

## WHELAN.

"We understand that the authorities in Toronto are in possession of full particulars of a plot which had for its object the rescue of Whelan, and that several persons suspected of Fenian proclivities, and living in Montreal, are implicated in it."—*Daily News*, Dec. 2.

TORONTO.—Public feeling here is shaky on the point of justice being carried out. Some apprehend that Whelan will slip through, either the meshes of the law, or the iron gratings of his present abode.—*Special telegram to the Gazette*.

Ye Warders, to whose care  
A wily fiend is trusted for a time,  
Watch the base felon, stained with bloody crime,  
Like tiger in his lair.

Watch him with Argus eyes,  
Morn, noon and night secure his lonely cell—  
See that each turnkey, guard and sentinel  
Promptly his duty plies.

Let prison bolts and bars,  
Locks, gyves and manacles be stout and strong:  
The blood of one the Nation loved has long  
Been crying to the stars.

Think of that April morn,  
When, while the Moon illumed the silent street,  
A mighty soul was sent its God to meet,  
From earth abruptly torn!

O loved and lost McGee!  
Man fades from memory, quickly, like a dream—  
Thy fate is nigh forgotten, it would seem,  
By men once dear to thee!

Some paltry legal flaw  
May snatch thy vile assassin from the grave;  
But naught, if Justice lives, his life can save  
Once forfeit to the law.

No mercy should be shewn:  
He shewed no mercy to the man he slew—  
He must not cheat the Hangman of his due—  
Blood must for blood atone!

## THE AGE OF UNREASON.

"Mr. Jervis Bellamy, a well known eccentric citizen of Hamilton, aged 76, committed suicide on the 27th, by cutting his throat. Cause,—Paine's 'Age of Reason,' and similar works."—*Montreal Gazette*, Dec. 1.

THERE is a meagreness about the foregoing paragraph which is extremely unsatisfactory. An enquiring public would like to know more of an eccentric citizen of the *green* age of 76, who, preferring a razor to a "bare bodkin," made his *quietus* because of Paine's "Age of Reason." In the absence of full information DIOGENES inclines to the belief that injustice has been done to Mr. Bellamy's memory. The Cynic is confident that Tom Paine's book never turned the head of Mr. Bellamy or anybody else—for the reason that no sane man could ever discover sense or reason in it. It is a wicked book, and its wickedness has not the merit of being attractive, which is dead against its popularity in these latter days. DIOGENES is disposed to take a more charitable view of Mr. Bellamy's infirmity, and to believe that that gentleman anticipated nature, because in his eccentricity he considered he had attained an *unreasonable age*.

This theory, the Cynic submits, is far more reasonable than the one which attributes the rash act to Paine's "Age of Reason."

## MAKING LIGHT OF IT.

One of George Stephenson's favourite theories, as stated by his biographer, Mr. Smiles, was that "*Coal is only bottled light*." The belief in this theory may possibly account for the fact that so many Coal dealers use *light* weights when they are supplying their customers.



SMITH goes in wildly for furs, and has his photo. done with an Arctic back-ground. Now, considering that most of his time is spent in rooms where the Mercury is over 70°, of course this gives his friends at Home a very correct idea of his ordinary surroundings.

## ESSAYS ON SOCIAL SUBJECTS.

## No. 3.—FRENCH "PARIS."

WUNCE I went to Paris to the Expositieng. I went Express and might have gone Expresser with advantage. Paris is a big place—French Paris I mean. The Lumproor's paliss is called the Tooraloorals, and is a fine thing. The Gardens is laid out in grand style, with Stoopids and Screenuses fizin and squirtin all round. The Lumprooress goes to see em squirt reglar. When I got to Paris, two Munseers was parlee-vouin—"S'il est" says wun, lookin at me—"No, thankee," says I, "I prefers wheels."—I got wheels, you bet.—"Ou," says the carter. "Diable," says I, brushin up *Frangsay* (French word for their own langwige). "Bang," says he; "Allay vous ong," says I. He druv me to the Hotel de Vill, bein the most respectible house of its kind in French Paris. I ast for a bed and glas of rum. They brought me a strate weskit. N.B.—The French French is a stoopid people. I spent the nite in a loonytic asylum. In the mornin I was releesed on payin forty (40) francs, singin the Marcyllase Him, subscribin to the rattaticashun of the treaty of Amens, and promisn never to bear alms agin the French Publics. I was then humanely shoved over the front tier. I didn't see the Expositieng. \* \* \* The French eats frogs' heads and snale shells.

PELEG PLUG.

## "SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS."

Last week DIOGENES stated that a merchant who had recently "levanted" from Montreal, was not "the honest man" of whom he is in search. A friend of the defaulter suggests that although he has decamped for parts unknown, he is still, strictly speaking, a *non est* man. DIOGENES is content to leave the matter in the hands of his readers.

\* \* \* WE are unavoidably compelled to hold over the fourth instalment of the "Hand-Book for Strangers visiting Montreal."