

mercenary marriages—ye searchers after the pomps and vanities of this life—have naught to thank but your own wicked imagination for *your* incompatibility of temper. Some weak ones say, "We dread the opinion of the world, which would place us in the category of fools, if we married for love alone." Fools ye are already. The Emperor Theodosius married Eudocia,—a poor girl.—Catherine, consort of Peter the Great, had a Swedish dragoon for her first husband. Guizot's daughters, as my friend of the Club Window informs me, married for love,—a proceeding which Parisian *bon-ton* characterized as "very indelicate"; but did this weighty judgment affect their happiness in the least, or cause their husbands to repent their choice? *Dos est sua forma puella*, "her beauty is a maiden's dower," and Syracides observes, "Forego not a wife and a good woman, for her grace is above gold."

DIOGENES has been at some trouble to show the origin of much of this incompatibility of temper. Marriage can never be happy if man and wife are unsuited to each other, and though DIOGENES does not approve of long engagements, he yet says, "Do not marry unless you are sure you can agree with your future partner." It occasionally happens that love is discovered to be all on one side, but though you love at present without return, *nil desperandum*, despair not at all; affection and constancy will work wonders in the end, and if you have linked your fate to a worthy object, you shall in no wise lose your reward. It is sad indeed to love, and to love in vain—to see that, whilst your heart is wholly offered on the shrine your of divinity, she in like manner casts hers at the feet of another idol that does not even respect what you would die for.

Pan loved Echo; Echo, Satyrus; Satyrus, Lyda.

"*Quantum ipsorum aliquis amantem oderat,
Tantum ipsius amans odiosus erat.*"

Sappho, the poetess, loved Phaon, the boatman, of Mitylene, but Phaon's heart being otherwise engaged, Sappho took a sensation leap from the Leucadian Rock.

Says Horace:

"*Insignem tenui fronte Lycorida
Cyri torret amor; Cyrus in asperam
Declinat Pholoën.*"

And Allan Ramsay evidently had this verse in view when he wrote the "Gentle Shepherd":

"Then I like Peggy; Neps is fond o' me;
Peggy likes Pate, and Pate is bauld and slee,
And loes sweet Meg;—but Neps I downa see.
Could ye turn Patie's love to Neps, and then
Peggy's to me, I'd be the happiest man."

In the above, we can see without spectacles that, from the moment of civilization's emerging from the mists of an obscure mythology until the present, the proverb, if not entirely correct in its wording, has yet held good in many instances, "The course of true love never ran smooth." Never mind, my reader, go to the fountain head, dam the stream a little here, widen the channel a little there—the course of true love *can* be smoothed, and the man who wins his wife as wife should be won, need never fear the dreadful sentence, "incompatibility of temper."

In conclusion, DIOGENES would severely censure the highly reprehensible occupation of "Peacocking." The Peacock, as every one is aware, is the type of pride, and "Peacocking" might well be bracketted with that vice in the catalogue of the Seven Deadly Sins. DIOGENES much dislikes to find on entering a room a young Pea-hen endeavouring to monopolize the attention of every Peacock present, or to come across the Peacock who endeavours to cut him out of a dance, and finally carries his partner off to supper from under his very nose, after having pecked and

plumed himself with all the vanity of his tribe. If Pea-hen or Peacock were to mate with any other bird less shallow of brain, the lamentable result would undoubtedly be "incompatibility of temper."

Take heed, therefore, ye sons and daughters of men—be not taken with the outside of the cup and platter—trust not the glare of the tinsel or the glitter of the gewgaw—dwell not too much on external appearances, but think on "the toad which, ugly and venomous, yet bears a precious jewel in its head." Let your thoughts when married be—What can I do to make my husband or wife happier, and our home more agreeable? The *Spectator* says,—*"It requires more virtues to make a good husband or wife, than what go to the finishing of the most shining character whatsoever."* *Lector, Vale!*

"ROBBING POOR MEN OF THEIR BEER."

Captain Williams of the Melbourne Slate Quarry, Eastern Townships, has decreed that all the workmen who refuse to sign the temperance pledge must quit his employ.

The above editorial appeared a day or two ago in the columns of the *Montreal Witness*. DIOGENES assumes the statement to be correct, and that henceforth none but rigid teetotalers will be privileged to dig and delve in the Melbourne quarries. The Cynic has not the distinguished honour of Capt. Williams' acquaintance. He does not know whether he is an off-shoot of the Army, Navy, or Horse Marines,—a local volunteer, an ex-commander of a river steamer or a raft, or a mere "ganger" over quarrymen.—Whoever he may be, he may be set down as an exceedingly "Earnest Teetotaler," resolved to enforce his doctrines where he cannot persuade.

DIOGENES, it need hardly be said, admires temperance, and is not at war with teetotalism. The *style* with which these lines are traced will never be employed in ridiculing those who, in the exercise of a noble self-denial and for the benefit of health, family, or reputation, refrain from the use of alcoholic stimulants. But the Cynic contemns with all the force of his philosophy the ignorant fanaticism which decrees that a body of hard-working labourers—not all of them, he would fain believe, positively hoggish in their abuse of liquor—shall be deprived of an opportunity of earning bread for their wives and little ones during the hardest months of a semi-arctic winter, if they refuse to pledge themselves to a total abstinence from their mid-day beer or half-and-half. Capt. Williams, with an aqueous soul beating in his uncompromising bosom, doubtless believes he is promoting the cause of temperance. DIOGENES, on the contrary, thinks him a type of that Repression which acts as a stimulant to Crime—helps to fill our gaols and asylums, and sends forth guileless children to beg from door to door until they become adepts in fraud and falsehood. Such misguided devotion to principle—such intemperate zeal for temperance—as that displayed by this Capt. Williams, can only awaken commiseration. If drunkards cannot be persuaded to lead a sober life, it is morally certain they can never be forced. If the advocates of teetotalism would only consent to be a little less "thorough" and display less intolerance of human weakness and frailty, their numbers would increase rather than diminish. As it is, DIOGENES notices, with regret, that they display a fanaticism little calculated to win the sympathy of those who, equally with them, deplore the existence of a gigantic evil, and an intolerance calculated to repel rather than attract the objects of their misguided solicitude.

INTERESTING HISTORICAL FACT.

Soup Kitchens were introduced during the 1st Crusade by Godfrey de *Bouillon*, and to this redoubtable warrior, and not to Soyer, is due the invention of *Potage a la Palestine*.