

"THE NEW IDEA."



HE Cynic has received the first four numbers of a weekly paper published in Burlington, Vermont, by M. Mederic Lanctot. It styles itself, "a practical self teacher of the English and French languages; an organ of the unity of North America." With the latter part of this description, DIOGENES will not meddle at present,—but will briefly draw attention to the system adopted by M. Lanctot, to teach the two languages, and

the astonishing manner in which it is carried out. The articles in every case have so-called translations in juxtaposition. Thus a novel by Dumas, has an English version side by side with it, and an article from an English journal is rendered into French, in the next column. The system itself, is unobjectionable. As regards the style in which the system recommends itself to the public, it is only fair to M. Lanctot, to exhibit a slight specimen. Here is a sample taken at random from *The New Idea*, and accurately reprinted, *verbatim et literatim*.

The article is headed "A Fresh Outrage;" and is as follows:

We have always maintained that Canada was a source of difficulties for England, and, therefore of humiliation for that power, too weak to undertake a serious contest one of the conductors of the Grand Trunk has just furnished a new evidence of that, in refusing, last Saturday, to accept from our agent M. Pichot, a pass which, till then, he had found good, not knowing our paper.

—Ah! it is for Lanctot's paper! said the British Conductor—you must pay!

And, leering upon the enormous parcel of "New Idea" which accompanied our agent: "this paper, this traitorous paper, he added with rage, ought not to be admitted in Canada!"

—On the contrary, said our agent, it is precisely in Canada that it must circulate, for it is there more than elsewhere that the want of *new ideas* is being felt."

"Though M. Pichot has had easily reason, with the wit at least, of the insult made to the flag of Canadian independence by this British conductor, we are not disposed to leave that insult unpunished. We will not address ourselves to the Canadian confederation which is only a temporary station for the red coats in a strain of ebriety or seduction: we shall address ourselves to that dear mother country itself. Only as she is stuck above the head in that Alabama affair, we will wait for asking satisfaction from John Bull, that he has emptied his pocket in the treasury of Brother Jonathan and kissed the floor three times for his bad conduct during the American war."

DIOGENES feels that no apology is due to his readers, for the length of this quotation. The startling interest of the narrative, and the felicitous language, in which it is detailed, must be obvious to the meanest intellect. Subscribers to M. Lanctot's *New Idea* have indeed a rich treat in store for them! The Cynic may be permitted to add, that the *N. Y. Tribune* eulogizes the journal as "a new champion of humanitarian progress."

NOT ORTHODOX.

The *Gazette* had a paragraph the other day, headed, "Champion Walkists." DIOGENES, who hates with an intensity of hatred, anything approaching to slang, begs to remind his contemporary,—generally so sound on the Queen's English—that walkist is not to be found in Walker.

RABIES—No. 4.

"PALMAM QUI MERUIT FERAT."

On the sandy plains of Africa,
As day and night were blending,
And a glorious tropic sunset
Its radiance was lending,
A traveller of curious mien
His devious way was wending.

Drawing gradually nearer to the sources of the Nile.

He had followed the Zambesi, and not found it very easy,
And had come near being eaten by a savage tribe or two,
Who had thought that a Professor might be juicy served up fresh or
Salted down and kept in pickle, like his rod, a year or two.

And once bathing in the river, a nervous sort of shiver
Tingled down his dorsal column—what he called his *vertebrae*:
For, while in a state of nature, an enormous alligator
"Made a mouth" at our Professor, which soon "put him up a tree."

Scarcely was he free from danger, when a most unwelcome stranger
Met his gaze—appalled his vision—made his very knees to bend;
For a mangy-looking lion, him had clearly got his eye on,
Whisked his tail, as though to warn him he was near his *latter end*.

"By Jove," said he, "this is a muse—in *medio tutissimus*:
That maxim taught so often, seems my only chance to be;
So I swear I'll stay where I am, until, like the Twins of Siam,
I become (how I *abhor 'em*) branch of this arborem tree."

Alas! his oath was fatal, as Paddy says, "'t does bate all;"
But he hung there till the tree had absorbed his very fists—
Yes, he hung there till he dropped off, or, like rotten branch, was
Lopped off,
Leaving nothing but his palms there, for he dropped off at the wrists!

And 'tis said this is the reason (tho' I know you'll think it treason
Against the famous Geo-graphical S O C I E T Y')
How the *palm tree* got its nomen, altho' perhaps some slow men,—
Like Livingstone and others,—may assert it is a lie.

I hope you're convinced—laugh away if you like,
Though I can see nothing to jeer at—
That when our Professor was up in a tree,
'Twas PALMAM qui meruit ferat.

A SAD REFLECTION.

The London *Daily Advertiser* lately remarked with deep feeling:

"The last of the aboriginal Tasmanians (or natives of Van Dieman's Land) is dead. The fading away of inferior races—the North American Indians for another instance—before the advance of civilization and Anglo-Saxonism, is very full of pathos and suggestion."

Another instance, even more familiar than this, might have been quoted. At the present moment, if the Cynic is not misinformed, there are only two Poles on the whole earth, and these, alas! are separated from one another as widely as they can be; viz.—the North Pole and the South Pole!

WONDERFUL!

The following is a statement which DIOGENES read in a recent number of a Boston paper—

The great oak which overshadows Boston to-day, and to which the nation looks with interest, had its acorn in the brain of Mr. P. S. Gilmore.

DIOGENES has heard of a person having a corn on his foot, but never acorn in the brain! Everyone will pity P. S. Gilmore (poor suspended Gilmore), dangling about at the end of an oak bough, but no one will wonder at the nation looking on with interest at the sight.