

SAPPHICS BY "THE POET."

(Favored by "Our Sick Contributor.")

AD MUSCAM IRRITANTEM.

Thrice have I told thee, never more to vex me,
Humming and droning round about my person;
Yet thou returnest, impudently charging
Into my left ear.

Is it not cruel, when that I am trying
All my erratic thoughts to get together,
Cometh an insect penetrating in my
Sinister nostril?

Could I but hit thee—but again thou fliest
Far from the hand in vain up-raised for vengeance:
Next do I find thee insolently buzzing
In my shirt collar!

Furies pursue thee! Once again I feel thee,
Crawling and biting like a head incarnate;
Now on my left leg, leisurely ascending
My summer trousers!

Bang!—I have missed thee—I shall go distracted—
Vile little musca hast thou no compassion?
Slumber preventing, ever wounds inflicting
With thy proboscis!

"CHIPS."

SPLINTER THE FIRST.

From a child I have had a taste for "sweets,"—hence my liking for the society of the opposite sex. Why the opposite sex, I wonder,—because of their contrariness? Perhaps. And I have sought, and still seek their society wherever it is to be found; but there are girls, and girls,—and, oh ye gods and little fishes! what awful typographical errors nature has made of some of them in striking them off! How I hate a girl who eats horizontally,—à la "bunny." I think plenty of you will understand me in this *simile*. And still more, the girl who "begs your pardon" in answer to one of your most telling speeches. I knew a girl of this kind once,—only once,—and she had a large mouth, and was emphatically a "gusher!" It is currently reported of her, *apropos* of her mouth, that she had a narrow escape from a frightful death, the congregation of Trinity Church being within an ace—(if I may use such a profane expression so near that edifice)—of turning in there, as our friend stood, all unconscious of her danger, on the sidewalk of St. Denis! I have seen men, too, who have married this kind of girl; and I have noticed that they all die—in time. I think, perhaps, after all, celibacy is preferable. A progeny of large-mouthed "hostages to Fate" would pall—after a while.

I am fond of tea-parties, too, at a distance, though they scarcely convey to the mind, an idea of the acme of human felicity; and if the "company" are young and green,—and such has been my fate more than once,—give me a "quiet pipe and contentment withal." I never yet could understand why a "tea-fight" always has the effect of making the participants in it so preternaturally solemn. Young fellows, from eighteen to three-and-twenty, all seem afflicted with a desire to stow their legs in most inappropriate places, while they inwardly curse their hands, as being "never made" for polite society, and are seized with a horrible dread at the thought of a "forgotten handkerchief." But were we not young ourselves? and are we not so now—in our own estimation?—*Quoi donc?*

Pass on to the next cage, ladies and gentlemen; and that contains the young demoiselle who has a literary turn of mind. Do I really think Tennyson's "Maud" preferable to Hood's "Bridge of Sighs?" Put out your tongue, my dear. Ah, I see a little furred—pulse feverish! I thought so. Well, perhaps Tennyson is "Oh! so charming;" and *perhaps*

I have my private opinion of a young lady who draws a comparison in so maudlin a manner. Cold coffee and an untidy household,—oh my prophetic soul!—for your husband; and *après-le deluge*, or Sir J. P. Wilde. Ah! what have we here? A fine specimen of the "puella monosyllabica,"—the charmer who says "Yes" with a kind of "linked sweetness long drawn out," and "No," as though it were the gentle rippling of her mental cascades,—an involuntary overflow of her springs of thought! But she is not deep, this charming fair; and I think you had better pass on, *messieurs*, if you are in search of the moiety of "two hearts that beat as one." But it is dinner-time, you say, and you are hungry. Why not? Man was not made for matrimony alone; and you think I haven't anything that will suit you to-day.

Bonjour, messieurs; et au revoir!

CITY MEMS.

So much is left to the imagination at the Montreal Theatre Royal, that the few daubed boards, which, by a pleasant little piece of self-deception on the part of the management, are supposed to represent a modern drawing-room, might appropriately be termed "the Scene and the Unseen."

The "Chairman of the Roads" evidently has a poor opinion of the morality of the city, and especially of St. James' Street, for that thoroughfare, like another leading road the Cynic wots of, is, at present, only "paved with good intentions."

The Cynic, disgusted at the low salaries which the employés on the City Railway are receiving, made it his duty, the other day, to call on Mr. Dorney for an explanation. He is pleased to find that no blame can be attached to the Company, which is compelled to make deductions on account of the way in which, (on the Bleury Street route especially,) the conductors are always *braking up the cars*: while on Craig Street, the "stoppages" are so frequent, that there is, naturally, a very small balance due the unfortunates at the end of a week!

CORRESPONDENCE.

SLANG IN SCHOOLS.

MY DEAR DIOGENES:

I know you dislike slang, and you will, I am sure, agree with me that, bad as it is to hear it spoken by those around us, it is infinitely more harmful and deleterious when a schoolmaster uses it in the hearing of his pupils,—for, however little they may remember of his teaching, they are sure to remember but too well, and but too commonly to reproduce his slang expressions.

Conceive my astonishment, Sir Cynic, when I heard a grandson of mine, the other day, tell his mother to "shut her potato-trap;" and when we inquired where he had heard this choice expression, he told us that Mr. ———, (naming his schoolmaster,) always said this to a boy, when he wanted him to be silent.

I have not written the name of the schoolmaster, nor, indeed, have I mentioned the matter to any one. I draw public attention to it in your columns, in order to remind the gentleman, and others who have the responsible task of educating our youth, that they should not teach boys to use vulgar, unmeaning slang, but rather train them to draw from the pure well of "English undefiled."

PATERFAMILIAS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The individual who appears to gloat over a couple of typographical errors in the last number of DIOGENES, is informed that he can have his copy exchanged for a corrected one, on application at the office. Not many copies were printed before the errors were discovered and rectified.