

## A SPRING-TIDE LYRIC.

I.

Oh! my heart is weary, waiting,  
Waiting for the "lawn,"  
All my hopes are daily fading,  
Hopes once bright as dawn.  
Would that from my home I never,  
Never had been drawn  
To the land of the Bamboozles,  
Seeking for the "lawn."

II.

Yet, a brighter, fairer prospect  
Nowhere could be seen;  
Charming Church! and noble people!  
With so old a Dean.  
In the greenback land I never  
Could "My Lord" have been;  
Here—that artless boy has killed me  
With his questions keen!

III.

Oh! ye Boozles, lend your pity  
For my blighted aims;—  
Would I now slept "near that city"  
Of the Isthmian games!  
Cruel fate the Crown refuses,—  
Mitre, I should say,—  
And my friend the *Daily News* is  
Filled with dire dismay.

IV.

Oh! my heart is weary, longing,  
Longing for the May:  
May! when Synod-birds come thronging,  
Chirping a sweet lay,  
And the Church-bees, buzzing, hopping,  
Swarming all the day,  
Sweetest question slyly popping,  
Wilt be Bishop?—*sa'ay?*

## "WHY—CERTAINLY!"

In a discussion relative to the settlement of the property of a gentleman, (deceased,) in the Ontario legislature, the very highest authority made the alarming announcement that Ontario *was without a constitution!* This has strengthened the general idea that the infant will be rickety and short-lived. The prognosis of the chief physician, is that it is possible to make one without stamina and entirely deficient in muscle. Nature can scarcely be supplemented to such an extent, and we fear that the doctors who have the case in hand are much more likely to make a mess than to work a miracle. DIOGENES ventures to tell these gentlemen one thing—that, if the remedial agents are *gritty*, paralysis and speedy death are inevitable. In the meantime, the Lieutenant-Governor consoles himself with the reflection that the baby will outlast his Lieutenant-Governorship. With him, as with the rest of us, care for posterity is posterior to care for something much nearer home.

## "SPECIAL" FROM "THE CAPITAL."

The Governor General has expressed himself much pleased with his visit to Montreal. He was especially delighted with the dresses of the ladies, but he has said very little indeed about the addresses of the gentlemen.

## MORE ABOUT "DOORS."

It is certainly very desirable, this cold weather, to have doors that will shut close; it is also desirable that one should be able to open them without using a Steam Ram. DIOGENES, though in the best of health, is not fond of violent exertion. The other morning, having to make a little deposit in that excellent institution, "The City and District Savings Bank," he placed his shoulder to the door, but, to his astonishment, he found it, as he thought, shut. An elderly female imagined that the bank had "bust," as she termed it, and began to heap most opprobrious and undeserved epithets on the heads of the Directors. Five strong and healthy mechanics coming just then to invest their savings, succeeded in moving the portal, kept in its place by an ingenious machine, to which is hung about two hundred-weight of iron.

Dio then proceeded to call on his Notary. On arriving at the "Mechanics' Bank Chambers" he met with another door, which, after twenty minutes' hard labor, he succeeded in opening to the extent of three inches, when there came a sudden recoil which sent the Philosopher into the middle of the sidewalk. The Notary being inaccessible, *that* note was not protested, for which somebody is doubtless very thankful.

The Cynic then proceeded to call on his Printer, and of course encountered another door. Of all the doors in the city, that of the *Gazette* Office is the most unmanageable. Luckily, however, it happened to be Friday morning. It had just been announced that DIOGENES was out. A storming party of newspaper-boys vigorously and successfully charged the door. The exhausted Cynic reached the Printing Office in safety, where his respected Manager administered to him one of his choicest Regalias which acted as an immediate restorative.

## A TOUGH STORY.

An able Report on Secondary Education in England has lately been presented to the Minister of Public Instruction in Paris by two French Commissioners. The volume contains a very impartial account of the principal public schools, and the conclusions at which the Commissioners have arrived are substantially the same as those of unprejudiced English critics. DIOGENES has no intention of touching upon any of the topics discussed, and he now alludes to the Report merely for the purpose of translating from it, for the amusement of his readers, a singular anecdote which he cannot but deem apocryphal.

The Commissioners, after exposing the culpable neglect of mathematical studies at Eton, clinch a somewhat satirical description by the following "tough story":

"A distinguished Professor relates, that he once had as a private pupil at Oxford a young man of remarkable intelligence, who had successfully followed the whole course of Eton studies. This student, however, was not only ignorant of the multiplication table, but was ignorant even of its existence. He became aware of it on the occasion of purchasing a few pairs of stockings, the price of which he was enabled to make out only by a long series of additions. When he was informed that there was a means of shortening this labour, the aspirant to Oxford honours found the system very ingenious, and learnt the table in a few days."

Though Frenchmen in general are not especially noted for "drawing the long bow," the Cynic cannot help thinking that in this particular instance the Commissioners have "drawn a bow at a venture." Why have they not favoured an inquisitive public with the name of the "distinguished Professor" whom they profess to quote?

THE JOLLIEST NIGHT YET.—The Knight of Kingston.