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(ESTABLISHED 1845.)
HOLIDAY SEASON—1869.

The Subscriber is prepared to supply, as of old:—
FRESH FRUIT—All Kinds, SPICES—Pure, Ground and Whole, FLOUR—Finest Pastry, FRUIT SYRUPS—Very Fine, Farquhar and Wilson's WINTER BEVERAGE,
 And a general assortment of First-class Family Groceries.
W. D. McLAREN, 247 St. Lawrence, Corner (639) of St. Catherine Street.
 The **COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER** a specialty. The Trade supplied.

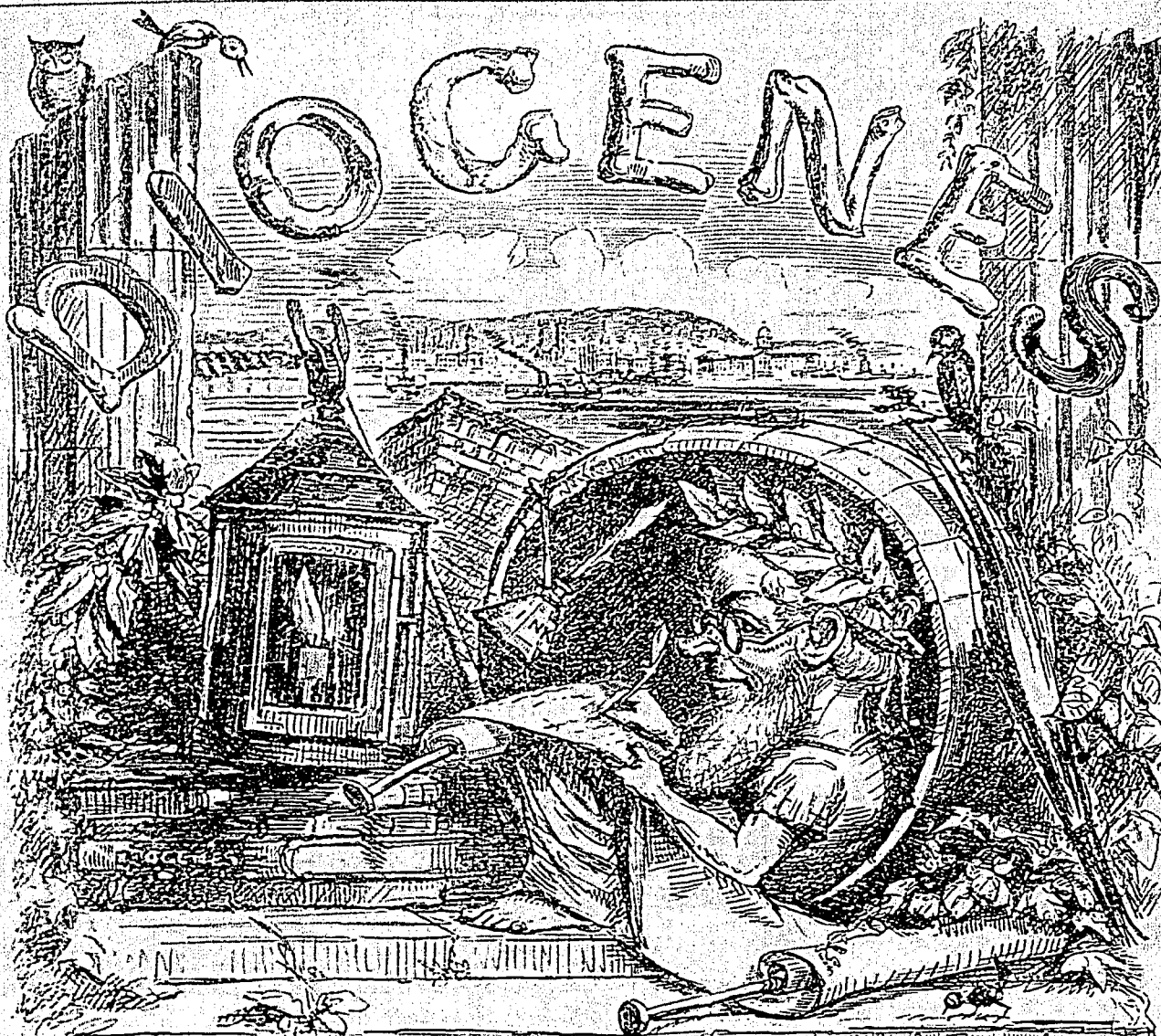
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Dr. Babcock's UTERINE
 Supporter for Pro-lapsus, Retroversion, and Anteversion, made of pure Silver, and warranted by the Doctor to cure in the majority of cases.
HENRY R. GRAY
 Dispensing and Family Chemist, 144 St. Lawrence Street, MONTREAL.
 (Established 1859)

ALL THE LATEST ENGLISH AND AMERICAN FASHION BOOKS
 AT THE Diogenes' Office, 27 St. James' Street, MONTREAL.

H. CORRIGAN, Shakespeare Inn, 77 St. Francois Xavier Street.

LUNCH every day from 12 to 4. Oysters cooked to order. A choice assortment of Wines, Spirits, Cigars, and DOW'S Celebrated Ales. Oyster Patties unexcelled in the City.

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 NOW READY, "THE INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869,"
 With Notes and Decisions of the Courts of Ontario and Quebec, together with the Rules of Practice and Tariff of Fees for the Provinces of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, by JOHN POPHAM, Barrister-at-Law. Price 5s.
Dawson Bros.



Vol. III.—No. 5. MONTREAL, 17th DECEMBER, 1869. Price—Five Cents.

Queen's Arms Cheese, Cheddar Cheese, Stilton Cheese,
 And another supply **FRESH ENGLISH COBNUTS**, ex "Peruvian."
ALEX. MCGIBBON.

1869.
CHRISTMAS!
 Fancy Goods
 FINEST PERFUMES, Brushes, Combs, Sponges, Soaps, and other Toilet requisites.
BAKING POWDER
 Flavoring Extracts and SYRUPS all kinds.
 For sale by **J. E. D'AVIGNON**
 CITY DISPENSARY, 252 Notre Dame Street, (opposite Mussen's.)

PATCH'S FILE PASTE.
 Prepared only by **DR. PATCH,** 364, Strand, London.
 A perfect cure where a surgical operation is not absolutely necessary.
J. Rogers & Co., 133 St. James' Street, AGENTS.

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 AT THE Diogenes' Office, 27 St. James' Street, MONTREAL.

NEW MUSIC.
THE PRINCE ARTHUR MARCH,
 By Mr. O. Pelletier, Played by the Rifle Brigade Band at the Drill Shed Concert on the 17th.
De Zouche Bros., 351 Notre Dame Street.

ITALIAN WAREHOUSE.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Now merrily sound the Christmas bells,
 And hearts are cheerily glowing:
 And out on the wide waste moors and fells
 Sharp winter's winds are blowing:
 But pile up the fire,

And your hearts to inspire
 Join hand in hand together,
 Singing, Christmas is here,
 With his old Christmas cheer,
 And his old merry Christmas weather.

CHAMPAGNES.

Moet and Chandon's "Extra," pints and quarts,
 Moet and Chandon's "No. 1," " " "
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 Max. Sutaïne & Co.'s Versenay.

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"Chateau Margaux," "Chateau Lafitte," "Margaux," "St. Julien," "Medoc," in pints and quarts.

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Chateau Margaux, 1858, Chateau Lafitte, 1858, Chateau Latour, 1858, Chateau Latour, 1861, Chateau Lafitte, 1864.
 Haut Sauterne, Sauterne, Barsac.
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Red Burgundy, White Burgundy, Pale and Gold Sherries, Superior Old Port, White Port, Madeira.

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Chartreuse, Maraschino, Curacoa, Noyeau, Orange Bitters, and Assorted.

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HOCK and MOSELLE, Still and Sparkling.

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 "STEINBERG" (Duke of Nassau's Cabinet), "ZELTINGEN," "BRAUNEBERG."
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With the Largest and most Complete Assortment of CHRISTMAS DELICACIES and CHOICE GROCERIES ever offered to the Public of Montreal.

ALEX. MCGIBBON, 67 St. James Street.

GOLD-BACKED **P**LAYING-CARDS

For 20 cents!

PLAIN PLAYING CARDS FOR 7 CENTS!

A BOX OF BOSTON INITIAL STATIONERY for 30 CENTS.
 COMMERCIAL NOTE, 90 CENTS PER REAM.

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Diaries,

Gold Pens (Foley's),

Antique Note Paper,

Dove Note Paper,

SMITH'S METALLIC MEMORANDUMS,

STEPHENS', TODD'S and WALKDEN'S

I N K S,

&c., &c., &c., &c.

AT THE OFFICE OF

"DIOGENES,"

27 St. James' Street.



LONDRES 1862



PARIS 1867

SAVAGE, LYMAN & CO.

Are Sole Agents for the Dominion of the above justly Celebrated

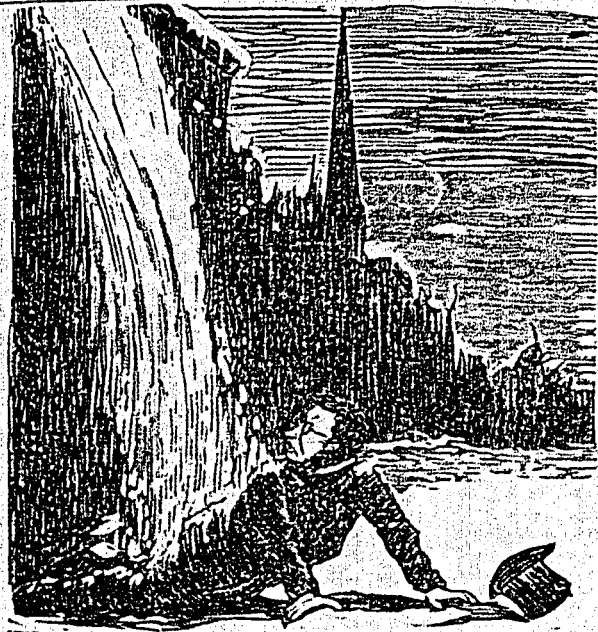
WATCHES.

ALSO, IN STOCK, A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF SWISS, ENGLISH AND AMERICAN MADE WATCHES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

FINE JEWELLERY AND ELECTRO-PLATED WARE.

Savage, Lyman & Co.,

271 Notre Dame Street (Sign of the Illuminated Clock).



EFFECTS OF A THAW!

MR. SMITH (FROM THE OLD COUNTRY) PERAMBULATES ST. JAMES' STREET ON THE NIGHT OF HIS ARRIVAL AND MEETS WITH RATHER A COLD RECEPTION.

ZEKE TRIMBLE ON "DIGNITIES."

Deer old Di:—i was sumwhot kerflustered the other day, when recved a card invitin miself, Betsy, and mi dawter Evangeliney, to a party to meat thee Prins. I knew that all our airystoxracy wood be thair, so i hurred home & told Betsy & Evangeliney to spare no expens in gettin dri goods, and, if thn hadent enuff jooliry, to ware awl thay had and borry thee rest, as these ware hard times.

Wal, wen thee time kum, we hired a slay and druv to the sete uv war. After waitin sum ours for Betsy and the gurl to git down from the dressin rume, i entered thee recepshun rume. When Our Names wad announced to thee host and hostess, there was quite a flutter into thee rume. Betsy was dressed in a white dress, with a yallow underskert, a blu panyeer & a lite green skarf with gold spangels thareon. She wore a reath uv immitashun crabappels. Her silph like form (she ways 221 lbs.) set oph these things to perfection. Evangeliney wore a yallow morcantique silk dress, wich kost 4 dollars a yard to Morgan's; a green underskert & a panyeer uv real flowers. She had on her bewteful wrist a braeclet of kaingrim stones, presented to her by the St. Andrew's Society; and a dimond necklace which i purchased cheep into the Palay Royal when i was in Paris. She was the bell of the evenin,—so everybuddy sed when thay spoke to me of her. I had on my best bloo koat & brass buttons, white kids, & one of mi latest pattern paper kollars and dick-eyes, which kant be distinguished from the pure irish linen. [I forgot to say that it was my friend Smith and his wife who gave the party.] i remarked to Smith that times had changed much sence we hed 1st cum to the kuntry, when we hadent a penny in our poekits, drank whisky insted of shampane, & went to partees where folks announced thareselves and danned the hilland sling together.

"Zeke," sez he, "them was happy times; &" sez he, "i prefer whisky now fur a strate drink to awl the shampane that could flote a ship!"

At this moment the prins was announced, and in walks the Mare, a smilin & bowin, & after him kums the Prins. The Mare introduced the Prins, and we awl immedieately kummenced to dans.

I hed bin dansin sum time in my kustomary vigurus stile, when Smith kums up to me, and, sez he, "thee Prins is anxshus to bekum aquainted with you."

Wal, i went up stares to the little rume which had bin fitted up for him as a privet studdy, and, sure enuff, the nobil yung fello was there. Sez he, "Mister Trimble, i hav heard of you, & i am delited to see you & sein i stood up, he sed "take a chare; i want to talk to you of men & things into Kanady."

Here he got up, looked around to see if the Mare was under the bed, & findin he was out, he shet the door.

"Now," sez he, "whot is yure opinion of the Mare, & why duz he follo me so?"

"Wal," sez i, "the Mare iz a mild temperd, amcabel, good natured, disinterested and trooly virtuous man. He iz a grate finanseer, tho he kant rase thee stock of his Bank abuv par, and sumtimes its below it. He iz a gai & festiv kuss when you make him angry. He loves his enemies, & iz charitable to his friends, & iz good at forgivin anybuddy who crosses him. Now," sez i, "az to his expectashuns thay air grate; fur he dont generaly aim low, altho i hev heard that he was editin a one-horse comick paper. But lite literytoor is not his 40. He shines more in thee heavyer walks ov intellectooal pursootes, & he iz fond of ladies' sossiety and widdurs. He thinks he's handsom, but my Betsy says his booty iz spiled bi not wearin mi last Byron kollar. Furthumore," sez i, "he's expectin to be nited. He expex to be made a nite of the Order of the Bath; but my Betsy, who iz a smart gurl—ef i say so, wich shoodont—sez that thee only order of nitehood wich will be successful into this kuntry is thee Order of thee Golden Calf; & i think she iz rite. 'No man iz a heero to his own valce de shambre,' sez Shakespeare in Hamlet's famous solillyquee; and in this kuntry, wee air so famylier with each other's antycedents that a handle to a man's name dont change our opinyons of his previous kareer."

Heer the shampane was brot in. After drinkin "Her Majesty, God Bless Her!" the Prins got familyer, & sez he:

"Zeke, now tell me whot the peepel think uv me into Kanady; be frank," sez he, "for frankness is a virtoo rarely seen nowadays."

Sez i, "it aint often that i am in Prinsely kumpany, & yoo'll hev to excuse me if i say that, wherever i am, ile tell thee trooth and shame thee devil." Sez i, "Thare's too much callin things bi rong names nowadays. Sum old Anglo Saxon words hev bekum obsolete. Steelin iz only finansing; swindlin iz only temporary aberrashun of thee mental fakilities, et setery. In thee good old times thay kalled things bi thare rite names, and i am 1 of those wich stiek to old fashion plates, in this particklyer. Altho mi paper collar bizness is ta sum extent a decepshun, i allus tell my kustomers they are paper. Therefore i may say I will be frank & tell you whot peepel think of you into Kanady."

"Thay say you air a jolly good fello & no nonsens about you. i hev no dout thet thee abuv expreshun of opinion is onparliamentary; but, in the words of thee poit, 'them's mi sentiments,' and so say we all of us." Sez i: "Her Majesty, your mother, lives in the harts of her Kanajun subjects as a trooly grate soveren. Wee luv her, & wee air prepaired to treat her children well for her good sake. We find you a chip of the old block, and we air proud to make you happy anungst us." Sez i: "Yoo needent feel hurt at awl our pretty gurls sturin at you so. Bless thare pretty faces! thay hev awl set thare harts on sum 1 wich is a prins to them, & thay only look at yoo to see how much yoo resembel thair prins." Sez i: "Tho i am old, i kin konsiensshusly say thet i hev traveld awl over the world, and thare aint no nicer, pruttier gurls anywhere than in this dominyun of Kanady, not forgettin Novy Scooshy, Quebec, & Port Hope. Thair's mi Evangeliney," sez i, "altho her hare is sumwhot red, she's as bewteful as the Venus de Medichy, and kin make a darnd site better bread out of potater yeast. Those air thee kind of gurls we want into this kuntry,—gurls thet kin help a fello, and play upon the broomstick as well as the pianny 40. But a troos to these sad reflexshuns; i bore thee," sez i to his ryal hiness.

"Yes," sez he, in artless innosens, "yoo doo!" & off he went to dans with the pretty gurls we had ben speekin of.

I returned to Betsy & Evangeliney, who, heerin of mi intymissy with thee Prins, had refoosed severial advantageous offers to dans, for wich pees of human fralety i lectured Evangeliney (its no use sayin enything to Betsy).

Sez i: "Liney (i coll her thus for brevity), yoo must not despise ordinary mortals bekos thare iz a chance to dans with a Prins; where yoo are asked 100 bi a Prins, thee chances air yoo never will bee agane. Litenin never strikes twice in the same plais; and," sez i, "fortyninthly, thair aint thee slitest chance of thee Prins a marryin you, & thares yung Smith a strugglin hard to make a competency & he a'lores you, & he will be in this kuntry when the Prins is gone."

This argyment took her down sum, and we went up to supper. Betsy hed a good appetite, & Smith's lobster salad suffered, and we went home to sleep—as the poit sez, "purchanse to dream"—not much better, but sumwot wiser from having seen and talked to His Ryal Hiness.

Yours trooly,

ZEKE TRIMBLE.

A COCK AND BULL STORY.—The cartoon in the last *Clown and Horse-Collar*.

ALL ABOUT SIGNS.

An advertiser in a city daily paper says he wants a second-hand sign-board, of which he gives the dimensions. There are sundry friends of the Recorder's ready to supply the want, provided the name is given. These dark, long nights, are favorable, and sign-boards are "thick as leaves in Val-Ambrosa;" but all have names and trades on them,—consequently the commission is vague. Talking of sign-boards, a story of Glasgow impudence is told *apropos* of these commercial necessities. A Scotch thief, they say, is the most impudent of all thieves, and a Glasgow thief the most impudent in Scotland. So thought Deacon Aitchison, the shoemaker in the Gallowgate. One morning the bare-footed, red-legged gilpie that swept his shop out, and opened his windows, reported to her master, who was bolting his oatmeal for breakfast, that a man with a fine sign-board was in the shop wanting to sell it cheap. The Deacon wiped his mouth and exclaimed:

"Odd,—that's queer! it has my ain name on't!"

"Nai doubt," said his customer, "I thocht it wad be o' mair use to you Deacon, than ony body else."

"The honest shoemaker made an easy bargain and paid the price, asking "no questions for conscience sake;" but he was an angry son of Crispin when he found that the scoundrel had sold him his own sign-board!

Talking of shoemakers,—another son of the craft established himself in a country town just opposite a man of the same trade. He stuck up over his door a magnificent new (not second hand) sign, and, having a classical taste, had caused the painter to inscribe in golden letters, *Mens sibi conscia recti*.

The new shop and the new style of sign, with the Latin motto, took amazingly, and the old established shoemaker saw, with dismay, that his customers were leaving him. To the Latin, however, he attributed all the mischief; so he took his shingle down, sent for the painter and had it all freshly gilt and varnished. When finished, it was hung up before the eyes of his discomfited rival with the words

MENS' AND WOMENS' SIBI CONSCIA RECTI!

We need not laugh too long at the honest shoemaker. Latin was not a necessary part of his education, but gentlemen connected with the press might be expected to know a little better; yet we remember an instance of the reverse, still, in a manner *apropos* of "Signs."

The *Herald* is, as all Montreal, at least, knows, ornamented with the representation of a lady, marvellously ill-at-ease, we should think, blowing from a trumpet the words *animos nocitate tenebro*. Some years ago, a person asked the late much-respected and deeply-regretted Mr. Kinnear, what these words might signify in English? Mr. Kinnear gave him the desired translation, when an employe in the office, who had been there in the days of poor Mr. Weir, of facetious memory, turned round and exclaimed: "Is that the true meaning? Dash that fellow, Bob Weir! He told me it meant "Hark! the herald angels sing!"

A quotation from sacred poetry reminds us of another quotation, and still *apropos* of Sign-boards. In the University of Edinburgh, a great many years ago, one student who was afterwards justly-celebrated as a Minister of the Church of Scotland, was walking home with a couple of friends from a quiet little students' supper, when it occurred to them that it would be a good practical joke to take a Butcher's Sign down and hang it over the door of the Professor of Anatomy. The Sign-board was got down without much difficulty, but not without attracting the attention of a watchman, who sprung the rattle these gentlemen then always carried, and, accompanied by a dozen other "Charlies" gave chase after the Divinity Students, and the Butcher's board. The Students reached their quarters up on the fourth flat near the College, got in safely, and shut the door. The police, they knew, would soon trace them, and it was clear that the *corpus delicti* must be got rid of. They set to, with their knives, for want of other tool, cut it into small pieces, and threw them into the fire; but, ere half heir task was done, the rapping of their pursuers was heard on the hall door. Dr. ——— (not then D.D.), ran to the door, opened it, as far as the chain allowed, and, in a solemn whisper, begged the policemen to be quiet,—that the household was engaged at "family worship."

Fifty years ago the performance of this domestic duty was nearly universal, and not even a "Charlie" would venture to intrude upon people so engaged; so the old half-blown myrmidons of

justice were content to wait outside till prayers were over, and recover their wind at the same time. They knew, however, that having marked their game down, they could not escape, except by a jump from a four-pair-front into the street. The besieged, on their part, whittled away with might and main, while the Doctor from some book read in a loud voice, as though most worthily engaged. His chapter, however, was getting very long, and the knives made slow progress, when "Charlie" knocked on the door to signify impatience, and, probably, doubt of all this piety. Things were looking desperate; the prospect of a night in prison was alarming, with an appearance before the Magistrate in the morning, a fine, and, perhaps, expulsion from College. As a final *ruse*, the Doctor "raised" a Psalm, or at least a Psalm tune. This was too real to be disregarded. "Charlie," like the lower orders of the Scotch of the olden time, was greatly impressed by Psalmody—that was a part of the worship all their own—interrupt the Minister you might, but nothing could be suffered to break in upon their nasal songs of praise. The police, accordingly, waited, and while the last notes were drawled most orthodoxly forth the last chip of the Butcher's sign-board perished in the flames, and, with it, all proof against the pious gentlemen within.

There was, now, no longer either excuse or need to keep the besiegers out, and the door was opened, upon which the watchmen (some half dozen in number) rushed into the students' parlour, where they found everything in good order,—chairs with their backs to the wall, except one on which, near the table, was seated the Dr. with a quarto edition of Ainsworth's Latin Dictionary before him—doubtless to awe the police-men with the idea that it was *The Book*. Taking the first word, the young Divine asked what was meant by disturbing a peaceful family at their exercises. "Pretty exercises, indeed," said the Celtic watchman, "where's Johnnie Craig's sign board? Exercises, quotha! and what is your text, if I make bould to speer?" "Our text," was the prompt reply, "is from Matthew; "A wicked and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign and there shall no sign be given to it."

We could say a great deal about signs from the ship of Alexandria down to the present day, but Diogenes thinks he has done enough for one day to help the advertiser to a second-hand one, "Three feet by Two."

CORRESPONDENCE.

TU TREE INFENUS DIOGENES:

this cums two enorme yu i am inn gudd Helt hoppin yu ar nott thee saime wich i amm the troo an leggud edditer ande Propriatur off the Clown an Hors Koller, wich is nott his worship thee Mair as yu will finde wrot inn thee Buk inn thee Corthons, Peter Muggles, Messingur, Wildkatie Banke wich is meselph, an ill yu sai to thee contrairee i will fite yu for festie pownd what i as now inn mi pokit in wildekatte banke nott wich is moore nur yu cunn plane down tho yu wer tu berrer frum all yure 3 subscribers and pat murfee yure nuseboi as is now in jale fur stein from mi boi a parsil off thee Clown an Hors Koller in xchange fur is oun rubiche wich is Dyo-ginees and i am goin tu gett oute a halbens carkas agent yu an send yu two the Penetenshiary fur nott preventin himm an i ham tu be seene evry dai beind the banke dore (sundaies exeptid) wen I can bee founde at my manshun in Kemp streete, a edditin mi paper.

PETER MUGGLES.

N.B.—Mrs Muggles's respects and sais yu air no chusen vess-l nor gentlemann to rite so about his blessid worship the Mair.

P. M.

NEW PATENTS.

In the list of patents recently granted by His Excellency the Governor-General, DIOGENES was rather startled to find the following:

"James Wilson, of the town of St. Catherine's, in the county of Lincoln, Province of Ontario, carpenter, for a certain new and useful art of distilling whiskey."

What are Mr. Tilley, Mr. Dunkin, and the other Temperance members of the Cabinet about?

Another to a Mr. Strain, of Ontario, for an invention to be called "Strain's Easy Spinning Wheel."

Can a spinning wheel be *easy* when it is the offspring of a *Strain*?

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

*Very much after Hood.**

I.
 T'was far off in the "distant past," I think,
 (Time that will ne'er return, and more's the pity,)
 When gallant Knights of chivalry the pink,
 Braved boldly, Brigands, Banded Black Banditti!

II.
 There lived a Knight of lustre and renown,
 Rupert by name; a bachelor was he,
 And as he had no heir, and on his lips no down,
 Rupert the Bald, his surname came to be.

III.
 You p'raps may think it odd, and so it is,
 That I digress so, in so short a story,
 But I must state, although it smacks of blood,
 My tale is not by any means an *allegory*.

IV.
 Rupert the Bald, as I explained before,
 Was wifeless, and, by clear deduction, joyous,
 For since the days of Helen and of Troy,
 T'is plain that woman's Mission's to destroy us!

V.
 One fatal day it came about, however,
 That Rupe, like other fools, his eye did cast on
 (Not that he squinted, for Rupe squinted never)
 A damsel fair, who, like a fairy, passed ou.

VI.
 "Like little mice," to quote an ancient poet,
 Her feet stole out, in gentle "pit-a-pats,"
 While from her chignon, to her brow below it,
 To match her feet, she wore her hair in "rats!"

VII.
 Nor words nor pen, her beauties all could tell,
 I shan't attempt it, for 'twere vain to do it,
 She had one fault alone—*she could not spell*—
 A fault of hei's of old, and well she *knew* it!

VIII.
 But Rupert was bewitched, and so he popped
 The question; and the way he did it,
 Shall I disclose, how on his knees he dropped
 In *easy* attitude?—the fates forbid it!

IX.
 But slips will happen, as we too well know,
 T'is *even* so, though you may think it *odd*—
 E'en while his speech so trippingly did flow,
 Poor Rupert tripped himself, upon a clod.

X.
 Full eight good feet he measured on the ground,
 (Six feet encased in flesh, and two in leather,)
 An awkward six when damsels are around,
 Who can't *admire* such *feat* in *muddy* weather.

XI.
 Now Rupe, though polished, was perhaps profane,
 And, reckless of his suit and how to win it,
 Uttered to his *loss*, when he was up *again*,
 In accents loud and fierce "The Deuce is in it!"

XII.
 Oh! Rupe, surnamed the Bald! oh! wretched man!
 What glazier now could take away thy *pain*,
 T'was mud that all thy future life did ban,
 For who with *suit* so *stained*, could *suit* sustain?

* NOTE BY THE AUTHOR TO EDITOR.—If any one asks you, What Hood? say *childhood*—do you see.

NOTE NO. TWO, BY THE AUTHOR.—A reward of 163 cents will be paid to any person who can lay his hand upon his hand, and, keeping both eyes shut, conscientiously declare that he can see the pun contained in the last line of verse II. "His surname came to be,"—"His hair name came to be."—See it now?

XIII.

Then as he raised himself to terra-firma,
 And muttered a *la Cavalier* "Ods Rabbits!"
 The mitten got, because, both she and her ma,
 Objected strongly to such *dirty habits*.

XIV.

This damsel fair her fate was sad to tell,
 Poor Rupe died hanging to a rafter;
 And she,—the cause,—the pretty village *belle*,
 Appropriately died in *peals* of laughter!

XV.

Since then the villagers, who pass the spot,
 With hair on end, declare that, at the minute
 The clock strikes twelve, a ghost appears, red-hot,
 And, like a pack of cards, "The Deuce is in it!"

XVI.

O'er all there hangs a mystery and fear,
 E'en Dante'd not stay there, *undaunted*,
 And tho' no parient's sister may be here,
 T'is quite *apparent*, that the place is *anted*.

THE THISTLE.

NEW YORK, Dec. 8, 1869.

My Dear Dio.—The poem which, by the aid of your glasses, you will probably find enclosed herein, was, unfortunately, received by the St. Andrew's Society at Ottawa after their award was made.

As it is, on the face of it (the cheek of it! I hear you saying), far superior to the production of the Gold Medallist, I know you will embalm it. The more balm you put in the more it will rise—in public estimation.

How is leather? I would like a medal.

HUNK É DORÉ.

NOLI ME TANGERE.

Some long time back,—I know not when,—
 When Scotchmen warred with Englishmen;
 When on the bloody border-side
 Men bravely fought and bravely died;
 When dire and dreadful was the fray,—
 One man there was who ran away!

A recreant Scot, in very truth,
 Who had not cut his wisdom tooth;
 And who forgot, that other day,
 When he must fight who runs away:—
 At last, quite out of breath, he stayed;
 And sate him down beneath the shade.

But, ah! what frightful thing is this,—
 This woful look, and lengthened phiz?—
 Can it be conscience pricks him so?
 Alas! I much do fear me, no;
 For, right through skin, and flesh, and gristle,
 Had pierced an unexpected thistle!

From that day forth, from earth to sky,
Noli me tangere was the cry;
 While every Scottish breast inspired,
 With thistle on the brain was fired;
 Nor, from their hearts, can aught remove
 Such earnest, true, deep-seated love!

INTERNATIONAL.

The French and American Governments are quarrelling about the French Atlantic Telegraph. Should this result in hostilities Diogenes ordains that they be compelled, to fight it out *on the line*.

MASONIC.—Masons boast that their fraternity is to be met with in every land where the sun shines. They also know that their *craft* is to be found in all waters,—hot water not excepted.



OMINOUS.

A WELL-KNOWN OFFICIAL DROPS INTO A MESMERIC SLEEP OWING TO THE MAGNETIC INFLUENCE OF A LETTER IN THE MONTREAL "HERALD."

QUERY:—WHEN MAY HE BE EXPECTED TO AWAKE? OR, HAS PROFESSOR STONE, THE POWER TO MAKE THINGS "ALL RIGHT."

THE DREAM.

By Byron,—slightly altered by W. W.

I.

I would recall a vision which I dreamed;
Perchance in sleep, for in itself a thought,—
A slumbering thought,—is capable of years,
And curdles a long life into one hour.

II.

I saw a being in the hues of youth
Seated beside a board,—a festive board.
He bore upon his brow that haughty grace
That comes of long-descended royalty;
And yet the youth was gracious, affable,
And, to a stately figure at his side,
Wearing the robes and chain of mayoralty
Did condescend, and chat most amiably,
Until that stately figure seemed to swell,
Still bigger, dilating visibly, filled with ideas,
Of high ambitious honors, and I thought
Of the poor frog in the fable.

III.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream:
Methought the princely youth did stand erect,

While, at his feet, the stately figure knelt;
And an admiring throng was grouped around
With awe and admiration in each face:
The youth, with graceful gesture, drew his sword,
And thrice the kneeling figure smote, and cried—
"Arise! Sir W. W.!"

* * * * *
My dream is past; 'twas nothing but a dream
Of strange *left-handed* order, yet the thoughts
Which fill my waking mind were all traced out
Almost like a reality;—but much
I fear 'twill never happen!

FAMILY ARITHMETIC.

Paterfamilias.—Now, then, Charles, what does that jug hold?

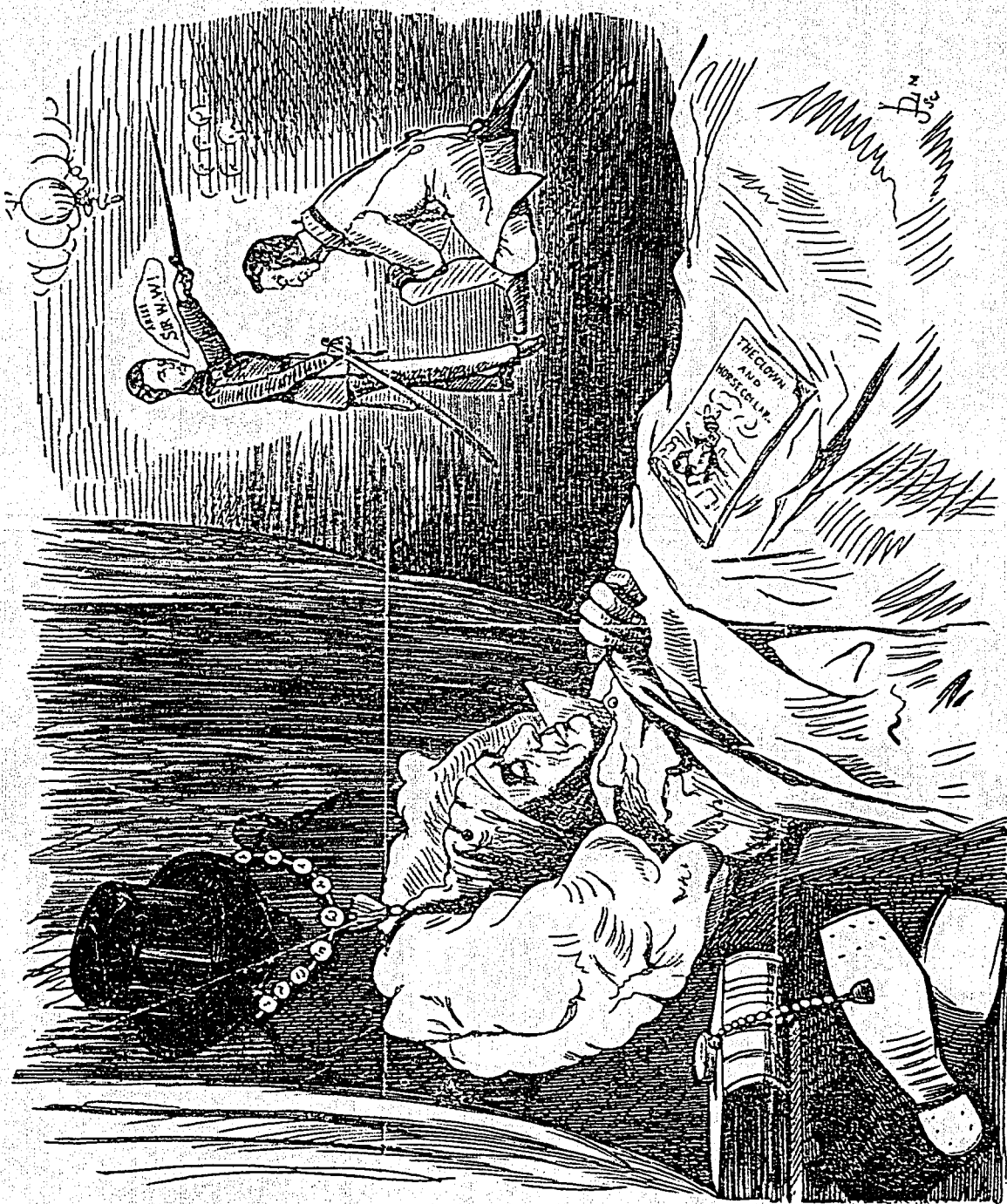
Charles.—"A quart, Sir."

P.—"Right. Then how many pints does it take to fill it?"

C.—"Three; at least, so the milkman says."

NOTES AND QUERIES.

QUERY.—Can any one tell me a rhyme for the word "language."
A. B.



HE DREAMS!

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

Liberty and equality are the leading characteristics of free Commonwealths, and DIOGENES often recalls, with deep emotion, the glorious life of the Greek Republic, before the rascal Philip of Macedon, and his madeap son, destroyed the democratic institutions of Athens and Thebes. The familiar,—indeed, free and easy—manner in which the heir to the British Throne, mingles with his future subjects, is a balm to the Philosophers' heart, reminding him of the days of his youth; and in Canada, at the present moment, the same delightful state of things is still more apparent. It is, therefore, with unalloyed pleasure, that DIOGENES lays before his readers the following correspondence, which has been placed in his hands for publication. It will appear, about the same time, in the columns of his distinguished contemporary, the CLOWN AND HORSE COLLAR, by whose illustrious and worshipful proprietor it has been communicated:

SUNDAY MORNING.

DEAR ARTHUR.—Come and lunch with me at one. Lobster Salad and Champagne.

If you are writing to your Royal Ma. by this mail, give her my compliments. You might say, "the compliments of the Wor-shipful, the Mayor of Montreal."

By-the-bye, as I do not wish to make invidious distinctions, or create jealousies, you may also remember me kindly to the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the rest of the Royal Family.

W. W.

TO LIEUT. ARTHUR, &c., &c.
Rifle Brigade.

* * * * *
10 o'clock.

DEAR MAYOR.—Sorry I can't come. E. would kick up such a row; besides, I must go to Church with my company. Will be with you at *one* to-morrow, *sharp*, with a whole lot of fellows.

Of course I will give your message to the Queen, and the rest of them.

A.

* * * * *
Colonel E—presents his compliments to His Worship the Mayor, and regrets that H. R. H., the Prince, cannot wait upon him to-day, as H. R. H. has to attend to his military exercises.

Col. E—, at the same time, has much gratification in announcing to His Worship, for the information of Her Majesty's loyal Canadian subjects, that the Prince has already mastered the difficulties of the goose step, and made fair progress in the extension motions;—indeed he has evinced such extraordinary aptitude for his profession, that the Commander of the Forces, has no hesitation in predicting that H. R. H. will, hereafter, acquire great distinction in Her Majesty's Service.

"CAPERS" AT QUEBEC.

Disraeli, the elder, tells us that, on one occasion, Queen Elizabeth asked the Speaker of the House of Commons "What had passed in the Lower House?" He replied, "If it please your Majesty, seven weeks." And it would appear that, long ere our House of Assembly was invented to vex honest men, the art of doing nothing had been practised in Old England. There, and in the days of the Virgin Queen, delay was to show bad humor and the Commons' unwillingness to grant subsidies; and the process is expressed by a contemporary writer as "*nihil agendo, aliud agendo or malé agendo*; doing nothing, doing something else, or doing evilly."

The applicability of much of the above to the Quebec Little House is obvious enough. Three or four weeks

have passed, and that is all—unless, indeed, we admit that a vote of \$600 to each of themselves should be called doing business. It is a dirty affair, this "sessional allowance." It brings public contempt on those who vote for the largest amount asked, and it exposes those who vote for the smaller sum, to the suspicion that they do so, well knowing that the \$600 will carry the day. Some are honest, we doubt not,—like Mr. Ogilvie and a few others we could name,—but many are like the policeman in the old play of "*Tom, Jerry and Logic*," who, seeing a gentleman on the street drop his pocket-handkerchief, picks it up and satisfies his conscience by calling to him to stop,—but in a very gentle whisper! DIOGENES hates nothing so much as sham, and, in Quebec, he sees a sham house, sham ministers, sham debates—everything sham except the \$600 to the members. *They* are real enough.

We just remember in time, that we hear from all quarters in the loyal Missisquoi and St. Francis Districts,—in fact throughout the English parts of Lower Canada,—that Messrs. Chauveau, Ouimet & Co., had better leave their Police Bill a sham too,—for the appearance of the blue night-cap and beef-boots in their diggings, as Government Police, will be most uncomfortable, most "awkward for the coo." It is said, too, in Sherbrooke, that if Mr. Robertson supports the Bill for sending a French *gendarmarie* into that quiet part of Her Majesty's Dominions, it would have been better for him to have extended his cruise in the higher regions a little longer, and to have remained up when he was flying; for if he comes down to them with his Police Bill he will be most surely blown up again! Police for Lower Canada! with officers, rifles, and all the outer appearance of a military force, for the most orderly people in the wide world? Oh! gentlemen of the high-flavored Moccasin! you have got your dollars; for any sake, go home to your cabbage soup and *tabac menotte*, but do not go on cutting such capers before High Heaven as make the angels weep. Oh! this Little House! Who licensed it?

SLEEPERS, AWAKE!

A singular and suggestive requisition comes from Nova-Scotia. The Railway Department, (this is only a blind; *no doubt*, 'tis from the Antis), calls for tenders for 30,000 *sleepers*. There may be no strictly mathematical certainty about this eccentric requirement, but DIOGENES has his opinion, and will stake on it! After much negotiation, he has promised,—and without a slip,—to enlighten the world; and, be assured, one and all, that he knows *Howe*. And he also knows *some*, (Howe), that can't answer the advertisement; because, as Howe, he has always been very wide-awake; though, heretofore, the said adverb has never been backward in tendering *it* or *himself*, for a consideration. Now, then, all attention to and reverence for the oracle!

It is well known that a certain party, once powerful "in our midst," has long been Rip-van-Winkleized; nor can there be any doubt that this party is that army of martyrs, the erst-magnanimous Grits. The dwellers by the sad salt sea, have walked among the slumberers, and, admiring the strength and beauty of their fair proportions; their delicate, though no longer Brownish, complexion, have longed to utilize the vast mass of inert and somnolent power. And they have disguised themselves as a Railway Department, and sought, as above, to whistle up the sleepers to life and action. Should the slightest movement be observed—even an indication of *turning or preparing to turn*—among the slumberers, they may calculate on being roused by a lusty cheer and a great noise; and then invited to join hands in a dance that would be likely to

produce sensation in the ball-room. It is not quite improbable, should the cunning fishers prosper in their purpose, that this dance might dance down the happy pairs who have, and fancy they shall keep, the floor all to themselves for an indefinite period.

This is the Diogenesian solution of the mystery, and who so bold as to call it in question?

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

One of our enterprising music publishers, in the dearth of news subjects on which to exercise his talents, has determined to immortalize our fifth estate, in a series of ballads, dedicated specially to our leading journals. By the kindness of the publisher, DIOGENES has been favoured, in advance, with specimens of these beautiful productions, which he now reproduces for the delectation of his readers.

As the Philosopher rates the favourable notice of his brethren of the press at its full value, he wishes, emphatically, to state that he is, in no way, responsible for the sentiments of these effusions.

The Evening Star.

Air:—"Beautiful Star."

Beautiful "Star" of type so clear!
Cheekiest of journals published here;
Hit right and left, and lay down the law,
But don't raise your price, my beautiful Star! (Oh!)
Beautiful "Star-r," Beautiful "Star-r"
Thou wast once but a copper
Bee-u-tiful, Bee-u-tiful "Star."

The virtues of our dear friend, the *Witness*, are, appropriately enough, sung to a plaintive, touching air:

The Daily Witness.

Air—"Gentle River."

Daily "Witness," Daily "Witness,"
Though thou oft art dull and drear,
I could love thee, gentle "Witness,"
Were I sure thou wert sincere!
Oft o'er thy fourth sheet I linger,
And the tear drop dims mine eye
As I read those touching extracts,
Then I take—a glass of rye!

The Poet is somewhat hard upon our old friend the *News*; it is, however, consoling to reflect that the epidermis of our big contemporary is tolerably tough:

The Daily News.

Air—"Happy Returns of the Day."

"Daily News," "Daily News," you're a very large sheet,
Though 'tis little or nothing you say;
And I think you had better come out once a week
Instead of, as now, every day;
For though we sometimes at thy twaddle may laugh,
It grows tiresome after a while;
For twaddle is twaddle, and nothing but that,
However *Tupperian* the style.

The strain dedicated to our friends and neighbours "Caator and Pollux" is of a brisker and livelier nature, and suited to the requirements of our numerous and talented comic vocalists.

The Gazette and Telegraph.

Air—"The Siamese Twins."

Two journals once published were,
With type and material so nice;
They were only a penny a-piece,
Though folks thought them dear at the price.
Tol de rol, lol de rol, lol.
They came out at morn and at eve,
And their general matter was rich,
If 'twere not for the name on the top
You couldn't tell 't'other from which!

Tol de rol, lol de rol, lol.

Our friend, the *Herald*, has not yet been honoured, but will probably be embalmed to a solemn and stately air, something after the style of the "Dead March in Saul," and, to be strictly in keeping with the subject, only a limited number of copies will be printed.

DIOGENES wishes the undertaking every success.

WHAT NEXT?

Many persons fancy they see reason to doubt the high enlightenment claimed for "The Capital" of all the Canadas. Others go further, and assert that so much lumber produces darkness rather than light,—adding that

the people prefer the obscurity. They point, sneeringly, to the "metropolitan" newspapers! They will, perhaps, find another argument in the fact that, in every direction, the lamp-posts are being cut down. *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

"THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME."

Some ill-conditioned people have had the bad taste to cavil at the proceedings of the Ontario Legislature,—to laugh at grave Ontario Senators,—and even to assert that the Goddess of Wisdom was not a permanent resident in Toronto.

DIOGENES proudly points to the protective patriotism exhibited by Ontario patriots, and rebukes their critics! It is a glorious sight to behold their fight for home growths home manufactures, and home institutions. These high-minded representatives are, naturally, indignant at the Bank of Montreal being entrusted with their moneys: it certainly is singular, and no less derogatory, for whole-souled democrats to be compelled to put confidence in a *King*. The Philosopher extends his sympathy! Surely, it is a gross outrage on a Province, to be forced to go abroad for safety and for succour, when that Province has had the honor, in our own day, to produce such substantial and reliable structures as the "Upper Canada," the "Royal Canadian," and the "Commercial."

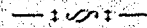
NOTE.

DIOGENES has to apologise to his readers and the public for the first time in his life. In his last number he exultingly promised to continue the publication of His Worship the Mayor's magnificent lyric, the "Song of Welcome" to Prince Arthur, for the appearance of which he is assured the world has been on the tip-toe of expectation. But DIOGENES has been forestalled! he has been deceived! he has been outraged!! A portion of the poem graces the pages of the last *Clown and Horse-Collar*, notwithstanding His Worship's sacred pledge that it should first astonish the universe through these columns. We will not complain—we call our philosophy to our aid—but we will not deny that this blow has wounded us to the heart,—coming, too, as it does, from a dignitary whom we have so long revered and idolized—whose praises we have sung—whose virtues we have eulogized in language that will survive Homer and Milton, or even the *Daily News* and the *Clown and Horse-Collar*. We copy a few lines of the abducted lyric to show our readers the immensity of the loss they have suffered, and the remaining verses were of equal or superior beauty:

To form a band, a cohort true,
To make themselves respected,
And put down all the sneering crowd,
By whom their claims rejected,
Armed to the teeth they'll break the heads
At every fresh election
Of those who fail to see the worth
Of the Ministry's election.

The severe and erudite critic of the *News* himself lauds His Worship's effulgent effusions in terms of glowing admiration. They accompany one of the *C. & H.C.'s* cartoons, in which His Worship is represented in an attitude of sublime and virtuous dignity, frightening poor Chauveau, who cowers until the enraptured gazer almost believes that the shrinking Premier could creep into Sir George Etienne's Militia "brecks." This cartoon is truly a great effort of art; and DIOGENES is reminded by it of the works of the immortal Italian Masters, picturing Canute rebuking his flattering courtiers, and the Roman majesty of Marius, annihilating the slave amid the ruins of Carthage.

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Walter Ross, Esq., M.P.P., Picton, Ont.

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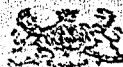
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 arriving at Boston at 8.20 a.m., connecting
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