

## FLY NOT YET.

[Not by Thomas Moore.]

Mr. Glackmeyer was proposed again on Monday in London for another term as Alderman. He made a speech, in which he declined the honor, and concluded as follows:—"I hope, when I retire, no man will throw a stone at me, as in my own heart and conscience I can fly to-night to heaven for what I have done!"

Fly not yet, we cannot spare  
A soul like thine, and do not care  
Though vulgar minds imagine ill,  
And taunt thee for the little bill  
You sent the Council in:  
They reek not of thy goods destroyed,  
Thy sweet domestic peace alloyed,  
But rather sympathise with those  
Vile thieves who prigg'd thy sisters' hose;—  
Yet, stay,—oh! stay,—  
The cheek thou showest is so grand  
That in the Councils of The Land  
A seat thou yet must win.

Fly not yet, although thy wine  
Has all been guzzled by foul swine;  
The proceeds of thy little bill  
Thy plundered cellar may refill.  
Then stay,—oh! stay!  
And though thy grapes have been devoured,  
And soap-suds on thy *Brussels* poured,—  
Fly not away,  
Lest while thy flight to *heaven* taking,  
Thou may'st a slight mistake be making,  
And fly the other way!

## OUR CHRISTMAS STORES AND THEIR CONTENTS.

It was the intention of DIOGENES to have given some account of the various ways in which the principal stores of the city have been decorated for the holiday season. He has been obliged to abandon his task in despair. He could not hope to rival those gems of description which appeared recently in the columns of his contemporary the *Daily News*,—wherein poetry is extracted from umbrellas, brilliant thoughts from British tweeds, and philosophical deductions from Finnan Haddies. Our contemporary has, however, made one great omission in the city, which DIOGENES will endeavor to supply, trying, as far as possible, to imitate the graphic style of his illustrious *confreere*.—

## TESTACEA &amp; CO.,

SHELL-FISH, DRY GOODS, AND CONFECTIONERY.

The lady proprietress of this noted establishment and her youthful and interesting daughter are among the most enterprising of the female population of our great city. Few can have passed along the broad and umbrageous sidewalks of — street without noticing the elegant little structure—"simplex munditiis"—which contains the varied and beautiful goods for which the firm have long been noted. The street façade exhibits to the admiring gazer two windows, a door, four shutters, painted of a delicate grey color, which adorn the windows by night, and the sidewalks in front by day. A chimney of massive brick-work, but of simple design, surmounts the roof, which is painted of a bright-red hue, reminding us of sealing-wax. In the middle of this chimney is cut a circular hole, into which is skilfully inserted a cylindrical tube of sheet-iron, proceeding from a quadrangular heating apparatus, which stands on four legs in the centre of the floor. It may be interesting to know that the fuel with which this ingenious apparatus is fed is the *betula nigra*, which is supplied in great quantities by the energetic proprietors of the adjoining wood-yard. It is reduced to the required dimensions by means of axes and saws, very skilfully handled by aged specimens of *les enfants du sol*. The first things that strike the eye are six large cylindrical vessels somewhat resembling barrels. These are wider in the middle than they are at the top and bottom, and are strengthened by strong hoops.

The first two of these contain the fruit which Horace has celebrated by the name of *mala*, but which we, in these degenerate days, vulgarly term apples. He must be tasteless, indeed, who could resist the roseate hues of the outside; the alabaster whiteness of the internal portion; and last, not least, the luscious flavor of these productions of Pomona. (When we add that water from the lobsters on the shelf above is continually flowing on to this fruit, so justly termed *fameuse*, it may be imagined that this flavor soon becomes ambrosial.) The next three vessels contain those anomalous shell-fish, which, in the sublime language of the poet,—

"Have a beard without a chin,  
And get out of their beds to be tucked in."

Far be it from us to attempt to enlarge on the delicate little Car-aquet. Here may be seen shells of all dimensions, such as those which accompanied Aphrodite when he rose from the briny deep, surrounded by Nymphs and Tritons. The contents of the sixth barrel now claims our attention. These are herrings,—once the denizens of the salt sea-foam, but now more saline than ever. On the shelf above may be seen innumerable specimens of the lobster tribe,—once of a dingy black color, but now, by the skill of man, converted into a brilliant red by the chemical process of ebullition. Sprigs of evergreen are tastefully interspersed amongst the lobsters, producing a brilliant combination of color which would have gladdened the eye of a Rubens.

We now enter this celebrated establishment. To the left is the show case, belonging to the Dry Goods' department. Here may be seen spools of thread, manufactured from the finest ligneous fibre; productions of the silk-worm, made up into convenient skeins; Birmingham fabrics in the shape of pins, disposed in papers of a yellow tint; needles of all kinds, from those used in embroidery by the fashionable lady to those of a more humble kind, adapted for the repair of worsted hose; bootlaces, for both male and female; and laces of another kind, into the mysteries of whose use we dare not enter, but which, we believe, are indispensable to those beauties who improve the outline of Nature by the tasteful application of a Parisian corset. A large quantity of stationery may also be seen for sale. Note paper, with gilt edges, designed for the glowing love-letter of the waiting-damsel; ink, in brown stoneware bottles, varying in price from two coppers to eight; pens in such variety as baffles description, and envelopes, from the commercial buff of the office to the delicate rose-pink of the boudoir of Beauty.

The right hand counter and shelves contain the Confectionery department. We have only time to particularize a few articles in this branch of commerce. Our attention is first attracted by four bottles of a greenish hue, of a somewhat truncated form, and with wide mouths. These contain *succeres* of a most *recherché* description. Small cylindrical pillars of the purest white, encircled, like the column of Trajan, with brilliant spiral bands; others, compounded of the finest juice of the sugar-cane or maple, and flavored with lemon, chocolate, vanilla, arsenic, and Prussic acid. On the counter we noticed a fine specimen of almond candy, on which, either by accident or design, two Finnan haddies had been placed, thus imparting to it a new and original flavor unknown to other confectioners. It may be interesting to know that the scales in use in this establishment were manufactured forty-five years ago, in the city of Rosten, and were purchased cheap for cash at an old iron shop in St. Mary's street. The weights are old ones, and they have not been tested for years. The proprietress informs us that she considers such to be a very unnecessary precaution. From the centre of the ceiling depends a solitary gas-burner. This, when lighted at night-time, produces a magical effect. One almost feels himself transported into the recesses of some stalactite cavern, or into some gorgeous scene of the Arabian Nights. The *chiro-seuro* is such that Rembrandt might have envied.

We had almost forgotten to mention that there is a dog at the door,—not a C. T. P.

## FREEZE HIM!

"Gold has been discovered in Lapland!"

It is a well-known fact that gold discoveries have invariably affected prices. Will you, great DIOGENES,—you, who know everything,—be pleased to inform me if the Lapland gold is likely to make rain deer?

•• DIOGENES, indignantly, declines taking the question into consideration: and he would like to send the propounder to the North Cape, and bury him, with his insanity around him, beneath thick-ribbed ice for evermore. He is already half-fossilized.