

## THE BATTLE OF THE LEARNING—YOUTHS.

[The following is the literal translation of a fragment of an Ango-Saxon poem discovered among some ancient M. S. S., the greater part having seemingly been destroyed or lost. This fragment has only lately come to light, and gives valuable information concerning the customs and literature of the time.]

Came tidings to Yorkdon, over by Don Sea,  
pirates from Southland, Sons of bold warriors,  
from Trinity fastness, all of a hard race,  
would with the valiant, Sons of old 'Varsity,'  
hoary-haired warrior, old in the contest,  
fight in hard battle. Then arose aethlings,  
young in the battle-field, eager and ready,  
said in proud words, boastfully in the hall :  
Let us go forward, fight with the villains,  
either of two must come, we will uphold one cause,  
or on the battle place yield up our lives.  
Thus spake the haughty thanes, shook the tough oak-clubs :  
fierce were the warriors, eager for battle,  
Then spake 'Varsity's child, Plugnoth the elder :  
Scorn these bold pirates, choose better battle-field,  
far nobler contest-ground than the Academy ;  
not the tough-lung shout, noble attainment  
this be our prize." Arose then fierce murmur,  
cried out bold thanes, earls full loud and high :  
" Cowardly counsel, womanish weakness,  
forth to the fight ; minds will be clearer,  
work will be dearer after hard victory ;  
gird on the coats-of-mail, hard pointed iron ;  
white and blue edged ; go forth to battle ! "  
(See note 1) Stood foremost.....  
old in the camp, hoary-haired warrior,  
'Varsity's dear son, in words bade the followers :  
' May he forever mourn, who from the carnage-field  
thinketh to turn while he has lungs to use.'  
Pirates came forth from south, red and black warriors ;  
Met in Academy ; then was stern striving,  
trampling of many a foot, stood there full fast the Thanes ;  
warriors there fell, shattered with shouts.  
(See note 2.) The raven the dusky-coat shrieked ' Rah,  
Roo, Trinity ;'  
' Rouge et noir' cried out the hoarse-voiced raven ;  
and the white eagle, 'Varsity, 'Varsity ;  
thus called the white one ; white with the blue-streaked  
bill.  
Carnage on earth fell ; young men lay low ;  
fell they on either hand. Some pirate from Southland  
raised his broad shield, let from his hand fly  
roses and fern-leaves, laid many a Thane low,  
that on the earth fell, dear sons of 'Varsity ;  
the kinsmen of 'Varsity, the young men lay low.  
(See note 3.) Then raised the comrades loud song of terror,  
shook the great oak-clubs, let roses fly from hand,  
felled the bold pirates ; sometimes on shields they shot  
sometimes slew warriors,.....  
(See note 4).....

*Explanatory notes on above.*

- (1) Part of this line has been lost.
- (2) Poets of this time used to represent ravens, eagles, and wolves, as attendants upon the battle field.
- (3) There seems to have been a band of men belonging to this race whose custom it was to wail mournfully in all battles, and even in the halls upon festive occasions, in time of peace.
- (4) Unfortunately the rest of the poem has been lost or destroyed,

C. M. S. K.

In connection with the work in the Department of English, students of University of Pennsylvania are compelled to write editorials, the best of which are placed at the disposal of the editors of the different college papers. If students were given credit in their year's work for essays, sketches, etc., accepted by the college papers the life of the editor would become a happy one.

## SCISSORS AND PASTE.

Though the recent cold snap has put all thought of spring far from the editorial mind yet we find among our exchanges many signs of an early season and plentiful crop of spring poetry. Already amorous verse and ditty, rondeau, ballad and triolet are everywhere.

From the *Columbia Spectator* we clip this bright reminder of summer days :

## VILLANELLE.

Halcyon hours of a summer day,  
When idleness dictates and pleasures are free,  
When happiness goes on its airy way.

When maidens smile and laugh alway,  
And life is gay as life should be ;  
Halcyon hours of a summer's day.

When rippling laughter holds its sway,  
And all the world is plunged in glee ;  
When happiness goes on its airy way.

The breeze soft murmurs over the bay,  
The low surf sighs on the tranquil sea ;  
Halcyon hours of a summer's day.

When the dainty scent of the new mown hay,  
Is caught by the birds in the rustling tree ;  
When happiness goes on its airy way.

And now when all the skies are grey,  
Our thoughts fly back where they used to be ;  
Halcyon hours of a summer's day  
When happiness goes on its airy way.

Our scissors refuse to clip the tenderest passages from our exchanges. We cull a few lines here and there which are less honeyed than the rest.

## APPLAUSE.

Under the chandelier's blaze  
See how they listen and gaze.  
Listen, their eyes growing tender,  
Gaze, while the magical splendor  
My music spreads in their skies,  
Flushes and darkles and dies.  
I, who have wrought them the wonder,  
What do I care for their cries,  
Plaudits and hand-clapping thunder ?  
All that I care for is yonder :  
A strip of brow in the dotted maze,  
One loosened strand cutting through it, and under,  
Blown by a rapture of gladness asunder,  
Thrilling me through with an exquisite praise,  
Her two eyes.

*Harvard Monthly,*

## APPARENT.

When I questioned young Smithson a short time ago,  
Why no longer he courted Miss B,  
He looked at me strangely and smiled just a bit,  
" The reason's a parent ! " cried he.

*Brunonian.*

" What were you doing last night ? " I said,  
" 'Twas naughty to do thus ;  
A black-coat sleeve on a white back-ground  
Is quite conspicuous."

He stammered and blushed, but finally said,  
In half-defiant tone,  
" What matters it all to you, any way ?  
I was only holding my own."

*Brunonian.*