

## INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

Liberty and equality are the leading characteristics of free Commonwealths, and DIOGENES often recalls, with deep emotion, the glorious life of the Greek Republic, before the rascal Philip of Macedon, and his madeap son, destroyed the democratic institutions of Athens and Thebes. The familiar,—indeed, free and easy—manner in which the heir to the British Throne, mingles with his future subjects, is a balm to the Philosophers' heart, reminding him of the days of his youth; and in Canada, at the present moment, the same delightful state of things is still more apparent. It is, therefore, with unalloyed pleasure, that DIOGENES lays before his readers the following correspondence, which has been placed in his hands for publication. It will appear, about the same time, in the columns of his distinguished contemporary, the CLOWN AND HORSE COLLAR, by whose illustrious and worshipful proprietor it has been communicated:

SUNDAY MORNING.

DEAR ARTHUR.—Come and lunch with me at one. Lobster Salad and Champagne.

If you are writing to your Royal Ma. by this mail, give her my compliments. You might say, "the compliments of the Wor-shipful, the Mayor of Montreal."

By-the-bye, as I do not wish to make invidious distinctions, or create jealousies, you may also remember me kindly to the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the rest of the Royal Family.

W. W.

TO LIEUT. ARTHUR, &c., &c.  
Rifle Brigade.

\* \* \* \* \*  
10 o'clock.

DEAR MAYOR.—Sorry I can't come. E. would kick up such a row; besides, I must go to Church with my company. Will be with you at *one* to-morrow, *sharp*, with a whole lot of fellows.

Of course I will give your message to the Queen, and the rest of them.

A.

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Colonel E—presents his compliments to His Worship the Mayor, and regrets that H. R. H., the Prince, cannot wait upon him to-day, as H. R. H. has to attend to his military exercises.

Col. E—, at the same time, has much gratification in announcing to His Worship, for the information of Her Majesty's loyal Canadian subjects, that the Prince has already mastered the difficulties of the goose step, and made fair progress in the extension motions;—indeed he has evinced such extraordinary aptitude for his profession, that the Commander of the Forces, has no hesitation in predicting that H. R. H. will, hereafter, acquire great distinction in Her Majesty's Service.

## "CAPERS" AT QUEBEC.

Disraeli, the elder, tells us that, on one occasion, Queen Elizabeth asked the Speaker of the House of Commons "What had passed in the Lower House?" He replied, "If it please your Majesty, seven weeks." And it would appear that, long ere our House of Assembly was invented to vex honest men, the art of doing nothing had been practised in Old England. There, and in the days of the Virgin Queen, delay was to show bad humor and the Commons' unwillingness to grant subsidies; and the process is expressed by a contemporary writer as "*nihil agendo, aliud agendo or malé agendo*; doing nothing, doing something else, or doing evilly."

The applicability of much of the above to the Quebec Little House is obvious enough. Three or four weeks

have passed, and that is all—unless, indeed, we admit that a vote of \$600 to each of themselves should be called doing business. It is a dirty affair, this "sessional allowance." It brings public contempt on those who vote for the largest amount asked, and it exposes those who vote for the smaller sum, to the suspicion that they do so, well knowing that the \$600 will carry the day. Some are honest, we doubt not,—like Mr. Ogilvie and a few others we could name,—but many are like the policeman in the old play of "*Tom, Jerry and Logic*," who, seeing a gentleman on the street drop his pocket-handkerchief, picks it up and satisfies his conscience by calling to him to stop,—but in a very gentle whisper! DIOGENES hates nothing so much as sham, and, in Quebec, he sees a sham house, sham ministers, sham debates—everything sham except the \$600 to the members. *They* are real enough.

We just remember in time, that we hear from all quarters in the loyal Missisquoi and St. Francis Districts,—in fact throughout the English parts of Lower Canada,—that Messrs. Chauveau, Ouimet & Co., had better leave their Police Bill a sham too,—for the appearance of the blue night-cap and beef-boots in their diggings, as Government Police, will be most uncomfortable, most "awkward for the coo." It is said, too, in Sherbrooke, that if Mr. Robertson supports the Bill for sending a French *gendarmarie* into that quiet part of Her Majesty's Dominions, it would have been better for him to have extended his cruise in the higher regions a little longer, and to have remained up when he was flying; for if he comes down to them with his Police Bill he will be most surely blown up again! Police for Lower Canada! with officers, rifles, and all the outer appearance of a military force, for the most orderly people in the wide world? Oh! gentlemen of the high-flavored Moccasin! you have got your dollars; for any sake, go home to your cabbage soup and *tabac menotte*, but do not go on cutting such capers before High Heaven as make the angels weep. Oh! this Little House! Who licensed it?

## SLEEPERS, AWAKE!

A singular and suggestive requisition comes from Nova-Scotia. The Railway Department, (this is only a blind; *no doubt*, 'tis from the Antis), calls for tenders for 30,000 *sleepers*. There may be no strictly mathematical certainty about this eccentric requirement, but DIOGENES has his opinion, and will stake on it! After much negotiation, he has promised,—and without a slip,—to enlighten the world; and, be assured, one and all, that he knows *Howe*. And he also knows *some*, (Howe), that can't answer the advertisement; because, as Howe, he has always been very wide-awake; though, heretofore, the said adverb has never been backward in tendering *it* or *himself*, for a consideration. Now, then, all attention to and reverence for the oracle!

It is well known that a certain party, once powerful "in our midst," has long been Rip-van-Winkleized; nor can there be any doubt that this party is that army of martyrs, the erst-magnanimous Grits. The dwellers by the sad salt sea, have walked among the slumberers, and, admiring the strength and beauty of their fair proportions; their delicate, though no longer Brownish, complexion, have longed to utilize the vast mass of inert and somnolent power. And they have disguised themselves as a Railway Department, and sought, as above, to whistle up the sleepers to life and action. Should the slightest movement be observed—even an indication of *turning or preparing to turn*—among the slumberers, they may calculate on being roused by a lusty cheer and a great noise; and then invited to join hands in a dance that would be likely to