

Full many a case of pure leukæmic spleen
Is hid perhaps in this unfathomed cave ;
Full many a kidney suppurates unseen
And wastes its sweetness on a nameless grave.

Their names and years on greasy cards are spelt :
Religion — P or R — is writ there too,
The latter "to supply a want long felt"
And teach sectarian larvæ which to chew.

Oft for his cough the Mist. Pect. Chron. we tried
Or would with four grain drops his eyes instil ;
Gave him galore of Potass Iodid ;
And filled him up with every sort of pill.

Haply some oft plucked chronic then may say
Oft have I seen him at the Oxford bar,
Brushing with hasty sleeve the froth away,
Or purchasing a two-for-five cigar.

"One night I missed him at the 'customed pub.,
Beside the bar and near his favorite beer,
Another came ; nor, when I went to grub,
Did he for hash, nor yet for pie appear."

The next from off a wood-sleigh ('twas his hearse).
We saw him through the Students' Entrance hauled ;
Approach and read (I never read) the verse
Upon the wall in colored crayon scrawled,

THE EPITAPH

Here rests his head, this greasy coat beneath,
A youth to grave yard and to vault unknown ;
No Burial Service solemnized his death—
The Demonstrator marked him for his own.

Large was his femur, and his landmarks clear,
Whiskey a liver did as large bestow
And when he died he gave his corpse — I fear
'Twas all he had of chattels here below.

GUY PALMER, in *Gazette*, '82.

