

sion that I *had some*. State, also, to your chief that I would speak with him."

Convulsed with laughter at her unconscious joke, Schwartz bowed and withdrew, and returned to his master, to whom he delivered, *verbatim*, Eva's message.

"Hast heard the news, varlet?" quoth Carrajo, as he caught the sound of his step, without taking any further notice of the summons his lieutenant had brought him.

"What news?" asked Schwartz.

"The *Daily News*! thou blockhead," thundered Carrajo. "Ha! ha! a sell,—a condemned cell, by Jove!"

Concealing his anger as best he might, and letting thirst for information supersede all other feelings, Schwartz breathlessly inquired, "What of it?"

"'Tis to be printed on tissue paper in future," replied his master.

"For why?" was the natural, though ungrammatical query of the unsuspecting Schwartz.

"In order that the public may be able to *see through* its articles!" laughed the chief. "Ha! ha! lead me to the maiden,—I follow thee!"

"Come on! old *Stove-polish*," muttered Schwartz. "No disrespect, sire," he explained, "I only thought you seemed *black-led*!"

'Twas a cold night as they crossed the sward in front of the small outhouse in which Eva was confined, and being but thinly clothed (he was merely *wrapt in meditation*), Carrajo shivered audibly; but the *warm*, though unexpected greeting he received from the fickle Eva soon restored him, and he was proceeding to "move the previous question," when he was interrupted by the object of his love, who, throwing aside all maidenly reserve and a black cat which she was nursing, rushed into his arms exclaiming,

"Thou art rich!—thou hast wealth!—take me, then, Carrajo!—I am thine!"—

"Alas!" sighed he, "thou hast made, indeed, a great mistake. Though chieftain of the powerful bands of the Flei-Hunters, whose prowess is notorious through the land, and whose victims may be counted by thousands,—though living on the *fat* of the land, which you see a-*grease* with me, I am poorer than a skunk!"

"Poorer than a skunk?" queried the tearful Eva, as she clung to him in wondering despair; "how can *that* be?"

"Dost thou not know, then," answered Carrajo, "that by a wonderful provision of nature, that animal is

NEVER WITHOUT A (s)CENT!!!!"

(To be continued.)

CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

The *Daily News* is truly a fearful and wonderful paper! The Cynic takes up the issue of Tuesday, and glances down the first page. He reads the lament of the editor over the downfall of the Duke of Newcastle. Who dares say that journalism is "low?" Does not the editor mourn over the sad necessity of "divesting himself of old associates," by which we presume he means that he is reluctantly compelled to cut the poor Duke, now that he has come to grief. Or, perhaps, his Grace has got his friend the editor's name on the back of some of his bills. DIOGENES sincerely trusts this is not the case. It is bad enough to be cut off from the hospitalities of Clumber without losing money into the bargain.

The Cynic proceeds with the same page. He reads of the lovely scenery of the "Dolomity" Alps, and then he comes to a translation (!) from Taine's "Italy, Florence and Venice," descriptive of Tintoretto's great painting of St. Mark. Here he is informed that "*the Judge is a red Meretian pourpoint*," and "springs half way off his seat." These red Meretian pourpoints are a tribe of which DIOGENES never before heard, but the Cynic, like the vulgar crowd—lives and learns. He reads of this picture, "that one must see for himself the boldness and ease of the jet," and the "satisfaction in rendering his idea instantly unconscious of ruins"—and so on; till the powerful mind of the Philosopher reels under the novelty and affluence of the language and ideas. Then, to crown all, he reads, on the same page, of a new gas-burner which gives *one hundred and sixteen per cent.* of light, and which he earnestly commends to the consideration of the City Gas Company.

OLD CLO' WANTED.

DIOGENES has received the following letter from a fair, (and elderly), correspondent. The Cynic greatly fears that the worthy lady has been hoaxed by her graceless nephew. The *coves* to which she alludes are probably *timber coves*:

DIOGENES, Esq.:

DEAR SIR,—I am a constant and attentive reader of our local newspapers, being of opinion that without a thorough and correct acquaintance with the current events of the times, and especially of our own country, no woman can properly be termed "well-informed." I, therefore, feel it my duty conscientiously to peruse this ephemeral literature—not omitting even the mercantile intelligence—and thus it is that my male friends in general find my conversation both interesting and instructive. I must, however, confess that I sometimes find, in the daily journals, phrases and modes of expression which cause me considerable perplexity, and compel me to have recourse to my nephew, Thomas, for information, and I must acknowledge, to the credit of the High School, of which he is a member, that he rarely appears at a loss to reply to my questions. It is only when I meet with some peculiarly complicated sentence in the *Daily News* that he is ever puzzled.

To return, however, to the point on which I am desirous of invoking your valuable co-operation and assistance. As I learn from my nephew that yours is the most influential publication in the Dominion;—is especially a medium of communication with the higher classes, and is much valued by * * * * * [The modesty of the Cynic compels him to omit several lines that here follow.]

In perusing the mercantile intelligence from Quebec, I marked this startling sentence:—"Business very dull—*coves* nearly bare." I did not at first appreciate the terrible significance of this statement, until, on referring to Thomas, he informed me that the word *coves* was a generic term applied to the poorer classes who hang about the wharves in search of employment, and who, from the dullness of the times, are wandering about almost * * * * * I am really, my dear Sir, at a loss to express myself in a becoming manner, but you will understand me when I say that they are very insufficiently clad.

Is not this terrible? Can such shocking destitution be permitted to exist in a Christian land and in the nineteenth century? Fancy the shock to the sensitive feelings of our American sisters touching at Quebec, on their way to the healthful breezes of the Saguenay, on seeing hundreds of semi-nude fellow-creatures wandering about the wharves! With what an opinion of Canada and Canadians will they return to their homes!! My feelings overpower me at the idea, and my faltering pen refuses to record my indignation.

I am busily engaged in collecting all the cast-off apparel I can procure from my numerous friends, and I call upon the benevolent public of Montreal to do likewise, that we may mitigate, as far as possible, this sad scandal and disgrace.

Believe me, my dear Sir, with great respect,

Your obedient servant,

TARITHA TALBOYS.

P. S.—To whom would you recommend me to send the wearing-apparel I have already collected? I had thought of entrusting it to the care of the Mayor and City Councillors of Quebec, but Thomas says that if I do "they will be safe to bone the lot," by which I understand that they will not be properly applied. What do you advise?

NOTES AND QUERIES.

In our issue of the 9th, our correspondent "Tassie," referring to an extract from Mr. Punshon's "Daniel in Babylon," requested to be informed of the nature of the blemish for which Apollo was excluded from the fellowship of the gods.

None of our classical correspondents have replied to this query, and DIOGENES is surprised at their *tassie-turnity*. The Cynic, therefore, out of the depths of his professional knowledge, proceeds to enlighten his audience. Two good and sufficient reasons present themselves for the exclusion. First we are told by the poet that "Apollo strikes the lyre," and this was probably some objectionable musical instrument of the nature of the hurdy-gurdy or *barrel-organ*, which, in the hands of his itinerant descendants, provokes so much ire in the breasts of moderns, and leads to the summary dismissal of the performers from before our doors.

Or it may be the passage should read thus, "Apollo strikes the *liars*," and as the ancient Greeks were not remarkable for strict veracity (witness the very tough yarns they have handed down to posterity), Apollo may have been in the habit of personally correcting their mendacity, and hence the necessity for his expulsion.

The Cynic maintains that these reasons are quite as strong as are usually given by commentators, (those on Shakespeare to wit), and he commends them to the consideration of his readers.