

thean," though, in most cases, it certainly gets the better of him. We should much like to go through the whole of this poem, we wish it distinctly understood that it is a poem, but unfortunately our space forbids, and we must content ourselves with a glance at the close of the President's poetic address, where he adjures the Philomaths to advance:

" the cup of knowledge to drain,
The consistency of its very dregs to ascertain."

Evidently, knowledge is, according to the author's ideas, of a stiff character. Note the appropriateness of the word "consistency," but there is a little mixture in the metaphor, as wisdom is called in the next line "a star," and how it can be an unknown something of a stiff consistency and a star at the same time we cannot explain. In the last verse the poet becomes didactic, and in the fervor of his zeal, his verse becomes a little worse than before, if that were possible.

" Continue yourselves to literary pursuits to bind,
Acquire refinement and *exhallation* (sic) of mind,
And you will possess the greatest treasure,
For wisdom is the surest path to pleasure."

We learn from another part of the paper that this production was read at a meeting of the Society, whence, we conclude that Mr. Schleier is the professional "pote" attached thereto. We congratulate the members, and hope that this new American laureate will continue to delight them with his effusions.

ABOUT COLLEGE.

Unfortunately old Episcopon failed to tender us any advice this term, partly owing to the illness of the scribe, Mr. Brent, and partly, we regret to say, through the lazy attitude assumed by quondam diligent subscribers.

The idea of having a Russian toboggan slide is now being ventilated among the men. A capital one could be built in the ravine, conveniently close to the College, at a moderate expense. There should be little difficulty in raising the required amount. One of the Professors, with characteristic liberality, has subscribed \$10 as a nucleus to begin on.

The "blue ribbon" is flourishing indeed. One "Freshman" abstemiously shunning all alcoholic preparations, with praiseworthy zeal set to work to "spree it" on "pop." They say he succeeded—at least a whole corridor reports that he talked in a hilarious manner all night about his "old nurse" and his "friend" the Prince of Wales.

At length we have an article which has been needed for years, and we don't know that the authorities were altogether the means of our getting it either. Although this article is genuine, it has not yet entirely learnt its duty. No, our Proctor—our resident M.A.—does not keep good order at the various times when his authority should be exerted. Perhaps it is because he has no "bull-dogs;" 'tis true he has a canary, but one can hardly expect it to do the duty of two "bull-dogs."

In our last issue, by an oversight, we omitted to notice that Mr. Chas. Scadding has been reinstated in

his old position of Business Manager of ROUGE ET NOIR. On his resignation, at the end of '81, the position was again tendered him, but to the regret of all he refused it, putting forward, in his usual irresistible manner, the plea of work. Once more we welcome him to our official numbers. We must not omit to notice the election to the Secretaryship of Mr. Church, who last year filled the role of B. M. in a most able manner.

THE SONG OF THE PATRIARCH BELL.

Ding dong! ding dong!
With my merry song,
Both Senior and Freshman I waken,
'Neath the sleepy grip,
Of the yawning gyp,
Who his morning round is making.

Cling-a-ling! cling-a-ling!
I merrily sing,
To-day's bill of fare is delicious,
Both the *well-seasoned* meat
And entrees complete,
With desert most recherche and luscious.

To lectures please come!
I cheerily hum,
For the Dons your presence are waiting;
And if you can't construe,
To-day, Mr. Q.,
Why, you'll win for yourself a week's gating.

To your room! to your room!
Like a curfew I boom,
Exactly at Quarter to 'leven,
You mustn't drink tea,
L. W. C.,
Or, by Dons, to your beds you'll be driven.

Crack-crack, crack crack,
Oh, alas and alack!
I've burst in my sides with my clatter;
When a tongue wags so fast
That one's body won't last,
You just bet it's a serious matter.

The public debate, which was held in the Convocation Hall, on the evening of Thursday, Nov. 29th, passed off most successfully. The Hall was filled by a large and attentive audience. Proceedings were opened with an Essay by Prof. Clarke on "Formation of Opinion," which deservedly elicited much applause; then followed the debate, the subject of which was, "Resolved, That the character of Cromwell is worthy of admiration." Despite the fact that the affirmative had a poor case to plead, a noble stand was made in the cause of the deceased gentleman by Messrs. Angell and Symonds. But the "nays" had it. Nothing could withstand the virulent denunciations of Messrs. Oliver, B.A., and Haslam, B.A., of whom the latter gentleman, by his eloquence in several instances "brought down the house," and we feel convinced that when he took his seat, not a spark of Puritanical feeling remained in the hall. The Institute Council is deserving of much praise for the success of the evening, and, we think, no less deserving of thanks from every member of the Institute are the debaters, for the speeches without exception, evinced careful preparation and studious research. The latter part of the evening, which the fair sex agreed upon was "*almost* as nice as the debate," was spent under the superintendence of the harpers.