

But on the last two roads are many dangerous places, where the traveller must beware of straying.

For turning too far to the right when leaving *Nouvelle Amitié* you will reach *Négligence* instead of *Grand Esprit*, and be lost in the Lac d'Indifférence before your mistake is discovered.

Similarly, by going too much to the left you arrive at *Indiscrétion* and *Perfidie*, and 'ere long find yourself on the rocky shores of the *Mer d'Inimitié*, where many goodly vessels are wrecked.

So these different roads make it plain that only he who has a hundred good qualities can expect to enjoy *une amitié tendre*; and that he who has only bad qualities can never have aught but hate and indifference. (I beg to explain here that *Tendre* seems to be a Platonic affection of a very cultured class. It is certain, as will be seen directly, that it was not intended for Love, for that is the Unknown Land which *Clélie* and her companions greatly dreaded. Further, it would be ridiculous to suppose that one with bad qualities only can never expect to excite that great passion, especially so in face of the old Italian proverb that "Every man can find a dog, a horse and a woman to love him.")

Then, too, this wise young lady, wishing to have it understood from this map that she had never loved, and never intended to have anything warmer than a friendly affection in her heart (we have met girls who always say they will be old maids), interposes la *Mer Dangereuse* between the last bounds of friendship and the country beyond called *Terres inconnues*.

But to translate more of the text is scarcely necessary, so I shall close this sketch with a word about the real *Carte de Tendre*, for there was one that passed from hand to hand among the *habitués* of Les Samedis, to whom it gave no little amusement, although it is said to have covered its author with ridicule. Many of the members of Mlle de Scudéry's talented coterie contributed to the *Gazette de Tendre*, a paper that professed to publish reports from the various towns on the *Carte de Tendre*. Here, for instance, is a report from *Grand Esprit*:—

"We are all anxious for the safety of an illustrious stranger, who, though he passed here some time ago, has not yet reached *Tendre*. All that is definitely known is that he made a short stay at *Folis Vers*, where he was well received; that he spent a night at *Sincérité*, and set out early the following morning for *Grand Cœur*. Some say that, leaving the road, he made his way across country to the *Rivière d'Inclination*, on which he embarked. Others assert that he crossed the river to *Petits Soins*, and pursued his journey to *Tendre sur Reconnaissance*. And a few fear lest he should have strayed to *Oubli* and thence to the *Lac d'Indifférence*."

Another pour *Constante Amitié*:—

"Since the death of the lovely and generous Elise, "we have seen here only the amiable Arpasic, the "wise Agélaste, and a man born on the sea-coast. "But we do not despair of seeing others, for we are "assured that many travellers have set out for the "*l'Empire de Tendre*."

Whether the *Carte de Tendre* did cover its author or authoress with ridicule, and whether Mlle de Scudéry and her companions at l'Hôtel de Rambouillet and Les Samedis were satirizing in Les *Précieuses Ridicules*, matters little to us now. The world has at last granted woman the place demanded for her by the authoress of "*Cyrus*" and *Clélie*; and how much we owe her who led the van of the vast army of female writers can hardly be estimated.

WYDOWN.

A WORD FROM O'GRADY.

We ain't with you, boys, this year,
But we hope your sky is clear,
An' we guess, though we ain't near,
McGill goes on the same.

Reckon, though we're not around,
That your merry voices sound,
An' the grass grows on the ground
Same's it used to do.

S'pose you got the same old set
O' professors round there yet,
An' the same old jokes they get
Off on you as us.

S'pose you sing the same old song
With the same old voices strong
Till you hear the same old gong
Kingin' in the prof.

S'pose collectors still appear,
Puttin' students on their ear,
S'pose the coast is seldom clear
From them craft at all.

S'pose the freshmen op'n their eyes,
S'pose the sophomores are wise,
S'pose the seniors heave big sighs,
Thinkin' of exams.

S'pose you got the same old gags
When the funny column lags,
An' pretty much the same old wags
As we used to know.

S'pose the same old crib and text
Goes from one year to the next
Till the student gets perplexed
At its marg'nal notes.

S'pose there's now 'n' again a crush
An' the note-books go to mush,
S'pose the dear Donalds blush,
Passin' through the hall.

S'pose you got a poet roun'
Jis as good as Cap'n Goun,
Singin' songs o' autumn brown
An' that sort o' thing.

V'N. GOUN.