

A TRANSPORTED BIGAMIST.

Sir Eardley Gideon Culling Eardley, Bart.,
Was blest, (or troubled,) with a tender heart,
And, not content with one confiding spouse,
Pledged to a second his uxorious vows.
Then, wife the first, who—strange to say—ahhorr'd
The proof of love thus given by her lord,
Invoked the Law; the Law invoked stepped in,
And for this blunder, not to say this sin,
Sentenced Sir Eardley, much against his will,
To eighteen months' hard labour at the "mill!"

A year passed by—Sir Culling laboured hard,
But earned no thanks; or wages; as reward,
So—to the Government at length he wrote
A most polite and gentlemanly note,
In which he stated that he did not feel
Just "quite the thing," while working at the wheel,
And therefore begged permission, for a while,
To pay a visit to Madeira's Isle.
The British Government received his note,
And promptly put the question to the vote:
His wish was natural—and all confess'd
That there was nothing strange in the request—
He was a high-born Baronet—and so
They let Sir Eardley Culling Eardley go!

And if Bill Sykes, (who prigg'd what wasn't his'n,
And being "cotched" was forced to go to prison,)
Tired of the treadmill, should to-morrow seek
Leave to absent himself from "quod" a week,
Of course the Government would grant relief
With prompt politeness to the low-born thief.

Thank Heaven! In England—as to all is known—
For rich and poor there is one law alone!

HOOKEYSVILLE.

(From a highly cynical contributor.)

"Immortal DIOGENES! I think you alluded to Hookeysville?"

"Hookeysville—Hookeysville! No, sir, no!—impossible—an enlightened age and country would never tolerate such barbarous philological jargon."

"Prince and Lord of Cynics! it *has* being; it exists, and it suffers under the odious weight of its odious name!"

The Philosopher said no more: he knew that my veracity was pure and unspotted as his own.

Where is Hookeysville?

Alas! alas! I may as well confess the miserable truth. I am as ignorant of latitude and longitude as my friend Yellow-head—Surveyor and Engineer. But to make up for my own deficiency, I am prodigious in nomenclature! Read, and you must cheer!

Derivation takes precedence here, as a matter of course. And when I have told you that Hookeysville was the creation of Mr. Blind Hookey, who located the spot in the middle of the reign of Edward the Confessor, Derivation may make its bow and pass on.

In the next place, I have a manly and undying hatred for all such appellations as Hookeysville! Indeed I may truly say for the race of *villes* in general. 'Tis monstrous, 'tis constitutionally wrong to attach to rough Saxon or Celtic appellatives that mincing Gaelic monosyllable, *vill*. Faugh! it reminds one more of a minuet than of the heroic scalp-dance. Blood and blunderbusses! I never go near a place with one of these heterogeneous, insoluble, badly-spliced designations but, incontinently, I begin to reflect on frogs and *vin ordinaire*,

and to wish that I had the offending sponsor in the stocks of his own borough in the Midland Counties, or at the Market Cross in his burg beyond the Tweed, with the fish-wives screeching round him for a recreant Scot. If it didn't look too much like a joke—DIOGENES dislikes jokes, unless they are sterling—I would ask, would it not have been better had we more generally retained the Indian nomenclature? We shall never find another equally expressive or equally sonorous; and this would have been, at the least, the shadow of a tribute to the memory of those whose possessions we have swallowed, and whom we have civilized off the face of the earth. But I have done, and so is my patience. The Hookeys prevail, and song, sentiment and tradition are buried beneath incongruity and vulgarity.

DISINTERESTED PATRIOTISM.

This is a cool country, especially in winter. And Mr. Marchand is an especially cool man. So are 3,000 French Canadians (now resident in the United States), whose petitions he presented the other day to the Legislative Assembly of Quebec. These cool 3,000, at the close of the American War, abandoned their own country in spite of all remonstrances, and eagerly rushed away to that "Fool's Paradise," the States. Their magnificent anticipations have apparently not been realized. They have not become *millionaires*, and they don't deserve to do so. But hearing pleasant rumours that free grants of land and other "donations" are about to be offered to European emigrants, they modestly request that the same advantages may be accorded to them as American emigrants. They have, at the same time, made the sudden and surprising discovery that, "though inhabiting a foreign land, they remain sincerely attached to their native land, and desire no greater happiness than to return to Canada to establish themselves with their families."

DIOGENES having recently become a settler in the Dominion, entertains strong feelings on this question. If there are wild lands to be given away, he would like some himself. If further aid is to be given in the shape of money, seed-grain, farming utensils, &c., he would like some himself. His Tub is getting old, his Lantern wants repairing, and Canadian Editors are not well paid. He will consent to accept all the gratuities that the Quebec Government may offer him, and he considers that he has especial claims on account of being an emigrant from what has, incorrectly, been called

"The undiscovered country from whose bourne
No traveller returns."

But he cannot admit that those other returning travellers should be ranked in the same category as himself. They skedaddled, voluntarily, from their native country in search of the "almighty dollar." For years, not a whisper has been heard about their patriotism, or their desire to revisit their native soil. But when "donations" are freely talked of, and fresh advantages to settlers become the order of the day, the hearts of the skedaddlers throb wildly with disinterested love of country; and they petition to be admitted to the same privileges as legitimate emigrants from Europe, and to participate in benefits from which the Government has hitherto excluded others, who, when the wolf was at the door, fought him bravely to the death, and preferred struggling on in Canada to skedaddling to the States. The Cynic can scarcely understand how the petitions of these 3,000 were received with loud cheers by the Quebec Assembly. He would fain believe that the word *cheers* was a typographical error for *jeers*. Time will show.

P. S.—Later reports state that there are 500,000 repentant Prodigal Sons who are desirous of having fatted calves immediately killed for them.