

THE NEW COMMUNION.

"An effort is being made in one of the churches in Cherokee county, Ga., to exclude from the Church all female members who wear hoops, paniers, Grecian bends, small hats, or use cosmetics, paint, or other appliances to make an external show."

Are we to go to nameless woe,
Shut out from joy, sent down below,
For little airs and graces?
Must we in hoods and shapeless cloaks,
In Eastern veils, or hideous "pokes"
Conceal our lovely faces?

No hoops! they're traps by devil set;
No *paniers*! they are folly's net
To catch the silly nincompoop!
No Grecian bend! no high-heeled boots!
No small hats, feathers,—glance that shoots!—
No simper, grin, or mince or stoop!

Cosmetics! must we use no soap?
Paint no one dares to add! I hope
To nature's beautiful ornament:
The blush that mantles on my cheek
Shows with more power than words can speak
My anger at the scorn he meant!

But who can hope to walk aright,
What can escape the eager sight
Of those who search for wickedness?
What other things for outward show
Mean these vile men,—don't stop me, oh!
I feel in a state of *kickingness*!

I've coined a word! I'm better now,
But oh! I'd fain get up a row,
With these confounded Pharisees,
Who with a keen and eager air,
To drag a convert to their lair
Would compass broad and narrow seas.

They howl at music, groan at joy,
Condemn sin, yet their time employ
In telling tales censorious;
But, pious men, please look within,
Inspect your hearts, seek there for sin,
And lead lives meritorious.

Then humble, lowly,—preaching peace,—
All senseless quarrels soon will cease,
And nought be known but charity.
Organs may swell, and hymns be sung,
Then will joy-bells of love be rung,
Which now are but a rarity!

A NOTE OF WARNING.

A writer in the *Gazette* expresses great concern lest our Lacrosse and Snow-Shoe Clubs,—organised expressly to develop the Dominion muscle,—should be permitted to degenerate into mere gambling institutions—in other words, become nurseries for blacklegs. DIOGENES does not quite go the length of the writer, who says "honest and fair running is out of the question: how to plan and connive so, as to allow the betting men to make *haul*, seems to be what they are coming to." The Cynic does not think the Clubs either openly or covertly encourage gambling. It is quite possible, however, that a few outsiders, of the so-called "sporting" fraternity, who are fond of hanging about the grounds when the games are in progress, would willingly degrade individual members into ministering to their vicious propensities. The moment Clubs, or members of Clubs are found guilty of conniving with betting men DIOGENES will hoist an alarm signal. Then indeed, he may predict the decline and fall of the "national game," and of national athleticism.

"RUBBISH SHOT HERE!"

Prince Arthur is tall, slender and lithe, and his face has the marked family likeness, and reminds one of the portrait of the Queen as well as that of Prince Albert. It is a fair, modest, smiling, blushing face, with soft side-whiskers Englishing the German of it, and light blue eyes which seem to see and thank everybody. As for the Prince's garb, he wore a dark blue coat with a black velvet collar, and a standing linen collar on the top of that, which gave him a manish look; grayish plaid trousers, a plain black necktie and lavender color gloves, striped with black. So he came down the gangway with his natty tile held gracefully aloof from his smoothly-combed head, bowing and smiling anon to spectators and the Highlanders, who saluted, and followed to his carriage by the Governor General and other dignitaries.—SPECIAL *Telegraphic despatch from Halifax to the Montreal Daily News*.

THE CYNIC'S PRIZE NOVELISTS.

No. 1.

EVA HEAD.

A NAUGHTIGAL ROMANCE OF BEAUTY, BLOOD, AND BOOTY.

(Continued.)

CHAP. XVIII.



HAVING done our "level best" to conciliate Dr. Barker,—to propitiate the Grand Trunk authorities, by judicious and well-timed praise of their chronometer and their Depot,—to enlighten the travelling public as to the productions and population of the Forest City, and to pay a passing tribute of praise to the culinary department of the St. Lawrence Hall, I will now "take Time by the fore-lock," and hold on to him firmly, while my readers are whirled off to the scene of General Butler's achievements, the "City of the Spoons," more commonly known as New Orleans, the Crescent City of the South.

It is five o'clock on a bright summer morning; and at Numero 13 Strada di Lazzaroni, *some are mourning*, indeed: time has not quenched the heart-rending sorrow which A. Head,—richest of merchants, but most miserable of men!—feels at the untimely loss of his cherished daughter, Eva. His favorite cup of *Mocha* stands untasted by his side, as if it were *mocking* at his woes; the harmless muffin and the innocent egg

still remain on the table, gazing at each other in mournful silence, as though they would ask, if they could, "why this thus-ness," while the unopened box of sardines, whose fate it had been, in their early youth, to be hermetically sealed, wriggle uneasily in their confinement, as if they felt slighted at their owner's inattention! It was a handsomely furnished room in which Mr. Head "nursed his sorrow" and neglected his digestion, almost carrying the observer back to the days of the Mediaeval Ages: chairs, with elaborately carved backs and impracticable seats of horse-hair, which neither Jane, or *Sara*, ever took the trouble to dust; mirrors of *ormolu*, whose deceitful face would distort your features into an exaggerated Grimaldi, or transform you into a highly-toned caricature of a T. R. supernumerary; carpets of a rich and complicated design—rare and tasty as the cover of the *New Dominion Monthly*,—all these evidences of wealth and liberality lay scattered around with profuseness. But when

"Lovely woman stoops to folly,"

as Eva had done, the unanswerable question,—

"What can soothe her (father's) melancholy?"

follows, as a matter of course.

Eva's brother, a fair-haired, dark-skinned lad, of some ten summers, (and, had you done me any injury, I would add "as many winters,") was seated on the coal-scuttle in an attitude characteristic of childhood, and, at the time this chapter opens, was busily engaged sucking the paint from off a rocking-horse which his too-indulgent mother had, in a weak moment of amiability, purchased for him. A loud ejaculation from his father, (he, probably, wished him farther, for he fared worse directly after,) followed by a heavy blow on his right ear, diverted him from his occupation, and I haven't the slightest doubt but that if he had been old enough to be a fool or a City Councillor, he would probably have "rejected the motion" instant.

What a strange mystery is this same education of children, by-the-bye! It has never been made plain to me why parents always go in so strongly for making their eldest child such a supernatural genius: when I was young it always seemed to me that the younger branches of the family got all the *honey*, while I got all the *whacks*. But I am apt, like certain Presbyterian ministers I wot of, to stray sadly from the matter in hand, and, if I wasn't afraid that ill-natured critics would say it was all the French I knew, I would once more treat you to a *revenir*.

In the midst of the Hub-bub, (not Boston, my boy), incidental to the spanking and otherwise due correction of the youthful Head, who, though being exceedingly *a-verse* to the operation, sang anything but a *hymn* of praise during the infliction, there was a rattle of wheels—it was

* Poetic license.—[Ed. Dio.]