

## A GENTLE HINT.



DIOGENES has always considered that the gala-days of Canadian Colleges are scarcely what they ought to be. They lack liveliness, and are eminently unattractive. They are like Goldsmith's Traveller—"melancholy slow." Dignified decorum, and punctilious propriety are admirable qualities in their way, but on festive occasions they are essentially dull. Now, there is very little to be said in favor of dullness. It may, possibly, be excusable in old age, but in youth it is an unpardonable crime. The great English and American Universities are well aware of this fact: and there is, apparently, no danger of their lapsing into the sin of dullness.

At the recent "Oxford Commemoration" the "chaff" became so lively that the Vice-Chancellor not only threatened to bring the proceedings to a premature close, but was finally compelled to do so, simply owing to the presence of—a white hat. "With this before their eyes," writes the reporter of the *London Times*, "the infuriated mob of Undergraduates could do nothing but rave and hoot; and the Vice-Chancellor, unable to obtain attention, rose from his seat, and, accompanied by the Doctors, left the building. A volley of groans followed."

What fun! In this case the young "gentlemen" in the gallery of the Sheldonian Theatre triumphantly hooted the University authorities, the strangers and celebrities present, the distinguished guests, and even the ladies out of the building, and would doubtless have hanged the Vice-Chancellor—if they could have caught him. What a contrast does this picture present to the tame conduct of the Undergraduates at McGill College, or at Toronto University!

Or, again, read the newspaper accounts of the "Presentation Week" at Yale College, New Haven. How pleasant the proceedings! how irresistibly funny the performances! The College dramas—the "Salutatory," half English, half Latin, and both equally bad—the "Wooden Spoon Song"—the speech on presenting, and the reply on receiving, the Spoon—all are worthy of record.

But what shall the Cynic say of the "Lecture on Philosophy," which received an uproarious *encore*? This exhibition brought the entertainment to a close, and was attended by an immense audience. The large Hall, we are told, was densely packed, a majority of those present being ladies. "In the lecture on philosophy," says the *New York Times*, "the peculiarities of Professor Loomis," (an eminent mathematician and astronomer,) were travestied in a most amusing manner. The Professor is an excellent instructor, and is highly regarded by the students, but has certain peculiarities of manner and diction that were caricatured, greatly to the delight of the students, by a mimic of rare power.

DIOGENES commends to the attention of McGill College Undergraduates the noble example of the Yale College students. He feels certain that among the Montreal Professors,—classical, mathematical, chemical, philosophical, medical or legal,—there must be some gentlemen who are "excellent instructors and highly regarded by the students, but with certain peculiarities of manner and diction." By all means, let these Professors be caricatured at the next Convocation by some "mimic of rare power," and the public will no longer be able to assert of the proceedings in question that they are heavily respectable, but at the same time, superlatively dull! Let us have a little fun. *Hilariter!*

## RABIES No. 6.

## THE DOLEFUL BALLAD OF MARY AND JEAMES.

Mary Ann was a nursemaid fair,  
Jeames a rich footman bold,  
Golden-rolled was Mary Ann's hair,  
Jeames, he rolled in gold.

Mary Ann took the air each day,  
Behind a perambulator,  
Jeames would follow her to the Park,  
Where the footman became a *waiter*.

Mary would smile, as Jeames would pass,  
Jeames would feel elated,  
Mary's heart would go pit-a-pat,  
Jeames' simply "palpitated."

Mary walked out one day in June,  
Jeames by "haccident" met her,  
He said "hi 'ope hi see you well,"  
She said, she never was better.

Mary Ann took Jeames's arm,  
And forgot the perambulator,  
While the children, like modern "babes in the wood,"  
Thought "such is human natur."

Mary Ann was a nursemaid fair,  
Jeames was a footman bold,  
And of course they got married?—don't shut the book,  
But wait till my story's told.

The perambulator they left in the Park,  
Was one of the modern kind,  
That doubles up flat when a spring you touch,  
Where the handle joins on behind.

Mary and Jeames returned to the Park,  
Of the "babes" ne'er was heard a thing of;  
And Mary and Jeames—supposed for a lark—  
The *offspring* had touched the *spring off*.

Mary Ann never smiled again,  
Jeames the sight of her hated,  
Though I think if Jeames had married her then,  
She'd at least have been *Annie mated*.

Jeames grew sick and sicker still,  
Mary Ann couldn't endure him,  
So Jeames jumped into the deep blue sea,  
Where, let's hope, the *salt* will *cure* him. ]

## MORAL.

Your perambulators don't double up,  
If you do, there's sure to be trouble up,  
And however fair a nursemaid seems,  
Be sure you see that she has no Jeames.