

TO A CUTTY PIPE.

By a Scotch *Skald*.*A long way after Burns.*

My ancient freen' and trusty butty,
My weel worn and weel smokit cutty,
Altho' ye're gettin' rather smutty,
I loe ye better
Than any mere sham kind o' putty—
Deed I'm yer debtor.

How aft oppressed by cares and woes,
Sair needfu' o' a night's repose,
I've smoked mysel' intil a dose ;
When the cock crew,
Invigored and refreshed I've rose,
And a' through you.

How aft when comin' hame at night,
Nae ither traveller in sight,
I've turned aside and struck a light
Upon a stane,
Remembrin' I'd a freen' that might
Console me then.

How aft when weary o' my life,
O' constant bickerin' and strife,
And warsalin' wi' Meg my wife,
Wha's a wee cracky,
I've taen ye oot and wi' my knife
Cut up my baccy.

At kirk when deaved wi' Mess John's gabbin'
And fouk for their transgression sabbin',
It's you and me and faithfu' Rabin,
Puir honest colley,
Hae jest gaet oot side and there ha' bin
Wae for their folly.

Then, for the present, fare ye weel,
To me ye're life, and wife, and chiel,
And graith and gear, and maut, and meal,
And a' beside ;
May ilka ane ca' me a fule,
When we diyide.

TORQUIL McSPLECHAN.

ESSAYS ON SOCIAL SUBJECTS.

NO. V.—"TAR-BOGGININ."

Tar-bogginin is an insane amosment, and is closly allied to tar and fetherin and tar-barrelin, as praktised by our primo-genitives. Tar-bogginin is usuly praktised in kold wether ; and peeple often bein envelopped in the clouds, while tar-bogginin, may account, I reckon, for their bein absent. Some peeple can't stand Kanady kold, and so sits down, and hence is called *squatters*. Some peeple don't see the use of tar-bogginin. 'Praps they aint aware that from the splinters of these wheicles match-wood is made, while the enterprisin okkopants theirselves is oft konverted into sossidge meet. Tar-bogginin is praktised occasional in moonlite—by loonytics. Facylis dencen sus a ver ni may be applied to tar-bogginin, cause some peeple thinks it a *veri nice* amosment. In tar-bogginin you can fly, slide, or slither,—guess slitherin's best, and don't jog your internals *much*. If peeple tries to run over you tar-bogginin, sing "What's a' the steer Comer." Tar-bogginin is like life—all down hill. There is no laws again tar-bogginin up hill—'cept them of nater.

HINTS FOR THE SEASON.

If you want to walk fast or run over the frozen streets, put on Creepers. Do not sit down suddenly this month, for you may have, inadvertently, left your Creepers in your coat pocket.

Remember, that ladies *now*, envelope their heads in clouds. You can knock an idea out of this when you are fondly gazing into the deep cerulean eyes of your adorable Jemima ; but read up Lempriere, on Love,—first, so as to be ready to name the Goddess who used to go about in that style of dress,—but mind, especially if you are clad in skins, not to go *too fur*.

Always differ systematically from everything said by anyone: this will produce warmth at a cheaper rate, than long maple at \$7.50 a cord.

If you are given to the practice of "small economies," you can save at least 6 cents a day by engaging in conversation with the newsboys, thus getting at the contents of their papers gratis ; but be careful of repeating news thus acquired,—at a dinner table for instance—it is generally calculated to alarm nervous persons.

Go into training at once for your New Year's visits by learning several pages of the Directory, so that you may have it at your fingers' ends.

Also practice taking thirty-one glasses of Sherry before dinner, every other day. By this means you will be able to make light of the sixty-two that will be offered you during the 100 visits that you intend to pay on the jovial First.

If you have any spare coin insure your friends' lives' and take them out toboganing. Always remember that you have "just to speak to a man" when they start from the top of the hill.

SLIGHTLY FISHY.—Why can the inhabitants of Jerusalem never be without fish ?

Parce qu'il s'y trouve le gros mosque d'Omar (homards), et toutes les murailles sont détruites, (des truites.)

LOON-A-TIC.

Inquirer.—Is the loon found in Canada ?

Naturalist.—Yes ; I may also mention that the loon is indigenous to the Dominion.

Inquirer.—Ah ! *Lune* is ; then, I suppose, *L'autre* is, too ?

EGG-STATISTICAL.

Palestine was renowned as the land of milk and honey ; Canada has been called the land of milk and eggs. A French friend of DIOGENES was lately in a rural district, where there was abundance of the former, but a great scarcity of the latter. He observed that it was strange there were no eggs where there was so much *lay* (*lait*).

AN ERROR CORRECTED.

CHAUCER is frequently called "The Father of English Poetry ;" but the author of "Henry and Emma" is, in the opinion of DIOGENES, entitled to a Prior claim.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—DIOGENES returns thanks to "Slack," "Solo," and other friends, for communications and suggestions (pictorial and otherwise), of which due use will be made.