

"Can't I write?"  
 "'Gainst the rules."  
 "'Always thought"  
 "'Boys were fools."  
 "Come, Good-bye,"  
 "Don't be silly,"  
 "Well, I wont,"  
 "Don't be chilly."

\* \*

HORACE.

*(Odes I. Carm. 2.)*

Enough now hath the father scattered wide,  
 His snows and ruinous hail; his thunderbolts  
 'Gainst his own towers he hurled with glowing hand,  
 Affrighting much our state.

Yea, all the tribes, with fear that now the age  
 Of Pyrrha should return, who portents strange  
 Did note when Proteus led his motley herd,  
 To graze the towering hills.

Then did the finny tribes, on topmost elms  
 Perch high, where erst the doves had loved to coo!  
 The timorous fallow deer full stoutly stemmed  
 The overlying main.

We saw the yellow Tiber turn his waves  
 In rage right back from Tuscan shores, and go  
 To overturn both palace of our king,  
 And Vesta's holy house.

Then did the river-god, spouse-loving, boast  
 Himself sad-wailing Ilia's champion,  
 And gliding from his oozy bed's left bank,  
 Jove's favor set at naught.

Our youth, few through through the vices of their sires,  
 Shall hear how citizen's did whet the steel  
 Far better 'gainst the wily Persian turned;  
 Of home strife shall they hear.

To guard the interests of a tottering state,  
 What god shall patriots call? Our priestesses,  
 By what entreaties shall they Vesta rouse,  
 Too deaf to all our spells?

To whom shall Jove assign the task, our crimes  
 To do away? Oh, thee we pray to come,  
 Thy gleaming shoulders wrap and girt in cloud,  
 Apollo, prophet-god!

Or if thou wilt, smiling Erycine maid,  
 Whom mirth and youthful love do hover round;  
 Or if thou look'st again, oh thou their sire,  
 Upon thy sons despised.

Sated with war's stern game, alas too long!  
 Thou whom the din of war and polished helms  
 Delight, and Moorish footman's face, fierce set  
 Upon his weltering foe.

Or if in lowly guise, upon the earth,  
 Sweet maia's winged son, thou personate  
 Young Cæsar, and submit thee to be called  
 Old Cæsar's champion;

Late to the sky return, and long remain  
 A welcome guest among Quirinus' sons;  
 Let no too ready breeze waft thee away,  
 By sin of ours ill pleased.

Here rather find thee triumphs great; here love  
 To hear men call thee father, prince; nor let  
 The Medes ride off unscathed, Scot-free, when thou,  
 Cæsar, dost lead our van.

AGRAD.

Grenfell, Assiniboia, N. W. T.

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One of our newly-fledged lawyers delivers himself as follows:—'A young man seeking for quiet and retirement can

scarcely do better than take a law degree, hire an office, and put "—, Barrister and Solicitor," on the door.

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We find the following in a corner of the bag: 'The authorship of "Old Grimes" is the latest to be disputed—as if any mortal ought to care *who* wrote it. Why is it that only the seventh-rate poems are subject to this conflict, and nobody ever falsely claims the parentage of the first-rate ones?' As this touching little ballad is in a manner identified with our University it behoves us to support the poem so unjustly disparaged. What more legitimate and nobler office of poetry than to arouse noble emotions by skilful word-painting? How complete the picture in the words 'Old Grimes!' His name was Grimes and his back was bowed with the burden of many years. As we sing the plaintive ditty do we not all feel a reverent pity for his age and a virtuous indignation against the god-fathers and god-mothers who made him wear the name of Grimes.

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When a stranger in a foreign land who has no dress clothes in his portmanteau but who has brought a plug hat for Sunday duty receives an invitation to an evening party, how can he best show his gratitude and respect for the giver of the invitation? Why, let him wear his plug hat to the house though the thermometer be 30 deg. below zero. Mark of truer devotion there can be none.

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A worm on a rampage  
 Got into the cabbage,  
 Which is part of the Residence hash;  
 But a Freshman we learn,  
 Put an end to this worm,  
 And succeeded in making a mash.

## Communications.

### THE LITERARY SOCIETY'S SATURNALIA.

To the Editor of the VARSITY.

As a member of the Literary Society who will be credited with having its best interests at heart, I desire to protest as emphatically as I am able against the outrageous tom-foolery and general disorder which was so prominent a feature of the proceedings at last night's meeting. For my own part, I may say that I went to the meeting prepared to be entertained, but I was miserably disappointed. The programme indeed was an excellent one, and well rendered throughout: but of what avail are even the melodies of a Mozart or the eloquence of a Cicero to the mind distracted by the clanking of a cow-bell, the calf-like blaring of tin-horns, and the indescribably-disagreeable discord produced by split goose-quills? No one would object if the intellectually-juvenile members of the society amused themselves in this way to a slight extent at proper intervals, but when such conduct proceeds to the length of constant interruption, as it did last evening, it becomes a perfectly intolerable nuisance. This display of childishness, or boorishness, or ignorance, call it which you will, cannot be defended; and I am sure the participants in it could not better show the possession of mental vacuity than by attempting a defence. Such conduct is too well fitted to bring reproach upon the whole Society and upon the College as well, being, as it was, most discourteous to the distinguished chairman and to the audience. It is to be hoped, for the sake of what remains of the good name of the Society, that the like will not occur again.

I am, Sir,

Very truly yours,  
 A. STEVENSON.

U. C. COLLEGE, Jan. 19, 1884.

To the Editor of the VARSITY.

SIR,—In the report of the proceedings of the last 'public' there occur some very brief remarks on the elocution of students which must strike everyone as being quite truthful. It is also stated that the College authorities should pay more attention to it. At present when so many other chairs are needed and the funds are not forthcoming for them, we can hardly expect to have a professorship of elocution established. But there is one way in which the difficulty can be overcome, and it is this: The Philadelphia School of Oratory, which is considered a very good one, holds a summer session of six