

"FOOLS RUSH IN WHERE ANGELS FEAR TO TREAD."



IOGENES blushes for the character of the journalism of the present day, and holds firm to the pure teachings of dear Tom Hood, no line of whose writings needs defence. With Hood the Cynic

"Dotes upon a jest
"Within the limits of becoming mirth,"

but he protests in the name of outraged decency against the following, from a Montreal journal of the 24th ult. :—

"A Swede—member of a sect called "Seconefez"—whose beliefs is that any child murdered before it is six years old, will go directly to Heaven, was caught in the act of sending a youngster to Kingdon Come, in Hoboken, on Monday. He ought to come to Montreal, and help us to polish off the large yearly instalment we send to the same quarter."

Another paper of the same date had the following :—

"A correspondent writes :— Can you tell me who was the shoemaker of the late Hon. D'Arcy McGee?—and thinks the sales of his boots must be good, because there is, after the lapse of a year, a service held over them. Horrible!"

Horrible indeed.—but if any correspondent was brute enough to pen such idiotic, fiendish rubbish, in the name of humanity, why publish it? DIOGENES besmears his paper with such defilement, as a warning to evil scribes, even as a farmer nails a kite to his barn-door.

Do such journals know of the writings of one Alexander Pope, who proclaimed that

"Want of decency is want of sense?"

DIOGENES knows how true was Douglas Jerrold's saying :— "Some men are so wicked as to write a Comic Sermon on the Mount"—but he predicts that the world will grow tired of reading such trash, and that its influence will be as ephemeral as he hopes will be the pruriency which evokes it.

MORE ABOUT GLASS EYES.

A manufacturer in New York advertises these useful substitutes in the *Herald*, and informs the public that eyes of his manufacture are "endorsed by the Faculty." Fancy a man writing his name on the back of an eye! Are these eyes ever discounted for cash, and what is the percentage exacted by eye-shavers?

ESSAYS ON SOCIAL SUBJECTS.

No. 9.

"CATTS AND DOGGS."

It is said that cattis don't like doggs, no more nor doggs don't like cattis. Fitin like catt & dogg is a proverb, but aint so bad as fitin like man & wife. Cattis is like doggs in some particklers—both has got tayles, & sumtimes bolts their vittells without chewin of 'em. Doggs is more intellectooal anymiles than cattis, bein bully ratt killers, tho' cattis is best at mise. Doggs is used for huntin. The Rumuns repyrcented DiAnnehurr, the Godes of Huntin, with a dogg usooaly standin on too leggs, not bein depickted with enny more. She was also called LoonHurr, or Godes of the Moone, which is probably the reesun that Shaikspeer makes Armllet say, "I'd rather be a dogg, and obey the moone." "You dogg," is konsidared a term of reproche; and a "doggs life" aint considured a plesent wun. But guess I wont entur on the subjec. case sum "jolly dogg," or "happy dogg," or "sly dogg" should be down on to me. A "dogg in the manger" is an unplesent anymyle, but I'd sooner have him than a dogg as was mangier. "Every dogg has his day," but cattis prefer nite-time. Cattis was first introdooed into England by Dick Wittington, who got wan from the Lumproar of WestMoorland, and made it into a weskut, Tom Beckett havin first made mittens out

of doggs hide. Cats is sposed to be indigenus to Ameriky, becos if you riles them, they spits at you. If you rub a catt's ear the rong way, you will git a lectrick shok, & posserbile sum flees on to you. Shootin the dogg mayn't be a plesent oppyrashun; but shootin the catt is wus. "Rainin like cattis and doggs," is an expresshun muchly the same as "Rainin old wimmin ann pich-forks." The Chinees eates doggs & cattis, roast & biled, and they agrees with them; but we, on account of our tender constytooshuns, is obliged to take 'em in pyes or sossidges.

PELEG PLUG.

ERRATIBUS.—MaunksCatts has no tayles, but an Irish perliteral econonymist—a friend of mine—propoges to supply to them at modrate prise, those of "the Kikenny cattis," who chawed each other up, all excep wat the French calls thier "coos." This, he says, will be nearly wun of the axe of Justice to Ireland, as proberbul wun half the prise of the tayles will go in to the pockit of this pateroot. P. P.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

By numbers defeated, his standard o'erthrown,
Disappointment may reign for a while,
Till time with its light shall compel him to own
That his loss was the gain of his isle.

The war cry of many, the hope of but few
E'en now 'tis a thing of the past,
It dies with the first, who its strength to renew
Fought hopefully on to the last.

1. A tyrant who a youthful life did risk,
And sought to make the father take it.
2. She for whose love great Hercules did doff
His lion's skin to wear a woman's gear.
3. That which those do, whose envious grasp would hold
The sceptre that another claims.
4. A maid of whom the poet Ovid sings,
Whose lovely form to verdant foliage changed.
5. The place in which men wrought that fearful crime,
By means of which mankind was saved.
6. The name is old as is our mother land,
Borne by her favoured sons for centuries.

M. S.

ODE TO SPRING.

Come strike my lyre,
Thou god, whose fire
The poet's fancy heats,
And help me sing
The approach of spring,
With all its balmy sweets,
And dirty streets!

The worm has heard
The early bird
On its nest among the trees,
And soon we'll dine—
Ah, dish divine!—
On ducks and young green peas,
And sometimes geese!

Soon every field
Will verdure yield,
Released from winter's snows;
And every man,
That is, who can,
Buys bran-new summer clothes,

Unless he owes—his tailor—as I do
(The sad train of thought which this fact awakens prevents my continuing the theme.)