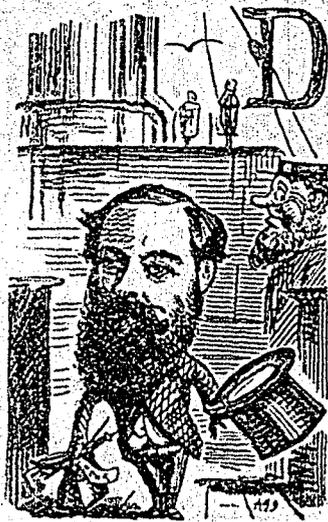


## A FAREWELL TO LORD MONCK.



DIOGENES begs to "dip" his light and "present" tub.

For the nonce his cynical heart distils a most unwonted sweetness. He could not rail if he would. He is an admirer of the departed Baron of Ballytramon, and feeling in common with the majority of true Canadians that His Lordship received but scant justice here, DIOGENES has felt it his duty to lose no time in communicating to him the subjoined telegraphic despatch, which is now awaiting the distinguished nobleman's arrival at Liverpool:

MY LORD,—

In the name of the young Dominion, which you more than any man helped to bring into existence, DIOGENES begs to express his acknowledgements for the many services you have rendered to his adopted country.

You came to us unpuffed, unheralded, and comparatively unknown.

It is no use denying that we did not much like your advent, but the more we studied your practical unobtrusive character the more thoroughly we recognized the sterling good sense of the people who sent you here. During your Governorship a bloody and revolting civil war devastated the Southern States of the American Union. Although from our proximity to the combatants we were daily liable to be drawn into perplexing entanglements, yet peaceful relations with our mighty neighbour were never once endangered—a result mainly attributable to the sagacity, courtesy and manly firmness which marked your Lordship's administration.

A Band of Robbers, whom you well characterized as "certain wicked men who disgraced the name of Irishmen," sought to carry fire and sword into peaceful Canadian homesteads. Thanks to your Lordship's wise prescience and to the loyalty of a noble Irishman, who is not with us to-day, but whose name will live in history, the attempt was frustrated—but it furnished occasion to develop in a manner hitherto undreamt of, the latent strength of our Canadian youth. Your Lordship was not slow to utilize the manly spirit which alone gives title to nationality, and we have to-day a body of Volunteers who vie with the mass of their countrymen in desire to give practical effect to the aphorism "Heaven helps those who help themselves."

My Lord, whenever you want a character for another post ask DIOGENES. He will give you one written in letters of gold,—one which will be acquiesced in by every man in the Dominion who is not blinded by sectionalism or the mad hatreds springing out of bigotry and intolerance. You have made the name of Britain and British loyalty honoured in Canada. This was not, perhaps, a difficult task, but you have done more,—you have made the name of Canada respected in Britain.

## MAGNA EST VERITAS.

The articles in the *Evening Telegraph* on the recent failure to elect a Metropolitan, were spirited but unclerical. This, of course, was to be expected. The *Telegraph* is no longer conducted by *Parsons*.

## WHO WOULD NOT BE A BISHOP?

Who would not be a Bishop? It must be really grand To have the minor ministers completely at command; But if they set Episcopal authority at nought, A Bishop's life would not be quite as rosy as is thought.

Who would not feel supremely glad a Bishop's lot to choose, With venerable gaiters and silver-buckled shoes, And an apron of alpaca that attracts the public view, And plainly tells its owner oft has dusty work to do.

The Metropolitan's career must full of peril be, For the Bishops say that none but they dare venture on the See;

And though the Laity pretend they ought to have a voice, The cruel Fathers limit them to merely "Hobson's choice."

Archdeacons, Deans and Canons claim their right to win the prize

That dangles temptingly before their sacerdotal eyes; But the Chair of Metropolitan, the Bishops argue still, Is one that only Bishops can be qualified to fill.

These Bishops, after all, are men, I solemnly aver, As vain, as weak, as liable as common folks to err, And if in May they will not yield, no Pilot there will be To guide the Church of England ship amid this stormy See!

## BAD IN EVERY WAY.

THE announcement, which follows, was cut from a Montreal journal:

"The Marquis of Hastings died on Tuesday last, aged 26 years. "[This unfortunate young nobleman has fallen a victim to *dissipation*—the representative of one of the oldest and most noble families in the kingdom.—*The best fate his best friends can wish for him is that he may speedily be forgotten.*—Ed. NEWS.]"

In this brief editorial notice there are two points which grate harshly on the feelings of DIOGENES, *viz.*, the bad syntax of the first sentence, and the worse taste of the second.

## MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE police permitting, a military band will, till further notice, play in one of the upper stories of a building in John Street, four evenings a week. These free concerts are a source of delight to the inhabitants of the neighborhood, especially to invalids. We had the pleasure, the other evening, while standing at the corner of John and Notre Dame Streets, of listening to an admirable drum *solo* with a cornet *obligato* accompaniment. This *morceau* is, we hear, a selection from a new opera by Offenbach, entitled, "La mort de la Vache," and is to be sung by M'dlle. Tostee, on her next visit to Montreal. There was much sparkling vivacity in what we heard. It commenced with a roll of drums loud enough to waken everybody from their beds. Then a vast and very irregular movement, also of drums, combined with some dropping of drumsticks and some audible anathemas. Then a single drum proceeded in a relative minor key, and a flute, which had been drowned in the previous *forte* movement, was distinctly audible for the space of about half a bar. Then followed the lively cornet in a movement like a horse that has lost its shoe, louder and louder pealed the drums, flatter and flatter the cornet grew, when the ophocleide came in just three bars too soon, with a tremendous crash. This woke a baby in the neighborhood, who joined in "maestoso." It now struck us that we were too near the orchestra to appreciate it fully, and we therefore moved off to a considerable distance, but not relishing the "music" any better, we finally decided on going home and tumbling into bed.