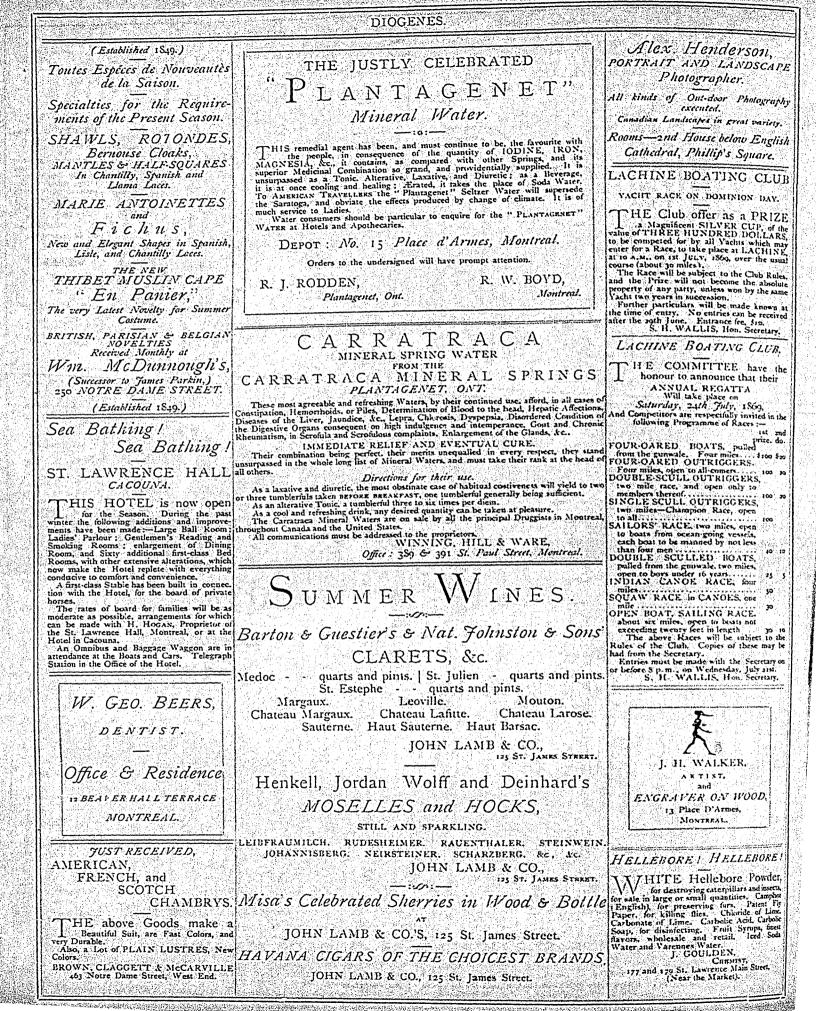
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JUNE 25, 1869.

OUR SICK CONTRIBUTOR'S FELLOW-BOARDERS.

No. 4.-THE SCIENTIFIC BOARDER.

This gentleman occupies the largest room in the house. It is completely crammed full of cases, drawers and scientific apparatus. Were it not that our friend is the neatest man in the world, the room would be always in a state of litter. First and foremost is a huge *aquarium*. The old woman who "does" the rooms steadily refuses to "do" this one. She has observed in the *aquarium* two small fish with whiskers, like cat-fish. Nothing will persuade her that these are not imps of the Evil One. This idea was further confirmed by the fact of our boarder keeping for a long time a pet snake, which he nourished on milk and other delicacies. A mortality has recently taken place in the *aquarium*. Somebody surreptitiously introduced a horse-leech into it. The indignation of our naturalist has not yet subsided. He suspects the old woman.

had a character for extreme dissipation. For several weeks he never came in till two in the morning. The old lady, in particular, determined to give him a lecture about his habits. Suddenly a vast halo of mystery surrounded him. It was observed that, on these occasions, he always took with him a dark lantern. Some thought that he was connected with "resurrection" doings, but, considering that the height of summer is not the season when medical students are attending lectures, this idea was abandoned. About this time, the papers contained accounts of various burglaries which were nightly taking place in the city. The mystery seemed completely solved ! He was connected with this gang of villains! The young man was studiously shunned by every inmate in the house. The landlady abstained from giving him notice to quit, being fearful that he would afterwards return and break into the house some fine summer night. She, however, did her best to allay the alarm. She gave intimation to the Chief of Police and to the Manager of the Bank in which the young gentleman went through his daily avoca-A detective made his appearance, and carefully tions. searched the room. He found no murderous weapons, except one old rusty pistol which our friend had bought during the Fenian excitement. No "jemmies," or other implements of burglars,—but, in the drawers, was an immense collection of newly-captured beetles, "walking twigs," and other curious insects not yet "set up." These, as it afterwards turned out, had been the objects of our friend's numerous midnight excursions with a dark lantern! We felt that we had been uncommonly foolish, and did our best to make all the amends in our power. The poet presented him with a rare specimen (as he thought) of a species of fly which he found on his window-sill. The naturalist immediately showed him thirty different varieties of the same insect, collected in various parts of the world. Our poet is now meditating a new effusion, to be entitled, "The Universality of the Fly."

On one occasion, our boarder brought home an unfortunate frog, to whom he administered chloroform, and then invited us all to a microscopic exhibition, shewing the circulation of blood in the frog's leg. The next morning, the frog, having recovered from the effects of the chloroform, and not feeling comfortable under confinement, took an airing on the landing, and entered the apartment of a lady who was engaged at her toilet. Hysterics were the result, and our boarder has been requested not to bring home any more frogs as roomcompanions.

Among other objects he has collected specimens of trichina; which he kindly shewed us in his microscope. On the following day, our landlady was urgently requested never again to produce any pork at table.

But our boarder is not only a naturalist,—he is a chemist ! I | " Democritus. Junior.

do not think that he is a very delicate manipulator; at any rate, the smells that occasionally issue from his room are not agreeable. He is very fond of making "a little fresh sulphuretted hydrogen for analytical purposes." In the process of manufacture his apparatus has an unaccountable propensity for leaking. One day, he accidentally let loose a large volume of chlorine, which found its way through the whole house. The "old lady," who is somewhat asthmatic, threatened to leave if this ever occurred again. This is, however, a periodical threat of hers, and it was not much regarded.

ups of the Evil One. This idea was further confirmed by e fact of our boarder keeping for a long time a pet snake, hich he nourished on milk and other delicacies. A mortality is recently taken place in the *aquarium*. Somebody surptitiously introduced a horse-leech into it. The indignation our naturalist has not yet subsided. He suspects the old oman. Our friend, who is simply a clerk in the — Bank, once id a character for extreme dissipation. For several weeks a never came in till two in the morning. The old lady, in

After this, we rather tremble for our lives.

TO DANCE, OR NOT TO DANCE, THAT IS THE QUESTION.

Walter Scott tells us that some of the milder class of Cameronians made a distinction between the two sexes dancing separately, and allowed of it as a healthy, and not unlawful, exercise; but when men and women mingled in sport, it was then called promiscuous dancing, and considered as a scandalous enormity. The question of "promiscuous dancing" was lately discussed in full Synod by the Free Church Ministers of Argyleshire. The Cynic learns that they sat till four o'clock in the morning, and the report of their meeting is lugubrious in the extreme. "In all parts of Scotland," said one indignant witness, " the evil is raising its head. In Campbelltown, Lochgilphead, Inverary, *even in* Rothesay itself, midnight balls, revelry, and their consequences are greatly on the increase." Like old David Deans in the Heart of Mid-Lothian, the ministers reviled dancing as being. " a dissolute, profane pastime, practised by the Israelites only at their base and brutal worship of the Golden Calf at Bethel, and by the unhappy lass wha danced aff the head of John the Baptist." They denounced it as a system of "meaningless antics," and defined it to be "a certain shuffling of the limbs, which, rationally considered, was unintelligible and savagely-uncouth." They, however, could not see their way to enforce total abstinence from the unhallowed pastime.

Quaint Robert Burton, who abominated all "lascivious and Pagan dances," and who lost no opportunity of inveighing against immorality, was more tolerant in expressing his opinions. "'Tis the abuse," said he, "that causeth such inconvenience, and I do well, therefore, not to condemn, or 'innocently to accuse the best and pleasantest thing (so Lucian calls it) that belongs to mortal men.' I hold it an honest disport, a lawful recreation, if it be opportune, moderately and soberly used. I am of Plutarch's mind, 'that which respects pleasure alone, honest recreation, or bodily exercise, ought not to be rejected and contemned.' I subscribe to Lucian, 'tis an elegant thing, which cheereth up the mind, exerciseth the body, delights the spectators, which teacheth many comely gestures, equally affecting the eyes and the soul itself.' I say of this, as of all other recreations, they are like fire,—good and bad."

The Cynic heartily agrees with the views thus expressed by Democritus Junior."

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DIOGENES.



HE Cynic has received the first four numbers of a weekly paper. published in Burlington, Vermont, by M. Mederic Lanctot. It styles itself, " a practical self teacher of the English and French languages ; an organ of the unity of North America. With the latter part of this description, DIOGENES will not meddle at present,but will briefly draw attention to the system adopted by M. Lanctot, to teach the two languages, and

the astonishing manner in which it is carried out. The articles in every case have so-called translations in juxta-position. Thus a novel by Dumas, has an English version side by side with it, and an article from an English journal is rendered into French, in the next column. The system itself, is unobjectionable. As regards the style in which the system recommends itself to the public, it is only fair to M. Lanctot, to exhibit a slight specimen. Here is a sample taken at random from *The New Idea*, and accurately reprinted, *verbatim et literatim*.

The article is headed "A Fresh Outrage;" and is as follows:

We have always maintained that Canada was a source of difficulties for England, and, therefore of humiliation for that power, too weak to undertake a serious contest one of he conductons of the Grand Trunk has just jurnished a new evidence of that, in refusing, last saturday, to accept from our agent M. Pichot, a pass which, till then, he had found good, not knowing our paper.

-Ah. it is for Lanctots paper ! said the british Conductor-you must pay !

And, leering upon the enormious parcel of "New Idea," which accompanied our agent : "this paper, this traitorous paper, he added with rage. ought not to be admitted in Canada !"

-On the contrary, said our agent, it is precisely in Canada that it must circulate, for it is there more than elsewherre that the want of *new ideas* is being felt."

"Though M. Pichot has had easily reason, with the wit at least, of the insult made to the flag of canadian independence by this brut-ish conductor, we are not disposed to leave that insult unpunished. We will not adress ourselves to the canadian confederation which is only a temporary station for the red coats in a strain of ebreity or seduction : we shall adress ourselves to that dear mother country itself. Only as the is stuck obove the head in that 'Alabama affair, we will wait for asking satisfaction from John Bull, that he has emptlied his pocket in the treasury of Brother Jonathan and kissed the floor three times for his bad conduct during the American war."

DIOGENES feels that no apology is due to his readers, for the length of this quotation. The startling interest of the narrative, and the felicitous language in which it is detailed, must be obvious to the meanest intellect. Subscribers to M. Lanctot's New Idea have indeed a rich treat in store for them! The Cynic may be permitted to add, that the N. Y. Tribune eulogizes the journal as "a new champion of humanitarian progress."

NOT ORTHODOX.

The Gazette had a paragraph the other day, headed, "Champion Walkists." DIOCENES, who hates with an intensity of hatred, anything approaching to slang, begs to remind his contemporary,—generally so sound on the Queen's English—that walkist is not to be found in Walker.

JUNE 25, 1869.

RABIES-No. 4.

" PALMAM QUI MERUIT FERAT."

On the sandy plains of Africa, As day and night were blending, And a glorious tropic sunset Its radiance was lending, A traveller of curious mien His devious way was wending, Drawing gradually nearer to the sources of the Nile.

He had followed the Zambesi, and not found it very easy, And had come near being eaten by a savage tribe or two, Who had thought that a Protessor might be juicy served up fresh or Salted down and kept in pickle, like his rod, a year or two.

And once bathing in the river, a nervous sort of shiver Tingled down his dorsal column—what he called his *vertebre*: For, while in a state of natur', an enormous alligator "Made a mouth" at our Professor, which soon "put him up a tree."

Scarcely was he free from danger, when a most unwelcome stranger Met his gaze—appalled his vision—made his very knees to bend; For a mangy-looking lion, him had clearly got his eye on, Whisked his tail, as though to warn him he was near his *latter end*.

" By Jove," said he, " this is a muss—in medio tutissimus : That maxim taught so often, seems my only chance to be; So I swear I'll stay where I am, until, like the Twins of Siam, I become (how I abhor 'em) branch of this arborem tree."

Alas i his onth was fatal, as Paddy says, "'t does bate all ;" But he hung there till the tree had absorbed his very fists— Yes, he hung there till he dropped off, or, like rotten branch, was

lopped off,

Leaving nothing but his palms there, for he dropped off at the wrists !

And 'tis said this is the reason (tho' I know you'll think it treason Against the famous Geo-graphical S O C I E T Y) How the *palm* tree got its nomen, altho' perhaps some slow men,— Like Livingstone and others,—may assert it is a lie.

> I hope you're convinced—laugh away if you like, Though I can see nothing to jeer at—

That when our Professor was up in a tree,

"I'was PALMAM qui meruit ferat.

A SAD REFLECTION.

The London *Daily Advertiser* lately remarked with deep feeling:

"The last of the aboriginal Tasmanians (or natives of Van Dieman's Land) is dead. The fiding away of inferior races—the North American Indians for another instance—before the advance of civilization and Anglo-Saxonism, is very full of pathos and suggestion."

Another instance, even more familiar than this, might have been quoted. At the present moment, if the Cynic is not misinformed, there are only two Poles on the whole earth, and these, alas I are separated from one another as widely as they can be; viz.—the North Pole and the South Pole!

WONDERFUL!

The great oak which overshadows Boston to-day, and to which the nation looks with interest, had its acorn in the brain of Mr. P. S. Gilmore.

DIOCENES has heard of a person having a corn on his foot, but never acorn in the brain 1 Eyeryone will pity P. S. Gilmore (poor suspended Gilmore), dangling about at the end of an oak bough, but no one will wonder at the nation looking on with interest at the sight.

JUNE 25, 1869.

DIOGENES.

THE PRIDE OF HERALDRY.

DIOGENES recently touched on this subject in connection with a Baronet. He now recognizes the disease in a lower state of society. First, let him ask, is there in existence a Dominion or a Municipal tax on armorial bearings? Such a tax produces a considerable revenue in Britain, and exists in the States. The Cynic strongly recommends this mode of making money to the Honble, the Finance Minister.

Families of the rank and dignity of the Cartiers will not object to pay for the privilege; but it is from the *charretier* family that the greatest amount of revenue will be derived. Carters are the largest armigeri in Montreal. It is only quite recently DIOGENES has observed that many cabdrivers have their family arms painted on the door of their cabs, where the number should be, and sometimes is. An inspection of these insignia has been, to the Cynic, an interesting study. He did not before know that so many of these worthy citizens belonged to ancient families. In future, when he passes through the Place d'Armes (where these aristocrats "most do congregate"), he will always feel obliged to remain uncovered. The coats of arms are of great variety. Some are of extreme magnificence, with supporters, and mottoes even. Coronets are common,-the ducal one especially. Some of the coronets are rather of a nondescript order, perhaps foreign, by which the Cynic means not British. The quarterings are often very elat British. The quarterings are often very ela-The heraldry displayed is what we should borate. generally call *false*, but this, perhaps, is only our ignorance. Metal on metal is very prevalent,—or on argent particularly so. One shield, which the Cynic saw this week, in Craig street, is worthy the attention of an antiquary. It is a combination of a chevron, a bar sinister, and a portrait of the First Napoleon, with a nose gules / Some of our "Note and Query" gentlemen will, perhaps, explain this.

"RUBBISH SHOT HERE."

"Occasionally one finds in the English newspapers the communication of a well-informed mind on some subject of general interest; but, as a general rule, the twenty leading articles in a week of the *Times* do not contain a single argument that can guide any man with two ideas of his own. As literary productions they may be passable enough—that is, they are written according to pattern, and that of rather a flash colour; but they want depth, originality, and, we are sorry to say, sincerity. In fact, to borrow the expression of the *Edinburgh Review*, their tone is *low* in the worst possible sense. Unfortunately, the weekly and monthly periodicals are scarcely better. It is hardly possible to imagine anything more truculent and vulgar than the *Saturday Review*, which has been the fashion in England for the last eight or ten years. We do not attribute this state of the press to any natural predisposition among the English people to ignorance and vulgarity, but to the miserable use of the anonymous article from which we also suffer."—*Montreal Evening Telegraph*.

* It would be hard to equal, and impossible to surpass the flippant arrogance of the whole article, from which the assertions above quoted are taken. Nevertheless, it was thought worthy of being re-published in *The Gazette*.

COMMERCIAL.

In the business columns of a contemporary lately appeared the following statement connected with the Montreal markets:----

"Since the late sales, fruit has become more or less a drug."

What are we to imply from this? Has medicine become so scarce that table-fruit will be sold as a substitute by druggists? Shall we receive a neat box, inscribed, "This apple to be taken at bed-time," or "Three green gooseberries to be taken every day,—one before each meal?" DIOGENES sincerely trusts that it may be so. He infinitely prefers fruit to physic.

TRICHINA SPIRALIS.

A WAIL IN THE PORK INTEREST.

O Trichina Spiralis / are we to have no more dishes of hamand eggs, because thou hast undermined the domestic hearth, and cast suspicion on the hospitality of our restaurants ? Is a phantom of destruction to lurk in our corner groceries and overshadow the threshold of our boarding houses? Is the stall of the pork-butcher to be closed, and the voice of the sausage machine to be hushed for ever ? By the soul of Gurth the Swine-Herd,-born thrall of Cedric the Saxon,-it shall not be 1 Rather than starve at the behests of the microscope, it were better to die at the hands of the doctor. Are we to be scared by monstrous spectres conjured up on calico discs, by the scientific? Did not St. George, the Patron Saint of England, make his first start in life by a contract for bacon, and is it not probable that his fabled contest with the dragon was only typical of an internal conflict with a voracious Trichina, whose power over the believers in roast-pig, was thus vanquished for ever? But let the cannibals look to themselves, and the despisers of the virtues of caloric as applied to human food, war with the parasite at their own cost, and fight it out on that line with the doctors. The citizens of Montreal have lately suffered much, and the pork butchers more. Pigs' cheek has been banished from our breakfast tables, by the check of the Trichina. They that loved pork and beans have been desolate,-but many a cheerless boarder has rejoiced. It is time somebody's pen were raised to allay the excitement. Buy your pork but cook it; so may you devour Irichina, instead of Trichina devouring you. To those foolish people who say they love pork, DIOGENES laughs,—so does the Trichina ! You may avoid him, but he will not avoid you. The antipathy is not mutual; you may already be one of the elect,—a chosen vessel of *Trichina*, for it is well known that they are found in a passive state in at least one person out of thirty. They are met with in beef, in poultry and in fresh fish I You may starve yourself, but you cannot starve them; you can only roast and boil them ! Oh! shade of Charles Lamb! happy enthusiast in sucking pig! fortunate wast thou in having lived before the Trichina Spiralis wriggled in the public imagination !

THE SO-CALLED "LUDICROUS" SCENE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

On one occasion, if DIOGENES remembers aright, the late Earl of Carlisle (then Lord Morpeth) and Lord Monteagle (then Mr. Spring Rice), feeling very tired of the progress of a dull debate, and longing for the division bell, adjourned temporarily from the House of Commons to an adjoining lobby to oxygenate their lungs. The process was apparently quite successful, for the two legislators were shortly afterwards discovered giving each other "backs" and enjoying a game at leap-frog, with the energy and zest of two schoolboys. There can be no harm in this. If it be wished, let a gymnasium adjoining the Dominion Parliament be at once fitted up for the amusement of members. But the Cynic strongly protests against the Halls of Legislation being turned into schoolboys' play-grounds. The Press has lately, and in the Cynic's opinion justly, praised our Parliament for the increased dignity which has marked the debates since Canada became a Dominion. He trusts that the public will hear of no more playful gambols between the Minister of Militia and the Leader of the Opposition. They only tend to bring our Parliament into disrepute. The Speaker may not have been in fault. It seems he was not in the chair at the time, but DIOGENES tenders his thanks to the Premier of Ontario, who seems to have been the only member conscious that the whole proceeding was indecorous.

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JONATHAN : "Guess you'd better pay that small account, or you'll get consid'rabl' sarse ! "

JOHN : "As for your account, if my clerks find it right, I'll pay it. As for your sarse, you'd better keep that for home use, or you'll find my dog about your shins, I promise you !"

ADVICE TO GOOD LITTLE GIRLS.

Good little girls are never bold; They always love their mother; They do whatever they are told— Ursless it's too much bother.

They never soil their frocks or bibs, Or very seldom do it; They never think of telling fibs— Unders they're driven to it.

They never wink at little boys When anybody's looking; They never prig cach others toys— Unless they're well worth hooking.

They never care what clothes they wear, So long as they're in fashion. They never tear each others' hair— Unless they're in a passion.

And it's excessively naughty for little girls ever to get in a passion !

A FACT.

The other day, a Patlander on board one of the Grand I've done everything but ASK HIM. Oh I mother, can it be, Trunk cars, was asked by a fellow-passenger, what sort of a That he's gone away to England and has not taken me ? situation he had, got, and how often he obtained a holiday? You say, "What use complaining, and grieving o'er my woes? In reply, he said : "Begorra, I get a holiday for six months It only makes my eyes look red, and spoils my pretty nose ! every three weeks, and when I'm there, I don't often go ! As That if he has forgotten me, I surely needn't fret, for my situation, faix its aisy enough; I'm my own master, except when I'm at work for the missus, which is mostly from There are Rifles and Artillery, and Engineers, I guess, daylight, till 10 o'clock at night, unless when I'm milking the cows, which I generally does on my own hook."

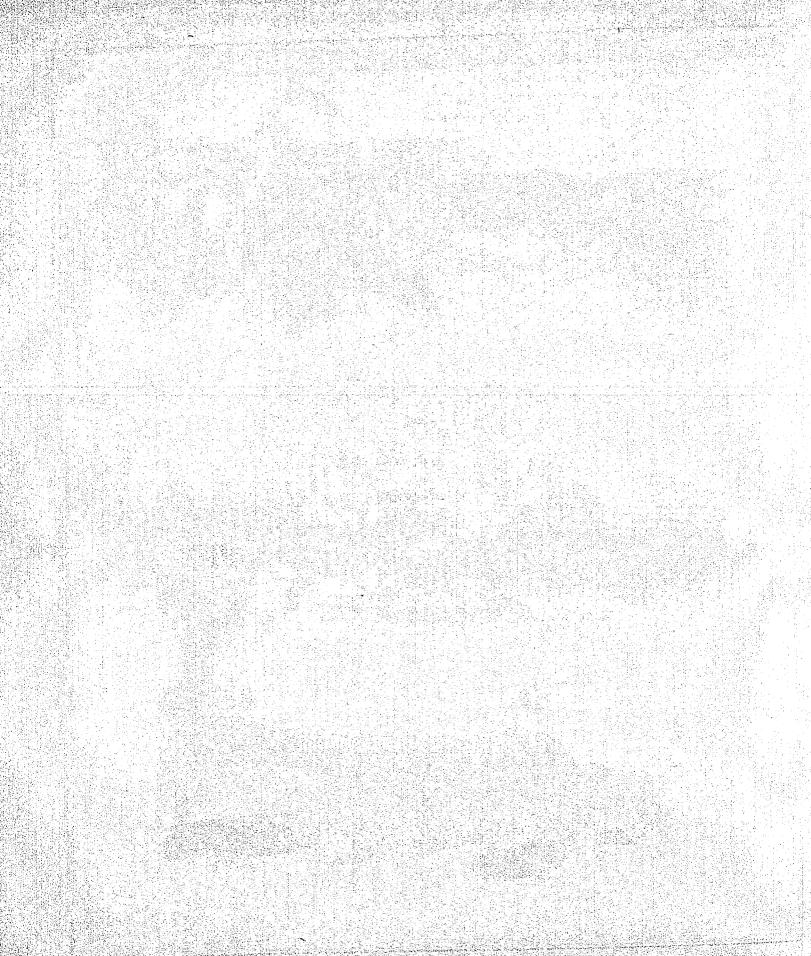
Passenger did not say another word for the next half hour.

A DISCONSOLATE MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

Oh ! mother, come and sit by me and soothe my aching head My heart is almost broken and "I would that I were dead ; ' Oh ! burn those horrid dresses that hang upon the wall, They only serve to 'mind me that my hopes have had a fall. I can but lie here weeping with my head upon my knee, For he's gone away to England and-he hasn't taken me ! The first time that I saw him-(methinks I see him still !) He scaled the heights of Beaver Hall-it gave me such a thrill !-A-marching with his Company, in gauntlets and highlows, While an icicle hung gracefully on either side his nose ! Our eyes met for a moment-my heart " thump-thumped " aloud And he might have seen my blushes if I hadn't worn a cloud ! That night I met him once again upon a ball-room floor ; He was twirling his moustaches and standing by the door, And when he turned him to his friend, he spoke of me, I knew, And said, "just introduce me to that jawly girl in blue !" And then we danced together and then he told me all About London-about Lincolnshire, and about his father's Hall And about the English partridges that don't perch on the trees And about young Gawkins of the Greens who wasn't "quite the cheese; ' And then we laughed at Polly's hair and Patty's dismal gown And canvassed the behaviour of Bell Smith and Nelly Brown, And "had he seen Niagara and the wondrous Horse Shoe Fall?" And "did he think Toronto quite came up to Montreal ?" And then we had that story about poor Bessy Jones, Who in the days of crinoline became a bag of bones Because her fine young Guardsman, who'd spooned for two whole years, Was forced to end the fantasy when it reached his father's ears. Poor Bessy's heart was broken-she was sinking to her rest, Till a bold lumberer came along and took her to-the West ! But what's the use remembering those happy hours of yore? He's gone-my dreams are over, I shall never see him more !

And after all these soldiers a'int such " catches " as they say, For they've seldom any money and when they have they " play ; " But then one doesn't like to see one's school-fellow or friend Walk o'er the course when finer girls for victory contend. There's Ida, just engaged and she has not been out a year ! And I was Bella's bridesmaid when she won her Fusileer : And that red-haired Araminta-they say it's soon to be : They all get married soon enough ; but no one "pops" to me ! I study 'Moder Parisiennes-in dresses "go it blind," The lowest round the shoulders and the longest train behind. I've been rolled out of Toboggans,-I've skated at the Rink,-And, driving with the Tandem Club, had something warm to drink. Whatever any girl could give, I'm sure he's had it all, -The best seat at the theatre, the best dance at the ball ; Then his higher, better feelings, how hard I strove to reach,-How oft I coaxed him off to church to hear the Doctor preach ! And we've sung from the same hymn-book, and I've looked into his face, And thought I've seen some traces there of holy love and grace l I've done everything but ASK HIM. Oh ! mother, can it be, That he's gone away to England and has not taken me? There are more fish in the river that may yet be brought to net." And to get one of the former-I'd almost wear their dress ! And out of such a number I may find out one who'll do,---An Ensign may be faithful, though a Captain's proved untrue !





JUNE 25, 1869.

DIOGENES.

"EMINENTLY PRACTICAL."

DIOGENES has never had the pleasure of shaking the hand of the staunch old editor of the British Whig, but he has often read his paper, and admired the sturdy patriotism which lights up its pages. There is so much namby-pamby nonsense written now-a-days by "organists" who pretend to create and foster a healthy political sentiment—so much cant about the "glorious old flag," about "Britannia ruling the waves," and all that sort of thing, that it is positively refreshing to come across a few words of plain common sense written by an old British-Canadian on what some people have tried to make the "topic of the hour." Referring to the cartoon in the Cynic's last number, Dr. Barker writes :

"That which is most annoying to a Canadian is the reiterated assertion of the United States Press that Canada wants Annexation. Nothing can be falser, nothing can be more preposterous. That some people here desire independence is true, but their number is small, the great mass of the population being contented to wait until Great Britain desires it too. That time will come too soon, for Canada is much happier under the protection of a mighty Empire, than with her scant means of defence she possibly could be standing alone. Belgium, Greece and Denmark are instances of small nations being obliged to succumb to their bigger neighbours. But as for Annexation, no one wishes it. For what could Canada gain by such a union? She would lose her political liberty and sink into a parcel of insignificant States, at the mercy of New York and Massachusetts. And she would lose her chance of becoming in time a mighty Dominion,—the future Russia of America. And her people would be burthened with heavy taxation, and the manufactures of Europe, now imported at a reasonable tariff, be prohibited by heavy duties. And all she could gain by Annexation would be an increase of commercial engrossed by speculative Yankees, with all their tricks and lack of probity. No, Canada wants no Annexation !"

CHAMPAGNE-DRINKING.

Of all the absurd usages of modern convivial " Society,"so-called,—Champagne-drinking is undoubtedly the most ex-travagant. No "feed," now-a-days, is considered complete, except there appears in a recess of the side board, two or three buckets of iced Champagne;-no private "hop" is worth attending unless the same tempting viand is bountifully supplied to the company. Apparently, without it, sufficient vim cannot be attained to make people reckless of other people's dresses and toes, and regardless of the jambs of folding-doors,-those little "disagreeables" without which a ball would lose considerably more than half its charms. If only the Champagne were really the produce of a French vineyard, as it pretends to be, instead of a decoction of nettles, gooseberries, and pale brandy made from potheen, there might be some excuse for the folly of its devotees, (DIOGENES refers to those only, who go in for the "cheap and nasty" article,) but considerably more than three-fourths of the Champagne a mixture not half so costly to the producer as home made cider, and positively deleterious to the consumer. It seems a wondrous pity that the latter cannot be induced at once to the manufacture of "Champagnes, Sparkling Hocks and pay. Moselles,"—that the produce of his invention can be sold at less than ten shillings a dozen, and that it will yield a profit of £30 on every thousand bottles | It is described as a "delicious wine" and commiscurs have declared it superior in bouquet to the famed vintage of La Veuve Clicquot. Further, (and this is given with an eye to business and for the benefit Massachusetts, was rendered by a full chorus," &c.

of business men) the residuum of the manufacture can instantly be turned into vinegar, so that there is absolutely no About ninety houses have lately waste in production. obtained the right to use this patent, forming the third batch to whom the privilege has been granted. Now here is a chance of which some smart business man in Montreal, ought to avail himself. While snobbery exists there always will be a demand for cheap Champagne, and the Cynic has been assured that now-a-days, the largest fortunes are made by smart men who operate on public faith and credulity. Clicquot," or "Ayala Albrecht," or "Moet," at 10d. per bottle ! Why Dow and Molson will have to close their breweries, as sure as eggs are eggs, when the clever Belgian's invention is patented in the Dominion ! A City Councillor will be able to get up a feed in his own honor at just a tenth of the cost incurred on a recent occasion! The Oddfellows and the Freemasons will double their numbers in a year! There will be no more "dead-heading" at public dinners ! The National Societies will go "a-picnicking" a dozen times where they now only go once! And last, not least, a good many young gentlemen who now annually over-run the constable and lay themselves pen to reprisals, will be able to do the "swell thing and still live within their incomes!

LEGAL.

DIOGENES has been informed that a distinguished member business in her cities and towns, that increased business, by the way, of the Montreal Bar is at this moment threatened with extinction by a bellicose gentleman, who persists in believing that certain words, erroneously stated to have been uttered in Court by the member alluded to, summarily killed off a suffering defendant. DIOGENES adverts to the circumstance, in order to caution zealous lawyers to be on their guard against a hitherto undreamt-of contingency. It has always been considered that the utterances of an advocate are privileged; in other words, that no lawyer can be called to account for words spoken pro or con in a legal argument. This principle, it appears, no longer obtains. "Pistols and coffee for two." is the *dictum* now sought to be enforced in cases where private feelings are, or are assumed to be, outraged. DIOCENES curiously awaits the upshot of the threatened imbroglio. If every lawyer who offends the susceptibilities of an opponent's client is to be served with a cartel, we may soon expect to see a considerable thinning of the legal ranks,-a consummation which more than one "Briefless " may, perhaps, devoutly wish.

AN ABSURD CANARD.

An utterly baseless, not to say base, rumour obtained now in the market, is known to be no Champagne at all, but currency in Montreal last week. It was said that, regardless of the well-worn aphorism, "REST and be thankful," a great banking luminary had aspirations towards the post of Dominion Finance Minister, and that Sir John A contemgo in for cider, but as there is little probability of his doing so, plated offering him the "portfolio," vice J. R., "permitted to while "Society" rejoices in "seeming"—*i.e.*, being different to retire." DIOGENES immediately put himself in communica-what it really is,—and as DIOGENES believes in fostering home tion with the luminary referred to, and as might have been plated offering him the "portfolio," vice J. R., " permitted to industry, and consuming home productions, he draws atten- expected, His Effulgency at once pooh poohed the whole tion to a new description of Champagne, which may, perhaps, thing, adding that he didn't regard the rumour as complimenbe advantageously, placed on the Canadian market. It tary to his 'cuteness for he appreciated REST too highly to appears that a Belgian chemist has patented a machine for sacrifice it to Patriotism. It was well known the latter didn't

A SLIGHT CONFUSION OF IDEAS.

A Detroit paper, speaking of the Boston Jubilee, says : "Glory be to God on High," from Mozart's Twelfth 56

DIOGENES.

" NOTES AND QUERIES."

ANSWER TO QUERY 1 IN NUMBER 6-VOL. 2 OF DIOGENES.

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

-TENNYSON'S "IN MEMORIAM."

Among artists a "bar of light" is a very familiar term. It means a luminous streak contained between two parallel lines, or nearly so; something quite distinct from a ray of light, which always increases and diminishes in width. If we notice the head of any man who is gifted by nature with deepset eyes and a projecting brow, we shall soon observe, in a strong light, this "bar" in the position indicated by the poet. Such was a peculiarity of the head of Michael Angelo himself; but I think that Tennyson alludes rather to the favorite practice of the Artist in thoroughly developing this "bar" whenever, in a head, he wished to express force or grandeur. The "bar" is highly characteristic of the heads in his "Last Judgment," and in a less degree, because less required, in his "Cartoon of Pisa." In his famous statue of Moses, this feature is developed with great sublimity, and with a prominence which, in the opinion of some anatomists, is almost chargeable with exaggeration.

A. B.

There is a review of Tennyson's IN MEMORIAM in Essays from the "London Times," Second Series, republished in New York by the Messrs. Appleton. At p. 52 of this volume, the stanza in question is adduced as a proof how difficult it often is even for educated persons to identify the exact allusion of same explanation. Hotten's "Slang Dictionary" remarks, the poet. The Reviewer observes on the passage quoted : that "in America a fair shake is a fair trade or good bargain." "We shall not say if we comprehend the closing line. We (Ed. Dr.) can keep a secret. But we put it to the last young lady for whom Hayday bound the Princess in pink morocco, to answer whether the Bar of Michael Angelo raises a distinct image in her mind-so distinct that, in her next lesson from Gavazzi, she will be able to put the passage into good Tuscan for the Father?"

We cannot agree with "A. B." in considering that Tennyson alludes to any supposed habit that Michael Angelo had of developing to excess the foreheads of his grandest figures. It is in the portraits of Michael Angelo himself that we shall find the explanation of the word "bar." If the reader will refer to Hone's Every-Day Book, vol. 1, p. 140, he will find a remarkable profile of the great artist, which shows how appropriately the term has been selected. Turning also to Grimm's Life of Michael Angelo (vol. 1, pp. 256-7), we find the following passage : "Fiery eyes, and a magnificent beard, gave Leonardo Da Vinci a peculiarly imposing appearance. Michael Angelo's head, on the contrary, was almost out of rule. His forehead projected strongly; his head was broad," &c., &c.

Finally, Tennyson is not the only poet who has used the term "bar" in alluding to the forehead. In the works of S. T. Coleridge, there is a fine prose composition, entitled An Allegoric Vision. Part of it is as follows : "As I re-entered the body of the temple, I heard a deep buzz, as of discontent. A few, whose eyes were bright, and either piercing or steady, and whose ample forcheads, with the weighty bar, ridgelike, above the eye-brows, bespoke observation followed by meditative thought, and a much larger number, who were enraged by the insolence of the priests, had collected in one tumultuous group." The passage italicized throws a strong light on the meaning of Tennyson; and it is by no means improbable that he unconsciously recollected Coleridge .- ED. DIOGENES.

QUERY .--- No. 2--- JUNE 18.

Mr. John Timbs, the well known compiler, in his little of the term "Brother Jonathan" is as follows :- In the the platitudes of the "poet" excite only a depressing ennui.

time of the American war Jonathan Trumbull, the elder, was Governor of the State of Connecticut ; and General Washington placing the greatest reliance on his judgment, remarked on one occasion, "We must consult Brother Jonathan on the subject." The General did so, and the Governor was successful in supplying many of the wants of the army; and thenceforth, when difficulties arose, and the army was spread over the country, it became a by-phrase, "We must consult Brother Jonathan," and the name has now become a designation for the whole country." R. W. N.

Bartlett in his "Dictionary of Americanisms," p. 50, tells us: "The origin of the term is given in a recent number of the Norwich Courier. The Editor says, it was communicated by a gentleman, now upwards of eighty years of age, who was an active participator in the scenes of the revolution. The same story as that quoted by R. W. N. then follows, told at greater length. (ED. DI.)

QUERY No. 3.-JUNE 18.

I have generally heard that " no great shakes," as used by Byron, is connected with hand-shaking. Richardson, in his Dictionary, writes : " Shakes in Byron is a vulgarism, which may be traced to the custom of shaking hands; the shake being estimated according to the value set upon the person giving it, and hence applied to the person." R. W. N.

See also "Notes and Queries," 3rd. S. viii. 160, for the

"Morn broaden'd on the borders of the dark, Ere I saw her; who clasp'd in her last trance Her murder'd father's head-

A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN.

B.

To whom, in the above passage, does Tennyson allude?

The allusion, we believe, is to Margaret Roper, the favorite daughter of Sir Thomas More. An account of the way in which she obtained possession of her father's head, that had been exposed on a pole at London Bridge, may be found at p. Sr of a volume lately published, " The Heroines of Domestic Life," by Mrs. Octavius Freire Owen. " The Household of Sir Thomas More," a well-known work, may also be consulted .-(ED. DI.)

LITERARY.

The Poet Urquhart, who, in more ways than one, bids fair to rival Tupper, came out on Wednesday with a new contribution to Canadian literature. He has been "floating on the bosom" of Lake Champlain, and has discovered that the Indian "brave "

" has gone As fades the twilight on the tranquil morn."

He further says, he would be delighted, had he "loved ones by his side,

" Float on for ever o'er this tranquil tide."

Some "imp of darkness" in the News office very nearly squelched the poet's last effort, by sending it forth to the world "with a large number of typographical errors," so that it became necessary to print an amended version in another part of the paper.

DIOGENES, however, infinitely prefers the "typo's" renderbook, "Things not generally known," states that the origin | ing. His transpositions are, to say the least, amusing, while

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