

HANDBOOK for STRANGERS VISITING MONTREAL.

NO. VII.—SCULPTURE.

DIOGENES, having already directed public attention to the Nelson Column and Fountains of the City, proceeds to describe minor works of statuary, which are none the less worthy of notice.

THE BAS-RELIEF AT THE BACK OF THE CUSTOM HOUSE.

In passing along St. Paul Street, let the stranger take a glance at the pediment of the building and the sculpture in its tympanum. At first sight, this appears to be a veritable antique. DIOGENES, from his long residence in Greece, should be a judge of these matters, and, when he first beheld this work of art, pronounced it to be a representation of the "beardless Bacchus." The wand was there, but the helmet and shield were new symbols, which puzzled him. A friend informed him that it was meant for Britannia. If so, he trusts, that however beautiful it may be in an artistic point of view, it may be immediately removed. It is not seemly that Her Majesty's Custom House should be surmounted by a figure of Britannia in a state of intoxication. Individual sons of Britannia may at times have given way to this vice, but surely Britannia herself, in all her collective wisdom, never fell tottering on her shield in such a helpless condition,—at least, since the Dutch were in the Medway. The late humorous editor of the *Evening Telegraph* once suggested that Britannia was "sea sick," when this portrait was taken. Such a thing never could have occurred. Britannia rules the waves, and not the waves Britannia.

THE COLOSSI IN WELLINGTON TERRACE.

In recent discussions on the erection of the proposed statue to the Queen, nobody seems to have remembered that we have already a statue of Her Majesty of noble and gigantic proportions. The Queen is guarded by her faithful defender, the late Duke of Wellington, who keeps at a respectful distance from his Royal Mistress. When seen from a distance, the whole Terrace suggests the idea of two ponderous ships of war moving side by side, with an enormous figure-head to each. The addition of a few masts and stays would entirely complete the illusion. The workmanship of these statues is bold and vigorous, if not very refined.

DIOGENES would not like to live in a house immediately under one of the colossi. He thinks his Tub safer. Not that these exquisite productions are made of massive brown stone. They were cut in wood by a distinguished ship-carpenter and afterwards made brown and "beautiful for ever" by some predecessor of Madame Rachel. As Lowell sensibly sings,

"What need of such a *deal of stone*
When *stone of deal* is cheaper?"

THE NEW STATUE OF ST. PATRICK.

Far be it from DIOGENES to seem to ridicule the memory of the great Patron Saint of Ireland. Be his birth-place in Scotland or France, any effigy of the great civilizer should be an ornament to Montreal. He asks the stranger, unhesitatingly, is it an ornament? The Cynic is not short-sighted, but altogether fails in seeing whether the figure be bad or good. He expected a noble statue placed on the ground in the centre of the square, and not a vague, indistinct creation in white and gold, standing sentry on the top of the Hall. St. Patrick dwelt among men and not in a pigeon-house, surmounted by gilt fireworks.

While on the subject of St. Patrick's Hall, DIOGENES assures the stranger that very pleasant re-unions are often held therein. DIOGENES attended the Bachelors' Ball, as in duty bound. He continued making love to "the fairest of

her sex," with whom, on Christmas Day, he had been *tobogganing*. (May Jupiter bless the word, and teach us all how to spell it.)

On calling on the lady, next day, he was rather astonished that she did not remember the offer of marriage which he had made to her on the previous evening. The lady is not deaf. Can it be that the peculiarities of the building are such that DIOGENES was not *heard*?

THE PRIZE FOR IMPUDENCE.

When Montreal lost her wise and good Bishop, it seemed only natural that her citizens should unite in erecting some kind of a monument to the memory of one so loved and revered. After much discussion (not carried on in the most dignified spirit), it was determined to erect some kind of a monument in the Cathedral grounds. Some weeks ago a Committee advertized, in the vaguest terms, for competitive designs for the said monument. In matters of this kind, three things are usual: to offer one or more premiums for the best designs; to give the competitors some idea of the general views of the Committee; and last, but not least, to state the amount of funds at their disposal. All this was neglected. In spite of this, several artists were foolish enough to send in designs, all of which were summarily rejected. DIOGENES did not examine these drawings, and therefore cannot say whether they were bad or good. The competitors cannot complain of the rejection, because no agreement was ever made for their acceptance. But the letter which each competitor received, after the rejection, is, in its way, a model. He is told, *for the first time*, how much money is to be spent. He may, if he *wishes* (that is the word), send in a new design, next month. Be it noted that there is still no premium offered, or any indication of the wishes of the Committee. Not a word of apology, or even thanks for the trouble to which he has already been put; and, finally, as a climax, he is told that he can have his design by sending to a certain office in the city. Surely, had a gentleman left a parcel by accident in a merchant's office, there would be found some light porter to carry it to his residence. DIOGENES is anxious to know the names of the members of this Committee, to see what they look like in the street, and whether they appear as other men.

DIOGENES sincerely trusts that no artist will again *wish* to send in a design to this Committee.

Persons totally ignorant of the ordinary courtesies of society can know nothing whatever of Art.

A CONTRIBUTION FROM BEAUPORT.

DIOGENES believes from the bottom of his heart that the following, which he submits to a probably indignant public, is positively and absolutely the very worst riddle in the world.

Why is the difference between Ontario and Quebec the same that exists between a man and a monkey?

Because the one has a tail, but the other hasn't—thus, O—Q.

P. S.—A few of the discerning public may possibly find the *cue* to this *tale*. DIOGENES sincerely forgives them if they do not.

A RIVAL TO THE ABOVE.

What is the difference between a cattle-drover and St. Patrick's Hall?

The one has a *cow stick* that is his property, and the other has no *acoustic* properties at all.

AN OBVIOUS TRUTH AND A NECESSARY FICTION.—That Quebec rules the Dominion and that Cartier is its prophet.