



ANOTHER LOOK INTO THE FUTURE, THROUGH A  
GREEN TELESCOPE.

GENTLEMEN FROM BEYOND THE BORDER GOING THE ROUNDS IN MONTREAL.  
A. D. 1880.

THAT BAD BOY—STILES.

"Your correspondent at Washington, in times of peace, may plot treason against Great Britain in perfect safety: nay, he may gain personal or political capital or advantage by the venture. If civil war breaks out he is far from the scene of danger—in either case he risks neither life, property, nor reputation. Let me add that treason and filibustering expeditions, to tear the Province to pieces, are not included in my programme."  
—Letter of the Hon. Joseph Howe.

Now, Johnny, don't trouble the Blue Nose dog Towser,  
He won't bite, but answers your bark with bow-wow, Sir,  
Your schemes for Acadia have no fascination,  
War taxes she hates, and she loathes annexation;  
She knows you've attempted to tarnish her name, Sir,  
And watches each trick in your sly little game, Sir;  
She is glad when Arch-Traitors like you, Sir, desert her,  
And vows filibusters shall never convert her.  
She ignores Johnny Stiles, and demands of all now, Sir,  
To remember the programme of one Joseph Howe, Sir.

POLITICAL NURSERY RHYMES  
OF NOVA SCOTIA.

No. 1.

THERE was a man in Halifax,  
In politics deemed wise,  
He went to a Convention-sprece,  
And blackened both his eyes—  
And when he found his eyes were dim,  
His heart gave way to fears;  
Yet to a "Caucus" then he went,  
And there he lost his ears—  
But soon, to cure his ears and eyes,  
With all his might and main  
He jumped upon a printing-press,  
'To scratch them right again.  
But soon he came to grief once more,  
Mid pistons, wheels and pegs;  
For Wilkins there was put to press  
And taken off his legs.  
But to his office quick he hied,  
When set upon his feet,  
And there began to rum-inate  
Lest he might lose his seat!  
And soon upon his colleagues called  
(By telegraph) to meet;  
Then inspiration sought from gin,  
'Till he had lost his feet!  
And then, the greatest feat of all,  
While sore with rage and pain,  
He jumped upon a Howe-itzer,  
'To load and prime again.  
The Howe-itzer went off—slap-bang!  
As big guns have a knack,  
And Wilkins, once so wondrous wise,  
Was thrown upon his back.  
And now both foes and friends unite  
With every one who hears,  
Bewailing Wilkins' sorry plight  
In feet, knees, eyes, and ears!  
And now, politically dead,  
His name to canon-ize,  
'They'll write beneath his epitaph,  
'"This man was wondrous wise!"  
His title as a humorist  
DIOGENES shall seal,  
As though he died, in all his pride,  
While battling for Repeal!

\* In the conflicting accounts given by the opposing parties, in the new-papers of the day, Mr. Wilkins didn't hear the words spoken by Mr. Howe, and when the latter exhibited his view of the situation, Mr. Wilkins and colleagues couldn't see it, in that light.

TWO SIDES TO A QUESTION.

On Wednesday evening last, DIOGENES, the Cynic, went to hear Greeley, the Philanthropist. In the course of his able Lecture, Mr. Greeley drew attention to certain points of difference between "self-made men" and "school-made men." In connection with this topic DIOGENES remembers a neat *mot*, which will bear repetition in his columns:

Two friends, during a discussion on Poetry, began arguing about the merits of the two rival classes above mentioned. "Take Byron, for example," said one of them,—"he was a *Harrow-boy*." "True," replied the other, "but there's Burns—he was a *Plough-boy*."

RATHER HIGH-FLOWN.—Why is M. Nadar, of balloon celebrity, like a Greek Tense?

Because he is the *first aorist* of his time.