

unsavoury matter talked about—who shall call this recreation? If this is healthful recreation for men in their senses, then is thumb-twiddling good exercise for athletes in training. Art abounds, literature abounds, but tittle-tattle doth much more abound!

One thing only can be said, as far as I can see, in favour of our present system of fashionable pass-time—it brings young men and young women together. Next to an antidote to *ennui* this, I suppose, is the *raison d'être* of all social gatherings. Fathers and mothers have daughters whose recognized vocation in life is to seek eligible *partis*, and the fathers and mothers "entertain," and are "entertained" (save the mark) in order that the seeking daughters and the sought *partis* may have an opportunity of meeting each other. "Society" is the University of Matrimony\*; drawing-rooms (and stair-cases, and conservatories, and dim halls) are its lecture-rooms; hostesses and chaperones are its professors. In this "institution," under such teachers, the young woman does her best to appear. . . . as she would like to appear, and the young man does likewise. What *she* really is like the young man does not know. What *he* is like the all-too-astute young woman probably knew long before she registered as an undergraduate—came "out" *videlicet*.

However, banter apart, this coming together of young men and young women is the brightest side of this whole sad business. It is bright because it takes a very great deal to tarnish youth, beauty, health and strength. The coming-together of youth with youth is always poetical. How enchanting, how refiningly, ennoblingly enchanting is the presence of a young, good girl! George Stevenson was once asked by a lady who wished to draw him out on his favourite subject, steam, what was "the greatest power on earth!" "A woman's eyes," he gallantly answered, "for they will draw a man from one end of the world to another." Ah! I know a greater—a woman's heart, for it will draw a man from one world into another.

But how much of a woman's heart does our form of fashionable pass-time allow a man to see? A good deal of dress (considering the *tournure*) it allows him to see; something also of neck and shoulders; but her heart—no. Little, too, of her tastes (her milliner's taste is always apparent). There is nothing to call her tastes forth—except dance music, and jellied turkey, and oyster soup. Nothing at all of her feelings, her emotions, her sympathies. For how could he narrate a harrowing tale of poverty and suffering as he bows to his *vis à-vis* in the quadrille—or how could he describe a waterfall as he hands an ice—or discuss the relative merits of Tourguenieff and Heine as he collides with an awkward couple? No, the Professoriate in the University of Matrimony cares for none of these things. The students, poor things, must learn what they can by themselves. Let us hope that when they themselves grow up to be professors they will inaugurate a new system of fashionable pass-time. T. A. H.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### JUSTICE TO CANADIAN AUTHORS.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—There is at present running through a number of Canadian country papers a story entitled "A Thread of Life, or Sunshine and Shade," without the name of the author or any acknowledgment of any kind. This story is simply a reprint of Mr. Grant Allen's story "This Mortal Coil," which has been published as a serial in the pages of *Chambers' Journal*. I understand that the front page of these newspapers—story included—is a Toronto publisher's. I suppose there could scarcely be two opinions as to whether it is just to an author—and that author a Canadian by birth—thus to appropriate his work without even giving him credit for the authorship! It is no wonder if "Canadian literature" is overlooked, when a prominent Canadian author can be thus ignored by the very people who are profiting by his labours! If there is no check on this absolute appropriation of British copyrights, I think there ought to be. I believe the author has it in his power to levy a certain tribute on each copy of his works imported into Canada, and, if the above practice should be continued, he may possibly do so. FIDELIS.

### METHODS OF M'GILL.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—In reference to my communication on "Methods of McGill," which appeared in a recent issue of THE WEEK, I desire to inform Mr. George Hague that it was in no sense intended as part of a "correspondence" with him. I may be an "unknown individual," but my utter insignificance is not devoid of a self-respect which should restrain me from associating even my *nom de plume* with the name of a man who could act as he has done, and who could perpetrate the letter he has published on this question.

I did not append my name to my communication because I believed that I spoke officially and responsibly, representing the interests of common justice and not my own; and because I believed that my statement required nothing beyond its inherent authenticity. And I decline to accept Mr. Hague's challenge to reveal my name now, for the same reasons, and also because I consider that neither my name nor his can alter the facts. I have not the honour of Mr. Hague's acquaintance, but I happen to know the circumstances of this case from beginning to end, perhaps more intimately than may be convenient for him to learn. I need not surmise what may have been his intention in his first, and now in, his

second letter, in speaking "unofficially," and only "on his own responsibility," but I believe that either he has spoken officially as a governor or that he has had no right to speak at all. In an important public question of this nature, George Hague as George Hague is simply on a level with his humble "unknown individual," but George Hague as a Governor of McGill University is responsible, in spite of himself, for his declarations, which are either official or they are nothing.

He has therefore undertaken officially to characterize my contributions to this question as (1) *misrepresentations*, (2) *slanderous innuendoes*, (3) *down-right falsehoods* and (4) *important suppressions*. It is no trifling matter, but a question which I believe has had no precedent in the history of the University, and is of vital importance not only to the University as a whole, but to the Principal and Governors individually as well as collectively, to the whole professoriate, not only in Arts, but in Law and Medicine, and to every graduate and under-graduate in Montreal and out of it. The only thing for me to do now is to call upon the Board on the one side and Dr. Clark Murray on the other to prove or disprove Mr. Hague's assertions by the publication of the correspondence which has passed between them. MEDICUS.

## LONDON SIGHTS IN 1837.

LET us, friend Eighty-seven, take a walk down the Strand on this fine April afternoon of thirty-seven. First, however, you must alter your dress a little. Put on this swallow-tail coat, with the high velvet collar—it is more becoming than the sporting coat in green bulging out over the hips; change your light tie and masher collar for this beautiful satin stock and this double breastpin; put on a velvet waistcoat and an underwaistcoat of cloth; thin Cossack trousers with straps will complete your costume; turn your shirt cuffs back outside the coat sleeve, carry your gloves in your hand, and take your cane. You are now, dear Eighty-seven, transformed into the dandy of fifty years ago, and will not excite any attention as we walk along the street.

We will start from Charing Cross and will walk towards the city. You cannot remember, Eighty-seven, the King's Mews that stood here on the site of Trafalgar Square. When it is completed, with the National Gallery on the north side, the monument and statue of Nelson, the fountains and statues that they talk about, there will be a very fine square. And we have certainly got rid of a group of mean and squalid streets to make room for the square. It is lucky that they have left Northumberland House, the last of the great palaces that once lined the Strand.

The Strand looks very much as it will in your time, though the shop fronts are not by any means so fine. There is no Charing Cross Station, or Northumberland Avenue; most of the shops have bow windows, and there is no plate glass, but instead, small panes such as you will only see here and there in your time. The people, however have a surprisingly different appearance. The ladies, because the east wind is cold, still keep to their fur tippets, their thick shawls, and have their necks wrapped round with boas, the ends of which hang down to their skirts, a fashion revived by yourself; their bonnets are remarkable structures, like an ornamental coal-scuttle of the Thirty-seven, not the Eighty-seven, period, and some of them are of surprising dimensions and decorated with an amazing profusion of ribbons and artificial flowers. Their sleeves are shaped like a leg of mutton; their shawls are like a dining-room carpet of the time—not like your dining-room carpet, Eighty-seven, but a carpet of flaunting colours, crimson and scarlet which would give you a headache. But the curls of the younger ladies are not without their charms, and their eyes are as bright as those of their grand-children, are they not?

Let us stand still awhile and watch the throng where the tide of life, as Johnson said, is the fullest.

Here comes, with a roll intended for a military swagger, the cheap dandy. I know not what he is by trade; he is too old for a medical student, not shabby enough for an attorney's clerk, and not respectable enough for a city clerk. Is it possible that he is a young gentleman of very small fortune which he is running through? He wears a tall hat broader at the top than at the bottom, he carries white thread gloves, sports a cane, has his trousers tightly strapped, wears a tremendously high stock, with a sham diamond pin, a coat with a velvet collar, and a double-breasted waistcoat. His right hand is stuck—it is an aggressive attitude—in his coat-tail pocket. The little old gentleman who follows him, in black shorts and white silk stockings, will be gone before your time; so will yonder still more ancient gentleman in powdered hair and pigtail, who walks slowly along. Pig-tails in your time will be clean forgotten, as well as black silk shorts.

Do you see that thin spare gentleman in the cloak, riding slowly along the street followed by a mounted servant? The people all take off their hats respectfully to him, and country-folk gaze upon him curiously. That is the Duke. There is only one Duke to the ordinary Briton. It is the Duke with the hook nose—the Iron Duke—the Duke of Wellington.

The new-fashioned cabriolet, with a seat at the side for the driver and a high hood for the fares, is light and swift, but it is not beautiful nor is it popular. The wheels are too high and the machine is too narrow. It is always upsetting and bringing its passengers to grief.

Here is one of the new police, with blue swallow tail coat tightly buttoned, and white trousers. They are reported to be mightily unpopular with the light-fingered gentry, with whose pursuits they are always interfering in a manner unknown to the ancient Charley.

Here comes a gentleman darkly and mysteriously clad in a fur-lined cloak, fastened at his neck by a brass buckle and falling to his feet, such a cloak as in your time will only be used to enwrap the villains in a burlesque. But here no one takes any notice of it. There goes a man who

\* How many take a post-graduate course?