

QUINTESSENCE OF QUEBEC QUIDDITIES.

PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT.—LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY.

On Friday, March 10th, 1869 the House met at a quarter past three. After some unimportant business,

Mr. Fortin moved, seconded by *Mr. Tremblay*, "that an humble address be presented to His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, praying for all correspondence and documents concerning the fires which have taken place on the Coast of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, or in Gaspesia, in 1867 and 1868." The Hon. gentleman cited some interesting statistics, and after informing the House that the forests are one of our most important sources of revenue, added, "but if they were annually destroyed by fire, *as well as by the axe of the settler and the lumberman*, they would not continue long so." Poor forests! Hard fate to be laid waste by the raging element, and to rise again Phoenix-like from their ashes, only to fall once more beneath the ruthless axe of the lumberman or the settler! But wherefore cry "Woodman, spare that tree," when, after a year's desolation they will again appear in their pristine grandeur, to brave another conflagration? We may pity the hard fate that the forests have to undergo, but we cannot reconcile the above facts with *Mr. Fortin's* statement, that they will soon cease to afford us a source of revenue. After their annual burning, a valuable quantity of charcoal might be collected, and when they had been laid low for the second time within twelve months, by the axe of the lumberman, might it not be possible to convey the timber down country in the usual manner, ere the time arrived for another resuscitation of arboreal nature? We think that with due adherence to the first part of *Mr. Fortin's* argument, they might be made materially to increase instead of diminish our revenue.

After some remarks about "Grain" and "Northern Africa," the speaker sat down.

DIOGENES would like to see the member for Gaspé on his legs again, and would recommend both the Hon. gentleman and the Forests to take "Resurgam" for their motto.

Mr. Hemming was of opinion that we ought to watch our neighbours. "This system was as old as the reign of King Alfred," and would work well." Good! *Mr. Hemming*. Let us return to that golden age by all means. Our school histories inform us that such was the prevalent honesty of the people and so admirably regulated were the city and rural police of that day, that people might hang gold ornaments on the hedges, with the perfect certainty of finding them safe and untouched at the end of a week. Doubtless, our Forest laws are inefficient, but let us first look to those evils which lie even at our doors. The "noble half-hundred" who guard the peace of Quebec,—who *may be* the terror of small boys and drunken women, but who *are* the laughing stock of every rowdy and loafer in town,—may be brought up to a state of real efficiency, ere many extramural reforms are taken in hand.

Mr. Poupore said, "What I understand by the motion before this House is, that the Hon. member for Gaspé, merely —"

The Speaker, evidently thinking of his dinner hour, and rapidly quoting "Hudibras,"

"Brevity is good,

When w' are, or are not understood."

Mr. Poupore, continuing (in allusion to the Ottawa lumbering districts) "owing to the unprecedented depth of snow now, a great portion of the timber cut down will remain in the woods, and be lost to the owner and the country, as well as the Crown dues accruing from it to the revenue. I could see no reason why a special Committee, for the pur-

pose of devising some ways and means to remedy, as far as possible, the recurrence of such a misfortune, and to offer some suggestions to prevent such an immense loss to the country in future, in order that this House might take some action to remedy the evil, when the report would be submitted, and then the matter could be fully discussed on the floor of this House."

DIOGENES would recommend *Mr. Poupore*, in future, to subsidize "The Clerk of the Weather,"—a very accommodating official who would, doubtless, have it in his power to make arrangements, so that the quantity of snow destined for the Ottawa district might be conveniently discharged at the North Pole, or some equally remote and disinterested spot. These are the only "ways and means" which DIOGENES can devise to remedy the recurrence of such a misfortune as the "late unprecedented fall of snow" in the Ottawa district, which has evidently so disconcerted *Mr. Poupore*.

The motion for a Special Committee was adopted.

The Speaker, yawning and retiring with—

"And 'tis remarkable that they

"Talk most, that have the least to say.

"Your daily speakers have the curse,

"To plead their causes down to worse:

"As dames who native beauty want,

"Still uglier look the more they paint."

Exeunt omnes—

DIOGENES returns his best acknowledgement to Prior and the *Quebec Chronicle*.

"VERY LIKE A WHALE."

Yes,—very like a whale, and yet—not a whale! So very very like, indeed, that a grizzly Nantuckian, intent on blubber, ran off for a harpoon! O, this immortal ingenuity! It will immortalize Yankeedom when pumpkin-pies and gin-slings have faded into the twilight of another antiquity! Imitation hams, imitation nutmegs, hide your diminished heads!—we have an imitation whale! Great Philosopher! trim your Lantern, survey this monster of the shallows, and tell us all about it. Had this anomalous mammal a heart that could feel for another whale? Were its bones real whale-bones, or built up of used-up canes (smoked) that had once distended our Sairy Gamps? Tell us how these mechanistic deities, the quartette of Jonahs, that encumbered its breast and filled up its beautiful head, gained admittance? Did they creep through its gorge or crawl through its gills? Had it a pew at Brooklyn? Where did it take its bitters? Can it again be made an ocean traveller? If it can, let it be sent to tap the Atlantic line and intercept the briny lies. Will it give my friend Tomkins and family a lift across to Europe? He says he has so long and so vainly been trying to keep his head above water that he should like to go under once more, if only for the sake of old associations. For these and a hundred other particulars, the almighty big world looks to you, my dear sir, (excuse this familiarity,) and let me tell you, it expects impartiality. He would be disappointed if you allowed yourself to be influenced by the big fish of the Republican shoals; and equally so, did you submit to be deluded by the siren tricks of the Democratic minnows.

PLEASURE.

On occasion of a recent hanging a respectable citizen paid a friend a visit, and found the gentleman and his wife at breakfast. "Going to see the hanging, Tom?" asked the visitor. "No, Bob," replied the wife, (wives are seldom slack in reply,) "We never takes any pleasure now-a-days!"