

CORRESPONDENCE.

SHAKSPERE AT FAULT.

MY DEAR DIOGENES:

From my youth up, I have been an admirer of Shakspeare, and, for a more limited period, I have also admired my Angelina, (surname, Jones,) but, since my Angelina has taken to wearing the short dresses now in vogue, my confidence in the infallibility of my favorite Bard has been sadly shaken. He tells us, without any reservation, that—

"There's a Divinity that *shapes our ends*
Rough-hew them how we will."

But if the immortal "Williams" could have seen my Angelina's pedal extremities before writing those lines, he would have felt compelled materially to qualify his assertion, and to admit that the operation of "shaping the ends" of my *fiancée* had been most unaccountably omitted. In every other respect my Angelina is perfection, but even my partiality cannot disguise the fact that her feet are of the size and shape of a beetle-trap, and are covered with excrescences resembling those of an ill-made plum-pie! You will naturally ask how it happened that I did not discover this imperfection previous to committing myself by "popping the question," but the fact is, my dear DIOGENES, that, hitherto, my betrothed has insisted on wearing long and trailing dresses, characterizing the others as vulgar and immodest, and it is only since I have been fast tied that she has followed the prevailing fashion and given me an opportunity of making those investigations that have resulted so disastrously.

My Angelina has a high spirit, and I dare not, myself, ask her to resume the long trains, but perhaps you will write something in your paper on the subject that will produce the desired effect without compromising

Your constant friend,

JOSEPH GREEN.

THE IMMORALITY OF LACROSSE.

To the Editor of DIOGENES:—

SIR,—I am a Merchant,—one of the good, old-fashioned sort,—and I have no patience with the waddle that is talked now-a-days about giving young men half-holidays for recreation, and encouraging them in athletic sports:—stuff and nonsense! When I was a young man, the walk to and from our place of business was considered quite enough of exercise for any clerk. True, the supporters of these new-fangled notions say that if I, in my younger days, had taken more of out-door exercise, I should not be gouty and dyspeptic, as I am now; but that's rubbish,—if, indeed, it is not flying in the face of Providence, who, doubtless, inflicts these diseases with a wise motive. But what I want to say is this, that a circumstance came under my own notice, a few mornings ago, which confirms me in my opinion, that these violent out-door games, and especially "Lacrosse," are not only a shameful waste of valuable time, but also tend to encourage immorality among the players. The circumstance to which I allude is this: I was taking a quiet walk, early in the morning, along Sherbrooke Street,—(my medical man insists on this, or you wouldn't catch me turning out of my comfortable bed before breakfast-time.)—when my attention was directed to about a score of respectable-looking young men rushing violently about in a field in pursuit of a ball, expending a vast amount of energy that legitimately belongs to their employers, and striking at each other with heavy sticks in a manner that led me to expect, any moment, that some of their limbs would be broken. As I consider anything preferable to walking, I turned into the field to watch them for a few minutes. In the centre was a tall man,—old enough to know

better,—who was apparently engaged in directing the movements of these young lunatics, and encouraging instead of restraining their absurdity. With a stentorian voice, he shouted, over and over again, "Mind, boys, *stick to your cheques!*" Now, sir, here's a pretty state of things! To my certain knowledge many of those young men hold responsible situations in mercantile houses, and have large amounts of money passing through their hands; and as they are certainly not in positions to keep banking accounts of their own, it can only be their employers' funds that they were directed in such a barefaced manner to "stick to." After this, I should think no one would venture to assert that these exercises tend to keep young men out of mischief, and I depend on your valuable aid to put the thing down; meantime, I will take very good care that no member of these clubs shall enter my employ so long as I remain one of the firm of

GROWLER & Co.

LACHINE AND LOYALTY.

Report hath it, that certain amateurs of Montreal's aquatic suburb, with considerable "love of music in their souls," gave a performance the other evening, before one of the most select audiences Canadian Cockneyville can boast. So be it; if they choose to "make night hideous," it is none of the Cynic's business, but he is sorry to hear—and trusts that Dame Rumour in this instance is as unreliable as ever—that the National Anthem was omitted, because some would-be Brummel declared it to be *out of fashion!*

Shades of the Pillory and Cart-tail, the Cynic invokes ye!

WORTH CONSIDERATION.

It has been observed that where there are no doctors there is no sickness; that litigation is unknown where lawyers are not. Would it not be well to try whether the banishment of Insurance Agents, would not put a stop to conflagrations?

WHICH IS THE CHRISTIAN AND WHICH IS THE "DO?"

It seems that Mr. Reiffenstein's intimate friends, recollecting his "splendid hospitality," in no way require the symphony of the general public. "It is not," they say, "a small thing like this which is to break down the high estate of a distinguished financier." DIOGENES learns, that since Mr. R. crossed the St. Lawrence, he has taken very high ground, and positively declines to return to his old situation unless he receives a public apology and is accorded an increase of salary. If the past furnishes any criterion for the future, it is more than likely that he will get both.

"THE UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL."

The London *Telegraph* is one of the most interesting of English journals, but among the members of its editorial staff is a writer who has earned for himself the name of the "literary body-snatcher." His great *forte* lies in quotations. Like some people in Canada and elsewhere, he seems to imagine that the highest quality of a literary man consists in being able to string together a number of sentences from Shakspeare, or some other well-known writer, all bearing some reference to the subject on which he is supposed to treat.—*Daily News*.

The Cynic thinks there is just a grain of salt in the above, but disapproves of it, inasmuch as it is particularly hard on KING, who, being absent, is unable to defend himself. The Editor evidently does not understand *esprit de corps*.

THE FASHIONS.

AFFECTIONATE SISTER,—*robed in dress fresh from the milliner's*:—"What do you think of this, Augustus?" (triumphantly.)

AUGUSTUS,—*a malicious and unforgotten wretch*:—"Why, Mag., I thought you had thrown off short dresses long ago! They're surely out of date."

MAG., not now particularly affectionate, thinks Gus', an owl, walks away with a gesture of superb *hauteur*, and determines never to ask his opinion again. *Tableau*.

A NEVER-FAILING SOPORIFIC.—A Government appointment.