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And most positively the last appearance of PROFESSOR STONE in Montreal, upon which occasion he will be assisted in the experiments by some of the Members of the Private Class gentlemen well known in Montreal, and the experiments will be more extended, varied, and amusing than upon any previous evening, and also this will be the

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PROFESSOR STONE

has been led to this announcement by the crowded state of the Room on his last night at the above Hall, and on account of numbers of persons being unable to obtain admission. The FAREWELL PRESENTS to be impartially given away, on SATURDAY EVENING, 5th January, will consist of

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Doors open at 7, to commence at 8 o'clock. N.B.—In order to secure a select audience, there will be but one price of admission to all parts of the Hall, namely, 50 cents. No more tickets will be disposed of than the Hall can comfortably accommodate; but to avoid delay at the doors, those intending to be present are respectfully advised to secure their tickets (which are now ready) at Grafton's, 78 St. James Street.

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Dominion, as the Cook, Patisier, &c.*

*Excellent attendance is guaranteed; and the
Proprietor hopes, by assiduity and attention, to
give general satisfaction to the numerous patrons
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THE RED RIVER HASH.

A FRAGMENT.

BY THE GHOST OF MACAULAY.

Attend all ye who list to hear our great Dominion's praise!
I sing not of the famous deeds she wrought in other days;
When, with her own unaided arm, and at a trifling loss,
She drove th' invading Fenian back, and won so much *kudos*.
No need of history's page to tell the glories of our land,
When, at this hour, before our eyes, the glorious records stand,
Which tell in glowing words of fire to all, both high and low,
How brave McDougall dared the field, and fled before the foe!

It was upon the glorious morn of a bright autumn day,
Our great Lieutenant-Governor, North-Westward took his way;
And in his train there followed fast,—a gallant band, I ween,
Such as in this, our favored clime, is far too often seen,—
There marched a host of jobbers, the curses of our land,
With needy politicians, too,—a seedy-looking band,—
They looked forward to the plunder, and each winked his leery eye.
As he thought of simple *habitants* he'd plunder by-and-bye.—
Ah! little deemed they that ere long, like Moses, they should stand,
And gaze upon, yet enter not, into the Promised Land!

Then where o'er swift St. Lawrence Victoria's arches frown,
Where Beaver Hall's snobocracy on poorer folk look down;
Where in the sweet retirement of Beauport's quiet vale,
Cauchon his lunatics regales on best of "cakes and ale;"
Where proud Dominion Senators blow off their gas by night,
Fuddle in bar-rooms all the day, and get extremely tight;
Where in fair Quebec's Council Halls the legislators sit,
And vote themselves allowances, with far more greed than wit;
Where, in remotest village, the Dry Goods traders smash,
Shall come a jeer from all who hear of the GREAT RED RIVER HASH!!

ZEKE TRIMBLE ON SOME RECENT "REVELATIONS."

MY DEAR DIO.—"A man kant tech tar with out bein' pitched into," saith the poet which rites skotch prize poems, (I hev furgo: his name). Komin after the Red River Revolushun, the startlin' revelashuns of "H. B." hev created quite a sensashun. There air too menny free-masons into thee Kounsil. How all them Kounsilors kood be a smokin' them segars all the yeer round, for these 20 years past, and not diskever they were smokin' thee people's munny, is a thing no ratepayer can understand. Who is this 2d Columbus, "H. B.," wich fust diskevered them segars, and took the people into his confidens? He koinmens'd life in humbel surcumstances, havin' kum out to this kuntry with no floatin kapital in his pokit, as is the kase with most of us. All grate men into our kuntry kummense life's struggil with 12½ sents in thare pokits; but thee hero of our tale did not have even this amount. He sunk into obskurity immediately on arrival. But an accident raised him to the posishun of City Kounsilor, and—while in this lofty posishun—hee pade strikt attenshun to thee bizness, from nite till mornin'.

Thee results may be seen in the rows of brick houses he built, sum of wich he keeps to this day to remember the Korporashun bi. It is a remarkable fackt that a Kounsilor wich builds rows of houses when he is into offis, dont bild them so fast when he gets out of offis. A man wich earns his munny bi the sweat of hiz brow arrives into prosperity bi a more tegiou-path. Thee road of the fortunate Kounsilor is sumtimes thorny. But if he pays attenshun to it from nite till mornin, sum of the thorns are apt to stick to him. Menny Kounsilors have retired from bizness with nothin into thare pokits, but they are not remembered,—they sink into glorious obskurity. One anekdote of "H. B." shows his remarkable talent. He allus smoked a pipe, and pade for his own tobakky. Where are all the Kounsilors wich have been makin moshuns durin the past yeer, and why didn't they make a segar moshun? "H. B.'s" name will

be writ in letters of gold on the Cristal Paliss, which is one of the monyments of his grateeness. There are a grate menny inventors; there is the author of Mrs. Winslow's Soothin' Syrup, Perry Davis' Pane-Killer, and Babcock's Bitters; but amongst them awl none is thare wich can kumpare with thee grate inventor of the Korporashun segar mistery!

"H. B." subsequently went into the slate bizness, and soon after thee Kumpny busted. Ef hee had stayed into thee Korporashun a littel longer he would have busted the sity!

"H. B." and "W. W." now run a large Siamese-twin, joint stock noosepaper into St. James street, and run it on the yu scratch me and I'll scratch ye prinisple, and ef thay kontinue thare littel game, thay will bust thee afours-d journal, sure!

"W. W." is unuther of our grate men, and he is sed to have worked at the "case" in erly life. But hee will find it a hard case to carry "H. B." and run a serious and a komick jurnal and a bank, at once. When the publikk find out that he is the author of his own biograhycal notices and portraits, he will be more highly appreciated!

Yours trooly,
ZEKE TRIMBLE.

THE NEW REIGN OF TERROR.

A SERIO COMIC TRAGEDY.

As DIogenES sat serenely smoking his evening Calumet of Peace, a knock came to his door and a youth entered with his cap on, making a profound salaam after the usual newsboy fashion. He then presented a piece of paper on which was written:—

"As I was employed in getting up your paper, just now, a swellish young man came into my place and the following conversation ensued:—

Young well.—Are you Mr ———, of this establishment?

Printer.—Yes, perhaps.

Young well.—You are going to publish DIogenES?

Printer.—Yes, perhaps.

Young well.—You belong to the Typographical Society?

Printer.—Yes.

Young well.—Well, I am to tell you that if you print that paper his Seraphic Worship will not preside at the coming Printers' Festival?

Printer.—You may tell His Worship he may go and be ———. I did not kick that swellish young man down stairs, for he vanished with miraculous speed."

It will be perceived that we have omitted something at the conclusion of the foregoing dialogue. The truth is this "something" sorely troubled us. "What was to be done?" The sacred character of history imperiously demanded that we should tell the truth and the whole truth. But, then, DIogenES being a Great Man himself, he has the utmost veneration for Great Men, and particularly Sublimities, Efulgencies and "Worships." A brilliant idea occurred to us. We inserted the objectionable something, and, summoning our "Familiar," ordered him to carry the manuscript to His Sublimity, with our loving salutation, and an earnest request that he would—like Sterne's "Recording Angel"—drop pitying tears on the word, and blot it out for ever. His Sublimity graciously consented, with the benign courtesy which so conspicuously exalts him above all other "ublimities"—Emperors, Kings, or Rulers, or "Worships."—past, present, or future. And, lo! with the aid of a pair of tongs, Mr. Muggles, and a Spanish onion, the pearly dew fell, the terrible expression disappeared—evaporated—lost in the infinity of space—to the huge relief of DIogenES, and the undying credit and glory of that most immaculate of all conceptions, His Seraphic Worship the Mayor!

IS IT LIKELY?

If Miss Ireland ever comes to her senses she will sink her Blarney Stone in the bluest and deepest of thy waters, sweet Lake of Killarney! and, in its place, will enthrone, high in Tara's Halls, that much better stone, the GLAD-STONE, and will kiss and kiss, and kiss it forever and evermore, with all the fervor of her eccentric, but warm, and generous, and impulsive nature!

"WHEN BROTHERS SNARL AND FIGHT."

Some people—outsiders, of course—assert that the "Metropolis" is dull;—that fun is unknown, and sensation never felt within its walls. This is, purely and simply, the result of prejudice, ignorance, or bad taste; probably of the latter, or, more probably, of all combined. What other city in our broad Dominion, DIOGENES, can show anything to equal a recent occurrence here,—a duello, attended with every circumstance of hatred, ferocity, and blood-thirstiness, between a Parson and a Pig! And it may be as well, at once, to state, obviating misapprehension, that the parson was not a Jew, nor the pig a Tith-Pig. Thus, I believe, it came about:—Pig had been informed by a neighbor that the parson had preached at him, and, being an exceedingly well-bred animal, and feeling that his pork was as good as any other pig's pork, naturally felt indignation, even to the rising up of his bristles; and, in order to explanation, resolved to have an early grunt with the parson, his unprovoked assailant. With this end in view, piggy made his way into the parson's grounds. The parson, having seen him, without word or squeak, commenced the fray. He was armed with a stout staff in the one hand, and a folded surplice in the other. Poor pig was provided with neither temporal nor spiritual weapons, and had none but those given by nature. The battle, if sharp, was short. One exchange of shots, only, took place. The parson fired first, and his staff fell on his opponent's snout, in a very unpleasant manner, and seriously damaged one of his little eyes. Piggy, feeling himself at a disadvantage, adopted other tactics, and closed with the enemy, ran between his legs, and brought him to the earth, a prostrate, a wounded, and a beaten parson. Pig, to his honor be it said, bore his triumph magnanimously. He just snuffed at his lowly reverence, and, not liking the odor, grunted out his best wishes for the recovery of his foe, and quietly and happily trotted back to his sty.

All might have ended here, and the feud soon been forgotten, but the parson boasted, and claimed the victory. This was more than any whole-souled pig could stand, especially one that, like our hero, felt that he had been ill-used, as in the choice of weapons and the unannounced attack;—so he called Mr. Parson into a Court of Honor, and again Mr. Parson had to preach back, and was ordered to furnish a salve for piggy's sores. Mr. Parson took the lead now, and challenged pig to meet on the broad-sheet. Pig responded in a manner that would have done credit to an animal higher in the scale of creation. But we look upon this phase of the affair with horror and disgust. It is well known that the civilized nations of the earth have recently undertaken to refrain from the use of certain monstrous inventions of war. Our parson—(parsons are seldom in advance of the age)—had the unparalleled barbarity to assail the pig with a weapon that a New Zealander would have declined to employ,—*he actually fired at him with a Latin quotation!* The contest is raging fiercely, the parson still getting the worst of it; but, whatever the pig may be, we are inclined to think the parson is getting something else,—is getting to be a bore!

* * *

AN EXPLANATION.

Prof. C—r, Organist of the Cathedral, Professor of the Jews' Harp, and leading member of the St. James' Club, presents his compliments to DIOGENES, and requests him to publish the following important statement:—

It is not true that Prof. C—r was challenged by the

Rev. Canon B—h, as stated in low society by a person who pretends to be a member of the St. James'. This report could not have originated in the Club, as all clubmen know, as well as Mr. C. does, that clergymen don't fight in these days, except it be with each other and their wives.

It is not true that Prof. C—r insulted Mrs. and the Misses —, last Saturday, on the Beaver Hall Hill. Sufficient for him, in the meantime, is the honor of insulting a Parson, without insulting ladies.

Neither is it true that, on the last-named occasion, certain friends of his were stationed round the corner, ready to provide him with snow-balls and dirty water. All the water used by Prof. C—r comes from the town-pump, and can do no serious injury to anybody.

DIOGENES will, no doubt, be delighted to impart these interesting facts to the world; and Prof. C—r is particularly anxious that they should be known to his brethren of the Club, and the ladies and gentlemen who attend his Jews' Harp classes.

St. JAMES' CLUB, }
Tuesday. }

(Immediate.)

St. JAMES' CLUB.

Professor C—r, having just learned that DIOGENES is not a member of the St. James', wishes him to send his communication to the *Clown and Horse-Collar*, the illustrious Editor of which journal, Peter Muggles Esq., is "one of us."

DIOGENES begs to inform Professor C—r that he is mistaken in supposing that he (DIOGENES) does not belong to the St. James' Club. In fact the Philosopher regards himself as the Founder—he might say Father—of that exclusive resort of the aristocracy and fashion of Montreal. It is possible that, in the immensity of his learned labors, he may have forgotten to pay his entrance fee and annual subscription—a frequent oversight, he is informed, of other distinguished members. But, as Professor C—r takes such a lively interest in the affairs of the Club, he will, perhaps, condescend to direct the Secretary to forward to DIOGENES a statement of his indebtedness, when he will send a cheque on the Wild Cat Bank for the amount, trusting the large "rest" of that prosperous institution will be sufficient to meet it. If not, and there should be a consequent run on the Bank, DIOGENES will fly to the rescue, and save it, even if he were to sell his Tub!

—, Esq.,

Professor of the Jews' Harp, &c., &c., &c.,

St. James' Club.

MORE THAN PROBABLE.

Mr. Weir, it seems, is again looking out for martyrs to aid him in damming out the Silver Flood. DIOGENES is inclined to think that those who assisted Mr. Weir on former occasions, must feel a strong desire to *dam* Mr. Weir himself!

TOO TRUE.

To the aspirant for literary honors there are no darts so envenomed as—*mistakes of the press!*

OFFICIAL AND IMPORTANT.

The Montreal Hydraulic Company lately applied to the Quebec Government for another charter, to enable them to dam the river above the city. Mr. Chauveau's reply was very stern and conclusive. He told them "they might all be dammed themselves, if they liked; but he'd be damned if the St. Lawrence should be dammed, to please them or anybody else. *Sacré dame!*"

Here is another insult and injury to Montreal by these envious people of Quebec! What is Mr. Edward Carter, Q. C., M. P. P., about? In the name of his constituents, of the Centre Division, we call upon him to interfere, at once, and save the city from such loss and outrage. Nothing short of a promise of his immediate appointment to the Bench or the Attorney-Generalship can excuse him from acting ferociously and patriotically in the matter. He has already been cheated out of the Treasurer's office, on the paltry plea that he knew no more of finance than he did of Egyptian hieroglyphics. Fudge! What did Kit Dunkin know about finance, when he was made Treasurer?

DIOGENES dreads that his excessive modesty will be the utter ruin of the learned member for Montreal Centre. To encourage him, however, the Cynic will repeat an old anecdote, well-known in the United States, but which will not be found in that favorite author, "Chitty on Quibbles."

A Yankee from Connecticut having gone West, was so successful that, in a short time, he was elected to the Local Legislature. Thereupon he writes to his father, advising him that he too should come to Illinois, as there was every chance that he would get some employment under the State. "Don't be afraid, dad," he said; "don't be afraid; mighty mean men get offices up here!"

Many of our readers may have heard the story before; but a good tale is not the worse for being twice told, and it is very applicable to Canada at this moment.

ORGANIST VS. CANON.

A correspondence between Mr. Organist Carter and the Rev. Canon Balch, published at the desire of the former, appeared in the *Gazette* one day last week. The whole affair recalls to DIOGENES (he scarcely knows why) the following anecdote, which, as it has never before appeared in print, is likely to be new to most of his readers:—

Mr. Conway, an actor of the old classical school, while performing at Wallack's Theatre, in New York, strolled into one of the many resorts of Bohemians in the neighborhood of Broadway. He was there introduced to Signor —, an acrobat, who was then performing the distinguished role of an ape in a sensational drama at the Bowery. Mr. Conway is a man of noble presence and dignified manner, and rolls forth his words with the pomp of a Kemble. The Signor, on the contrary, is an insignificant fellow, who chatters like a magpie. The following colloquy took place!

SIGNOR—Ah, ha, Mr. Conway! I ver' much glad for know you. I see you perform las' night. You are von ver' gran' actor. I loff' you ver' much. I shall play for your benefit. Aha! Mr. Conway; you are von ver' great man.

CONWAY (*coldly*)—Thank you, sir. I am beholden to you.

SIGNOR—You have something to drink? aha! Mr. Conway?

CONWAY—Thanks. [They drink.] Good morning.

SIGNOR—Ah! Mr. Conway, you go away so soon? You go up town? I go with you! Ah! Mr. Conway, I shall have gran' delight to walk up Broadway vith you, eh?

CONWAY (*grandiloquently*)—No, sir, no!! CATO and a RING-TAILED MONKEY! Never! by Jupiter.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

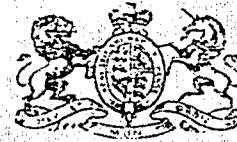
TITLE ROYAL CONUNDRUM.

DIOGENES has the most profound pleasure in announcing to his subscribers and admirers the gratifying fact that he now numbers among his contributors the most distinguished Personage in the Dominion. The *incognito* of the Cynic's correspondents is always most religiously preserved; and, in this instance, the most stringent precautions have to be taken. He is, therefore, only at liberty to state that the distinguished personage in question is not His Worship the Mayor, nor Peter Muggles, Esquire, Messenger of the Wild Cat Bank:—

R—se M—t, 1st January, 1870.

Colonel E—e presents his compliments to the Editor of DIOGENES, and has much pleasure in forwarding for insertion in the next number of his talented journal an original conundrum made by His R—y—l H—gh—ss.

Colonel E—e feels assured that the Editor will fully appreciate the remarkable talent displayed in this effusion, and will give it due prominence. He begs to state that, although the *jeu d'esprit* was thrown off on New Year's Day, His R—y—l H—n—ss was not in any abnormal state of exhilaration, but rather the reverse, being somewhat depressed in spirits from the unmerciful boring he had experienced at the hands of his numerous and unwelcome visitors. While stipulating for the most profound secrecy, H. R. H. will decline to accept any more than the usual remuneration allowed to ordinary correspondents:



THE ROYAL CONUNDRUM!!

QUES.—Suppose a certain Civic Dignitary succeeds in worrying the life out of me, what famous poem will he remind you of?

ANS.—"THE MORTE D'ARTHUR."

* * * NOTE BY ED.—Bully for Arthur! As he has reason to expect further favors from the same distinguished source, DIOGENES confidently anticipates an enormous increase of subscribers from the West End,—in anticipation of which he has specially engaged an extremely genteel newsboy for the Beaver Hall district, who will be carefully washed, and scented with "Prince Arthur's Bouquet," before proceeding on his rounds, thus avoiding any danger to the delicate susceptibilities of his fashionable subscribers by bringing them in contact with the *oi polloi*, or the GREAT UNWASHED.

AN EXPLANATION.

Our fellow citizens and ourselves, (we confess it), were a little surprised, a few days ago, at an extraordinary display of bunting during the day, and at the gorgeous illumination of the Mayoralty, in the evening. It was the result of the following telegram to His Worship:—
"The Prince has just killed a mouse!"
Confound those telegraphic blunders!



LE JOUR DE L'AN.

DIOGENES IS OF OPINION THAT CERTAIN NEW YEAR'S CUSTOMS DO NOT ADD MUCH TO THE DIGNITY OF MAN,—OR OF WOMAN EITHER.

A FRIENDLY SUGGESTION.

When the Editor of the *Gazette* alludes to his past great labors for the public interest (which he seldom does, for he is a modest man) he always speaks of what appeared in "these columns," including, of course, the leading articles and quack advertisements. This phrase, **DIOGENES** submits, though dignified, is vague. Now, the Philosopher takes the liberty of offering a suggestion on this grave question. Considering the power, vigour, and might of our contemporary's lucubrations, should he not say "These columns of Hercules"? This would be, at once, appropriate and classical.

POLITICAL.

QUERY.—If Sir A. T. Galt, by resigning office, contrived to get his brother and brother-in-law on the Bench,—supposing that the present thirteen ministers were also to resign office, how many brothers and brothers-in-law would *they* get on the Bench, in addition to their relations already officially provided for?

ANSWER.—Their name is Legion, and could only be "figured out" by the wonderful Statisticians who created the great Commercial Navy of the Dominion.

HERALDIC TAILORS—Makers of Coats of Arms!



YE BEDYL.

HOOD REVISED.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Seedy and weary, and worn,
With eyes that are bloodshot and red,
On the morn after New Year's Day
I moralized thusly in bed:
Drink, Drink, Drink,
Whiskey, and Brandy, and Beer,
Till now, on the verge of horrid "D. T.,"
I hover in terrible fear.

Oh! why did I mix my drinks?
Oh! why could I never say "No"?
And why did I gorge and stuff myself
With cake that was nought but dough?
For it's Eat, Eat, Eat
At every house where you call—
Guzzle, and cuss it, and leave,
When you're hardly able to crawl.

Oh! men with sisters dear;
Oh! men with mothers and wives,
Why stuff your neighbors against their will?
Why sadden those neighbors' lives
With Drink, Drink, Drink,
Whiskey, and Brandy, and Rum—
A nightmare dread, and a restless bed,
And a waking seedy and glum?

Oh! for a little breathing space,
As we turn the New Year's leaf,
A gentle fasting would do me good,
But for me there is no relief.
I'd sooner be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where, at least, they couldn't your stomach spoil
With this guzzling New Year's work!

THE HISTORY OF A LOAFER.

CHAP. XII.

WESTWARD, HO!

And so he brought no more friends to the house, and Lizzie said nothing to Gilbert. She, too, dreaded that strong-willed brother. And in this way matters rolled on for nearly three years. Gerald not only absented himself from his house, but often from his office also. A letter was written to Gilbert, informing him of the fact. Gerald, a second time, ran away from home; but this time, by the aid of detectives, he was soon discovered. The interview between the two brothers was long and painful. It was the old story, and the young lad soon confessed all. Dissipation and Debt,—Debt and Dissipation! He reiterated his old wish that he should be sent to America, there to retrieve his character. After much discussion, the elder brother consented. Now arose the great difficulty. Who was to tell the father? Gerald would not,—Gilbert could not. Woman's tact and Woman's judgment were now required again. Whenever there is an unpleasant family communication to be made, the task is sure to be assigned to a woman. Lizzie now undertook it, without a murmur.

"Father," said she, "Gerald wants to go abroad."

The old man stood aghast, quite unable to realize the fact that his darling son wished to leave him.

"Why does he wish it?" inquired he, perfectly bewildered.

"He says there is a necessity for it, father."

And, for the remainder of the day, the father and daughter hardly interchanged a word.

Gilbert had, as may be imagined, lectured his brother with no little severity. He informed him, seriously, that he must now bid adieu to luxury, and be prepared to encounter hardship,—even want. He undertook to furnish him with funds sufficient for a steerage passage and a poor man's outfit, and would also provide him with a small sum of money, for his immediate expenses on his arrival in

America. He also extorted from him a promise that he would accept no money from that indulgent and imbecile father, whose old age he had contributed so much to impoverish. Gerald gave his word, and broke it a few hours later. When he saw his father that evening, the old man requested him—nay, entreated him—not to leave him just now. But the foolish "loafer" had now developed into a crafty liar. He reminded his father that this was the time of life when all young gentlemen usually "travelled" to compete their education. He easily recalled to the old man's memory the days when he had made the grand tour of Europe and the East, on leaving college. The parson's recollections of this pleasant period of his life were still acute and vivid. By degrees Gerald led him to talk of Cadiz and Venice, of Athens and Damascus, of foot excursions among the Swiss mountains, of horseback journeys over the plains of Syria. He soon became chatty and communicative, promised his son letters of introduction to foreign friends in distant lands, became quite reconciled to the proposed journey, and, finally, presented his son with a cheque for an amount sufficient to pay the travelling expenses of a young nobleman. He directed Gerald to conceal this last fact from his brother Gilbert, who, he said, had become remarkably stingy of late. This Gerald promised to do, and, it is needless to say, he kept his word.

Both Gilbert and Lizzy were excessively surprised to see the father so calm, and, apparently, resigned to the parting. This parting was not long delayed. Gerald, with a hypocrisy which did not become part of his character, declined the offers of any of his family to accompany him to Liverpool. He had already, he said, been an expense to them. There was no occasion to involve them in any more. He took an affectionate leave of his father, who bore it better than was expected, and a solemn one of his brother, who gave him some more stern advice. His farewell to his sister touched even him.

"Gerald," said she, "wherever you go, always remember how Gilbert loves you."

Gerald lost no time in getting to Liverpool, where he stopped a week. He soon disposed of the emigrant outfit which his brother had given him, and procured another of a much more expensive character, and, in his opinion, much more suitable to the wants of a gentleman. He took a first-class cabin passage on board the steamer "Niagara," bound for Boston.

And now, one word to the parents and guardians of England. When a young man turns out a "loafer," or gets into some miserable scrape, why do you immediately pack him off to "America?" "America" and the British Colonies are admirable fields for energy and industry, whether allied to poverty or accompanied by capital, but they are the worst reformatories in the world. Is your boy a drunkard?—he will here find that drunkenness is a favorite vice. Is he lazy?—he will find plenty of companions of a similar kind. Is he a spend-thrift?—there does not exist a more extravagant people than the "Americans." Is he inclined to be dishonest?—he will find "smartness" admired. Does he possess any, or all, of these vices in a small degree? On this soil they will bring forth fruit a hundred-fold. There is no greater misfortune for a young country or a young colony than a copious infusion of "loafers." There are, in this country, already enough, and to spare. They are like tares among wheat, occupying the place of the latter, and stifling its growth. It is somewhat remarkable that England sends us a far greater proportion of this species than does either Scotland or Ireland. Emigration is carried on with far more system among the inhabitants of the two latter countries. They come here from principle or necessity,—an Englishman, too often, from a freak.

(To be Continued.)

UNPRECEDENTED LIBERALITY.

REV. R. R. IRVINE, D. D.—At a prayer meeting held at Knox Church, Montreal, on the morning of New Year's Day, the Rev. Dr. Irvine, formerly of Knox Church in this city, was presented with the handsome* of \$150, as a New Year's Gift.

Four dollars and fifty cents! Good heavens! What will Dido say? Four dollars and fifty cents! and DIOGENES not dead yet, in spite of Grand Inquisitors and the *auto da fe*! The CYRUS is anxious to know more about this wonderful New Year's gift. It surely cannot be an expression of the generosity of an undivided congregation. Four dollars and fifty cents? Impossible!

* Sum?

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.

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.*"

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WEST WARD.

To James Smith, Esq., N.P.

The undersigned desire you to allow yourself to be nominated as Councillor for the West Ward of this City, and we pledge ourselves to support you to the utmost of our power.

MONTREAL, December, 1869.

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| F Warren | Chs J C Coursol | Thos Davies | W O'Brien |
| R D Bathgate | Henry J Clarke, QC | Henry Cox | E Holton |
| Wm Bathgate | H Nightingale | H McGill | John J McLaren |
| Alex Murray | T F Stoneham | John Clark & Co | C Thomas |
| Francis Greene | J G Shipway | P Camp | A Boster |
| Leon Marion | Geo Shipway | Thos Dority | Thos Bastien |
| N Marion | John Penner | Patrick Egan | T Lorie |
| Wm Samuel | A Mackinnon | David Robertson | A B Stewart |
| Thos L McConkey | John Fraser | John Scott | E Haugen |
| A J Pell | W B Bowse | T Holland | L Gaudinger |
| James Trainor | W Mann | Denis Brennan | Wright & Bregan |
| Geo Wilson | F Dackus | Edwin Ehl ipa | John C Giffin |
| John Richardson | M O'Sullivan | John Simpson | J L Hunter |
| Geo Ringland | John O Keane | J D Thurston | Robert Thomson |
| James Morrison | John Whittaker | E H Thurston | Samuel E Moss |
| A Dufrane | William Wilson | J C Thurston | Thomas May & Co |
| E Dolan | John McKay | John McKerron | H Chandler |
| C Pariseau | W A Phillips | John Fraser | Jonathan Findlay |
| George Harrington | Robert Mitchell | Mann & Son | A Brestler |
| D J Sadlier & Co | Charles Bailie | S Browning | Edward Hill |
| Michael Crathy | T R Whitehead | J H Ross | W A Little |
| Robert Weir | John M Jones | James Brown | H L Prowee |
| N B Charlebois | E Angers | Joseph Dion & Bro | Fred Lowe |
| John Wilson | D Mann | | |

To the Ratepayers of the West Ward.

GENTLEMEN:

I need not say that I feel extremely flattered at the reception of your call to allow myself to be nominated as your Representative in the City Council. In acceding to a request at once general and spontaneous, I beg to assure you that, should I be returned, I will endeavour, faithfully and diligently, to promote the interests of the Ward, as well as those of our rising and prosperous City.

I am, Gentlemen,

Yours faithfully,

JAMES SMITH.

MONTREAL, 6th January, 1870.

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DAY EXPRESS leaves Montreal at 8.40 a.m. for Rutland, Boston, &c., arriving in Boston at 10.30 p.m.
NIGHT EXPRESS leaves Montreal at 8.30 a.m. for Waterloo, Boston, and New York, arriving at Boston at 8.40 a.m., connecting at Bellows' Falls with Cheshire R. R., for Boston and Worcester, and with Vermont Valley R. R. for Springfield, &c., arriving in New York at 12.30 p.m.

TRAINS GOING NORTH AND WEST.
DAY EXPRESS leaves Boston via Lowell at 8 a.m., arriving at Montreal at 10 p.m.
NIGHT EXPRESS leaves Bellows' Falls at 10.10 p.m., receiving passengers from Vermont Valley R. R., leaving New York at 12.15 p.m., and from Cheshire R. R., leaving Boston at 5.30 p.m., connecting at White River Junction with train leaving Boston at 6.00 p.m. for Montreal.

Sleeping Cars are attached to both the night express trains, running between Montreal and Boston, and St. Albans and Springfield.

For tickets and freight apply at Vermont Central Office, No. 30 St. James Street.
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