

## SHAKSPERE REVISED.

Pondering over the ponderous pages of the "Swan of Avon," it has often occurred to the writer that the "Divine Williams," although asserted to have tuned his lyre "not for an age, but for all time," is scarcely adapted either to the sensibilities or requirements of these "too-civilized later days," and that by diving a little deeper than ordinary philosophers into several well-worn quotations, an entirely new and more appropriate application might be discovered for each. To illustrate: that oft-quoted line—

"A little more than kin, and less than kind."

may be made, by a very slight alteration of letters, a splendid epigram on a lean cow:

"A little more than skin, and less than kine."

Again, that much-vexed question as to the meaning of Othello's exclamation:

"It is the cause, my soul,"

can be at once, and very easily set at rest by my system:

"It is the caws, my soul,"

a very natural exclamation, when one is soliloquising near a rookery.

Another quotation from Macbeth, I have set apart specially for the use of the Navy, and have already applied to Government for a contract. The line alluded to will be in most frequent request about Christmas time:

"Lead on, *make duff*, I'll follow thee."

The Debtor's lament:

"If 'twere *dun*, when 'tis *dun*, then  
'Twere well it were *dun* quickly."

Or, take Hamlet's allusion to "the girls of the period" who affected auburn locks, or, as he puts it,

"Those natural shocks that flesh is hair to."

One line, too, in Richard II. that used to come home to me with particular *force*. It occurs in that soliloquy in Act 2, which our grim old schoolmaster, with a sense of humor keen as the trenchant birch he wielded, always inflicted on us preparatory to a dose of "*Cave Canem*."

"*More are men's ends marked* than their lives before."

We used unanimously to agree with the next line, that the

"—Last taste of (such) sweets is sweetest."

More of this anon; for the present I have, like Snarleyow, "my round unvarnished *tail* delivered."

## A GREEN OLD AGE.

The simplicity of really good men is sometimes exquisitely ludicrous. At a recent Sunday Temperance Meeting in Montreal, a venerable country Clergyman spoke earnestly on the subject of Teetotalism. The *Daily Witness* thus reports a portion of his speech:

"Alluding to the talk about war between Britain and the United States, he said *there were two bonds which would effectually prevent war, namely, Christianity and Teetotalism*. The men who met each other in religious and temperance conventions and assemblies, could never point the rifle at each other's breasts. "Could I," said he, "strike at the American brother who has just spoken, or he at me? Perish the thought! No, let us wage war, but a war against alcohol,—against the devil, and all his works."

## MAKE A NOTE OF THIS.

The Annexationists say there is only a *line* between Dominion Day and American Independence Day,—in fact, the "three days of grace" make our day really due  $\frac{1}{4}$ th.

## CRICKET THAT IS CRICKET.

The so-called Canadian twenty-two, who played last year against the English eleven, made a melancholy exhibition of themselves, with a few exceptions. Eleven or twelve military players contributed to the grand total—one run! This has seldom or never happened in England, and it seems almost impossible to account for so untoward an accident. The Canadian accident was recalled to the mind of DIOGENES by the account of a match, which terminated at the Oval on the 15th of June, between the celebrated Surrey Club and the University of Oxford. The Surrey players included Jupp, Humphrey, Stephenson, Griffith, Pooley, and others, well known in Canada. In their first innings they made the respectable score of 93, and contentedly sent Oxford to the wickets. Oxford, unfortunately for Surrey, stopped there until the score amounted to 362 runs, of which the only extras, strange to say, were 3 leg-byes. The Surrey men again took the bat, and though they succeeded in scoring 172, the University still beat them in one innings by the large number of 96 runs. That was cricket—somewhat different to the game that several of the same Surrey men saw in Montreal last year—and the Cynic deeply regrets that he was not at Kennington Oval on the 14th and 15th of June.

## "REJECTED ADDRESSES."

An unfortunate gentleman named Robert Rosevelt, the owner of a weekly paper—the *Citizen*—recently made application to the "Sorosis Society" to be admitted as a member. He received from the President the following crushing reply, which DIOGENES publishes as a warning to all his male readers:—

Dear Sir,—Your proposition to become a member of "Sorosis" was laid before the Executive Committee, and subsequently before the Club. I regret to say that the decision was not in your favour. The reasons, it is only fair to state, were not those of character, position, or personal merit, but consisted solely of society restrictions as to sex. Personally you have been found very agreeable by several members of "Sorosis." Reputation and position are alike unexceptionable; but the unfortunate fact of your being a man outweighs these and all other claims to membership. We willingly admit, of course, that the accident of your sex is on your part a misfortune, and not a fault. Nor do we wish to arrogate anything to ourselves because we had the good fortune to be born women. We sympathize most truly and heartily with you, and the entire male creation, in their present and prospective desolation and unhappiness; but this is all we can do. "Sorosis" is too young for the society of gentlemen, and must be allowed time to grow. By and by, when it has reached a proper age—say twenty-one—it may ally itself with the Press Club, or some other male organization of good character and standing; but for years to come its reply to all male suitors must be, "Principles, not Men."

JENNIE JUNE CROLY, President of "Sorosis."

## "SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS."

A Boston journal, that professes great admiration for the President of the States, in an unguarded moment lately published the following:—

While surveying the good-natured, but somewhat blank and stolid visage of General Grant, near at hand, one was reminded of the saying of the Swedish Chancellor Oxenstiern to his son, "You now see, my son, how little wisdom it takes to govern the world."