

ROUGE ET NOIR.

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Vol. V.

TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1883.

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Vol. V.

TRINITY COLLEGE, DECEMBER, 1883.

No. 2.

NIGHT AND EARTH.

I.

O Night, star-crowned,
Ineffably sweet,
Sitting enthroned,
With silence at thy feet—
Brow-girt with light,
Dim, silent Night,
So love I thee.

II.

O Earth, night-kissed
With deep shadows brown
And veiled in mist
Softer than the down
Of a swan's breast,
Tired Earth at rest,
So love I thee.

—*J. A. Ritchie.*

ON CONDUCT AND MANNER.

This subject is one which concerns us, English people and Canadians, very nearly. It is said that, as a nation, the English are not particularly well-mannered. The Prussians are probably worse; but the French are better. These differences undoubtedly exist. The Irish, as a rule, have pleasanter manners than the Scotch, the Italians better than the Germans, the French than the English; and, we may add, the Americans than the Canadians. There must be something in the manners of these people to account for such impressions. A recent writer in the *Revue des deux Mondes* says:—"Les Anglais sont justes, mais ils ne sont pas bons." The English are just, he allows, but they are not nice.

It is said, in reply, that certain classes of French people are worse mannered than the same class of English; but this will serve only to confirm the general principle. The ill-mannered portion of well-mannered people are sure to be the worst; just as an unmannerly woman is worse than an unmannerly man, because it comes more natural to a woman to be courteous than to a man.

We have a way of evading this accusation. We say that, with the French, it is all outward show. We call it French polish and the like. And there is some truth in this; but it is not the whole truth. Where a whole people have a certain tone and style of manner, good or bad, there must be some mental and moral qualities underneath to account for it.

It will be clear then that manner is not merely a matter of personal taste and preference; it is also a duty. A good man has no right to make goodness repulsive. A good man will not do this unless there is something wrong about him. Some people have a kind of ferocity of goodness; they carry in their faces an universal sentence of excommunication. They imagine that they are thereby giving evidence of fidelity, consistency, and the like. For the most part they are displaying their selfishness, coarseness, bad temper. A man may be quite convinced of the truth of his principles, but he has no business to assume that others are not as honest as himself. Nay, more; he has no business (however good he may be, or may think himself) to assume that he alone has a right to decide as to the nature of truth and goodness, or to forget that other people possess exactly the same rights as himself. We naturally and rightly desire that others should adopt principles which we believe to be true, and have found to be good, and for that very reason we should be careful not to oppose needless obstacles in the way of their conversion to the principles that we wish to commend to them.

What then—for we must come to this question—what do we mean when we speak of good manners, good conduct, or good behaviour? Here a double caution is necessary. In the first place, it is by no means necessary that every man should be formed after the same pattern. To require or to expect that every man should possess the same vivacity on the one hand, or the same solidity of manner on the other, would be absurd. If there is anything which is absolutely certain on this subject, it is that the Creator has made His creatures so diverse in temperament and natural disposition that they may each contribute something, and something different to the general fund of human life, character, enjoyment. The man who is naturally lively, cheerful, vivacious, does well to be so. The man who is naturally ponderous and solemn does equally well to be what he is evidently made to be. Could anything be more ludicrous than to see the one of these classes endeavoring to adopt the manner and deportment which is natural to the other?

But there is a caution on the other side which is no less needed. It is true that a man need not, should not sink his own individuality. But this gives no sanction for the indulgence of personal eccentricity. There are people who imagine that eccentricity is a sign of genius. It is indeed sometimes a misfortune of genius; and in

that case it may be condoned for the sake of its accompaniments. But in most men eccentricity is simply an indication of weakness and folly, and generally also of conceit. It is an error into which young men are particularly apt to be misled. They read of some great man who had certain peculiarities; they fancy that they resemble him, and at any rate it is much easier to imitate his tricks than to follow the example of his greatness. It is a very serious fault. Alexander the Great had a trick of bearing his head a little on one side; many of his courtiers tried to imitate the habit. We can see that they were no nearer to his greatness because they had caught his trick.

Most people have heard of a very eminent surgeon named Abernethy. His manners were peculiarly rough, at times almost brutal; and a good many members of his profession thought it rather a fine thing to be like him. They could imitate Abernethy in his bad manners, if they could not catch his genius or equal his skill. It was not long before either the faculty or the public got tired of this kind of vulgarity. At this moment, if you were to select the class of men who are the most distinguished for the gentleness of their manners, you would probably find it impossible to discover one which would equal the medical profession.

We must reserve for another paper some more particular and detailed observations on the subject we are considering. At present we will confine ourselves to one or two general remarks.

Not very long ago we read in a newspaper a letter from Professor Max Muller, of the University of Oxford, giving an account of a Buddhist Priest, of Japan, who had come to study at that university, and had afterwards returned to his own country, where soon afterwards he died. The Professor had evidently contracted a great regard for the character and abilities of the young man and had thought it useful to send some account of him to the newspapers. Among other things which he said of his pupil, there occurred this striking sentence:—"His manners were perfect; they were the natural manners of an unselfish man." These are words worth remembering and meditating upon. They contain volumes of information on the subject of Conduct and Manner. Let us reverse them and see how the statement will look. Let us say of a man, or perhaps we had better take a woman: "Her manners were odious; they were the affected manners of a selfish woman." What a picture rises before us! We see a woman not gentle, thoughtful, considerate of others, as it is the glory of a woman to be; but self-seeking, pushing, trying to advance herself in society, to be more thought of than others and "putting on" the "airs and graces" which she imagines to be characteristic of the *haut ton*, but which are simply infallible tokens of her own vulgarity. It is a terrible spectacle, yet alas! not altogether unknown.

What do we mean by courtesy? We mean a thoughtful, kindly consideration for others, showing itself in quiet, natural, unobtrusive ways. We mean something which is real, sincere, true—not something which is "put on" for the use of society. We mean something that goes with a man or a woman everywhere, as part of themselves, and not something which is put off and on, like Sunday clothes. This is a text upon which we may permit ourselves to enlarge further, on another occasion.

SOME ASPECTS OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

(Second Paper.)

Yes, I had become a pilgrim—a wanderer over the narrow land, and like men of this class, was bent upon seeing every thing, so I was not startled when my friend asked me if I had ever seen the calabash tree. Calabashes were some of the curiosities of the place, but as to the nature of their growth, the writer was in ignorance, but not destined to remain long in that state, as we started out a few days afterwards in search of this aged monarch. It was a pretty drive with the alternating glimpses of the sea, whose ever varying colour cannot be pictured, and the more sombre hues of rather parched grass clothing the gentle slopes which hardly reach to an eminence worthy of being called hills. Like all places of resort, many spots with romantic names, and still more marvelous stories connected with them were found. The remembrance of a grotto, called the "Devil's Holes," haunts one with its curious collection of fish of all description, and which are supposed to answer to their names and allow their backs to be scratched by the admiring spectator. However, continuing our drive, the dark driver suddenly turned in at a little gateway, and after being consigned to the care of a blacker youth, we found ourselves among a cluster of trees, and on inquiring for this particular calabash tree, were informed that we were standing 'neath it. Imagine one's surprise, after listening to the tales concerning the tree, to find yourself in its shade, unmindful of the fact that you were standing where Tom Moore, the Irish poet, penned his verses "To Nea," his Southern love, when he was stationed in these Isles by virtue of some office held under the Admiralty. Another turn brought some caves to view, and taking a hasty glance at them, we moved on, as a previous visit to a cavern in another part of the Islands, has not impressed us with an enthusiastic longing "to do" all.

The first view of a 'Mudian cave had taken place much like this, except the journey then had been made by water, and after a rambling trip from the landing place to what I supposed was a hole in the earth, a negro appeared with some tallow candles nearly half burnt. The descent was begun, and a faint remembrance of a stride of a few feet, wrapped in a moderately heavy

ulster, which had been donned in expectation of colder air, prompted the lighting of my candle. We had to fairly crawl along a narrow chamber which the guide, whose grim visage shone from behind his light like a demon's, informed us was a sort of pic-nic table for pleasure seekers. Candles soon burnt low, and on inquiring if we were able to return without them, the ominous reply, "no," was given, and with undue haste and sundry injunctions to avoid the water, the depth of which was an unknown quantity, daylight was gained, together with a slight foreboding as to what the beat hereafter might be for some people.

But all the negroes there seem to have so little forethought, a wonderful absence of any power to reason for themselves, although it is reported that in their schools they evince wonderful ability in imitating shewn by the copies in their writing books. The negro in a warm climate is most wonderfully lazy, working a week and idling two. Servants are generally willing to work during the winter months, but with the tacit understanding that summer is to be allowed them to visit their relatives in. An ordinary band of no musical quality whatever will attract them, and they will follow the procession for hours, provided that there is a noise made by the instruments. Happen what will, the darkey will enjoy himself and manage to live by some means which even may be doubtful.

But what is this in this week's paper? A hunt finish. Can you imagine a fox in this country where not a toad or a snake is found? No; the hunt is somewhat of the nature of a hare and hound chase on horseback. True there is a hunt club with its master and several pieces of plate, presented by various visitors to the Islands, and all the enthusiasm of this cross country sport, yet the chief attraction of the day is the finish, and its consequent pleasure, culminating in a dance, and Bermudians are good dancers. Some one has kindly agreed to give the "finish," and entering this "some one's" grounds, you see improvised hurdles arranged, and ere long the sound of the huntsmen's meery horn is heard, a glimpse of the horses and riders, a sudden rush,—hurdles leaped, congratulations extended, and the best part of the entertainment is over. An adjournment is made to the house, and the remaining time consumed in the pleasures of an afternoon dance. But these dances are by no means a rarity. Governments and Admiralty Houses, with their regular "days," furnish abundant enjoyment for the pleasure-seeking writer, and a chance at the same time to see the dignitaries of the land, from the ostentatious "subby" of the services, to the veteran Governor, who is chosen alternately from the Engineers and Artillery.

But a great peculiarity to an American is the parish limits. Inhabited by Englishmen, it was only natural that they should carry their own pet system with them, and here it is fully manifested in the division of land, parish each containing, I believe, with a single exception, a

church, although at Hamilton there is a sort of chapel of ease, called Trinity Church, with the "Bishop's Lodge" near it. His Lordship, of Newfoundland, exercises Episcopal jurisdiction over this small territory, and visits it every other winter, and truly a live bishop is regarded as quite a curiosity—the people following him from church to church to hear his utterances, and the fascination of his presence even reached such a state that a poor old darkey desired to be confirmed by him, notwithstanding the fact that he had undergone this rite by a previous ecclesiastic. The Church is of course the prevailing religion, although the Methodists, with their emotional system, have a great hold on the darkies. It is a well known fact that socially one must be a churchman unless he wishes to be ostracised. One cannot help but be pleased with the quaint style of service of the Georgian period, divested of its unseemly irreverence.

The Islands abound in cats, and judging from their numbers, a corresponding quantity of old maids must exist. Tabulous are the sums at which the cat tribe are placed. Bad luck to him that happens to kill one of them. A friend of mine was so unfortunate as to shoot a midnight prowler, and almost before dawn there appeared a negro with the modest demand of £5 for this feline creature. Sixpence or nothing finally settled the argument, and the sable Southerner walked away thoroughly contented with his receipts.

But warm weather soon began to suggest to me the desirability of advancing northward, and a sojourn far exceeding my first wishes, found me sorry to leave these happy isles with their many pleasures, varied scenes and refreshing air, and as the steamer slowly left behind the Bermudas, receding in the distance, the hope was expressed that it might again be allowed the writer to spend another winter there, so free from care and anxiety.

H. K. M.

A COLLEGE DAY.

Ding, ding! Ding, ding! "Hallo! there's the chapel bell," and the weary sleeper gives a grunt of deep disgust and turns over for another snooze. But conscience is awake and begins to make herself heard. Thence come mental enquiries, "Shall I go to chapel or not?" "How's my percentage?" "Hang it all, I'm behind, I must go," and with many a groan the sleeper arouses himself and turns out on to the cold floor. The prospect is not cheering. It is bitterly cold. A glance from the window reveals a blinding snow storm, and all the surroundings are of that cheerless nature which always accompany 7:15 on a winter's morning. "Where on earth did I put my other sock," growls the unfortunate one, as with one foot clothed and the other bare, he paddles about, dives under the bed and pulls the bed-clothes off in the vain endeavour to find the missing article. "Where can the beastly thing have gone?"

Another ineffectual dive under the bed, that is ineffectual as far as the sock goes, but quite effectual in removing half the skin from the victim's backbone, caused by a too hasty endeavour on his part to extricate himself. Just then a black-bearded form appears in the door-way, and in mellifluous accents remarks, "Are you going to chapel? The bell will stop in about two minutes, I'd hurry if I were you." This is too much, and a flying boot cuts short the visitor's kindly-meant warning. "Hang it all, I've got up for nothing; I can never dress in time." However, hope springs eternal in the human breast, and just then the missing sock turns up precisely where Smith remembers to have put it. Then follows the wild farce of dressing against time, concluding with the principal actor arriving at the chapel door buttoning his waistcoat, with his tie under his left ear, and a general half-boiled expression, tempered, however, by a look of mild triumph at having saved the chapel. Oh, these winter morning services: the dim religious light of the chapel, the scanty few, the general feeling of having been up all night, with all those other pleasant feelings which will at once occur to anyone who has had the misfortune to get up early on a dark winter's morning. However, it comes to an end, and the men troop out and exhibit themselves to their fellows who have been luxuriating in bed with an exulting triumph, coupled with boastful and fanciful remarks as to the beauty and healthfulness of early rising, with the added comfort that if the lazy ones do not rise they will get no breakfast, for there goes the bell, as the pealing echoes of that shrill abomination, in the hands of a porter, who thoroughly enjoys the exercise, ring through the corridors; and so down to breakfast.

"What's the matter with that cook? That's the second time this week the porridge has been burned," growls the man whose early rising has not sweetened his temper, and the old saw ancient food and cooks, rises up in his mind and finds expression, "Take the stuff away and bring me some steak." Anon, the steak appears, singed on the outside and red raw as to the interior, and with many comments on the iniquity of things in general, and college living in particular, the undergraduate proceeds to devour as much of the delicacy as will satisfy his hunger. When this is somewhat appeased, he looks round for fresh worlds to conquer, and spies a companion attentively perusing the *Globe*. Here is a grievance, "Hand over that paper, Robinson; here you've had it all breakfast. Hang it, man, don't be so greedy." Then there is a brisk battle of words between the speaker and Robinson, in the midst of which the dons rise as a signal for grace, and another breakfast is over. As we troop up the stairs we meet the lazy ones just descending, and we offer consoling remarks as to the utter impossibility of their finding anything to eat. Then to the reading room for half an hour before lectures. All the chairs taken; five men trying to read the

Mail, ditto the *Globe*, no chance here, and with much disgust Smith betakes himself to his sitting-room, which he finds cheerfully littered with the relics of the previous night's feast, and pervaded by a general air of stale tobacco and desolation. With many muttered resolves as to never having any men to a shine again, he proceeds in a half-hearted way to restore order, when his efforts are broken in on again by the hateful sound of the bell for lecture, just as the porter has brought in an interesting letter, which he wishes to conclude. "Where's my gown?" and Smith surveys the chaos in despair. No sign of the required article. "I say, Brown, have you seen my gown?" "Oh, yes, Spriggs had it last night." "Hang Spriggs, why can't he let things alone?" That individual's room is at the other end of the building, and it takes ten minutes to find the necessary article, and then Smith arrives in the lecture-room heated and irate, and is greeted by the professor with sarcastic remarks as to the apparent impossibility of some men ever being punctual. Then for three hours or more the lectures go on, and Smith's brain is in a whirl with endeavouring to distinguish the precise difference of meaning, when some unheard of Greek verb takes the dative, and when it takes the accusative, which pleasant employment he varies by endeavouring in an utterly hopeless manner to expand sine A + B, his failure to solve which problem is received by the professor with gloomy prognostications as to his fate in the fast approaching examinations. In such delightful occupations does his morning pass, and when at length the welcome hour of release arrives, Smith has finally decided the momentous question "Is life worth living?" emphatically in the negative.

Then comes dinner, a more cheerful meal, as Smith feels that work is over for the day. Not that it ought to be by any means. The horrid spectre of the approaching examination sits at the board with him, attended by the wretched sprite who whispers in his ear how many hundred lines of Demosthenes he has never looked at, and how his knowledge of statics is represented by a minus sign. He makes a brave resolve. (N.B.—for the 500th time that term.) He must work, and it is with a glow of virtuous indignation that he refuses the seductive invitation to take a walk. No such follies for him; one pipe, a magazine just for one little half hour, and then grind. But that particular magazine is most interesting; the one pipe develops into three, and then a friend puts his head into the reading room. "I say, Smith, let's go and call on the P—s." Pleasant visions of afternoon tea and pleasant company rise up, and alas for Smith's resolution! He goes, comforting himself with the thought that there is a whole evening before him, and that then he will make up for lost time.

The afternoon passes quickly and pleasantly enough, and Smith finds himself back in College just as the bell is ringing for evening chapel, at which there is a very full attendance of the men who try to persuade themselves

that by attending every evening chapel they can, by some occult process convert the fifty per cent. so gained into the sixty per cent. required. A truly beautiful feat of imagination to be rudely dispelled when the unfortunate ones arrive at that period of term which requires that they keep every chapel or lose the said term. Then follows tea, after which the wise and studious ones retire to their rooms and prepare to burn the midnight oil. Smith does the same. He disregards the inviting appearance of his favourite meerschaum, and throws his desk with books. Now, surely, he is going to grind. Perhaps. He opens one and proceeds to make a calculation as to whether he can't make that all up the night before examination. Figures can't prevaricate, and with a sigh he is beginning to acknowledge the imperious necessity of setting to work at once, when a knock is heard. "Come in," and Robinson appears. "What, grinding. Oh, you sap. Come round to my room and have some coffee." Smith feebly urges the necessity for his working, when Robinson demonstrates conclusively that Smith's calculations are utterly wrong, and that there is time enough and to spare in which to get up the work. Smith hesitates. Robinson presses his advantage. Alas for the vanity of human resolves. Smith accepts the tempter's invitation, and the evening which was to be devoted so steadily to overcoming the manifold difficulties of Demosthenes and statics is devoted to coffee and conversation on every imaginable topic, not forgetting the last outrage in the shape of a display of unmitigated cheek on the part of some young freshman coupled with dire hints as to what would have been his fate in the old heroic days, and the merciful consideration exhibited by the present seniors. And so with tales of the "derring-do" of olden times, when seniors ruled with the iron hand without a velvet glove, when percentages were not, and lectures existed merely to find the professors something to do, and many regrets as to the degeneracy of our own days, Smith wiles away the time with his faithful pipe between his teeth, and his favourite pewter at his elbow, until the hateful bell which has pursued him with his vindictive clangings all day, "tolls the knell," not of parting day, but of the turning out of the gas, and Smith wends his way in darkness to his couch, cannot find his matches, breaks his shin over a coal-scuttle, and finally sinks to rest with the conviction that he has spent a very pleasant evening, and that grinding is nothing but a delusion and a snare.

T. B. A.

At Convocation this year, the Degree of D.C.L. was conferred on Rev. C. J. S. Bethune, M. A., of this University, and Head Master of Trinity College School. It is the highest distinction in the gift of the University, and, we believe, the first instance of its being conferred on one of our own graduates.

Rouge et Noir.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF TRINITY COLLEGE. Contributions and literary matter of all kinds solicited from the Alumni and friends of the University.

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TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO.

TRINITY TERM, 1883.

THE first issue of *The Week*, the new literary journal, which, if merit be a criterion, ought to achieve a great success, contained some verses by Mr. Lampman. We must congratulate him upon making his appearance before the public in a journal of such high character.

WE have much pleasure in calling attention to a letter appearing in this issue advocating the admission of the Rev. Professor Jones to the degree of D.C.L. Everyone must agree with the writer of that letter in what he says as to the paramount claims of the Dean to any distinction the University has to offer. Such long and valuable services as his should certainly meet with some recognition.

THE battle relative to the State aid for University College goes fiercely on, and the papers are full of letters with arguments *pro* and *con*. We must say that the friends of the University of Toronto are working well. We hear that organizations are being formed all over the Province for the purpose of presenting their claim to the Government in the strongest manner, but the present aspect of political affairs is such that it is very doubtful whether, when the Local House meets, the present Government will be in a position to invite any contest into which personal as well as political considerations would enter. We do not notice anything novel in the way of treating the subject. All its supporters still take the same old ground of the University of Toronto having been founded by the State, and therefore entitled to State aid whenever it may consider it necessary, apparently, quite ignoring the fact that the money has to be drawn from the amount raised by taxation by the Local Government. It is evidently, in their eyes, quite a fair thing that the University of Toronto should be supported by the taxes of people who have a most decided objection to its system. For ourselves, as a taxpayer, we most distinctly object to paying for the endowment of University College quite as much as we should to paying for St.

Michael's. Let the University graduates tax themselves; they are quite at liberty to do that, but they have not the slightest shadow of right to dispose of other people's money for their own benefit. One writer did argue that as everyone has to support State schools, so everyone should the University. But the cases are not parallel. Everyone acknowledges that some comprehensive scheme of education for children should be carried out by the Government, and our present system is as good as can be; but taxpayers who support the public schools do not calculate on giving the children who attend them a university education in addition. No matter how plausible the arguments may be the facts remain, when divested of all outside considerations, that the University of Toronto has not the least justification in calling on the Government to support them with other people's money in order that their own graduates may have some excuse for withholding the liberality which they ought to exercise towards their Alma Mater.

THE Council has taken a very wise step in changing the time of Matriculation Examination from October to July, but there is still another step in connection with this examination that we should like to see taken at once, viz: that it should be localized. We are convinced that the want of something of this kind deters many men from coming up—the journey to Toronto involving as it does some expense, and a great deal of trouble without any certainty as to the result. And this proposition could be carried out with comparatively little trouble. In nearly every town of any importance there are some graduates of Trinity who would, we are sure be glad to further the interests of their Alma Mater by endeavouring to have these local Matriculation Examinations in their own town. The outlay, always an important point, would not be large. The chief expense would be for advertising in the local papers and hiring a room of some kind in which the examination could be held. It is altogether likely they could be held in the different High Schools. The scheme has worked most successfully in the case of Queen's College, and we cannot see why it should not in our case too. We fancy a good many men would go up for the examination in something the same way as they do for the Intermediate, viz: to have a certain status in the scholarly world, others, perhaps, merely for the sake of the examination, which the average Canadian schoolboy finds very hard to resist when it takes place in his own town (such is the degraded condition of this much examined country). At any rate the scheme is well worth trying. The Matriculation fees would go a long way towards defraying the expenses. It could be tried in a few towns at first, such as Brockville, Napanee, Hamilton and London. These suggestions are merely thrown out. We should welcome discussion on the point from all interested in Trinity in the columns of this paper.

TRINITY MEDICAL NOTES.

At a second meeting in the School on Friday, Mr. J. C. Bell was elected to represent us at the Western University. Mr. Bell is a most suitable person, and if he fulfills his present position as ably as he did the seat of chairman of the late dinner committee, our School will be thoroughly represented.

The usual fortnightly meeting of the Literary and Scientific Society was held in the School theatre on Saturday evening, the 8th inst. The programme was excellent. A paper by Dr Geikie (Dean), discussing the life of our great predecessor Hippocrates, enumerating the many discoveries of that (most rightly termed) prince of doctors, and the benefit derived therefrom by his posterity, was most ably delivered. Trios sung by Messrs. Brown, Gillespie and Lockhart were deservedly applauded. Also a solo by Mr. Farrar and a reading by Mr. Dewan, and recitation by Messrs. Bell and Edmunson, created much amusement. The proceedings terminated with a debate opened by Mr. Bingham, G. A., on the best method of taking lectures. Several gentlemen expressed their views, and it was decided unanimously in favor of taking full notes. After singing our National Anthem the meeting dispersed, having spent a most enjoyable evening.

What has become of our Glee Club? Is it defunct, or are its members suffering from aphonia?

Dr. Geikie, the Dean, has been making strenuous practical efforts lately in the cause of Temperance by delivering able and interesting lectures on the relation of temperance to physical well-being. On Monday evening, the 10th inst., he delivered a very interesting address at the meeting of the St. Stephen's branch of the C. E. T. S. Efforts of this kind by a man who is thoroughly acquainted with his subject cannot fail to be of far more use and influence than any number of addresses by men who are speaking merely from hearsay or from knowledge they may have gained by reading.

COMMUNICATIONS.

MOSESSES FROM A ROLLING STONE.

CANTON, Nov. 22nd, 1883.

To the Editors of *Rouge et Noir*:

DEAR SIRS,—May a temporary absentee use your columns to convey his remembrances and greetings to his former comrades within and without the walls of old Trinity? It was to me, a happy coincidence, that, on the evening of the St. Simon's Dinner, while I was thinking of our past re-unions on that day, a long letter from Trinity was put into my hands, telling me of the *personal* and general state of affairs at the beginning of the Academical year. It was, with even greater pleasure that I heard, more recently, how successfully, in every way, the annual Re-union had passed off.

But, I assure you, our graduates can be met elsewhere than within the College—or even in Toronto. It is

strange what a number I have either seen or heard of, in England, this year. Among them I might mention Rev. W. C. Allen, with whom I spent a very pleasant week among the hills of Hertfordshire; Revs. C. H. Shortt and J. Gibson, with whom I had an unexpected meeting at a railway station; J. Carter, who entertained me for some days at Exeter College, Oxford, where I found him delving away in the field of classics with even more energy than ever. Then I must not forget P. S. N. Strathy, with whom I dined one evening in London, and who, with Farncomb and several other Trinity "Meds." is practically studying all the ins and outs of the various diseases and disorders of the human frame, which are to be seen to such advantage in a London hospital. And let me here make mention of Provost Body, who, in keeping with his unflinching kindness to students, would have guided me to the various objects of interest in Cambridge, but I was unable to avail myself of his very kind invitation. At the pleasant meetings I have referred to, of course College politics and College experiences formed the principal topic of conversation, until we could almost imagine we really saw the three glass towers rising before us, or were once again performing a hasty toilet to the unmelodious, but familiar music of the early Chapel bell! And then thoughts of intervening miles and minutes would intrude them so abruptly and forcibly that we would begin to wonder whether it wasn't a dream after all—whether it was an actual fact that we were in that world-renowned Island of which we had heard and read so much, but of which our former conceptions had been so vague. But enough of such sentimentalities! You will expect me to turn to something more definite and practical, no doubt, and to give you some slight introduction to one or two of the scenes which it has been my rare privilege to visit during the past six months. Well, what shall it be? London, with its busy streets and teeming populace, a grand Scotch panorama of mountain and water scenery, or Canterbury, the ancient home and centre of our church—under the walls of whose Cathedral I am now writing? No, I do not feel in a vein for treating of subjects in any way weighty or serious; so let my scene be the gay French Capital, where I spent last week.

It happened to be a rough night when I found myself on board a small steamer, rolling about among the choppy channel waves, which would give one a tendency to uncomfortable feelings, all previous Atlantic discipline notwithstanding. After about six hours of this, we found ourselves close under the white French Cliffs, which correspond so exactly to those on the opposite coast as to suggest a closer embrace at some pre-historic time. The port of Dieppe, where we landed, presented a bleak, treeless, cheerless aspect from the water, but I suppose that any ordinary effect of this kind must have been considerably enhanced by the chilly gloom of that dull November morning. As we came alongside the wharf, a lofty black and gilt crucifix was the first object that engaged our attention—a silent reminder that we were in a Roman Catholic country. Would that this symbolized the most baneful of its predominating opinions and influences! After procuring some refreshment, we found that nearly an hour intervened before the departure of our train—just time for a short walk into the town. Near its centre we came to an open square, crowded with people, who, with loud words and lively gesticulations, were disputing the value of the fish and

vegetables which lay piled up on rough tables and wheelbarrows in every direction. The women, who formed the larger proportion of the crowd (and the more animated, too), all wore white caps or hoods, with long strings, the whole of spotless white; while men and women alike seemed to have a strong predilection for light-blue clothing. I often remarked this trait subsequently, both in the French civil and military dress. Opposite the market square stood the Cathedral, the most prominent edifice in the town. At the door sat two aged and also, I thought, abject specimens of humanity, one of whom sold rosaries, candles, &c., while the other held out a round brush, the bristles of which all worshippers reverently touched when passing. The interior of the Cathedral seemed to us rather dark, dirty and dismal, but probably the weather may have again had something to do with our impressions. On both sides of the nave there was a succession of small chapels, dedicated to particular saints, with now and then a worshipper kneeling before the candle-lighted altar, while in the chancel two priests were, in low tones, celebrating mass. But our time is nearly up, so we hurry back and take seats in the train, which soon moves off for Paris. Wondering at the strangely slow rate of progress, we look out. It is explained: The track runs down the centre of a broad street, so in order to give due and timely warning of the approach of the train, a man walks calmly in front waving a red flag. At last, nobody having been run over (not even the flagman), we are out of Dieppe, and flying through a rolling country, in which nothing strikes us as deserving of notice, except the architecture of the high, white, acutely-gabled houses, which remind us rather of the rustic buildings in our own province of Quebec. Rouen is the only town of any importance passed, and but little is seen of it from the railway, which here penetrated the hill, on the side of which the city lies. After leaving Rouen, our course follows the windings of the Seine. But the water is muddy, the banks low, and the landscape as dreary as before; so, making the usual allowances for the time of year, we pull down the window blinds, button our coats tighter, lie back among the cushions, dozing comfortably, with slight intermissions, until the train comes to a standstill outside Paris, and an official demands "*Vos billets, Messieurs.*" Ah! here we are, about to be launched forth into Paris, and however shall we get on with—or rather without—our knowledge of that vile French language. The thought is appalling! Visions of neglected French lectures, and the consequent admonitions of Monsieur Pernet, rise up like evil spectres, shaking their bony fists at us! Oh, if the Monsieur were here, wouldn't he chuckle and gloat over our helpless, dependent condition! But he isn't; and we console ourselves with the thought that we must retain some slight sediment of these manifold verbs and phrases which were rammed down our throats from time to time, and, besides, numbers of English and American visitors must have "done" the city under similar disadvantages. But farewell to such consoling reflections, for here are more than a dozen cabmen and porters, opening fire on us at the rate of about one hundred and fifty words a minute, accompanied by the most frantic and alarming gesticulations! But the cab difficulty is at last surmounted at the expense of a franc-and-a-half overcharge (may the grasping Jehu have to pay every centime of it to his Father, confessor in expiation of his guilt!), and in calmer frame of mind we are being

hurried through the busy streets to our appointed destination. But all these French names, notices and placards are unpleasant reminders, and have a tendency to disturb our feelings when—refreshing sight—here is an immense sign in rational English. As we approach we read, in large letters, "New York Bar. All American Drinks Supplied at New York Prices."

(To be continued.)

To the Editors of *Rouge et Noir*.

DEAR SIR:—I was much pleased with the suggestion made by "Watcher" in your last issue, to the effect that a Theological Debating Society be formed in the College. Besides the points of usefulness, which he mentions as likely to be obtained in such a society, there are some others to which I should like to draw your attention.

We, as a Divinity Class, are not sufficiently drawn together, and I am sure that a Theological Debating Society would have the effect not only of uniting us more firmly as a body of men, and giving us more zeal in the pursuit of theological knowledge and in our practical work, but also of enabling individuals to share the benefits of one another's thoughts and views on the many questions which are looked at in such different lights by different types of mind. Moreover, in such a society, not only would angles be rubbed off, but *holes filled up*, and a spirit of mingled practical common sense, and large-mindedness would be promoted.

Tolerance of, not to speak of sympathy with, the views of those differing from us is a quality much to be desired in this age of controversy, and such a society would, I think, do much toward the attainment of that object.

And, moreover, meetings for free discussion possesses advantages both for the practical solution of the questions of the day and for the general acquirement of theological knowledge, quite unable to be obtained at the ordinary lecture, where a man scribbles as hard as he can for an hour to the dreary monotony of the lecturer's voice, and then shuts up his note-book with a bang of relief, and too often does not look at it again till the ever-recurring examination forces the fact of its existence upon his mind.

I propose therefore, as a practical step, that we have a meeting at the beginning of next term, to discuss the subject and arrange preliminaries, such as constitution, government, meetings, &c.

I would not, however, restrict the membership to Divinity students and clergymen, but would make any lay student eligible for election.

I am,

Yours truly,

A DIVINITY STUDENT.

Trinity College, Dec. 13th.

A SUGGESTION TO THE COUNCIL.

To the Editors of *Rouge et Noir*.

DEAR SIR:—It has been the custom of the University for some years past, to confer every year, *causa honoris*, the degree of D. C. L. upon two or three distinguished graduates, members of corporation, or other prominent personages.

And looking through the list of the names of the

recipients of this honor, we cannot fail to be struck with the wisdom of the choice which has made so many stirring men the holders of this one distinction which our University can bestow. The last on the list, but by no means the least, are the names of the gentlemen admitted to the degree at the Convocation held last month, viz.: The Head Master of the College school and the Provost.

It being the custom then to admit one or more to the degree every year, will you let me suggest, through the columns of *ROUGE ET NOIR*, a name for the consideration of the council?

The Rev. C. J. S. Bethune has done a great work at Port Hope, in building up that now well-known school and raising it to its present high state of efficiency. The Provost also has done a great work during the short interval that he has been among us, by infusing new life into the University, and by laying the foundation of what will, we trust, be a glorious future for it. Well then, do these two deserve the honors which has been conferred upon them.

But now let me suggest to the council, that as they have shown their appreciation of the work of these two gentlemen, they should likewise bestow the same honors upon one who, during the last twenty years, has also done a great work for the Society of which he is an officer. The Rev. Prof. Jones needs no eulogy at my hands. His great ability, his unfailing courtesy, and his clear head for business are known to all. I can myself speak of Mr. Jones' great kindness, both in assisting me in my work as an undergraduate, and in patiently listening to my grievances. And those who are advanced in the study of mathematics testify to the deep and solid learning which he possesses, while those again who have to do with the finances and general management of the college will all unite in saying, "What could we do without Prof. Jones?"

But, gentlemen, I will no longer trespass upon your space. I repeat it, Prof. Jones needs no eulogy at my hands. I only beg once more to suggest that at the next Convocation, the name of the Rev. Prof. Jones, Dean and Registrar, be added to the list of distinguished persons already holding the degree of D. C. L.

I am, &c.,

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

Toronto, Dec. 3rd, '83.

The Editors of Rouge et Noir.

GENTLEMEN,—Now that we can congratulate ourselves upon a vastly improved chapel service, for which I am sure thanks are due to your paper, would it not be as well that something should be done in the way of procuring a new organ for the chapel. We shall apparently have to occupy the present chapel for nearly a year more, and during that time it is only fair to the organist that he should not be hampered by having to use an instrument that has been in a worn-out condition for some years past. A good American organ could be hired at a trifling expense, and the improvement would certainly be worth the money expended.

Yours, &c.,

MUSIC.

EXCHANGES.

We have made it a practice never to clip, but the following, taken from the Cambridge, England, *Light Green*, is so good that we make no apology for reproducing it entire. To all who have read the original, and who has not, the excellence of the parody will be at once apparent.

THE HEATHEN PASS—EE.

BEING THE STORY OF A PASS EXAMINATION BY BRED HARD.

Which I wish to remark
And my language is plain,
That for plots that are dark,
And not always in vain,
The heathen Pass—ee is peculiar,
And the same I would rise to explain.

I would also premise
That the term of Pass—ee
Most fitly applies,
As you probably see,
To one whose vocation is passing
The "ordinary B. A. degree.

Tom Crib was his name,
And I shall not deny,
In regard to the same,
Which that name might imply,
But his face it was trustful and childlike
But he had the most innocent eye:

Upon April the first
The Little-go fell,
And that was the worst
Of the gentleman's sell,
For he fooled the Examining Body
In a way I'm reluctant to tell.

The Candidates came,
And Tom Crib soon appeared.
It was Euclid. The same
Was "the subject he feared,"
But he smiled as he sat by the table,
With a smile that was wary and weird.

Yet he did what he could,
And the papers he showed
Were remarkably good,
And his countenance glowed
With pride when I met him soon after,
As he walked down the Trumpington road.

We did not find him out,
Which I bitterly grieve,
For I've not the least doubt,
That he'd placed up his sleeve
Mr. Todhunter's excellent Euclid,
The same with intent to deceive.

But I shall not forget
How the next day at two
A stiff paper was set
By Examiner U....
On Euripides' tragedy, Bacchae.
A subject Tom "partially knew."

But the knowledge displayed
By that heathen Pass—ee.
And the answers he made
Were quite frightful to see,
For he rapidly floored the whole paper
By about twenty minutes to three.

Then I looked up at U....
And he gazed upon me.
I observed, "This won't do,"
He replied "goodness me!
We are fooled by this artful young person,"
And he sent for that heathen Pass—ee.

The scene that ensued
Was disgraceful to view,
For the floor it was strewed
With a tolerable few
Of the "tips" that Tom Crib had been hiding
For the "subject he partially knew."

On the cuff of his shirt
He had managed to get
What we hoped had been dirt
But which proved, I regret,
To be notes on the rise of the Drama,
A question invariably set.

In his various coats
We proceeded to seek,
Where we found sundry notes
And—with sorrow I speak—
One of Bohn's publications, so useful
To the student of Latin or Greek.

In the crown of his cap
Were the Furies and Fates,
And a delicate map
Of the Dorian States,
And we found in his palms which were hollow,
What are frequent in palms—that is dates.

Which is why, I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for plots that are dark
And not always in vain,
The heathen Pass—ee is peculiar,
Which the same I am free to maintain.

Marion Muir again appears in the *Notre Dame Scholastic* with a short poem, "Sofonisba," which, in spite of the somewhat unintelligible character of the last two lines, is good. The remaining contents of the number are fully up to the average, though why the Editors should find necessary to clip the poem "At the Grave of Charles Wolfe" from so widely circulated a magazine as the *Century* is not at all apparent.

The *Philomathean Review* is evidently determined not to be eclipsed by its contemporaries, and has favored its readers this month with an effusion from the pen of Hugo J. Schleier, which we mistook at first for bad prose chopped into lines of unequal length. On reference to the index, however, we find it styled a "poem," and as the writer must know, we accept the definition. It is a truly beautiful composition, the writer of which, like all true geniuses, declines to be bound by any trammels of metre or rhythm. From the circumstance that two succeeding lines occasionally end in the same syllables, we maintain that it exhibits "something distinctly resembling" a rhyme, but this is all that can be said in support of its appearing as "poetry," save the mark! As an example of the bold nature of the versification, we give two lines:

"The Philomatheans assemble,
To challenge their foes and make them tremble."

The object of the effusion seems to be to give an account of the proceedings of the Philomathean Society, which is apparently devoted to literature and politics, though the ah—poem is a little after Browning on the question of lucidity, for we read:

"Each Philomath acted as a fool
To make a wise man of a fool."

A not very complimentary reflection on those joining the Philomathean ranks. The President is evidently of a poetic nature too. In his address, embalmed in these immortal lines, we read:

"Not many years ago, the President began,
The dawn of morn shone on the Philomathean."

"Dawn of morn" is good. Apparently, down in Brooklyn they have four or five different kinds of dawn, and it is necessary to distinguish. We are much impressed, too, with the way in which the author grapples with the difficulties of that portentous word "Philoma-

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 *exhollation* (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.

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