

Mathematics of the future will be at least as easy as reading dime novels judging from this poem which appeared in a recent issue of the American Magazine:

*The Poem of Lord Ullin's Daughter Expressed as a Problem in Trigonometry*

A chieftain to the Highlands bound,  
 Cries, "Boatswain, do not tarry!  
 And I'll give thee a silver pound  
 To row us o'er the ferry."  
 Before them raged the angry tide  
 X — Y from side to side.

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,  
 "I'll go, my chief, I'm ready;  
 It is not for your silver bright  
 But for your winsome lady."  
 And yet he seemed to manifest  
 A certain hesitation;  
 His head was sunk upon his breast  
 In puzzled calculation.

"Suppose the river X — Y  
 And call the distance Q,  
 Then dare we thus the gods defy?  
 I think we dare, don't you?  
 Our floating power expressed in words  
 Is X — 47 | 3."

"O haste thee, haste," the lady cries,  
 "Though tempests round us gather,  
 I'll face the raging of the skies  
 But please cut out the Algebra."

The boat has left the stormy shore(S),  
 A stormy C before her—C C C C  
 The tempest gathers o'er her;  
 The thunder rolls, the lightnings smite 'em  
 And the rain falls ad infinitum.

In vain the aged boatswain strains  
 His heaving sides reveal his pains;  
 The angry water gains apace  
 Both of his sides and half his base,  
 Till, as he sits, he seems to lose  
 The square of his hypotenuse.

The boat advanced to X — 2,  
 Lord Ullin reached the fixed point Q,  
 Then the boat sank from human eye;  
 OY! OY! OGY!