

KENTUCKY PHILOSOPHY.

You W'yum, come 'ore, uh, dis instance. Wu' dat you got under dat box? I do 'want no foolin'—you hear me? Wut you say? Ain't nu'bu'n' but rocks? 'Pehs ter me you's awlshus p'tieler. S'po' 'dey's uv a new klue. I'll dess take a look at dem rocks. Hi yi! der you think dat I's bline?

I calls dat a plain water-million, you seamp, en I knows whah it growed: It come fun de Jimmersan cawn fl'el, dah on ter side er de road. You stole it, you rascal—you stole it! I watched you fun down in de lot. En time I gits though wid you, nigger, you won't eb'n be a grease spot!

I'll fix you, Mirandy! Mirandy! go out me a hick'ry—make 'use! En cut me de 'bouches' en keenes' you e'n fine any-whah on de place. I'll harn you, Mr. W'yum Joe Vettters, ter steal en ter lie, you young sinner, Di-gracin' yo' ole Christian mammy, en makin' her leave cookin' dinner!

Now ain't you ashamed er yo'se'f, sur! I is. I's 'shamed you's my son! En de body acorjun angel he's 'shamed er wut you has done: En he's tuck it down up yander in coal-black, blood-red letters—

One water-million stole by W'yum Josephus Vettters.

En wut you 'sposed Brer Bascom, yo' teacher at Sunday school, 'Ed say of he knowed how you's broke de good Law's 'G'ol'n Rule?

Boy, whah's er raisin' I give you? Is you boum' fuh ter be a black villain? I's 'sposed dat a chile er yo' mammy 'ud steal any man's water-million.

En I's now gwiner cut it right open, en you zhan't have nary bite, Fuh a boy who'll steal water-millions—en dat in de day's broad light—

Ain't 'Lawdy! it's green! Mirandy! Mi-ran-dy! come on wi' dat switch! Well, steadin' a green water-million! who ever yeered tell er des sich?

Cain't tell w'en dey's ripe? W'y you thump um, en w'en dey go punk dey is green? But w'en dey go punk, now you mine me, dey's ripe—en dat's des wut I mean.

En nex' time you hook water-millions—you heered me, you ign'ant, you hunk, Ef you do' want a lickin' all over, be sho dat dey allers go 'punk'!

—HARRISON ROBERTSON in Harper's.

PERSONAL.

THE young Queen of Roumania is an amiable blue-stocking. She has lately put forth a book of royal thoughts and reflections. The work was originally written in German, her vernacular, she being a Princess of Wied, but at the request of the Parisian journalist, Louis Ulbach, she made a French translation, which is pronounced a model of purity and elevation.

MR. GRAY, the High Sheriff of Dublin, around whose name there is such a stir at present, is more than a mere journalist. He is an author of some repute. Mr. Gray is still young, and his career has been an exceptionally successful one. This last trouble of his will further enhance his political influence.

SISTER GOUBET, whose death at Baltimore has just been chronicled, possessed a soprano voice of remarkable range and quality. It is said that Paganini regarded her as a wonder, and that Strakosch offered her \$50,000 for a season. She preferred remaining in her cloister. From an artistic point of view, the choice was not unwise. There are treasures of religious music which require proper interpretation. A mass of Palestrina is worth an opera of Rossini, and Chembini's "Ave Maria" is as intricate in its shadings as Mozart's "Vedrai Carino."

THIS *maestra* in a convent, or more properly, this devotion to art, for its own higher sake, while quite common in the old Ages of Faith, is by no means uncommon in our own day. Fra Giovanni is still living at Rome, holding some position in the Vatican palace. He has been pronounced the greatest natural tenor of the day, quite as robust as was Rubini and as skilled in *cantabile* passages as Mario. His high chest notes are said to be ravishing. He too has been proof against the blandishments of admiring women and the tempting offers of *impresario*. He prefers his place at the *lectrine* of the Sistine Chapel. And small wonder. That famous choir is not surpassed by any musical conservatory in Europe.

AND what do you think of art in a dungeon, of a great singer being merged in a penal convict? Yet such is the case in France. There is incarcerated at Rouen a murderer who is recognized by the best judges as one of the finest tenors in Europe. His voice may prove his salvation,

and procure him a curtailment of sentence. Fancy a man breaking stones in a courtyard, or picking oakum in his cells, and beautifying the whole atmosphere around him by a delicious rendering of Gounod's "Salut Demeure," or by the more appropriately melancholy strains of "D'un Peseator" from "Lucrezia."

Speaking of Lucrezia Borgia, calls to mind a pitiful anecdote of poor Donizetti related by the celebrated Doneta Gerbil, just deceased, who was the great composer's keeper at the *Maison de Santé* of Isly. One day Donizetti was walking, silent and alone, in the alley of the garden, when his attention was suddenly drawn to the dronings of a barrel organ outside. His brow brightened, his eye glistened, and a sad smile played over his sensitive lips. He had recognized the grand air of his own "Lucia" a gem that has graced every key-board in Christendom and gone around the world. But a moment more, and the flash had died out. Resuming his walk, he muttered:

"Povero Donizetti! Povero Donizetti! Emorto!

THE death of Senator Ben Hill is a palpable loss to the South. He was altogether a superior man and a great orator. He was the author of the exquisitely satirical expression "Invincible in peace, invisible in war," applied to those politicians who, though never in the army themselves, are always breathing vengeance upon the poor Southerners now that all is over.

YOUNG Astor's qualifications for the American mission to Rome are that he has lots of money and speaks three or four modern language. These are recommendations indeed, considering that the majority of American Ambassadors cannot speak the language of the Court to which they are accredited, nor even the diplomatic French language, and have generally only their salaries to live on.

There has been a good joke about an old friend Arabi Pasha. The other day the papers informed us that if declared a rebel by the Porte, he would submit to the decree and retire to a monastery. People began to think that Arabi was not such a good fellow after all, and many probably since think so, who have not learned that the town of Monastir was meant instead of "a monastery." Similarly, during the Franco-German war, the telegraph reported that the bellicose Paul de Cassagnac had been "interred" at Augsburg, and forthwith flaming obituaries appeared of the Imperial duellist. What the wires intended to say was that Paul had "interred" at Augsburg.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

MALE voices, especially tenors, are going out in France. At the recent Conservatoire competitions the judges declined to give a first prize among the twenty-one male competitors.

THE proposed duel between M. Aurelien Scholl and Baron Harden-Hickey has fortunately been most unfortunately interrupted thrice—once by a sudden overclouding of the sky about six in the evening, which rendered it impossible for the adversaries to know whether they were lunging at friend or foe; then in the environs of Antwerp the gendarmes put in an appearance, and again, on crossing swords in Holland, the police were immediately down upon them. The next event ought to be an amicable dinner, and then the embodiment of the incidents in a farce.

A SAD accident is recorded by which the Comte de Belmont has had the misfortune to lose his youngest son. The Count before his marriage had been a traveller, and from the Polynesian Islands and elsewhere he had gathered a remarkable collection of lethal weapons showing the ingenuity and power lavished on *kris* and *sagac*, or sword and dagger. In a collection of this nature, intended to show the warlike methods of savage races, arrows and other weapons whose shining blades had been dipped in poison were of course conspicuous. His two sons—Albert, aged eight, and Rudolphe, aged twelve—having been left alone for a short time in his cabinet, with the inquisitive rashness of childhood, took down two of the weapons to play with. Chance placed in the hand of the youngest child one of the poisoned weapons, and a slight scratch on the wrist was sufficient to inject the fatal virus. When the unhappy father returned he saw the child writhing in agony upon the ground, a prey to frightful convulsions, from which death alone released him. The medical man who was called in was unable to save him, and could not even recognize the poison on the dagger-blade.

The University of McGill College,

ITS ORIGIN, PROGRESS, AND HISTORY.

INTRODUCTORY.

McGill College is now entering upon its fiftieth session. It has, during the half century which has elapsed since its foundation risen into a position both financially and educationally which must have surpassed the most sanguine dreams of its founder, and it may to-day look back with pride upon its somewhat humble beginnings,—pride for the position it has already achieved, pride for the great future that lies before it.

The writer of this article lays no claim to originality as to its matter. The history of the College exists already in a somewhat fragmentary form in the shape of lectures and magazine articles, and the present is only an attempt to place the whole story somewhat more systematically before the public. To the uniform kindness of Dr. Dawson and the obliging co-operation of many other gentlemen interested in the College, we owe the greater part of what follows, which in some cases has been literally transcribed from matter already published.

The name of the College itself leads us naturally to consider first its founder and godfather

JAMES MCGILL.

James McGill was born on the 6th October, 1744, in Glasgow, Scotland. He received his early training and education in that country, but of these little is known. He arrived in Canada before the American revolution, and appears, in the first, to have engaged in the North-West fur trade, then one of the leading branches of business in Canada. Subsequently he settled in Montreal, and, in partnership with his brother, Andrew McGill, became one of the leading merchants in the little town of about nine thousand inhabitants which then represented our commercial metropolis. His settlement in Montreal, and his marriage with a lady of French parentage, the widow of a Canadian gentleman, occurred a little before the beginning of this century; and from that time till his death in December, 1813, he continued to be a prominent citizen of Montreal, diligent and prosperous in his business, frank and social in his habits, and distinguished for public spirit and exertion for the advancement of the city. His name appears in several commissions relating to city matters—for instance, that for removing the old walls of Montreal. He was Lieutenant-Colonel and subsequently Colonel of the Montreal City Militia; and in his old age, on the breaking out of the American war of 1812, he became Brigadier-General, and was prepared in that capacity to take the field in defence of his country. He represented for many years the West Ward of Montreal in the Provincial Legislature, and was afterwards a member of the Legislative and Executive Councils.

Mr. McGill is described by his contemporaries as a man of tall and commanding figure—in his youth a very handsome man, but becoming corpulent in his old age. He was a prominent member of the association of fur magnates known as the "Beaver Club." A reminiscence of a gentleman, then resident in Montreal, represents him, when a very old man, at one of the meetings singing a voyageur's song with accurate ear and sonorous voice, and imitating, paddle in hand, the action of the bow-man of a "North canoe" in ascending a rapid. But though taking his full share in the somewhat jovial social life of that early time, Mr. McGill was always esteemed a temperate man. The remembrance of another contemporary represents him as much given to reading and full of varied information; and it is certain that he cultivated and enjoyed the society of the few men of learning from the mother country then in the colony. There are, indeed, good reasons to believe that his conferences with these gentlemen had an important influence in suggesting the subsequent disposal of a large part of his fortune in aid of education. In this connection it may be stated that Mr. McGill's resolution to dispose of his property in this way was not a hasty death-bed resolve, but a mature and deliberate decision. He had taken a lively interest in the measures then before the Government for the establishment of an educational system in the Province of Quebec, and had mentioned, many years before his death, his intention to give, during his lifetime, a sum of twenty thousand dollars in aid of a college, if these measures should be carried out by the Government. But many delays occurred. From 1802, when the act to establish the "Board of Royal Institution for the Advancement of Learning" was passed, until the time of Mr. McGill's death, the persistent opposition on the part of the leaders of one section of the people to any system of governmental education, and the apathy of some of the members of the Council, had prevented the appointment of the Board, or the completion of the liberal grants of land and money for educational purposes which had been promised. Mr. McGill was apparently weary of these delays, and feared that he might be cut off by death before he could realize his intentions. He had also the sagacity to foresee that a private

endowment might force the reluctant or tardy hands of the members of the Government to action. Accordingly, in his will, prepared in 1811, more than two years before his death, he bequeathed his property of Barnside, and a sum of ten thousand pounds in money, to found a college in the contemplated Provincial University, under the management of the Board of Royal Institution; but on condition that such college and university should be established within ten years of his decease. Three leading citizens of Montreal, the Hon. Jas. Richardson, James Reid, Esq., and James Dunlop, Esq., and the Rev. John Strachan, afterwards Bishop of Toronto, were appointed trustees under the will.

HIS ORIGINAL IDEA.

The wise liberality of a good man is often far more fruitful than he could have anticipated. Mr. McGill merely expressed a wish to found a college in connection with a university already provided for by the generosity of the British Government; but governments in those days were as weak-kneed in the cause of true progress as they still are. The grants to found a university and public schools were not given; and, in deference to the claims of the Roman Catholics to control the education of the country, the English settlers in the Province of Quebec were deprived of the provisions for education made by the liberality of the Crown in other colonies. In the providence of God, Mr. McGill's bequest came in to avert some, at least, of the evils arising from this failure. In consequence of his will, a pressure was brought to bear on the Government, which resulted in the appointment of the Board of Royal Institution in 1813; and though, from the refusal of the French to take part in it, it was almost entirely English in its composition, it proceeded to the establishment of non-denominational schools. These schools were never very numerous—about eighty being the maximum number; but they formed the beginning of the present school system. The Royal Institution, being a Government Board, had, on that account, too little of the popular sympathy, especially among the settlers in the Eastern Townships; and the Local Legislature practically refused to acknowledge it, and set up in opposition to it the denominational system of "Fabrique schools" in the French parishes; and, finally, its functions were restricted to the McGill College alone, by the new educational act which followed the rebellion of 1837.

In so far as the McGill College was concerned, the Royal Institution at once took action by applying for a royal charter, which was granted in 1820, and prepared to take possession of the estate. This, however, owing to litigation as to the will, was not surrendered to them till 1829. They also demanded the grants of land which had been promised, and received fresh assurances; and, as an earnest of their fulfilment, the Government of the day was authorized to erect a building for McGill College, and to defray the expenses out of the "Jesuit's estates." But the hopes thus held out proved illusory, and the college buildings had to be begun with the money left by Mr. McGill, and were at length completed only by the liberality of another citizen of Montreal—Mr. William Molson.

CIRCUMSTANCES LEADING TO THE BEQUEST.

In the year of Mr. McGill's death, the population of Montreal was scarcely 15,000; and of these a very small minority were English. One-third of the houses were wooden huts, and the extent of the foreign trade may be measured by the nine ships from the sea, of an aggregate of 1,559 tons, reported as entered in the year 1813. The whole English population of Lower Canada was very trifling. There was no school system, and there were no schools with the exception of the seminaries of the Church of Rome and a few private adventure schools. It seems strange that, in such a condition of affairs, the idea of a university for Montreal should have occurred to a man apparently engaged in business and in public affairs. Two circumstances may be mentioned in explanation of this. The first is the long litigation on the part of some of the more enlightened of the English Colonists in behalf of the establishment of a university and a system of schools. As early as 1787 the Legislative Council had taken action on the matter, and had prepared a scheme, which was, according to the testimony of the Abbé Ferland, in his Life of Bishop Du Plessis, "strangled in its cradle" by the Bishop and Seminary of Quebec. In a remonstrance written by Du Plessis, in 1801, the infant project was revived, and the act for the establishment of the Royal Institution was passed; but the new scheme was for the time foiled by the refusal of the Roman Catholic clergy to act on the Board; so that, as another learned priest, M. Langevin, informs us in his "Cours de Pedagogie," it was without result, "thanks to the energetic vigilance of the Roman Catholic clergy." Mr. McGill was familiar with these movements, and no doubt was equally disgusted with the "energetic vigilance" above referred to, and the cowardly submission of the Government in giving way to this opposition. He knew all that colleges and a school system had done for his native country, and that the absence of such a system from this Province would involve semi-barbarism, leading to poverty, discontent, superstition, irreligion, and a possible war of races. In so far as these terrible evils have been averted from Lower Canada, he has certainly contributed to the result more than any man of his time.