

EXCHANGES.

We have made it a practice never to clip, but the following, taken from the Cambridge, England, *Light Green*, is so good that we make no apology for reproducing it entire. To all who have read the original, and who has not, the excellence of the parody will be at once apparent.

THE HEATHEN PASS—EE.

BEING THE STORY OF A PASS EXAMINATION BY BRED HARD.

Which I wish to remark
And my language is plain,
That for plots that are dark,
And not always in vain,
The heathen Pass—ee is peculiar,
And the same I would rise to explain.

I would also premise
That the term of Pass—ee
Most fitly applies,
As you probably see,
To one whose vocation is passing
The "ordinary B. A. degree.

Tom Crib was his name,
And I shall not deny,
In regard to the same,
Which that name might imply,
But his face it was trustful and childlike
But he had the most innocent eye:

Upon April the first
The Little-go fell,
And that was the worst
Of the gentleman's sell,
For he fooled the Examining Body
In a way I'm reluctant to tell.

The Candidates came,
And Tom Crib soon appeared.
It was Euclid. The same
Was "the subject he feared,"
But he smiled as he sat by the table,
With a smile that was wary and weird.

Yet he did what he could,
And the papers he showed
Were remarkably good,
And his countenance glowed
With pride when I met him soon after,
As he walked down the Trumpington road.

We did not find him out,
Which I bitterly grieve,
For I've not the least doubt,
That he'd placed up his sleeve
Mr. Todhunter's excellent Euclid,
The same with intent to deceive.

But I shall not forget
How the next day at two
A stiff paper was set
By Examiner U....
On Euripides' tragedy, Bacchae.
A subject Tom "partially knew."

But the knowledge displayed
By that heathen Pass—ee.
And the answers he made
Were quite frightful to see,
For he rapidly floored the whole paper
By about twenty minutes to three.

Then I looked up at U....
And he gazed upon me.
I observed, "This won't do,"
He replied "goodness me!
We are fooled by this artful young person,"
And he sent for that heathen Pass—ee.

The scene that ensued
Was disgraceful to view,
For the floor it was strewed
With a tolerable few
Of the "tips" that Tom Crib had been hiding
For the "subject he partially knew."

On the cuff of his shirt
He had managed to get
What we hoped had been dirt
But which proved, I regret,
To be notes on the rise of the Drama,
A question invariably set.

In his various coats
We proceeded to seek,
Where we found sundry notes
And—with sorrow I speak—
One of Bohn's publications, so useful
To the student of Latin or Greek.

In the crown of his cap
Were the Furies and Fates,
And a delicate map
Of the Dorian States,
And we found in his palms which were hollow,
What are frequent in palms—that is dates.

Which is why, I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for plots that are dark
And not always in vain,
The heathen Pass—ee is peculiar,
Which the same I am free to maintain.

Marion Muir again appears in the *Notre Dame Scholastic* with a short poem, "Sofonisba," which, in spite of the somewhat unintelligible character of the last two lines, is good. The remaining contents of the number are fully up to the average, though why the Editors should find necessary to clip the poem "At the Grave of Charles Wolfe" from so widely circulated a magazine as the *Century* is not at all apparent.

The *Philomathean Review* is evidently determined not to be eclipsed by its contemporaries, and has favored its readers this month with an effusion from the pen of Hugo J. Schleier, which we mistook at first for bad prose chopped into lines of unequal length. On reference to the index, however, we find it styled a "poem," and as the writer must know, we accept the definition. It is a truly beautiful composition, the writer of which, like all true geniuses, declines to be bound by any trammels of metre or rhythm. From the circumstance that two succeeding lines occasionally end in the same syllables, we maintain that it exhibits "something distinctly resembling" a rhyme, but this is all that can be said in support of its appearing as "poetry," save the mark! As an example of the bold nature of the versification, we give two lines:

"The Philomatheans assemble,
To challenge their foes and make them tremble."

The object of the effusion seems to be to give an account of the proceedings of the Philo-mathean Society, which is apparently devoted to literature and politics, though the ah—poem is a little after Browning on the question of lucidity, for we read:

"Each Philomath acted as a tool
To make a wise man of a fool."

A not very complimentary reflection on those joining the Philomathean ranks. The President is evidently of a poetic nature too. In his address, embalmed in these immortal lines, we read:

"Not many years ago, the President began,
The dawn of morn shone on the Philomathean."

"Dawn of morn" is good. Apparently, down in Brooklyn they have four or five different kinds of dawn, and it is necessary to distinguish. We are much impressed, too, with the way in which the author grapples with the difficulties of that portentous word "Philoma-