

and never trying to leave till they had finished all our "Pain Killer." The last, on our mornings of issue, came down in dozens, and always by the run;—the row they made, kicking and cuffing each other was frightful; had it been possible for A No. 45 to venture into our den, that intelligent officer would have been often with us;—but, "tempering valour, with discretion," he contented himself on these occasions with waiting at the top of the hole, picking up two of the dirtiest of our customers and marching them off to the Recorder, who generally sent them off free, because, all the Bobby could swear to, was, that they bore the "red signs of war" on their manly noses, which was not of itself sufficient.

Weighing well these drawbacks to the Archway, we resolved to get our Tub into the one-pair back parlor in St. James' street, which even now is publicly known as our home of Philosophy.

This was not quite such an easy task. The stairs were far too narrow, and the window was the only means of entrance. We explained our difficulty to the worthy Managers of the Canada Ocean Steam Navigation Company, who immediately sent up from one of their ships a dozen of men, under charge of the Boatswain's Mate, who rigged a tackle in a jiffy, and with a stamp and a "go my hearties," they ran us.—Tub, Books, Papers, Lantern, Soothing Syrup, Baccy and all,—into winter quarters. Some of our friends saw the operation, and we take this opportunity of returning our hearty thanks to them for the cordial manner in which they cheered, as we bowed and took off our hat to them,—between heaven and earth,—on our ascent.

We have now every prospect of spending a jolly, and, at same time, most useful winter. We don't command a view of the Post Office, neither can we see the *Witness* in the distance, but our fraternal arrangements as to pitching into common enemies will not be interfered with: of course nothing can happen in the centre of the Dominion,—St. James street,—which will not be observed by one of us. We shall pick up all that is jolly and pleasant from the public bundle of mortality passing before us, and then hand it over for John to take according to his taste,—the wicked, the sad, and the stupid, to serve up for his clients,—simple or illustrated as he may see fit.

But, in the meantime, gentle and most generous friends, the FLITTIN' disarranged our papers, our copy, our thoughts, put out our lantern, knocked our "times out of joint," in short,—and we have laid our whole case before you that you may excuse us for our silence last Friday.

### "NOTHING TO NOBODY!"

COUN. KAY protested. He was as charitable as any member of the Council, but did not wish to see the public money given away in this manner.

DIOGENES has nothing to say against the sentiments uttered by the worthy Councillor, but there are people, who, of course, will find fault, and challenge him to the proof of his boast. We hasten to arm him with a reply to those who would question his assertion. It is the answer given by a gentleman, once of this city, to some subscription-hunters, who, on his refusal to help their scheme, said, that he was never found on any subscription list. He had more money in his strong box than Lindley Murray in his brains, and, to the accusation replied, "I am as charitable as any of you, but like to act upon the Scripture precept, and not let my right hand know what my left hand doeth; no man has any business with my charities,—what I gives is—nothing to nobody!"

UN-FELINE.—Cats are classed amongst the *dumb* animals. Is it because they are so *meut*.

A SCHOOLBOY'S ANATHEMA.—The curse of *Cain*.

### THE PRINCE'S LAMENT.

*After An Old Scottish Ballad.*

It fell about the Martinmas,  
When the leaves are yellow upon the tree  
That our gude Prince cam o'er the faem  
To bide a while in Canidee.

He brocht a store of the gude red gow'd  
To spend in the shops of Canidee,  
And a douce auld carle named Elphinstone,  
To keep him straight as a Prince should be.

But scarce had he tarried a week or more,—  
A week but barely three,—  
When his legs were stiff and his head was sair,  
And he wished himself back in his ain countree.

He could get nae rest, nor night nor day,  
Oh! sairly harassed and vexed was he;  
And he wrote a letter to his gude mither,  
Who dwells in the Castle on Windsor lea.

"Oh mither, gude mither, oh waes the day  
Ye sent me here to Canidee,  
For thae fule Canadians worry me sae  
I feel as tho' I were like to dee.

At ilka Bazaar I maun e'en attend,  
To let the lassies a' stare at me;  
And ne'er a concert or ball they gie,  
But I maun e'en its patron be!

I hae nae pleasure to walk abroad,  
Nor tak a stroll intil the street;  
And I've worn a' the nap off my best plug hat,  
Fra bowin' to ilka snob I meet.

Oh, tis sweet to chase the bounding deer  
In Acadies' forest, so fair and free,  
But, oh! tis ill to hae to speer  
Wi ilka fule body that I may see!

Oh! tis sweet, the bonnie saumon to lure  
As he journeys up frae the saut, saut seas,  
But, oh! tis ill to hae to list  
To the blether of sic snobs as these!

But gin they would let me rest in peace,  
Nor an exhibition wad mak of me,  
I would na wish for a better land  
Than this gude land of Canidee!"

### NOSES AGAIN.

*(Extract from the Registrar-General's Report for the first half year of 1869.)*

"Aggregating the whole population, Red Noses stand or rather, point at only five per centum. But in two classes, the Good Templars and the Sons (and daughters) of Temperance, we have the rather remarkable return of thirty-seven and a half to the hundred. Female Red Noses, though only slightly in the majority, have greatly the advantage in intensity. Surprising, isn't it?"

\*.—DIOGENES is not surprised,—O, no! The process by which the ruby lips were attained, in the classes particularly specified, belongs, like the old art of glass-staining, to a former age. The colouring matter, in both cases, was so liberally and deftly applied, that, in duration, it will be ever-standing and ever-shining.