

LATEST FROM QUEBEC.

DIOGENES cannot help paying great attention to the sayings and doings of the Quebec Little House. Things have been dull, of late, in Montreal, and we know when the parliament meets in the ancient city of Leeway, we are sure to find something refreshing in the magniloquence of its talk and the insignificance of its acts. We shall be excused for printing the word parliament with a small p: we felt that a capital letter attached to such an innocuous assembly would be out of all proportion, like the head of the tadpole.

In search of food for mirth, we sent a special commissioner who understands English, when not too much disguised by the tear-'em-to-tatters of one member, or the rattling *burr* of another, and also the *patois* of our respected *habitans*.

The first information he sends us is, that the House,—not thereby meaning the members,—has been greatly improved; that, regardless of expense it has been newly white-washed; that at least a barrel of lime, with gallons of blue milk and all the brine saved from the Speaker's pork barrel of last session, mixed according to a famous receipt furnished by the *Natus*, and used by that paper with such success on Sir Francis and Father McMahon, formed an admirable white-wash, which, it is said, will not come off on the coats of gentlemen who may fall asleep with their backs to the walls. With a view to economy, however, the work was chiefly done by the Governor's Life Guards, assisted by two old women connected with the late Finance Minister, who had a great taste for covering deficiencies and making things look pleasant, and fair outside.

In consideration of the peaceful relations which subsist between the Government of Quebec and all foreign countries, including Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, and Beauport, (the inmates of which tho' not yet brought to reason, are under proper restraint), His Arch-Excellency proposes to reduce the Military force of his Province. A retired officer of his ally, Her Britannic Majesty, has offered to take command of the troops on very moderate terms, stipulating that he is to have free lodgings for his wife and family, with fuel and coal oil, in addition to the pay and allowances of his rank in the British army: he stipulates also that his wife shall be employed to light the fires and sweep, once every session, the public buildings; and also to help at cooking the Governor's and Speaker's public dinners, with all the pork-grease and drippings for her perquisites; finally, he demands the local rank and title of Sergeant instead of Corporal—(his present grade in the service.)

The Ministry are prepared to recommend all this to the House. The Finance Minister, being a little of the new broom, was inclined to cavil, on the score that it might be objectionable to confer titles of distinction without Her Majesty's consent. This was pooh-poohed, however, unanimously, the Attorney-General (Ouimet) pointing out that they had conferred the title of "His Excellency" on the Governor without any such consent, and that, in spite of all the ridicule of the foreign element in our country, the name would stick. It would seem, then, pretty sure that Corporal Bauldy Sinclair, late of the Paisley Brose-Eaters, will take the command of the Governor's Life Guards, under the title of Sergeant St. Claire—the French pronunciation being adopted to please the Canadian people, who object to the employment of any man with an English name—albeit that Bauldy is a Scotchman. The force, as we said before, in view of the profound peace which reigns, even in Champlain Street, will be reduced from its present strength of four, to three effective men; but it is believed that it will not thereby lose any of its efficiency, as the reduction will be restricted to the paying off of the sentinel at the door of the Little House, who is a wooden-legged fellow, and who, besides being often unsteady in the ranks, made, like Miss Kilmansegg, such a confounded thumping that

no one could sleep, even when the Hon. Christopher made his all-night speech on the Finances, and on the work he did not intend to do: besides, the Corporal's wife is from Musselborough, where a woman would think but small beer of herself if she could not lick any man of her inches. He being called on for duty, new uniforms must be had. Sir George Etienne did send down four suits from Ottawa, which he picked out himself, but unfortunately according to his own measure; consequently, no three men in Quebec could be found small enough to get into them. Col. Dunkin, it is thought, will buy one suit, and the Finance Minister suggests that the others be kept, in case the Fenians should come, in which event he is sure the Life Guards, being all quiet men of peace, much given to Pease soup—but who would rather run a mile than fight a minute—would become small enough even for the little Baronet's breeks.

There is nothing else spoken of in Quebec except this splendid stroke of policy. The learned member for Montreal says, that the eyes of the civilized world are on the House and its proceedings. The expression is not new, but the application is, which satisfies the people of Ultima Thule. England, France, the United States—even Three Rivers and the Tanneries, he says, may look to our Province for lessons in cheap government,—and if jealousy and envy refuse the title of "Excellency" to Sir Narcisse, he will establish a far greater name for himself in the grateful hearts of all Leeway, as the white-washer of its Government buildings, as the discoverer of our late magnificent harvest, and as the creator of our military glory. The people of Montreal, however, who are busy building stores and palaces,—who think of railways, and banks, and material progress,—smile at all this bellowing; and the punning man of the *Herald*, in spite of all warnings, says that if a title is to be insisted on by the blatant Quebec Ministry, it ought to be one which will meet with general approbation, viz: "His Excellency the Bellow of Calves." He is as well as could be expected after this effort, and is even parturient of something applicable to the 'tother "Excellency" of the Fresh Water Lakes, which DIOGENES is told, lie somewhere between us and the Chinese or Winnipeg rebels, of whom the newspapers talk, but talk vaguely. Our correspondent at the seat—seat indeed!—of Government, promises more news, and we shall not fail to tell how great men talk, and how teeming brains produce magnificent—parish roads and hand-sled railways for improved dog traction!

THE GREATEST WONDER OF THE WORLD.

The following is from an evening contemporary:—

"An iron bridge of boats, 6,000 feet long and 100 wide, to unite Stamboul and Galatia, is being built by a French company for the Turkish Government."

There must be some mistake here. The distance from Stamboul to Galatia should rather be reckoned by hundreds of miles instead of feet; and how boats can be utilized in traversing so many miles of land, passes the comprehension of DIOGENES. Of what wonderful service would not this stupendous viaduct have been to the Apostle Paul and his successors! Can it be possible that our contemporary means Galata?

AFRICAN NEWS.

The most recent tidings concerning Dr. Livingstone are, to say the least, rather ambiguous:

"Dr. Livingstone's last African discovery is of a tribe that lives altogether in underground houses. Some excavations are said to be thirty miles long, and have running rills in them. The writings therein, he has been told by some of the people, are on wings of animals and not letters. They are said to be very dark and well made."

This is the first time DIOGENES has heard of any people writing on letters. Is it meant that the writings or the people are "dark and well made?"