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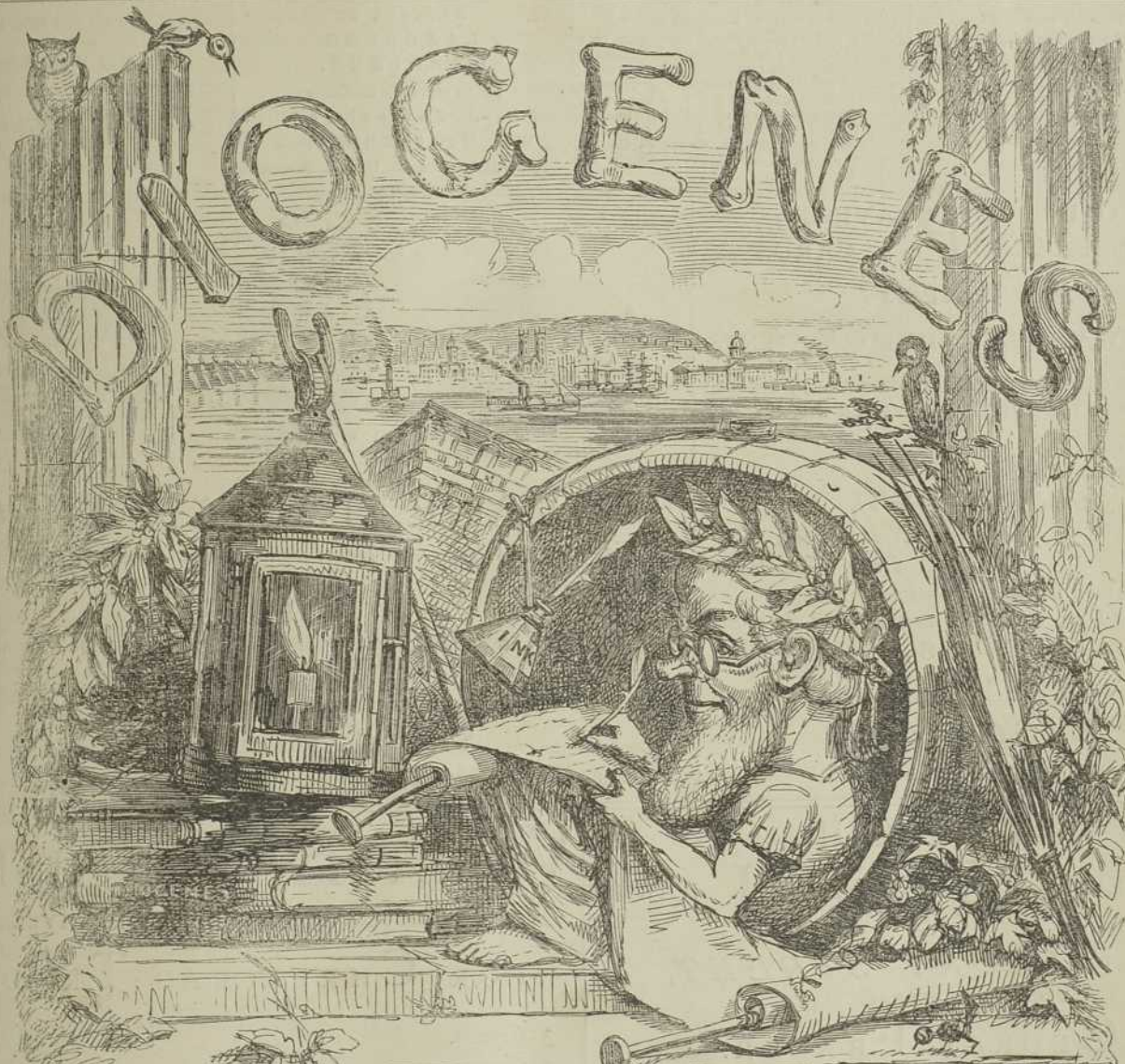
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DIOGENES VISITS THE POLICE COURT.

DIOGENES does not often go to the Police Court, nor does he often read reports of the miserable business which occupies the unhappy administrators of the law in that semi-subterranean receptacle for the offscourings of society; yet, as he likes to see, and seeing, to comment upon all that passes in the city, he sometimes pays it a visit, takes a seat with Mr. Coursol or Mr. Brehaut, and thus lends the weight of his countenance to their decisions, while the awe of his presence adds to the dignity of the bench.

The other day a case was decided, by the advice of the Cynic, which has escaped the notice of the press; but that our decision may remain on record for the benefit of the public, we hasten to publish it.

John O'Donovan, a sergeant in the 150th Fusiliers, was brought before Mr. Brehaut, charged with assaulting Jean Bte. Grondin *dit* Picque-Pon, and causing, also, great damage to his clothes.

The accused is a tall, handsome Irishman, with a pleasant smile and a devil-may-care look about him, which set Court and constable equally at defiance:—just the sort of boy that could rob a church, at a pinch, and find his own tools. Beside him stood a brother sergeant and two neatly-dressed and modest-looking young women. O'Donovan was the *beau ideal* of a soldier. Five feet eleven in his stockings, clean, smart, and upright, ready for anything, and, evidently, "loved by all the ladies." The accuser was a long, loosely-put-together tailor, terribly dilapidated in his appearance, as though he had been on the deputation which accompanied Mr. Aubin the other day to offer Canada to Gen. Grant. He was out at elbows, his coat and trousers were threadbare; they had been green, but now bore marks of many dirty floors and much spilt beer. He was, in short, a most unwholesome-looking character, whom nothing but annexation to a hydrant, for at least an hour, could have made fit, even for the Recorder's Court.

In perfectly fluent English, of the *Rouge-Yankee* school, he complained that, on the previous afternoon, the sergeant, without any provocation, had attacked him in a tavern at Mile-End, had blackened both his eyes, and had torn his coat nearly off his back.

The sergeant, on being called on for his defence, saluted the bench, and, directing his eye and his voice, one half to his accuser and one half to DIOGENES, with an occasional look at the Beak, said, in his own hearty Doric:—

"Plase yer hanars—yesterday was as fine a day as ever was seen, and me and Sergeant Daly there, set off for a walk round the mountain with thim two ladies:—one of them (turning round as he spoke) is my own wife—the other will be Misthress Daly whenever the Colonel will give his consint, which will be on the first vacancy among the women in the regiment, and that wont be long, neither, Mary, my dear—for the Quarter-Master-Sergeant's wife, Mrs. McSinclair, has taken so badly to the change from Scotch whiskey to Molson's Rye, that she's quite dropsical, and the water's rising in her chest, which must surprise her mightily, since she was never given to water at all, at all; at least she never takes it nate, anyhow —"

"Please come to the point, my man," said the magistrate; "we have nothing to do with Mrs. McSwiveler's dropsy."

"Sinclair, yer Hanar, McSinclair's her name, and a dacent woman she is, if she could only get rid of the wather,"—"and Molson's blue ruin," added the Sergeant's wife.

"To the point—to the point," said Mr. Brehaut, trying to speak angrily, for anger is not in his genial soul.

"To the pint o' beer, sir? Yes, we had one glass of beer each, just about a pint amongst the four of us—more by token

that Miss Mary jist tasted her's, and left the rest to Daly; she'll know better when the Colonel gives his consint!"

"Go on—go on with your story, and be —, quick, I mean. Tell us about the assault; what did you do to the plaintiff?"

"Plaintiff, your Hanar! the devil a plaintiff he is at all at all; he is a tailor, and an Annexationer to the bargain!"

"Well, well, tell us what happened for any sake."

"Och! if yer Worship is so set upon hearing it, and av its agreeable to the old gintleman with the barnacles on his red nose beside yez, I'll tell yon the whole skrimmage. Well, we were sittin' quite comfortable in the 'Cat and the Fiddle' at the Mile-End, discoorsin' one another, more particularly Daly and Miss Mary. I was smoking my pipe,—for I have said a'most all my say to Mrs. Donovan, tho' she has still a deal to say to me, which I wonder where it all comes from—well, in comes this big omadown, sits himself down beside me—the dirty villain—and, before I could tell what he was up to, takes hould of my wife's glass, and sez he, "here's to ye red coats, and here's to annexation!" With that, begorra, he drank the beer clean out. Troth, then, gintleman, I am a little wake about the timper, at least so the wife says; so I winks to Sergeant Daly just to open the windy, and I tuk him by the cuff of the coat and the sate of his breeches, and pitched him—annexation and all,—out into the garden among the cabages! He made a horrid hullabolo, screeching in French and English all sorts of murder, tho' the devil a bit he was hurt, only his trousers were badly broke, by raison they were shoddy and rotten into the bargain. Well, the neighbours gathered round, and tould him to whisht, but the more they tried to pacify him the more he screeched. Wid dat, three or four of the boys got hould of him, and, in spite of him kicking like a cat under a harrow, they huddled him into the room, foreinst us and the ladies, hinder ind first, and, saving yer Hanar's prisence, quite ondacent, by raison of the hole in his onmentionables. Of coorse, it was no ways fit that he should stay in the same room with us, so I opened the door this time, took him by the neck, seeing as how I could get no hould of his shoddy, and put him down stairs, quite aisy like, with the toe of my boot."

"Yes, Sarr," said Picque-Pon, "he throw me down stairs, my head first, and gave me these two marks on my face."

"Faix, then, yer Hanar," said the Sergeant, "its the only way he would go. I put him out at the windy, and its head first he went; they put him into the windy again the other ind first, and he was not fit to be seen; and when I put him out of the door, I left him to take 'is own way, and it's head first he went again. And that's the whole truth, plase the Court,—divil a lie from beginning to ind!"

The defendant's story was fully borne out by his comrade and Miss Mary. DIOGENES and the Magistrate whispered together for some minutes in consultation, when the Court decided that the plaintiff had got no more than he deserved, but that the defendant had no right to take the law into his own hands. That the Court was open to him for redress in all cases, and to the Court he should have applied. In view of the provocation, he would only be sentenced to pay a fine of one shilling and three pence.

The Sergeant put down a half-dollar, and asked if he could take the change out in the redress which his Honor said was sold there. That a quarter dollar was cheap, and he would fain have just one more free kick at the tailor.

Mr. Brehaut objected, and warned him, that if he came back on a similar charge, he would not get off so easily.

"Well, now," said the disappointed soldier, "this is hard; one more kick would be a great comfort to me, and I could take the punishment in advance!"

THE HISTORY OF A LOAFER.

CHAP. VIII.

The next morning, Gerald reckoned up his finances, and saw no reason why he should not spend a day in Birmingham. He would, at least, enjoy himself as long as he could. Having partaken of a hearty breakfast, he sallied forth to see the town. Now, to a man who has an *entree* to several of the factories, Birmingham is, perhaps, one of the most interesting cities in England; but, to one without that privilege, it is one of the least attractive. Gerald strolled into the New Street Station, which, he thought very big; glanced at the Town Hall, which did not impress him strongly, and finally, at mid-day, came to a dead halt before a large pastry-cook's shop, which impressed his boyish fancy a good deal. He entered,—found the Bath buns excellent, and ate—, well, I will not say how many—but he rather astonished the by-standers. He had no appetite for dinner now; so he returned to his hostelry, and ordered dinner at six o'clock. It next occurred to him that this would be a good opportunity for disposing of his breast-pin. He tried several jewellers in New Street, who declined to purchase it, and evidently regarded the owner with suspicion. At last, in a remote part of the town, he met with a gentleman of the Hebrew persuasion, who bought it of him for about a quarter of its real value. He came back to the "Hen and Chickens," and partook of a sumptuous repast. He observed that a gentleman near him ordered a pint of wine;—he, therefore, ordered a pint of wine. He would have liked to smoke a cigar after dinner, but recent experiences had made him distrustful of his powers in that respect. He went to the theatre, and saw *Macbeth* played by a gentleman with stentorian utterance. He thought that he had once seen Mr. Phelps play the character better. He went home to bed. He had intended to have spent a very jolly day, but was obliged, eventually, to confess that its jollity had been a miserable failure. He passed the next day (Sunday) in the same town, and thought it a greater failure still. He arose early next morning, paid his bill, presented the chamber-maid, waiter, and "boots" with twice as much as they usually expected, strapped on his knapsack, and, having inquired the road to Wolverhampton, started off with the air of a Prince in disguise, but with only a few shillings in his pocket. He walked briskly for about an hour and a half, when he arrived at that so-called "common" in the Black Country which has been described in a previous chapter.

The inhabitants of this romantic region have a singular peculiarity of their own. They cannot bear the sight of anything novel or eccentric. Anything of that description has, in their opinion, no right to intrude itself into their midst, and is, therefore, bound to be pelted with stones. Two gentlemen, recently, journeyed from Liverpool to London, on velocipedes. They were unmolested throughout the entire route, excepting, only, in the Black Country, where the aborigines showered stones and brick-bats at the unwonted apparitions. Now, the uses of a knapsack were perfectly well-known in the neighbourhood. Soldiers were familiar, though by no means popular objects; but a youthful tourist in the garb of a gentleman, and carrying a knapsack of black leather, was an eccentricity not to be borne. Several missiles had been "eaved" at Gerald on the road, till, at last, one took most decided effect on the crown of his beaver hat. Gerald turned round, shortly, and beheld a lad of his own age, but evidently superior in weight and muscle.

"Did you throw that?" asked Gerald.

"I did," said the young giant.

"If you do that again, I shall knock you into the middle of next week."

Now, "the middle of next week" is a Cockney figure of

speech, which the young collier did not understand: he could not precisely make out what locality was alluded to. I do not think he was altogether unreasonable in this respect. I have never, myself, been able clearly to understand the phrase. One thing the lad felt sure of,—it was meant to be insulting and defiant. As a matter of course he replied with another stone. Gerald flew at him like a wild cat. But this could not be endured at any price. The combatants were secured by a collier's brawny arms, and carried off to a secluded portion of the common, where the preliminaries of the fight were arranged according to the invariable rules and customs of the Black Country. I am not learned in "the ring," and cannot, therefore, describe the encounter as a sporting reporter would be expected to do. Suffice it, the collier, when he did hit, dealt tremendous blows, and Gerald had not been taught the art of "dropping to avoid punishment." But the science of the public school, he had,—together with an unlimited amount of pluck and endurance, which awoke much hearty sympathy in the numerous spectators. Shouts of "good laad!" and "well doon, plooky one!" resounded on all sides. If his blows were not so severe, they were dealt in the ratio of at least six to one. The young giant was getting "winded;" his eyes were becoming dim, his nose was bloody. Gerald made a last furious attack,—a sort of "up guards and at him,"—which brought his opponent heavily to the ground. The big youth got up, and, to the disgust and horror of all his friends,—began to blubber!

Then came a reaction in Gerald's favour of the most violent kind. He was hurried to the neighbouring public house by his admiring friends. A cataplasm of raw beef-steak was applied to his left eye by experienced hands; a breakfast of beef-steak (not quite raw, but nearly so) and as much porter as he liked to drink was also provided for him. Gerald was enjoying himself immensely when one of his companions enquired:

"Who's them?"

"Them's the London coves about the new bridge."

"The hingers?"

"Humph."

About half-a-dozen gentlemen passed the windows. Among them was a tall, ungainly figure, with a huge head. Gerald recognized his brother, Gilbert!

CHAP. IX.

THE ENGINEER

We have lost sight of Gilbert Winter for some time. He had been articled to an eminent engineer in Great George-street, Westminster, and his articles had now nearly expired. His chief had soon been struck by the more than ordinary talents of his young pupil, and Gilbert was often entrusted with the supervision of works not often placed in charge of a junior. Such was the case at present. A bridge on an entirely novel principle had just been completed across the railway, close to the spot in the Black Country where we are at present standing. This bridge had cost less than half the money of any other one on the line. Its plan had been suggested by Gilbert, approved by his chief and carried out under the immediate direction of its designer.

There it stood, the laughing-stock of all the country round. A fragile—almost fairy looking—structure, which looked as if the first high wind would blow it to atoms. This, however, had not been the case. A terrific storm had visited the neighbourhood only a week previously. Though three tall chimneys in the vicinity had been blown down, the frail-looking bridge had stood as firm as a rock. On this November morning, the butterfly structure was to be tested and proved in presence of a committee composed of some of the

most eminent scientific men in England. These were the little knot of gentlemen mentioned in the last chapter. Many a gray-haired man among these, shook his head with grave misgivings; the colliers anticipated a great "lark" from the total failure of the whole concern—even Gilbert's eminent chief seemed nervous for the first time.

"Are you certain, Winter, that all those plates have been proved?"

"Not only the plates, Sir, but every rivet, even."

"Have you calculated what the deflection will be?"

"Yes, Sir, I have placed a guage where you see it, and marked it myself. When the train passes over, it will be exactly as I say."

"You, are confident, Winter," said the old man with a smile. He remembered the days when he, too, had been confident in the success of many much-abused inventions of his own. He was now a very old man. The details of his craft he was now, from increasing infirmity, compelled to leave to younger men, but few opinions were more regarded in the profession, than those which he expressed with his quaint, curt, Northumbrian "burr." It had been a wonder to all that he should ever have allowed his name to appear in connection with this mad scheme of a bridge. Friends had remonstrated in vain; the old man was firm. But another and unforeseen difficulty now showed itself. Every engine driver on the line, to a man, refused to risk his life by carrying the train across the new structure. Gilbert immediately declared that he would drive the test train himself. This was too much for one old Scotchman whom Gilbert had, more than once, befriended. He, at first, looked rather ashamed of himself, then gave a loud grunt and finally volunteered.

The exciting moment had now arrived. A train rather longer than the bridge, and composed of trucks heavily laden with pig-iron, was to cross it at a speed of thirty miles an hour—a pace never allowed on any of the other bridges. This train was now seen, in the distance, approaching. It was an anxious minute for all except the young engineer himself. All the spectators, engineers, committee, directors, navvies and colliers took up a position at a very respectable distance when—"the boldest held their breath for a time." But it was a very short time. The train dashed across it as a mere matter of course. The Black Country folk who, like all Englishmen, always prognosticate failure, but idolize success, burst into a ringing cheer, and then came a perfect rush of the scientific men to see if the bridge had sustained any damage. Gerald stood apart, smiling like a pleased orang-outang. Not a flaw could be discovered—not a bolt—not a rivet was displaced. "But I saw the bridge bend perceptibly, I am sure I did," said a crusty Director who was disgusted that the whole thing had not given way, as he always said it would. "Of course it did," said Gilbert "had it not bent, it would have broken." The young man was never very polished in his manners, and in his moment of triumph, might be excused a little sarcasm. He pointed to his guage, which indicated almost to a hair's breadth, the deflection which he had foretold.

And now the train returned slowly and similarly loaded, and stood still on the bridge in order to try the effect of dead weight. The result was the same as before. There came another ringing cheer, led this time by the Scotch engine driver. Then came Gilbert's hour of triumph. Those, who but a few minutes ago had saluted him coldly or cut him altogether, were now profuse in their felicitations. The Directors remembered the very small cost of the new bridge. This would tell most vigorously with the shareholders who had grumbled, considerably, of late about the cost of new works. Last of all, his venerable chief approached him and

shook him warmly by the hand. Gilbert now, for the first time, betrayed visible signs of emotion.

"You are thoughtful, Winter, and no wonder. My boy, had the bridge failed, you would have lost all your reputation almost before you had acquired one."

"I was not thinking of myself, sir; I was thinking rather of how I had placed your reputation in jeopardy."

The old man wiped his spectacles ferociously, and shook his pupil once more by the hand. This was all they did. Railway men are not addicted to many words; and they understood each other perfectly.

Noon was now past, and the Directors conceived that the event of the day ought to be celebrated in the usual English fashion—that is, by eating and drinking. But here followed a difficulty. Every one of them having believed that the bridge would have been a miserable failure, no preparation had been made to celebrate its success. Where could they have a champagne lunch? The want of this seemed to them almost as great a calamity as the failure of the bridge itself. Now, there was, in the neighboring village, a large straggling inn, dilapidated and moss-grown, with stabling enough to have accommodated a whole racing stud. This had been a celebrated hostelry in the days when railways were not. It was now dilapidated and miserable, though scrupulously clean. Engineers had found out, with the acuteness on such subjects which is peculiar to Engineers, that its cellars still contained some of that Port and Claret for which it had been renowned of yore.

Hither they wended their way, and ordered a cold collation. The stranger might now have observed that, as soon as the party had disappeared within the doors, a respectably-dressed lad of fifteen, with a most disreputable-looking bandage over his left eye, took up a position close to one of the bow-windows and listened with the greatest eagerness.

(To be continued.)

ORGANS.

An out-and-out Government newspaper is a spectacle for gods and men. It is truly refreshing to see how it treats any shortcoming, any blunder, any corruption—even any untoward accident,—that befalls its patrons, or their humblest agent. Its friends never do wrong—its enemies never do right. The first are super-immaculate,—the second the most depraved of mankind, without truth or honor, and with less principle than a Government hack editor! Lord! how it makes even angels laugh to observe the imperative, the furious strain in which it denies the existence of an incident that tells against those who feed it,—the minutest details of which it will furnish a little lower down in the column; and, again, a little farther on, it will proclaim that those who made the statement are scoundrels, and those who believe it fools. The wisdom of such a course may be doubtful—it is more than doubtful,—for the little worms who do this sort of work, generally sink the boat to which they attach themselves. DIOGENES has no hesitation in saying that language can supply nothing more emphatic than—"YOU LIE LIKE AN ORGAN!"

UNEXAMPLED CANDOUR.

A Father McMahan may do it, but there are not many others who have been in virtuous, though compulsory retirement, who can parade their prison or penitentiary experience.

There is a very queer sort of a chap up in Ottawa—an editor, who wrote a very wonderful article, with a very "transporting" sort of flavour in it, about a mansion in that locality, just to give the public an idea of his intimate acquaintance with Botany Bay, and to relate his experiences in Norfolk Island!

LATEST FROM QUEBEC.

DIOGENES cannot help paying great attention to the sayings and doings of the Quebec Little House. Things have been dull, of late, in Montreal, and we know when the parliament meets in the ancient city of Leeway, we are sure to find something refreshing in the magniloquence of its talk and the insignificance of its acts. We shall be excused for printing the word parliament with a small p: we felt that a capital letter attached to such an innocuous assembly would be out of all proportion, like the head of the tadpole.

In search of food for mirth, we sent a special commissioner who understands English, when not too much disguised by the tear-'em-to-tatters of one member, or the rattling *burr* of another, and also the *patois* of our respected *habitans*.

The first information he sends us is, that the House,—not thereby meaning the members,—has been greatly improved; that, regardless of expense it has been newly white-washed; that at least a barrel of lime, with gallons of blue milk and all the brine saved from the Speaker's pork barrel of last session, mixed according to a famous receipt furnished by the *News*, and used by that paper with such success on Sir Francis and Father McMahan, formed an admirable white-wash, which, it is said, will not come off on the coats of gentlemen who may fall asleep with their backs to the walls. With a view to economy, however, the work was chiefly done by the Governor's Life Guards, assisted by two old women connected with the late Finance Minister, who had a great taste for covering deficiencies and making things look pleasant, and fair outside.

In consideration of the peaceful relations which subsist between the Government of Quebec and all foreign countries, including Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, and Beauport, (the inmates of which tho' not yet brought to reason, are under proper restraint), His Arch-Excellency proposes to reduce the Military force of his Province. A retired officer of his ally, Her Britannic Majesty, has offered to take command of the troops on very moderate terms, stipulating that he is to have free lodgings for his wife and family, with fuel and coal oil, in addition to the pay and allowances of his rank in the British army: he stipulates also that his wife shall be employed to light the fires and sweep, once every session, the public buildings; and also to help at cooking the Governor's and Speaker's public dinners, with all the pork-grease and drippings for her perquisites; finally, he demands the local rank and title of Sergeant instead of Corporal—(his present grade in the service.)

The Ministry are prepared to recommend all this to the House. The Finance Minister, being a little of the new broom, was inclined to cavil, on the score that it might be objectionable to confer titles of distinction without Her Majesty's consent. This was pooh-poohed, however, unanimously, the Attorney-General (Ouimet) pointing out that they had conferred the title of "His Excellency" on the Governor without any such consent, and that, in spite of all the ridicule of the foreign element in our country, the name would stick. It would seem, then, pretty sure that Corporal Bauldy Sinclair, late of the Paisley Brose-Eaters, will take the command of the Governor's Life Guards, under the title of Sergeant St. Claire—the French pronunciation being adopted to please the Canadian people, who object to the employment of any man with an English name—albeit that Bauldy is a Scotchman. The force, as we said before, in view of the profound peace which reigns, even in Champlain Street, will be reduced from its present strength of four, to three effective men; but it is believed that it will not thereby lose any of its efficiency, as the reduction will be restricted to the paying off of the sentinel at the door of the Little House, who is a wooden-legged fellow, and who, besides being often unsteady in the ranks, made, like Miss Kilmansegg, such a confounded thumping that

no one could sleep, even when the Hon. Christopher made his all-night speech on the Finances, and on the work he did not intend to do: besides, the Corporal's wife is from Musselborough, where a woman would think but small beer of herself if she could not lick any man of her inches. He being called on for duty, new uniforms must be had. Sir George Etienne did send down four suits from Ottawa, which he picked out himself, but unfortunately according to his own measure; consequently, no three men in Quebec could be found small enough to get into them. Col. Dunkin, it is thought, will buy one suit, and the Finance Minister suggests that the others be kept, in case the Fenians should come, in which event he is sure the Life Guards, being all quiet men of peace, much given to Pease soup—but who would rather run a mile than fight a minute—would become small enough even for the little Baronet's breeks.

There is nothing else spoken of in Quebec except this splendid stroke of policy. The learned member for Montreal says, that the eyes of the civilized world are on the House and its proceedings. The expression is not new, but the application is, which satisfies the people of Ultima Thule. England, France, the United States—even Three Rivers and the Tanneries, he says, may look to our Province for lessons in cheap government,—and if jealousy and envy refuse the title of "Excellency" to Sir Narcisse, he will establish a far greater name for himself in the grateful hearts of all Leeway, as the white-washer of its Government buildings, as the discoverer of our late magnificent harvest, and as the creator of our military glory. The people of Montreal, however, who are busy building stores and palaces,—who think of railways, and banks, and material progress,—smile at all this bellowing; and the punning man of the *Herald*, in spite of all warnings, says that if a title is to be insisted on by the blatant Quebec Ministry, it ought to be one which will meet with general approbation, viz: "His Excellency the Bellow of Calves." He is as well as could be expected after this effort, and is even parturient of something applicable to the 'tother "Excellency" of the Fresh Water Lakes, which DIOGENES is told, lie somewhere between us and the Chinese or Winipeg rebels, of whom the newspapers talk, but talk vaguely. Our correspondent at the seat—seat indeed!—of Government, promises more news, and we shall not fail to tell how great men talk, and how teeming brains produce magnificent—parish roads and hand-sled railways for improved dog traction!

THE GREATEST WONDER OF THE WORLD.

The following is from an evening contemporary:—

"An iron bridge of boats, 6,000 feet long and 100 wide, to unite Stamboul and Galatia, is being built by a French company for the Turkish Government."

There must be some mistake here. The distance from Stamboul to Galatia should rather be reckoned by hundreds of miles instead of feet; and how boats can be utilized in traversing so many miles of land, passes the comprehension of DIOGENES. Of what wonderful service would not this stupendous viaduct have been to the Apostle Paul and his successors! Can it be possible that our contemporary means Galata?

AFRICAN NEWS.

The most recent tidings concerning Dr. Livingstone are, to say the least, rather ambiguous:

"Dr. Livingstone's last African discovery is of a tribe that lives altogether in underground houses. Some excavations are said to be thirty miles long, and have running rills in them. The writings therein, he has been told by some of the people, are on wings of animals and not letters. They are said to be very dark and well made."

This is the first time DIOGENES has heard of any people writing on letters. Is it meant that the writings or the people are "dark and well made?"

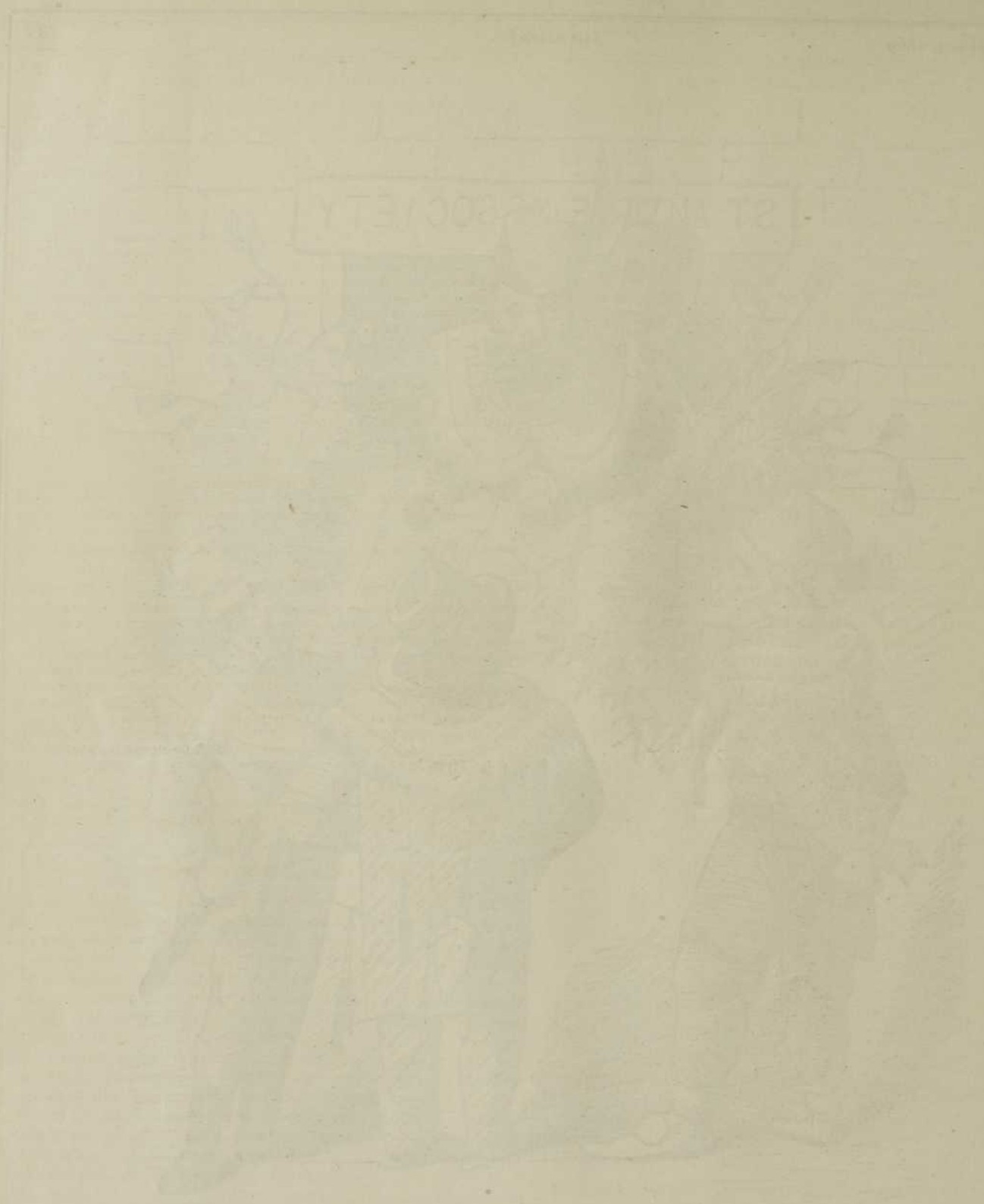


“NOLI ME TANGERE!”

JEAN BAPTISTE—“BY GAR! I’SE AN *ENFANT DU SOL*, AND I OUGHT TO BE ASKED FIRST.”

HERR KLADDERADATSCH—“WESHALB HABEN SIE UNSEREM LANDE NICHT DIE EHRE GEBEN?”

PATRICK—“BE JABERS! IS IT ‘SICTIONALISM’ YE TALK ABOUT? SURE YE’RE SETTING US AN IXCELLENT IXAMPLE INTIRELY! IS THERE EITHER OF YE ANXIOUS TO TREAD ON THE TAILS OF MY COAT?”



"NOMME TANGEREY"

THESE FIGURES SONT...
LES FIGURES SONT...
LES FIGURES SONT...

THE 20 FOOT CHANNEL.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE HON. JOHN YOUNG.

Portly in shape, and massive of limb,
With a nose that looked like a beacon dim,
Shining far off to welcome the Rover
To a friendly shore and a sheltring port,—
(A simile apt, if you only thought
How often 'twas half-seas over,)

Was the face and the nose of the man I sing,
Who, like Charles the 1st, had not done a thing
That was worthy of song or story ;
And the only reason I now relate
The wretched life and the awful fate
Of Dan'l Fitz Hunk e Doré

Is to warn those readers,—but never mind,
The moral, of course, at the end you'll find,—
So I'll now proceed with my history,
Which, like that novel good folks abuse,
Called *Daily Creese*, or the Cord and *News*,
Is full of be-lood and mystery !

D. Fitz H., in early life,
Had courted, then married, next lost his wife ;
But, not daunted, had ta'en another ;
And when No. 2 had ceased to live,
To a third he proceeded his heart to give,
Who proved, say, a "Mrs. McGroother."

And yet he waxed daily more obese,
Like a striking "landmark of ancient Grease"—
And still his cry was fatter ;
Till his friends—who were French—all swore "by gar,"
That, if Bluebeard's spouse was a Fatima,
Poor Fitz was a *Fatty-matter* !

No remedy seemed his case to reach,—
He practised what Banting and others preach,
His fat from his ribs to sunder ;
But he still increased, till he swore, at last,
That, like that Brighton Pavilion vast,
He himself was the new *Rotunder* !

As a last resource, he thought he'd try
Some saline springs which are said to lie
Either in or about Cacouna ;
So taking passage for grim Quebec,
He gently sighed, and paced the deck,
When quick as thought, or sooner

The boat gave a lurch, and off he slid,
"Knocked down" by Fate, on the opening "bid,"
To the cold embrace of the river :
The boat was backed,—but he never appeared,
And all who were watching "felt mighty skeered"
When poor Dan'l they couldn't "diskiver."

And folks say, to this day, near Peter's Lake,
That whenever J. Y. the trip doth take,
It certainly riles poor Dan'l ;
And he "gets his back up" as quick as a shot,
Till it's hard to say if there is, or is not,
Such a thing as the 20 ft. channel !!

TIMELY NOTICE.

In the midst of your Christmas revelry, do not forget poor MacDougal,—cabined, cribbed,—at Pembina. A Governor without a Governorship, is very much like a plum-pudding, in which the plums have rebelliously refused to be controlled by the suet !

NOTES AND QUERIES.

NOTE.—In addition to what your correspondents say about "buxom," I would mention that, in all foreign dictionaries which I have been able to consult, it is translated "yielding." Every old quotation given, applies it to man, but the more modern writers, in applying it to woman, never use it in the sense of "yielding." Like "obey" in the Prayer-book, it lost its sense when applied to the fair sex. M.

NOTE.—In one of your recent numbers your correspondent "G. M." derives the word *Samite* from the Greek, *Hexamitos* or *Hex*, six, and *Mitos*, a thread. If this be true, it is I think an unique instance of the prefix *Hex*, so familiar to us in such words as *Hexameter*, *Hexagon*, &c., being corrupted into an *s*. Is it not more probable that the words would come from *Samos* and *Mitos*? The Island of Samos was in ancient times always celebrated for its silk. A. B.

QUERY 1.—I have no questions of a philosophic or literary character to propose, but will any of your Celtic friends tell me when Kelt,—the ancient pronunciation,—was softened into Celt. Was it when the Highlandmen *sell't* their trousers and took to kilts? M.

QUERY 2.—The following, apparently, very simple query appeared some time ago in the *Scientific American*. Several replies were received, but they were all most unsatisfactory. The query is worth transferring to DIOGENES.

"What is the reason that a razor cuts better, after being dipped in hot water?"

WORDS ENDING IN "IST."

Our Yankee neighbours have recently coined a new series of words of this kind. As long as the practice was confined to such expressions as walkist, jumpist, billiardist, &c., DIOGENES looked upon it as simply a new species of sporting slang. He was, however, much horrified the other day when a friend informed him that he was a *wristist*. The last new word of this kind appears in Dr. Carpenter's recent letter to the Mayor. It is "Physicist," meaning one learned in physics. Gentle reader, try to pronounce this word if you can. Should you have the slightest impediment in your speech, such a task would be *physically* impossible. Would it be right to term the learned Doctor, a *Scientificist* or a *Sanitarianist*? A. B.

["Physicist" is not by any means a new word. It originated with the Philosophical Magazine many years ago, and is very commonly used.—Ed. Dio.]

THE DEVIL DISCHARGED.

The Editor of the *Richmond Guardian* has been absent, and left his paper to be printed by his "family and the devil." Had he said our, or his, devil, we should have known that he referred to an embryo printer, but he boldly says *the*; therefore, we assume that, like the celebrated Michael Scott, he has obtained Satanic aid in producing his weekly paper. It looks, however, as though he had fallen out with his familiar; he does not tell us why, but he says his family and the devil don't want to try it again. It certainly cannot be hard work that has frightened old Nick, for he could not find a situation where there is less to do. Nothing in the paper, and one sheet *blanc*! Truth is, we think, that he found, in Richmond, no field for his work; everything going on pleasantly under the care of Doctors, from Yankeedom, who teach that there is no future state of rewards and punishments.

Listen to what the *Guardian* says, and fancy the pleasant tea-party of the Editor's wife, family, and the devil. Pity his going away though!—he could not have been more innocently employed, at least so far as the world at large is concerned. But who, gentle *Guardian*, will fill his place?

The "*Guardian*" this week has been got out almost entirely by the Editor's family, with the assistance of "The Devil," but they don't want to try it again.

On a second perusal of the above remarkable paragraph, DIOGENES perceives that the meaning is that the Editor's family don't want the Devil's assistance any more. What has the old chap been up to?

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR DIO:—Excuse the familiarity, but you know it is a way we military men have got.

The reason for my addressing you is this: The other day, certain persons here, spoke slightly of the literary accomplishments of the gentlemen of the army. I maintained the contrary opinion, of course, and read to them a splendid bit of poetry, written by my friend Captain Fitz-Warren, "of ours." Most of them admired it very much, but two or three fellows were rather disparaging in their remarks, and I send it to you to decide the question. I have a dim idea that it appeared before, in some obscure print, but I claim for it the immortality it deserves in the luminous pages of DIOGENES,—to quote Mrs. R.'s eloquent words. The poem was composed under the following interesting circumstances: Our Regiment was stationed in the renowned City of Quebec—Wolfe, you know, and all that sort of thing—where, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer said, the young ladies "adore the Officers." In our time, the belle of the place—sometimes called "a garrison hack" by vulgar and envious people—was the beautiful Peggy McPhee. Miss Peggy was a stunner, I tell you; 5 feet 10 in her satin shoes, with long flaxen ringlets, *et-cetera*. My impressionable friend Fitz, who was always sighing after some girl or other, and generally half-a-dozen at once, fell desperately in love with Miss McPhee; and his attentions, as usual, soon became town talk. Consequently, "Old Mother Mac," as our youngster affectionately styled that respected lady, considered it her duty to bring the gallant Captain to book. At his next visit, therefore, there she was accordingly, dressed in her velvet gown and yellow turban, looking as awful as the whole Œcumenical Council—Pope, Cardinals, and Bishops, all rolled into one. Fitz, though a cool hand, was frightened, I suspect. Mrs. Mac asked him, at once, what his intentions were, and if he meant to marry Peggy. "Good-gad, you are surely joking!" * * * We will draw a veil over the rest of the scene. That evening Fitz received a lawyer's letter, threatening him with an action for "breach of promise" for £20,000. He did not answer this epistle, in the belief that it was another joke, or that any one who could ask him for £20,000 must be insane. By a curious coincidence, he had recently received a letter from his lady-mother, informing him that she was lying dangerously ill of a severe head-ache; and she commanded him to come home immediately, and receive her dying blessing, before her departure for another and better world. He left, of course, by next day's mail steamer for England. It is only necessary to add, that a week after the melancholy event I have described, Miss Peggy McPhee was joined in the bonds of matrimony to Mr. Abel Green, of Quebec; and I learn by the last London *Times* that the Hon. Captain Fitz-Warren, (G. G.,) was wedded to Miss Martha Pogers, sole child and heiress of Abraham Pogers, Esq., the eminent razor-maker of Birmingham. I was greatly pleased with the latter piece of information, both because it showed that my friend had not only recovered from the terrible shock of parting from Miss Peggy, but had also married a pot of money, to say nothing of several I. O. U.'s in my possession, which I, luckily, did not use for cigar matches. By the advice of a clever man of business, I have written to remind him of the fact, offering to take payment in razors. So, Old Dio, whenever you decide on shaving off that venerable old beard of yours, I shall send you a gross or two of Pogers' (or Fitz's) celebrated "Magic Excelsiors."

I must mention that Fitz, who was excessively sentimental, used to call Miss Peggy by the more poetical name of Mary. Yours,

T. MANDEVILLE RAMROD,
Late Lieut. and Adjt., (G. G.)

Toronto, 30th November.

TO MARY.

(BY THE HON. CAPTAIN FITZ WARREN, G.G.)

Adieu! adieu! for we must part, alas, my dearest Mary;
But, Love, like Time, you know, has wings, and Love, like Time, must vary;

And I, who lately glided on in Pleasure's faery carriage,
I'm rous'd, as by a thunder shock, by that hobgoblin—Marriage!

Mary! the thing is too absurd; just think that to the Fall
I can trace back my ancestors, while you have none at all;
And bright as are those hazel eyes,—that sweet smile though bewitching,

Yet we—we came from from Normandy,—while you come from the kitchen!

My mother, as I told you, was a Patroness of Almack's,
While yours—she might, perhaps, be held the *ton* among the Kalmucks;
And how would horror freeze each hair in Lady Sarah's wig,
If we should introduce to her your fat aunt, Mrs. Figge?

Then, there's your father—what a bore!—I swear to you I rather
Would cut my moustache, or my throat, than listen to your father,
As, hour to hour, he prosed on, and wastes the weary night,
In talking of such things as ne'er are named to ears polite.

Then, too, your dowdy sister Jane—how she does "Young Love" squall!
She'd be among the Hottentots the Venus of the Kraal;

Still, these, perhaps, might all be borne—aunt, sister, father, mother—
But what on earth were we to do with that Yahoo, your brother?

Once more, adieu! In far-off lands, and wheresoe'er I roam,
My thoughts shall wing their flight to you, like birds that seek their home,

And fond vows I will breathe for you—beloved, tho' unseen,
When I'm a wanderer forlorn, and you are Mrs. Green!

No more we'll linger, side by side, along the moon-lit river,
No more I'll clasp thee in the waltz, O, never more! O, never!
The ship awaits, I sail at two, with many a bursting sigh,
Wild anguish burning in my heart, the salt tear in my eye.

Ah! why should cruel fortune frown on such a love as ours?
Why should we ever find that thorns are mingled with life's flowers?
Yet think of him whose soul is dark—whose world is bleak and barren—

Your Harry Cecil Percy Neville Flummery Fitz Warren!

EXPLANATION.

In the Cynic's last number appeared a cartoon that seems to have given considerable umbrage to one or more individuals having sufficient influence to procure the insertion of deprecatory paragraphs in city papers. The *Herald* led the van;—the *News* and *Witness* immediately followed suit;—the latter in a dubious sort of way, as if it had unwillingly complied with the wishes of the aggrieved. DIOGENES is much obliged to his *confreres* for their attentions. They, doubtless, know better than he, what will suit the public taste, and are entitled to assume the *roles* of Mentors,—even to the Philosopher. He has to thank them for many kindly notices in times past—all the more acceptable because they were felt to be deserved—but recent experiences lead him to beg, as a particular favor, that they will, in future, refrain from praise, and confine themselves to pointing out his peccadilloes. Everybody reads an unfavourable criticism, but stereotyped praise falls flat on the public taste—particularly after it has been discovered that it can be bestowed equally on worthy and unworthy objects. Censure, however, leads to enquiry and perusal, and as a result of our friends' criticisms and of certain unmistakable pulpit references on Sunday last, it is a fact that the sale of our last number considerably exceeded that of others, from time to time journalistically commended.

The following letter which appeared in Thursday's *Herald* explains itself:

KNOX CHURCH AND "DIOGENES."

To the Editor of the MONTREAL HERALD:

SIR,—A paragraph in Monday's *Herald*, objecting to the last cartoon in *Diogenes*, calls for explanation and remark. I rely on your sense of justice to give this a prominent place in your next issue.

Diogenes is charged with having maliciously caricatured the Pastor and Elders of Knox Church, ridiculed worthy motives, and invaded the privacy of the household and the family circle. The paragraph, moreover, insinuates—that is, if I understand the English—that there "must be malicious intention emanating somewhere;" tells the Cynic that, so far as the *Herald* is concerned, compliments must cease; and, finally winds up by recommending the Philosopher "to turn over a new leaf."

All this is, doubtless, very terrible and there is just a possibility that the Cynic may not survive such a major ex-communication, to say nothing of the minor anathemas of the *Witness* and the *News*. However, you will permit me to say that, personally, *Diogenes* does not know the Rev. Dr. Irvine; has never inquired into the secrets of the Doctor's household, nor given heed to the tittle-tattle of his, or any other congregation, about their minister—for the Cynic has not yet become sufficiently Christianised to be able to enjoy such amiable amusements. *Diogenes* has dealt with Dr. Irvine and the Elders of Knox Church, entirely in their public capacities, and no matter how strong the temptation to do otherwise, he is not likely to step outside the line he has marked out for himself. It is not true that the Cynic's attentions have been devoted solely to this particular Congregation. The Bishops and Clergy of the Episcopal Church have frequently formed the subjects of his cartoons, and it is quite likely that other Churches may, from time to time, come in for a share of his regards. But "personalities" affecting the "family circle" will have no place.

What are the facts, Sir, that led to the publication of the objectionable cartoon? As I understand them, they are as follow: Knox Church is in debt. The extinguishing of this debt is a matter of business entrusted to a Committee. Without consulting this Committee, it is suggested to, doubtless, a very deserving body of young men to get up a Concert in the *Skating Rink*—the proceeds to be applied to the extinguishing of the Church debt. (Subsequently, however, it is given out that the money raised may be applied in any way the Young Men please.) This proceeding is encouraged by Dr. Irvine—indeed I am told he first suggested it. It is carried out without consulting the Committee whose business it is to look after the financial affairs of the Church, and who, it is understood, are divided as to the propriety of holding a Concert for such a purpose. Sir, *Diogenes* has not two opinions about the propriety of holding the Concert. In the way of taste and religious feeling, he regarded it as a scandal, and in suggesting the "new form of entertainment," viz: "Dr. Irvine and his Elders skating in the Rink," he intended to strike a blow at a most objectionable practice,—that of giving secular concerts for purely religious purposes.

Your obedient servant,

THE EDITOR OF "DIOGENES."

WHITHER ARE WE DRIFTING?

Are the savageries of the Inquisition combined with the cannibalism of the Andaman Islands to be reproduced in "Our Midst?" One would imagine so from reading the following advertisement, which appeared lately in one of our newspapers:—

"WANTED,—An active young woman, to cook and iron a Protestant."



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H.R.H. PRINCE ARTHUR.
J. WHITTAKER,
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Gives a beautiful set of Artificial Teeth with
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can be given to satisfy persons that I do all
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mouth under this delightful agent when arti-
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FANCY SKIRT DEPARTMENT,
10 dozen Fancy Frilled Cambric Over Skirts,
108., for 35. 9d.
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125. 6d., for 55.
6 dozen Jaconet Muslin Frilled Over Skirts,
155., for 65. 3d.
15 dozen Fancy Mohair Over Skirts, 135. 6d.,
for 55.
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10 dozen Black Alpaca Quilted Over Skirts,
175. 6d., for 75. 6d.
6 dozen Black Italian Cloth Over Skirts,
305., for 105. 175. 6d.
4 dozen Black Quilted Silk Over Skirts,
605., for 405.
3 dozen Colored Japanese Over Skirts, 505.,
for 275. 6d.

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OF
PRACTICAL CHEMISTRY

The Board of Arts and Manufactures intend
opening classes on or about the 10th December
next, under the tuition of Dr. BAKER
EDWARDS, for the purpose of Teaching
Practical Chemistry. The classes will be
held in the evenings only, and will meet in
Toupin's Building, corner of McGill and
Notre Dame Streets.
Instructions will be given in the English
and French Languages.
Members of the Mechanics' Library, Art
Association, and the Institut des Artisans
Canadien will be admitted free; all others will
pay a fee of \$5 for the season.
All who propose joining must send in their
names on or before the 1st December. For
further information, apply to Mr. A. C.
HUTCHISON, Mechanics' Institute, Dr.
EDWARDS, or to the undersigned,
F. G. GILMAN,
Sec. B. of A. and M.

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CHAS. ALEXANDER & SON,
Wholesale and Retail Confectioners
HAVE JUST RECEIVED A LARGE SUPPLY OF
"ROYAL COSTUME CRACKERS,"
OR,
"SOMEBODIES' LUGGAGE."
ALSO,
CAMELS OF ALL KINDS MADE DAILY.
MARRIAGE BREAKFASTS AND SUPPER PARTIES SUPPLIED
AS USUAL.
391 Notre Dame Street.

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An Extensive Assortment of the above now arrived from the OTTAWA FACTORY,
TO BE SOLD WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, AT THE
SPRING BED DEPOT.
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THE COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER
FOR MAKING WITHOUT YEAST, AND BY A MORE WHOLESOME
PROCESS, ALL KINDS OF BREAD, ROLLS, BUNS, TEA
CAKES, AND PAN CAKES; Also, PIE CRUST
AND OTHER PASTRY.

This valuable Preparation entirely dispenses with Yeast in the making of Healthy
and Nutritious Bread. In making Pie Crust and Pastry, the aid of a small
quantity of the Cook's Friend will enable thrifty housekeepers to save three-
quarters of the usual quantity of Shortening, and Pastry made with it is lighter
and more healthy than when made with Butter alone. Full directions
for use are on each packet, also the regis-
tered trade mark, with-
out which none are
genuine. Particular at-
tention is asked to this, as the great success of the Cook's Friend has called forth
numerous imitators, but not one rival. It needs but a single trial to secure its
further and constant use, and verify the quotation at the head of this: "ONCE
USED, ALWAYS USED." The Cook's Friend Baking Powder is manufactured only by
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MERCHANTS and BUSINESS MEN will save
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McCONKEY'S NEW OYSTER ROOM,
Conducted on the New York principle.
Oysters cooked in any style on two minutes'
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A regular supply received per Express daily.
30 & 32 ST. JAMES' STREET,
Next door to the Post-office.

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MANUFACTURERS OF
Steam & Hot Water Heating
Apparatus
FOR
WAREHOUSES,
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GREENHOUSES,
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ST. PETER & CRAIG STREETS
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