

REMINISCENT

Tell me not of ancient heroes,
Glancing spears and pennons bright,—
List a moment while ye hear how
"Ours" upheld their own that night.



(Ah, me! still how strongly lingers,
Memory of the morning hours—
Headache reaching to the fingers—
Thrice accursed whiskey sours!!)

Two-score trooped we to the banquet,
Heads erect and pulses glowing,—
Said we, "None there is who can quit,
When the ruddy wine is flowing."

Witty speech, and jests unstinted,
Circulated round the board,—
Flowers and music—rosy tinted
Seemed the joys they all afford.

Louder waxed the bright discoursing—
One or two beneath the palms—
Then old Herb, his power enforcing,
Exercised his subtle charms.

Thus in quiet, awful quiet,
Started we the thousand toasts—
One or two—then runs to riot
Memory of the ancient roasts.

Law and Medicine, each one trying,
All their listeners to confound—
Sophy finished almost crying,
Freshie ended on the ground.

Long may 'oi remember
All the glories of that night,—
Third Year Science in its splendor
Third Year Science in its might.

A. R. A.