

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.

"The Best Goods are always Cheapest."
NEW AND FRAGRANT TEAS, FINE
 COFFEES, GENUINE SPICES, EAST AND WEST
 INDIA GOODS and GENERAL FAMILY GROCERIES
 of Best Qualities, and at *Lowest Remunerative Prices.*
 W. D. McLAREN,
 247 St. Lawrence Street, Corner (639) of St. Catherine.

ST. JAMES' DRUG HALL.
 The Latest Novelty,
THE PATENT INDIA RUBBER SPONGE,
 A useful invention, combining both the ordinary Sponge and Flesh-brush.
DUNN'S INDELIBLE PENCIL, for Marking Linen.
 JOHN ROGERS & CO., 133 St. James Street.

(Established 1859)
Henry R. Gray
 Dispensing
 AND
 Family Chemist.
 144
 St. Lawrence Street.
 FRESH VACCINE
 always on hand.
 Sole Wholesale
 Agent for
 DR. WEBB'S
 OILMINTINE
 The best Tooth
 Powder extant.

**FOLEY'S
 CELEBRATED
 GOLD PENS**
 Will shortly be intro-
 duced into this Mar-
 ket, and will be 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
 77 St. James Street
 (Diagonals Office).
 Foley's Pens are
 known throughout
 the United States as
 the best manufactured

**SEA-SIDE
 SUPPLIES.**
 SPECIAL atten-
 tion given to
 Orders for the
 Country or Sea
 Side. No
 charge for
 packages.
 Families will oblige
 by leaving their
 lists as early
 as possi-
 ble.
 Alex. McGibbon,
 Italian Warehouse.

**Todd's
 'Parliamentary
 Government.'**
 THE 2ND VOLUME OF
 (completing the
 Work)
 'Parliamentary
 Government of
 England.'
 Its Origin, Development
 and Practical
 Operation,
 By ALPHRED TODD,
 Librarian of the
 House of Commons of
 Canada.
 It Just Published,
 Price \$6.00.



**MASON'S
 FRUIT JARS,**
 Hermetically Self-
 Sealing.
 For preserving Fruit
 in its natural state
 without Sugar, after
 many years' experi-
 ence, found to be the
 most reliable. A
 large lot of the differ-
 ent sizes, cheap.
 W. D. McLAREN,
 St. Lawrence Street.

**ONTARIO
 MEDICAL HALL**
 265
 Notre Dame Street.

Physicians'
 Prescriptions and
 Family Receipts
 carefully com-
 pounded.

The
 Largest Stock of
 Surgical Instruments
 in the City.

C. G. Wilson
 Chemist & Druggist.

**KAMOURASKA.
 Sea-Bathing.**

The undersigned in-
 timates 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 Resi-
 dence.

Mrs. H. SMITH,
 Albion House,
 KAMOURASKA.

N.B.—In addition
 to the Railway Cars,
 there will be a Steam-
 er 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 com-
 plete Stock of
 WALL PAPERS in the
 City.
 Splendid Patterns at
 very moderate rates.
 DeZouche Bros.,
 351
 Notre Dame Street.

Vol. II.—No. 8.

MONTREAL, 2nd JULY, 1869.

Price—Five Cents. *AWALKER*

TEN ACRES STRAWBERRIES—CANADA GROWTH.

The Subscriber will commence to receive in a few days the produce of 10 Acres of Strawberries. They will arrive daily by Express. Families requiring supplies for preserving will be supplied on the most favorable terms by leaving their orders early. Each case will contain about 50 baskets of one quart each.

ALEX. MCGIBBON, Italian Warehouse.

(Established 1849.)

Toutes Espèces de Nouveautés de la Saison.

Specialties for the Requirements of the Present Season.

SHAWLS, ROTONDES, Bernouse Cloaks, MANTLES & HALF-SQUARES In Chantilly, Spanish and Llama Laces.

MARIE ANTOINETTES and FICHUS,

New and Elegant Shapes in Spanish, Lisle, and Chantilly Laces.

THE NEW THIBET MUSLIN CAPE "En Panier,"

The very Latest Novelty for Summer Costume.

BRITISH, PARISIAN & BELGIAN NOVELTIES Received Monthly at

Wm. McDunnough's, (Successor to James Parkin.) 250 NOTRE DAME STREET.

(Established 1849.)

Sea Bathing! Sea Bathing!

ST. LAWRENCE HALL CACOUNA.

THIS HOTEL is now open for the Season. During the past winter the following additions and improvements have been made:—Large Ball Room; Ladies' Parlour; Gentlemen's Reading and Smoking Rooms; enlargement of Dining Room, and Sixty additional first-class Bed Rooms, with other extensive alterations, which now make the Hotel replete with everything conducive to comfort and convenience.

A first-class Stable has been built in connection with the Hotel, for the board of private horses.

The rates of board for families will be as moderate as possible, arrangements for which can be made with H. HOGAN, Proprietor of the St. Lawrence Hall, Montreal, or at the Hotel in Cacouna.

An Omnibus and Baggage Wagon are in attendance at the Boats and Cars. Telegraph Station in the Office of the Hotel.

W. GEO. BEERS, DENTIST.

Office & Residence 12 BEAVER HALL TERRACE MONTREAL.

JUST RECEIVED, AMERICAN, FRENCH, and SCOTCH CHAMBRYS.

THE above Goods make a Beautiful Suit, are Fast Colors, and very Durable. Also, a Lot of PLAIN LUSTRES, New Colors. BROWN, CLAGGETT & McCARVILLE 463 Notre Dame Street, West End.

THE JUSTLY CELEBRATED "PLANTAGENET" Mineral Water.

THIS remedial agent has been, and must continue to be, the favourite with the people, in consequence of the quantity of IODINE, IRON, MAGNESIA, &c., it contains, as compared with other Springs, and its superior Medicinal Combination so grand, and providentially supplied. It is unsurpassed as a Tonic, Alterative, Laxative, and Diuretic; as a Beverage, it is at once cooling and healing; Erated, it takes the place of Soda Water. To AMERICAN TRAVELLERS the "Plantagenet" Seltzer Water will supersede the Saratoga, and obviate the effects produced by change of climate. It is of much service to Ladies. Water consumers should be particular to enquire for the "PLANTAGENET" WATER at Hotels and Apothecaries.

DEPOT: No. 15 Place d'Armes, Montreal.

Orders to the undersigned will have prompt attention.

R. J. RODDEN, R. W. BOYD, Plantagenet, Ont. Montreal.

CARRATRACA MINERAL SPRING WATER FROM THE CARRATRACA MINERAL SPRINGS PLANTAGENET, ONT.

These most agreeable and refreshing Waters, by their continued use, afford, in all cases of Constipation, Hemorrhoids, or Piles, Determination of Blood to the head, Hepatic Affections, Diseases of the Liver, jaundice, &c., Lepra, Chlorosis, Dyspepsia, Disordered Condition of the Digestive Organs consequent on high indulgence and intemperance, Gout and Chronic Rheumatism, in Scrofula and Scrofulous complaints, Enlargement of the Glands, &c.,

IMMEDIATE RELIEF AND EVENTUAL CURE.

Their combination being perfect, their merits unequalled in every respect, they stand unsurpassed in the whole long list of Mineral Waters, and must take their rank at the head of all others.

Directions for their use.

As a laxative and diuretic, the most obstinate case of habitual costiveness will yield to two or three tumblerfuls taken BEFORE BREAKFAST, one tumblerful generally being sufficient.

As an alterative Tonic, a tumblerful three to six times per diem.

As a cool and refreshing drink, any desired quantity can be taken at pleasure.

The Carratraca Mineral Waters are on sale by all the principal Druggists in Montreal, throughout Canada and the United States.

All communications must be addressed to the proprietors.

WINNING, HILL & WARE, Office: 389 & 391 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

SUMMER WINES.

Barton & Guestier's & Nat. Johnston & Sons' CLARETS, &c.

Medoc - - quarts and pints. | St. Julien - quarts and pints. St. Estephe - - quarts and pints.

Margaux. Leoville. Mouton. Chateau Margaux. Chateau Lafitte. Chateau Larose. Sauterne. Haut Sauterne. Haut Barsac.

JOHN LAMB & CO., 125 St. JAMES STREET.

Henkell, Jordan, Wolff and Deinhard's MOSELLES and HOCKS,

STILL AND SPARKLING.

LEIBFRAUMILCH. RUDESHEIMER. RAUENTHALER. STEINWEIN. JOHANNISBERG. NEIRSTEINER. SCHARZBERG. &c., &c.

JOHN LAMB & CO., 125 St. JAMES STREET.

Misa's Celebrated Sherries in Wood & Bottle

JOHN LAMB & CO.'S, 125 St. James Street.

HAVANA CIGARS OF THE CHOICEST BRANDS.

JOHN LAMB & CO., 125 St. James Street.

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.

LACHINE BOATING CLUB

YACHT RACE ON DOMINION DAY.

THE Club offer as a PRIZE a Magnificent SILVER CUP, of the value of THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS, to be competed for by all Yachts which may enter for a Race, to take place at LACHINE, at 10 A.M., on 1st JULY, 1869, over the usual course (about 30 miles).

The Race will be subject to the Club Rules, and the Prize will not become the absolute property of any party, unless won by the same Yacht two years in succession.

Further particulars will be made known at the time of entry. No entries can be received after the 29th June. Entrance fee, \$10.

S. H. WALLIS, Hon. Secretary.

LACHINE BOATING CLUB.

THE COMMITTEE have the honour to announce that their ANNUAL REGATTA

Will take place on

Saturday, 21st July, 1869.

And Competitors are respectfully invited in the following Programme of Races:—

1st and 2nd prize, do.

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 8 p.m., on Wednesday, July 21st.

S. H. WALLIS, Hon. Secretary.



J. H. WALKER, ARTIST, and ENGRAVER ON WOOD, 13 Place D'Armes, MONTREAL.

HELLEBORE! HELLEBORE!

WHITE Hellebore Powder, for destroying caterpillars and insects, for sale in large or small quantities. Camphor (English), for preserving furs. Patent Fly Paper, for killing flies. Chloride of Lime, Carbonate of Lime, Carbolic Acid, Carbolic Soap, for disinfecting. Fruit Syrups, finest flavors, wholesale and retail. Iced Soda Water and Varnishes Water.

J. GOULDEN, CHRMSTR. 177 and 179 St. Lawrence Main Street, (Near the Market).

A DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT.

"Such shameless bards we have; and yet, 'tis true,
There are as mad abandoned critics too."
—POPE.

DEAR DIO:

A few days since, the Toronto *Globe* contained the following remarks in reference to a new edition of the works of Henry Kirke White:—

"Here are the works of a poet whose popularity it is as hard to account for as it is that of Martin F. Tupper."

When our greatest modern poet could pen such beautiful lines (in the midst of, perhaps, the bitterest satire in the language) in praise of White and his works, I think the scribblers for our Canadian newspapers should be a little more particular in informing themselves upon whom and what they are giving to the world their conceited opinions.

I am glad to see you giving the newspaper writers a "notice" occasionally, and I hope you will give the newspaper critics the benefit of an occasional rub. I think it is Tom Hood who says:—

"What is the modern poet's fate?
To write his thoughts upon a slate;
The critic spits on what is done,
Gives it a wipe, and all is gone."

I hope this will never be the case with the poetry of Kirke White, to whose memory his illustrious *confrère*, Byron, devoted some of his noblest lines:—

"No marble marks thy couch of lowly sleep,
But living statues there are seen to weep;
Affection's semblance bends not o'er thy tomb,
Affection's self deplores thy youthful doom."

Canadian critics, like Canadian poets, are not particularly noted for their modesty, and unfortunately among us the merest literary dross is regarded by the mass of readers as the genuine metal. Apparently, in this regard, Toronto and Montreal are very much alike, especially Toronto,—for the arrogance of the *Globe* overtops that of the *Nexus*, and flourishes with a ranker luxuriance. It is devoutly to be wished that you would occasionally give a taste of your quality to the literary impostors who, not content with systematically murdering the Queen's English, have the impertinence to charge those who wish to preserve its purity with "hypercriticism and cynicism," and with "overlooking the beauty of the thought" &c., in a prudish regard for the set rules of grammar.—Yours truly,
TASSIE.

"OGILVIE AND I."



It is one of the peculiarities of a democratic society that any snob may boast with tolerable impunity of his being on terms of intimacy with men in high positions, or with prominent men whose opinions may be supposed to influence the formation of popular sentiment. The Montreal correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, a journal rapidly acquiring the character of a literary *gohemouche*, has recently communicated to his employers a list of Montreal notabilities whom he alleges are in favor of Canadian Independence—a state of political existence which the *Tribune* declares could only have one outcome—viz., Annexation. The correspondent does not give his name, but he seems to be on excellent terms with certain "leading gentlemen" of Montreal. With the Local member for Montreal West he is especially intimate—though it may be doubted whether his friendship is reciprocated. He is also *en rapport* with the Molsons,—knows Mr. Clendenning's sentiments better than the "Whistler at the Plough," and has thoroughly fathomed the depth, —hitherto deemed unfathomable,—of Mr. Alfred Perry. Mr. Luke Moore is the "Dominion Peabody;" Mr. Cotte is "rising and ambitious;" Mr. Smith is this, and Mr. Brown is that. But the culminating triumph of the correspondent comes when he speaks of "Ogilvie and I." He is so confident of his man, and appears to be so thoroughly convinced of the truth of all he writes, that in spite of the disclaimer in the *Tribune* DIOGENES is tempted to ask his friend, Ogilvie, if he knows the correspondent, and, if so, whether he will be good enough to favor the public

with his name? Men sometimes speak with an excusable laxity on political subjects which have not engrossed their study, and it is absurd to suppose they would commit themselves, readily, were they conscious that a literary spy was "among them takin' notes." DIOGENES has not the slightest suspicion, however, that Mr. Ogilvie has so committed himself. The Cynic is sure he has not, but it is just possible he may be able to furnish a clue to the identity of the "correspondent" who has so grossly misrepresented him, and, in doing so, relieve the gentlemen who have not disavowed the sentiments imputed to them from the necessity of giving a further undue prominence to the Bohemian who has slandered them.

CHEERING NEWS FOR CANADIAN ANNEXATIONISTS.

DIOGENES was desirous this week of saying a few temperate words to the small party in the Dominion, who are in favor of "Independence," *alias* "Annexation." But a leading article in the New York *World* of the 23d. inst., has saved him the trouble, and he faithfully copies from it the following lively sketch of Uncle Sam's present condition. The prevailing tint of the picture is not *couleur de rose*,—though the sanguine champions of the above-mentioned party, will doubtless view it in a different light from the Cynic:

Business of all kinds is depressed. Gold is from 8 to 12 per cent. higher than it was at Grant's inauguration; trade is dull; commerce and manufactures languish; merchants are despondent; failures are frequent; mechanics and laborers are out of employment, and more men are seeking work and unable to obtain it than at any other period for years; money can be had only at ruinous rates; and there appears no prospect for immediate improvement. On the other hand, there is a widespread apprehension that the future is darker than the past.

THE INTERNATIONAL BOAT-RACE.

The Cynic was grieved to read the following statement in the Boston *Courier* of June 18th: "We understand that the challenge for a rowing match from Harvard to Oxford, *proceeded originally from a single individual, and was entirely unauthorized.* After its acceptance, it was deemed best not to repudiate it.

AS DIOGENES is aware that "Brother Jonathan" has an ugly habit of "repudiating" whenever it suits his purpose, he is astonished that he did not follow his usual practice, if the *Courier's* statement about the challenge be correct. But so far as the researches of the Cynic can discover, the statement is wholly incorrect. Here is the challenge that was sent to Oxford, purporting to come from the Harvard University crew:

Cambridge, April 6, 1869.

The Harvard University Boat Club hereby challenge the Oxford University Boat Club to row a race in out-rigger boats from Putney to Mortlake, on the River Thames, on some day between the middle of August and the 1st of September, 1869; each boat to contain four rowers and a coxswain, and the exact date of the race to be agreed upon at a meeting of the crews.

(Signed)

WILLIAM H. SIMMONS,
Captain Harvard University Boat Club.

N. B.—This challenge to remain open for acceptance or refusal for one week from the date of its reception.

At a Captain's meeting of the Oxford University Boat-Club, held on Wednesday, April 21, it was decided, by eleven votes to ten, that the challenge should be accepted. The following was the official reply:

Oxford, England, April 24, 1869.

To the Committee of the Harvard University Boat Club.

Gentlemen,—We, the committee of the Oxford University Boat Club, hereby accept your four-oar challenge to row a race from Putney to Mortlake, according to the terms of your challenge. We remain, gentlemen, yours truly, James C. Tinne, President, P. G. Marsden, Secretary, S. D. Darbishire, Treasurer, A. C. Yarborough, Frank Willan.

From these documents it is evident that the acceptance on the part of Oxford was given, on a close vote, to a circumstantially-detailed challenge sent by the Captain of the Harvard Crew. Does the Boston *Courier* mean to insinuate that Mr. Simmons acted solely on his own responsibility when he sent that challenge? The *Courier* may tell that to the marines, but the Cynic won't believe it. The matter as it stands, at present, has a very suspicious appearance. It looks almost like "funking" on the part of Harvard, and the *Courier* seems apologizing for the crew, in anticipation of their being defeated. On the 15th instant, they really were defeated in a three-mile four-oared race, on the Charles River course, and though they recovered their laurels at the Charlestown Regatta two days afterwards, their performance was by no means extraordinary.

If these utterances of DIOGENES appear rather too cynical, he believes that he has reason to be suspicious of the Americans. He cannot forget that when the All England eleven paid a visit to New York, the most knowing of the newspapers and the sporting-men, confidently asserted that they would be beaten by the American twenty-two. But after the American twenty-two had been badly beaten, it was suddenly discovered by the same journals and sporting-men, that the American twenty-two whom they had formerly backed, were not genuine Americans, but merely Englishmen! The Cynic sincerely hopes that no paltry excuses will be made, if the Harvard men are defeated. They are undoubtedly, like their rivals, a very fine crew,—and wherever the race takes place, at the end of August, the spectators will probably witness a grand struggle. May the best men win, and receive due honour on both sides of the Atlantic!

SHAKSPERE REVISED.

Pondering over the ponderous pages of the "Swan of Avon," it has often occurred to the writer that the "Divine Williams," although asserted to have tuned his lyre "not for an age, but for all time," is scarcely adapted either to the sensibilities or requirements of these "too-civilized later days," and that by diving a little deeper than ordinary philosophers into several well-worn quotations, an entirely new and more appropriate application might be discovered for each. To illustrate: that oft-quoted line—

"A little more than kin, and less than kind."

may be made, by a very slight alteration of letters, a splendid epigram on a lean cow:

"A little more than skin, and less than kine."

Again, that much-vexed question as to the meaning of Othello's exclamation:

"It is the cause, my soul,"

can be at once, and very easily set at rest by my system:

"It is the caws, my soul,"

a very natural exclamation, when one is soliloquising near a rookery.

Another quotation from Macbeth, I have set apart specially for the use of the Navy, and have already applied to Government for a contract. The line alluded to will be in most frequent request about Christmas time:

"Lead on, *make duff*, I'll follow thee."

The Debtor's lament:

"If 'twere *dun*, when 'tis *dun*, then
'Twere well it were *dun* quickly."

Or, take Hamlet's allusion to "the girls of the period" who affected auburn locks, or, as he puts it,

"Those natural shocks that flesh is hair to."

One line, too, in Richard II. that used to come home to me with particular *force*. It occurs in that soliloquy in Act 2, which our grim old schoolmaster, with a sense of humor keen as the trenchant birch he wielded, always inflicted on us preparatory to a dose of "*Cave Canem*."

"*More are men's ends marked* than their lives before."

We used unanimously to agree with the next line, that the

"—Last taste of (such) sweets is sweetest."

More of this anon; for the present I have, like Snarleyow, "my round unvarnished *tail* delivered."

A GREEN OLD AGE.

The simplicity of really good men is sometimes exquisitely ludicrous. At a recent Sunday Temperance Meeting in Montreal, a venerable country Clergyman spoke earnestly on the subject of Teetotalism. The *Daily Witness* thus reports a portion of his speech:

"Alluding to the talk about war between Britain and the United States, he said *there were two bonds which would effectually prevent war, namely, Christianity and Teetotalism*. The men who met each other in religious and temperance conventions and assemblies, could never point the rifle at each other's breasts. "Could I," said he, "strike at the American brother who has just spoken, or he at me? Perish the thought! No, let us wage war, but a war against alcohol,—against the devil, and all his works."

MAKE A NOTE OF THIS.

The Annexationists say there is only a *line* between Dominion Day and American Independence Day,—in fact, the "three days of grace" make our day really due $\frac{1}{4}$ th.

CRICKET THAT IS CRICKET.

The so-called Canadian twenty-two, who played last year against the English eleven, made a melancholy exhibition of themselves, with a few exceptions. Eleven or twelve military players contributed to the grand total—one run! This has seldom or never happened in England, and it seems almost impossible to account for so untoward an accident. The Canadian accident was recalled to the mind of DIOGENES by the account of a match, which terminated at the Oval on the 15th of June, between the celebrated Surrey Club and the University of Oxford. The Surrey players included Jupp, Humphrey, Stephenson, Griffith, Pooley, and others, well known in Canada. In their first innings they made the respectable score of 93, and contentedly sent Oxford to the wickets. Oxford, unfortunately for Surrey, stopped there until the score amounted to 362 runs, of which the only extras, strange to say, were 3 leg-byes. The Surrey men again took the bat, and though they succeeded in scoring 172, the University still beat them in one innings by the large number of 96 runs. That was cricket—somewhat different to the game that several of the same Surrey men saw in Montreal last year—and the Cynic deeply regrets that he was not at Kennington Oval on the 14th and 15th of June.

"REJECTED ADDRESSES."

An unfortunate gentleman named Robert Rosevelt, the owner of a weekly paper—the *Citizen*—recently made application to the "Sorosis Society" to be admitted as a member. He received from the President the following crushing reply, which DIOGENES publishes as a warning to all his male readers:—

Dear Sir,—Your proposition to become a member of "Sorosis" was laid before the Executive Committee, and subsequently before the Club. I regret to say that the decision was not in your favour. The reasons, it is only fair to state, were not those of character, position, or personal merit, but consisted solely of society restrictions as to sex. Personally you have been found very agreeable by several members of "Sorosis." Reputation and position are alike unexceptionable; but the unfortunate fact of your being a man outweighs these and all other claims to membership. We willingly admit, of course, that the accident of your sex is on your part a misfortune, and not a fault. Nor do we wish to arrogate anything to ourselves because we had the good fortune to be born women. We sympathize most truly and heartily with you, and the entire male creation, in their present and prospective desolation and unhappiness; but this is all we can do. "Sorosis" is too young for the society of gentlemen, and must be allowed time to grow. By and by, when it has reached a proper age—say twenty-one—it may ally itself with the Press Club, or some other male organization of good character and standing; but for years to come its reply to all male suitors must be, "Principles, not Men."

JENNIE JUNE CROLY, President of "Sorosis."

"SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS."

A Boston journal, that professes great admiration for the President of the States, in an unguarded moment lately published the following:—

While surveying the good-natured, but somewhat blank and stolid visage of General Grant, near at hand, one was reminded of the saying of the Swedish Chancellor Oxenstiern to his son, "You now see, my son, how little wisdom it takes to govern the world."

SOMETHING MORE ABOUT "AN."

The Cynic's correspondent, "Unit," may feel interested in the following quotation. It is from a letter written by David Hume to William Robertson, which contains some familiar criticisms on his style. The whole letter may be found at p. 65 of Dugald Stewart's "Account of the Life and Writings of William Robertson, D.D."

"What a fancy is this you have taken of saying always *'an hand, an heart, an head!'* Have you *an ear?* Do you not know that this (n) is added before vowels to prevent the cacophony, and ought never to take place before (h), when that letter is sounded? Thus I should say, *a history*, and *an historian*; and so would you too, if you had any sense. But you tell me that Swift does otherwise. To be sure, there is no reply to that; and we must swallow your *hath* too upon the same authority! I will see you d—d sooner. But I will endeavour to keep my temper."

Not the least remarkable point of this letter is the fact that Hume uses the irreverent d—d without any apology to the Reverend D.D.

OUR SICK CONTRIBUTOR'S FELLOW BOARDERS.

BOARDER NO. 5.—THE OLD LADY'S GRAND-DAUGHTER.

She is a boarder now. She has come home for the holidays. She is seventeen years of age, and decidedly pretty,—that is to say, she would be pretty, if she would wear her hair simply, and without that huge cricket-ball of a *chignon*. She dresses in the extreme of fashion, with Lilliputian hat and Grecian bend, and divides herself into melon-shaped slices by means of puffed ribbons and other bobbety-bobbeties, (vide *Le Follet* for an explanation of this term). Her personal charms are much marred by a voice which has something between the sound of a sledge-hammer and the whistle of a locomotive. Her grandmother scolds her for this; but she informs her aged relative that Mrs. ——— (that is, the schoolmistress) always commends girls for "speaking out." Her elocution is curious. She always emphasizes her little words so as to make them the most important in the sentence. Thus—

"Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

On my once venturing to remonstrate, gently, with her on this subject, I was snubbed and triumphantly informed that in reading, Mrs. ——— liked to hear all words pronounced distinctly, and never allowed girls to mumble monosyllables. This young lady talks Yankee. She says they all do at school. There are several Yankee girls there, and to talk like them is "such fun." She *guesstes* in every third sentence. She *fixes* her bonnet. She *laxus* her scissors, and complains of her music being *tossed*. Whatever she approves of is characterized as *real nice*; what she dislikes is either *dreadful* or *awful bad*. "Grammar," she says, "is all very well to learn, but who cares about it when talking." She has, seemingly, but little respect for her grandmother, or, indeed, for old age in any shape. Such respect seems to her rather an exploded idea. Her two great pursuits in life are dress and flirtation. She buys all her own dresses, but can scarcely hem a pocket-handkerchief. She delights in knowing the price of everything in the dry goods line. She has no compunction about walking into a store, having a variety of goods shewn her, and, after declaring them all to be "awful dear," walking out without buying anything. She never intended otherwise. She only wanted to see the new summer goods and enquire the price before victimising grandmother. Young gentlemen have commenced to call upon her, to the great horror of the old lady, who sits in the room with her back up, is much in the way, and means to be so. "Miss" abhors the quiet ways of our house. The young men are all "trouts," (that is the last new word from Mrs. ———'s establishment). She makes an exception in favor of the "athlete," who is rather *nice*. He is teaching her to play at Lacrosse, and it is proposed by them to get up Croquet in the yard.

To judge by the number of prizes brought home, this young lady must have highly distinguished herself. These prizes are elaborately-bound volumes,—chiefly of poetry. They are not read, and never will be, but do very well for a centre-table. I have been rather curious to find out what she has learnt at Mrs. ———'s. Certainly not even the rudiments of any science. She does not know what the degrees on the thermometer mean. She speaks French, or what is intended for French, with an accent something between that of a St. Jerome *habitant* and an Irish servant girl. She certainly writes rather a pretty hand, but her spelling is anything but irreproachable. With regard to accomplishments, she excels in dancing—at least so I am told. Her movements are anything

but graceful, though eminently gymnastic. Her walk in the street is that of a duck in long grass, and she carries her body as though suffering from a spinal affection. She rears her parasol directly in front of her nose, to the imminent danger of the eyes of the public. She is rather proud of her musical accomplishments, having learnt music for seven years. What is the result? She can play three or four pieces with thunder-and-lightning variations in the received acrobatic style of execution. She can play a little dance music in most atrocious time. Of the theory of music she knows nothing. She says that Mrs. ——— says that thorough bass is quite unnecessary for a girl. She has even forgotten her gamut—that is, if she ever knew it. Ask her to strike the chord of A. minor, and she won't know what you mean. She cannot transpose the simplest piece of music one note above or below, to save her life. Her singing voice is allied to her speaking one. It is an impure soprano of most unpleasant compass. Her favorite songs are Italian, of which language she does not understand a single word, but is taught to pronounce it by Mrs. ———. I should say that even this lady's accent cannot be of the purest Tuscan. Why, among songs, has Ardit's "Bacio" been so long in vogue among young ladies? Can it be the subject? I own that I was rather surprised, not to say shocked, to hear, the other day, our young lady yelling "Sulla labbra, sulla labbra," with such astonishing energy. Her learning of singing seems to comprise the ill-learning of a few songs. The other day, she attempted the chromatic scale up and down, with a most ignominious result. She sometimes plays at doing a little ornamental needle work. A certain music-stool cover, has, I am credibly informed, been in hand for more than four years. But her proudest accomplishment is drawing. Her drawing-book is a collection of classical heads with helmets on, landscapes with clouds like mountains, and trees like clouds, besides a series of wonderful castles on the banks of lakes, on the tranquil bosoms of which repose white swans, black gondolas, and barges containing humanity and guitars. All these productions bear evident traces of having been touched up with no sparing hand by the drawing-master. I, one day, asked the young lady if she ever sketched from nature? She said, "sometimes, but copies were so much *nicer*." Once, to please grandmother, she consented to take the portrait of Thomas, the cat. This was to have been a great effort. She borrowed a box of "paints," as she called them, from the scientific boarder, and has not yet returned them, to the great disgust of that precise gentleman. After three hours' labor, she produced a curious, heraldic-looking animal,—half-pig and half-alligator. She tore this up in a pet. I can forgive her for this. Thomas is a provoking cat. Whenever he is wanted to lie down quietly, he will insist upon standing bolt upright and elevating his back and tail. The young lady's disposition is lively. Her humor is malicious. It is especially directed against her own sex. Her observation is acute. She sees evil in every one but herself.

Since making the acquaintance of this "girl of the period," I have resolved not to send my niece, of whom I am guardian, to a fashionable finishing school.

A VOICE FROM THE COUNTRY.

LITTLE PEDDLINGTON, (Sherbrooke,) June 25, 1869.

DEAR DIOGE-KNEES,—

Kneeling upon *two knees* is a *knee*-cessity in religious worship. The sooner this plain truth is known to the vulgar crowd the better.

A very naughty man named Fontaine attended church in this town on Sunday, the 13th instant, and not having the fear of the parish beadle before his eyes, he manifested the "knee-plus ultra" of hostility to the ancient and time-honored usage of bending both knees at the elevation of the host! Sad to relate, at this sacred moment this "wickedest man," (with *two knees*, mind you,) was observed by Ambrose Couture, the church constable, to be kneeling upon *only one of them!* Had he lost one knee in the cause of the church—in the Papal Zouaves, for instance—he might have been allowed to kneel, *not on that one*, but upon the *other one*. Even a stiff knee, or a wooden leg, might be an excuse for a breach of the Law of Genuflexions. Couture mildly expostulated with Fontaine upon the heinousness of his offence, but Fontaine "couldn't see it." In his blindness he thought one knee equal to the emergency; but Couture, single-handed, surrounded and captured the delinquent—knee caps and all—and, in the absence of an Inquisition, appealed to the civil law, before two of our magistrates! So far, well; but alas for the insufficiency of this same civil law! Fontaine, instead of having both knees cut off, and being obliged to worship on his stumps, was allowed to go *un-a-kneeled*, and unpunished.

"Oh, Canada! mon pays, mes amours!"

What a fall was there my countrymen! Couture, however, is a *brick!* He has done his duty; and if the law did not back him up, all that can be said is, more shame for the law—and *more power to Couture's elbow!*

Yours truly,

NEAL DOWNS.



A GREAT EXEMPLAR.

DEDICATED TO THE CHIEF OF THE MONTREAL POLICE.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

QUERY—June 18.

Had your correspondent, in this week's *DIOGENES*, "J. B. S., Toronto," ever seen a picture of Michael Angelo, I think he would not have been at such a loss for *some* interpretation of the versè that he quotes from Tennyson's "In Memoriam." The lines, or "bars," as our Laureate appears to have called them, across the forehead of the great sculptor, painter, and poet, were very deeply cut, which, I presume, Tennyson had reference to when he wrote—

"And over those ethereal eyes
The bar of Michael Angelo."

What do you think? Whatever the meaning may be, it certainly seems to be what is called "far fetched," and this is the only sense I can make out of it.

I am very much pleased to see that you are going to allot a space in your valuable periodical for notes and queries. They will certainly combine the *utile* and the *dulce*, and be a source of information, otherwise unattainable, to a great number of your obliged friends and readers.

TASSIE.

CHARADE.

My First is a female parent; my Second is a female parent; and my Whole is in many cases a female parent. Name me,—Madam!

RABIES NO. 5.

LEGER DE MAINE.

Feeling uncommonly sick at heart,
Weary of body, and weak of limb,
Spirit and substance ready to part,
With a face most ghastly and gauntly grim,

Was Leger de Maine, a man of wealth,
Residing near Canso's famous bay,
Just now infernally out of health
Like a *Moss* dog that has seen his day.

He'd tried Pain-killer, and come to grief,
Swallowed such oceans of potions too;
Rubb'd himself over with Ready Relief,
And found no relief from Spalding's Glue.

But all he had done was of no avail—
His legs grew weaker and weaker still;
And Leger de Maine—his face grew pale
When he thought him he had not made a will.

So he sent for his lawyer—a worthy squire—
With his quires of foolscap and pens *galore*,
And all other kinds of legal "plant"
Which you and I would have thought a bore.

Then Leger solemnly said his say,
And thus his wishes—his *will* expressed,
With "ifs" and "aforesaid" and legal bray
Hedging around each small bequest:

To his dearly beloved and faithful wife
(Heaven save the mark! 'twas an awful lie,
For he often called her the plague of his life;
But then—was not Leger about to die?)

He bequeathed no end of dollars a year,
With houses, land, and horses five,
And everything else both far and near
That Leger had owned while yet alive.

And thus having made his peace with man,
And woman too, he gently sighed,
Sang a stave or two of "Fatter Jack Walsh,"
Ate some pork and beans, asked for more, and DIED.

Now comes the sequel—I pray you list—
Twelve months to a day from this sad event
His wife was thinking of him when—Hist!—
A ghostly step towards her room is bent,

And a ghostly form stalks out of the gloom,
And a ghostly voice gives a ghostly sigh,
While a ghostly glare lights up the room—
'Tis the ghost of Leger de Maine—"Tis I!"

What a ghostly grin o'erspreads his face,
While his wife's blood thrilled as thus he spake:
"Your marriage vow you shan't disgrace,
In sickness or *health* your spouse to take.

"Now come with me to those regions grim—
To take you there it much doth grieve me,
But you vowed to be with me in pain or health,
And now I'm in *hell* though you mayn't believe me!"

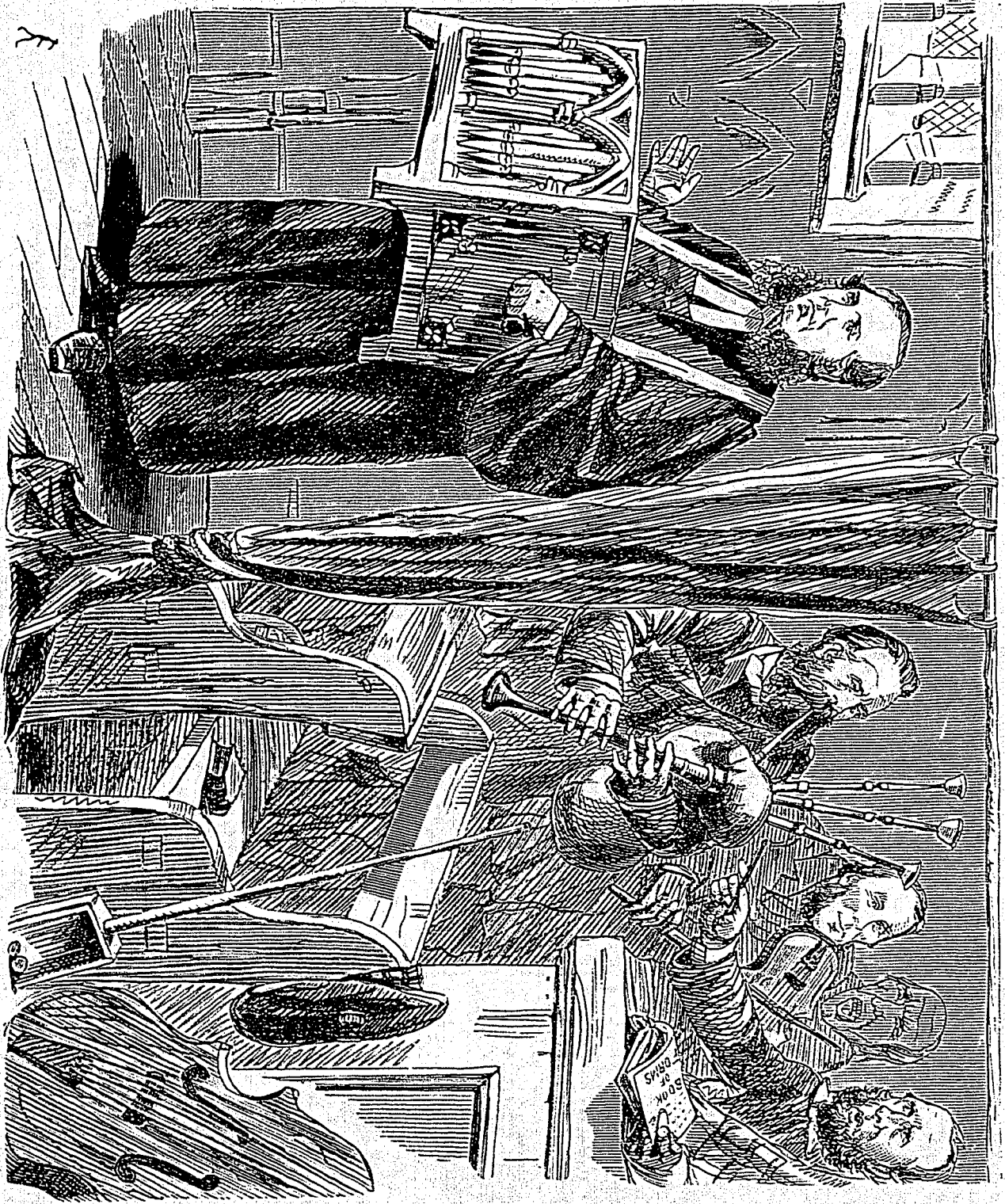
MORAL.

Perhaps you see it, perhaps you won't,
But my advice about marriage is—DON'T!

A FACT.

SCENE—A BANK.

TELLER (*Returning a note to depositor*)—"Counterfeit,—Sir."
CUSTOMER (*Indignantly*)—"Well you're mighty particular!"



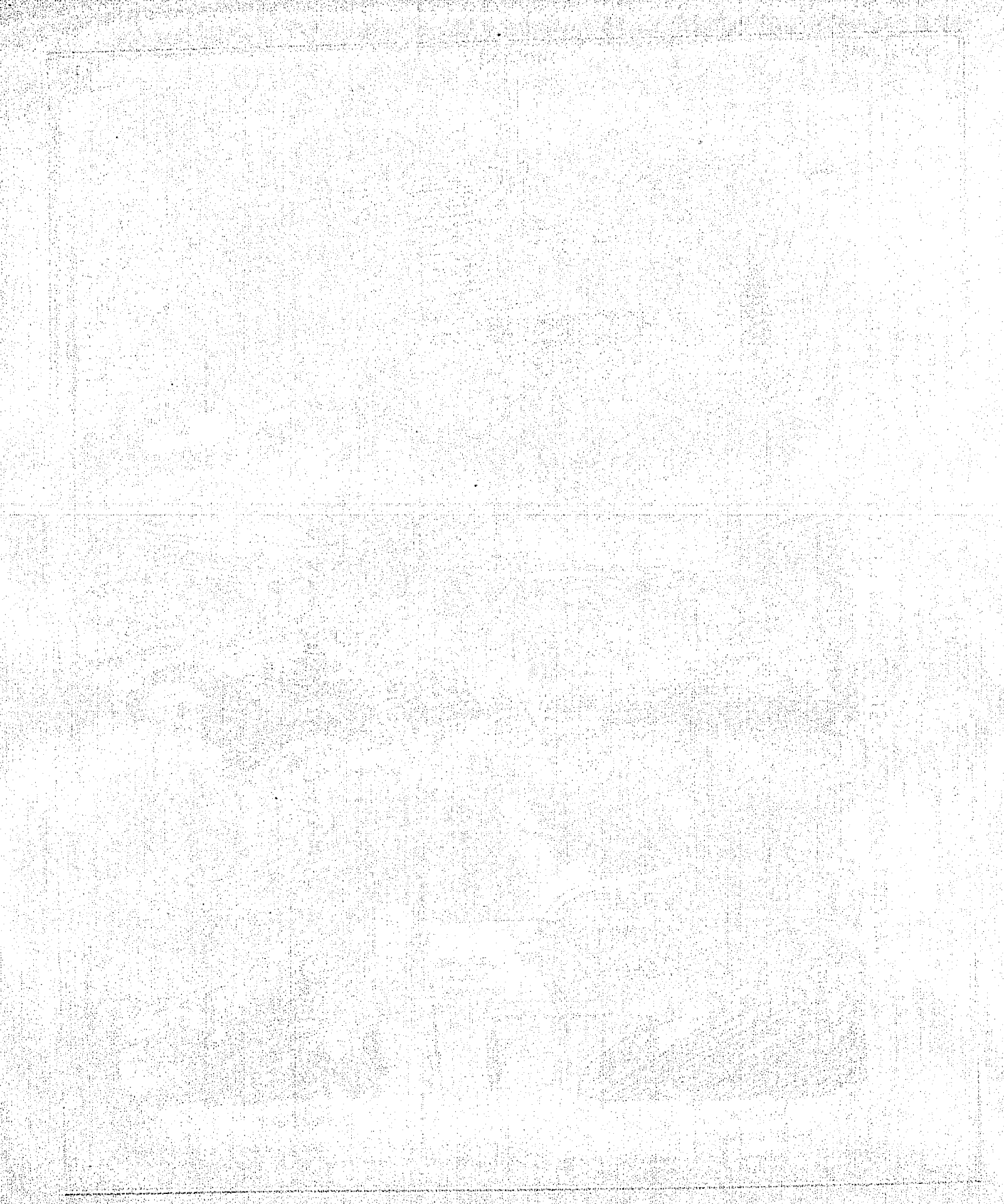
"MUSIC HATH CHARMS TO SOOTHE THE " SCOTTISH " BREAST."

REV. DR. L—E—"THE ORGAN OR NOT THE ORGAN—THAT IS THE QUESTION."

REV. MR. G—N—"IF WE ARE TO HAVE MUSIC, I PREFER THE BAGPIPES."

ELDER B—N—"WITH 'some ear for music'—" I DINNA SEE WHY 'WE SHOULDNA' HA' 'THE FEELIE'!"

DIOGENES—"WHY NOT GO IN FOR HARMONY, GENTLEMEN—AND HAVE ALL THREE!"



KORN KOBBS JUNR., ON RECIPROCITY.

HIS SPEECH BEFORE A SELECT COMMITTEE OF CONGRESS.

"Very well, gentlemen, if you won't reciprocate, you can do the other thing. The loss to us may be great, but we shall probably survive it. You are not everything or everybody in this world; you don't control the laws of nature; you don't regulate the rising of the sun, nor the ebb and flow of the tide; you are smarter than "all possessed," but if the Great Republic were to drop out of existence to-morrow morning, the solar system wouldn't be irretrievably smashed.

You're a great people,—a very great people, indeed,—but you haven't a monopoly of everything. Fishes swim in rivers and cattle roam plains, other than your own. The grain to feed the nations doesn't all grow on the prairies of the West, and the mineral wealth of the globe isn't exclusively confined to the United States Treasury. You don't run the universe gentlemen,—'pon my word you don't.

You withdrew the light of your countenance from us four years ago, but we have contrived to rub along without it. Canada hasn't become one vast poor-house. We are not all paupers,—not yet. We have still something left to live upon, and to leave to our children after us. We have a small country,—not much larger than Europe,—and we hope, bye-and-bye, to get it pretty well stocked. We have forests and prairies and mines and rivers, and we have strong arms ready, to make them yield up their treasures. When we're in danger from starvation gentlemen,—we'll let you know.

That you are superior to us in many respects, we admit. You have a magnificent debt of some thousands of millions, while ours is but a paltry hundred. You have an unreconstructed South, which we haven't. You have a vote by ballot, and universal suffrage, and the Alabama claims, and yellow fever, and the New York *Herald*, and greenbacks, and mob-law, and Woman's Rights, and George Francis Train, and Ben Butler, and Mike McCoole, and the Albany Legislature. These and many other luxuries you can boast of. To such as these we can lay no claim. Still, gentlemen, we are not envious,—not a bit.

However,—that is not the question. You say you won't 'trade.' Very well then,—don't. The continent is wide enough for both. You go your way and we'll go ours. If you should change your mind, though, some day, I think, we can make it worth your while; still, if you insist on the mutilation of your nose to spite your face, that's your business.

You talk of coercion, somewhat, I believe. Well, gentlemen, if I were you, I wouldn't try it,—I wouldn't, really. Do you remember, one fine morning, some fifty-five, or fifty-six years ago, when certain blue-coated warriors tried that same game, at a place called Queenston Heights? Do you remember, how some raw militia,—some "miserable Canucks,"—under a certain General Brock, spoiled that little game? Well, the descendants of some of those "miserable Canucks," live to-day. They hold just the same opinions as their ancestors did, and are just as ready to back them up as their ancestors were. These opinions are, that they are perfectly competent to manage their own affairs, and that so long as a bayonet remains, and an arm to wield it, this Dominion shall remain intact.

These are our opinions. Behind them are four millions of Canadians,—and behind them is the great British Empire. On the whole, gentlemen, I don't think you'd better "coerce."

Verbum sap. That's Latin,—but translated into the vulgar tongue, it stands for, 'A nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse.'

Good morning, gentlemen."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. B.—Thanks. A capital idea. Will you carry it out?

AUNT TABITHA'S JUBILEE.

DEAR DIOGENES:

If barn-burning and garotting are catching,—(and a taste for landlord-shooting, when it once gets a hold on a country, is apt to spread elsewhere,)—it is at least comforting to human nature, to know that we are equally prone to emulate more harmless proclivities. On Monday next, the city of Halifax,—which the natives here for shortness call Chibuckto,—will have arrived at its one hundred and twentieth year, and having, during that long period, accumulated a wonderful number of old wooden houses, (for Chibuckto is, emphatically, "a beauty without paint,") and having secured a population of only 30,000 souls, she is determined to be jolly under adverse circumstances, and to hold a grand celebration. At first, it was suggested by some matter-of-fact, dismal people, that Monday next, should be "a day of humiliation, fasting, and prayer;" that the Corporation—dressed in sackcloth and ashes,—should howl lugubriously throughout the streets, and that His Worship the Mayor, should be respectfully invited to tear his hair on the solemn occasion. The Mayor, who was only recently, a bridegroom, and whose good looks are greatly enhanced by his comely locks, naturally demurs to the proposed sacrifice, suggesting that this imposing ceremony had better be deferred until next year, and that in the meantime, some gentleman indulging in a wig, can be specially selected for the onerous duties of the office. However, a more cheerful mode of celebration has been decided on. The example has proved contagious, and my aunt Tabitha, whose fiftieth birthday falls on the natal anniversary of the city, is determined not to be behind-hand.

You know my Aunt Tabitha? Everybody knows her, and calls her "Aunt." She is, as every one admits, a model of propriety, though she does not obtrude her good acts, and her "wise saws" upon the public. She is a very hopeful being, with a cheery mode of turning shadows into sunshine, and of drawing more comfort out of thorns, than you or I could out of roses. She is unmarried. Not that she was ever very anxious to take the veil, or to trim the vestal lamp. Tradition says, that she was always a most reasonable person; open to conviction at all times, and ready to sacrifice herself on the altar of Hymen for the good of her country, should fate require her to become a votive offering to the conubial God.

She is a woman of faith. She no more doubts that there is matrimonial bliss in store for her, than she doubts her identity, or the Thirty-Nine Articles. "It will all come in due time," she says with a sigh, whenever her inquisitive nephew touches on the tender subject, and I drop it with the vague impression daily growing stronger upon me, that the time, if it is ever to come, must now be very nearly due. But history says, that she was not always as patient in hope as she now is. It is whispered that from twenty to thirty-five, she resembled those sweet doves, that we everywhere see, ever fluttering over the ocean of matrimony, and ever doomed to return home, without the comfort of an olive branch,—the hosts of fair damsels to be seen in St. James' street, Montreal, on the terrace at Quebec, and in Granville street, Halifax, wandering disconsolately up and down like Jephtha's daughter, on the mountains.—I can understand her quiet resignation, and her long suffering, but she has lately got the oddest whim in the world into her head, and has effectually puzzled us. I have at length come to the conclusion, that she must have caught the celebration infection from the City Fathers, for she is actually determined to hold a jubilee over the fiftieth year of her single blessedness. It is to be a grand demonstration, in honor of her persistent though unwilling celibacy. She has asked the General, who was an admirer of hers, when he was out here, thirty-four years ago, as A.D.C., to allow fifty guns to be fired at day-break, by the Volunteer Artillery; and as she is a universal favourite, and always contributes to Volunteer bazaars, the General and the Volunteers have entered into the joke, and are ready to fire a hundred guns, if necessary, in honour of the event. In the meantime, she is as bustling and busy as a hen cackling over her first egg. She runs incessantly to and fro, from house to house, to see all her acquaintances, and to invite them to rejoice with her; not at having recovered her missing sixpence, but at her never having lost it. She is furbishing up all her old finery, which she is going to exhibit. She intends to put on *souvenirs* of her three dearest friends,—to wear a shawl which she bought for Miss Toronto's christening; an antique and slightly-faded wreath, which she wore at Mrs. Mont Real's wedding, and an embroidered petticoat, in which she graced the nuptials of her dear old friend, Mrs. St. John. All of these, have long since, become happy mothers, and have largely added to the population of the Dominion. They are proud of their performances, and regard their old friend Tabitha with profound sympathy. Mrs. Mont Real often and often ejaculating, "poor Tabitha, poor Tabitha, you meant well, but you never had a fair chance!" What will be their amazement, when they get a telegram from her, inviting them to join with her in celebrating her jubilee? They will certainly set her down as demented!

"I wonder how it will all go off," as Brown remarked about his wife's funeral. I am in hopes that it will be a grand success, and if it should be, I shall send you a flourishing account of it. I am anxious to do so, for it is the great event of her life, and she would be vastly-pleased at having justice done to what she somewhat vaguely designates as her "little affair." But I have a special reason for wishing to please her, for as she has adopted me, I am indebted to her for my education,—such

as it is. It has been mainly confined to Jewish History, and the catechism, so that she has trained me to look upon everything through Jewish spectacles. Whenever I am tempted to branch off into English history, or the geography of Europe and America, she is as firm as a rock, and shuts me up with the assurance that we are all nobodies compared with the Jews. "They are a peculiar people and you can't know too much of them." As I have, on the sly, and on the strength of my expectations from Aunt Tabitha, borrowed a small sum from a Jewish money-lender, on most ruinous terms, I have come to the conclusion that Aunt Tabitha's golden rule is slightly erroneous.

Believe me, dear DIOGENES,

Yours ever faithfully,

AUNT TABITHA'S NEPHEW.

H. M. S. "FUDGE," }
June 19th., 1869. }

JACOB GALLOPER, TIRED OF THE CITY, GOES IN FOR A "TORALLOORAL" EXISTENCE IN THE COUNTRY.

HE ESSAYS THE "GENTLE ART," AND MORALIZES GENERALLY ON FISH, FLESH, AND FOWL.

It has long been my ambition to live in the country, and as circumstances have at last enabled me to gratify myself in this particular, I intend giving you some account of my experiences, and telling you how far my anticipations have been realized. Being naturally a quiet man, with an instinctive aversion to anything disturbing, I thought the country would be just the place for me. I have read a great deal of what the poets have said about rural life, and though I don't mean to say they have intentionally misrepresented, I certainly do think they have overlooked some of the minor inconveniences to which dwellers in the country are exposed. From this, I don't wish anyone to draw the conclusion that I am a disappointed man. Oh, no! I am too much accustomed to disappointments to be easily taken aback. However, I have got a bad cold; and as I have to be out at three in the morning, to go fishing with a friend, I had better not go in for digression, but begin at the beginning:

Oh, the jolly fisher's life,
It is the best of any,
Full of pleasure, void of strife,
And 'tis beloved by many.

So sung Izaak Walton, "the celebrated fisherman," as the *Daily News* calls him. When I anticipated going into the country, my mind was full of boating and fishing; but I must say I think the fish choose very irregular hours at which to bite, and that, even when you have met their views in this particular, they are often very capricious about biting at all. There! I knew what would come from leaving the windows open! There is one of those infernal horny brutes, with wings, dancing about the room like a parched pea. Bang he goes from the ceiling to the lamp. I'll bang him! I always keep a wet towel on purpose for these gentry. Slap, bang, here we are again!—missed him by Jove; now he's worse than ever—wait a minute—one of us must die—he's on the table cloth in a favorable position—whack—(crash goes a tumbler). Thank heaven, it isn't the lamp globe! Practice makes perfect. He's gone, certainly, and two house flies offer him the last consolation by sticking their beaks into him. Buzz—whizz—there come his avengers—a big moth and a daddy-long-legs—more buzzing along the ceiling and banging at the lamp. Writing is impossible under such circumstances, besides which I have discovered there are a tribe of junior beetles without wings scudding about the table-cloth in all directions. I shall be obliged to extinguish the lamp, and go to bed at the risk of not getting up in the morning!

6 A. M.

I have just returned from the fishing excursion in a rather moist condition. Splendid morning, cloudy with a fine drizzling rain. Fish, I understand, like rain; I should say they enjoy it, for they absolutely refused to bite. Went down the river three miles in a boat, and backed up a trout stream under a bridge; most picturesque locality, so picturesque, in fact, that the fish refusing to bite, could only be guilty of the grossest inconsistency. A series of, what we thought, were delicious summer showers, commenced as we arrived at the bridge, but they continued so long that the novelty wore off, and though we were sheltered, the heavy mist on the other side of the river remained obstinate, and it became evident that we should have to row back three miles in the wet. The place seemed made on purpose for Chub, but some how the Chub did'n't bite, and we finally left them without breakfast in disgust. I have begun to think, that the most exciting part of the sport, is hunting for worms, and that only unreasonable people really expect to catch anything. Even the old fishermen on the wharves don't. Two cat-fish in an evening are considered a triumph, and if a man loses five hooks at the bottom of the river, he is considered to have caught a sturgeon. Dr. Johnson was wrong in his definition of a fishing line. No fool has patience enough to fish. He should have described it as having a job at one end and *nothing* at the other. I have observed a good many fishing lines very closely, and that is my impression. I have begun to think, the least troublesome method of enjoying the sport, is to watch other people. It saves the bother of carrying rods and bait; if anything is caught, you

share the excitement, and, if luck is on the wrong side, you can walk home with your hands in your pockets without feeling any responsibility, and without looking foolish; the impression you make at the breakfast table next morning is equally satisfactory to your friends and to yourself.

My window overlooks the poultry yard, and I was much edified by the method which a little bantam hit upon, to relieve himself of the dismal monotony of this thoroughly-wet day. He deliberately challenged a big pheasant cock to mortal combat, and forced the fighting with a pertinacity which shewed he felt the necessity of escaping from the depressing influences around him. As the "mill" progressed, what with the rain, and the anger of the combatants, both looked wretched, and I was not sorry when, at last, they agreed to a cessation of hostilities. My host prides himself on his poultry yard, but soon after my arrival, I observed that the supply of eggs for breakfast, was intermittent and totally disproportioned to the force maintained. The hen-roost in fact, seemed to have resolved itself into a Joint Stock Company, in which the assets were exceedingly limited. Seeing the necessity of reorganization, I resolved myself into a special commissioner, and on enquiry, found there were no less than three roosters on the board of direction; all of whom, I recommended for instant dismissal. If this is carried out, and new blood introduced, an improvement may confidently be looked for.

This morning, the whole village was shaken to its foundations, by a rehearsal of the salute for Dominion Day, by a field battery stationed here. I am rather inclined to think that this put an end to the private animosities of the two roosters in our back yard, who doubtless, remembered they were Canadians and ought to be united. I have hardly got used to living in the country yet, but intend to let you know, from time to time, any remarkable events that may happen.

Yours truly,

JACOB GALLOPER.

P.S. My friend, this morning, caught an enormous eel with a night line, which he tied to an island. I am inclined to think, night lines are best, as the fish catch themselves. One thing is evident, that if they don't do it willingly, you can't make them.

J. G.

"RUBBISH SHOT HERE."

"If Paul had been well married, that is, to such a wife as by character and personal attractions could make herself the mistress every wife should be, in the respectful homage of her husband, I think he would have learned some things about women which, in fact, he never did learn, and would have been as much more courteous and tenderly gracious in his words. And if he had lived in this particular age, I am not quite sure that he would have had as much to say of the obedience of women."

"Of course Paul did not know everything, whether about women or any other subject of knowledge. What the spirit gave him he knew, and for all other kinds of knowledge he was on a footing with his age. And, in this view, doing justice to all that he positively declares, we are permitted to doubt whether he had a fully rounded conception of the finer and more superlative qualities of womanly talent. Do we not see, in fact, that womanly gifts are a great deal higher than his old-time habits and his mere bachelor acquaintance ever allowed him to know?"—*Extract from the Rev. D. Bushnell's book on "Woman's Suffrage."*

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of DIOGENES:—

SIR,—Your remarks in a recent number on the proper use of the article "a" or "an" will be of much service to many who, like myself, find themselves frequently "stuck" as to which to choose.

But (if you will permit me to say so) I think you do yourself injustice in citing Shakspeare as a follower of the ancient custom, which differs from your own view. Your quotation is:—

"The King shall drink to Hamlet's better breath
And in the cup *an union* shall he throw."

Euphony, which you so justly point out as the true guide, and which the prophetic mind of Shakspeare no doubt informed him must rule at last, would be much better observed by reading the passage thus:—

"The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath
And in the cup *an onion* shall he throw."

Whether the King was poking fun at Hamlet, or not, is not for me to determine; but the reading of the line that I suggest, plainly brings cause and effect together, and gets rid of that semi-vowel "u" which is so troublesome to the indefinite article.

I am, your obdt. servt.,

G.

PREPARING,
THE CANADIAN ANNUAL REGISTER for 1867.
 A RECORD OF PUBLIC EVENTS IN CANADA DURING THAT YEAR.
 Edited by HENRY J. MORGAN.
 (Prospectus at Dawson Bros.)

Havana Cigars.
SAMUEL McCONKEY,
 Direct Importer of
 FOREIGN CIGARS,
 TOBACCOS,
 FANCY GOODS, &c.,
 Has just received from Havana a very CHOICE ASSORTMENT of the
VERY BEST BRANDS.
S. T. LAWRENCE
 CIGAR AND SAMPLE ROOM,
St. James Street,
 Opposite the Hall, and next door to Post-Office.

"**LA FAVORITA**"
 is the Brand of the Best Cigar manufactured in the Dominion, and just put on the market by
SAM. McCONKEY,
 30 & 37 Great St. James Street,
 MONTREAL.
 "LA FAVORITA" is of a mellow and delicious flavor, and cannot fail to recommend itself to connoisseurs and all lovers of the fragrant weed.
 Can be had Wholesale and Retail from SAM. McCONKEY at the above address.
 VIVAT REGINA!

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.

Straw Hats!
Straw Hats!
 A very Large Stock of Straw Hats to be found at
WILLIAM SAMUEL'S,
 367 Notre Dame Street.

Straw and Panama Hats.
 The most Fashionable Styles,
 In Great Variety,
 At Low Prices, at
W. T. FRANKLIN & CO.'S,
 400 Notre Dame Street.
 N.B.—Goods of the Best Quality kept in Stock.

SUMMER VESTS,
 KNICKERBOCKER STOCKINGS,
 BATH TOWELS.
 JUST OPENED, a Case of SUMMER TIES.
 One of the largest and best Stocks of
WHITE SHIRTS
 IN CANADA,
 Always on hand and made to order.
W. GRANT & CO.,
 WEST END SHIRT STORE,
 151 St. James Street.

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.

LIFE ASSOCIATION OF SCOTLAND

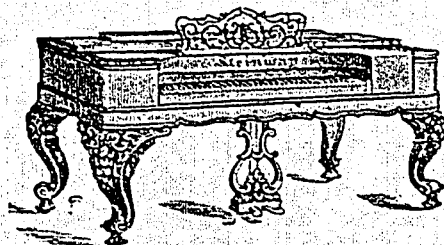
INVESTED FUNDS: UPWARDS OF
 One Million One Hundred and Ninety-One Thousand Pounds Sterling.
 This Institution differs from other Life Offices in that the
BONUSES FROM PROFITS
 ARE APPLIED ON A SPECIAL SYSTEM FOR THE POLICY-HOLDER'S
PERSONAL BENEFIT AND ENJOYMENT
 DURING HIS OWN LIFE-TIME,
 With the 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 Agencies, **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.



GOULD & HILL,
 IMPORTERS OF
Pianofortes, Cabinet Organs, and Musical Instruments,
 No. 115 ST. JAMES STREET,
 MONTREAL.

THE
CARLTON RESTAURANT
 By **J. MARTIN,**
 IS NOW OPEN,
 WITH A CHOICE SELECTION OF
 WINES, SPIRITS, LIQUEURS, &c.
Luncheons from 12 to 3.
 DINNERS & SUPPERS AT ALL HOURS
 425 NOTRE DAME STREET,
 Five Doors West of St. Peter.

A Supply of **JAPANESE FANS**
 at the **DIOGENES' OFFICE,** Price
 25 Cents.

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, PILLARS, &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.

GOODALL'S Playing Cards,
SMITH'S METALLIC MEMORANDUMS, **PIRIE'S ANTIQUE NOTE PAPER & ENVELOPES,** at the **DIOGENES' OFFICE,** 27 Great St. James Street.

WILLIAM KINGSFORD,
 CIVIL ENGINEER,
 149 GREAT ST. JAMES STREET,
 (First Floor.)
PROVINCIAL SURVEYOR,
 QUEBEC AND ONTARIO.

TAFT & GARVEN,
 ARCHITECTS,
 REAL ESTATE AND INVESTMENT AGENTS,
 SOLICITORS OF PATENTS, &c.,
 Offices: No. 49 Bleury Street.

TO THE MILITARY.
J. WHITTAKER,
 350 NOTRE DAME STREET,
Late Master Tailor 4th Batt. Rifle Brigade,
 Having opened business at the above address, and being a practical artisan, respectfully requests the patronage and support of Officers of the Staff and of the Line, and Volunteers; also, gentlemen of business, skilled mechanics and workmen.

COLLARS.

THE CANADIAN COLLAR FACTORY.

Nos. 580 AND 582 CRAIG STREET.

Messrs. RICE BROTHERS, the Proprietors of the FACTORY, have constantly on hand a large supply of PAPER COLLARS, CUFFS, SHIRT-FRONT, &c. of all styles. Their goods are manufactured from the best of Plain, Enamelled, Linen, Imitation, Linen-faced, and Mar-seilles 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.

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

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

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.
The Floating Bath is now open to the public from 5 A.M. to 9 P.M., during the season. For tickets and rates of admission, see handbills and on board the Bath.

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. Francois Xavier Street.

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

A NOVELTY in COLLARS,
manufactured by MESSRS. RICE
BROS., called "THE ALARM," 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 533 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.

SPRING MEDICINE.

THE Safest and Best is the
PLANTAGENET
MINERAL
WATER.
R. W. BOYD,
Agent, Place d'Armes.

**CANADIAN DOMINION
DIRECTORY
FOR 1870-71.**

THE SUBSCRIBER proposes to
issue in September, 1870, if sufficient
support by Subscriptions and Advertisements
can be obtained to cover the cost of Publication,
a CANADIAN DOMINION DIRE-
CTORY, comprising the Provinces of Ontario,
Quebec, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick;
to which will be appended the Provinces of
Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island.
The Directory will contain the Names of Pro-
fessional and Business Men, and of the principal
Inhabitants in the Cities, Towns and
Villages, together with a large amount of general
information, including Alphabetical Direc-
tories of Post Offices and Postmasters, Banks,
Governmental Departments and Employes,
Houses of Parliament, Law Courts, Educa-
tional Departments, Custom Houses and
Officers of Customs, Ports of Entry, Tariffs of
Customs, List of Patents of Inventions, Canals,
Canals, Railways and Steamboat Routes,
Beneficent and Religious Societies, Clergy of
all Denominations, Registrars with their Divi-
sions, Newspapers and Periodicals, &c. &c.;
also, Statements of Imports and Exports,
Revenue, Expenditure, Trade, Population,
&c. &c.

To be corrected to August, 1870.
The CANADA DIRECTORY for 1867-68, pub-
lished by the Subscriber, contained the Names
of the Principal Inhabitants in 1,139 Cities,
Towns, and Villages in Upper and Lower
Canada. The CANADIAN DOMINION
DIRECTORY for 1870-71 will contain a short
description of at least 3,200 Cities, Towns and
Villages in the Dominion of Canada, and the
Provinces of Newfoundland and Prince
Edward Island, together with the Names of the
Professional and Business Men, and of the
principal Inhabitants.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
per copy.
Dominion of Canada Subscribers.....\$12 Cy.
United States do\$15 Cy.
Great Britain and Ireland do£3 5s.
France, Germany, &c. do£5 5s.
Rates of Advertising will be made known on
application to the Publisher.
No Money to be paid until the Work is de-
livered.—This notice is given for the reason
that unprincipled men have, on several occa-
sions, canvassed for, and collected moneys in
advance, on account of books which they
falsely represented that I was about to publish.
Persons desirous of aiding in the Publication
of the CANADIAN DOMINION DIRE-
CTORY for 1870-71 will please send in their
Orders for Subscriptions and Advertisements
to
JOHN LOVELL,
Printer and Publisher,
23 and 25 St. Nicholas Street,
Montreal, 17th May, 1869.

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).

TO TOURISTS.

HOLDSTOCK'S AUTUMN SKETCHES
OF
CANADIAN SCENERY.
Some Fine Specimens at the
DIOGENES' OFFICE,
27 St. JAMES STREET,
(Opposite the Post Office).

RAILWAYS.

**VERMONT CENTRAL
RAILROAD LINE.**

SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS,
Commencing MAY 1, 1869.

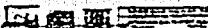
TRAINS GOING SOUTH AND EAST.

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 8.40
a.m., for Boston, &c., arriving in Boston at
10.30 p.m.
NIGHT EXPRESS leaves Montreal at
3.30 p.m., for Waterloo, Boston, and New
York, arriving at Boston at 8.40 a.m., connect-
ing 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., arriv-
ing 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 5.30 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.

RAILWAYS.

1869.  1869.

**OPENING OF THE NEW ROUTE
via
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 Bonaven-
ture Station:—
MORNING EXPRESS—5.00 A.M., arriv-
ing in New York at 9.15 P.M.; 5.00 A.M., arriv-
ing in Boston at 7.30 P.M.
EVENING EXPRESS—4.40 P.M., arriv-
ing 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.

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,
SASH WEIGHTS, all sizes,
FANCY DOOR PANELS,
And every description of
BUILDERS' CASTINGS,
AT
118 Great St. James Street,
533 Craig Street East;
Or at the Montreal Foundry and City Works,
165 to 179 William Street,
W. CLENDINNENG.

THE EUROPEAN MAIL
On Sale at the DIOGENES' OFFICE,
27 Great St. James Street.
Subscriptions and Advertisements received.

CONSUMPTION, CHEST AFFECTIONS.

**DR. CHURCHILL'S HYPOPHOS-
PHITES** for the prevention and cure
of CONSUMPTION, DISEASES OF THE CHEST,
CHRONIC COUGH, and GENERAL DEBILITY.
The preparations which are used by the
most eminent members of the faculty are the
**SYRUP OF HYPOPHOSPHITE OF
SODA, PILLS OF HYPOPHOSPHITE
OF QUININE, SYRUP OF HYPOPHOS-
PHITE OF LIME,** and in cases where Fer-
rugineous preparations are required ("Chlorosis
anemia," etc.) the **SYRUP OF HYPOPHOS-
PHITE OF IRON,** and **PILLS OF HYPO-
PHOSPHITE OF MAGNESE.**
These valuable medicines have saved the
lives of many thousands of consumptive pa-
tients. Even in the third or last stage, their
beneficial effects have been frequently mani-
fested. In every instance, however far ad-
vanced in the disease, the patient will find a
marked improvement both in local and general
symptoms. There will be observed a remark-
able increase of nervous power, a better appe-
tite, greater regularity of the bowels, better
digestion, less cough, less expectoration, less
susceptibility of catching cold, less perspiration
at night, etc., etc.
Each genuine bottle has the signature of Dr.
CHURCHILL on the label, and is prepared by
SWANN, Pharmacien, 12 Rue Castiglione, Paris,
Chemist to the American Embassy. Price four
francs per bottle in France.
Wholesale Agent for Canada: J. V. MOR-
GAN, Montreal.
AMERICAN AGENTS.—New York: Caswell
and Hazard. Boston: Metcalf; Brown and
Sons. Philadelphia: Fred. Brown.