



MON PETIT PANIER.

SOPHIE:—"But don't you think it's a leetle—?"

FAIR OWNER:—"Oh, dear, no! Every one wears them like that!"

PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN GLASS HOUSES SHOULD NOT THROW STONES.



HOWITT, the veteran English author, has lately published an interesting book, entitled "The Northern Heights of London." At p. 170 of this work he has been guilty of an unaccountable mistake, for which he has been unmercifully "chaffed" by the London *Athenæum*. After having described Mrs. Barbauld's poems as deficient in genuine poetical inspiration, he continues: "Yet Lord Byron manages to borrow an idea from her, namely—

*"The earth hath bubbles as the water hath,
And this is of them!"*

Now, as almost every one is aware that this passage, slightly varied, occurs in Act I of *Macbeth*, and was therefore not borrowed by Lord Byron from Mrs. Barbauld, Mr. Howitt has undoubtedly displayed strange ignorance, but Diogenes hardly thinks that the *Athenæum* should have lifted up its heel against him. The Cynic remembers a certain review of Napoleon's "Life of Julius Cæsar," in which the *Athenæum* critic deliberately asserted that the noble Roman "was killed at the foot of Pompey's Pillar." To confound Pompey's Statue with Pompey's Pillar is, in the opinion of the Cynic, a far more culpable blunder than to attribute to Mrs. Barbauld a line and a half from Shakspeare!

BELLA, HORRIDA BELLA.

"Advantages of a War with England!"—"War the greatest good that could happen to the United States!"—"Falsity of the Brotherly Love theory!"—"Concessions out of the question!"

The above, and many more like them, form the present staple texts of articles in the leading papers of the United States,—all full of fiendish hate to Old England. Their spirit is so diabolical, so utterly antagonistic to Christian sentiment, that DIOGENES is led to infer that the technical "devils" of the printing offices in the United States fulfil no longer the harmless and necessary functions usually assigned to them,—but that, breathed on from below, they have, by that breath, been promoted to editorial chairs in their respective establishments, where they are now doing the bidding of the Prince of Darkness.

AND NO WONDER.—Pretty little Jessica is very much surprised that sailors should so often hug the shore, when there are so many other objects much better worth hugging available, and they are so generally welcome in other and softer quarters.