

Trinity University Review



CONTENTS.

CONTRIBUTIONS :			
Poem—"Tom Tipple."	A. B.	3	
The Horrible in Fiction.		3	
Poem—"The Flower Girl."	F. M. D.	4	
Our Search for Silver.	D.	4	
EDITORIALS			
OBITER DICTA.		7	
COLLEGE NEWS.		8	
PERSONAL		9	
EXCHANGE.		10	

TOM TIPPLE.

Tom Tipple a seaman was skilful and bold :
 He had borne tropic heat he had braved arctic cold.
 The line upon dozens of voyages he'd crossed,
 And in dozens and dozens of storms had been tossed.
 Of hair on his weather-beat face he'd no lack.
 He'd a very thick pig-tail hung half down his back,
 Which was broad as a whale's. Finer seaman than he
 Gallant ship never guided across the deep sea.
 But though little he cared for foul weather or fog,
 Poor Tom he was rather too fond of his grog ;
 And one night, when he'd had a drop more than he ought,
 With a lurch of the vessel he fell through the port.
 They hove to with speed, and they put down a boat,
 But alack ! he had taken too much grog to float ;
 So while they rowed backwards, and forwards, and round,
 He went to the bottom like lead, and got drowned.
 But the very next night, as they sat round the bowl,
 The winds of a sudden 'gan sadly to howl :
 And while they spun yarns, singing wild songs between,
 The ghost, sure as fate, of Tom Tipple was seen.
 On a bucket he seated himself as of old,
 All dripping with water and shaking with cold ;
 Then turning the ghost of a quid in his cheek,
 In voice low and husky they all heard him speak :
 "It's me, mates, Tom Tipple, take warning," says he,
 "And don't when yer drunk go and fall in the sea,"
 "It's precious wet down there, and only just think,"
 "Yer don't get no grog, but salt water to drink."

This uttered, he quietly glided away ;
 Nor returned again ever, but mariners say,
 That the ghost of Tom Tipple still stalks o'er the wave,
 Near the spot where he went to his watery grave.
 A. B.

ON THE HORRIBLE IN FICTION.

To speak of the horrible in fiction is at once to suggest the name of Mr. Rider Haggard, who, as an inventor of things repulsive and ghastly, occupies a very exalted position indeed among the romance writers of the hour. No writer of the present day has been so much talked about as Mr. Rider Haggard ; no books have sold so fast as his, and no books equal the "collective folly and futility of these books." Their author gloatingly delights in details of carnage, and horror, and ferocity for their own ghastly sake. In massacre, cruelty, and bloody death Mr. Rider Haggard finds his chiefest joy. To hug men until their ribs crack and crunch, to make them writhe like snakes, to drive knives right through their quivering bodies, to split their skulls down to the eyes with sharp steel, to crush the life out of them, to listen to the sickening crunching of their bones—to do and write of these things, and to linger gloatingly over the disgusting details, is Mr. Rider Haggard's great delight. And to linger with him over these details is the joy of many thousands of men and women, among whom may be found not a few who claim to have good taste and good sense, and believe that they are not without literary cultivation. We do not say that Mr. Haggard's works are without literary value ; but where there is no simplicity, no sincerity, no delicacy and sympathy ; where sound judgment is outraged, cultivated taste set at naught, and refined discrimination conspicuous by its absence ; where the language used is as inelegant and incorrect as it is coarse and provincial, and where all is pervaded by an imagination at once morbid and sensual—where these faults and disfigurements glare at one from every page, we fail to see that much remains to interest and illumine the man of intellectual tastes and healthy mind. That the class of novel readers yclept by a recent writer the "all-gulping" should find some entertainment and relaxation in Mr. Haggard's slaughter-house style of fiction ; that his morbid scheme of existence, his agnostic and pseudo-philosophic reflections, should have a certain fascination for their jaded minds, we can in a measure