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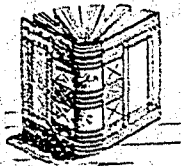
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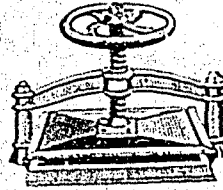
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## DIOGENES AMONG THE CARMEN.

The decided opinion which we expressed on the "tin-badge" bye-law of the Corporation, greatly pleased the broken-hearted Peter, and threw Blucher into a perfect ecstacy of delight. The gratification of the former, burst out in one broad grin over his whole countenance. It is a countenance, too, very capable of shewing a grin, for the mouth is large, and garnished with just six teeth in the upper jaw and a like number in the lower; but the vacancies left by the absent ones, in place of corresponding with each other, are alternate. This arrangement, one might suppose, would interfere with the owner's comfort at feeding-time; but, so far as expression is concerned, the effect is striking. When the mouth is open, as it was on this occasion, it looked as though he had been supplying his long-lost ivories by a couple of broken garden rakes, between every tooth of which his good humour came forth in chuckles; on the other hand, when he spoke or thought of "Canada Plate," his jaws closed with a crack, and his teeth met like those of a rat-trap,—a rusty one we must add.

Peter then, was pleased at our hearty sympathy,—so his face was all smiles, with daylight shining through the grating in his mouth. As for Blucher, he planted his two fore paws on the ground, and twisted, and turned, and wriggled his hind-quarters till we feared he might dislocate his back-bone. Lying under his master's cab, he had often heard pretty strong expressions used, but the force thrown into our expletive by the combined action of the "only religious," and ourselves quite astonished him. He, at any rate, had never read *Tristram Shandy*.

It is time, however, to hear the views of the cab-drivers, and we would fain do so in "Plooky's" own words; but, though an honest and an earnest man, his style of speaking is discursive, and the liberties he takes with the Queen's English are too wild for our compositors; losing much, therefore, of his emphatic and Celtic imagery, we must be content to give the gist of his arguments in our own expressions. The Corporation, he maintains, has no right to single out any class of men in the community for the purpose of insult. Cain had a mark set upon him, but he deserved all he got. What have the cabmen done that they should wear ridiculous tin-plates on their breasts? How would the City Councillors like to be compelled to wear leather medals, so that whenever they passed along the streets they might be caught and abused for the abominable holes every where abounding?

The cabdriver is compelled to pay a license to entitle him to work for his bread. He must be on his stand at all hours and in all weathers. He is not at liberty to refuse a passenger, and no matter if he be as heavy as Daniel Lambert himself, he must ask no more for him than for the diminutive Baronet who yelps in the Ministerial kennel. He drives his customers to market, to 'Change, to the Ball, to the Theatre during the week, and to church on Sunday. He brings the lady from her evening party, after waiting in the cold till his fingers and feet are nearly frozen;—he brings husbands, carefully, from their Clubs, and delivers them safe at their own homes. He is at every body's service, and for very moderate fees, fixed by law; he is liable, if his fare should lose his hat from an unsteady head, or Miss Polly drop her fan while saying a too-tender good night to her last partner. He must be civil, patient, and honest. If he does take an extra shilling now and then, the doctor, the lawyer, the broker,—everyone does the same; only, while he does a shilling "chisel," others do it in pounds. Moreover, it is only Yankees he ever does "chisel," and only because they pay in green-backs, which are never worth the same amount two days running. Then the law numbers his cab, and makes him show his tariff whenever demanded; and now he must

lose his name, wear a tin dish on his bosom, and answer to a number!

Every man has a name, and he likes to be called by it. True, some men have nick-names, and in a good-humoured way they don't object to such. Peter himself is often enough called "Plooky,"—he does not mind it from a friend;—but it is different when a law is passed taking every man's name away, and numbering him like his own cab. "We can never stand it, Sir," said Peter, bringing the rat trap down as if he had an Alderman's head in it. "We never can stand it; our wives chaff at us about our numbers; even the children on the streets vex us about our 'tin plates.'" It is said that all this is in order that the public may be protected against the fraud and dishonesty of the cabman. There are rogues amongst them, no doubt,—are there no rogues in other trades? Bakers give us short weight,—why not give them badges? Doctors cheat us sometimes,—why not make them wear numbers on their breasts, cut out in Burgundy pitch plaster! Why not put brass numbers on the lawyers?—no one ever said they were honest.

Such are Peter's principal grievances. DIOGENES sympathises with him and his friends; and in giving full publicity to the case, brings public opinion to bear on the question. Moreover, we think that there is nothing in the Act of Incorporation which authorises the Mayor or Council to pass any law, the effect of which obviously is to make one class of the citizens either ridiculous or suspected. The auctioneers and the tavern-keepers are obliged to take out licences; we should like to see the result of any attempt to tally them off. What would Mr. L— or Mr. B— say if ordered to wear brass badges on their portly "buzzums"? DIOGENES thinks that every British subject has a right to carry on any legal trade or calling, dressed as he chooses, and free from the necessity of wearing any-insulting badge or number.

In the meantime, we advised our deputation, that, inasmuch as the By-law does not say how the plate is to be worn, the cabmen had better turn the figures upside down, so that when Mayor, Alderman or "Bobby," wishes to speak civilly to him, he can call him by name; and if he wants his number, he can take the trouble of casting a sommersault, and reading the figures when his head is down.

## THE BEST OF ALL.

Our "Note and Query" correspondents have been recently at work discussing Irish Bulls. DIOGENES defies them to produce a racier one than the following, which he has clipped from last week's *Herald*:—

"The Bishop of Exeter has resigned. (is since dead), but is so ill that it is doubtful if he will be able to complete the formalities of resignation."

One would think so.

## "L'HOMME QUI RIT."

Sir Francis Hincks has got his way,  
And, doubtless, he will make it pay;  
Yet, in his hour, of triumph gay,  
DIOGENES a word would say,  
And from his great proverbial store,  
Would just suggest one maxim more,  
Prized by wise men in ages past;—  
"He laughs the best, who laughs the last."

## ATROCIOUS!

Why is Nelson's Monument like a feather pillow?  
Because it would be better *down*.

## SEASONABLE.

*Apropos* of calling out our Volunteer Militia so suddenly on Sunday last, a correspondent,—himself a sufferer,—sends us the following doggerels, written over half-a-century ago by the famous Dr. Porson. He says that the lines were never before published; that they were written when the Doctor was quite a young man, and handed to a companion, in whose possession they remained,—a copy having been given to our correspondent by the late Sir William Hooker:—

*Ego nunquam audirei* such terrible news  
As at this present *tempus* my *sensus* confuse;  
I am drawn for a *miles*, and must go *cum Marte*,  
And *continuo ense* engage Buonaparte.

Such *tempora nunquam videbant majores*,  
For then their opponents had different *mores*;  
But we will soon prove to this Corsican vaunter,  
Tho' times may be changed, Britons *nunquam mutantur*.

*Meherde!* this *Consul non potest* be quiet,  
His word must be *Lex*, and when he says *fiat*,  
*Quasi Deus*, he thinks we must run at his nod,—  
But Britons were ne'er good at running, by G—d!

*Per mare*, I rather am led to opine,  
To meet British *naves* he will not incline,  
Lest in *mare profundo* he soon should be drowned,  
*Et cum algâ, non lauro*, his *caput* be crowned.

But allow that this boaster in Britain should land,  
*Multis cum aliis* at his command— [em,  
Here are lads who will meet, aye, and properly work  
And speedily send 'em *ni fallor in orcum*.

Now, let us *amici*, join *corda et manus*,  
And use well the *vires Dii boni* afford us;  
Then let nations combine, England never can fall,—  
She is *multum in parvo*,—a match for them all!

## RABIES No. 9.

## "SLI-MEE-SLUM."

Fathoms down 'neath the deep blue sea,  
(So Poets sing, and you'll all agree  
What a Poet sings, must surely be  
Romantic, though p'raps mendacious.)  
A creature dwelt who, to tell the truth,  
Was a most unprepossessing youth.—  
In a word, this creature was, forsooth,  
A merman most voracious.

His name, 'tis said, was Sli-Mee-Slum,  
His family certainly must have come  
With that grim old joker of visage glum,  
Whom folks called William the Norman;  
For on any fine day you could trace his descent,  
When down in old Ocean's depths he went,—  
That is, of course, if the time you spent,  
And what proof could you ask more, man?—

A graceful fellow, as far as his waist,  
With a Grecian bend, that suited the taste;  
Of mermaids—at least, those not straight-laced,  
And who don't pay much heed to "*Le Follet*,"  
But think that a wisp of sea-weed limp,  
Fastened up with the claw of a crab or shrimp,  
And a sailor or two, their hair to *crimp*,  
Makes life in their *boat* quite *jolly*!—

Well, Sli-Mee-Slum, as I said before, —  
Was a swell of the ocean, and, what is more,  
Was a merman, well versed in all the lore  
Of the human race above him,  
And he hoped against hope, till he grew quite pale,  
That if he'd the chance, it couldn't fail  
That some mortal maiden, of morals frail,  
Might perhaps be induced to love him.

So one fine day, his trunk he filled  
With a shirt of sea-weed, finely filled,  
And continuations, which seemed the build  
Of Poole, or some swell *tailor*.  
A shell jacket, of course, he didn't forget,  
Nor a coat of paint, to keep out the wet;  
And for *colet de chambre*,—a *surf*, you bet;—  
That pan, at least, makes you paler!

Then, on his travels, poor Sli-Mee went,  
Up the gulf of St. Lawrence his steps he bent—  
Or rather, his tail, for 'twas that which lent  
Such grace to his every motion;  
And a week from the day he left Miramichi,  
Tho' weak and tail-sore, and wet was he,  
Cacouna was reached, which was to be  
The place where he'd try his notion.

And every day, thro' the summer long,  
He'd bask on the rocks, and would sing his song,  
And watch the dears bathe,—which I know was wrong—  
But then, you must please excuse him;  
For, what swells may do with an opera glass,  
When they've nothing to do but the time to pass,  
Can't be wrong in a merman, who's not, alas!  
Aught else but his tail to amuse him.

The long and the short of this tale you know,  
Is that one of them flirted with Sli-Mee so,  
But if he'd approach, why away she'd go,  
And play him more tricks than Hermann;  
While, to say the least, it wasn't polite  
For a lady to take what is called "a sight,"  
Or pelt him with rocks, which were sure to alight  
On the tail of this love-sick Merman!

At length quite weary, and sick at heart,  
Poor Sli-Mee made up his mind to depart;  
So he packed up his trunk, and left his *carte*  
With "P.P.C.," which, from his  
Heart, he declared it meant,  
"Poor pestered critter," and then he went  
To seek a lawyer's advice ament  
An action for Breach of Promise.

And when, for trial, the case came up,  
(Had nought to do with the "So for Sup.!")  
The Judge, who was awfully fond of Tup—  
—per, said, how'er disputed,  
That Sli-Mee's case must certainly fail,—  
That all he could do was of no avail,—  
For a man who *couldn't make good his tail*,  
Must consent to be non-suited.

No "three thousand five hundred," poor Sli-Mee got,  
And sore in body, and purse I wot,  
At his unrequited love and lot,  
He returned to his home in the ocean;  
And they say that an equinoctial gale  
Is caused, when Sli-Mee waggles his tail;  
For he likes to see "lovier's" cheeks grow pale,  
Unable to speak, or to tell their tale  
From sea-sickness—not emotion!



## THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CABINET.

A PROPHECY.

*After the manner of "The Destruction of Sennacherib."*

Sir Francis came down like a wolf on the fold,  
 For he wanted to gather some more of our gold ;—  
 So he came and "colloqued" with his friend, John McD.,  
 For he thought he would like our Financier to be.

Oh! the cheek of this man is a marvellous thing,  
 But its owner, to grief it will certainly bring ;  
 For the public, though quiet and patient enough,  
 Think a "job" of this magnitude rather too tough!

Yet, despite of remonstrance, from far and from near,  
 Sir John and his colleagues, they turn a deaf ear ;  
 The "job" is completed, but still there remains  
 The reckoning day with its "perils and pains!"

For the Public will rise, like a Giant at last,  
 And its wrath, on the "jobbers," sweep down like a blast ;  
 And Sir John and his friends, will wear dolorous faces,  
 When they find themselves *minus* their pensions and places!

## CHIPS.

SPLINTER THE FOURTH.

"ON SWINDLES."

Humbug is all very well in its way, but when it gets in everybody else's way.—my way, for instance,—it is, to say the least of it, objectionable. From the days of my childhood, when I bought a delusive jam tart, and moralized in silence and alone, 'neath a neighbouring arch-way, on the preponderance of pastry over jam, and deceit over honesty, I have been down,—very far down,—on all swindles of every description. Occasionally, the swindles have been down on *me*; but this is merely *en passant*, as Braddonian Novels have it.

If I wasn't writing this for a Comic Paper, or if I had any intention of sending it to your heavy *confrère*. I would immediately commence to classify; as, for instance, the swindle polite, the swindle compulsory, or the swindle direct; but you have done me no harm, my dear DIOGENES, so I refrain. And, perhaps, of all the most diabolical swindles that "the flesh of man is heir to" (for this last, see *Familiar Quotations*), I think the "Bird Whistle" swindle beats all. Of course, my dear Philosopher, (for have you not been everywhere, and witnessed everything?) you have beheld a man, in the streets of any large city, attracting crowds, by his imitations of birds, and all accomplished by a little magic whistle held in a tumbler of water?

Of course, the crowd buys one, and, of course, there is no water available until they reach home, and then—why, of course, they find they have "paid too dearly for their whistle."

But there is another swindle, which is far removed from this last. Suppose we call it the Literary Swindle, as thus: Some hard-worked, badly-paid Bohemian, who burns the midnight kerosene for the amusement of an insatiate public, sends to his particular magazine, or what-not, an article in which he introduces, say, a couple of "Familiar Quotations," one of which, peradventure, he ascribes to a wrong source. Forthwith, some mighty *savant*, with a bad memory, a weak intellect, but a complete and well-stocked book-case,—or lacking

that, may be,—a subscription ticket to a Public Institute, borrowed, as like as not, from a friend,—catches sight of the unfortunate quotation, rushes madly into the arena with a book of reference in the one hand, and a copy of the ill-fated magazine or paper, or what-not, (its ink scarce dry on its newly-issued pages), in the other; and with "Eureka" on his lips, and a "beery smile in his eye" (*Tennessee Battle-Axe*), pounces, like some relentless spider, on the poor Bohemian fly, and—exit fly!—

The spider gets all the credit of catching the aforesaid insect in his literary web: the unthinking public cry, "What a clever spider!" and, I say, what a most—able swindle!

I am afraid, my dear Cynic, my enthusiasm has made me a little serious; but I do hate humbugs, you know, ever since I tried it myself, and found it wouldn't work.

When quite a young and tender gosling, fresh from the fond delights of "home and innocence" (*Tipper*), I came to the mighty metropolis of the North, and sought a refuge for my weary limbs and aching soles, in the choice seclusion and romantic solitude of a modern boarding-house. To attain this end, I inserted the following advertisement in the columns of one of your contemporaries:—

"A young man of agreeable exterior, and prepossessing manners, requires a home in some pious, and well-conducted family, where the pleasure of his intellectual conversation, and the regularity of his habits, will be accepted as an equivalent for his board. No objection to a Scotch family."

Would you believe it, I got no response to the above? but then, 'twas ever thus:—

"I never loved," &amp;c.

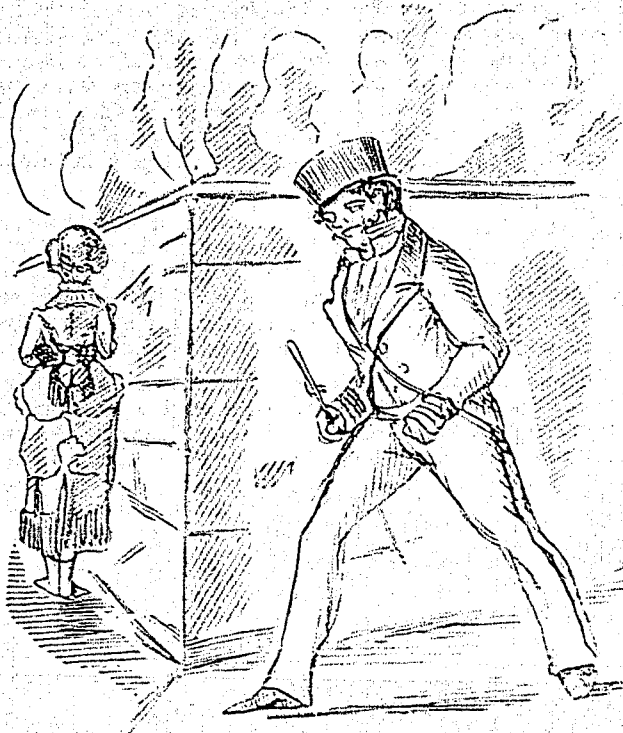
So I abandoned humbugs, as far as I, myself, was concerned, and have set myself as some sort of atonement for my transgressions, to keep a sharp look out for them in others. I was in New York the other day, (on Sunday), and I went over to Brooklyn to hear a celebrated divine hold forth; and, with all due deference, I hold that Henry Ward Beecher is a humbug, and a condensed and concentrated one at that. Would you believe it, my dear DIOGENES? I actually didn't laugh once! You might have supposed, had you not been brought up to believe otherwise, that you were in church, and that the Rev. H. W. B. was actually preaching a sermon; and a very good one at that!

From things great to things small. (I don't believe that is a quotation, so I won't name the author.) The most aggravating humbug I know of is a mosquito. The trouble about mosquitos is just this: there isn't enough of them in one sense; in another sense,—the sense of feeling,—there is too much,—far too much of them,—as poor Artemus said, and enough is as good as a *feast*—to them!

You may hunt a mosquito till the small of your back feels like an earthquake; and you may safely bet, that, whenever you have him, is the very time when, with a kind of "Not for Joseph" sort of hop, he surveys your fruitless efforts from the solitude of the highest window-frame in the room! Some people assert that mosquitos don't bite. Don't they? I never *saw* one bite, I confess; but I don't think Shakespeare had mosquitos in his mind when he said, "A fellow *feeling* makes us wondrous kind." It don't make *me* kind, it makes *me*—well, never mind what;—I pass.

Might I suggest, in conclusion, a quotation peculiarly applicable to the "literary swindle." I am confident, from its very source, it must be entirely unfamiliar to any humbug my cap may fit—"Cast first, the beam out of thine own eye!"

*Au Revoir*, my Philosopher.



This is BINKS, of the Bank, in frantic pursuit of an unknown fair one, who has just turned the corner.



Suddenly, EVA turns to meet him. *Tableau—Dismay of BINKS.*

### MISS INDEPENDENCE.

#### ADVICE TO YOUNG CANADA.

Come, let us see this dainty maid,  
Whom H---- would give you for a bride ;  
See her attractions all arrayed,  
Before you take her to your side.

First, touch those curling locks of brown,  
Sure, they ne'er grew upon that head ;  
Touch gently, lest you pull them down,  
And all those 'airy nothings shed.

Next take a sponge, and wash that paint  
From off her carmine-coloured cheek ;  
She turns so white, you think she'll faint,  
The reason is, the *rouge* is weak.

Those teeth too, shining pearly white,  
Are products of the dentist's art :  
He made them even, smooth and bright,  
To win some youthful lover's heart.

The flash, too, of those glowing eyes,  
(A part of the enchanting whole),  
From belladonna doth arise,  
And not from out the living soul.

Last, but not least, her bosom view,  
Draw near, and touch that work of art ;  
The "patent palpitators" new,  
Mimic the action of her heart.

And so this is the bride forsooth,  
The maiden you would make your wife ;  
Beware, I say ; beware, rash youth,  
Before you make her yours for life !

But stick to old Britannia's side,  
Till old enough to go alone ;  
And look before you choose your bride,  
Lest you should find a heart of stone.

To Mr. Huntington is due,  
Some praise at least, we must confess ;  
But "Independence" must be new,  
And not "depend" upon *his* dress.

### HEARTLESS HOAX.

A most absurd report was current in the city last week, to the effect that the respected Manager of the Grand Trunk Railway had entirely ruined himself in gold speculations, in New York. The report originated thus : In consequence of the stoppage of the traffic between New York and Montreal, the following telegram was received from Rouse's Point :—

"Everything stopped—*Bridges broke!*"



### THE POLITICAL "GIRL OF THE PERIOD."

"THIS IS THE PARTY YOU ARE ASKED TO LOVE,—THIS IS THE 'GIRL OF THE PERIOD,' AS GOT UP BY MR. HUNTINGTON, WHO HAS BEEN WIG-MAKER, DENTIST, MANTUA-MAKER, AND *FEMME DE CHAMBRE!*"

(Mr. Chamberlain at Shefford.)





## THE HISTORY OF A LOAFER.

## CHAP. II.

## THE HOPE OF THE FAMILY.

It would do Mr. Winter gross injustice to say that he did not feel great pleasure at the contents of the telegram which had caused him so much astonishment, but it was anything but pleasure unalloyed. He was angry with himself. For years he had, with the greatest sincerity, declared his son to be a fool. He had now to admit that he was wrong, and admissions of this kind were not at all congenial to his obstinate nature. He was himself a Cambridge man, and, though a ripe classic, his great distaste for mathematics had prevented him from trying for honors. Still, he knew that there was no mistake,—no humbug about a Cambridge wranglership. No fool could attain that distinction. Gilbert came home, and was welcomed by his family with genuine cordiality, but still there was a restraint between father and son. No tradesmen's bills followed the student from Cambridge. His career at the University had been as irreproachable as brilliant. Had any such bills arrived, the parson would have paid them willingly, for Gilbert had had but a niggardly allowance, and Mr. Winter began to feel qualms of conscience on the subject. He had determined that his younger son, Gerald, should be sent to the same London school through which Gilbert had previously passed. This Gilbert resolutely opposed. He assured his father that, whatever he might have gained by it, such a school was quite unsuited to Gerald. The parson was obstinate, and gained his point in this matter, if in very little else. To school Gerald went.

Now came a discussion as to Gilbert's future career. For the church he considered himself unsuited. To this his father quite assented—with a sigh. The Earl now offered his influence to bring him into Parliament at the approaching election, but Gilbert had no taste for abstract party politics, and the Earl was a leading Whig partisan. The young man also entertained certain independent views of his own, which he was in the habit of expressing with great bluntness, and which often made his father's hair almost stand on end. He made choice of Civil Engineering as his profession. Mr. Winter could now deny him nothing; so he also went to London, and, rather late in life, at twenty-three years of age, was articled to an eminent practitioner in Great George Street, Westminster. The parting was almost a relief to his father; he liked his eldest son after a fashion—he was trying to like him more, but he could not understand him, and, in fact, was getting rather afraid of him. But he felt, deeply the loss of his youngest son in spite of his daughter's efforts to cheer him. The quarterly reports, too, which arrived were very different from those of Gilbert. They all spoke highly of his talents, but less of his application, and his conduct was described as "unsteady." These grieved the parson deeply; but when his boy came home for the holidays, he was soon not only forgiven, but indulged as much as ever.

We must now pass over an interval of two years, and carry the reader from Woodshot to London. The scene is the fifth class-room of Somerset College School. A dingy room,—a gloomy room—in one of the gloomiest parts of London. The school occupies the cellar portion as it were, under the College. It consists of a very dimly-lighted passage, with class-rooms on either side. The rooms to the right look out on a large stone-paved area; those on the left on a dreary gravelled playground. The room in question is one of the largest and darkest of them all. The gloom is positively oppressive. Two large ghoul-like stone pillars occupy the centre of the room, and around it are placed ranges of ink-stained desks, surmounted by open pigeon-holes filled with books. These are called "lockers," on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, none of them being furnished with door, lock or key. These lockers presented at this time an unusual gloomy appearance. A member of the Royal Family had recently died. On the day of the funeral, the boys had testified their loyalty and regret by "putting their lockers in mourning." This meant bedaubing them with ink, and for which display every boy in the class had been condemned to learn, by heart, a hundred lines of Latin verse. To show their indignation, the boys had broken with stones a large portion of the windows adjoining the playground, for which they had to pay out of their own pocket money. In the centre of the room was the most cheerful object in it,—a large open stove. This was, however, generally shaded from view by the portly person of the master of

the class, with whom it was a favorite position. At the present time this position was, however, occupied by two masters in caps and gowns. The Doctor,—the stern and formidable head master of the class,—was present, and with an expression of countenance which betokened mischief. The Doctor had, perhaps, one fault, though, in other respects, admirably adapted for his situation. He was too apt to consider boys as young men, and expect from them the same seriousness and decorum as from those of seventeen and eighteen years of age, who composed his own class. "Boys will be boys," was a maxim which he ignored. Youthful foolish escapades, (many of which had occurred recently in the "fifth,") he had always punished severely. But it was no mere piece of boyish folly which had brought the frown to his features now. On the previous day, no less than eight boys had appeared in class in an unmistakable state of intoxication, and in the locker of one boy had been found a stone bottle, full of rum. This boy had been the ringleader in all the scrapes into which the class had lately fallen. He was a very handsome lad of fifteen, and stood unabashed in the middle of the room. The culprit was receiving sentence of expulsion. He was directed to remain at the house of his master, with whom he boarded, until his father could be communicated with. This lad was Gerald Winter. He received a letter from his father, couched in the sternest terms, ordering him to return home. Gerald collected what things he could, and—ran away from home.

(To be continued.)

## NOTES AND QUERIES.

*Note.*—I have, lying by me, a genuine old copy of the "Journals of the House of Lords," which contains the following curious deposition of a Puritan iconoclast of the time of Charles I., taken the 11th day of December, 1646. It is the "Voluntary Confession of John White, of South Perot, in the County of Dorset, husbandman." He states that, for a fortnight previously, he had secreted himself in Westminster Abbey for the express purpose of mutilating an effigy of the Earl of Essex, which had been brought to town in a hearse, and was in the Abbey at the time. He describes how he "cut off the head, as near as he could," with an axe, which he had bought for the purpose, and how he then "took out his knife, and cut and ripped the clothes and boots, and threw the effigies over." These were, in all probability, wax or wooden statues intended to form part of the ceremony of "Lying in State." Previous to this, he had tried his hatchet at "Mr. Cambden's Monument," in the same place, but had been prevented from completing his work by "a little dog barking." The curious part of the narrative is the motive assigned by the enthusiast for his act, in which he was encouraged by a Parson, a Justice of Peace of the town of Maidstone, and other individuals, who had told him that, thereby, he was obeying the commands of an Angel! "That an Angel had oftentimes spoken to him, by the speech of other people;" (and it is always through other people, and never through a vision of his own.) "that the City of London,—living in such vile sins and wickedness,—the Lord was so angry with them, that He would send so great Plagues, that they should not be able to bury one another; or else He would fire it, as He did Sodom and Gomorrah." He is directed always by the Angel, speaking through the mouths of "other people," to stand at the door of the Abbey as the hearse and effigies are being carried in, and to forbid the bearers to introduce the objectionable images. Should the bearers not heed the warning voice,—which, as it appears, they did not,—he was to act as he did.

The above account is curious for two reasons. There is not the slightest doubt of the sincerity of the poor ignorant peasant (who, it seems, received *sixpence*, on account, from the Parson of Maidstone). It is only another instance, in history, of the vile means used by many of the fanatics of the time, to work upon the credulity of the ignorant multitude for their own political ends.

More remarkable is it, that just nineteen years after this threat of the Angel, who was supposed to be appeased by these iconoclastic means, the Great Plague of London actually occurred, and was followed, a year afterwards, by the Great Fire.—ED. DIO.

*Query 1.*—During the recent gold fever in New York, we heard much of "bulls and bears." I am aware that these are old slang words on the London Stock Exchange. Have they a more remote origin?

*Query 2.*—I lately witnessed at the Theatre an ingenious drama, entitled, "*L'Homme au Masque de fer*," admirably played by the French Company. The play is based on the idea that the well known State prisoner was the brother of the French King. I believe that this theory is now completely abandoned. What are the most recently-received solutions of the problem of "The Man in the Iron Mask?"

*Query 3.*—Which is the correct spelling, *Pony* or *Poney*, and what is the derivation of the word? Johnson says, "probably from *puny*," which seems to me very improbable.

A. B.

## TOMATO SOUP.

(To the Editor of the Witness.)

MR. EDITOR,—You gave us some good remarks about tomatoes last year. Perhaps it is not too late in the season to say, that one large or two small ripe tomatoes put into a common-sized soup-bowl, and mashed in boiling water with salt, according to taste, make an excellent hasty *soupe maigre*.

SENEC.

[We think tomato soup the best of all soups, but what we refer to must be made on a richer recipe than the above.—Ed.]

Right this time, most excellent *Witness*! Who could look upon your "full, but not o'er-grown bulk," and suspect you of ever getting mellow on "two small ripe tomatoes?" No fear of you; but we trust there is some one to look after *Senex*. Has he no wife? Has he no daughter? The good old soul will surely do himself an injury, unless he takes "John's" advice, and makes his soup upon a "richer recipe." *DIOGENES* is always ready to offer his help in a definite form; not in the vague generality of a "richer recipe," like the *Witness*, but with all the helpful distinctness of "Meg Dodd's," in her celebrated Cookery book.

Draw near, then, kind, genial *Senex*, for we are sure you are both. Though we do not know you, we cannot help seeing the lambent flame of a kind and genial soul softly playing round the brow of a man, who with "two small ripe tomatoes," and "salt to taste," can make excellent *soupe maigre*, and hesitates not to ask his friend, John, to dine with him. John won't go, though! Temperance?—yes! but a share of "two tomatoes" in a soup, without something richer? Oh! hang it! "Not for Joe," if he knows it! But to our "richer recipe."

A Signor Abbate, an Italian,—so say the newspapers, who never say what is untrue,—has discovered a method by which our dead may be most completely and for ever preserved. Do not jump, dear *Senex*: keep cool, friend John; *DIOGENES* is not going to suggest the hock of a deceased relative to enrich your Two-Tomato-power Soup. "The preservation of the body," say the newspapers aforesaid, "is so complete that no trait of beauty, or expression, is lost; the flesh assumes the appearance of marble, and is as hard." Valuable as this discovery is in enabling us to preserve our lost relations,—in a commercial point of view,—so say the same newspapers,—"this discovery of the Italian is invaluable." The immense flocks of South America and Australia may now be killed by thousands and sent to England perfectly fresh, without the slightest foreign flavour from the process, and without the least loss of succulent juices.

Now, then, *Senex*:—to your "two small tomatoes," we would recommend you to add five or six pounds of Abbate's Beef—boil it till tender; if you can, ask the *Witness* to dine with you,—he likes Tomato soup well. Perhaps he may still find it *maigre*, but then you have the beef for a *pièce de résistance*. We do not know what sort of teeth either you or your guest may have—John is sometimes a little of the Snapping Turtle,—but neither you nor he will make much impression on beef as "hard as marble," unless provided with the "granite teeth of the Aberdonians." Thus you see your recipe will be richer,—but your soup will not,—and as John will not probably care to dine upon a recipe alone, you will not please your dear *Witness*, who thinks Tomato soup the best of all soups!

## TRULY HORRIBLE!

A paragraph in a New York paper runs thus: "Sir Francis Hincks has just been sworn in as Finance Minister. The Dominion is having its periodical scare, and the volunteers were called out so hastily, that many of them were dragged from their beds."

## THE ZOLLVEREIN QUESTION.

The *Witness* is the paper, *par excellence*, for dealing in dogmatism, and it never attempts to prove its statements, regarding little weak innocuities as a substitute for proof. The following appeared in one of its last week's issues, in an article on "The Proposed Zollverein:—"

"Canada cannot afford long to pay several millions of revenue to the United States out of the prices of her products, which is the case so long as these products are heavily taxed on entering the States. It is unworthy of the mercenary tyro in political economy to say that the Americans pay the duties on our products, since but for these duties we could get more for them."

Now, *DIOGENES* respectfully asks the *Witness*, whether he can point out a single instance, in any country, where the duty has been taken off an article, or reduced, that that article has not become cheaper to the consumer? What is the object of the States in placing such high duties on Canadian produce? Their papers make no secret of it. In order to make Canadian articles dear to Americans, so that the latter may be compelled, or nearly so, to buy in the States alone. The plan has been a failure,—a miserable failure,—as a protective policy always is. Now, if we want Jonathan to reduce his duties, we must shew him that it will be to his advantage to do so. Jonathan wants our goods and buys them now; if he could get them cheaper (*i.e.*, minus the duty), he would buy, say four or five times as much as he does now; but if the remission of the duty, as stated by the *Witness*, would only benefit the seller, while the buyer would pay exactly the same price for the article, what inducement is that for the American to take off the duty? A Zollverein must give as well as take. Our advantage would be that we should treble or quadruple the quantities of goods sold,—not sell them, (for at least not for some time,) at a higher price. Should the demand for Canadian goods become extensive, of course the price would rise, but the duty would have nothing to do with it. An increased demand for goods creates an increased demand for labor, and, in consequence, an increase in the price of labor.

The Cynic is, however, glad to find that the *Witness* thinks a Zollverein quite compatible with British connection. *DIOGENES* cannot understand how the two questions became mixed; but, at the same time, he fears that to beat Free Trade principles into Jonathan's head must be a work of time. An Independent State on his own frontier would only excite his jealousy, and incline him to increase rather than diminish his duties. His political economy is the economy of "The Turf." What is one man's gain is another man's loss. The idea of mutual profit is totally beyond his comprehension. He is fifty years behind the age. For instance, during the late Civil War, the Senator from California enumerated among the evils which would accrue from Secession, "A long line of frontier reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, dotted with Custom Houses on either side." He could not imagine a Zollverein between North and South, or a frontier without Custom Houses.

We must bide our time, till our neighbours find out their mistake. Independence will not help us. England had once much the same trouble with her neighbour, France, but a little patience, and some quiet unobtrusive negotiations between Mr. Cobden and M. Chevalier, ended in the signing of a Treaty advantageous to both countries.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

"The year 1769 is remarkable as the Centenary of several other distinguished personages besides the Emperor Napoleon I. The late Duke of Wellington, the younger Pitt, Schiller, Robert Burns, Robespierre, Sir Walter Scott, Humboldt, Baron Cuvier, and Ali Mehemet were all born in 1769."—*Witness*.

DEAR DIO.:—As a valuable contribution to biographical literature, I send you the above. The writer appears to have omitted Homer, Milton, John Dougall, and Sir Francis Hincks.

Yours,

HISTORICUS.

MY DEAR DIO:

I see that a comic paper, called the *Goblin*, is to be started in Toronto. May I inquire,—Is this the ghost of your *defunct* contemporary who was to send you to "eternal smash" in three weeks?

Yours,

Q IN THE CORNER.

**Business Notices.**

**FLOWERS.**

The great Sale of Flower Roots, which will shortly take place, will, no doubt, attract a large number of purchasers. We notice that the Dutch florists, appreciating the valuable services rendered to floriculture in the rapid transmission of plants by his steam fleet, has named a new flower "Hugh Allan." Celebrity makes as strange bed-fellows as misery. "Hugh Allan" will probably occupy the same bed with the Czar of Russia, Madame de Maintenon, the King of the Belgians, and the Empress of the French. His literary companions in the same walks will be Charles Dickens, Goethe, Madame de Staël, and Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. "Hugh Allan" is described as "double red." This, no doubt, has some reference to his literary status. He will hob-nob with the Pope, "blink" with Hannah More, and be on equal terms with the Queen, Prince of Wales and all the Royal Family. No one can look upon this flower, in its prime, without admiring the beautiful "hue." At the same time its rich fragrance is delightful.

Messrs. John Lamb & Co. advertise Choice Wines in another column. Their Warehouse and Cellar are well worthy of a visit, forming, as they do, one of the most complete establishments of the kind in the city.

Attention is drawn to the advertisement of Mr. McDonald in another column. Mr. McD. has the reputation of being an accomplished professor of Calisthenics, Deportment and Dancing.

"Sample" Bivalves at McConkey's.

**OYSTERS! OYSTERS!**  
BANCROFT & SHARPE  
Are now receiving daily their  
**CHOICE BALTIMORE OYSTERS**  
Direct from the beds.  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AT  
No. 93 ST. JAMES STREET.

**FLOUR! FLOUR!**

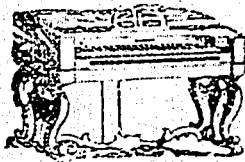
X. XX. XXX. in Barrels, Half-barrels, Quarter-barrels, and Eighths, for Family Use.

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OATMEAL, CORNMEAL, BUCKWHEAT FLOUR.  
GRAHAM FLOUR, manufactured from the finest White Wheat.  
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BEAUTIFUL PREPARATIONS FOR ROLLS, CAKES, PASTRY, ETC.  
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CORNER OF CRAIG AND BLEURY STREETS; OR FLOUR MILLS, COTE ST. PAUL.



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Continued Sale at 25 Per Cent.  
under the usual Prices,  
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Stationery Warehouse  
160 & 162 ST. JAMES' STREET  
(Adjoining the Ottawa Hotel).

Agent for RITCHIE'S, MUIR'S, and PRESTON  
COMPANY'S  
COPYING & EMBOSsing PRESSES.

**Real Havanas at  
McConkey's**

**THE BRITISH CROWN**  
COOKING STOVE  
Will burn Wood and American and Nova  
Scotia Coal.  
PROWSE BROS.

**THE MORNING STAR**  
IS THE  
BEST HALL HEATING STOVE.  
PROWSE BROS.,  
128 St. James Street.

**THE CROWN PRINCE**  
COOKING STOVE  
Will burn Nova Scotia Coal at \$4.50 per ton.  
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**HEATING STOVES**  
FOR  
NOVA SCOTIA COAL.  
AT  
PROWSE BROS.,  
128 St. James Street.

**THE ALEXANDRA,**  
The last new Hall Coal Heating Stove.  
PROWSE BROS.,  
128 St. James Street.

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STATIONERY,**

The  
**Cheapest in the City**

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**C. E. BURDEN'S,**  
27 St. James' Street,  
Opposite the Post-office.

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**McCONKEY'S.**

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of Assurers in all Companies, the Directors  
of the

**CANADA LIFE**

have published a Report and net valuation  
of all its policy and annuity obligations, by  
an Actuary totally unconnected with it, the  
Hon. ELIZUR WRIGHT, of Boston, late In-  
surance Commissioner for the State of Mas-  
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mission of the Company's position to an  
eminent and entirely independent Actuary of  
the Hon. ELIZUR WRIGHT's well known  
high character and professional skill, will  
add to that public satisfaction and confi-  
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panies whose condition is unsatisfactory,  
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Ready-made Clothing.

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Opened Classes at his residence, No. 530  
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Application to be made at 530 Craig Street;  
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**OYSTERS!!!**

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Begs to acquaint his Friends and Customers  
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SUPPERS, WITH MADE DISHES.  
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THIS First-class Restaurant (established 1859) has always received a very liberal patronage from the most respectable classes of Citizens, as well from the Officers of the Garrison. Upwards of 300 persons are now daily supplied with meals at this Establishment. Every delicacy of the season will always be found on hand.

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N.B.—Oysters Cooked in every Style.

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Try a Can of our celebrated XXX or EXTRA CAN OYSTERS. ONLY 36 HOURS OUT OF THE SEA. We are the only direct shippers of Oysters in the city. Leave your orders at headquarters, AMERICAN OYSTER CO. J. B. BUSS, 17 Place d'Armes.

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TWEEDS, DOESKINS, BEAVERS, &c. Of the Best Quality.

BLUE AND DRAB KERSEYS FOR COACHMEN'S BOX COATS, &c., &c.

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A safe and certain cure for NEURALGIC PAINS in the Jaw, Face, Head, Neck, &c., &c. It will also be found of great service in improving weak digestion, loss of appetite, &c., &c.

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EVERYBODY agrees with the Telegraph, Witness and The Gazette that the inventor should be liberally patronized who will enable the public to take advantage of the low price of Soft Coal by inventing and supplying a stove specially adapted for burning it.

The DOMINION FOUNDRY COMPANY beg to intimate that they are now able to furnish Stoves in which Soft Coal can be used, with as good results as the best Anthracite, and without any inconvenience from the fouling of pipes or the generation of gases.

Eaton's Patent Automatic Ventilating Stoves Are now supplied with Wilson's Improved Fire-Pot and Vacuum Damper,

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Householders will save fuel and secure ample ventilation in their houses by using these Stoves.

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Teas of Every Kind IN ANY QUANTITY. AT THE LOWEST WHOLESALE PRICES.

Uncolored Japan Teas from 52 cents; Pure Young Hysons, from 55 cents; Genuine English Breakfast Teas, from 50 cents,—quality guaranteed. TRADE MARK ON EACH PACKAGE.



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THE EVENING CLASSES have commenced. The Classes for Ladies and Children will commence on the 1st October; also a special class for Young Gentlemen on Monday and Thursday afternoons, from 4 to 5.

Full particulars as to terms, hours, &c., can be obtained on application to Mr. Barnjum at the Gymnasium.

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