

CORRESPONDENCE.

A Montreal gentleman has handed to DIOGENES for publication a letter that he recently received from New York. As it contains a satisfactory explanation of what the Cynic could not but deem reprehensible conduct on the part of another New York correspondent, he has much pleasure in admitting it to his columns. At the same time, he strongly objects to being charged by Mr. Godsmark with a lack of "the milk of human kindness." In publishing the name and address of a writer who had sent him a stolen article, and coolly asked payment for it; he simply followed (as he stated at the time) the usual practice of the most respectable English periodicals. The best-read Editor in the world cannot have read every thing, and is constantly liable to be imposed upon by needy Bohemians. The most effectual way to prevent the frequent occurrence of literary fraud is to pillory any thief the moment he is detected. It is not long since some well-known verses by Gerald Griffin were successfully "palmed off" on the *Gazette*, as a genuine poem of poor McGee's. Similar impositions are daily perpetrated on the Press, and the offenders should be promptly punished.

DIOGENES regrets that Mr. C., (who, it appears, formerly resided in Montreal,) has felt mortified at the publication of his name. Nevertheless, Mr. C. must be aware that the disagreeable incident would not have happened, had he exercised due caution with respect to the "veritable antique" that he kindly forwarded to DIOGENES:

SIR,—I much regret that I should have been the unintentional cause of inflicting ludicrous mortification upon one of your correspondents, through the elaborate article (published in your number for February 26th,) on the practice of "cribbing."

Although I do not pretend to base my qualifications upon the same level with those of the distinguished Henry Mackenzie, nor am I egotistic enough to assert that I can equal any of his productions, still for my own, and my friends' amusement, I have written several original recitations (*sic*) and poems; and although I have resisted every persuasion to publish any of them, I have *not* demurred lest they might lose by comparison with the modern compositions, which are produced for public entertainment. A few weeks ago, I gave a few recitations, chiefly my own composition. Your correspondent, Mr. P. D. L. Calder, was present, and requested I would furnish him with copies, which I did, including that of the "Bashful Man," which he erroneously conceived was also my own production, and without my cognizance submitted it to your consideration, intending if accepted and remunerated, to forward other "articles" of the genuine stamp, for my sole benefit. Now this injudicious act of kindness on his part, has called forth your unqualified declamation against the practice of "cribbing;" and although justified by the apparent intention of your correspondent, I consider that the publication of his name and address at the foot of your Diogenestic outburst of editorial indignation, evinces, at least, a lack of "the milk of human kindness." Mr. C. is a Canadian, but lately from Montreal, where he is well and generally known, and had his intention been to impose upon you, he decidedly would have availed himself of a fictitious cognomen. I therefore trust that you will, in the interests of justice, disabuse the minds of his numerous friends from the

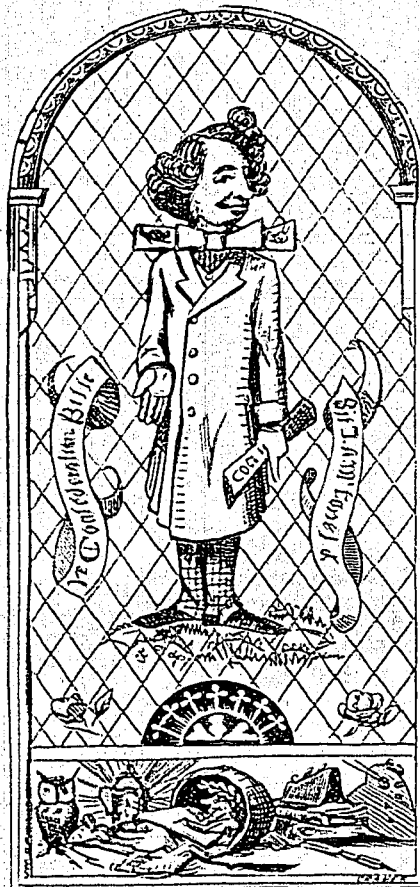
impression that he has attempted a monstrous piece of "humbug" upon DIOGENES, and that a few scratches from your unquestioned pen may erase his name from the unenviable list of literary "Cribs."

And now, thou most inveterate hater of all *shadows*, I make my undignified exit; but, previous to this, allow me to express a hope that you may long retain your literary "Crib," and that all insignificant contemporaries may fail to darken a crevice in your immortal Tub, or, if they should by any questionable means succeed in intercepting the rays of the sun of your popularity, may be consigned to oblivion with the same sarcastic denunciation, and unanswerable erudition, that were displayed in your article upon aspiring "Cribs."

Regretting that I cannot play a game of "cribbage" against you,
I am, your admirer,

SAMUEL GODSMARK.

15 Nassau street, New York, March, 1869.



DESIGNE FOR YE DECORATIONE OF YE DOMINIONE COUNCILE CHAMBERE.

PETS OF THE BALLET.

The Lord Chamberlain of England has protested in the name of *decency* against the abbreviated petticoats of the *danseuses* at the London theatres. A further protest in the name of *art* has been entered by an American *connoisseur*, in one of the best of the New York magazines. He objects not so much to the *extent*, as to the *style* of leg, that has been exhibited on the stage during the last few years. He pretends—cunning dog!—that his judgment has been formed *almost* exclusively on the photographs of individual nymphs, or of groups of popular *ballet* dancers. These he has carefully compared with photographs of those sculptured models of female beauty that have been bequeathed to the world by the genius of ancient Greece. The result of the comparison assigns the "golden apple" to the marble goddesses of antiquity. Lydia Thompson may be considered a mere parody on the Venus, and Schneider, a burlesque of Hebe or Diana. The writer, however, has apparently forgotten that the severe and constant practice absolutely necessary to attain perfection in *ballet*-dancing, develops, almost unnaturally, the muscles of the legs; and that if the Venus de Medici had danced as persistently as Taglioni, her ancles would probably have been thicker than they are. Under these circumstances, the lamentations of this Yankee adorer of ancient art are uttered to the winds, and he must still be content to gaze through his opera-glass at legs as they are, and not as they ought to be. The futility of his objections may be inferred from the final paragraph of his lachrymose article. It is as follows:—"If the exhibition of legs is to continue as one of the chief attractions of the modern stage, it would be well to get a supply characterized by symmetry, grace, and delicacy, in place of those that nature or stuffing has swelled to uncouth and obnoxious proportions."

HORRIBLE CONUNDRUM.

Why did the late Tom Hood resemble General Sir Charles Napier?

Because he, was frequently engaged in the *pun-job* and was always successful!