

A PRACTICAL MAN AND HIS POET.

DIOGENES at the present moment is under what is called "Grand Trunk influence." He has received, he supposes from the author, (with an urgent request for notice) a Poem on "The Grand Trunk Railway: its Achievements, Institutions, Scenery, Military and Principal Characters. By J. T. Breeze, a Canadian Poet, author of Poems on Toronto, Belleville, Kingston, Picton, Saughanash Shore, Niagara Falls, Confederation, The Martyred President, &c., &c., &c."

As the best compliment that can be paid an author is to quote his finest passages, DIOGENES has much pleasure in adorning his columns with the following sublime panegyric. The speeches last week at the "Brydges' Banquet" were rather ordinary samples of post-prandial oratory, and did but scanty justice to the merits of the guest. DIOGENES, therefore, is persuaded that the Managing Director of the G. T. R. will be delighted to read the ensuing tribute of praise from the pen of Mr. Breeze, "a Canadian Poet:"—

To C. J. BRYDGES, ESQ.

Hail! Julius Caesar of the present age,
Towering above thy foes' most subtle rage;
Firm dost thou stand as stands the troubled earth
When earthquakes rave and mighty winds have birth;
Unmoved but in the orbit God designed
For all the attributes of thy mighty mind.
No boasting Pompey can thy mind subdue,
Nor Cicero's words deter its purpose true—
It sweeps a compass like the mighty sun
That rules the planets in the course they run.
O! how vast the great machinery
O'er which thy mind doth cast its eyelight free
To plan, arrange, and well dispose the whole
With all the powers of thy capacious soul.
Thy country's good lies near thy heart benign,
Perpetual good thou dost for it divine;
Thy mental powers are tutored from their youth
Neath master minds who rule the world of truth.
Thou hast done well to raise our country's fame;
When troubles rise thy purpose stands the same.
Thou would'st do better if thy power could,
But out of evil brought'st the utmost good.
No humble mind could sway the power that thou
Dost bring to bear upon our country now.
Long live to lend the light that Heaven hath given,
And shed its lustre on our country even;
Then shall thy name be hallowed evermore,
And sound in song upon our favoured shore!

This magnificent burst of genuine eloquence is scarcely amenable to the ordinary rules of criticism, as it does not bear the slightest resemblance to any composition, inspired or otherwise, that DIOGENES has ever met with. Happy is Mr. Brydges in having Mr. Breeze as his Poet, and happy is Mr. Breeze in having Mr. Brydges as his Patron.

WANTED TO KNOW.

Has the lady who, in a recent novel, was represented as "sitting upon thorns" suffered any great personal inconvenience from her apparently disagreeable position?

Has the school-boy, who was sent home for the rest of the day, ever returned with it?

When "*pop* goes the weasel" is he dead or alive, and what sum of money does the pawnbroker lend on the animal?

What is the number of miles in the Halifax Repeal League?

And, where are indignant old ladies supposed to come from when they "draw themselves up"?

SCOTCHED—BUT NOT KILLED.

DIOGENES has learned with considerable satisfaction that the respectable Dispensing Chemists of the city have determined on throwing to the dogs—not their physic, but the odious and demoralizing patronage of the 33 per cent. Physicians. As yet, however, only one Chemist has openly announced himself sound on the discount question, and entirely dependent on the good opinion of the public. In pursuance of his expressed intention, DIOGENES has transferred to his columns the advertisement of Mr. Gray, and the Cynic hereby calls upon his numerous and respectable readers to "remember" that orthodox "apothecary." In thus drawing attention to a particular tradesman, DIOGENES wishes it to be distinctly understood that he is actuated solely by a desire to encourage the others, and not, as is the fashion with *pseudo* "inoffensive" daily papers, to represent the latest advertiser as the only respectable man of his calling. The Cynic has no intention of resorting to a system of puffing, which sensible newspaper-readers and respectable advertisers have long since learnt to despise. A puff in a local items column is now-a-days an insult to ordinary intelligence, and is only to be found in journals that have become more or less fossilized.

DIOGENES is informed that the number of Chemists who still hang on to the skirts of the Medicos, is confined to some half a dozen. He thinks it right that their names should be published as an act of justice to those who, like Mr. Gray, have had the courage to resist an odious exaction. If any gentleman of the Chemist's Association will be kind enough to furnish DIOGENES with the necessary information, and at the same time give a list of the professional individuals who exact discount, the Cynic will return to the subject in an early number.

In the meantime he awaits the advent of an Auctioneer who will announce his intention to forego the 50 per cent. discount he has hitherto demanded on advertisements graciously dispensed to the city papers. The Cynic will also be glad to publish the name of the newspaper proprietor bold enough to refuse discount to an Auctioneer, and honestly give the real advertiser—vizt., the individual who employs the auctioneer to sell his goods—the benefit which properly belongs to him.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The softest, gentlest ray of Heaven
Shining ere time began;
The purest gem to woman given,
The noblest trait in man.

The voice that bids the wretched live
And cheers each aching heart;
Together, joy and comfort give,
But pine and die, apart.

1. A Western judge, whose name still classifies a law;
2. The blackest character in Shakspeare's book;
3. A Dutch commander, London once did hold in awe;
4. An ancient minstrel's wife, lost through a look.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.

A salve for the "Bite of a Rope;"
A tear from the "Wind's Eye;"
A wrinkle from the "Face of Nature;"
A stave from a Barrel-organ; and
A picture of the Ass that *braed* at "Bonnie Doon."