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Vol. I.—No. 19.

MONTREAL, 19th MARCH, 1869.

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 For particulars see programmes.  
 N.B.—No tickets will be sold at the door.  
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## ZEKE TRIMBLE ON THE "WATER QUESTION."

*Dear old Di:—*

A large & influential deputashun of mi fello citizens from the St. Ann's Ward, kolloed upon mee yesterday & presented a testimoneal to mi bereeved familiee un thee occashun of my hev'in exposed the Scotch into my public corrispondens. The testimoneal is kumposed of a 15 dollar gold watch, with mi name printed into the inside of it—with the devise, "For distinguished services." Their was much speekin on this occashun, but i will not report privet conversashun. The chairman of the deputashun, however, in konkludin his remarks sed that, "the community in which hee lived wuz desirous of heerin mi opinion onto thee water question." Sez he, "as you don't drink much of this refreshin' & invigoratin' beveridge, & 4thly, ez you are into the kollar bizness and hev no konnektshun with Shanly or Keefer, or Makguavran, or Bartly, or Jacob Kalleper, or Lesage, or, in fact, any uther man, & hev managed 4 of Grover & Baker's sowin' machines for over 2 years—you air kompetent to diskuss this grate question."

To this i replide, & address thee meetin as follows: "Gentlemen," sez i, "water is thee staff of life. Thee whole body politick must hev water. Who thet hes entered into the buzzum of his familiee on washin' day, (which, in mi familiee, is a Monday,) hez not smelt thee delicious kumbinashun of perfumes, wich bein given out bi thee soap suds, corn-beef & kabbidge all onto the kookin' stove at wunce, pervades the balmy atmosphere? Thee spicy odors of the South See Ilands are nothing to those, but perhaps, there is amongst mi awjunge sum of thee fare sects, wich is not married: to these i say,—get married at wunce & take charge of washin day, & find thee water short, & then acknowledge the blessin of "water, water everywhere, & nary drop to drink!" But let this pars. Without water we may as well emigrate at wunce. Water is useful in menny ways. Ef there wuz no water whare would thee "Young Ernest Teetotallers" bee? Eko answers, nowhare. Without this ellymentary prinshipill, the steam engine wood burst & intemperance wood rage unchecked over the land. Without water we never wood hev had Atwater. Without water John Dougall's occupashun would be gone! Much more mite be sed on this branch of mi subjek, but life is short & i must kum to thee pint. I will divide my discoarse up into 42 heds. Perhaps i may not think of some of them, but let that pars. Thee grate fack still remanes that the punshons are onto the streets again,\* & who is to blame for this? "There are sum rotten eggs into Denmark," as Burns says, in 1 of his immortal poems. Mi opinion is that, we hev 2 menny ingeneers into the korporashun. From thee rite Honorable Mr. McShane, of Brooklyn, down to Alluvial Rodden, there are twenty-seven un thee 1st ingeneers into this kuntry. I think thee member from thee St. Ann's

Ward, who is presently into the chareman's place, studies his hydrawlix frum a homeopathy book, or purhaps from Punshon's surmons. Mi friends & fello citizens," sez i, "we air over ingeneered. There is too much science into our korporashun to projuce enny grate results. To illustrate this pint of mi discoarse," sez i, "uv what use wood the fire marshuls bee ef hose reels hed not bin invented furst? What this city wants is more water & less ingeneering. Their air sum ignorant cusses who kumplain that in a multitude of kounsellers there is wisdom. But this is plaid out, except in Saint Mary's Ward, which, always sends wise and intellygent men into the korporashun to defend her rites. When Makguavran was fresh into thee traces, i had sum hopes that things was going to change, & felt konfident thet, hev'in run a saw-mill for sum years, he must hev bekum akwainted with ingeneering & canals in all thare branches. But mi hopes have bekum delapidated. Thee more he talks the less water comes down the old aqueduct, & i hev to drink mi whiskey, pure, which is rooinin' mi konstitutshun. One of two things shoold be dun; inkrease his salary, or let him tend thee saw-mill altogether." \* \* \* \* At this pint in the adress, sum inquisitive kuss in the krowd showed out, "You hev furgot awl about thee watch!" "That's so gentlemen," sez i, "bein of such extrordinary cheepness, i forbare to thank you fur her until i find out how shee goes." But to return to the water question—ef mi watch goes out of kilter, (i never yet hev practised emplyin a carpenter nor even a blacksmith to mend her, i allers emply a fust class watchmaker to cooper hur up, & one thing i hev remarked, thet he allers charges \$3 for repares, grate or small. So ef i wuz to bee kolloed upon to manidge thee water wurks of this majjestic city, i wood employ one fust-rate ingeneer, who had not served his time into a saw-mill; & mi friends, every thing would go right. Too menny kooks spoil thee broth, & ez long as you hev 27 kounsillors with 490 friends, demandin' kontrax bi the million, sambuddy must suffer ef the contractor dosen't, & it is most allers the city. But to change the subjek, mi friends—have you seen F. B. Browne's lamentashun on not gettin into thee kounsill? Ef not, purchase one. Thare yu'll see the evil effex of bad kumpany. Thee yung man was too good for the kounsill. It hesn't arisen to thee hi pitch, which demands the presens of sich. Publik opinion aint up to the pint of swallyin so much virtoo & purity at one gulp. But," sez i, "ef thare's enny yung man in this krowd wich hez not herd Doctor Irvine's remarks about Dido, let me cawshun him to avoid bad kumpany, & if he kant git enny other, he'd better stay to hum."

Here 1 of mi awjunge remarked that, "he wuz accustomed to sermons only 15 minutes long, & as he hed only subscribed 10 cents towards the testimoneal thet he kudn't think of stayin enny longer on account of it's bein robbery to git more than his munney's worth." I kollapsed, & the awjunge dispersd, with three cheers for miself & Missus Trimble, & the band played that good old tune, "We're a' noddin!"

Yourses trooly,

ZEKE TRIMBLE.

\*DIOGENES is delighted to find that, thanks to the much abused Steam Engine, the puncheons have, he hopes, finally, disappeared.



## QUINTESENCE OF QUEBEC QUIDDITIES.

PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT.—LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY.

On Friday, March 10th, 1869 the House met at a quarter past three. After some unimportant business,

*Mr. Fortin* moved, seconded by *Mr. Tremblay*, "that an humble address be presented to His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, praying for all correspondence and documents concerning the fires which have taken place on the Coast of the Gulph of St. Lawrence, or in Gaspesia, in 1867 and 1868." The Hon. gentleman cited some interesting statistics, and after informing the House that the forests are one of our most important sources of revenue, added, "but if they were annually destroyed by fire, as well as by the axe of the settler and the lumberman, they would not continue long so." Poor forests! Hard fate to be laid waste by the raging element, and to rise again Phoenix-like from their ashes, only to fall once more beneath the ruthless axe of the lumberman or the settler! But wherefore cry "Woodman, spare that tree," when, after a year's desolation they will again appear in their pristine grandeur, to brave another conflagration? We may pity the hard fate that the forests have to undergo, but we cannot reconcile the above facts with *Mr. Fortin's* statement, that they will soon cease to afford us a source of revenue. After their annual burning, a valuable quantity of charcoal might be collected, and when they had been laid low for the second time within twelve months, by the axe of the lumberman, might it not be possible to convey the timber down country in the usual manner, ere the time arrived for another resuscitation of arboreal nature? We think that with due adherence to the first part of *Mr. Fortin's* argument, they might be made materially to increase instead of diminish our revenue.

After some remarks about "Grain" and "Northern Africa," the speaker sat down.

DIOGENES would like to see the member for Gaspé on his legs again, and would recommend both the Hon. gentleman and the Forests to take "Resurgam" for their motto.

*Mr. Hemming* was of opinion that we ought to watch our neighbours. "This system was as old as the reign of King Alfred,\* and would work well." Good! *Mr. Hemming*. Let us return to that golden age by all means. Our school histories inform us that such was the prevalent honesty of the people and so admirably regulated were the city and rural police of that day, that people might hang gold ornaments on the hedges, with the perfect certainty of finding them safe and untouched at the end of a week. Doubtless, our Forest laws are inefficient, but let us first look to those evils which lie even at our doors. The "noble half-hundred" who guard the peace of Quebec,—who *maybe* the terror of small boys and drunken women, but who *are* the laughing stock of every rowdy and loafer in town,—may be brought up to a state of real efficiency, ere many extramural reforms are taken in hand.

*Mr. Poupore* said, "What I understand by the motion before this House is, that the Hon. member for Gaspé, merely —"

*The Speaker*, evidently thinking of his dinner hour, and rapidly quoting "Hudibras,"

"Brevity is good,

When w' are, or are not understood."

*Mr. Poupore*, continuing (in allusion to the Ottawa lumbering districts) "owing to the unprecedented depth of snow now, a great portion of the timber cut down will remain in the woods, and be lost to the owner and the country, as well as the Crown dues accruing from it to the revenue. I could see no reason why a special Committee, for the pur-

pose of devising some ways and means to remedy, as far as possible, the recurrence of such a misfortune, and to offer some suggestions to prevent such an immense loss to the country in future, in order that this House might take some action to remedy the evil, when the report would be submitted, and then the matter could be fully discussed on the floor of this House."

DIOGENES would recommend *Mr. Poupore*, in future, to subsidize "The Clerk of the Weather,"—a very accommodating official who would, doubtless, have it in his power to make arrangements, so that the quantity of snow destined for the Ottawa district might be conveniently discharged at the North Pole, or some equally remote and disinterested spot. These are the only "ways and means" which DIOGENES can devise to remedy the recurrence of such a misfortune as the "late unprecedented fall of snow" in the Ottawa district, which has evidently so disconcerted *Mr. Poupore*.

The motion for a Special Committee was adopted.

*The Speaker*, yawning and retiring with—

"And 'tis remarkable that they

"Talk most, that have the least to say.

"Your daily speakers have the curse,

"To plead their causes down to rose:

"As dames who native beauty want,

"Still uglier look the more they paint."

*Exeunt omnes*—

DIOGENES returns his best acknowledgement to Prior and the *Quebec Chronicle*.

## "VERY LIKE A WHALE."

Yes,—very like a whale, and yet—not a whale! So very very like, indeed, that a grizzly Nantuckian, intent on blubber, ran off for a harpoon! O, this immortal ingenuity! It will immortalize Yankeedom when pumpkin-pies and gin-slings have faded into the twilight of another antiquity! Imitation hams, imitation nutmegs, hide your diminished heads!—we have an imitation whale! Great Philosopher! trim your Lantern, survey this monster of the shallows, and tell us all about it. Had this anomalous mammal a heart that could feel for another whale? Were its bones real whale-bones, or built up of used-up canes (smoked) that had once distended our Sairy Gamps? Tell us how these mechanistic deities, the quartette of Jonahs, that encumbered its breast and filled up its beautiful head, gained admittance? Did they creep through its gorge or crawl through its gills? Had it a pew at Brooklyn? Where did it take its bitters? Can it again be made an ocean traveller? If it can, let it be sent to tap the Atlantic line and intercept the briny lies. Will it give my friend Tomkins and family a lift across to Europe? He says he has so long and so vainly been trying to keep his head above water that he should like to go under once more, if only for the sake of old associations. For these and a hundred other particulars, the almighty big world looks to you, my dear sir, (excuse this familiarity,) and let me tell you, it expects impartiality. He would be disappointed if you allowed yourself to be influenced by the big fish of the Republican shoals; and equally so, did you submit to be deluded by the siren tricks of the Democratic minnows.

## PLEASURE.

On occasion of a recent hanging a respectable citizen paid a friend a visit, and found the gentleman and his wife at breakfast. "Going to see the hanging, Tom?" asked the visitor. "No, Bob," replied the wife, (wives are seldom slack in reply,) "We never takes any pleasure now-a-days!"

\* Older probably.—ED.

THE MEMBER FOR MONTREAL CENTRE TO THE  
HON. PREMIER OF THE QUEBEC GOVERNMENT.

*Air : Jeannette and Jeannot.*

We are going soon away,  
And have nothing heard as yet  
Of that precious Education Bill  
You seemingly forget ;  
But that Bill, Sir, *must* be introduced  
Before the members go ;  
Can you look me in the face  
And say the same, Chauveau ?  
Can you look me in the face  
And say the same, Chauveau ?

When you've passed *your* measures through,  
Kept in office by our aid,  
I fear that you will then forget  
The promises you've made ;  
With excuses on your tongue, Sir,  
And adherents at your side,  
You will laugh at us poor Protestants,  
And let *our* measure slide—  
You will laugh at us poor Protestants,  
And let our measure slide !

DIFFERENT VIEWS.

Our amusements and consolations are about as various as our tastes, and as singular. Mark T'apley's are not extremely uncommon. Some persons are never more hilarious than when they are abusing the world and all it contains, and recounting the illimitable list of injuries it has inflicted on all in general, and on one in particular. We have an acquaintance who is magnificent in this line ; never was such a generally injured man ; never one—not even excepting Job—who exhibited such patience under his sufferings. The other day he was out very strong indeed on the old tack, and he wound up by remarking, 'Yes, such is my patience and forbearance that I really believe people regard me as an ox.' 'I think you are mistaken,' said a bystander ; 'you are much more generally regarded (I have the decalogue in view) as the animal that comes after the ox !'

UNCERTAIN.

Montreal is purified by the presence of a person so supremely, so superlatively good, that never yet has woman been heard to say black was the white of his eye, or man seen to pelt his reputation with snow-balls that melted as they flew. Casuistical charlatans, ancient and modern, have been known to declare that a man's not having an enemy is not precisely proof conclusive that he is a seraph.—(By the bye, are not seraphs generally of the feminine gender?) An acquaintance, with a strangely contorted mind, actuated by that casuistical spirit to which a distant allusion has been made, has really had the wicked perversity to apply to this super-superfine character the unholy Italian proverb, *Tanto buon che zal niente* ; which, clothed in the vernacular, signifieth—so good that he is good for nothing." After this, where can virtue find an appreciative audience ?

FRIGHTFUL DEGENERACY.

Cruel ! Cruel ! Barbarous ! Inhuman ! Can you find, DIOGENES, any stronger expression to characterize the utter contempt that environs and smothers the softer emotions, that strangles the affections, bud and flower, in this our patent steel age ? If you can, employ it, though it be as adamant. Hear what a London, (England), journal of great circulation and some influence says :—"The exhibition of the Siamese Twins is a cold-blooded contempt of all that is reverent, all that is pitiful, all that is ordinarily human." And this is the way they now talk of the closest, the firmest, the most lasting attachment that has ever brightened the world in times ancient or modern !

WHAT CAN BE MEANT ?

"Why are you wandering here, I pray ?"  
A *pale* face said to a *red* one day.  
"Seeking for porter, and wine, and gin,  
Pale one, hither I came within."  
"Go ! go !" the pale face cried ;  
"Can it be needful for me to tell  
This is a reg'lar temp'rance hotel ?"

We have arrived at the conclusion that the remainder of this renowned ballad *might* have a de-flex effect on the brilliancy of Temperance Hotels ; therefore, out of regard to those admirable, though spiritless institutions, we cut it short, and suppress the uncharitable slanders implied, if not expressed.

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."

The following singular advertisement was cut from the *Daily Witness* of last Tuesday :

Wanted, a party to clean a yard of snow. Apply at — St. Paul street. Now, the means demanded in this advertisement, seem strangely disproportioned to the end. Here is a citizen who has a yard of snow, (*i.e.* 27 cubic feet) lying probably in front of his place of business. All that he has to do is to pay a boy a shilling, and the yard of snow will be promptly cleared away. But instead of adopting that simple course, he extravagantly incurs the expenses of an advertisement in the *Witness*. This, moreover, is not all. Our citizen is magnificent in his ideas. No *one* man or boy can perform the slight work for him satisfactorily. He must have "a party," say four or five labourers, to remove this insignificant heap. Really, this conduct seems to DIOGENES very foolish. But, after all, the folly of a private individual is no business of his, and he has perhaps done wrong in drawing public attention to the advertisement.

SLIGHTLY PUNGENT.

By England ejected,  
By New York rejected,  
And by many a place beside,  
He comes, in his ire,  
To bid us respire  
And to suck in his inhalations.  
But we say to his face,  
(So deficient of grace)  
We had quacklings enough before.

HERALDIC.

Peerages are sometimes characterized from the sources whence they sprung. Thus there are military peerages, political, diplomatic, territorial, legal, spiritual, royal, (generally left-handed affairs), commercial, intellectual—(rare birds indeed,) &c., &c. How will the heralds class Sir George's ? In his time he has played many parts—been lawyer, soldier, politician, saint, and sinner ! We apprehend there will be no other resource for those mysterious functionaries than to rank it among the "Miscellaneous," or to put it down among the *Odd Jobs*.

TAKEN INTO CONSIDERATION.

The property-holders of Kingston have presented a humble petition to the Hon. the Post-Master-General, praying that no further appointments be made from their city ; and alleging that, unless the official drain on the inhabitants be speedily checked, the place will be entirely depopulated. They repudiate any desire to embarrass the service of the Post Office, and express their willingness to submit to any sacrifice in case of necessity.



## THE THAW.

*Young Dry Goods*,—of the Volunteers—(who, by the bye, is inclined to be familiar)—“Do allow me to carry you across.”  
*Miss Muffin*, (with a slight drawl) “Not much!”



## OLD SONG WITH NEW ILLUSTRATION.

“This is no’ my ain hoose  
 I ken by the biggin’ o’t.”

[ALLAN RAMSAY.]

## BENDS—ROMAN AND GRECIAN.

What an eccentric,—what a resistless power is fashion *while it lasts!*—It defies opposition; its long skirts sweep away obstruction. Infinitesimal as its bonnets may be, they suffice to cover all and every objection. Its bends—Grecian or Roman—*bend*, not only every back, but every will. Chignons and Ritualism came in together: the happy inference is that both will depart in blissful union. Yes, DIOGENES,—philosopher of common sense and reason!—be re-assured; when the light and lamp of the first is extinguished, depend upon it, the candle of the second will be burnt down very low into the socket—ay, very low indeed!

## DISTANCE DIS-ASSIMILATES.

The most popular song in Kingston is “The Campbell’s are going.” The most *un*popular in Ottawa is, “The Campbell’s are coming.”

“TIS DISTANCE LENDS ENCHANTMENT TO THE VIEW.”

A gentleman, with the single purpose of putting Campbell’s pretty theory to a practical test, recently left England, and sailed away to Australia—leaving his wife behind him!

## THE BEST PARTY TIE.

Lord Palmérston once remarked,—There is nothing binds a man so securely to his party as a *garter*. We shall, perhaps see the application among ourselves before the termination of many decades.

## A SERIOUS JOKE.

Why is it impossible for hypocrites to reform?  
 Because they *cant* (*can't*.)

## A SCENE IN THE QUEBEC CIRCLE.

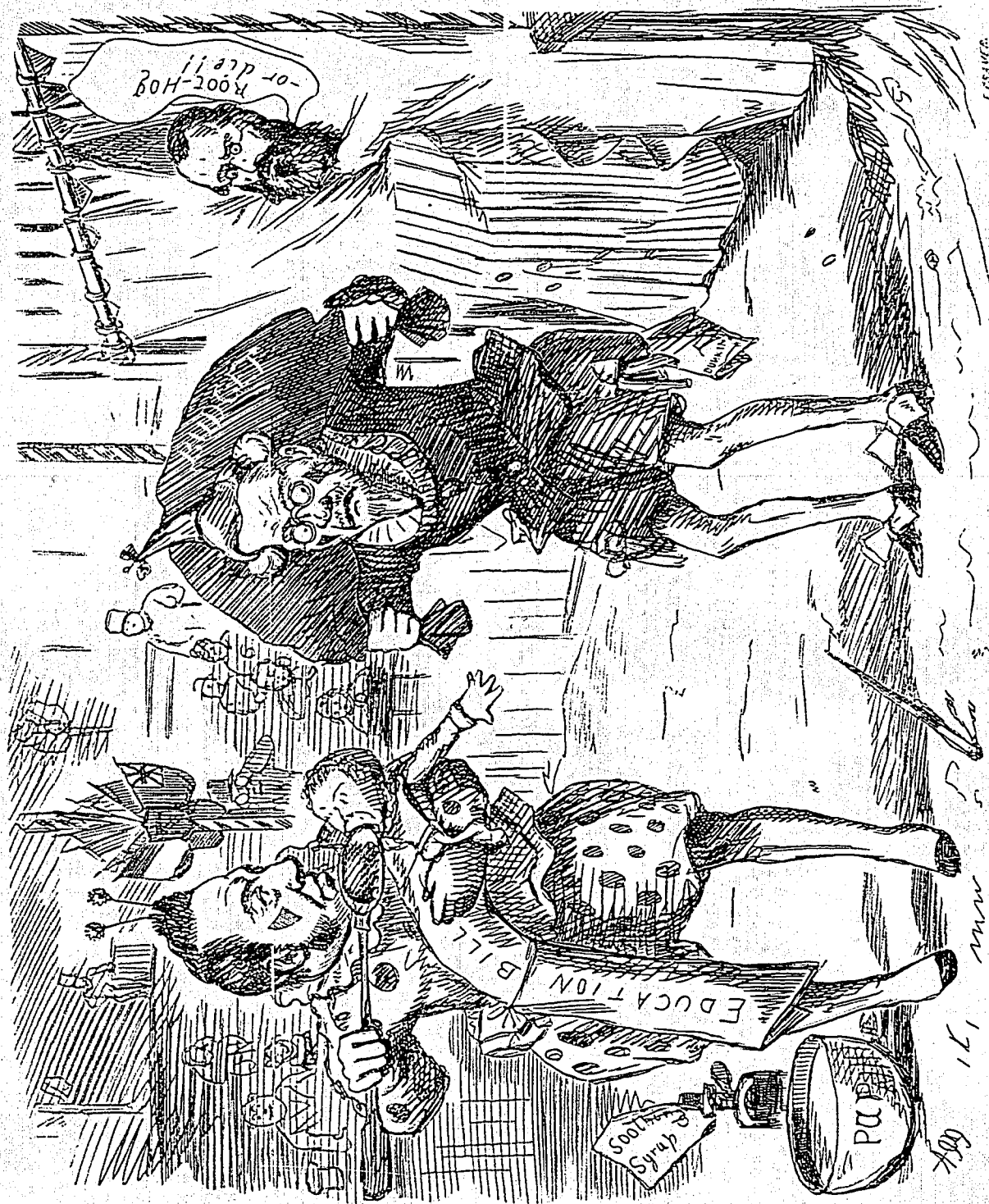
Pity the sorrows of a little man,  
 Weighted with load beyond his puny power;  
 He does his best,—the best a small man can,—  
 But sinks, contorted, in the trying hour.

Chauveau would willingly bestow his aid,  
 But all-engrossed, stuffs Education “Bill;”  
 While Cauchon’s grunt is heard from out the shade,  
 “Root, hog, or die,” he cries, “It is my will!”

An unseen jester,—Bellingham by name,—  
 Outside the ring, with ill-concealéd glee  
 To Dunkin cries,—“Why, man, you’re growing lame;  
 The load’s too great for you—give it to me!”

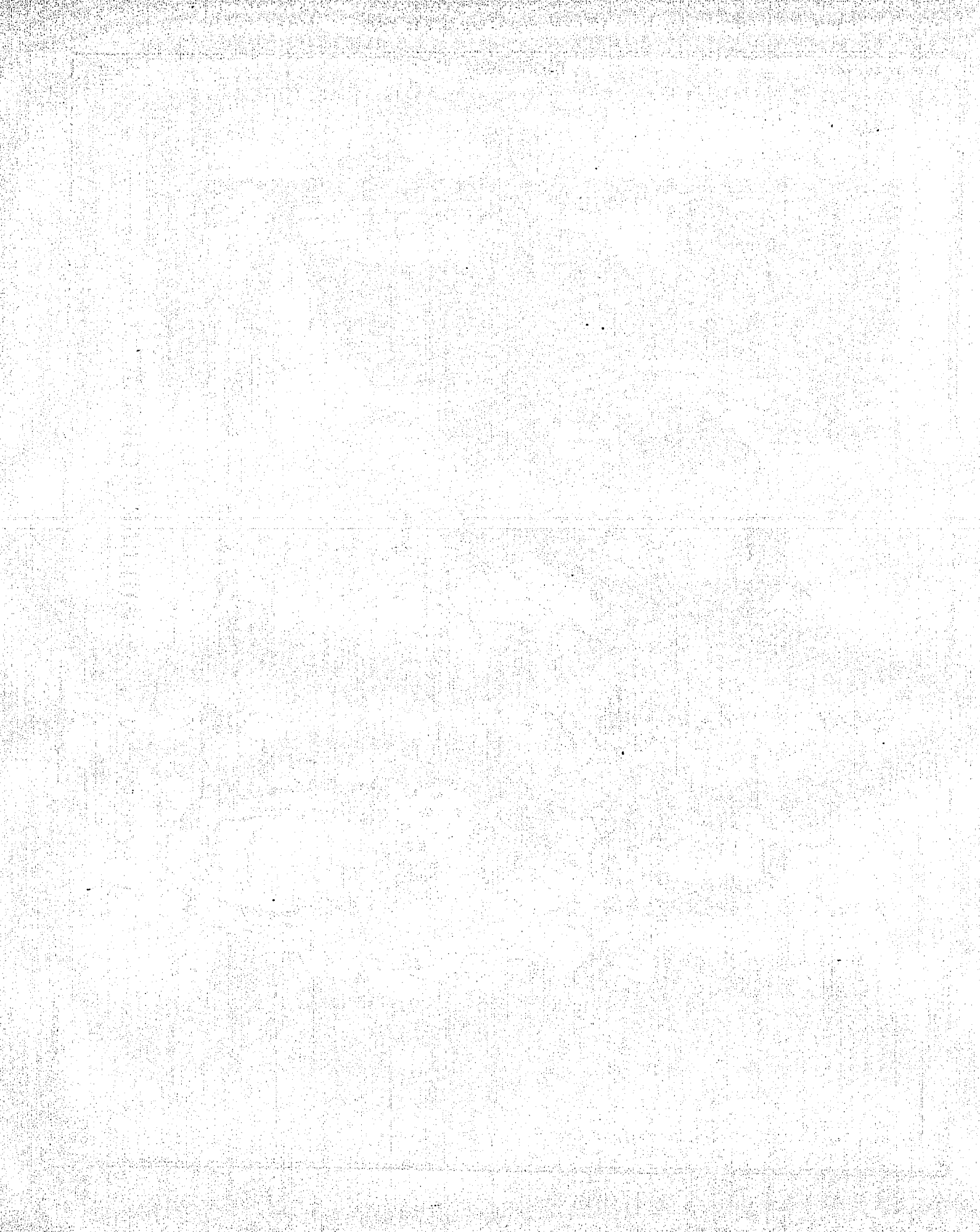
## SLIGHTLY FISHY.

The Toronto *Globe*, in an article on Pisciculture in Ontario, speaks of *Salmo Salar* as salmon that migrate to the sea. This explanation on the part of the *Globe* was quite unnecessary; as a matter of course, every sailor goes to sea.



A SCENE IN THE QUEBEC "CIRCLE."





## "POOR OLD ROBINSON CRUSOE."

A discussion recently took place at the Montreal Sunday School Teachers' Institute, on the topic of "Sunday-School Literature." The addresses delivered during the course of the debate were full of discrimination and sound sense. The remarks of Mr. Bolton, an American clergyman, were especially worthy of notice. But the Cynic was pained to read in his speech, a sentence (that he would fain deem unpremeditated,) condemnatory, to a certain extent, of one of the best books ever published. Mr. Bolton is reported to have said:

A great deal of carelessness was shown on the part of publishers of Sunday School libraries, with regard to the character of the books. The utmost caution ought to be observed as to the character of the books, which we put into the hands of children. They were in a high degree imitative, and often attempted to perform the feats they read about. *He was cognizant of alarming consequences resulting from the reading of such books as the "City Arab," and "Robinson Crusoe,"* which had somehow found their way into Sabbath School libraries.

DIOGENES, at present, has no knowledge whatever, of the book entitled the "City Arab." He does not believe that it enjoys an extraordinary circulation, or that the sayings and doings of a City Arab are likely to be closely imitated by even a small number of decently-trained children. But he does know and love "Robinson Crusoe;" and he is convinced that Mr. Bolton has been singularly deceived, and that no "alarming consequences" have ever resulted from the perusal of the story of the shipwrecked Solitary. Desert islands are not met with in everyday life or under ordinary circumstances; and boys and girls, as Mr. Bolton must know, have not the means, even if they had the will, to sail away from their comfortable homes in the vague hope of being wrecked, and performing the exploits of their picturesque hero. Such a charge as Mr. Bolton's has never before been brought against the fiction of Defoe. His language might have been excused, if he had been speaking of "Jack Sheppard," whom Ainsworth has represented as a model of gallantry and courage. But, in truth, it is almost profanity to mention the two works in the same breath. With the exception of the Bible and perhaps Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," "Robinson Crusoe" has been printed more frequently than any other volume in the English language. It has won universal admiration, and has been translated into nearly every known language. Childhood and youth, manhood and old age are alike captivated by its truthfulness to nature, and in consequence of its reality and simplicity it has become the book of all countries, of the illiterate as well of the learned; in short, of all classes of mankind. As a biographer of Defoe has said: "It contains, if not a treatise, at least a practical exemplification of a system of natural education, detailed with matchless truth." Mr. Bolton may not attach much value to the testimony of Rousseau; but a quotation from his *Emile* is, nevertheless, too remarkable to be omitted on the present occasion. DIOGENES commends it to the attention of all persons who entertain nervous apprehensions about the "alarming consequences" that may result from giving "Robinson Crusoe" to a child. "Puisqu'il nous faut absolument des livres, il en existe un qui fournit, à mon gré, le plus heureux traité d'éducation naturelle. Ce livre sera le premier que lira mon Emile; seul il composera long-temps toute sa bibliothèque, et il y tiendra toujours une place distinguée. Il sera le texte auquel tous nos entretiens sur les sciences naturelles ne servira que des commentaires. Il servira d'épreuve durant nos progrès à l'état de notre jugement; et tant que notre goût ne sera pas gâté, sa lecture nous plaira toujours. Quel est donc ce merveilleux livre? Est-ce Aristote? Est-ce Platon? Non; c'est *Robinson Crusoe*."

## DIOGENES WEEPS.

For once, we turn from mirth and jest aside,  
For quips and cranks assume a solemn strain,  
All the gay emblems of our calling hide  
Before dread Nemesis with direful train!

Cursed be he who sheddeth blood of man!  
Cursed be he who woman's honor stains!  
Neither, swift vengeance ever yet outran—  
Man may forget, but Nemesis remains.

What shall we say of that infernal guile,  
Which more than life—which *honor* stole away?  
A villain's theft, with all a coward's wile!  
Horror benumbs—we know not what to say.

What shall we say of that young daring hand  
Who took both God's and man's decrees and doom  
In its unhallowed palm?—murder's red brand,  
Burns on his brow,—will follow to the tomb!

The spoiler's gone! life's madd'ning race is o'er,  
His sins are sleeping in a bloody grave!  
His spirit rests upon the funknown shore—  
May mercy o'er him yet her pinions wave.

The daring boy, for man to judge, is here:  
And what his doom? he may not scatheless go:  
*We* can't absolve—yet many, many a tear  
At judgment harsh, would freely, pitying, flow.

Close the dread scene—but may its lesson last;  
That grave be eloquent for evermore;  
Then, not for nought that life away has past  
Great Lord, Supreme, o'er all thy mercy shower!

## "THE COUNTRY'S SAFE."

The Kingston petition has been taken from under consideration, and the petitioners have been favored with a reply. The Hon. the Postmaster-General appeals to them as fathers and relations; and, in very touching terms, reminds them of the duty they owe to their sons and their cousins, their brothers, nephews and uncles, their step-sons and brothers-in-law, their sons-in-law, and their grandfathers and grandmothers. He also appeals to them as citizens of this illimitable Dominion, and tells them plainly that but for their aid and that of their surroundings, the machinery of government must come to a stand-still. He says there are none beside them who can properly oil its wheels and springs. The result is most gratifying. An address is now being prepared in old Frontenac, in which the worthy burghers inform the Hon. Minister that they wish to withdraw their ill-judged petition, and are rejoiced to be able to tell him that they have still fifty *dear* ones left out of the original seven hundred—all the rest provided for—whom they will consent to sacrifice on the altars of their country's offices. *On dit*: The forthcoming *Gazette* will contain a proclamation appointing a day of general thanksgiving.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Without the one the other could not be;  
Without the other who on earth could see?  
Without the two old Chaos gain arrives  
Yet *sans* the two we pass one half our lives.  
One with the other join, and you'll have then  
A gift divine to weary, toiling men.

1. How little we think, when in youth's happy hour  
We dash the bright dew from its crest,  
That when life with its joys fades and dies like a flower,  
Beneath its soft bosom we'll rest.

2. In Spencer's "Fairie Queen" you'll find  
A lady, modest, timid, kind;  
Whose word the savage beast obeys,  
As at her feet itself it lays.

3. Who on earth do we love more than a father or mother,  
More than husband or wife,—more than sister or brother,  
Or than self?

Whose interest is dearer, more sought than our own,  
And who, without sorrow, to manhood has grown,  
Who's that elf?

## "MY HAT."

## A YANKEE TALE.

THE following narrative will, probably, be read with some interest, and when it is made known how it came into my possession, the reader will have no more reason than I to doubt its authenticity. Its simplicity and consistency, to say nothing of the very remarkable and suggestive discovery at its close, prove that it is in no way allied to the sensational fictions of wars and rumors of wars, invasions and subjugations, such as those that startled the few and amused the many, in the early part of the summer of 1863.

Business called me to Quebec during the session of the Provincial Legislature. In the Reporters' gallery of the Assembly I formed an acquaintance with a gentleman, who was employed there in the same capacity as myself. Our connection ripened into intimacy. We had both of us seen a considerable portion of this earth's surface, and both our lives, for quiet-going men, had been tinged, to a certain extent, with adventure. We often amused ourselves by the relation of our "experiences." On one occasion my friend commenced the narrative of the incidents which I am about to give. Suddenly stopping, he said, "By the bye, I have this in writing, and you shall see it; and you may make any use you please of it. I will not, if you think it worth while, even restrain you from publication." I availed myself of the permission, and here it is; a tale of smartness not often excelled, ending with a catastrophe not yet fully developed, and at which the world may yet grow pale!

Some months ago I was staying for a time at Ottawa, a delightful city in Central Canada. The hotel in which I resided,—the Russell House,—was, at the same time, honored with the presence of a gentleman, whose name on the hotel book stood thus: *Sir Marmaduke Kelwyn, Bart.* I often pondered over this designation. I fancied that I was tolerably well-acquainted—I mean by repute,—with the baronetage of the United Kingdom, but this name I could by no means recall. I took an opportunity to say something to our host on the subject, but only in the way of enquiry.

"He is a Nova Scotian Baronet," said mine host.

"That explains the mystery," said I.

It is quite needless, as positively, there is not a lady in the case, to waste one word on a personal description of Sir Marmaduke. We associated,—the baronet and I,—as strangers generally associate at hotels. We met at the tables, joined in general conversation, exchanged cigars and other little courtesies of hotel life, and knew no more of each other than if oceans had always divided us. But a change was very near at hand. How this originated I cannot very clearly or with certainty define. We probably drifted into intimacy as nations sometimes drift into war. In my own mind I have generally attributed it to a cause that will be set down as the most trifling that ever drew men or minds together. With ladies, in fact, the same circumstance would have produced an exactly contrary effect—divergence in place of cohesion—for where is the woman who, unmoved, can see another woman wearing a bonnet precisely similar to her own? Well, thus occurred an incident—minute enough to be considered ridiculous—which promised to have momentous results, involving nothing less than the fate of nations. The weather had, rather suddenly, set in fine and warm, and in consequence I had resumed my summer hat. The same hat had previously done duty for three or four seasons. Who would have thought that the simple fact of my placing a fresh covering on my apex would lay the foundation of events that might have frightened the world from its propriety? It may be as well to remark that there was nothing very peculiar about this same hat; its architecture was of the "stove-pipe" order; its color light gray; and it was felty and napless. Events proved it had not imparted the latter quality to the head it covered. Sir Marmaduke was standing at the bottom of the stairs when I came down, wearing my hot-weather covering for the first time. As his eye caught the change, a bland smile overspread his countenance; he sprang up stairs. On his return traces of that same smile remained and I observed with more amusement than surprise, that he had donned a hat, a perfect fac-simile of my own! Strange! there was most assuredly an attraction, a fascination, or some other subtle influence of the kind connected with these hats. A something unaccountable, but unmistakable, told me that the baronet and I were no longer mere casual acquaintances,—that henceforth we were friends. He soon gave me a proof of the change that had so unconsciously stolen over us both. "Come my boy," said he, at the same time slapping me on the shoulder (the disparity of our ages was not so great as, of itself, to warrant such a freedom), "suppose we get down to the river and have a row. I believe you are very fond of the amusement."

I assented, and to the river we went.

When we reached the stream, I engaged the skiff I generally used, and asked my companion if he would allow me to coach him.

"No! no!" said he, "I have heard—(I hear everything)—that you rather pride yourself on your rowing, and I am going to have a turn with you. I'll promise you one thing—if I can't beat you I'll give you a breathing."

I had an inward chuckle over this, never yet having met with an amateur who could do *much more* than beat me. I was in first rate condition too, just then, and I thought that my new friend, sinewy and active as he was, would have been in better trim with a stone or two less flesh.

He refused the offer to take the boat I had fixed on; chose another, almost at random; and in a minute we were at work and well out in the stream.

"Up or down?" bawled he.

"As you please."

"How far off is that big bluff right ahead, down the river?"

"Ten miles."

"Shall we go and have a look at it?"

"By all manner of means."

"Well, then, here's off," said Sir Marmaduke, at the same time going at it in earnest. He, certainly, was a capital rower; and the pace he was doing made me put on steam, and look to my bellows. Not that I had any very great difficulty in keeping well abreast of him, for it was not a chicken he was pitted against; but it seemed to me he kept a good bit of play bottled up, and I took care of myself accordingly. Once or twice, in the course of three or four miles, I had put on a spurt just as a feeler. He did not at all put himself out of the way; rowed stiff and steady; but never let me get half a length ahead. At about five miles down he got a little athwart my bows and threw his oars out of the row-locks. "We have had almost enough of this, haven't we?" said he. "You row well, and I think you will admit that I can do a little bit; make it a drawn match and steer for home."

"By all means," said I, "and I must thank you for sparing me a defeat."

His response, which was very complimentary and very self-denying, it is hardly necessary to repeat. We turned around and rowed quietly along as near together as we could without fouling, chatting as we went. The only incident that occurred on our way home arose from his asking me if I had ever tried to keep clear of a man who could row as well as, or better than myself, and who wanted to catch or foul me. I said that I had once or twice, and he proposed that we should waste a minute or two in a trial. We did so, he was the pursuer, and we had rather a hard tussle of it. A clever sheer, which took me round him as he was coming stern on, ended the chase. In a few minutes more we were ashore and on the way to our quarters. Unimportant as this little affair may appear, it was not got up without an object. It recurred to me very forcibly on an after occasion. As we walked home, the baronet asked me if I could swim. This was with me the weakest among a good many weak points. "I really believe, sir, I could swim for a week if the minnows would be kind enough to jump into my mouth that I might eat and live."

"You are certainly a Crichton," said my friend with a hearty laugh.

We parted, after I had promised to spend the evening in the baronet's apartment.

The present result of our afternoon's amusement was this:—it made the baronet and myself thoroughly acquainted with each other, at least, *so I thought*. He, I now knew, in addition to his title, was a huge merchant, with houses or agencies in London, Halifax, New York, and fifty places beside, and he was also largely engaged in furnishing the Federals with munitions and sinews of war; and he knew that I was "on the press," but at present engaged in the very important, and equally remunerative task of doing nothing.

[In his account of the evening interview my friend observes a very commendable brevity, a proof, that, as events rose in importance, he rose with them, for brevity is a characteristic of great minds on great occasions.]

The evening was spent as per arrangement, and at its conclusion I found myself, to the surprise of no one more than the person principally concerned, under engagement to proceed to the West Indian Islands for the transaction of certain matters of business for my friend Sir Marmaduke Kelwyn.

On the morrow I was to start, and on the morrow I was to receive my instructions.

These instructions were as brief as they were simple:—Encumber yourself with as little luggage as possible—a small valise was to hold all my travelling gear—get on as fast as you can to New York, and lose no time in calling on Mr. —, of — street. That gentleman will secure you a passage and do all that is necessary. You will receive further instructions when you reach your destination.

"My destination—where is that?" said I.

"The West Indies."

"Rather an extended address," I rejoined.

"You will find it all right," said my friend smiling.

I said no more. It would be no use denying the fact—that man held me in the hollow of his hand, and he knew it, if I did not.

The train went at mid-day. I sent my little valise down to the station and the baronet and I walked. As we went he availed himself of the opportunity to give me a little advice and instruction. "In the first place," he said, "as a time like this deranges business, and renders precautions of an unusual and, as it may appear to you, of a singular character, necessary, I will give you a simple means of discovering if the persons you come into contact or are directed to communicate with, are entitled to your confidence. It is a sort of masonic sign, and would have nothing ridiculous about it to one of the craft.

(To be continued.)

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INSURANCE.

OFFICE OF THE ORIENT MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY, New York, 28th January, 1869.)

THE following STATEMENT of the AFFAIRS of this COMPANY, on the 31st day of December, 1868, is published in conformity with the provisions of its Charter:-

ASSETS,

31ST DECEMBER, 1868.

Table with 2 columns: Description of assets and Amount. Includes Cash in Banks, United States Stock, Stocks of States and Corporations, Loans on demand, Subscription Notes, Bills Receivable, Accrued Interest and Unsettled Accounts.

Total amount of Assets... \$1,609,277 30

The Board of Trustees have resolved to pay Six per cent. Interest on the outstanding Scrip Certificates to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on or after the 1st March next.

After allowing for probable losses in the case of vessels out of time, and unsettled claims, they have also (in addition to a Bonus of Ten per cent. paid in cash on the Subscription Notes) declared a Dividend, free from Government Tax, of Twenty-five per cent. on the net amount of Earned Premiums of the year ending 31st December, 1868, for which Certificates will be issued, on and after the 1st March next, to Dealers entitled to the same.

The accumulations of this Company having reached, with the past year's earnings, the sum of \$900,000, they have further resolved, in view of the increased business of the Company, to postpone the redemption of Scrip until the total accumulations exceed \$1,000,000.

By order of the Board,

CHARLES IRVING, Secretary.

TRUSTEES.

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EUGENE DUTILH, President.

ALFRED OGDEN, Vice-President.

CHARLES IRVING, Secretary.

NOTICE.

This Company issue, when desired, Policies and Certificates, payable in London and Liverpool, at the Counting Rooms of Messrs. DRANE, KLEINWORT & COHEN.

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Montreal, Feb. 4. 1869.

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CENTRE WARD.

To P. M. CHRISTIE, Esq., MONTREAL.

WE, the undersigned Electors, understanding that a vacancy has occurred in the Representation of the Centre Ward by the resignation of Councillor Holland, and having full confidence in your ability and integrity, respectfully request that you will allow yourself to be nominated as a Candidate to represent us in the City Council in his stead, and, in the event of your doing so, we pledge you our votes and influence to secure your election:

- Richard Holland, Henry Lyman, A Bernard, A McGibbon, J B L Rolland, Andrew Wilson, T Morland, Thos Caverhill, H Stephens, B Gibb, Geo W Warner, Nelson Davis, W Minchin, J J Ascher, T Henderson, J Foulds, T Crathern, Geo Horne, E Pickup, A Buchignani, E Buchignani, J H Nichols, G W Warren, C J Meeker, R Esdalle, A J Holland, R Graham, W Easton, T S Brown, E Lyman Mills, W McKenzie, D A Ansell, G Devere, H Mulholland, J W Benson, Geo Boucher, Ed Graves, John Street, T W Boyd, I M Dufresne, Thos McGarity, J B McKeacher, J E Davignon, E G Mellor, Z D Laurier, J F Raymond, G A Gagnon, Phillip Henry, Oscar Turgeon, D T Irish, Robert W. Boyd, Jas Morice, R Hendery, R Jellyman, John C Ford, Samuel Dick, P Gauthier, L Verrais, T Fahrand, Thos G Rice, Thos Cowen, W Lighthall, R A Ramsay, Hugh Brodie, jun, R Beaufield, J F Swanstott, T R Johnson, R J Wickstead, F A Quinn, A Desjardin, Thos Yeoman, M Dempsey, A Brunette, J A Perkins, jun, Michael Ryan, Richd Bolton, John Fraser, E H Botterell, Jos Barette, Jas Price, T R Marshall, J D Pelletier, J L Mareau, G Kellert, T B R Dufresne, Geo Maybank, G Latican, W Weir, W Robinson, R Mackenzie, Chas A Marchand, W L Kinnmond, P Leighton Kinnmond, W Galt Hill, G L Rolland, Andrew Gabbay, Wm McGibbon, J L Cassidy, Thos Mussen, V Hudon, Henry Thomas, M Laframboise, P Lamothe, P R Lafrenaye, T Maxwell Bryson, Jno Monk, J P Cleghorn, M H Seymour, M Doherty, Robt Anderson, Wm Darling, Theo Lyman, W McGibbon, John Kerry, M Galerneau, E Perrault, H C Davis, J J Dugdale, MD, W Clendinning, W Lyon, A Michaels, H Sanders, A Saunders, G A Perry, A Schwob, M Schwob, Geo Melver, E Muir, Jos Carlisle, J Botterell, D Botterell, J Braudi, Jas Moore, Geo Moore, D A Harper, Jas Reid, John P Kelly, John S Shearer, J H Mackadie, Thos Aubin, James Jack, Wm Cowie, C F G Laviolette, R Benny, W H Clare, E B Macpherson, Walter M Rice, G Macrae, Thos S Scott, Jas Scullion, L Armstrong, J D Bennett, E M Lovelace, Ant O. Brousseau, J Lawson & Co, L J A Surveyor, John Wood, Jos Rielle, P D Browne, John Watson, H W Ireland, E Muir, H Corrigan, J Benny, Jno Ives, Jas Rose, J Y Gilmour, Thos Robertson, Arch Laurie, W Angus, W A Lawrence, P Moretti, W Adams, T A Evans, T R Evans, W S Patterson, J T Wilson, J A Pillow, Randolph Hersey, Jno Kennedy, J G Tranchemontagne, Louis Gauthier, G T Mayrand, S E Dawson, J S Dawson, William Roberts, R Reinhold, C T Irish, G B Burland, A Davidson Parker, A Cross, P B Winning, S St Onge, L Franchere, P Quinn, W Jacques

- J Kirkup, T Tiffin, jun, H Swain, Jno Wilson, Walter Scott, H L Routh, G Smith, D Smith, W Laslett, Thos Fraser, John Jamieson, A Giberton

- Hector Lamontagne, Jos Doutre, Gonzalve Doutre, G N Gauthier, N Languereau, E Labille, A Girard, Chas W Hagar, A Brodeur, Thos Bell, Samuel Neil, Wm Dangerfield

To Messrs. Holland, Lyman, Bernard, McGibbon, &c., &c.

The numerous signed requisition that you have done me the honour to present is exceedingly gratifying, assuring me, as it does, of the confidence and support of such a large and influential number of the electors of the Centre Ward, and induces me to accept the nomination you so kindly proffer. In the event of being elected, I will endeavor, with attention and fidelity, to discharge my duty as your representative.

I have the honour to be, Gentlemen, Your obedient servant, P. M. CHRISTIE. March 12.

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