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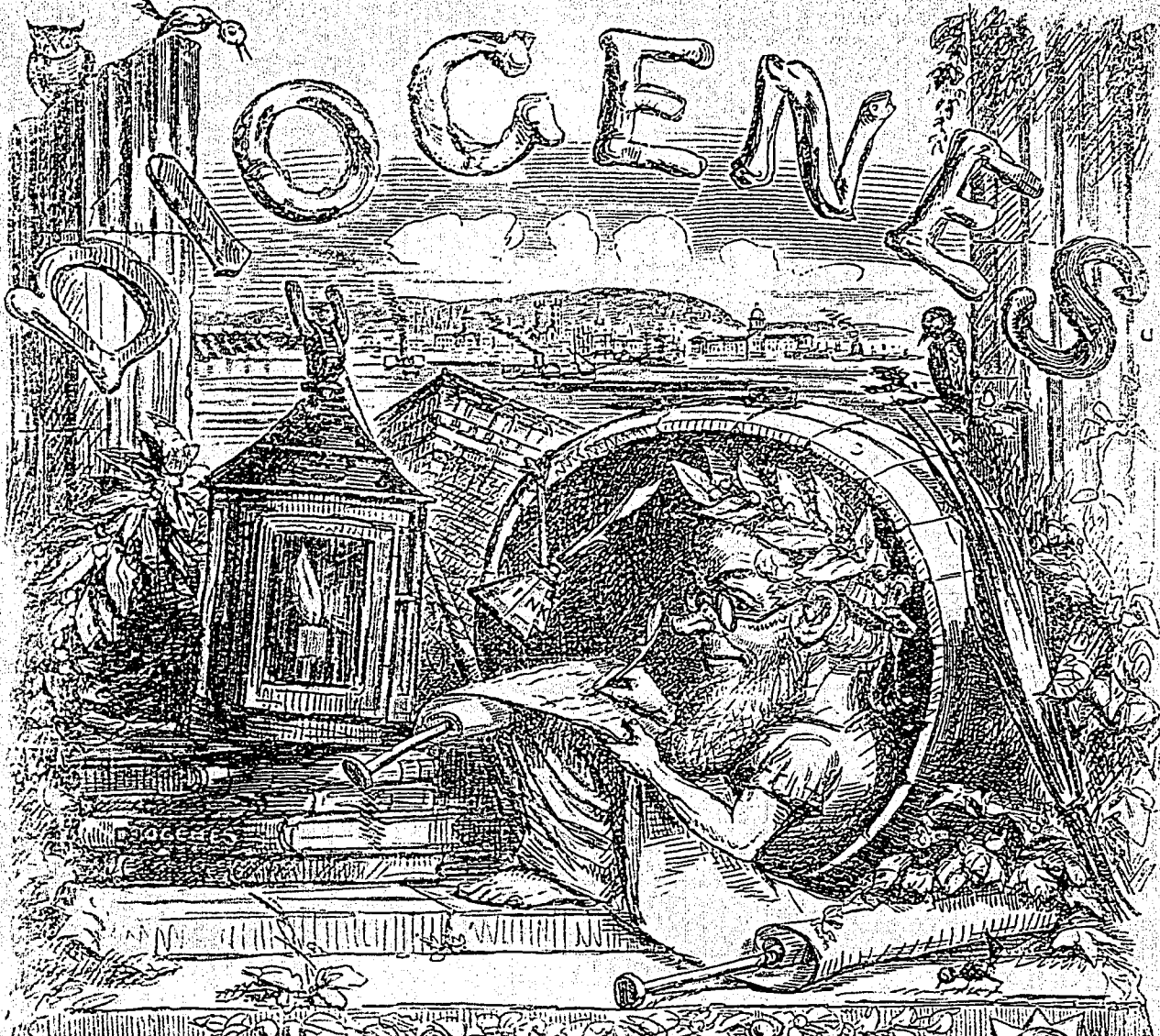
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THE LAST THING IN HAIR.

Coiffure à-la-Velocipede.

THE CAPITAL SNOW-SHOE RACES.

(From our Ottawa Correspondent.)

These important events came off on Saturday last, the 6th inst. The programme was played out in the Government Square, surrounded by those august buildings,—the glory of the past and the envy and hatred of the future.—If the games came up to their designation, it is well; we cannot decide, and leave it to posterity if it will be kind enough to take the job in hand before the snow melts. We heard no one cry *Eureka*—that didn't matter much; the crowd was probably Greek of the Lower Empire, and super-fastidious. In the innocence of such a heart as this, sir, I made an observation. I remarked that it appeared to me rather singular that a snow-shoe track should be graded and macadamized. An ill-conditioned individual—what better could have been expected remembering the locality?—not having the fear of the great philosopher, or of his great envoy, before his eyes, of malice aforethought, did deny that this said track *was* macadamised. Fired with the spirit of Socrates and Boswell-Johnson, I thrust him into the snow with a syllogism! Pardon me, great master—now I reflect, the weapon had really four legs. Never mind—thus was it constructed:—1. Are not those bodies you see yonder all the sons of Adam? 2. Are they not here, as everywhere else where anything good is to be had, in a great majority, *Asacs*? 3. Are they not covering the road, to the annoyance of the contestants? My premises having gone unassailed, either by argument or by snow-balls, I jumped triumphantly to my conclusion. Now, sir,—son of impertinence!—tell me—tell me is not that road macadamized, and pretty thickly too?

But off to the Derby,—and, off with the little races among the professionals and the commonalty—very good, I daresay, in their way—but they have no interest for you and me, and none for our superlatively-refined readers. They must mizzle from *our* programme, and quickly. Such shoes won't fit. In a word, you did not send me forth in the royal carriages to fish for sprats.

The first race on my list was

THE DESBARATS TESTIMONIAL RACE.

The prize for this race was a strip of parchment, but of such very *scurvy* appearance, that no one touched it even

with tongs. Though intended as a consolarium, and a (very queer) tribute of respect, neither the head nor the tail of the firm, nor any intervening member, put in an appearance.—No race:—Prize, with many thanks for re-acceptance, returned to the liberal donors. Lime-juice in great demand.

The second was

THE CORPORATION SCRAMBLE.

The prizes in this race were numerous and valuable, but quite indefinite in their multiplicity. They were generally thought to be whatever the winners could lay their hands on. The municipality was greeted on its arrival at the scratch with the popular air, 'Four-and-twenty black birds all in a pie.' There were several false starts and false moves. When the shoers did get off they made up for lost time. There was an almost unnatural eagerness to obtain the best places and the best prizes. No by-law had passed to secure fair play,—so fair play was passed and rejected *nem. con.* Motions were made that upset other motions, and their makers too. The same may be said of contracts. A general halt was called half-way on the course to do a little thimble-rigging. A dozen peas were disappearing and again mysteriously coming to light. Some of the crowd shouted, "Fire!" others screamed, "Water!" There was any quantity of the first—not a dribble of the last. There was one point strikingly singular in its virtuous abnegation,—everybody seemed to *rate* everybody above himself. Of course—how could it have been otherwise?—the race did not terminate satisfactorily. It was regarded by every one outside the corporation, as an ordinary *mix-up* and muddle.

The next affair that came off was named

THE DOMINION CEMENTER.

There were four entered for this race—Messrs. New Brunswick, Quebec, Nova Scotia and Ontario. Sir Cumin Early Newfoundland, begged hard to be permitted to contend. The stewards took the request into consideration, but were reluctantly—almost with tears,—compelled to refuse the application; but they comforted the applicant with the assurance that long ere another Olympiad came round, he would be qualified for the course, and would be able to put in his shoe with the longest and the broadest. We fear Sir C. E. N., thought this a little fishy. The prize was a Union Wreath, of pure gold and richly ornamented. An intense excitement had arisen around this race; it was deemed to a certain extent to be chilled. Mr. Nova Scotia, though considerably improved in health and spirits, was not yet convalescent. The recent fever had bequeathed an annoying irritation: fortunately, the remanet was attached only to the skin. However, if not just then in the humour for running he was joking, after his own misty fashion. I feel, said he, 'more inclined for *coming* than for *going*.'

The stewards took the situation into consideration, and adjourned the race until all were prepared, all were able, and all were willing.—Satisfaction reigned supreme.

Just at this crucial juncture the half-and-half arrived.

Your Envoy Plenipotentiary seized the pewter with eager grasp, and waving it aloft with that triumphant swing peculiar to royalty and its representatives, roared in that voice which no man disregards and lives,—“A SENTIMENT!”

“A SENTIMENT! A SENTIMENT!” echoed a million tongues. This was the beautiful enunciation of compressed wisdom,

“MAY ALL WIN WHO DESERVE SUCCESS!”

I had barely time to breathe off the froth and to secure the liquor, when the sound as of many voices rose around me; ten thousand Niagaras, conspiring with ten thousand murky clouds, belching forth fire and thunder, could not have equalled the storm and fury of applause that rained around me. You must have had it and

heard it in Montreal, unless, as is very probable, you were taking your distinguished *siesta*. Its reverberations extended even unto Hants—and back again,—following the Intercolonial both ways!

* * * * *
John, like a six-horse team, as he is, responded with a song:—

“Thus will I play the enchanter's part,
And scatter bliss around,
Till not a tear or aching heart
In Nova Scotia's found.”

Thus ends the Dominion “Cementer” under happy auspices, to be resumed under others yet more happy.

The next race selected for description is

THE SOLDIERS' RACE.

This may briefly be disposed of. There were a great many competitors, and the brave fellows went to work as they always do in fight or fun. The prizes were several and various. The race was stoutly contested. There were winners, but I heard neither names nor rank. There was some file, too. I observed, as a curiosity, that the victors were garbed in green, as if victory had pre-arranged to alight on certain helmets. Strange, indeed; immediately after the race the “route” sounded for England. Off they marched to the tune, ‘The snows we have left behind us.’ But, I was certain I detected in the distance the Alpha and Omega of the *repertoire*, the Rifle Brigade marches.—

The next race, again, will not occupy much space. It was called

THE APPOINTMENT RACE.

The prize was a clerkship in the Ontario Poor Law Board,—a very lucrative appointment, no doubt.—There were three thousand candidates, and seven hundred ran. I was not fortunate enough to get a sight of the happy winner, though I had made arrangements to have had him photographed. He was taken immediately after the race and set down to his horn-book.

This was followed by the

ENTERTAINMENT RACE.

There were some peculiarities about this contest, especially, as regarded the distribution of rewards and punishments. In explanation it may be stated that a dinner and other entertainments to the members of Parliament, who are expected to arrive with the crows in the spring, has been *talked about*. The first steps towards realization were taken to-day on snowshoes. The *elite* of Ottawa's chivalry, sandalled and shod, stood eager for the fray. The professional body was fuming to stretch its limbs,—(no allusion intended to limbs of the law, which are popularly supposed to have been cast in a region—you know where—and into which charity induceth us to hope they will be re-cast when done with here.) There were there, also, parsons, and doctors and fiddlers and revivalists and poets and prosers and the entire tribe of “Esquires in their own right.” Such little people as merchants and lumberers and manufacturers and cabinet-ministers, that day dined at home, kept their blinds down, and were not abashed by meeting the supercilious glances of the great men of the bars. This won't do: we must get to another race, and quickly. Well, Sir, a hecatomb of the quality started for the prizes, or rather, for the penalties. The race was fiercely contested, excitement flared and flamed, and some very bad language smoked out of it. But it came to an end, as all things do,—excepting, of course, Diogenetic labours—and the losers stood confest. A poor poet, being the very last of the ruck, found himself responsible—not for strings of verses, but for strings of sausages—for the great dinner. The second last—a world renowned revivalist—was *hooked* in for the hot

water; and it fell to the lot of a regulation-rigged parson to provide the cold. My dear friend A. B. C., was mulct in a calf. The poor man bitterly lamented his loss. A commonplace wretch suggested that the arrow had fallen in the right place as no man possessed a better facility for supplying the required penalty with ease and comfort to himself. There were several more forfeits: we must pass them over, and merely announce that the result was received with vociferous cheers—almost strong enough, judging by past experience, to blow away the dinner itself.

We have very few words to spare for the

PRIVY COUNCIL RACES.

Here the prize was a silver-gilt baton. All the privy-councillors in town came to the scratch. The running was very good and very even. The incidents few. I observed a small, a very small sneer,—becoming almost, as somebody's pout—on a certain D'Israeliic portraiture, when Abracadabra made a show of passing him. Rose, deeply abstracted in calculating the odds, had an even chance of being knocked off the bush by a flower with another name. Nothing else noticeable. It would have been jolly to have had Cartier there, but he was running among the primroses and the peeresses. The race ended curiously. It was the deadead of all dead heats. All came in abreast. The contest is to be resumed in about a month from this epoch. Had there been any more of the rosy about, I should have drank to the toast—“May all win!”

The single-footed match between John and George, did not excite much interest. Disparity was too apparent. George appealed to the state of his legs, and urged that the course be *gritted*. He had no supporters. Soon after the start, John made a slight stumble. Some ulcerated throat bawled out, “There goes Joe.”—“Not so, my Joe-John,” said the hearty fellow, rising like a lark, shaking his feathers and flying. At this moment a disaster overtook George. An avalanche descended and buried him out of sight and out of mind. John walked over the distance and carried home the prize. What it was is best known to himself.

Time presses, or we had a few more races to record, and a little more to say about Rose, already recorded. As it is, we must rush to the last, which, as usual, was

THE CONSOLATION STAKE.

The prize for this race consisted of the *sweepings* of all the rest. The entries were two—“Our Correspondent,” and our old acquaintance, Mrs. Sykes. Mrs. S. tucked up her breeches and went to work like a Russian. The result might have been seen through a stone wall—“Our Correspondent” was again floored.

Thus ended a great day. It will be long before snow, however liberal in its falls, drifts us such another.

LINES.

DEDICATED TO MR. JOHN O'FARRELL.

“*Tantæne animis celestibus ira?*”

Let dogs delight
To bark and bite,
For fighting is their *forte*;
But men like you,
John, shouldn't do
Such things as these in Court!

POSSIBLE, BUT NOT PROBABLE.

A very astute writer remarked, that “the most certain thing in politics is the thing unexpected.” Who can say but that we shall some day—probably before the end of the century—see our Hudson Bay delegates back from England?

THE VICTORIA CROSS.

Thus said the Queen! "For him who gave
His life as nothing in the fight;
So he from Russian wrong might save
My crown, my people and my right:
Let there be made a cross of bronze,
And grave thereon my queenly crest,
Write VALOUR on its haughty scroll,
And hang it on his breast."

Thus saith the Land! "He who shall bear
Victoria's cross upon his breast,
In token that he did not fear
To die, had need been, for her rest;
For the dear sake of her who gives,
And the brave deeds of him who wears,
Shall, high or low, all honour have
From all, through all his years."

CORRESPONDENCE.

MONTREAL, Tuesday, March 9th., 1869.

DEAR MR. DIOGENES:

I am only a small school-boy, and Dr. Irvine is, I know, a great scholar and preacher; but as I have lately been reading the IVth. Book of old Virgil's *Æneid*, and (luckily for him, as some of it is awfully hard) he has'nt, I think that he is wrong in something that he said about Virgil a few days ago. Now, I want to set him right, and that's the reason I write to you. There was a tremendously long lecture of his (not Virgil's but Dr. Irvine's) printed last Friday in the *Daily News*. Perhaps you heard it, or read it. It was on "*Woman*," and I have cut out of the *Daily News* the passage in which, I think, he made a mistake. Here it is. He is speaking of Dido, and says:

"Her story as given by Virgil, is one of great energy and enterprise, coupled with the highest matrimonial fidelity and integrity of character, ending in suicide on a funeral pile, built by her own hands, rather than violate her matrimonial vow."

I don't think that the syntax of the last words *rather than violate her matrimonial vow*, is quite O. K., according to what we are taught at our school; but let that *pass*. It won't quite *parse* in another sense, though it isn't a thing to joke about in a letter like this; but what I want to say is this, that Dr. Irvine is not correct in buttering up Queen Dido's *matrimonial fidelity*, on the authority of the "Mantuan Bard" as old Anthon calls him. Virgil does'nt praise it up, as far as I can find out. His story is as follows:—While the principal Trojans and Tyrians are out on a hunting expedition, a big storm of thunder and hail and rain comes on. They all rush about to find shelter wherever they can, and as ill luck would have it,

"The Dardan Chief and Dido meet
Both driven to the same retreat."

Virgil then tells us that lightnings &c. flashed on their marriage in the cave, and continues thus at v. 169:

"Ille dies primus lethi, primusque malorum
"Causa fuit: neque enim specie famæ movetur,
"Nec jam furtivum Dido meditatur amorem.
"Conjugium vocat—hoc pretextit nomine culpam."

Or, as Mr. Conington, M. A., translates it:

"That day she first began to die;
"That day first taught her to defy
"The public tongue, the public eye.
"No secret love is Dido's aim;
"She calls it marriage now: such name
"She chooses to conceal her shame."

I, for one, don't believe that this is exactly what Dr. Irvine

means by the *highest matrimonial fidelity*. If it is, our master, and all the fellows in my form did'nt understand it so at all.

But this is not all, MR. DIOGENES. The "pious *Æneas*," after having made Dido awfully spooney on him, runs away from her, like a beastly sneak as he was; and when the Queen finds out that his ships are all ready to sail, she goes right to him, for she has lots of pluck, and pitches into him tremendously. Of course, I don't mean, with her fists, though he deserved a good hammering, but with her tongue. Among other things she says:

"For you I angered Libyan hordes,
"Woke jealous hate in Nomad lords,
"Lost Tyrian hearts: for you, the same,
"I trampled on my own good name,
"That wisely honor, which alone
"Had placed me on a starry throne."

I have underlined Mr. Conington's verses which seem to translate the Latin so well:

"Te propter eundem
"Extinctus pudor, et, quæ solâ sidera adibam,
"Fama prior."

And I think that Dr. Irvine cannot deny that Dido admits having "violated her matrimonial vow."

Once more. On the night that *Æneas* sets sail, Dido cannot sleep in her bed, but keeps speechifying to herself all the time, being doubtful what she ought to do. As my letter is getting long, I will quote only the last line of her speech:

"Non servata fides, cineri promissa Sichæo:"

or in English:

"I have not kept the faith I vowed
"To my Sichæus' funeral shroud!"

The real fact is, MR. DIOGENES, and all school boys know it, that Dido in the *Æneid* kills herself on the funeral pile, because *Æneas* would run away without marrying her in a respectable manner. I should like Dr. Irvine to know this, as he has probably forgotten all his Virgil, now that he is a grown up man; just as when I am a man, I mean to forget my Virgil too. If you use my letter, do not print my real name but just call me,

"A THIRD FORM BOY."

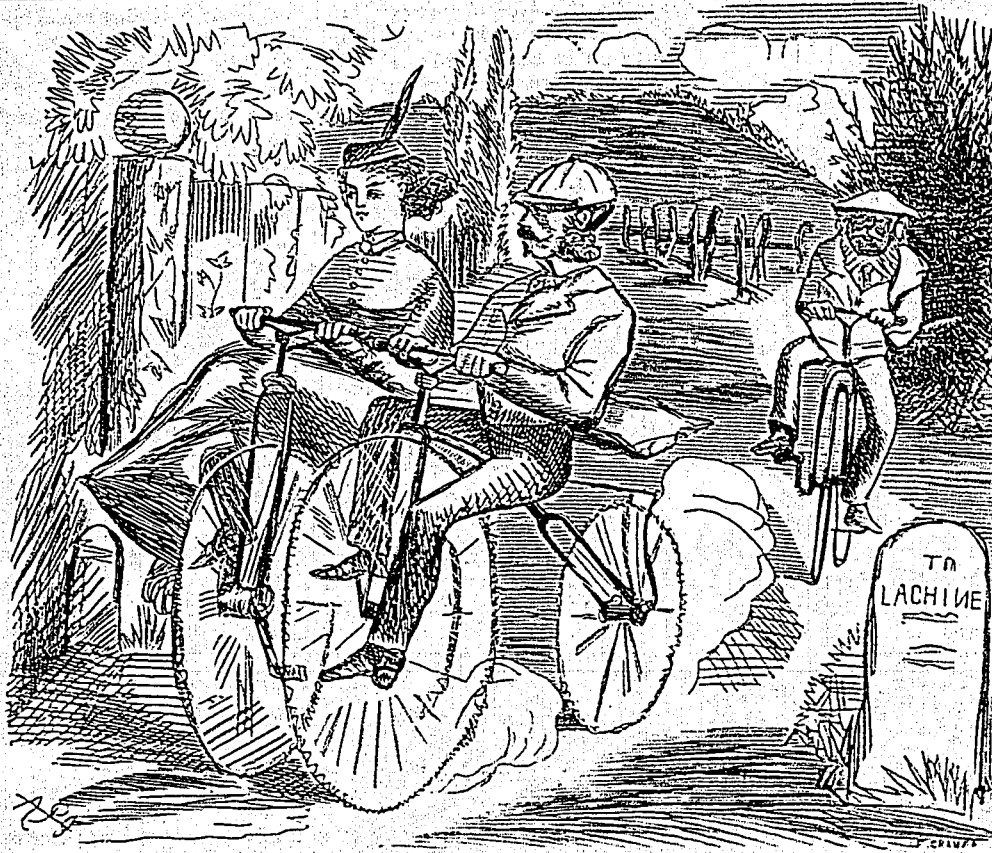
P.S.—I showed this letter to my big brother, Tom, who is a lawyer, and he says that Dr. Irvine is not right when he says in this same lecture on "*Woman*," that "It is a dogma of the Koran that woman has no soul." Of course I don't know what "a dogma of the Koran" means; but Tom says it is a popular error to suppose that the Koran denies that women have souls. Tom says that, on the contrary, the Koran, in its III and IVth. chapters, promises Paradise to all those women who believe and act rightly. I think the Koran (whatever it is) is right if it says so, and I don't see why Dr. Irvine should have spoken so of the Koran if my brother Tom is right, as I think he is. But of course, MR. DIOGENES, you know all about this, and the Virgil question too.

** Tom is right: though the Paradise of women is supposed to be different from that of men.—ED.

"THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE."

There are some funny announcements occasionally in American journals. For instance: A wag in Cincinnati advertises for a situation, saying at the same time that "work is not so much an object as fair wages."

If this candid gentleman will come to Montreal, the Cynic will exert his influence to get him appointed night policeman on the Great St. James' street beat. The situation would suit him admirably.



WHAT WE SHALL SEE SHORTLY.

Frantic efforts of the Governor to keep up with that rascal, Robert, and the fair Emily.

DIOGENES, ESQUIRE :

Your very pretty travesty set the financial organ going, but it *bumped* out a tune strikingly resembling "My Last Shilling." I commenced by endeavouring to define—"What is a dollar?" but, alas! it is so long since I have seen one that I failed, utterly, in sketching a likeness. I intended, also, to comment on that financial curiosity, the preference of rags over bullion—but I could get no further than the query, "O, why, and O, why, should the Yankee silver go?" Wait till *the mind* is more wealthy, and then you shall have it, sterling and *in extenso*. In the meantime, I can't see rhyme or reason for one man having the road to himself—even to the regulation of the tolls. Adopt my prescription, and you will find that a *dam* will lessen the flood, beyond comparison, better than a *Weir*. Pegasus always stands harnessed; start your own sunny coach, and placard it with this cloud-compelling announcement:—"Yankee silver taken at par—even unto five cent pieces—at the Wits' Repository, 27 Great St. James Street. Full, overflowing value given in return. A sparkling nugget—several golden sheets, polished and refined,—is the equivalent proffered, all provided and manufactured by DIOGENES and his artistic journeymen. No connection with any other establishment in the Dominion!" This will prevent the surging stream from overflowing the *banks*; will guide it into a brilliant and legitimate channel—wit and pleasure skimming over every wave—and—will soon put *Weir, no Weir!*

may be a laurel wreath or a crown of parsley; it may be an ornamental sword, studded with gems—bought for a hundred times its value and presented to a General McClellan—it may be the portrait of a Queen—bestowed without great flourish of trumpets upon a George Peabody,—it may be a medal, or a gold cane; it may be a simple title, as Colonel or Professor, and we know a country where these titles abound; but, be it what it may, if it is deserved, the wearer will not so much consider the splendour of the decoration, or the money value of the token, as the fact that it is a public recognition of his merits, and therefore the very reverse of an unmeaning or vain thing."

Such is the British creed on the subject of distinctions, and the jealous snarling of their enlightened Yankee friends will not convert Canadians to their affected horror of honourable titles. DIOGENES commends to the attention of the *Washington Chronicle* some verses in the preceding page, written by a valued correspondent on "that senseless piece of frippery" called "The Victoria Cross."

MILITARY.—The rank of Ensign is to be abolished in the Army, and that of Supernumerary Sergeant substituted. Fitz Grubble supposes the next thing they'll do, will be to bring a bill into Parliament for the "total abolition of Divine Service."

UNCLE SAM'S ABHORRENCE OF "FRIPPERY."

The *Gazette* of last Wednesday states that Lord Monck has been made a Knight Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George, and Sir Francis Hincks, a Knight Commander of the same Order. The extension of this distinction to all the British Colonies has caused an impatient flutter among our Republican neighbours. Several of their journals sneer bitterly at the supposed absurdity of all such public recognition of valuable services. The British, they say, are ridiculously fond of empty titles, and parade their medals and decorations with insufferable pride. The *Washington Chronicle*, the chief organ of abuse, uses the following amiable language with respect to the Order of Knighthood above mentioned:—"The ribbon of the Order is blue. No doubt the Canadians will take to this *frippery* in a very eager manner. By and by they will have lords!"

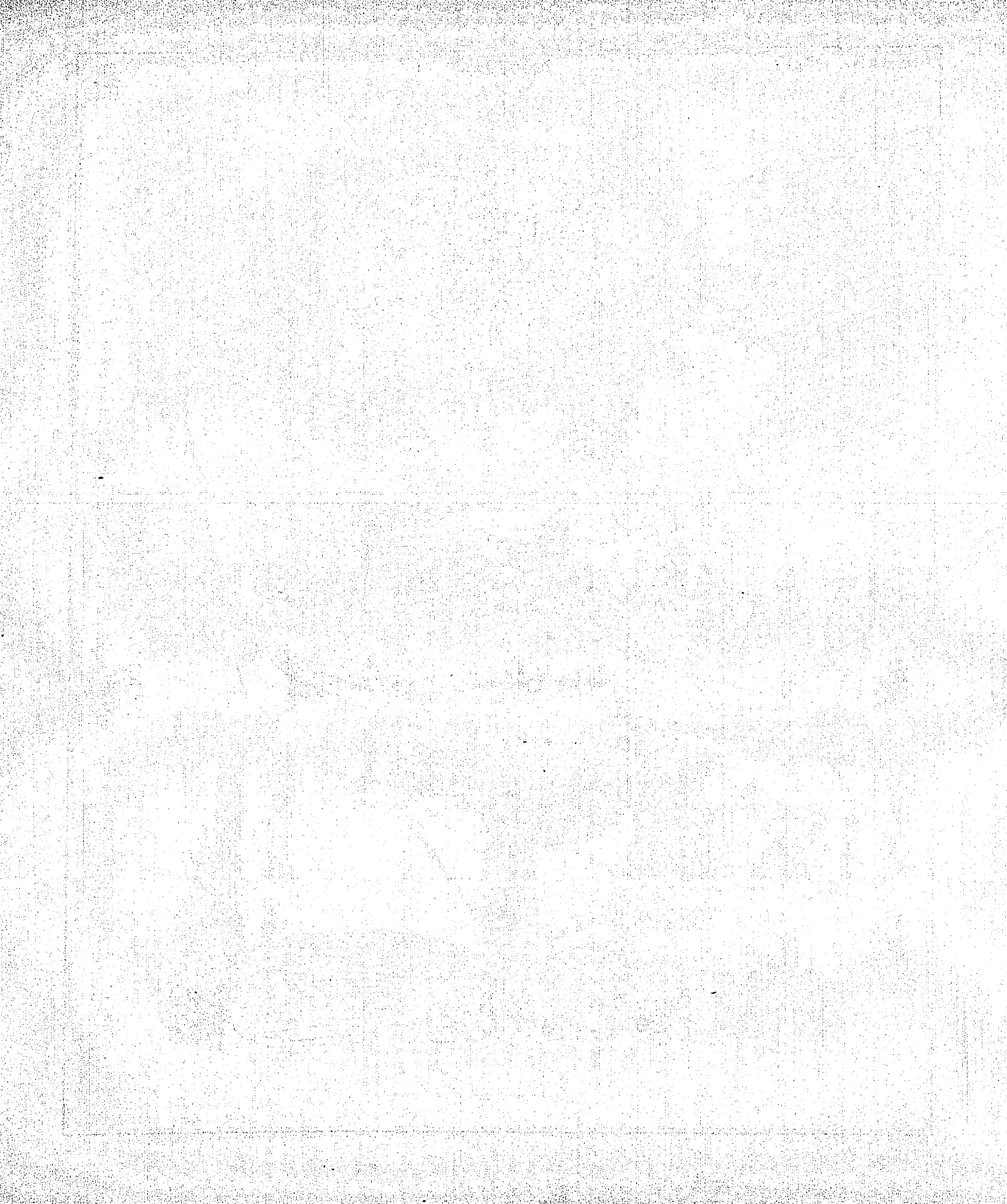
The Cynic had intended to take this critic in hand, but he finds some remarks in a contemporary which are so temperate and sensible that he willingly adopts them. "We consider," writes the *Quebec Chronicle*, "that any mark of distinction with which a man's country may choose to honor him, when, in the opinion of the wise and good of that country, he has deserved it, is no frippery. It



F. CRAMER

A "JOLLY" WATERMAN.

How a City of the Dominion, first in intelligence, population, and wealth, is supplied with an article of prime necessity.



“HEAR BOTH SIDES.”

It is said that a gentleman, (Mr. Baillarge) has been accusing the amiable and elegant Mr. Cauchon,—the gifted Speaker of the Senate of the Dominion, &c., &c.,—of all sorts of crimes and misdemeanours. This reminds us, if we are not mistaken, that the same gentleman did the same thing for himself, and that not very long ago. We have also heard that Mr. Cauchon, with that lullaby reticence for which he is distinguished,—that saintly meekness, that angelic forbearance in which he has no peer,—has forborne a reply. In fact,—as became him,—having been smitten on the one cheek, he has turned the other to the smiter, and bid him smite on if he had the heart and the desire to pursue his amiable amusement.

A capital but little-known anecdote of Sidney Smith—why we can't tell—appears on our horizon.

The wit was a guest of Lady Holland, at one of the ever-memorable Holland House dinners. Blomfield, Bishop of London, had accepted an invitation, but had not arrived when dinner was placed upon the tables. During the first course a note was handed to her Ladyship, and the Bishop's writing being recognised, a general desire was expressed that the note should be read,—his Lordship not being in the habit of neglecting such opportunities. It simply apologised for the absence of the writer, stating his inability to attend in consequence of having been bitten in the leg by a dog. Of course there was a general burst of commiseration for the unfortunate Prelate. The idea of a dog biting a Bishop! it was horrible in the extreme. And it is almost needless to add, that a copious shower of anathema was poured upon the irreverent hound. Sidney Smith alone was silent. When pity and abuse were alike exhausted, he quietly remarked—“Of course, ladies and gentlemen, I cannot but sympathise with all that has been said in relation to this disastrous occasion; I am deeply grieved for the Bishop, but how about the dog?—I should certainly like to hear his version of the story.”

In the same sympathetic spirit DIOGENES observes that, having heard Mr. Baillarge's growl, he would be mightily pleased to listen to Mr. Cauchon's responsive grunt.

INEXPLICABLE,—THOUGH EXPLAINED.

An occasional contributor—Mr. Joseph Rymal—thinking to embarrass the Cynic, has propounded the following conundrum:

“What is the difference between a millwright and a wheelwright?”

And the Cynic's answer is—

“Don't know—do you?”

DIOGENES is not to be caught napping; but he does not hesitate to tell Joe that this is trifling with his friends and patrons, the universal public, and is, at the same time, a violent assault on common sense. He feels indignant, accordingly. But listen to his wisdom; look through his perspicuity. He commences by remarking that the unphilosophic observer might, possibly, detect a distinction, but in fifty years he would not discover a difference. The millwright may be a turner, the wheelwright a spinner; the last may work for the road, the first for the river—but both are, essentially, *wheelers*. The difference is just exactly the difference between John and George,—between George and John. But George has always worked and wheeled into ruts and mud-holes; John has travelled over firmer roads, and never has been at a loss for strong and efficient springs to bear him up and save him from jolting. The great, the fundamental distinction exists in their last performances. George manufactured an elaborate wheel—a carriage wheel—

and fixed; it but it was the fifth on the coach. John constructed a machine that ground George into such extremely fine flour, that the only purpose it served was to dust friends and enemies alike; moreover it was so susceptible of atmospheric influences that it was blown away by every breath of wind. The sack is empty; the once capacious bin contains—nothing!

Joseph, are you answered?

WOMAN'S COURAGE.

DIOGENES is pleased to learn from English newspapers that the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha has enlivened the somewhat dull routine of a petty German Principality, by the institution of a new “Order of Woman's Courage.” This exceptional reward of merit is not restricted to any particular nationality, or jealously circumscribed by any geographical boundary. It has no limitations with respect to age, education or social standing; and may be attained indiscriminately, without fear of favouritism, by the maiden of Kamtchatka, or the matron of Madagascar. Briefly,—it is in no way, “cabined, cribbed, confined;” the sex and the virtue being the only essential qualifications specified. No hints whatever, are given as to the species of courage requisite for the “ministering angels” of this novel Order, and our imaginations are allowed to revel in conjectures as to whether its *insignia* will consist of wreaths, medals, or ribbons—stars, crosses or garters. All these guesses, in fact, may be wide of the mark, and the decorations may perhaps be as unique as the distinction.

Women so heroic as Grace Darling and Florence Nightingale, might well be the Saints of this Order. The simple utterance of their sweet names breathes the very soul of music to the ear of the Cynic. In the meantime, at the risk of being deemed presumptuous, he would respectfully suggest to the chivalrous Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, that the following ladies on this side the water by their undaunted courage have well merited the honour of being created the first members of the new Order; viz, the virago who introduced the Grecian Bend; the Editress of the *Sorosis*; and the “female reporter,” who (according to a late telegram) at present “does” the Police Court for the Toronto *Leader*.

A YANKEE MUNCHAUSEN.

We may refuse, in many respects, to concede to our American cousins the possession of the gift of originality; but it would require superhuman audacity to deny that their national humour is a phenomenon *per se*. It is difficult to analyse its properties or to describe its aroma. Much of it, as everybody knows, is founded upon apparently reckless exaggeration. One of the best specimens of wit peculiarly American may be found in a sentence of one of Abraham Lincoln's state-papers in which he speaks of the Mississippi gunboats as being of draught so light that “they could float wherever the ground was a little damp.”

DIOGENES lately noticed in a “States” journal a fine example of almost sublime falsehood, which he quotes without comment, in speechless admiration. The paragraph ran as follows:—

“A few evenings since, in passing a water-trough which stood under a young elm, I noticed—the moon being full—that the shadow of the tree was thrown upon the water. The next morning the trough was slightly frozen over, but behold, there was a perfect photograph of the drooping branches of the beautiful elm.”

A BIBULOUS SENTIMENT.—Whoso drinketh Dow's No. 1 proveth himself endowed with wisdom.

LIEBE UND LAGER.

I.

Oh! ven I leave mein Vater-land,
And to dis goontry coom,
I thought dat I droonk avery-ding
Exceptin' Anglish room:
But soon I vind de gog-dails
Dey make mine head feel queer;
So now I only puts mine drust
In "Liebe und Lager bier."

II.

Ven voorst I to dis goontry coom,
I thought I vas ein schvell,
I vent to Zainted James his gloob,
Und asked dem vat dey'd schell.
De schdeward vas ein gorgeous man
Und vell de gloob he graced—
"Gornel,—a Sbanish gog-dail take,
You'll vind it to your daste."

III.

I took de gog-dail in mein hand,
I did not think it vun;
De yolks of eggs did vloat in it,
Like sbecks upon de sun.
I raised de trink-glas to mein lip,
Und swallowed it down quick,
But sgarcely had drei minutes passed,
When I vash very sick.

IV.

Der Ritter Tod, vith lance in rest
Upon me down he bore,
Before you'd say Jack Robinzon,
I lay upon de vloor;
Und ven I vound my veet again,
I left Zaint James his gloob—
"Vere shall I go," meinself I asked,
Says Hamlet, "Dere's de roob!"

V.

I vent to de Zaint Lorenz 'All
Und likewise to de Quveen's;
I vent to Alan Vreeman's too,
Und inside Dolly's screens;
I vent to avery place in town,
Vere spirits are vor sale;
But tho' I'd lost my *cue*, I vould
Not trade in de *retail*.

VI.

At last I coom to Graig its street,
Und a trink-haus enter straight,
Zwei madchens mit deir golden Haar
Upon me coom to vait;
Dey bring de Lager of mein land,
No more my head feels queer;
So here I'll schtay and sving my legs,
Mit, "Liebe und Lager bier!"

"SWEETS TO THE SWEET."

DIOGENES is always pleased when he is accidentally enabled to furnish hints to his brethren of the Press. It is accordingly with feelings of unfeigned delight that he introduces to the notice of the Editor of the *Daily News* a novel

recently published in New York by George S. Wilcox. It is entitled "*As by Fire*," and is the (first) production of Miss Nelly Marshall. Sugar, molasses, honey and strawberry-jam are as vinegar and verjuice compared to this composition. It is a miracle of sweetness—a very bee-hive full of nectar—the quintessence of lusciousness—and is, on that account, admirably adapted to form the literary *pabulum* of the readers of the *News*. "All that's bright must fade," and the story of "Siballa the Sorceress" is alas! at length terminated. Something in the same style must of course be provided, and DIOGENES with tears in his eyes assures the Editor that he will never repent having published in his columns the ecstatic rhapsodies of "*As by Fire*."

It may be said that this is mere assertion. DIOGENES will furnish proof of the truth of this assertion, and regrets deeply that his limited space prevents him from quoting more than one brief passage. It is taken at random from the rapturous *dénoûment*. The heroine is supposed to be alone in her *boudoir*, when the hero unexpectedly enters. "A broad fond palm rested upon her bowed head, a voice husky and deep with emotion pronounced her name—Electra!" The ardent embrace, customary on these occasions, promptly follows, and the lover proceeds: "Has my Electra no answer for me? Must the gem and the fountain in my heart still remain undiscovered?" he asked in a tone of fervent, passionate melody: and, like the music of Æolian harps answering the wooing of the summer wind, her steady, sweet voice answered him:

"Lynn, I have always loved you!" Her starry eyes——"

But the pathos is really too heart-rending, and the Cynic, being no Stoic, is too overcome by his emotions to transcribe any further. The public and the Editor of the *News* will be able to judge from the specimen above-quoted whether DIOGENES has exaggerated the transcendent merits of Miss Nelly Marshall's mellifluous novel.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Adorned by me, youth glides along,
Regardless of the vulgar throng;
But when I leave his envied side,
I do so, at "the turn of tide."

Taught by me the earth you'll know;
In Shakspeare, I have made my bow;
I'm used by parting friends;—
My tail in Heaven is sometimes seen;
By Dickens I malign'd have been;
And thus my puzzle ends.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DIOGENES has to apologize to several correspondents whose communications have for some time been deposited in the "deferred" compartment of his Tub Despatch Box. Although unable to use a tithe of the papers with which he has been favored, the Cynic profoundly appreciates the kindly feeling which prompted them, and would not willingly detach one of his leal and trusty following:—To "R. J. W.," who takes exception to an "unchristian" advertisement, he would say, "It is a small matter—live it down. In these days of tolerance, sensible men attach no more importance to the phrase "A member of the Christian Church preferred," than to the almost obsolete insult of "No Irish need apply."—To "P.," who indignantly denounces indecent journalism, DIOGENES would simply remark that, if there were no demand there would be no supply, and that the responsibility lies with the injured public. It is easier to write down to vice than up to virtue, and Satan is never so angelic as when reproving sin.—"Jacob J. Fargone" falls foul of the legal profession of which he is an *attaché*. He gives promise of better things.—A "Peep into the Bar," an "inkling" by a Law Student, is far too personal.—Some lines on the "defection" of the Hon. Joseph Howe go over ground already sufficiently beaten. Try again.—"Hand-book for Strangers. Drill Shed, No. 2." Not without considerable merit. The Cynic will endeavor to utilize this at an early date.—

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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.

| | |
|---|----------------|
| Cash in Banks..... | \$123,801 16 |
| United States Stock.. | 441,575 09 |
| Stocks of States and Corporations, and Loans on demand | 162,517 09 |
| Subscription Notes (of which \$254,826.20 are not yet used).. | 565,101 35 |
| Bills Receivable, Uncollected Premiums and Salvages. | 293,824.21 |
| Accrued Interest and Unsettled Accounts..... | 22,458 50 |
| | \$81,384 06 |
| 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.

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- | | |
|-----------------------|--------------------|
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| George Mosle, | Simon de Vissert, |
| Edward F. Davison, | John S. Williams, |
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CHARLES IRVING, Secretary.

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 Founder, and Manufacturer of Stoves, &c.,
 Works, 165 to 179 William Street.
 City Sample and Sale Room, 118 and 120 Great St. James Street,
 and 532 Craig Street,
 MONTREAL, P.Q.

TEAS.

T. JAPAN T.
From
FIFTY TO EIGHTY CENTS,
of the finest quality.

T. HYSON T.
From
FIFTY CENTS TO ONE DOLLAR.
Fine to Superfine.

T. BLACK T.
Assam & China,
FORTY CENTS TO ONE DOLLAR.

AT THE
INDIA & CHINA TEA COMPANY.
23 HOSPITAL STREET.
In Boxes of
FIVE LBS.
and upwards.

Observe the Trade Mark on each Package.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC

The MONTREAL TEA COMPANY, 6 HOSPITAL STREET, MONTREAL, Importers, send, carriage free, on receipt of the Cash, or payable to Express on delivery, Four 5 lb. Packages, Two 12 lb., or One 25 lb., and Half-chests: Silver taken at par. The usual premium for Notes sent by Post for Teas, added to the order. No Dyes to make them look well, or poisonous matter in the Teas sold by this Company; all are warranted healthy and pure. Where there are no Express Offices, Teas are sent to the nearest station. Send on your orders. Everybody speaks well of the Tea. Common Congou—Broken Leaf, 35c.; Fine English Breakfast, 50c., 60c., and 65c.; Finest Sonchong, a rare English Breakfast Tea, 75c.; Japan, good, 50c. to 55c.; Fine, 60c. to 65c.; Very Finest, 75c.; (Green Tea), Young Hyson, 50c.; Fine, 60c. to 65c.; Very Fine, 85c.; Gunpowders, Twankays, Oolongs, and other Teas, equally cheap, quality considered. Beware of Pedlars offering Teas in small quantities, as from this establishment.

A NOVELTY in COLLARS, manufactured by MESSRS. RICE BROS., called "THE ALARM," is very pretty, graceful, and easily adjusts itself to the neck.

ARCHITECTS.

ALFRED BAILEY,
Archited,
PLACE D'ARMES HILL.
Quantities taken, and Artificers' Work measured.

COAL.

COALS, COALS, at Reduced
Prices.—Lehigh and Lackawana, all sizes. Best Parlor English Grate Coals, screened. All weighed at public scales, and delivered.

TUCKER DAVID,
78 McGill Street.


CIGARS and TOBACCOS

(Sign of the Turk.)
HENRY SWAIN, JR.,
241 McGill Street,
MONTREAL.

HAS just received a Choice Assortment of the Finest HAVANA CIGARS.

S. DAVIS,
Manufacturer of the
CABLE CIGARS,
Has removed his office to
No. 72 GREAT ST. JAMES STREET,
Second door from John Street, and next to Larins' Express Office.

ENGRAVERS.



GEO. BISHOP & CO.,
FASHIONABLE
ENGRAVERS
AND
PRINTERS
53 Great St. James Street, Montreal.

MONOGRAMS
and
VISITING CARDS
A Specialty.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE,
PLUMBAGO CRUCIBLES, "MORGAN'S PATENT."
HESSIAN do. Various Sizes.
J. V. MORGAN,
23 HOSPITAL STREET.

PEAT FUEL.

HODGES' PATENT PEAT
FUEL.—The CANADA PEAT FUEL COMPANY are prepared to sell the above Fuel, at their Works at St. Hubert, between Longueuil and Chambly, at \$3 per ton, cash. Application to be made to Mr. JAMES CHARTEKIS, on the Works, or to D. AIKMAN, Secretary, North British Chambers, Hospital Street.

The above Fuel is hard, sound and durable, giving only a small per centage of ash, and is entirely different from the unmanufactured material.

N.B.—Orders can be left at the Office of Mr. DINNING, Merchants' Exchange, Feb. 18, 1869.

CHEMIST

ST. JAMES' DRUG HALL.

TIDMAN'S SEA SALT
FOR
BATHING.
The Best in the World.
J. ROGERS & CO.,
133 Great St. James Street.

JAMS AND JELLIES.

STRAWBERRY, RASPBERRY,
BLACK CURRANT, RED CURRANT,
PEACH, PINE APPLE,
DUNDEE MARMALADE,
VIRGIN HONEY.

For sale by **WM. MCGIBBON,**
Corner Notre Dame and St. Gabriel Streets.

JEWELLERY.

SAVAGE, LYMAN & CO.
MANUFACTURE AND REPAIR,
ON THE PREMISES,
ALL KINDS OF
FINE JEWELLERY.
Special attention given to
MAKING CHAINS, ENAMELLING,
HAIR-WORK, &c., &c., &c.

SUGARS.

CANADA SUGAR REFINERY,
MONTREAL.

JOHN REDPATH & SON
MANUFACTURE
ALL KINDS OF REFINED SUGARS.
WHITE SUGARS—STOVE DRIED, MOIST,
AND CRYSTALS.
YELLOW SUGARS—BROWN AND YELLOW
OF EVERY KIND.
SYRUPS—AMIER, GOLDEN AND STANDARD.
OFFICE:
NORTH BRITISH CHAMBERS,
HOSPITAL STREET.

DRY GOODS.

A NEW DRY GOODS FIRM.
On the 20th of March next, the new Dry Goods Firm of **BROWN, CLAGGETT & MCCARVILLE** will open the large store 453 Notre Dame Street. The members of this firm have for many years been connected with the Dry Goods business, and thoroughly understand all its details. Their numerous friends in this city will, we have no doubt, be glad to hear of their commencing business under such favourable circumstances. The fact of their being related to some of the leading Silk Velvet and Poplin Manufacturers of the United Kingdom, will enable the new firm to hold out inducements such as are seldom offered to the public. They intend making a speciality of Silks, Velvets, Irish Poplins, Mantles and Shawls, but they will also keep a large assortment of first class Dry Goods. We take this opportunity of wishing the new firm success.—*Montreal Daily News, Jan. 20th.*

THE GAZETTE Prospectus
for 1869.

It is now about 18 months since *The Gazette* has been published in its present form—in other words, upon the principle of combining economy of space with giving, at the same time, a large amount of reading matter, so as to enable the publishers to sell a moderate sized and closely filled sheet, with profit, for ONE PENNY.

This system is that which is adopted by the most successful papers in the world—in Great Britain, the United States, the Australian Colonies, and South Africa.

It necessarily excludes the village system of hand-bill or placard advertising, and insists upon uniformity, as well in the interest of the advertiser as the publisher, on the ground that uniform and classified advertisements are easily found and seen at a glance, while, on the other hand, where a large collection of hand-bills is grouped together, a maze of confusion is created, and no single advertisement can be readily found, except indeed there may be a particular kind put in an accustomed place, say at the top of a column, at the expense of others.

One column of advertisements set in the present style of *The Gazette* would fill upwards of FOUR of the old blanket-sized sheet we formerly published, so that when we have now 12 or 13 columns in our present uniform style, they are equivalent to 48 or 50 of the village or hand-bill style—which would make a perfect wilderness of confusion of job-type, in which the search for any particular advertisement (except in the circumstances mentioned) would be almost as hopeless as for a needle in a haystack. Advertisers crying for larger letters, bigger cuts, and blacker type, to make an impression in the confusion, only add to it instead of overcoming it.

The essential principle is that, while one gold dollar is quite as valuable as one hundred red copper cents, it is a great deal more convenient to carry, and so a given amount say small space in one column, among 12 columns, where all is compact and uniform, is much more valuable than four times that space in a great mass of confusion among 48 columns.

There is this important fact in addition—the uniform, well-filled sheet commands a much larger circulation, which, taking into account, at the same time the quality of the circulation, is the test of the value of all advertising.

And it is here we claim particular and unrivalled advantages for *The Gazette*. None of the morning journals in the Province begin to approach it in extent of circulation. Besides its very large circulation in this city, it is sold every day in every town and village of importance within a radius of 200 miles of Montreal; and some time ago we addressed a circular to the different newswriters within that radius, asking for a comparative return of the numbers of all newspapers sold, and the result showed an average of between twelve and twenty *Gazettes* to one of any other newspaper in the Dominion. We will furnish the proof of this to any one who desires to see it.

Advertisers will please note that the majority of these readers out of Montreal obtain a great part of their supplies from the Commercial Metropolis.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

We shall make special rates with advertisers by the month or year for squares.

It is a golden rule for business men who have goods to sell to advertise liberally. The most successful business men have done it, and the shrewd and keen business men among the Americans much more than our own people.

Even if advertising were to cost a considerable per centage on the sales, it would be much better than keeping goods on the shelf.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

We offer inducements of liberal discount to subscribers to PAY IN ADVANCE with a view to make the system uniform and general.

We deliver the Daily by carriers in the City for \$6 a year, in advance, and send it by mail for \$5. But in all cases when not in advance, the price is \$3 a year.

—Weekly, in advance, by mail, \$3 a year.

—Weekly, \$1 a year. Parties may subscribe to the Daily edition either by the month or the week.

In the future we shall not relax, but rather increase, our exertions to make *The Gazette* so useful and attractive as to be almost a necessity in counting houses, places of business, and the homes of the people. All important news, of all the world's events transpiring in any part of the world, and of all sides of all political parties, will find an immediate place in its columns, in such a way that its readers will be kept au courant of every fact and event that it is important to know.