



LITERARY.

MARTIAL POETRY IN THE TRANSVAAL.

Quite a spell,
Quite a spell,
Quite a spell onward,
Into the labyrinths of Elaandslaagte,
Rode the six hundred.
Waakerstrooem to the right of them,
Maaodderspruuit to the left of them,
Pietermaaritzbooerg in front of them,
Pronunciations thundered.
Their not to reason why,
Theirs but to spell or die.
Faced by orthography
At which the world wondered,
Banged at by syllables,
Bravely they rode and well—
Oh, 'twas an awful spell—
Into the jaws of Haanspooerit,
Into the mouths of Haaenelmaeenlichers,
Rode the six hundred.

—Durand.



THE work of the Calliopean Society has been progressing in a magnificent manner since the last issue of THE BATTALION. We, as members of the Calliopean Society, are glad to see that the students of the A. and M. College, session '99-'00, are taking a greater interest in literary work than has been manifested in previous years. The time is coming when the ruling of the "grand old state of Texas" will fall upon the shoulders of us young Texans who have received our training at the A. and M. College of Texas and

elsewhere. Keeping this in mind and remembering that much will be expected of us, let us in the future strive harder than ever before to raise the Calliopean Society to an equal footing with any literary society in any institution of the state. It has been shown that we have the material here and that all it needs is to be cultivated. Success in any line was never accomplished without a firm will and an active determination; neither is there any such a thing as "can't."

Let the interest that has been