

THE JOURNEY OF DR. SYNTAX JR., IN SEARCH OF THE ORIGINAL.

(Concluded.)

CANTO IV.

He got his horse and rode away
Morosely, disappointedly ;
And lit where raged a legal fray—
(This was before the "Claimant's" day.)

'Midst wigs and woosack, bench and bar,
Where lawyers rip and jurors swear ;
He watched them split full many a hair
But left this also in despair.

In all the fierce forensic spat
Nothing transpired worth winking at,
And as he seized his old plug hat
I say he felt extremely flat,
And said of all the learned blat,
" There's nought *original* in that !

CANTO V.

He rode into a valley where were grazing many goats
And came upon a colony of modern living poets ;
Where essays, poems and speeches were the hobby of the folks,
And the merest toddling youngsters cracked the smartest kind of
jokes.

He thought 'twas " El Dorado," and he wept for very joy,
And entered with a chuckle, as the Grecians entered Troy.
He listened to the tales they told of prodigies born there,
And settled down in raptures to enjoy the glorious fare.

The people brought their essays and laid them at his feet,
And he took off his overcoat and sat down to the treat.

(These stars represent an hour and a half, Mr. Editor.)

He rose, put on his mantle, brought old Rawbone from the shed,
And sadly mounted to his place, and sadly shook his head,
And passed down through that valley—that Utopian abode—
While poets in amazement hailed him at the turnpike road,
And asked him " why this thusness"—why this sort of sudden huff ?
He gazed upon them calmly, and remarked : " I've had enough ;
Instead of feast, gaunt famine ; instead of rivers, dearth !
Alas for the Original ! There's no such thing on earth !"

CANTO VI.

Through all the region round about,
And other lands beneath the sun,
In vain did this strange person scout,
Until in time he was outdone.

Then, looking seedy, sad and sore,
He turned round and retraced his track,
And reached at last his native shore,
And thanked his stars that he was back.

When he had got in sight of home—
Sweet home—on which his eyes were fixed,
And thought upon his fruitless roam,
His feelings were a " little mixed."

He mused with himself by the way
On the trouble which "onquiry" brings,
And vowed from that hour of that day
To eschew all Original Things.

CANTO VII.

Thus musing he came to a field,
Where apple trees, loaded with fruit,
In a manner to which he must yield,
Seemed pleading with him to " recruit."

Forthwith he secured a supply,
And enjoyed all the solace they bring ;
(For when a man's hungry and dry
An apple is not a bad thing.)

CANTO VIII.

And then returned his musing mood ;
Just as he entered " Jones's Wood,"
He suddenly drew rein and stood.

His look, his mien, his kindling eye,
Proclaimed as plain as A B C
Some thought had struck him forcibly !

His conscience, hitherto quite mute,
Checked him about the stolen fruit.

It flashed upon his waking mind
How like he was to Mother Eve ;
He marvelled he had been so blind,
And thus his feelings found relief.

" I've searched the whole universe o'er,
And my bitter reward's been chagrin ;
And here's the thing—right at my door—
Ain't this the Original Sin ?"

NOTE BY THE FUNNY MEMBER.

Just before the close of the session, LAUDER and RYKERT became more *offenceivo* than ever on the Public Accounts committee ; they appeared to be posted in carpenters' and joiners' concerns, and *picket* a great many flaws in the contract for the Government house paling. Both gentlemen are authorities on the fence.

WHAT'S IN A MOTTO ?

" Religion, Science, Liberty, Progress," is the motto of the Journal of Education of the Province of Quebec. Was conscience in a state of ardent activity in Normal School Square, when the period arrived for selecting a motto for the Corresponding Journal for Ontario ? or how comes it to pass that the Journal whose *scissors* are guided by the Deputy Superintendent has eliminated " progress" from the above named motto when adopting three-fourths of it ? Garr suspects there is, in this little circumstance, a dash of the " prophetic soul" of him who " sketched" our onlightened system of education in 1846. That the motto should be translated from the vulgar tonguinto Latin is what might be expected from its transfer from Quebec to the learned precincts of Gould street. But why did the distinguished Linguists of that sphere extrude "*labor omnia vincit*" also from the Ontario motto ? Did the inward monitor suggest that there was one thing *invincible* with which they had to do ? Garr is of opinion that they who take the trouble to refer to a report just issued from the Educational Department will conclude that the knowledge of the vernacular tongue is at least one of the unconquerable difficulties which the presiding L.L.D.'s of the Department must have despaired of overcoming, hence their two-fold omission—" progress" and "*labor omnia vincit*."

CANADIAN MELODIES.

(A little after Moore.)

The cry that once turned wav'ring votes,
And Independents led,
Now sounds as flat in Purists' throats
As though H. S. M.* were dead.
So fade the cries of former days,
The " Damask Couch" is o'er,—
The " Elgin Frauds" H. Coeks *et al*
We seldom hear of more.
No more do erring Statesmen write
For thousands few—and then
Have *billets d'ow* exposed to sight,
And feel the " Fairty's" pen.
Thus Scandal now so seldom wakes,
The only cry she gives
Is when some luckier rival takes
His " plume," to shew he lives.

* Pluto's official or royal title.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

R. W.—Many thanks, and something more tangible if you say so.
D. HAMMILL, Esq., St. Helens.—Your wish will be complied with.
Much obliged for your kindness.

S. J. A., Clinton.—Your effusion cannot appear.