

tively grinned; *Niger* frowned horribly; and the clerk whistled "Not for Joseph" with an *obligato* accompaniment of heels. I subsided. With the blandest courtesy these two polite officials finished the inventory of everything in my apartment. I took another nap, and woke up with a conviction that bailiffs, though, perhaps, excellent people in their way, are very undesirable companions in a sick room.

(To be continued.)

THE AGE OF HUMBUG.

The other day Dio. was much pleased to read of the many excellent examinations passed by, and the certificates of honor awarded to some of the medical graduates of McGill College. Dio. congratulates himself that Canada possesses an accession of worthy young men, ready to devote themselves to their profession and become useful in their generation; but from the placards posted on the city walls it appears that years of study are by some deemed useless. *Nous avons changé tout cela.* The taste for healing, like that for divinity, appears to increase; and nothing seems easier now-a-days than to repair the injuries of a man's constitution or to supply orthodoxy. Men who have studied incessantly for years, and who possess the highest ability, coupled with experience, are now to be cast aside, in order that the nostrums of some ignorant pretender, or the suggestions of a twaddling old woman, may be tried. Every man who is too lazy to work at his trade, and what is worse, every woman who is competent to thread a needle, imagines himself or herself to be a doctor; and where science, with cautious hand, would scarcely venture to interfere,—conceited, stupid ignorance will dash forward and cut the Gordian difficulty by snapping the thread of life. We sneer at the "dark ages," and deride the ignorance and credulity of our forefathers, but we are strongly disposed to think that posterity will have a hearty laugh at our boasted intelligence and simulated aversion to humbug. How comes it that these benevolent miracle-workers never go into the law as a profession? Is the game beneath them when the stake is only property and not health and life? Is Mesmerism to find devotees and set at naught the experience of the learned and the triumphs of laborious and patient investigation?

THE IMPOSSIBILITY DEMONSTRATED.

DIOGENES has been compelled to listen to a rumour characterized by the very essence—nay, the quintessence, of absurdity. In fact, "the height of folly can no further go." It has actually been whispered that an Englishman is about to enter the Privy Council! This originated out of the failure of negotiations with Mr. McKenzie, who, it is said, declined office because, at the moment, desks could not be found for his grandfather and grandmother, and his aunts and his uncles. The *canard* is not only improbable—it may be ranked among the impossibilities. The sacred precinct of the P. C. is so securely fenced and hedged in with thistles that it is impenetrable to everything except an Ass or a Scotchman!

CHARITABLE.

Scene near a Church.

1st DELEGATE: "Member of the Church eh? Bill?"
 2nd " " "Yes."
 1st " " "Communicant? eh?"
 2nd " " "Yes."
 1st " " "Said prayers with the rest?"
 2nd " " "Yes."
 1st " " "Let's go in and abuse the Bishops!"

DISTINGUISHED ARRIVALS.



ORTUNATELY for the votaries of fashion, who are just now dying for a little excitement, DIOGENES is enabled to announce the safe return to Montreal of the Chevalier Chapmanne and Captain The Hon. Stanley de Bag, two distinguished travellers, who, according to the *Giornale di Roma* and the *Gazette de Nice*, have lately so-

journed in those cities. DIOGENES is informed that the arrival of the gallant Captain on the eve of the meeting of the Anglican Synod has been the cause of intense excitement among clergy and laity.

A CHAIN OF REASONING.

In a former number the Cynic published a letter from a respected correspondent, who signed himself, "Dyspepsy." More recently, in searching for certain information among some Canadian newspapers of more than thirty years ago, the Philosopher discovered another letter with the same signature. As it is somewhat of a literary curiosity, he ventures to throw upon it the light of his lantern, and to rescue it from the oblivion in which it was sleeping. It is "resurrected," as the Yankees say, from the *Montreal Transcript* of Saturday, October 15th, 1836, and reads as follows:

To the Editor of the Transcript:

SIR,—I avail myself of your extensive circulation, to warn the public of the extreme danger of under-done potatoes. A half-boiled potato may be the destruction of the most powerful nation! For a nation may be overthrown by the defeat of its army; its army may be defeated, owing to the clouded intellect and the diminished energy of its General, on the day that the battle takes place; the General may be thus indisposed from indigestion,—nothing more likely;—this indigestion may arise from eating an under-done potato,—therefore, a half-boiled potato may be the destruction of a powerful nation.

Yours, &c.,

DYSPEPSY.

GOOD NEWS FOR DENTISTS.

The Ailsa-Craig *Review* informs us that a new disease called the "black tooth" destroys large numbers of swine.

The only remedy yet adopted by farmers is extraction. Perhaps some of our worthy Pultuzks will improve on this, and thereby add a profitable branch to their already lucrative occupation.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"G." is rather late in the day. The line was quoted in the same connection in DIOGENES No. 3, page 23. "R. W."—The sketch is not bad. Change the dialogue and we will endeavor to use it. Thanks.