

*Medical Minglings.**BURY THE CUP.*

From hearts that were happy in homes of delight,
From children and maidens once pure and bright,
From hosts of the homeless and hungry waifs
Whom, often neglected, the winter wind chafes,

From sisters once lovable, brothers once men,
Degraded and sinking in many a den,
From fathers and mothers and loved ones in grief
For whose living sorrow there seems no relief,

From wayside, asylum, home, dungeon, and cell,
Welling up from agonies bitter as hell,
Pours the incessant prayer: Oh! save us from drink,
From alcohol save us! Oh, save or we sink!

Oh! must we die *so*? Sixty thousand a year!
Hear, brother! Hear, sister! Hear, Heaven! Oh, hear!
And millions of innocent eyes looking up,
In nature's own language, plead, *Bury the cup.*

Shall wail of the orphan, the widow's deep moan,
And the voices of the murdered not reach thy throne?
Like those of the past, shall the future years come
And find us still deeper and deeper in rum?

Omnipotence, help us to better the world
By cleansing the ensign which we have unfurled;
And, with the vile cup, bury deep out of sight
The revenue's murder cursed millions and blight.

LAKE GEORGE.

BY DON PIATT.

I linger sadly, loth to say adieu
To that which of me forms so sweet a part;
The crystal waters, and the mountains blue,
Are mirrored deeply in my heart of heart,
And lake and mountains, rocks and woody streams,
Now pass from pleasant seeing to my world of dreams.

Upon the lofty woodland mount I stand,
Where erst of old the simple huntsman stood,
I see about me far and wide expand
The scenes of lake and mountain, isle and wood;
Like him I linger, loth to break the spell,
That lives in one sad word, and vainly says farewell.

How like vast giants in their deep repose
These mountains rest beneath the autumn day;
From early morn until the evening's close
The dreamy shadows on their summits play;
While in the distance dim they catch the hue
Of heavens, and melt in condland's deepest tint of blue.

I stood by lakes where peaks do pierce the sky,
Snow-clad, and grand in rocky solitudes,
I saw the herons where round them living lie
Tradition-haunted tales of love and feuds;
Sweet human gossip chased the gloom so drear,
And gave to what was grand humanity more dear.

They had no beauty like to thine, Lake George,
With all that's grand, with all that's sweet, entwined;
I see thy fairy isles, while down each gorge
The birch and maple tint the gloomy pine;
The mountain sides are forests wide and deep,
Where song birds nestle, and the eagles scream and sweep.

And all is wild, as in that early day
The nations found a highway on thy shore,
And meeting, battled for a world's wide way;

Thy mountains wakened to the mouthing roar
Of deadly cannon, while from out each glen
Came back the double thunder to the strife of men.

And all is wild, as when the solemn mind
Of Cooper told his tale of savage war;
One were not startled in the wood to find
The sage Mohican, or wild Iroquois.
The shadows of those shadowy things
That will survive our life, in men's imaginings.

Ah! lovely lake, how do I long to dwell
In humble quiet on thy fairy shore,
With rod and books, and those I love so well,
Forgetting and forgot' live ever more,
To float upon thy waver's peaceful sheen
Where love is life and life a poet's happy dream.

It may not be, for I am doomed to fight
Where thy arena calls for deadly strife,
Fading the throng, to win, like Ishmaelite,
A heritage of hate—a dreary life—
Beloved by few, misunderstood by all,
Where wit seems wantonness and impulse is but gall.

Earth carries daylight in the heart of night,
Swinging its glare amid eternal gloom;
So in our hearts we nurse our own delight,
Nor measure aught by others, hope or doom;
We are not what we seem to each, and yet
We haste to try and punish, with no vain regret.

But why, in scenes like these, make weak complaint,
Array our little ills, and fight them o'er?
When life is like the shadows, swift and faint
That dim these waters and are seen no more.
Eternal hills are here, the flower and stream,
Themselves survive the race that pass as in a dream.

Now dies apace the golden autumn day,
Now steal the ghostly shadows from the glen,
The stars are gathering in their glad array,
And stillness falls upon the haunts of men;
Earth parts from me, and closing on my view,
Back to the busy world I go. Fair lake, adieu!

Drs. Bell and Hugg are treating "the little ones a home" for measles.

Prof. Mansfield, M. D., of Omaha Medical College, recently delivered a lecture before the class.

The entire class is gratified to know that Prof. Mitchell will instruct in both surgery and anatomy hereafter.

In our last number "discoveries on Bacteria: the German theory of disease &c." should have read: Prof. Latta will resume his discourse on Bacteria, the Germ theory of disease.

The first Medical Class of Nebraska State University is composed of representatives from England, Scotland, Asia Minor, Canada, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Kentucky, New York, Pennsylvania, Vermont, Virginia, Wisconsin, and Nebraska.

Truth and justice demand that our readers should know that the students of the different schools in the medical department harmoniously mingle. There is not, and never has been, class strife among us. We recognize the truth that men necessarily differ and on points of difference should try agreeably to disagree. And while three or four of our members lost their equilibrium for one moment warning each others ears a little, we are happy to say that it was no index of class feeling and that no trace of it remains except the bombast of local editors.