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TRIOLETS.

Holofernes—I will overglance the superscript :—" *To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline.*"

—*Love's Labour's Lost.*

The midsummer fays,
All in love's land,
By their craft did upraise,
The midsummer fays,
A gossamer maze ;
A frolicsome band
The midsummer fays,
All in love's land.

Its winding ways
They builded and planned,
(The midsummer fays,)
Its winding ways ;
By thy yeas and thy nays,
And the lines on thy hand,
Its winding ways
They builded and planned.

Love, in the maze
Dwelling alone,
'Mid its blossoming ways,—
Love in the maze
Loved not the days,
Though with roses o'erblown :
Love in the maze,
Dwelling alone.

Thou on the throne,
In the heart of the maze,
Love is thine own,
Thou on the throne :
Thitherward flown,
Through rose-tinted days....
Thou on the throne,
In the heart of the maze !

L'Envoi.

Triolets, sue for her praise,
Flying forth to her hand ;
Fluttering abashed 'neath her gaze,
Triolets, sue for her praise,
That the bard may be wreathed with bays ;
Taking wing on your way to love's land,
Triolets, sue for her praise,
Flying forth to her hand !

W. J. H.

A MAN OF HIS WORD.

In the autumn of 18— I met in Strasbourg M. de Saint-André, Lieutenant-General commanding brigade there. We were soon close friends and passed much of our time in company. A tall, finely-moulded figure made M. de St. André look the ideal *militaire*. His handsome features habitually wore an air of gravity bordering on the austere—this, to my surprise, I found to be a whimsical mask, adding an indes-

cribable piquancy to the thousand gay conceits and extravagances that rioted through his fancy.

We were seated in his quarters at a little table strewn with the *debris* of a late dinner. There was a lull in the conversation—we had been recalling instances of great constancy from the days of old Regulus even to our own—the fitful glare of the wood fire, for it was late in the season, lit up the armour and antique weapons that, with a few paintings, alone relieved the sombre tints of the tapestried walls. The polished oak floor glistened, and the silence was unbroken save by the sighing of the autumn wind through the brown foliage of the creepers that possessed the narrow casements. Suddenly my friend aroused from his reverie, filled his glass and lit a fresh cigar. It was evident something was coming, and knowing his humour I waited quietly.

"I can relate a very strangestory, hesaid atlength," "if you care to listen to it." On being satisfied on this point, my friend assumed the easy attitude of a man about to deliver himself of a long story, and looking steadily at the blaze recounted his tale in low tones :—

"I had just graduated from the *École Militaire*, a good many years ago—never mind exactly how many—and feeling like a frolic, I applied for and obtained leave of absence. I spent my holiday very agreeably here in Strasbourg, and was arranging to return to Paris, when, as chance would have it, I met a M. Louis Duhren about to take the same journey. We agreed to be fellow travellers. Posting in those days was slower than at present, and we had ample time to become intimate. Both young men, we soon opened our hearts to one another. I learned that he was immediately on his arrival to marry Angélique, the heiress of M. Colbert, banker. He had never seen his betrothed, the match being arranged by their parents. In our mutual confidences my comrade told me all about his own family and that of his intended. You may be sure that I too had my pleasant secrets to confide. In such converse we whiled away the time ; at last, leaving Nancy and Châlons behind, the diligence rattled into Paris. We engaged rooms together at the *Hôtel d'Angleterre*, long since demolished ; it stood in the *Rue de Richelieu*. On entering our rooms I noticed that my friend was deathly pale. He grew worse, a doctor was called in, and pronounced the dread sentence—cholera. Every thing possible was done, but he sank rapidly, and died within two hours after seizure. Indeed, so sudden was his death that he had barely time to receive the last rites of the church. I was much grieved at the untimely death of one whom I had just learned to esteem. As his only friend I charged myself with all arrangements for burial.

"That afternoon could be seen knocking at the entrance of M. Colbert's house a young man fashionably dressed ; without giving his name he is announced as M. Louis Duhren. M. Colbert hastens to embrace him and at once introduces him to *Madame la mère* and the fair Angélique.

"A conversation follows, in the course of which M. Louis delivers his letters. He sees the good impression he has already made on his betrothed, who, with sidelong glances and many blushes, admires his handsome figure. Dinner is served. Louis had the pleasure of being seated by his charmer, the parents are delighted at his graceful manners and sprightly conversation. Dinner over and coffee discussed, serious topics are introduced,—the details of the new household. In the midst of this conversation, so pleasing to a young couple, M. Louis arises and grasps his hat, with the evident intention of taking his leave.