

ation whenever and wherever the Association may decide, provided the arrangements are not all one-sided, as they are in this case. If they are defeated they will yield the championship gracefully and congratulate the victors.

→*POETRY.*←

A POEM THAT WALT WHITMAN NEVER PUBLISHED.

(We clip the following from the 'Varsity.)

THE following parody on Walt Whitman's "poems" is decidedly the best thing of its kind that we have seen for some time. It appears in *The fate of Mansfield Humphreys*, a novel by Richard Grant White, the well-known Shakesperian writer.

Mr. Washington Adams, who is being passed off at the residence of an English nobleman as a typical American, produces the piece out of his pocket as "one that Walt Whitman's never published yet; but I kerry it around," he says, "to read sorter b'tween whiles."

I happify myself.

I am considerable of a man. I am some. You are also some. We are considerable; they are all some.

Put all of you and all of me together and agitate our particles by rubbing us up into eternal smash, and we should still be some. No more than some, but no less.

Particularly some, some particularly; some in general, generally some; but always some, without mitigation distinctly some.

O eternal circles, O squares, O triangles, O hypotenususes, O centres, O circumferences, diameters, radiuses, arcs, sines, co-sines, tangents, parallelograms and parallelo-pipedons, O pipes that are not parallel, furnace pipes, sewer pipes, meerchaum pipes, briarwood pipes, clay pipes; O matches, O fire, and coal-scuttle and shovel and tongs and fender, and ashes, and dust and dirt!

O everything! O nothing!

O myself! O yourself!

O my eye!

I tell you the truth. Salut!

I am not to be bluffed off. No sir!

I am large, hairy, earthy, smell of the soil. am big in the shoulders, narrow in the flank, strong in the knees, and of an inquiring and communicative disposition.

Also instructive in my propensities; given to contemplation; and able to lift anything that is not too heavy.

Listen to me and I will do you good.

Loaf with me and I will do you better.

And if any man gets ahead of me he will find me after him.

Vale!

A PARTING WISH.

ON Venice, in a narrow court,
Far from disturbing hands,
Most graceful carved of Parian stone,
With moss and ivys overgrown,
An ancient sun-dial stands.

A perfect thing in form and use.
It seems; but in the stone,
Half hidden by the mosses dark,
One still may trace the words, "I mark
The sunny hours alone."

L'ENVOY.

In youth, in womanhood, in age,
Heaven grant thee, for thy part,
To have and hold as friends of thine
Those that bear not that fatal line
Half hidden in their heart.

BAN.

—Acta Columbiana.

FOR all that Freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportioned loads on each;
Hence, should One Order disproportioned grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.
O! then, how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires?
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast approaching danger warns;
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it Freedom when themselves are free,
Each wanton Judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law.

—GOLDSMITH.

THE STUDY AND PROFESSION OF MEDICINE.

PROFESSOR WATSON, in reply to the toast of "Queen's University," at the Medical Dinner, spoke as follows:—

I don't know that anything can make up for the horror of having to give an after-dinner speech—for my own part I always feel as the victims of the French Revolution must have felt as they were journeying in their tumbrils to the guillotine,—but if anything could atone for the bad quarter of an hour and more which one must go through in waiting for his time to come, it is the character of the toast to which I have been asked to respond. "Queen's University" is a name that never fails to call up enthusiasm in the breasts of her sons (applause). At her feet they have at least learned to know how little they know, they have fought for her and bled for her—in pocket if not in person—and they love her accordingly. I for one should be sorry to see her deprived of any of her Faculties. A University ought, in my estimation, to be the nursing mother of all the liberal arts, and no university can be called complete that has lost her head or has been amputated of her right arm. Theology and Medicine, as well as the Arts and Law, are essential to the completeness, symmetry and fair proportions of the body pedagogic. Some people may even think that our own university falls so far short of perfection, that her right arm, Medicine, and her left arm Law, do not grow naturally out of the trunk but are rather superficially attached to it, being not so much organs as appendages (laughter), and that a fuller tide of life would course through her veins were the union of head, trunk and limbs more intimate than it is. On that point it is not for me to express an opinion, but this I may say, that between the staff of the Royal College and the Senate of Queen's University there is, and has been, the utmost sympathy and cordiality of feeling (applause). Of the Medical professors we may say, in language that has now become classic: "We approve of them." (Laughter and applause). It is true that in the primeval ages, when as