

produce sensation in the ball-room. It is not quite improbable, should the cunning fishers prosper in their purpose, that this dance might dance down the happy pairs who have, and fancy they shall keep, the floor all to themselves for an indefinite period.

This is the Diogenesian solution of the mystery, and who so bold as to call it in question?

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

One of our enterprising music publishers, in the dearth of news subjects on which to exercise his talents, has determined to immortalize our fifth estate, in a series of ballads, dedicated specially to our leading journals. By the kindness of the publisher, Diogenes has been favoured, in advance, with specimens of these beautiful productions, which he now reproduces for the delectation of his readers.

As the Philosopher rates the favourable notice of his brethren of the press at its full value, he wishes, emphatically, to state that he is, in no way, responsible for the sentiments of these effusions.

The Evening Star.

Air:—"Beautiful Star."

Beautiful "Star" of type so clear!
Cheekiest of journals published here;
Hit right and left, and lay down the law,
But don't raise your price, my beautiful Star! (Oh!)
Beautiful "Star-r," Beautiful "Star-r"
Thou wast once but a copper
Bee-u-tiful, Bee-u-tiful "Star."

The virtues of our dear friend, the *Witness*, are, appropriately enough, sung to a plaintive, touching air:

The Daily Witness.

Air—"Gentle River."

Daily "Witness," Daily "Witness,"
Though thou oft art dull and drear,
I could love thee, gentle "Witness,"
Were I sure thou wert sincere!
Oft o'er thy fourth sheet I linger,
And tho' tear drop dims mine eye
As I read those touching extracts,
Then I take—a glass of rye!

The Poet is somewhat hard upon our old friend the *News*; it is, however, consoling to reflect that the epidermis of our big contemporary is tolerably tough:

The Daily News.

Air—"Happy Returns of the Day."

"Daily News," "Daily News," you're a very large sheet,
Though 'tis little or nothing you say;
And I think you had better come out once a week
Instead of, as now, every day;
For though we sometimes at thy twaddle may laugh,
It grows tiresome after a while;
For twaddle is twaddle, and nothing but that,
However Tupperian the style.

The strain dedicated to our friends and neighbours "Caesar and Pollux" is of a brisker and livelier nature, and suited to the requirements of our numerous and talented comic vocalists.

The Gazette and Telegraph.

Air—"The Siamese Twins."

Two journals once published were,
With type and material so nice;
They were only a penny a-piece,
Though folks thought them dear at the price.
Tol de rol, lol de rol, lol.
They came out at morn and at eve,
And their general matter was rich,
If 'twere not for the name on the top
You couldn't tell 't'other from which!

Tol de rol, lol de rol, lol.

Our friend, the *Herald*, has not yet been honoured, but will probably be embalmed to a solemn and stately air, something after the style of the "Dead March in Saul," and, to be strictly in keeping with the subject, only a limited number of copies will be printed.

Diogenes wishes the undertaking every success.

WHAT NEXT?

Many persons fancy they see reason to doubt the high enlightenment claimed for "The Capital" of all the Canadas. Others go further, and assert that so much lumber produces darkness rather than light,—adding that

the people prefer the obscurity. They point, sneeringly, to the "metropolitan" newspapers! They will, perhaps, find another argument in the fact that, in every direction, the lamp-posts are being cut down. *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

"THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME."

Some ill-conditioned people have had the bad taste to cavil at the proceedings of the Ontario Legislature,—to laugh at grave Ontario Senators,—and even to assert that the Goddess of Wisdom was not a permanent resident in Toronto.

Diogenes proudly points to the protective patriotism exhibited by Ontario patricians, and rebukes their critics! It is a glorious sight to behold their fight for home growths home manufactures, and home institutions. These high-minded representatives are, naturally, indignant at the Bank of Montreal being entrusted with their moneys: it certainly is singular, and no less derogatory, for whole-souled democrats to be compelled to put confidence in a *King*. The Philosopher extends his sympathy! Surely, it is a gross outrage on a Province, to be forced to go abroad for safety and for succour, when that Province has had the honor, in our own day, to produce such substantial and reliable structures as the "Upper Canada," the "Royal Canadian," and the "Commercial."

NOTE.

Diogenes has to apologise to his readers and the public for the first time in his life. In his last number he exultingly promised to continue the publication of His Worship the Mayor's magnificent lyric, the "Song of Welcome" to Prince Arthur, for the appearance of which he is assured the world has been on the tip-toe of expectation. But Diogenes has been forestalled! he has been deceived! he has been outraged!! A portion of the poem graces the pages of the last *Clown and Horse-Collar*, notwithstanding His Worship's sacred pledge that it should first astonish the universe through these columns. We will not complain—we call our philosophy to our aid—but we will not deny that this blow has wounded us to the heart,—coming, too, as it does, from a dignitary whom we have so long revered and idolized—whose praises we have sung—whose virtues we have eulogized in language that will survive Homer and Milton, or even the *Daily News* and the *Clown and Horse-Collar*. We copy a few lines of the abducted lyric to show our readers the immensity of the loss they have suffered, and the remaining verses were of equal or superior beauty:

To form a band, a cohort true,
To make themselves respected,
And put down all the sneering crowd,
By whom their claims rejected,
Armed to the teeth they'll break the heads
At every fresh election
Of those who fail to see the worth
Of the Ministry's election.

The severe and erudite critic of the *News* himself lauds His Worship's effulgent effusions in terms of glowing admiration. They accompany one of the *C. & H.C.'s* cartoons, in which His Worship is represented in an attitude of sublime and virtuous dignity, frightening poor Chauveau, who cowers until the enraptured gazer almost believes that the shrinking Premier could creep into Sir George Etienne's Militia "breeks." This cartoon is truly a great effort of art; and Diogenes is reminded by it of the works of the immortal Italian Masters, picturing Canute rebuking his flattering courtiers, and the Roman majesty of Marius, annihilating the slave amid the ruins of Carthage.