



CARD ILLUSTRATIONS. No. 1.

A NEW READING.

Sing of Gold and Greenbacks  
 Luck's all awry\*  
 Five hundred thousand  
 In a "Corner" pie;  
 When the pie was eaten,  
 Drewe began to sing,  
 Let us send the empty dish  
 To knowing Mr. King.  
 King was in his parlour,  
 Counting up his money;  
 Vanderbilt in Wall Street,  
 Looking very funny.  
 'Long comes a telegram,  
 (Tell it not to Rose!)  
 Mr. King looks serious  
 With finger on his nose!

"A COUNCILMAN ON HIS TRAVELS."

The following announcement appeared recently it seems in the Brooklyn (N. Y.) *Eagle*:—

"The Honorable James McShane, Councilman and Acting Mayor of Montreal, is visiting Brooklyn on his wedding tour."

DIOGENES has not the least desire to impute to Mr. McShane the authorship of the above extraordinary paragraph, though it does seem a little hard to understand how the *Eagle* procured the information. The Cynic is merely anxious to point out a noticeable feature in our society, viz: The irresistible tendency of the substratum to copy the snobbery so often censured in the "Upper Ten." DIOGENES is of opinion that there are snobs in low life as well as in high life, and that the imitative snob is decidedly the most contemptible.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

DIOGENES is happy to learn that a Second Edition of Mr. Heavysage's *Saul* is about to be issued from Mr. Ticknor's press,—the First Edition having been disposed of on the day of publication. If the author is asked, "Is *Saul* also among his profits?" he is in a position to return an affirmative answer. DIOGENES tenders him his congratulations.

\* The writer probably means *Frie*. (En.)

SONG.

BY CAPT. HEAVYGUN, OF THE MONTREAL GARRISON ARTILLERY.

AIR—"He vowed he never would leave her."

Oh, yes! I am a warrior bold,  
 Just enrolled,  
 Not too old;  
 And a Brevet Commission I hold  
 In the Garrison Artillery;  
 And whenever the false enemy  
 See my eye,  
 They will fly:—  
 Wont they shiver to hear our war-cry,  
 Tootle tum tootle tum, tay.  
 I vow that I never will leave, Sir,  
 But fight till renown I achieve, Sir,—  
 Tootle tum, tootle tum,  
 Tootle tum, tootle tum,  
 Tootle tum, tootle tum, tay.

Chorus—We vow that we never, etc.

None of you would I frighten at all,  
 But a ball,  
 Very small,  
 May be sent into, what I may call,  
 His thorax, I think I may say.  
 But if e'er on the ground I must lie  
 Just to die,  
 No one by,  
 The enemy still I'd defy,  
 With tootle tum, tootle tum, tay.  
 I vow that I never will leave, Sir,  
 But fight till renown I achieve, Sir,—  
 Tootle tum, tootle tum,  
 Tootle tum, tootle tum,  
 Tootle tum, tootle tum, tay.

Chorus—We vow that we never, etc.

(To a new Northern Tune.)

DIGGING FOR SMALL POTATOES.

It has been asked—

"Why are people, who make a boast of ancestry, like the potato-plant?"

And it has been answered,—"Because all that's good of them is underground."

DIOGENES does not decry good birth—far from it. He would thereby do dishonor to his own ancestry. But with special reference to a matrimonial announcement, which appeared in a late number of a Montreal Daily, DIOGENES feels himself called upon to remark that, if Dominic Skelp marries Sairy Jane, he probably takes a wise step, and he hopes that Sairy Jane will treat him well. But the public parade and proclamation of Sairy's one ancestor who had a handle to his name, but who died somewhere about the time that William Rufus got his dose of arrow-root, savours, to DIOGENES, very much of disrespect to the ignored relatives, and of unmitigated snobbery on the part of the Dominic.

A FISHY CONUNDRUM.

What part of our good City's progress most resembles a crab's progress?  
 Side-walks!