

DEEPLY INTERESTING TO THE PUBLIC.

The following correspondence between Mr. Walsh and Mr. Bellows, in connection with Church matters, has been handed to DIOGENES for publication:—

1. DEAR SIR,—I have been informed that, while in a corner grocery the other day, you stated, in the presence of several people, that I had not paid my dog-tax. Is this true? Yours faithfully,
J. WALSH.

2. DEAR SIR,—Who told you so? The bearer of this waits on your door-step with a big stick. If you do not send an answer immediately, I shall expose you in DIOGENES. Yours truly,
G. BELLOWES.

3. SIR,—I shall not answer your question. Your language is disrespectful. J. W.

4. SIR,—You are another! G. B.

5. SIR,—I accept your apology. My informant was the apple woman at the corner. J. W.

6. SIR,—The apple-woman lies! I don't know whether you have paid your dog-tax or not; and, what is more, don't care. Keep your curs to yourself. G. B.

7. To the Editor of *Dodgyness*.

SIR,—The two above gints have showed me thare litters. I scratify that as how I never goes in to corner grosseries, I dont; but I has a friend wot dus, who says that one gent did say that the uther gent had not a C. T. P. on his dog's choler. Hee sticks to it, hee dus. I wish to presarve my unanimety, but enclose a peece of brown paper, with my name in large tex. Yours to comand,
THE APPLE-WOMAN AT THE CORNER.

THE COURT OF APPEALS.

At the recent sitting of the Queen's Bench, at Quebec, the Hon. Mr. Justice Johnson was delivered of one good joke, three middling ones, and a large number of bad ones, which last the Clerk of that august tribunal has neglected to enter on the records of the Court. His Honor the Chief Justice was so confused and irritated by his learned brother's wit that he scolded a junior member of the Bar to such an extent that he appealed to the public, through the newspapers, next morning! It was considered fortunate that Judge Berthelot was not present; for he would certainly have sent the whole Bar, young and old, to jail for contempt. Judge Mondelet differed from everybody, and seldom agreed with himself. Judge Torrance has, for some time, been deeply studying Mr. Justice Johnson's jokes; and it is probable that he may understand some of them before the close of the century. If so, he will pass judgment on their merits, at full length, should the famous Hart-Redpath case ever come before him again.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[Confidential.]

WASHINGTON, 1st January, 1870.

MY DEAR DIOGENES,—

I often recall the pleasant days I passed with you at your villa above Rio Janiero, during my residence at Brazil, and regret that we saw so little of each other during my short visit to Canada. You will have perceived that I have religiously followed your advice in my political relations with the tiresome Government of this country.

I am again in need of your help. The enclosed letter from Gladstone reached me this morning, and I hasten to submit it to

you, certain of your friendly and wise advice in the matter. I know these interminable profers, Argyle and Sumner, will be the death of me.

Yours, always,

E. THORNTON.

LONDON, 17th December, 1869.

MY DEAR SIR,—My object in addressing this hurried letter to you, is to inform you that we have consented to transfer the "Alabama" negotiations from London to Washington. Our reasons were, shortly, these:—In the first place, Clarendon is getting old, and the reading of Seward's and Fish's endless and unintelligible despatches, together with the long speeches made at him by the American Legislature and others, on the subject of the "Claims," have greatly shattered his constitution. His physician says that a few more weeks of the infliction would set him crazy; even if his life should be spared. In the second place, we wish to get the affair out of the reach of Bright, who has been talking and writing a great deal of nonsense about the matter, of which he is perfectly ignorant. Bright is a worthy soul, but he does mischief now and then. In the third place, we want delay, because the Americans will not foment trouble in Ireland, or aid the Cuban or North-West insurgents, for they must be on their good behaviour while these negotiations are going on. There are two other points upon which I must consult our mutual friend DIOGENES, before I finally make up my mind.

And now for a delicate point. The Government has every confidence in you; but after deep consideration, we have deemed it advisable to join the Duke of Argyle with you in this difficult mission. The wisdom of this step must be obvious to a man of your great discernment and experience. You are well aware that our American cousins will be highly flattered by our sending them a man of the first rank among our nobles; and besides that, Argyle is a really clever fellow, and a Scotch metaphysician to boot! If he does not out talk and bother Sumner himself, I don't know who can. You will at once perceive the benefit of this, knowing whom you have to deal with. In haste, and intending to write you more fully by next mail.

I remain, &c,

W. E. GLADSTONE,

To His Excellency, E. THORNTON, Esq., C.B., &c., &c.

INFORMATION REQUIRED.

MR. DIOGENES:—Residing in a very remote and quiet district, you will oblige by informing me if it would be safe to introduce the *Herald* into my neighborhood. Would he bring the *Olise Branch of The Tomahawk*? Yours, &c,
JOHN YOUNG.

Rideau Hall.

ANOTHER NEW-YEAR'S VISITOR TO THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE:

A distinguished gentleman from the North-West.

He is rather late,—perhaps unexpected; perhaps not very welcome! Will there be any "cakes and ale" left? Commissionerships are out of the question. The return from a wild-goose chase frequently exhibits an empty bag.

EX CATHEDRA.

Judging by the published correspondence, DIOGENES is of opinion that there is something ORGANICALLY wrong in the moral constitution of one of the disputants, while in vituperative ability he rivals his brother CARTERS, who wear the Corporation Badges.

INTERESTING LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

The eminent publishing firm of Provencher & Begg announce, as in the press and nearly ready, "*McDougal's Campaign in Rupert's Land.*"