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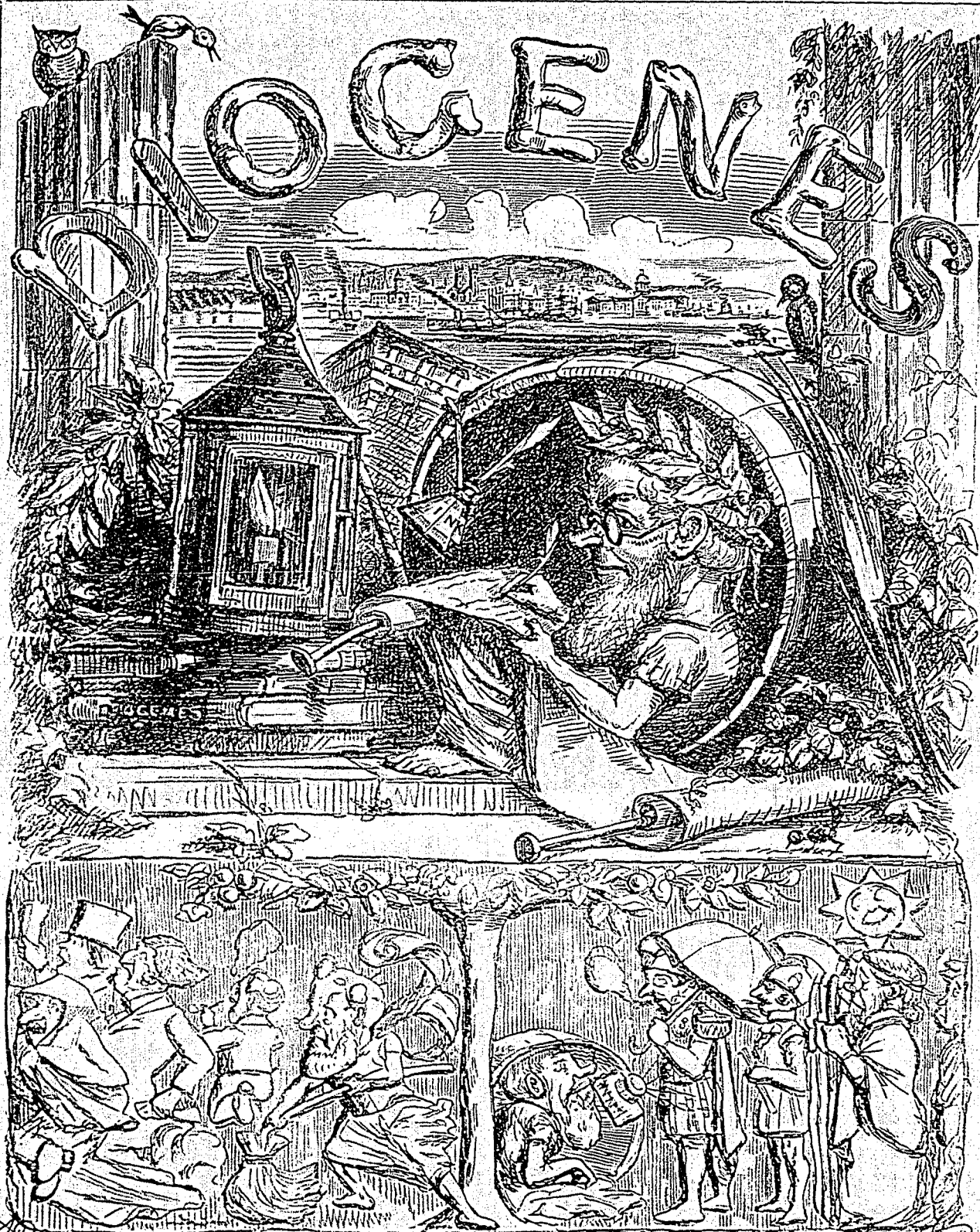
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C. J. BRVDGES, Managing Director.

Montreal, 5th Oct., 1868.

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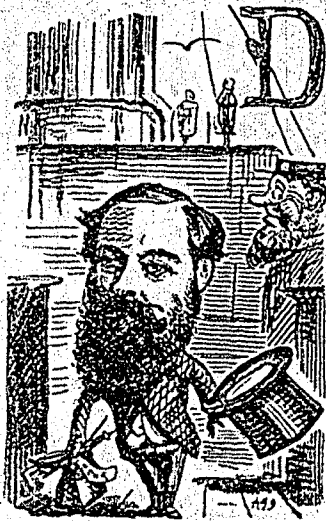
All Trains on Main Line connect at Smith's Falls with Trains to and from Perth. The 7.15 A.M. Train from Brockville, connects with U. F. Company's Steamers for Ottawa, Portage du Fort, Pembroke, &c., &c., and the 1.15 P.M. Train from Sand Point leaves after these steamers are due from East and West.

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A FAREWELL TO LORD MONCK.



DIOGENES begs to "dip" his light and "present" tub.

For the nonce his cynical heart distils a most unwonted sweetness. He could not rail if he would. He is an admirer of the departed Baron of Ballytramon, and feeling in common with the majority of true Canadians that His Lordship received but scant justice here, DIOGENES has felt it his duty to lose no time in communicating to him the subjoined telegraphic despatch, which is now awaiting the distinguished nobleman's arrival at Liverpool:

MY LORD,—

In the name of the young Dominion, which you more than any man helped to bring into existence, DIOGENES begs to express his acknowledgements for the many services you have rendered to his adopted country.

You came to us unpuffed, unheralded, and comparatively unknown.

It is no use denying that we did not much like your advent, but the more we studied your practical unobtrusive character the more thoroughly we recognized the sterling good sense of the people who sent you here. During your Governorship a bloody and revolting civil war devastated the Southern States of the American Union. Although from our proximity to the combatants we were daily liable to be drawn into perplexing entanglements, yet peaceful relations with our mighty neighbour were never once endangered—a result mainly attributable to the sagacity, courtesy and manly firmness which marked your Lordship's administration.

A Band of Robbers, whom you well characterized as "certain wicked men who disgraced the name of Irishmen," sought to carry fire and sword into peaceful Canadian homesteads. Thanks to your Lordship's wise prescience and to the loyalty of a noble Irishman, who is not with us to-day, but whose name will live in history, the attempt was frustrated—but it furnished occasion to develop in a manner hitherto undreamt of, the latent strength of our Canadian youth. Your Lordship was not slow to utilize the manly spirit which alone gives title to nationality, and we have to-day a body of Volunteers who vie with the mass of their countrymen in desire to give practical effect to the aphorism "Heaven helps those who help themselves."

My Lord, whenever you want a character for another post ask DIOGENES. He will give you one written in letters of gold,—one which will be acquiesced in by every man in the Dominion who is not blinded by sectionalism or the mad hatreds springing out of bigotry and intolerance. You have made the name of Britain and British loyalty honoured in Canada. This was not, perhaps, a difficult task, but you have done more,—you have made the name of Canada respected in Britain.

MAGNA EST VERITAS.

The articles in the *Evening Telegraph* on the recent failure to elect a Metropolitan, were spirited but unclerical. This, of course, was to be expected. The *Telegraph* is no longer conducted by *Parsons*.

WHO WOULD NOT BE A BISHOP?

Who would not be a Bishop? It must be really grand
To have the minor ministers completely at command;
But if they set Episcopal authority at nought,
A Bishop's life would not be quite as rosy as is thought.

Who would not feel supremely glad a Bishop's lot to choose,
With venerable gaiters and silver-buckled shoes,
And an apron of alpaca that attracts the public view,
And plainly tells its owner oft has dusty work to do.

The Metropolitan's career must full of peril be,
For the Bishops say that none but they dare venture on the
See;

And though the Laity pretend they ought to have a voice,
The cruel Fathers limit them to merely "Hobson's choice."

Archdeacons, Deans and Canons claim their right to win the
prize

That dangles temptingly before their sacerdotal eyes;
But the Chair of Metropolitan, the Bishops argue still,
Is one that only Bishops can be qualified to fill.

These Bishops, after all, are men, I solemnly aver,
As vain, as weak, as liable as common folks to err,
And if in May they will not yield, no Pilot there will be
To guide the Church of England ship amid this stormy See!

BAD IN EVERY WAY.

THE announcement, which follows, was cut from a Montreal journal:

"The Marquis of Hastings died on Tuesday last, aged 26 years.
"[This unfortunate young nobleman has fallen a victim to *dissipation*—the representative of one of the oldest and most noble families in the kingdom.—*The best fate his best friends can wish for him is that he may speedily be forgotten.*—Ed. NEWS.]"

In this brief editorial notice there are two points which grate harshly on the feelings of DIOGENES, *viz.*, the bad syntax of the first sentence, and the worse taste of the second.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE police permitting, a military band will, till further notice, play in one of the upper stories of a building in John Street, four evenings a week. These free concerts are a source of delight to the inhabitants of the neighborhood, especially to invalids. We had the pleasure, the other evening, while standing at the corner of John and Notre Dame Streets, of listening to an admirable drum *solo* with a cornet *obligato* accompaniment. This *morceau* is, we hear, a selection from a new opera by Offenbach, entitled, "La mort de la Vache," and is to be sung by M'dlle. Tostee, on her next visit to Montreal. There was much sparkling vivacity in what we heard. It commenced with a roll of drums loud enough to waken everybody from their beds. Then a vast and very irregular movement, also of drums, combined with some dropping of drumsticks and some audible anathemas. Then a single drum proceeded in a relative minor key; and a flute, which had been drowned in the previous *forte* movement, was distinctly audible for the space of about half a bar. Then followed the lively cornet in a movement like a horse that has lost its shoe, louder and louder pealed the drums, flatter and flatter the cornet grew, when the ophocleide came in just three bars too soon, with a tremendous crash. This woke a baby in the neighborhood, who joined in "maestoso." It now struck us that we were too near the orchestra to appreciate it fully, and we therefore moved off to a considerable distance, but not relishing the "music" any better, we finally decided on going home and tumbling into bed.



Scene. LAPRAIRIE CAMP, September, 1868.

VISITING ROUNDS.

[Vol. Officer turning out the Guard and seeing remarkably small Effective.]—Holloa! Where's the other part of that man?

ASTOUNDING SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE frequent failure of the potato crop in different parts of the world has of late years attracted the attention of the most eminent scientific men. A meeting of *savants* recently took place at Paris for the purpose of investigating this obscure subject. The conclusions at which they arrived, and their reasons for such conclusions, will, ere long, be given to the world in a ponderous Blue Book. In the meantime, DIOGENES, unaided by the lamps of science, has solved the riddle satisfactorily by the light of nature and his own lantern. The failure of the potato crop is beyond all doubt owing to the *rot-tatur-y* motion of the earth! The old theory that it is caused by the depredations of an insect, absurdly called a *vast-tatur*, is of course now exploded.

PERSONAL.

DIOGENES has received numerous communications in prose and verse on the subject of military difficulties in Montreal and Quebec. For the present, DIOGENES must decline all invitations to *Regimental Messes*.

PRECOCIOUS.

A youngest daughter's definition of flirting is, "*Attention without intention.*"

DE PROFUNDIS.

In what language does a ghost talk?

"It needs a ghost, my Lord, come from the grave
To tell us this."

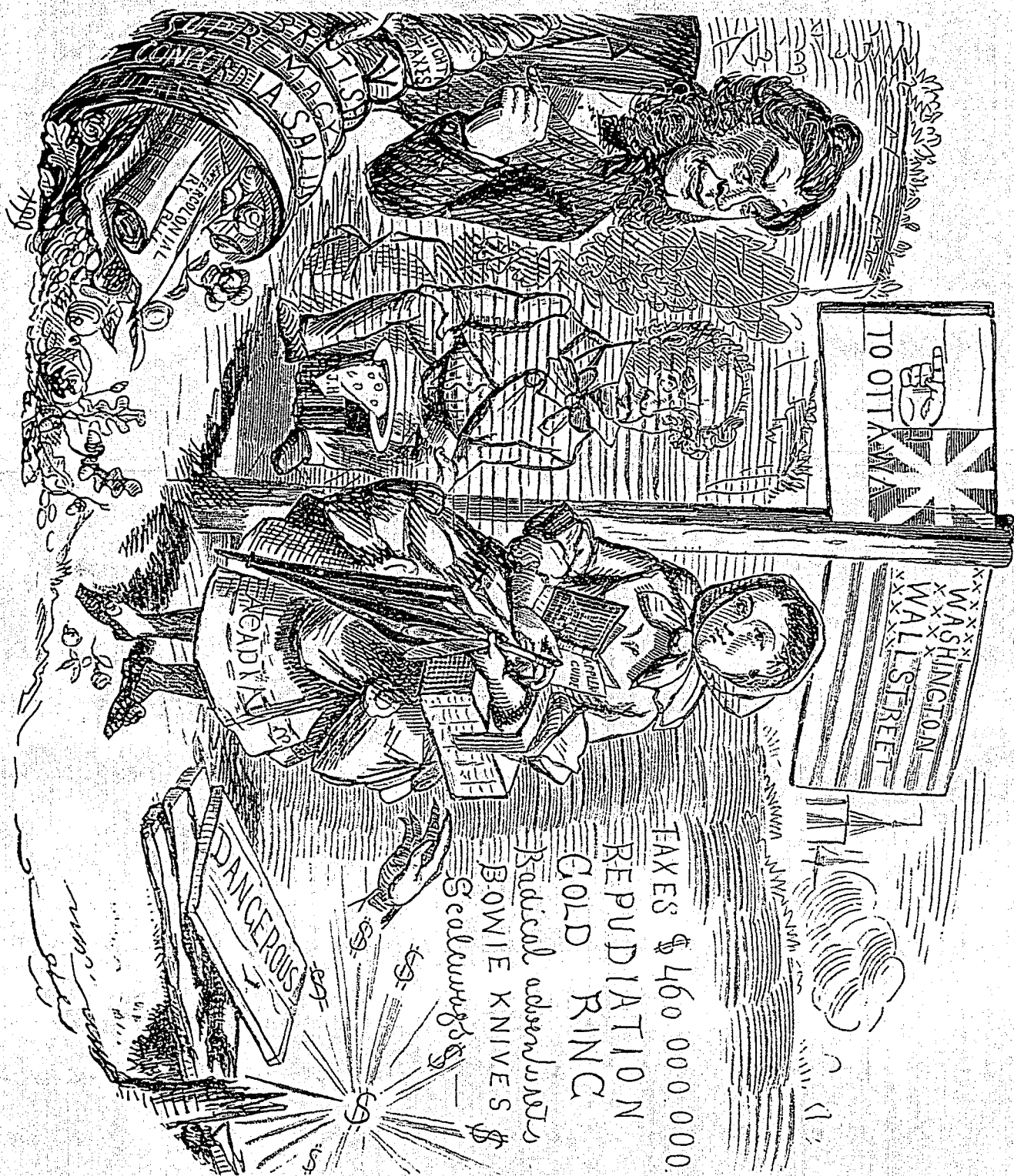
And even then, Mezzofanti himself or the "Learned Blacksmith," might not be able to understand him. Shakspeare, who is supposed to have known almost everything, gives no definite answer to the question, but occasionally exhibits to us ghosts that produce inarticulate noises like rats, bats or monkeys. Thus in "Julius Caesar,"—

"The ghosts did *squeal* and *shrick* about the streets,"

And again in "Hamlet,"—

"The sheeted dead
Did *squeak* and *gibbe* in the Roman streets."

It might naturally be supposed that the shade of a Frenchman would *parler Francais*, and the ghost of a Londoner talk Cockney dialect; that a Highlander's spectre would vociferate in Gaelic, and the *simulacrum* of a burglar would "patter flash." In short, that each individual phantom would discourse in his original tongue. This theory, which may be pronounced specious rather than correct, has been adopted by Shakspeare in many of his plays. DIOGENES, having sojourned in the under world for more than two thousand years, is, of course, in a position to elucidate the mystery. The Cynic, however, can keep a secret, and does not feel justified in revealing to the public more than the fact that all ghosts talk in—the *dead languages*!



CROSS ROADS.

SHALL WE GO TO WASHINGTON FIRST OR HOW (E)?

THE PLUCKED PASSMAN:

A SKETCH FROM NATURE.

I watched a student struggling for his life—
 Fate was too strong—he yielded in the strife.
 Remembrance sighs to think such things have been,
 And sadly photographs the tragic scene!
 He sat before Inquisitors: his eye
 Glared round the Hall in restless agony,
 Perused the ceiling, and anon recurred
 In vacant woe to that terrific word.
 He tried his nails—no inspiration there—
 With desperate clutch he ruffled up his hair,
 But all in vain! the text was Virgil's page,
 Crammed with conundrums by that hated sage,
 Whose herbs and horses, wondrous ploughs and bees,
 With hosts of unintelligible trees,
 Conspire to form a mystery sublime,
 The plague of Passmen to all future time.

The cool Inquisitor began to "hem!"
 Spectators tittered,—heartless brutes! to them
 The sight was comic,—but alas! to him
 The point for laughter seemed exceeding dim.
 He paused one moment, then in inmost breast
 His fervent vows thus silently addressed:
 "Spirit of Bohn! if e'er, with lecture nigh,
 "To aid, not thine, I weakly sought to fly,
 "Forsake me now; but, if I've ever shewn
 "On thee dependence, and on thee alone,
 "Oh! help me now in one gigantic 'do,'
 "And let me, let me fluke in safety through!
 "Is it a plough-tail, or a May-bug, or—
 "But no—'tis useless—I will guess no more—
 "Here goes! I'll risk the May-bug at a shot—
 "I think it's right!"—The Examiner thought not!—

BULLY FOR HALLAM!

We have all heard of *learned pigs*. DIOGENES the other day encountered a *literary bull* in a classical locality where he least expected to find it. It is a noble specimen of the *genus*, and is the property of HENRY HALLAM, the celebrated historian. The animal is constantly on exhibition in Mr. HALLAM'S "Section on Anatomy and Medicine during the 16th century," and may be recognized by the following label affixed to it:

"No one, as yet, had exhibited the structure of the *human kidneys*; Vesalius having examined *them only in dogs*." (P. 335, Vol. II. of Hallam's "Literature of Europe": Am. Ed.)

The *bull*, thus illuminated by the *bull's-eye* of DIOGENES, seems to throw into the shade all taurine rivals. Nemoean bulls, bulls of Bashan, and even Papal bulls, are nowhere. Strange to say, Mr. HALLAM, the breeder of this bull was NOT an Irishman.

FOULER PLAY.

When a *humptious* Professor was lately in this city, Diogenes paid a visit to that astute Philosopher. Hundreds and hundreds of gulls flocked to the phrenologist's *sanctum* and were duly plucked. Diogenes was a witness of many farcical scenes, and smiled cynically at the folly of mankind. The Professor was lavish in his advice to each "subject," as to the life-partner best suited to his tastes, temper, and general requirements. It was infinitely amusing to watch poor little Tomkins writhing with vexation, while the operator, in portraying the woman that he ought *not* to marry, described in detail the hair, features, height, and figure of Mrs. Tomkins. As this lady is bound to see the written particulars of her husband's "chart," won't little Tomkins catch it nicely?

"SPARE THE ROD AND SPOIL THE CHILD."

THERE is a report current in the English newspapers that flogging has been abolished in several of the Public Schools. If this statement be true, DIOGENES deeply regrets it, for he conscientiously believes that the *birch* is the *fundamental branch* of knowledge, most needed in all boys' schools. His advice on the subject of the education of the young has ever been—*stick* them to it. You *must cane* a boy occasionally, if you wish to make him *able*. The rod is a means to be applied to *an end*. These maxims will be found invaluable.

DIOGENES treats with cynical contempt the assertion that corporal punishment makes boys *dull and stupid*. Nay, more. He is content to refer this point to the boys themselves, who, one and all, are prepared to make affirmation that a moderate use of the cane invariably makes them *smart*.

A SLIGHT INCONGRUITY.

"Liners," as they are professionally called, whose duty it is to record Daring Robberies, Horrible Suicides, Cruel Impositions, Extensive Conflagrations, Brutal Assaults, Alarming Accidents, Ingenious Frauds, Enormous Gooseberries, *et hoc genus omne*, are naturally strong on their adjectives. Occasionally they employ epithets which are not quite the thing. The *Herald's* report of a recent fire in Aylmer Street stated that "*the firemen worked like fiends amidst the flames*," but not before it had extended to the adjoining building was the fire extinguished. It is due to the *cool* perseverance of the firemen that the flames did not extend to the adjoining block."

DIOGENES cannot help thinking that the term *cool*, as applied to "the firemen who worked like fiends amidst the flames," is a little out of place. It is an instance of what Mrs. Malaprop calls "a nice derangement of epitaphs."

AN ADDITION TO MODERN ENGLISH.

Diogenes learns from an American paper, that a young man named Whitehead, aged 21, has been sentenced to three years' imprisonment at Boston, for bigamy. The prisoner married his first wife in Buffalo four years ago; since that time up to his arrest, he has married two others, and was engaged to be married to a fourth.

Etymologically, and according to Blackstone, the word *bigamy* means "the offence of contracting a *second marriage* during the life of the husband or the wife." The term *bigamy*, then, is not strictly applicable to Mr. Whitehead's case; and *polygamy* is perhaps too strong an expression to be used in reference to one, who, after all, married *only three* wives. Diogenes ventures to coin a new word by way of compromise, and suggests that *Brigham*, derived from the first name of a famous Mormon, is a term well suited to all such marriages.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG OFFICER.

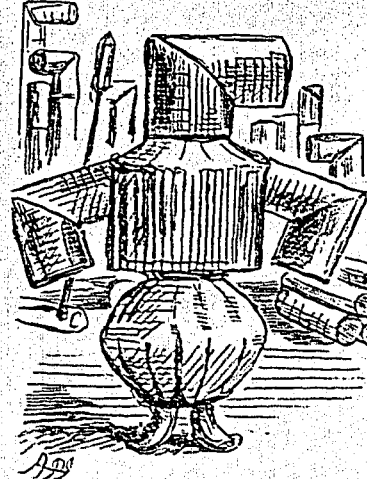
AIR: "Little Jack Horner."

Read, without scorning,
 Diogenes' warning,
 Don't go to a Ladies' Bazaar:
 They'll slip pink sugar-plums
 'Twixt your fingers and thumbs,
 And then say what a bad boy you are!

SEEING DOUBLE?

"METEOROLOGICAL DISPLAY.—Last night, or rather early this morning, the heavens were brilliant with *flying meteors and shooting stars*."—Montreal *Daily News*, November 14.

Light Taxes.—The U. S. tax on lucifer matches.



THE STYLE OF DRESS FOR THESE PIPING TIMES.

THE LITTLE FOOT-PAGE.

No messenger of love was he,
 No pet of ladies fair;
 He lived a life of misery,
 And—never combed his hair.

No feather did his cap adorn,
 Although I've seen one there;
 But that was early in the morn-
 -ing sticking in his hair.

He never saw a linen shirt,
 Nor heard of silken hose;
 His face was all begrimed with dirt;
 He never wiped his nose!

At each new place he changed his names
 To suit his master's will;
 And though he had been christened JAMES,
 We always called him BILL!

(N. B.—At that time he was engaged at our boarding-house.)
Cætera desiderantur.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MY DEAR DIOGENES:

I AM, or more properly *was*, a three-inch plank. What is left of me is lying in Dorchester Street, in front of the House of Refuge. I am surrounded by a series of disabled brothers, who have deputed me to be their spokesman on the present occasion.

Cannot you use your influence with the directors of the House of Refuge to admit me and my brethren within their hospitable doors?

Surely, my character is a good one. I was born many years ago in the valley of the Ottawa, and in coming down here, shot the rapids in a creditable manner. I was always, in my youth, constant at my post. I admit that, latterly, I have not been quite so steady as before, but I was always worked hard in the service of the Corporation. During my old age I have broken one leg and sprained four ankles. I can confidently boast that there is a nail sticking up at one end of me which has torn more ladies' dresses than any other nail in the city.

Is all this virtue to go unrewarded? I am still willing to work, and can at least light fires. Do pay me a visit one of these evenings, though, if the night be dark, I recommend you to bring your lantern with you, as the gas lamps will certainly not be lit. Yours very truly,
 OLD PINE.

HANDBOOK for STRANGERS VISITING MONTREAL

No. II.

OUR OBSTRUCTIONS.

We think that in our second paper on this subject, it will be as well to inform strangers of a circumstance which is not generally known to non-residents, viz.: That it is the duty of each citizen of Montreal, to block up the public way by every means at his or her disposal.

The following regulations are not printed in any code, but are generally accepted as a rule of conduct in such matters.

RULES FOR CARTERS.

The streets are not built for any individual; therefore, never give way, or even move an inch out of the way for man, woman, or child. (This rule will be found specially applicable, should you happen to be in a light vehicle, in a narrow street, meeting a heavy load of hay approaching in an opposite direction.) Suppose that you are proprietor or driver of one of those long trucks, so amazingly peculiar to Montreal and Quebec. When returning home without a load, always return in a procession of five, very slowly and close together. This, if cleverly done, may block the public way for five minutes, a result eminently satisfactory to all concerned.

On turning a corner, drive as rapidly as possible. You may run over at least five people—which is sure to put money in the pockets of the doctors, and possibly of the coroner.

When delivering goods at a store, always place the truck as nearly as possible at right angles with the street, and after the goods are delivered, let it remain there for at least one hour. By this means you have time for refreshment, and have always the noble satisfaction of knowing that you have done your duty in blocking the public way.

RULES FOR PRIVATE INDIVIDUALS.

Always observe when your opposite neighbour is taking in wood, and having it sawed on the sidewalk. Immediately order wood yourself, and set two stalwart sawyers to work at once. By these means the traffic will be directed to a narrow passage in the middle of the road.

RULES FOR BUILDING CONTRACTORS.

Space for building material is always necessary. Take up as much of the public way as possible. Any long scaffold poles, cedar beams, or such like, should be judiciously distributed across the street, and allowed to remain there three months after they are required.

HEART-RENDING CONUNDRUMS.

To what country does a Cannibal belong?
 To *Manchew* Tartary, of course.

WHEN do oarsmen resemble Indian Chiefs?
 When they *feather their sculls!*

WHICH is the stingiest continent of the world?
 Africa is the most *niggard*.

How is Venice inferior to Montreal?
 Venice has a Bridge of *Sighs*;—Montreal has a Bridge of greater *size*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—DIOGENES has to acknowledge the receipt of several communications, some of which have been passed for insertion. Others, which are unsuitable for his columns, are held at the disposal of the writers.

"SOLO."—Thanks. DIOGENES will be glad of a further acquaintance.