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English Students and their Studies in the Middle Ages.

FIRST PAPER.

The subject of mediæval scholarship is one which has engaged the attention of some of the ablest historians of the present century. Nor is the subject by any means an easy one. The libraries of the Middle Ages have come down to us laden with choice flowers culled from the boundless garden of literature; flowers whose fragrance has for centuries allured the gentle wooer of the muses, and may be traced down to the present day in the poets of our Mother Country. But with all this we everywhere find rank weeds whose noisome growth well-nigh chokes the patches of verdure that we seek for. This chaos of erudition the historians of literature have succeeded, in a measure, in reducing to harmony and order.

It is well known that the only learned class at the beginning of the Middle Ages was the clergy. The quiet and associations of the monastery were peculiarly adapted to the kind of study which engaged them. Here had been the lamps whose faint glimmer had shone through the darkness which was now only partially dispelled; here had resided the beacon lights of learning when error and superstition reigned rampant without; here among congenial friends, teachers and pupils, was the arena for the display of learning and wit; and here the pious ecclesiastic hoped to end his days.

The abhorrence of profane writers on the part of the clergy had passed away and a reaction had set in. Aristotle was, to them, almost the whole sum and substance of human knowledge, and accordingly the whole object of study in the monasteries. He had presented, they thought, the methods of reasoning in an inevitable form; his propositions were indisputably demonstrated; his questions answered in a manner almost super-human; from Aristotle's opinion and decision there was no appeal. Any fact that he had omitted was unworthy of their consideration. With rare versatility he had written on almost every subject of human knowledge then cultivated. His *History of Animals* is one of the most important of his productions. In it he had developed a system of classification which admitted of no correction or improvement; and the only possible way of knowing more of those animals or others, was to go out into the fields and highway, and observe facts, which was entirely alien to the dignity of philosophy and to the ruling principle of asceticism. Accordingly they turned all their energies to the other part of the great philosopher's wisdom, viz: the Ethical and Metaphysical. Isolated from the world, the monk spent his time reasoning *ad infinitum* on principles, regardless of practice; drawing hair-breadth distinctions; whetting his brains over barren disquisitions; creating out of his own mind a system of human thoughts and feelings mechanically regulated by the same principles which he found operating in his own sluggish existence. This, together with fasting, penance, alms-giving, and copying out some ancient author

as recreation after devotions, formed the every day life in the monasteries.

But from Aristotle, Aquinas and Boethius, the monk turned to the court and parliament. He had learned all the tricks of illicit processes and undistributed middles, and now he would turn his acuteness to practical use. In the Royal Councils high-born nobles and bronzed warriors stood abashed before the smooth-faced ecclesiastic; and common lawyers were alarmed to see lands carried off by sheer logic "in the very teeth of acts of parliament." Indeed ever since William the Conqueror had converted the benefices of the bishops into temporal baronies, in consequence of which they were (and are, in fact, to the present day) admitted to seats in the House of Lords, the churchmen had exerted a powerful influence alike on the Sovereign and on the representatives of the people.

But before we advance far in the history of the Middle Ages, a change comes over the aspect of education. We have said that the learning of England was cloistered with the monks. But the next great step in the emancipation of the people from the barbarism of the Dark Ages was the opening of the convent gates and the establishment of institutions where young men could study Aristotle without the hair shirt and the cord. This great event, dear to every lover of Alma Mater, even in this distant land, was the foundation of the English Universities.

The stream of learning which moved on almost unnoticed in its sluggish channel was now divided into innumerable rivulets flowing through the land, inviting all to drink of their pure and ennobling waters; the battlements of chivalry and feudalism, already showing signs of decay, soon crumbled into ruins before the piercing rays of the sun of learning.

Military News.

We are glad to be able to announce that the officers of our University Companies have been duly gazetted, and that Nos. 4 and 5 Companies are now an undoubted fact.

Capt and Adjutant Barnjum, with his usual energy, is endeavoring to get everything ready to commence drill as early as possible, and has selected a suitable room in the College building for an armory, and has superintended the fitting it with arm-racks, etc., to receive the arms, accoutrements, and uniforms, which will arrive in a day or two. We congratulate the students of the different Faculties on the successful completion of this very valuable addition to our College routine; whereby they will, at the expense of an insignificant portion of their time, be enabled to acquire such a knowledge of military duties as may be of the greatest service to them in after life. And we trust they will show their appreciation of the opportunity thus afforded them by punctual attendance at drill, and by using their utmost endeavours to render Nos. 4 and 5 Companies in every way worthy of the regimental motto, "nulli secundus," and an honor to their University. We have the *intelligence* and the *physique*; let us show what we can do.

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Correspondence.

To the Editor of the UNIVERSITY GAZETTE, McGill College, Montreal.

I have been very much interested in the reading of your new paper. That article on "The Pursuit of Natural History in Montreal and Vicinity" I regard as of great value to any undergraduate of McGill whose tastes are similar to my own. That the article was true in many respects I felt assured, from the slight examinations I made of the region. To a stranger, or one not well acquainted with the region, I should say that single article was well worth the year's subscription of one dollar, if he had the least taste for this most fascinating of studies. Your paper seemed to offer several pieces of a humorous cast, and this of course, in my eyes, is a decided advantage. Whatever has been the opinion in years past, we firmly believe that mankind in general, and students in particular, are amply justified in making as free a use of their laughing capacity as possible.

The student of mediæval times may have supposed that an asinine length of countenance, an owl-like incapacity to see anything of a light and sunny character, was an unerring indication of super-Solomonian wisdom. I understand that the same philosophers had likewise violent prejudices on the subject of ever washing their faces or persons lest it should injure their character for erudition. In short, we may well afford to cast aside such foolish ideas, with many others also, more noted for antiquity than for merit, into the world's old clothes-basket and rubbish-room.

True, as Shakespeare says, "a man may smile and yet be a villain." But if he never laugh through fear of hurting his facial and mental epidermis *he is sure to be one.* I for one look upon him as a solemn fraud, a starched humber, vainly trying to conceal his poverty of brain by his pomposity of manner and dignified (!) stupidity. No! by all means let us have a fair share of wit and humor in our college periodicals.

No columns in our papers, college or otherwise, are more popular than those filled with the "Puniphigrams," "Bon Mots," "Facetiae," or whatever else they may be called. I know that a great deal of criticism is poured upon the head of our busy, bustling, nervous, restless Yankee nation. Well, if we do live fast, if we do chase the "almighty dollar" at a "lightning express" speed, we always can spare an odd moment to laugh and have our joke. Witness the success of Josh Billings' quaint wit; Artemus Ward's and Mark Twain's nonsense; Petroleum V. Nasby's side-splitting letters on politics; and just now our new light in the comic side of American journalism, Bailey, the "Danbury (Conn.) News Man."

The zest with which the combined wit and wisdom of these journalists is received by the reading public, and the vast success of these writings in a pecuniary point of view, prove pretty conclusively that the views of the 19th century favor a cheerful Christianity, not a solemn hypocrisy. The old Greek teacher Democritus, who was styled "The Laughing Philosopher," would feel quite happy to find that our driving Western world can sympathize so fully with the laughter-loving Greek of the ancient time, could he but revisit the earth.

I would like very much at some time to visit McGill University in session and see the inner workings of the institution. I would like to see how your undergraduates compare with those of our colleges.

I have somehow an impression, a very erroneous one perhaps, that your College is more nearly like the European universities than ours in the States; that probably there is rather less class feeling than in our colleges; perhaps as much *esprit de corps* as we have, but manifested in different ways from our own. You will understand my object, perhaps, when I tell you that during my college course at Amherst we started a college paper called the *Amherst Student*. It was about the year 1868 when it was begun, with a board of editors to be chosen annually from the Junior class. It was the aim to make the paper as exactly as possible an exponent of the living, breathing student of just that date. The Faculty and Corporation of the College, Board

of Trustees, Alumni, etc., lent their hearty co-operation, and the paper has continued down to the present time, and is most emphatically a success as we think. We had two things to do. *First*, to make the paper a living thing in the minds of the students. *Second*, to make it necessary in some sense to the graduates. It seems to me that on the whole the wished-for result has been brought about in quite a large degree.

To interest the undergraduate, he was made to contribute to it. If he had said an uncommonly brilliant thing, or otherwise, he was put under bonds, so to speak, to let the rest of the College world share in his enjoyment. If he had committed an unusually ludicrous mistake in the class-room; if the professor had made an especially apt and witty remark, it was and is pretty apt to find its way into the columns of the *Student*.

Of course the names of the actors were not usually given, but the stories were told in an *impersonal* manner as possible. Still again the paper has been the constant mouth-piece of the *Reformers*.

Well, you know this axiomatic fact, viz.: that this is pre-eminently an age of reformers and reforms. An Anglo-Saxon is a born reformer, or *thinks* he is.

An English-speaking man without some "mission" so-called, some pet hobby of reform to nurse, sickly bantling though it may be, is of all men most wretched. He is classed either as an idiot or an unthinking, unfeeling knave. Some one has said that our natures, as human, demand *somebody or something* to love. Granted; but, certainly, this age demands with equal eagerness somebody or something to *hate* and denounce at all times and on every occasion. Whether the person is an ancient spinster hating the "harmless necessary cat," or the young Solon of the village store, uttering his philippics against the selectmen and Town Clerk of the place, we are sure to have something to declaim against. Just so with Young America in our colleges. Not a student but feels abundantly able to criticize and condemn the course the President and Faculty have taken in regard to this thing or that of general interest to the college. Just in this point, I think, is to be found the Scylla and Charybdis of our college newspapers.

The students must, in the abundance of their wisdom, try to instruct the professors, and the latter, taking their energetic attempts to correct and direct the management of affairs as gross insolence, use their influence and authority to ruin the paper and prevent its publication. I think this has been the history of very many college papers. I cannot but admire the dignified and wise attitude taken by our professors at Amherst; never, apparently, noticing in the least the sharpest and most ill-natured criticisms of their conduct; but simply trusting to the sober second thought and good sense of the students and Alumni to approve their course. I think that the utmost liberty of speech has been allowed in the columns of the paper; yet, notwithstanding this, I doubt if the professors of the College were ever more respected and loved by the students than at the present time. And it certainly seems as though both teachers and pupils are fast approaching that state of confidence in one another, and regard for each other's feelings and welfare, which is to be the grand and beautiful characteristic of the future school. In fact, I claim that this true ideal of their mutual relations is by no means a myth even now. It cannot be called Utopian (by us) so long as we think of teachers like Jesus Christ our Saviour, in Sacred History; Socrates, the old Greek; Arnold, of Rugby School, in England; Horace Mann, in America; and hundreds of noble men and women now toiling in the grand profession of teaching.

I spoke of the means adopted to make the College paper a live exponent of student life. I think a very successful means for interesting the Alumni has been to take advantage of the class feeling, which is oftentimes so strong. Every Alumnus is expected to let the editor know his present address and occupation. Has John Jones of his class done something of note; has he received a call to settle as a minister here; has he performed an unusually difficult operation in surgery; has he been chosen as counsel in a great law-suit; has he written this interesting article for the press, or invented some new machine—classmate No. 1 informs the whole class by means of the personal column as to what their classmate Jones is doing.

I have been struck again and again by the interest felt by Alumni in this part of the paper. It tends directly, of course, to renew old friendships and cement the ties formed in college. If you have not as yet introduced this feature into your paper, I can cordially recommend it, if your colleges are anything like ours. With earnest wishes for your success,

I am, yours truly,

E. A. T.

Woburn, Mass.

Department of Practical and Applied Science.

VALEDICTORY.

MR. CHANCELLOR, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—Allow me to compare our Canadian nation to an heir in possession of an estate of whose value he is ignorant. To us has been bequeathed by the valor of Wolfe and his stalwart British comrades a vast inheritance—the half of this Northern Continent. To our judgment is entrusted the destinies of a great country. Now that we have passed through the period of childhood and are absolved from the guardianship of our parental nation, it is time for us to assume the duties and responsibilities of man's estate. And we shall not fail in filial respect for Britain by cheerfully accepting the burden devolved upon us by our coming of age on the day of confederation.

But how can we fulfil the duties of our position unless we understand it aright? We shall be responsible if Canada does not speedily emerge from the lowly position of an agricultural people (suited only to the infancy of a great nation) and enter upon a career of higher usefulness as the manufacturer and utilizer of its own as well as of foreign products.

It cannot be denied that the best mode of shaking off this fatal lethargy and entering upon a nobler career, is to train men in all the latest results of science to be the leaders in this enterprise, and to reveal to us the unknown resources with which Providence has blessed our land.

The necessary prelude is being zealously urged on by our much-honoured Principal in the School of Applied Science; and to-day the first fruits of this work are gathered. Now, for the first time in our country's annals, a Canadian University bids Goodspeed to a band of her alumni as they go forth armed with all the powers of science to wrest from Nature her hidden treasures.

Would that the founder of this institution could have lived to see this latest and very practical result of his generosity. It is but yesterday that I stood beside his neglected grave. I dare not attempt to express the thoughts and feelings that passed upon me as I stood beside that prostrate, shattered urn, and even with the strong light of day failed to spell out more than the six letters of his name on the weather-worn, defiled sandstone. Words fail to express such thoughts! But who hesitates as to which they would prefer for a monument of their career; such a shattered stone as that which the very weeds seem to despise as they flaunt their summer colours before it, and intercept the sunbeams that seem sent to brighten the last resting place of a body that was the acting agent of James McGill's great soul in his brief career here below, or else this great group of buildings set apart for its destined work and provided with the requisites for accomplishing our founder's patriotic purpose. May some one present here this day be moved to perfect this splendid work by similarly endowing our infant school of Science.

But even if Dame Science fail to find a champion among our many men of wealth and be still compelled to wrap herself in the classic cloak of poverty, the fair daughters of Canada assure me, by their bright presence here this day, that they will reward her votaries with their smiles.

To you, our professors, we graduates feel grateful for your countless acts of kindness, and we take this opportunity of acknowledging the efforts you have made to convert the stony path of learning into a royal road to knowledge. When we first meditated an incursion into the *terra incognita* of these technical studies, we dreaded least our surveys of these varied fields would be too arduous and exhausting. But in our daily work we have ever found that by your skillful toil the swamps of Mathematics were drained, the rocky heights of Natural Science graded, the noxious vapours of Chemistry deodorized, and the torrent of Applied Mechanics avoided, so that we have returned laden with the spoils of the reconnaissance without the loss of a single man.

Undergraduates, we feel loath to part with you. The days spent with you in the field, the lectures we have heard in company, and the perilous examinations that we have braved together, shall ever be bonds of sympathy between us. It would be unbecoming in us to offer you advice when that of your professors is ever at your service. Let us simply say to those about to occupy the senior seats in your classes, we trust that they may profit by the errors of their predecessors and ever set to their fellow students a more consistent example of high honour than we have in the by-gone days. We anxiously await the day when you in turn will be at liberty to join shoulder to shoulder with us in the stern work that lies before us.

In turning to you, my classmates, my heart is full. My mind

is filled with memories of many acts of kindness at lecture or in drawing hall, true symptoms of the warm manly hearts that dictated them. No petty jealousies have embittered the honourable rivalry so often practiced in this hall. And even if the breadth of the Dominion separates us hereafter, pleasant recollections of old McGill will ever knit our hearts together.

Let us leave this hall with high hopes and noble resolves. Remember! to-day our University confides to us a sacred trust. We have received from her an unknown degree. To our hands it is committed to secure for it an honourable recognition by the members of our profession. Let us be ever loyal to this trust and prove worthy of the confidence reposed in us. We have sworn to uphold the honour and reputation of this College; see to it that we redeem our pledge.

"Better not be at all,
Than not be noble."

J. FRASER TORRANCE, A.B., B.A.Sc.

McGill College, May 2nd, 1873.

The following poem was composed a few years ago by a young man who is now a third year student in Arts at McGill. The story of the "Gallant Pilot" may be yet fresh in the memory of some of our readers. The poem is in the style of Mrs. Hemans' "Casabianca," and is by no means unworthy of its model. It appeared immediately after its composition in a local paper. Our readers will remember the witty verse on "A Freshman Learning to Shave," and, perhaps, they will not be displeased when we assure them that the verse referred to and "John Maynard" are both by the same writer, who has encouraged us with the prospect of a contribution for each issue of our paper:

JOHN MAYNARD.

John Maynard scanned the steamer's deck,
His hand was on the wheel;
'Neath frightened crows, the flaming wreck
Was quivering to her keel.

"They forward push'd with faces pale,
And gather'd to the bow;
But refuge there will not avail,
If Maynard fail them now.

But onward sped the burning ship
To reach the nearest land;
And never swerved by fault or slip
Of that firm, guiding hand.

The raging flames shot up high,
They reign'd supreme below;
The cleaving waters, gurgling by,
Were but a noisier foe.

Yet never quail'd th' intrepid soul
That did not fear to die;
The ship rushed on to reach the goal,
And Maynard—looked on high.

His hand was scorch'd, he seem'd to reel
When last he met the view,
He press'd his shoulder to the wheel,
And kept it firm and true.

When blinding smoke and scathing flame
Surcharged the land air;
The ship maintain'd her course the same,
For Maynard still was there.

—Was there! to hear the trumpet's cry
"John, can you hold on still?"
And shout, through flame, his grand reply,
"By God's help, sir, I will!"

At last the ship had reach'd the shore,
The retrace-bourn was won;
But noble Maynard's was no more,
His saviour-work was done.

"Twas vain to strain the longing eye,
Or shout that deathless name;
The hero's soul had flown on high
On rushing wings of flame.

Did tears below the cheeks so late
With mortal terror wane?
Did grateful scores lament the fate
Of that sublime old man?

His awful task was grandly done,
For Duty bore the rod,
He fear'd no fate beneath the sun,
Because he walk'd with God.

A Student's Experience.

PART I.—A FRESHMAN.

BY NESTER.

My first session at McGill was one of struggle. The "woes of a Freshman" sometimes bore heavily upon me. To me the professors seemed surrounded with an awful cloud of mystery.

While the matriculation examination was going on I felt my whole frame vibrating to the solemn tread of one LL. D. after another as they passed up and down the William Molson Hall. I had been at funerals, but what was a funeral compared to this? Why, my future turned upon this examination. Better die than fail, thought I. I felt all the mighty future of a young aspirant for fame resting upon me during those memorable hours. A few months before I had no hope of entering the lists of candidates for collegiate honours; hence I was poorly prepared. When the questions were placed before me, I worked with desperation. One young man came one morning into the hall with such a smiling countenance, that every one could read his comfortable confidence of success. But I drew no comfort from my conclusion in relation to him. As the "exams." changed, I found the candidates for "Freshman Honours" in little groups talking over, with merry laughter and with sportive jest, the "exams." But this poor candidate had no chum. When some sympathizing one addressed him, which was not often, he would sometimes catch a ray of hope, and for a moment the woebegone expression of the candidate for simple admission into the "Freshman year" would vanish, and then as he thought of the answers he had made, he would become sadder than before, and wander down the street refusing to be comforted.

At length the results were declared, and gloom was dispelled, and gladness filled my heart when my name appeared among the successful candidates.

After admission I soon found myself covered with a long black robe or gown, and a strange-looking affair, something like a cap-sized boat in miniature and a (corresponding) raft fastened to the top of it. Then from the centre of this raft there came a large number of silk threads. I was astonished to hear them call this broadcloth and silk threads, "a college cap" or "trencher." This was all very well, but as the gown had been made for some one much taller than myself, I found it very convenient in way of giving me an occasional toss down stairs, when I would roll wound up in the large supply of cloth, which contributed to no small extent to the merriment of the fun-loving students. Having conceived the idea that my falls would not help me along very much in my studies, I succeeded in getting the gown shortened, and from that time I did not attract so much attention when coming down stairs. I was for a long time very much terrified when in the class room for classics. Greek was Greek to me; my previous knowledge of Greek was very limited, and hence, I was in constant dread. One day, finding myself wholly "at sea" for the want of a little more knowledge, I ventured to ask a question. My question displayed such utter ignorance of the subject that Dr. Cornish laughed and I was wonderfully confused. However, when the merriment of the class had subsided, Dr. C. kindly enlightened my benighted mind, and I formed the resolution to keep very quiet for a long time and find out things for myself.

During the time of my self-imposed silence, a thoughtful freshman asked the question if a *masculine* could lay eggs, as the article *β* belongs only to a masculine noun. This was appreciated by the "Prof." and the class; the latter rewarding their classmate by giving him ever after the "classic title" of *β spondulices*.

Time went on without more than a usual amount of difficulty until the Xmas examinations. And here description is too faint to portray the agony consequent upon my going up for my examinations in classics. I pause here to give some gratuitous advice to intending freshmen. Never come to McGill, unless you know more about the work than I did, for the consciousness of being poorly prepared are objects well deserving of dread. Besides, you should have some small amount of pity for the overtaxed professor whom you compel to walk through the semi-desert of your erroneous statements, in which he may find an occasional plant of trash, without which your case would be one of absolute "flaccidation."

Place yourself in the position of one of the professors, and upon page after page of badly worded and worse written manuscript. And is it not bad enough to work through the day and work late at night reading these papers, even when the answers are all right, without shocking the nerves and injuring the tem-

per of the man, by giving answers that are too terribly bad to provoke laughter? How I ever passed my examination in Classics, I can scarcely tell. That I studied hard was true, but then I reckoned myself among the "plucked" ones. In this I was happily disappointed, and had my joy heightened by the fact that I was not quite the lowest of the *passes*. After the holidays I came back and worked on until near the close of lectures for the session, when I got sick and discouraged, and thought I must certainly follow the example of others of my classmates who had already left the University.

But I persevered to try, and did so; succeeded in passing the Sessional Examinations, and in one subject came off as Prizeman. I then bade adieu to the name and position of freshman.

Phunigfups.

AN old lady recently directed the attention of her husband to a pair of twins, remarking as she did so, "How much those two children do look alike, especially the one this way!"

MCGILL NICKNAMES.—Blowhard, Balls, Carlo, Cock, Colfish, Shark, Jackall, Frog, Goat, Pater, Scipio Tattergownus, Backwoods, Faculty, Kut-my-nose-off, Sport, Plugugly, Eezoon, Heathen Chinee, Katie, Stork, and Moonface.

A FIRST-CLASS life policy: Keep out of debt.

Too full for utterance: The boy who filled his mouth with hot baked apple.

VELOCITY OF SOUND.—Josh Billings was asked, "How fast does sound travel?" His idea is that it depends a good deal upon the noise you are talking about. "The sound of a dinner horn, for instance, travels half a mile in a second, while an invitashun tew get up in the morning, i have known to be 3 quarters of an hour goin' 2 pair of stairs and then not hev strength enuff left to be heard."

"How are you to-day?" asked the benevolent Dr. P. of one of his Irish patients at Guy's Hospital. "Faith, Doctor," groaned the poor fellow, "I'm that bad that if any one was to tell me that I was clane dead, I would not be surprisid at all."

A LITTLE boy was sent to a store for some eggs. Before reaching home he dropped them. In answer to his mother, who asked, "Did you break any?" he replied, "No. I didn't break any, but the shells came off from some of them."

THIS is how a paragraph in a Western paper records a suicide: "He blew his head off. Bilious, poor and disheartened. The gun muzzle in his mouth, his toe on the trigger, and up goes his hair."

A YOUNG man asked a young lady her age, and she replied: "Six times seven and seven times three added to my age will exceed six times nine and four, as double my age exceeds twenty." The young man said he thought she looked much older.

IN Boston a poor man, who less than a year ago had only one suit of clothes, went into the newspaper business, and now he has eight suits. Seven of them are for libel.

A NEW-BRUNSWICKER, in the Customs Department, having for a long time enjoyed the pleasure of wearing his hair of artistic length, at last determined to visit a barber, who asked if he would like to have his head shingled. "Yes," said he, "if you can do it so well that it will not leak." The barber did his work so thoroughly that our hero on surveying himself in the glass failed to recognize his "physiog." and thought he had a legal claim upon the barber for damages for destroying his identity.

A FRESHMAN of McGill on looking into the room of a brother freshman, who happened to be in stature a little like the Liliputians described by Swift, and finding the room vacant, calls out in an interrogatory tone of voice, "Are you *non est*?" thus sadly mixing English and Latin, and making a bad sentence. The Liliputian at the foot of the stair calls out "Sum." "Some?" repeats the interrogator, laughing, "not much."

Sports.

THE REGATTA AT SPRINGFIELD.

Long before Tuesday, the 15th June, collegians and their friends from the length and breadth of the land commenced to pour into Springfield, Mass. A large proportion of the undergraduates of eleven colleges were there watching the crews training for the great aquatic contest for muscular supremacy. Then the fair sex came in great numbers to watch the races, to cheer the victors, to soothe the vanquished, and to dance at the great regatta ball. So the town was full to overflowing, and all waited for the athletic meeting to begin.

On Tuesday, Biglin and Ward, the professionals, contested a five-mile rowing match. Ward over-trained himself, was taken suddenly ill, and thus gave Biglin an easy victory. The same day the freshmen base-ball nines of Harvard and Brown played the first of two matches. Score: Harvard 21, Brown 14.

On Wednesday came another match between professionals, and in the afternoon a two-mile single scull race between Swift of Yale, and Dutton of Cornell. Swift won easily in 14:42; Dutton coming in 59 seconds later.

So the preliminary sports finished, Thursday was the culminating day of the regatta, and every one waited eagerly for the day to appear. It was, indeed, to be a busy day. In the morning the second match between Harvard and Brown, which Harvard again won, the race for the Bennett Cup, and then in the afternoon the freshmen and The University races.

THE FOOT RACE.

On Thursday morning, crowds made their way to Hampden Park, to see the contest for the Bennett Cup. This challenge cup, valued at \$500, was given by James Gordon Bennett, of New York, for a two-mile foot race, open to all students and graduates of the year of American colleges—the winner of two consecutive races to obtain permanent possession of the cup. Five names were entered for the race, representing McGill, Cornell, Harvard, Dartmouth and Amherst. Two men withdrew on account of illness, so on time being called the following three alone stood at the scratch: Phillips, of Cornell, on the inside; Bowie, of Alma Mater, in the centre, and Benton, of Amherst, on the outside of the half-mile track. On the word being given, Bowie led for a couple of rods at a very slow run, was passed by Benton, and with Benton about twenty feet in advance of Bowie and Phillips together, then passed the stand in 2:40. Round again until on the stretch Phillips spurts, passes Benton, and leads for a few feet. The mile in 5:29. On the third round Benton leads again, and Bowie jogs along about six or eight yards behind. The mile and a half in 8:13. No change occurs on the next quarter. Amherst rejoices, Benton leads, and the race is sure—but the best amateur runner in Canada, perhaps on the continent, strides along at an easy pace only a rod behind, until half way round; then for the first time, *he* spurts—closes the gap between himself and the leader, passes him, and with a magnificent burst of speed, rushes down the home stretch. Benton, disheartened, steps out; Phillips bravely follows and strains every nerve to overtake Bowie, who, a second and a half ahead, crosses the line in 11:15 and is named winner. We congratulate Mr. Bowie on the laurels he won for McGill, and we hope that next year he may again as successfully run for it, to bring it back permanently to shine among the many other trophies he has won.

THE FRESHMAN RACE.

Early in the day crowds in public conveyances, carriages, and on foot made their way from Springfield to every place from which the course was visible. The day was perfection, not a ripple on the broad Connecticut, and a cloudy sky, but no rain until after the race, and had an enthusiastic oarsman been clerk of the weather, he could not have given more suitable weather than Thursday presented to the crews and the thousands who filled the stands, and on foot in carriages stretched in long black lines down either bank, waiting patiently for the races to begin. The threatening aspect of the weather kept the ladies from shining in as gorgeous toilets as they would have done had the sky been brighter, but there was not lack of brightness in their appearance, for each wore, as sash or bow, the colors of that college to which, or rather to the students of which, she was most attached. The order preserved was surprising; probably, on no other occasion could so large a crowd meet, and so little intoxication or gambling be observed. One drunken man was all that was seen on one side of the river; on the other there was none. This speaks very well for the high moral tone of American colleges. Time passed away until at a quarter-past three, the fresh-

men crews of Amherst, Harvard and Yale waited for the word at the starters' boat. At the word they are off—Harvard spurts, almost takes the lead, but Yale's long steady stroke is too much for them and they take the lead, Amherst meantime splashing badly and dropping astern. Harvard increases her strokes from 40 to 42. Yale unchanged, swings along in advance. Amherst about a mile down passes Harvard, and for the rest of the race their positions are materially unchanged. Yale wins in 17:53. Yale, of course, jubilant, while the men with magna favours prophesy a different result in the great race.

THE UNIVERSITY RACE.

At six o'clock, eleven six-oars lay at the starting point to row the great University race over the same course as the freshmen, three miles down the river, from the Williams boathouse. These represent the following colleges and wore the following colours:

	Age.	AVERAGE Weight.	Height.
AMHERST—Purple and White.....	23	140 5-6	5-9
BOWDOIN—White.....	23½	160 5-6	5-9 2-3
CORNELL—Cornell and White.....	23	154 2-3	5-10
COLUMBIA—Blue and White.....	20 1-6	140 5-6	5-9
DARTMOUTH—Green.....	22	164 5-6	6-0½
HARVARD—Magenta.....	20	150	5-10 2-3
MASS. AGRICULTURAL—Maroon & White	21½	153	5-9 5-6
TRINITY—Green and White.....	20 1-6	147½	5-10 5-6
WESLEYAN—Lavender.....	23½	148	5-9 1-3
WILLIAMS—Purple.....	23½	153	5-9
YALE—Blue.....	23½	154 2-3	5-8 1-3

Of these crews Bowdoin, Wesleyan and Yale are the oldest, Harvard the youngest; Dartmouth the heaviest, and Trinity the lightest; Dartmouth the tallest, and Yale the shortest.

At a few minutes after six, the crowd wait hushed and expectant to see the start. Mr. Brown (of the Nassau Boat Club, New York) the starter comes forward then, "Are you ready? Go," and the great struggle commences: Harvard at 42 and Bowdoin at 46, a trifle in advance, but for a score of strokes no one can be said to lead, although Trinity and Williams fall to the rear from the first. All the boats but Yale and Williams work towards the eastern shore. They flash along, all changing their positions constantly, save Harvard in front and Williams last. Now Dartmouth is next Harvard, then Bowdoin, "the lumbermen from Maine," take that place. At the end of the first mile Harvard still leads and Yale not yet out of the "ruck." Half the race is over—Yale, which all along has kept in the current next to the Wesleyans, still keeps her place. Another half mile and no change, and then the captain calls on his men for a spurt, and gallantly do they respond. Half a dozen strokes and they lap Harvard, six more and they lead. Wesleyan follows close on the leading boats. Again and again Harvard dash endeavours by desperate spurts to place sagenta in front, but Yale's clock-work stroke sends the blue along at a pace that "can't be passed." The Wesleyans send the lavender ahead of Harvard and so they struggle on to the goal. Harvard is pumped, they are almost in, Yale "picks her up" for a few strokes, and then cross the line, and for the first time since 1865 she wins the great race.

The time of the leading crews was as follows:—

Yale, 16.59.

Wesleyan, 17.01.

Harvard, 17.11.

Yale rowed the long English stroke, thus giving an additional proof of its superiority over all other styles of rowing. On almost every occasion that the two have been pulled against each other, the long stroke has been victorious. We need only mention the Paris Tyne Race at Lachine in 1870, the International Race at Mortlake, although the defeat of the American Crew may be ascribed to other causes, and the two Yale victories at Springfield.

The same evening the regatta was brought to a close by a grand Regatta Ball, which was a brilliant affair. The crews did not appear, but there was a sufficiently large number of students there to keep up the reputation which college men have always enjoyed of being excellent society men and devoted to the sex, and the memories of that ball will be among the pleasantest of all the pleasant memories of the Regatta of 1873.

THE ATHLETIC SPORTS ON SATURDAY.

Last Saturday the Montreal Football Club held, for the first time, annual athletic sports. The games were held on the Lacrosse ground, which is not at all suited for meetings of this character; it being simply impossible, owing to the sharp turns, for a runner to do himself justice on that track. However, this was not a circumstance for which the Football Club are respon-

sible; every thing which they took in hand was admirably carried out, and the sports went off without any delay or confusion whatsoever. We regret that the attendance was not larger, but the threatening sky kept many at home who would have attended had the day been finer; but we understand the Club meets with no pecuniary loss. Some of the races, particularly the Ladies' Cup, were not well contested; but, on the whole, the Committee of the Club may congratulate themselves on the successful nature of the meeting, and we offer them our thanks for having promoted the cause of athletic sports by their meeting. Messrs. Bond and Establie acted as judges. We append a list of the races and winners:

No. 1. Mile race, open; prize, medal; won by Wm. L. Allen; time 5 minutes, 8 seconds.

No. 2. Running long jump, open; prize, a medal; won by George Anderson; 18 feet, 2 inches; a good jump.

No. 3. 100 yards dash; prize, a medal. A very closely contested race with 9 entries. 1st heat, 1. E. J. Ermatinger, 2nd R. Summerhayes, D. E. Bowie being third. Second heat, Summerhayes first, Ermatinger second, and Bowie third. Third do., Bowie first, Summerhayes second, and Ermatinger third. Last heat, Bowie first, and Summerhayes second; prize medal.

No. 4. Running high jump, medal. E. J. Ermatinger 1st; 5 feet 3 in.; 2nd, G. Anderson; 3rd, D. E. Bowie.

NO. 5. QUARTER MILE RACE.

Club prize, ladies' cup, an elegant silver goblet, the most valuable prize offered; winner, J. D. Armstrong.

No. 6. Running hop, step, and jump, open; prize, medal; D. E. Bowie, 40 feet 9 1/2 inches; pretty good for an amateur.

No. 7. Half mile race, open; prize, medal; 1st, Wm. L. Allen, 2nd, J. Davy, and 3rd, W. P. Mullin.

No. 8. Putting the shot club; prize, medal; 1st, W. Phillips; 41 feet 10 in.; 2nd, J. McDonald.

No. 9. Hurdle race, open; prize, medal; 1st, E. J. Ermatinger, both heats.

No. 10. Quarter mile race, open; prize, a medal; 1st, R. Summerhayes; 2nd, E. M. Ermatinger, G. Anderson, distanced.

COLLEGE SPORTS.

There has been some talk among the arts students about the advisability of undertaking athletic sports, the meeting to be held about the end of October. The general feeling among them is in favor of such a meeting, and as soon as the "Medicals" return a meeting will be held to consider the question, and if decided upon to elect a committee to undertake the management of them. There is no reason why such sports should not be a success; the grounds are well adapted for races, a steeplechase, throwing the cricket ball, &c., and there is abundant talent in College to insure competition and make the day highly enjoyable, and we hope no unforeseen difficulty may prevent them being carried out.

S. E.

Progress and Improvement.

Perhaps few of the present inhabitants of Montreal remember an old wooden building which occupied the site of the present High School, and was dignified with the appellation of the Bursale Hall. This building, though unpretentious in appearance, served important purposes, as the College classes in the Faculty of Arts shared its accommodation with the school, and within its walls were also contained the Library and Museum, such as they were, belonging to the University. In those days the present buildings, consisting as they did of what is now the central building and the east wing, stood with a desolate aspect among extensive fields and pastures, and were considered much too far out of town for convenient use, especially in winter, when the depth of snow presented an additional obstacle. Besides, such was the state of the buildings that without a considerable outlay of time and money, they could not be permanently occupied. However, when the number of students reached fifty, it was decided to face these difficulties. Accordingly preparations were made, and the classes were opened in the present buildings in 1859. The eastern half of the central building was fixed upon as most convenient, and was fitted up with class-rooms, the other half being used as the residence of the present Secretary and Bursar, Mr. W. C. Baynes, B.A. Among the many improvements those brought about by the large-hearted generosity of William Molson, Esq., demand special attention; for up to the year 1861 there was no building for Library, Museum or Laboratory. This felt want was supplied by the munificence of the above-named gentleman.

It speaks well for the usefulness of the University that the

increased number of students has made it necessary to provide more class-rooms.

The transformation which this central building has undergone during the summer vacation this year has resulted in the provision of the required class-rooms. The half of this building formerly occupied by Mr. Baynes, has been remodelled; and in this part on the second flat, Professor Darey, the Professor of the French Language and Literature, has a large and pleasant class-room. On the third flat is a spacious room for the lectures in Applied Science, which are given by Professor Armstrong. The drawing-room, which is also on this flat, has been extended, so that it now occupies the whole back part of the building, and is lighted by six windows, four of which face the N.W., which is especially convenient for afternoon work. Dr. DeSoia, the Professor of Hebrew and Oriental Literature, who has previously occupied a class-room quite insufficient for his purposes, has been provided with a suitable room. Dr. Carpenter has also been provided with a large and commodious room, which he requires while arranging the magnificent collection of shells which he has presented to the University. As this room is entered by a private stair-case he will be entirely undisturbed.

An additional apparatus room, an armory for the use of the University Companies, and a private office for the Principal, opening off the Faculty Room, have been provided. With these radical improvements, and of a minor character, we hope to be more comfortable, and that our mental growth may be even more healthy, vigorous and rapid. Let us ever be mindful of our indebtedness to those whose thoughtful minds have planned, and whose wisdom directed and provided these for our comfort and advantage.

Scholarships and Exhibitions.

SEPTEMBER, 1873.

SCHOLARSHIPS (TENABLE FOR TWO YEARS.)

Year of commencement.	Name of Scholar.	Subject of Examination.	Annual Value.	Founder or Donor.
1872	Dawson, W. B.	Science	\$125	W. C. Macdonald, Esq. Governors.
1872	Allan, John	Do.	100 to \$120	W. C. Macdonald, Esq.
1872	Ward, G. B.	Class & Mod'n Languages	125	W. C. Macdonald, Esq.
1872	Harvey, Chas.	Do.	120	Chas. Alexander, Esq.
1873	Chandler, G. H.	Class & Mod'n Languages	125	W. C. Macdonald, Esq.
1873	Ritchie, W. F.	Class & Mod'n Languages	125	W. C. Macdonald, Esq.

EXHIBITIONS (TENABLE FOR ONE YEAR.)

SECOND YEAR.

Name of Exhibitioner.	Annual Value.	Founder or Donor.
Watson, A. J.	\$125	W. C. Macdonald, Esq.
Campbell, D.	125	W. C. Macdonald, Esq.

FIRST YEAR.

Name of Exhibitioner.	Annual Value.	Founder or Donor.
Lafleur, E.	\$125	W. C. Macdonald, Esq.
Goulet, C. H.	125	W. C. Macdonald, Esq.
Graham, J. H.	125	W. C. Macdonald, Esq.
Jackson, C. A.	100	Mrs. Redpath.
Robertson, R.	100	T. M. Taylor, Esq.

The Faculty further recommend that another Macdonald Exhibition be equally divided between Atwater, A. A., and Anderson, J. A., competitors for First Year Exhibitions.

Primary Examination.

FACULTY OF MEDICINE.

It is a matter of profound regret that in the account of the examinations as given in our first issue of May last, that the name of John D. Cline, B.A., of Cornwall, Ont., should have been omitted. In Arts, Mr. Cline was Chapman Medalist. It may be well to state that the Chapman Medal is given to the student who takes the highest number of marks in the final examination in Honour Classics.

Mr. Cline was successful in winning the Primary Prize in March, 1873, which prize is given for proficiency in Physiology, Materia Medica, Anatomy, and Chemistry. He took the highest number of marks ever taken by any recipient of the said prize. We wish him success in his final year.

For the benefit of the young ladies of Montreal and others interested we have much pleasure in inserting the following from the *Doncaster* (Eng.) *Chronicle* of the 15th ult., and at the same time extending to the happy couple our warmest congratulations:

ARMSTRONG-BUSBY.—On the 7th August, at the Church of St. Michael, Headingly, by the Rev. H. Tuckwell, M. A., Vicar, assisted by the Rev. J. Cyprian Rust, M. A., Fellow of Pembroke College, Cambridge, George Frederick Armstrong, M. A., F.G.S., Jesus College, Cambridge, Professor of Civil Engineering, McGill University, Montreal, to Margaret Anne, only daughter of Thomas Brown, Longfield, Headingly.

We regret that owing to the excitement of examination times, the name of Prof. Wurtzle was omitted in the account of the Faculty of Law; he being the Associate Professor of Commercial Law, one of the most important subjects in the course.

We also omitted to mention the fact of Professors Doutre, Kerr, Lafamme, and Lafrenaye, having taken in course the degree of D.C.L.

Remembering with pleasure the kind reception our Prospectus number received from the friends of the University, who are animated by high hopes of the future. While this number is not all we could wish, we hope that the November number will make up for any deficiency in this, when we have the powerful assistance of the students in the faculties of Medicine and Law. We hope our friends will favour us with their subscriptions so soon as possible. Price only one dollar per annum.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of some copies of the *College Spectator*, from Professor Darey, M.A.B.C.L., and also some copies of the *Cornell Era*, from F. W. Kelley, M.A., of Cornell University.

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Just Published.

The Story of the Earth and Man.—By J. W. Dawson, F. R. S., Principal and Vice-Chancellor of the McGill University, Montreal. (Hodder and Stoughton).—Geology as a science made always prove attractive; its study serves the highest ends, and the facts, suggestions, and conclusions it evolves enlarge and discipline the mind. The several chapters of this treatise were originally prepared for, and appeared in, the *Lecture Hour*; and now that they are gathered together, and reproduced, with their illustrative diagrams, they make an exceedingly useful volume—a volume containing an epitome of all the theories from time to time advanced, and the modern arguments peculiar to this many-sided and important subject. The author's method is admirable for its simple straightforwardness; for, while he avoids such technicalities as are likely to confuse the unscientific reader, he leaves nothing untouched which is necessary to a fair—not to say complete—comprehension of the whole science. With commendable reticence, Dr. Dawson has left undiscussed the relation of scientific geology to the Mosaic account of the creation of the world, but on this branch of the subject he has previously written in his "Archæa," and, therefore, the less need to go over the ground a second time. All, however, will agree with him, that geology, to be really useful, must "be emancipated from the control of bald metaphysical speculation, and delivered from that materialistic infidelity which, by robbing Nature of her spiritual element, makes science dry, barren, and repulsive, diminishes its educational value, and even renders it less efficient for purposes of practical research."

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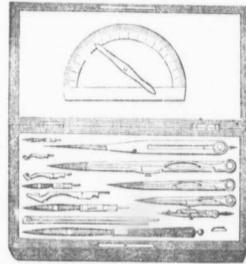
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