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FRUITS, SPICES, PASTRY FLOUR,
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Has on hand a Large Stock of ALBUMS for Holiday Presents.
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FINE PERFUMES,
Hair, Tooth, & Nail
Brushes,
Patent "Rubber
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J. E. D'AVIGNON
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Notre Dame Street.
Use D'Avignon's
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PILE PASTE.

Prepared only by
DR. PATCH,
364 1/2 Strand, London.
A perfect cure where
a surgical operation
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cessary.

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Boxes,
Candied Peels,
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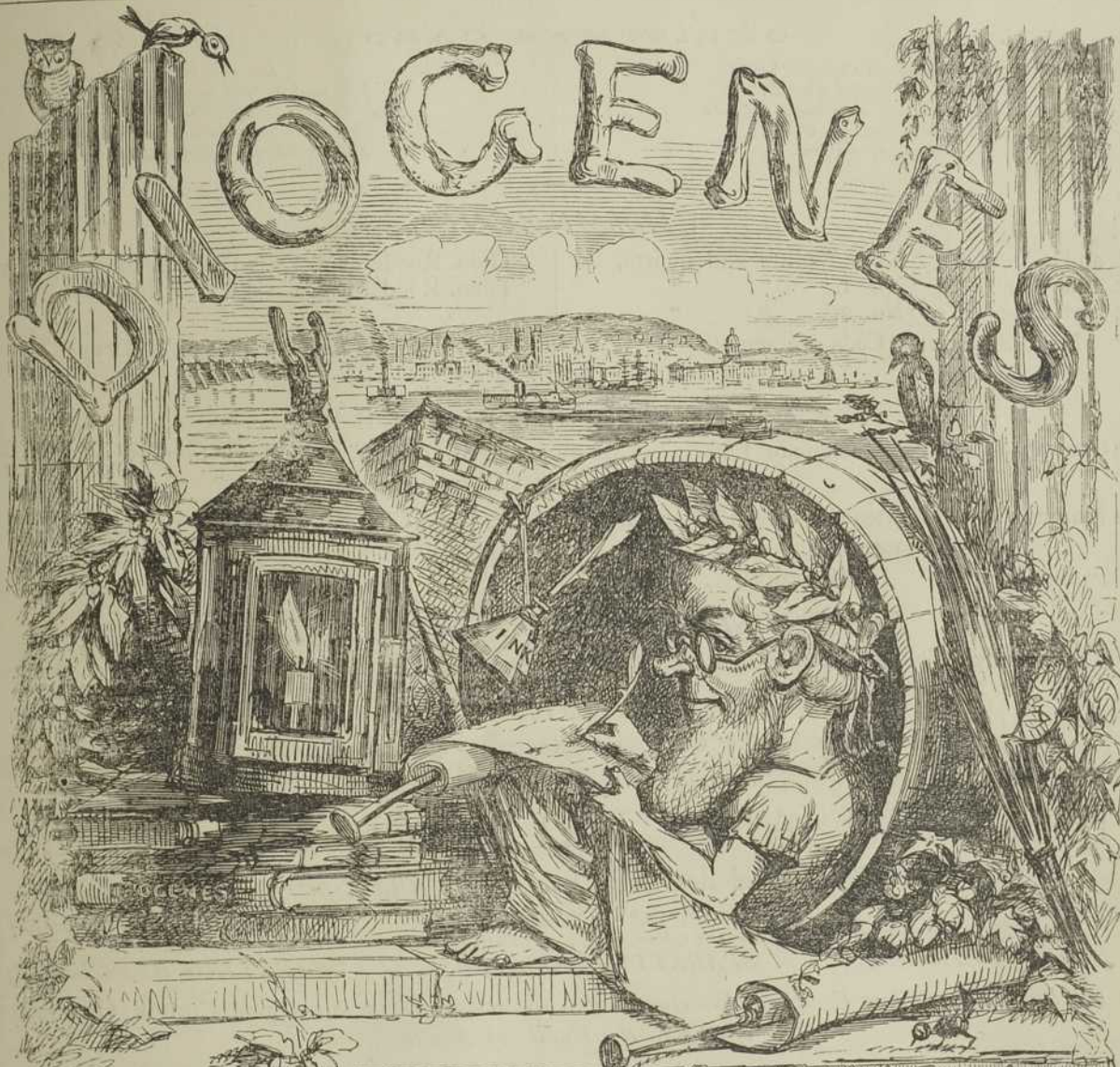
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FAMILY GROCERS,
Corner Lemoine and
McGill Streets.

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THE
PRINCE ARTHUR
MARCH,

By Mr. O. Pelletier,
Played by the Rifle
Brigade Band at the
Drill Shed Concert
on the 17th.

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Babcock's
UTERINE
Reporter for Pro-
paga, Retroversion,
and Anteversion,
made of pure Silver,
and warranted by the
author to cure in the
majority of cases.

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Dispensing
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Family Chemist,
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Lawrence Street,
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Established 1859.

Stationery Depot.

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Stationery,

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School requisites,

Twines,

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71 & 73

St. Francois Xavier

Street.

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St. Francois Xavier

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LUNCH every day

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Oysters cooked to

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A choice assortment

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Celebrated Ales.

Oyster Patties un-

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Superior of the

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Vol. III.—No. 4.

MONTREAL, 10th DECEMBER, 1869.

Price—Five Cents

Queen's Arms Cheese, Cheddar Cheese, Stilton Cheese,
And another supply FRESH ENGLISH COBNUTS, ex "Peruvian."
ALEX. MCGIBBON.

DIOGENES.

ITALIAN WAREHOUSE.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Now merrily sound the Christmas bells,
And hearts are cheerily glowing;
And out on the wide waste moors and fells
Sharp winter's winds are blowing;
But pile up the fire,

And your hearts to inspire
Join hand in hand together,
Singing, Christmas is here,
With his old Christmas cheer,
And his old merry Christmas weather.

CHAMPAGNES.

Moet and Chandon's "Extra," pints and quarts,
Moet and Chandon's "No. 1," " " "
Moet and Chandon's "No. 2," " " "
Max. Sutine & Co.'s Versenay.

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Theo. Roederer & Co.'s Carte Noire, " "

Chas. Heidsick's (Dry).

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"Chateau Margaux," "Chateau Lafitte," "Margaux," "St. Julien," "Medoc," in pints and quarts.

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Chateau Margaux, 1858, Chateau Lafitte, 1858, Chateau Latour, 1858, Chateau Latour, 1861, Chateau Lafitte, 1864.
Haut Sauterne, Sauterne, Barsac.
"Leoville," "Margaux," "St. Julien," "Medoc," "St. Lubes."

PORTS, SHERRIES, & BURGUNDIES.

Red Burgundy, White Burgundy, Pale and Gold Sherries, Superior Old Port, White Port, Madeira.

LIQUEURS.

Chartreuse, Maraschino, Curacao, Noyeau, Orange Bitters, and Assorted.

RHENISH AND PALATINATE WINES.

HOCK and MOSELLE, Still and Sparkling.

"LAUBENHEIM," "NEIRSTEIN," RUESHEIM," "HOCKHEIM," "JOHANNISBERG" (Duke of Metternich's Estate),
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SPARKLING HOCK, SPARKLING MOSELLE, SPARKLING BURGUNDY.

With the Largest and most Complete Assortment of CHRISTMAS DELICACIES and CHOICE GROCERIES ever offered to the Public of Montreal.

ALEX. MCGIBBON, 67 St. James Street.

GOLD-BACKED PLAYING-CARDS

For 20 cents!

PLAIN PLAYING CARDS FOR 7 CENTS!

A BOX OF BOSTON INITIAL STATIONERY for 30 CENTS.
COMMERCIAL NOTE, 90 CENTS PER REAM.

Bill Books,

Diaries,

Gold Pens (Foley's),

Antique Note Paper,

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SMITH'S METALLIC MEMORANDUMS,
STEPHENS', TODD'S and WALKDEN'S

I N K S,

etc., etc., etc., etc.,

AT THE OFFICE OF

"DIOGENES,"

27 St. James' Street.



LONDRES 1862



PARIS 1867

SAVAGE, LYMAN & CO.

Are Sole Agents for the Dominion of the above justly Celebrated

WATCHES.

ALSO, IN STOCK, A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF SWISS, ENGLISH AND AMERICAN
MADE WATCHES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

AND

FINE JEWELLERY AND ELECTRO-PLATED WARE.

Savage, Lyman & Co.,

271 Notre Dame Street (Sign of the Illuminated Clock).

AN EXPLANATION.

An injurious report has gone abroad that His Worship the Mayor has established that witty and funny paper, *The Clown and Horse Collar*, with the sole object of killing DIOGENES. The Cynic is glad to announce that there is no truth in this rumour. Kill off DIOGENES! After that, the Deluge! Do people imagine that His Worship is so insane so as to undertake so impossible an adventure? Besides the absurdity of the thing, no human being could believe that our illustrious and patriotic Chief Magistrate would ever think of depriving his beloved people of the blessings showered upon them by a writer who has so long been their guide, philosopher and friend—a beacon to illumine their darkness, as wine to gladden their hearts. DIOGENES is, therefore, delighted to absolve His Worship of this heinous sin; for it would grieve him to suppose that a Magistrate, who concentrates in his single person all the cardinal virtues, and many besides, to a greater extent even than his eminent predecessor, Mr. Beaudry—it would grieve the Philosopher to suspect aught of His Worship but what is just, benevolent and angelic. We are, however, happy to state that His Worship is really owner and editor, or at least a regular contributor, to our contemporary's brilliant pages. We are able to communicate to our readers one of his last contributions, although we regret that we can only insert a few verses in our present number. We will endeavour to give the remainder of this noble lyric in succeeding issues. It was sung by His Worship at the late dinner given by him in honor of H. R. H. the Prince Arthur and *suite*:

A SONG OF WELCOME!

Prince Arthur, born of Royal line,
I'm glad to see you at my table;
Spare not the victuals or the wine,
But eat and drink while you are able.

Come, let us fill our glasses fair,
As o'er us waves yon' civic pennant;
Don't feel so shy—for I'm the Mayor,
And you are only a Lieutenant.

I'm told of cash they keep you scant,
Which oftentimes must sorely trouble you;
But tell your Ma you'll never want
A dinner while lives W. W.!

There! Mr. Beaudry may rival His Worship in other respects, but could he write like *that*? No! DIOGENES emphatically says,—No!

DRAMATIC CRITICISM.

The following delicious sentence concluded a theatrical puff in the *Telegraph*, yesterday:—

"If no one has seen the character before, they should not lose the present opportunity of doing so now."

It is charitably hoped the "notice" was *communicated*.

SOMETHING MORE THAN "ASSURANCE."

SCENE THE 1ST.—*An Office in ——— Street. Signboard overhead.*
"The Moon Jew-You-All Assurance Co. of New York."

Enter a Merchant wishing to pay a premium,—say on the "John Collins."—The smiling "agent," or "representative," or whatever you may call him, receives the money with unction, glancing in a self-satisfied sort of way at the large printed "card" hanging on the wall, as though desirous of drawing his client's attention thereto. This is the card:

NOTICE!
—
MARINE INSURANCE
—
DONE AT THE
—
LOWEST RATES OF PREMIUM.

SCENE 2ND.—*Enter a Merchant to collect a loss.*—The "agent," "representative," or whatever you call him, frowns—spurts out something like "fraudulent claim;" the large printed card has, somehow or other, been reversed, and now reads:

NOTICE!
—
THIS COMPANY IS NOT RESPONSIBLE
—
FOR THE
—
ACTS OF ITS AGENTS.

The Merchant retires dumbfounded, and, after consulting his friends, decides on trying the "glorious uncertainty of the Law."

"PATIENCE IS A VIRTUE."

The Ass has long been esteemed the paragon of patience, but Canadian Conservatives put poor "Neddy" to the blush. With an American-born Radical "friend," Governor of Ontario; a Clear-Grit husbandman's son, Governor (in expectancy) of the Nor'-West; a Brockville Radical,—a son of Vulcan,—Attorney General of the same promising territory; a Clear-Brownite made head of the Customs; and last,—not least,—a Captain of Engineers, taken fresh from the Army at Halifax, placed on the Executive Council at £500 a year, because he married into the family of a disappointed Nova Scotian politician! All this, one would think enough to fire out the hosts of aspiring Conservatives who have, for years, fought the Premier's battles; but it is a fact, nevertheless, that they still hold on, though heart-sick with "hope deferred," and charitably conclude that they are in the "cold shade" only because it "can't be helped!" Party history has seldom known such extraordinary abnegation!

TRADE LYRICS.—No. 1.

"THE COOK'S FRIEND."

Ye nymphs! whose art benignant fires my strain,
Learn how ye Culinary fame may gain—
Use BAKING POWDER, when you're making bread,
The COOK'S fast FRIEND—'twill stand you in good stead.

The dough, responsive to the potent spell,
In all its sentient atoms, rises well,
And, when the oven yields the well-done batch,
Say if your "friend"-less efforts *this* can match!

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 *soiree* 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*.

STATISTICAL.

DIOGENES is indebted to that eminent statistician, the Secretary of the Montreal Corn Exchange, for the following curious and useful information, prepared with great labour, care, and precision:—

Expense of embodying in telegraph reports, throughout the Dominion, the titles and honorary additions of the members of the General and Provincial Governments, ex-Ministers, Senators, Legislators, Legislative Councillors, ex-Councillors, &c., &c., &c., 1,000,015 63

Expense of printing the same in the newspapers, including wages, paper, and ink only 550,000 45

The amount paid in the Province of Quebec, for these items, is strikingly heavy.

The learned Secretary also gives detailed statements of kindred expenditures everywhere, under the heads, "styling Lieut. Governors by the title of Excellency;" "addressing the wives of Ministers, Senators, Councillors, &c.," as the "Hon. Lady A.," and the "Hon. Mrs. B.," with various similar facts and details, which we regret our space will not permit us to publish at full length. We must mention, however, that the cost of the words "Worshipful," "Your Worship," and "His Worship," in the instances of the Mayors of our Cities and Villages, is enormous. That for Montreal exceeds all the other Municipalities of the Dominion taken together, which is, undoubtedly, owing to the profound respect in which the talents, virtues and accomplishments of our present Chief Magistrate, are universally held. Laprairie comes next.

It is understood that Mr. Auditor General Langton will incorporate this invaluable compilation in his next official report to be laid before Parliament.

REM ACU TETEGISTIS.

DIOGENES has received a communication from an esteemed Hibernian correspondent, on the subject of the castigation given to the Rev. Mr. McMahon, by our Canadian journals.

The Cynic is unable to publish the epistle in its entirety, as it is of an extremely fiery, not to say objurgatory character, but as his correspondent really seems to have hit the mark with reference to the peculiar hardship suffered by the reverend gentleman during his imprisonment,—probably from a "fellow-feeling,"—he prints a portion of the communication, merely softening down a few of the adjectives.

"These sanguinary journals, with the duplicity which characterises the Saxon, when dealing with the wrongs of the sons of Erin, lay stress upon a few trifling discrepancies between the Reverend patriot's statements in Canada and New York, but pass over in silence those indignities which weigh heaviest on his mind, and which form the gist of his complaints. What, sir? is an Irish patriot and priest to be plunged forcibly into a filthy Saxon bath, and the sacred deposit of years to be forcibly removed from his reverend epidermis? Forbid it, shade of Brian Boru! But, let the tyrants beware! the time will yet arrive when the foul Saxon cuticle will come under the flesh-brush of Erin, and then 'twill be more than dirt we will remove—'the skin shall come with it!'"

"Aye, there's the rub!" It was the washing that so hurt the reverend gentleman's feelings, and DIOGENES trusts that the authorities at Kingston, who seem to be mighty tender over their guests, will take care that, in future, the tender susceptibilities of their Fenian visitors shall not be outraged on this delicate point.

NOBODY HURT.

In your last, Mr. DIOGENES, you had something to say about "Organs," and the strange tunes they play. But they possess another remarkable quality, on which your lantern threw no light;—their wonderful, significant, and suggestive silence, when it doesn't suit 'em to speak. In "The Metropolis" we have two of these instruments, and they play against each other from January to December for the prizes that are awarded for the best licking and the best dish-washing. In the same place there happens also to be a Post-Office. Now, you must, know that a week or two ago, there was promise of a pretty considerable *muss* in this establishment; many very strange things were said to have come to light;—sores, that had began to mortify, and weak places that had outgrown the best patent auditorial trusses and bandages. Not a note was struck on the "Organs;" their bellows were undisturbed, and we knew that the fair and pleasant weather was not likely to be disturbed. So it was. No one was hurt. A gentleman retired from the fruitful field with a fortune, and another was appointed in his stead,—a Kingston man of course!! (The public offices, unless the wind of patronage veers, will certainly depopulate Kingston.) The two days wonder subsided—the old sores were salved and covered—the weak places were doctored—and one of the organs rebuked somebody who had the impertinence to hint that something was out of order. Some people are unreasonable; no right-minded individual would have supposed that there could have been acidity or bitterness in a Post-Office, where the Inspector was a *Sweetman*, or dreamt that the accounts would not be properly cooked, where the post-master was a *Baker*. ***

"LIVING CHARACTER ACTING."

DIOGENES has been puzzled for some days past by the announcement contained in certain gorgeous posters, to the effect that a young Canadian *Artiste* had been pronounced by the entire press as the "the greatest of "Living Character Actors." At last he put it to himself in this way: What is a "character actor." All theatrical performers are supposed to assume some character be it good, bad, or indifferent, and to represent it more or less truthfully; therefore there can be no distinctive feature in the performance of our young Canadian, which entitles him to call himself, *par excellence*, a "character actor." Mr. Rankin, knowing that stage players in general are esteemed, by the "unco guid," persons of *no* character, had determined to proclaim his respectability, and thus anticipate one of the gravest objections to theatrical entertainments. But when the Cynic examined the notice more thoroughly, the prefix "living" again plunged him into the depths of perplexity. A "living Character Actor"?—What in the name of the revered and lamented Lindley, is he? "Eels all alive o'!" he has heard publicly advertised by stentorian street criers—but an Actor all alive o'!—what could that mean? At last DIOGENES came to the conclusion that the mysterious announcement, freely translated, amounted to this—That Mr. R. was an actor of respectability, alive to his own interest. Accordingly the Philosopher resolved to go to the theatre.

DIOGENES has returned from the theatre—Weary, dreary, and sleepy. He was half-suffocated by the foul air, and was bored by one of the slowest performances he ever witnessed. Mr. Rankin has, however, a certain imitative faculty, which experience may ripen into talent. But the Cynic can speak of the first and second acts only. He was notified by the play bill that there was to be an interval of twenty years between the second and third acts. He thought that rather long to wait—and he left.



“COASTING:”

A WINTER AMUSEMENT UNDER THE ESPECIAL PATRONAGE OF “AN EFFICIENT POLICE.”

WAKING DREAMS.

Here's our pretty darling,
Seated by the fire,
Building airy castles
To her heart's desire.

See! on swift toboggan,
Down the slope they glide;
View the princely figure
Sitting by her side.

Now, with airy lightness,
O'er the ice they skim;
Victoria's rink, the scene is,
Victoria's son, the HIM!

Whirled by fiery coursers,
O'er the snow they fly;
Still the Royal figure
Meets the envious eye.

Wake, oh! sweet enchantress!
Wake to stubborn fact;
Recollect that dreadful
Royal Marriage Act!

Banish the vain phantoms
In thy train, that lurk;
Think upon thy faithful,
Loving “Dry Goods' Clerk!”

Let returning wisdom
Thy true heart evince;
Think not of that fatal,
Fascinating Prince!

A NATURAL ENQUIRY.

A correspondent asks if the *Circuit Court* is so called, because of the very *round-about* way in which they transact their business? Perhaps, one of our legal contributors will enlighten our correspondent.

MEM. FOR CHRISTMAS.

Wild Turkeys should always be taken in conjunction with *Sublime Porte*. The Cynic refers to his advertising columns.

HIGHLY APPROPRIATE.

The motto displayed at the St. George's Society's Bazaar;
“I was a stranger and ye took me in!”—*Vide Daily News*,
8th inst.



THE WAKING DREAMS OF BEAUTY.

THE HISTORY OF A LOAFER.

CHAP. X.

THE LUNCH AND ITS TERMINATION.

And the Directors and men of science set to work eating and drinking as though they fasted for a month previously. And then the celebrated port and claret was brought in, and toast and speeches followed as a matter of course. The Chairman made a speech and the Secretary made a speech, in which the two engineers, old and young, were loaded with compliments. And then the old Northumbrian made the longest speech he had ever been known to make in his life. He disclaimed all credit for the new bridge, the honor of which, he said, undoubtedly belonged to his young friend, Winter. He had merely assisted him, and given him the results of his experience in devising the details of the structure. He had given to the new principle, the sanction of his name, because he knew that without that, it would never have been built; but now, that the principle had succeeded beyond the hopes of all, it was time that honor should be given to the right man. And then, as if wonders were never to cease, the old man wound up with a peroration which made many stare with astonishment, and which must be given verbatim.

"Gentlemen, in the present day, there is too much idolatry of those called "practical men." Many of these are the greatest quacks in the world. Who laughed at Stephenson when he modestly stated his ability to travel twelve miles an hour? Who caricatured Jenner with two horses and a tail? Your practical men,—men who do things in a certain way because, say they, 'This is the way we always do it, and I understand my business.' I was one of these practical men once, but when I found that I was, every day, abandoning the practices which I had learned in my youth, I thought I might as well abandon the title as well. Now, this is a day of confession. You have confessed that my young friend and myself are not quite such *daft watties* (here his burr came out tremendously), as you thought us a few hours ago. I, for my part, give up an old prejudice which, till lately, I held all my life. I always hated University men,—but now,—well,—my youngest boy shall go to Cambridge next year. When Winter first came to me I despised him; but when I came to try of what stuff he was made,—when I found that I never instructed him in a detail, but that he suggested an undoubted improvement to it,—when I saw that he had acquired, somewhere, most prodigious habits of study and application,—and that that big head of his could retain more than my big memorandum book, I soon saw that there must be something in the system which had educated him. People are asking continually, now-a-days, 'What is the best education to enable a man to get on in the world?' Not one specially adapted to the business he is to follow. That is all nonsense. We do not send boys to school to learn to be butchers, or carpenters, bankers or parsons, but a boy wants to acquire habits of perseverance, habits of thinking and reasoning, habits of analyzing and combining. He must learn to cultivate his memory, and last, not least, to love his God and his neighbor. When he leaves school, he will know nothing of any trade or profession. These he must learn elsewhere, and we shall find hereafter that the butcher's beef, the carpenter's roof, the banker's credit, and the parson's sermon will be none the worse for retaining a decided flavor of what was learnt at school."

Now, what was the old man's motive for making this for him, unusually long speech? He had two. In the first place he wished to obtain for Gilbert, the appointment of assistant

engineer of the line. In the second place, the directors had been very unruly lately, and he wished to administer to them a quiet rub in his own quaint way. And now, of course, Gilbert's health was proposed, and he, in his turn, had to make a speech. The Cambridge wrangler, who knew much of Demosthenes and Cicero by heart, rose, became very red in the face, trembled like a leaf, uttered a few almost inaudible words, and then sat down in most ignominious confusion. His old chief laughed heartily, and liked Gilbert all the better; but the Directors were much disappointed. They wanted a little buttering, and expected it from the young man at least.

Just after this occurrence, a messenger entered the room, and placed a letter marked "immediate" in Gilbert's hands. He read it hastily, and turned deadly pale, and, after briefly apologizing to the company, informed them that he must go to London directly. He whispered a few words to his chief, and walked out of the room without saying another word. In passing the bow window of the house, he stumbled on the disreputable looking youth whom we mentioned in the last chapter, and who advanced to him with out-stretched hand.

"Gilbert, brother,—I have overheard all—I must shake hands before I go."

Gilbert had not yet heard the news of his brother's disappearance.

"Gerald," said he, in same surprise, "what does this mean?"

"It means that I ran away from home, and I am never going back as long as I live."

"You will come to London with me directly," said Gilbert, in his sternest tones.

"Never!"

"Silence, boy. Father is dying!"

Not another word was spoken then. Gerald followed his brother almost mechanically, and scarcely did either open his lips till they arrived in the metropolis. They found their father at a well-known lodging house in Thavies' Inn, much frequented by clergymen. They were met at the door by their sister, Lizzie.

"He is more sensible now," said she, "and is asking for Gerald as if nothing had happened."

His erring son was received with the warmest affection by Mr. Winter. No idea of his misconduct was evidently at that time present in his wandering mind. With marked contrast he responded to Gilbert's respectful enquiries. He treated him coldly, and with a manner full of distrust. Gilbert left him, followed his sister into an adjoining room, and then the strong man broke down altogether, and he wept like a child.

But Mr. Winter did not die after all. He came to London in search of his youngest son. He was there stricken with paralysis which partially deprived him of the use of his lower limbs. He was crippled for life, and his once fine intellect reduced to a state of semi-idiocy.

(To be continued.)

HORRIBLE BARBARITY.

The attention of the "SEC. of the So. for the SUP." is called to a recipe for cooking lobsters, which appeared in one or more of the city papers a few days ago. The cook is directed to butter and pepper the poor creature alive, secure it to a spit, and set it to roast. When the shell cracks off in small pieces, the fish will remain, done to a turn.

No doubt of it;—just in the same way that the old woman's cat, which she tied by the tail to her bed-post to keep her from stealing the cream, jumped out of her skin, and left the fur for her mistress to make a boa of!

LOOK UP YOUR ANCESTORS.

The *News* has woke up,—is getting sensational,—not to say alarming. The Cynic, while desirous of encouraging his contemporary in his laudable ambition, would warn him against the serious responsibility he incurs by allowing such paragraphs as the following to appear in his columns—as an editorial, too!—

“Some people imagine that there must be a land dispute at the bottom of all attempted assassinations. This does not do justice to the Irish nature; Paddy has grown so particular, that if the character of one’s ancestors will not bear the strictest investigation, the representative of an erring forefather must suffer.”

Although this alarming statement only appeared in yesterday’s issue, DIOGENES learns that already a large number of the most distinguished families in our upper five hundred are in a state of intense agitation. Some are placing their mansions in a state of defence; others are thinking of paying a hurried visit to Europe until the tyranny be once past; and one distinguished City Councillor, and leader of fashion, after ascertaining from his eldest daughter (who has been highly educated) what an “ancestor” meant, has applied to the Minister of Militia for military protection.

Heavens and earth! if our ancestors are to be irrefragable what will become of us all?

OUR LOCAL ITEMS.

(Suggested by the absorbingly interesting paragraphs under the same heading in our local journals.)

Mrs. Mulloony bought two pounds of loin chops yesterday at the Bonsecours market.—She paid ninepence a pound! a high price, taking into consideration the quality of the meat.

The Minister of Mil—t—a ordered a new pair of boots on Wednesday: they were of calf, with high heels. The extra inch thus added to his stature, lends additional dignity to his already imposing appearance.

Master Murphy, our special newsboy, on the occasion of his proceeding to visit his friend, Mr. Payette, for a month, was regaled by his confreres with an elaborate supper of polonies and ginger beer.

As soon as it gets cold enough the river may be expected to freeze over. (For this valuable piece of information, the Cynic acknowledges his indebtedness to the *News*.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

SIR,—In sendin’ ye the following soleeliquy on the Haddie—of coors I meen the *Finnan* Haddie—I wad parteeclarly requist that ye get some printer that’s a Scotchman, tae set it up. I hae fraequently sent things tae papers in this kintra, an’ since the days when Rollo yaist tae print them himsel’, I’ve had vera little satisfackshun oot o’ them. I fin that vera few o’ your English or Canawdian printers unerstaun hoo tae mak yuse o’ the comas an’ the apostrophees, on which raaly guid Scotch poetry sae mukle depends, an’ I’ve often had a’ the pith an’ pint ta’en oot o’ a raaly first clauss poem, through their ignorance an’ stewpeedity. Ye’ll therefore obleege me by no printint at a’ if ye think ye canna get it dune richt. Anent the 4th verse, I may menshun that, I’m no a Roman, an’ that consequently I’m no obleeged tae eat fish on Fridays. Bit, as the twa servants that we keep are baith Romans, ma wife fins that its chaipest for us a’ tae hae a fish denner that day, an’ we often hae haddies wi the result that I state in the soleeliquy.

Alloo me, sir, tae say that, the poem is dedicated tae the writer o’ the papers that’s heedet “Ab Antro,” in the

Gazette, wha in ma opeenyon is a splendit writer, an’ wha gied us a screed jist aifter my ain heart, on the same subjeck, twa or three weeks back.

Hopin’ that ye’ll dae yer best for me in the prentin’,
I’m yer freen,

NICOL JARVIE.

What is’t that in the mornin’s snell,
Maks me sae blyth tae hear the bell,
That “Breakfast’s ready!” ’s meant to tell?
The Haddie!

What is’t that ower the table throws
A smell that baits the mossy rose,
Or balmy fumes o’ buttery brose?
The Haddie!

What is’t that, wi’ het buttert toast,
Or scon, that bit a bawbee cost,
Excels by faur “meat”—boiled or roast?
The Haddie!

What is’t that ate wi’ tawties “dry,”
An’ a bit butter, maks me nigh
As pleased, on Friday’s, as if I
Had dined on soup, and jynt, and pie?
The Haddie!

What is’t that wi’ a cup o’ tea,—
Souchong, Gunpowder, or Bohea,
(Or a nice mixture o’ a’ three),
Maks a’ the past days’ troubles flee?
The Haddie!

An’ what, about the oor o’ ten
Wi’ twa, three cheils, ye raaly ken,
An’ bread, *Dow’s* “India,” or three X,
Beats iesters,—aye, or roastet hen?
The Haddie!

SIR,—I wrote a squib for the *Witness* a week ago. My friend Thomas saw it. “Why not write for DIOGENES?” says he. “P.V. Nasby Orpheus C. Kerr, and Josh Billings have gained a wide-world reputation by squib writing, and our own Korn Kobb shews signs of emulating their fame.”

“But what shall I write about, Thomas?” I made answer.

“Why, you’re a student at law, and will soon be a B.C.L.,—write and reform the law. Reform the carters’ tariff: you’ll save the Council an immense amount of wind, and time, and gas. Reform the postal system, and you’ll be blessed by all future generations, if you only gum the stamps sufficiently. Reform the Custom-house laws, and when it will no longer take twice the time for goods to come from Portland that is occupied in crossing the Atlantic, all merchants shall bless you. Oblige the Grand Trunk to mend their ways, and to bring wood to the city in winter, and you’ll be honored even in your own country. You’ve read the poets. Intersperse your writings with quotations from Milton, and Sangster, and Shakspeare and Heavysege, and Urquhart. Quotations are quite in vogue. The *News* gives them every day.”

“Softly, friend,” I cried at last, “tread lightly on that ground. Were I to attempt a change in the carters’ tariff, I should be haunted with most striking dreams of horsewhips and gutters. Did a reform of the postal service enter my brains, some one, *freer* than I, would soon institute a phrenological inquiry to establish my insanity. No, no! I’ll write, but I’ll eschew all such subjects. My next effort will be a sample of what I’ll do.

J. J. F.

“QUID RIDES.”—The public character of the individual is all that, at this moment, concerns DIOGENES. In future a strict watch will be kept on his movements. There are few so vulnerable, so vain, and, in some things, so silly. DIOGENES does not choose to succumb to drivelling inanity.

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