

The following printed letter was intercepted on its way to Bobcaygeon : —

DEAR FATHER,—I am dead broke, hoping this will not find you in the same condition.

I remain your aff. son,

MICK.

FROM THE GREEK.

Alcibiades :—“ Can’st tell, good Fagan, why this theory
Scientists call “ motion perpetual”
So much resembles him they call the
the tramp ?”

Fagan :—“ Hold now a trice ; I’ll tell thee presently.—
Ha ! now methinks I have it. ’Tis because
It moves, nor ever ceases, am I right ?”

Alcibiades :—“ Nay, nay, my friend, not quite.
Though of a truth,
In that respect it doth resemble him,
But it appears to me they’re nearer kin
In this,—that neither of them e’er will
work !”

“ Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast.” Witness the classic deportment of the quondam belligerent seniors.

We are not yet done with the year 1755.
“ And so the Acadians it is a small place in Mexico.”

TO CALCULUS.

Oh, my Calculus, I hate thee,
I detest thy very name ;
Though I know thee to be useful,
I abhor thee just the same,
And I hate the man that brought thee
To the notice of his kind ;

For he must have been a demon
Thus to make a fellow grind
Through the long hours of the evening,
Through the gloomy hours of night,
Till the dawning in the eastern sky
Proclaims the coming light ;
Thus to rack his brain o’er problems
As thy every student has,
For the dull and dismal music
Of thy thronging formulas.

Oh, thy variables and constants,
Thy exponents and thy powers,
Drag along their haggard figures
On the skirts of crawling hours ;
And in the mighty multitude
That follow in their wake,
The most hideous mathematics
; Their positions duly take.
Horrid differentiations
Are the chief among the host ;
Oh ! such vile abominations
Nothing out of Hell can boast.
But what tears my very soul out
Worse than aught of Algebra’s,
Is the harsh and grating music
Of thy trooping formulas.

Oh, the rattling of the restless bones
Of war’s unburied slain,
Telling o’er again their story,
On some ancient battle-plain ;
Or the fabled dance of skeletons
At midnight on their tombs,
While Death’s fearful self above the scene
In ashy grimness looms ;
Or the cracking of disjointed limbs
On some old-fashioned rack,
Accompanied by shrieks and groans
At every separate crack ;
Oh, these are music sweet as are
The songs of Caracas
To the dry and dismal rattle
Of advancing formulas.