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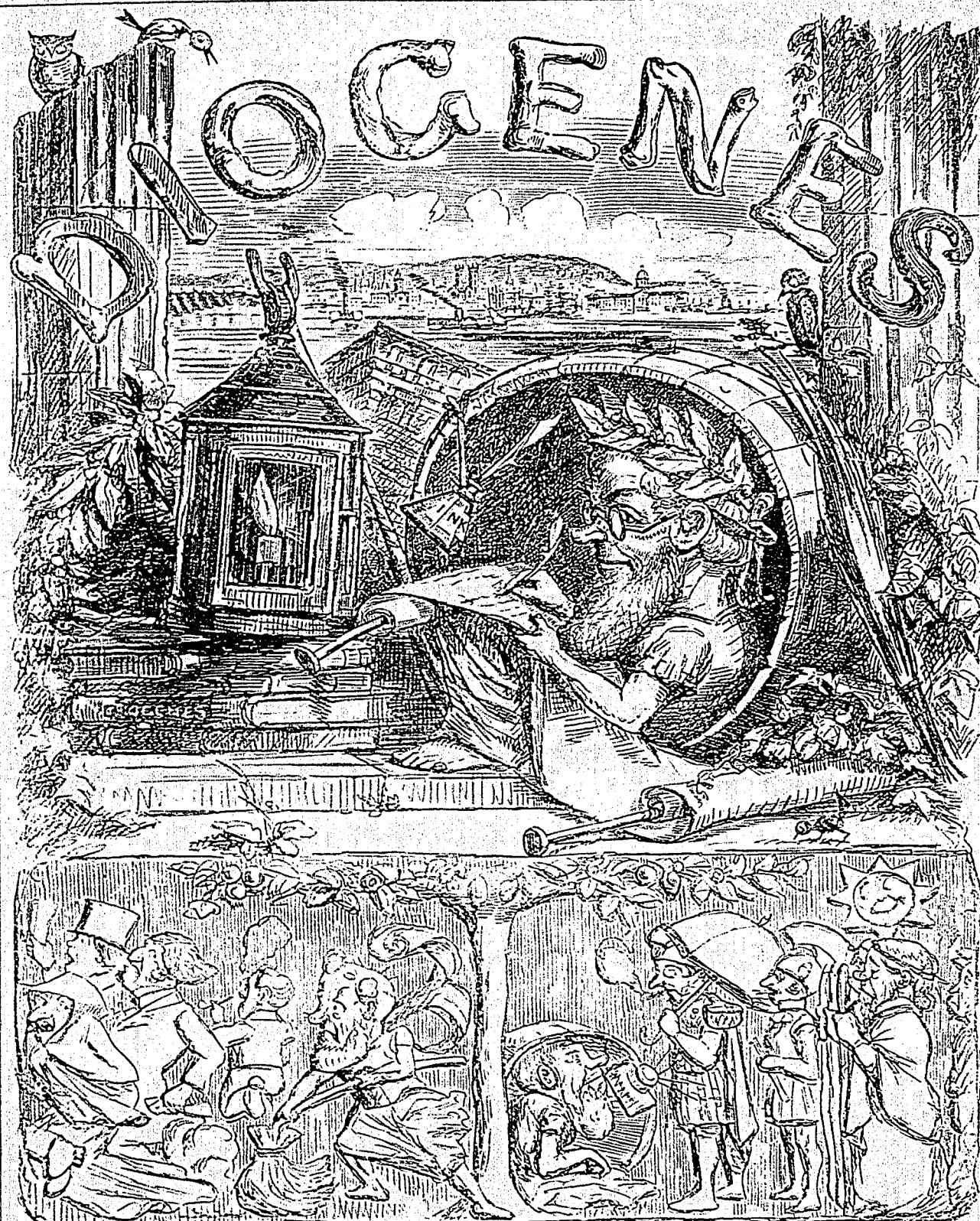
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 Oysters cooked to order.
 A choice assortment of Wines, Spirits, Cigars, and DOW'S Celebrated Ales.
 Oyster Patties unexcelled in the City.

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 FINE PERFUMES,
 Hair, Tooth, & Nail Brushes,
 Patent "Rubber Sponge,"
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J. E. D'AVIGNON
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DR. PATCH,
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 A perfect cure where a surgical operation is not absolutely necessary.
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JUST RECEIVED,
 A lot of Extra Fine NORTH SHORE HERRINGS,
 In Kits containing about three dozen, get up expressly for family use.
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 A supply of the **Finest Oysters**
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 Guinness' Stout and Dow's "No. 1" in Bottle and on Draught.

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Queen's Arms Cheese, Cheddar Cheese, Stilton Cheese,
 And another supply **FRESH ENGLISH COBNUTS,** ex "Peruvian."
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LONDRES 1862



PARIS 1867



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Are Sole Agents for the Dominion of the above justly Celebrated

WATCHES.

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AT THE OFFICE OF

"DIOGENES,"

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THE SCOTTISH PROVIDENT INSTITUTION (OF EDINBURGH). MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE

Accumulated Fund..... \$7,500,000
Deposited in Canada..... \$100,000

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An Extensive Assortment of the above now arrived from the OTTAWA FACTORY, TO BE SOLD WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AT THE

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151

FOR EVENING DRESS.

WHITE MUSLIN TIES and BOWS, all PLAIN and FANCY SILK HOSE, LINEN & SILK HANDKERCHIEFS, GOLD NECK STUDS, SOLITAIRE & SUITS.

Dress Shirts.

Of the very Latest Designs, always on hand, and made to order.

Our Stock of

Ties, Gties, Flannel Shirts, Cardigan Jackets, Mufflers,

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Our Underclothing and Hosiery

have been made specially for us by the Celebrated Firm of DICKSON & LAING, HAWICK, SCOTLAND.

W. GRANT & CO.

CHAS. ALEXANDER & SON,

Wholesale and Retail Confectioners

HAVE JUST RECEIVED A LARGE SUPPLY OF

"ROYAL COSTUME CRACKERS,"

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ALSO,

CARAMELS OF ALL KINDS MADE DAILY.

MARRIAGE BREAKFASTS AND SUPPER PARTIES SUPPLIED AS USUAL.

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Welsh and American Anthracite Coals for sale in lots to suit purchasers, to close a consignment.

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MAPLE FIREWOOD,

NEWCASTLE GRATE COAL,

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SCOTCH STEAM COAL.

E. J. CHARLTON.

Office: 184 Craig Street.

Ware: Corner Barclay and St. Mary Streets.

Housekeepers supplied free of cart or dirt, in their coal carts, in iron baskets.

MISA'S

O. E. G. V.

THE FINEST SHERRY IMPORTED.

AMONTILLADO,

VERY CHOICE.

OUR DINNER SHERRY,

VERY EXCELLENT AT \$6 PER DOZ.

DE VENOGÉ & CO.'S & BOUCHE FINE CHAMPAGNES,

In 1/2 Pints, Pints, Quarts, and Magnums.

HENKELL & DEINHARD'S

MOSELLES and HOCKS,

In Quarts and Pints.

SPARKLING AND STILL.

BRANDS OF CHOICE

HAVANA CIGARS.

No charge for Packing and Packages.

All Goods delivered free.

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115 St. James' Street.

NOTE.—Our Wines are all of our own direct importation, and are bottled carefully by competent hands under our own supervision.



INTRODUCTORY.

It must have been either the clock on the mantel-shelf, chiming the hour of nine, or an unusually boisterous gust of wind whistling on its way down the street and shaking the window curtains in its passage; or, perhaps, the sudden collapse of the fire glowing on the hearth, which caused the Philosopher to start suddenly from the reverie into which he had fallen. Whatever it was, when *DIOGENES* looked round, he became aware of the presence of a stranger, who was standing in a pensive attitude near his chair. Astonishment being a feeling with which the Cynic has long since ceased to be acquainted,—the experience of 2,000 odd years having taught him that there are indeed more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in even his philosophy,—he merely wiped the glasses of his spectacles, and, adjusting them firmly on his nose, directed his piercing but benevolent gaze upon the unexpected guest.

The Cynic saw before him an aged man, of venerable aspect, clad in a flowing robe of mystic character, and upon whose silvered head the snows of many, apparently, severe winters had descended.

DIOGENES arose and, with his most courtly bow, bade his visitor welcome to his hearth.

The stranger bent low in acknowledgement, and, pulling from his wallet a paste-board of portentous size: "Allow me," said he, "to present you with my card:—"

DOCTOR MERLIN,
Professor of Hegerdemain and Diablerie
IN GENERAL,

LATE ASTROLOGER AT THE COURT OF ARTHUR, KING OF BRITAIN.

N. B.—Patronized by all the (then) Crowned
Heads of Europe.

"Pray, Doctor, be seated, and permit me to express my high appreciation of the honor you do me."

The Doctor seated himself opposite the Philosopher, who also resumed his chair, and the following dialogue passed between them:—

DIO:—Before asking the cause of your visit allow me, Doctor, to recommend that Claret to your notice. If you are a smoker, I think you will find those Regalias not amiss."

MER.—Thanks, but excuse me, is not that Old Rye? *Merci*, these cigars are A. 1. (Looking about the room)—By Jove, you've got into good quarters here, eh? Better than the old Tub days, some!

DIO.—(With dignity)—Umph!

MER.—A Tub might have done well enough for a young fellow, in that climate, too, but hardly the thing for a man of your age in a Canadian winter. Where, for instance, would you put the hall stove, and how about double windows? ha, ha!

DIO.—You are facetious, sir,—

MER.—Well, don't be riled, old—ahem!—I was saying you burn a Moderator, eh?—Much better than gas,—at least the stuff the M. G. Co. supply; why, sir, we wouldn't have stood it in Arthur's time. Capital thing is a Moderator, but not used enough. Depend upon it, sir, your Politicians should use it; your Financiers need it; so do your Preachers, and your Authors. (By the bye have you any?) In fact the Lamp of Truth is certainly a Moderator—and better old—ahem—sir, far than a horn lantern to sit by.

DIO.—My lantern, sir, is good enough.

MER.—Of course, but you've given up that absurd search of yours, eh?

DIO.—Well, I confess I have little encouragement to go on with it.

MER.—Not even here? in this enlightened and virtuous land? Well, you astonish me. But, I say, Dio, my boy—(helping himself to O. R.)—

DIO.—Let me remind you, Doctor, of an old saw, "Familiarity, etc.," *verbum sap.* My name is DIOGENES.

MER.—(Aside, *sotto voce*) I know,—once called the dog;—(aloud)—Excuse me, my dear sir, poor Arthur and I were on terms of the greatest familiarity;—*mais n'importe*. Heigho! this reminds me of his box at Camelot. Poor dear Arthur! (More O. R.)

DIO.—Poor dear Arthur never had a cigar like that for a friend.

MER.—Well, perhaps you're right; but I was going to tell you what brought me in here.

DIO.—At your pleasure. Light another cigar and fill your glass; there's nothing in it.

MER.—Then it must be like the Intercolonial Railway, - or like the pockets of G. T. R. shareholders. You see *I do* know something about your affairs. I suppose you are under the impression that I know nothing.

DIO. (interrupting blandly)—Not exactly that.

MER.—I mean about this odd corner of the habitable globe. But, let me tell you, I've had a finger in most of the pies that have been made here since long before the late J. Cartier, Esq., paddled his canoe on the great St. Lawrence.

DIO.—Really, I had no idea.

MER.—But the fact is, since our little "mix up" in Arthur's time—you remember Vivien, and all the rest of them?—I've kept pretty well out of the way. But, I confess, I sometimes feel tempted to cut into the Ottawa rubber. Those fellows do play a bad game—as for their finessing—bah!—They've got a man now, though, who understands the odd trick:

DIO.—Meaning "F. H."?

MER.—Late of the Windward Isles!—the same. I wouldn't be surprised if in the next *parti*, he is found to hold the right Bower, guarded.

DIO.—Play it alone?

MER.—Likely enough; the respected descendant of the gentleman, whose name I mentioned just now, plays a good game, too—so let him beware. But let us leave these small fry, and turn to something more important. I have long watched the efforts made by you, DIOGENES, to cater for the amusement of those about you. The gratitude of thousands testifies how well you have performed your task. You are about to commence the third series. Am I not speaking your own thoughts when I say you are confident that the words of wisdom, spoken by you, will exercise an important influence over the minds of men? [Here the Doctor rose as if carried away by his subject, and, after replenishing his glass, continued]—Yes! your object is to instruct as well as to amuse. To strengthen loyalty, to dash down treason, and to cover with ridicule the projects of those who are for anything except the Dominion as she ought to be? I pause for a reply.

DIO.—Oh, go on.

MER.—You will never pander to vulgar tastes by low buffoonery, or by irrevent and fruitless attempts at wit. No! perish the thought! Your pen shall be pointed with satire, though dipped in the milk of human kindness; and thousands yet unborn shall rejoice over the noble works of—er, yes,—just so,—(finishes his O. R.) Now, all I want you to do is to give me the European Agency.

DIO.—My dear Doctor you shall have it.

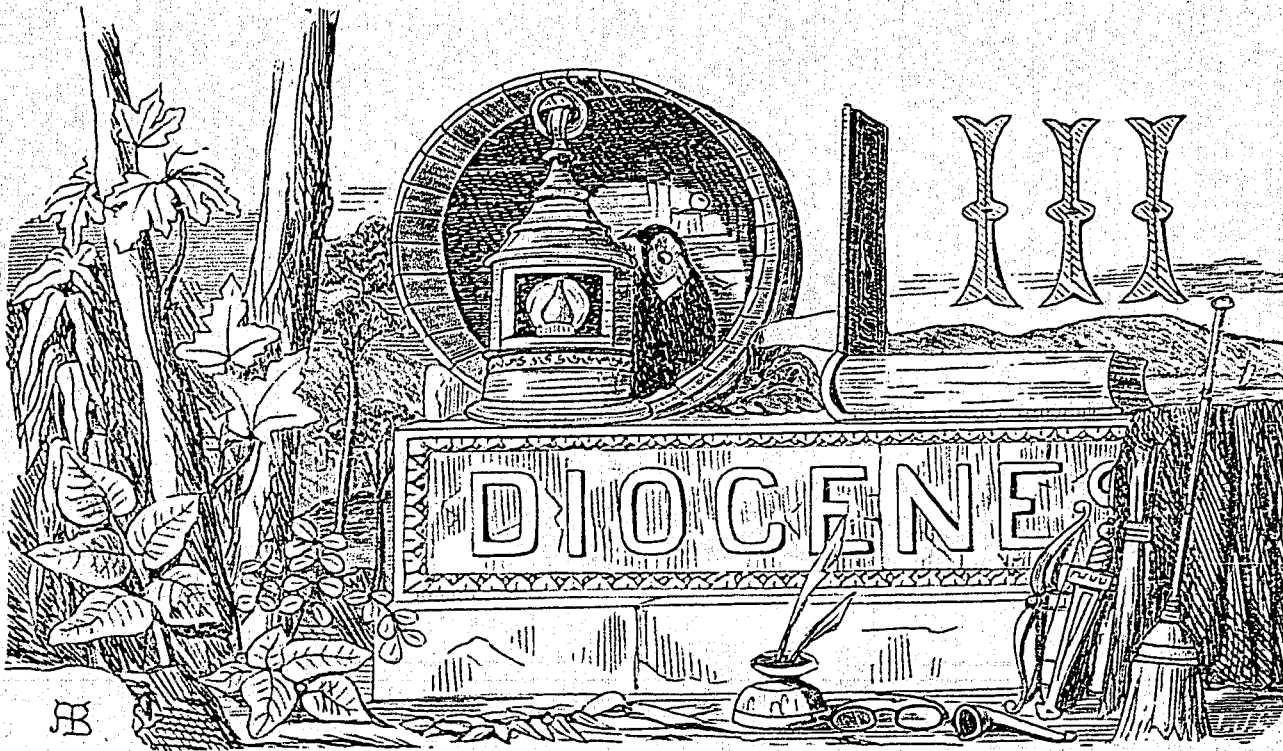
MER.—Then, after DIOGENES,—MERLIN!

DIO.—See! here is the copy for the next Number.

MER.—No Capital in Europe shall be without it. And now, adieu. Be happy as you are virtuous!

DIOGENES arose, and the two Sages embraced warmly, after which the aged Astrologer departed, having under his arm the inestimable gift, which is now presented to you, viz.:

THE 1ST NUMBER OF THE 3RD VOL. OF DIOGENES.



OUR WINTER QUARTERS.

DIOGENES is a Philosopher, and, as such, immortal, but he is also a man, and, therefore, not free from the discomforts of mortality. We were reminded of this, last week, in a way which we could not neglect. We had, in common with all the world,—Newsboys and Street Arabs in particular,—enjoyed the luxury of basking in a gloriously-soft Indian Summer's day. We had seen the sun set in hazy glory,—not so bright as usual, but none the worse for anything he had taken,—just genial,—and genially he looked down on us as he drew the curtain promising a fine morning for all of us. We had done our day's work; we supped; smoked our pipe; and, smoking, ruminated on affairs public and private; all thoughts and fancies mixed with the clouds of our tobacco and vanished without worrying us, under its gently-soothing influence. With a good conscience we tilted the old Tub over our head, and with a whole number of our weekly wisdom, wit and instruction, all cut and dry, we looked forward to the waking cheeriness of the promised fine day. We slept a dreamless sleep; our last indistinct thoughts being a kind of pity for those whose hours of repose might be disturbed by Welsh Rarebits or unquiet thoughts. We wondered how Sir Francis Hincks could rest with the weight of the Dominion Money Box on his chest, and the key under his head, and we thought in sorrow of the sufferings of his waking hours under the heavy wet of the *Louder* and the *News*. Oblivion stole over us while we fancied we saw him sitting uneasily on our Finances with *Devils* from the *Dailies* trying to whitewash him with Printer's ink; but,—“morning shewed another sight.”—

We woke, chilled, and, as we listened, we thought we heard, or felt, a soft rustling all round our lonely habitation; we looked towards our bung hole (always turned to the rising sun), that we might get his first light, and saw no sign of day,

but, to our utter amazement, instead of hearing the wheels of the milk (and water) man, or the drowsy uncertain steps of No. 45 A, clinking on the pavement,—by jingo! we heard sleigh bells!

We shook ourselves up—turned over our Tub,—which this time was as heavy as the Tun of Heidelberg,—and, with intense disgust, beheld—WINTER!

Our Philosophy was at fault: the grizzly-bearded, hard-hearted, “thick-ribbed” old ruffian, had taken a dirty advantage of us! A pretty sight we felt we must be for gods and men—emerging from a bed of snow! Fortunately it was early. We looked around to see if any “jealous rivals” would laugh to scorn, or enjoy our discomforture. They are all lazy fellows. Even the *Witness* was asleep; so, without beat of drum, we picked up our few *impedimenta* and set about making preparations for our hibernation. (Excuse this long word; sweet reader,—we use it because it helps us, in its long-drawn sound, to express the dreary prospect before us. We often like to dwell on unavoidable ills and thus disarm them ere they fall upon us; and “hibernation,” with its five syllables tells us of the many months of cold and snow which we must face.)

Dislodged, then, by the snow, from our summer quarter, we were obliged to look around for a corner in which to bestow ourselves, with our household gods. We thought of an arched gateway in a cheerful neighbourhood, and with a southern aspect, but, remembering the twenty feet of snow which fell in some of the streets last winter, we abandoned that plan, for, whatever ideas of comfort we may associate with such places as the “*cider cellar*,” we found the process of “gittin up stairs,” with snow for steps and no banisters very disagreeable to ourselves, and mighty awkward for our friends and the newsboys. The first often came down with a rush,—feet first,—bringing up only against the bottom of our Tub,

and never trying to leave till they had finished all our "Pain Killer." The last, on our mornings of issue, came down in dozens, and always by the run;—the row they made, kicking and cuffing each other was frightful; had it been possible for A No. 45 to venture into our den, that intelligent officer would have been often with us;—but, "tempering valour, with discretion," he contented himself on these occasions with waiting at the top of the hole, picking up two of the dirtiest of our customers and marching them off to the Recorder, who generally sent them off free, because, all the Bobby could swear to, was, that they bore the "red signs of war" on their manly noses, which was not of itself sufficient.

Weighing well these drawbacks to the Archway, we resolved to get our Tub into the one-pair back parlor in St. James' street, which even now is publicly known as our home of Philosophy.

This was not quite such an easy task. The stairs were far too narrow, and the window was the only means of entrance. We explained our difficulty to the worthy Managers of the Canada Ocean Steam Navigation Company, who immediately sent up from one of their ships a dozen of men, under charge of the Boatswain's Mate, who rigged a tackle in a jiffy, and with a stamp and a "go my hearties," they ran us.—Tub, Books, Papers, Lantern, Soothing Syrup, Baccy and all,—into winter quarters. Some of our friends saw the operation, and we take this opportunity of returning our hearty thanks to them for the cordial manner in which they cheered, as we bowed and took off our hat to them,—between heaven and earth,—on our ascent.

We have now every prospect of spending a jolly, and, at same time, most useful winter. We don't command a view of the Post Office, neither can we see the *Witness* in the distance, but our fraternal arrangements as to pitching into common enemies will not be interfered with: of course nothing can happen in the centre of the Dominion,—St. James street,—which will not be observed by one of us. We shall pick up all that is jolly and pleasant from the public bundle of mortality passing before us, and then hand it over for John to take according to his taste,—the wicked, the sad, and the stupid, to serve up for his clients,—simple or illustrated as he may see fit.

But, in the meantime, gentle and most generous friends, the FLITTIN' disarranged our papers, our copy, our thoughts, put out our lantern, knocked our "times out of joint," in short,—and we have laid our whole case before you, that you may excuse us for our silence last Friday.

"NOTHING TO NOBODY!"

COUN. KAY protested. He was as charitable as any member of the Council, but did not wish to see the public money given away in this manner.

DIOGENES has nothing to say against the sentiments uttered by the worthy Councillor, but there are people, who, of course, will find fault, and challenge him to the proof of his boast. We hasten to arm him with a reply to those who would question his assertion. It is the answer given by a gentleman, once of this city, to some subscription-hunters, who, on his refusal to help their scheme, said, that he was never found on any subscription list. He had more money in his strong box than Lindley Murray in his brains, and, to the accusation replied, "I am as charitable as any of you, but like to act upon the Scripture precept, and not let my right hand know what my left hand doeth; no man has any business with my charities,—what I gives is—nothing to nobody!"

UN-FELINE.—Cats are classed amongst the *dumb* animals. Is it because they are so *meut*.

A SCHOOLBOY'S ANATHEMA.—The curse of *Cain*.

THE PRINCE'S LAMENT.

After An Old Scottish Ballad.

It fell about the Martinmas,
When the leaves are yellow upon the tree
That our gude Prince cam o'er the faem
To bide a while in Canidee.

He brocht a store of the gude red gow'd
To spend in the shops of Canidee,
And a douce auld carle named Elphinstone,
To keep him straight as a Prince should be.

But scarce had he tarried a week or more,—
A week but barely three,—
When his legs were stiff and his head was sair,
And he wished himself back in his ain countree.

He could get nae rest, nor night nor day,
Oh! sairly harassed and vexed was he;
And he wrote a letter to his gude mither,
Who dwells in the Castle on Windsor lea.

"Oh mither, gude mither, oh waes the day
Ye sent me here to Canidee,
For thae fule Canadians worry me sae
I feel as tho' I were like to dee.

At ilka Bazaar I maun e'en attend,
To let the lassies a' stare at me;
And ne'er a concert or ball they gie,
But I maun e'en its patron be!

I hae nae pleasure to walk abroad,
Nor tak a stroll intil the street;
And I've worn a' the nap off my best plug hat,
Fra bowin' to ilka snob I meet.

Oh, tis sweet to chase the bounding deer
In Acadies' forest, so fair and free,
But, oh! tis ill to hae to speer
Wi ilka fule body that I may see!

Oh! tis sweet, the bonnie saumon to lure
As he journeys up frae the saut, saut seas,
But, oh! tis ill to hae to list
To the blether of sic snobs as these!

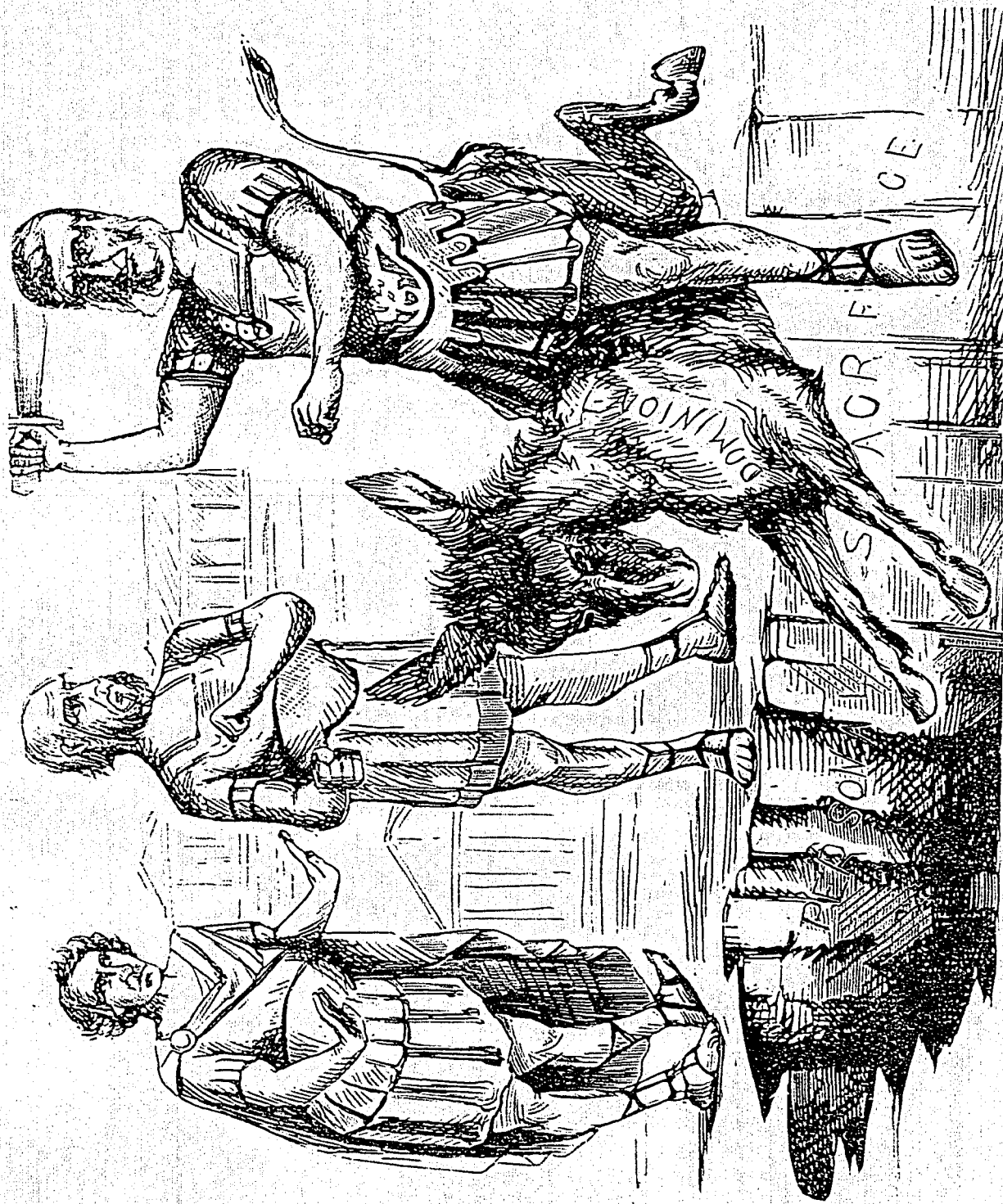
But gin they would let me rest in peace,
Nor an exhibition wad me of me,
I would na wish for a better land
Than this gude land of Canidee!"

NOSES AGAIN.

(Extract from the Registrar-General's Report for the first half year of 1869.)

"Aggregating the whole population, Red Noses stand or rather, point at only five per centum. But in two classes, the Good Templars and the Sons (and daughters) of Temperance, we have the rather remarkable return of thirty-seven and a half to the hundred. Female Red Noses, though only slightly in the majority, have greatly the advantage in intensity. Surprising, isn't it?"

*.—DIOGENES is not surprised,—O, no! The process by which the ruby lips were attained, in the classes particularly specified, belongs, like the old art of glass-staining, to a former age. The colouring matter, in both cases, was so liberally and deftly applied, that, in duration, it will be ever-standing and ever-shining.



H—C—S.

G. B—N.

J. A. M.

THE DOMINION CURTIUS.

COMMODORE VANDERBILT.

*(A Monodrama in one Act.)*COMM.—*(Sings.)*

"Commodore Vanderbilt is my name,
Wall Street is my Station,
New York is my dwelling-place,
And Money is my salvation."

(Speak.)

Some eighty years ago, when thieves were poor
And aped the beggar's art from door to door,
When crouching penury shamed itself to kneel
And pray for that it didn't dare to steal,
In that low, mean, unscientific age
I first appeared on life's eventful stage.
My infant-joys I skip,—if I had any,
They surely circled round the "honest penny":
A voice within me said,—"now, don't be rash;
"Whatever else you lose, go in for cash;
"The ball is at your feet, so make it roll,
"Look to your body, never mind your soul;—
"You *have* a body, but the soul's a myth
"That priests proclaim to frighten fools therewith."
Just so: I took the scales; I saw the gleam
Of gold go down and conscience kick the beam.
In Shares and Funds and every kind of Stocks
I've angled all my life to catch "the rocks"
By hook and crook, and, were assurance needed,
I humbly might suggest that I succeeded.
Look at me, gents! I'm past th' allotted span—
The "limited liability" of man,
Yet I defy the keenest coon to "euchre"
Me out of one red cent. The "filthy lucre"
I boast of, can't be reckon'd up by silly 'uns,—
Me and a pal or two,—we counts by millions!
Behold in me, as in my steps you follow
The incarnation of the ALMIGHTY DOLLAR!
Not knowing how long I may retain this guise
And be the cynosure of ravenous eyes,
My worshippers have raised—now looking at you—
This noble, costly and immortal STATUE;
Of me,—the Commodore,—Great Vanderbilt;—
Shewing the brass and tin, without the guilt,
Preaching this fact, that, to remotest ages,
Shall find a chronicle in history's pages,—
Whether acquired by virtue, vice or stealth,
How grand an epitaph belongs to wealth!
And O! young men whose tender fingers tingle
To clutch the golden key,—who long to mingle
With "bulls" and "bears,"—to wallow in finance,
And test the fev'rish elements of chance,
Remember this:—if heedlessly you start
Aside from the dear idol of your heart,
If the mean luxuries of social life
Prevail to tempt you from the glorious strife,
If any pure, unmercenary plan,—
(Such rubbish as the "dignity of man,")
If Art, or Science, or poetic gleam
Wake you, one instant, from your golden dream,
Thenceforward, be assured by me, you stand
Among the hated *paupers* of the land;—
Idiots, who, following some useless bent,
Grow up and die not worth a blessed cent!
For you no pious people shall prepare
And sanctify a monument with prayer;
For you no anxious thousands shall grow pale
To see their deity "behind the veil;"
Your wretched end it is not hard to settle,—

You shall go "*down in rags*,"—not "*up in metal*!"
Be warned, young men! walk up and do not miss

The Commodore's Grand Apotheosis.
As the colossal monument appears
Uncover'd and ye raise your eyes in tears,
As the unshadowed glory dawns before us,
Gents all, I pray you *jine* the following chorus:

(Chorus of Demigods and the "unwashed.")

"Commodore Vanderbilt is his name,
St. John's Square is his station,
He's moved Up Town from Wall Street here,
For Money is his salvation!

(Demigods, etc., evaporate.)

NOTES AND QUERIES.

NOTE.—A good deal of amusement has been caused in literary circles both in France and England by a comical mistake of Victor Hugo's in his last work, *Les Travailleurs de Mer*. He translated the Firth of Forth into *le premier de quartré*,—the first of four,—and on the mistake being pointed out he stoutly maintained that the name is derived from the fact that on its banks, or at its mouth, stood the First of Four great Forts erected against the enemy. "No such Fort is there," say his critics. "That's nothing," says the author, "it was blown down in a dreadful tempest"; and he even points out the time when the storm took place, and so persists when speaking of the Firth of Forth in calling it *le premier de quartré*,—the First of Four.

He is not by any means, however, the first French author who has made funny mistakes in translating English. CHATEAUBRIAND in his essay on our literature, quoted the following passage from Pope's criticism on Shakspeare: "Of all English poets Shakspeare must be confessed to be the fairest and fullest subject for criticism, &c."

The above short sentence Chateaubriand translates: *Il faut avouer que de tous les poètes Anglais, Shakspeare présente à la critique le sujet le plus agréable et le plus dégoûtant*;—fullest, evidently confused with foulest.

ANSWER TO QUERY I, VOL. II., No. 26.—Buxom or "boughsome" in the sense of pliant, obedient, &c.

Worcester's Dictionary gives the following examples:

"Thinking to make them tractable and *buxom* to his government."—*Spenser*.

"Then with quick fan

Winnows the *buxom* air."—*Milton*.

"With humble heart full *buxomly*."—*Chaucer*.

A. B.

QUERY I.—Mr. Reade evidently is so well informed on Celtic subjects that I am tempted to ask him or any other of your correspondents another question. What is the origin of the affix *cester* or *chester*, so commonly appended to the names of English towns, such as Gloucester, Leicester, Worcester, Cirencester, Dorchester, &c.? This is usually derived from the Anglo-Saxon *ceaster*, a town, or the Latin *castra* or *castrum*, a fortress or camp. Now, the Lear of Shakspeare, formerly written *Lyr*, was an historical personage, and I have read somewhere that the word Leicester is derived from the *Lyr-cester*, the camp or fortress of *Lyr*. If this be correct, "*cester*" would seem rather to have a remote Celtic origin than an Anglo-Saxon or Roman one.

One more question on the same subject. Why does Shakspeare uniformly spell Gloucester, "*Gloster*?" The former orthography would surely be the most ancient of the two. Was this a phonetic corruption common in his time and afterwards abandoned? A. B.

SLIGHTLY UNORTHODOX.

Monday, the 1st November, being ALL SAINTS' Day, the *Gazette* informed us, that all the Courts and other public offices were closed, and that, in consequence of the Fete, all the prisoners brought before the Recorder were discharged with a reprimand. The *habitudes* of the Recorder's Court will, henceforth, remember that, on All Saints' Day, the performance is gratis, and that they may be quite at their ease in the gutter, kicking up rows, or "larrupin'" their wives on the 31st October—that being "All Sinners' Eve!"

THE HISTORY OF A LOAFER.

CHAP. VI.

A BACHELOR'S CHAMBERS.

Gerald had now leisure to look around him a little. His new friend's apartments consisted of two rooms, furnished with a degree of luxury rather uncommon to a medical student. The walls were adorned with colored lithographs of dramatic celebrities, opera singers and ballet dancers, intermixed with race horses. On examining these more closely, he observed that these were made to reverse. The backs contained other pictures of a much more sober character, which appeared designed to be shewn when papa was in town. The bookcase held a goodly row of volumes, medical and otherwise. These seemed to be but little used. The room was strewn with boxing gloves, single sticks, tobacco pipes and a few of the last new novels from Mudie's—a skull and a stethoscope on the mantel-piece were the only emblems of the art of healing. Everything was in most inextricable litter and confusion. It was a true bachelor's apartment. Tired at last with watching, he fell asleep. When he awoke, it was daylight, though the fog had not cleared off, and there was, as yet, no perceptible "other side the way." Somebody was sweeping the adjoining room. He peeped through the crack of the door and beheld a "somewhat aged, and, by no means, handsome female engaged in that operation." He divined, correctly, that this was the house-keeper, or "laundress" who presided over the comforts of the chambers and their inhabitants. She was talking, or rather muttering to herself, in a very inaudible and somewhat grumbling tone. He succeeded in catching the expressions "drunk again" and "Ned Wright,"—both uttered with great disgust. Having finished her dusting, the lady proceeded to arrange the articles in the room. A bottle of brandy was on the table. This she deposited in a *cheffonier*, having previously helped herself to a long draught from the neck of the bottle. "Humph" thought Gerald, "I know something about you, should you cut up sulky." She next applied herself to the tea caddy, and took out a much larger portion than seemed necessary for a single man's breakfast. Shortly afterwards, she departed noiselessly. Gerald watched and watched, and went to sleep again.

He was next wakened by Henry himself, shouting in rather a suspicious tone "Who are you?"

It was past mid-day, but the drunkard was hardly sober yet. Gerald explained the circumstances of the previous night, or rather morning. His auditor seemed to have a misty recollection of the facts, and was evidently uneasy.

"Was Ned Wright with you?" he asked.

"Yes, but did not stop long."

"Did he leave you, here, in his place?" said, he suspiciously.

"No. He wanted to send me away and stay himself."

"Well!"

"You did not seem desirous of his presence, so I ordered him off, and took his place."

"You ordered him off! and did he go?"

"Directly."

"How on earth did you manage that?"

"Well you see, I saw he was a bully, and I am used to managing bullies."

Henry laughed outright.

"Well, younker, you're a cool hand, but what would you have done, had he declined to go?"

"Kicked him down stairs."

Henry laughed again.

"Well, I am at least indebted to you for taking care of me, and for ridding me of a very disagreeable companion. Will you add to your obligations by getting me some soda-water and a bottle of brandy from the *cheffonier* in the next room? Thank you—more brandy—twice as much."

"Not a bit of it, only just a little to steady the nerves. By the way, a little sal-volatile would be better."

"Why, what can you know about it? you were never drunk?"

"Wasn't I though?" retorted the boy, with a kind of a sham juvenile pride in the avowal.

"I tell you what it is, you're a mystery, and I rather like you. What shall I call you? My name is——"

"Henry Parsons."

"How in the name of heaven did you know that?"

"Mr. Wright called you so last night."

"And your name is——"

"James Fitzgerald," said the boy with an effort. He had been guilty of many foolish things,—some blackguard things,—but lying was a thing at which he was, as yet, a novice.

"Well, then, let us be Harry and Jem to each other. If you will ring the bell in the next room, Mrs. Flanagan will bring the breakfast and I will get up."

Gerald did as desired, and a noise in the in the inner room indicated that Mr. Parsons was refreshing himself with a shower bath. Mrs. Flanagan appeared, and was rather startled by Gerald's appearance.

"And who are you?" said she in her turn. "I thought it was Mr. Wright."

"Mr. Wright will not be here. Mrs. Flanagan, and Mr. Parsons wishes breakfast for two, as soon as you can get it ready."

"And do you think that a respectable woman, like me, is to be talked to like that by a *hardless* boy? shame on a chit like you to be out drinking with the likes of him."

"But I never drink brandy at seven in the morning, Mrs. Flanagan. No—you need not take any more tea,—you had quite enough this morning."

Parsons laughed loud from the recesses of the shower bath, and Mrs. F. disappeared "dratting" somebody's "imperence."

"What a fellow you are, Jem, for shutting people up. I always thought the old woman had an eye to my groceries, but never knew it before."

"Why don't you keep a sharper look out?"

"Alas! 'tis the nature of the beast. All the world conspires to keep a sharp,—a very sharp look out—on me," said he, with a tinge of seriousness in his tone.

He now appeared in a gorgeous morning gown and slippers with a smoking-cap to match. The breakfast was soon served in almost sybaritic luxury, but with a London flavor about it quite unmistakable. Capital ham and tongue, capital rolls, excellent raised pies, excellent tea, eggs half-boiled and coffee perfectly execrable. How is it that, in the great city of London, outside of the clubs and the houses of the wealthy, where a French *chef de cuisine* is kept, a decent cup of coffee is hardly to be obtained? I should except also the hotels and *cafés* about Leicester Square. These are hardly to be called London. They are like a small town of themselves, situate in the heart of a large one,—and yet Englishmen like coffee, and like it good. "Poor people drink it in preference to tea, partly because it is cheaper. In a country farm house or a village inn, the beverage is always well compounded."

CHAP. VII.

ANOTHER FLITTING.

Gerald was, as may be imagined, by this time, most ravenously hungry. He did full justice to the viands set before him. Harry drank two cups of tea, *torried* down half a slice of toast, and, in spite of his companions, advice, made a second application to the brandy bottle.

"And now," said Gerald "satisfy my curiosity." "What connection has Mr. Edward Wright with Lord Cipher?"

Harry's brow darkened, considerably, as he replied, "How came you to know anything about that?"

"He let it out accidentally." (This was his second lie, which came to his tongue much more glibly than the first.) "The fact is, it was my threat of application to Lord Cipher which so frightened him last night."

Harry looked extremely uncomfortable.

"Friend Jemmy, you have evidently plenty of pluck about you, but let me advise you to steer clear of Ned Wright. Once get into his net and you will be a cleverer boy than I take you for, if you succeed in getting out of it."

"I am not in the least afraid of him."

"But I am."

"But you have not yet told me who he is?"

"He is Lord Cipher's stud-groom."

"Not a very formidable personage, I should think. He seems rather a blackguard, and is certainly very impertinent. Why do you put up with his impudence?"

"Because I cannot help it. I wish I could!"

"Well, he tried the same game on me, but I "shut him up," as you call it, directly."

"Contound it, let us talk of something else. Do you smoke?"

"Of course I do," said the boy, not wishing to appear small in the eyes of his companion. The fact was that, in the course of his life, Gerald had four times attempted to smoke a cigar. His success had been varied, but the last one had, at least, remained on his stomach. Like most boys of his age, he was very anxious to become an accomplished smoker, although he found the apprenticeship very disagreeable.

"You will find these in splendid condition," said Harry producing a box of rather muscular looking weeds, somewhat dark in color. "No—do not bite the end off—puncture it with a knife—so."

Gerald proceeded to do so, with some awkwardness, but with a coolness, as though the operation had been familiar to him from his cradle.

"And now," said Harry, "let me ask you a question: Where were you going pedestrianizing with that knapsack, at four in the morning?"

"I was going to walk to Harrow." (Lie No. 3.) Gerald knew Harrow: he had, often, been out there with schoolfellows on certain days which were kept as holidays at Somerset College, and he was anxious not to betray his ignorance by naming a place he knew nothing about.

"Well, yours is a rum taste to choose a London fog to walk twelve miles in."

Gerald became anxious to change the conversation.

"I suppose you fellows have to attend lots of lectures, eh?"

"The good ones do, but I am an irreclaimable loafer."

"What is a loafer?" asked the boy. (At that time, the word had only just been imported from America.)

"A loafer is a gentleman who, under the guise of some occupation,

practices the profession of doing nothing. Very pleasant practice too, but not very profitable I should think."

"You are wrong,—quite wrong—; a loafer always gets somebody to work for him."

"Ned Wright, for example?" suggested the boy.

"My dear Jem,—were you not favored with youth, which makes your excuse, I would say that any allusions to Mr. Wright, after what I hinted just now were in extremely bad taste, but you are wrong this time—Wright loafs on me—rather too much for my comfort:—I loaf on—the world."

"Including your father?"

"Jem!" shouted Harry, now really indignant, "but stop!—what is the matter?"

The cigar—beginning to work its effect. For several minutes, Gerald had been talking very incoherently. Drops of cold perspiration had settled on his brow, and he was as white as a sheet.

"Are not those cigars rather strong?" inquired he in piteous tones.

"Why, of course, they are; but I see how it is,—here—come and lie down on the bed for a while. But this will never do. You will never get on in the world if you cannot smoke strong weeds." And he laughed with genuine amusement. Gerald felt small. He obeyed his friend; laid himself down and shortly afterwards experienced the delights of sea-sickness without the trouble and expense of a sea-voyage. He lay, dreamily, dosing for some time, until he became conscious of somebody talking with Harry in the next room. The new arrival was Wright. He recognized the voice, which, though subdued to its softest tones would be loud and vulgar in spite of all efforts to the contrary. He soon gathered that he, himself, was an object of suspicion to that worthy. He several times caught the word "spy." Harry seemed, however, soon to allay these suspicions, and the story of the strong cigar which he related to his companion, caused great diversion. Gerald now felt better, and soon overheard words which incited him to listen with all his ears. The two were arranging a plan together,—no novelty to sporting men,—but which, to Gerald's youthful ears, was as novel as it was atrocious. It was the old story. Lord CIPHER was to race a horse for the next "Derby." The horse called "Hailstone" was at present being trained by Mr. Wright. It bid fair to be a favorite. Between this time and next May, Harry was, under Wright's direction, to bet heavily in various quarters against "Hailstone." Wright was to make it his business, that, on the day of the race, the horse would be incapable of winning and the two sharpers were to share the profits. A somewhat angry discussion ensued as to the relative share of the profits. Harry, in vain, threatened exposure of the whole affair, but the bully coolly informed him that "two could play at that 'ere game," and brought to his recollection sundry other transactions of a similar nature in which they had been concerned. The groom was as usual, successful and bargained for a very large lion's share for himself.

Gerald listened with horror. He had never been thrown among betting men, and was far too young to have acquired the slightest taste for gambling, in any shape. That betting was a common amusement, he well knew, but anything like unfair play was as revolting to him as it is to all English gentlemen. Hearing Wright take his departure, he feigned to be soundly asleep. Shortly afterwards, Harry entered his room, and enquired if he was better. Pretending to wake up, he replied in the affirmative. Harry then stated that he was going out, but would return in a few hours, when he proposed that they should go to a restaurant for dinner and to the theatre afterwards. In the meantime, Gerald could amuse himself with the books and newspapers. He feigned assent and was soon left to himself.

Into that same arm chair he sat down and watched, but this time he was watching himself and his own conscience. His thoughts wandered far away, to that ivy-grown parsonage in Blankshire; to that ever-indulgent father whom he had so bitterly offended; to that sweet sister whom he loved so dearly—all those he had run away from—for what? To form the acquaintance of gamblers and sharpers. One thought he still had, in the days when his talented, ungainly, awkward elder brother had been the subject for ridicule, both with father and sister, Gerald alone had clung to him with the deepest affection. This had won Gilbert's heart. That apparently unimpressible nature always retained a soft spot in his heart which he never sought to conceal. That spot was Gerald. When Gilbert came to see his brother in Bloomsbury Square, the lad noted with pride, the deference and respect with which the master with whom he boarded always treated the Cambridge stranger. Out of many a little scrape had Gilbert's good sense often extricated him. He had run away from sheer obstinacy,—an obstinacy of the true Winter stamp,—aggravated by the first stern letter he had ever received from his father. He had now but one feeling left and that was abject shame. He had disgraced father, sister and brother. They should never see his face again—never! But where should he go?—He could not stay here after what he had heard—he must earn his living. This now seems to have occurred to him for the first time. He would go far away where none would know him. But where?—to America why not? None would know him there. He was strong and active. We had read Cooper's novels. He would be a hunter, a trapper, a friend and comrade of those noble Indians. He might make the acquaintance of an Uncas—might save him from being scalped. His reverie became delicious. But, then, to get to America, he must first get to Liverpool. Then

—he could work his passage across as a cabin boy. The romance thickened. He must walk to Liverpool—never mind—he liked walking. But where would he go to-night? He must be far away from London if he wished to feel himself safe;—he would go somewhere on the road to Liverpool. He had not yet spent a farthing of his money. He would sleep that night in Birmingham. He had often travelled to and from school by the North Western Railway. There was a "Bradshaw" on the table. He found, on consulting it, that a train started from Birmingham in an hour. Quick as lightning, he caught up his knapsack, rushed to the Euston Square Station, and then, with a strange, boyish inconsistency, bought a first-class ticket for Birmingham; and on his arrival there, put up at that most comfortable, but by no means economical hostelry, "The Hen and Chickens." Not but that he knew that an unwarrantable extravagance, but then,—he had always travelled first-class, and why should he not live like a gentleman, as long as he could afford it?

Gerald's flight had been discovered about an hour after it occurred. In another half-an-hour, information had been given at Scotland Yard. During the whole day, the main roads leading out of London, especially the Western ones, had been watched for a boy with a knapsack; but not even the acutest of London detectives had dreamed of searching a gin shop in Oxford Street, or a Bachelor's Chambers, almost within a stone's throw of Bloomsbury Square.

(To be continued.)

THE HALLOWEEN PATRIOTIC SONG.

The three gentlemen who were appointed judges in the song competition inform us that they had to wade through forty-nine productions, of which the selected song was the best. Considering that the judges were perfectly competent for their task, DIOGENES cannot help saying that, if this was the best, (and he does not doubt it,) what must the rejected songs have been like? To oppose such a labor on three unoffending gentlemen almost constituted "cruelty to animals." But to the "successful" lyric:—

"Let other tongues in other lands,
Loud vaunt their claims to glory,
And chant in triumph of the past,
Content to live in story."

This is the first time that the Cynic ever heard of a tongue "living in story," though he has often enjoyed one that has been preserved in pickle. Perhaps, however, the poet has a scolding wife, and is about to compose an epic on her organs of speech.

Let us proceed—

"Though boasting no baronial halls,
Nor ivy crested towers,
What past can match thy glorious youth,
Fair Canada of ours?"

DIOGENES does not wish to seem unpatriotic, but he remembers a country called Greece, in which he lived many centuries ago. He has a dim recollection of certain battles at Marathon, Salamis, and Platea, which will, at least, bear mentioning with the siege of Quebec. In that country's youth there were two poets called Hesiod and Homer, who will not lose by comparison with Tupper and Carpenter. He has also a vague remembrance of a statue of Minerva, by Phidias,—almost as great as the Nelson monument in Montreal. He thinks, too, that there are other "pasts" that can match those of Canada's "glorious youth."

"Proud Scotia's fame, old Erin's name,
And haughty Albion's powers
Reflect their matchless lustre on
This Canada of ours!"

True, O Bard! The next time you write a prize lyric, try and borrow a little of this reflected "lustre."

"Long let our country flourish then."

(When?)

"A goodly land and free,
Where Celt and Saxon, hand in hand,
Hold sway from sea to sea."

How can they hold "sway" at the same time that they are holding hands?

"Strong arms shall guard our cherished home,
When darkest danger lowers;
And with our life blood we'll defend
This Canada of ours!"

This is not quite clear. The meaning seems to be that a sort of hand-in-hand "Auld Lang Syne" chain of Saxon and Celt will form this fortress of "strong arms."

It certainly was a great act of self-denial on the part of the Toronto poet to refuse fifty dollars and trust to the profits of the copy-right.

RARA AVIS.

The following remarkable advertisement appeared, on Monday, in an evening contemporary:

TO POULTRY FANCIERS.

A WILD TURKEY COCK, perfectly domesticated, to be disposed of.

If "perfectly domesticated," how can the bird be wild?" The Cynic fails to see it.

In Memoriam.

GEORGE PEABODY,

Nov. 4th, 1869.

A noble man, with yet a nobler mind,
And heart that beat in unison
With all things generous.
A good Samaritan, who passed not by,
Nor coldly pitied from across the way,
But whole-souled, and with liberal hands,—
As one who treasures not on earth,—
His gifts bestowing.

Build him no monument :—
Let his own good deeds and Christian life,
A better record than dumb marble be,
That when men pass and see his noble works,
And when, in time to come,
Our children's children, listening to the tale,
Stand in wrapt silence, and with glistening eyes,
Their comment shall be this—" He loved the poor."

TOSSING FOR THE VERDICT.

The "Fountains of Justice," though recently frozen according to the *News*, were completely thawed out, in fact thrown into fever heat, by our proposal to "toss-up" for the judgment in all disputes. The judges, lawyers, clerks, bailiffs and all, are in white heat; each in his own style protests that such a proposition is monstrous and unheard of. Yet in ancient times something like a "toss-up" was greatly approved of, and in Lancashire the practice has been revived, as will be seen by the following extract from an English paper :

A singular scene (says the *Liverpool Mercury*) was witnessed yesterday afternoon at the Blackburn county petty sessions. Ann Johnson, an old woman, summoned a respectable young woman named Elizabeth Holt for stealing a silver spoon. The spoon was produced in court, and was found to be base metal and worth about 14d. Both the complainant and defendant's mother averred that the spoon had been in their possession for years, and had been stolen within the last three months; and witnesses were produced on both sides to identify the spoon by its turned up corner and several dimples. Amid the laughter of the court the magistrate's clerk suggested that they should toss up for the spoon. They accordingly retired, and it was immediately announced that Mrs. Taylor, Holt's mother, had won the toss, and she carried off the spoon in triumph amid the laughter of the Court.

"A FELLOW FEELING," &c.

The Archbishop of York has recommended a form of prayer for private and domestic use in his diocese and that of Carlisle, for those who are about to become bishops of the sees now vacant.

Nothing could be more considerate on the part of the Archbishop. If all are to be exposed to the criticisms which assail the poor Bishop of Exeter, it is highly proper that they should be prayed for. It is pleasant, however, to know, that, notwithstanding the storms which await all who venture on those seas, there is not a clergyman in all England who will not volunteer for the service! Devoted sons of the Church,—not one will be found to raise the recreant cry, "*Nolo episcopari*," which means, "I am afraid of sea-sickness!"

"MIXED"

Oh! Mrs. Stowe! Oh! Mrs. Stowe! what have you been and done?
You've dashed my earthly happiness,—quite spoiled my mundane fun;
My peace of mind has fled for aye,—vanished each happy smile,—
I feel that I'm a sinner and the vilest of the vile!

And can you ask,—Oh, Mrs. S.,—*what* wickedness you've done?
You've dimmed the bright existence of my mother's only son!
You've filled his soul with horror, and his soul with visions, grim,
Of the punishment that's waiting down in Hadès' depths for him!

Thus it was :—I had a cousin, which, his given name was Fred;
Who, but three short summer months since, did my only sister wed;
Now, my *Sister* is my *Cousin*, as you easily can see,
And I *wring* my teeth and *gnash* my hands,—yet what must be must be!

For I, too, would wed *my* cousin, which her maiden name is Ann;
But then, she's my *sister's sister*,—so I don't see how I can!
For my sister's sister, likewise, must be also "sister-mine,"
And 'twould be what's called, illegal,—not to cut the thing too fine!—

Now, I'm so mixed, Oh, Mrs. S.,—that, as I sit at tea,—
All things are so cerulian,—e'en the milk seems blue to me!
And I've lost my own identity, for what else can you call
The state of mind a man's in, when he's "*not himself at all!*"

YET SOMETHING NEW.

Solomon, my friend, decidedly you wouldn't suit in this age. You would be voted slow, and your aphorisms fudge. Why, we have something new every hour of our mortal lives, even if it is only a new Minister. But the *Ottawa Times*, in a cock-a-doodle-doo article on the return of Sir Francis, gives us something newer than new. It says :—

"Every honest man puts his tongue into his cheeks!"

The operation may be difficult,—the idea singular,—but the test is invaluable. To DIOGENES' life-long search, it will be a Pharos, outshining his own immortal and sun-like Lantern.

NO DANGER.

There was no reason to apprehend political asphyxia in North Renfrew;—Hincks had a Government chest and Findlay the entire atmosphere of the *Globe*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR OLD COCK OF SINOPLE :

Your illustration of Dentistry, the other day, reminds me of a circumstance which occurred in the practice of Dr. Elliot, so long and so favourably known in Montreal. As it has never been in print to my knowledge, you will, I am sure, be glad to lay it before your readers.

One day, the Doctor says, one of his countrymen, a regular Vermonter, came to him with his head rolled up in flannel, and one side of his face swelled out of all shape. The cause of his trouble was evident enough; he had a tooth with a hole in it, and was suffering with a dreadful tooth-ache. The dentist put him in his chair, and, getting hold of the task, had it out in a moment. The patient got up, washed his mouth, looked at the Dr., and looked at the tooth so lately his, but was evidently puzzled about something. At last he said :

"Say! stranger, is that the way you alters do?"

"Of course it is; how else could I do?"

"Wall, I thort as how you put a blast in, and blowed them out?"

"Blowed them out! You are a green varmint! How the plague could I blow a tooth out?"

"Wall, I dunnow; but if you don't put a blast in, whut do you keep tooth powder for?"

Yours,

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ANXIOUS INQUIRER.—We do not make impertinent enquiries about the religious belief of our neighbours; (we leave that to the serious dailies;) but we may venture to state that Mr. Perry is *not* a Parsee or Fire Worshipper, as you imagine.

IGNORANT FEMALE.—The letters C. O. D. on your Express parcels do *not* signify that the package contains *fish*, although it may safely be taken to mean that the sender of the parcel considers your responsibility as rather *fishy*.

TIME IS MONEY.

MERCHANTS and BUSINESS MEN will save both by patronizing
McCONKEY'S NEW OYSTER ROOM
 Conducted on the New York principle.
 Oysters cooked in any style on two minutes' notice.
 A regular supply received per Express daily
 30 & 32 ST. JAMES' STREET,
 Next door to the Post-office.

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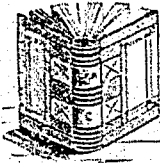
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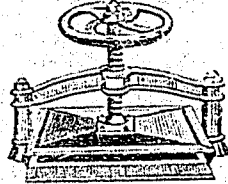
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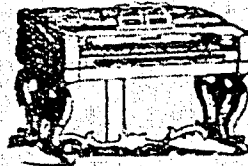
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