

means of ascertaining whether *Professors* were actually devoured: but it is certain that *Lecturers* were not. The *Lecturer* was a miserable menial who performed the lowest drudge work, and can rarely have been sufficiently well nourished to constitute an inviting meal. It would indeed throw much light upon the anthropophagous habits of the savage Canadians if Q. gave a list of viands upon which the Druids feasted: but he has not thought it worth while to do so, and we must be content with incidental remarks. Of some wretched victim, plainly human he says, "*His legs are dry and thin*": faith, and so they were. *Little flesh had I therefrom.* And again Mr. (name undecipherable) *did prove strangely arid: we all expecting something lighter and more digestible were but ill satisfied.* At this point, it may be remarked, the evidence of Q. can be supplemented by some information contained in the Broadsheet (which I shall call B.) of which mention was made in Dr. Blanco's paper last week. B. records the interesting fact that there was considerable difference of opinion as to the manner in which human bodies should be prepared for consumption. This is demonstrated by the following extract, obviously written in a tone of extreme discontent. *I thought Professor* (name undecipherable) *was to toast the ladies, not to roast them.* Evidently the writer thought that toasted flesh was far superior to roasted.

It was doubtless to drown the dying shrieks of the miserable victims that the mournful strains of barbaric music were heard from time to time. Q. says *I have not yet learned to eat in time with a waltz.* It appears that these strains proceeded principally from a small instrument called a *cigar*, a kind of flute held between the teeth. Q. goes on to remark: *Cigars loud and powerful: they did nigh blow my head off.* From time to time as the banquet proceeded, the feasters, maddened with blood and intoxicated by the delirious music of the *cigars*, shrieked and yelled an obscure invocation to the presiding deity, *Arts*. I am inclined to think that this *Arts* should be identified with Artemis, although I should be reluctant at present to pronounce any definite opinion upon the point. Of the invocation I have only succeeded in deciphering fragments. As I expected, the ritual-cry of *queensqueensqueens* plays a large part therein: but I cannot with certainty translate the remainder of the prayer, which seems composed of short ejaculatory utterances similar to those which occur on the recently deciphered Phaistos Disc.

While the *cigars* were shrilly sounding, incense was burned to Arts. Q. remarks: *The smoke of the sacred weed did shortly afterwards mount skyward.* It is curious to note that this particular incense appears to have been *tabu* to the female initiates of the College. In one rather obscure passage B. seems to hint that it was considered baleful and noxious to the women: *should smoking cease when ladies enter?* But I think on the whole that B is not here to be trusted: it would be contrary to the universal custom of savage tribes if women were allowed to behold the banquets of the male initiates. A possible explanation may, of course, be found in the presence of cooked corpses of females, to which reference has been made above. When the dish of *roasted ladies* (which evidently should have been *toasted ladies*) was placed before the feasters, the offering of incense would naturally cease, as the attention of all present would immediately be directed towards the consumption of the dainty.