

OUR SICK CONTRIBUTOR GETS INTO A NEW BOARDING-HOUSE AND DESCRIBES SOME OF HIS FELLOW BOARDERS.

Here I am; I am all right now; no more Sheriff's sales; no more opium. They are rather a pleasant lot of people here. All characters of a peculiar kind. But I must describe them *seriatim*.

BOARDER NO. 1—A POET.

This is a young gentleman of about two and twenty summers,—a native of Virginia. His hair is long; his garments seedy; his collars are not at all Byronic, but scanty and whitey-brown. They are the ruins of some manufactured by Zeke Trimble, about five and twenty years ago. The great peculiarity of our poet is a constitutional difficulty in speaking civilly to any one. We are all beneath him. He complains that we do not understand him. I differ from him. I think we all do. He is easily seen through. Poet he may be, though I doubt it. He is unmistakably a loafer. He treats nobody with any deference except our landlady. Of her he seems to stand in awe. I sometimes hear rather stormy altercations between them, in the passage at a late hour. There are whispers that he has not paid his board for many months. His habits are lazy. He lies in bed late of a morning. His appetite is gluttonous. His propensity for drink, extreme,—especially when he can get it for nothing. He bores me excessively. He says that he has taken quite a fancy to me. I am patronized by him. He sits in my room for hours. There is but one way to get rid of him and that is to lend him a quarter,—a favor which he is not slow in demanding. The process is, however, expensive. After receiving the coin, he immediately disappears and is not heard of till a late period of the evening, when he comes in with an unsteady step. It is reported that he spends these quarters at a tavern in the neighbourhood, where he is thought a great man by a few fools to whom he spouts his own poetry. This morning he entered my room with blood-shot eyes, and enquired whether I had such a sum as ten cents about me. He left me a copy of a new poem which he informed me he was going to send to DIOGENES, at the same time asking me what I thought he would pay for it? You will doubtless receive it, but I cannot refrain from sending you a few stanzas. The poem is entitled:

THE POOR HORSE.

The noble steed abused by man,
And made to draw a truck or van,
And ruled by force;
Have we no pity in our hearts,
Or no compassion for his smarts?
Alas! poor horse.

Flies in his ears and nostrils too,
Thick as the drops of morning dew
On mountain gorse;
A saddle on his chestnut back,
Girted as to make his stomach crack.
Alas! poor horse.

The iron shoes upon his feet
Clatter along the noisy street
Of woes a source;
In cruel shafts he's made to fit,
And in his mouth an iron bit.
Alas! poor horse.

Since the days of Mrs. Leo Hunter's "expiring frog," I have never seen anything to compare with this effusion. Our poet affects a great sympathy for the brute creation, although he did not scruple, the other day, to give my dog a most unmerciful kick. He especially objects to the cruelty of making animals work. In fact all work, other than writing maudlin verses, is to him an abomination. On one occasion, I, with the kindest intentions, offered my services to try and

get the poet something to do, seeing that he was very much out at elbows. He was deeply offended, and replied that "he had not expected such an insult from me."

He is a borrower of other things besides money. He is especially a borrower of books. He returns them torn and "dogs-eared," that is, when he returns them at all. The other day, he borrowed of me, two volumes of "The Spectator." He has just coolly informed me that he has lost them, thus making an irreparable *hiatus* in a whole set of British essayists which once filled my top shelf. I have come to the conclusion that our poet is by no means a desirable acquaintance, and must take an early opportunity of shaking him off.

SCOTCH "WUT."

Sydney Smith,— "rare Sydney," according to Moore,— "Smug Sydney" according to Byron,—was wont to assert that few Scotchmen are capable of understanding a joke. He, moreover, entertained a very low opinion of what is popularly known as Scotch "wut." DIOGENES is far from coinciding with his extreme views on these two points. Nevertheless, a recent report in a Scotch journal is calculated to gain converts to the dogmas of the English Dean. At a concert in Edinburgh a short time ago, Professor Blackie, who presided, took occasion to make a rambling speech on music and poetry. Among other strange passages, the following is reported in the *Scotsman*:

Although the animal Scotch is a noble creature—(laughter)—there is one quality he wants very much—he has not the faculty of amusing himself, and if he does try it he does it in a way that would disgrace a beast. (Laughter.) He makes himself as drunk as a beast, or worse than a beast (great laughter)—because a beast may be drunk by accident, but man is drunk systematically and on purpose. (Laughter.) He goes and puts a thief into his mouth to steal away his brains, as Will Shakespeare says. (Laughter.)

The Cynic is at a loss to account for the excessive laughter recorded in this report. If the assertions of the Professor are true, there was assuredly little cause for mirth,—if they are untrue as regards a large majority of the Scotch people, the "wut" of the orator is by no means obvious. In any case, the bad taste of the speaker is equalled only by the bad taste of his hearers. If these festive occasions are of frequent occurrence, either the Professor or his audience ought in future to be muzzled. No credit can be gained by such unseemly exhibitions.

OUT OF RESPECT FOR THEIR FEELINGS.

DIOGENES sees no reason why Mr. McConkey should have withdrawn his motion to make the 1st of July a legal holiday. The Nova Scotian members who opposed it, were wrong in so doing. Until they are willing to keep it as a festival, (which will probably ere long be the case,) they might have kept it as a fast, and a solemn day of mourning. It might possibly have soothed their feelings to have a whole day which they could devote to lamentations for their unhappy condition. But they were probably afraid that if the holiday was appointed, the majority of "Blue-noses" would not spend it in lamentations.

AN ELOQUENT EBULLITION.

Under the head of "Editorial Items," DIOGENES finds the following glowing passage in the *Peterborough Review*:

Is our Mayor, whose solicitude for the interest of the inhabitants of the town cannot ordinarily be questioned, going to postpone a Dog Proclamation until we have a case or two of *ebullitions* about bites of mad dogs? *The malady is so wide spread that we cannot reasonably guarantee that no such case can occur in Peterborough.*

The Cynic draws particular attention to the latter portion of this paragraph, and also to the elegant use of the word, *ebullitions*.