

REVISED RHYMES.

(ACCORDING TO WORCESTER.)

He was one of the University Corps,
And was always a terrible borps.
He sat down on a barrel,
And rent his apparel—
Then went home, and said nothing morps.

There was a young lady named Vaughan,
Who always arose with the daughan;
She was fond of croquet,
And at it did plet,
'Till she spoiled all the grass on the laughan.

There was a young lady named Mollie,
Whose temper was awfully squally;
And they say that her tongue
In the middle was hung,
Which made her uncommonly jawly.

Mary read a little psalm,
Then went to seek her Isalm;
But when attacked by an angry rsalm,
She thought a little dsalm.

There was an exuberent llama,
Who met a travel-worn Ppama,
Who said: "Llama, dear,
Your antics are queer;
Pray do, I beseech you, be ccama."

We carried the good news from Ghent;
Dirk, I, and another were shent.
If I hadn't reached Aix,
There'd been the devil to paix,
And that is the reason we went.

A lahdydah fellow named Seixas
Was thought to be rather audelxas,
Till he saw a white pos',
Which he took for a gost,
And skedaddled, exclaiming, "Good greixas!"

There was a young woman from Hawarden,
Who said to a man: "I beg pawarden!
But I notice the haze
Obscures the sun's raze,
Suppose we go out in the gwarden?"

There was a professor named Aughey,
Who found an old rock, to his Jaughey.
He said it was gneiss,
But 'twas proved in a gtreiss
To be nothing more than a laughey.

POEM OF A POSSUM.

The nox was lit by lux of luna,
And 'twas a night most opportuna
To catch a possum or a coona.
For nix lay scattered o'er this mundus.
A shallow nix et non profundus.
On sic a nox with canis unus,
Two boys went out to hunt for coonus.
The corpus of this bonus canis
Was full as long as octo span is,
But brevior legs had canis never
Quam had hic dog, bonus, clever.
Some used to say in sultem Jocum,
Quod a field was too small locum
For sic a dog to make a turnus
Circumself from stem to sternus.
This bonus dog had one bad habit,
Amabat much to tree a rabbit;
Amabat plus to chase a rattus;
But on this nixy moonlight night
This old canis did just right.
Numquam treed a starving rattus,
Numquam chased a starving cattus,
But cucurrit on intentus,
On the track and on the scentus,

'Till he treed a possum strougum,
In a hollow trunkum longum,
Loud he barked, in horrid bellum,
Seemed on terra venit pellum,
Quickly ran the duo puer
Mors of possum to secure,
Quum venerit, one began
To chop away like quisque man.
Soon the axe went through the truncum,
Soon he hit it all kerchunkum;
Combat deepens; on ye braves!
Canis, pueri et staves;
As his powers non-longum tarry.
Possum potest non pugnare.
On the nix his corpus lieth.
Down to Hades spirit lieth,
Joyful pueri, canis bonus.
Think him dead as any stonus.

* * * * *
Now they seek their pater's domo.
Feeling proud as any homo
Knowing, certe, they will blossom
Into heroes, when with possum
They arrive, narrabunt story,
Plenus blood et plenior glory.
Pompey, David, Sampson, Caesar.
Cyrus, Blackhawk, Thalmaneser?
Tell me where est now the gloria,
Where the honors of Victoria?
Quum ad domum narrent story,
Plenus sanguine, tragic, gory,
Pater praiseth, likewise mater,
Wonders greatly younger frater.
Possum leave they on the mundus.
Go themselves to sleep profundus,
Somniunt possums slain in battle,
Strong as ursae, large as cattle.

* * * * *
When nox gives way to lux of morning,—
Albam terram much adornog,—
Up they jump to see the varmen,
Of the which this is the carmen.
Lo! possum est resurrectum.
Ecce pueri dejectum,
Ne relinquat track behind him,
Et the pueri never find him.
Cruel possum! bestia vilest,
How the pueros thou beguilest;
Pueri think not much of Caesar,
Go ad orcum, Thalmaneser,
Take your laurels, cum the honor,
Since ista possum is a goner!

How pestering little things will happen. A stranger in a Middlesex County village was looking for a man named On-deck, and when he went up to a fellow and asked: "Are you On-deck?" the fellow answered, "I reckon I am," and the stranger tried to talk business to him and they got all mixed up in misunderstanding and had to be parted by the bystanders before they got through. And it was all on account of that confounded name.—*Boston Post.*

O that boat-ride picnic! wasn't jolly! fifteen students, all eager for fun. Blistered hands, rowing up river. Fresh, tried to stand on log in river; it rolled and he got into the water. All landed to take supper in the brush with mosquitoes. Big thunderstorm suddenly came. Supper and mosquitoes eaten in fifteen seconds. Table cloths used for tents. After shower waded back to boats and went home. Best picnic anybody ever went to.—*Ex.*

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