

Race prejudice and hatred were never displayed with more malignity. It could not have been thought possible that in a civilized city the editor of a public journal would have dared to outrage all decency by gloating over the doom of a condemned man within two or three hours of his execution. The attitude of the party journals was but little better. Ever since the trial began the *Globe* showed an almost fiendish delight in the anticipation of political capital to be made out of the final event, whatever it might be. Scarcely a word as to the personal innocence or guilt of the unhappy prisoner, not a single plea for mercy or a single argument for justice, but column after column of what looked very like horrid jubilancy at the perplexity of the Government over the question. On the other side, the *Mail* spared no effort to fix the whole blame of the outbreak upon the Metis chieftain, ignoring entirely the serious responsibility of the Government in the matter. The baseness of partisan journalism was never before displayed in a more shocking manner than it has been during the last few weeks by these three newspapers. But it is said that a certain Methodist minister of this city equalled the public journals in grossness and inhumanity. Is it possible that this man so prostituted his sacred calling as virtually to offer public thanksgiving to Almighty God for the certainty of the approaching execution? This from a professedly Christian minister, in this nineteenth century of civilization and enlightenment, might well make Humanity weep her eyes out in bitter tears over the degradation of our city.

THE utterances of Dr. Purslow and Mr. Houston on the scholarship question has drawn upon these gentlemen several base and cowardly attacks from an anonymous correspondent of the *Mail*. The letters are clearly the outcome of the personal animus of the writer. They are a tissue of falsehood and malicious misrepresentation. The assailant does not make direct charges, but takes the utmost license in insinuation and inuendo. Statements of this nature made under cover of anonymity show only too plainly the character of their author. Whether we agree with Mr. Houston and Dr. Purslow or not, we must give them credit for expressing their views and furthering their aims in an open and above-board manner, and this is not a virtue of their opponents. The truth is that Mr. Houston's energetic efforts for university reform have awakened into unscrupulous activity persons who never were active before—at least not active in any movement which would benefit the University. Mr. Houston was elected by the graduates of the University as their representative on the Senate because he has always shown a vigorous and intelligent interest in University affairs. The undergraduates have shown their appreciation of his views by electing him for the second time to the highest office in their gift—the presidency of the Literary Society. He has been a regular contributor to THE VARSITY ever since its inception, and his articles therein have been widely copied and commented upon by both American and Canadian journals. In short, during the last ten years there has been scarcely an organization or enterprise calculated to benefit the University to which Mr. Houston has not rendered valuable assistance. It is impossible, then, that his reputation can be injured by the scurrilous insinuations of an anonymous newspaper scribbler, and the attempt meets only the contempt of all right-thinking men.

WE have, for various reasons, refrained from commenting, to any great extent, upon our exchanges, their excellencies or shortcomings. But we have before us an example of bad taste and vulgar buffoonery, in the current number of *Acta Victoriana*, which we have rarely seen equalled by any college paper on our exchange list. The local editor of *Acta* says that in gathering his information about the Freshmen whose biographies he appends, "his scavengers have been at work, and in the following columns appears the collected-offal." The local editor may have intended this for wit,

but he unguardedly spoke the truth for once. Any one who takes advantage of his position to write about his fellow students in such a grossly personal way—whether he may merely intend to be funny or not—does not deserve to be on the staff of a college paper. Certainly the Editor-in-Chief of *Acta* must be lamentably wanting in judgment and good feeling to allow the columns of his paper to be filled with such contemptible stuff as that which his "Local Editor" gathers with the aid of his "scavengers." But to us, one of the most objectionable features of this kind of writing, is the miserable and petty spirit exhibited by the writer, and apparently sanctioned by his co-editors, towards the Freshmen. They are merely apeing the conduct of certain American students who think it manly to bully and snub every Freshman, simply because he is one. The fact that a man has attended college for one or two years prior to another, does not by any means imply superiority on the one hand, or inferiority on the other. There are many Freshmen who are vastly the superiors of seniors in culture, manners, and attainments, and yet because they are Freshmen they are fair game for every kind of insult, ridicule, and abuse. This is a miserable doctrine and one which every Canadian student should endeavor to discredit upon every possible occasion.

We would strongly advise the Editor-in-Chief of *Acta* to remember that if he wishes to make his paper a credit to the institution to which belongs, he will have to suppress budding journalists who mistake smartness for wit, and brag for manliness.

THE third concert of this series took place in the Horticultural Gardens pavilion last Monday evening. It was largely attended, and was throughout a most pronounced success. The string quartette, consisting of Messrs. Jacobsen, Bayley, Fisher and Corell, played Mozart's quartette in D minor; Andante, op. II., (*Tschaikowsky*); and a Scherzo, (*Cherubini*). The playing of the string quartette was very fine, the beautiful Andante from Mozart's quartette being especially well rendered. The plaintive and melancholy Andante by *Tschaikowsky* was most artistically played. The same may be said of the Scherzo by *Cherubini*. The playing of the Toronto Quartette Club bears most marked evidence of careful rehearsal, and a true artistic interpretation of the composers' ideas. Toronto is to be congratulated upon the possession of a quartette every member of which is a thorough musician. Herr Corell's playing of the violincello is decidedly one of the features of the quartette. The trio in D minor, (*Reissiger*) for piano, violin, and 'cello, gave an opportunity for Mr. Carl Martens to display his ability as a pianoforte player. Miss Emma Thursby, the solo vocalist, is well and favourably known in Toronto, and was most enthusiastically received. Her first number was the "Bell Song," from Deslibes' opera of "Lakmé." This song is simply a "show piece," and has no other recommendation, if indeed that is one. Miss Thursby's most successful numbers were Chopin's "Mazurka" and Taubert's "Bird Song." She also sang "Es Blinkt der Thau," by Rubinstein, and a Scotch ballad, as an encore. Her vocalization is wonderfully perfect and her method irreproachable. Herr Henri Jacobsen created quite a furore by his playing of the Andante and Finale from Mendelssohn's concerto in E. Her Jacobsen played this number with a vigor and a breadth of tone, and surmounted the great difficulties of the Finale with an ease and finish which astonished even those who know his powers as a soloist. The Monday Popular Concerts are certainly growing in public estimation. They have many excellent features. The concerts commence and finish at the advertised time, the programmes are well selected, well arranged, and well performed, and the artists are all first-class. The only objection we have is to some of the so-called fashionable people who go to the concerts and who destroy the enjoyment of others by their ill-mannered conduct. We are informed by a gentleman present of the case of a man who, when the most beautiful movement of Mozart's quartette was being performed, noisily pulled out a copy of the *Globe* and com-