



DIOGENES ON HIS LAST LEGS.

The old dotard, with a Burden on his back, after vainly searching, for twelve months, for an honest man, now seeks to dispose of his effects.

the weight of which is so out of proportion to their worth, that no one will think of removing them; the tub, which may serve as a dog-kennel, and the lantern, which should be handed over to the Antiquarian Society, as soon as it is incorporated.

"Farewell to one whom a giddy world could ill spare."

We understand that a few of the Cynic's last remarks are to be published for the use of a small circle of friends.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We shall be happy to receive short, original contributions, on the understanding that if rejected they will not be returned.

All communications are to be addressed, pre-paid, to Box 467 Post Office, Montreal.

R. W., JAMES. ALTER EGO, Q. Z.—Accepted.

M. R.—In future we shall appear on Thursday morning without fail.

PAN.—Much too long. Could you give us it in small instalments, say at intervals of two months?

CLARENCE H.—Do you think it witty? Think again.

J. S.—By all means publish it, in the form of a tract.

MAKEWEIGHT.—Not light enough for us.

Y. Z.—Your familiar handwriting does us good; we are happy to put your name on our list of contributors.

The accompanying cut represents the late lamented **DIOGENES**, as he last appeared in public. The fact of the philosopher's decease is too generally known to call for more than a passing reference. **GRINCHUCKLE**'s spirits are so depressed by the sad event that he can scarcely nerve himself for the effort of detailing to the public a few interesting facts connected with the calamity. For some months the friends of the deceased had anticipated his death, and every effort was made to avert it, but the disorder was of so malignant a nature that newspaper puffs and even more violent remedies, were applied without giving relief to the sufferer. His last words—few and feeble, as may be supposed—displayed an excess of kindly feeling towards **GRINCHUCKLE**. Claspings his *confre* to his bosom, the philosopher said: "**GRINCHUCKLE**, my boy, you have began nobly; may you shun the errors into which your poor friend has fallen. Don't mistake your mission; be inflexible in your hatred of shams and follies; never write essays; laugh, and grow fat. Farewell." With this the vital spark—if ever there was any—fled, and the flickering flame in the greasy, battered lantern, expired.

The body was decently interred in the graveyard of oblivion; and the only memorial of **DIOGENES** will hereafter be found in the recollections of those who have wept under his solemn instructions. It is well known that the philosopher was so superior to worldly considerations as to put the amassing of a fortune out of question. The only effects left by him are two volumes,

W.—Prune it somewhat.

ABEL.—Accepted, but held over. We wish our friends would send their contributions in time. Many a good thing is lost by unnecessary delay.

Received and accepted with thanks—"Dulce est pro patria mori;" Loop Revil's Letter, &c.

AVENGED.—Novel and charming; the writer may send us the remainder if it is as long as "Paradise Lost." Will he favour us with his address?

The poem on the late Mr. Peabody is excellent, but our own verses were in type when the former came to hand.

The Patriotic Song will appear in our next.

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