

reptiles, which sketch is followed by a 'Laie of Sainte Patrick' a very good thing showing how

Upon the eve of Erin's Patron Sainte  
There met of knights and harlie squires a score  
Whose scutcheons showed no mark of stain or taint  
For they no scutcheons bore.

and describing the festivities that followed. But good old Episkopon, like other satirical people, has laid himself open to censure sometimes by his own compromising language, and has more than once suffered from the fingers of those, whom his tongue has rather roughly handled. Episkopon, as those who were in college four or five years ago well remember, once had a rival, and a successful rival too, in the notorious Kritikos, the advocate of the momentous and ever-recurring principle of freshmen's rights, a volume written and edited much in the same manner as Episkopon. It was started in the face of a large majority for Episkopon, and supported for some time by the sheer ability of its founders. Of the twenty articles which composed the first numbers we have heard that one gentleman wrote sixteen. This discouraged the followers of the old paper, and it was dropped and neglected for two or three years. Kritikos was clever, but his wit was too acrid, and got him into disrepute, until at length his supporters gave him up and returned to their old allegiance. Disagreement among the editors and scribes prevented the bringing out of any number until Michaelmas term 1879, when the Episkopon returned to light once more and resumed his long neglected censorship. Kritikos, which might have remained to us a lasting monument of one of the most interesting periods in the internal history of the college, has been stolen or lost, probably the former, a fact particularly to be deplored on account of the ability displayed in the pages of its single volume, and the interesting associations connected with it. It was the time when, during the agitation of freshmen's rights, the college was divided into two nearly equal hostile parties, whose animosity towards each other turned the Institute meetings into a weekly battle of words—pretty strong words too—and sometimes rose to such a pitch that the two parties could scarcely refrain from assault and battery in the corridors. But old Episkopon has again long reigned in peace; and old scribes and editors will be glad to learn that his pen is as sharp and active as ever. The last number, which was read a week or two ago, was the longest ever brought out.

#### ABOUT COLLEGE.

Do you admire the smoky flavor?

The singing in chapel is improving.

The March postal-guide is up at last.

We should like to have a Telephone.

The Gymnasium remains in the same condition.

\*The Boycotted is the Jubilee soprano, we believe.

Very few non-residents at the last reading of *Επισκοπών*.

The College anxiously awaits the coming Jubilee quartette.

We regret to say that Mr. Broughall, has been of late too ill to lecture. Mr. Langtry, also has our sympathy.

Our Park looks its most dreary just now. All the snow is gone, and no vegetation has as yet appeared. The days of snow-drops and hyacinths on the terrace are soon to be looked for.

The ravine has been converted into a muddy lake for the last few days. Does this account for the rich color of the coffee?

We congratulate the authorities on the valuable additions they have made to the apparatus of the Science department.

The Shakespeare readings have been few and far between this term. Not more than half a dozen have been held: Why?

The wilderness is almost deserted—positively quiet—the authorities have put a stove there around which a few lonely pelicans roost in the night time.

The men fail to see the object of locking the chapel door and keeping out everybody who is not sharp on time—or rather before time, for the door seldom waits for the clock.

We acknowledge, with thanks communications from His Lordship the Bishop of Niagara, Rev Canon Belt, R. Gregory Cox, M.A. Rev. Mr Bates, J. T. Lewis, B.A., and others.

Hurrah for St. Patrick! this day was duly kept with—no lectures as usual—midnight festivity—don—lamp—slight boots protruding from bedclothes *τυμπανων δ' ἀπαγματα*—and rattling of tin pans.

The other day a gentleman remarked in our presence that Harper's Weekly had a *Nast-y* habit of being illustrated almost entirely by one man—a scene ensued—we have still hopes of his ultimate recovery.

There is a reading prize open for competition to the members of the Institute. The recent attention given to the able elocution lectures of Mrs. Morrison would lead us to expect a close struggle for it. Who shall be the man?

We are surprised to learn that the exaggerated statement made in the local column of our last issue about breaking ice in the jugs has been taken for a literal fact. Though some of the rooms were cold enough to freeze, this was the exception.

Our old cricketing friends are beginning to make their reappearance occasionally in college. They have lost none of their old zeal apparently and we may look forward to an active season. Cricket has always been one of our strong points.

Two excellent essays were read the other night before the Institute. The first on 'Cromwell and his times', the second on 'Yachting experience' which was so good that, had the author not desired to use it for another purpose, we would have sought it for publication.

Daily pilgrimages are being made by the world-weary members of the second year to the dark fountain of Rotterdam, that they may embrace its four sable corners, and receive the miraculous waters that flow therefrom and be strengthened for the battle of this life.

The architectural beauties of our building have been augmented this winter by the erection at the east end of a lovely pine board structure, used we believe as an ice-house, quite an intense piece of architecture, particularly affecting to the aesthetic mind as it comes in full view of its noble contour from the gate.

The unfortunate second year man with bars on his windows has to pay dearly for not belonging to a 'Club.' He wearily returns from lecture to his quiet chamber. 'Lardy-Dah! Lardy-Dah!' howled next door soon ensures his retreat. They've gone. Now for a nap till four and then grind till chapel but, 'sleep my pretty one sleep-ee-cep!' soon stops that little game. After tea the 'downstairs Club' have the floor till bed time. He is going to join the Jubilees or change his room.