

ago foretold, when a plural noun shall lie down with the singular verb, and a little conjunction shall lead them, we will omit the rest of his effusion, and pass on to the consideration of another poem that appears above the signature of P. H. I.:—

The dark clouds hide the sun's gay light,  
The leaves have flown; and autumn chill  
In icy fetters chains each rill.  
In sober garb is Nature's dight.

Sad is the mateless robin's lay,  
Sad the soft whispering zephyr's sigh,  
Sad is my heart as I pass by,—  
The world is drear—can I be gay?

But on a sudden, Phoebus gleams  
Through the bare forest's leafless aisles;  
Wreathed are the trees in golden smiles,  
Unlocked the babble of the streams.

My love who gladdens Nature drear,  
Whose red lips shame the ruby's hue,  
Whose bright orbs shame the heaven's blue.  
My autumn tressed love is here.

When we first read this, and it was certainly hard to read notwithstanding the patchouli-scented note paper and the elaborate monogram on it, we were inclined to rave and tear our hair, but the calmer moments of reflection assured us that there was nothing in the words—for the poem contained no ideas—to arouse any such violent exhibition of our feelings. Such an "aching void" of ideas, so inane a composition it would be hard for the most diligent student of modern lyric writers, such as Aubrey de Vere, C. Tennyson Turner, W. Cosmo-Monkhouse, and others of the inner brotherhood, to produce. We will therefore sum up the substance of this ballad by classifying it as the rapid maund-rings of a fool, who braces up when his red-haired girl comes along, and proceed to set forth in all its ghastly details the following atrocity, perpetrated last week by W.A. de W. It evidently owes a great deal of its form (if it can be said to have any) to the "Salut au Monde" of Walt. Whitman. W.A. de W. says:—

What do you see, W.A. de W.?

I see a great square building.

I see the crowds of students, book-carrying, issuing in—walking in gangs, snowballing at lamposts, upsetting ash-barrels, leering and jeering at girls in the streets, and generally swearing.

I see the gang from the balmy backwoods of cabbage-scented Glangarry, unshaven and bleary, nicotine ruminants all—a few of them carrying note books.

I see one fresh from the country with short but patulous breeches

I see a spring-suited itinerant Banshee, a corruptor of youth, nondescript, never at Fenwick's.

I see a lost photographer.

I see his fellow antediluvians, bereft of their senses by grief; fancying him smitten by disease or perchance devoured by fierce monsters; mourning his loss and destroying his character; seeking him in high and low (mostly low) places, haunting the Morgue and dragging rivers in vain; finally submitting to his fate with a bad grace; still keeping watch for him; then suddenly stumbling against him.

I see the long, lank ghost, lantern-jawed and sepulchral.

I see the long-bodied, short-legged saltator, whose ideas of meum and tuum are rather promiscuous, whose rapacious overcoat pocket full often at Ford's illicitly bulges.

I see next him a long, melancholy individual, with eye of a slaughtered assellus, clad in the latest Newmaket, split-up-behind, but unpaid for.

I see another returning home about sunrise with multiplying eye and unsteady gait, pensively falling on the hospitable breast of the doorstep, and searching in vain for the key-hole.

In vain in the left lower corner of the door that keeps whanging against him.

I see a red-bearded, straw-haired, blue-eyed indigenous youth, cursed with a keen sense of Thackeray's humor.

I see the form of a giant, with a plaintive "Got a cigarette" ever on his lips, comely of feature, but harmless of intellect. The Thames fears no harm from incendiary proceedings on his part.

I see another unfortunate, roped in and led to the haltar. Moaning aloud, "The tradesmen I owe, therefore *Io hymenoe!*"

I see a slender, tan-faced son of the tropics, sluggish of colon, barbaletic.

I see a notorious trio, the three Furies, joined in amorous contact, ever inseparable in brawl and jamboree.

The first of a Saturnine countenance, suspicious, and pendulo-canine of aspect.

The second, the most disreputable, out-at-elbows, flamingocephalic—yet generous withal and kindly, thus differing far from the others.

The third with a harsh, high-pitched, rasping voice; with a weakness for other men's rubbers.

His function that of a month-piece.

I see a hoisterous bullying body of burgling botanical freshmen; bursting open hallowed retreats, singing hymns to a fog horn accompaniment, in their eager pursuit after science.

I see the Star of the East, sole hope of New Brunswick, a whiskered and speech-making Cato.

I see the noble army of Chronicles, some of them sparse as to hair (perhaps from much plucking), old friends who have long lingered among us, beloved of Mrs. Smiley.

"Au revoir!" is their motto at spring-time.

## Personals.

John Smith, M. D. '79, has left Emerson, Man., and is at present in Portland, Oregon.

B. F. W. Hurdman, M. D., '82, has returned from England, and has begun practice in Inverness, P. Q.

Kenneth MacKenzie, M. D., '81, has been appointed Professor of Anatomy in Willamette University, Portland, Oregon, and Surgeon to St. Vincent's Hospital in the same city.

Walter W. White, B.A., '86 Med. has been elected to fill the vacancy on the staff of the GAZETTE caused by Mr. Porter's departure. No better selection could have been made.

J. J. Collins, B. A. Sc., '82, visited the College the other day, and was looking very happy. He was on his wedding tour, having been married recently in Ottawa. Mr. Collins is County Engineer for Renfrew.

D. T. M. R. Salter, M. D., '80, has given up his practice in Dundas, Ont. He purposes taking an extended course in England before settling down. His partner, James Ross, B. A., M. D., '81, continues the practice.

## Obituary.

It is with feelings of the greatest regret that we record the death of Mr. A. W. Wilkinson, B. A., who died at the hospital on January 20th from typhoid fever.

Mr. Wilkinson graduated at the University of New Brunswick in '80, at the head of his class, after a brilliant course in which he gained the highest University honors; and, although he had only been connected with McGill for a few months, was looked upon as one of the most promising men of his year.

The remains, which were forwarded to his home in Fredericton, were escorted to the Bonaventure depot by the students in Medicine and Arts and representatives from the Faculty.

To his relatives we would express our heartfelt sympathy; and while we recognize with sorrow the fact that another is taken from among us, we sincerely believe that he has gone where merit obtains its just reward.

JOHN REDDY, M.D., I.R.C.S.I., who died at Dublin, Ireland, on the 23rd January, was a Representative Fellow in Medicine of this University for ten years. He studied in Dublin and Glasgow, in both of which schools he took degrees. He received an *ad eundem* degree from McGill in 1856. Dr. Reddy was one of the attending physicians at the General Hospital for 25 years, and was one of the oldest and most eminent practitioners in this city.