

HOOD REVISED.

One more unfortunate
Gasping for breath:
Fashion, extortionate,
Marks her for death!

Touch her but tenderly,
Handle with care
Fashioned so slenderly,—
Waist like a hair!—

Gaze not so scornfully,
Think of it mournfully,
Gently and humanly,
Chignons and pads not there,
All that *remains of her*
Then is pure womanly!

Look at her tresses
Ungracefully tossed,—
Her fair auburn tresses,—
While wonderment guesses
How much they cost!

Lift her, then, tenderly,
Touch not her hair,
Who knows? 'tis false, perhaps,
Such as *they* wear.
It might come off you know,
Think what a *shock*!—
People would call it
"A rape of the lock!"

See but that "bend" of hers,
Oh! poor humanity!
Woman is naught but hoop,
Humbug and vanity!

Made up of odds and ends,
Like ancient history,
Like *Daily* "Cord and Creese,"
She's naught but mystery.

She can't stand scrutiny,
She can't refute any
Tales which are true enough:
How that she paints her cheeks,
How of those rosy streaks
Nature finds few enough!

Picture it—think of it
Marrying man;
Propose to her, marry her
Then, if you can!

A NICHT WI' BURNS.

In its edition of Friday last, the *Herald* published a letter over the signature of "Orthodox," which said that, some years ago, a certain "well-known clergyman" objected to the public reading of "Tam o' Shanter" at a concert given by the St. Andrew's Society. It is asked "what did the same clergyman think of the recitation of the 'Bapteesement o' the Bairn' at the last concert given by that Society?"

DIOGENES was not present at that concert, and knows nothing of the Bapteesement o' the Bairn, except that he is told it was well received by the audience. The Cynic does, however, know something of "Tam o' Shanter," and, in

order to refresh his knowledge of that wonderful tale, he determined to give it a re-perusal, and, if possible, discover the cause of the "well-known clergyman's" objections.

The Philosopher selected the most promising "dip" of his last pound, lighted his lantern, placed upon his venerable nose the "barnacles" which he uses when he is disposed to be hypercritical, and, as he likes an audience, however small, commanded the attendance of the antique female who presides over the domestic arrangements of his Tub. DIOGENES likes the sound of his own voice, and, therefore, is fond of reading aloud. On this occasion he exerted himself to his utmost capacity, delivering, in his "richest Doric," (*vide Witness*) the stirring lines of the Scottish Bard. He was unable, however, to detect anything, which, according to philosophic views, could be construed as offensive to either "clergy or laity."—(*vide* Mr. Stanley Bagg.) He now found that his audience was of service to him in his search. She declared it must have been the shortness of "Nannie's" skirt which provoked the reverend objector, and, indeed, as the letter says that the objection was taken some years ago, when ladies wore dresses of "orthodox" width and ample longitude, it seems not unlikely that the "old woman" may be right. Of course, the same exception could not be taken now a-days. Fashion has changed all that, and ladies now promenade our principal streets in dresses, against which even the redoubtable "Nannie" might fairly have protested.

DIOGENES gives this conjecture for what it is worth. It is not his, but the "old woman's."

THE MAYOR.

"Who would be
A merman bold,
Sitting alone,
Singing alone,
Under the sea,
With a crown of gold,
On a throne?"

—Tennyson.

Who would be
A Mayor so bold,
To sit in the chair,
In the civic chair
At the City Hall,
With a chain of gold,
To wear?

I would be a Mayor so bold;
I would sit in the chair at the City Hall;
I would be such a swell in my chain of gold;
I would lay down the law to the Councillors all,
Till all the people, great and small,
Should hold up their hands admiringly,
And say "What a very fine Mayor is he!"

And then, oh! wouldn't I cut a shine!
I would ask the Prince with me to dine;
That he might sit and talk to me,
And perhaps he might make me a K.C.B.;—
I would not heed though he spoke to me
Snubbingly, snubbingly;

But would follow him out, around and about,
To *swire* and concert, and ball and rout;
I would not wait invited to be,
But would go to St. A—'s Society,
Or anywhere else the Prince might be,
Perseveringly, perseveringly;

Till all the people should wonder and stare,
And call me H. R. H.'s *nightmare*.