

“University College” for London University. An insinuation of disingenuousness on the part of christian men, founded on the flimsiest of all reasons, viz: *lapsus lingue*—a verbal mistake, which doubtless misled none. “Pretending to know what one does not know.” Here is a charge of hypocrisy and dissembling, which, if it were true, would be serious, but which in the light of the facts bears a ridiculousness on its face, almost sublime. Were it not for its fantastic impudence, its plain buffoonery we would hurl back the imputation with scorn and contempt; a pleasant presentation speech! Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was but a type of thee, thou liar of the first magnitude. People who live in glass houses should’nt throw stones.

We leave this article here. There are other things we might notice, but too much space has already been occupied.

### Three Weeks in Scotland.

We are pleased to insert the following letter received by one of our Professors, from an old fellow student, Mr. J. G. Schurman, winner of Gilchrist Scholarship in 1875:—

Steamship “Penguin,”  
19th Sep<sup>r</sup>. 1876.

I am now just off the coast of Ayr, having sailed down the Clyde on my way to Liverpool; after spending three weeks amid the best of Scottish scenery; and previously, some days over the exquisite beauties of the English Lake district. Never had I spent a month in travel, never before have I known such enjoyment. From Scott’s Abbotsford to Loch Tyne, and from Ayr, the land of Burns to the Pass of Killiecrankie, famous alike for its beauty and its historic interest. Over this country I have passed chiefly on foot, walking about twenty miles a day; for in this unrestrained way visiting nooks of beauty which often escape the traveller by coach or train. Beginning with Melrose Abbey—St. David’s pile, I passed on to Edinburgh, the prettiest city in the world, in which I spent several days. Thence to Stirling, from whose venerable castle is seen right below the graceful windings of the Forth, as it meanders amid the rich velvet plains which extend away to the east. Thence to Dunkeld, fairest of Scottish villages, and to Blair Athole where I attended the Highland gathering of the numerous tenants of the Duke of Athole, puzzled whether to admire most the manly bearing of the

Duke, or the children in their Highland costume, or the games of the simple rustics, or the charming beauty of the lovely Duchess. After visiting the Falls Tummul and Busar and walking through the Pass of Killiecrankie I turned west to Aberfeldy, whose fairy-like scenery is celebrated in Burns’ song. Through the Breadalbane estate (lately claimed by the New Brunswick Campbells) along the banks of Loch Lay, down Glen Ogle, wild and dreary as Glencoe itself, right onward to Culloden, beneath the shadows of Ben A’an till the scenery of the “Lady of the Lake” is reached, and then through the Trossacles over Loch Katrine, with Ellen’s lovely isle, down Loch Lomond, up Ben Lomond, over Loches Long Soil and Tyne, through the Kyles of Bute, up the Clyde to Glasgow, thence to Paisley and Ayr.—All this it has been my good fortune to see with rapture, and I trust with lasting profit. Nor was I less delighted with the sweet, quiet, modest beauty about the English Lakes. Derwentwater, especially more romantic than the others, is a narrow sheet of water, encompassed with a ring of mountains broken, twisted, and tossed into the most fantastic array. Near it there stands intact an ancient Druidical temple, which I visited in the solemnity of eventide; while Skiddan on the left towered high toward heaven tearing as if in dire menace, the clouds that wrapped his head. The Temple is simply a circle of fifty feet radius, made of huge stones, from three to seven feet in height, set on end about a yard apart, and internally tangent to it, an ellipse of ten stones placed in like manner; the whole suggesting the area and the high altar of some ritualistic chapel. Probably human victims were burned in this ellipsoidal portion, if such coarse cruelty could be conceived of in that spot of Paradise:

“Strange, that where all is fair beside,  
There passion riots in his pride.”

England every where venerable, a well cultivated garden, while in Scotland you pass thousands of acres of wild and lonely mountain district, frequented only by the shepherd and his dog, save when a curious tourist breaks the horrid monotony. Yet these Scotch think their country the best in the world; they are overflowing with patriotic conceit. A tenant of Athole told me with as much gravity as credulity, that the English word Athletics was derived from Athole because there first were games celebrated and transported with the charming simplicity of the blockhead. I was ready to forget that Homer three thousand years ago sang of the grand games which called forth the pomp and pride of Ancient Greece.

Of places of historic interest you always get full particulars. That I should have seen Wordsworth’s houses at Rydal and Grasmere, or Scott’s at Abbotsford is not enough; the exact