

HANDBOOK for STRANGERS VISITING MONTREAL.

NO. 8.—USEFUL ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

DIOGENES, in his last issue, expressed his contempt for the foolish custom of New-Year's visiting, but, knowing that the practice is likely to continue for a few years longer, he gives the Stranger a few general instructions as to the etiquette to be observed on these occasions.

Always lie in bed two hours later than usual on New Year's morning. This gives extra trouble to the servants, a proceeding highly laudable on the occasion of a general holiday. You cannot decently commence visiting before one or two in the afternoon, because on this great festival a lady's toilet cannot possibly be completed in less than three hours. DIOGENES recommends the Stranger to employ this interval in drinking and smoking bad tobacco. The one strengthens for the day's duty, and the other is always agreeable to the ladies.

DIOGENES last week indicated the visiting conversation at nearly all the houses in town. He made, however, one important omission. The following questions were asked of him several times:

"Pray, Mr. DIOGENES, have you called on Mrs. M— yet?"

"I have."

"How was she dressed?"

"I really forget."

"Had she the same blue silk on that she wore last New Year's Day?"

"Really, I never noticed."

"Well! you gentlemen never seem to notice anything."

The principal article on a properly-set-out lady's table at New-Year's time is

SHERRY.

In that very pleasant book, Ford's "Spain," it is stated that a certain portion of the vintage of Xeres always turns out a failure. As soon as this is perceived, the unsuccessful wine is bottled, mixed with brandy, and despatched with all possible speed to two ports, where it is sure to find a ready sale. These two ports are Hamburg and Quebec, "where dwell," says the writer, "the most-leather-tongued people in the world." Being anxious to see whether this was the kind of wine usually found on New-Year's tables, DIOGENES subjected two specimens of New-Year's Sherry to careful analysis.

The first specimen gave the following result:
100 parts of wine contained.

High Wines	62.50
Carbolic Acid	3.50
Maple Sugar	10.00
Abyssinian Hair-Oil	5.75
Water	18.00
Sherry	25

This was a dry and somewhat heavy wine.

The second was a lighter compound: 100 parts gave—

Water	74.00
Royal Italian Bitters	5.00
Golden Syrup	3.50
Sweet Spirits of Nitre	2.50
Lower Province "White-eye"	5.00
Sarsaparilla	5.00
Cider	2.50
Brandy	2.50
Sherry	A trace.

This, then, evidently cannot be the bad wine of Xeres, but is a genuine and legitimate home-manufacture. Both varieties have a rather pungent flavor. They communicate to cake the savor of a sponge dipped in creosote.

DIOGENES solemnly counsels his young friends not to patronize "home-manufactures" on New Year's Day. New

Year's Port is even worse, and as for that display of cakes, tarts, suspicious-looking dried fruits, lollipops, sugar-fishes with vermilion eyes, pyramids of sweetened chalk, &c., &c., leave it all untouched. Headaches, dyspepsia, liver complaints, and other horrors all lurk therein. Be a teetotaler,—at least on New Year's Day,—and yet there are two ladies in this city whom DIOGENES will always delight to visit on New Year's or any other day—and why? Because they make New Year's Day so like every other day, and therefore so intensely jolly. On this festival, my dear Mrs. H— always expect DIOGENES at lunch time. He is never tired of those looks of welcome which make him feel that he is welcome. He knows that he can sit in that easy chair. (Goddess of Comfort! What a DIOGENES' Chair it is; it beats Tub hollow!) He knows that he can put his feet on the fender and stay three quarters of an hour if he likes. He feels that he is being petted, and likes it. There is a sensible boned-turkey for lunch, and a glass of old Madeira, (not of home production,) and even Beer can be had for the asking. And then, kind Mrs. C—, who does not remember that Coffee made by your own fair hands in which the Cynic so especially delighteth? May your comely presence preside over many New Year's days to come, and may the Coffee always be there.

THE VETO POWER.

"Well, Emily, have you seen the Captain?"—"Yes, Mamma."

"And with what result?"—"None at all, Mamma."

"Did he not, after all, propose?"—"Yes he did; but I really could not accept him."

"And pray why not, Emily? He is, so far as I can see, everything that is desirable."—"I have no fault to with him; only he is not the man I would choose."

"Why, my dear, are you mad? Don't you know that we women cannot select; all we have is the veto power?"

"Yes, Mamma," (with a sigh), "I know that if we say yes, then comes the 'incompatibility' that Dio writes about; and if we say no, then we remain like a cypher without a figure beside it."

CORRESPONDENCE.

JAN. 7th, 1869.

To the Editor of DIOGENES.

Dear Friend,—Two remarks as to our beautiful Post Office: First, Why is it that our Post-master is so fond of doors? Is it that he enjoys the noise resulting from their "bumps"? Secondly, What is it that occasions the bad odour in the Post Office hall? Do you think it can be the "dead letters"?

Yours faithfully,

CLEOPATRA.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CORRECT answers to the Acrostic in No. 7, have been received from T. M. (Toronto); J. W., "Emily," "Bill Sykes," "Quebec," "Jack," and "F." The answer is Love,—Hope.

- 1 Lynch.
- 2 Othello.
- 3 Van Tromp.
- 4 Eurydice.

DIOGENES returns thanks to his correspondents F. S. (Eastern Townships); B. C. D. (near Liverpool); S. J. L. and D. McC. (Montreal), but regrets that, for certain reasons, he is unable to avail himself of their communications. He hopes to hear again soon from the writer last referred to.