

me, which I did not know before, and indeed they talk for him to be Senior Wrangler; and I think he will, for he is a man of parts though superficial. He told us of a certain project of his about an apple and the earth; very ingenious, but too refined to be true.

14th.—Up and so to bed.\*

15th.—Came to me W. Batten, and did much commend the new novel which all the world cry up, called "The Man without a Head;" and persuaded me to buy it, which I did, but thought it a poor simple piece, with but two murders and one suicide, and no elopements or running away with men's wives in the whole book. It is set down to the same hand that writ "No Bones Broken," and "The Deuce of Trumps," with what truth I know not.

In the afternoon to Fenner's, to see a match at cricket between the Hyperbolas and Parabolas, but methought mighty slow for them that looked on; so to the river, where it was pretty to observe a Trinity Hall eight upset by a funny near the bridge, and Lord, how low drownded rats the men seemed when they got out of the water!

16th.—To the eight-oar races; and we have great hopes to be head of the river. What a press of people on the bank! And I had liked to have been pushed into the river, and saw but little after all, and only one bump though there were several made. Very hoarse shouting "Well rowed," "Now you're gaining," "Pick her up," "NOW!!!" I would have run the whole course, but could not for the crowd and for want of breath. Walked not back, but by barge, where a shrewd fellow sang many diverting songs without any music; prickt and played all along upon a harpsicon most admirably.

17th.—To the boats again, this being the last day of the races. To Grassy? where many fine carriages, but fewer running than on the other side. Comes to me John Doe, a good right honest man, but his red nose makes me ashamed to be seen with him, so cast about how to get rid of him, which I did by making as if I would speak with one on horse-back.

Presently come the boats: as Downing first, but sore pressed by Magdalene, and put hard to get to Grassy, where we bumped them, with much applause of all, and to my especial content, for I gain near five shillings, for which my heart was glad and blessed God.

The order of the boats now stands thus: Magdalene, Downing, Catharine, and Clare. What comes next I forget, but I think Pembroke. In the evening to me W. Hewer, and tells me of the new book he has in his mind to write, entitled "Phrenology or the Study of Bumps, with especial reference to the Head of the River," which is a most excellent name to my thinking.

23rd.—By nine of the clock to the boat supper, which was indeed a notable supper and in great state and fashion, and incomparable good punch. Mighty merry singing of shongs, speshally, 'For her's a jolly go we have with a hic—hooray'—I shay, olfo, you're schrewed—it's a way we flo in the 'Varsity—Letsh sing a shong—all Hic—hooray again again Hoo—Come brekfhus im morrer? Desh alone, I'm alri, olfo—Hooray for fusbo—three cheers ladish hic \*\*\*\* [The MS. is so confused at this point as to be totally unintelligible.—Ed.]

24th.—4.30 P.M. Brandy and soda water.†

\* "Up and so to bed." This passage has given much trouble to commentators. Without offering any decided opinion of our own as to its meaning, we append the remarks of several learned critics.—Ed.

† "Up and so to bed." The meaning of these words is perfectly clear if they be but correctly written. Pepsys has omitted four letters, an s before 'up,' and p, e, d after. Supplying these we get, 'sopped and so to bed,' which makes the passage as clear as the day. What more natural or more usual than to go to bed after supper?—SMITH

Upon this another commentator remarks: "A most preposterous idea, worthy of the carping spirit and shallow intellect of a Smith. 'Sopped and so to bed'! Can any one acquainted with the simple but beautiful language of our Author suppose for a moment that he could have written such utter nonsense? The evident reading is 'up and so to bed,' meaning merely that, wearied with a more than ordinary consumption of the midnight oil, Pepsys had sought his couch at an earlier hour than usual. By distorting, as most commentators do this beautiful passage, the excellent example set by our Author to the students of this University is entirely lost."—JONES.

"Up and so to bed." These words present a notable instance of that covert satire of which Pepsys is so great a master. Do we not at once see that by this simple entry Pepsys would express in graphic language the barrenness of the day in matters worthy of note? The only events therefore which he thinks necessary to record are his rising from, and his retiring to rest.—BROWN.

Why should the plain sense of this passage be disguised by the shallow suggestions of empty-brained commentators? The words as they stand in the text are of themselves amply sufficient to express the writer's meaning. How could any one go to bed without having previously got up?—ROBINSON.

† A sad spectacle, alas! of human infirmity. How should we rejoice that the enlightenment of the present age effectually checks those degrading spectacles, with which, we fear, the eyes of our ancestors were but too familiar.—Ed.

## Personals.

C. E. Cameron, M.D. is pursuing his medical studies in London, Eng. McGill's reputation will not suffer with Cameron as her representative.

It is with great regret we have to announce the serious illness of our popular lecturer in anatomy, Dr. Scott.

Dr. Maher is practising in New York City. We wish him every success.

Mr. Wyatt Johnston has been on the shelf lately with a very bad optic. All Iritis this.

Good Students are always welcome at McGill. We are glad to see among us from the Kingston Medical School, Messrs. Cunningham, Webster and Daley for the summer session.

W. E. Dickson, '83, late President of the Undergraduates, Law Faculty, has been suffering during the past month from a severe attack of Typhoid fever. We learn that he is now slowly recovering, and we hope to see him soon entirely restored.

W. Dixon, B. A., '83, has received a temporary appointment as Headmaster of one of the city schools.

## Correspondence.

UNDERGRADUATES' LITERARY SOCIETY.

To the Editor of the MCGILL UNIVERSITY GAZETTE.

SIR,

I should like the Undergraduates in Arts to carry home with them a reminder of the work and uses of our Literary Society. It is to be regretted that we have to acknowledge a want of support on the part of students in the younger years towards this valuable institution. Formed at the beginning of the session 1880-1881, by the students of the then Sophomore year, it included, this session, for the first time the whole four years. The class which formed it and which has so faithfully and energetically carried on its work, is now graduating. In these members we lose not only the founders of the Society but also some of our best debating talent. How suggestive are the names of Murray, Shearer, Greenshields, Hunter and England, of the eloquent debates of the session 80-81, when the Pacific Railway contract, the new Government's policy, and many other "live" questions were animatedly discussed! New men have come to the front and show themselves well able to sustain the reputation of the Society, but there is one draw-back which needs remedy. It is absolutely necessary that members should agree to give a certain amount of time to prepare their debates, until they have reached that stage when thought and speech flow quickly and smoothly. The success of our meetings during the past session was marred by the evident and persistent lack of preparation on the part of the appointed speakers in the debates, and the Society suffered through a diminished attendance at its meetings and also in other respects. Yet to show that the students still held the Society in direct remembrance and that it was only the unattractive reputation the debates had acquired which kept them from attending, a lecture by Professor Murray drew a large and enthusiastic audience. Dr. Murray's recommendation increased the interest in the Society, but the excellence in the programme not being always sustained (through no fault of the committee I feel bound to state), the meetings toward the close of the session were highly unsatisfactory. But harping upon these now old grievances will no mend matters, and my object is simply to urge the three college years to make up their minds to give the Literary Society next session that measure of their attention which it deserves. There is only needed such a resolution on all our parts to establish the Society next session upon a really solid basis. We can then undertake to invite the new Freshmen into a good training school for public speaking,—this leaving no doubt that this truly useful work will be carried on after we join the "noble army of graduates." I hope the Arts' students will take all this in good part. It is from one who, though never an officer of the Society, has endeavoured to the best of his humble ability to contribute to its success, and can cheerfully bear witness to the unflinching interest which its officers from first to last have manifested in its welfare. The only thing now needed to attain success is general support from the students.

A. H. U. C.

## Poetry.

TO A FLOWER.

(From Alfred De Musset.)

<p>Tell me thy meaning, floweret dear, Thou fragrant, charming souvenir; Whose gift art thou, sweet violet, That seem'st half-dying, half-coquette?</p> <p>Securely guarded by a seal, Hast thou long travels to reveal? Tell me some tidings of the maid Who plucked thee from thy modest shade,</p> <p>Canst thou be nothing but a flower Enshrouded for the final hour? Or does thy heart some secret hold, That ere thou diest must be told?</p> <p>Thy blossoms, stainless as the light Of childhood's innocence, are white; Thy tender leaflets, moist with dew, Of trembling hope still wear the hue.</p> <p>Hast thou no mission to complete? Speak—I am silent and discreet— Is there a meaning in thy tint,</p>	<p>And does thy fragrance breathe a hint? Fair messenger! if this be so, Mysterious herald, whisper low: If thou hast nothing to confide, Rest in my bosom, like a bride,</p> <p>But, if I err not, in the grace Of this momento I can trace The tenderly capricious hand, That tied my blossoms in a band,</p> <p>'Tis soft and white of beauty rare,— The sculptor's envy and despair— And he who wins it will have won The daintiest prize beneath the sun.</p> <p>But, since her coy reserve would bluish To hear my praise, dear floweret, hush! Breathe not her name! Enough! would I seem.</p> <p>Of loveliness like hers to dream. Montreal. GEO. MURRAY.</p>
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