

That, as afterwards Hannah declared,
The memorial window of glass
Was proof how rebellious marauders
Could be ousled by students, *en masse*—
The Freshies for holding a meeting
And resolving to sing in the hall,
Should be treated by Upper Year dignity
To a supperless calico ball.

Some Seniors fell in with a hunter,
Some grabbed Henderson, burdened with tomes,
Some saw that a duffer was wanted,
Others ardently fought for their homes.
They kidnapped four ringleading freshmen,
And locked them tight up in a room.
How pretty the trio looked seated
In a row on a bed in the gloom !

Sad at heart, by their faces, were some,
Where, oh ! where was the foot-ball reporter ?
That eyeglassical form should have added,
It's width, don't you think it had oughter ?
That slightly attenuate figure,
As broad as the blade of a paddle ;
How nicely that much admired body
Would lengthways fit into the Taddle.

They brought the men out from seclusion,
Tried them all by a jury and judge,
Nine charges were piled up against them,
Which the learned defence couldn't budge ;
He said that the laws of this country
Offered only protection to men,
But how to prove these of this genus
Was beyond the wide grasp of his ken.

The jury returned their verdict
Of guilty on every count,
And the judge, as a sentence, decided
To bathe these three kids in the fount.
Blindfolded, guarded and frightened
These heroes were marched to their fate,
Wishing within that they had not flaunted
Their loud boasting conduct of late.

One said on the way to the Taddle
After leaving the brow of the hill,
Please be very careful of me, sir,
For I seem now to feel very ill.
The judge, after feeling the water,
Then commuted the sentence, to sing
The song to the tune of Litoria,
In the midst of a loud howling ring.

So ended this sitting on Freshies,
This hard-hearted treatment of men,
Which has been writ "simply outrageous"
By a vicious reporter's bad pen.
I'm 'fraid that so long as live Freshies,
No matter what councils may think,
They're apt to be led to the Taddle,
Perhaps past its classic old brink.

FRESHIE.

THE OBJECTIONABLE SONG.

Ye blooming freshman dons his gown,
And walks ye earth with awful frown ;
He sees ye maiden's glances sly,
And rolleth his magnetic eye.

He's brought before ye Mufti's throne
'Mid sulphurous smoke and muffled groan,
'Mid red hot brands and boiling tar,
He scenteth danger from afar.

Ye spikes cut deep, ye race is run,
He rides ye chariot of ye sun,
Ye sounds die 'way, ye ordeals cease,
Ad Initiandos Tirones.

Ye ritual he chaunteth now,
Dread Lucifers attend his vow,
Ye brake is put on Ixion's wheel,
L'Inferno's inmost caverns reel.

As tiny voice from tiniest star,
Or monkish monotone afar,
Ye freshman's shattered accents rise,
Ye mask is lifted from his eyes.

To ye 'Varsity men this tale I speak,
For making men and killing cheek,
Stick up for your formalities,
Ad Initiandos Tirones.

OBSERVATIONS BY THE PATRIARCH STUDENT.

THE beautiful refreshing frost has arrived, and the pavements are frictionless, and each one has some sliding remark to make. To come down to facts ; the sidewalk south and east of the University College grounds is one of the neatest models of an inclined plane ; which explains how last Tuesday a meditative youth reflected that life is full of bitter lessons ; the simplest is that one man's fall makes forty men's laughter.

* *

THE other day a young medical man asked an ancient professor of the healing art permission to submit to his notice the manuscript of a work on the "Origin of Medicine." The ancient consented ; the MS. arrived ; and the initial line thereof was found to run : "Assuredly the first doctor that the world saw must have been Cain." The ancient has got no further.

* *

I GATHER from the *Bowdoin Orient* that the thirty-fifth annual convention of the Theta Delta Chi Fraternity was held at New York, November 2nd and 3rd. After the business proceedings, 'an exceedingly fine banquet was disposed of, followed by the usual toasts, songs, speeches, and social intercourse till the 'wee sma' hours,' when the boys retired feeling that the convention had been a success, and on every side was heard the hope that many, if not all, might meet next year for a repetition of convention duties and pleasures.' The 'fine banquet' (which seems to be an indispensable part of the convention programme) is the insidious moth which is gradually eating up my native horror of the Greek Letter Societies. All our staff appreciate fine banquets.

* *

I HAVE something more to say about Westminster School. During the English Civil Wars it was loyal in its adherence to the King. In 1642 the Westminster boys successfully defended the Abbey against the attack of Puritan soldiers. A few of the boys had taken the Protector's side ; and after the triumph of the Parliamentary cause, were able to be of service to their old school-fellows. A boy named Glynne had torn the curtain in the schoolroom of Westminster, which separated the under from the upper school. His fate, under Busby's rule, was certain ; but so great was his fear of the impending punishment, that a compassionate friend of the name of Wake took upon himself the blame and the flogging. Years after, Glynne, then a sergeant-at-law and Cromwell's Chief Justice, sat in judgment upon the prisoners taken in Sir John Penruddock's disastrous rising at Salisbury. Among the persons brought before him for trial and sentence he recognized the face of Wake. Gratitude, and that strong bond of school union which once bound together Westminster boys in every part of the world, urged him to make an effort to save his friend. He took horse, rode hastily to London, and in a personal interview, sought and obtained from Cromwell his old school-fellow's pardon.