



SKETCHES IN THE STREETS.—No. II.
OUR WINTER HEAD-GEAR.

JUSTICE.

Must Justice be restrained by Fear?
Must righteous Judgment fail?
Must Truth, with Falschood weighed, appear
A Feather in the Scale?
Yes! urge each Quibble, Plea and Doubt,
Make every word a Flaw,
Turn each expression inside out
By subtleties of Law.
What matter though a villain 'scapes
Stern Retribution's sword?
Though Crime unsullied Virtue apes,
And baffles Law's Award?
Tear, Justice, tear from off thy face,
That bandage that we see;
An Ass's head and Fool's grimace
Are best befitting thee.

A MILD CLASSICAL PUN.

The following rhymes from a well known New York journal were recently republished in the *Gazette*:

"There was an old railway called Erie,
Of which we are all doosid weary—
We've been jolly well fooled
Both by Fisk and by Gould,
And we'll dabble no longer in Erie!"

COMMENT BY "DIOGENES."

The *New York Democrat*, from which the above lines were taken, like Horace, is evidently longing for something *vere perennius*.

A FACT.

DIOGENES is much amused to find that one of his very worst jokes has been unscrupulously stolen by a London Comic Journal, viz., *Fun*, of 28 November, 1868. It is as follows:—

"A Cannibal Country—*Man-chu-ria*."

DIOGENES thinks he has a right to sue the "Atlantic Telegraph Company" for aiding and abetting this act of piracy.

DEFINITIONS.

A Bar-gain.—The profits on "drinks" at a hotel.
Grecian-bend.—"She stoops to conquer." (Goldsmith.)
Sheer Cruelty.—Cropping a terrier's ears.
Skating.—An ice amusement.
A Rich Fool.—Dollars without sense.
A Heavy Charger.—Any fashionable tailor.

PRIZE CONUNDRUM FOR ST. ANDREW'S DAY.

THE calumnious statement that "it requires a surgical operation to get a joke into a Scotchman's head" is generally attributed to Sydney Smith. Charles Lamb is well known to have entertained the same heretical belief. But DIOGENES knows better. It is only stupid English jokes that a Scotchman fails to appreciate. Englishmen, in like manner, are completely non-plussed by a Scotch joke. Thus, the following Caledonian conundrum will, of course, be *caviare* to John Bull:

Why was Robert Burns' Adieu to his Highland Mary like a succulent young shell-fish?

Because it was "*a tender partin*."