

Away! away! stand back! stand back! they haul aboard the line,
The ladies wave their handkerchiefs, the bands play "Auld lang syne,"
We wave our caps, and kiss our hands, and cry "Farewell the West,"
And plough the tide, so deep and wide, of the broad St. Lawrence' breast:

Some gaze out, still desponding, sore struck by Cupid's shaft,
And some they light a fragrant weed, and swagger fore and aft;
And some they walk to wind'ard, and some they stroll to leeward,
And some they seek their cabins, and others holler "Steward!"

AIR: "*La Despedida.*"

Ho! fill for me the brimming cup,
No bright and ruby wine,
Tho' I would pledge my lady's health
Such draught must not be mine.
And tho' some love a long drink,
Whilst some prefer a shorter,
Oh! fill for me some Hennessey,
With a little soda water!

And whilst I press the sparkling glass
Full fondly to my lip,
Then I will pledge my lovely lass,
In each delicious sip.
Its golden gleams her hair beseems,
Her eyes the crystal borrow,
Its bubbles bright, dance like the light,
And seem to mock my sorrow.

Ho! take it hence, no comfort can I find within the bowl,
It lightens not the dreary gloom that darkens o'er my soul,
I care not now for "Möet" nor eke "La Veuve Clicquot,"
And if I try to pleasure take, I find it's "not for Joe!"

The stately towers of Ottawa are reared above her trees,
And Kingston spreads her grassy slopes in undulating leas,
And Montreal lies 'neath her hill, in calm and stately ease,
Whilst Toronto rules her waters, like a mistress of the seas;
And grand old Stadacona uprears her shaggy front,
Crowned by the walls that erst have borne the battle's
deadly brunt,
Where every stone a tale could tell, of death and savage
slaughter,
Like the last sensation tragedy of a marrowbone reporter.
Then must I leave behind me, each scene so loved and dear?
(Excuse me Mr. Printer,—that blot is but a tear!)
When I complain, they talk to me of military zeal—
Must I plant my spring potatoes in the hot-bed of Repeal?

'Tis past, the night is dark o'erhead,
The stars athwart the sky seem dead;
The evening breeze blows soft and low,
And fans the night-mists to and fro,
While faintly clear a sound is borne,
As of a distant bugle-horn;
'Tis the last I'll hear,—for the old church bell
Tolls "Farewell, Canada, Farewell!"

Land of the setting sun,
Land by Heav'n supremely gifted,
May thy feet be always swift to run,
When the load is from thee lifted!

In the drowsy lap of time,
Long hast thou lain and slumbered,
Awake, arise to life sublime,
And be no longer cumbered!

Look on thy mother-land,
That smiles to thee o'er the ocean,
That tenders thee a helping-hand,
To set thy power in motion.

The boast of thy mother earth,
And the pride of thy sons in story:
Awake, Awake, to thy second birth,
Awake, to thy new-born glory!

"COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE."

In the following telegram, which was lately received from St. John, N.B., DIOGENES, with the foreboding superstition of his race, sees an omen which, in due time, may possibly be fulfilled:—

On Tuesday last a child was attacked by a large eagle, which attempted to carry him off, and was only prevented by a dog which came to the rescue. The child, which is five years old, was severely scratched.

These things, in the opinion of the Cynic, are an allegory—an anticipation, as it were, of futurity. The child is the New Dominion; the large eagle, the neighbouring Republic; and the dog which comes to the rescue, England. Those who may be living when the Dominion is five years old, will be able to say whether the augury has been realized. Meanwhile, we should prepare ourselves to be at some time or other "severely scratched," and remember the old adage that "forewarned is forearmed."

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

It is dogmatically affirmed in a proverb, which, despite of its faulty rhyme, is very pleasant to the ear of childhood, that

"All work and no play
Make Jack a dull boy;"

but the terrible consequences that would ensue, if the converse of this proposition were true, have never been embodied in a popular maxim. Dr. Watts, indeed, has thrown a little light on the subject, when he assures us that

"Satan finds some mischief still,
For idle hands to do."

His *dictum*, however, is correct, only under certain limitations. There is such a thing, if we believe Sir James Macintosh, as "a wise and masterly inactivity." The phrase was applied by him to the House of Commons, and it may be applied by us to the Dominion Parliament, in preference to accusing it of languor and laziness. Under any circumstances, want of occupation,—according to the London *Free Press*,—has rather a beneficial effect upon Canadian members. They apparently secrete during their vacation an abnormal amount of almost chivalrous scrupulosity. "The fact is," writes the *Free Press*, "that so little have the members of the Dominion Parliament to do that *most of them feel ashamed to draw their pay!*" DIOGENES has heard many jokes in his time, but never aught like this. If a group of these conscientious politicians could be photographed by Notman in the act of receiving their pay, it would be a valuable contribution to art, and form a unique study of the modesty of human nature. But, unfortunately, it would be impossible to get these Parliamentary paragons together, for the same reason that the historian of Iceland omitted to describe its snakes. "Not to put too fine a point upon it" there are no snakes in Iceland!