



It was a haughty millionaire  
Who had a bank account  
Of fabulous amount  
Which perhaps accounted for his  
haughty air

His age was over 93  
Which isn't very old  
For one possess'd of gold  
Who isn't married, but who ought to be.

So gracefully fair maidens posed  
In his vicinities.  
Each fondly hoped to be  
The favoured one — meanwhile he dozed.

And fond mamma's discussed events,  
They gossip'd first of this  
And that, And then of bliss  
Secured by marriage — settlements.

Cupid, the god of love, he crept  
Upon his hands and knees  
The foremost chance to seize  
Of shooting the millionaire — who slept.

"Oh! why should beauty be ignored?"  
The god thus whisper'd low  
And stily bent his bow,  
The millionaire in answer — snored.

So beauty displayed her whites & pinks  
But no admiring gaze  
Did the wealthy gallant raise.  
He just indulged in forty winks.

HOWARD

#### A ROUNDEL.

Oh, Boreas bold! too soon to our southern glades,  
On blizzard wings, you come with a rush and a roar.  
Oh, call a truce; return to your northern shades,  
Till I "raise the wind" and hie to my "uncle's" door.

My Irish frieze, oh King of the North, is there;  
Likewise my watch, with its guard of the glittering gold;  
And a locket neat with a lock of my darling's hair —  
He's got 'em all (providing they've not been sold).

Oh, breezy King, just halt the myriad feet  
Of your savage hordes, till I borrow the lucre vile,  
And sneak away by an unfrequented street,  
And my "uncle" greet with a compound interest smile.

—PERRINS MIDDLEWICK.

#### A LEARNED REVIEW.

Having received from a publisher of children's holiday books an assortment of nursery rhymes, we thoughtlessly placed one of the little works in the hands of our University Contributor, asking him to write a playful little notice of it. Here is what he brings us. We publish it simply to illustrate the ruinous results of giving a university education to a man who is not big enough to hold it:—

*Humpty Dumpty, and Other Rhymes.* Illustrated. New York: McLachlan Bros.

"Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,  
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;

All the king's horses and all the king's men  
Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty together again."

The exceeding antiquity of these matchlessly sweet lines is proved by the entire absence of pronouns; they were written before those useful parts of speech had been invented. A modern writer would have penned the lines somewhat in this fashion:—

"Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall;  
He, she or it had a great fall;  
All the king's horses and all of his men  
Couldn't put him, her, it, together again."

The next question that meets us is, who or what was Humpty Dumpty? The popular delusion that H. D. was an egg is a melancholy instance of the unreasoning gullibility of the public to swallow any plausible lie that evilly-disposed and designing individuals like to set afloat. A poet, so careful in the choice of his words as the illustrious author of the beautiful stanza under consideration, would not have written, "sat on a wall," in speaking of a thing without volition. In using the words, *without volition*, we are aware that scientists would at once demur to the phrase; they would aver that there was much latent volition in a hen's egg, just as there is much latent music "in the brown egg of a nightingale." We do not question the truth of such a statement; but our author was speaking to the public and expresses himself in accordance with the popular idea that eggs are, for all practical purposes, without volition; therefore, "sat on a wall" cannot apply to an egg.

"H. D. had a great fall" from a remarkably high wall round some ancient city. This catastrophe must have occurred in a country under a despotic monarch; if not, "all the king's horses and all the king's men" would not have been summoned in such peremptory manner to aid in putting "together again" the unhappy victim of the untimely accident.

The difficulty of putting H. D. "together again" has been used as a strong proof of the truth of the egg-theory by writers of that school; but this difficulty of putting together again applies just as forcibly to other things. A human being, we surmise, would be a difficult article to restore to its pristine form if broken into many fragments.

Readers must not be astonished at horses being called in to help in the restoration of Humpty Dumpty; the Romans once had a horse for a consul; and in our own day, in this enlightened nineteenth century, we have horse-doctors, who do a thriving business. And in ancient history we read of a Babylonish queen who, in sickness, was attended by a horse. Our belief is, that Humpty Dumpty was a deformed dwarf, probably a celebrated court jester in the employ of some King of Babylon; that he was sitting on the high wall performing some trick when he unfortunately overbalanced himself and had the great fall which smashed him to atoms. The king, in mad despair, summoned all his men and all his horses in the vain hope that somehow or other H. D. would be put together again. As this hope, in the nature of things, could not be possibly realized, the poet mercifully throws a veil over the remainder of this sad history—the obsequies and attendant lamentation, weeping and woe; the contemplation of such misery would have harrowed up our feelings cruelly! Thanks, noble poet, for thy thoughtful consideration and forbearance.

E. W. L.

"And so Todgers has failed, has he?"  
"Yes, poor fellow, he's gone under."  
"I've thought for some time he couldn't stand it much longer."

"He hasn't been extravagant, has he?"  
"Oh, no."  
"Not much given to speculation, was he?"  
"No, I think not; but I understand his wife has been for some time trying to clear off a church debt."—Chicago Ledger.