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## BALLADE OF THE LADIES OF YORE.

AFTER VILLON.

O tell me where or in what land  
Is Flora, Roman lady fair,  
The bright Archippiada, and  
Her cousin Thais, tell me where  
Is Echo, speaking through the air  
O'er river, lake or briny main—  
Supernal beauty was her share? . . .  
Do last year's snows return again?

Where is the hapless Heloise,  
For sake of whom wise Abelard  
Resigned his manhood, drained love's lees,  
Then dwelt behind the cloister's bar?  
And that queen who, too cruel far,  
Cast Buridan into the Seine—  
Tell me, I pray you, where they are. . . .  
Do last year's snows return again?

The queen who sang sweet melody,  
Whose loveliness was lily-white,  
Bertha Broadfoot, Biétris, Allys,  
And Harembourges, who ruled with might,  
And brave Joan, the maiden knight  
Whom English foemen burnt in vain—  
Where are they, Virgin, sovran hight? . . . .  
Do last year's snows return again?

*Envoy.*

Prince, do not ask this week or year  
In what strange clime they now remain,  
Lest this refrain still meet your ear:  
Do last year's snows return again?

FREDERICK DAVIDSON.

## THE CRUISE OF "THE BUGABOO."

*Come, all ye tender-hearted men,  
Wherever yez may be,  
And I'll tell yez of the dangers  
That are on the dark blue sea.*

I have called this tale "The Cruise of the Bugaboo," but our boat was not really called by that name. In fact, I believe she was christened the "Great Expectations"—probably because of the great things expected of her crew, or probably because of the great things we expected to do and see on our voyage. At any rate, for the purposes of this recital of facts—and I am nothing if not veracious—I shall always refer to our boat as "The Bugaboo."

Our boat was what is familiarly known as a "Pilot Boat," 22 feet long by 8 feet wide, and carrying—besides her crew and their provisions—a jib, a mainsail, and a "jigger." She was staunch and trim, and as for seaworthiness, was absolutely unsinkable. Therefore it was that, when the press-gang wen-

ded their noisy way through the peaceful street of the village of Pointe au Pic—a town situate, lying and being on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, some seventy miles more or less, as the lawyers say, from the city of Quebec—that I "consented" to join the crew that was to explore the river down as far as the famous Saguenay river. And I am free to confess that I never regretted my decision to become a member of the crew of "The Bugaboo"—for a pleasanter cruise I have never taken.

Our plan was to sail from Pointe au Pic to the Saguenay on the south shore of the river, and to return along the north shore. No time limit was fixed, but we expected to accomplish our purpose in a week's time. The distance there and back was about 75 miles, but we must have gone considerably over 100 miles in the five days that we took for the trip.

Our crew paraded on the morning of the 14th of August, and was composed as follows: An Admiral, a Commander, a Navigating Lieutenant, a Steward, a Master of the Sweeps, an Engineer, a Consignee (of the provisions), and an Able-Bodied-Seaman—in all eight souls, and as Cowper says:

. . . . . "All agog,  
To dash through thick and thin."

We left Pointe au Pic on Tuesday morning, the 14th of August, at 9 o'clock precisely, with a steady head-wind against us, accompanied by rain and mist, and with a strong presumption of being rendered "uneasy" by the motion of the ocean. The Steward succeeded, after the reception of numerous and costly "tips," in giving every passenger an outside cabin on the main deck, and some of the passengers immediately sought their seclusion for a short while, for the purpose, as they all declared, "of getting their things to rights." I have a shrewd suspicion that this was not the only reason, but I forbear to comment further on their action. But when, at eight bell, the gong sounded for luncheon, the first table was crowded by an eager and enthusiastic mob.

About half-past three, after having signalled several "ocean greyhounds"—pardon me, I was a reporter once—we neared the picturesque, but, as we subsequently found out, inaccessible town of St. André, on the south shore of the St. Lawrence, and opposite to the most westerly of the "Pilgrim Islands." Here we anchored, about three-quarters of a mile from land, and went ashore. After having accomplished this, we lit a fire, and, not to be outdone by such a display of caloric, the sun came out, affording us an abundant supply of much-needed light and warmth. After an unsuccessful attempt to reach the town, for the purpose of posting a letter, and, as the late C. J. Caesar says, in his interesting brochure on the history of the war in Britain: "*Causa predandi vastandique*"—for the purpose of foraging and laying waste—we returned to our boat and dined. Having done this, the Captain of the Sweeps