

NEW YEAR'S DAY VISITS.

DIOGENES decidedly objects to this custom, but, as a comparative stranger in Canada, what can he do to put a stop to what has, from time immemorial, been looked upon as a necessary mode of ushering in the New Year? Consequently, he feels bound to throw his Tub open to visitors, and he hopes that to-day it will be filled with all the rank, fortune, talent and beauty of this Metropolis. Nevertheless, he wishes to raise his voice against the absurd system of once a year, rushing about from house to house, drinking a glass of "something" under each roof, and indulging in dismal platitudes during the space of three minutes and a half. DIOGENES is prepared to swear, (if for this once only he may be allowed to do such a thing,) that the following conversation will take place from 50 to 100 times in every house, where the ladies sit in state to "receive" visitors on the First of the Year.

Scene—A House in Montreal; the shutters partially closed, so that the carpet shall not be faded by the rays of the sun; the room choked with furniture (from which all the chintz coverings have been removed for this imposing occasion), and the Mistress of the House, decked out in her most gorgeous array, prepared to entertain (?) her guests.

Enter one guest,—say Mr. Jones,—after falling over two or three chairs, and severely injuring his shins.

Mr. Jones.—How-do, Mrs. Smith? the compliments of the season to you.

Mrs. Smith.—The same to you, and many of them, Mr. Jones.

Mr. J.—How dreadfully cold it is to-day!

Mrs. S.—Yes; the weather is unusually severe. Have you paid many visits?

Mr. J.—This is my thirty-fourth, and I have still twenty-five left to do. How many visitors have you had?

Mrs. S.—Oh! You are my forty-second. Will you take a glass of wine?

Mr. J.—Thanks; a glass of sherry, please. Have you seen this week's DIOGENES?

Mrs. S.—Oh, yes! isn't it good? Whose likeness do you think is the best in the cartoon?

Mr. J.—It is really hard to say; they are all so good.

Mrs. S.—The paper seems quite a success. I am so glad of it, for we always look forward to getting it every Friday.

[*Ring at bell heard.*]

Mr. J.—I'm sorry, I must be running away. Good bye, Mrs. Smith; remember me kindly to your husband.

Mrs. S.—Good bye, Mr. Jones. (Exit Jones.)

Robinson now enters; and the same conversation commences again.

And so it goes on, all day long, with little or no change; and DIOGENES humbly desires to know what good can possibly ever come of it. Every one objects to the insane system, yet nobody attempts to give it its *quietus*. It is not only a melancholy waste of valuable time, but it is in many cases productive of actual harm; for it stands to reason, that, when gentlemen, and more especially young gentlemen, have been incautiously accepting a glass of wine at every house, where they visit, they are not perfectly certain, as the afternoon wears on, whether they are standing upon their heads or their heels.

Therefore, ye leading matrons of Montreal! let it be given out, authoritatively, to-day, that this is positively the last time that you will "receive" on New Year's Day. When it ceases to be fashionable with the leaders of fashion, the absurd custom will have received its death-blow, and the frenzied jealousy that has been engendered between Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Jones, because Mrs. S. has received five more visitors

han Mrs. J., will be numbered amongst the things of the past.

DIOGENES concludes his remarks by wishing all his readers a "Happy New Year."

PERSONAL.

Before the year 1868 is buried in the tomb of his "astonished ancestors," (*vide Daily News*.) DIOGENES returns his sincere thanks to numerous editors and correspondents who have kindly approved of the course he has hitherto pursued. He again begs to state, for the information of would-be contributors, that nothing will induce him to admit into his columns any malicious attack on private individuals; and that even in discussing the public conduct of public men, his articles will never transgress the boundaries of legitimate *persiflage*. As this is the last time that DIOGENES will touch upon this topic, he respectfully lays before the public the following summary of his social creed, in the words of two celebrated English authors:—

"If there is anybody under the canister of Heaven that I hate, it is the slanderer who goes about like a boy-constructor, and circulates his calomel upon honest folks."

MRS. GRUNDY, A.D. 1868.

"It is not goode to speake evill of all whom we knowe bad; it is worse to judge evill of any who may prove goode. To speake ill, upon knowledge, shewes a want of charitie; to speake ill, upon suspicion, shewes a want of honestie. I will not speake so bad as I knowe of manie; I will not speake more bad than I knowe of anie. To knowe evill of others, and not speake it, is sometimes discretion; to speake evill of others, and not knowe it, is always dishonestie. Hee may be evill himselfe who speakes goode of others upon knowledge; but hee can never be goode himselfe, who speaks evill of others upon suspicion."

MR. ANON, A.D. 1668.

RHETORICAL TRICKS.

It is not unfrequent for an educated speaker, who is addressing a mixed crowd, and who wishes to gain a few seconds for thought, to express a statement in plain Saxon words, and then to repeat exactly the same statement in grandiloquent terms derived from the Latin. This artifice frequently escapes detection, and the ingenious speaker effects his object. Dr. Johnson, in the same way, thought in pure English, and then translated his thought into what Macaulay has called, Johnsonese. "The Rehearsal," said Urso Major, "has not wit enough to keep it sweet." Then, after a pause, "It has not vitality enough to preserve it from putrefaction."

But a fault less excusable than even this is, for a writer to express in two consecutive clauses of a sentence, one and the same idea; at the same time uniting the clauses by some illative particle. It may be said that this is never done. Here, however, is a specimen of the trick, taken from an article in the *Chatham Planet*, which was lately republished in the *Daily Witness*:—

No man can communicate to others knowledge of which he is not himself possessed; and, consequently, whatever knowledge it is deemed necessary to impart to the great mass of society must first exist in the mind of him to whom the office of instructor is entrusted.

Now, it may be remarked with respect (or rather disrespect) to this sentence, that not only is the truth enunciated in its first clause self-evident, but it is also actually identical with the proposition that forms the second clause. The whole sentence, therefore, is utterly without value, and, as such, has attracted for a moment the cynical attention of DIOGENES.