

Grinds.

- T-h-s-n. — "Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time."
 J-v-s. — "Great is thy power an' great thy fame
 Far kenn'd and noted is thy name."
 W-h-l-n. — "Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
 O'er books consumed the midnight oil?"
 Mc-b-e. — "And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side."
 V-p-n-d. — "Oh! keep me innocent, make others great."
 B-r-l-w. — "Behold the movement of his lips, it is a smile."
 R-b-t-s-n. — "Labours enough will meet thee in thy way
 So that thou forsakest it not to seek for them."
 B-b-y. — "This was the noblest Roman of them all."
 C-r-t-r. — "The school-boy with his satchel in his hand
 Whistling alone to bear his courage up."
 B-r-c-v-t-h. — "He is a very paragon for a sweet voice."
 B-l. — "Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous there shall
 be no cakes and ale?"
 T-h-r-n-l-e. — "A most acute juvenile, valuable and full of
 grace."
 L-n-c-h. — "See that noble and most sovereign reason."
 D-r-l-t. — "To be a well favored man is the gift of fortune."
 S-n-d-r-s. — "And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
 That one small head should carry all he knew."

The Medico's Lament.

1. I stood on the street at midnight,
 As the clocks were striking the hour,
 And I was filling the gutter,
 For the last beer I had was sour.
2. With the last pharyngeal spasm
 I endeavored to straighten up,
 And stepped backwards on to the corn
 Of a man who called me a pup.
3. I thanked him and said I was sorry,
 With apologies most profuse,
 And accidentally I hit him,
 It was then I got the abuse.
4. A left hand jab on the optic,
 A right upper cut on the jaw,
 A kick in the sacral region,
 And I'm in the hands of the law.
5. Next morn, before the Recorder.
 "Well, ma fren', what 'ave you to say?
 Non! Den go to the office,
 An' in 'im ten dollar payez."
6. No more on the street at midnight,
 Up and down will I sadly roam,
 As soon as the lamps are lighted,
 Then Willie will "streak" it for home.