

every eye was bathed in tears. I felt my own cheek (which is considerable) slightly wet. The children scattered around, sobbed audibly, and Mrs. T. covered her face silently with an elegant lace pocket handkerchief. Mr. T. and myself then went upstairs to his study, where he smoked several pipes of green tea, and I reduced to ashes an infinite number of his choicest Havanas. Meanwhile he asked me whether I had ever read the "Proverbial Philosophy" aloud. I earnestly assured him that I never had, and moreover was morally convinced that I never could accomplish the task. "Read it now, and let me hear you," said he. I respectfully, but at the same time firmly, declined, adding, "I would much rather hear you read it." I had reason to repent of my hasty words, for Tucker then chanted with great unction, and for two hours, at least three-fourths of his odious composition. Subsequently he intoned the Book of Jasher in Hebrew, besides three books of the Odyssey in Greek, and wound up the night's entertainment by reciting with killing pathos, the doleful ballad of "Cock Robin." Having incidentally fallen asleep several times, after finishing the twelve bottles of milk-punch, I at length bade adieu to my host, while he was still sipping milk and water, at 4 o'clock on Sunday morning.

P.S.—I have scarcely yet recovered from my interview with Mr. Tucker. The dismal monotony of his reading (for to what else can I attribute it?) has afflicted me with a racking headache. Pray, therefore, accept my apologies for the many imperfections of this hasty scrawl.

RHYME OR REASON.

FROM A BLUE-NOSE CORRESPONDENT.

Oh, dear! DIOGENES, what *shall* I do?
 I want to write some rhyming lines to you,
 But you're so odd, that really I don't find
 A word to rhyme with you that suits my mind;
 So, when I once would write on Love—by Cupid!—
 I hardly found a word to suit—So stupid!
 I want to write on some odd things I've heard,
 But,—odd again,—there comes no fitting word!
 So, as folks say who riddles fail to guess,
 "I give it up!"—and in my blank distress
 I turn to you—Pray write as I would do—
 That is as I might write if I were YOU!
 Remember, you—the Cynic—stand alone,
 The guide and censor of this frigid zone:
 To suit all cases you are bound—by FUN—
 That is, you will be bound as Volume ONE—
 And the ill-humoured who 'gainst Union fight
 You, by good humour, may direct aright.
 Direct a long-shot over lake and shore,
 Aim at the gulls from Gulf to Labrador;
 Then glance your eye o'er fishy Newfoundland,—
 Soon to be sea-girt in the Union band;—
 Smile on Prince Edward Isle—bid her not boast,
 As last and least to join the Union host,
 Next, on to Nova Scotia take your course,
 That like a silly lass sues for divorce;
 There, with a pen of sharply-pointed steel,
 Puncture the wind-bag of that "Guy" REPEAL!
 See that Acadia makes no further row,
 Bid her fulfil her destiny with HOWE.
 Bring her to reason with a loving line,
 That like a Star in Union she may shine:
 Teach her to come where quiet waters be,
 And float no longer in a troubled sea.
 Ontario, New Brunswick and Quebec,
 Cheer in their race for progress "neck and neck,"
 And so go on till, by your mild command,

Your wit pervades the whole united land:—
 But if grave topics have no charm for you,
 If schemes political you must eschew,
 If your domain is but A TUB for FUN,
 Then go ahead—float on, as you've begun,
 For your *bon-voyage* you have wishes fervent
 From one who is—your very humble servant.

"STOP THIEF?"

DIOGENES alluded in a former number to a daring flight of imagination on the part of a Montreal Editor. It was exhibited to the public in the following words:

"This magnificent enterprise (the projected submarine tunnel between Dover and Calais) is certainly one *which is well qualified to astonish not only our ancestors*, but the people of the present generation,—accustomed as they are to gigantic undertakings."

When DIOGENES quoted this sublime passage, he gave due credit to the Editor for the originality of the phrase "astonish our ancestors." He has since discovered that this distinguished writer (in pursuance of a suggestion which he may have read in *SHERIDAN'S Critic*), "serves the best thoughts of others as gypsies do stolen children, and disfigures them to make 'em pass for his own."

That noble poem, by Mr. Breeze, on "The Grand Trunk Railway: its Achievements, Institutions, Scenery, Military and Principal Characters," contains the following lines at p. 8. The bard is supposed to be eulogizing "The Iron Horse."

"It snorts with open nostrils wide,
 Puffs forth its lusty breath of pride,
 Rears its proud head and laughs away
 Tireless th' same road every day,
 Frights both birds and beasts around,
 That startle at the whistle's sound.
 The genius of the forest flies,
 While art with thousand wonders rise,
 And (all but) our fond fathers' dust
 Rises to break the earth's deep crust
 To witness what new genius reigns
 In majesty on seas and plains,
 That flies with such velocity,
 Shaking the firmest forest tree,
 Driving the ruder genius 'way
 Fore stronger light of brighter day.
 The world's all new, it is ablaze;
 Our fathers' eyes with wonder gaze,
 Clasp their hands unitedly,
 Saying, *Well done nineteenth century!*"

Now, this may be one of those singular instances in which two men of genius, like Mr. BREEZE and the Editor of the *News*, have accidentally hit upon the same idea, Mr. BREEZE having, fortunately, anticipated his rival in giving it to the literary world. If this be the case, APOLLO forbid that DIOGENES should charge the prose-writer with deliberate plagiarism! It is, perhaps, an unintentional coincidence,—an unconscious imitation,—an instance of one great man's being anticipated by another—but it is not a theft. DIOGENES would fain hope so; but he has grave doubts on the subject, and is afraid that the words of LE SAGE may be applied to the Editor's case, "*On peut dire que son esprit brillé au dépens de sa mémoire.*"

WHY is the Hon. John Young like an exploded boiler?
 Because he is *busted* up.