

## THOSE SPOTS—DRAT 'EM!

Some people think it jolly to be poking their noses into other men's affairs, and, as if the world did not supply enough for gossip and malice, off they are, at present, abusing the Sun! Poor old Sol has been accustomed to this for a long time! Many years ago, during one of these attacks,—about his spots, or brandy pimples, or whatever they are,—a friend met Sheridan in one of the Parks, and in reply to the usual question of "What's the news?" said, he had heard nothing, only, he continued, "you'll be sorry to see such unpleasant reports about the Sun."

The Montreal *Herald*, however,—who must have been "in the sun,"—is really causing us great uneasiness. Our forests are disappearing under the axe, our coal-fields are rapidly getting exhausted,—now, the sun is getting into very bad habits and is hauled up every morning by the philosophers on account of the dirty marks on his face; he is getting too fast in short, and looks seedy they say, and, if so, we shall have "neither coal nor candle light."

DIOGENES only hopes that these wise men may not have the power to fine him in the usual "Five bob or ten days in choker." The Cynic protests in time, for ten days' darkness would be dreadful, and he can assure the *Cornhill Magazine* and the *Herald*, that, brilliant as they may imagine themselves to be, the world could dispense with their presence much more easily than with our old-fashioned day-light.

But DIOGENES, in the interest of his fellow creatures, begs the *Herald* to say where he found the following information:

"In a solar storm the violence of the hurricane is inconceivable: 'instead of rain, falling it may be with violence but refreshing the ground, 'molten metals pour down from the atmosphere, large drops of gold, 'silver bullets, iron balls, copper, lead, zinc, pelt in a pitiless storm 'upon the sun's inner surface.' Woe to the unfortunate Danaë on whom 'the 'skyeey influences' should then rain."

Woe indeed to the unhappy lady upon whom drops of gold, and silver bullets should fall! Fye! Fye! old fellow, what puts Danaë into your respectable head? and why imagine such an awfully-hot shower for the sweet sinner? Will you be kind enough, also, to tell us where the sun's "inner surface" is? If there is any road to the outer surface, we shall try to get a "return ticket" and visit that place; armed with the "lang spoon" that Scotchmen use when they sup with the devil, we shall try and get a share of those "golden drops" and "silver bullets," (unless they are too hot);—the baser metals, (for DIOGENES is liberal.) he will leave for others—the lead, of course, for his daily contemporaries, though this may seem like sending coals to Newcastle. Drops of Gold!—Silver Bullets!—Iron Balls!—Cats, dogs and bullfrogs!! Oh, heavens, what a shower! Certainly, the *Herald* must have "been in the sun!"

## DIOGENES BEFORE THE BEAK.

THE PHILOSOPHER likes Oysters, and hates all Courts of Law. There is an old story about some bogus-money scrape he got into at Sinope, which, it is pretended, is the reason why he eschews these places. Nobody will believe that story now, any more than it was believed before; but, nevertheless, to his infinite disgust, he was cited by two bailiffs last week to appear before his Honor the Recorder, at the instance of the *Society for Suppressing Cruelty to Animals*, and accused of eating oysters alive. Included in the summons was mine excellent host of the "Carlton," indicted for cruelly taking the bivalves from their shells without previously killing them. To have a friend in misfortune is always pleasant—to have such a comrade to row in the same boat quite disarmed the law of all its terrors. It was, therefore, with a light heart that we stepped across the way to consult with an ally and fellow-accused as to our defence. It was before sunset that the writ was served, and before the moon rose we had, with a host of kind, but dry, friends, consulted so seriously upon the matter, that we found it difficult to get clear of the pile of empty bottles and oyster shells which had perished in the cause. Next morning, however, fortified with a dozen of the "natives" and a glass of cold water, with just a little drop of brandy in the bottom of it, we presented ourselves in all the pride of conscious innocence before the Recorder's bar, which,—before we go further,—we declare to be

a very unwholesome place,—so much so that it at once suggested itself to "mine host" and the Cynic, that nothing but a special provision of nature could enable the worthy Beak to live, and breathe, and have his being, in such a horrid "Palace of Justice," as the French call it.

In deference to Our Illustrious Presence, our case was called first, and all the lawyers, reporters, rogues, beggars, bullies, *et hoc genus omne*, were told that they might withdraw till next day, when their cases would be heard; but none would go! The reporter for the *Gazette*, particularly, objected to leaving the Court, foreseeing that he might give a simple story for once, and still amuse his readers, but all agreeing that the luxury of indulging in truth for once was not to be neglected; it being well to explain that, though reporters very often do tell fibs, they never tell gratuitous ones. As for the Recorder himself, he tried to look stern and unbending in his high office. Had our excellent friend of the "Carlton" been alone, or had DIOGENES been alone, justice would have been dignified; (but to see a worthy host and DIOGENES both up for trial before him, was too much; so he fairly grinned, and in so doing was the very picture of a fat Justinian, looking pleasantly upon the man who, he knew, was able to supply his favourite tap on short notice, and on the jolly philosopher ready to join in winking the other eye. In fact, we all then recognised the pleasant features reflected in each other's honest faces; so that when the Beak saw us he tipped us the wink with his genial eye,—we returned the salutation in the same way, and felt we might at once proceed to business with the certainty of "oysters for three, with proper trimmings," as soon as the trial could be got over. Whether the Secretary to the "So. for Sup. of Cruelty to Animals" saw and understood our tacit compact is not clear, but if he did he must have suffered awfully, to think of the joys reserved for jolly Justices, and innocent prisoners, yet denied to him.

The accusation was duly read to us, and we both protested that we were innocent of ever injuring the oyster in word or deed,—that we honoured and loved the glorious mollusc quite as much as "His Washup" himself:—Could we love him more? "His Washup" smiled, and, smiling, answered—"No";—"he liked oysters, and oysters, he was happy to say, liked him."

The Secretary called his witness, who swore that he had frequently seen the worthy host open oysters with a sharp-pointed knife,—force the shells apart, and, without the least pity, turn them out into the cold world exposed to most horrible sufferings from pepper,—both Cayenne and Jamaica,—being thrown into their eyes, and that then, when kicking in agony, the Philosopher opened wide his mouth, shut both his eyes, and, with a slobbering noise, swallowed them alive! That this happened frequently, but more particularly on the afternoon of the eclipse; that DIOGENES then declared that people were poor fools to go glowering at the sun with a pot-lid over his face:—remembered the day, particularly, from the above remark, because he had never till then known the true cause of eclipses.

*Cross-examined by the "WORTHY HOST."*—Does not know what oysters are made of; thinks they are Animals; thinks the shells are tenement houses in which the oyster lives; does not know which is the upper storey of an oyster's house; does not think it would be cruel to open the windows of his own house in this hot weather; his wife often saucers him, but was never swallowed alive; never heard oysters chirp in the shell, so he thinks they are not chickens; never saw an oyster's tail wag; thinks if an oyster were alive, pepper would make its tail wag.

*By the PHILOSOPHER.*—Saw you shut your eyes and open your mouth; saw an oyster on its shell in your hand, and then saw the oyster disappear; could not swear that it went down your throat; opened your eyes and looked up after oyster was gone; could not swear that you were not looking to see where it had gone to; think you were looking for more; oysters were alive.

"Now, sir," we said, imitating Counsellor D., "on the oath you have taken,—(and remember you are on your oath!—)tell the Court why you think the oysters were alive."

"Because they were fine lively fellows, and you kept always taking another nip of the 'Pale' just to keep them quiet! Could not swear that the 'Pale' killed them; thinks brandy and oysters both go to the same place; brandy sometimes goes to the eye, and very often to the head; never heard of oysters going to the head,—at least not alone;—might go with brandy, but thinks the oysters go quite a different way."

The RECORDER here, with his usual dignity, told the witness to take care what he said; nothing improper could be permitted in that place.

WITNESS "meant no harm."

"Go on, sir," said the RECORDER, "just take care,—that's all!"

But the Oysters and the "Pale" had been so long talked of,—the picture of DIOGENES eating the bivalves during an eclipse, turning up his eyes and silently asking for more, was too much for judge, prisoner, and audience.—out came the RECORDER'S watch, and, with a look of neglected duty, he exclaimed, "Bless me, past one!—adjourn the Court till to-morrow,—and, I say,—(in an aside to the "Worthy Host,")—"a dozen of the natives, quick!"

DIOGENES joined; so did the SECRETARY OF THE SOCIETY, taking his, however, fried, with shred cabbage and a thought of the old Cognac to keep all right!

(The further proceedings, with the luminous judgment of the Court, will, in due course, be given to our readers.)