

# Rouge et Noir.

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## *The Saving of the Colours at the Battle of Isandula.*

BY ALBAN GREAVES.

"Strike!" But the arms were weary that obeyed:  
"Charge!" But the many who so valiantly  
In the proud early hour of battle strife  
Responded to that cry now hear no more;  
"Rally!" Alas! in serried heaps they lie  
Upon the bleeding ground. And they whose fate  
Is yet to stay behold fresh masses flock,  
Like vultures to the prey, across the plain  
Of Isandula. That devoted band,  
Still left a nation's honour to sustain,  
The burden bore until beneath its weight—  
Their strength, not valour, failing—they sank down.  
'E'en as the tigress bearded in the den  
Where sleep her jungle whelps doth bare her fangs  
More terribly than when she roams alone.  
So strove the men who fought for forest homes.

'Tis done! O turn away thy eyes and weep  
To think of those whose life-blood dyes the ground.  
Here would the father and the brother bend  
In silent awe; the mother's love would shed,  
In sorrow, tears that once from joyful hope  
She dropped on yonder soldier's infant brow:  
The wife would know the bitterness of those  
Who find they've hoped in vain, and closer press  
The little ones, now fatherless, whom she  
Alone must send to meet the battling world.  
Alike the sister, and perchance the maid  
More dear than sister, would be prone upon  
Some face no tears or kiss could move. Alas!  
How many a home would pour its sorrow here  
And hope see quenched in yonder gory pile!

But, lo! who yonder cuts his way and rides  
From out the conflict toward the rock-set plain  
With such fierce valour, and what is't he bears  
So precious that, despite its hindering mass,  
He seems to hold a kingdom in his hand?  
Meanwhile spring forward to arrest his flight  
Pursuing bands of swarthy warriors, one  
Black mass of screaming rage. But comrades hear  
Those shouts as they lie wounded, and rise up  
That with their latest glances they may note  
The fugitive's career, then falling, give  
One faint hurrah, and easier seem to die.  
The Zulus come thick, swarming o'er the plain  
Like ravenous wolves upon the Russian steppes  
Which hour by hour pursue some hapless beast  
Till its endurance yields to theirs at last.

The object now of many a scowling eye  
He rides, the mark for many an arrow barb,  
While spears—now this side, now on that—fly past  
Like winged serpents. On he speeds, a star  
Of hope unto his comrades who behold  
That wondrous flight; for while he rides there lives  
The hope that all may not so bitter be  
As first did seem—that still may that be saved  
Which each true soldier values as his life  
Of which despoiled he soldier seems no more.

Then on! good horse: let not thy footsteps fall:  
On, on! bear weariness to-day, for thou  
Hast costlier burden far than all the steeds  
That less encumbered pass thee in their flight.  
But now unkindly Nature 'gins to turn  
Her hand against the rider, hindering  
His course with tangled bush and slippery rock:  
Yet unobdient he toils, with ceaseless care  
Guarding those precious emblems, heeding naught  
But that dear treasure—there where men would cast

Gold and rich gems away to purchase speed.  
And many followed still that laden steed—  
Some nigh alongside—till the river gleams  
Across his path. The rider pauses not  
To ponder on the brink, but plunges in:—  
And Melville's work was finished. There then began  
A battle with that stream, the Buffalo;  
But none may tell that struggle, for the two  
That knew it hold the silence of the dead  
And sleep the slumber unrecordable.

But there was one—as true a soul as drew  
Sword on that day—brave Coghill, who had stayed  
Near Melville all the flight. His steed had gained  
The further bank when, looking back, he saw  
His comrade's strength was spent, and plunged once more  
Into the rushing flood to bear relief  
To him, or catch those banners saved so long  
Which, unretained, were being swept away  
Upon the stream, a prey for savage hands.  
But with the rapid current fruitlessly—  
Not always do the worthiest bear the crown—  
He strove for them: the brave attempt did fail,  
And strength was barely theirs to gain the shore.

They'd done their best.—duty was more than done;  
And moaning o'er that toll, though vainly spent,  
They crawled unto safe hiding place, and there,  
Faint and untended in the solitude,  
Their weary limbs laid down to rest—and die:  
For none was near to whisper to them words  
Of praise and gratitude, or bear away  
Their dying words and messages of love,  
Though oftentimes their falling glances turned  
Whence aid might come, but ever turned, alas!  
With vain expectancy. Where were your thoughts,  
Ye two, in those sad moments? Far away?  
Away beyond the north Atlantic foam,  
Once more within the old familiar home  
Surrounded by loved faces? There meanwhile  
The ruddy fire of Winter on the hearth  
The English parlour cheerfully illumed,  
Round which your places by fond hearts are still  
Kept empty—places to be filled by you  
On earth, alas! no more. Thus did ye muse,  
While round the breezes of the desert sang  
Your requiem, the song that's chanted o'er  
The dying forms of those whose graves shall own  
No monument but their good fame. 'Twas not  
Until their noble spirits had cast off  
The burdening clay that joyful comrades found,  
Amid the stream suspended far below,  
The colours which so valiantly they bore  
From foeman's grasp. 'Twas not for them to see  
The harvest of the toil themselves endured;  
But others live who bless the names of two  
Whose bones in Africa's keeping hidden lie.  
A nation from dishonour foul they saved;  
Be theirs for aye a nation's grateful praise!

## ROMEO AND JULIET.

BY R. GREGORY COX, M.A.

While witnessing the recent representation of Shakspeare's plays, I was strongly reminded of Charles Lamb's delightful essay in which he maintains that Shakspeare is better suited for the closet than the stage. Much scorn has been wasted of late on this opinion, yet I imagine that it expresses the ultimate view of most Shakspearean students. At first, no doubt, it is the

general experience, that the skill of an accomplished actor touches into life, and gives a reality and substance to the poet's dreams. However this may be, it is not uninteresting to note the mutilations which Shakspeare's plays are subjected to in their adaptation to the modern stage. The audiences, who had the distinction of being written for by him, must, in some respects at least, have had a truer feeling for dramatic art, than the crowds who applaud with more energy than discrimination, the graces of Miss Neilson. In keeping with the practice of earlier dramatists, Shakspeare always continues the action of his tragedies beyond the culmination of the catastrophe. Hamlet dies, but the play does not close until we hear the announcement of the English ambassadors, that the engineer has been hoist with his own petard, that Rosencrantz and Guildenstern have gone to their richly-merited doom; and then, with a few words of grace, regret and dignified eulogy of the ill-fated Prince, the bodies are borne from the stage, while

"The soldier's music and the rites of war  
Speak loudly for him."

Justice has been done, crimes have been avenged, and the uneventful course of human life is resumed in the cleared atmosphere. So it is with all his tragedies, and the reader finds in these calm endings a restorative, which the ways of audiences of to-day, and the conditions of scenic representation, have thrown away. In Romeo and Juliet, the concluding scenes have not merely the artistic effect of soothing the same emotions, which the horrors of the tragedy excite, but contain a most important part of the moral lesson of the play. That which the friar's little schemes could not effect, fate has accomplished by their frustration, and over the dead bodies of the star-crossed lovers, the insane enmities of the rival houses at length are reconciled.

*Prince.*— Capulet! Montague!  
See what a scourge is laid upon your hate,  
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!  
*Capulet.*—O, brother Montague, give me thy hand;  
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more  
Can I demand.  
*Montague.*—But I can give thee more;  
For I will raise her statue in pure gold,

That while Verona by that name is known,  
There shall no figure at such rate be set  
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Capulet.—As rich shall Romeo by his lady  
lie,  
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

No one who had enjoyed the privilege of witnessing Miss Neilson's Juliet in her prime, would feel much inclination to criticise the faded and fatigued actress, wisely retiring from the stage before the public has become conscious of her waning powers. In her better days, the silver-sweet discourse of the lovers in the moon-lit garden, which, at the best, must be sullied by exposure on the stage, would not have been vulgarized by such stage tricks as concluded the scene in its latest representation. Nor in that still lovelier scene, where the newly-wedded husband and wife separate with the breaking day, would she have missed the point that Juliet's cessation of entreaties for Romeo's stay is caused by his resignation to even death at her bidding.

Romeo—Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death,  
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.  
Come death and welcome, Juliet wills it so,  
How is't my soul? let's talk, it is not day.  
Juliet—It is, it is; hie hence, be gone, away!

One wonders why it should be necessary to omit one word of this perfect scene, still less to commit the profanation of adding to Shakspeare. Is there in English history, a lovelier description of the dawn than here? Shakspeare must have had fresh in his remembrance his youthful days in Warwickshire, when no doubt he had often seen with keen delight, the hunters going forth in the grey misty morning, singing a 'hunt up,' a *réveil* to the day. On the stage this scene inevitably loses its ethereal beauty, and its splendour 'fades into the light of common day.' No actor, I believe, could possibly be found equal to these earlier scenes, but later on the part of Romeo presents no insuperable difficulties, and in them Mr. Compton attained a high degree of excellence. His self-restrained passion—the restraint of desperation—when Juliet's death is announced, and afterwards at the tomb, was admirable, and his enunciation of the words "Mercutio's kinsman!" when Romeo discovers that he has ignorantly slain the County Paris, emphasizes the culmination of his perverse fate. It is almost impossible for an actor to fail in the rôle of Mercutio—it acts itself. But much of his wit has its edge blunted by the misrepresentation of Tybalt's character, which seems the rule on the stage. It is written down plainly enough that Tybalt was possessed of all the gentlemanly accomplishments and out-

ward graces of his age. Shakspeare seems to have had in his mind's eye, a favourite subject of his satire, the travelled dandy, 'who sold his land to see other men's,' and whose manners are as affected and foreign as his garments. "Why is it not a strange thing, grand sire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez-moys*?" In the surly clown who usually stands for him on the stage, there is little of Shakspeare's Tybalt to be discussed. Indeed it is generally true that the distinctive individuality and interest, which Shakspeare's prodigal genius conferred on the least significant persons of his dramas, is sacrificed in the theatre.

NOTE.—There is a difficulty in making out the time of the play which a Shakspeare Club may perhaps be able to solve. The play begins about 9 a.m. on Sunday (I. 1, 152). On Sunday evening the feast is held at old Capulet's (I. 2, 820). The balcony interview takes place towards Monday morning (II. 2, 176 and 168-9). At 9 o'clock on Monday morning, Juliet sends to Romeo (II. 5. 1.). Soon after 12 o'clock, the nurse returns, and Juliet hies to the friar's cell where she is married (II. 5, 9-76). About an hour after their marriage, Tybalt is slain (II. 1, 109), and within two hours more, the fearful news is brought to Juliet (III. 2, 99). On Monday night Capulet determines that "on Thursday next," Juliet shall be married to the County Paris (III. 4, 18). On Tuesday morning, at break of day, the lovers part, and the same morning Juliet visits the friar, and receives the potion to be drunk on Wednesday night, and which is to keep her entranced *two and forty hours* (IV. 1, 90 and 104). On her return from the cell, her father changes his mind and decides that the marriage shall be celebrated next day, Wednesday (IV. 2, 36). In consequence of this, Juliet drinks the potion late on Tuesday night. On Wednesday morning she is buried, and on Thursday, apparently, though this is not free from doubt, Romeo receives the news (V. 1, 20-34). On Thursday night late, Romeo is at the tomb, and shortly after the friar comes 'at the prefixed hour of her waking' (V. 3, 253). As the potion's force was to last only two and forty hours, Juliet should have awakened about five or six o'clock on Thursday evening, at the latest, according to this calculation, whereas it was nearly Friday morning (V. 3, 173, *et seq.*). The friar's medical reputation is clearly at stake!

PAST AND PRESENT.

I.

"*Laudator temporis acti se puero.*"

How is the old place faring? Who are our successors, and are they living up to Trinity's traditions? These and like questions, "*Rouge et Noir*," past men expect you to answer. Is the Institute as prosy and as popular as ever? Are SS. Simon and Jude still the most uproariously venerated of prelates? And is the solemn masquerade yearly holden—the judicatory of erring matriculants?

How well Trinity, aged before her time, must be remembered by old graduates! Her picturesque and smoke begrimed turrets—variously paint-freshened by some iconoclastic hand—her gables half hidden with unkempt creeper—her yellow-washed corridors, the home of the winds, haunted by the inevitable charwoman (peace to her aching joints!) leading no freshman can tell whither. What a tortuous dance for him! along their dusty length, here passing a lecture room—how often the scene of Euclid's discomfiture, or of the worsting of heathen sages!—past chapel and hall and tributary passages, each yielding its quota of sombre-togaed seniors; up winding stairways; through the much slighted "Wilderness"—noisy home of the undergraduate fledgling; on, till, with instinctive reverence, the very corridor abruptly stops at the library—the scene of many an anecdote—the home of the worm and its food. Twice a week and twice only, I remember, were we bidden to inhale the learning of its atmosphere—to whet our literary appetites. Seated along those green-baized tables we might then speculate on the contents of its shelves—the peaceful dormitories of erudition—the crumbling tombs of the dead languages. Warm looking old volumes, the dusty lubrications of the ancient Fathers, perhaps,—decked out in sheepskin, centuries ago, for our delectation—in their well-worn "leathern jackets"—the battered uniform of the Crusaders against Schism—below, irregular rows of variegated bindings, each with its individual pretensions, too self-reliant, too personally self-assertive for the company above; copper-clasped veterans upholstered in yellow hide—novelists in a demi-toilet of calf—the orthodox and the heterodox lettered together (a strange confusion unworthy of the dispensation); to the right, more modern creations, apparently, dressed in their linen frocks—speculation's children—probationers on their good

behaviour; to the left, the juvenile, miscellaneous pamphlets and Reviews suspiciously original, the most Anglican of Sermons and Wesley's Discourses (a child among its neighbours), each squeezed into his allotted space, in brilliant bib and tucker—the swaddling clothes of thought! “Mr. —, will you construe, if you please?” Yes, our reveries were often fore-shortened—the edge of our appetite allowed to rust. “Mangling done here.” Where? Ask the traditionary freshman—the mythical hero of that gossiping breed—ignoble pilferer of a laundress' sign board and the defamer therewith of the Library door posts—most irreverent application.

But, even with her grim exterior still unaltered, Trinity is not what she was. I was a pious pilgrim lately. The new Hall and even the labyrinth of corridors were spick and span with paint and polish. Everything trim and tidy, the old Pigeon flown—Pigeon (shrewd bird!) who feathered his nest and left it, nest egg and all, a legacy to his feeders. And now her tradition, the *genius loci*, surely, is about to quit her—and with the Provost how much! Her children must indeed perpetrate his name on the foundation—a life too closely knit to hers to permit of an absolute severance.

But in the hospitality of her residents, Trinity is still a household—still her old self. The long “churchwardens” are yet forthcoming when ten o'clock closes the dictionary, and Pigeon's perfunctory successor dispenses college beer at the buttery, with all its old savour still, albeit the double-eared pewters are gone. A pleasant reminder—a delicate compliment, surely, to our youth and its frolics! Those were jolly days. To meet up in the “wilderness,” with three-legged chair and coal box, bench and hearth-rug—well used to their load of songsters and smokers—grouped around the fire, each one with his pleasant story—friendly gossips. Then the porter's inevitable ring—the College curfew—and out with the candles from the dresser to shed their “lustre and tallow” on undergrad. and gown. “Ὁρμώμεθ’!” had ever Greeks such lugs? “Now, hands all round!” and “Auld lang Syne” echoes through the dark passages till the very picture of our Founder, hidden away with college plate and vestments—to be ceremoniously introduced each year at Convocation, flanked by mouldy red curtains—starts and shakes in its canvass. The expostulatory figure of the “Professor-in-Hall”—expectant target of an ægrotat-shower next

morning—the signal for the clearing! Six hours later the chapel bell! It hangs in its “pepper-box” still, I find, aged perceptibly—a trifle more garrulous and asthmatic. Do any of my old year (the venerated eighteen hundred and—never mind how many) remember the humorsome protest of an imaginary graduate that appeared in “Ἐπισκοπῶν” long ago? May our anonymous friend, the author, forgive my memory's shortcomings!

Though distance may blind me,  
Old faces remind me,  
And fond fancies bind me  
To sweet by-gone times;  
Yet there's no bile-swelling,  
No vision-dispelling  
Memento more telling  
Than Trinity's chimes.

Ah! thou'lt most unseeming  
To ruffle my teeming  
Heart in its fond dreaming,  
Kind *Mater*, of thee!  
As memories choice in  
The mind's clear eye moisten  
A tear, comes the voice in  
Thy belfry to me.

Ye ears, whom those halting  
Tones still are assaulting,  
So fitful and falt'ring  
'Twixt treble and bass;  
I ween that ye never  
Their music will sever  
From memory's ever  
Retentive embrace!

For if there's a pleasure  
Ye'll mentally treasure  
Hereafter when leisure  
Permits you to muse,  
'Twont be the harsh twanging,  
The discordant clanging,  
The growl and falsetto,  
Remembered too well;  
The jangling *duetto*  
Of Trinity Bell!

OBITUARY.

It is with feelings of deep regret that we have to chronicle the death of the Rev. James Bovell, M.D., which took place in the island of Nevis, on the 16th of January last. Dr. Bovell was one of the best and firmest supporters of Trinity, taking an active interest in furthering every measure conducive to her welfare. On the foundation of the College in 1851, he accepted the position of Professor of Physiology and Natural Theology, and continued his lectures, in the Theological and Medical Departments, until 1870, when he was obliged to go to the West Indies.

Much of the present prosperity of Trinity is due to his unwearying exertions in her behalf during his Professorship. Many of our readers—those, at least, who were students here during that time—will remember his kindly smile and words of sound advice. Men who were privileged to listen to his lectures, and those who knew him in his private life, have carried away with them to their homes part of his spirit, and the good seeds he was enabled to sow while here are bringing forth fruit throughout the whole Dominion; these men indeed will recognise, to the fullest extent, the great loss which the College has sustained in his death.

And not only have we, as a College,—owing more than we can express to his active and

efficient interest—to mourn his loss, but the Church at large will feel deeply the death of one who did so much for her welfare, and aided her councils so greatly by the sound advice which his large experience enabled him to give. While a layman, he held the position of Lay-Secretary to the Diocesan Synod for nineteen years, and won the respect of all with whom he had to deal.

During his sojourn in the West Indies, he was induced by the Bishop of Antigua to take holy orders, and was enabled, through his holy office and his knowledge of medicine, to do an incalculable amount of good among the coloured people in that part of the world. He came back to Canada in 1877 on account of ill-health: but feeling the importance of his duties in the West Indies, he returned thither in April, 1878, contrary to the strong and urgent requests of his innumerable friends, and to the advice of high medical authority.

We cannot do better than conclude this very imperfect account of the life and labours of him to whom we owe so much by taking a few words from the *Dominion Churchman*: “Those who knew him best can bear witness to the purity, the guilelessness, the absolute unselfishness of his habitual conduct: with them there can be no question whether, in the grand purpose of his life, he did or did not follow in the footsteps of his great Master.”

THE WAY-SIDE CROSS.

It standeth there a simple cross,  
Old and rough and grown with moss,  
Yet around it come and go  
Visions strange of long ago.  
Knight on high adventure bound,  
Hunter with his hawk and hound,  
Friar grim and lady gay,  
All alike kneel here and pray—  
All who ruled the world of old  
E'er hearts and crests were bought with gold.  
See, along the toilsome way,  
Comes a pilgrim old and grey!  
Faded, drooping in his hand  
Bears he palm from Holy-land.  
Before the cross he low doth bend,  
Aloft to Heaven his prayers ascend;  
Then heart-lightened on he goes,  
Here relieved of half his woes.  
But, alas! those days are fled,  
Chivalry hath long been dead,  
Beauty, too, hath lost her charm,  
Sanctity's no shield from harm.  
But, the cross, at the foot of the hill,  
Stands there yet, and ever will.

THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

When the sun has left the sky  
And sunk into his western bed,  
When other songsters homeward fly  
And twilight dim o'er earth is spread,  
When tired nature's hushed and still, [will,  
Then wild and mournful cries the Whip-poor-  
When longer, deeper grow the shades,  
And one by one the stars appear;  
When darker grows the forest glades,  
Then, through the woodlands echoing clear,  
And nearer, sadder, wilder still—  
Hark to the wailing of the Whip-poor-will!

R. T. N.

## Rouge et Noir.

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EDITORIAL egoism has, in the main, but little more claim to be excluded from the range of boredom, than any other development of that social bane. Absolute necessity is the only extenuating plea; and that necessity we have to urge, in excuse for this brief reference to ourselves. A change has been made in the conduct of this publication, of such importance that it must not escape mention. The initial number, as all will recall, appeared as a private enterprise, but with the design that it should at some time assume representative functions. Already has the purpose of its founders been carried out, and *Rouge et Noir* has been formally adopted as the College paper, by unanimous vote of the residents. To represent their views is of course one of its main objects, but the encouraging support that has been received from without leads us to hope that it will gradually become, to a great extent, the organ of all the Alumni. Our first number has, on the whole, met with a very favourable reception, and we take this opportunity to express our thanks to all our friends, adding a hope that their interest in our efforts may not decline. It will, no doubt, be gratifying to them to learn that the publication is now founded on the firm basis of a constitution, which makes the residents as a whole its sponsors, and so will ensure its continuance, since it is now freed from the risk of collapse ever attendant upon private enterprises of this character.

There is one point on which we are particularly solicitous, and that is, that there be no misconception as to *whose* views are expressed in this paper. To prevent a possible error, and to fore-

stall a probable misrepresentation, we would state explicitly that no article in *Rouge et Noir* is, and no article will be, in any way inspired by the authorities of the College. While it is within certain bounds representative, it is in no degree official. In order to give no colour to an erroneous impression on this point, we have concluded, in spite of some slight adverse criticism, to retain the same name as before; at least until a better, of a similar character, be suggested. In fact, we do not think it advisable to so stamp the name TRINITY on the paper as to make it appear an authoritative publication.

THE College Library is said to contain some five thousand volumes. We cannot state from personal experience its quantity or their quality. Numerous donations to its shelves have been generously made by older institutions and liberally-minded friends; subscriptions in its aid have been from time to time made; and now, we seriously ask, for whose benefit? Possibly for the residents, certainly not for the University at large. To a visitor, its existence is a secret; to the students, it is known as the Provost's lecture room. Even the latter have a very restricted access to its shelves. There appears to be no known librarian, no recognized source of procuring admittance, but by hunting up the "gyp" who tends the library fire. Surely the result of so much generosity and so many valuable legacies should be more accessible. Does such a necessity as a catalogue exist? We can't tell.

THAT a College, presenting such inducements to matriculants and indigent seekers after University education as Trinity, should be advertised in no other way than by the attacks of her enemies, is a justifiable subject of wonder; but another point, in connection with the system of management, seems still more ill-advised. We refer to the sale of calendars. There could be no possible unfitness in an institution of world-wide reputation pursuing such a course. Oxford and Cambridge might well set a value on detailed information respecting themselves; but that Trinity, a purely sectarian institution, of recent birth, and in a new country, should do the same, is inexplicable. What is required is extensive advertising on all sides, and the first step to be taken, is to remove this foolish tariff on the chief means of setting forth the claims of the College to the public.

## UNIVERSITY CONSOLIDATION.

A writer in the *Dominion Churchman*, in criticising our first issue, appears to have misconstrued the spirit of the article on "A National University." Its author was not advocating a course that would be detrimental to Trinity, or have any other tendency than the furtherance of her welfare, and not hers only, but that of the educational interests of the whole Province; and this latter should receive no small share of our consideration. We cannot see how the consummation of the proposed plan of union would, in any degree, be at Trinity's expense, or be aught else than a benefit to her, in common with all the other factors of the resulting University. For there is no design to give to the present University of Toronto any preponderance of influence, and neither in justice nor in expediency should she demand any. The intention is consolidation with, but never absorption into, the Government institution. The advantages that would accrue from having but a single degree-granting body in the Province, are too obvious, and have been too often clearly set forth, to require or justify much comment. Of course only an approximate equality of value would result to the degrees from this consolidation, but their general value would be largely increased. Furthermore, the identity of the separate Colleges would not be disturbed, and the choice of a College would by no means be a matter of indifference to the matriculant. A uniform standard of excellence is not attributed to the different Colleges of the great English Universities, nor would it be so in this case; and it is from this very phase of the matter, that we conceive the chiefest benefit would be derived from consolidation. The very rivalry that would ensue between the Colleges for University distinctions would be a powerful incentive to individual exertion, since none could be so deficient in the requisite *esprit de corps*, as not to be zealous to stamp their own Alma Mater as leading the van in scholarship. This competitive feeling would be the life of the University; and where each member of a corporation is doing his utmost to exceed his fellows in the accomplishment of allotted duties, the result on the entire body must prove beneficial.

In this same way, a degree of the proposed University, thus bettered by the individual action of its component parts, would bear with it a reputation

for excellence, to which the same degree conferred by an isolated institution could scarce hope to attain. The difficulties of the union, if any there be, are such as liberality of views and mutual allowances would readily obviate. The internal economy and system of management, peculiar to each of the Colleges, need in no way enter into consideration; at least not until the day comes, if ever, that will afford some prospect of collecting all these institutions of learning into one University town,—a theory that is at the present, as our essayist in last issue properly terms it, purely Utopian.

But there is one question that intrudes itself, but one whose importance objectors greatly magnify: In what light should the degrees conferred previous to consolidation be viewed? We would answer the question with another: Would there be any more difficulty in recognizing these degrees than those conferred by old Kings' College? There is no reason why they should not be incorporated with those subsequently to be conferred, especially since, as we have shown already, no College bears any responsibility for, or is in any way compromised by, the degrees obtained by the matriculants of another.

We are pleased to notice that this question is being taken out of the speculative and placed in the practical sphere, by the action of the High School masters, determined by them in convention. We understand by a letter in *The Mail* from CORTEZ FESSENDEN, a Trinity graduate, that measures are being taken to sound the sentiment of the different Colleges, with a view to the appointment by them of representative committees, to confer with the Minister of Education on a scheme of union, that in due time the matter may be brought before the Legislature, and the red tape of organization proceeded with.

The following considerations, as a groundwork for the proposed consolidation, were submitted to the Corporation of Trinity, and were favourably received:

1. That the power to confer degrees in Arts should be exercised by only one University in the Province.
2. That this University should be equally independent of all the Colleges, denominational and provincial.
3. That a portion of the public money should be distributed among the different Colleges from year to year, in proportion to the number of successful candidates for degrees.

Trinity, then, has already declared her readiness to accede to the scheme on fair and equitable terms. If the other Universities, to whom these considerations are to be submitted, entertain the notion with equal liberality, University consolidation may, as *The Mail's* correspondent declares, soon be a fact. There is another matter that renders this union easier: University College being a Government institution, the High School course is in preparation for it, and so self-interest has induced the sectarian Colleges to adopt its subjects for matriculation.

*Apropos* of this, we were not a little amused to notice the kind advice, recently given to Trinity by a newspaper correspondent, that she should adopt this course, betraying that utter ignorance with regard to the subject, that has always characterized these irresponsible scribblers in their remarks concerning us. The advice was doubtless good, but it came somewhat more than a year too late,—a year after the recommended change had been made. This action of the High School Masters, and the increased interest taken in the subject on all sides, augur well for the project; and a united effort, on the part of the present Corporations, is alone necessary to produce a University that would bid fair to rival the best.

#### REPRESENTATION.

We think it proper time—a duty to our University—to make some comments on the subject of responsible government in her affairs in view of the fact that some official steps have been lately taken in that direction.

At the outset we must consider what the present system of management is, what the proposed change amounts to, and how far it may be efficient; next, how from these small beginnings the University executive may be made truly representative, as appears to those who have a life interest at stake.

We may be guilty in the following considerations of some inaccuracies, but the nature of our administrative body, who are themselves to blame if the Church public does not comprehend their constitutional anomalies, must supply the cause.

A University must speak to the public through some medium—in our case through the corporation in council. The history, and consequently the present composition of our sole executive body, is somewhat on this wise. The Church in Canada raised funds,

some thirty years ago, for the establishment and equipment of a University, which might leaven a liberal education by theological training and religious exercises. The promoters of the scheme naturally resolved themselves into a committee of a provisional and administrative character. They had no other course. Years went by, and death or indifference caused occasional vacancies—indifference, we say advisedly, delegates from Eastern Ontario, for example, having recently lost their seats from continuous absence. The question to be considered then was, how such vacancies were to be filled. Being, at that early stage, necessarily a close corporation, an election was practicable only by the members constituting themselves the electors, or by their vesting the power of appointment anew in their president.

A fusion of both systems seems to have been adopted: the Bishop of Toronto nominating a certain proportion of the members from his Diocese, while the Council elected the residue when vacancies occurred. The Bishops of the remaining sub-divisions of the old See of Toronto appear to have had the exclusive power of appointment of the delegates from their respective Dioceses. This, then, is the system at present in operation. Originally, the Corporation was the official Committee of the Church in the Diocese of Toronto. They were, as such, the deliberative and executive officers of the University, whether subsequent additions to their number were analogously elected or no. But it must not be forgotten that any such directing Committee was, from the nature of the circumstance attending its formation, of a purely provisional character. Bishop STRACHAN'S obvious intention—an intention otherwise apparent in our internal economy as a whole—was to follow out in detail the English University system. A *University* was to be established—a University, and not a College. Our Founder's Committee was a necessity, but it was formed for a purpose—to act as Trinity's guardian and overseer till she attained maturity; to train and educate churchmen, who might make her hereafter "a seat of learning, the resort of the learned;" to knit closely to her by association, and more substantial benefits, those who would foster her well-being; to create a University kinship, that Trinity's graduates might in the future find in her a true *Alma Mater*, and themselves be her *Alumni* in more than name. A generation has since passed; her sons' sons are now numbered

among her graduates. Yet Trinity is still, constitutionally, a College with University powers. No longer a child, she is yet in the hands of her step-parents. The public, in looking for an expression of opinion from our University, finds itself answered in the actions of an unrepresentative Executive. Those through whom she truly speaks (however feeble their voice) are her Alumni—her natural governors, whose actions can alone really represent University feeling. It cannot find an exponent in the present management, who have hitherto misunderstood their capabilities in imagining that the voice of the self-constituted successors of a Church Committee—Trinity's honoured sponsors, but her sponsors only, her provisional guardians till she might speak for herself—could be mistaken by the Church public for University sentiment. The present Council is the outcome of an intentionally temporary board, and why perpetuate it, has been the question often asked, now that its *raison d'être* is gone? The graduates of Trinity are her chief shareholders, for their interest in her welfare is (to place it on the lowest grounds) practical and selfish. Their stake is their degree, the value of which is to be measured by the public estimate of their University's present status. Being the parties most interested in Trinity's welfare, those on whom the unrestricted policy of irresponsibility will indirectly act, they should long ago have been treated with more consideration than the past beneficiaries of a Church charity.

At length a move has been made by the authorities to encourage the graduates to renew the tie and share in her government. But not only should an occasional vacancy in the existing corporation be filled by the duly qualified graduates in convocation, but the whole board should now sit under the same authority. The election of a Chancellor on occasion, though vested in the members of convocation, is no concession—such a power conferring no representative functions. Nor ought we to seek our rights by an addition to the numbers of a board already somewhat unwieldy. Be it remembered that it is the existing system, not the composition of the present Council that we criticize. We do not for a moment dispute the honesty of purpose or the disinterested endeavours of the Corporation. Yet, if they as a whole had motives other than those that might actuate the controlling committee of (say) a Church of England Hospital—if individually and collectively they were the representa-

tive and responsible agents of their own university, not as a corporation, the outgrowth of the enthusiasm of churchmen engrafted till it has lost its identity, Trinity would not now be the rock of offence to a section of the church that founded it. Not that we believe, either, that the present authorities—the sub-trustees, as it were, of our various foundation funds—lack a fitting sense of obligation towards the Church Catholic—the contemplated beneficiary. But what was the united effort of those interested in a soundly-tempered higher education, has, from its constitutional infirmity become, not a Church University, but a party training school—a bone of contention in Church politics—a red rag for *odium theologicum*. The *personnel* of the present corporation we do not find any fault with, but we question the fairness and propriety of the constitution under which they act. In the abstract, an organized autocracy is bad. It would be better for the Church at large—better for Trinity, if—as they undoubtedly might—they held office as the delegates of convocation, rejuvenated by University blood. But apart from the rights of the question, such a change would infuse life and energy into her being, most essential to a new University in a new country. The policy of the Corporation has always been a sleepy one—that of ignoring opposition as being the men in possession, of easy indifference to the growth and requirements of the country—their *regime* that of "*otium cum dig.*" But the bare conviction, however honest, that the English University system is adapted to the wants of Canadians is not enough. A patient reliance on the efficiency of a single factor of success—mere orthodoxy—will never do. It has proved a conceit in the past to trust simply to the self-sufficiency of a system, and leave it to the loyalty of sympathizers to develop the necessary ingredients of progress, an active energy and interest in our behalf. Neither the Corporation of Trinity, nor her graduates, should forget that the constitutional separateness of our University, without self-centred strength and activity, means isolation.

—♦—  
WHO?  
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Yes, who? Who is to fill the vacant Provostship? Since our last issue an appointment has been made, in the person of Rev. JOS. ALBERT LOBLEY, M.A., D.C.L., at present Principal of Bishop's College, Lennoxville. While

the choice was pending, and speculation was busy as to its result, we, in common with all other well-wishers of the College, looked on with a natural anxiety, and the decision arrived at by the Council and Corporation afforded us a very satisfactory relief. But when about to go to press with laudatory congratulations on the action of the "powers that be," the dampening news reaches us that the reverend gentleman has declined the appointment. As one of ripe scholarship, executive ability, and moderate theological views, he appears to be endowed with the particular qualifications suitable to our present needs, and to say that we regret his refusal scarce gives justice to our feelings on the matter. It is not ours to inquire the reasons which prompted such a course; but, while deeply regretting it, we can scarcely be surprised, in face of the manner in which his fitness has in some quarters been questioned. To some, it seems his appointment was an eyesore; but even among these lynx-eyed watchers over our welfare, his scholarship and administrative powers were indisputable. It was his supposed theological views that constituted the stumbling-block. What wonder that, under existing circumstances, he should be loath to accept this position in the hitherto stormy Diocese of Toronto. See what an appearance the case presents to even a cursory glance! A gentleman, of the true Evangelical type, as depicted in England, approved by the representative men of that school of thought, finds himself far from being in unison with a body of extremists, who unwarrantably assume the name of his own party; and, though all his actions are characterized by the liberal moderation which the Mother Church now requires, he must be subjected to all the hue-and-cry of disapproval and adverse criticism—in some cases almost to be termed fanatical—of his nominal associates. That a compromise necessitates a mean, and not an extreme, seems a lesson by them yet unlearned. The most blatant are often mistaken for a majority, while they generally constitute a really unimportant minority; and we can readily see that, by a gentleman, moderate and unobtrusive, the noisy, wandering cackle of newspaper correspondents could easily be mistaken for a general expression of opinion on the part of those interested. Misrepresentation as to the manner of his appointment, and misstatements respecting himself, would doubtless greatly influence, if not absolutely prompt, his action in declining.

But enough of this. The first choice has proved unavailing. Whither will the second tend? We would again earnestly urge the appointment of one whose long residence in Canada has given him a desirable insight into the state of thought and feeling of those with whom he will have to deal—a requisite which an immediate immigrant would deplorably lack. Surely to find such a one cannot be a difficult task. What we advocate is, the election of a Canadian, one of administrative ability from whom a separate Professor of Theology may remove the hampering strings of exclusive devotion to lecturing, and so give him time and scope for application to the real duties of the Provostship. That there are many such we have no doubt; among others Rev. R. W. NORMAN, of Montreal, or Rev. C. J. S. BETHUNE, Head Master of Trinity College School, would be very suitable to our needs. When the next election is to take place, we do not know; but we earnestly trust that the result will be permanent and generally satisfactory. By considering the misrepresentations thus far made relative to this matter, we are led to an inquiry somewhat foreign to the question under treatment but still of undeniable pertinency: Why does the Council continually permit statements of this character concerning the College, that are notoriously false to those acquainted with the facts, to appear in the public press without an authoritative denial? Is the theory of silence giving consent, in the eyes of the people, to be regarded as a dead letter? The vast majority under whose notice damaging statements fall, give a ready credence to them unless flatly contradicted. Whose province is it to attend to these matters?

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#### CORRESPONDENCE.

*To the Editors of "Rouge et Noir."*

DEAR SIRs,—To a visitor coming into the College vestibule, the first thing that looms up is that mysterious conglomeration of articles, arranged about the walls, commonly called the *museum*; and, if he be at all observant, he must be struck with the very peculiar way in which broken shells, bottled curiosities and dusty swans are intermingled. An ordinarily unscientific individual will pass on to the other "sights" with two general impressions, viz., that our geological collection is so large that we can spare a piece of rare coral to prop open the front door, and that our Pro-

fessor of Science differs from all others as to the arrangement of his specimens. What a scientist would think of our cases let us refrain from conjecturing.

Why should this state of things be?

Our collection is by no means a poor one, though no additions have been made to it for many years, with the notable exception of the chest of botanical specimens left to us by Professor Maddock. Is this state of chaos and careless destruction to go on? Can no one be found, with the power and energy to classify and re-label the specimens? Cannot the place left vacant by the death of the Rev. Dr. Bovell be filled by one who is not a mere honorary member of the committee? Of the three joint curators, our Chancellor already has his hands too full, and the Revs. Canon Bleasdel and C. J. S. Bethune are too far away to be of any practical use.

If *somebody* will attend to it they will not only confer a great benefit upon many students, but will be doing what is only common justice to the College.

Yours very truly,  
MEGATHERIUM.

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#### VEXATIOUS LEGISLATION.

*To the Editors of "Rouge et Noir."*

DEAR SIRs,—In my communication I propose to consider, in a very hurried manner, the most distasteful regulation which has yet emanated from the Council-chamber of our Corporation.

In the year 1878 an order was first mooted and passed without either consideration or delay, that for the future students when sending down *ægotats* should be charged the sum of twenty-five cents, but that, in case a doctor's certificate were produced such amount should be remitted. Immediately upon the proclamation of this moral regulation, steps were taken to bring about its abolition, and a petition signed by the whole College was at once drawn up, wherein were set forth the grounds upon which they requested its removal. In this petition the chief objection urged was, that such legislation coming so suddenly and unexpectedly after a different *regime* for the long period of twenty-five years, was utterly unexplicable, save upon the ground that the Corporation considered Truth and Honor were virtues less highly esteemed and cultivated by the students of "seventy-eight" than by those of a quarter of a century before. No wonder then that those feelings of just indignation that

such an imputation should be cast upon their honour as Christian gentlemen were excited which culminated in the protest which was at once forwarded to the Corporation. But what was the answer? "The Council do not, in ordering that a fine be paid for illness, thereby intend any imputation upon the students' *honour*. The payment of such amount is intended simply as remuneration due the servants for the extra labour which illness entails." In fact it amounts to a duty, ten cents import tax on dishes and provender, and fifteen cents export tax on dishes alone (of course we here take it for granted that the patient is not so ill as to be deprived of an appetite—the last friend which deserts the afflicted one); the total amount thus realized to be given to the servants of the College, who thus correspond to the customs officers of a country. The idea of Protection was then inflaming the minds of many, and appears to have extended even to the minds of our University Fathers.

Now if this amount be intended as partial payment of the servants' wages would some one kindly inform me how it was that for twenty-five years the servants' interests were so grossly overlooked? Strange that such a grave omission should not have been detected by the ever-watchful, eagle eye of the Bursar and Secretary.

But even supposing the above to be the real cause of the grievance in question we maintain that it is not *our* duty to see that the servants get their lawful dues. That is a matter for which the authorities, not the students, contract. But observe how inadequate is the *alleged* cause of the fine or whatever you choose to call it. "If a doctor's certificate is produced the fine is *dispensed with*." Here we see that the servant, who is generally more poorly off than the doctor, is defrauded of that which is rightly (according to the sentence of an infallible corporation) his little due, in order that the physician may be enriched; consequently his labour goes unrewarded. Now, who in the world are the persons intended to be benefited? Is it the servants or the doctors? We must obtain some more lucid explanation of these inconsistencies than has yet been given us. To be consistent the regulation must be amended and improved by the Council and some provision made to secure for the servants at *all* times what is rightly theirs, and not simply when the patient fails to get a certificate.

Again, if this fine be intended to remunerate the servants why are stu-

dents fined the same amount who never have their meals carried to their rooms, and consequently can not possibly cause the servants any extra labour? There have been cases where students, through illness, being prevented attending lectures have gone fasting; and yet word has been sent to them officially saying that *they* are to be fined as though they had sent in *agrotats*. Wherefore, and by what authority are *THEY* so dealt with, who far from causing any extra labour, rather cause a diminution of trouble to the servants? Still they must be fined, for the Dean "himself hath said it," (we are sorry we can't in this connection continue the quotation from H. M. S. P.) Now in such action with reference to this latter class, it is plain that the College authorities have clearly and unmistakably abandoned the theory of the Corporation given above; therefore this fine must be either a gratuitous imposition, or viewed as a misdemeanour, a breach of discipline to be punished as such—an idea most certainly confined to the minds of the Professors who originated the order. Or, are we, from having to pay for being ill, to regard sickness as a privilege? This also is a novel idea, but one fraught with injustice, since if illness be a privilege the rich alone can enjoy it. We confess, however, that we cannot take this cheerful view of what we have been accustomed to regard as anything but a privilege.

In the face of all these facts, it will perhaps be interesting to find out how the present system is to be defended. But we must strongly protest against legislation so unjust, and beg the Corporation to abolish a regulation which—no matter how the point be glossed over—regards us as dishonest. And we would respectfully suggest to the Council, that, in matters of this nature which may appear but insignificant to them, yet which are not so to us, it should exercise a little more judgment than it seems to have done in times past from the mushroom growth and life of many of its enactments.

JUSTICE.

### TRINITY MEDICAL SCHOOL.

— Lectures in Trinity Medical School will close about the 13th of March. The examinations in Medicine will take place as follows:—University of Toronto, April 14th; Medical Council, April 28th; and University of Trinity College, about the 10th of May.

— One of the students at T. M. S. gave an exceedingly interesting lecture on Taxidermy to his fellow-students, illustrating his address by neatly stuffing a pigeon (as well as his hearers). At the conclusion, a hearty vote of thanks was tendered to Mr. F. for his very instructive lecture.

— A meeting of Undergraduates in Medicine was held a few days ago to appoint a Committee to wait upon the Faculty, for the purpose of representing to them the unpractical way in which some very important branches are taught. Also, for advising with them as to the establishment of a chair of Practical Pathology, &c. The Committee appointed were Messrs. Ferguson, Spilsbury, and Gaviller.

— A petition, very extensively signed, was sent to the Medical Council, praying them to remove the clause in their regulations by which, if a candidate fails in one branch of his primary subjects, he is held to have failed in all. We believe the Council have signified their willingness to have it removed.

— The students of T. M. S. came within an ace recently of being "severely drubbed" by a couple of dog catchers, who were trapping a dog in that neighbourhood. Their proceedings were objected to by a Student of Medicine, who, with his logical eye, could not put up with the idea that "poor unfortunates" could be "passed off" without a doctor; and while the D. C. bore the prize to his cart, the M. D. (in embryo) made off with his net. Whereupon the dog catchers, in language abounding in stigmas and threats, demanded its restoration. This brought the students all out in a body. But the sight of so many future representatives of the Mystic Art, and a couple of half-dissected legs, did not intimidate them in the least, but seemed to render them more bold and courageous; and the Medicals, seeing resistance was hopeless, gave up the net and allowed them to go in search of more victims.

### ABOUT COLLEGE.

— *Rouge et Noir!* a college paper now.

— "Aren't you going to the ball?"

— Wanted:—a telescope to view the new college clock.

— Why has not the annual cricket meeting been held yet?

— We understand that "Επισκοπών" is again to appear soon.

— Several important changes were recently made in the constitution of the Literary Institute, and, among

others, the abolishment of fines for non-attendance.

— Rev. A. J. Broughall, M.A., has taken the divinity subjects required in the arts course off the Professor's hands.

— Rev. Canon Dixon, of Goddard, has been appointed a member of the college council, vice Dean Goddard, late of Hamilton.

— The post is now brought up to the College twice a day by a carrier. This arrangement was made some months since, and has proved infinitely more satisfactory than the single daily post of old.

— J. C. Boyd and W. J. Reesor, of the second year, who have of late been rusticated (not rusticated), will return to residence next term.

— The Chemical Lecture Room has been much improved. New seats—to hold seventy students—were put in last term, and a grant of \$500 from the Corporation was applied towards the refitting and increasing of the Laboratory. This department is now under the management of T. H. Smyth, M.A., B.Sc.

— We trust that the students will thoroughly appreciate the fact that the advertisers in these columns are our friends, and will award their patronage accordingly. Furthermore, we are certain that it will be to their advantage to do so.

— Some new files have been added to the reading room, greatly increasing its efficiency. The room itself is much too small for present needs. We heard a short time since that the Council of the Institute intended to apply for permission to enlarge it. How is it that no steps have yet been taken?

— The freshmen feel quite elated over the prominent position they held on Convocation day. They seated themselves very composedly on the dais in the hall before the proceedings began, presumably to have a better view of the procession as it came in.

— We observe the following notice on the bulletin board:—"His Excellency the Governor-General has been pleased to offer a medal to be awarded for mathematics and physical science in the second year."

— What is that structure growing out among the relics of last year's cabbages? Is it a screen to keep the north wind out of that well ventilated lower eastern corridor; or is it a pig pen? Perhaps we are to see in it the long promised addition to the eastern wing; but the growth is almost too rapid for anything so convenient. Time alone will tell. A new board



was nailed on last week. We soon shall know the intention of the architect.

— How much better it would be to have the board walk leading up to the college cut up into sections and stored away for the winter, and let a hard gravel walk be made for the summer. The aid this would give to the general beauty of the grounds will be even more apparent when the trees along the avenue are in foliage.

— Through an oversight, we neglected to give in our last number the council of the Literary Institute for the current year; so, on the "better late than never" principle, we subjoin them:—

*President*—Alfred Stunden, B.A., '78.

*Secretary*—Alex. Allen, B.A., '79.

*Treasurer*—John Gibson, '81.

*Librarian*—R. N. Jones, '81.

*Curator*—E. Van Carson, '81.

*Non-official Members*—

C. H. Shortt, B.A., '79.

H. L. Ingles, '80.

— A system of desultory wandering appears to be growing quite popular among the denizens of Trinity. The "almost miraculous," after having caused no little agitation and telegraph charges by his unexpected departure, returned with all meekness to Pearson and Justin Martyr.—And now we hear that "John George," of tobacco notoriety, has disappeared. Has a panic broken out among the "theologs?" Who can tell?

— Could not something be done to improve the light in the library? The book-cases which stand in front of the windows might easily be removed, and the tables brought nearer to the front. As things are at present, it is almost impossible to read on a dark day.

— There has been an important change in the management of our paper since the material for this present number was ready for press. Such a change was as unexpected as it was sudden, and we can only regret that time and space prevent us giving a more extended reference to our retiring Editor. Mr. Cruttenden, '80, will be greatly missed by the management. The present (March) number is, to a great extent, the result of his labours. We hope, in a succeeding number, to touch on this subject more fully. We feel sure that the College will greatly miss his hand in forthcoming issues, but trust that his successor will efficiently fill the vacancy, his retirement has caused.

— "Music hath charms," &c., but we do not refer to those harmonious mouthings which issue from the lower classical lecture room each Wednesday

afternoon. However, we wo'n't discourage the embryo bachelors of music but indulge in the hope that time, the piano tuner, and Prof. Strathy's efforts will work wonders, and that, as one result of the latter's exertions, the musical portion of the programme at our next Convocation may be rendered with great effect.

— A correspondent writes:—"The measles made a great inroad on the resident students of the first year at the beginning of this (Lent) term, four of them having been laid up at one time. I cannot assign any particular cause for the ravages of such a disease on the freshmen especially." Nor we, excepting the fact of their late emancipation from the nursery.

— Our Annual *Conversazione*, held on the evening of February 4th, was a great success. A fall of snow the previous night, with a fine, bright moon overhead, made the evening all that could be desired. The Convocation Hall was very comfortably filled, and numbers were continually moving from room to room, wherever anything had been placed for inspection; and all the guests seemed to derive the greatest possible enjoyment, both from the excellent programme provided in the hall and from viewing the pictures and different kinds of curiosities arranged in the several lecture rooms. The programme consisted of songs and instrumental selections by the best amateur talent in the city. Mr. E. R. Doward, organist of St. James's Cathedral, was in very fine voice and received a well merited *encore*; but, where all were good it is almost impossible to individualize. The splendid band of the Queen's Own Rifles aided very materially in making the evening pass off pleasantly. We take this opportunity of thanking most heartily all those who rendered such valuable service on that evening, and also the graduates, whose generous assistance enabled us to make this the most successful *conversazione* ever held in the college.

#### THOUGH LOST TO SIGHT, &c.

— Rev. R. S. Radcliffe, '79, at Luther, Ont.

— McMichael, '78, in his father's office, Toronto, deep in the mysteries of "Blackstone."

— Parker, '78, has married since he left us and settled down to work—a "dominic," at Collingwood. Many congratulations.

— Ogden, '78, has turned traitor and gone to McGill College to study medicine. Why not Trinity Medical School?

— Carroll, '77, at J. J. B. Flint's office in Belleville—will be up for "call," we understand, next January.

— Rev. C. L. Ingles, '77, has recovered and is back at Parkdale parish.

— Irving, '77, who has, we hear, lately been successful at his "second intermediate," is with Mowat & Co., Toronto.

— Rev. H. T. Leslie, '76, has opened a classical school in Toronto. A successful venture, we hope.

— Moffatt, '76, on the "Chancery side" of Bethune's office, Toronto.

— Of Shaw, '76, we are led to believe that he has lately obtained a partnership with an eminent barrister at Perth, Ont.

— Rev. D. C. Pattee, '75, has been forced to go south for his health. What is his address?

— Reade, '75, has lately removed from Uxbridge, and has already secured an extensive practice, we are informed, at Amherstburg, Ont.

— Perry, '75, classical master at Trinity College School, Port Hope.

— Campbell, '75, at Whitby High School. Whitby is ambitious, and there is talk of making it a Collegiate Institute. We wish you luck, "Shy."

— Dickinson, '75, practising his profession at Cornwall, Ont.

— Fessenden, '74, is head master of Brampton Collegiate Institute.

— Logan, '73, has been appointed classical master of Lindsay High School. We are sorry that Toronto must lose him: he was invaluable on our cricket field.

— Mortimer, '72, has his "legal shingle" out on the corner of Court and Toronto streets.

— Rev. H. B. Patton, '72, at Billings' Bridge mission, near Ottawa.

— Rev. P. L. Spencer has removed to Elora. We hope that, being nearer the front, he will be able to give us a call occasionally.

— O'Reilly, '55, mayor of Hamilton.

— Beaty, Q.C., D.C.L., holds a similar position for the second time in Toronto.

— Worrell, '73, is head master of Gananoque High School.

— Perram, '73, who has been for some time agent of the Federal Bank at Aurora, was married, we hear, shortly before the issue of our last number. We offer our hearty congratulations, better late than never, to him and his bride.

\* \* \* \* \*

Will old graduates send us hints for this department?

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