

"THE LADIES."

The racy speech of Mister B—I,
(The last he gave within our Hall,)
Shall long to freshmen green be told,
As very worthy grand and bold !
Loud did he make the rafters ring,
And echoes from the tables bring,
To Nectar, by his words divine,
That drink of Gods, he changed the wine
To Punch-bowls, which on festive board
Were seen to bow to him as Lord.
Beneath our feet the very floor
With hearty cheers cried out "encore,"
For lovely woman was his toast,
The best he said of all the host,
Which we that night were met to quaff,
In cans of wine or "half-and-half,"—
Let us then drink, he loudly cries,
A bumper full to ladies' eyes,
With Highland honours let us cheer,
The toast of each one's pretty dear ;
For soon they'll all be comely wives,
As good and precious as our lives
Up then, boys, let our shouts proclaim,
Our value of "the ladies" fame ;
But stop, a word my fellows all,
Take "time" from me says Mr. B—I.
Thus, as he warmed in his noble theme
Fierce love and desire, from his eyeballs gleam,
But round he looks and sees no Polly,
As subject for his amorous folly ;
Then like the story of the fox and grape,

He prates of virtue and discards the r—e,
And with clumsy attempts at pious haste,
With turned up eyes applauds the chaste.
A smile or wink he cannot endure,
But talks of the virginal state of the pure ;
Talks in a manner, decidedly slow,
Of "spotless virtue," "white driven snow ;"
Tries with success at becoming a bore,
And with lachrymose twangs quotes dear
Tommy Moore ;

A stave he recites about verses and roses,
Then of breaking a jar and sniffing our noses.
But, ah ! then his thoughts again take a turn,
He sees his vacation, and some dear "Fanny
Fern."

Thinks of her pretty turned ankle—the rake !
Her cherry red lips and the smack they would
make,
And many things more which I cannot repeat,
For lacking the power to write things so sweet.
But, the result of it all amounted to this,
That nothing is equal to marital bliss ;
So back, with the poet, he comes in good time,
To the blissful enjoyment of "women and wine"

PHI.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- "Theta" will excuse the liberties we have taken with the "random scratches of his unruly pen," for which we thank him heartily.
- "T. G." is under consideration.
- "Tatler" is requested to continue his favours.
- N. B.—We would suggest to contributors writing under feigned names, to retain the same in all their favours, both for our sake and the public's.

