

LOOK UP YOUR ANCESTORS.

The *News* has woke up,—is getting sensational,—not to say alarming. The Cynic, while desirous of encouraging his contemporary in his laudable ambition, would warn him against the serious responsibility he incurs by allowing such paragraphs as the following to appear in his columns—as an editorial, too!—

"Some people imagine that there must be a land dispute at the bottom of all attempted assassinations. This does not do justice to the Irish nature; Paddy has grown so particular, that if the character of one's ancestors will not bear the strictest investigation, the representative of an erring forefather must suffer."

Although this alarming statement only appeared in yesterday's issue, DIOGENES learns that already a large number of the most distinguished families in our upper five hundred are in a state of intense agitation. Some are placing their mansions in a state of defence; others are thinking of paying a hurried visit to Europe until the tyranny be once past; and one distinguished City Councillor, and leader of fashion, after ascertaining from his eldest daughter (who has been highly educated) what an "ancestor" meant, has applied to the Minister of Militia for military protection.

Heavens and earth! if our ancestors are to be irrefragable what will become of us all?

OUR LOCAL ITEMS.

(Suggested by the absorbingly interesting paragraphs under the same heading in our local journals.)

Mrs. Mulloony bought two pounds of loin chops yesterday at the Bonsecours market.—She paid ninepence a pound! a high price, taking into consideration the quality of the meat.

The Minister of Mil—t— ordered a new pair of boots on Wednesday: they were of calf, with high heels. The extra inch thus added to his stature, lends additional dignity to his already imposing appearance.

Master Murphy, our special newsboy, on the occasion of his proceeding to visit his friend, Mr. Payette, for a month, was regaled by his confreres with an elaborate supper of polonies and ginger beer.

As soon as it gets cold enough the river may be expected to freeze over. (For this valuable piece of information, the Cynic acknowledges his indebtedness to the *News*.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

SIR,—In sendin' ye the following soleliqy on the Haddie—of coors I meen the *Finnan* Haddie—I wad partecklarly requist that ye get some printer that's a Scotchman, tae set it up. I hae fraequently sent things tae papers in this kintra, an' hince the days whan Rollo yaist tae print them himsel', I've had vera little satisfackshun oot o' them. I fin that vera few o' your English or Canawdian printers unerstaun hoo tae mak yuse o' the comas an' the apostrophees, on which raaly guid Scotch poetry sae mukle depends, an' I've often had a' the pith an' pint ta'en oot o' a raaly first claiss poem, through their ignorance an' stewpeedity. Ye'll therefore obleege me by no printint at a' if ye think ye canna get it dune richt. Anent the 4th verse, I may menshun that, I'm no a Roman, an' that consequently I'm no obleeged tae eat fish on Fridays. Bit, as the twa servants that we keep are baith Romans, ma wife fins that its chaipest for us a' tae hae a fish denner that day, an' we often hae haddies wi the result that I state in the soleliqy.

Alloo me, sir, tae say that, the poem is dedicated tae the writer o' the papers that's heedet "Ab Antro," in the

Gazette, wha in ma opeenyon is a splendit writer, an' wha gied us a screed jist aifter my ain heart, on the same subjeck, twa or three weeks back.

Hopin' that ye'll dae yer best for me in the prentin',
I'm yer freen,

NICOL JARVIE.

What is't that in the mornin's snell,
Maks me sae blyth tae hear the bell,
That "Breakfast's ready!" 's meant to tell?
The Haddie!

What is't that ower the table throws
A smell that baits the mossy rose,
Or balmy fumes o' buttery brose?
The Haddie!

What is't that, wi' het buttert toast,
Or scon, that bit a bawbee cost,
Excels by faur "meat"—boiled or roast?
The Haddie!

What is't that ate wi' tawties "dry,"
An' a bit butter, maks me nigh
As pleased, on Friday's, as if I
Had dined on soup, and jynt, and pie?
The Haddie!

What is't that wi' a cup o' tea,—
Souchong, Gunpowder, or Bohea,
(Or a nice mixture o' a' three),
Maks a' the past days' troubles flee?
The Haddie!

An' what, about the oor o' ten
Wi' twa, three cheils, ye raaly ken,
An' bread, *Devil's* "India," or three X,
Beats iesters,—aye, or roastet hen?
The Haddie!

SIR,—I wrote a squib for the *Witness* a week ago. My friend Thomas^s saw it. "Why not write for DIOGENES?" says he. "P.V. Nashy Orpheus C. Kerr, and Josh Billings have gained a wide-world reputation by squib writing, and our own Korn Kobb shews signs of emulating their fame."

"But what shall I write about, Thomas?" I made answer. "Why, you're a student at law, and will soon be a B.C.L.—write and reform the law. Reform the carters' tariff: you'll save the Council an immense amount of wind, and time, and gas. Reform the postal system, and you'll be blessed by all future generations, if you only gum the stamps sufficiently. Reform the Custom-house laws, and when it will no longer take twice the time for goods to come from Portland that is occupied in crossing the Atlantic, all merchants shall bless you. Oblige the Grand Trunk to mend their ways, and to bring wood to the city in winter, and you'll be honored even in your own country. You've read the poets. Intersperse your writings with quotations from Milton, and Sangster, and Shaksper, and Heavysge, and Urquhart. Quotations are quite in vogue. The *News* gives them every day."

"Softly, friend," I cried at last, "tread lightly on that ground. Were I to attempt a change in the carters' tariff, I should be haunted with most striking dreams of horsewhips and gutters. Did a reform of the postal service enter my brains, some one, *freer* than I, would soon institute a phrenological inquiry to establish my insanity. No, no! I'll write, but I'll eschew all such subjects. My next effort will be a sample of what I'll do."

J. J. F.

"QUID RIDES."—The public character of the individual is all that, at this moment, concerns DIOGENES. In future a strict watch will be kept on his movements. There are few so vulnerable, so vain, and, in some things, so silly. DIOGENES does not choose to succumb to drivelling inanity.