

successors in the Mayoralty continued the gift. It was felt, three years ago, that it would be wise to substitute a Scholarship for the medal, and to give it to be competed for by those students who are satisfied with taking the pass matriculation of the university, and accordingly the change was made. This year, N. C. Polson, Esq., has been elected Mayor, and he has already signified his intention of continuing the gift and has expressed approval of the change that has been made from medal to scholarship. May this symbol of the bond that unites town and gown continue without break! *Esto perpetua!*

### ✦Literature.✦

#### BALLADS AND BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

WE frankly avow that we are in no fit mood to give a judicious or impartial criticism of this portion of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's works. His poems, in common with almost everything else that he has written, have made such a strong impression on us that we can only, like *Oliver Twist*, "want some more," without paying any attention to his somewhat glaring defects.

Of the two portions of this book we much prefer the former. The *Barrack-Room Ballads*, while containing much humour and pathos, are not to our taste. Mr. Kipling's stories had shown us the average British soldier far more perfectly than had ever been done before; the picture was doubtless not unfrequently heightened, but its merit was nevertheless great. But the merits of a short story are not those of a poem. The *Barrack-Room Ballads* contain far too much swearing for swearing's sake, too much coarseness and brutality, serving only to disgust. Still such ballads as "Tommy" and "Fuzzy Wuzzy," a verse of which we quoted last year, are, in their own way, perfection. Some of them, too, would make capital songs, as for instance the chorus of "Cells":

With a second-hand overcoat under my head,  
And a beautiful view of the yard,  
Oh, it's pack-drill for me, and a fortnight's C.B.,  
For drunk and resisting the guard;  
'Strewth, but I socked it them hard!  
So it's pack-drill for me, and a fortnight's C.B.,  
For drunk and resisting the guard.

And there is great melody in "Mandalay":

On the road to Mandalay,  
Where the old Flotilla lay,  
With our sick beneath the awnings when we  
went to Mandalay!  
On the road to Mandalay,  
Where the flying fishes play,  
An' the dawn comes up like thunder out of  
China 'crosst the Bay.

Mr. Kipling's ideal is always the MAN, with the pre-eminently manly qualities of strength and bravery. In fact his whole philosophy of life might almost be summed up in the four lines appended to the opening ballad of the collection:

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and  
never the twain shall meet,  
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's  
great Judgment Seat;  
But there is neither East nor West, Border,  
nor Breed, nor Birth,  
When two strong men stand face to face, tho'  
they come from the ends of the earth!

Here we find expressed his conviction of the fundamental difference between Europe and Asia; that, as he says in one of his stories, "Asia is not going to be civilized after the methods of Europe; there is too much Asia and she is too old"; and his love for purely physical manhood.

This is shown in another way in the ballad of the "Clampherdown," a satire on the great line of battle ships now built. In this ballad the victory is won by the bravery of the British seamen, "as it was in the days of old." For Kipling is a thorough Englishman with a patriotism so intense that he is perhaps too apt to boast of the land whereon the sun never sets. Still, after being dosed with the sickly cosmopolitanism of many present day writers, it is refreshing to read such a magnificent laudation of old England as "The English Flag," where the four winds tell of its glories. The south wind says:

"Never was isle so little, never was sea so  
lone,  
But over the scud and the palm trees an  
English flag was flown."

And the west wind:

"First of the scattered legions, under a shriek-  
ing sky,  
Dipping between the rollers the English flag  
goes by.