

THE DEATH OF "DIOGENES."

(Not by Burns.)

A mighty Ass from out the West,
Of wisdom great and high,
Indignant, swore a solemn oath
DIOGENES should die.

He hired some pens to write him down,
Threw dirt upon his head,
And then he swore a solemn oath
DIOGENES was dead.

Within his grave he staid a week,
Till snow began to fall;
DIOGENES got up again,
And sore surprised them all.

RAISING CANE, OR THE FATAL SWITCH;

BEING THE ADVENT, ADVENTURES, AND MISADVENTURES
OF STRAWBERRY MARK.

CHAPTER I.

After two Introductions and a Prologue, I can hear every one saying it is high time I proceeded with the story, and, for this once, everybody is right; and, as everybody is right, why shouldn't I write.

Attention, then, if you please! Since the date of the Prologue—which, I omitted to mention, was 1875—twenty-four years and twelve months are supposed to have elapsed.

The ancient patriarch, alluded to in Introductory No. 1, has by this time died, and "worms have eaten him," while the heavy villain, depicted in the Prologue, rocking the cradle of the deep, has been euchred in the great game of life, and has "passed."

Five-and-twenty summers have flown by, unheeded, over the head of the innocent babe on the first page; four-and-twenty winters have dusted with their hoar-frost the fifteen-shilling wigs of the elderly fops, and all this while the world jogged on, unceasingly and untiringly.

Men have come and gone, and not paid their washer-women.

Each morning, for this quarter of a century, has the sun risen in its pristine splendor, like

"Beauty unadawned, adawned the most,"

and still Time's whirligig goes on.

Innumerable early birds have risen to secure the countless worms, and found the diet indigestible in the extreme; multitudinous birds-of-a-feather have flocked together, with no other result than to afford a better mark for the fowling-piece of the sportsman; while incalculable rolling stones, if they have gathered no moss, have, at least, gone ahead faster than their more stationary brethren.

All these years has Old Time's Express been running on his broad-gauge towards the Eternity terminus; and never once, in all these multifarious "changes," has Nature failed to make connection, although how many of our friends have taken *sleeping cars*, by this same conveyance, never, alas! to wake.

Very comic, isn't it, this last sentence?—perhaps not; but granted, what then? This remarkable effort, which you do me the honor to read, was never intended for a whole joint, but, at best, a literary sandwich.

And this brings me to my story,—not too soon, you think; but, to tell you the truth, I don't know how in the world to begin. For the last ten minutes my brain

has been going round and round, with no other result than the formation of a cipher.

I know very well that the customary thing to do is to describe my hero or heroine, as the case may be, or both, on the principle that "two heads are better than one;" but, as it will be necessary to devote at least a page to that purpose, I defer it to Chapter 2, where a lengthened and accurate description cannot fail to be interesting, both on account of its own intrinsic merits, and, also, because my hero, like the "Party by the Name of Johnson," who couldn't sign his own name, but used a peculiar hieroglyphic instead, is likely to prove

A MAN OF MARK!

CHAPTER II.

Guessport, on the Narragansett Coast,—a delightful place to be in at any time.

In the Spring, primrose-and-violet-laden, the air seems to breathe a fragrance as of heavenly incense; in the Summer, more perfumed still with the delicate aroma of the many-tinted mackerel, or the balmy odor of the playful oyster, the whole atmosphere is suggestive of Facts, and Fish, and Fancy.

The town itself is Common enough (a theory not held by Bostonians) for its charms do not lie in bricks and mortar; brown stone fronts, or white marble, have proved sufficiently elegant for the primitive tastes of its simple inhabitants, while, from the entrances of most of the houses the velvety turf, cut by the modest, though costly, reaping machine, stretches down to the very edge of the sea, as though to embrace old Ocean in its loving *grassp*.

Among the many frequenters of the promenade which fronts the little town on its seaward side was a young man, whose personal appearance was, to say the least of it, striking.

His collars were the very *height* of fashion; his hat of Napoleonic grandeur, his coat a perfect (I had almost said epileptic) fit; while his trousers were what Shakspeare had in his eye—metaphorically, of course—when he said,

"Next comes the *jean* pantaloen!"

tight to a fault, and tight, also, to his legs, they were to me a dark and direful mystery; while, as for his boots, all that could be said of such excruciatingly small understandings was that they were the very *ac(he)me* of fashion.

He stood there, in the morning sun, and, as its rays beamed over him, and under him, and all round about him, a large-sized tear trickled down his face, and added its mite to the briny deep, which foamed and fretted, and washed the periwinkles off the cliffs in front of him.

Despair was in his eye, and a fragment of the unwholesome Bologna in his mouth; and still, with an untiring watchfulness, he gazed eagerly into vacancy.

What had he done that he should be so blessed? What, indeed?

Echo answered "What?" in her usual stupid, unsatisfactory way, and, obligingly, left the question for me to explain in

CHAPTER III.

It is, doubtless, fresh in your memories, that the young and fascinating widow of the assassinated Henrico, after the untimely death of her husband, forthwith proceeded to the Eastern States of the Union, in order to educate and bring up the young and handsome hostage to Fortune, which, among other things, the ill-fated Chief had left upon her hands.

Her reason for choosing the East was obvious enough;