

## My Report.

In accordance with my instructions from the McGill Revolutionary Club, I wended my way up the avenue strewn with fallen leaves, a reminder of our fleeting existence on this terrestrial globe, or the devastating regardlessness of the Faculty at Christmas and in April—debating within myself which Professor I should first address. The object of my enquiry was to obtain the views of the different members of the Faculty as to the advisability of having Convocation three days earlier in the session, namely, on the twenty-seventh instead of the thirtieth of April. The subject was well debated at our Revolutionary Meetings, I mean of course the meetings of the McG. R. C. and, as I intimated before, I was appointed to interview the Professors. Sir W. . . . m was away, but I knew what his answer would be. He would rise on my entry, ask me to be seated, and listen to my explanations with a friendly smile. He would say, that so long as he remained Principal he would be glad if we would leave things as they are. And then I should be bowed politely out, and should come away with the feeling that it was useless to go further, for Sir William had given his final answer.

As the Dean of the Faculty, I first approached Dr. J. . . . n. When I entered his room I was greeted with:—"Where is your gown, sir?" "But, Doctor, I only—" began I. "Can't hear you, hum, hem!!! Must have a gown, ahem-m!" When I returned clad in academic costume I was most affably received, and stated my mission without interruption.

"Ahem, hum! as I said some time ago to Mr. Pagnuelo, a third of a whale is more than the half of a herring, hem! And if necessary we might reduce the required per cent. to twenty-five, but as for other changes—impossible. At Dublin, besides learning that 'Poi' equals 3.14159, we learned respect for existing things. That will do, sir, hem!"

I found Dr. C. . . . sh in a great state of excitement, sending poor Hamilton on what seemed a fruitless search into every corner.

"Don't interrupt me now, please! Hamilton has lost my card, and the students are waiting for Prayers. As Cicero would remark '*Nescio quo ire,*' but I am of the opinion it would be better '*Ubi ire Nescio,*' or in Greek *ἄνθρωπος ἄνθρωπος*. Come to me after Prayers." At this juncture Hamilton came in with the card, and the Doctor rushed off to No. 1 class room.

Before going to Dr. D. . . y's room I referred to my "D. . . y's Phrase Book" and learned off: "Bon-jour, Monsieur le Docteur, comment vous portez-vous au-jourd'hui?" of which I delivered myself with well-feigned ease. His opinion as to the proposed change was very conservative. Said he: "The devil-up-ment of McGill during the thirty odd years of my professorship has been continuous and marked. *Un tel pas* as you suggest would be to retrograde. All *les Ecrivains Modernes* agree with me that the progress of

any institution should not be retarded by any such movements."

Dr. M. . . . y had just finished one of his eloquent lectures on Moral Philosophy, and discovered in my quest a subject for Psychological enquiry. "Even had your movement," he remarked, "the plea of Utilitarianism, which it has not, it could be easily refuted. For the Utilitarian Theory of moral life suggests four questions:—(1) Does the allegation that men desire pleasure above all things accord with the facts of experience, etc., etc. But it is unnecessary for me to proceed, this is all in my Introduction to Ethics, which will lead you to a better mind if you peruse it carefully. What is matter? never mind, etc."

As I mounted the stairs to Dr. E. . . . n's sanctum I had unpleasant memories of vain efforts to distinguish between the uses of "and" and "and" and when to use imperfect subjunctive and when the pluperfect indicative. In answer to my question he said: "The students of McGill, I fear, do not rightly appreciate the pathos of Virgil and Homer. Can anything be more pathetic than Hector's farewell to Andromache, or Aeneas' lamentations over the fate of his friends. That you want a shorter session is but another proof that none of you can enjoy those moving scenes. Just listen to this," and picking up a Virgil Dr. E. . . . n read in a voice full of feeling: "*Tum membra toro,*" etc. . . . "*Pars ingenti subjecere feretro triste ministerium, et sub jclam, more parentum aversi tendere facem.*"

I rose to the occasion, and with tear-dimmed eyes and heaving breast I withdrew.

Dr. H. . . . ton was watching John sweep up the glass with which the floor was covered, owing to some unexpected explosion of ill-smelling gases. He replied that he would like to be with the students, but that since the Song Book was not yet out he did not see how it could be done this year at least.

When I spoke to Mr. L. . . . r, he said: "Unless the students find my lectures on *Mill* too much of a *grind*, I see no reason why the session should be shortened. Let us treat the question logically. First, either you are right and I am wrong or I am right and you are wrong. Now, secondly, all who think as I do think right. I think as I do. Therefore I am right (Barbara). You see how simple the question becomes when reduced to syllogistic exactness."

The replies were such as to lead me to the conclusion that it would be unwise to carry the matter any further, accordingly I reported to the aforesaid Club the result of my labors. The same evening the following resolution was proposed and carried:—

"That in the opinion of the members of this Club it would be most unwise to alter any of the existing institutions of this University;

"That the name of this Club be changed from Revolutionary to Conservo-Antiquarian;

"That the Secretary be instructed to forward to the Faculty a copy of these resolutions with a few lines expressive of our commendation of their desire to protect our ancient usages."