

THE ODIOS SNOW.

Oh! the snow, the odious snow!
Once very pretty but now "no go!"
Over the house-tops into the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet!
Steaming, flooding, plashing along,—
Odious snow with odours strong!

Oh! the snow, the horrible snow!
How the mud-gathers and "objects" grow!
Sweltering in the relentless sun,
Seen and sniffed by every one
But Policeman X. who sloucheth by
With senseless nose and a leaden eye,
Heedless of prostrate cat or hound
But watching the small boys eddying 'round:
The city's alive, and its heart in a glow
At the prospect of losing the horrible snow!

AN HISTORICAL PARALLEL.

"At Mr. Kennedy's Concert on Friday evening, when that gentleman was engaged in singing his masterpiece, "Scots, wha hae," a gentleman came into the hall, calling out in a loud voice for Dr. ———, who was among the vast audience. The Doctor immediately left with him, &c."

—*Montreal Herald*, Monday, March 29th, 1869.

"Dear me, I see," observed Mr. Winkle; "what an excellent plan!" "Oh, Ben and I have hit upon a dozen such," replied Bob Sawyer, with great glee. "My boy always rushes into Church, just before the psalms, when the people have got nothing to do but look about 'em, and calls me out with horror and dismay depicted on his countenance. 'Bless my soul,' everybody says, somebody taken suddenly ill! Sawyer, late Nockemorf, sent for. What a business that young man does!"

At the termination of this disclosure of some of the mysteries of medicine, Mr. Bob Sawyer and his friend, Ben Allen, threw themselves back in their respective chairs and laughed boisterously."

—*The Pickwick Papers*, Chap. XXXVIII.

ESSAYS ON SOCIAL SUBJECTS.

No. 6.

"SNOW AND ICESICLES."

Snow is a noosens. Poeks call it "the driven snow," and the spotless snow." Guess it's often druv over, but it's got a nation lott of spotts, all the same. Snow serves as a general semetory or burryin ground. In its buzzim dead dogs, cats, rats, bats, gnats, B flats, and other anymiles finds a peacefol restin-place. When a thaw comes, they resurrects theirselves, along with old shoos, broke plates, kaved in hatts, and other hiden tresures. I wunse had a friend, as was fond of cok-tales. He occasnul took a lodgin in the snow. It cost him summut—7 toes, 3 fingers, 1 thumb, 1 peece of nose, \$67 (in fines), and one karakter. Guess his lodgin on the kold ground cum putty ekspensiv. Sum peeples likes walkin on snow-shoos. Joak—they must go on booteless errands.

Icesicles is a greater noosens than snow. They occasnul falls and kaves your festive head in. They is called *Icesicles*, cause they *cuts down* so many in the flour of their youth. Sum peeples calls them stalaktites—guess there's too much stalak to the title. They grow on houses, trees, and peeples' noses, snow, &c. *Icesicles* is bad enough by theirselves, but when conjuncted, they're worse nor hearin a debate in the City Cownsil.

PELEG PLUG.

CORRESPONDENCES.

To the Editor of DIOGENES:

MONTREAL, March 31st, 1869.

To-day is the last of what are called in my country, "The Borrowing Days." Mr. Robert Chambers informs us, "The last three days of March are the subject of a popular story, which leads us back to the earliest stage of Society. These three days are called the 'Borrowing Days,' being alleged to have been a loan from April to March."

Now sir, with all due deference to Mr. Chambers, I consider his view of the case a very narrow-minded one. In this liberal and enlightened country and age, I think we may assign a different origin to the word "Borrowing," and construe it in a more liberal and enlightened manner. According to Walker's definition, "to borrow," is "to ask as a loan."

My own case, sir, is as follows: I am at present short of money—poor, indigent, penniless, insolvent, yet my creditors are clamorous for payment of their accounts. As these, however, are the "borrowing days," I have written to the Hon. John Rose, and several other Scotch capitalists, requesting them to meet me at your office this afternoon, at any hour when it may be convenient to them. Apologizing for the liberty I have thus taken,

I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,

I. O. U. (of Glasgow.)

* * * DIOGENES received the above note on the morning of last Wednesday. I. O. U. was punctual in his attendance; but the Cynic regrets for his sake that neither the Hon. John, nor any other Scotch capitalist put in an appearance on the occasion. The proverb, therefore, of "Set a Scotchman to catch a Scotchman" is not an infallible *recipe*. "Corbies canna pyke out corbies' een" appears to be a more truthful adage.

MY DEAR DIOGENES:

Space I beg you for a word or two on "Water Works." 'Tis so refreshing in early spring to see our Ottawa friends come down to examine our water works. Referring, Mr. Editor, to His Worship of Ottawa's reply to our own worthy Mayor it may not be out of place to give our Metropolitan neighbors a wrinkle or two. Our worthy friend said: "As to the water works they had just seen, he trusted that they, in Ottawa, would ere long have similar works in proportion to their population." May I suggest to His Worship that his turbine might take its place five feet deeper from sun reach, and also that the neck of the race might be two miles longer before reaching its head? With reference to the fermentation alluded to by our worthy engineer, Mr. Keefer, I trust it may go on *barmising* till each Montrealer can, both winter and summer, draw water two miles nearer Lachine. Expressing much regret at taking up so much space when more spicy things are waiting for their turn, I remain,

Your friend and admirer,

THE QUIET BREAST-WHEEL.

A DIFFERENCE INDEED.

It has often been the subject of sorrowful remark that the descendants of great men rarely resemble their ancestors. In fact, the possession of the same qualities is most exceptional. We have one of the most remarkable instances of this divergence, that ever occurred, now under our eyes. The great Cecil of the time of Elizabeth saved England; his descendant of the time of Victoria *damns* England—and all the world beside.