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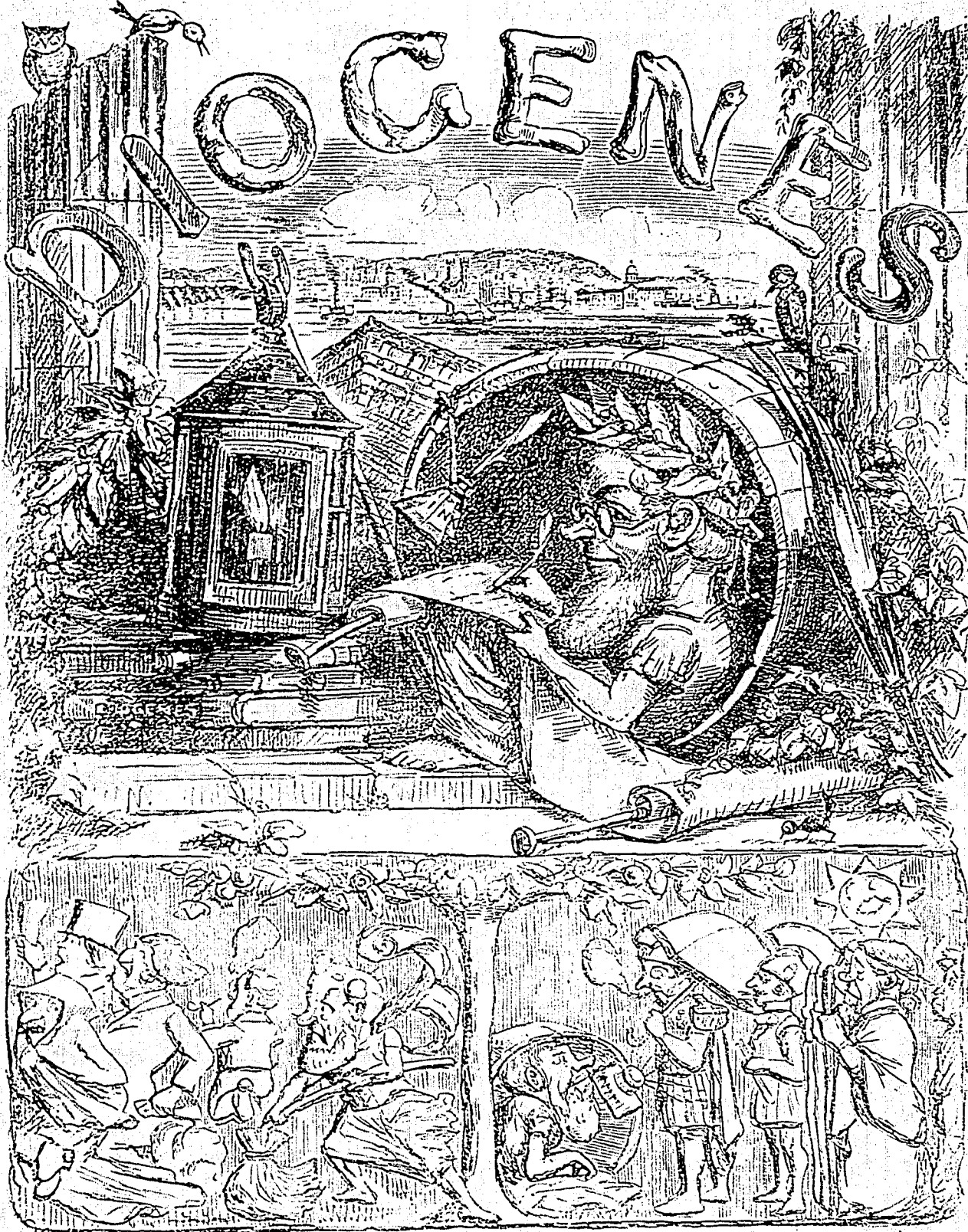
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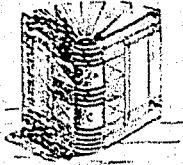
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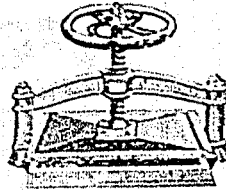
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MRS. MCGROOTHER ON WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

"We have been reflecting, seriously, upon your ideas of domestic government, Mrs. McGroother, and we think that your system would reduce man to a creature living entirely under the 'fear of God and the Broomstick!'"

"And what else would you have? The first takes away all need for the second—if any man ever could be found fully acting under that motion, he might safely be trusted with the key of the street door for me; but seeing that the world is what it is, every man needs the Broomstick—that is, a little looking after, by what Carlisle is so fond of,—'the constable.'" If he is a quiet respectable man like my Sandy, for instance, the constable is represented by the wife with her 'creepie' and, may be, a curtain lecture, if he is a rowdy, or worse. Then you have the policeman with his baton, the Recorder's Court, a moral discourse from the bench, rubbed in with the eternal five shillings fine. Now which would you like—the 'creepie' or the baton? quiet and affectionate correction at home, or public punishment, accompanied with a running comment of the deadly-funny reporters? But Heaven help us, Madam! Is there no half-way house?—no medium? Can a man not live free of both? We mean a married man of course, for, being ourselves single, we are exempt from the female instrument of reproof."

"And much good that does you! If you had had a wife, do you think she would have let you make a Judy of yourself before the Recorder the other day for eating oysters in company with all the vagabonds of the city? No, no, my firm opinion is, as Milwood's housekeeper in *Old Mortality* says, that a man 'must either marry or do waur,' and if he marries, he either must, or should, be guided by his wife."

"But," we persisted, "even Stuart Mill and the Women's Rights' ladies, only ask equality with men."

"Equality!" cried Mrs. McGroother, with contempt. "Where Mr. Philosopher, with all your experience, did you ever see equality? You have been looking all your days, with a lighted lantern for an honest man—and doubtless you must have found many things you were not looking for, but did you ever find equality? One must rule and the other obey—let the husband work and rule out of doors, but the woman, if she be good for anything, must rule at home. But I am not unreasonable. Let men be men on 'Change, in the Army, the Navy, and in all that concerns public affairs: I neither would 'mak' nor meddle' with them in these, but in all that concerns home, the wife must be ruler. A pretty kettle of fish I would make were I to try my hand at making a rise out of the Banks, by putting my name on Jack Robinson's note to please the Directors of the Great Shav'em Joint Stock concern, and getting his name on my note to get it discounted by the Flee'c'm Bank at the corner. I would either blush like a lobster or laugh outright at men's folly. Or how could Sandy have managed with the bairns? Then, if there was to be equality in one thing, needs must in all. If the wife is to have the children, would ye have her nurse them too? Or would they take it time about? There is an old joke about that. The woman, it was agreed, should have the first child, the man the second, and so on. The first baby was born; the man took his turn; then the woman had her second in-nings, but the man, when it came to him again, 'cried off,' and would have no more. The world has been regulated by greater wisdom than any that the Women's Rights' society can bring to bear upon the question, and while the wife rules at home all will go smoothly, but to be ruled in her own house is not to be thought of."

DIOGENES is quite unconvinced, but Mrs. McGroother is fluent and quite self-satisfied with her reasoning,—nevertheless, he ventured to argue that man made all sacrifices for the wife; worked, and thought, and denied himself in every

way for her comfort, and, as head, ought to "rule his own household."

"You are at your quotations from St. Paul again," said our antagonist, "but let it pass, and tell me what the sacrifices are that a man makes for his wife that he does not make for himself or his horse? Of course he must work to feed himself, and he must have somebody to see that he is fed or he could not work at all. If he has no wife he must have a house-keeper, with her followers, who will eat him out of house and home, without any thanks. Even in a mere point of economy, a wife is the cheapest servant a man can keep."

"Servant!" we broke in. "A servant waiting behind the door with a beetle in her hand to break her master's head. Rum idea of a servant that, gentle lady!"

"Well, well, it is not every husband that needs the beetle! and it is not every wife that can use it,—but the plain fact is, that by a kind and sagacious wife, or a cunning jade of a servant, every man who keeps a roof over his head, must be ruled—or guided—or cheated. Sacrifice! It is the wife that, makes the sacrifice; from the day she marries her husband till the day she pays for his headstone, her whole life is a sacrifice. She gets up in the morning to see that the fire is made, the toast buttered, the coffee clear, his hat brushed, himself tidy, the children dressed, the crying ones skelped, the boys sent off to school, the girls at their practising; off to market to bargain for mutton and beef and fish, back to order the dinner, to scold the cook, to look after the chambermaid and the baker lads, to be smart and ready when the goodman comes home, to bear his ill-humour if the beef is over-done, to coax him to be amiable when she gives him cold mutton or hash—to eat both as if she liked them any more than he did,—for one cannot always have a hot dinner, and the sluts in the kitchen, they won't eat cold meat!—Then there is 'to tea' and an evening of darning, (for the boys always come home with 'potatoes' in the heels of their stockings;) then she has to send all off whimpering to bed, to see the fires out and the doors locked, and lastly, after she gets to bed to tell of the bills to pay: butcher's, baker's, tax-gatherer's, grocer's, doctor's, parson's, tailors, dressmaker's and shoemaker's;—poor body! she at last falls asleep leaving her husband growling, as tho' the bairns and their bills were all hers! Lucky if she gets a night's rest after all, for ten to one but she is wakened by a smell of smoke to be looked after, or a shutter banging off its hinges which he never hears, or baby tumbles out of bed with a dump on the floor and wakes all the house, except nurse, with its squalling! Sacrifices! the wife's life is all sacrifices; and unless she rules, how can she live? Then, in misfortune, she is still worse off, for then, as is well known she can do, and does, anything. You remember, yourself, a thousand cases where the poor wife has died under her labour of love and patience, weeping and working all day that she might look cheery to her desponding husband at; night wearing herself out like an old hone to sharpen him up. Well may he bear a bit claw with the 'creepie' when he rebels against her loving rule! You have heard how a whole town-full of wives behaved to their husbands when the enemy compelled them to surrender? It is an old-world story, but women are always the same. Well, the commander of the conquerors, as a proof of humanity, proclaimed, that all the women might go free with as much of their property as they could carry on their shoulders, and out they all marched, each with her husband on her back! Tell me, old friend, what would you, or any man have done had you been in the place of the women?"

She was out of breath and gave us a chance to reply. We paused, and reflected, and thinking of all the care that is expended on married men,—the entire loss of liberty entailed on poor Mr. McGroother,—his early breaking in under the 'creepie,' we put ourselves in his place, and, groaning, replied,

"We think a man, such as men usually are, would have remembered his sorrows, his wife's great capability of taking care of herself, his natural wish to torment his insolent foe, and would have left his luggage behind!"

His luggage indeed! I am sure you are right and you and the like of you, Old Cynic, would have applauded the deed for the sake of the sorry joke. Baggage indeed! I wish you a good morning, old snarler!"

PHYSIOLOGY OF THE TWO-HEADED GIRL.

"Four legs and two voices" made up the supposed monster which so frightened poor Stephano in "The Tempest." Romance has now become reality. Here is a creature with two heads and one heart:—four legs and one digestion. Two imaginations and one seat of feeling and sensation.

The other day, the two heads had a quarrel. The right head made an observation so sarcastic that it went right to the heart of the left head. Now the heart being, as geometers say, *common to both*, therefore, both heads began crying simultaneously. The left head, thinking independently, was of opinion that the remark was quite uncalled for, and retorted that the right head was a "brainless idiot." The whole frame now became indignant, and the right head determined that the left head should be punished. Having almost an independent control over the right hand, it (*i.e.*, the right head) caused that member to "box" the left head's ears. Instead of gaining any advantage of its owner, the whole girl felt the pain.

A more embarrassing thing is, that the two mouths have very different tastes. The right mouth likes onions, while the left prefers sweets. At the hour of dinner, when both mouths are eating, the most heterogeneous kinds of food go into the common stomach. Indigestion ensues, which causes both heads to ache, and much mutual recrimination follows. The right head is strong and clever,—the left is weak and dull. When at school, this caused great embarrassment to the teacher. It was impossible to punish one head at the expense of the other. Lately the right head has taken to smoking cigarettes, to the infinite disgust of its weaker companion. The left head is strictly teetotal, while the right one is rather partial to champagne.

On a recent occasion, the girl was invited out to dinner. The right head being the more brilliant of the two, as may be imagined, did all the conversation, and rendered itself quite fascinating. Several gentlemen requested the privilege of taking wine with her, or rather with it:—unfortunately, the wine in question mounted into the weaker left head, so that while the right one never exceeded the bounds of lady-like sobriety, the left could barely say *truly rural*. The right head gracefully apologised for its weaker sister, and requesting that a cab might be fetched, undertook to see its *alter ego* straight home. But here followed another difficulty. The wine had got into two out of the four legs. The first and third legs began staggering in a most disgraceful manner, and treading very uncomfortably on the toes of the second and fourth. The whole girl had to be carried up-stairs, and laid on a sofa. The left head, the victim of the intemperance of the right, went to sleep while the right continued maintaining the conversation with its usual brilliancy!

PYTHAGOREAN.

DIOGENES has laughed at many a good joke in the local papers, but the following in the *Star* requires explanation:—

"Mr. John Hatfield, who has just died in England at the age of 102, was a soldier in the time of William and Mary."

William the Third died in 1702. Was Mr. Hatfield somebody else, in that reign? Or was he older than Jenkins or Old Parr?

HISTORY OF A LOAFER.

CHAP. V.

ON THE WATCH.

Though not habitues of this low dram-shop, it was soon evident that Mr. Parsons and Mr. Wright were by no means unknown to several of the above-described classes. The former was addressed as Harry and requested to "stand," which he did immediately and recklessly, though he had to borrow money of Mr. Wright to settle the score. Gerald swallowed hot rum and water, (or what passed for such,) with a coolness which rather astonished the company in general and Mr. Wright in particular. But why prolong this revolting scene? Suffice it, that it was the old story. Young Parsons became helplessly drunk, and, afterwards, noisy and violent. He refused to be taken home unless Gerald went with him. He seemed now to have a mysterious fear of his friend Wright,—an unaccountable dread of being left alone with him.—Gerald consented to go with him. A cab was procured into which the miserable travestie of humanity was lifted and in which he soon fell asleep. The cabman drove in the direction of Bloomsbury square, along the very streets through which Gerald had recently escaped. At first, he was rather alarmed lest he should have been betrayed. The cab passed the very house where he had recently lived. His exodus had evidently been already discovered. Lights were seen flitting to and fro in the windows and commotion evidently reigned within. The hall door was half open and he could just descry, through the fog, a policeman on the door step in conversation with the master of the house who was talking very excitedly.

"What's up there?" said Mr. Wright. "Somebody been a stealing of the plate, perhaps."

"Of burglars," suggested Gerald with the greatest coolness.

"Not a bit of it," replied his companion. "Burglars isn't sich fools as to try Bloomsbury Square."

The cab turned up Guildford street till it came to that well known iron railing and gates, behind which, were it not for the fog, might have been seen the dingy but not unpicturesque mass of buildings belonging to the Foundling Hospital. The white spectre-like fire escape—was there, as also the old apple-woman with her perpetual farthing candle surrounded by a shade, made of a fruiterer's or baker's paper bag. This old woman should be noted in all Guide-books as one of the most ancient and note-worthy monuments of London. I have past that spot at all hours of day and night and never saw her absent from her post, eating, drinking or sleeping,—or anybody buying apples of her. I do not know if she yet survives. The cab now turned down Lamb's Conduit Street, and into Great Ormond Street, where it stopped before a very respectable house containing "Chambers."

"Any money about you, youngster?" enquired Mr. Wright.

"Yes," said Gerald, proudly.

"Then jist pay this here cab, for I'm clean bust."

Gerald did as requested. He then assisted Wright to carry the drunken lump of humanity up two pair of stairs and deposit it on a bed. He could not but observe that Wright had let himself in with a duplicate latch key and that on arriving in the bed room he had gone, at once, to the cupboard, taken out lucifer matches and lighted the fire. He was evidently quite familiar with the rooms. Parsons was then undressed and put to bed, not without some difficulty.

"It's all right now," said Wright, "now, then, youngster, you can cut."

Gerald declared his intention of remaining where he was.

"Now, I'll tell you what it is, young fellow, if you thinks as 'ow that you're a going to do one thing when Ned Wright tells you to do another, you'll soon find yourself most ——ly mistaken, that's all!"

Wright emphasized the oath. He intended that it should

frighten Gerald, but it had the contrary effect. It is true that the lad was only fifteen years old, but then he had been at a London public school. He was tall of his age and nature and the sports and exercises of the country had made him strong. At school one of his favorite occupations had been the thrashing of bullies in the interests of the bullied. At one glance he saw that Wright was a bully, and not being in the least afraid of him, he sat quietly in a chair while that gentleman proceeded—

"Now look'ee ere,—we meet you under very suspicious circumstances, at four in the morning. I say under very suspicious circumstances. Boys as drinks of rum and 'as knapsacks with them at four in the morning, may be running away from their friends—(Gerald slightly winced)—and I am partickler about my acquaintance, I am. I am not going to leave my friend here in your company,—so, if yer doesn't walk yer chalks pretty quick, I'll get a policeman to help you."

On most lads, the threat of the "policeman" would have told, but on Gerald it had not the slightest effect,—in fact, he and his immediate school companions had been rather in the habit of chaffing policemen, of uttering insinuations about "cooks and cold beef" and such like. Being country bred, his course had not made a burglar of Bobby. At the same time he felt that an interview with a policeman would be anything but convenient under present circumstances. He was determined not to quit the field but must endeavor to silence Mr. Wright's batteries if possible. He tried a random shot.

"As you say Mr. Wright we meet under very suspicious circumstances. Now, I have no wish to intrude myself at all into Henry Parsons' affairs, but if I receive any more of that kind of impertinence from *you*, I shall write to Lord Cipher directly."

The shot told tremendously. Wright became livid.

"Oh well sir, seeing as you know his lordship, of course I can have no objections now."

The bully sneaked away. Gerald felt extremely anxious to fathom Mr. Wright's little game. He determined at least to remain until Parsons awoke. He trimmed up the fire, wheeled the arm chair to the side of it and——watched.

(To be continued.)

THE SONG OF THE PRE-MI-EER.

AIR:—"I likes a drop of good beer."

Some folks they thinks, because a chap drinks,
He ain't good for nothing at all;
And if he gets "tight," either day or night,
Lord! how they holler and bawl!
For my part I ain't so sewere,
And if two or three times in the year
For liquor I'm wuss, there's no need of a fuss,
Because I'm a Pre-mi-eer!

There's others than I, both low and high,
On the quiet as takes their whack.
They turns up their eyes, in disgust and surprise,
But gets fuddled behind yer back!
It's hypocrisy, is this 'ere,
And to me it's werry clear,
'Tho' they hates hob-nobbin,—they wouldn't mind robbin',
And they're wuss than the Pre-mi-eer!

I confess it ain't right for a cove to get "tight"
More than two or three times in the year;
But we're weak critturs all, both great and small,
From "J. D." to the Pre-mi-eer.
But what I says, is this 'ere,—
The public is *too* sewere;—
If you git's rid of me, you will werry like see
A much wuss Pre-mi-eer!

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Query 1.—Can any of the readers of DIOGENES furnish instances of the use of the word *buxom*—"boughsome,—bending easily as a bough"—in the sense of "obedient?" It was so used in the Marriage Service of the Hereford Missal:—"to be buxom to the, tyl dethe us departe," and also in that of Salisbury, in which it is conjoined with "bonere," probably a corruption of "*debonair*." "Bonere and buxom" would thus mean "good tempered and obedient."
R.

Query 2.—Will some one be so kind as to inform me whether the *donie* is connected in any way with the national arms of Denmark, and, if so, what is the origin of the connexion?
R.

THE "HORSE-SHOE" AND ITS SUPERSTITION.

Query 3.—Seeing articles of jewellery much in vogue at present, embellished with representations, or made in the form of a "horse-shoe," one naturally asks,—Why?

I answer, in Scotch fashion, by another question. What is the origin of the superstition in Christian countries, (generally, I believe,) more especially amongst the middle and less educated orders, that a "horse-shoe" over a door is a protection against the devil and witchcraft, and that its open possession and exhibition is a sign,—or rather wish, hope, or, (perhaps), accepted prayer for "good luck?"

I have my own ideas on this subject, but would be glad to know those of some of your, (probably), better informed readers who take an interest in your "Notes and Queries" columns.

THE ANCIENT INHABITANTS OF IBERIA.

Answer to Query by A. B.

Query 4.—The following passage from an essay on "The Ancient Languages of France and Spain," from "Essays Ethnological and Linguistic, by the late James Kennedy, LL.B., (London, 1861,)" gives the theory of a man whose name ranks high among those who have thrown light on the mysteries of race and language:—

"We may conclude that Strabo understood the term Scythians to signify Nomades; and such, literally, seems to be the true meaning of the word, whether applied to the wandering tribes known to the ancients as Scythians, or those known later as Scots,—the word *Sculte* in Gaelic still signifying a wanderer. We have already seen that the word "Celt" seems to have been applied with the same meaning as a bushranger, or dweller in the woods; and, corresponding to these, though certainly a new suggestion, I feel persuaded that the word "Iberi" had the same signification, and was applied to the same people by the Phenicians, from whom it came to the Greeks and Romans. The word "Eber," which we have, in our version, translated "Hebrew," appears originally to have signified "one who had no fixed habitation,—Arabim, inhabitants of the desert." Thus the phrase in Genesis xiv., 13,—in our version translated "told Abram, the Hebrew,"—is rendered, in the Septuagint, "Abram toi peratei; and thus also, in other parts of the same version, by other terms of equivalent signification,—as "ekbainontes" and "diaporeumenoi" in the first book of Samuel. From this, then, we may judge that the same general term which had been applied by the Phenicians to the Israelites, and to the wandering tribes of the country now known as Georgia, had been also applied by them to those they found in Spain, and had come to the Greeks and Romans as a national appellation. However this may be, it is certain that the name "Iberi"

was applied by Greek and Roman writers to the people inhabiting Spain in their times, and that *these Iberi were not any former class of inhabitants, but essentially the same people who were by others of those writers also called Gauls, Celts, Scythians, or Celiberians.*

The italics are mine.

I find in Gesenius that the word "Eber" means "region on the other side, situated across a stream or the sea." Under the word "Ibri,"—in the plural "Ibrim,"—Gesenius says:—"It seems to be originally an appellative,—from 'Eber,' the land beyond the Euphrates, whence 'Ibri,' a stranger come from the other side of the Euphrates,—Genesis xiv., 13,—(the very passage to which Kennedy refers,)—where it is well rendered by the LXX. 'ho perates,'—i. e., 'one who passed over,'—and then, generally, a 'traveller,' a 'wanderer.'

I may add that this origin for the name "Ibri" occurred to myself before I found it in Kennedy. If it be true, it will greatly facilitate the investigations of the ethnologist respecting the early inhabitants of the Peninsula, as it will simply leave him a branch of the great Celtic family to deal with.

R.

BLOWN UP.

There is a story in "Joe Miller" of an Irish seaman falling from the Main Top down to the Quarter Deck. The Officer of the Watch, thinking, of course, that the poor fellow must be dreadfully hurt, ran up to him, exclaiming, "where did you come from?" "From the Naarth of Ireland, sir," said the sailor, who was not much "kilt."

The Quebec *Evening News*, on the authority of a "witty friend," caps the above, for it tells us that Mr. Joseph Robertson owes his present elevation in the "wee" government at the fossil city, to his having been "blown up" at Longueuil some twelve years ago.

DIOGENES remembers the blowing up of the worthy gentleman, and confesses that he had lost sight of him ever since, but the Cynic had no idea that he had been up in the air all this time. The Quebec people must have been surprised to see the aspiring Joe, come down "flop" into the chair of the Finance Minister! It was said, at the time of his going up, that the accident left him light in the head. We trust this may not extend to the fingers, for that would be dangerous for our finances! Meantime, we are glad he is down safe.

The "witty friend" says that Joseph,—our "Joe,"—got \$6,500 through some "influential friend in Montreal." This is true in one sense; the "influential friend," however, being one of those "documents" issuing from the Court, in the Queen's name, inviting the Grand Trunk to pay the damages and costs caused by their steam petard! Joe did go up,—no doubt of that,—how high we cannot say. He is none the worse for that now, and he got his money easy,—but it was risky. 'Bet he won't try it again!

IMPORTANT QUERY.

McGibbon advertises *English Hares*, but who will tell our impecunious youth where they can procure *Canadian Heiresses!*

A PENITENTIAL PSALM.

I woke,—'twas in the dead of night,—
My throat was parched, my breathing tight;
My fever'd brain said, "all's not right,"—

And I was sick.

In dizzy mazes, long and bold,
The room in wondrous circles rolled;
The bed in rockings uncontrolled

Shook sharp and quick.

The toilet-stand, in fiendish glee,
Seemed bent upon a maddened spree,
And danced with steps so wild and free,

On that sad night.

The very jug that quiet stands,
With liquid laugh its shape expands,
And asks the towel-horse to join hands

With fierce delight!

The damp sweat stood upon my brow
While listening to the fearful row:

My hair on end, like quills, I throw,

On wing of goose;

In frenzied fear I raised my head,
And sprang,—like Venus,—from my bed:—
Through darkness drear my way I sped;—

I had got loose.

Oh! for a cup of good cold tea.—
Of Hyson mixed with choice Bohea,—
To quench my thirst and end this spree;—

I was so dry.

The cursed crowd their jinks gave o'er;—
I madly rushed across the floor,

When lo! right slap against the door

Bang went my eye!

For days my darkened orb was seen.—
First black, then yellow, then pale green,—
Changing each hour,—to my chagrin;—

I wished 'twas o'er;

No more will I endure such fright,
Or on rye whiskey get so "tight";—
I'll go and sign the pledge to-night,

And drink no more!

MILITARY.

When is the butt of a rifle provocative of laughter?
When it touches on the (*humerus*) humorous. (Oh!)

CHARACTERISTIC.—It is said that Sir Francis Hincks, when alluding to the attacks of the *Globe*, speaks of them as *jobations*.



FROM HALIFAX TO VANCOUVER.

MISS CANADA—"THIS IS WHAT WE WANT, COUSIN JONATHAN. IT WILL GIVE US REAL INDEPENDENCE, AND STOP THE FOOLISH TALK ABOUT ANNEXATION."

JONATHAN—"WAL, MISS, I GUESS YOU'RE ABOUT RIGHT THAR; BUT I'LL BELIEVE IT WHEN I SEE IT!"

THE DISAPPOINTED POLITICIAN.

A PASTORAL BALLAD BY A RURAL CONTRIBUTOR.

Air—"As I was a Wandering by the Sea-side."

Oh! as I was a walking all in Renfrewshire
A list'ning to the warblings of the woodchuck so clear,
Oh! I met a pollytitan, and so mournfully he sung,—
"Oh! before I'd left Guiana, I wish I'd been hung."

"Oh! the treatment I have met with has made me quite sad;
"I thought that to welcome me the folks would be glad;
"But that spiteful George Brown, and DIOGENES too,
"They so chaffs and so badgers me that I don't know what
to do!"

"Oh! my 'personal sacrifice' seems quite throwed away;
"And them ungrateful electors, in spite of all I say,
"Seems werry much inclined for to leave me in the cold;—
"Oh! I wish in my heart I had not been so bold."

"For the 'squaring' of Rankin there's a big bill to pay,
"And likewise for Murray,—who is out of the way;—
"So if these electors don't get werry much more civil,
"I must go back to Guiana, or else to the d——!"

"Now, all you pollytitians who list to my woes,
"Take heed by my fate of the course in which you goes;
"For 'honesty is the best politicks' as you can pursue,
"And if you goes otherwise your mistake you will rue!"

MELANCHOLY OCCURRENCE.

SPRUCE.—The old Hay market is now surrounded by trees, and the boxes protecting being painted a bright green, makes the old Square look quite spruce.—*Evening Telegraph, 4th November.*

As might be expected, the condition of the distinguished perpetrator of the above paragraph is most critical. He was found lying in a state of collapse on the floor of his office, with his manuscript firmly clutched in his right hand, while the disordered state of the apartment furnished abundant evidence of the violent throes the unfortunate author had undergone. He was immediately removed to his residence, and every possible means resorted to to restore animation, but we regret to learn that, hitherto, no favorable change has resulted.

LATER.—We are glad to inform the public that there is now every prospect of ultimate recovery. After every known stimulant had been resorted to, without effect, a *hack* number of DIOGENES was applied to the nape of the neck, and the patient almost instantly rallied.

LATEST.—The patient is quite recovered. He has resigned his situation on the *Telegraph*, and joined the staff of the *Witness*, where he will not be subject to similar excitement.

A POETIC LICENSE.

The *Gazette* has two poetic contributors,—a *Reader* and a *Wright*. A cynical correspondent says one of them is a *cipher*. The *Philosopher* not having *read*, doesn't know; but suggests a reference to Tupper.

ADVANTAGES OF NOT BEING A PRINCE.

I can go to a concert without being made a show of.
I can go to church without the whole congregation making me go out first, so that they may have a good stare at me.
I can go to a steeple-chase without being ranked almost as great a curiosity as the winning horse.
I can walk down Notre Dame Street, enter the Montreal Bank, have my photograph taken, or say "how d'ye do" to a friend, without having the facts chronicled in the newspapers.
I can subscribe to a charitable institution without necessarily subscribing my presence at a meeting of that institution.
I shall be able this winter to go to the skating rink without having my every movement watched.
I can go to a snow-shoe race without people making a "racquet" about me.
In brief, I can live as an unobtrusive private gentleman without being bored by impertinent curiosity.

LADY FISHERS.

The ladies are playing havoc among the salmon in the North. Lady Alexander Gordon Lennox, Gordon Castle, landed a salmon of 14 lbs. last week; on Tuesday, Lady Caroline Gordon Lennox, a grilse of 7½ lbs.; Lady Florence Gordon Lennox, a grilse of 6 lbs.; Lady Alexander Gordon Lennox, a salmon of 16 lbs. Miss Charteris, from Inchroy Lodge, fished in the Avon on the 21st ult., and landed two fine salmon. On the 22nd Miss Charteris also landed a salmon.—*Pall Mall Gazette, 5th Oct.*

Here we go with our Woman's Rights! studying in college to doctor us, turning lawyers to humbug us, parsons to marry us, and now, leaving their legitimate business as fishers of men, to catch our salmon! Perhaps, however, this is only a new way of announcing marriages. The lady's name being the important matter, the husbands are treated as so many gudgeon of such and such weight, to represent their incomes. In fact, we fully expect to live to see men treated like the cab-drivers,—as mere numbers!

FATHER McMAHON.

In the opinion of many,—DIOGENES included,—the release of Father McMahon was an act of mistaken clemency. That it was an act of clemency was hardly doubted by any. It is with great regret that he sees the names of A. Oakey Hall, Horace Greeley and George M. Curtis attached to a memorial inviting Mr. McMahon to a public meeting to discuss "the justice of his imprisonment and the cruelties to which he was subjected." Well may Mr. Gladstone say, in his recent letter:—

"I must add, that I fail to discover any proof that these misguided men have abandoned those designs upon the public peace which were cut short by their imprisonment."

A MATTER OF COURSE.—*On ait* that Judge Coursol will run for St. Hyacinthe. Of *course* all sensible electors will vote for him, but DIOGENES would rather see him stand for West Montreal.

"EXCUSE THE CASE."—We hear that Sir Francis Hincks is so appreciative of the remarkable vigor with which the *Nerves* has defended him, that he has requested, as a personal favor, that, in future, they should *not urtle any more*.

V A L E !

She took the veil—'twas at the vesper hour,
 When Day was gently melting into Night;
 When Earth's fair features fade from human sight,—
 'Twas then she took the veil;—as some transplanted flower
 In a lone vase pines for the garden bright,
 So she is reft from every dear delight;
 Shut from love's sunshine,—joy's refreshing shower;—
 She took the veil, nor did she shake nor blench—
 She saw not him who fixed his glaring eye
 Upon her every motion anxiously,—
 Silent awhile he stood,—she took the veil!
 Then loud he cried, "Policeman, here's a wench
 Shop-lifting, take the customer to jail!"

CORRESPONDENCE.

MY DEAR DIOGENES:

Among the numerous Hills to which Montreal is heir, few have received such injuries as I have during the present year. I have been blasted, (I mean with powder,) covered with rubbish during the whole summer, and disembowelled twice. I feel very grateful for the two new and handsome buildings which have been erected on my summit, but cannot help saying that it was not necessary to block up half of me with building material. This spring I had a sort of a side-walk

next these buildings. This was first covered with coal ash, then with rain, and afterwards with bricks. Deep into my inmost recesses then dug the water and gas, or both. They left a nice little ridge in my middle, which was very advantageous to carriages. The rain followed, and converted it into a sort of earthwork, apparently meant as a fortification to protect the City Bank. This was not of long duration. A party of Sappers and Miners, apparently under the command of an officer in brown uniform, have dug me up again, and are draining me. Bricks are being brought in large numbers, and always deposited in the middle of the road, so that vehicles may drive over them,—which must very much improve them in quality. Planks, lanterns and other engineering implements are placed round the doorways, so as conveniently to block the public way. Empty casks are placed crosswise to the road, so as to form a sort of Parisian barricade. I have only five inhabitants at present, and suppose that their comfort is a matter of no particular importance. The Doctor's horse is stuck fast in the stable; it is a perilous task to get at him to feed him. The gun-maker has to be helped in at his own door,—the restaurant-keeper cannot get out of his. The lawyer looks angry; he evidently meditates suing the Corporation, and the lame architect stuck yesterday in the middle of the road for more than half an hour, and was extricated only with the greatest difficulty.

PLACE D'ARMES HILL.



END OF VOL. II.

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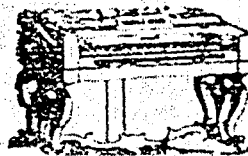
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