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DIOGENES TO THE PUBLIC.

"Stand out of the way, and let the glorious sun shine on me."

MANY centuries ago there might have been seen, on the steps of the Propylæa, in heathen Athens, an old and withered man, who, from a tub of large dimensions, launched forth satire at the vices and follies of the Athenian public. This was DIOGENES, the Cynic Philosopher. Time passed on, and the gates and porticos of Athens knew his face no more. DIOGENES, always a believer in the Pythagorean doctrine of the transmigration of souls, has now realised his belief. His soul has taken another bodily form; and henceforth the influence of his tub and lantern will be seen, or rather *felt*, in the Dominion of Canada.

DIOGENES will appear as nearly as possible in his present shape every Friday. His letter tub is at present deposited in the Post-office. Any communication addressed to DIOGENES there, will be read by the light of his lantern. He is ready to receive contributions, correspondence and suggestions from all parts of the Dominion, but does not bind himself to any particular line of action thereon. He will also receive as many advertisements as it is possible to paste round the outside of his lantern, but emphatically denies the right of any advertiser to be exempt from his satire or entitled to a puff.

DIOGENES must not have his criticism misunderstood. Public Things, Public Men, Public Meetings, and Public Amusements are his legitimate prey; but if anybody thinks that he will find in him a vehicle for low, morbid attacks on things purely personal, or for scurrilous invectives against private individuals, that man will be grievously disappointed. Upon the sacred mysteries of the domestic hearth the light of his lantern will never be thrown.

DIOGENES will satirize all classes, whether rich or poor, when satire is needed. He will spare neither Dives in purple nor Lazarus in rags.

DIOGENES has no party politics beyond those involved in wishing "SUCCESS TO THE DOMINION," and in toasting "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN." His lantern will be impartial and independent. He has no intention, like his Parisian brother "*La Lanterne*," to place his personal liberty in jeopardy. He intends to keep out of the clutches of the law, but at the same time, in his criticism, to avail himself of the utmost legal limits.

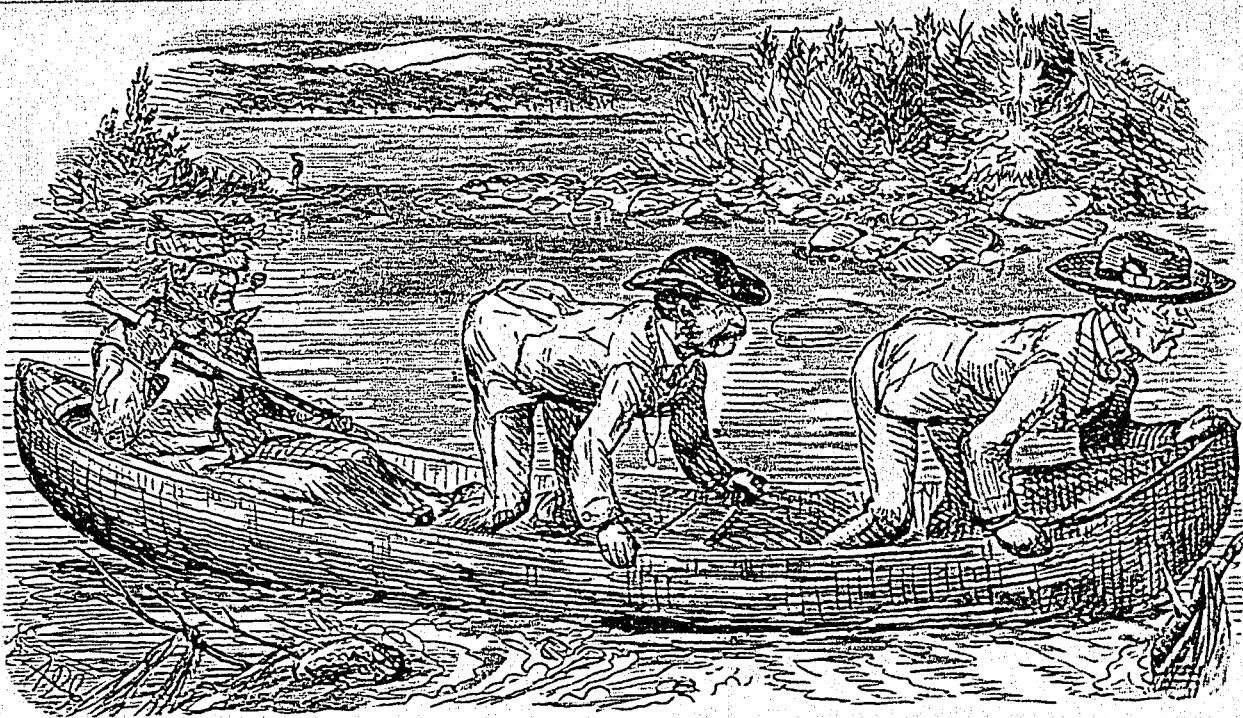
DIOGENES has a much higher aim than the mere production of mirth. His objects are essentially serious, and much serious matter will often appear in these pages. Religious or patriotic motives, however mistaken, are no subjects for bitter and unfeeling jests. DIOGENES will try to avoid what DOUGLAS JERROLD so well termed "that perpetual heartless guffaw at everything." In all other respects his motto will be,—

"I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please——"



"IT IS OUR OPENING DAY."

"WHY then the world's mine oyster, which I with sword will open."—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act II, Scene 2.



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WHO ARE GOING TO THE ISLAND IN A DUG-OUT TO SEE THOSE PRETTY GIRLS, AND NOW FEEL THEY MUST TUMBLE IN.



THESE ARE THE PRETTY GIRLS LOOKING ON.

"MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN."

FOR several months annually, Canada is excessively cold. Nobody denies this. Everybody feels it. The Dominion, it is true, has not yet attained the nipping, piercing, cutting, biting, burning frigidty of an Arctic winter, but it frequently produces a very fair imitation of one. Of course, in the Arctic regions, the joke is carried too far. Travellers, for instance, on opening a bottle of Sherry, find it more fitted for a knife and fork than for the customary wine-glass or tumbler. The mercury also freezes in the tube of a thermometer, and declines to be the slave of meteorological science. Or the vapour exhaled from the lungs of sleepers crystallizes into stalactites on the canvas of their tents; and when sighs and snores are thus consolidated into ice, they are chopped off with hatchets and removed in buckets. Thank goodness! we have not yet come to that! Hitherto we have not even been obliged to wear goggles of wire,

glass, or gauze to protect our eyes from the blinding cold, nor do we enconce our noses in gutta-percha cases delicately lined with warm black velvet.

Nevertheless, the stubborn fact remains that, during several months annually, Canada is excessively cold. By the friendly aid of wools, furs and flannels, mufflers, wristlets, and gauntlets, we are enabled to brave the attacks of unrelenting Jack Frost; but, after all, it is a tough battle, and those who are too poor to purchase the requisite armour are sorely wounded, and too often succumb.

The object of this long exordium is to heighten the pathos of a "local item" from the *Daily News*—an item that, brief as it is, reveals a case of unparalleled cruelty, upon which it is needless to comment. Our readers shall judge for themselves of the paragraph in question:—

"WINTER CLOTHING.—The police force have been served out with their winter clothing. This morning each man received a new and substantial pair of Wellington boots."

Horrible! most horrible!! Has it then come to this, that in the 19th century of the Christian era, and in a bleak country like Canada, the winter clothing of a hard-working body of civil officers is confined, by a heartless economy, to a pair of Wellington boots for each man? Tell us not in palliation of this almost fiendish cruelty that these Wellington boots are new and substantial. We unhesitatingly assert that new or old, patched or substantial, these boots constitute too scanty a wardrobe for men who are exposed night and day to the "pelting of the pitiless storm." On this point we fearlessly take our stand, and appeal to the sympathies of an enlightened and charitable public. Why, even the half-civilized savage, whose favourite summer costume is straps and spectacles, or a cocked-hat and spurs, would be more heavily clothed during an African winter! But we will say no more at present. We would fain hope that *there is a mistake somewhere*. Let the Mayor and the Chief of Police look to it.



A LOOK INTO THE FUTURE.

THE LAST OF THE BRITISH FORCES LEAVING THE SHORES OF CANADA.

"At no distant date," according to the *London Times*, "the British Troops will be withdrawn from the Dominion."—*Gazette*, Oct. 16, 1868.

A NEW USE FOR JERUSALEM PONIES.

WITH meat at its present high price, it is unfortunate for Canada that its asses are not numerous. As we are strongly opposed to the practice of cannibalism, we are here alluding to quadrupeds only. Hippophagy, which is fashionable in France, Austria, Russia and other countries of Europe, has failed to become a British institution, and has not yet been introduced into British colonies. The horse, it appears, is too valuable for other purposes to be treated as an article of food until extreme old age, when he naturally ceases to be an attractive *morceau*. But the same objection does not apply to the donkey. His racing capabilities are not of a high order, nor has he any characteristic qualities, the development of which will raise him to eminence in the scale of animated nature. He is not what is called an expensive liver. He eats thistles because he is an ass, and does not know any better; he will fatten on commons—and short commons too—at a trifling cost to his proprietor. From time immemorial he has been a mere beast of burden, occasionally ridden on English heaths or at the seaside, and perpetually cudgelled by London costermongers. Nevertheless, he has a vocation hitherto undiscovered,—an important destiny which has but lately been revealed.

He can be eaten! Culinary experiments, resulting successfully, have recently been made upon his *vile corpus*, and the despised quadruped familiarly known as "the poor man's moke" will henceforth form a luxurious addition to the banquets of the rich. Roast donkey, which when Latinized is *asinus assus*, has been pronounced a rare delicacy by discriminating epicures. "In flavour," says a writer in the last *Macmillan*, "it is said to resemble turkey, though the colour is considerably darker. The accomplished *gourmet* is aware what animal it is that contributes most largely to the composition of the best sausages in the world—the Lyons sausages." Not being "accomplished *gourmets*," we were not previously aware of the pleasing fact insinuated in the foregoing paragraph. Popular notions, it is well known, differ widely on the subject of sausages. We speak *feline-ly*, with a reference also to what may be termed the "bow-wow" theory. We are, therefore, delighted to learn that the ass, as in the days of *Æsop*, is frequently disguised in a *Lyons* skin; and if his flesh is as tender, and his flavour as delicate as reported, we will gladly welcome him to the Dominion of Canada in his newly-acquired edible character.

We are not informed by the writer in *Macmillan* of the different ways in which donkeys should be cooked. Nor are we inclined to think that omission a matter of much importance, for the flesh of an ass, in whatever way it may be cooked, will be readily assimilated by the generality of mankind. At the risk of violating some fundamental principle of gastronomy, we venture to suggest that the sauce for an ass should be *acid*, and that the appropriate vegetable to be eaten with him is *asparagus*. He should be cooked soon after being killed, and should never, like venison or game, be kept for any length of time. The reason is obvious. If kept too long the ass would infallibly have the flavour of *assa-fatida*, a consummation devoutly to be avoided. We are not sure whether ass-eaters can rightly be termed *ascetics*; but it would be decidedly wrong to *aspere* as an *assassin* the professional butcher who kills an ass. We now take leave of *asses*. *C'est asses*, as the French say.

"If I'd a donkey wot would n't go,
"D'ye think I'd wallop him? no, no, no!
"I'd give him hay, and I'd eat him roa—
—"sted or boiled!"

DIOGENES TO THE CITY PRESS.—It is n't the size that does it—it's the pluck!

BISHOP'S FOLLY.—*The Nouveau Monde*.

"ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE."

At the Recorder's Court this morning the name of Margaret Dagenais, aged 18, was called. About two weeks ago she was enticed from her home in the country by a villain who brought her here, and after effecting her ruin deserted her. Being homeless and friendless, she obtained shelter at the Central Station for several nights in succession. Since she was first observed by the police she has been fast growing ill, and yesterday appeared partially deranged. No one has been able to obtain from her the name of her seducer, and she seems to prefer death among strangers rather than that her parents should learn her shame.—*Montreal Witness*, Nov. 6th.

'T is the old, old tale once more:
Will it ever vainly plead?
It tells how a simple country flower
Became a city weed.
The lamps are lit in the street,
And among the crowds that roam
To and fro with untiring feet,
There is one who has *novu* no home.
Hungry and wet and cold,
With feeble and failing breath,
A girl scarce eighteen summers old,
Wearily prays for death!
Guileless, and oh! too fair,
A few short weeks ago
She lived as pure as her village air,
Or Heaven's unsullied snow.
But one who was foul within
Gazed on her fair young face,
'Till passion prompted a shameful sin—
A stainless maid's disgrace.
Alas! she was fond and young,
And her heart could not believe
That the burning vows on which she hung
Were sworn but to deceive.
Why should we here repeat
The story of palled desire?
She fell—forsaken—to roam the street
With heart and brain on fire.
She loathes the light of the world,
For he, whom she will not name,
The one she loved, was the one who hurled
His victim down to shame.
Where is that craven hound?
If he chance her fate to read,
Unless all pity in guilt is drowned,
Surely his heart must bleed!
There is One who is JUDGE above:
But the world is seldom just—
A woman sins through unselfish love,
Man through his selfish lust!

CUI BONO?

A PARAGRAPH appeared the other day in a city paper stating that the Hon. Mr. Cauchon's plan of managing the Crown Lands' Department is to be adopted. Will anybody inform DIOGENES what the nature of Mr. Cauchon's plan may be? The mighty jobber, who fined Joseph Bouchette a "yorker" for being five minutes late at his office, and who farms the lunatics of Quebec at a cost to the Province of some \$90,000 a year, while those of Nova Scotia yield a large revenue to the Government, is well known to have peculiar, if not original ideas as to the difference betwixt *meum* and *tuum*; and it would certainly be desirable that the public should be informed, in advance, how the genius who embodies and typifies the dignity of the Dominion Senate proposes to manage the Crown Lands, and who has called upon him for aid and counsel in the premises?

FAIR PLAY IS BONNIE PLAY.

AFTER inserting two letters on the slight misunderstanding which took place at the St. Patrick's Bazaar, the *Gazette* published a short article which concluded in the following words:

"With this appreciation of the facts we have gathered, we must close these columns to any further discussion of the subject."

Here was a distinct editorial promise, which assuredly ought to have been kept. How it has been kept may be judged from a letter, signed "A Civilian," which appeared in the *Gazette* of November 9th.

The following is an extract from that letter:

"It is believed that the police acted in a cruel and unnecessarily severe manner towards the officers of the regiment above named, on the night of the 5th ultimo; that the fines in the Recorder's Court were unjustly severe, and that the fracas at the St. Patrick's Bazaar was an affair got up under the fervid imagination and lurking dislike of a person there, who had not the slightest excuse for either complaint or interference."

This language, in our opinion, was impolitic and uncalled for. The "severe dinner" is over, and the fines of which it was the occasion have been paid. The *fracas* at the Bazaar is forgotten. Why then should "A Civilian" now put in his oar, and endeavour to stir up again the muddy waters which were settling? We cannot but think his letter deserving of severe censure; but the *Gazette* is even more blameworthy for inserting such a communication, after having (according to its own words) "closed its columns to any further discussion of the subject." Since writing the above we have learnt that the *Gazette* has positively refused to publish any reply whatever from the "Volunteer Officer" to the "Civilian" who so roughly handles him. Surely this is not right. "Fair play is bonnie play," according to the Scotch proverb.

"WORDS, WORDS, WORDS."

HAMLET.

By certain writers in this free country one word (provided that it has three or more syllables) is used indiscriminately for another. We cut the following paragraph from a late number of the *Gazette*—

"The Hamilton House of Refuge is in a disgraceful condition, and the occupants are allowed to *felicitate* in their original depravity and unclean habits."

If "proper words in proper places" is a correct definition of a good style, we cannot *felicitate* the writer in the *Gazette* upon the excellence of his style. It seems not improbable that the poor fellow meant *luxuriate* when he wrote the word *felicitate*. But, as Mr. Toots says, "It is really of no consequence."

By-the-bye, there was a letter, signed "Synod," in the *Gazette* a few days ago. Can any one inform DIOGENES what the writer meant by speaking of a man as being "*free from the gliff of past party strings!*" DIOGENES does not recollect having ever before met with this striking and original phrase. Another writer in the same paper, under the signature of "A Churchman," assures the public that Bishop Hills of British Columbia, and Bishop Williams of Connecticut, "*are in the very virgin of life.*" What on earth does this mean? Is the word *virgin* a typographical error, or what is it?

A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.—The *Gazette* informs its readers that it considers Mr. Howe's letter worthy of perusal. DIOGENES rather thinks it is. He thinks also that the clear-headedness of the *Gazette* scribe is about on a par with that of the *Gazette* reporter, who not long ago recorded the accidental death of a man in Little St. James Street with the heading "FATAL—BUT UNPLEASANT."

HANDBOOK for STRANGERS VISITING MONTREAL.

INTRODUCTION.

MONTREAL is the finest and best regulated city in the whole world. Its faultless municipality, its numerous and attentive police force, its constant and never failing water supply, its clean and nobly paved streets, and its admirable and well-administered sanitary regulations, all tend to prove our position. In matters of Lighting it is unrivalled. Gas, in Montreal, costs nearly five times as much as in Liverpool. It is, moreover, of a very strong quality, as may be tested by the nostrils. It is true that its light is not so brilliant as that of English Make, but then the moon in Canada shines more brightly than in the old country. On nights when the moon does not shine the gas is seldom lighted, so that any little brightness, more or less, becomes quite a secondary consideration. Human beings are buried outside the city, and dogs and cats within the limits,—that is to say, when there is sufficient snow for the purpose.—In the hot weather carcases remain exposed in the streets,—a practice found by experience to be very conducive to the health and comfort of the citizens.—

Montreal is divided into three districts, each returning a member to Parliament. The Western district is, like Edinburgh, divided into the Upper and Lower Town—the one tenanted by swells, the other by smells.—Connected with the latter there is a peculiarity which will at once remind the traveller of Egypt. At certain periods of the year our noble river, like the Nile, overflows its banks, inundating the cellars and sometimes the streets for several days. It afterwards subsides, leaving behind a large amount of rich, fertile matter. The name of the district favoured with this unctuous deposit is Griffin-town, called, as some say, after Gerald Griffin, the great Irish novelist. More recent antiquarian investigations lead us to believe that it derives its name from a secret association of "Griffins," which existed many years ago. It is related that once upon a time a band of "Griffins" assembled *en masse* intent on getting their own way out of a quarrel, and not succeeding in breaking heads, they broke a large number of windows instead.

The Central district contains the Wealth, the spacious Custom House, the convenient Post-office, the beautiful Nelson column, and the noble Drill Shed of Montreal. The contractor of the latter building may sometimes, also, be seen in the neighbourhood, on days when he wants money, along with some of the magnates of the City Hall intent on "going snacks." Those days have been tolerably frequent of late. Of the Court House and other city ornaments we must speak on a future occasion.

The Eastern district contains many objects of interest, such as the Papineau Road Bush, and the Gaol, which last serves also for a House of Refuge and a Lunatic Asylum, whereby much unnecessary outlay is saved. A short time ago some of the residents of this district planted the seed of a new and gigantic tree, large enough, it was said, to shelter the whole of Canada under its branches. The experiment was tried in Papineau Square. The tree was said to be a variety of the great national family "Independence," but on a nearer examination before it had attained even a pigmy growth, it was found to be only a common specimen of the weed "Impudence." It did not thrive in Montreal soil. It is indigenous to rotten stone quarries, where it attains a rank luxuriance.

In our next we will commence describing the city more in detail. Let us, however, always impress on the stranger that Montreal is the best regulated city in the world.