

"WHEN BROTHERS SNARL AND FIGHT."

Some people—outsiders, of course—assert that the "Metropolis" is dull;—that fun is unknown, and sensation never felt within its walls. This is, purely and simply, the result of prejudice, ignorance, or bad taste; probably of the latter, or, more probably, of all combined. What other city in our broad Dominion, DIOGENES, can show anything to equal a recent occurrence here,—a duello, attended with every circumstance of hatred, ferocity, and blood-thirstiness, between a Parson and a Pig! And it may be as well, at once, to state, obviating misapprehension, that the parson was not a Jew, nor the pig a Tith-Pig. Thus, I believe, it came about:—Pig had been informed by a neighbor that the parson had preached at him, and, being an exceedingly well-bred animal, and feeling that his pork was as good as any other pig's pork, naturally felt indignance, even to the rising up of his bristles; and, in order to explanation, resolved to have an early grunt with the parson, his unprovoked assailant. With this end in view, piggy made his way into the parson's grounds. The parson, having seen him, without word or squeak, commenced the fray. He was armed with a stout staff in the one hand, and a folded surplice in the other. Poor pig was provided with neither temporal nor spiritual weapons, and had none but those given by nature. The battle, if sharp, was short. One exchange of shots, only, took place. The parson fired first, and his staff fell on his opponent's snout, in a very unpleasant manner, and seriously damaged one of his little eyes. Piggy, feeling himself at a disadvantage, adopted other tactics, and closed with the enemy, ran between his legs, and brought him to the earth, a prostrate, a wounded, and a beaten parson. Pig, to his honor be it said, bore his triumph magnanimously. He just snuffed at his lowly reverence, and, not liking the odor, grunted out his best wishes for the recovery of his foe, and quietly and happily trotted back to his sty.

All might have ended here, and the feud soon been forgotten, but the parson boasted, and claimed the victory. This was more than any whole-souled pig could stand, especially one that, like our hero, felt that he had been ill-used, as in the choice of weapons and the unannounced attack;—so he called Mr. Parson into a Court of Honor, and again Mr. Parson had to preach back, and was ordered to furnish a salve for piggy's sores. Mr. Parson took the lead now, and challenged pig to meet on the broad-sheet. Pig responded in a manner that would have done credit to an animal higher in the scale of creation. But we look upon this phase of the affair with horror and disgust. It is well known that the civilized nations of the earth have recently undertaken to refrain from the use of certain monstrous inventions of war. Our parson—(parsons are seldom in advance of the age)—had the unparalleled barbarity to assail the pig with a weapon that a New Zealander would have declined to employ,—*he actually fired at him with a Latin quotation!* The contest is raging fiercely, the parson still getting the worst of it; but, whatever the pig may be, we are inclined to think the parson is getting something else,—is getting to be a bore!

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AN EXPLANATION.

Prof. C—r, Organist of the Cathedral, Professor of the Jews' Harp, and leading member of the St. James' Club, presents his compliments to DIOGENES, and requests him to publish the following important statement:—

It is not true that Prof. C—r was challenged by the

Rev. Canon B—h, as stated in low society by a person who pretends to be a member of the St. James'. This report could not have originated in the Club, as all clubmen know, as well as Mr. C. does, that clergymen don't fight in these days, except it be with each other and their wives.

It is not true that Prof. C—r insulted Mrs. and the Misses —, last Saturday, on the Beaver Hall Hill. Sufficient for him, in the meantime, is the honor of insulting a Parson, without insulting ladies.

Neither is it true that, on the last-named occasion, certain friends of his were stationed round the corner, ready to provide him with snow-balls and dirty water. All the water used by Prof. C—r comes from the town-pump, and can do no serious injury to anybody.

DIOGENES will, no doubt, be delighted to impart these interesting facts to the world; and Prof. C—r is particularly anxious that they should be known to his brethren of the Club, and the ladies and gentlemen who attend his Jews' Harp classes.

St. JAMES' CLUB, }
Tuesday. }

(Immediate.)

St. JAMES' CLUB.

Professor C—r, having just learned that DIOGENES is not a member of the St. James', wishes him to send his communication to the *Clown and Horse-Collar*, the illustrious Editor of which journal, Peter Muggles Esq., is "one of us."

DIOGENES begs to inform Professor C—r that he is mistaken in supposing that he (DIOGENES) does not belong to the St. James' Club. In fact the Philosopher regards himself as the Founder—he might say Father—of that exclusive resort of the aristocracy and fashion of Montreal. It is possible that, in the immensity of his learned labors, he may have forgotten to pay his entrance fee and annual subscription—a frequent oversight, he is informed, of other distinguished members. But, as Professor C—r takes such a lively interest in the affairs of the Club, he will, perhaps, condescend to direct the Secretary to forward to DIOGENES a statement of his indebtedness, when he will send a cheque on the Wild Cat Bank for the amount, trusting the large "rest" of that prosperous institution will be sufficient to meet it. If not, and there should be a consequent run on the Bank, DIOGENES will fly to the rescue, and save it, even if he were to sell his Tub!

—, Esq.,

Professor of the Jews' Harp, &c., &c., &c.,

St. James' Club.

MORE THAN PROBABLE.

Mr. Weir, it seems, is again looking out for martyrs to aid him in damming out the Silver Flood. DIOGENES is inclined to think that those who assisted Mr. Weir on former occasions, must feel a strong desire to *dam* Mr. Weir himself!

TOO TRUE.

To the aspirant for literary honors there are no darts so envenomed as—*mistakes of the press!*