

and he had button-holed another lamp-post, and would not hearken to the voice of wisdom.

He said, in his poor, deluded way, "it was all right." He was only waiting till his house came round. "There she comes," he said; then he embraced me, to the serious injury of my paper collar and my self-respect, and made a bolt for his door; but he must have missed it, for when I returned he was doing his best to conceal himself in his hat.

So you can see for yourself, that the innocence and rural simplicity theory is a fraud.

A long digression, this last, but necessary, as you will see, in the sequel. As to the situation of the little town aforesaid, I wish I could take you there, and show you the gentle zephyrs, as they whispered through the trees and softly uprooted the ancient elms, or whirled, with fascinating playfulness, the spires of the churches into the dim and darksome night; I would like to have taken you on to the cliffs, where the rippling surf leaped exultingly fifty feet into the air, or on to the promenade, where Youth and Beauty, in Balmorals and Bends, fished and flirted with fascinating fickleness.

It was a lovely place! By night the thomas-cat made sweet music in the neighboring yards; by day, the gentle organ-grinder filled the breezes with his dulcet strains.

Picturesque, though profane, fishermen lounged in graceful and tarpaulin attitude, and quaintly touched their fore *locks* as you walked upon the *quays*; rough, but rural, maidens entreated you to buy the *Norport Naggle* or the *Narragansett Batticaxe*, while, over all, there hung a fragrance from the Sunny South,—a perfume redolent of junk and gin.

On the beetling cliffs which towered in lofty majesty, like so many grim sentinels of the deep, stood a low thatched cottage.

To all outward appearance it was an unimposing and very common-place sort of structure, nor would the reader's opinion be at all changed by a view of the interior.

The whole aspect of the place denoted waste and want: it *was* a waste place, let who will, say me no; and, to bear out my assertion I can safely vouch that much was wanted both for comfort and for use.

A smoking dish of hash stood in all its reckless extravagance on one end of the table, while on the other a dish of the luscious "porkanbeans" regaled the nose and delighted the eye.

At first sight the place seemed to be uninhabited, and to the mind of the sinful, a temptation of hash in the *abstract* might have proved too strong; but second sight, which is proverbially clairvoyant, would have discovered a clay pipe, to which was attached the upper part of a man, wrapped in meditation, and looking vacantly into the dim future which opened out before him in the direction of the chimney;—a brawny, thick-set man as ever struggled with a meal, or wrestled with the drumstick of a turkey. He was dressed in the "garb of the period," and had a nose of aquiline tendency, a deep scar between his eyes, and wore his hair parted all over his head.

Was he dreaming of the bright and happy past, when "everything was lovely, and the goose hung high"—of the days when, but a little wanton boy, he preferred the convenient back-of-his-hand to the more formal, and less satisfactory, pocket-handkerchief?

I, myself, know full well, what sweet recollections of my happy childhood, the well-known steam of the mysterious compound will evoke.

Thoughts of the hash that was so strong waiters couldn't hold it, so powerful at times as to almost *turn* my stomach, of ancient and portentous dough-nuts (I had

almost written door-mats), whose specific gravity would have sufficed at any time to keep gold down below 20; of musical "porkanbeans," and the still more inoffensive sausage,—memories all too sweet and fleeting!

Was it of such remembrances as these over which he mused? Who shall say? for, with a start, he wakes up, and proceeding to a corner of the room, not noticed before—and which, in fact, wasn't there, but has only been introduced for purposes of the story—commenced rocking a cradle, in which reposed one of the most lovely-looking babes that was ever blessed with a good pair of lungs, two teeth, and a decided antipathy to clean linen!

(To be continued.)

MRS. STOWE.

The public have already seen some advanced sheets of this woman's book, pamphlet, *libellum*, or whatever she may choose to call it. There is no mistake about it now. Mrs. S. evidently revels in filth, and scatters it with an unsparing hand. This is not uncommon among persons of prurient imaginations like her own, but the originality of her excuse is only surpassed by its wonderful impudence. All this scandal is raised,—all this dunghheap turned over—for what purpose? To vindicate the character of Lady Byron;—as if such vindication had ever been necessary. One vindication has already appeared in Miss Martineau's beautiful little memoir, written with a woman's true feeling and a woman's true delicacy. As a contrast to this, we have now another vindication, written with the solemn cant of the Newgate Calendar, combined with the sensational obscenity of the New York *Police Gazette*, and this by a woman, too!

She vindicate Lady Byron?—let her, rather, try to vindicate herself. It cannot be an enviable position for an authoress of some talent to go down to posterity as the compiler, in her old age, of a book of scandalous memoirs. One thing the public can do, and *DIOGENES* trusts will,—that is, to refrain from purchasing the book. Its publication cannot be helped, but the public should endeavour to make this disgusting production as little profitable as possible to both authoress and publisher.

By the way, by the Canadian tariff, obscene publications are totally prohibited from entering the Dominion of Canada. Let the Customs' authorities put this law into force against Mrs. Stowe.

A HINT TO SIR JOHN.

What an immense advantage the Government would derive by retaining *DIOGENES* (at a good salary, of course) to think for them. Here is a case in point, and an idea, gratis. McDougall would not fit,—was too angular for the round hole made for him at Red River; but *DIOGENES* could have suggested, and provided, another—in the same place—whose shape and dimensions would have admirably suited McDougall's form and capacity,—thus saving a great deal of trouble, an expensive return, and the cries of a long and destitute train, at the same time, supplying a much-required want.

It is well known that agriculture and horticulture are in a very backward condition in Rupert's Land. *DIOGENES* would have reverted Mr. McDougall back to his original occupation, and made him a teacher—(he would likely have been a good one)—of those sciences, to the half-breeds. That a man fails in founding a State is no reason why he should not be able to grow a cabbage.