

NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.

DIOGENES, to whom the Wandering Jew and Parr of the Pills are but as creations of yesterday, having entered on his 417th lustrum, has necessarily seen much of men and manners in his time, and has moralized deeply thereon. Among the many failings to which poor, weak, human flesh is heir,—in all ages, climes, countries, and circumstances,—none has been more common or preposterous than an innate vanity, exhibiting itself in singularity of costume and affectedness of gait. The Prophet Isaiah meted out to the daughters of Zion well-merited rebuke, in that “they minced as they went and made a tinkling with their feet,” whilst the sages of Greece and Rome had bitter occasion to ridicule the follies of their age; and since the days of DEMOCRITUS, and the youth of DIOGENES, fashions have only changed to recur in a slightly modified form.

Some 250 years ago the light of DIOGENES' lantern was thrown on one honest man styling himself ‘Democritus Junior,’—a man who stood boldly forth, armed with the sword of his wit and the buckler of his logic, to do battle with the Dragon-deformity of distorted Fashion, and the Cynic trusts that the words of this man may once more be repeated with effect.

Anent the girls of his period, saith he, “Not that comeliness of clothes is therefore to be condemned, and those usual ornaments: there is a decency and decorum in this as well as in other things, fit to be used, becoming several persons, and befitting their estates; he is only fantastical that is not in fashion, and like an old image in arras hangings, when a manner of attire is generally received; but when they are so new-fangled, so unstaidd, so prodigious in their attires, beyond their means and fortunes, unbecoming their age, place, quality, condition, what should we otherwise think of them? Why do they adorn themselves with so many colours of herbs, fictitious flowers, curious needle work, quaint devices, sweet-smelling odours, with those inestimable riches of pearls, precious stones, rubies, diamonds, emeralds, &c.? Why do they crown themselves with gold and silver, use coronets and ties of several fashions, deck themselves with pendants, bracelets, earrings, chains, girdles, rings, pins, spangles, embroideries, shadows, rebatoes, versicolour ribbons? Why do they make such glorious shows with their scarfs, feathers, fans, masks, furs, laces, tiffanies, ruffs, falls, calls, damasks, velvets, tinsels, cloth of gold, silver tissue? With colours of heavens, stars, planets: the strength of metals, stones, odours, flowers, birds, beasts, fishes, and whatsoever Africa, Asia, America, sea, land, art and industry of man can afford?”

So much ‘de luxu vestium.’

Will an honest man of the present day stand forth and answer the question—“Are times so vastly altered since the days of Robert Burton?” Quoth Petronius,—“To what end are those crisped, false hairs and painted faces?” To what end were chignons invented, and how did Madame Rachel make sure of dupes? “All is vanity,” saith the Preacher. Follow not the multitude, saith DIOGENES,—*judicium vulgi est fallax*.—Without commenting further on the above, which speaks for itself (and while signifying his intention of being down on male monstrosities also), DIOGENES, in conclusion, quotes the treatment recommended for the Girls of the Period, 1620:—“They had more need, some of them, to be tied in bedlam with iron chains, have a whip for a fan, and hair-cloth next their skin; and, instead of carmine, have their cheeks stigmatized with a hot iron; I say, some of our Jezebels, instead of painting, were well served so.”—*Ponder*.

THE Right Man to sell Books,—Booker.

“PERSONAL.”

It will not surprise some of the readers of DIOGENES to be told that he has, already, been asked to give active or passive support to more than one candidate for civic honors in March next. The Cynic, though taking a deep interest in the Municipal Government, has felt compelled to decline committing himself. He expects, under the present management, to attain a circulation of, at least, 6,000 copies by February; and he is so conscious of the power he is destined to wield, that he unhesitatingly declares to all the world—expectant City Councillors included—that he is NOT FOR SALE. Though his present *bona fide* circulation is barely one-third of that number—yet, with a due regard to the importance of keeping his paper-maker in good humor, and obtaining a character for enterprise and liberality, he has determined on striking off not fewer than 500 copies of each impression for gratuitous distribution to people who won't subscribe at present, but must feel bound to do so by and bye. In the meantime there seems a chance of his advertising keeping up to the original standard. He has just received a dead-head from Quebec and a promise of two more from Ottawa and Kingston. Under these circumstances, and as he considers he has established peculiar claims on the gratitude of the Dominion as well as of the Local Government, DIOGENES exultantly declines to sell himself, *at present*.

AN ELEGANT EXTRACT.

This magnificent enterprise (the projected submarine tunnel between Dover and Calais) is certainly one which is well qualified to astonish *not only our ancestors*, but the people of the present generation, accustomed as they are to gigantic undertakings. Possibly, when it is completed, we shall see others on a still larger scale commenced. Who shall say that before the present century is ended a submarine railroad ride from Montreal to England may not be possible? We presume that a number of hotels would be erected at different points, so that passengers might obtain rest and refreshment when required.—*Montreal Daily News*, Dec. 5th.

DIOGENES has a sneaking regard for the *Daily News*, but he cannot suffer his personal predilections to prevent his expressing the mortification with which he read the above fearful paragraph in its editorial columns on Tuesday. Had it been modestly hidden away among the News Items, nobody would have thought it displayed more than bad taste in selection, but as it appeared in all the glory of editorial type, it must be supposed to be an emanation from editorial brains. As such, DIOGENES protests against it as brainless twaddle, unworthy of a newspaper claiming to be above mediocrity. There are many sensible articles in the *News*, a fact which leads DIOGENES to express a hope that the estimable gentleman who writes the sense, will, in future, condescend to look after the self-approving individual who does the nonsense. The Cynic thinks Society will be benefitted, and the present management of the *News* considerably improved.

“HOPE TOLD A FLATTERING TALE.”

It is said that no one is a *prophet* in his own country. DIOGENES, not being a native of Canada, hopes to be a *profit* in Montreal—to the Company with which he is associated.

A TERRIFIC TRIPLET.

Which was the most temperate of all the animals in Noah's Ark?

The rhinoceros—because he had but one *horn* the whole time.

In what Italian city is soup always found?
In Turin, to be sure!

Of what cloth are the Artillery uniforms made?
Gunny cloth, of course.

“THOU ART GONE FROM MY GAZE.”

DIOGENES regrets, unfeignedly, that Crinoline has gone out of fashion; for it made the figure of even an ungraceful woman resemble that of a *bell*.