

An Elegy in a City Boneyard.

The cowbell tolls the hour of parting day,
The loafing herd wind slowly down to tea,
The ploughed one homewards plods his beery way,
And leaves the world to Cook, the dog, and me.

Fade now the glittering gas-jets out of sight,
And all the air an odorous stillness hath,
Save where the guinea pigs and rabbits fight,
And drowsy tadpoles wriggle in their bath.

Save that in yon ammonia-scented room,
The moping Cook doth to the Dean complain
Of such as wandering near that fragrant tomb,
Molest his secret, sub-injecting reign.

Within those leaky tanks, those pickling vats,
Well salted down in ZnCl_2 ,
Each in his narrow cell the prey of rats,
There slumber Xmas Xtras not a few.

The tempting scent of onion-breathing fry,
The tom-cat squalling from the cord-wood shed,
The cook's shrill "Breakfast," or the horn of rye
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more th' arthritic pains return,
Or strumous glands engage their every care,
From them the freshman's part 'twill be to learn
To carve their tissues and lay structures bare.

Oft did their tumors to the scalpel yield,
Their femurs oft MacEwan's chisel broke;
What curious reflexes their limbs revealed
When brought in with an apoplectic stroke!

Let not the Freshmen mock their useful sphere,
Nor their unshaven face and bark'd shins snub,
Nor Finals tell with a disdainful sneer
The short and simple annals of a sub.

Not theirs to ride in Tees' or Armstrong's hearse,
O'er them no pompous ostrich feathers wave,
No tombstones bear their virtues writ in verse,
The elevator leads not to the grave.

Can Poker, Nap., or Crimson painting bust
Back to its thorax call the Cheyne-Stokes breath?
Can Captain's voice seduce the thirstless dust,
Or Cavalho soothe the gastric juice of death?

Perhaps through this sequestered spot is strewn,
Some heart, of mitral murmur now long dead,
Lungs, that the *râles* of phthisis might have shewn
And waked to ecstasy the listening med.

Some Martin through whose fistula dry dressed,
No Beaumont watched the gastric juice at play,
Some Hayvern with four convolutions blessed,
Some "crowbar case" within these walls may lay.