

## TRANSLATION OF DRINKING SONG.

*Written by Walter De Maupes, Archdeacon of Oxford.  
Reign of Henry II.*

Oh, when at length it comes my lot to die,  
Grant that before my lips a tankard lie,  
Let choirs celestial o'er my fresh-dug grave  
Chant, "Peace to the man of cups  
that's herein laid."

The lamp of soul burns brighter fed  
by wine,  
To heights untouched the heart soars  
thro' the vine,  
Strong tavern draughts the weary  
brain console  
Far better than our abbey's watered  
dole.

To each kind nature grants a different  
grace,  
I cannot write with pinched up  
hungry face.  
To each small boy, when fasting, I'm  
the slave,  
Grant me a trencher full, or else the  
grave.

Such verses can I write with deep potation  
As ne'er were writ thro' other inspiration,  
A child of bale without intoxication  
I, in my cups, have power to bang the  
nation.

No spirit prophetic at least to me is  
given  
Save when, my wants supplied, I turn  
to heaven,  
When Bacchus crowns my temples  
with his vine,  
Apollo yields his sceptre—all is mine.

Then if the soul can so forget its clay,  
And soar beyond to realms of endless  
day,  
Should we forbear to taste the magic  
cup  
That man forbids, but gods for man  
reared up.

—D. N. McIntyre.

## THE ARTS CONCURSUS.

The Arts Court held its first meeting of this session on Thursday, December the twelfth, at the usual hour and place. Justices MacConachie and MacIntyre presided. Business proceeded in the usual fashion. There were two cases on the docket, but before the business had been carried very far a disturbance broke out. Some Medical and Science students, well-known for interfering with the course of justice, arrived and proceeded to force an entrance. After considerable exertion they managed to get in by using a scantling as a battering ram. Then law and order were temporarily suspended. Both sides did wonderful work, the Meds. made a hideous clamour, and the Arts men did some fighting, but not enough in view of their numbers. Foley and Watson furnished some lively entertainment for the onlookers, and McG— made a great hit with his aerial entrance—that is, he managed to hit the floor. Finally the medicals and science men got tired and withdrew, having suffered and inflicted some severe losses in the line of clothing.

The Court then went on with the order of business for the day. The first case was that of "Queen's *versus* Penman." Four charges were preferred against the accused. The witnesses were ably handled by Mr. F. J. Reilly for the prosecution, and Mr. W. C. MacIntyre for the defence. The evidence on two charges was fairly clear, but as to the other two there seemed to be some doubt. After the witnesses had been examined the lawyers addressed the jury in good style. The prosecution pointed out the clearness of the evidence, the mag-