

To meet you at the corner. Gaze your last,
 Nor deem his thoughts are solely set on you.
 Alas! you have a rival; dreams of pie
 Home-made divide the fancy of your swain!
 While hand clasps hand in parting, and lips speak
 The last salute, forth from a baggage car
 Springs lightly as rebounding rubber ball
 The Baggage Smasher; man of leather lungs
 And bovine width of shoulder. Hear him how!
 Above the thunder of the College cheer
 His horrid hymn that cleaves the poisonous air:

“Smash, smash, smash,
 Through station and car, O trunk!
 And I would that my strength were able
 To sliver thee into punk!
 Oh, well for the flimsy valise,
 That was left safe at home far away!
 Oh, well, Saratoga, for thee,
 Thou art out of my clutches to-day!
 And the piles of baggage come on,
 To be pounded and banged by me;
 But O for the strength of a Samson's arm,
 And then would I happy be!
 Weep, weep, weep,
 At thy journey's end, O boy;
 But bid last adieu to this baggage of thine
 For I shall smash it, or die!”

Scarce has the bellowing ceased, when “All Aboard!”
 Commands the gay Conductor, and the crowd
 Dissolve: The major portion take their seats
 Of faded plush within the sultry train,
 Which instant moves, first slowly and then fast,
 And faster, till the huts of Ottawa,
 One after one, like sheep in evening's murk,
 Are shut from sight by banks of mud, half hid
 In clouds of smoke, the engine's sable plume.

London, 1st April, 1902.