

intelligent interest in the affairs of the country. Perhaps the Literary, or some other society already established, could do something to forward the good work, by devoting an occasional evening to the discussion of subjects of national interest. The introduction of political subjects in the Literary is, no doubt, from some points of view undesirable. But possibly such an innovation might afford an excellent opportunity, not only for awakening an interest in the duties of citizenship, but also for learning to discuss without prejudice questions in the consideration of which party feeling so often gets the better of common sense.

Is it too much to hope that the day will come when the leading Canadian universities will, like Oxford, and Cambridge, and London, have direct representation in Parliament? In days when mere politicians are in danger of usurping the places which statesmen alone should occupy, the introduction of such an element into our national councils as we might look to the universities to supply could hardly fail to be of the greatest benefit to University and State alike.

The thanks of the Students are due to the Management of the Academy of Music for their kindness in allowing us to obtain tickets for the "gods" before the opening of Irving's performance on Thursday last. It was an expression of good-will on the part of the Management which was thoroughly appreciated by the Undergraduates.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

IN MY EASY CHAIR.

"I am a gleaner after Time."

On a previous occasion I have spoken of the extraordinary queries which at times are presented to me in the Library, and it may perhaps be interesting to gossip about a few more which have turned up, especially as they may serve as a peg upon which to hang a few remarks. There are a few old standards, prefaced with the inevitable "Can you tell me," such as, "What was the good news carried from Ghent to Aix?" and "Who signed the Treaty at Versailles in 1783?" Recently these have been varied somewhat with enquiries after "Queen Anne's Fan" and the "Anstey Hat." A few days since I was startled by the enquiry, "What emperor had nine wives?" but one above all set me "a-thynkyng;" after a few words of introduction I was solemnly asked: "*What is the first thing that you remember?*"

This was of a somewhat serious character, and it presented itself to me again and again, and I resolved to endeavor to furnish some reply to it. I believe I may say that the first thing I remember worth recording here is that I saw Peter James Bossy standing in the pillory for perjury, on June 24, 1830, *the last person who suffered that punishment in England*; a little later (on August 1, 1831), I saw the opening of the new London Bridge by King William IV and Queen Adelaide.

As I sat thinking, and began to look back into my memory, such a throng of *recollections* came to me that I was puzzled, and scarcely knew where to begin; so I plunged into what was the beginning with me, that is, the very first things that I remember, which stand out absolutely distinct from everything else; I have been told that it was (that it is) quite impossible that I can remember them, for they happened when I was only between 5 and 6 years old, *but for all that, I saw them* and remember them. Probably the second event mentioned may be impressed on the tablets of my memory from the fact of a balloon having ascended from the centre of the bridge, and it was the first balloon ascension that I ever saw.

The next noteworthy event was the death of King William IV on June 20, 1837, and the accession of our present Queen. I saw the Queen on her first visit to the City of London on November 9, 1837, when the old form was gone through of the gate at Temple Bar being closed, and the herald knocking and asking permission for the Queen to enter her "loyal city of London." Next, I well remember the Queen's marriage on February 10, 1840 (*strangely enough, this present writing is done on the same date of this year of grace 1894*); and I saw also the last review of troops held in Hyde Park in commemoration of the Battle of Waterloo, on June 18, 1840; the anniversary was kept thus for 25 years, and was then given up. On the occasion referred to, I saw the Duke of Wellington and Marshal Solt ride down the lines, side by side, every man who had served at Waterloo being decorated with laurel.

I remember that it was my good fortune to visit France during the year of the Revolution (1848), and I saw several members of the Provisional Government, Lamartine, Louis Blanc and others, in a great procession and at a review, and I saw also in a Museum at Boulogne a medal, struck to commemorate the invasion of England by Napoleon in 1804, which invasion, I think history tells us, never took place, but the medal bore the erroneous impression "*FRAPPÉ À LONDRES.*"

The year 1851 brought the triumphant entry into London of the Hungarian patriot, Louis Kossuth; and in November, 1852, came the public funeral of the Duke of Wellington,—both of these were sights never to be forgotten; and in 1856 I saw the fire-works and the "rejoicings" in celebration of the Treaty of Peace after the campaign in the Crimea, which was a wonderful demonstration. I have wandered far from my starting point, and I have jotted down a few other *memorabilia*, but the list I have given could be increased "*cum multis aliis qui nunc prescribere longum est.*"

H. M.

P.S.—It is said to be fashionable to save some important piece of information for a postscript, and I may be permitted to follow the fashion, by telling that I remember the Chartist Riots in London on April 10, 1848, and that I served as a special constable on that occasion, and that I still preserve amongst my *Lares et Penales* the certificate of my constableness, and I treasure the baton which I carried on that day.

H. M.