

Would you know all his wisdom and his folly,
His actions, sayings, mirth and melancholy;
Be well and theale, retailers of his wit,
Will tell you how he wrote, and talked, and spit."

To this may well be added are on Hogarth by
Garrick, as found in the Chiswick Churchyard.

"Farewell, great painter of mankind,
Who reached the noblest point of art,
Whose pictured morals charm the mind,
And thro' the eye curved the heart.

"If genius fire thee, reader, stay;
If nature touch thee, drop a tear;
If neither move thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's ——— dust lies here.

"No marble pomp nor monumental praise,
My tomb, this dial epitaph, these lays;
Pride and low moulding clay but ill agree,
Death levels me to beggars—kings to me.

"Alive, instruction was my work each day;
Dead, I persist instruction to convey;
Here, reader, mark perhaps now in thy prime,
The stealthy steps of never ending Time;
Thou'lt be what I am—catch the present hour,
Employ that well, for that's within thy power."

Witty and grotesque epitaphs, especially the former,
appear to have been more common in the past than
now. Two instances as derived from English church-
yards will suffice to indicate the usual characteristics
of this class.

"Under this stone, aged three-score and ten,
Lie the remains of William Wood-hen."

"N.B.—For hen read cock, cock wouldn't come in rhyme."

Postscripts to epitaphs are most unusual, and this
is the first instance of the kind that has come under
my notice. The name More has been prolific of
punning epitaphs. One of the best is as follows:—

"Here lies the body of *one More* and *no More* than he;
One More and *no More*, how can that be?
Why, *one More* and *no More* may well lie here alone,
Since *one More* is *More* than none."

D. P. P.

To be continued.

(1) Abstract of a paper read before the American Folk Lore
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PEANUT BILL.

OR, A STUDENT'S CAREER REDUCED TO A NUTSHELL.

He was a gallant Artsman,
Taking second year McGill;
He'd been three sessions in the first,
And would have been there still,
But they passed him with an *aeger*,
For he had been very ill.

She was a fair Donalda,
A Freshman—fresh as May;
She wondered how a gown would look,
And what her friends would say
When they saw her capped and hooded,
And she wrote her name "B.A."

One evening a reception
Was held in Molson Hall:—

An introduction, promenade,
A parting, that was all
(But that night—it came out after—
Neither of them slept at all).

They knew each other better
When he called the following week:
They criticized professors,
Of studies they did speak
(He imagined himself bashful,
But he had a monstrous cheek).

And when the session ended,
Although he worked with vim,
He shook his class; his reason
Was, that it was rather slim
In intellect; and the professors
Partially agreed with him.

Besides co-education
On a small scale seemed unique;
So he helped her with her Latin,
And she helped him with his Greek,
And they *had* to be together
More than once or twice a week.

She wore the gown and trencher,
And looked exceeding gay;
She never gave attention much
To any Faculty,
Was, at least, an Artless maiden
Till she got to her B.A.

She passed the Intermediate
(It always knocked him sick),
She bloomed into a Junior,
A Senior very quick;
And she caught a young professor
As she read the valedic.

And he—how shall I tell it?—
O Sophomores, beware!
Next day got back his photo,
And he sent her back her hair;
And now he keeps a peanut stand
Upon Jacques Cartier Square.

I was gazing up at Nelson.
Still and great, with lordly mien
Looking down upon the water,
Where Old England's ships are seen—
"Peanuts, peanuts, warm your hands on 'em!
Fill your pockets, peanuts, pean —."

Now, a funny man was William—
Class-reporter in days past;—
Said he, "Fast you used to call me,
And I've seldom broke my fast;
But, whereas I failed at college,
Here I've ta'en a stand at last.

"The McGill professors pulled me;
Now the magnates of the land
Pass me; and the People's Jimmy
Marks me, holds me out his hand;
And all the choicest aldermen
Get peanuts at my stand.

"She told me that to win her
I'd been too slow, you see:
I said I *was* a second class,
'A pull-man,' snickered she,
Besides a smoker and a flat,
And so she shunted me.