

circumstances, to bring the former to coincide with the latter; but since the publication of so exaggerated and colored a story, to quiet the public down to an impartial view is beyond the range of possibility. So far do we believe the matter to have gone, that a repetition of even the mildest particular in connection with the late hazing, would force the question upon the recognition of the Legislature.

At Monmouth, Ill., the debates in the ladies' societies are conducted entirely from manuscript. "There is thus," the *College Courier* rightly says, "no attempt to answer the particular arguments advanced by the opposite side. In the gentlemen's societies, on the other hand, the general rule is to debate without manuscript." If the writer in the *Courier* could only attend a meeting of the Debating Society, he would find the "general rule" completely out-generalled.

THE pass course of Toronto University is not held in high repute in any quarter, especially among students. Every one takes up a special study and devotes himself entirely to it. When he comes out, the classical man knows little but Latin and Greek, the mathematician nothing but curves and straight lines, and the disciples of Prof. Young are out of the region of common sense altogether. The idea of a University as a place where the young man received a general culture, and came out more or less "polished," and able to talk intelligently on current topics and the ordinary affairs of life, is becoming extinct. The University is becoming more of a profession-making institution. The men who graduate have studied with a view of making a livelihood from their special learning. Some pursue mathematics and classics merely to become competent as High School masters; others take the sciences, because they intend to become geologists. Intending divines wait on the reverend professor of metaphysics that they may be better divines. But few are the men nowadays who study with a desire to become good, all-round, liberally-educated citizens, knowing how to take an interest in everything they see about them. Such a man will probably select the pass course as the most suitable for his development. That course in our opinion conforms more strictly to what a university education should be, than any other in the curriculum. While holding these views, we admit of course that many go through as passmen simply because it is reputed to be easier than the honor courses. But of this fact there is some doubt.

ANOTHER of our graduates has been added to the long roll of those who have gone to look behind the veil and unfold the mysteries of the great problem which must remain unsolved for us until we too are called. Edward R. C. Proctor, B.A., '78, died in this city on the 24th ult., of typhoid fever, coupled with congestion of the lungs. He was an old Upper Canada College boy, and came from that institution to this University, where he endeared himself to a large circle of friends. His buoyant spirit and genial manner always made him a pleasant companion, while his unwavering loyalty, his sound practical common sense, and his kindness of heart, rendered him a reliable and lovable friend. After completing his University course he chose the legal profession, and at the time of his death was a student in the office of Messrs. Mulock, Tilt, McArthur & Crowther. For many years before his death he bore up with manly fortitude against feeble health and physical pain, and immediately before being stricken with his last illness had completed his studies for call to the bar. A considerable number of his College friends from Toronto and elsewhere showed, as best they could, their appreciation of the deceased by attending his funeral at Brighton.

On another page will be found a communication in which we are taken to task for 'totally-unfounded' charges against one of the committees of the Debating Society. As the writer does not precisely specify the charges in question, he has failed to provoke the reproof of conscience. In the article referred to, the view was taken that, in keeping up the antique exhibition known as the 'closed debate,' the responsible Committee had not taken the lesson taught by the success of the first meeting of the term. It is also clearly within our recollection that several committee-men have objected, on constitutional grounds, to give burial to this lifeless form of debate. Thus the inference was arrived at that these gentlemen are mild and phlegmatic as regards effecting an easy improvement. As 'one of the General Committee' points out, we indulged in other violent personalities, e.g., 'they shake their heads with becoming official gravity.' On this presentation of the case, it appears that the unfounded charges consist of a brief criticism of the Committee's policy, and a couple of harmless innuendoes. The other statements in the communication leave the objections to closed debates untouched, and are so much more salt added to well-pickled conservatism. The constitution, it seems, leaves the holding of open meetings to the discretion of the Committee; then why hold meetings which are not

open? The only reply vouchsafed by 'one of the G. C.' is that open meetings 'do not bring forward the Freshmen.' This is the old argument over again, which implies that the larger portion of the Society should be sacrificed for the smaller. There is the assumption too that Freshmen are bashful, which, in the light of recent events, is untenable. Also, there are no Freshmen in the Senior Division. Even granting, however, the obligation on the part of the Society to coddle the First Year, it does not follow that the closed debate is the only path to fulfilling this self-imposed and edifying mission. The remedy for the malady of shyness is supposed to be supplied by the appointment of Freshmen on the prearranged list of the six speakers. Were a device needful, we are ready to admit the efficacy of this one, but we cannot understand why, in order to carry it out, the debate should not be open to others beside the appointees. There would be no difficulty in arranging that every debate should be open, and that the leaders on each side should have one or more colleagues appointed like themselves. This system prevails in the United States, and is obviously capable of satisfying the committee in respect of its anxiety to bring out the coy and diffident Freshman—a mythical character, in our opinion.

A FRESH TRAGEDY.

IN TWO ACTS.

ACT I.

SCENE.—College corridor. Revealed, a gathering of seniors, in gowns, whose countenances are clouded with wrath and grim resolution. Time.—Friday morning.

1ST SENIOR.—No longer, men, can we endure the cheek
Which these precocious freshmen show to us,
Their seniors both in years and wisdom vast.
It grows apace and threatens to uproot
The deep foundations of our ancient laws,
Which, though unwrit, have lived in great respect
To guide the mighty men within these walls,
For many glorious generations past.

2ND SENIOR.—We'll have their blood, the vile mosquitoes.

3RD SENIOR.—Nay,
But that would be a sorry way to take
The color from their cheek. We must resort
To some more deadlier means of making firm
Our dignity, and wiping from our midst
The awful freshness that pervades First Year.

2ND SENIOR.—In my nocturnal ambulations down
The street, last e'en, I did behold a sight—
But no! Were I to tell what struck me dumb,
And seared as with a brand my balls ophthalmic,
Your blood would boil and murder fill your minds.

CHORUS OF SENIORS.—Tell us. What was it?

2ND SENIOR.—A thing most horrible;
And if you've tears, prepare to shed them now,
For, mates, I saw a freshman sport a cane!

(Groans)
4TH SENIOR.—And I, collegians brave, the night before,
Did gaze upon another First Year imp,
Who dared the awful task of seeing home
A lady, young and lovely as a rose.

(Groans and gnashing of teeth, mingled with yells of "Cheek, cheek.")
1ST SENIOR.—'Tis patent to you all, my learned friends,
That the hour hath come when patience is a vice.
This very night must we take steps to quash,
With our o'erpowering might, the haughty spirit
Of these uncouth obstreperous rebels.
Of their vile band let the four worst be brought
Before the Mufti's throne at 2 p.m.,
On the snow-clad banks of classic Taddle's stream,
And there, beneath the beech's spreading limbs,
That awful Judge will try them for their sins.

CHORUS.—Woe to the freshmen.

(Exeunt singing "Litoria," "We'll hang the Globe Reporter," &c., and other martial strains.)

ACT II.

SCENE.—College gate, Queen's Park. Time.—Saturday morning. Enter two shivering freshmen, casting trembling glances behind at every step.

1ST FRESHMAN.—Good morn, mon ami chere. Thou art pale to-day.

2ND FRESH.—Eheu! me miserum! Will the woes and ills
Of freshmen never cease, or are we doomed
By sundry genuflections and restraints
To bear the weighty burden of respect
To these august, lore-crammed sens.,
Which they with bitter yoke do lay on us?

1ST FRESH.—The vernal month of May will set us free,
And 'ope the gates to those radiant upper years,
Whence, basking in the sun of our conceit,
We, too, may downward look with righteous frown,
Upon the blooming freshman's cheeky cheek.