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To Laziness.

Out, Laziness, we have too long
Been partners of a scanty life,
I've harbored thee and in the throng
Of men have hailed thee wife.

No wife art thou of mine, thou art
A faithless woman of the town
Who pays the homage of my heart
With rags and not a crown.

I would be free to wed a wife
More pure in name and soul than thou,
One who amid all stir and strife
Would sit with lineless brow.

But I am chained like Anthony
To worship at sweet Egypt's feet,
I would, but ah, I cannot fly.
To where the bouyant fleet

Tosses upon the bay and calls
With clear-toned trumpet-notes for me
To leave the poppy-scented halls
And seek the wind-swept sea.

Hon. W. N. Graham.

The members of Judge Graham's class nurse a crotchet. If crotchet, however, be defined a preverse conceit, it is not the proper word to express the idea. Conservative bent will, perhaps, answer the purpose. They think that the degree of B. A. savors more of study and college than the degree of M. A. What is meant is this: Dimock, Graham, Manning and Parsons.—these constitute the whole class,—have never applied for their second Degree. Why? Because a B. A., signifies, as already suggested, more of equivalency,