

STATISTICAL.

DIOGENES is indebted to that eminent statistician, the Secretary of the Montreal Corn Exchange, for the following curious and useful information, prepared with great labour, care, and precision:—

Expense of embodying in telegraph reports, throughout the Dominion, the titles and honorary additions of the members of the General and Provincial Governments, ex-Ministers, Senators, Legislators, Legislative Councillors, ex-Councillors, &c., &c., &c., 1,000,015 63

Expense of printing the same in the newspapers, including wages, paper, and ink only 550,000 45

The amount paid in the Province of Quebec, for these items, is strikingly heavy.

The learned Secretary also gives detailed statements of kindred expenditures everywhere, under the heads, "styling Lieut. Governors by the title of Excellency," "addressing the wives of Ministers, Senators, Councillors, &c.," as the "Hon. Lady A.," and the "Hon. Mrs. B.," with various similar facts and details, which we regret our space will not permit us to publish at full length. We must mention, however, that the cost of the words "Worshipful," "Your Worship," and "His Worship," in the instances of the Mayors of our Cities and Villages, is enormous. That for Montreal exceeds all the other Municipalities of the Dominion taken together, which is, undoubtedly, owing to the profound respect in which the talents, virtues and accomplishments of our present Chief Magistrate, are universally held. Laprairie comes next.

It is understood that Mr. Auditor General Langton will incorporate this invaluable compilation in his next official report to be laid before Parliament.

REM ACU TETEGISTIS.

DIOGENES has received a communication from an esteemed Hibernian correspondent, on the subject of the castigation given to the Rev. Mr. McMahon, by our Canadian journals.

The Cynic is unable to publish the epistle in its entirety, as it is of an extremely fiery, not to say objuratory character, but as his correspondent really seems to have hit the mark with reference to the peculiar hardship suffered by the reverend gentleman during his imprisonment,—probably from a "fellow-feeling,"—he prints a portion of the communication, merely softening down a few of the adjectives.

"These sanguinary journals, with the duplicity which characterises the Saxon, when dealing with the wrongs of the sons of Erin, lay stress upon a few trifling discrepancies between the Reverend patriot's statements in Canada and New York, but pass over in silence those indignities which weigh heaviest on his mind, and which form the gist of his complaints. What, sir? is an Irish patriot and priest to be plunged forcibly into a filthy Saxon bath, and the sacred deposit of years to be forcibly removed from his reverend epidermis? Forbid it, shade of Brian Boru! But, let the tyrants beware! the time will yet arrive when the foul Saxon cuticle will come under the flesh-brush of Erin, and then 'twill be more than dirt we will remove—the skin shall come with it!'"

"Aye, there's the rub!" It was the washing that so hurt the reverend gentleman's feelings, and DIOGENES trusts that the authorities at Kingston, who seem to be mighty tender over their guests, will take care that, in future, the tender susceptibilities of their Fenian visitors shall not be outraged on this delicate point.

NOBODY HURT.

In your last, Mr. DIOGENES, you had something to say about "Organs," and the strange tunes they play. But they possess another remarkable quality, on which your lantern threw no light;—their wonderful, significant, and suggestive silence, when it doesn't suit 'em to speak. In "The Metropolis" we have two of these instruments, and they play against each other from January to December for the prizes that are awarded for the best licking and the best dish-washing. In the same place there happens also to be a Post-Office. Now, you must, know that a week or two ago, there was promise of a pretty considerable *muss* in this establishment; many very strange things were said to have come to light;—sores, that had began to mortify, and weak places that had outgrown the best patent auditorial trusses and bandages. Not a note was struck on the "Organs;" their bellows were undisturbed, and we knew that the fair and pleasant weather was not likely to be disturbed. So it was. No one was hurt. A gentleman retired from the fruitful field with a fortune, and another was appointed in his stead,—a Kingston man of course!! (The public offices, unless the wind of patronage veers, will certainly depopulate Kingston.) The two days wonder subsided—the old sores were salved and covered—the weak places were doctored—and one of the organs rebuked somebody who had the impertinence to hint that something was out of order. Some people are unreasonable; no right-minded individual would have supposed that there could have been acidity or bitterness in a Post-Office, where the Inspector was a *Sweetman*, or dreamt that the accounts would not be properly cooked, where the post-master was a *Baker*. ***

"LIVING CHARACTER ACTING."

DIOGENES has been puzzled for some days past by the announcement contained in certain gorgeous posters, to the effect that a young Canadian *Artiste* had been pronounced by the entire press as the "the greatest of Living Character Actors." At last he put it to himself in this way: What is a "character actor." All theatrical performers are supposed to assume some character be it good, bad, or indifferent, and to represent it more or less truthfully; therefore there can be no distinctive feature in the performance of our young Canadian, which entitles him to call himself, *par excellence*, a "character actor." Mr. Rankin, knowing that stage players in general are esteemed, by the "unco guid," persons of *no* character, had determined to proclaim his respectability, and thus anticipate one of the gravest objections to theatrical entertainments. But when the Cynic examined the notice more thoroughly, the prefix "living" again plunged him into the depths of perplexity. A "*Living Character Actor*"?—What in the name of the revered and lamented Lindley, is he? "Eels all alive o'!" he has heard publicly advertised by stentorian street criers—but an Actor all alive o'!—what could that mean? At last DIOGENES came to the conclusion that the mysterious announcement, freely translated, amounted to this—That Mr. R. was an actor of respectability, alive to his own interest. Accordingly the Philosopher resolved to go to the theatre.

DIOGENES has returned from the theatre—Weary, dreary, and sleepy. He was half-suffocated by the foul air, and was bored by one of the slowest performances he ever witnessed. Mr. Rankin has, however, a certain imitative faculty, which experience may ripen into talent. But the Cynic can speak of the first and second acts only. He was notified by the play bill that there was to be an interval of twenty years between the second and third acts. He thought that rather long to wait—and he left.