

OUR CITY POLICE.

On Friday night last, or early on Saturday morning, a somewhat singular burglary was perpetrated in Great St. James' Street. A cigar store, next to the Post Office, and opposite the principal hotel of the city, was entered, apparently from the street, and some two hundred dollars' worth of property consumed or stolen. The burglars carried on their operations by the aid of lighted candles, and anybody standing on the other side of the street might have witnessed their movements, as there were no shutters on the window and the blind was not drawn. Unfortunately, however, no body appears to have been abroad,—*not even a solitary policeman.*

On Sunday morning, a pianoforte store, also in Great St. James Street, shewed signs of having been visited on the previous night, and one of the proprietors was so convinced that something was in the wind that he determined on setting a watch. Accordingly, on Sunday night, a private watchman took post within the store, having previously fastened the street door securely. Shortly after midnight, he was somewhat astonished to see *three* policemen enter the premises. One immediately walked into the office, and another seemed especially interested in the security of the safe. On revealing his presence, the watchman was informed, that they, (the policemen,) had found the street door closed and had entered to see if everything was correct. The *Witness* concludes a short paragraph on the subject, as follows:—"It would appear that some one had unlocked the door, and would have entered but for the approach of the police, when he fled away."

DIOGENES has no means of sustaining the *Witness's* hypothesis. He is half inclined to doubt that it was seriously advanced. Assuming, however, its correctness, the Cynic would respectfully enquire—How came it that three policemen were on the alert to prevent a robbery at Messrs. Gould & Hill's, and not one solitary "bobby" cropped up to surprise the exceedingly-confident gentry who took a fancy to Mr. McConkey's carved meerschaums and toothsome "samples?" How came it that two out of the three in the former case were off their beats, and that in the latter Policeman X was off his? These questions, are, to say the least, pertinent. But the Cynic has a few more to put to the Chairman of the Police Committee, a gentleman whom he hopes to see again returned for the Centre Ward at the coming election, without being necessitated to draw the teeth of any of his opponents.

1st. Does the Police Committee hold the Chief of Police responsible for the proper discipline of the Force?

2nd. Are there any missing links in the chain of responsibility?

3rd. Is greater attention paid to the detection of criminals than to the prevention of crime?

4th. Does it happen that policemen are irregularly posted on their beats with indefinite orders?

5th. Do the Sergeants visit their men at a un-stated periods during the night?

6th. Is a proper *distance* maintained between the officers and men of the Force?

7th. Is *winking* at any class of offenders a chronic feature in the present system of management?

These are some of the questions which occur to the Cynic at this moment, but he promises to return to the subject. In the meantime, he trusts the Chairman of the Police Committee will institute a rigid and impartial investigation into the circumstances attending the burglary at McConkey's, and the entry of Messrs. Gould & Hill's ware-rooms by three policemen. The tax-paying community have a right to the protection for which they pay, and it is the duty of their representatives to see that the most is made of the means at their disposal.

A CONTENTED PEOPLE.

"The Athenians spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell or to hear some new thing." If DIOGENES is correct in his suspicion, the Huntingdonians are not a bit like the Athenians.

The *Huntingdon Journal*, like the majority of weekly papers in the country, provides a counter-irritant for the dullness of its second page, by an interesting *novel* on the first. But its selection is by no means *novel*. Guess what it is. But no! you would never guess right; so DIOGENES will at once tell you. It is—

THE SCOTTISH CHEIFS. (probably CHIEFS.)

BY MISS JANE PORTER.

Here is the beginning of the chapter that, on the 29th of January, delighted the subscribers to the *Huntingdon Journal* about as much as "*Siballa, the Sorceress; or, The Flower Girl of London*," enchants the readers of the *Daily News*.

"Be easy on that head," interrupted Wallace: "I believe the infamous leader of banditti fell by my hands."

The Huntingdonians, assuredly, are not a bit like the Athenians!

"TAFFY WAS A WELSHMAN,
"TAFFY WAS A THIEF."

DIOGENES has been in the habit of considering Montreal jurymen the most feeble-minded numskulls in existence. He is delighted to find that they have formidable rivals in the old country, if an account lately published in an English newspaper is to be believed. It appears that a "tramp" was found guilty of theft by a jury at the Montgomeryshire Quarter Sessions. These wisacres at the same time recommended him to mercy: and, as the evidence against him was conclusive, the Chairman naturally asked "on what grounds?" The foreman of the jury at first replied that he did not know, but, after conferring with his brethren some time, at length reported: "We recommend him to mercy, because no one *sees* him commit the crime!"

This was, indeed, a very *seedy* excuse.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

Kit Burns,—the only rival of "The Wickedest Man in New York,"—has been severely bitten by a refractory rat, and is at present dangerously ill from the effects of the wound.

The St. James Street Policeman, who was lying asleep in a doorway the other night when the Cigar Store was broken into and robbed, caught a very bad cold on the occasion. He is in consequence confined to bed, and is utterly unable (as usual) to attend to his duties.

A Right Honourable Councilman has returned to Montreal from his tour in the States, and presents his grateful compliments to the *Brooklyn Eagle*.

MORE FINE LANGUAGE.

DIOGENES, it need hardly be said, wishes every success to the new Music Hall, but his breath is completely taken away when he reads in the papers the magniloquent description of the proposed edifice. One of the characteristics claimed by its designer is "*perfect vision through the auditorium*." What does this mean? It is surely beating the famous ear of Dionysius all to nothing. One friend suggests that "auditorium" means the Auditor's Office, where the accounts may always be seen by the shareholders. Another thinks it means to imply that nothing will ever be *heard* in the Hall, which the meanest capacity cannot *see*.