

"TALE OF THE TUB."

(After Beranger.)

My dwelling is ample,
And I've set an example,
For all lovers of wine to follow :
Where's my home? should you ask,—
I have drained out a cask,
And I dwell in the fragrant hollow !
A disciple I am of Diogenes—
O! his tub a most classical lodging is !
'Tis a beautiful alcove for thinking ;
'Tis, besides, a cool grotto for drinking ;
Moreover, the city throughout,
You can readily roll it about :
O! the berth,
For a lover of mirth,
To revel in jokes, and to lodge in ease,
Is the classical tub of Diogenes !

In politics I'm no adept,
And into my Tub when I've crept,
They may canvas in vain for my vote ;
For, besides, after all the great cry and hubbub,
"Independence" will bring little help to my tub,
So their fuss I don't value a groat !
And as for that idol of filth and vulgarity,
Adorned now-a-days, and 'yclept "Popularity,"

To my home

Should it come,

And my hog's head's bright aperture darken,
Think not to such summons I'd hearken ;—
No! I'd say to that ghoul, grim and gaunt,

"Vile phantom, avaunt !

Get thee out of my sight !

For thy clumsy opacity shuts out the light

Of the gay, glorious sun

From my classical tun,

Where a hater of cant, and a lover of fun,

Fain would revel in mirth, and would lodge in ease,—

The classical tub of Diogenes !"

SQUALLY WEATHER.

Hallo! my cynical shipmate, there's a promise of squally weather "off the banks." For a certainty, the porpoises are rolling awfully, and the dolphins may be baring their backs of gold, only I can't see them through the fog! And the cod don't seem inclined to bite, although we bait our lines with a new and glittering bait called CONFEDERATION. Very ungrateful and very bad taste of them, isn't it? Even the thornbacks show their thorns to it; and the halibut and other flat fish are not flats enough to look it in the face! What's to be done? We must have fish! The new net—the "Howe"—was very effective on the opposite coast,—surely there are material and appliances for manufacturing another like it in "The Island?" Depend on it, Johnny,—that first of fishermen,—will try!

MORE CYNICAL THAN "DIOGENES" HIMSELF.

When Mr. Huntington had concluded his great oration on "Independence," Mr. Chamberlin followed with an elaborate speech on the other side. The audience voted unanimously their thanks to *both* gentlemen for their kindness, &c.

The farmers of Bedford may hold strong opinions on such subjects as "shorthorns" or "top dressing" but they evidently consider Independence a bore. Anything more delicately sarcastic than the way in which they expressed this opinion DIOGENES has not heard of for a long time.

HOGS AND ACORNS.

A reviewer in the *Dominion Monthly*, speaking of Elihu Burritt's arguments in favor of English, instead of Latin, for scientific names, thus discourses :—

"Again, to the Englishman at least, latinized botanical names may serve the useful purpose of reminding him of the foreign origin of the vast majority of his trees, shrubs, flowers and fruits, and may recall his thoughts to the time when Seneca was writing from a table of gold, shadowed by laurels and olives,—when Indian princes were giving forth their laws from thrones of jewelled ivory,—and when, 'mid the meagre flora of foggy Britannia, *Elihu's forefathers and mine were grubbing with crooked nails for acorns, or watching the blood-stained oak of the Druid.*"

The author of the foregoing piece of oratory, mindful only of the sound of his words, and sacrificing sense to antithesis, lets the Englishman out of the scrape of barbarism, but claims for Elihu and himself a very singular ancestry. "Elihu's forefathers and mine," he says, "grubbed acorns with crooked nails." In that case they were hogs, and very stupid hogs too. Hogs alone, of all the mammalia, eat acorns. Now, the critic must be a mammal, and of very recent origin, when he sets his ancestry to grub for acorns which fall from the trees and lie on the ground, instead of under it! Latin could hardly have been of much use to these children of nature, whose language must have been monosyllabic then, as now, and briefly expressed by a grunt,—drawn out into agonizing length occasionally, when, for instance, "Elihu's forefather and mine" got his head under a gate!

CORRESPONDENCE.

PASTORAL LETTERS.

MY DEAR DIO:

You will observe by the address of this letter, that I have taken advantage of the leave of absence you so liberally granted me, and am now recruiting my health, shattered by my superhuman exertions in your service, (Bosh—Ed. DIO :) amid the fertile fields and purling streams of this delightful section of our Dominion.

I am located at a farm house, within an easy distance of the thriving little village of C——n, and enjoy, at a ridiculously small cost, abundance of plain and wholesome food, and a daily supply of such milk and cream as would,—diluted to the usual standard,—furnish a month's supply to all the Boarding Houses in Montreal.

In C——n, there is an admirably-conducted Money Order Office,—so you can easily remit, *weekly*, my modest stipend, instead of allowing it to accumulate till my return. (The Cynic here makes a derisive gesture over his sinister shoulder.) This will be the more convenient, as I nearly exhausted my finances by settling all my little outstanding liabilities previous to my departure. (Who were all those anxious inquirers after his correspondent? If DIOGENES knows a *dun* when he sees one, they were undoubtedly of that *genus*.)

I have announced myself to my host as the Agricultural Correspondent of our most influential Montreal journal. I am, consequently, treated with the most profound consideration, and my opinion on all matters of husbandry and bucolics is regarded as law. This, as you are aware, is my first visit to the country, and I have no *practical* experience whatever of agricultural matters,—still, I consider that a correspondent of your valuable journal is competent to give advice, theoretically, *on any subject*; and I should not be surprised if my theories,—supposing they are carried out,—should lead to some remarkable and unforeseen results.

I flatter myself I have already considerably impressed my host with some of my suggestions;—notably when I suggested that he should endeavour to procure a buffalo bull to cross with his thorough-bred Durhams, with a view of procuring a