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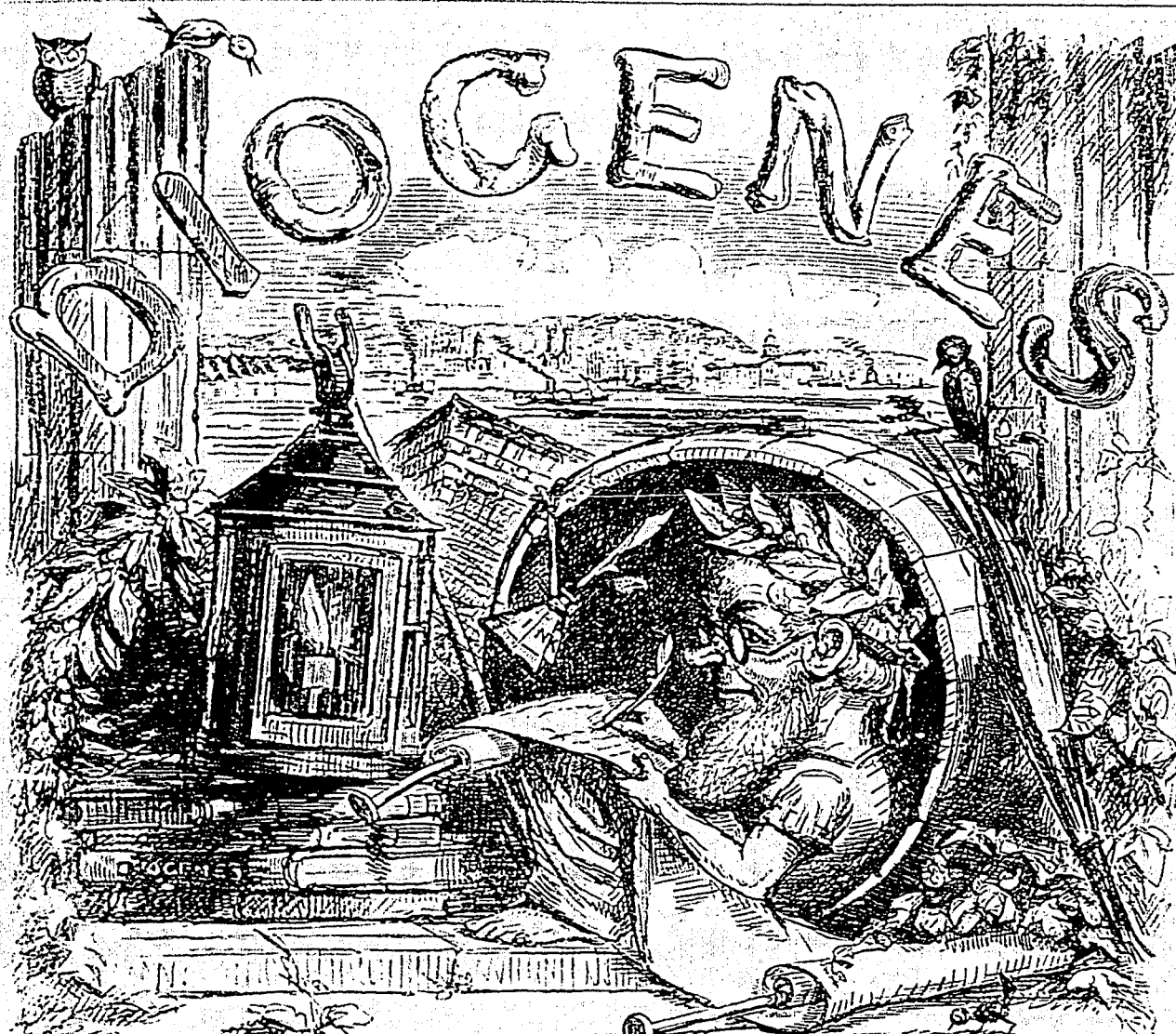
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"ET ROSE, IL A VECU CE QUE VIVENT LES ROSES."

The Montreal *Daily News* is toad-eater in chief to the Finance Minister of the Dominion. In case of his resignation its agony will be convulsive. "And thereby hangs a tale."

Meanwhile, itself unable to give sorrow words, it quotes the lamentations of a New Brunswick paper, in view of the impending catastrophe: "We should be sorry to see a minister, whose financial statements have been so clear and frank as those of Mr. Rose, and in whose hands the credit of the country has been so well sustained, retire from office *without rendering further service to the country*. His negotiation of the Railway Loan in London was perfectly successful. His use of the unemployed surplus, *though not properly understood in England*, has secured the approval even of bitter political opponents. Mr. Rose has, in this way, not only conserved the portion of the loan which was not used, but saved *hundreds of thousands of dollars to the country, &c., &c.*"

Mr. Rose is evidently, in the opinion of these journals, the financial saviour of his country. DIOGENES has his own view on the subject. Under any circumstances, it would not be a bad idea to erect a statue to the supposed "saviour of his country." If the *Daily News* which is well known to be a magnificent pecuniary success, will agree to furnish *brass*, (which it can well spare) for a statue, the Cynic will supply a suitable inscription. It will be short—and sweet—

SALVATOR ROSA.

#### CANUCK OR CANAILLE?

Lift up your voices,—shout for joy, St. Sauveur of Quebec,  
Let each heroic brave "b'hoy" his brow with laurels deck;  
Let one and all be *stet* well by girls both bright and pretty,

And let the Mayor present them with the "Freedom of the City;"

For they have done a noble deed,—a glorious deed in verity,

And so the Cynic hands them down with *éclat* to posterity.

The throng was thick, and on the stair that broiling summer day

Each Frenchman rushed, and pushed, and crushed, with fierce and wild *saerè*:

And through the hall and up the stairs they fought the glorious fight,

Nor yielded to the clergy or the bishop,—which was right.

All hail! oh! noble chieftain of the famous Jean Baptiste,  
Your name is steep'd in glory as the man who feared not priest;

Who dared his fate, and risked his life,—which certainly was wrong,—

And snapped his fingers in the face of English aide-de-camp!

Who followed fast where glory led, and stormed the City Hall;

"Come on!" he cried, "my great revenge hath stomach for you all!

"English! *Canaille!*" (oh, Jean Baptiste!) "ve crush you, *ventrebleu*,

As the uncle of my nephew did" (or tried) "at Waterloo!"

Oh, Jean Baptiste! go hang yourself,—go hide your head for shame,

Nor try to play with Englishmen your "cheeky little game."

Your little hands were never made to tear out English eyes,—

That is, unless the Englishman is but a third your size!

"PLORATUR LACRYMIS AMISSA PECUNIA VERIS."

The following pathetic wail from last week's *New Idea* will thrill with keen anguish the hearts of Mr. Lanctot's admirers:

Mr. M. Lambert, editor and agent of the *New Idea*, Worcester, Mass., went through Plattsburgh last week. His prolonged absence causes us the more uneasiness that he was the bearer of a large sum of money belonging to this paper. Our anxiety would be dimintished if we knew his whereabouts, his silence leading us to suppose that he is not in a position to report himself.

It is hard to offer any consolation under these harrowing circumstances, but it must be satisfactory to M. Lanctot to know, and to inform his friends, that he has had, (though he has it no longer), "a large sum of money." As the poet sings:

'Tis better to have had and lost,  
Than never to have had at all.

DIOGENES is aware that these reflections will alleviate but slightly the heavy affliction of the plundered exile, and that sympathy alone cannot fill the void occasioned by the stolen "greenbacks." But M. Lanctot should remember what the "Divine Williams" has said:

Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing; 'twas mine,—'tis his,—

And he should rejoice that M. Lambert has not attempted to "filch" from him his "good name," which indeed would not have enriched him perceptibly, and would have left the editor of the *New Idea* "poor indeed."

#### NONE BUT HIMSELF CAN BE HIS PARALLEL.

What student of art is there, that has not at some period of his life yielded himself a willing captive to the spell of Ruskin's eloquence? But, in his heart of hearts the Cynic feels assured that never, even in the moments of his most sublime enthusiasm, did the "Oxford Graduate" produce a passage, which resembled in the faintest degree the following criticism, here borrowed from the *Gazette*. The article from which it is taken appeared on July 10th, and was modestly entitled "Art Notes."

"Mr. Vogt has also several fine studies, from nature, of animals. *Among the best is a cow taken from the front; the horns, face, and all the outlines display wonderful accuracy. In fact, she is such a cow as might any day be seen, and no fancy picture.*"

#### AN INSTANCE OF GOOD BREEDING.

In a recent number of Moore's *Rural New-Yorker* there are portraits, drawn from life, of President Grant's different horses. With the bad taste, which is proverbially characteristic of all *parvenus*, he has named one of them *Jeff Davis*. The Cynic, however, is happy to state that the animal so called has many points of excellence. Here are a few selected from the descriptive letter-press that accompanies the engraving. "He has a remarkable head, small, with an exceedingly bright, changeable eye, broad forehead, and expansive nostrils. *His head is indicative of intelligence and blood. He gives every indication that he is well-bred. No one can see him without putting him at once where he belongs,—among the very best blood of the country.* He is full of animation, will not stand the spur, and, on the slightest intimation, is off like a flash."

Several of the points here noted belong to Jeff. Davis the man, equally with Jeff. Davis the horse; but they do not belong to President Grant. His head is not indicative of intelligence or blood. He gives no indication that he is well-bred, and no one who sees him would ever rank him among the very best blood in the country. He is about as animated as an owl, and enjoys among his admirers a reputation for excessive wisdom, apparently in consequence of his incapacity to say "Boh!" to a goose.



## EDITORIAL.

It has often seemed to the Cynic passing strange, that while, with people of small account in the world's esteem, Dame Rumour is always busy, she frequently refuses to dilate on the merits of retiring respectability, which pursues its way, noiselessly, on the road to oblivion, utterly indifferent to her smiles or frowns. The fickle jade has doubtless much to answer for. She is ridiculously partial and one-sided, and goes out of her way far too often in her anxiety to serve her friends. She has, moreover, contracted a habit—certainly highly blameable—of giving people characters on forged certificates, and accepting as true the statements of individuals directly interested in the propagation of falsehood. Lately she has come out in a new *role*. Not many days ago she astonished us all with a statement that Sir George Etienne Cartier, Baronet, G.C.M.G., M.P., M.P.P., Minister of Militia, and representative of French Canadian domination in British America, was about to retire from the representation of Montreal East in the Local Legislature, and that no less an individual than Alderman Ferdinand David, Chairman of the Road and Drill-Shed Committees of the Montreal Corporation, explorer of the Coaticook quarries, and, in expectancy, Mayor of Montreal, was his "probable successor," adding that the latter is "largely interested in real estate" in the East-end of the city.

Now the Cynic, notwithstanding his gallantry and aversion to wrangling with a lady, has a few words to say to Madam Rumour regarding this extraordinary statement. In the first place, DIOGENES does not believe for one moment that Sir George Etienne can be spared from the Quebec Parliament. Everybody knows that he rules that august assembly, even as Ferdinand David rules the East-Enders in that still more august body, the Montreal Corporation. Everybody knows that without Cartier the whole thing would tumble down like a house of cards. Everybody knows that unless he exercises a personal and present influence over that "deliberative assembly," Messrs. Chauveau, Dunkin & Co. are literally nowhere, and that the so-called governmental machine would come to a dead-lock. So Madam must not be surprised, if DIOGENES declines to believe that Sir George has the least idea of relinquishing his sovereignty over the representatives of a million of French Canadians in the Parliament of Quebec—unless the principles enunciated in the Union Act are about to be abandoned.

With reference to the statement that Alderman David is Sir George's "probable successor," the Cynic is desirous of saying a few words.

Alderman David has been for some years a very active and prominent member of the Montreal Corporation. He has been distinguished as a tactician; has a certain glibness of speech, sometimes set down as eloquence; and he is warranted to wax virtuously-indignant at a moment's notice should any one presume to throw doubt upon his business capacity or his honor. Alderman David is also distinguished by his abhorrence of anything approaching to nepotism, but he is not insensible to fraternal claims when preferred by a needy subject to-whom he "owes his fortune." He is a stickler for the efficiency and independent working of the Corporation departments, but has no objection to an occasional deviation from rule or custom to oblige his friends. He is openly for economic administration, but is not averse to give his vote when the time comes for the perpetration of a monstrous piece of extravagance. He believes in the extension of the East, and will resolutely oppose, when he can, the expenditure of money in the West. The Mountain Park is a luxury; the new City Hall, (in the East), a necessity. The application of the laws of sanitary science is urgently required; and it is, above all, important that a properly-paid

and thoroughly-competent health officer shall be appointed. Alderman David approves of appointing three instead of one, with little or no regard to capacity, provided the claims of race be acknowledged.

Alderman David has grown a wealthy man, and can afford to retire from active life. The Cynic advises him to do so. A seat in the Council may be more honorable than it was a year or two ago, but, then, the honor is not now accompanied by emolument. There are too many men now in the Council who narrowly watch the proceedings of Committees, and carefully weigh the motives influencing votes. Neither Roads nor Finance rest on roses. It is doubtful if the Mayor's chair is particularly comfortable, and DIOGENES is quite sure its present incumbent will not care about occupying it another year.

As for the representation of Montreal East, the Cynic has no hesitation in saying that Mr. David will exhibit gross ingratitude—not to say duplicity—if he does not, on the first intimation of a vacancy, recall from Burlington the exiled Lanctot, and aid in securing his return. Lanctot and David would, on the whole, be tolerable representative men. The former ran Sir George a close race at the last election; and against a weaker opponent he might probably win in another struggle. Anyhow, the Cynic prefers him to Alderman David for the first vacancy.

## NOTES AND QUERIES.

*Query 1.*—Curren Bell in her novel, "Shirley," quotes at length an ancient Scotch ballad entitled "Puir Mary Lee." I have been unable to find this ballad in any collection, nor have I ever met a Scotsman who is acquainted with it. I am inclined to believe it a literary counterfeit of the authoress. The ballad is certainly very beautiful. Its last stanza runs thus:

And never melt awa, thou bonnie wraith o' snaw  
That's sae kind in graving me:  
But hide me ae frae the storm and guffaw  
O' villains like Robin a' Rec.

The word *guffaw* has to me anything but a Scottish sound. Can any of your readers throw light on the subject?

*Queries 2 and 3.*—Jean Ingelow, in her well-known poem, "The High Tide in Lincolnshire," twice speaks of—

Meads, where *melick* groweth.

What is *melick*?

In the same poem we also read:

A mighty *Eagre* raised his crest.

What is the exact meaning of an *Eagre*?

A. B.

In answer to A. B.'s 2nd Query, "melick" is, no doubt, melic-grass—a plant of the genus *melica*, in botany—a species of perennial grass.

The *Eagre* of his 3rd Query is a very uncommon word—a local term, in fact. In Bailey's Dictionary (17th edit. 1759) it is there given: "*Eagre*, the current, the tide, or swift course of a river."

Richardson remarks on the word: "The violent tide of the river *Trent* is so called by us." Dryden, in a note to a passage in which he has used the term, writes: "An *Eagre* is a tyde swelling above another tyde, what I have myself observed in the river *Trent*." The following is the poetical passage referred to:

His manly breast, whose noble pride  
Was still above  
Dissembled hate, or vanisht love;  
It's more than common transport could not hide,  
But like an eagre rode in triumph o'er the tyde.

The word is derived from the A.-S., "eagor" or "ear"—water,

sea. Its strict meaning is: "The whole of a flood-tide moving up an estuary or river in one tidal wave, or in two or three successive waves of great height and violence." It is also sometimes called *bore*.—[Ed. Dio.]

I have before me an interesting book entitled *Reliquia Wottoniana*, viz., the Literary Remains of Sir Henry Wotton. At p. 300 of my copy (3rd. ed., 1672) there is the following singular passage in a letter addressed to Lord Bacon. To what does it refer? Is it to the *camera lucida*?

There (*i. e.*, at Linz) I found *Keplar*, a man famous in the Sciences, as your Lordship knows. In this man's study I was much taken with the draught of a Landskip on a piece of paper, me thoughts masterly done; whereof enquiring the Author, he bewrayed with a smile, it was himself, adding he had done it. *Non tanquam Pictor, sed tanquam Mathematicus.* This set me on fire: at last, he told me how. He bath a little black Tent (of what stuff is not much importing) which he can suddenly set up where he will in a Field, and it is convertible (like a Wind-mill) to all quarters at pleasure, capable of not much more than one man, as I conceive, and perhaps at no great ease; exactly close and dark, save at one hole about an inch and a half in the Diameter, to which he applied a long perspective Trunk, with the convex-glass fitted to the said hole, and the concave taken out at the other end, which extendeth to about the middle of this erected Tent, through which the visible radiations of all the objects without are intromitted, falling upon a paper which is accommodated to receive them, and so he traceth them with his pen in their natural appearance, turning his little Tent round by degrees till he hath designed the whole Aspect of the Field. This I have described to your Lordship, because I think there might be good use made of it for Chorography: for otherwise, to make Landships by it were illiberal, though surely no Painter could do them so precisely.

The paper here mentioned, which was "accommodated to receive the radiations," only wanted to be accommodated still further, and a perfect photograph would have been the result. This, however, Wotton would have considered as still more illiberal.

M.

What is the origin or meaning of the name, "Brown Bess"?

G. T.

#### OUR SICK CONTRIBUTOR'S FELLOW BOARDERS.

##### NO. 6—"THE CAPTAIN."

He is a Captain only by courtesy. He was Lieutenant and Adjutant of Her Majesty's —th, and saw a good deal of service in the Crimea, as his medals attest. Being poor, he was unable to purchase his Company, and remained for years senior lieutenant of his regiment, enduring the vexation of seeing younger officers promoted over his head. He left the service in disgust, retired on half pay, and amused himself with railing at "all the first born of Egypt." Shortly afterwards, an aunt, whom he had rarely seen, died and left him in a position, if not of affluence, at least of comfort.

Everybody likes him. It is impossible to help it, and yet I cannot but think, he would have been a better man if a little poorer. He is, without exception, the laziest man I ever knew. He has an Irish servant, who, in our boarding house, one would think is a superfluous institution. Pat's position, however, is anything but a sinecure. He is always busy from morning till night, doing trivial things, though his master never gets up till twelve. The Captain's room is a complete study. Every article that Paris ever invented for a man's toilet is there. His dressing case was once shown to me in confidence. What can be in all those silver-topped bottles? And then the other taller-necked flasks, like samples of *liqueurs*, that crowd his dressing table? Does he buy his hair brushes by the dozen? Our Captain is a great collector of three things. First,—walking sticks. These are arranged on a sort of rack which reaches from ceiling to floor. They are not in general dandy or handsome, but are, mostly, relics of different lands in which the Captain has been. Each has a history of its own. That cane is from Java—that knotted nondescript was cut by himself on the Himalayas. This is a bit of ilex from the woods at Albano,—that vine from the base of Mount Olympus. Besides this kind, he has such a profusion of more modern manufacture. No stick enters his collection unless it be ugly or odd. There is another hobby of his—"pipes." Of these he has two immense racks—"Tchibouks" of all kinds, cherry and jessamine stems with amber and turquoise mouth-pieces, culled from the bazaars of Constantinople and Damascus; Vienna meerschaums carved into every possible shape, pipe-stone Calumets from the Rocky Mountains—pipes of chamois-horn from the Tyrol, and among these, no small quantity of two-penny clay "cutties" which I firmly believe, are more smoked than any of the elaborate varieties. He laments that he cannot teach his servant to arrange a "hookah" and that Turkish "Narghile," and that beautiful Arabian "Shishah" are both doomed to disuse because he cannot, in Montreal, buy the requisite "tombak" to smoke in them. Boots form his third collecting hobby,—not boots of an ancient and

curious kind,—no old jack-boots, or oriental sandals,—but boots of the present day. This seems to be a military peculiarity. Enter any officer's quarter,—be the tenant Colonel or Ensign—and the first thing that will strike you is an unlimited supply of boots. I speak not of boots necessary to the service, but ordinary civilian boots, such as you and I wear, gentle reader. I know it is good to have a pair of boots for every day in the week, but our Captain must have a pair for every day in the year. There are boots long, and boots short, boots thick and boots thin, boots black, boots white, boots brown, boots armour-plated, with leather of surprising thickness, boots of reindeer skin, boots of canvass, boots of prunella, boots of kid, boots with the finest of French varnish on them, shoes for cricket with spiked soles, top boots for hunting, india rubber boots for fishing, boots lined with fur, mocassins yellow, mocassins plain, mocassins embroidered,—and then there are so many of the same kind! His servant takes great pride (?) in having all these triumphs of Crispin beautifully cleaned and arranged in double file against the wall. The Captain has slippers of every variety under the sun. The curious part of it is, that he never wears more than two pair of boots in one week. One pair of boots a year, would amply suffice for all the walking he does!

It may readily be imagined that the Captain is nice in his eating. Our landlady,—good soul—keeps an excellent table always plentifully supplied with wholesome roast and boiled. It is ludicrous to see how the Captain sighs for *entries*. To make up for this want, he surrounds himself at meals with as many bottles as are on his toilet table; sauces of which Messrs. Crosse and Blackwell never heard, "Chutnies," Indian pickles and all those luxurious relishes which may be seen at McGibbon's and Crawford's, in blue and white little jars. To compound a salad takes the Captain half an hour. One day, our landlady, prepared for his special delight, a dish which she called "Curry." After tasting it, the Captain retired up stairs, and I believe, was unwell for the rest of the evening.

And why do we all like this singular compound of fastidiousness and coxcombry? It is, at first, difficult to say. I have spent many evenings with him, and delightful ones they have always been. His conversation is charming. He has been a great traveller, and what is more, has learnt much by travel. There is a modest unobtrusiveness about his talk, which always delights. He talks natural history with the scientific boarder and evidently knows what he is talking about. He is the kindest-hearted of men. He is swindled by everybody who cares to swindle him. Our landlady charges him a most exorbitant price for his rooms, which are all furnished by himself. Beggars and impostors know him in the street and consider him their legitimate prey. The "poet" gets money from him daily. He could not always have been the lazy man that he is. All officers who know him, speak in glowing terms of his gallantry in the field. Those water-color sketches,—of no mean merit,—which adorn his walls, bear evidence of many a toilsome mountain ramble. An amusing circumstance occurred, one day at table: the "athlete" was chaffing him on his indolent habits, in rather an offensive manner: the Captain was slightly nettled and, to the astonishment of all, challenged the man of muscle to a walking match round the two mountains. What happened there, the mountains alone can tell. I only know, that the Captain came in smiling and went up to his room. The "athlete" did not appear till twenty-five minutes after, muttering something about "detention on the way," and has never alluded to the subject since. One night, a drunken rowdy found his way into the hall, frightening the women-folk out of their wits. The "poet" retreated up to his room as fast as he could run. The Captain quietly took the burly sot in his arms, doubled him up in some peculiar way, and then deposited him on the side-walk outside. Where did he get this Herculean strength? Assuredly he has not been always lazy.

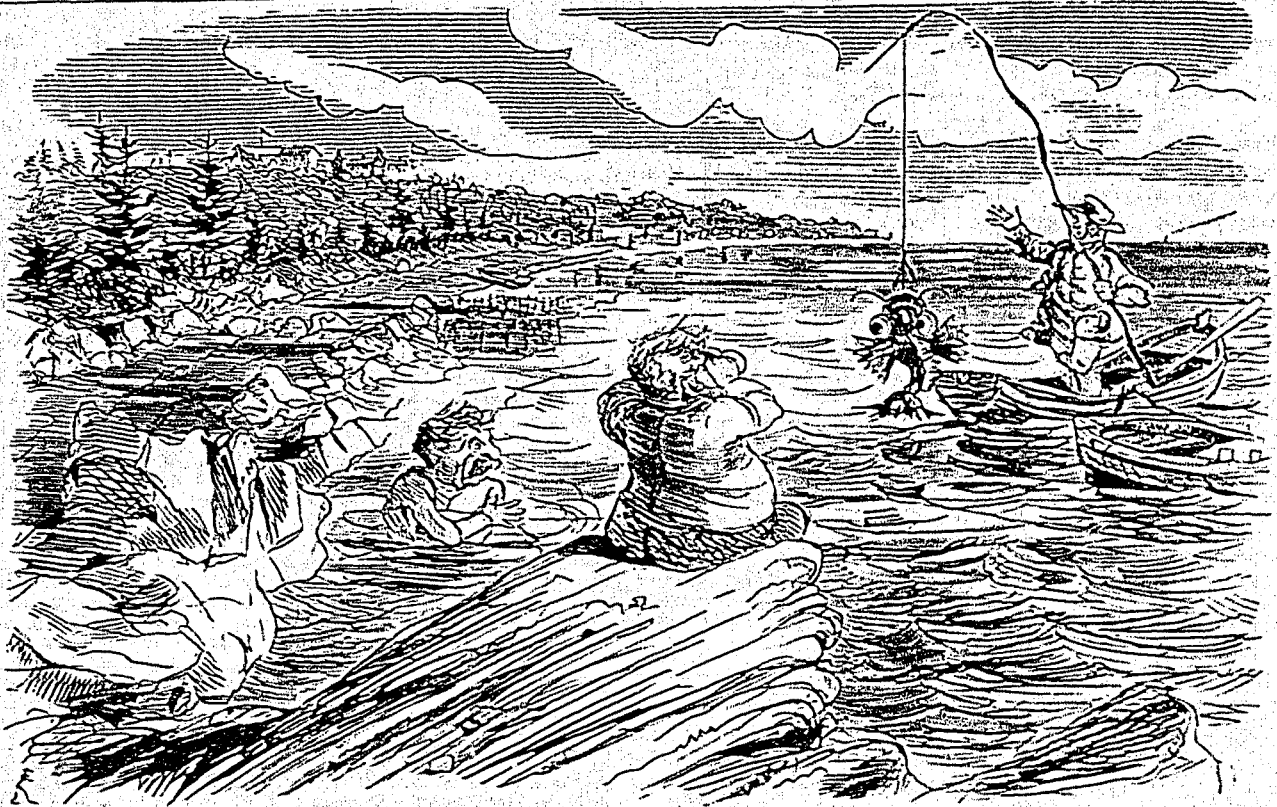
He is always abusing Montreal. Why does he not leave it? He is certainly a fish out of water here. What has brought a fine nature to such an incurable state of indolence and *blast-ism*? I have just been told. Shortly after leaving the service he was *crossed in love*! Lady, whoever you are, you have much to answer for!

#### THE WISH WAS FATHER TO THE THOUGHT.

M. Lanctot's *New Idea* of July 10 may be said to contain several new ideas. As its circulation in Montreal is unfortunately limited, the Cynic will, from time to time, cite important passages from its columns. Here is some information on Corporation matters, which will probably be news to the majority of the citizens. Is the *Tribune's* Montreal correspondent also the informant of M. Lanctot?

We learn that the population of Montreal is deeply incensed at the conduct of their Corporation. *The salaries of the clerks have been largely increased: The proprietors, already obliged to pay a heavy tax for the construction of side-walks, are moreover obliged to have them made at their own expense.* We are told of several other causes of discontent.

Popular gatherings have taken place, and the most energetic language has been used. *An Irishman exclaimed that the City Hall would be burnt down, and the councillors thrown by the windows.* At the latest date, those threats had not yet been accomplished. The French and Irish Canadians are completely united on that point. Such are the informations we have been furnished with. We publish them with due reserve.



## PLEASURES OF CACOUNA.

BROWN—(who is determined to take his change out of the salt water, and goes in for bathing morning, noon and night in a favorite locality)—“Hullo, Jones! what the deuce have you got there?”

JONES—(who has little or no regard for people's nerves, and thinks Brown a bore)—“A young shark, Sir; I caught two yesterday, and the habitants say that when the young ones come so close in shore the old ones are not far off!”

BROWN—“Bless my soul, who'd a thought it! I declare I'll never bathe here again!” (Returns to the “Hall,” packs up his trunk, and starts at once for Montreal, determined never again to trust his “wallyable corpus” to the “voracious clement.” Fact.)

## “THE MORALS OF MAY-FAIR.”

The following singular advertisement was cut from a recent number of the London (Eng.) *Daily Telegraph*:

NOTICE.—On and after Friday next *The Leader* will cease to be a political paper. In size it will be enlarged, and in form will resemble the high-class weeklies. In theology it will be Ritualistic. It will contain brilliant Essays, notes on High Life, the Fashions, the Marriages, &c., of the week, and a startling and sensational novel, entitled “A Fast Woman.”—65 Fleet Street.

A FAST WOMAN!—Order *The Leader* for this week.

We are told by Conybeare, in his famous Essay on “Church Parties,” that certain indolent and ignorant adherents of the High Church Party are contemptuously denominated the “High and Dry,” just as the parallel development of the Low Church is nicknamed “Low and Slow.” It will not do for a paper that contains the “startling and sensational novel” advertised, to be “High and Dry.” High apparently it will be: for it is to be High Church; “it will resemble the high-class weeklies,” and “will contain notes on High Life.” But “dry” it must not be. A dry sensational novel would be an anomaly and a paradox. It would prove as unsaleable as if it were “low and slow,” though it is hard to imagine “A Fast Woman” being *slow*, however *low* her principles or her life.

Under any circumstances it is a melancholy sign of the times when a newspaper advertisement suggests an alliance between certain church principles, and a demoralizing form of literature. We shall next be informed that “A Fast Woman” is “A Story of the Confessional.” The Ritualistic Party should at once disown such a “Leader.”

MR. DIOGENES:

Will you kindly explain the meaning of the advertisement in yours of the 9th, which reads as follows:—

“Double-Scull Outriggers’ Two-mile Race, and open only to members thereof”

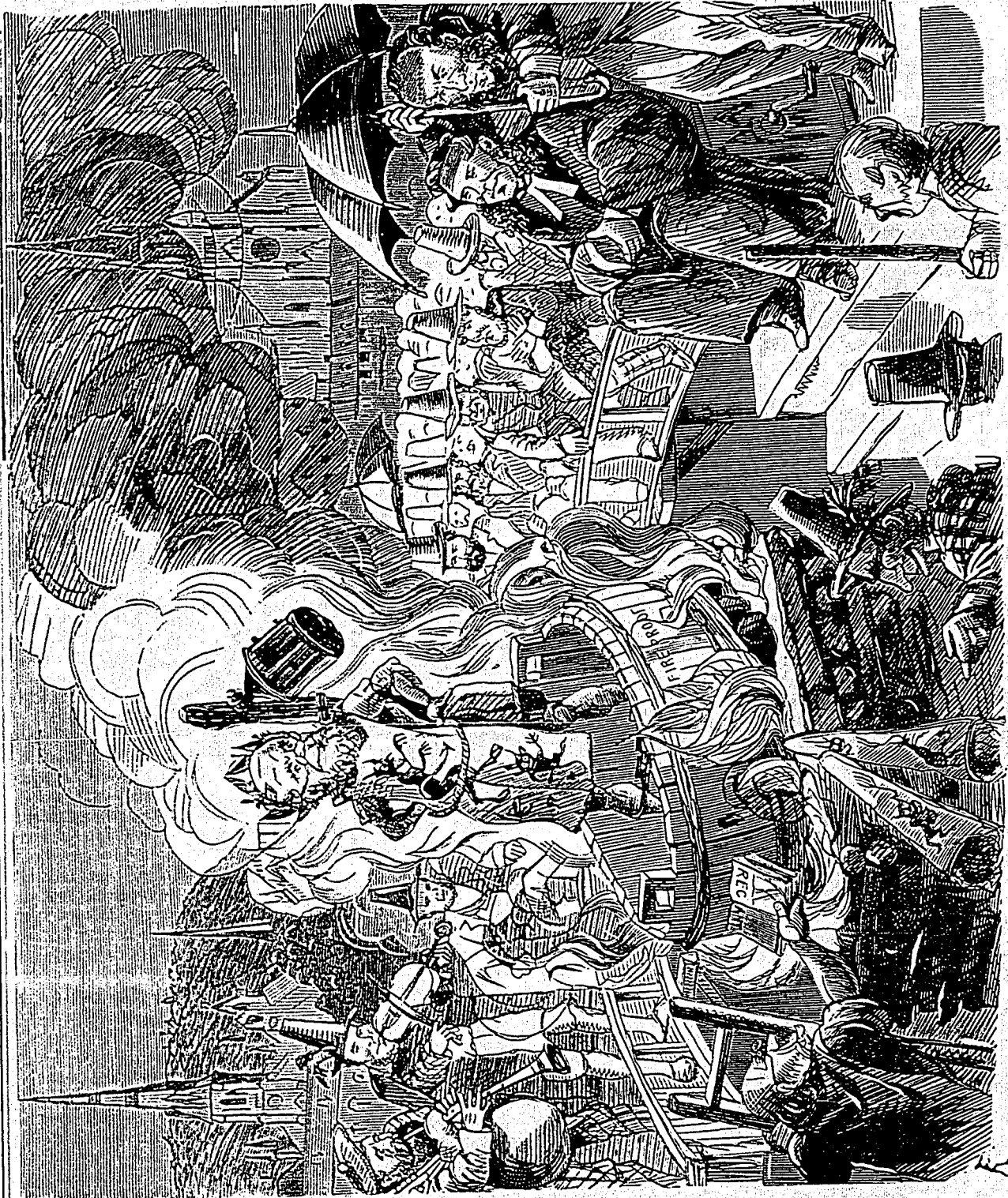
“Double-Scull Outriggers” are a new people, I fancy; and, pray, who are *the members thereof*? Probably L’Empereur Kafoozleum is the senior, but who are the other “double-scutt” members?

Had the race been open to *numsculls* only, the term might have been understood. Perhaps, however, double-scutt men are equally bright. Yours,

Montreal, July 14, 1869. AN ANXIOUS INQUIRER.

Our correspondent is referred to the respected Hon. Secretary of the Lachine Boat Club. The Cynic is not responsible for the wording of advertisements.



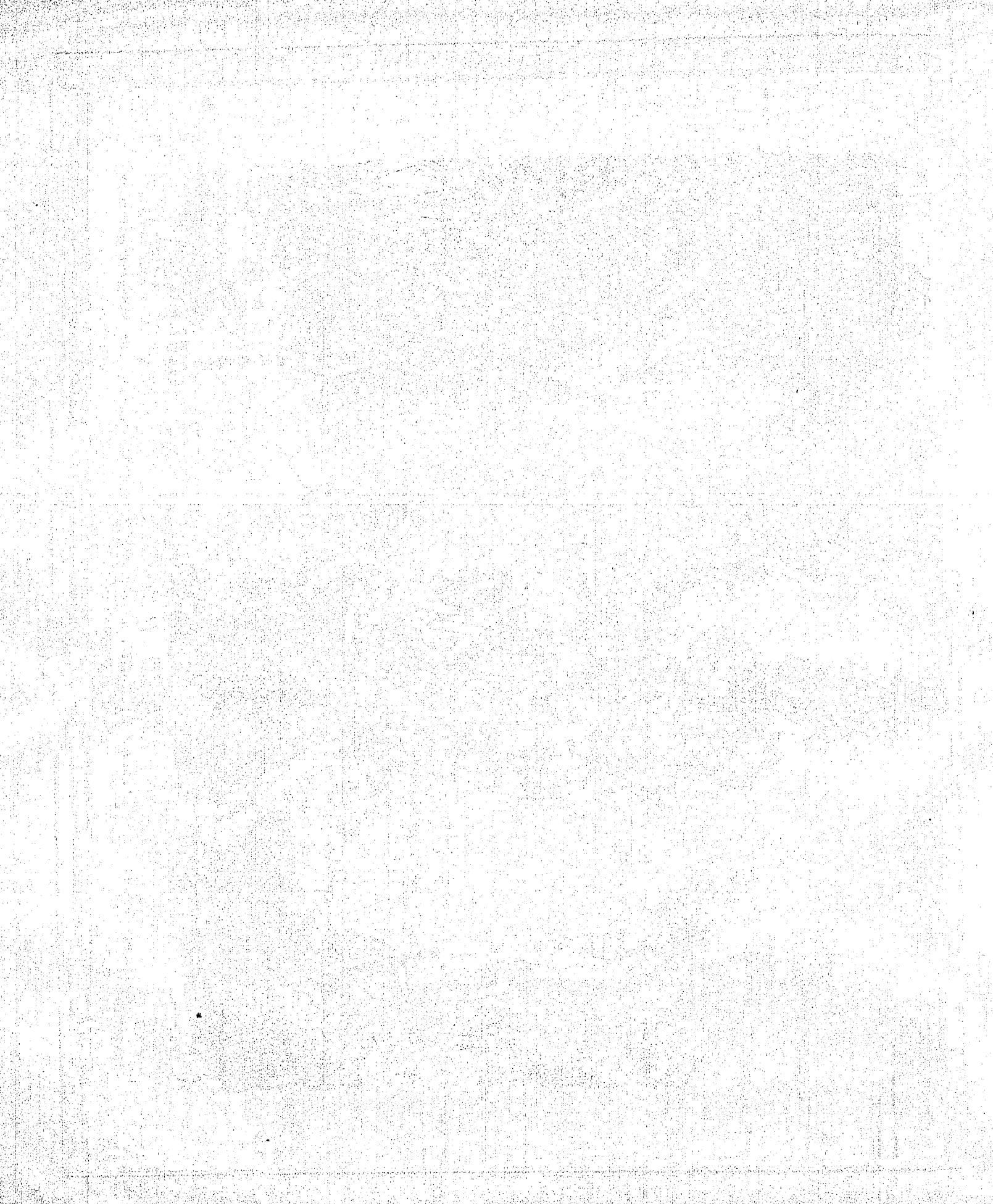


*AUTO DA FE.*

DEDICATED TO THOSE "MINISTERS AND ELDERS" WHO OBJECT TO BE "CARICATURED" THEMSELVES, BUT NEVERTHELESS ENJOY THE CARICATURE OF OTHERS.

"An Elder evidently wishes *DIODENES* to understand that no one in these parts may quiz the Clergy. It would seem, though, as if "An Elder" should have some fear of the Kirk Session before his eyes when he proposes the Romish expedient of *Auto da Fe* for poor *DIODENES*."—*Montreal Evening Telegraph*, July 12.





THE CYNIC'S PRIZE NOVELISTS.

No. 1.

EVA HEAD.

A NAUGHTIGAL\* ROMANCE OF BEAUTY, BLOOD, AND BOOTY.

All was still! not that there was any particular reason why this thus-ness should not be: still, all *was* still; and the night was undisturbed save by the melodious song of the *can-can* from the neighboring swamp, or the hoarse champing of an alligator regaling himself on the body of an obese but unwary negro.

Hard by the scene I have described, is a small hut or cabin, built of "adobe," a term from which we derive our present word "daub." At a rude table in this hut might have been discerned a group of some four or five men, before each of whom is a small heap of sugar or some sweet substance, and, in addition to this, each man has a stick of ebony some two feet in length, to the end of which is attached a small oval-shaped piece of leather.

Kind reader! what is their "little game"? You shall see. Observe! Hovering over the heads of the actors in this singular drama are a number of flies. Ah! now it is clear to you. These men, then, are the far-famed descendants of the Incas of Peru, the terrible Flei-Hunters of the West!

At their head sits a man of sinister, though ferocious aspect,—he is their leader, evidently; but what strikes one most particularly at first sight is, that he is *sightless!* What, think you, is their object in selecting such *an one* for their chief. *He is blind.* In these three words lies the key to the mystery! Rectitude and blindness go hand in hand! He cannot see,—consequently

MONEY IS NO OBJECT TO HIM !!!

CHAP. II.

Turn we now to the sea, the sea,—the fair, the fresh, the ever,—et cetera.

Equi-distant from the sunny Azores and the cradle of the Gulf Stream, (price 3 dollars with rockers), ploughing the salt waves of the stormy Atlantic, and scattering the spray, in a manner totally regardless of expense, a noble bark urges her wild career onward,—ever onward!

On her deck,—her *dekster* thumb resting on a *nez retroussé*, from which extend five aristocratic digits, her *tout ensemble* bespeaking the refinement of the *parvenu*,—reclines a female form. The rich sable tint which strikes at once an observant optic; the peculiar grace of the large, though pendant ears, together with the voluptuous fulness of the upturned lip, proclaim at once her origin; and it needs not that peculiar perfume which greets the olfactory nerves to make the "assurance doubly sure" that she is Afric by *de-scent!*

As she reposes in the golden fulness of an autumn sun, the last rays of a glorious day lingering on her features, as though loth to part from so much of loveliness, she is, indeed, a perfect realization of the poet's line,—

"As fair and fragile as an angel's sneeze."\*

Would you know who she is? Listen! The only daughter of a rich, though wealthy, planter by the name of Head! She is now on her way to the far North, there to be "finished" in all things needful, and also for the benefit of her health, which has been much impaired by constant labor in the cotton fields, to which she had been subjected for eighteen years, through an unfortunate mistake of her nurse, who had changed the two babes,—her master's and her own,—while in a state of primitive and ebon innocence. This "little unpleasantness" has, however, been rectified, and she is now on her way, as stated before, to the land of freedom and—wooden nutmegs!

\* Query by the Ed. "Nautical"?

† "Notes and Queries," please see to this. (Author.)

This, then, you will say is the reason of her delicate appearance, which is extreme even unto attenuation. Not entirely,—for three months previous to her departure mush had been scarce and hominy a by-word in the land, and frightful had been the resorts to which the people had been driven.

For three whole weeks this delicate and high-born lady had LIVED UPON THE CORNER OF A STREET ! ! ! !

CHAP. III.

"The black squall rode o'er the ocean wave."

Old Song.

"Schwartz! Schwartz! I say,—awake, and hear the little birds carol! Schwartz, you black villain, up with you, or I'll break every bone in your body!"

'Twas a stormy night on the Florida coast when Carrajo, the chief of the Flei-Hunters, thus addressed his lieutenant, and before he could say another word the lieutenant aforesaid *had dressed* himself and awaited his leader's commands.

"Lead me to the beach, varlet; 'tis a stormy night, and methought I heard a signal of distress."

"Where away?" was the response of the "varlet," who had evidently made "whaling" a study in his younger days. At his moment (4.32.07 Greenwich time) a fifty-horse power flash lit up the sky and revealed a noble vessel driving headlong to destruction.

"See her *pitch*," exclaimed Carrajo.

"Perhaps 'tis owing to her having so many *tars* on board," muttered Schwartz between his teeth.

Frantic with rage at this outrageous pun, Carrajo drew his sword,—which, like himself, was a *hanger-on*,—glared at Schwartz with his sightless orbs as though he would have annihilated him with a glance, and then, with a hasty movement of his muscular arm,—replaced his rapier!

"Ha! Ha!" chuckled the lieutenant; "he is not the only man who finds his (Sch)-*warts* troublesome!"

A frightful crash, however, put a stop to any further recrimination, and, killing a couple of feathered songsters with one geological formation, showed too plainly that the vessel was no longer a ship but a *shore!*

As is customary in such cases all were drowned except the fair Eva Head,—who, by the aid of her "floating capital," came to land in safety,—and her sable attendant, who was

WASHED ASHORE BY A GOOD-SIZED BAR OF THE BEST BROWN WINDSOR ! ! ! ! !

(To be continued.)

SUUM CUIQUE.

The Montreal *Daily Witness* of last Tuesday had a short article on the weather. It began as follows:

—Tom Hood jocularly remarked, when speaking of the cool English climate, that *summer had set in with its usual severity*; but we might say in Canada this year that it has set in with very unusual severity.

As Mr. Toots says: "It's of no consequence;" but can the writer in the *Witness* verify his supposed quotation from Hood? The Cynic believes not. The passage to which he alludes occurs in a graceful speech delivered by the late Lord Palmerston in 1863, at the annual dinner of the Royal Academy.

A man who comes here *shivering in one of those days which mark the severity of an English summer*, (a laugh), may imagine that he is basking in an African sun, and he may feel imaginary warmth from the representation of a tropical climate.

Lord Palmerston, however, had been anticipated in his harmless joke by Lord Byron, who, in the *Vision of Judgment*, stanza LV, thus alludes to the fogs of London:

The weathercocks are gilt some thrice a year,  
If that *the summer is not too severe!*

## JACOB GALLOPER IN THE COUNTRY.

## HE DISCOURSETH OF DOGS.

My last communication was somewhat mortuary—relating to dogs, that, like Hiawatha, paddled their own canoe to the land of the here-after, and called at our wharf by the way. Since I have been in the country, and, more especially, since I have retired in disgust from aquatic sports, I have had ample opportunity of observing "bow wow," in a state of animated nature. As I before intimated, we abound in dogs. Canine society in a country village is a very fair reflection of village society in general. Every dog knows every other dog's business, and meddles with it as far as he dares. On the other hand, there are occasions of a domestic nature, when all meet on a common ground of neutrality; and periods of excitement are so rare, that, when they do occur, every dog within hail believes it his duty to attend, and sinks for the time, all private feuds and minor differences. A cow getting out from her pasture; a horse at large in the street, or a pig in a garden, are all deemed subjects for canine police-interference; and the erring quadruped is immediately charged by a pack of black Cossacks, that rush from alleys and back yards, until the puzzled brute after shewing fight with horns or heels, is again restored to the path of duty. The dogs then retire with a self-satisfied air, as if conscious that they have rendered the state some service. I never was an enthusiast with respect to dogs—perhaps from a constitutional antipathy to being licked. Why a dog should imagine that his poking a cold wet nose into your hand is an indication of personal regard, I never could understand. There are three dogs attached to our establishment,—that being the average allowance in our village. "Fangs," a fine cross, between a Mount St. Bernard and a mastiff. "Figs," a nondescript black-and-tan little cur, with a bob-tail, and of uncertain age; and "Towser," a Newfoundland pup, at present engaged in the intellectual occupation of cutting his teeth,—a process in which he derives much aid and consolation from various old boots that he keeps under the cupboard. Beneath a solid exterior, Towser conceals an obstinacy of will and knowledge of his own interests, remarkable in so young a dog. Trundle him down the kitchen-steps twelve times, and the thirteenth, he will mount the breach with an expression of injured innocence, such as puppydom alone can assume. As to getting him out for a ramble with the other dogs,—not for Joseph. Turn your back on him after he has been coaxed a dozen yards outside the garden-fence, and forthwith he may be seen making a retrograde movement at a canter towards the kitchen. The best way is to carry him by the "scruff of the neck," and confuse his notions of geography, by pitching him abruptly among the long grass. Then, he is obliged to follow; but he does it under protest with a droll bark. In a short time he tumbles over into a drain, whence he emerges all covered with mud. This affords him some consolation, and gratifies his prophetic feelings: for he sits on his haunches and looks up, as much as to say, "There, now, you would make me come, and you see what has come of it." The next moment his fat form is whirling slowly through the air on its way to the adjacent pond. "Towser" is a puppy in every sense of the word. There is an unconscious presumptuousness about him which constitutes the very essence of puppyism both in men and dogs. He is ready to take the most extraordinary familiarities on the shortest acquaintance, and is, consequently, forever getting involved in trouble. Not a morning passes that he does not risk his eyes through interfering with the arrangements of the poultry-yard, and ignominiously turn tail before the fury of some dowager hen. There is a ludicrous affectation of wisdom in his infantine bark, but his whine is positively exasperating, and always procures him a licking.

"Fangs" is a tall, wiry-looking dog, buff in colour, with a handsome face, and a black muzzle. He is the *major domo* of the establishment—the canine Reeve of the village, carrying his dignities with an easy air, as a well-bred dog should do. His deportment to visitors at the front door, and beggars at the back, is characterized by a fine discrimination; but I am rather afraid the temptations of office are undermining his moral character, as I shall presently show.

My last portrait is that of "Figs," to whom I have already alluded as a small, ancient, scrubby black-and-tan, with uncropt ears, and a bob-tail turned up with white. A stronger contrast than between "Figs" and "Fangs" could hardly be imagined. Perhaps that is the reason they are inseparable companions. "Figs" is Magistrate's Clerk and general henchman to "Fangs." Besides being a shrewd worldly dog, he has a strong supernatural side to his character, and that is the reason I called him "Figs," after the name of the prophet. He has, in fact, certain *Obi* attributes about him. He seldom associates with other dogs ("Fangs" excepted), and then only in an official capacity, when he is both noisy and imperious. Left to himself, however, he is quite a different dog. There he stands outside, sniffing the air with his nose in every possible direction, as if he were making the most profound meteorological observations, and with a look as patient and careworn as if he had the whole concerns of the village on his mind. Having satisfied himself on these points, he next makes an acoustic examination, and consults the sounds which come, like so many telegraphic despatches, from distant cows, pigs, and children. All right there, too; and now he looks down towards the street. One ear at last goes up, and he scurries off after some vagrant dog, or a cat, that has momentarily left the domestic hearth. "Figs" has, moreover, strange dietary habits. He eats flies, I know; and,

as he is perpetually haunting a low, marshy pond out in the fields, I have my suspicions about frogs. There is one dog in the village, that lives on snakes, and I have little doubt, that Figs would be perfectly satisfied to board with him. To watch Figs and his master make a progress through the village, is amusing. Every dog is overhauled. Transitory dogs, on legitimate objects of travel, are curiously inspected; dogs with a local habitation and a name, briefly saluted. I have already hinted, that there were doubts as to the moral character of Fangs, and the way in which my suspicions were confirmed was as follows: One evening I was up the fields with the two dogs, who were beating about at a canter, when suddenly a fine young Newfoundland came through the fence, with a bran-new bone, which he had just received from the butcher. His Honor, Fangs, immediately wanted to know all about the bone, and, in another instant, Figs came up breathless, and seized hold of the victim's bushy tail. The strange dog at once dropped the bone to defend this ornament of his person, when Fangs coolly seized the booty, dropped all his magisterial airs and returned into the long grass with his prize. Thus was a bare-faced highway robbery committed by a magistrate and his clerk, under colour of the law, in broad daylight, and this confirmed my opinion as to the immoral character of Fangs, though I have no doubt, he felt perfectly satisfied that the Newfoundland had stolen the bone!

So much for our dogs, but alas! for our sleep! Figs's favourite nocturnal amusement, is besieging a cat on a gallery, when he will bark for two hours at a time, immediately under my window. This is sure to waken Fangs in an adjoining room, who delivers a growling malediction on cats in general! Then, Towser is disturbed, and what with nightmare, and being lost in the dark, the young good-for-nothing tumbles about the floor, whining hideously. Sleep is of course impossible, and there is nothing for it but to sally out with a whip. Up I spring—give Fangs a passing cut,—chase Towser to his stronghold under the cupboard, following him up with a flying boot, and then rush madly on Figs, who is dimly apparent, just out of reach. The brute is wagging his tail by way of apology, and shying the whip at him in despair, I return to bed. Promising you another note shortly, I remain meanwhile,

Yours truly,

JACOB GALLOPER.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

"I seek divine simplicity in him  
Who handles things divine."—*Crafter*.

MY DEAR DIO:

No one can have more respect for the teachers of religion than myself, especially when they resemble that beautiful picture of almost divine simplicity drawn by Goldsmith in his "Deserted Village"; but when Ministers and Elders hold themselves, and are held up, as demi-gods, whose actions are not to be censured or spoken of by the outside world (see remarks of *Montreal Telegraph's* correspondent, "An Elder"), we are taken back into the days of old pagan divinity, when the hero was worshipped more than the hero's Master, and we cease to give them that respect which is due to every true and humble steward of His Mysteries. "An Elder" seems to think that to pourtray "grave and godly ministers and elders" is a very heinous crime. I fear that the majority of persons present at the '67 or '68 organ-debate in the Canada Presbyterian Church did not come away very deeply impressed with the Christian charity and forbearance,—much less the gravity, of a number of the gentlemen who took part in it. "An Elder's" closing remarks look like what we read of in ancient English history, when the Druids had such a power over the people that they even went the length of borrowing money from them, to be returned in Hades; and the time when the clergy can dictate to the people what they are, and are not to read (particularly in regard to themselves), is, I trust, numbered with the "days that are no more."

When we see more of "St. Paul's perfection" inside the Church, and have fewer Ministers and Elders who think so much about forms and rituals, in place of the salvation of souls, we will probably see greater reforms and less inclination to "caricature" them.

Yours truly,

TASSIE.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SOLO.—Much obliged. Will endeavour to use the sketches. Try your hand at the grotesque.

DIOGENES.

*Business Notices.*

DIOGENES has received a copy of the Montreal Weekly STAR, a new aspirant for public favor, published at the ridiculously low price of 50 cents a year. Though the STAR "asks no courtesies," it will not be indifferent to the expression of an honest opinion of its merits. The Cynic is bound to state that, while totally disagreeing with its political views, so far as they have been developed, and by no means endorsing the laxity of expression which has too often disfigured its pages, the conductors of the STAR display no mean amount of that ability and industry which, combined with integrity, ordinarily command journalistic success.

The paper is well printed, the news items carefully collated, and the Editorial matter made up of terse and vigorous writing. But all this will not avail, unless it adopts (to use its own words) "a graver tone."

The Cynic has also received a copy of the Montreal Directory for the current year. It is, as usual, admirably printed, and in the arrangement of details leaves nothing to be desired. As the population of the city increases it is to be hoped increased demand for the volume, and additional advertising patronage, may enable the publisher to produce it for half the present cost.

The Cynic notes that Mr Peter Crossby, late of the DAILY NEWS, has entered into partnership with a brother Typo, and established a job printing office in John street. DIOGENES congratulates Mr. Crossby, and wishes him every success in his undertaking. He deserves all the patronage he can get.

**McCONKEY'S**

"SAMPLES"

Are now ready for submission to competent judges, at the

COOPERAGE AND COBBLERY,  
Opposite the St. Lawrence Hall.

**HAVANA CIGARS**  
IN PERFECTION.

"LA FAVORITA'S" A1 Registered at Lloyd's.

**SEA SIDE SUPPLIES.**

Families will find at the ITALIAN WAREHOUSE the  
Freshest, Largest and Best Assorted Stock of  
**GROCERIES & DAINTIES**

TO SELECT FROM.

No charge for Packages. Orders left early will oblige.  
**ALEX. MCGIBBON.**

A SUPPLY OF DELICIOUS STRAWBERRIES  
RECEIVED DALY.

**LIFE ASSOCIATION OF SCOTLAND**

INVESTED FUNDS: UPWARDS OF

One Million One Hundred and Ninety-One Thousand  
Pounds Sterling.

This Institution differs from other Life Offices in that the  
**BONUSES FROM PROFITS**

ARE APPLIED ON A SPECIAL SYSTEM FOR THE POLICY-HOLDER'S  
**PERSONAL BENEFIT AND ENJOYMENT**  
DURING HIS OWN LIFE-TIME.

With the option of Large Bonus Additions to the Sum Assured.

THE POLICY-HOLDER THUS OBTAINS

A LARGE REDUCTION OF PRESENT OUTLAY  
OR  
A PROVISION FOR OLD AGE  
OF A MOST IMPORTANT AMOUNT.

In One Cash Payment, or a Life Annuity, without any expense or outlay whatever  
beyond the ordinary Assurance Premium for the original Sum  
Assured, which remains intact for the Policy-holder's  
heirs, or other purposes.

**CANADA—MONTREAL: 1 Common Street.**

Secretary, **P. WARDLAW.**  
Inspector of Assurances, **JAS. B. M. CHIPMAN.**

**NINETEENTH ANNUAL STATEMENT**  
OF THE

**UNION MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.**

DIRECTORS' OFFICE—No. 27 COURT STREET, BOSTON.  
**HENRY CROCKER, President.** | **W. H. HOLLISTER, Secretary.**  
**B. R. CORWIN, Manager.**

|  |                |
|--|----------------|
| Assets, 31st January, 1869.....                | \$3,730,836.67 |
| Receipts for the year 1868.....                | 1,505,015.38   |
| Surplus over all liabilities.....              | 875,963.73     |
| Deposited with Receiver-General of Canada..... | 100,000.00     |
| Losses paid in 1868.....                       | 220,350.00     |

Policyholders are the only Stockholders in the Company. Each Policyholder receives his share of the earnings of the Company in ratio to the amount of Premium paid.  
Every Premium paid receives an apportionment of the divisible surplus on the 31st Dec. of each year. All business, agencies, payments, proof of loss, &c., in this Province, submitted to  
**JOHN RHYNAS,**  
MONTREAL,  
General Agent for Province of Quebec.

May 26.

**TO TOURISTS.**

**Henderson's First-class Photographs and Stereoscopic Slides**

OF LOCAL SCENERY,

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

**CHEAP INITIAL STATIONERY.**

"Rustic" and "Dove" Note-Paper,

At the Lowest Remunerative Prices, at the

**DIOGENES' OFFICE,**  
27 St. James' Street,

(Opposite the Post Office).

**FIFTY CENTS PER ANNUM.**

**ONE PENNY EACH IN WRAPPERS.**

THE WEEKLY STAR will be published on the 2nd July, and regularly every week afterwards, at 9 o'clock on FRIDAY MORNING. It will contain twenty-four columns of the cream of the week's City and Foreign News (by wire and mail), the Police, Sporting, Editorials, and choice Literature.

The best and cheapest newspaper in the world.  
Orders from City Newsdealers must be sent in every Wednesday previous to the day of publication.

Office, 64 St. James Street.



THE Subscriber has received, ex "ITALIA," from Havre, a small Consignment of the above brand of CHAMPAGNE, to which he begs to draw the attention of connoisseurs.

**GEO. DENHOLM,**  
No. 2 MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE.

**W. F. GAIRDNER,**  
ADVOCATE.  
No. 38 ST. JAMES STREET.

**TO LET**

FOR A TERM OF YEARS,  
OR FOR SALE,

THE BREWERY and PLANT in  
JACQUES CARTIER STREET, known as  
"GORRIE'S BREWERY."

The Malt Floors, Kilm, and Grain Loft might be used separately, or the whole might be turned into a Factory, where extensive Vaults would be of service.

**DANIEL GORRIE.**

**NOTICE.**

I have this day admitted Mr. Robert Kane as partner, and the business of the Firm in future will be carried on under the name of  
**WILSON & KANE.**  
THOS. WILSON.

**WILSON & KANE,**

**Brokers & Commission Merchants**  
No. 58 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET.

Stocks and Bonds bought and sold.  
Money lent on approved Mortgages.  
Advances made on Consignments to Great Britain.  
MONTREAL, 10th July, 1869.

**CHAS. ALEXANDER & SON**  
391 Notre Dame Street.

ICE-CREAM and WATER ICES,  
SODA WATER, with Choice Syrups.  
LUNCHEON-TEA & COFFEE,  
FROM 10 A.M. TILL 6 P.M.  
Choice Assortment of Confectionery.

**W. GEO. BEERS,**  
DENTIST.

**Office & Residence**  
12 SEAFER HALL TERRACE  
MONTREAL.



TO TOURISTS.

HOLDSTOCK'S AUTUMN SKETCHES

OF

CANADIAN SCENERY.

Some Fine Specimens at the  
DIOGENES' OFFICE.

27 ST. JAMES STREET,  
(Opposite the Post Office.)

LACHINE BOATING CLUB.

THE COMMITTEE have the honour to announce that their ANNUAL REGATTA will take place on *Saturday, 24th July, 1869.* And Competitors are respectfully invited in the following Programme of Races:—

- |  |     |    |
|--|-----|----|
| FOUR-OARED BOATS, pulled from the gunwale. Four miles  | 100 | 20 |
| FOUR-OARED OUTRIGGERS. Four miles, open to all-comers  | 100 | 20 |
| DOUBLE-SCULL OUTRIGGERS, two mile race, and open only to members thereof   | 100 | 20 |
| SINGLE SCULL OUTRIGGERS, two miles—Champion Race, open to all  | 100 |    |
| SAILORS' RACE, two miles, open to boats from ocean-going vessels, each boat to be manned by not less than four men | 40  | 10 |
| DOUBLE SCULLED BOATS, pulled from the gunwale, two miles, open to boys under 16 years                              | 25  | 5  |
| INDIAN CANOE RACE, four miles  | 50  |    |
| SQUAW RACE in CANOES, one mile   | 30  |    |
| OPEN BOAT, SAILING RACE, about six miles, open to boats not exceeding twenty feet in length                        | 30  | 10 |
- The above Races will be subject to the Rules of the Club. Copies of these may be had from the Secretary.  
Entries must be made with the Secretary on or before 5 p.m., on Wednesday, July 21st.  
S. H. WALLIS, Hon. Secretary.

THE ST. HYACINTHE RACES

WILL TAKE PLACE AT ST. HYACINTHE, On the 17th & 18th August, 1869  
1ST.—QUEEN'S PLATE, 50 GUINEAS.  
Full particulars in a few days.

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.  
GASFITTINGS.

THE Subscribers have on hand a first rate assortment of English and American GAS FIXTURES, consisting of LACQUERED AND BRONZE GASALIERS, GLASS CHANDELIERS, GLASS AND OTHER BRACKETS, HALL AND TABLE LAMPS, PILARS, &c.  
—ALSO—  
All kinds of GLASS GLOBES, Plain, Cut and Engraved, FANCY SHADES, &c., which they will sell at extremely low prices.  
CHARLES GARTH & CO.,  
Dominion Metal Works,  
536 to 542 Craig Street,  
Montreal.

THE CARLTON RESTAURANT  
By J. MARTIN.

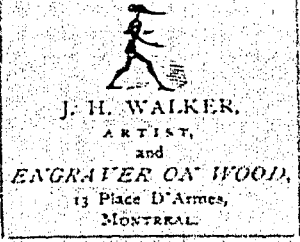
IS NOW OPEN,  
WITH A CHOICE SELECTION OF WINES, SPIRITS, LIQUEURS, &c.  
Luncheon from 12 to 3.  
DINNERS & SUPPERS AT ALL HOURS  
425 NOTRE DAME STREET,  
Five Doors West of St. Peter.

PREPARING,  
THE CANADIAN ANNUAL REGISTER for 1869,  
A RECORD OF PUBLIC EVENTS IN CANADA DURING THAT YEAR.  
Edited by HENRY J. MORGAN.  
(Proprietors at Dawson Bros.)

REV. A. OXENDEN,  
The newly-elected Bishop of Montreal and Metropolitan.  
Just Received from England.

On View, and for Sale by  
W. NOTMAN,  
At his Studio, No. 17 Bleury Street.

JUST RECEIVED,  
AMERICAN, FRENCH, and SCOTCH CHAMBRYS.  
THE above Goods make a very Beautiful Suit, are Fast Colors, and Durable.  
Also, a Lot of PLAIN LUSTRES, New Colors.  
BROWN, CLAGGETT & McCARVILLE  
453 Notre Dame Street, West End.



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

TAFT & GARVEN, ARCHITECTS.

REAL ESTATE AND INVESTMENT AGENTS,  
SOLICITORS OF PATENTS, &c.,  
Office: No. 49 Bleury Street.

BUILDERS

WILL FIND REGISTERS of all sizes, CHIMNEY CAPS, double and single, PIPE HOLES, STOVE PIPE RINGS, SWEEP HOLE DOORS and FRAMES, FURNACE DOORS and FRAMES, FASH WEIGHTS, all sizes, FANCY DOOR PANELS.  
And every description of BUILDERS' CASTINGS.  
AT 118 Great St. James Street, 532 Craig Street East.  
Or at the Montreal Foundry and City Works, 105 to 179 William Street.  
W. CLENDINNENG.

RAILWAYS.

VERMONT CENTRAL RAILROAD LINE.  
SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS,  
Commencing May 1, 1869.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH AND EAST.

MAIL TRAIN leaves ST. ALBANS at 6.30 a.m., and connects at Burlington with the Rutland Road, and at White River Junction and Bellows Falls with Trains for Boston, Worcester, Springfield and New York.  
DAY EXPRESS leaves Montreal at 8.00 a.m., for Boston, &c., arriving in Boston at 10.30 p.m.  
NIGHT EXPRESS leaves Montreal at 7.30 p.m., for Waterloo, Boston, and New York, arriving at Boston at 8.45 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., for St. Albans, Montreal, &c., arriving at Montreal at 10 p.m.  
MAIL TRAIN leaves Boston via Lawrence and Fitchburg at 7.30 a.m., Springfield at 7.45 a.m., for St. Albans.  
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 1.30 p.m., connecting at White River Junction with Train leaving Boston at 5.00 for Montreal.  
Sleeping Cars are attached to both the Night Express Trains running between St. Albans and Boston, and St. Albans and Springfield.  
G. MERRILL, General Supt.

1869. ~~1869~~ 1869.

OPENING OF THE NEW ROUTE THROUGH TO PLATTSBURGH. GREAT SAVING OF TIME THROUGH TO NEW YORK AND BOSTON IN ONE DAY.

ON and after MONDAY, May 17, 1869, Trains will run as follows from Bureau Station:—  
MORNING EXPRESS—5.00 a.m., arrive in New York at 9.15 p.m.; 5.00 a.m., arriving in Boston at 7.20 p.m.  
EVENING EXPRESS—4.15 p.m., arriving in New York at 10.15 a.m.; do. in Boston at 8.30 a.m.  
Stopping at all Intermediate Stations.  
For Tickets and further information apply at the Company's Office, No. 39 St. James Street.  
R. CARDINAL, Agent.

COLLARS.

THE CANADIAN COLLAR FACTORY,

Nos. 550 AND 552 CRAIG STREET.  
Messrs RICE BROTHERS, the Proprietors of the FACTORY, have constantly on hand a large supply of PAPER COLLARS, CUFFS, SHIRT-FRONTS, &c., of all styles. Their goods are manufactured from the best of Plain, Enamelled, Linen, Imitation, Linen-faced, and Marseilles paper, imported direct from England, Germany, and the United States. They are also continually introducing new styles, which, for neatness and elegance, far surpass those of any other in the market. Trade strictly wholesale.

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

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

POT AND PEARL ASHES  
BOUGHT AND SOLD BY  
F. M. CASSIDY,  
No. 3 Cuvillier's Court,  
St. Sacrament Street.

Simpson & Bethune,  
Fire, Life, and Marine Insurance Agents.  
OFFICE: 102 St. Francis Xavier Street.

A NOVELTY in COLLARS, manufactured by Messrs "RICE BROS.", called "THE ALASKA," is very pretty, graceful, and easily adjusts itself to the neck.

Selling off Cheap the Largest Stock in the City.  
GEORGE ARMSTRONG,  
Cabinet-Maker, Upholsterer, and Undertaker,  
Corner Victoria Sq. & Craig Street,  
MONTREAL.

CHAMBER AND PARLOUR SUITES.  
Manufacturer of ELASTIC SPONGE MATTRESSES Superior to Curled Hair.

HEARSE, Coffins, Crape, &c., &c., constantly on hand, and all that is requisite provided at the shortest notice and in the best manner, on application to him, without causing any trouble to the friends of the deceased persons. A liberal discount to the Trade. Also on hand and for sale, FISK'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES.

W. CLENDINNENG,  
(late Wm. Rodden & Co.)  
Founder, and Manufacturer of Stoves, &c., Works, 165 to 179 William Street.  
City Sample and Sale Room, 118 and 120 Great St. James Street, and 532 Craig Street, MONTREAL, P.Q.

VICTORIA STABLES.

THE undersigned has opened his new Stables in the building lately occupied as an Armory in Victoria Square. They are roomy, well lighted and ventilated, and first-class in every respect.  
Special attention given to the boarding and sale of gentlemen's horses. No horses kept for hire.  
References kindly permitted to Thos. Cramp, Esq.; Alex. Urquhart, Esq.; Wm. M. Ramsay, Esq.; John Leeming, Esq.; and J. J. Browne, Esq.  
TIMOTHY STARR.