

ON THE NILE.

Upon the shores of Egypt's Nile,
Not far from Ghizeh's granite pile,
There dwells an aged crocodile.

Like other creatures of his kind,
He eats whatever he can find,
And loves life better when he's dined.

His family consists of two
Amphibians of verdant hue,
Whose appetites are healthy too.

And in their veins, so it is said,
Runs noble blood, for they have fed
On many sons of Mohammed.

It happened so, one summer day,
A youth came walking out that way—
(He is the subject of my lay).

A young man of great learning, he,
"Ein frisches Kind" of high degree—
In fact, he was a "wee freshee."

The crocodile espied his cheek,
And said: "Although it makes me weak,
To let him go, I'd be a freak."

And thereupon, without delay,
He set about to find a way,
To seize this educated prey.

Alas! that night, beside the Nile,
The offspring of the crocodile
Devoured that "fresh" in royal style!

And when the pale moon up rose late,
The only comment on his fate:
"Did you like that Undergrad, you ate?"
CÆCILIUS, '98.

LUCIA.

THE MELANCHOLY TRUE ACCOUNT OF HER EXCEEDING
GREAT CRUELTY.

Albeit writing be but a base occupation followed in the main by such poor wights as can make nought in the noble professions, I have resolved within myself that nothing but writing down my tale can relieve my pain and anguish. For, indeed, I have made essay of all beside and nought has it availed me.

My trouble came to me one summer eve, in the month of October, in this, our present year of grace. And little did I reckon that it was my woe and misfortune when it came. I had betaken myself to walk along the pavement in the high street, in that one y-cleped *Queen*, when my foot was arrested before a shop where a considerable wealth of fruits, vegetables, and herbs was spread out in the window, or in sundry bales and boxes about the door. A gathering of little urchins was loudly and violently conversing, and I made out that two of them had laid claim to the same basket of peaches. I was no little astonished, for I had thought they had not the substance among them all to purchase a dozen of that pleasant fruit. Nor did the keeper of the shop pay heed to them. Yet they disputed with fierceness and vehemence, and said many things which it would ill beseem me to put upon paper. I had stood there wondering for a brief space, when my attention was drawn to a maid, a very little maid, who had come

from the shop with a broomstick in her hand and was making her approach to the urchins with great stealth and quietness. What was my amazement when I beheld the handle of the broom flash like Jupiter his thunderbolt and smite one of the lads upon his occiput. The knock was a right sharp one, such as ye may see in the foolish play of *Punch and Judy*, when the little puppets do violently slay one another. (Albeit such childish whimsies befit not my age and reverence, I allow them entrance to my rhetoric that my tale may be the clearer.)

The little lad was like to have been tumbled headlong into a barrel of potatoes, and I could not but compassionate him, when I heard his sad outcry. Yet I paid more heed to the maid. She had fled into the shop, pushing through beside a stout wight who leaned against the jamb of the door. I felt drawn by a strange desire to know further of her. Thereto, did I accost the wight. Ah, thus did I yield to the lure of my unhappy fancy; or mayhap it had been fore-ordained by the *Parcæ*. I know not. But this I know, it was my great bale and misfortune. I say again, fond fool that I was, I accosted the wight, and making a pretence of desiring to purchase that quick and effervescent liquor known vulgarly as *Champagne Cider*, I entered the shop.

He was of Italy, a stout dark-featured man, whom albeit he held but a humble station, I cannot doubt to have been some duke or prince concealing his rank and state, for some high and politick reason; and I, being skilled in the tongues, was enabled to gain entrance into his acquaintance. When I addressed him in his own speech he rejoiced greatly, making a sudden gleaming on me with his teeth. Now, it happened that even as I craftily turned our converse to the maid, whom I had rightly guessed to be his daughter, I took a too great draught of the liquor, which, mounting into the region of my nose, my eyes did fill with rheum and my nostrils did burn so hotly that I had thought to see steam issuing therefrom, as from the nostrils of the foul dragon, slain by the ancient valorous knight, St. George. I doubt not that this was an omen and warning of the woes which should follow, but then in my blindness I heeded it not. Little doth a son of Adam, when taken in the mesh, care for the warnings of sprites of the air.

In the beginning I was right timid and afraid to make enquiry, but gathering my courage, I learned that her sweet name was Lucia, that the place so honored by her birth was Venice, a great town of Italy. Making bold to enquire of him why she had so treated the lad, who now stood roaring loudly at the door, and scandalously reviling her in the base dialect of the street, he brought me from the hinder and concealed portion of the shop a piece of pasteboard. On one side of it was a chapman's legend: *Pears, 10 ds. doz.*, on the other, rudely inscribed with the quill: *Lusha Botly luvv Tommy Jones*, and her parent did assever that the most preposterous and presumptuous knave who had written it was the said Tommy Jones himself, being the same imp who now stood bellowing forth his passion in the street. And further I learned that he had thrown it into the shop while they sat that eve at meat. I might well see from this billet that the scurvly rascal did aspire to her hand. And indeed, did he not obtain the guerdon, it having then a broomstick therein. (Now, how greatly do I marvel that I can jape and jest thus wittily when my heart is rent asunder! Yet, be my witnesses, O Muses and Graces, I set down the gibe but as an ornament and embellishment of my feeble and limping prose.)

All this while mistress Lucia had stood in the doorway, saying never a word, but regarding the urchin with a high scorn and defiance. But when she heard her parent narrating to me a tale which she had fain kept hidden in her own most worshipful heart, she fastened her gaze upon me, and sooth to say I had no more cheer of her than had