

"LOOK HERE, UPON THIS PICTURE, AND ON THIS"



OR genuine pathos, few scenes described either in history or fiction can surpass Anthony Trollope's account of a misfortune which happened to him in the United States. It may be found in Chapter XIX. of his work on "North America," and is worthy of being transcribed. "I shall never forget my agony as I saw and heard my desk fall from a porter's hand at a railway station, as he tossed it from him seven or eight yards off, on to the hard pavement.

I heard its poor weak intestines rattle in their death-struggle, and knowing that it was smashed, I forgot my position on American soil and remonstrated. 'It's my desk, and you've utterly destroyed it,' I said. 'Ha! ha! ha!' laughed the porter; and then all the crowd laughed. 'Guess you'd better get it glued,' said one. So I gathered up the broken article, and retired mournfully and crestfallen into a coach. This was very sad, and for a moment I deplored the ill-luck which had brought me to so savage a country. Such and such-like are the incidents which make an Englishman in the States unhappy, and rouse his gall against the institutions of the country."

From this heart-rending picture DIOGENES turns with unfeigned pleasure to an article recently published in the *Mining and Scientific Press*. From it he learns that a native of the same country in which Mr. Trollope's desk was smashed has patented an invention to prevent a traveller's luggage from being injured by rough handling. The arrangement, like many other great inventions, is at once simple and beautiful. It is merely an india-rubber ball to be fixed on each of the eight corners of the valued article. The writer who describes the patent is so delighted with it, that he makes no attempt to restrain his enthusiasm. "We can imagine," he says, "the fiendish look of rage and disappointment which passes over the countenance of the baggage-smashing porter, who, for the first time, sees one of these contrivances. The delight of his life is gone. The malignant chuckle with which he used to drop a lady's travelling-trunk from his shoulder to the floor—in full view of the agonized, but helpless, owner—is 'played out.'" It is stated that a trunk filled with books, if protected by this means, may fall from a height of twenty feet without injury. DIOGENES has posted a marked copy of this paper to the aggrieved English novelist. "Better late, than never."

### CORRESPONDENCE.

MONTREAL, June 2nd, 1869.

DEAR CYNIC,

Do you believe in "Fairy-Land?" If ever in your philosophical dreams you have formed a poetical conception of that charming region, go now with your lantern into the street that is devoted to Exchange and Stock-Brokers, and you will find an architectural realization of "Fairy-Land." In that prosy, matter-of-fact thoroughfare, you will find "Fairy-land" sculptured in immortal stone, over the principal entrance to a couple of stores.

Perhaps, the owner is building for the reception of the fascinating, but sometimes malevolent spirits. Perhaps, he is about to establish a wax-work Exhibition of Fairies! If so, I am afraid that the speculator has mistaken the nature of the locality, as well as the character of its denizens.

In your wisdom, you may possibly suggest, that the building in question owes its origin to some egotism, on the part

of the owner. Should this unfortunately be the case, he has erected a monument to commemorate his bad taste. It may be that as the building is at present unfinished, a slight application of your satirical *stylus* may restore to a state of calm reflection the perpetrator of this act of egregious folly. He may yet be brought to acknowledge the error of his ways, and the rash inscription of "Fairy-Land" may yet be obliterated or justified.

Two odiously unromantic red-brick houses in University Street bear the same inscription less offensively displayed. Even there the strange label is scarcely to be pardoned, but in the Lombard street of Montreal, it is glaringly ridiculous.

I remain, my dear Cynic,

Your admirer,

MAL-A-PROPOS.

### MR. PROCTOR AS "VIRGINIUS."

MY DEAR DIOGENES:

Miss Marriotte concluded her engagement on Saturday evening in presence of an overflowing audience, who repeatedly called her before the curtain to receive their applause. In a neat speech she expressed her gratitude for the warm reception which had been given her, and hoped that at some future period she might again have an opportunity of appearing before a Montreal audience.

Mr. Joseph Proctor, who is advertised as the *great* American tragedian, made his first appearance on Tuesday evening in Sheridan Knowles' play of *Virginus*. Shakspeare has said; "Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." Mr. Proctor must have had greatness thrust upon him. That he is a respectable actor, I am not disposed to deny; but that he is "great," excepting that he is, like Falstaff, "a good, portly man, of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage," I cannot conscientiously admit. His conception of the character of Virginus is no doubt intelligent and carefully studied, but he is sadly deficient in expression, his rendering being mostly tame, tedious, and drawing: even his bursts of passion have not the genuine "ring" about them,—and fail to arouse the sympathy of his audience. If one could imagine the part of "Virginus" performed in dumb show, I have no doubt Mr. Proctor would be highly successful; but as an interpreter of the dramatist, he is only passable. Doubtless the meagre attendance somewhat damped his spirits. Perhaps I am ungracious in judging so positively of a first appearance: but I have no alternative, as his next part is in a dramatization called "Nick of the Woods," a play which I have seen once, but shall not voluntarily see again.

The performance altogether was very dismal, although the pit managed to extract some amusement from it by ridiculing the numerous blunders and imperfections of "our excellent stock company," as the playbills have it. Mr. Albaugh, however, played a spirited "Icilius," and my old friend, Mrs. Hill, as "Servia," acted with her usual good judgment.

Yours,

AN OLD PLAYGOER.

### NOT BAD.

A respected correspondent sends DIOGENES an item, which he thinks ought to be rescued from oblivion. He says he was present at the Laprarie Rifle Shooting Match last fall, when a young Englishman,—fresh from the old country,—was introduced to a high Cabinet Minister of the Dominion. The following colloquy ensued:

ENG. (*log.*)—"I believe you belong to the Militia Department, Mr. ———."

MIL. (in French English.)—"Oh! no sare, de Militia Department belongs to me!"

(Young Englishman immediately collapsed.)