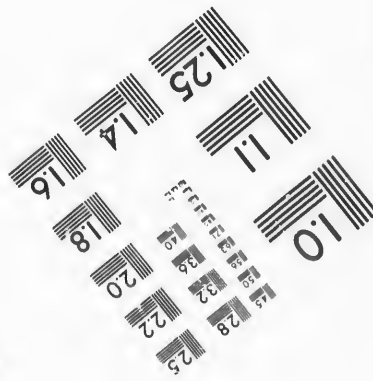
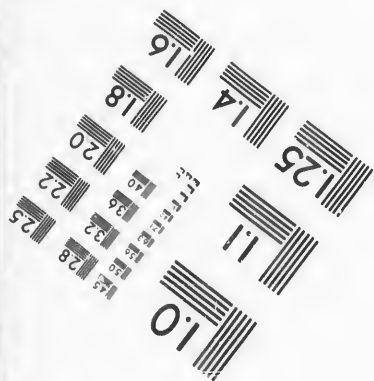
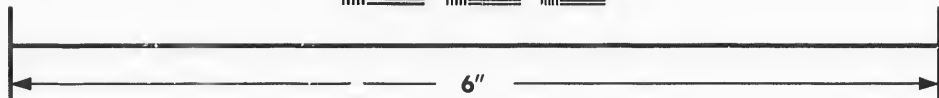
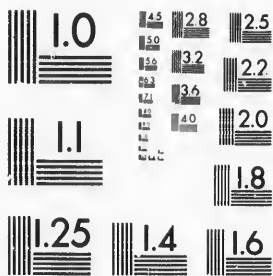


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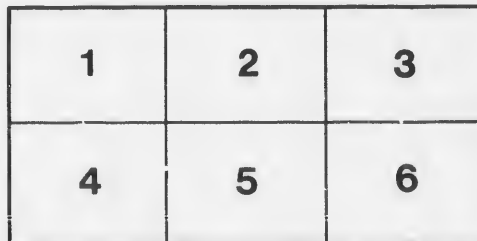
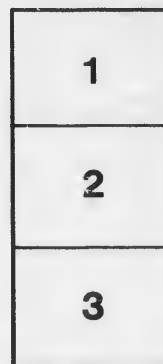
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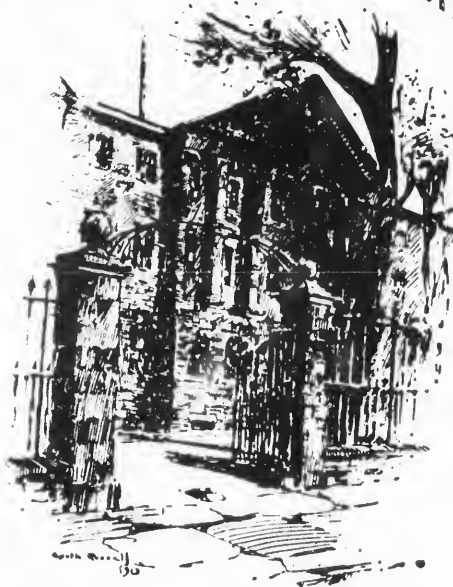
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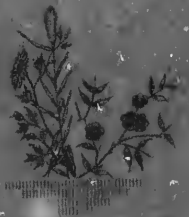


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AYS. ON A COLLEGE BOHEMIAN



B. W. ROGER-TAYLER.

JAM

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TO

JAMES SIMONDS, ESQUIRE, B. A.

THIS LITTLE BOOK

IS

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

BY

HIS SINCERE FRIEND AND COLLEGE CHUM,

THE AUTHOR.



JAMES BOWES & SONS, PRINTERS, HALIFAX, N. S.

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Feast of S

The Rev. Father Wade S.A.B.
In memory of many pleasant hours
spent together under the roof of
Old King's
From his sincere friend
The Author.



❖ PREFACE. ❖

An apology is offered for the publication of these Poems and Plays, for they are only intended for private circulation. At the request of some of my friends I have made a collection of certain of my writings, and have issued them in this form. A few of these poems have been published in some of the leading Newspapers in Canada, and some in the late *Rose-Belford's Canadian Monthly*, and have received more favourable notice than I had dared to hope for. There are local hits and allusions in "Old King's" and "The New Patience," which are only intelligible to the initiated. By far the great majority of the poems have been honoured with a place in the *King's College Record*, the periodical representing King's College, University of Windsor, Nova Scotia.

B. W. ROGER-TAYLER.

Feast of S. Barnabas, 1885.



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OLD KING'S,

OR,

A New Way of Endowing Old Institutions.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

GULIELMUS—A potent, grave, and irreverent senior.

FREDERICUS—The rising hope of the R. B. C.

GEORGIUS MARTIUS—College auctioneer and agent.

CALAMITY POP—The small boy.

REGINALDUS ANGLICANUS—*Not* a colonial.

PACHUTEROS—A junior.

PETRUS—A messenger.

Students, Scholars, &c., &c., &c.

ACT I.

Room in Chapel Bay, draped in black. Gulielmus discovered sitting in the Welsford chair on a raised platform. On either side of him Fredericus and Reginaldus. Two students, with drawn swords, guard the door. The students sitting about the room "cloud-rapt in rich Latakia."

Gulielmus—Ho! merry friends, what cheer? This festal eve

In conclave we have met, with purport deep,
And with time-honored custom, to discuss
The ins and outs of all our college hopes.
Too well I feel the solemn dignities
That to my office and my rights pertain.
Know you that here, no joke nor ribald jest,
My features stern an instant will relax;
While he that smiles or snickers at a pun,
Which festive freshman dares this eve to make,
Will banished be to coal-bin's nether gloom;
But when a senior utters something smart,
You must at once applaud with loud guffaws.

Chorus of Freshmen—But when a senior utters something smart,
We must at once applaud with loud guffaws.

Gulielmus—We know that in the course of late events,
(I need not now them recapitulate,
Our Alma Mater lies beneath a cloud,
Deep as the Devil's Punch Bowl's gloomy shade,
And that for want of money and of friends,
Her banner droops, and old King's hangs her head.
This eve we've met, and meeting we'll discuss
The question deep which agitates our minds.
Pray list to what Fredericus will say.

Fredericus—Not born to speech, nor gifted with a tongue
To utter truths in rounded syllables,
Yet will I try to plainly speak my mind.
We need some funds, conceal the fact we can't,
And now we'll see how best to meet the case.
"Our Governors so discerning" (let me quote)
Are quite alive to all our needs and cares,
And give us all they can—their sympathies.
And what more sympathetic than a Guv.?

Freshmen—He! he! ha! ha! ho! ho! a joke! a joke!
Of *give* the participle past is *guv*,
Ho ho! ho ho!

Gulielmus—Cease, ribalds, cease. (*To Fredericus*)—Go on.

Fredericus (to Freshmen)—And would ye dare to charge me with a joke
Of such a guise as that? Go to! go to!
"Guv." is expression short for Governor.
Well, to resume; I here suggest a plan,
Which seems to me a way to meet the case.
Within the pages of our Calendar,
(Which though erroneous still has some good points,)
I find the names of our respected Guv's,
Their number twelve. Let each in turn donate
A thousand dollars to our College fund,
And then, each guarantee within three years,
Their own sum and four thousand dollars more.
The task at first appears quite difficult,
But who can overcome a Guv'nor's will
When 'mongst his friends he hies him out to beg?
With all our wealth, and Church's influence,
We surely ought to raise the sum we need.

Fredericus—Thus reads the document which I have here—(*Reads*):

“COLL. REG. VIND.,

30th Nov., 1882.

To their most gracious royal Governors,
 The undersigned do send their greetings true.
 We fain your gracious lieges would inform
 Of several small events, that have of late
 Arisen to disturb our usual peace.
 We know your lieges have in view our weal,
 And need but know the facts to set them straight.
 First, then, we want ten thousand golden pounds
 Of English currency and royal stamp,
 To place this college on a footing firm.
 We would suggest—in humbleness of course,
 That you who have not yet subscribed your share,
 Do forthwith give a thousand dollars. Then
 Amongst your many friends, four times the sum
 Raise by subscriptions from their bounteous zeal.
 Among the so-called friends of ancient King's,
 Does not there breathe ten noble men and true,
 Who each would willingly subscribe a sum
 Equal to that which you yourselves would give?
 When leafy June brings back the singing birds,
 And flock our friends to our Encænia,
 Will not they give their mite, be what it may?
 Or do they come to get a grand tuck-out,
 And for old King's herself care not a fig?
 And then again we fain would make complaint
 Of many things within our College halls.
 The water that we use, do ye not know
 'Tis dipped from the Green-Pond's slimiest depth?
 And when complaint to any one we make,
 The answer we receive “The wells are dry”?
 And then the butter that we use at board
 Is oleomargarinic nastiness.
 But worst of all, there roams an impious imp,
 (By name Calamity and surnamed Pop,)
 About these College halls ere morning dawns,
 And whistles as he roams for want of thought.
 He cleans our boots and makes our morning fires,
 And vilely sings the songs of long ago.

If e'er he's lost, and in his place is found
 A shoe-brush, scuttle, or a well-worn broom,
 O ! blame us not for having caused his loss,
 His memories dear will linger in our hearts.
 These and our kindred woes we here unfold,
 And leave the matter in your august hands,
 And your petitioners will ever pray."

Grand Chorus of all—Hip, hip ! hip, hip ! hooray, hooray, hooray !
 And your petitioners will ever pray,
 Hip, hip ! hip, hip ! hooray, hooray, hooray !

Georgius Martius—Let us adopt the precious document,
 And gird stout Petrus with a coat of mail,
 And armed by right and seconded by zeal,
 Let's send him forth when next the Gov'nors meet.

Chorus—And when the Governors meet,
 We'll be suppliant at their feet,
 And so will Fredericus and Georgius and Pop,
 Fredericus and Georgius and Pop, Pop, Pop,
 Fredericus and Georgius and Pop.

(*Exeunt all singing.*)

ACT II.

A room in North Pole. Gulielmus in arm-chair near the fire.
 The Seniors near him. The rest of the Students sitting and lounging
 about the room.

Gulielmus—Again in solemn conclave we have met,
 To take brave action on our late resolve,
 Or end our strange eventful history ;
 To-day the Governors meet in yonder hall.
 Where is stout Petrus ? Oh ! I see he's here,
 And ready for the brave and val'rous deed.
 Hither my friend. To you I here intrust
 This document of *weight*. Now do not wait—

Freshmen—A pun, a pun ; ha, ha ! ho, ho !
 The senior made a pun—ho, ho !

(Two Freshmen burst blood-vessels by laughing too violently, and are taken out and laid in a coal-bin.)

Gulielmus (continuing)—Now do not wait,
But hie thee to the hall with hasty feet,
And swift return; time will reveal the rest.

(Exit Petrus with document.)

Georgius Martius—And now, my friends, let's have a jolly song.

All—A song! a song! let's have a jolly song!

Georgius Martius—You *Reginaldus*, versed in college song,
Tune your sweet lyre, and sing "The leg of cork."

(Enter *Calamity Pop*, with a coal scuttle. He is immediately pounced upon and brought before the Senior.)

Gulielmus (to *C. Pop*)—Now, sirrah! Why this bold and rude intrusion?

Calamity Pop—Please, sir, I couldn't help it, sir. I only just come to clean out the ashes, sir. Please, sir, if you let me go this time I'll never do it no more, sir.

Reginaldus Anglicanus—*Me Hercule!* Now, look here faltering knave

I long have wished this moment opportune,
And now at last we have thee in our grasp.

Now, sirrah, answer to the charges made:

Charge one—This very morn you did neglect

My walking boots to blacken and to clean.

Charge two—Your matin song distressed my ear,

When courting balmy sleep you woke me up.

Charge three—The water that you bring to us

Is taken from the Green-Fond, and is full
Of living things infinitesimal.

What punishment shall we meet out the wretch?

Fredericus—Now, let us make a bag of scholar's gown,

And sew the sleeves with cord both good and stout;

Within it place the pale and trembling youth,

And take him to the pond, and there let's drown him.

Thus perish all who disobey our laws.

Chorus—Oh take him to the pond, and let us drown him.

Thus perish all who disobey our laws.

(*C. Pop* is taken out and drowned by *Princeps*, a Freshman.)

Gulielmus—Why tarrics Petrus? 'Tis time he's here.

G. Martius—Perchance the Governors sleep—

All starting up— The Governors sleep !!!

*Fredericus—*Nay, nay, good Mart., our Gov'nors *never* sleep,
Is this Dalhousie? True, that there 'tis said
(See their own college paper) that they sleep,
But *here*, my friend *our* Gov'nors *never* sleep.

*Reginaldus Anglicanus—*Well, well, there's something up. I say
let's send

Pachuteros to find out what's their game.
Perchance they hold friend Pete in durance vile,
Or question him regarding this affair.

*All—*Yes, yes, let's send Pachuteros to see.

*Gulielmus—*Pachuteros, prepare yourself to go.
On southern side of Convocation Hall
There is a crack which lets the daylight through,
To that apply your eye, survey the scene,
Bring back a true account of what you see,
Now go.

Pachuteros— Most noble Senior, I go. (*Exit.*)

*G. Martius—*And now, once more, a song. Who'll sing a song?
Let's hear from Rufus. Rufus sing a song!

(*Rufus sings "Alma Mater." During the progress of the song
Pachuteros rushes in with his eyes starting out of their sockets, and his
hair on end. Breathless he throws himself on a chair. The singing
stops.*)

All— What's up! What's up! You look as pale as death.

*Pachuteros—*My eyes! did they deceive, or do I dream?

*R. Anglicanus—*No, no! you are awake? Tell us what news!

*Pachuteros—*Some water, quick, my nerves are all unstrung,
Ah! cider! better. Now list to what I say.

*Chorus of Freshmen—*Sh-h-h! sh-h-h! Now list to what he says.

*Pachuteros—*When near the Convocation Hall I came,
There was a sound of revelry within,
And standing on a stone, I placed my eye
'To where the wintry frosts had made a crack,
And, oh, the sight I saw! it makes me sick!
—More cider please; there! thanks, 'tis passed again.—
About a table round, like knights of old,
The Gov'nors sat, and revelled in the gore
Of stout friend Petrus, whom they have destroyed.

O! bloody feast! *O dapes sanguinis!*
 —More cider please; there! thanks, 'tis passed again,—
 A single lamp shed forth a lurid glare,
 And deeper crimsoned all their bloody board,
 And grinning in the centre was the head
 Of Petrus our friend. Alas! 'poor Pete.
 Some laughed and chatted; others picked their teeth
 With bones from victim plucked; and others
 Were tossing for cents with his trousers buttons.
 —More cider please; there, thanks, 'tis passed again—
 Oh, what a sight that was! They'd ta'en his scalp,
 And filling it with sawdust played at football,
 A happy punt by well directed kick,
 Sent it my way, and bouncing, lo, it stuck
 Right in the crack to which I had my eye.
 Although 'twas dead, I took it up and ran,
 For nought cared I for Rugby rules just then;
 And this is all remains of noble Pete.

Chorus of all (slow and solemn)—And this is all remains of noble Pete,
 Slain on the altar of his hopeful zeal,
 No more in corridor his form we'll meet,
 No more he'll cause the lecture-bell to peal.

Gulielmus (with eyes downcast)—

An ending sad to all our cherished hopes;
 Farewell! old King's, a long and sad farewell;
 Farewell! ye days of happiness and peace;
 Farewell! ye classic shades, farewell! farewell!
 And when some traveller sitting on a stone,
 Shall sketch the ruins of this ancient place,
 He'll pause and wonder at the noble race
 Which once did dwell within these classic shades.

G. Martius—Hold, hold, I have a plan, a splendid plan!
All—What is it? speak! and let us save old King's.

G. Martius (standing on table) OLD KING'S SHALL NOT GO DOWN, the
 very thing

Which we have thought her death will prove her life,
 And Petrus dying gives his life to King's.
 Within my hand I hold his precious scalp,
 And in it forty thousand hairs all told,
 (I counted them myself this very minute).
 Now let us sell these hairs; each for a dollar,

And thus we'll raise the funds we sorely need,
 What say? Here Anglicans take these home,
 And sell them at the price we just have named;
 Jacobus, these will fetch a splendid price
 In Sussex or St. John. Here, Moodius,
 Dispose of these along our Western shores;
 And here, brave Theodore, take these with thee,
 When next thou visitest thy sea-girt isle;
 Here, take some all, and sell for what we can.

Gulielmus—Old King's is saved, no more she'll trembling feel
 The many ills that college flesh is heir to.
 Saved by a hair! (or rather saved by hairs).

Reg. Anglicanus—Old King's is saved. Now let us joyful sing
 The good old songs we oft have sung before.

Pachuteros—A little cider please—

All— Oh, take him out.

Chorus by all—Happy are we to-night, boys,

Happy, happy are we;

True friendship we will plight, boys,

To-night our hearts are free, &c., &c., &c.

Grand chorus and Exeunt omnes.

EPILOGUE.

When good king Bruce's life was saved
 By cobweb frail,

His foes though up and down they raved,
 Yet lost his trail.

And though the dangers of old King's
 Still cause a fear—

Let's hope these dangers will take wings,
 And disappear.

December, 1882.

THE NEW PATIENCE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

ALFREDIUS.—An author of no mean reputation.
SIMONIDES.—A philosopher of the Neo-Platonic School.
CAROLUS.—An ardent and æsthetic lover.
TUDOR,)
RALF,) Students.
FLEXUS,)
PETRUS,)
LIBRATUS.)
PATIENCE.—A love-sick maiden.
PIL.—Her friend and companion.

SCENE I.—“North Pole,” King’s College.

Alfredius (writing).—“And we, poor earth-worms, evermore,
Shall tread the coming what-will-be,
And gaze upon Elysian fields,
Deep-set with animalculæ.”

(*Enter Simonides with a volume of Plato under his arm.*)

Welcome, Simonides! Sit you, I pray;
What is the news this happy time of day?

Simonides.—Happy Alfredius, light must be your task,
To write fine verses, and in sunshine bask
Of Windsor’s loveliest maids. Your poet mind
Sings songs of sweetness, noble and refined.
For me, alas! no happiness awaits,
While knocking at the philosophic gates.
My only friends are Cicero’s *De Fato*,
Aristotle’s *Ethics*, Pil, and Plato.

Alfredius.—And are not these enough? Does not fair Pil
Soothe the sad breast, and stimulate the will?
Oh! happy you, who have no other ties,
To take you from your deep philosophies!
You tread the paths of light, and strew your way
With words of wisdom uttered day by day.

But 'tis not so with all ; a hapless wight
 Named Carolus, doth plague me day and night,
 To write some loving verses, mix some potion,
 To show his deep and passionate devotion.
 Speak, O ! Simonides, speak gods above,
 Is there no cure for love, *too utter love* ?

Simonides.—Ah no ! I fear the case is too far gone,
 And Jove's as hard as Windsor Junction stone.
 I know of whom you speak—Poor Carolus !
 I wonder why he raises such a fuss !
 His feelings amorous he ought to smother,
 You know one girl's as good as any other.
 That is philosophy ; on this I act,
 Although you may not think it, 'tis a fact.
 But here is Carolus, wearing a lily,
 I wonder why aesthetes will act so silly.

(Enter Carolus, gloomily.)

Carolus.—Oh Jove-sent passion, named by mortals, love !

Alfredius.—Be careful there, or you'll knock down that stove.

Carolus.—Oh ! what can still the throbbings of my breast,
 Which beats in solemn measure 'neath my vest ?
 My lily limp, is listless, lank, and low,
 And hangs upon my breast in utter woe.
 Tell me Alfredius, didst thou that compose,
 Warm as the sun, and pure as winter's snows,
 Which speaks my love ? Oh, tell me, tell me true !

Alfredius.—I have ; how do you think that this will do ?

(Reads)

TO PATIENCE.

I.

Pretty little Patience,
 With the raven hair,
 Tell me that you love me,
 Else I shall despair ;
 For you are blithe and winsome,
 Happy as a queen,
 Tell me little Patience,
 Tell me what you mean.

II.

Charming little Patience,
 Tripping to and fro,
 Checks as red as roses,
 Brow as white as snow ;
 Gathering the daisies,
 Bringing them to me,
 With your rippling laughter,
 Ringing merrily

III.

Dainty little Patience,
 I cannot believe,
 That you will be faithless,
 That you will deceive ;
 I see you blush my darling,
 Yon tell me by this sign,
 That you will be faithful,
 That you will be mine.

Simonides (sotto voce.)—All bosh and rubbish. That is just the stuff
 That fools are fed on. Hold ! I've had enough.

Carolus.—Oh precious poemlet ! sweet heartsease ! bright
 As star-eyed daisy ! fragrant as the night !
 A priceless boon, a noble gift thou art,
 Calm my weak nerves, my agitated heart !

(Skipping out) For I'm an æsthetic young man,
 A peripatetic young man,
 A gay and imprudent
 Divinity student,
 Hope for the future young man.

(Exit Carolus.)

Simonides.—Wretched Alfredius, see the state of mind
 In which that youth, who ought to be confined,
 Exists. His heated brain no more can be
 Brought to its senses, made once more to see
 The folly of your thrilling minstrelsy.
 Throw off your poet's garb, come do so, quick.
 Assume an air that's purely philosophic.
 There is a force in philosophic mien,
 Stout Petrus says : " Philosophy is keen."

Shun the fair sex that live in Windsor town,
 And when you meet them cast your eye-lids down ;
 Just nod to them, or venture a "good day,"
 And then pursue the tenor of your way ;
 This way with you will soon become quite chronic,
 And then like mine, your love will be Platonic.
 What can you gain by wooing the fair sex ?
 They hinder work, and oft your feelings vex.
 Should you an evening spend in glorious ease,
 Next day you cut your Aristophanes ;
 An afternoon with them as you're a sinner,
 Is sure to make you late for College dinner ;
 And if you dare attend the social ball,
 You lucky are to pass your terminal.

Alfredius.—Precious philosophy ! How do you do it ?
 I can't, and therefore really must eschew it.
Chacun a son gout let this be our lot,
 And then you'll never say I'm "acting prot."
 But can we not devise some daring scheme,
 To rouse our fellows from their love-sick dream ?
 Evolve some method from your fertile brain,
 And let me know when next we meet again.

Simonides.—I'll see ; by accident I may espy
 Some ray of gleaming light. At least I'll try.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II.—*The Avon Bridge.*

(*Patience and Pil discovered on the bridge, looking down the river.*)

Patience.—Oh noble stream ! that flows with fitful flood,
 And leaves upon thy banks the fertile mud,
 Oh ! tell me true, for I'm in sad distress,
 How shall I meet my lover's fond caress ?
 Oh ! could'st thou speak, and with resounding roar,
 Send forth hoarse-voiced a message to the shore,
 With willing ear I'd list thy mighty voice,
 Which bade my lacerated heart rejoice.
 How oft I've watch'd thee, bearing to the brine,
 The ice-floes wrought in curious design,

And watched thy homeward rush with girlish glee,
 Full laden with salt fragrance from the sea.
 How oft, when summer decks thy banks with reeds,
 I've caught thee toying with the smiling meads,
 And plucking buttercups in amorous quest,
 Display them wantonly upon thy breast!

Pil.—Or when the autumn wind doth nearly warp us,
 I've seen thee full of gay and festive porpoise!

Patience.—Oh Pi!, for shame! You've scared away my muse.

Pil.—I'm glad I did, she always gives you "blues."
 What nonsense 'tis to rave about one student,
 To rave of six is better,—and more prudent.
 They are a fickle flirting lot of sinners,
 As vague and shifting as Dalhousie's dinners;
 For change of thought I never knew such people,
 Their minds are coloured like our new church steeple.
 I never loved them, yet I think there's one
 On whom my heart's affections may be gone.

Patience.—What, you love? You th' impenetrable Pil,
 As proud and stately as you snow-clad hill!
 What lucky youth has captured your affection,
 And yet escaped my argus-eyed detection?

Pil.—Ah! Patience, pardon me, no more I'll quibble,
 'Tis—shall I breathe it? Yes, his name is——

Patience.—Stop! stop! Your secret you must not disclose,
 A task like this on you I'll not impose.
 But have you heard the latest thing at College,
 By which they hope to cram the mind with knowledge?
 They've put a fine for staying out at nights,
 Contracting all the students' vain delights,
 And exercised their Facultative powers,
 By forcing students in at certain hours.
 The fines for which the students now must delve,
 "After eleven, fifty cents; a dollar after twelve."
 'Tis ruinous! that money woul' be handy!

Pil.—Burgess & Wood will lose their sale of candy!

Patience.—But see those students up on Ferry Hill,
 They see us now. Be still my heart, be still.
 I think 'tis Tudor, with him Ralf perhaps,
 They're Radicals, and don't wear College caps.

(*Ralf and Tudor approach nearer.*)

Ralf to Tudor.—They're on the bridge, adown this bank let's roll,
And so escape the usual two-cent toll.
'Tis said the stock will very soon ascend,
And pay (in time) a handsome dividend.

Tudor.—What shall we do? Old Cerberus is there;
We can't escape; we'll have to pay the fare.

(*They advance to where Patience and Pil are standing.*)

Ralf and Tudor.—Good afternoon Miss Patience! Well, Miss Pil,
How charming is the weather, clear and still!

Pil.—Oh, goodness me! You've given us a scare,
Indeed we did not know that you were there.

Tudor.—Ha! ha! not bad; we spied you from the hill,
And thought we'd ask if you and fair Miss Pil
Would take a walk this pleasant afternoon.

Patience.—Delighted I am sure. Shall we start soon?

Tudor.—Yes, start at once. Where had we better go?

Patience.—Let's go to town. That's quite the thing you know.

(*They start off in couples, Tudor with Patience and Ralf with Pil.*)

Ralf (to Pil.)—How beautiful the weather! Just like spring;
I wonder if to-morrow's sun will bring
A day so fine; the snow is going fast.

Pil.—How true; the winter cold will soon be past,
The winter was not very cold at all.

Tudor (to Patience.)—How beautiful the weather! Just like fall;
The snow still stays. The winter *has been* cold;
Next winter will be colder still I'm told.

Patience.—Let's change the subject, talk of the new dance,
The last flirtation, or the state of France.

Tudor.—The last flirtation? Good! How's Carolus?
Or is this thing a *mus ridiculus*?

Patience.—Now Mr. Tudor, this is all an error.
Of Carolus I am in mortal terror;
The kind attentions which to me he pays,
Disgust me with their fulsome lavish praise.
But you will aid me in a scheme I've planned?
I know you will.

Tudor.— Fair lady, there's my hand.

Patience.—To night, I wish you, when is clear the coast,
In College woods to play the part of Ghost,

And frighten Carolus, and make him swear
 No more to speak to me, or even dare
 To write a sonnet to my raven hair.
 I know that Ralf will give you all his aid,
 And get Simonides, demure and staid,
 He loves a joke when practically played.

Tudor, (tragically).—To night, to night, we noble three,
 Shall tread the woods right warily,
 And when the moon hath hid her face,
 Shall sally from our hiding place,
 And 'neath the still, gem-spangled sky,
 bright with its starry galaxy,
 Shall make the terror-stricken wight
 On bended knees a promise plight,
 No more to scribble verses vile,
 Th' unwary damsel to beguile.
 But now fair maids, I must away,
 And bid you both "good day!"
All.—
 Good day!

SCENE III.—*The College Woods.*

(*Simonides, Tudor and Ralf, dressed in white, discovered hiding behind the trees in the vicinity of the "Punch Bowl."*)

Ralf.—"Tis half-past ten, the moon will soon be seen
 To gild the tree tops with its glistening sheen;
 Oh! what a lark, the College ghost to play,
 And turn a student from his downward way.
Simonides.—Although the world our actions may deride,
 Like Warren Hastings we are justified;
 At things like these we must not hesitate,
 They'll save the victim from severer fate.
 But see! chaste Luna down with hallowed glow,
 And pine-trees stretch their shadows on the snow;
 The hill-tops bathed in pure effulgent light,
 Seem touched by magic, and appear more bright.
Tudor.—Hush! hush! Methinks a human voice I hear,
 Whose song-waves break the stillness of the air.
 'Tis not the victim, it is Petrus stout,
 Let's list what tale stout Petrus sings about.

(Petrus approaches and passes on, singing in the key of O.)

Petrus, (a la Luthorne),

I'm a voice like a lyre young man,
Sing higher and higher young man,
A high-diddle-diddle,
Come play on the fiddle,
A sing in the choir young man.

Simonides.—How oft that fiddle has my feelings racked !

Tudor.—Ah yes indeed 'tis so. How true to fact.

(Flexus heard singing in the distance. He approaches and passes on in the same way.)

Flexus, (singing)—

I'm an active and tall young man,
A brave one and all young man,
Though once in a pickle
Was scratched in the cuticle,
A terror at football young man.

(Libritus passes on singing in the same way.)

Libritus, (singing)

I'm a keep my own sleigh young man,
Get a drive every day young man,
A deep mathematical,
Nothing but practical,
Go my own way young man.

(Carolus approaches singing.)

Carolus.—

I am an æsthetic young man,
A peripatetic young man,
A gay and imprudent
Divinity student,
A love one and all young man.

The three figures in white suddenly appear in front of him. Carolus drops on his knees, and the three figures dance around him like the three witches in Macbeth.)

Simonides.—When shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

Ralf.—When the brooklets cease to purl,
And Carolus gives up his girl.

All.—Dew-drops fall, and rain-drops patter,
On his head his hat let's batter. *(They do so.)*

Tudor.—Carolus, thy deeds this night,
Have put thee in a piteous plight,
And we the spirits of the Bowl,
Have risen from that gloomy hole,
To smite thee soundly, smite thee well,
Till you to us your misdeeds tell.

All.—Dew-drops fall and rain drops patter,
On his head his hat let's batter.

Simonides.—We have here to prove your guilt,
The ink that you have often spilt,
In writing sonnets, verses vile,
Th' unwary damsel to beguile.
Thou hast winked thy weather eye,
And caused the maidens fair to sigh,
And dropped sweet words of heart's affections
In unauthorized directions.
Gloom to thy soul, oh wretched wight,
Despair, despair, this very night!

Ralf.—Drain to the dregs thy cup of sadness,
Banish joy and banish gladness,
Cast thine eyes upon the ground,
And never look above, around,
Until thou giv'st up every claim,
To Patience and her noble fame.

Tudor.—Alas! alas! that thou should'st prove
Thyself unworthy of her love.
And did'st thou think thy love to hurl
At a simple village girl,
And win her heart's sincere affection,
Eseaping our most sure detection?
Unless thou vow'st on bended knees,
Beneath these wide unbrageous trees,
The love of Patience to forego,
Be thine the gloom of utter woe.

All.—Dew-drops fall, and rain-drops patter.

On his head his hat let's batter.

Carolus.—Please noble ghosts, please give me no more pain,

I'll not—indeed, I'll not do it again ;

I'll never look at her. I shall renounce her,

And if 'tis necessary, shall denounce her.

No more I'll woo, or write a single sonnet

To those dark bangs which peep from 'neath her bonnet ;

Whene'er I meet her, I shall pass her by,

Nor lift my eyes, nor even dare to sigh.

Oh ! spare your wrath. Indeed I did not know

That you were cross with me. *Please* let me go !

Tudor.—Go then and take this lesson well to heart,

That from erroneous ways you must depart ;

And may you learn at length to mend your ways,

And happy live in your declining days.

(Exit Carolus.)

Ralf (laughing).—Let dew-drops fall, ha ! ha ! and rain-drops patter.

Tudor.— I say, who's that ?

Simonides.— The President ! !

All.— Let's scatter ! ! !

(Exeunt omnes celeriter.)

CURTAIN.

March. 1884.



RETRIBUTION.

*(Written in commemoration of a certain Vice-Presidential "At Home"
November, 1881.*

"Indeed my master, my story is without rhyme or reason, but yet it
applies to someone."—COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Sitting alone
On a mossy stone,
I saw an old man who was gnawing a bone,
And troubled quite
At this wonderful sight,
I thought to myself that the man wasn't right;
For he rolled up his eyes
With a look of surprise,
Which he certainly did'nt take pains to disguise.

I asked this old man:
"Pray sir, if you can,
Will you tell me what makes you look haggard and wan?
For your whiskers so sandy,
And your legs which are bandy,
Betoken no longer that you are a dandy,
But quite the reverse;
Are you under a curse,
Or are you a-slipping from bad unto worse?"

Then he clutched at his hair,
And gave me a stare,
Which made me feel anxious not to be there;
But I could'nt run
From this fossilized case,
So I stopped and reflected what ought to be done,
When he uttered a wail,
(I felt I turned pale,
And told me this story which now I re-tale.

"You must know I'm a Greek,
 And the language I speak
 Is adapted to those who are 'umble and meek;
 I taught a small school,
 And laid down the rule
 'Of atoms, of science, and of molecule.
 And my name became great
 By the kindness of fate,
 While Plato was still in protoplasmic state."

"One evening 'At Home,'
 I'd some friends of my own,
 And others you know, just to give the thing tone;
 But oh! luckless task,
 I omitted to ask
 A few of the school in my sunshine to bask,
 And horrible fate
 —Alas, 'tis too late—
 Poured forth its revenge on my wretched old pate."

"Jellies and ices,
 At fabulous prices,
 Were placed on the tables with curries and rices,
 And looking so meek,
 Transcendentally sleek,
 Was served up in style a piece of pig's cheek;
 But eat I could not
 More than twice of each lot,
 For I could'nt help thinking of those I forgot."

"At length the end came,
 'Twas always the same,
 And every one voted 'twas terribly tame;
 And with pains in my head
 I crawled into bed,
 And saw in my dreams—you'll believe what I've said—
 Two horrible sights,
 Two black-faced frights,
 Grinning like idols in heathenish rites."

"With anguish oppressed,
 They sat on my breast,
 And pulled at my whiskers, and thumped at my chest;
 They drummed on my ribs,
 Making puns, jokes, and squibs,
 And charged me directly with uttering fibs:
 They dragged me about,
 With hyena-like shont,
 And crowned all their impudence by calling me 'lout.' "

"To escape from the row
 I did not know how,
 But they hinted I could, if I made them a vow,
 That once in the year
 In this place I'd appear,
 And pull at my whiskers, and clutch at my hair,
 For my sins to atone
 On this horrible stone,
 While consolation was left me in gnawing a bone."

"Though I've long since been dead,
 Yet to this I am led
 By fate, which has punished me rightly, 'tis said;
 Thus my lot has been cast
 While ages shall last,
 To atone for my wickedness, done in the past."
 He uttered a groan
 Like ocean's deep moan,
 And turning I found I was standing alone.



LOUISBURG.

The following poem was awarded the President's Prize for English
rhymed Heroic verse, in King's College, Windsor, N.S., June, 1882.]

Th' Atlantic breaks with deep sonorous roar,
And bathes with tremulous tide Cape Breton's shore ;
The rosy sunbeams gild the morning sky,
Harmonious nature breathes a symphony ;
The zephyrs kiss the coast-encircling trees,
And woo the maiden with a winsome breeze ;
The idle craft await the welcome gale,
To swell the canvass of the flapping sail ;
The sailor anxious scans the azure blue,
And idly lounges with the listless crew.
The day is past, the sun has sunk to rest
Behind the hill-tops of the distant west,
The morning breeze has blown into a gale,
And lashed old ocean, who with fury pale
Hurls high the fragile barks upon the land,
And strews with shattered spars the shining strand.
And thou, O Louisburg, of sad decay
A monument, now nestling on thy bay,
A floating fragment on the tide of chance,
A tide that swept thee from thy sorrowing France,
Ope wide thy haven to the world again,
And welcome weary wanderers o'er the main,
Extend thine ancient fame and wide and far,
Let commerce take the place of arts of war ;
From raging seas, and fierce tempestuous wind,
A shelter safe may storm-tossed sailors find
Within the spacious bosom of thy bay,
Till tempest past, again they speed away.
And is thy spirit dead? Shall battle's roar
No more reverberate along thy shore ?
Shall glorious conflicts from thy memory fade,
When flashed the cannon or when gleamed the blade ?

Not so ! Let History unerring tell ;
 How bravely fought thy heroes, bravely fell :
 And falling, shed a lustre on the fame
 Of Gallia's battle-page, on Gallia's name ;
 How twice thine ancient banner floating fair,
 Breathing the fragrance of the solemn air,
 Unfurled its folds o'er citadel and plain ;
 How twice the mighty monarchs of the main,
 Suspicious viewed the soul-entrancing sight,
 And plucked the banner from its peaceful height.
 Come, winsome Muse ! and sing with gladdening strain
 And tell the oft-repeated tale again.

* * * * *

The rosy morn dawns pure in peaceful pride,
 As down the bosom of Chebucto's tide,
 The swan-like ships of England's dreaded fleet,
 Glide from the quiet of their calm retreat,
 Dread Louisburg's grim fortress to assail,
 While soft the south-winds sighed a fav'ring gale.
 Full many a night they plough the billowy deep,
 And anchoring, land their forces 'neath the steep
 And lofty heights, which look with scornful frown,
 On those who dare assault their ancient town.
 And he who later met a hero's death,
 The gallant Wolfe, singing with latest breath
 A song of victory for his native land,
 First dashed through surf, and trod the hostile strand ;
 Mid battle's din, and cannon's ceaseless roar,
 He plants his standard on the wave-kissed shore.
 But vict'ry, laurel-crowned, demands its cost,
 And many a gallant man has England lost,
 Ere yet she waves the signal to advance,
 And charge the closely serried ranks of France.
 But who can stem the tide of England's might,
 When Europe pales and trembles at the sight ?
 Imperial England never yet did yield,
 In mountain-pass, on wave, or battle-field ;
 The distant seas are swept by England's fleet,
 Nor fearing foe, nor caring for defeat,
 And now her meteor-flag that proudly waves,
 No insult brooks, no pardon ever craves,

Beneath its ample folds the victor's crown
 In glory rests,—a symbol of renown.
 And gallant men there were who fought that day,
 Boscawen, Rodney, Gambier the gay,
 And Amherst in the autumn of his age,
 Illustrious names on History's battle-page.
 Loud roars the cannonade, fierce gleams the steel,
 Foot-soldiers fall, and mounted horsemen reel,
 The carnage thicker grows, and over all
 Death waves his mantle, spreads his funeral pall.
 From morn to eve, the opposing forces fight
 'Till gloomy night shuts out the hideous sight,
 And when chaste Luna dawns in silvern sheen,
 Renew their wrath, and vent their venom'd spleen.
 And thus the conflict spreads, and valorous deeds
 Are plentiful, as summer-scattered seeds,
 And gild with glory mad heroic war,
 Which only brighter shines when viewed afar.
 And thou, untried, noble, brave Drucour,
 Mars' truest son thou wert, to thus endure
 The perilous dangers of protracted siege,
 That dim the glory of thy sov'reign liege.
 Thrice honoured thou, thrice honoured thy fair bride,
 Who fought upon the bastion by thy side ;
 Thrice honoured those who sleep beneath the sod,
 Whose bodies rest, whose spirits wait their God.
 The siege prolongs, and each succeeding sun
 Views with deep blushes war's dread carnage done,
 Glad of the eve to hide her crimson'd face,
 And let unhallowed night usurp her place.
 And thus, fair Louisburg ! the maddening strife
 Drains to its depths the fountain of thy life,
 And those within thee view with deep dismay,
 Thy ramparts fall, thy walls but crumbling clay,
 The while victorious Britons at thy gate,
 Demand submission, and their terms dictate.
 Withdraw, O bleeding France ! withdraw thy force,
 Thy new-world Dunkirk* lies a helpless corse ;
 Her heart is bruised, her armour doubly rent,
 No longer now can shield thine armament ;
 Thy golden lilies droop and mourn their loss,
 While over them waves England's crimson cross ;

Spread your white sails, o'er bounding billows dance,
 And haste you brave survivors back to France,
 To France to tell this story of renown,
 Which adds a gem to England's starry crown.

* * * * *

Without the walls, where cool the brooklets play,
 Lie buried those who perished in the fray,
 The shaded woodlands watchful vigils keep,
 And guard with solemn silence those who sleep ;
 The summer's leaves lie scattered on the ground,
 Till winter wraps its winding-sheet around,
 Or glowing autumn sheds its crimson leaves,
 And o'er each grave a victor's fillet weaves ;
 The incense-breathing pine bends low its head,
 And nature sings a requiem for the dead.

*Louisburg was so strongly fortified as to be called the "Dunkirk of America." See Murdoch's Hist. N.S., vol. ii.



ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

[A FRAGMENT FROM THE GEORGICS, BK. IV.]

Fate's unrelenting vengeance still pursues,
And thou, thy heinous guilt must yet atone,
For Orpheus remission will refuse,
—The Fates except, full pardon his alone,—
While yet the loss he mourns of ravished queen ;
She headlong rushed adown the river's bank,
Nor viewed the snare hid by earth's mantle green,
Which coiled itself beneath the grasses rank,
And kept a watchful guard among the mosses dank.

Now full-voiced Dryads shriek, and mountain-tops
Re-echo with the shrill. Rhodope weeps,
Nor from her rocky side the current stops,
Till answering to her cry, the Pangean steep,
With Rhesus, and the Orithyian mounts,
Dark Hebrus, and the race of Scythian fame,
Shed bitter tears, and new re-ope their founts ;
Nor yet the echoes cease, but e'er the same,
As though they sought to swell the anguish with her name.

When upward slants the beam of morning sun,
Or burns in fiery heat with mid-day blaze ;
Or when the twilight faint its course has run,
And deepening shadows dim the gloomy maze :
With sounding shell Orpheus sings of his love,
And tunes his lyre to her beauteous charms,
Despising not within the dismal grove
To braze Plutonian guards or hell's alarms,
And swell symphonic sweets in place of force of arms.

But list ! what magic sounds swell on the breeze !
 Harmonious heaven breathes forth its dulcet chords !
 Responsive wake the echoes of the trees,
 And mute with wonder stand th' infernal hordes
 Of flitting manes—phantoms of the dead ;
 Erebus issues forth its ceaseless throng,
 And wedded maids to death's hand doubly wed,
 With shades of gallant heroes troop along
 To list the Orphean lyre, and wonder at the song.

What dangers oft has mortal valour braved,
 To rescue nymphs unwillingly detained !
 How lovers oft have wept and oftener raved
 With mad desire deep felt,—not lightly feigned !—
 What deeds heroic planned ! Thus Orpheus stung
 To madd'ning quick the fierce desire did feel,
 Nor soothed himself with notes from lyre rung,
 But passed Plutonian guards his woe to heal,
 While stopped the magic circling of Ixion's wheel.

O happy Fates to grant a prayer so blest !
 Proserpina restores Eurydice,
 But with the boon condition full expressed,
 The which fulfilled, the maiden shall be free.
 Nor difficult the task : the while the maid
 With eager tread his footsteps follows fast
 As follows night the dim of evening shade,
 Until Hell's outer portals he has passed,
 To her nor lingering look, nor glance of love be cast.

But vain the task, for nearing verge of light,
 —[Forgot the Fates' decree—a glance he takes,]
 A vision's feast of momentary sight,
 And thus unwittingly his compact breaks.
 Thrice dismal groans swell from th' Avernian lake ;
 The Fates, whose favour he had lately sought,
 Revoke their late decree. Their clamours wake
 The hollow caves, where echoing sound is caught,
 And piteous weeps Eurydice with grief distraught.

And thus Eurydice : " Unhappy me !
 Lies ruptured now the magic potent spell,
 Orpheus no more alas ! his bride will see,
 Once more I feel me sinking back to Hell ;
 And see ! the Fates recall with stern command,
 Oblivious sleep usurps my waking eyes,
 Farewell ! Farewell ! Death's unrelenting hand
 Bears me unwilling back, nor heeds my sighs,
 But darkness deep o'er shades as when the daylight dies."

She spake, and vanished in the dreadful gloom,
 As shadows fade when sinks the primal light,
 While Orpheus sorrowing mourns his bitter doom,
 And vainly grasps the flitting shades of night.
 In vain his lyre the echoing caverns fills
 With mournful melody. The wooded dells,
 And ravening beasts, the enraptured music thrills.
 They dance attendance, as its sweetness swells
 Its echoes, lingering o'er the distant moors and fells.

Nor loves nor Hymen's joys his hope could heal,
 And thus he bends his steps to northern clime,
 Where frozen fields the chilling frosts reveal,
 And nature veils her face in wintry rime.
 With cold neglect he scorns the sacred rites,
 Despising Pluto's gifts, bewails his fate,
 And scorns the pleasures felt of vain delights ;
 But cursed his folly, now alas too late,
 Which he by unrelenting will must expiate .

Ægean Hebrus rolls adown his tide,
 Where Thracian maids their nightly revels keep,
 And Orpheus slain, his limbs are scattered wide
 O'er fen, and brake, and rugged mountain steep.
 He plaintive weeps, and on the fitful flood
 Which bears its turbid tribute to the sea,
 With fainting voice mid current stream of blood
 Cries out, Eurydice ! Eurydice !
 And echoing banks in turn invoke Eurydice .

THE RITE OF THE FRESHMAN.

The Freshman felt tired and ill at ease,
So he laid aside his theucydides.

He thought it was time to get into bed,
For his eyes were tired, and sleepy, and red.

His lamp was dim, and his fire was low,
And he moaned at the thought of his utter woe.

But alas for the Freshman, the hours passed by,
Yet they brought no sleep to his wearied eye.

And many a time from his bed he'd bound,
For he heard the Juniors prowling around.

But winsome sleep, night's loveliest maid,
With his willing eye-lids toyed and played.

And soon he was caught in her sweet embrace,
And in dreams he wandered from place to place.

He dreamt of his home and his sisters fair,
Their rippling laugh, and their golden hair.

He dreamt of his brothers away on the sea,
And the prayers that they said at their mother's knee.

He dreamt of his home by the side of the mill,
And the gurgling brook that gurgles still.

He dreamt of the lake near the village school,
And the trout that leaped in its placid pool.

He dreamt of his swing 'neath the old elm trees,
And the funeral speech of Pericles.

He dreamt till his brain got into a whirl,
And—whisper it not—he dreamt of his girl.

And while he was dreaming the Juniors came,
In their hands was the bulls-eye's gleaming flame.

And a voice was heard which uttered, "Jim,
You toss him out while I hold the glim."

And then there came a terrible shock,
And the old stone College was felt to rock.

And the Seniors asked what the row was for,
While Fidele barked loud in the corridor.

And the fiendish yell, and the scampering feet,
Showed the Juniors were making a safe retreat.

The Freshman lay prone on his bed-room mats,
Groping his way mid the old bed-slats.

Next morn he tells the adventurous tale,
To a crowd of his class-mates, startled and pale.

For a Freshman's sorrow, a Freshman's care,
Can only cease with the Freshman year.

November, 1893.



THE PEALING OF THE COLLEGE BELLS.

When the merry like lecture bell doth peal,
How it brings each anxious student
 Woe or weal !
How its quivering echoes fall upon each laggard student's ear,
 As he passes
 To his classes,
'Mid the hurry, din, and scurry of the first and second year.

How I love to hear its noble matin peal,
 Noble peal !
As its fitful echoes sweetly, softly steal
 To awake each slumbering chap,
 From his morning's precious nap,
To trip along the corridor 'mid cold that would congeal
The fastest blood that ever flowed through veins of Arctic seal !
 How we rustle,
 And we bustle,
And with towel, comb, and brush, we have
 A momentary tussle,
Ere within the sacred portals at the Altar-steps we kneel !
 How I love to hear its noble matin peal !

How I hate to hear its horrid lecture peal !
 Horrid peal !
How from the eye of lecturer myself would I conceal,
For my mind is in a turmoil, and my brain is in a reel,
And my boots have not been blackened, and my slippers
 Minus heel !
And my lectures are not half prepared ; how wretchedly I feel !
 And I promise to be better,
 Breaking every slavish fetter,
To the stern Professor's plaintive, sad appeal !

How I love to hear its welcome dinner peal !

 Welcome peal !

What longing memories of the past its clanging tones reveal !

 How we jostle and we joke,

 At each other fun we poke,

Our spirits all elated ere we hear the final stroke

 Of its peal !

And the pudding's resurrection,

Raises quite an insurrection,

And the junior upward turns his nose, and mutters

 " What a meal ! "

While Raba with his dext'rous hands manipulates the steel !

How I love to hear its welcome dinner peal !

How I love to hear its solemn vesper peal !

 Solemn peal !

How sweetly through the balmy air its hallowed echoes steal !

 And we leave the noise and riot,

 Seeking peace and holy quiet,

Ere in the chapel once again adoringly we kneel,

And high we raise our notes of praise, our spirits' loud appeal,

And the blessings of the white-robed priest our Saviour's blessings
 seal !

 How my soul, my inward ear

 Is thrilled with rapture, when I hear

The blessing-breathing, solemn vesper peal !



THE SONG OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

Oh, the Briton may boast of his sea-girded isle,
And the Scotchman may boast of his highlands,
And Erin, green-sodded, may calmly look on,
And claim to be chief of these islands ;
But let them dispute, it is nothing to me,
Let them show for each other abhorrence,
Their rivers are brooklets, their streams are all dry,
Compared with the mighty St. Lawrence.

The Severn's high hills, or the green slopes of Shannon,
May reflect in their rivers their glory ;
The Thames may sweep by with its barge-laden tide,
Or the Tweed may tell border-land story ;
They may ripple and dance and make love to the rushes,
That skirt their gay shores with the willows,
But none are more happy, more welcome than I,
When I mix with old ocean's blue billows.

They may sing of the Rhine with its castles moss-covered,
And boast of its beauties entrancing,
Of Danube's blue waters, where Austrian troops,
On the banks of the river are prancing ;
But what are their beauties compared with all mine,
They seem like a ruin and wreck,
They lack the bold outline, the dignified front,
Of my own martial city Quebec.

The Hudson may boast of its scenery grand,
The Amazon boast of its waters,
The Ganges, its sacred and all-hallowed stream,
Where they drown half their Indian daughters ;

But I rival the richest, the fairest of these,
Mississippi, or sweet Susquehanna,
When I change my brown sides for a deep-colored green,
Or fling out my bright Autumn banner.

When the Frost-King makes ready his trappings snow-white,
And has harnessed them on to my back,
I take my proud burden and bear him along,
Securely enthroned on the pack ;
He gathers his reins and together we race,
A-down the broad bed of the river,
Oh tell me what stream half so merry as I,
Is it Tagus, or quaint Guadalquiver ?

April, 1884.



ST. GILES ON THE GREEN.

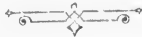
Do you know of St. Giles-on-the-Green,
Which the moon gilds with bright silver sheen,
Where the clock from the towers
Chimes gladly the hours,
For matins or vespers at e'en?

Do you know of its turreted towers,
That peep from their green shaded bowers,
And the ivy that climbs
To the belfry, that chimes
The come and the go of the hours?

Did you never once feel the desire,
To kneel in the transept or choir,
Or sit still and gaze
At the sun's dying rays,
That gild the gray cross on its spire?

We will go when the bright silver sheen,
Of the moonbeams shines softly at e'en,
Through the gloom we will steal,
At the altar we'll kneel,
And we'll pray at St. Giles-on-the-Green.

June, 1882.



ERNESTINE—MY QUEEN.

Ernestine,

My Queen !

How I've watched your merry gambols on the green,
As in childhood's happy hours
We roamed the woodland bowers,
Weaving garlands gay of flowers ;
How I loved to look and gaze upon your countenance serene,
Sweet Ernestine,
My Queen !

Ernestine,

My Queen !

No more a maid, but lady staid, with stately step and mien,
With eyes of azure blue,
Like Heaven's serenest hue,
So melting, tender, true,
Beaming forth their rapturous glances with loving trust I ween,
Sweet Ernestine,
My Queen !

Ernestine,

My Queen !

Though not a boy, I still enjoy a gambol on the green,
For I cast restraint aside,
And forget your haughty pride,
And now sitting by your side
I ask your sweet consent to be—you know well what I mean,
Sweet Ernestine,
My Queen !

September, 1881.



CANADA TO ENGLAND.

(DEDICATED TO C. M. DEW.)

I.

Unfurl old England's banner fair,
To float upon Canadian air.
Fling out her glorious battle-sign,
War-tatter'd, rent in battle's line.
See how it proudly waves on high,
And flings its folds against the sky.
The blood-red cross that never yields
On foreign seas, on foreign fields.
That steels the heart of English oak,
And nerves it for the battle stroke.
Float proudly England's banner fair,
And breathe the pure Canadian air.

II.

Oh! mother England, thee I sing,
Accept thy child's love-offering.
My heart attuned to thoughts of thee,
Breaks forth with native minstrelsy.
Oh! that this song from foreign shore,
Be heard above Atlantic's roar;
And swelling deep in every part,
May touch a chord within thy heart.
Oh! that my love-blown song should wake
Its echoes through each feathery brake,
O'er rising hills with sunlit tops,
O'er sedgy mere and tangled copse;
Where English ivy loves to bloom,
Where English rose breathes sweet perfume.
Oh! England, mother, thee I sing,
To thee these foolish rhymes I fling.
This tribute to thy feet I bring,
Accept thy child's love-offering.

III.

I sit upon this rock-bound shore
And hear the ocean's sullen roar.

I see the white sails flitting by,
I hear the sea-gull's piercing cry.

Down to the sea my steps are bent,
To watch the grey rocks foam-besprent;

Where hollowed waves with foamy crest,
Dash angry spray against my breast.

Each crested wave on white-foamed wings
From England's shores a message brings.

To England's sons this message comes,
From English hearts, from English homes.

IV.

What time then England shall it be,
What time fulfil my destiny?

Oh! that the seer's mysterious power,
Were granted me for one short hour.

That I could see thee old and gray,
Thy children's arms, thy power and stay.

That I could feel an iron band,
Firm weld us to our mother land.

That I could see thy comely daughters,
Wide scattered through the world's wide waters,

By kindred ties united now,
Place laurels on thine aged brow.

Oh! that the fire of thine eyes,
Unquenched by tears of sweet surprise,

Should flash to us what oft did seem,
Its wonted, welcome, love-lit gleam;

Our hearts to cheer with rapturous thrill,
That England, mother, loves us still.

V.

But soft! My song must silent be,
 No more my voice is full and free.
 For welling tears unshod so long,
 Have choked the burden of my song.
 My tone its melody impairs,
 My harp strings silent, wet with tears.

VI.

And here consumed by love-lit fire,
 My fingers fail to sweep my lyre ;
 My words of song refuse to float,
 But bubbling burst in sob-choked throat.

VII.

Yet once again I sweep the strings ;
 A newer, sweeter fancy brings
 A tone of richness pure and free,
 A rush of full-voiced melody.
 I turn my back upon the waste
 Of foaming billows, and I haste
 To forests deep, where towering pines
 Uprear their heads in bold designs.
 And wandering o'er my native hills,
 Past mossy heath and rippling rills,
 I mingle my sweet melody
 With wind-swept forest symphony.
 Oh! swelling notes o'er woodland rung,
 That ye were left so long unsung.
 That this sweet song with frenzied fire,
 Did not some songster's soul inspire,
 To fling your echoes to the winds,
 To linger long in loyal minds ;
 To sing this song of deep-felt love,
 Our deep-felt loyalty to prove.
 Yet not too late, if doing this,
 My soul is stirred with rapturous bliss,
 And this sweet song itself impart,
 To every leal Canadian heart.

VIII.

Oh! wave-girt sisters of the seas,
 Oh! islands fanned by southern breeze,
 Shall this my song no echoes wake,
 On murnuring shore, 'mid palmy brake?
 Or shall it gain a gladsome greeting,
 'Mid kindred hearts responsive beating?
 Oh! that where'er this song be sung,
 Where'er its loyal tones be rung.
 Where'er its rapturous music floats,
 To mingle with wild woodland notes,
 May English exiles catch the strain,
 And waft it back with glad refrain,
 Till England's sons and English homes,
 Shall learn from whence this music comes.

IX.

Unfurl old England's banner fair,
 To float upon Canadian air.
 Fling out her glorious battle-sign,
 War-tatter'd, rent in battle's line.
 See how it proudly waves on high,
 And flings its folds against the sky.
 The blood-red cross that never yields
 On foreign seas, on foreign fields.
 That steels the heart of English oak,
 And nerves it for the battle stroke.
 Float proudly England's banner fair
 And breathe the pure Canadian air.



THE CANADIAN AND THE CROCODILE.

I.

Where Egypt's river floods its bank, where streams the sacred Nile
Among the rushes tall and rank, there lived a crocodile.

Well read was he in all the lore of Pharaoh's ancient land,
He studied nature on the shore, and on the shining strand.

"Fetch me six hundred sturdy men," he heard Lord Wolseley say,
"From far Canadian rocky glen, from distant Saguenay."

"Six hundred boatmen tried and true, from 'neath Quebec's high walls,
From 'neath Canadian skies so blue, t' ascend the Nile's steep falls.

"This mighty river rushing free, past fields of waving corn,
With merry shouts of mirthful glee, my men shall laugh to scorn.

"By Egypt's ancient gods I swear, with men so true and tried,
The Sphinx will grin from ear to ear, as up the Nile we glide.

"No lazy Londoners for me, no Cockney watermen,
We'll sing along the banks so free, '*Vive la Canadienne.*'"

II.

From out his watery hiding place, forth looked the crocodile,
He saw Lord Wolseley's boastful face, he saw his boastful smile.

III.

Six moons had filled, six moons had waned, o'er Egypt's plain of sand,
And of six hundred, there remained but one of all that band.

For dire want, and scorching sun, and native tricks and wiles,
Had sent the victims one by one to feed the crocodiles.

IV.

But one remained, and as he plied his paddle to the sea,
The aged crocodile did glide to take him in to tea.

“No, no, my friend, my trusty friend,” the bold Canadian cried,
“You cannot bring about *my* end, the way my comrades died.”

His face grew wan, and white and pale, as from his ragged breeches,
Out drew he a Toronto *Mail*, with one of Tupper’s speeches.

As lightning flash from western sky descends upon the plain,
As cataracts from mountains high rush down with might and main,

So down the throat of crocodile the *Mail* went rushing down,
To change the animal’s gay smile to thoughtful, tearful frown.

“Oh! woe is me,” the monster cried, along the river’s reaches,
“A tougher thing I ne’er espied than one of Tupper’s speeches.”

V.

“How did the river-god thus die?” El Mahdi asked the question;
The county coroner made reply, “Sire, ’twas indigestion.”



IN MEMORIAM.

Hushed is the voice that once whispered in tones sweet and low,
Pale are the cheeks that once bloomed with life's health-giving glow,
Dimmed are the eyes that once looked on hope's wide-spreading field.
The dying lies dead. . . . Earth to earth, dust to dust, we must yield.

She sleeps the sweet sleep of peace. The Christian's calm, peaceful
rest

Awaits her, who sorrowing bore, clasping wearisome, close to her breast,
Life's cross with its earth-burdened sorrows, with meekness, and
patience, and love,

Till released by the message of mercy, that swift sped from Heaven
above.

Let lightly your footsteps fall, lightly, her sleep is the sweet solemn
sleep,

That knows of no earthly awaking,—a slumber most holy and deep.
Cold lies she in death, from death by the Master's atoning grace
won,

When death's dreaded portals unlock, and the life everlasting begun.
Smooth back from her forehead the tresses,—the tresses that kiss from
her face

The deep lines of sorrow and anguish, leaving Heavenly calm in their
place.

Clasped as in prayer are her hands, as when drawing life's brief fitful
breath,

So let them be clasped even now,—even now in the presence of death.
Mourn not for the loss of the loved. Why sorrowful now should we
weep?

The Saviour hath left us a comfort, "The maid is not dead but asleep."
Asleep in the arms of His mercy, secure from the world's sad restraints,
With the throng of the blessed departed, 'mid the ever-blest concourse
of saints.

Oh! Father above, Great Jehovah, Who sits on cloud-canopied throne,
Oh! Jesu, our Saviour most Holy, Whose death for our sins did atone,

Oh! Spirit Celestial, Mighty, Infuser of grace in our hearts,
Spare, spare us, poor suppliant sinners, when the soul from the body
departs.

Let the light of Thy presence be near us, when darker earth grows to
our view,

Let Thy heavenly radiance guide us, as death's darksome vale we pass
through ;

And to those who are now gone before us, no more by earth's troubles
oppressed,

Grant, Heavenly Jesu, Thy mercy: May they with Thy saints be at
rest!

Hushed is the voice that once whispered in tones sweet and low,
Pale are the cheeks that once bloomed with life's health-giving glow,
Dimmed are the eyes that once looked on hope's wide-spreading field,
The dying lies dead . . . Earth . . . earth, dust to dust, we must yield.



SONNET ACROSTIC.

(Written in an album.)

Just when the light of rosy-fingered morn,
O'er eastern hill-tops sheds a grateful glow,
Soft'ning the southern plain or northern snow,
Each bright'nin' beam is as a new life born.
Perchance it shines on fields of golden corn,
Hereafter soon by reaper's scythe laid low ;
Its genial warmth again it may bestow
'Neath beauty's bower, nor humbler dwellings scorn :
E'en yet it may its heavenly radiance shed
Down death's dark vale, and through sin's tangled brakes.
Oh ! then de-mou, by such example led,
A sunbeam prove, whose sun-warm influence takes
No thought of self, but shines around instead,
Each ray new-born, as each new morn awakes.

August, 1882.



LUX CRUCIS.

The grey mists of morn in the valley are lying,
The hill-tops are swathed in the sun's golden sheen,
The leaves of the forest are drooping and dying,
And nature's bereft of her mantle of green.

The cross on yon church-tower gilt with a splendour,
Reflecting the rays of a bright morning sun,
Invites the poor weary one meekly to render
The homage of man to the Crucified One.

The morning's bright promise may bring yet a sorrow,
And eyes may be dimmed by the loss of the brave,
And hearts that beat fondly, nor heeding to-morrow,
May soon be at peace in the gloom of the grave.

What though in the valley the mists may be lying,
And deep be the shadows, and heavy the loss ;
On the hill-tops above is no sorrow nor sighing,
The sun's golden light is revealed on the Cross.

King's College, 1881.



The ANTI-METHODISTICAL CONFERENCE.

(Written at the time of the great meeting in London, 1880.)

MRS. BROWN, *loquitur* :

Well! if them ain't the queerest ways, into which them ere
Methodys gettin',

With their conference, synods, and meetin's, an' as proud as a hen
what is settin' ;

With their grand Œcumenical Council, which I sees a paradin' in
papers,

An' discussin' of ritual reasons, an' liturgy, altars, and tapers !

Which it comes to my mind, an' of course, it is reason as how it
should come,

Because all the p'int's of their compass shows to me, as well as to some
Which is talkin', an' spoutin', and shoutin', and bracin' their main-
stays a-tauter,

And makin' ridic'ulous shows of themselves, to the good people over
the water.

Mrs. Jones she was in for to see me, (Mrs. Jones is a Baptis', she is,)
And she sez to me "Betsy, my darlin', just hear how them Methodys
fizz,

And talk of their Cath'lic principles, for all like them Ritualist people,
What goes in for higher religion, and sticks a big cross on the steeple."

"Don't slur on them Ritualist people, Mrs. Jones," sez I, feelin'
like mad,

"For my old man Brown is a High Church, an' there's no better man
to be had ;

An' although I am plain Church of England, an' always was brought
up as sich,

I sticks up for them kind of people, what tries to make God's House
look rich ;

An' tries to make things look a-pleasant, an' lives up to what they
believes,

An goes an' looks arter the poor folks, an' gives them most all *they*
receives."

You see she had almost forgotten, an' she thought I'd ha' taken her
part

Agin our Church an' Her doctrines, an' I'm glad that I shet her up
smart.

Because I am Low Church, and Brown is as High Church as High
Church can be,

We both belongs to the *one* Church, an' on that p'int we always agree,
So what is the use of 'a-fussin', as long as we're upright an' staunch,
We are all sittin' under the Church tree, though Brown he prefers
the High branch.

But of all the conceitedest things, which it ever my lot was to see,
Is the grand Œcumenical Council. Whew! it quite takes the breath
out of me

To pronounce sich a word as that ere, although I should like to
hear tell,

How many of them what is in it, just knows that same word how
to spell.

An' what is the good of a Council, when their doctrines are kept in
the dark,

An' for fear of a-hittin' wrong targets, they all shoot away from the
mark?

An' it's a caution to me, Betsy Brown, which it makes my blood boil
for to see,

That they're tryin' to lop off the branches of our own Anglo-Catholic
tree;

An' talkin' of *our* divisions, as if our Church would be wrecked,
Although there are twenty-six species of their own Methodistical sect,
All steerin' in different directions, of rudder and compass bereft,
Until of the original vessel, not a single oak plank will be left.

"Catholic Principles" is it? They're mighty high-toned in their talk,
Yet it seems to me mighty ridic'ous that the Catholic path they
won't walk.

They may talk jest as much as they pleases, but talk never made a
thing done,

They must act up to Catholic doctrine, if the Catholic race they
would run,

An' live up to teachin's of Wesley, an' return to the Church what
they left,

An' we both would be one, an' progress by the weight of our mutual
heft.

But I knows that I've got to stop short, beause I must go into town.
So I hope they will take the advice of

Your faithful old friend,

BETSY BROWN.

FRED BURNABY.

“Dead? What! Burnaby dead”? The agonized cry
Ran over all England. And o'er the wide ocean
The sad tidings flashed, that 'mid battle's commotion,
And clashing of steel, 'neath Egypt's dark sky,
Fred had yielded with brave and true soldier's devotion
His life for his country!

“What! Burnaby dead?
“The pride of the clubs? Our jovial Fred?
“The hero of Khiva”? With tremulous breath
Men told to each other how Fred met his death.
Not at home, with the sweet smile of wife or of mother
To sooth the last hours of life, but another
Face, glaring at his, blaek with passion;
And while scores of wild Arabs around him were yelling,
His broadsword was doing its duty, and felling
Foe after foe, in battle's fierce fashion.

Yes! Burnaby's dead! “And how did he die”?
“*Died with his hand on the throat of the foe;*
No craven heart *his*, no fear in *his* eye!
And they found him on top of a heap; while below
Him, twenty dead Arabs lay, pierced by his steel;
And twenty more still might have joined them, for he
Was just getting used to it, scorning to see
Those skulking behind him! A blow, and a reel,
A stab in the neck and 'twas all up with Fred;
He fell on the heap his own hand had made,—*dead!*”!

And these words to Old England his comrades wrote:
“*He died with his grip on the enemy's throat!*”

Oh England! What boots it these vict'ries to thee,
When the blood of thy noblest sons stain the sand
Of the battle-field? And all over the land
Mothers weep for their sons, whom they no more shall see?

When Time's muffled roll-call shall summon the dead,
Who in life made grim war their adopted profession;
As you scan these old worthies march by in procession,
In the front rank of all, if you look, you'll see Fred.

Petitcodiac, N. B.,
February 2nd, 1885.

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