



NO "TRIKYNOSIS."

MR. DIOGENES:

SIR,—Your last number contained a letter from an uneducated person named Trimble, who, entirely ignorant of my character or pedigree, has taken upon himself the responsibility of slandering me in the most *hoggish* manner. Damages, Mr. DIOGENES, or you shall all *Tremble*. Your correspondent asserts, that I am, or was, that afflicted animal of College street, which contained Trichinæ and made so much capital for young Doctors and Dailiés. It is a libel, and Trimble knows it; as he was the first and only person who has attempted to "cut me up" since I came to the country. I am no ordinary animal, sir; my ancestors (references to the *Daily News*) were, on the English side, Francis Bacon and on the Scotch, "Jeams Hogg," of Ettrick, but I am a true Hibernian from the city of Dublin, and can produce the highest recommendations from Doctors, who do not hesitate to denounce *pork*. I would not have ventured from my *pen* in St. Nicholas street, had not the *pen* of your correspondent threatened to "*Root, Hog or Di*." Admit me to your Tub and I will *always say Di*, but I won't consent to *pig* with "Zeke" until he cleans his *pen* and learns to use it better.

Yours, respectfully,

WM. EDMUNDS' (not *Edwards*) Hog.

(Porter for the Dominion.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correct answers have been received from "A. G.," "Clericus" "Bessie" "R. A." and "Kingston" to the acrostic in No. 25. The answer is:

GOUDGE

REPEAL

G esle R
O mphal E
U sur P
D aphn E
G olgoth A
E ar L

Several communications are unavoidably held over.

THE CURE FOR LOVE:

AN INVALUABLE HOUSEHOLD RECEIPT.

eauty, Youth, Love! enchanting trinity! time was, when ye wited the world, and forced men to bow before you in willing vassalage. The lover adored you in his mistress, the poet in his song, the painter in his canvas and the sculptor in his marble. *Mais nous avons changé tout cela*. As Burke pathetically remarked, "the age of chivalry is gone;" and the sublime fancy, immortalized by the Cynic's artist, of a gallant knight mounted upon a bicycle, wearing as a device upon his shield the emblazoned crinoline of his lady-love, and capsizing his antagonist in the joust of the tournament, is an idea which alas! will probably never be realized.

Love in the present day is not what it was in olden times. It is in vain that a laureate, once famous, has sung:

"They sin who tell us Love can die,
With life all other passions fly;
All others are but vanity."

Coleridge, it is to be feared, had taken an overdose of opium when he wrote:

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame."

And it would be evident to the feeblest intellect, that Byron was only quizzing the sex, when he asserted, in "Don Juan," with respect to love:

"'Tis woman's whole existence."

Of course, it is nothing of the sort. It can be snuffed out as easily as a candle. It is simply a wayward crotchet, a volatile caprice, as erratic as a fire-fly, and as whimsical as a will o' the wisp. Women surely are the best authorities on the feelings and affections of women; and the following narrative abridged from a recent number of *Once a Week*, is worthy of attentive perusal. "I have a friend," says the writer, "at London-Super-Mare,—a dear old lady, who keeps a school where young ladies are 'finished.' The ages of these damsels range from fourteen to eighteen,—sweet sixteen' being the average. Having a confidential chat with my friend, I asked her if she was not often troubled by her pupils falling in love. She answered me unreservedly, 'I have to contend with no greater difficulty. It seems altogether impossible to prevent flirtations from arising, and notes and love-tokens from being clandestinely exchanged. I spare no pains, or arts, to guard against and counteract these occurrences. My only plan, when I see that the tender passion is developed, is to crush it in the bud.' 'What do you do?' 'You will smile when I tell you; for my receipt is the anti-thesis of romance. It is a dose of senna tea. Whenever I perceive that one of my young ladies has fallen in love, I at once take her in hand. I never hint at anything connected with the tender passion, but I treat her as an invalid who is suffering from impaired digestion. Sometimes she gives in after a few doses; but usually it takes two or three days to complete a cure. You may depend upon it, that, as a cure for a school-girl's calf-love, there is nothing like senna tea."

The gallant Ovid, who was not wholly inexperienced in love matters, seems to have been of a far different opinion, when he wrote:

"Hei mihi! quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis."

King Solomon, also,—no mean authority,—has bequeathed us most valuable testimony on this point: "Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it." But Solomon, it must be remembered, never kept "a school where young ladies are finished;" and, though undoubtedly an eminent botanist, he was apparently unacquainted with the love-annihilating properties of senna tea.