incessantly and with such animated gesticulation we were exceedingly anxious to have their conversation explained to us, which our guide did, and to our disgust we found it was all about a poor stray bird some one had seen and they were expressing their sorrow they had not brought a gun to shoot it. After some delay we began to ascend and our view of the surrounding country was simply beyond description. Our position, to our surprise, produced not the slightest giddiness on any of us. Even here nature has been supplemented by art and science. At intervals we came upon electric lamps suspended from long poles, which must give a strange effect at night time. The Queens of Italy and Portugal who had paid Vesuvius a visit a short time before this made the ascent at night

and viewed it in all the splendour that science could lend (if any) to nature. On arriving at the end of the railway we found we had some distance to go on foot, and as this was upwards through ashes and broken lava we discovered the reason of the companionship forced upon us. We found ourselves in the midst of a number of guides armed with sedan chairs, our *compagnons de voyage* having become transformed into men acting in this capacity and seemingly very eager to carry us to the top. Only two of us however determined to mount higher, and that on foot. But we felt rather anxious about leaving the rest of our party alone in the hands of these Italians who had a brigand-like appearance to us timorous mortals. Two of the guides however went on with us evidently bound like ourselves to "see this thing out." Soon we discovered their object in so doing. When our showing symptoms of fatigue they presented the ends of belts to us and wished to draw us up. We steadily refused all aid however and mounted by our own individual exertions alone. On reaching the summit we were again handed over to another special guide whose duty it was to conduct us as near as possible to the mouth of the crater. And here the full consciousness of our situation came upon us. Fumes of sulphur poured out from the crust of lava on which we stood, and at times we could see the raging fire beneath us. Still to our astonishment we felt no fear and gazed on the spectacle with perfect calmness. We reassured ourselves with the thought that an eruption could not possibly happen that day. Around us we saw scattered traces of the late queenly visit in the shape of shells of the eggs which their majesties had graciously condescended to cook and eat while situated here between earth and heaven, as though the sulphurous fumes were not sufficient, adding the sulphur contained in the eggs to their royal constitutions, and the ground felt so hot one could almost have broiled a steak. The mountain was unusually active that day, and every minute there was a tremendous explosion almost at our feet, followed by a great upheaval of matter which when first seen was red hot. Once we ventured so near that we were in danger of being struck by the falling stones, and when I saw my guide quit the spot in a hurry I needed no second intimation to follow close at his heels. One guide more venturesome than the rest rushed just after a shower of missiles, pushed a coin with the end of his stick into a still soft piece of lava and brought it to me firmly imbedded and very hot, which trophy I was induced to purchase and still possess. A lady told me since of a cousin of hers who has visited Vesuvius and had actually approached so near to the crater that a piece of lava dropped into his pocket and was burning a hole in it when he discovered it and took it out. My own experience prompts me to say, this must have been a trick of his guide; for had a piece of lava found its way into his pocket fresh from the bowels of the earth it would have burnt its way through so quickly that he would not have known it at all, unless it

had happened to strike his foot in the descent. The impression made upon us by our visit will never be effaced. It was with a feeling of relief, however, we returned again to our party and found them look as well and hearty. On our return to the bottom of the cone we found our sturdy mountaineer, and feeling inclined to reward him pecuniarily for the assistance he had rendered us did so. This made him all the more attentive. He blackened our boots and I believe would have cut our hair or performed any other service for us to gain additional coin, but we, after giving him a share of our beer, quitted the spot. He followed the carriage as we descended, holding out his hand. Then he would leap from crag to crag, as it were, of lava, and meet us when we got lower in the road, and the last we saw of him was gazing down at us as though his passion for lira and centesimi could never be satisfied. We came to the conclusion he might be a distant relative of the lazzaroni after all. Our return to Naples was accomplished in safety though we had an opportunity of experiencing the terrific heat of the sun before reaching our hotel. Once there we gladly refreshed ourselves by returning to our respective couches.

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#### CHARLES KINGSLEY.

There have been and are, men whose lives and characters we never grow weary of studying; whose works and words are always an inspiration to us, and of whom only to think for an instant is strength and courage renewed in dark hours. Very few, however, are they whose memories act thus in any degree upon us, and in no case has the admiration and love excited been universal. Thus, while to one party in the state, a Sir John Macdonald is a noble patriot—a man almost to be worshipped—to the other he is merely a man of great strategic powers in political matters; a cunning and unscrupulous statesman, and no language short of libel can be unjustly applied to him. Julius Cæsar was devoted to the interests of the Republic, or aimed at its destruction. The Pope, again, is Antichrist, and to be execrated, or he is the Supreme Head of the Church of God upon earth, Infallible, and to be held in deepest reverence. And so with the name that heads this article. Some there are who see little to esteem in Charles Kingsley, a fact hard of belief to his admirers, who doubtless—at all events amongst those of his communion—are the more numerous party, and to which we confess ourselves at once, most decidedly to belong, for surely there are few, who having read either his life or his works, will deny him the name of "a great man," and it is to be hoped that none will deny he was "a good man." Great and good—proud terms applied only singly, but bestowed together on one man, we instantly desire to know more of the subject, if perchance we may from the knowledge gained thereof, feel ourselves raised thereby to higher and nobler aspirations in our life's pursuits.

Charles Kingsley was born at Holne Vicarage, in Devonshire; but when about five years of age, his parents removed to Barnack, in the Diocese of Peterborough, and six years later returned to Devonshire,—to the charming village, Clovelly. It was here that remarkable love of nature sprang up within him; excited by the beauty of the surrounding country, the rocky sea-coast, the restless, ever-changing waters, with their—to him—romantic novelties and wonders, the sturdy Devon fishers were, as he himself said, "The inspiration of his life." The truth of this is self-evident to the reader of his great historical romance—"Westward Ho;" as also of that hardly less interesting work, "Two Years Ago." Yet he could appreciate fully every kind of scenery, and even the somewhat uninteresting Fens have been rendered highly romantic by his "Hereward the Wake."

In 1832 we find him at Helston Grammar School, where he made a great and lasting friendship with Richard Powles, and from an interesting letter of this latter, we learn that his taste for physical science greatly developed about this time. For classics and mathematics he then cared very little. In 1836, when his parents left Clovelly to live at Chelsea he became a day student at King's College, London, and in 1838 entered Magdalene College, Cambridge, and from the fact that he was head of his first year at that College, we conclude that he had given greater attention to his classical and mathematical studies than when at Helston. The most noteworthy feature of his university life is the terrible struggle he had with theological doubts. The cruel, cold iron of unbelief seems to have pierced his heart very deeply. His struggle with it must be full of interest to many, for certainly many can sympathize with him. Into the Slough of Despond he was plunged so deeply that once he did give up troubling his soul with harassing doubts. He threw up reading, and devoted himself to the numerous excitements which life at Cambridge offers. But he was destined for a noble work, and though the conflict within was stern and long, he came out of it victorious—a Christian in much more than name, and having been thus deep in the mire, he was able to sympathize and help all who felt honest difficulties. The joy with which he reached the termination of this crisis may best be expressed in his own language: "Saved," he cries, "from the wild pride, and darkling tempests of skepticism, and from the sensuality and dissipation into which my own rashness and vanity had hurried me.—Saved from a hunter's life on the prairies; from becoming a savage, and perhaps worse.—Saved from all this, and restored to my country and my God, and able to believe. And I do believe firmly and practically, as a subject of prayer, and a rule of every action of my life." And this strong faith he retained all his life, and it made him the man he was. Without it he might at most have been highly distinguished in the scientific world, though it is a question whether, in his case, the loss of God would not have destroyed much of his love of nature.

With it he became a benefactor to his race, and a very special blessing to many.

An amusing anecdote of his college days is worthy of insertion as showing characteristically the vein of humour which frequently cropped up throughout his life.

"One morning, during an examination, but one question remained of a paper on mechanics: 'Describe a common pump.' Of the internal machinery of a pump he was unable to render a scientific account; but of the outside his vivid imagination supplied a picture which his facile pencil soon transferred to paper. He drew a grand village pump *in the midst of a broad green*, and opposite, the porch of an ancient church. By the side of the pump stood the village beadle with uniform and baton. Around were women and children of all ages, shapes and dress, each carrying a crock, a jug, a bucket, or some vessel large or small. Around the pump itself was a huge chain, padlocked, and surrounded by a notice: 'This pump locked during divine service.' This Kingsley sent up to the examiners as his answer to the question." It is not on record whether he obtained marks for it; but it was so clever that the moderator of the year had it framed, and hung upon the wall of his room.

In his final examination he was in mathematics, senior optime, and obtained first-class honours in classics—a degree which, though good, might have been better had he worked steadily at the prescribed subjects throughout his course.

We will conclude the first part of this paper before considering his life-work after ordination, though, correctly speaking, the greater part of that life has to come. Perhaps the most important has been touched upon, for with most men, during the first twenty-three years, the bud of their life is formed; the remainder consists of the unfolding of the blossom in the various degrees of beauty or the reverse capable of being reached by them. Thus far we have seen Kingsley very early in life exhibiting a decided taste for natural science—a taste which, when developed, found him Fellow of the Linnæan Society. Later, harassed by doubts, his triumphant emancipation from them makes him once and for all a Christian, the result being a life devoted in everything he did, to the greater glory of God.

H. SYMONDS.

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The Blue Ribbon movement, in its most advanced form, is making rapid progress in College. A very flourishing Temperance Society has been formed, nineteen men having signed the pledge of total abstinence at the first meeting.

We regret to have to record the departure of Mr. Kenrick, M. A., he having been appointed to the curacy of St. Paul's Church, in St. John, New Brunswick. We congratulate him on his good fortune in obtaining so important a position, and wish him every success in his future career.



## Rouge et Noir.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF TRINITY COLLEGE. Contributions and literary matter of all kinds solicited from the Alumni and friends of the University.

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### TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO.

LENT TERM, 1884.

The Provost, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Starr will sail for England on the 26th. The main object of their visit will be to present to church people in England the claims of Trinity. We wish them a pleasant journey and every success in their laudable endeavors. Of this we do not despair considering the large amount raised by Bishop Strachan under circumstances of peculiar difficulty.

The Theological and Missionary Association held their first meeting on the 3rd inst, the Provost as president taking the chair. The Bishop and a large number of city clergy were present. The Provost delivered a very thoughtful opening address dealing with the ethical purposes of such an association, in the course of which he feelingly alluded to the great benefit that had been derived in Cambridge from one of a similar character. The Rev. Mr. Starr then followed with a very practical address, dealing with the peculiar needs of the Canadian church at the present time and the way to meet them. Rev. Prof. Clark followed on the same lines. The Bishop of Toronto then delivered the closing address in which he spoke of the needs of the mission field at the present moment, and expressed a hope that the Association might be the means of some one volunteering for the great missionary work in foreign lands. It is proposed to hold meetings every fortnight for the reading of papers on various subjects connected with church work and discussion upon them.

At the present moment there is a lull in the heated discussion on the University question, and consequently it is perhaps a favorable time for the presentation of ideas on the subject and for the suggestion of some middle course such as may find acceptance with both parties. There are one or two points which seem to have been generally admitted, and which will consequently form a basis for any future discussion on the subject. One of these is the necessity for this Province possessing a University fully equipped in every department; another that such University should be a thoroughly representative one, and to these may be added a further conclusion

which seems to be pretty generally received, viz.: that the people of Ontario as a whole do not consider the University of Toronto so representative in character as to be deserving of support from the State funds which, it must always be remembered, are the result of a general taxation; with the further natural conclusion that if the University in its present state does require assistance, its own graduates, who are numerous enough, as we have had very triumphantly pointed out by themselves, should put their hands in their pockets and supply the needs of their Alma Mater.

Is there any happy mean which will reconcile these two conflicting opinions. Of course the now proved statement that the other Universities of the Province are doing a very large share of its educational work must be admitted, and this entitles them to a voice in the matter. We think this much desired solution can be arrived at by a method which has, we believe, been regularly formulated and which seems in every way feasible, and this is University Federation, whereby each University at present existing should surrender its University rights to a central body while retaining all collegiate privileges and requirements; in short, forming a University on the exact model of those of the mother country. Such a course seems to us highly desirable. It would, in the first place, raise the standard of the Canadian degrees, not in actual value, but in general estimation—a degree granted by a large corporation being always more highly valued. In the next place it would much simplify matters. The time and labor now devoted in the various colleges to their work as Universities (we mean in reference to the governing body) could be devoted entirely to college needs, all questions relating to University matters being left to the central body. Of course such a step would tell most disadvantageously on institutions like ourselves that possess a somewhat superior standing by reason of their royal charter, but such difficulties could, we think, be easily overcome in consideration of the great benefits derived. It would be natural that the University of Toronto, from its state character and its central position, would form the nucleus of such a corporation, but it would be better that its name should be changed so as to deprive it of any merely local character. We trust that this matter will receive all the attention it deserves, and that some means may be devised whereby the sense of injustice arising from the granting of government support to what is merely a local institution may be obviated, and yet the cause of higher education advanced.

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### TRINITY MEDICAL NOTES.

The last lecture of session of 1883-4 was delivered in the school on Friday, the 14th inst. Dr. Geikie (at the request of the students) occupied his last lecture hour in an address on Medical Ethics. He most warmly and ably discussed the duties devolving on the future

## BOOK NOTICE.

career of the students as professional men, exhorting them to attend to their profession, and theirs alone; never by any chance to say anything in a sick room that might be employed to the detriment of a fellow-practitioner, and in all consultations to be most careful in giving opinion before the patient as to the propriety of the treatment of the physician in attendance; also never to make their visits obnoxious by their frequency, and yet to be ever guarded in their manner to their patient, allowing none to think himself or herself neglected. He also urged the propriety of being an abstainer from all habits odious to patients, and most enthusiastically condemned smoking and intemperance in any form. His lecture was of great benefit to appreciative students, and he was heartily cheered by the men, as he left the platform. Prior to his lecture the Rev. James Johnston presented, to the Dean and faculty, in behalf of the men, a collective picture, handsomely framed, of the graduating class of 1883-4, to which the Dean replied in appropriate terms.

Drs. Fulton and Temple, on the occasion of the last lecture of the session, also made short, appropriate addresses, urging the students to professional energy, and wishing them a happy and prosperous career. They were both heartily cheered on retiring.

The meeting for the election of officers for the Trinity Medical Literary and Scientific Society was held in the school on Saturday evening, the 15th ult. Evidently, from the number retaining their positions in connection with the committees, they have fulfilled their duties conscientiously and ably. Dr. Sheard was re-elected, as President; Mr. J. R. Logan, Vice-President, by acclamation (a most sensible election); Mr. F. H. Brennan, re-elected Sec.-Treasurer, by acclamation, giving evidence of his ability in that position; Dr. Teskey, Representative of Faculty on Committee; Mr. H. H. Hawley was elected as representative of the 4th year, Mr. Dickison, re-elected by acclamation as Committee Representative of 3rd year; Mr. J. Hoone, as Representative of 2nd year. Altogether the Society shows a most prosperous career during the session, and most favorable prospects for the next session.

Exam. is coming on on Monday, the 24th. Many anxious and weary-looking faces are seen amongst the students, and it is rarely the face of a student is seen outside his own sanctum.

Trinity School of Medicine is once more deserted and naught but the janitor remains as evidence of the number of inhabitants within the walls of that classic domain. Now all is quiet, to be awakened by the return of another session.

The Theological and Missionary Association seems to be doing a good work. So many applications for Sunday help are made that on that day the graduates' bench is seldom graced by any, and certainly not many occupants.

THE POEMS OF FREDERICK LOCKER. New York: White, Stokes & Allen.

Into the well got up volume before us are collected the various poems of Mr. Locker, which have appeared, from time to time, in the pages of various magazines, and have earned for their author an enviable reputation as one of the leaders of the school of society poets, if one may use the term, whose distinguishing characteristics are lightness and delicacy of touch in dealing with matters of every day life mostly in its fashionable aspect.

Comparisons are proverbially odious, but one cannot help making them at times, and one between Mr. Locker and Mr. Dobson is almost unavoidable. They both deal with the same class of subjects, and treat them much in the same manner, and each writer has his own circle of admirers who think him superior to his rival. A careful comparison of the volume before us with the "Old World Idylls" of Mr. Dobson, leads us unhesitatingly to award the superiority to the latter, not only in the wider range of his subjects and the deeper feeling he exhibits, but even on the ground of workmanship. Mr. Locker's command of verse forms seems limited in strong contrast with the versatility of Mr. Dobson, and we do not find throughout his volume, charming as it is, anything approaching in strength to several of the "Old World Idylls." There is no doubt, however, of the charms of Mr. Locker's verse, of its delicate grace, its perfect refinement, and a certain tenderness which might be called pathetic, occasionally rising to passion, as in the "Garden Idyll" and "Mabel." In fact, he has carried out with a very fair measure of success the rules he has laid down in some notes at the end of the volume for this class of poetry. "Light, lyrical verse should be short, elegant, refined and fanciful, not seldom distinguished by chastened sentiment, and often playful, and it should have one uniform and simple design. The tone should not be pitched high, and the language should be idiomatic, the rhythm crisp and sparkling, the rhyme frequent and never forced, while the entire poem should be marked by tasteful moderation, high finish and completeness; for however trivial the subject matter may be, indeed, rather in proportion to its triviality, subordination to the rules of composition and perfection of execution should be strictly enforced. Each piece cannot be expected to exhibit all these characteristics, but the qualities of brevity and buoyancy are essential."

Mr. Locker's careful attention to these conditions is apparent throughout the volume, perhaps in no poem more than in the half-humorous, half-pathetic one entitled,

## TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

Yes, here, once more a traveller,  
I find the Angel Inn,  
Where landlord, maids and serving men  
Receive me with a grin;

Surely, they can't remember me,  
My hair is gray and scanted;  
I'm changed, so changed since I was here—  
*O tempora mutantur!*

The Angel's not much altered since  
The happy month of June,  
That brought me here with Pamela  
To spend our honeymoon.  
Ah, me, I even recollect  
The shape of this decanter!—  
We've since been both much put about—  
*O tempora mutantur!*

Ay, there's the clock and looking-glass  
Reflecting me again;  
She would her love was very fair  
I see I'm very plain.  
And there's that daub of Prince Leeboo:  
T'was Pamela's fond banter  
To fancy it resembled me—  
*O tempora mutantur!*

The curtains have been dyed; but there,  
Unbroken, is the same,  
The very same cracked pane of glass  
On which I scratched her name.  
Yes, there's the tiny flourish still;  
It used to so enchant her  
To link two happy names in one—  
*O tempora mutantur!*

*What brought this pilgrim here and why  
Was Pamela away,  
It may be she had found her grave,  
Or he had found her gay,  
The fairest fide, the best of men,  
Have met with a supplanter;  
I wish that I could like this cry,  
O tempora mutantur!*

Space will not allow us to quote one of the longer poems called "Arcadia," one of the most playful and fanciful in the volume, but the first part of "Geraldine Green," entitled "The Serenade," is so charming and so illustrative of the best of Mr. Locker's uncommon gifts, that we quote it in full:

Light slumber is quitting  
The eyelids it prest;  
The fairies are flitting,  
Who charmed thee to rest.  
Where night dews are falling  
Now feeds the wild bee;  
The starling is calling,  
My darling, for thee.

The wavelets are crisper  
That thrill the shy fern;  
The leaves fondly whisper,  
"We wait thy return."  
Arise then, and hazy  
Distrust from thee fling,  
For sorrows that crazy  
To-morrows may bring.

A vague yearning snote us,  
But wake not to weep:  
My bark, love, shall float us  
Across the still deep,  
To isles where the lotus  
Erst lulled thee to sleep.

Sad to relate the young lady seems to have been insensible to the poet's feelings, for in the second part he records his wanderings on the sands at Worthing and writing her name on them, and how "She jilted the exile, did Geraldine G.":

They meet, but they never have spoken since that;  
He hopes she is happy—he knows she is fat;  
She wooed on the shore, now is wed in the Strand—  
And I, it was I wrote her name on the sand.

In "Vanity Fair" Mr. Locker presents us with the

deeper side of his verse. It is the old cry, "*vanitas vanitatum*," and we can trace beneath the humorous lines a lurking sadness that we all have such a taste for its gilded gingerbread; yet what is the good of repining.

Philosophy halts—wise counsels are vain,  
We go, we repent, we return there again;  
To-night you will certainly meet with us there—  
So come and be merry in Vanity Fair.

But in the poem entitled "Her Quiet Resting Place," there is a note of true pathos. The lonely grave in some quiet country churchyard.

No city smoke to stain the heather-bells;  
Sigh, gentle winds, around my lone love, sleeping:—  
She bore her burthen here, but now she dwells  
Where scorner never came, and none are weeping.

But such peace is not for the one who is left.

I could not die: He willed it otherwise;  
My lot is here, and sorrow, wearing older,  
Weighs down my heart, but does not fill the eyes—  
Even my friends may think that I am colder.

But when at times I steal away from these  
To find her grave, and pray to be forgiven;  
And when I watch beside her on my knees,  
I think I am a little nearer heaven.

But it is not often that Mr. Locker is in his graver moods; he does not aspire to be the mouthpiece of the sorrows or struggles of life; if he were to characterize himself it would most likely be in the words of one of our greater poets, as "the idle singer of an empty day," one content to dwell rather on the sunny side of life, or discourse in limpid rhyme of by-gone days, as he does in a very charming little poem "On An Old Muff," or when returning to the present he apostrophizes a young lady named Geraldine, who, we should imagine, is his daughter, in some delightful verses, of which the first two may be quoted.

#### GERALDINE.

A simple child has claims  
On your sentiment, her name's  
Geraldine.  
She's tender, but beware,  
She's frolicsome as fair—  
And fifteen.

She has gifts to grace allied,  
And each she has applied,  
And improved:  
She has bliss that lives and leans  
On loving,—ah, that means  
She is loved.

Geraldine comes before us again in an address to "My Mistress' Boots," perhaps one of the best examples in the work of Mr. Locker's most dainty and graceful vein, and as such we cannot forbear from quoting it entire:

#### MY MISTRESS' BOOTS.

They nearly strike me dumb  
I tremble when they come  
Pit-a-pat;  
This palpitation means  
These boots are Geraldine's—  
Think of that.

O, where did hunter win  
So delicate a skin  
For her feet?  
You lucky little kid,  
You perish'd, so you did,  
For my sweet.

The fairy stitching gleams  
On the sides and in the seams,  
And it shows

The Pixies were the wags  
Who tipt these funny tags,  
And these toes.

What soles to charm an elf?  
Had Crusoe, sick of self  
Chanced to view  
One printed near the tide,  
O, how hard he would have tried  
For the two!

For Gerry's debonair  
And innocent and fair  
As a rose;  
She's an angel in a frock,  
With a fascinating cock  
To her nose.

The simpletons who squeeze  
Their extremities to please  
Mandarins,  
Would positively flinch  
From venturing to pinch  
Geraldine's.

Cinderella's *lefts* and *rights*  
To Geraldine's were *frights*;  
And I trow,  
The damsel, deftly shod,  
Has dutifully trod  
Until now.

Come, Gerry, since it suits,  
Such a pretty puss (in boots)  
These to don,  
Set this dainty hand awhile  
On my shoulder, dear, and I'll  
Put them on.

But if the poet here shows us his daintiest touches, in the "Advice to a Poet," he seems to hint at a desire for worthier subjects, and in this poem we seem to be conscious of a reserve of power awaiting only the fitting moment to be called into action. We quote the last verse.

Oh, for the poet voice that swells  
To lofty truths or noble curses—  
I only wear the cap and bells  
And yet some tears are in my verses.  
I softly trill my sparrow reed,  
Pleased if but one should like the twitter;  
Humbly I lay it down to heed  
A music or a minstrel fitter.

In the short poem entitled "The Garden Idyll," Mr. Locker rises to the highest pitch to which he attains throughout the book. The last two verses, which we subjoin, have the true ring of passion in them.

For a glad song came from the milking shed,  
On a wind of that summer south,  
And the green was golden above her head,  
And a sunbeam kissed her mouth:  
Sweet were the lips where that sunbeam dwelt—  
And the wings of time were fleet  
As I gazed; and neither spoke, for we felt  
Life was so sweet!

And the odorous times were dim above,  
As we leant on a drooping bough;  
And the darkling air was a breath of love,  
And a witching thrush sang "Now,"  
For the sun dropt low, and the twilight grew  
As we listened, and sighed, and leant—  
That day was the sweetest day—and we knew  
What the sweetness meant.

In our opinion there is only one other poem in the book that has a ring approaching these exquisite verses, and that is the one addressed to "Mabel," and entitled "At Her Window." Space will not allow us to quote the whole of this really lovely poem, but we give three verses.

Is she nested? Does she kneel  
In the twilight stilly;  
Lily-clad from throat to heel,  
She, my virgin lily?

Let this friendly pebble plead  
At her flowery grating.  
If she hear me will she heed?  
Mabel, I am waiting.

Sing thy song, thou trained thrush,  
Pipe thy best, thy clearest.—  
Hush, her lattice moves, O hush—  
Dearest Mabel! dearest.

We could go on quoting, but we have already far exceeded our space, still we cannot forbear adding the first and last verses of a charming love-letter. The poem is entitled "A *Nice* Correspondent," and is addressed by a young lady to her absent fiance. It is so tender and charming that one conjures up the most enticing picture of the correspondent, and can hardly avoid falling in love with the creation of his own imagination.

The glow and the glory are plighted  
To darkness, for evening is come;  
The lamp in Glebe Cottage is lighted,  
The birds and the sheep bells are dumb.  
I'm alone at my casement for pappy  
Is summoned to dinner to Kew:  
I'm alone, dearest Fred, but I'm happy—  
I'm thinking of you.

Your whim is for frolic and fashion,  
Your taste is for letters and art;—  
This rhyme is the common-place passion  
That glows in a fond woman's heart.  
Lay it by in a dainty deposit  
For relics—we all have a few!  
Love, some day they'll print it, because it  
Was written to you.

And here we must conclude our very imperfect notice of this charming volume. Our aim has been, not to attempt any criticism, but by means of examples to show how delightful a poet Mr. Locker is. He may not be able to say of his work, "*Exegi monumentum ære perennius*," like the Roman poet, whom, in many ways, he resembles, but his work, though not aiming at the greatest heights, reaches the point at which it is aimed. It is genuine and so will doubtless outlive much other work with many more pretensions. In conclusion we can only say that we hope these short and necessarily imperfect quotations we have been able to give, may induce others to read a work that cannot fail to afford them pleasure. Any one possessing this volume and the "Old World Idylls" of Mr. Dobson, is sure of an intellectual treat of no mean character.

### COMMUNICATIONS.

#### MOSES FROM A ROLLING STONE.

(Continued.)

Before coming to Paris we had spent a fortnight in London, and the contrasts between the two capitals were to us as interesting as they were striking—true reflections, in many cases, of the national characteristics of their respective countries.

Here we are surrounded by crowds of short, plump, gesticulating Frenchmen—their little round faces spark-

ling with animation, as sallies of wit and wrathful denunciations follow each other in quick succession from that muchly-used aperture between their jet-black moustaches and short, pointed goatees. How strange it seems to think that only yesterday we were jostling the portly frame of stolid, matter-of-fact John Bull, with his easy and good-natured, but quiet and fixed air of self-importance, dignity and doggedness.

Then, on all sides, we see lofty, handsome edifices, frequently adorned with carving and sculpture, and possessing a fresh, cheerful look, the very counterpart of that foggy, undefined shade which hangs about the substantial but smoke begrimed buildings of London.

But there are other, and perhaps more striking, contrasts than these. After those narrow, irregular, and often dingy, London streets, what a relief it is to look down the broad, roomy thoroughfares of Paris, so tastefully and systematically laid out!

You feel this especially when standing in one of the great *Places*, which, by the way, form a leading feature in the plan of Paris. They are large, open spaces, in different parts of the city, from which, in many cases, streets radiate in all directions. The *Place de l'Etoile* is the chief instance of this. In its centre towers the largest triumphal arch erected in modern times, the great "*Arc de Triomphe*," 152 feet high and 138 feet wide, with its elaborate carving, commemorating Napoleon's campaign in Russia. The *Place* is circular, and from it diverge no less than twelve beautiful tree-lined avenues each affording a long and pleasing vista, terminating in some other *Place*, whence avenues again diverge. Stand in front of the great *Arc*, and the eye sweeps down the broad *Avenue des Champs Elysees*, with its four rows of trees, until a distant glimpse is obtained through the foliage of the lofty obelisk which stands in the centre of the *Place de la Concorde*. As we approach the latter we begin to see the gardens of the Tuilleries extending before us, and, further on still, another Napoleonic triumphal arch, adorning the square almost enclosed by the magnificent range of buildings which form the Louvre. We have now reached the river, near the point where it separates to form the *Ile de la Cite*. Walking along the *quai*, or esplanade for a short distance, we cross over to the island by one of those many beautiful bridges which span the Seine, and find ourselves under the high walls of the *Palais de Justice*, in the Riverside dungeons of which many notable prisoners have been confined. Entering the great hall we find it crowded with lawyers in gowns, bands, and square black hats, either walking about, or standing in groups waiting for their cases to come on. These are heard in the adjoining chambers before judges, behind whose seats hang crucifixes. We might rejoice at this sight as signifying a fitting recognition of religion by the State, did we not know (at least as far as our observation goes) that this recognition is of the most hollow and worthless description, implying little or no direct religious influence on any department of

public affairs. Close by the Law Courts stands the architectural gem of Paris, one of the most beautiful churches in the world. After a short pause in the crypt we ascend a spiral staircase, and feel almost overwhelmed with wonderment, and admiration, as the marvellous splendors of *La Sainte Chapelle* are suddenly unfolded to our gaze. At first we ascribe the inexpressible emotions which seize us entirely to the rich, gorgeous colors of the windows, which are so wonderfully blended that, bright as they are, they rather rest than dazzle the eye; but gradually we become sensible of the magic charm of the quiet and graceful elegance of the slender columns and pointed arches, and of the harmony between the colouring of the windows and of the walls. We linger as long as possible in a spot enchanted by the spells of almost perfected art, and even after taking an unwilling departure, return to obtain one more glimpse of artificial beauty, which we feel instinctively, we shall never, in this world, see equalled.

The sacred relics (supposed pieces of the cross and of the crown of thorns), as a shrine for which St. Louis intended the chapel, are now deposited in the Cathedral of Notre Dame. This huge edifice, though considered by good judges (we refer to the guide-book compilers), to be even superior in point of architecture to the *Sainte Chapelle*, we cannot admire as we should. The whole effect strikes us as heavy, dark and gloomy, and quite fails to awaken in us that peaceful and happy feeling of solemnity, which many English Cathedrals inspire, and it is with a feeling of relief that we find ourselves once more under the warm sun and bright, blue sky.

The fashionable church of Paris is that beautiful imitation of a Greek Temple, the *Madeleine*, which faces (in the distance) the *Place de la Concorde*.

We must not, however, tarry longer in the churches of Paris, beautiful as they are; and indeed we almost feel that, in taking a passing glance at two or three buildings of a different nature, we are imposing a severe strain on the patience of the indulgent reader. But we cannot leave Paris without a short visit to the *Bourse*. Before we reach the building (which is a heavy-looking specimen of Grecian design) we hear a loud murmur—but once inside, oh, what a tumultuous noise! Stand in the gallery and look down on the busy scene. The great hall is filled with a throng of excited men, talking, wrangling and gesticulating in the most violent and alarming fashion. In the centre a circular space is railed off, around which the more privileged stock-brokers stand, closely pressed by a crowd equally ardent and demonstrative. Looking down on this circle we can hardly catch a glimpse of the pavement below, so completely is the view obscured by high hats, flushed faces, strained necks and waving arms, with as much more of the body as the eager competitors can stretch over the railing in their intense vocal and muscular endeavours to raise or lower the price of stocks. To avoid a head-

ache we leave the bewildering scene, wondering much how rational-minded beings can conduct their most important affairs in such a way.

For lack of time we must pass by the *Opera*, with its magnificent staircase; that great gilt dome, under which lies the costly sarcophagus of Napoleon; and many more buildings of interest and note, and hasten to bring to a close these few imperfect glimpses of Paris, with a short reference to its numerous educational establishments. It is evident that the Government are making most strenuous efforts to instil into the minds of their subjects the principles of science, philosophy and art. We see this, not only in the schools and colleges, but in the six great public libraries, in the world-renowned museums and art galleries, and in the free lectures regularly given at these and other public buildings. We find the principle which underlies the establishment of all these means of education in the simple inscription on the label attached to a small plant in the *Jardin des Plantes*—"Pour l'Instruction Publique." France was formerly noted for the wholesale ignorance of her people. The Government are evidently determined to wipe off this stigma. But in adopting as a means an education purely secular, they may yet find to their cost—and when too late to amend—that they have been placing in the hands of unprincipled, irresponsible men, a sharp and dangerous weapon which may at any time be used with fatal effect to law, order and other supreme interests of the State.

J. C. D.

To the Editors of ROUGE ET NOIR:

SIRS,—I would say a few words on a subject which has frequently been discussed in your columns. During the whole of last year complaints were being made that the singing and music in general of our Chapel services was not up to the mark, and fell short of what it should be, and so on *ad infinitum* with grumblings. This year every means that could possibly be taken to remedy this state of affairs was made use of. New chant and hymn books were purchased which dispelled one of the chief grounds for fault-finding, and yet, in spite of all these efforts and inducements, no improvement was made in the music. And why? Simply because no interest is taken now, just as there was none last year, in the musical portion of the service by the men in college. If there were any sincere desire to have decent singing we would see a good turn out at the choir practices, but instead of that we have on average three or four present. As long as this apathy continues, so long will cheerless services and bad music be the result.

Yours, &c.,

MUSIC.

#### ABOUT COLLEGE.

Several energetic men have formed a mission in Seaton village, which is already in a flourishing state.

On Wednesdays and Fridays during Lent short services are held in Prof. Schneider's rooms at 10 o'clock, p. m.

The prospects of our cricket and lawn tennis clubs are promising for this year. Valuable additions to both have been made by the freshmen year, and all are eager to commence operations. We only await the permission of the weather.

Yes, the poor old Council is gone! 'Tis true, not altogether of their spontaneous free will, but yet they took a hint very kindly and went. The names of the gentlemen composing the new council are Mr. J. C. Davidson, B. A., President; Mr. C. H. Brent, Secretary; Mr. F. E. Farncomb, B. A., Treasurer; Mr. J. F. Dumble, Librarian; Mr. H. W. Church, Curator; Mr. N. F. Davidson, 1st Non-Official; Mr. H. Symonds, 2nd Non-Official.

Conspicuous, by its absence, is the name of the leader of the late Opposition. QUERY—Why did he so persistently refuse to take office? His modesty, probably, prompted him to do so.

It is dangerous to go into the L. W. C. alone and unarmed now-a-days; the array of weapons displayed there is something astounding—a broad sword, foils, single-sticks, &c. A late addition to the armory is a pair of crutches, which form dangerous implements in the hands of the modern Sampson who wields them. We would also warn unsuspecting and innocent mortals that there is something uncanny in the nature of the boots worn by the inhabitants (I refer to another virtue (?) besides their gigantic size), for one was seen not long since perched on a stove-pipe. How it got there has never been accounted for.

The first "Smoking Concert" given under the auspices of the "Apollo Club," came off with great *eclat* on the evening of Feb. 11th. The Divinity Lecture Room was used for the purpose and was tastefully arranged, while numerous easy chairs and lounges were scattered about. A number of vocal solos were given, and the club rendered several glees very creditably. Among others might be mentioned "The Bells of St. Michael's Tower," "Awake, My Love," and "Dulce Domum." The familiar, and ever welcome, faces of several graduates were to be seen whenever the cloud of smoke lifted sufficiently to permit of the exercise of the gift of vision.

The new Council of the Institute all but wrecked its youthful self on the perilous rocks of financial ruin. As it is the members have badly hurt their tender reputation by boldly launching out with a notice to the effect that they have *levied* a subscription of 75c. per man. Upon the perusal by the public of this (let us give it a mild name) cheeky imposition, we presume that a volume of abusive language per man was recorded in the books of fate against each individual who had fallen foul of this gentle appeal (?) to the purse and pocket. We wonder why the Secretary saw fit to change in the dark hours of night the wording of that notice so that on the following morning, in place of "levy" was to be read "would recommend the necessity." Be careful, young and weak-legged council, how you demean yourselves! The watchful and sinister eye of quondam Presidents and Secretaries is brooding over your actions! Ye are sitting under a sword suspended by a slighter thread than was that of Damocles! A mine more powerful than one of dynamite lies buried beneath your feet, ready to be sprung at a moment's notice! Enough, we would not intimidate your minds, but would have you beware!

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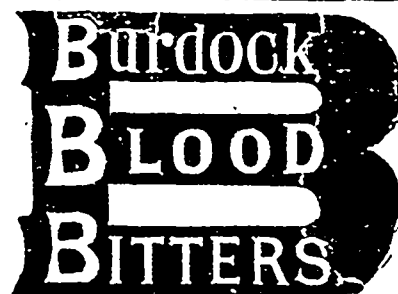
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