

## Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

L'Institut a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /  
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion  
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut  
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la  
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /  
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may  
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these  
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que  
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une  
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,  
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas  
été numérisées.

## MASON'S FRUIT JARS.

AFTER many years experience have been found the most reliable for preserving all kinds of fruit. Save their cost in sugar at the first filling. Pint, quart and 1/2 gallon sizes in any quantity, for sale by

W. D. McLAREN,  
247 St. Lawrence Street, Corner (639) of St. Catherine.

## ALFRED BAILEY,

ARCHITECT,

PLACE D'ARMES HILL.

Quantities taken, and Artificers' Work Measured.

**JUST OUT.**  
The New Preparation for DARKENING GRAY HAIR,  
**Gray's Umbra**  
Free from Sugar of Lead, Sulphur, Nitrate of Silver, &c.  
Price 50 cents per bottle.

**FOLEY'S CELEBRATED GOLD PENS**  
Have been introduced into this Market, and are sold by Messrs. SAVAGE, LYMAN & Co., Notre Dame St. Messrs. MURRAY & Co., Stationers, Notre Dame Street, and by C. E. BURDEN, Book and News Store 27 St. James Street (Diogenes' Office).

Foley's Pens are known throughout the United States as the best manufactured

**E. G. MELLOR**  
Manufacturer of Gold & Hair Jewellery  
215 NOTRE DAME ST. (Opposite Mr. W. McGibbon's, Grocer)

At the above Establishment may be found one of the finest and most recherche assortment of Jewellery in this city.

Note the address—215 Notre Dame St.

**Bishop Oxenden's WORKS.**

DAWSON BROS. have just received:

The Pastoral Office: its duties, difficulties, privileges and prospects.

Portraits from the Bible—New Testament Series.

Short Lectures on the Sunday Gospels from Easter to Advent.

The Pathway of Safety; or, Counsel to the Awakened Family Prayers.

The Earnest Communicant—a course of Preparation for the Lord's Table.  
For Sale at Nos. 55 to 59 St. James Street.



## CITY DISPENSARY

FINE PERFUMES, Hair, Tooth, & Nail Brushes, Patent "Rubber Sponge," and other Toilet requisites.  
For sale by J. E. D'AVIGNON  
252 Notre Dame Street.  
Use D'Avignon's Baking Powder.

ALL THE LATEST ENGLISH AND AMERICAN FASHION BOOKS AT THE Diogenes' Office, 27 St. James St.

## KAMOURASKA. Sea-Bathing.

The undersigned intimates to her friends that her Private Boarding House is now re-opened for the Reception of Visitors, Families, and Invalids, who may desire to enjoy the benefits of the invigorating air of this fine Watering Place, as well as the comforts of a first-class Country Residence.

Mrs. H. SMITH, Albion House, KAMOURASKA.

N.B.—In addition to the Railway Cars, there will be a Steamer from Quebec direct to the Village three times a week.

## Music.

MUSIC at a price within the reach of all.

The most popular Songs, and pieces at 5 cents each.

DeZouche Bros., 351 Notre Dame Street.

## Paper Hangings.

THE most complete Stock of WALL PAPERS in the City. Splendid Patterns at very moderate rates.

DeZouche Bros., 351 Notre Dame Street.

Vol. II.—No. 18.

MONTREAL, 10th SEPTEMBER, 1869.

Price—Five Cents

## MCEWAN'S FINNAN HADDIES.

Mr. McEwan, of Portland, having established a branch of his business at Cambo Pelio (N.B.), he is enabled to supply the Canadian Market with

### GENUINE FINNAN HADDIES

of his own Curing, Free of the Duty exacted on American-cured Fish. Constant supplies received at the ITALIAN WAREHOUSE.

ALEX. MCGIBBON.

MONTREAL  
Agricultural & Horticultural  
Society's

ANNUAL EXHIBITION

on the  
14th, 15th & 16th days of September  
next, in the  
VICTORIA SKATING RINK,  
DRUMMOND STREET.

PRIZES OPEN TO ALL CANADA FOR  
FRUITS,  
FLOWERS,  
VEGETABLES,  
AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS,  
POULTRY,  
SINGING BIRDS,  
&c., &c., &c.

Special Prizes for Plants Cultivated by  
Children.

Prize Lists and all information may be ob-  
tained from the Secretary.

J. E. PELL, Secretary,  
159 St. Antoine Street.

August 18, 1869.

To Smokers.

LATEST

LONDON NOVELTIES

THE "ABYSSINIAN" PIPE

AND

"SENSATION" POUCH,  
AT

MCCONKEY'S,

32 St. James Street.

(Opposite the "Hall").

Wholesale Stationery.

(Circular.)

The Partnership heretofore existing  
between ROBERT WEIR and JAMES  
SUTHERLAND having been dissolved  
by mutual consent, the undersigned  
begs to intimate that he will carry on  
the

WHOLESALE

STATIONERY BUSINESS

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES,

in the capacious premises situated at  
No. 24 (corner of) HOSPITAL and ST  
JOHN STREETS, hitherto occupied by  
Mr. Duncan Bell.

The undersigned left for England  
on Friday, 6th inst., in order to pur-  
chase a complete Stock in the best  
English markets. This Stock will be  
laid down in Montreal at the

Lowest Remunerative Rates,

such as will command the patronage  
of the trade. It will be ready for in-  
spection shortly after the 1st Sept.

A visit from Customers is solicited  
before they make their Fall purchases.  
Samples and prices will be forwarded  
on application.

ROBERT WEIR.

24 ST. JOHN STREET,  
MONTREAL, 20th Aug., 1869.

PEACHES PEACHES

LARGE CONSIGNMENTS EXPECTED DAILY

LEAVE YOUR ORDERS EARLY.

ENGLISH CHEESE, ENGLISH CHEESE,  
CHEDDAR LOAF,  
DOUBLE GLOUCESTER,  
OLD STILTON.

Just received in PRIME CONDITION.

Also,

DOMINION FINNAN HADDIES,

FOR SALE BY

DAVID CRAWFORD,

77 ST. JAMES STREET.

TO TOURISTS.

Henderson's First-class Photographs and  
Stereoscopic Slides

OF LOCAL SCENERY.

At the Diogenes' Office, 27 St. James' Street.

ANTHRACITE 1869 1869

Fall Importations.

Lewis, Kay & Co.

Will have opened by the

14th September,

Their

Entire Stock of

Fancy & Staple Dry Goods.

Buyers will oblige by an early call.

Barnjum's Gymnasium

19 University Street.

THE EVENING CLASSES have commenced.  
The Classes for Ladies and Children will  
commence on the 1st October; also a special  
class for Young Gentlemen on Monday and  
Thursday afternoons, from 4 to 5.  
Full particulars as to terms, hours, &c., can  
be obtained on application to Mr. Barnjum at  
the Gymnasium.  
Mr. B. is also prepared to receive any one  
whose case requires particular treatment for the  
correction of deformity.

FINNAN HADDIES.

THE undersigned have just received, per  
Express from Portland, a supply of

No. 1 Curd Finnan Haddies,

the very finest in the Market.

KEMP & BROWN,

Family Grocers,

CORNER OF LEMOINE & MCGILL  
STREETS.

Eureka! Eureka!! Eureka!!!

THE SECRET DISCOVERED.

EVERYBODY agrees with the *Telegraph*,  
*Witness* and *The Gazette* that the in-  
ventor should be liberally patronised who will  
enable the public to take advantage of the low  
price of Soft Coal by inventing and supplying a  
stove specially adapted for burning it.  
The DOMINION FOUNDRY COM-  
PANY beg to intimate that they are now able  
to furnish Stoves in which Soft Coal can be  
used, with as good results as the best Anthra-  
cite, and without any inconvenience from the  
fouling of pipes or the generation of gases.

Eaton's Patent Automatic  
Ventilating Stoves

Are now supplied with

Wilson's Improved Fire-Pot  
and Vacuum Damper,

And the great problem of burning SOFT COAL  
in Heating and Cooking Stoves is now fully  
solved.

Householders will save fuel and secure  
ample ventilation in their houses by using  
these Stoves.

The D. F. CO. are also prepared to execute  
promptly all orders for heavy and light castings  
of all kinds. Builders, contractors, &c., will  
find it to their advantage to give the Company  
a trial.

Samples of Castings and Stoves can be seen  
at the City Office, ST. PATRICK'S HALL, No.  
732 Craig Street; and at the Works, Point St.  
Charles.

Dominion Foundry Co. of Montreal.

C. F. HILL, Agent.

September 1, 1869.

Alex Henderson,  
PORTRAIT AND LANDSCAPE  
Photographer.

All kinds of Out-door Photography  
executed.

Canadian Landscapes in great variety.

Rooms—2nd House below English  
Cathedral, Phillip's Square.

A. MOREL,

Vegetable Medicine Manufacturer

237 NOTRE DAME STREET,  
MONTREAL.

Wonderful Powder

For Children who are not nursed, also for  
Adults of weak constitution.

Magic Pain Extractor  
For Cholera, Rheumatism and other pains.

Infallible Purgative

And sure cure for Chronic Constipation.

Cough Syrup

For all Diseases of the Lungs.

Vegetable Mexican Bitters

For Dyspepsia.

Sarsaparilla,

The only true and reliable Blood Purifier.

New Dominion Salve

For all Diseases of the Skin.

The Fair Sex

Vegetable Health Restorer.

Spanish Hair Restorer

For the Growth of the Hair and Beard.

The First of the Season

A Fresh supply of delicious Oysters  
received daily at

THE "CARLTON"

425 NOTRE DAME STREET

N.B.—Oysters Cooked in every Style.

J. MARTIN.

A FURTHER SUPPLY OF  
the following STANDARD PRE-  
PARATIONS just received:

Caswell, Mack & Co.'s Ferro-phosphated

Elixir of Calceola Bark.

Hegenan's Cordial Elixir of Calceola Bark.

Swain's Follows' Syrup of Hypophosphates.

Swain's Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient.

Dr. Davis' Caloric.

Dr. De Jongh's Cod Liver Oil.

Caswell, Mack & Co.'s Cod Liver Oil.

HENRY R. GRAY,

Dispensing and Family Chemist,

144 St. Lawrence Main Street.

(Established 1853.)

N. B.—None but genuine and first class  
articles kept in stock.

BEST ASSORTMENT OF

SILKS,

VELVETS,

FOULINS, and

STRAWLS,

To be found in Town at

BROWN, CLAGGETT & MCCARVILLE'S

463 Notre Dame Street, West End.

## CORAM,—THE RECORDER,—SEPT. 6TH, 1869.

When DIOGENES entered the Court, this morning, with the worthy host of the "Carlton," he found it full to repletion—to "bustin!" The Clerk, the Bailiffs, the Audience, were all full too,—of intense curiosity and interest. It would be wrong to say that the worthy Beak was full of any thing, but we may venture to say, though we cannot tell of what, that, at any rate he looked *full-ish!* (Take care, dear compositor, that you spell that word correctly, for if you print another word of a similar sound, DIOGENES might be pulled up for "contempt"!) All we mean is, that, as he knew a heavy case was before him,—a case that appealed to the appetite,—he had, prudently, fortified his inner man against the attacks of that *vacuum* which nature and all good Judges abhor. He was not, as Dugald Dalgetty said, *vino ciboque gravatus*, but his pleasant face, and round portly figure, spoke of a man whose digestion and conscience were both in good case. Oysters were to be the theme of the days' discussion, and he looked, therefore, happy,—very happy,—a most "Jolly Justice,"—full of good things and quite determined to keep so.

With such a Judge, our host of the "Carlton" felt that his case was in good hands; he, therefore, as first in the complaint and as having always had the first handling of the oyster, opened the ball by entering upon his defence *conticuere omnes*, and, stretching forth his right arm, thus spoke the godlike Oysterman:

"Your Worship knows, as well as "ere a he" in Montreal, that an oyster, to be eaten, must be opened, and I am accused of opening him without first killing him. To this accusation I plead guilty. I have, man and boy, these twenty years, opened oysters, and I scorn the idea of ever having killed one of them or hurt a hair of their heads; their beards I have trimmed away; but, I refer to the Clerk of this Court, does trimming the beard hurt a man? if not a man, how should it hurt an oyster? A witness has been produced against me to swear that he saw me open the shells without first killing the fish. The 'Sec. to the So. for the Sup. of Cruelty to Animals,' knows nothing about oysters; had he a soul above Clam-Chowder, he would have known that the lover of the oyster always swallows him alive. If that is a crime, it is one that I am not charged with; the PHILOSOPHER will answer to that charge. I opened them, and will prove that, in doing so, I never hurt them in the least."

Here the defendant produced an oyster, perfect in shape and size. Cool and fresh the bivalve looked, in that heated atmosphere. "That," said he, "is all alive!" and then, producing his knife, in the twinkling of an eye he exposed the beauty within the shells to the admiring eyes of the Court. "There," continued Mine Host, "look at that sleeping charmer! look at the hollow-wreathed chamber in which that Peri of Ocean by moonlight hath slept, and in which she *now* sleeps,—not in her 'native element,' as reporters say at launches,—but in Jupiter's own Ambrosia. I hand Your Worship the lovely native to examine; pass it within three inches of your nose! Is she not a darling? See how her bosom gently heaves in nature's luscious bed! Examine it well, Your Worship! I fyle it as my 'exhibit;' swallow it, sir, and if you find it injured in the smallest degree, then fine me as a bungler!"

The Court, as requested, swallowed the oyster, as it was impossible that an 'exhibit' of this kind could be otherwise preserved on the record; then, turning to DIOGENES, requested him to proceed;—that without prejudice to further deliberation he must confess Mine Host's defence was much to the point, and that the fying of a dozen more 'exhibits,' such as Number One, would have quite convinced him that no charge of cruelty could lie. "In that case," said he, of the CARLTON, "I beseech Your Worship, and as many as

are here present, to repair to my house this day, or any day, and I promise to treat you all round to my beautiful ocean treasures, with unimpeachable "PALE" free, *gratis* and for nothing, in exchange always for the usual quantity of the 'silver nuisance,' which, like Mr. Weir, I am engaged in exporting—to pay for more oysters, and the choice viands which the public know and appreciate so well."

DIOGENES plunged right into the middle of his case by denying that there was any law against swallowing oysters, either alive, in the raw state, fried, stewed, broiled, or roasted in their own shells. "The Oyster," he said, "is an animal *feræ naturæ*, and the law which sustains the proceedings of the 'So. for Sup. of Cruelty to Animals,' applies only to domesticated creatures, which are thus under man's protection. It is all very well to fine a poulterer for plucking a farm yard duck ere the Coroner had ordered a *post mortem* examination, and so authorized the gathering of the green peas; but to trouble the world about the death of a wild duck, shot with *malice prepense*, and merely for sport was unheard of! Men do not eat foxes to be sure, but will the 'Sec. to the So.' prosecute the ever greenhearted, though white headed President of the Montreal Hunt for torturing those poor persecuted 'vermin' to the death? Will he prosecute his own 'Tabby' for tormenting the poor mouse, which, trusting to his humanity, takes shelter in his hollow cheese? The Oyster,—the "native" particularly,—is entitled to as much consideration as any of Her Majesty's subjects, but to no more; and as long as it makes no complaint, it must be presumed that it suffers nothing, *volenti non fit injuria*. May I ask whether the oyster which Your Worship has just swallowed, made any objection to being incorporated with the Bench? or, now that it is beyond any power of questioning, does it object to its new quarters?"

His Honor, at this appeal, put his handkerchief to his mouth, and declared that it was rather restless about the region of his waiscoat pocket, but *that* was merely, he thought, for want of companions, as oysters like large beds and never lie alone!

"This voluntary attestation, then," said the PHILOSOPHER, "must put the Secretary's pretensions out of Court. Without, in any manner, waiving his plea, that an animal *feræ naturæ* was an outlaw and beyond the protection of this law, he was ready upon the evidence of His Worship to rest his case. The oyster just swallowed was, it was clear, still alive; it calls for companions. The presumption is that, since it does not hurt Your Honor, you will not hurt it, and, since those swallowed by DIOGENES have given no evidence to the contrary, why should any one suppose them dead? To be alive is the natural state of both men and oysters, and the law presumes life even in absence, unless a period of ten years have elapsed since last heard of. This presumption of law is not to be contradicted. It has been proved in open Court, that the host of the CARLTON never injures the oyster; it has been proved to your satisfaction that, after leaving his hands, the oyster was well and hearty; it has been proved by Your Honor's own evidence,—not the evidence of your senses, unless they lie under your belt,—that it is still alive and "asking for more." Why, then, believe that the oysters DIOGENES swallowed are dead? On the contrary, the law presumes them to be alive, and the PHILOSOPHER, though fully aware that no man can make evidence for himself, maintains that they were well when last he heard from them, and that, taking the benefit of the total darkness of his "inner surface," they are now, like Capt. Ashe, the *Cornhill Magaziue*, the Montreal *Herald*, the astronomers at Alaska, and the other wise men who rejoiced at the eclipsed glories of the Sun, preparing a report upon the state of his pimples."

DIOGENES here bowed to the Court, picked up his lantern, and sat down. His defence was received with a hearty

cheer of applause, which no efforts of the Recorder, the Clerk, or the constable,—who is always "gallows hoarse,"—could repress, but our Hiellan contributor came to grief by his enthusiasm. He jumped up on our Tub, stuck his Glengarry bonnet on the end of his stick, and kept shouting "NEESH! NEESH!! NEESH!!!" till he was black in the face! This extraordinary cry attracted the attention of all present, and all stopped to listen, which left John Dougall master of the situation—and there he was the "observed of all observers," waving his bonnet, and yelling "NEESH! NEESH!! NEESH!!!" like a madman. Suddenly, however, he found that he was alone, and shouting to an audience which did not understand that "Hip, Hip, Hurrah," was, translated in Gaelic, "Neesh, Neesh, Neesh!" Of course, on finding himself unsupported, he subsided so quickly and so utterly, that it seemed as though the head of Our Tub had fallen in, and he looked as any man must do, who finds that he has been making a Judy of himself, and suddenly tries to look grave.

The RECORDER felt that it was necessary to do something in order to support the dignity of a Court, where it is so much wanted,—so he fined Mr. Neesh in the usual five shillings, which he of the CARLTON at once paid, though, with an eye to business, he suggested that His Worship might take it out in Oysters and "Pales"—cold without.

This ended the day's proceedings—judgment being deferred till next Monday—in order that His Honor might not be hurried in his *délibéré*.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION FOR THE DISTRACTION OF SCIENCE.

By our Special Reporter.

SALEM, (MASS.), August, 1869.

SECTION Q.

This Section was called to disorder by Professor GOLD, who observed that, owing to the this Section, and the who were desirous of the Committee had remuneration should take reading.

The first paper on ROSTER, of Auld Lang foot-prints on the ROSTER begged the infor the absence of the vated from Jerusalem, expecting to arrive by Sea, but Count REMORSE would kindly delineate on the black board:—The head now shewn was



pressure of papers in number of volunteers commenting upon them, solved that no com-over fifty minutes in

the list was by Colonel Syne, "on some new "Sands of Time." Col. indulgence of Section Q diagrams lately exca-which he was hourly telegram, *via* the Red

would kindly delineate on the black board:—the exact representation of the impression on a coin, found by dredging in the Indian Archipelago, with the date "A.D. oot" inscribed thereon. This coin is evidently of remote antiquity, and bears the clearest evidence of the pre-Adamic use of the decimal system. The foot-prints were both above and below the coin in question, were 12 inches to the foot, and of a decidedly Celtic character, but he was reminded by his *remorseless* friend that his little sand was run. He was evidently not aware, however, that his 50 minutes were exhausted.



The PRESIDENT called for remarks on this paper.

SEVERAL VOICES.—Hear! Hear!

PRESIDENT.—Where? Where?

AUDIENCE.—Hear! Hear! Hear!!

PRESIDENT.—If no further remarks are made, I will call on Professor BLACKBERRY to read his paper on "The Polarization of the Polar Bear."

The PROFESSOR rose, and begged to correct the PRESIDENT.—His name was neither Raspberry nor Strawberry.

The PRESIDENT.—It is printed Blackberry.

The PROFESSOR.—That is the fault of the printer's devil, and I will rasp him for it!

The PRESIDENT.—Pray, proceed— A VOICE.—And bury all differences!



Professor BLACKBERRY.—Gentlemen, (that is, Ladies and Gentlemen.)—The polariscope of the Great or Northern Bear, called sky-polarization—

The PRESIDENT.—I don't read it so. The programme says polarization of the polar hair; that, I take it, is a physiological paper.

Professor B.—Mr. President, if I am again to be programmed, I've done! I can't a-bear it!

AUDIENCE.—Oh! oh! Order!

General OLIVES.—Mr. President,—In Salem we always carry an olive leaf.—

A VOICE.—Oh! branch you mean. (Laugh, ter.)

General O.—The programme has undoubtedly been changed. My paper was on the Cimex Lepticus, and I find it called the "Curly-tailed Rhododendron." I must confess that I do not see the connection. The doctrine of natural selection in the case of the Cimex is a matter of common observation, but that of Rhus Toxicodendron is obscure, and naturally, this subject belongs to Section B, and I move its adjournment, especially as I have not the notes of my epidemiological observations on this subject with me on the present occasion.

The PRESIDENT.—Any remarks on this subject? If not, I shall proceed to call upon Professor Gassibus for his paper on "The Duplex-elliptical symmetry of the Embryo of the Hippopotamus."



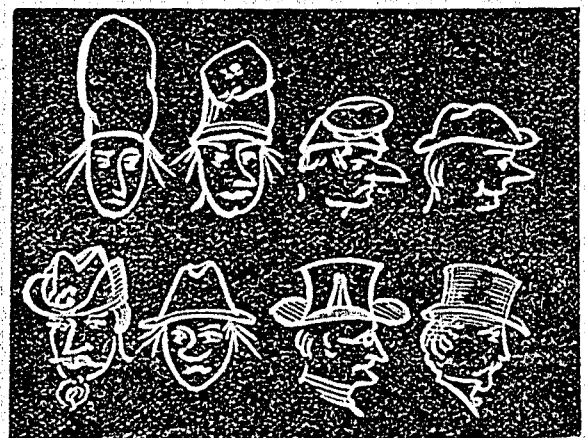
Professor GASSIBUS.—Sare, eet wood be a dark day for the Ass-ossif-cashun ceel thees grate truth deed not comb out in the lite. Eet is a leetle thing,—it is a very grate fac! It is wat you call twins— and parfaiite! (Loud and long-continued applause.)

Dr. Leo Hunter's paper on "The Chemistry of the primeval Brick-bat" was post-prandialed, the author being engaged in the pursuit of a fossil butterfly.

Dr. Grampus read a paper "On the Mephitic influence of the American Spread Eagle," which he illustrated by a tabular statement of the number of guns to be fired, flags hoisted, bells rung, and bands played, in case Harvard beat Oxford.



Count REMORSE then proceeded with his popular cartoons on the Morphology of Hats. "When post-Adamic man," he observed, "took to fig-leaves, and began to lose the natural covering with which the Almighty had adorned his pericranium, he did not, at once, arrive at the perfection of parasols and paramattas, but, by a process of gradual development, akin to the morphology of mushrooms, he converted Eve's jelly-bag into a temporary asylum, and gradually metamorphosed this capsule, or envelope, into the last Broadway style." (Of this he gave examples thus:—



This paper was received with rapturous applause, and a member of

Sorosis begged the lecturer to extend his remarks to the head-covering of her oppressed sex.

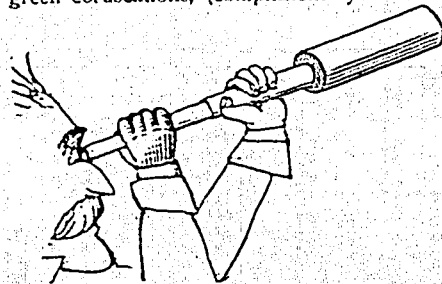
Amid general acclamation, the Professor resumed:

"With respect to Woman, the head-dress diminished in proportion to the brain it covered. The most authentic pictures extant of Mrs. Noah represented the appendage as perfectly umbrageous, whilst the 'girl of the period' required only a butterfly and a thin piece of elastic. The Chignon, however, was a great Geological Institution, which he commended to the Microscopic Section as an imperfectly-explored field of investigation. The female of the 19th century was undoubtedly, in this respect, an unprotected female."



The next paper was read by Lieut. SLASHER, on "Moonshine at the period of Total Eclipse."

Reviewing the opinions of the Ancients on the subject of Green Cheese, he ventured the suggestion that the atmosphere of the moon was composed of Thallium, which had been fully confirmed by spectral observations, taken during the late eclipse. He was of opinion that the green coruscations, (complimentary to the rose,) proceeded from the moon. He should have doubted the results himself had he not taken a "double sight."



Professor BORNJAW then delivered a recitation "On the Monocular Velocipede."

His first proposition was, that time was made for slaves;—secondly, that saddles were made of pig-skin;—thirdly, that wheels were within wheels.

This paper led to great

discussion, which ultimately became involved.

Professor TWINE, of Newport, did not see how this would agree with Euclid's grand parallax, that "when  $x$  meets  $x$  then comes the tug of war."

Professor PEARCER said he would like to see it in print, but not until his new "Algebra," now in the press, came out, and he could not sufficiently impress upon his publishers that, until then, every thing was *post restante*. He thought that if "L" could be converted by the fifth power into "H"—all might go on well with O, which might be looked upon as a monopede—but he would figure it up next trip.

AMOS GRIND, Esq. followed; "On the rotation of the World before the Flood," which, he maintained, was strictly mono-



eye is taken separately, as a contained in the simple satellite (i). Conceive an there you have Cosmos, the GASSIUS (interrupting).—referable to Geonosy, and

meeting to order, and begged

The PRESIDENT called the Hall wouldn't speak at once.

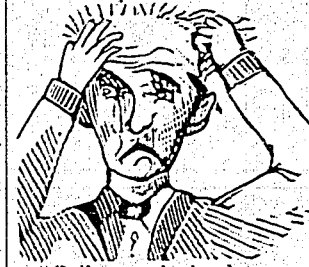


tically, and differentially, the sine of the angles being equal to polysistoma

vulgar. There was also an Indian name, which he could not read. It fell in the same shower near Keokuk, and it looked, as far as he could make it out, like *felo de se*. He thought the further researches of Lieut. Warren in and under Jerusalem would throw some light upon it.

The SECRETARY announced that he had just received a telegraphic report of an interesting paper just read in Exeter by Professor TINSSELL, of the Royal Institution, from which he would read an extract:—"Experiment had proved that the juice of three or four lemons, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  of a pound of loaf sugar, dissolved in about three pints of boiling water, gave saporous waves, which strike the palate at such intervals that the thrilling acidity of the lemon juice, and the cloying sweetness of the sugar are no longer distinguishable. We have, in fact, a harmony of saporific waves. The pitch, however, is too low, and to heighten it, we infuse in the boiling water the fragrant yellow rind of one lemon. Here we might pause, if the soul of man required no other result than lemonade. But to obtain the culminating saporosity of punch, we must drop into the bowl a pint of old Jamaica, and a like quantity of genuine Cognac. The molecules of Alcohol, Sugar and Citric Acid collide, and an entirely new series of vibrations are produced. Now, we have rhythm—written rhythm,—and the product is a spell of subtle harmonies. As an ally of gravitation, it may bring the highest brain down to the gutter, or, on the other hand, raise the dullest spirit to the extacies of the seventh heaven! No outgrowth of modern organic chemistry can equal or excel the glowing harmonies of punch, which combines the syrene of melody with the harmonies of the Æolian harp." Several members said that they had not observed this phenomenon, and believed it peculiar to the old country.

The Secretary then retired to test the experiment. At this point, the PRESIDENT called attention to the exhausted condition of the Short-hand Reporter, several feet of whose hair was found torn out under severe cerebral excitement. The effect of the last paper being equal to a sun-stroke, ice was freely applied to the cerebellum, under which treatment the whites of his eyes gradually reappeared. For some hours, however, he continued to repeat, in a state of semi-consciousness—

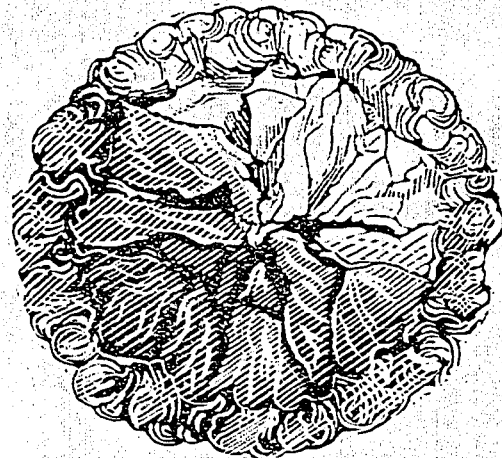


"Polly, Polly, Polly, Polly!"

At last, sense returning, he vociferated, in musical accents,—

"Polly, put the kettle on, we'll all have tea!"

Refreshments were then announced, and Section Q—adjourned. The next meeting will be held at Troy, N.Y., in the first week of September, 1870, provided the pie-crust of our earth holds out so long.



SECTION OF THE EARTH AND VOLCANOES.—POLY-BLAZES!

EUREKA!

WE—that is, the all-beneficent DIOGENES—is delighted, half-crazed with joy! The Cynic has given the Flag of Lanark to the breeze; fired unnumbered salvos from his pop-guns; rolled over and over in his Tub in the madness of his mirth!—Macdougall has returned in safety from Thunder Bay! and, unscathed by the lightnings of that eccentric region, where the electric fluid assumes the hue of BROWN, he has seen the road, and pronounced it good—better than good if it conducts to Governorship and Power! He returned, not only safe, but ameliorated. It is rumoured in political circles that he has been seen to smile; and his messenger has proclaimed to astonished under-ground coteries that he actually said, "thank you," when handed his hat! His companion in travail,—dear old Joe,—has gone on to Red River. Suggestive extension! Joe has been subject to changes of complexion. It is most devoutly to be desired that he may not come back a Rouge!

## EVA HEAD.

A NAUGHTICAL ROMANCE OF BEAUTY, BLOOD, AND BOOTY.

(Concluded.)

## CHAP. XXIII.

The ordinary reading public has no idea of the disadvantages and difficulties under which an author labors. If he were to give heed to all the barks from "asses' souls in lions' skin," which assail him at every point, his task would indeed be a hard one, and it is therefore with a due fear of the criticisms of the *Witness*, and a grateful appreciation of the forbearance shewn the fair Eva by the numerous readers of DIOGENES, that I now, in bidding adieu to a *negress*, make my exit.

To return, therefore, to New Orleans—mouthpiece of the muddy Mississippi, and birthplace of A Head,—where, several chapters ago, (I really forget how many),—we parted from Henrico's better half, the sable Eva. She looks, at first sight, somewhat paler than usual, though this, perhaps, is on account of her being disabled from work by a sad accident which befel her, shortly after arriving at the home of her childhood.

It seems that, three or four weeks after her return, she was watching the gay promenaders in the *Sirada di Lazzaroni*, from a third-floor window, in company with two of her younger sisters, when, after some high words, they all fell out! As might naturally be imagined, some time elapsed before she was entirely convalescent, and while confined to the house, (how sad for one so young!) she commenced a course of literature with a view to improving her mind, and fitting her for the duties of Editor, or Editress of an Orleans *Daily News*, whenever the *Womans' Rights'* question should be finally and satisfactorily settled.

A "blue-stocking" is, of course, all *soul*, and it, therefore, cannot be wondered at, that Eva wore her slippers down at the heel, and paid such little attention to her personal appearance. After a course of Tupper, interspersed with one or two of Miss Braddon's most soul-squelching novels, she was indeed a lamentable sight! If ever hearts were made of stone she would have moved one of them, as she walked about the house doing the duties required of her, in a mechanical kind of way, altogether oblivious of the commonest rules of housewifery, and deaf to the self-evident fact that cayenne pepper and pickles are not two of the component parts of plum-pudding or *Charlotte Russe*. Her hair unkempt, untidy, and disordered, (her *locks*, by the bye, affording a good *key* to her character), marks of grief, or of printers' ink—(I know not which—) around her lovely eyes, and furrows of care, (or carelessness), down her ebony cheeks, she was a sight well calculated to move "a nation to tears," or bring briny torrents from the eyes of the most stony-hearted vendor of indigestible ice-creams.

But soon her sorrow was turned into exultation, and her weeping into tears of gladness, for on the morning of the 31st of September, (old style), whilst reading the *Star*, her eye caught the following advertisement:—

"If this should meet the eye of M<sup>me</sup>. Henrico, she will hear of something to her advantage, by applying to Messrs. Doo & Cheatem, Montreal, Canada. Her husband is no more!"

Eva's joy was so intense that it evinced itself in hysteria, which did no small benefit to the business of the adjacent jewellers, who declared that they couldn't supply the demand which arose for ear-rings, owing to the fact that, far and near, peoples' ears had

BEEN PIERCED BY MADAME HENRICO'S SHRIEKS!!!

## CHAP. XXIV.

A dark night, and a doleful one! Clouds of tempestuous blackness scouring across the midnight sky, and blurring the fair face of Luna, with fearful murkiness! On the heights of Mount Royal, the pines sobbing and wailing as if a fiend from the nethermost world was dragging the life-sap from their very hearts,—while, far beneath, in the silent and almost depopulated city, not a soul can be seen save the rowdy reveller, as he reels down St. James' Street, and shudders as he passes the office of the *Witness*,—or the solitary and strychnine-fearing canine, for whom no appreciative master has evolved the inevitable but sorely-grudged two dollars. All quiet at Montenegro, as though the household were wrapped in their last sleep, and Henrico himself, sleeping, not the lightest of them all!

But hark! hush! what is it that causes the sleeper to turn so restlessly on his bed, and exorcise with vehement snore the foul-fiend of fancy that has possession of his sleeping thoughts? Is there no cause then, in reality? Is there nothing of mortal mould, more tangible than dreams, more fearful than fantasy, disturbing the slumbers of the Chief?

Slowly, stealthily—a *fell* purpose written on his face—with knife in hand and determination in his soul,—up the stairs which lead to Henrico's room creeps his butler Maraschino. Stealthily, slowly, down the stairs—a *fell* purpose written on her face—with a bottle in hand on which are inscribed the cabalistic letters, "G, 1860, B," crawls the Housekeeper whom the ill-fated master of Montenegro had chosen but the day before. With dire intent they draw nearer, and nearer still, to the door which opens into the Chief's room. As Maraschino's hand seizes the handle, the grasp of the Housekeeper is laid upon the same protuberance. Simultaneously, a muffled start upon the part of the Butler, a smothered

cry from his female co-conspirator, and, as a flash of lightning throws a glimmer on the spot, a cry of

SCHWARTZ!!!

and

SARA JANE!!!

and they are in each others' arms!

Twenty-five seconds serve to explain to each other, satisfactorily, the mode in which they escaped from the frightful death which Henrico had destined for them; and now they agree to make common cause against their mutual enemy.

Ah! Henrico! well may'st thou turn uneasily on thy pillow, and groan with futile agony; for, stooping over thy couch, could'st thou but know it, are thy two mortal foes! With hand uplifted, Schwartz is about to deal the fatal blow, when, a brighter flash than usual illuminating the room, Henrico awakes and beholds his would-be victims glowering down upon his couch, their features radiant with anticipative revenge.

"Take thy choice, vile dog," exclaimed Schwartz: "here is the blade and there is the bowl!"

It was very evident to Henrico that his last hour had come, and, as they had improved on the *Daily News* idea of "Cord and Creese," 'twere well that he should die as became a man and a Flei Hunter.

"Show me the bottle," he replied. One glance was sufficient. "G, 1860, B," said he,— "I think I would prefer the knife."

Suddenly, a brilliant idea took possession of Schwartz's mind. It was the suggestion of fiends incarnate, and was no sooner suggested than acted upon.

Taking a small penknife and a copy of Mark Twain's "Pilgrim's Progress," with frightful ferocity he calmly and deliberately opened the Chief's

VEIN OF HUMOR!!!

## CHAP. XXV., AND LAST.

"Thank Heaven!" says the Editor.

"Thanks be, indeed," say I; and, though only a literary cobbler, believe me, I shan't long stick to my *last*!

After succeeding in their murderous designs, Schwartz and Sara Jane immediately set about concealing the body, but this was a difficult matter. Sara Jane, with a woman's wit, suggested presenting it to Prince Arthur, but this idea was scouted by Schwartz, who, finally, resolved to send it to Cacouna, observing that "Every body goes there." After doing this, he inserted in the *Star* the advertisement which caused Eva such varied feelings of joy and embarrassment.

As soon as she had recovered from her hysterical attack, she immediately set out for Montreal, and, in the course of a few years, arrived there by the Grand Trunk Railway. Reaching Bonaventure Depot, she made the best of her way to Montenegro, where she was received with open arms by her faithful retainers, who briefly expressed their joy at the re-union.

I am happy to inform my readers that all the characters now left alive lived to a green old age, though Schwartz suffered severely at the time the roof of the St. Patrick's Hall gave way by getting "a beam in his eye," but he speedily recovered, and lived for many years after, an inveterate joker, a faithful butler, and a regular contributor to the columns of DIOGENES.

A. Head and all the little Heads are doing nicely, thank you, and the youngest boy, though a little *headstrong*, gives promise of being something or other some day.

Amongst other articles belonging to Henrico, and found in the house, was a box of "Favoritas"—McConkey's best. These Eva, as she has to wear weeds, uses on the score of economy, and she may be seen blowing a cloud, on any fine day, by any one smart enough to find out where she lives or who she is.

And now, kind readers, farewell! ("a word which makes us linger—yet, farewell!") If I have raised a laugh by my story, believe me, I have also "raised the wind;" and if you are satisfied—I am!

Stop a minute, I hear you saying—you have forgotten Sara Jane!

So I have!

Well, she grew old and twaddling, and one fine day disappeared mysteriously. There are to be found, however, malicious people who declare that she has found congenial employment as Editress of a noted *Daily*.

*C'est tout.* And, with my hand on my heart, the author thanks you for your indulgence, and trusts you will not say he has brought his story to

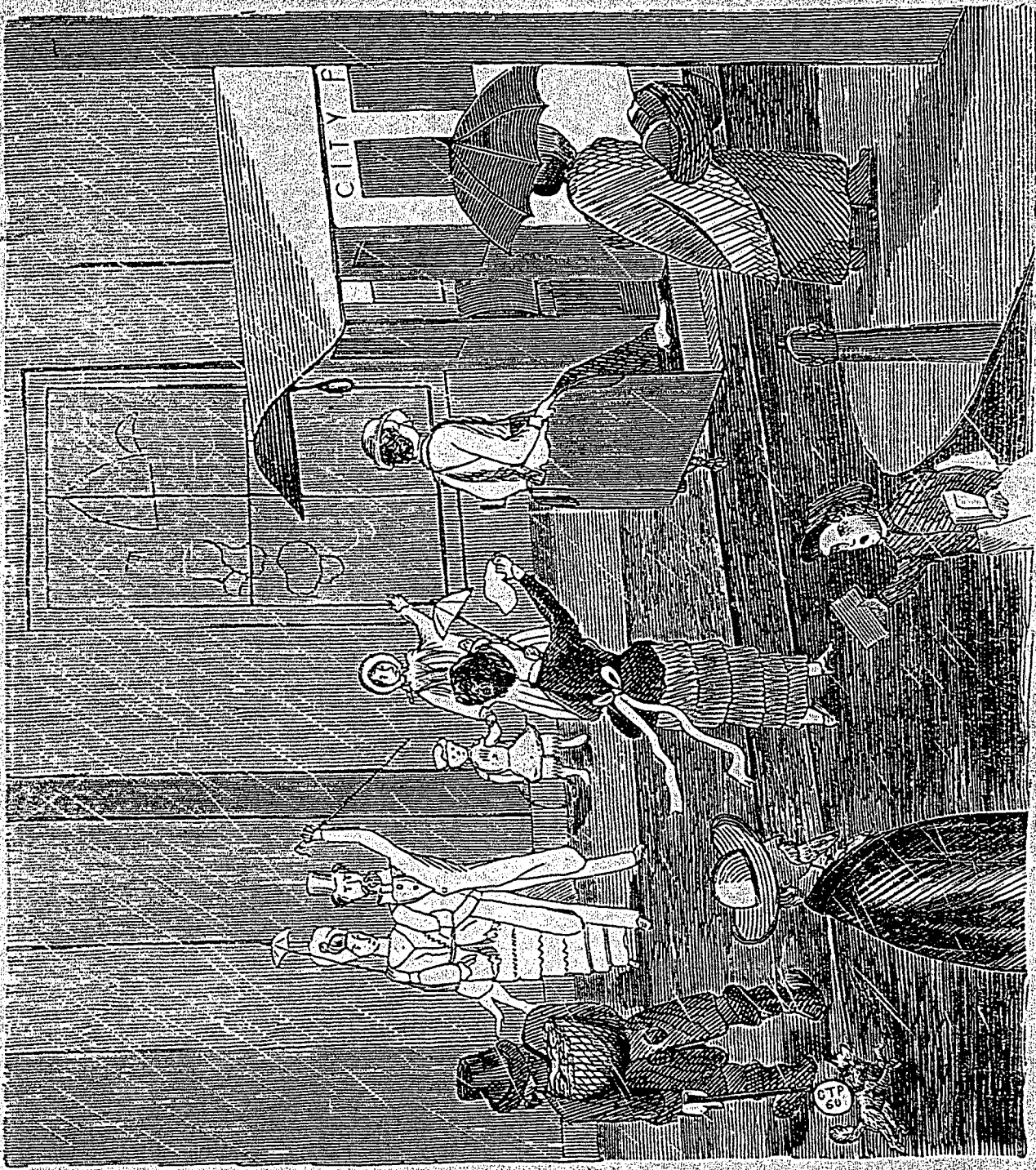
A LAME CONCLUSION!!!

NOTE.—DIOGENES is happy to announce that there is every probability of the author writing a sequel to this veracious history, at an early date.

"PRODIGIOUS!"

A correspondent, who must be verging on lunacy, writes to enquire whether, in view of the immense number of lynxes shot this summer in Quebec, the inhabitants of that city may be set down as lynx-eyed?

Also, whether it is not extremely probable that the "missing links" will turn up some day in the vicinity of the "ancient capital."

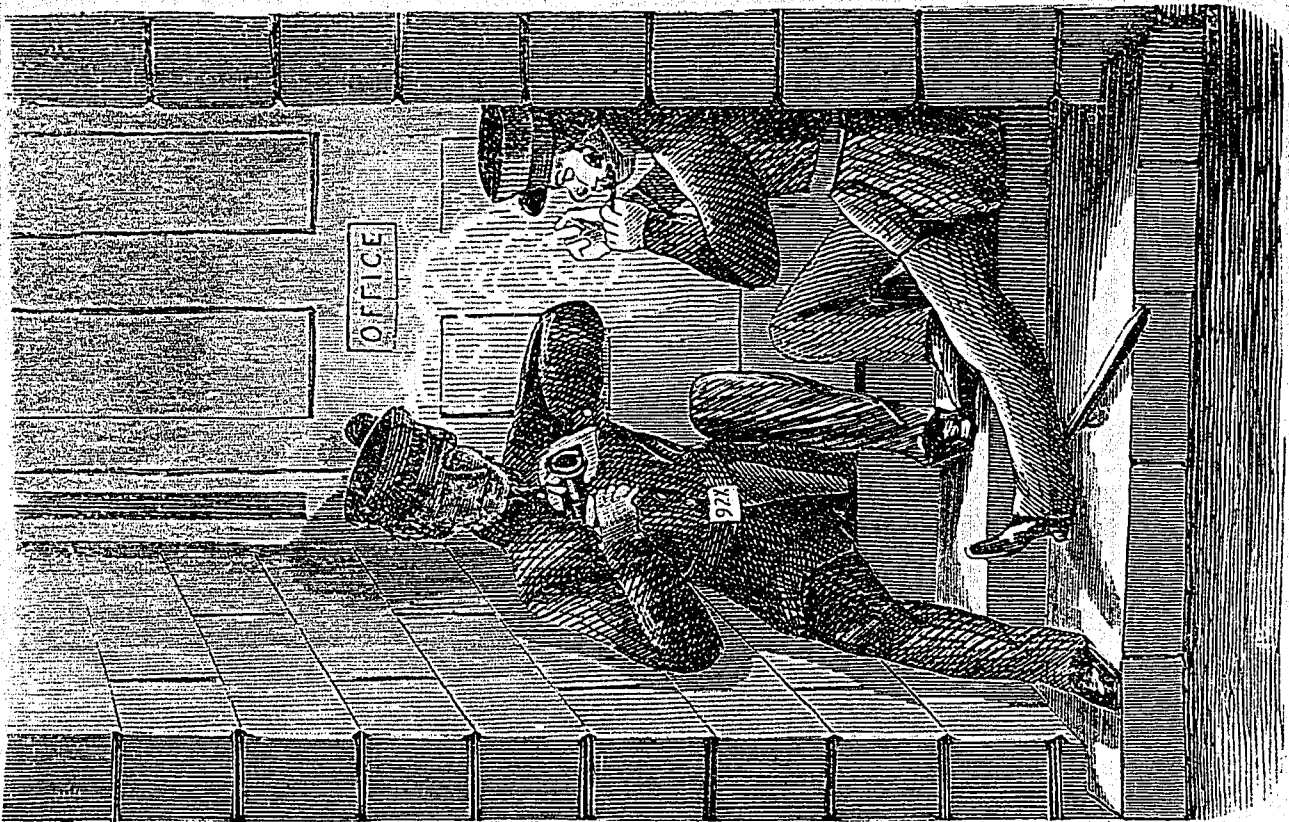
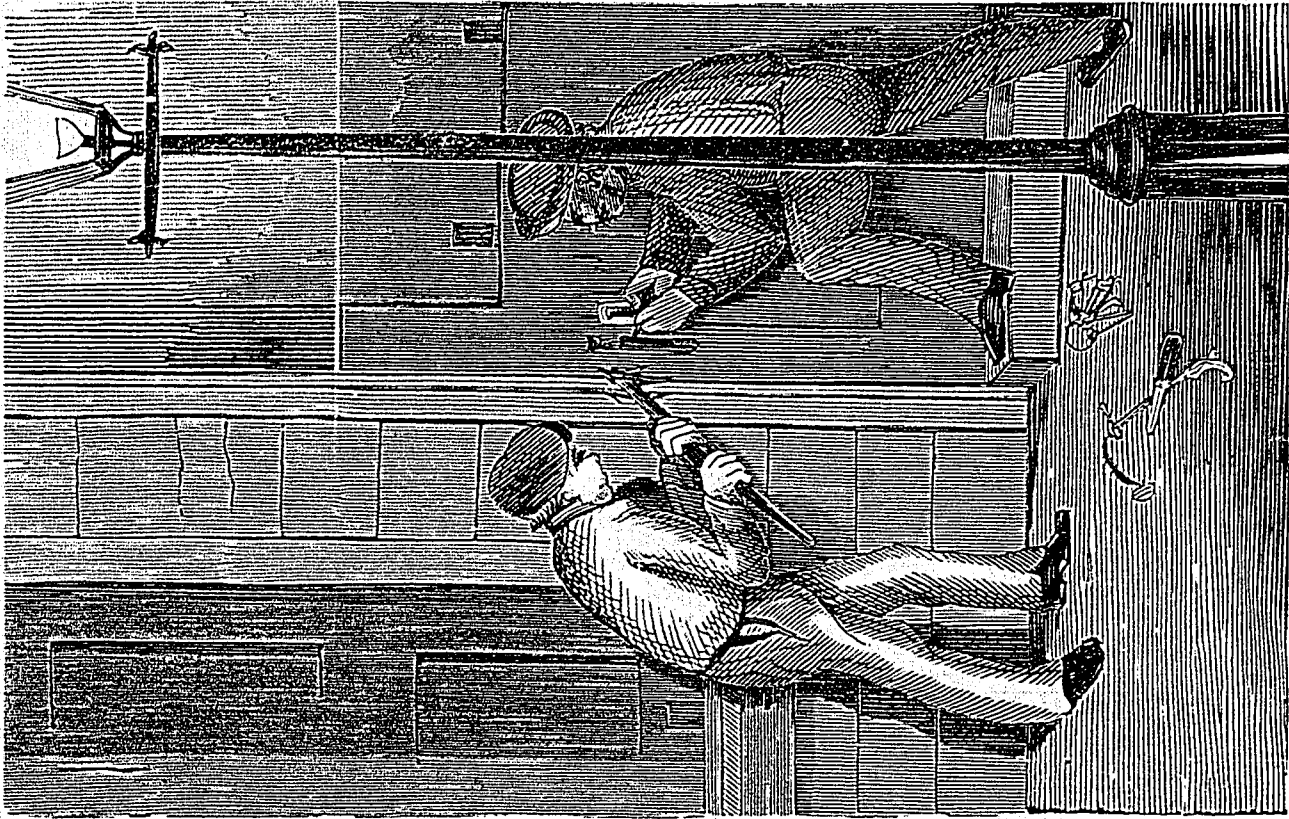


A GREAT PUBLIC CONVENIENCE.

HOW IT IS SOMETIMES WORKED IN MONTREAL.







REAR.

AND

FRONT

DEDICATED TO THE CITIZENS IN GENERAL AND THE POLICE COMMITTEE IN PARTICULAR.



## OUR SICK CONTRIBUTOR'S FELLOW BOARDERS.

NO. 12.

MR. FREDERICK BLOW.

This is a new boarder. The last three weeks having been so fully occupied in describing our German friend, I have not had time to notice the recent arrival. Bald head, but not a sign of grey hair—what locks he has are almost raven black; forehead high, and decidedly intellectual; deeply-set eyes; full of fun, but not trustworthy; scanty moustache, and fragments of whiskers, which would be "mutton chops" if they were able. He is excellent company, and a decided acquisition to our dinner table. He is full of anecdotes of adventures which happened to himself. These he tells capitally. It is true that it is impossible to believe a word that he utters; but, surely, some credit is due to his marvellous powers of invention.

He certainly has been a great traveller,—(the Captain is nothing to him!)—but I can hardly credit that, as he would have us believe, he has been everywhere. For instance, the "Scientific Boarder" has recently received a present of a valuable collection of African beetles. On shewing them to Mr. Blow, the latter gentleman exclaimed, "Oh! when I was in Timbuctoo in 1846, I saw some of this kind as large as mice." The man of science, who generally knows what he is talking about, states that the beetles in question are to be found at the Cape, and nowhere else! Moreover, Mr. Blow's description of the manners and customs of Timbuctoo is strangely at variance with the accounts of a usually-considered veracious traveller, whom Mr. B. familiarly and contemptuously calls "Barth." And then the way he contrasts, antithetically, the different regions of the globe in his narratives! He speaks of Sierra Leo. and Spitzbergen in a breath! He alludes to Bokhara and the Salt Lake City as if they were a short railway distance from each other! There is not a mountain that he has not ascended, be it the Matterhorn, the Peter Botte, or Chimborazo, and yet he came to ignominious grief, the other day, in attempting to scale a fence eight feet high! He has bathed in almost every river in the world! Talk of Byron and the Hellespont!—*he* has swam across it, at least half a dozen times! Strange that he always refuses to accompany the "Athlete" to a morning plunge in the swimming bath, where the young gentleman wants him to give him some lessons! The other day, he was commencing to describe the Antarctic Continent, but a twinkle in the Captain's eye warned him to desist.

He professes to speak all known tongues. He trotted out, the other day, for our diversion, a little Hindustani; but when, again, that *enfant terrible*, the Captain, answered him in the same tongue with amazing fluency, he judged it prudent to desist.

But who is he? What is he?

He will soon satisfy you with great readiness. His ancestor, Roger de Bleaux, was well known in the history of the Crusades,—(which history?) He was one of the celebrated Runnymede Barons; who took such liberties with King John. (Oh, for a list!) As the Norman and Saxon dialects became amalgamated, the name became corrupted into Blow. But still, under this new appellation, his ancestors were always distinguished. "Search," said he, "search through the history of every battle of these times, and, in the thickest of the fight, you will always meet with a *Blow*." "Oh! oh!" from the *enfant terrible*, chorused by the "Scientific," the "Athlete," and the "Old Lady." Mrs. X.—smiled graciously,—said he was very funny, and enquired if he were the author of "Eva Head?"

"Oh! no! Eva Head is written by a lady,—a niece of my old friend, Lord —: she is at present travelling in America for her health. I once wrote a novel of this kind: I regret that it is now out of print, or I would ask your opinion on it. I lost the last copy of it when I was ship-wrecked in 1849, on one of the Feejee Islands!"

But still, what is he? What does he?

He will tell you glibly. Of late years the Blows have turned their attention to mercantile pursuits. They have relatives and branches in all parts of the world. There is, for instance, the firm of Spitz, Koff & Blow at St. Petersburg,—the greatest fur merchants in the world! He is a junior partner in that firm. He has come out here to "develop" the existing commerce between Russia and the Saskatchewan. His nephew will be out here, either by next mail or the mail after, and will proceed immediately to Red River, previous to making an extensive tour in the North-West. He would like to have gone there himself; but he felt that he was older than when last there; besides, he had forgotten most of those Indian dialects, which he used to speak so readily!

It had been observed that, though very polite to ladies in general, he rather shunned the Old Lady, who returned the compliment. We asked her the reason. She told us, in confidence, that she might be mistaken,—but if not, he was an individual whom she remembered in Canada twenty years ago, and who had bolted with thirty dollars from a boarder's trunk. She added, "he has not been heard of since." His name then was Mr. Hard. We enquired of the landlady what baggage he had. "Nothing," said she, "but a small valise and a hat case, with no hat in it." This looked suspicious, but the landlady also informed us that he had left his trunks in New York, for his nephew to bring on with him. A consultation was held, and, as usual, nothing was done except to look up carefully, all our trunks and drawers.

The next day we met with an unexpected ally in the the shape of

"Yankee," who had been absent for more than a week. During dinner Mr. Blow enlivened us with some whale stories,—hair-breadth escapes in which he, of course, was the principal actor. He informed us that once, near the coast of Greenland, he put off with a party in a very small boat, to try and capture a whale which had shewn itself. At the first stroke of the harpoon the whale elevated his tail and knocked all the oars out of the hands of the boatmen! There was no escape,—up went the tail again and, this time, the boat would have been inevitably swamped had not Mr. Blow, with infinite presence of mind, and by a single stroke, cut off the whale's tail and, using it as a paddle, succeeded in reaching the vessel!!

"Did the whale *blow*, Sir?" enquired the Yankee.

"Of course he did," said Mr. Blow, hardly condescending to notice the interruption. But the Yankee was not to be out-done in his own peculiar element. He could tell whale stories too, and he immediately related one, which, for improbability, beat the others hollow. Mr. Blow was evidently rather uncomfortable. He felt that he was being *found out*.

"Were you ever in Chicago, Sir?" asked the Yankee.

"Never, Sir," was the reply.

This was rather remarkable, inasmuch as only three days previously, he had related to us several adventures which had occurred during his residence in that city.

"I remember," pursued his tormentor, "that, some years ago, there was, in Chicago, a forwarding firm, called Blow, Hard & Co. Nobody ever saw Blow, or knew who were the "Co.," but Hard I knew well. He was a man of about your size, only he wore a wig!"

Mr. Blow visibly changed color.

"They had any quantity of goods consigned to them, and I was fool enough to trust them with a lot. This Hard was 'tarnation smart.' One morning he was nowhere to be found, nor any goods either. If ever I meet that coon again, one of us shall give the other a whipping."

Mr. Blow remained silent for the rest of the dinner hour, and then retired precipitately to his room, locking the door. There could be no mistake now, and taking the American into consultation, we agreed to inform the police on the following morning. But we were too late. During the night there was a mysterious disappearance of Mr. Blow and his hat case. His valise was forced open, and disclosed, to wondering eyes, an old, well-worn, tawdry, circus-rider's dress, with the spangles much faded. He owed the landlady nearly a month's board, and a corner grocery for three dozen of beer!

And we have lost another boarder. The "Exemplary" has departed. He brought home the number of DIOGENES in which he was described, and openly accused the landlady of being the authoress! In vain she protested her innocence. The young gentleman left that night,—which was last Saturday,—finishing up with a row with his washerwoman more violent than any which had taken place before!

## DIOGENES ON FINANCE.

A casual observer might naturally suppose that everything upon the earth, or on or beneath the waters, was made to contribute to the United States finances. The Customs' levy duty on some 4000 and odd articles; the Inland Revenue Department taxes such as many more. Still, DIOGENES thinks he can give the U. S. "Chancellor of the Exchequer" a hint or two tending to extension and profit. Why should not Filibusters, of which every season produces such a plentiful crop, be made subject to an *ad valorem* export duty? An immense revenue might be derived by a special tax on Anglophobists. And, surely, there is great remissness where Circuses, Nigger Minstrels, and Barnum Museums are highly-taxed, in exempting Fenian exhibitions, which are equally harmless, equally amusing, and much more profitable to the proprietors than any one of the foregoing.

N. B.—The Cynic presents his compliments to his friend Grant, and will devote his gracious attention to further suggestions.

## THE "PUFF NATIONAL"

Sheridan gave us, in "The Critic," some amusing specimens of Puffs, which he characterized as the "Puff Direct," the "Puff Oblique," &c.

The Editor of the Montreal *Daily News*, with that yearning after originality which marks his genius, introduced his readers, on Wednesday, to the "Puff National," and, clad with the new-born "happy thought," he has given it form and substance in his editorial columns, where it figures in all the glory of leaded type. DIOGENES here reprints it for the benefit of the public in general, and of country editors in particular:—

"We have recently met with several American gentlemen from New York and elsewhere who express themselves as being much surprised at the brilliant appearance presented by many of our leading stores. 'Why,' say they, 'you have stores on Notre Dame and St. James' Streets which would be a credit to Broadway.' None attract more attention than that of Messrs. . . . Notre Dame Street. This firm not only make a splendid display of dress goods, etc., in the windows of their establishment, but have on hand one of the largest and best-assorted stocks that has ever been offered to the Montreal public. They are too well known to need anything like puffing! (!!) and when we inform our readers that Messrs. . . . have \$70,000 worth of dry goods which they are going to sell at unusually cheap prices for cash, we have said enough."

### THE MIRACLES OF INDEPENDENCE.

The late Col. Bonnycastle once asked a lazy, discontented farmer, somewhere near St. Johns, the reason why his fences were kept in such bad repair? "The British Government," was the reply. This was pretty good, but the Hon. John Young's speech at St. Jerome is better still:

There is not a river running from the North into the valley of the St. Lawrence that has not its water-power, *but it is impossible that it can be utilised under our present system of Government—Colonial Dependence.*

Will the honorable gentleman condescend to explain why? Does a piece of England, Ireland and Scotland stick in each of these tributary streams, damming up its course? Is there a portion of Her Majesty's Crown obstructing the Richelieu, and a fragment of her Sceptre blocking up the St. Francis? Do regiments of British soldiers guard our Rapids to prevent the erection of mills thereon? Or is the deepening of Lake St. Peter merely contingent on British connection?

But let our sage proceed:

Were we an independent Government, free and at liberty to make such Treaties with other Governments, we could make a Treaty with the adjoining Republic of the United States, by which, in my opinion, we could have, not only a reciprocal exchange of agricultural products, but of manufactures. And, if we had such a treaty, how different would be the position of the people of Canada!

Of course it would, but what has Independence to do with the matter? Are we not at liberty to make such a treaty now? We did it before. Has Great Britain ever been an obstacle? Quite the contrary! Her policy has always been, for the last thirteen years, to encourage and assist, by every means in her power, international free trade. What, then, has been in the way? The policy of the United States? Was it the fault of England that the last Reciprocity Treaty was abrogated? Mr. Young, you are far too shrewd a man not to know that you are talking "bunkum!"

At the same time, "Colonial Dependence" is a capital cry, and may be "utilised" as well as the water-power. Never let us admit that anything can possibly be the result of our own want of energy or judgment, but lay it all on to the shoulders of the Mother Country! It is so convenient! The next time DIOGENES' tailor requests a settlement of his little account the Cynic will reply to him in the words of Mr. Young:

Under present circumstances I believe this result to be impossible, but I believe it is possible and certain that such a result can be obtained by the assumption of an independent national position.

What a splendid excuse for everything?

In future let us be philosophical. Are our streets dirty? Are our drains odoriferous? Does the gas burn dimly? Are we short of water? Is there a hole in the sidewalk? Are our markets insufficient? Is the Recorder's Court overcrowded? Do we want a Public Park? &c., &c.

Gentlemen of the City Council, give yourselves no concern about these matters. They are all the consequences of

**COLONIAL DEPENDENCE!!**

"SET A—" &c., &c.

Reiffenstein's last is certainly not his worst. His appeal for consideration on account of his twenty years' faithful service,—(the other two had been their own reward),—was pretty good. His request to be allowed to conduct his own case after his own fashion, was better still. But best of all is his recent application to be appointed Auditor-General, with the understanding that, with his knowledge of certain affairs and how they are managed, he shall be able, within twelve months, to save the Government much more than sufficient to cover all his own little deficiencies!

"Let the appointment issue," commands DIOGENES, Viceroy and Commander-in-Chief.

Perch Langton on the highest tower to watch for the millennium!

**THE BALANCE OF POWER.**—Your Banker's balance!

### PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, in times past, there existed in this, the Country or Dominion of Canada, a certain POWER, or INFLUENCE, which was of great good, benefit, and advantage to all and several the inhabitants of the said Country, and also to the neighbours of the same, and which was known and recognised by the name, style, and title of

**PUBLIC OPINION:** and

WHEREAS the said Power, or Influence, has not been seen or heard of in the said Country or Dominion of Canada for many years, and has been either driven from the said Country by persons who love darkness rather than light, concealed beneath piles of *fungi* and ill weeds, or lulled to sleep by sirens who feared the exposure and counteraction of their evil ways:

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That all true and loyal Citizens are hereby commanded to make a complete, thorough and effectual search for the said Power, or Influence, known as the said

**PUBLIC OPINION;**

and when found, or awakened, to reinstate the same in all its former powers, privileges, and immunities, in order to the protection and advancement of the poor, the virtuous, and the patriotic, (Members of Parliament inclusive,) and for the restraining and punishing of evil doers in general, and of sham patriots, hireable editors, seducers, (political and otherwise), Pharisees and persecutors, (religious and political), and all genteel thieves, liars, and rogues in particular; and whomsoever shall find, or awake, and reinstate the said missing and much-needed

**PUBLIC OPINION,**

is hereby assured of Our high Consideration, Protection, and Reward  
**DIOGENES, REX.**

### "WHAT'S IN THE WIND?"

Weary of Wall-Street, disgusted with Hamilton, the Gore and the Bank of Commerce,—irritated and humiliated because Ontario persists in "knowing him not," or, rather, in knowing him too well,—the Prince of Speculators, the "pet" of Directors, and the born thrall of the Dominion Mammon, has departed for "fresh fields and pastures new." Rumour hath it that he is seeking to "recoup" his health after the arduous labours of the summer campaign, and that he hopes, in the wilds of California, to lose the memory of his late defeats. DIOGENES, however, believes he is not far out in stating, that the journey of Rex, the Magnificent, has a more intimate connexion with bonds than buchu: that mineral *coupons* will be found to exert a more beneficial influence on his malady than all the remedies of the Pharmacopœia, and that, before three months are over, another "Veni Vidi, Vici" will be pictorially recorded in the Cynic's immortal pages.

"Ye gods and little fishes!" says the reader, "What's in the wind?" DIOGENES answereth not,—but bids his friends to mark the prophecy.

### "FOOLS RUSH IN," &c.

The London *Spectator*, recently, had a long and elaborate article with this heading,—"*On Equality in Heaven.*" We have long been taught to believe that equality existed *there* in its perfection and in its purity. It is to be supposed that the writer knew little, and was never likely to know more of his subject, but his attempts tend to show that the celestial region is an aristocracy, (of mind), *par et simple*. If there is any possible apology to be found for this profanation and presumption, it is this:—Many high, noble, and distinguished characters live as if they preferred another place, and that, on account of its acknowledged and positive divisions of ranks, orders, degrees, and dignities.

Perhaps some of them may be affected by the reasoning (?) of the *Spectator*, and act accordingly.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

MY DEAR DIO:

I hear a rumour that a rival is about to arise, who is to knock you and your jolly old tub into immortal smash.

Is it correct, or is it only a *Mare's Nest*?

Your obedient Servant,

Q IN THE CORNER.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"X," writes to enquire whether the 99 subscribers of \$1,000 each, who were to be tempted by Mr. Shelton's offer of \$1,000, towards sustaining the Montreal General Hospital, have yet come to the front? The Cynic believes not;—he will, however, make further enquiries. It is within the range of possibility, that, if a lesser number of subscribers could be obtained, Mr. Shelton would still post his money.

**Business Notices.**

The Cynic owns to a weakness for Haddies as well as bivalves. It is therefore with considerable satisfaction that he draws attention to Mr. McEwan's New Enterprise, advertised on the first page. There is no reason why Haddies cured at Campo Bello should not be as good as those cured at Portland, and it will add considerably to the enjoyment of these delicious fish to know that the Campo Bello Haddies are put down in Montreal free of duty.

Mr. Crawford, of the West End Grocery, and Messrs. Kemp & Brown, of McGill Street, likewise advertise Dominion cured Haddies. Mr. Crawford also announces the receipt of old-world delicacies in a way calculated to make one's mouth water.

Attention is drawn to the advertisement of the CANADA LIFE COMPANY'S MEMORANDUM, which speaks volumes for the stability of the Company and the confidence of the public in its management; also to the card of the TRAVELERS' INSURANCE CO., OF HARTFORD, (CONN.) which, besides aspiring to a considerable Life business in the Dominion, makes a speciality of "accident" insurance—in this respect fulfilling the functions of a Benefit and Annuity Society—a most valuable feature, which ought to commend the TRAVELERS' to the patronage of the prudent public.

The Cynic does not use Hair dye, but he knows a friend who does—and said friend is loud in praise of a mysterious dye just introduced by Mr. H. R. Gray, of the Main Street. See advertisement on first page.

Messrs. Bowie & Co. advertise a great cheap sale of Dry Goods.—Messrs. Rice Bros. invite attention to their New Styles of Paper Collars, Cuffs, &c.—Mr. D'Arignon solicits customers for Perfumes, "Patent Rubber Sponge," and other toilet requisites; and Mr. Mellow for Gold and Hair Jewellery, of which he has a splendid stock on hand.

That indefatigable Athlete, Mr. F. Barnham, notifies the resumption of his classes at the Gymnasium, 19 University Street. The Cynic wishes him a prosperous session.

PROSPECTUS  
OF THE  
**MERCHANTS' EXPRESS COMPANY**

OF THE  
DOMINION OF CANADA.  
INCORPORATED BY THE DOMINION PARLIAMENT, 31 VIC. CAP. 91.

Capital \$200,000  
2,000 Shares—\$100 Each.

PROVISIONAL BOARD.

ALEXANDER MANNING, Esq., President.  
C. G. FORTIER, Esq., Managing Director.  
THOMAS WOODSIDE, Esq., Treasurer.  
ANGUS MORRISON, Esq., M.P., Solicitor.  
A. DEGRASSI, Esq., Solicitor.

DIRECTORS.

Joseph A. Woodruffe, Esq., Sheriff, Lincoln.  
Gilbert McMicken, Esq., Windsor.  
S. S. Macdonell, Esq., Windsor.  
Robert Gilmour, Esq., Toronto.  
John Ferguson, Esq., Glencoe.  
Angus Morrison, Esq., M.P., Toronto.  
Thomas Griffith, Esq., Toronto.  
Robert Hay, Esq., Toronto.  
Duncan McDonald, Esq., Montreal.  
John Walker, Esq., London.  
D. D. Calvin, Esq., M.P., Kingston.  
Ira A. Breck, Esq., Kingston.  
James Swift, Esq., Kingston.  
Geo. P. Drummond, Esq., Ottawa.  
J. D. Merrick, Esq., Toronto.  
Geo. Macbeth, Esq., London.  
Capt. A. Taylor, Toronto.  
John Proctor, Esq., Hamilton.  
D. Thurston, Esq., Toronto.  
James Michie, Esq., Toronto.  
C. G. Fortier, Esq., Toronto.  
Alex. Manning, Esq., Alderman, Toronto.  
John Boyd, Esq., Toronto.  
W. Arthurs, Esq., Toronto.  
R. Beatty, Esq., Toronto.  
J. E. Ellis, Esq., Toronto.  
D. Crawford, Esq., Toronto.  
Hugh Miller, Esq., Toronto.  
A. P. Macdonald, Esq., M.P., Glencoe.  
Capt. P. Larkins, St. Catharines.  
L. Shickluna, Esq., St. Catharines.  
T. Dunn, Esq., Quebec.  
E. O. Bickford, Esq., Toronto.  
Hon. S. Milk, Hamilton.  
N. Milloy, Esq., Toronto.  
J. E. O'Reilly, Esq. (Mayor), Hamilton.  
Owen Murphy, Esq., Quebec.  
Jas. French, Esq., Toronto.

The necessity for a Canadian Express Company has long been felt by the Mercantile, Banking, and other interests in the Dominion. To carry out in an effective manner this long wished-for desideratum, a Charter for a Company to extend its operations throughout the whole Dominion was granted at the first session of Parliament at Ottawa.

Stock-books will be opened immediately in the various cities, towns and villages throughout the Dominion, so that the stock may be apportioned as nearly as possible to the business of the locality; and in order that the stock may be fairly distributed, the following resolution has been passed by the Board: "That no person shall be allowed to hold more than 100 shares of the capital stock of the Company in his, her or their name, without the permission, in writing, of the Board first having been obtained."

Any person intending to be an applicant for an agency (if approved), will have a stock-book furnished him for his locality on application to the Secretary.

August 31, 1869.

(Established 1849.)  
**DENTELLES.**  
Grand Assortment  
de  
**DENTELLES**  
Anglais et Etrangeres.

Every description of BRITISH and FOREIGN LACE suitable for Bridal Veils, Ties, Founcings, Garnitures, Collars, Sleeves, Bands and Coiffures.  
Also,  
A large assortment of Black and White Trimming Lace, in Maltese, Chantilly, Danish, Honiton and Brussels.  
Price Lists, together with Patterns and Description, forwarded on application to any part of the Dominion or United States.

Wm. McDunnough,  
(Successor to James Parkin.)  
British & Foreign Lace House  
250 NOTRE DAME STREET.  
(Established 1849.)

CHAS. ALEXANDER & SON  
391 Notre Dame Street.  
ICE CREAM and WATER ICES.  
SODA WATER, with Choice Syrups.  
LELVICHEON—TEA & COFFEE.  
FROM 10 A.M. TILL 6 P.M.  
Choice Assortment of Confectionery.

FRENCH Fancy Stationery  
at the DIOGENES' OFFICE, 27  
Great St. James Street.

WHOLESALE DRY GOODS  
MERCHANTS SHOULD TAKE NOTICE, THAT  
**RICE BROS.**  
Are now turning out several NEW STYLES OF PAPER COLLARS, SHIRT BOSOMS, CUFFS, &c., which surpass anything in the Market. They have a large stock constantly on hand in readiness to fill all orders with punctuality and despatch.  
RICE BROS. are constantly producing New Styles, patterns of which can be seen at their Ware-rooms,  
580 and 582  
CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL.

THE  
INDIA AND CHINA  
**TEA COMPANY,**  
39 BLEURY STREET,  
(Late of Hospital Street.)  
MONTREAL.  
Teas of Every Kind  
IN ANY QUANTITY,  
AT THE  
LOWEST WHOLESALE PRICES.

Uncolored Japan Teas from 52 cents; Pure Young Hysons, from 55 cents; Genuine English Breakfast Teas, from 50 cents,—quality guaranteed.  
TRADE MARK ON EACH PACKAGE.

ST. LAWRENCE HALL,  
Great St. James Street,  
MONTREAL.  
H. HOGAN, PROPRIETOR.

DIOGENES.

The Proprietor is happy to announce that arrangements are being made for the illustration of DIOGENES in the first style of art, both as regards Designing and Engraving. In the course of a few weeks, it is hoped that DIOGENES will be the best illustrated, as it is now the best printed paper in the Dominion of Canada.

In an early number will be commenced a

History of the Events  
of 1837 & 1849,

written in a broad vein of humour by an actor in the scenes he has undertaken to describe. The recital cannot fail to be interesting as well as amusing, and it is believed it will throw a new light on many subjects hitherto imperfectly understood or purposely misrepresented.

New contributors have been secured with a view to giving additional zest to the Cynic's pages, and no pains will be spared to render the paper in every way deserving of the liberal patronage accorded it.  
Sept. 3rd, 1869.

W. B. BOWIE & CO.

395 Notre Dame Street 395

GREAT CHEAP SALE

of  
Fall and Winter  
DRY GOODS,

To commence on  
MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 13.

\$70,000 Worth to be Sold

at  
COST PRICE!

W. B. BOWIE & CO.

# Phoenix Mutual Insurance

OF HARTFORD, (CONN.)

Income, - \$2,000,000. Assets, - \$4,500,000. Deposits, - \$100,000.

## SPECIAL FEATURES.

- 1.—IT IS PURELY MUTUAL.  
Because all the profits of the Company are divided among the insured. The Guaranteed Capital Holders never share in the profits.
- 2.—DIVIDENDS ARE ANNUAL.  
Payable on all Cash Premiums, on first renewal, and on Loan Premiums, on fourth renewal.
- 3.—ITS DIVIDENDS ARE MADE ON BUSINESS PRINCIPLES.  
Each policy-holder receives the benefit of each payment, and of the time his capital has been in the Company, precisely as every well conducted business-house divides its profits among its partners.
- 4.—ALL POLICIES MAY BE MADE NON-FORFEITABLE  
On Annual Premium Life Policies after three years, and on all others after two years.
- 5.—PREMIUMS.  
All Cash Rates lower than those of a majority of the Companies. Half note rates as low as safety will admit.
- 6.—NEARLY ALL RESTRICTIONS REMOVED FROM ITS POLICIES.  
No extra charge for Railroad employes. No extra charge for insuring the lives of females.
- 7.—IT DOES NOT LIMIT TRAVEL AS OTHER COMPANIES DO.  
Its Policies allow the insured to travel and reside in any part of the United States and Europe, at any and all seasons of the year, without extra charge.
8. DIVIDENDS SETTLED WITH POLICY.  
In the settlement of all Note Policies, a dividend will be allowed by the Phoenix Mutual for each year on which the insured has received no dividend. The number of dividends will always equal the number of outstanding notes.
- 9.—ITS CHARTER AFFORDS THE FULLEST LEGAL SECURITY TO ITS INSURED.  
It issues Policies for the benefit of married women, beyond the reach of their husbands. Creditors may also insure the lives of debtors. For rates and all other information, apply to

A. R. BETHUNE, *General Agent,*

CORNER NOTRE DAME AND ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET, MONTREAL.

M. GIBSON, *Solicitor.*

Agents wanted in vacant localities. Apply as above.

The  
*Travelers Insurance*  
Company,  
OF HARTFORD, CONN.,  
Grants all kinds of  
*Life and Accident*  
Insurance,

Separately or Combined, at Lowest  
Rates of Premium.

A. B. CHAFFEE, *Agent.*

Office: 145 St. James Street,  
Montreal.

T. E. FOSTER, *Genl. Agent.*

*Simpson & Bethune,*  
Fire,  
Life,  
and Marine  
Insurance.

Agents.

OFFICE:  
102 St. Francois Xavier Street.

### MEMORANDUM OF THE AMOUNT OF LIFE ASSURANCE BUSINESS IN CANADA in the various Offices licensed by the Government, compiled from the Returns to Government:

CANADA LIFE.....	\$5,476,359
Standard (late Colonial).....	4,236,016
Etna Life.....	4,076,846
Life Association of Scotland.....	3,666,584
Connecticut Mutual.....	1,750,000
Scottish Provincial.....	1,703,000
North British and Mercantile.....	1,350,000
Royal.....	1,195,815
Union Mutual of Maine.....	801,800
Phoenix Mutual.....	750,600
Commercial Union.....	740,211
London and Lancashire.....	591,765
Atlantic Mutual.....	405,000
New York Life.....	302,600
Equitable, of New York.....	241,500
Travelers, of Hartford.....	130,700

The figures of American Companies are understood to be in AMERICAN CURRENCY, so that they should probably be diminished by about one-fourth of the sums given.

The Rates of the CANADA LIFE are lower than those of British or Foreign Offices; and its larger amount of Assurances and of Investments in Canada than any other Company, are satisfactory evidences of the popularity of its principles and practice.

The interest earned on investments is now alone more than sufficient to meet the claims from death, as shown by the following figures:

Amount of claims from death year ending 30th April, 1869.....	\$61,300
Interest earned on investments.....	63,310

leaving the main portion of the premium income for permanent investment.

DONALD MURRAY, *Gen. Agent,*  
77 St. James Street.

### CRYSTAL GASALIERS.

JUST RECEIVED.

A large lot of  
*CRYSTAL GASALIERS,*  
*Crystal Brackets,*  
CRYSTAL HALL LAMPS.

FOR SALE AT MODERATE PRICES.  
ROBT. MITCHELL & CO.'S,  
St. Peter & Craig Sts.

W. GEO. BEERS,  
DENTIST.

Office & Residence  
12 BEAVER HALL TERRACE  
MONTREAL.

GOODALL'S Playing Cards,  
SMITH'S METALLIC MEMO-  
RANDUMS, PIRIE'S ANTIQUE NOTE  
PAPER & ENVELOPES, at the DIOGENES  
Office, 27 Great St. James Street.

### WEEKLY LINE TO HALIFAX, STRAITS OF CANSO. AND CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

Calling at PICTOU ONCE A fortnight, commencing SATURDAY, June 12.



STEAMERS

### Alhambra & Oriental.

The above-named Steamers will leave T. Wharf, Boston, for the above Ports,

EVERY SATURDAY, at TWO P.M. Through Tickets from MONTREAL to HALIFAX, can be obtained from

FRANK PICARD, Ticket Agent Vermont Central Railway, 39 St. James Street.

Passengers leaving on FRIDAYS, at 4.30 P.M. will make direct connection with the above Steamers.

ALL THE LONDON  
"COMIC WEEKLIES"  
Regularly Received  
AT THE DIOGENES OFFICE