

A NEW USE FOR JERUSALEM PONIES.

WITH meat at its present high price, it is unfortunate for Canada that its asses are not numerous. As we are strongly opposed to the practice of cannibalism, we are here alluding to quadrupeds only. Hippophagy, which is fashionable in France, Austria, Russia and other countries of Europe, has failed to become a British institution, and has not yet been introduced into British colonies. The horse, it appears, is too valuable for other purposes to be treated as an article of food until extreme old age, when he naturally ceases to be an attractive *morceau*. But the same objection does not apply to the donkey. His racing capabilities are not of a high order, nor has he any characteristic qualities, the development of which will raise him to eminence in the scale of animated nature. He is not what is called an expensive liver. He eats thistles because he is an ass, and does not know any better; he will fatten on commons—(and short commons too)—at a trifling cost to his proprietor. From time immemorial he has been a mere beast of burden, occasionally ridden on English heaths or at the seaside, and perpetually cudgelled by London costermongers. Nevertheless, he has a vocation hitherto undiscovered,—an important destiny which has but lately been revealed.

He can be eaten! Culinary experiments, resulting successfully, have recently been made upon his *vile corpus*, and the despised quadruped familiarly known as "the poor man's moke" will henceforth form a luxurious addition to the banquets of the rich. Roast donkey, which when Latinized is *asinus assus*, has been pronounced a rare delicacy by discriminating epicures. "In flavour," says a writer in the last *Macmillan*, "it is said to resemble turkey, though the colour is considerably darker. The accomplished gourmet is aware what animal it is that contributes most largely to the composition of the best sausages in the world—the Lyons sausages." Not being "accomplished gourmets," we were not previously aware of the pleasing fact insinuated in the foregoing paragraph. Popular notions, it is well known, differ widely on the subject of sausages. We speak *feline-ly*, with a reference also to what may be termed the "bow-wow" theory. We are, therefore, delighted to learn that the ass, as in the days of *Æsop*, is frequently disguised in a *Lyons* skin; and if his flesh is as tender, and his flavour as delicate as reported, we will gladly welcome him to the Dominion of Canada in his newly-acquired edible character.

We are not informed by the writer in *Macmillan* of the different ways in which donkeys should be cooked. Nor are we inclined to think that omission a matter of much importance, for the flesh of an ass, in whatever way it may be cooked, will be readily assimilated by the generality of mankind. At the risk of violating some fundamental principle of gastronomy, we venture to suggest that the sauce for an ass should be *acid*, and that the appropriate vegetable to be eaten with him is *asparagus*. He should be cooked soon after being killed, and should never, like venison or game, be kept for any length of time. The reason is obvious. If kept too long the ass would infallibly have the flavour of *assa-fatida*, a consummation devoutly to be avoided. We are not sure whether ass-eaters can rightly be termed *ascetics*; but it would be decidedly wrong to *asperse* as an *assassin* the professional butcher who kills an ass. We now take leave of *asses*. *C'est asses*, as the French say.

"If I'd a donkey wot would n't go,
"D'ye think I'd wallop him? no, no, no!
"I'd give him hay, and I'd eat him roa—
—"sted or boiled!"

DIOGENES TO THE CITY PRESS.—It is n't the size that does it—it's the pluck!

BISHOP'S FOLLY.—*The Nouveau Monde*.

"ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE."

At the Recorder's Court this morning the name of Margaret Dagenais, aged 18, was called. About two weeks ago she was enticed from her home in the country by a villain who brought her here, and after effecting her ruin deserted her. Being homeless and friendless, she obtained shelter at the Central Station for several nights in succession. Since she was first observed by the police she has been fast growing ill, and yesterday appeared partially deranged. No one has been able to obtain from her the name of her seducer, and she seems to prefer death among strangers rather than that her parents should learn her shame.—*Montreal Witness*, Nov. 6th.

'T is the old, old tale once more:
Will it ever vainly plead?
It tells how a simple country flower
Became a city weed.
The lamps are lit in the street,
And among the crowds that roam
To and fro with untiring feet,
There is one who has *now* no home.
Hungry and wet and cold,
With feeble and failing breath,
A girl scarce eighteen summers old,
Wearily prays for death!
Guileless, and oh! too fair,
A few short weeks ago
She lived as pure as her village air,
Or Heaven's unsullied snow.
But one who was foul within
Gazed on her fair young face,
Till passion prompted a shameful sin—
A stainless maid's disgrace.
Alas! she was fond and young,
And her heart could not believe
That the burning vows on which she hung
Were sworn but to deceive.
Why should we here repeat
The story of palled desire?
She fell—forsaken—to roam the street
With heart and brain on fire.
She loathes the light of the world,
For he, whom she will not name,
The one she loved, was the one who hurled
His victim down to shame.
Where is that craven hound?
If he chance her fate to read,
Unless all pity in guilt is drowned,
Surely his heart must bleed!
There is One who is JUDGE above:
But the world is seldom just—
A woman sins through unselfish love,
Man through his selfish lust!

CUI BONO?

A PARAGRAPH appeared the other day in a city paper stating that the Hon. Mr. Cauchon's plan of managing the Crown Lands' Department is to be adopted. Will anybody inform DIOGENES what the nature of Mr. Cauchon's plan may be? The mighty jobber, who fined Joseph Bouchette a "yorker" for being five minutes late at his office, and who farms the lunatics of Quebec at a cost to the Province of some \$90,000 a year, while those of Nova Scotia yield a large revenue to the Government, is well known to have peculiar, if not original ideas as to the difference betwixt *meum* and *tuum*; and it would certainly be desirable that the public should be informed, in advance, how the genius who embodies and typifies the dignity of the Dominion Senate proposes to manage the Crown Lands, and who has called upon him for aid and counsel in the premises?