

same class in Canada? Let us examine a few of our Canadian so-called 'Professors.' When the Princess Louise and suite first invaded this country, a kind and thoughtful individual, who knew the barbaric state of society in Canada, came here and gave himself out as a teacher in the high art of court etiquette. This savant was evidently well up in his subject. He published a book of 'Court Etiquette.' His first rule was,—Never, in the presence of royalty, eat with your knife; his second,—Never wipe your mouth with the table-cloth; and so they went on. After having thus shown to the world his indisputable proficiency in his department, he was appointed (we know not by whom) to a chair in his subject, and called Professor Fanning. To take a still more recent instance, who has not heard of the great and wise man who prophesied (?) that the stormy winds would blow on such and such a day? This person, who showed such a deplorable amount of ignorance about what he was uttering, was at once (we suppose a slight recognition by his many admiring and thankful fellow-creatures for his invaluable services) dubbed Professor—E. Stone Wiggins. And yet, in spite of his righteous claim to this title, what a revulsion is caused in the breasts of all in the coupling, under their mutual title, two such men as Professors Wiggins and—Wilson. Let us not dwell on such a painful subject. The title was, and still is, properly speaking, a mark of high literary or scientific learning, in spite of its assumption by some upstarts, who, in their attempt to make themselves great by the name they take, make themselves ridiculous and lower the standard of the title. In the third edition of the Britannica Encyclopedia, published in 1797, the term is thus tersely and well defined: 'A Professor is one who, in Universities, teaches or reads public lectures in some art or science from a chair appointed for that purpose.' This is undoubtedly the spirit of the time, and neither Mr. Wiggins, nor Mr. Fanning, nor any other such men, will be able to make it include those who adopt it, in the one case for notoriety and in the other for filthy lucre. We hope we shall in future hear less of this bombast, which has undoubtedly originated in America, and been wafted over both to our own shores and those of the mother country.

C.

HOW A POLISH GIRL PLAYED CHOPIN—ST. ONOFRIO AND TASSO—VILLA D'ESTE.

One balmy May evening a couple of young artists were lolling on the deserted terrace of the ancient convent of St. Onofrio beyond the Trastevere of Rome. They had wandered through the garden where the monks were lazily digging, or chatting under the oak planted by Tasso's hands, and now leaned over the marble parapet inhaling with delight the mingled fragrance from the gardens of the neighboring villas. The moon was rising over the Eternal City through the deep liquid blue of an Italian evening sky, and the sound of the D flat major nocturne of Chopin, exquisitely rendered, floated from a window below, a fitting accompaniment to the Italian gloaming, and 'dolce far niente.' As, with a longing chord, the sweet music melted away, one youth in amazement said to the other, 'That's not playing, Arthur, that's feeling! the player, whoever he is, has a warm heart for Chopin.' 'Truly,' answered he, 'but hark, the barcarole;' and both listened with bated breath to the yearning pathos of this master-piece of Chopin's genius as it sprang into life beneath the velvet touch of the invisible master—a living thing. 'By the spirit of Tasso, Arthur, that is perfection! We have never heard anything like that! who can it be? But hush;' and the player, seemingly carried away by the sound of a merry party with a harp in the gardens near by, dashed off with an electric vivacity into the fantastic Rondo, after Halévy, and the twinkling feet of Poland's beauties seemed to trip in every measure. Then gliding mazurka, dashing walse and rocking berceuse followed each other in rapid succession, the expression of the music and the performance changing with the spirit of the subject, from the stern to the merry, from the graceful to the ponderous. Now, after thundering the right royal octave polonaise, and rippling the delicate 'swan study'—evidently from memory and with practised ease and skill, the player struck the first chord of that wondrous 'Dead March' and 'finale' to the B minor sonata (which Rubinstein interpreted as the soul in its transition state), and the mournful chords rose and fell in measured sorrow, the very soul of Chopin seeming to breathe its melancholy remonstrance to fate. The player ceased, and only the rustling of the dark olives and cypresses, accompanied by the sleepy murmuring of a fountain hard by, were audible, whispering Nature's night song.

Frate Eusebius, the aged portiere of the convent, who was well known to the idlers, passing by at the moment was eagerly accosted by them: 'Good brother, could you tell us who lives in yonder apartments?' 'Oh, yes, sir,' answered the white-headed frate, 'has the Chopin surprised you as well? There lives a little Polish maiden of fifteen summers, and she has told me the story of my life more than once in sound. She is a wonder; is it not so?' 'Thank you, father. She is indeed. There now, Arthur, I had a secret certainty that only Polish blood could respond to Chopin's subtle demands on the imagination in such a manner, and see, I was right.'

Shortly afterwards the treat was repeated amidst the classic temples of Tivoli, in the Villa D'Este, and as the spirit of Tasso hovered over the former scene, so did the presence of Dante and Petrarch here seem to haunt the home of their former joys and sorrows. Among the group under the shadows of the oldest cypress trees in Italy, we saw the austere form of Cardinal Hohenlohe, the poetic head of Chopin's friend, Franz Liszt, the statesman-artist Von Kendall, and the convulsed features of a strange character—a Polish political exile, half obscured by the deep shade, as they sat on the stone bench in silence, listening to the music.

The thought struck one, there sits the proud Prince of the Church, the most successful artist of to-day, diplomacy and misery side by side, and music strikes a common chord in the bosom of each. The little enchantress, Marja Ma——ka, it turned out, was a pupil of Mikuli, the famed Chopin interpreter, and hailed from Moscow. But her's was a tender, sensitive nature which bloomed in sweetest fragrance in secret; with publicity and the crowd of silly flatterers, inspiration would have vanished, and her tender genius withered. The world will never know that maiden's name, but within that slender frame a genius dwells.

W. W. L.

UNIVERSITY NEWS.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

The 126th public debate was held last Friday evening in Convocation Hall. Professor Young occupied the chair with his usual acceptance. The attendance was very large. The Glee Club rendered several selections in excellent style. The concluding piece, a French Canadian song, '*En Roulant*,' in which M. Pernet took part, was especially well received. Mr. E. J. McIntyre read an essay on 'The Poetry of Dante.' He spoke of the antagonism of poetry and science, and the consequent decay of the epic, and how Dante's poetry, combining national and religious feeling, is the fittest expression of men's impulses in the past. Mr. Henderson then read 'The Battle of Inkerman.' In heroic pieces his power of expression and capacity for enlisting the sympathies of the audience appear to great advantage. A debate then followed on the subject, 'The Pursuit of Aesthetic Pleasure is Unfavorable to Moral Advancement.' Messrs. C. W. Gordon and H. E. Irwin appeared on behalf of the affirmative and Messrs. G. W. Holmes and W. P. McKenzie for the negative.

The affirmative defined Aestheticism as the love of the beautiful in nature and art. This view the negative were content to adopt. The affirmative argued that the pursuit of Aestheticism with a view to obtaining pleasure, led to moral retrogression. The negative contended that pleasure is the end aimed at by true artists; that love of pleasure is a part of our nature, and nature affords many opportunities for the gratification of this desire, and that this pleasure has in itself a tendency to produce noble deeds and actions. The Chairman summed up in a very explicit manner the arguments adduced by both sides, and declared in favor of the negative. After a hearty vote of thanks to Prof. Young, Mr. Acheson, the President, thanked the audience for the kindly interest they have always manifested in the Society.

NATURAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

This Association held its last ordinary meeting for the Session on Tuesday evening, March 13th.

A communication was read, in answer to the request of the Association, that the Board of Management of the School; would grant the use of a room in the building as a reading-room for members of the Association, stating that the request would be granted upon certain conditions. The Society at once agreed to the conditions, tendering to the Board the thanks of the Association, for its kindness in acceding to their request. We cannot refrain from expressing our satisfac-