



THE FIREMAN OF THE PERIOD.

As he would have appeared last week but for the zealously-abused, yet water-giving Engine of Bartley & Co.

THE COMEDY OF "THE RIVALS."

Everyone in the Dominion has heard of Miss Repeal, a Nova Scotian young lady. She was for some time considered a great beauty by all the Blue-Noses, and Messrs. Tupper, Archibald, and others, who disparaged her charms, met with exceedingly rough treatment. In England, however, and most parts of Canada, people did not think very much of her, though she certainly obtained considerable notoriety. It was only in a certain light that she seemed to have any real beauty, and upon close inspection all traces of it vanished. Nevertheless, as has often been the case with women in this world, for some time she managed to bewitch many sober and solid men, and even Joseph Howe, that keen-witted Provincial Merlin, was subdued by the spells of the Nova Scotian Vivien. It is unnecessary to record the names of her numerous admirers and lovers. The mention of Wilkins and Annand is sufficient for the present purpose of DIOGENES.

Miss Repeal blazed before society as a rival to Miss Confederation; but the genuine beauty of the latter defied the most exact scrutiny, and, in point of fact, grew more lovely with time. Well, opinions in Nova Scotia seemed divided on the subject of the rival beauties; but, at length a few of the most devoted of Miss Repeal's admirers gradually dropped off from their allegiance, when they discovered that her fascinations were not so wondrous as they had imagined. There were ugly rumours afloat also that she was not so desirable a *parti* as had formerly been represented. Whatever truth there may have been in these reports, one thing is certain. Some of Joe Howe's best and wisest friends strongly remonstrated with him on his blind infatuation, and proved to him that

Miss Repeal was not all that he thought her. Accordingly, after a voyage across the Atlantic, his ardour began to cool down, and, at length, after coquetting and even corresponding with Miss Confederation, he openly avowed himself as one of her followers, and declared that it would be madness to bind himself as a slave to Miss Repeal. It may here be mentioned, in justice to the character for honour which Howe has always maintained, that, though he has been reviled by his enemies as a fortune-hunter, \$5,000 a-year is all the fortune that Miss C. can bring him, whereas with Miss R. he might undoubtedly have secured considerable wealth. Of all such base insinuations against the integrity of Mr. Howe, his friends may say, in the language of Shakspeare:—

"These are the forgeries of jealousy."

But the most amusing feature in the whole comedy is that Messrs. Wilkins and Annand do not in their hearts entertain for Miss Repeal the warm feelings that they still feign, in order to appear consistent. They still, indeed, vociferate her praises, but each of them would willingly make advances to Miss Confederation, if he

had the moral courage to confess, like Howe, that he had once been in love with a woman of damaged reputation. Joseph, the accepted suitor, is positively hated by the angry pair, and they spy out all his actions, rake up all his old letters and speeches, and dog his footsteps wherever he goes, denouncing him as a renegade to his former *fiancée*. But Joseph, apparently, does not much mind their abuse. It amuses them, and does not injure him. During the progress of this singular drama, an amusing scene is said to have taken place, which the artist of DIOGENES has endeavoured to represent. One day, while Joseph was kneeling at the feet of Miss C., pleasantly engaged in kissing her hand, Wilkins and Annand (who were sneaking about as usual) took a sly peep at the unconscious lovers. The treacherous rivals were "riled" at what they saw, and Annand is said to have exclaimed, with great vehemence: "Confound it! I meant to propose to her myself!"

It is said that the happy Joseph has taken a fine house at Ottawa for the season; but there are many of Miss Repeal's friends in Hants, (N. S.), who have sworn that he shall never, with their consent, be the Dominion Parliamentary Representative of that county, where he was wont to swear that he would die for the sake of Miss R.!

ONLY A GRAMMATICAL DIFFERENCE.

There are many and strange peculiarities among that polished and refined people,—the French,—especially in their language. A French lady puts on her feminine dress, (*la robe*), without a blush; but what must be her feelings when she assumes her masculine petticoat, (*le jupon*).