

### THE MIRACLES OF INDEPENDENCE.

The late Col. Bonnycastle once asked a lazy, discontented farmer, somewhere near St. Johns, the reason why his fences were kept in such bad repair? "The British Government," was the reply. This was pretty good, but the Hon. John Young's speech at St. Jerome is better still:

There is not a river running from the North into the valley of the St. Lawrence that has not its water-power, *but it is impossible that it can be utilised under our present system of Government—Colonial Dependence.*

Will the honorable gentleman condescend to explain why? Does a piece of England, Ireland and Scotland stick in each of these tributary streams, damming up its course? Is there a portion of Her Majesty's Crown obstructing the Richelieu, and a fragment of her Sceptre blocking up the St. Francis? Do regiments of British soldiers guard our Rapids to prevent the erection of mills thereon? Or is the deepening of Lake St. Peter merely contingent on British connection?

But let our sage proceed:

Were we an independent Government, free and at liberty to make such Treaties with other Governments, we could make a Treaty with the adjoining Republic of the United States, by which, in my opinion, we could have, not only a reciprocal exchange of agricultural products, but of manufactures. And, if we had such a treaty, how different would be the position of the people of Canada!

Of course it would, but what has Independence to do with the matter? Are we not at liberty to make such a treaty now? We did it before. Has Great Britain ever been an obstacle? Quite the contrary! Her policy has always been, for the last thirteen years, to encourage and assist, by every means in her power, international free trade. What, then, has been in the way? The policy of the United States? Was it the fault of England that the last Reciprocity Treaty was abrogated? Mr. Young, you are far too shrewd a man not to know that you are talking "bunkum!"

At the same time, "Colonial Dependence" is a capital cry, and may be "utilised" as well as the water-power. Never let us admit that anything can possibly be the result of our own want of energy or judgment, but lay it all on to the shoulders of the Mother Country! It is so convenient! The next time DIOGENES' tailor requests a settlement of his little account the Cynic will reply to him in the words of Mr. Young:

Under present circumstances I believe this result to be impossible, but I believe it is possible and certain that such a result can be obtained by the assumption of an independent national position.

What a splendid excuse for everything?

In future let us be philosophical. Are our streets dirty? Are our drains odoriferous? Does the gas burn dimly? Are we short of water? Is there a hole in the sidewalk? Are our markets insufficient? Is the Recorder's Court overcrowded? Do we want a Public Park? &c., &c.

Gentlemen of the City Council, give yourselves no concern about these matters. They are all the consequences of

**COLONIAL DEPENDENCE!!**

"SET A—" &c., &c.

Reiffenstein's last is certainly not his worst. His appeal for consideration on account of his twenty years' faithful service,—(the other two had been their own reward),—was pretty good. His request to be allowed to conduct his own case after his own fashion, was better still. But best of all is his recent application to be appointed Auditor-General, with the understanding that, with his knowledge of certain affairs and how they are managed, he shall be able, within twelve months, to save the Government much more than sufficient to cover all his own little deficiencies!

"Let the appointment issue," commands DIOGENES, Viceroy and Commander-in-Chief.

Perch Langton on the highest tower to watch for the millennium!

THE BALANCE OF POWER.—Your Banker's balance!

### PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, in times past, there existed in this, the Country or Dominion of Canada, a certain POWER, or INFLUENCE, which was of great good, benefit, and advantage to all and several the inhabitants of the said Country, and also to the neighbours of the same, and which was known and recognised by the name, style, and title of

PUBLIC OPINION: and

WHEREAS the said Power, or Influence, has not been seen or heard of in the said Country or Dominion of Canada for many years, and has been either driven from the said Country by persons who love darkness rather than light, concealed beneath piles of *fungi* and ill weeds, or lulled to sleep by sirens who feared the exposure and counteraction of their evil ways:

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That all true and loyal Citizens are hereby commanded to make a complete, thorough and effectual search for the said Power, or Influence, known as the said

PUBLIC OPINION;

and when found, or awakened, to reinstate the same in all its former powers, privileges, and immunities, in order to the protection and advancement of the poor, the virtuous, and the patriotic, (Members of Parliament inclusive,) and for the restraining and punishing of evil doers in general, and of sham patriots, hireable editors, seducers, (political and otherwise), Pharisees and persecutors, (religious and political), and all genteel thieves, liars, and rogues in particular; and whomsoever shall find, or awake, and reinstate the said missing and much-needed

PUBLIC OPINION,

is hereby assured of Our high Consideration, Protection, and Reward  
DIOGENES, REX.

### "WHAT'S IN THE WIND?"

Weary of Wall-Street, disgusted with Hamilton, the Gore and the Bank of Commerce,—irritated and humiliated because Ontario persists in "knowing him not," or, rather, in knowing him too well,—the Prince of Speculators, the "pet" of Directors, and the born thrall of the Dominion Mammon, has departed for "fresh fields and pastures new." Rumour hath it that he is seeking to "recoup" his health after the arduous labours of the summer campaign, and that he hopes, in the wilds of California, to lose the memory of his late defeats. DIOGENES, however, believes he is not far out in stating, that the journey of Rex, the Magnificent, has a more intimate connexion with bonds than buchu: that mineral *coupons* will be found to exert a more beneficial influence on his malady than all the remedies of the Pharmacopœia, and that, before three months are over, another "Veni Vidi, Vici" will be pictorially recorded in the Cynic's immortal pages.

"Ye gods and little fishes!" says the reader, "What's in the wind?" DIOGENES answereth not,—but bids his friends to mark the prophecy.

### "FOOLS RUSH IN," &c.

The London *Spectator*, recently, had a long and elaborate article with this heading,—"*On Equality in Heaven.*" We have long been taught to believe that equality existed *there* in its perfection and in its purity. It is to be supposed that the writer knew little, and was never likely to know more of his subject, but his attempts tend to show that the celestial region is an aristocracy, (of mind), *par et simple*. If there is any possible apology to be found for this profanation and presumption, it is this:—Many high, noble, and distinguished characters live as if they preferred another place, and that, on account of its acknowledged and positive divisions of ranks, orders, degrees, and dignities.

Perhaps some of them may be affected by the reasoning (?) of the *Spectator*, and act accordingly.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

MY DEAR DIO:

I hear a rumour that a rival is about to arise, who is to knock you and your jolly old tub into immortal smash.

Is it correct, or is it only a *Mare's Nest*?

Your obedient Servant,

Q IN THE CORNER.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"X." writes to enquire whether the 99 subscribers of \$1,000 each, who were to be tempted by Mr. Shelton's offer of \$1,000, towards sustaining the Montreal General Hospital, have yet come to the front? The Cynic believes not;—he will, however, make further enquiries. It is within the range of possibility, that, if a lesser number of subscribers could be obtained, Mr. Shelton would still post his money.