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THE only ingre-
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CIOUS LIGHT ROLLS
for Breakfast or Tea,
are good Flour, Salt
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THE
COOK'S FRIEND
BAKING
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Sold by all first-class
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The Trade supplied
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MACKEREL,
Fresh Salmon,
In hermetically
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Manufacturer of
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Shades in Gold,
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Oysters cooked to
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A choice assort-
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Spirits, Cigars and
DOW'S Celebrated
Ales.

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MUSICSTOCK
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Vol. I.—No. 21.

MONTREAL, 2nd APRIL, 1869.

Price—Five Cents.

FOR BREAKFAST,
KEILLER'S DUNDEE MARMALADE,
THIS SEASON'S MAKE.

ONE AND TWO POUND POTS.

ALEX. MCGIBBON, ITALIAN WAREHOUSE.

MEETINGS, &c.

GRAND BILLIARD MATCH
 BETWEEN
JOSEPH DION, OF MONTREAL,
 AND
MELVIN FOSTER, OF NEW YORK.
 1200 Points up,
 Four Balls, Push Barred,
 For a Purse of \$2000,
 AT THE
MECHANICS' HALL,
 On TUESDAY, April 6, 1869.
 Admission.....75 cents
 Reserved Seats.....\$1.50

VELOCIPÈDE MASQUERADE
 AT CRYSTAL PALACE.

OWING to the great success of the last Masquerade, and by request of many citizens, another will be given on **WEDNESDAY EVENING, April 7th,** introducing many new features.
 During the evening an exhibition of Fancy Riding will be given by Mr. James F. S. Ross, and others, of this city.
 The Entertainment to conclude by Races between "Brother Jonathan," "John Bull," and other ludicrous characters.
 By kind permission of Colonel Mackenzie and Officers of the 78th Highlanders the Band of the Regiment will be in attendance.
 Doors open at 7.30. Riding to commence at 8 o'clock.
 Admission 25 cents. Free list suspended for this evening.
 Tickets to be had at Savage, Lyman & Co.'s, John Roger's and Gardner's drug stores.

DR. J. BAKER EDWARDS announces a Course of Three Months' Instruction in MANIPULATION IN PRACTICAL CHEMISTRY, commencing on **MONDAY EVENING, 15th instant, from 5 to 7 P.M.** Fee, \$5.00. Further particulars at his Office, 67 St. Francois Xavier Street; or Laboratory of Applied Science, 73 Alexander Street.

ELOCUTION.

MR. ANDREW, Instructor in Elocution, McGill University, continues to give instruction to Ladies or Gentlemen (singly or in private parties) in the Principles and Practice of effective Reading, without imparted mannerism.
 Burnside Hall, Montreal.

HAIR DRESSERS.

NOTICE.

TO THE LADIES & GENTLEMEN.
THE SUBSCRIBER has received, per last Steamer, 2 Cases of **COUDRAY'S PERFUMERY.** Also on hand, everything requisite for the Toilet, of the Finest Quality, and at the Lowest Prices.
HAIR WORK, in every style. Ladies' and Gentlemen's **WIGS, BRAIDS,** &c.
PALMER'S ABYSSINIAN SHAMPOO, for cleansing the head.
HERRING'S MAGNETIC BRUSHES, for removing Dandruff.
HOT and COLD BATHS.

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 FIRST PRIZE, MONTREAL, 1860.
 FIRST PRIZE, STATE OF NEW YORK, 1867.
GEO. POCOCK, } Proprietors.
JOSH. BOESE, }

THE NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

(From the Wall Street Underwriter, Jan'y, 1869.)

We publish in full the twenty-fourth annual report of this well-accredited New York representative Company. The assets on the 1st of January, 1869, are returned at \$11,000,822.60, of which all but \$1,257,735.62, being loans on existing policies, are **CASH ASSETS.** The New York Life has been for the last few years, since certain changes were effected in its management, rapidly becoming a **CASH COMPANY** in all respects. In saying this we mean to express that the means of the New York Life now represent, in the main, in far larger proportions than any other American Company that has ever granted credits on premiums, realized saved—accumulated capital—what is equivalent to money.
 The income of the New York Life for 1868 reached close to Five Millions—namely, \$4,678,280.20.
 One point of special significance in the position now attained by the New York Life is that the interest receipts exceed the death claims. For instance, in 1868 the interest amounted to \$766,144.13, and the death claims reached only \$741,043.22.

This feature will be fully appreciated by all who are familiar with the progress of Life Insurance Institutions. For 1868 the total disbursements amounted to \$2,839,131.76, against receipts \$4,678,280.20, showing a gain of \$1,839,148.44 on the year, whilst all the expenses of management of this largely extended business did not equal the ratio of 15 per cent on the income. After an ample reserve, calculated on the strictest tables for re-insurance, the Company shows a divisible surplus on 1st January, 1869, of \$1,689,282.17.

Out of that large surplus fund, the Trustees have directed the redemption in March next, of the last and only outstanding scrip dividend (that of 1867), and have further declared "a cash dividend, available on settlement of next annual premium, to each participating policy proportioned to its contribution to surplus."

The Trustees state in their report that the "past year has been more successful than any previous one during its existence." The comparison with 1867 is given thus:

New Policies issued in '67, 6,662. Insuring \$22,674,340
 " " " '68, 9,105. " \$30,765,947

On the vexed question of **DIVIDEND,** the record of the **NEW YORK LIFE** is highly satisfactory. In 1868 the Company returned to Policy holders the sum of \$1,225,865. Very nearly two million dollars will be returned to policy holders in dividends this year. Dividends in the **NEW YORK LIFE** are now "apportioned annually, and are available in settlement of the second and all subsequent annual premiums."

Within the last five years, the progress of this Company, as specified in the Report, has been truly remarkable.

At the close of 1864 the assets stood at \$3,741,078.48. Now the assets are not far from quadruple that amount. In 1864 the dividends reached only \$93,555.38. Now they almost touch **ONE MILLION** and a **QUARTER** dollars. The trustees and officers of the **NEW YORK LIFE** may well feel proud of the manner in which they have discharged their onerous public trust to their policy holders. The office over which they preside is one of the foremost of the beneficent financial institutions of the American metropolis. Its influence extends through every State of the Union, and confers credit on the whole country. By the time for the publication of the 25th annual statement, the head quarters of the **NEW YORK LIFE** will probably be fully established in the Company's superb new building now erecting on the corner of Broadway and Leonard Street, which will remain for generations a notable land-mark of the progress of Life Insurance in this country, and a fitting illustration of the solid, enduring and useful character of this particular Company.

NOTE—The New York Life Company have established a Montreal Board of Direction, composed of leading citizens.

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WM. WORKMAN, Esq.

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ROYAL ITALIAN BITTERS,

THE MOST SALUBRIOUS and DELICATE DRINK of the KIND on this CONTINENT.
 This Tonic Bitters is diluted with the FINEST XERES WINE.
 Kept by the principal Druggists & Grocers.
 Retail Price, 75 cts. per Bottle.

BROWN, CLAGGETT AND McCARVILLE,

463 NOTRE DAME STREET
 (Third Door East of McGill Street),
 Are now receiving their Stock, and will Open in a few days.

JUST RECEIVED, a nice assortment of genuine Scotch CHEVIOT TWEEDS for Spring wear.
J. D. ANDERSON,
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THE CANADIAN COLLAR FACTORY.

Nos. 580 AND 582 CRAIG STREET.

Messrs. **RICE BROTHERS,** the Proprietors of the **FACTORY,** have constantly on hand a large supply of **PAPER COLLARS, CUFFS, SHIRT-FRONTs,** &c., of all styles. Their goods are manufactured from the best of Plain, Enamelled, Linen, Imitation, Linen-faced, and **Marseilles paper,** imported direct from England, Germany, and the United States. They are also continually introducing new styles, which, for neatness and elegance, far surpass those of any other in the market. Trade strictly wholesale.

SEEDS.

SEEDS! SEEDS!! SEEDS!!!

JUST RECEIVED.

MY NEW SEEDS from France. England, and the United States, all guaranteed FRESH. One of the best collections in CANADA, either in FLOWER, VEGETABLE, or FIELD SEEDS.
 A liberal discount allowed to Dealers and Agricultural Societies.
 Flower Seeds delivered free by post to all parts of Canada and the United States at the rate of 25 packets for \$1.00.
 Catalogues, on application.
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A FRESH and pure lot of imported SEEDS, in every variety, just received, and for sale by **RICHMOND SPENCER,** Chemist, &c., CORNER OF MCGILL & NOTRE DAME STS.

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FRESH & GENUINE

1869 FIELD, 1869 GARDEN, AND FLOWER SEEDS.

THE attention of the public is invited to the very extensive and superior stock of **FIELD, GARDEN, and FLOWER SEEDS** now offered at the **CANADA AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE,** St. Ann's Hall, over St. Ann's Market, by **WM. EVANS,** Seedsman to the Board of Agriculture for the Province of Quebec. Descriptive Catalogues of Vegetables and Flowers, with directions for their cultivation adapted to this climate, may be had on application at the Hall. Attention is also invited to his very complete assortment of **Agricultural and Horticultural Implements, Tools, &c.,** which comprises nearly everything necessary for the farm and garden.

CABINET-WARE.

PATENT ELASTIC SPONGE. The Subscriber has been appointed Sole Agent in the Dominion for the sale of the **PATENT ELASTIC SPONGE,** an article which for softness, elasticity, and durability cannot be surpassed, and destined eventually to revolutionize the trade in curled hair, now becoming scarce and dear. It stands unrivaled for cleanliness, being entirely free from moth and insects, and not liable to decay. For church, car, and carriage cushions it is superior to hair, and as economical—one pound of sponge being equal to 11 lbs. hair. Mattresses and Pillows constantly on hand, or made to order at shortest notice. A liberal discount to the trade. Call and see for yourselves at the **FURNITURE WAREHOUSES, Victoria Square.** **GEO. ARMSTRONG.**
 G. A. is sole Agent in the Dominion for the sale of the beautifully finished Metallic cases patented by "Fisk," all the Glass Caskets, which has not yet been equalled elsewhere.

ZEKE TRIMBLE ON A "RATHER DELICATE SUBJECT."

DEER OLD DI—

My dawter Evangeline, (wich is named after Longfello), is very much grieved at thee thots of thee military goin' away. This is a serious infliction to thee kuntry. Sence thay hev bin heer, mi kollar bizness hez bin prosperous to completeness, manely through thee force of example.

Mi dawter Evangeliney, (i call her so for short,) has allers hed her kap sot fur a offiser. She has turned up her nose onto several yung men in thee dri-goods & kummersial lines;—thay do not soot her. Frequently have i said onto her, "Evangeliney, make hey while the sun shineth; there is nothing better in this wurd than a yung man who is urnin his livin by the sweet of his brow, a workin for his troo luv in a dri-goods shop or a grocery or into a tailor's shop." Sez i, "when i korted yoore muther she woz thee farest of her sex, & i hadnt a ten sent pees in mi pokit when i kummenced life with her, in a small room of a hows sitovate in a obscure suburb of this grate sity." Sez i, "yoore muther kood wash & iron & make bread, & she kept thee aysaid room in fust-rate order; but yung gurls now a days air brot up to skate, & go through gymnastic courses and dumb bells & toebogging and slay rides for exersise. Now," sez i, "look at yoore muther's beautifull figure; them beautifull arms was prouced by a strik attenshun too thee brum-handil & wash-board;—but a troos to these reflex-shuns." Menny of thos yung men wich Evangeliney gave thee kold sholder too air now among thee murchant princes of this land.

Thare is an impreshun amongst thee fare sex into Kanady thet every yung fello thet kums out into a rigiment is descended from William the Conqueror or Oliver Cromwell. This is a mistaik. Billy was not a nobleman, & his muther was thee dawter of a tanner who was a little Frenchman. Billy left only a small family, & thare aint menny left to tell thee tail, & sekundly, none of his pedigree hev as yet visited this kuntry, tho' little Cartchee thinks the contrarie. Cromwell wasnt a nobilman by berth, altho he dun sum nobil things in his day, & thee only relashun of his i ever saw into this kuntry was Cromwell's line of steamships wich runs from New York to Portland, and he is a married man with a large & interestin familiee.

Evangeliney woz much disapited. Sum time sence she woz introjused too a yung Ensign of the Greens. He hed red hare, long legs, & a throat kumplaint wich preeventid him from speekin plane. I never kood understand him. Evangeliney woz in raptors with him. He hed, of course, plenty of time on his hands, & kum to mi hows frequently. Evangeliney she played onto thee pianny & sung eyetalian songs,—(i never kared much fur musik in a furrin lang widge,—mi taste runs onto old Dan Tucker, et settery), & he drunk up moast of mi sherry. All to onse shee found out thet his father kept a dri-goods store to Lundon & shee kut him ded. Sez i too her, "my beelovid dawter, you hev actid presipitately; why do you skorn the traid of yoore poor old father?" she replide in tones of affeshun, "you air an



"DON'T LET THEM GIVE UP THE MONTREAL FOXHOUNDS,—THERE'S AN OLD DUCK!"

old fossil!" I remarkd to mi wife, Betsy, thet a klassike edicashun wos a blessin into a familiee. Betsy sed thet shee hed thro' pretty well without it, but purhaps on thee whole it wos a blessin.

Evangeliney hez ever sence bekum a brokin read,—a blasted willow. Frum bein a gurl whos wait wos clos on to 190 lbs., she hes decreased to 140. Her prospesk in life air glumy. Thee military air goin & thee theatricals air over and it is too lait too pick up anuther Ensign; so, methinks, she must marry sum fello who is into traid after awl, & awl this hez arose frum mi Betsy hev in the skarlit fever. Fur the past 4 years i hev bin obliged to smoke mi pipe into mi garrit on akount of mi hows bein turned into a recepshun room for yung men with red coats, striped trowsers, et settery. Mi brane is filled with vishuns of tabloos vivants, & amatoor theatricals, toeboggins, picniks & large wine bills. Thunderin appytites those yung men hev who air fresh frum old ingland. One more yeer of sich karryin on & mi paper kollar bizness wud hev burst & i shood hev hed to bekum a privet banker into Francis Xavier street, & kut & run to thee Staats with mi frends' deposits. But i stopt thee fun in time. Hevin notisd thet these yung fellos in thee military line allways pade grate attenshun to yung ladees who hed old & welthy payrents, who ware about soon to shuffel off this mortel koil, i became suspishous thet moast of them ware short of muneey & hednt any grate expectashuns; so i sez too a intimate frend of mine, "you may tell mi gests thet i am in a kronick state of insolvincy & thet

awl mi muneey is bequeethed to thee Howse of Industry if any thare bee remaning." Thee effect wos tragical. Thay all deserted us, and mi wife, Betsy, who wos not into thee seekret, is much surprisid, & thee gurls air all grieved very much.

Betsy & i ware a talkin it over last nite, & shee been in a repentin mood, i took occashun to admonish her as follos: "Betsy," sez i, "lurn frum experiense. Thare air 2 very bad diseeses—thee skarlit fever & thee entertaning fever. As Bobby Burns sez in Hamlet, "clothes do not make thee man—it is thee man who makes the clothes." Sez i, "Betsy, you hev made too much of them—you hev spiled them. Whot's thee differense between a respectyble dri-goods clerk on £75 a yeer & a yung Ensign with £75 a yeer & his mess bill to pay & kid gluv to by? Thee only differense i kan see is thet neether of them kan live on £300 a yeer & keep hows at thee present rait of koal & hows rent. How cood a yung marryed kuppel who hed ben brot up on Stineway's piannys and theatricals, struggle through life's thornee path on £75 a yeer? It kant bee dun. Thare aint no sich kase on rekord in thee books. So Betsy," sez i, "if it aint too lait, train up yoore gurls to purform howshold wurk, & lurn them how to transform a storee kottige into a paliss. Teech them ekonome & prudense and thay will bee happee. Advise them too look out for matches with yung men of karakter & plane clothes. And," sez i, "Betsy, dont you never go to krowden yoore old husband out of site into a kold & loneley garrit to smoke his pipe, while sounds of revelry abound on thee lower stories of his onse peaseful abode." Betsy cryed & deklared shee wudnt.

Yoore trooley,

ZEKE TRIMBLE.

THE ODIOS SNOW.

Oh! the snow, the odious snow!
Once very pretty but now "no go!"
Over the house-tops into the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet!
Steaming, flooding, plashing along,—
Odious snow with odours strong!

Oh! the snow, the horrible snow!
How the mud-gathers and "objects" grow!
Sweltering in the relentless sun,
Seen and sniffed by every one
But Policeman X. who sloucheth by
With senseless nose and a leaden eye,
Heedless of prostrate cat or hound
But watching the small boys eddying 'round:
The city's alive, and its heart in a glow
At the prospect of losing the horrible snow!

AN HISTORICAL PARALLEL.

"At Mr. Kennedy's Concert on Friday evening, when that gentleman was engaged in singing his masterpiece, "Scots, wha hae," a gentleman came into the hall, calling out in a loud voice for Dr. ———, who was among the vast audience. The Doctor immediately left with him, &c."

—*Montreal Herald*, Monday, March 29th, 1869.

"Dear me, I see," observed Mr. Winkle; "what an excellent plan!" "Oh, Ben and I have hit upon a dozen such," replied Bob Sawyer, with great glee. "My boy always rushes into Church, just before the psalms, when the people have got nothing to do but look about 'em, and calls me out with horror and dismay depicted on his countenance. 'Bless my soul,' everybody says, somebody taken suddenly ill! Sawyer, late Nockemorf, sent for. What a business that young man does!"

At the termination of this disclosure of some of the mysteries of medicine, Mr. Bob Sawyer and his friend, Ben Allen, threw themselves back in their respective chairs and laughed boisterously."

—*The Pickwick Papers*, Chap. XXXVIII.

ESSAYS ON SOCIAL SUBJECTS.

No. 6.

"SNOW AND ICESICLES."

Snow is a noosens. Poeks call it "the driven snow," and the spotless snow." Guess it's often druv over, but it's got a nation lott of spotts, all the same. Snow serves as a general semetory or burryin ground. In its buzzim dead dogs, cats, rats, bats, gnats, B flats, and other anymiles finds a peacefol restin-place. When a thaw comes, they resurrects theirselves, along with old shoos, broke plates, kaved in hatts, and other hidden tresures. I wunse had a friend, as was fond of cok-tales. He occasnul took a lodgin in the snow. It cost him summut—7 toes, 3 fingers, 1 thumb, 1 peece of nose, \$67 (in fines), and one karakter. Guess his lodgin on the kold ground cum putty ekspensiv. Sum peeple likes walkin on snow-shoos. Joak—they must go on booteless errands.

Icesicles is a greater noosens than snow. They occasnul falls and kaves your festive head in. They is called *Icesicles*, cause they *cuts down* so many in the flour of their youth. Sum peeple calls them stalaktites—guess there's too much stalak to the title. They grow on houses, trees, and peeples' noses, snow, &c. *Icesicles* is bad enough by theirselves, but when conjuncted, they're worse nor hearin a debate in the City Cownsil.

PELEG PLUG.

CORRESPONDENCES.

To the Editor of DIOGENES:

MONTREAL, March 31st, 1869.

To-day is the last of what are called in my country, "The Borrowing Days." Mr. Robert Chambers informs us, "The last three days of March are the subject of a popular story, which leads us back to the earliest stage of Society. These three days are called the 'Borrowing Days,' being alleged to have been a loan from April to March."

Now sir, with all due deference to Mr. Chambers, I consider his view of the case a very narrow-minded one. In this liberal and enlightened country and age, I think we may assign a different origin to the word "Borrowing," and construe it in a more liberal and enlightened manner. According to Walker's definition, "to borrow," is "to ask as a loan."

My own case, sir, is as follows: I am at present short of money—poor, indigent, penniless, insolvent, yet my creditors are clamorous for payment of their accounts. As these, however, are the "borrowing days," I have written to the Hon. John Rose, and several other Scotch capitalists, requesting them to meet me at your office this afternoon, at any hour when it may be convenient to them. Apologizing for the liberty I have thus taken,

I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,

I. O. U. (of Glasgow.)

* * * DIOGENES received the above note on the morning of last Wednesday. I. O. U. was punctual in his attendance; but the Cynic regrets for his sake that neither the Hon. John, nor any other Scotch capitalist put in an appearance on the occasion. The proverb, therefore, of "Set a Scotchman to catch a Scotchman" is not an infallible *recipe*. "Corbies canna pyke out corbies' een" appears to be a more truthful adage.

MY DEAR DIOGENES:

Space I beg you for a word or two on "Water Works." 'Tis so refreshing in early spring to see our Ottawa friends come down to examine our water works. Referring, Mr. Editor, to His Worship of Ottawa's reply to our own worthy Mayor it may not be out of place to give our Metropolitan neighbors a wrinkle or two. Our worthy friend said: "As to the water works they had just seen, he trusted that they, in Ottawa, would ere long have similar works in proportion to their population." May I suggest to His Worship that his turbine might take its place five feet deeper from sun reach, and also that the neck of the race might be two miles longer before reaching its head? With reference to the fermentation alluded to by our worthy engineer, Mr. Keefer, I trust it may go on *barmising* till each Montrealer can, both winter and summer, draw water two miles nearer Lachine. Expressing much regret at taking up so much space when more spicy things are waiting for their turn, I remain,

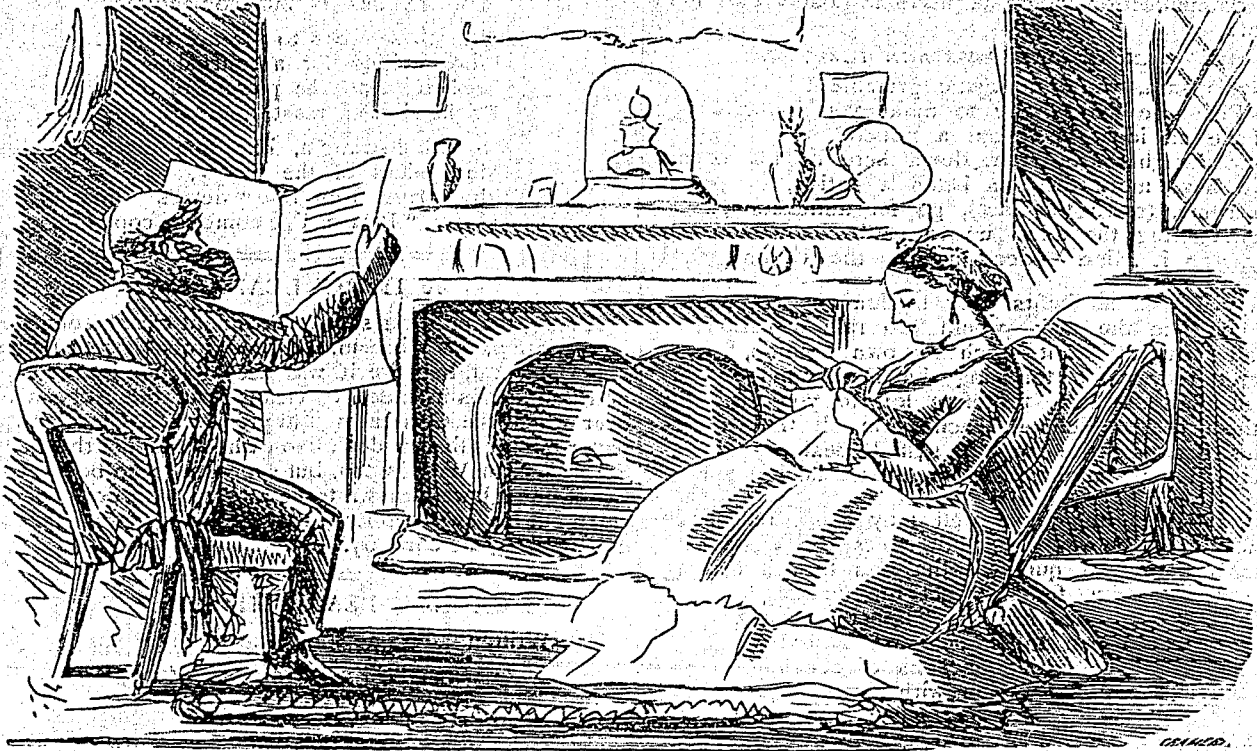
Your friend and admirer,

THE QUIET BREAST-WHEEL.

A DIFFERENCE INDEED.

It has often been the subject of sorrowful remark that the descendants of great men rarely resemble their ancestors. In fact, the possession of the same qualities is most exceptional. We have one of the most remarkable instances of this divergence, that ever occurred, now under our eyes. The great Cecil of the time of Elizabeth saved England; his descendant of the time of Victoria *damns* England—and all the world beside.

THE RINK.



FOND MOTHER.—“That silly child will be ill, she skates so much.”
 FATHER.—(Deep in the leading article.) “Umph.”



This is the ‘silly’ (but precious) child who is supposed by her fond parent to be doing 3’s and 8’s on the outside edge backwards.
 (She has been in that chair for the last 45 minutes.)

THE HUB OF THE DOMINION!

DIOGENES has received from Halifax the following extraordinary communication which he prints without alteration or comment:

FROM AN ACADIAN, MISS ANN THROPIST.

DIO.—It is said, you're a Cynic grumbler!
Can a Blue-nose maid hope to make you humbler?
Some have an idea—is it but a notion?
That our thoughts are free'r, down here by the ocean!
That we have more tact, as befits a nation,
Though some, (sad's the fact), go for annexation,
They can't bring the mind up to your communion
So they "go it blind"—dead against the Union!

DIO. may I ask, as befits your station
Would you like the task—would you rule a nation?
When all "parties" rant—each its own opinion,
E'er agree they can't, touching the Dominion!
Men will play the fool, therefore left to you 'tis,
Bring them to your school, teach them all their duties:
Clear instructions write for the stiff Repealer—
You may in your might prove a Union healer.

Leagues, intrigues and frays well may cause reflection—
The question every day is, "how goes the election?"
Grand-ma's frightened quite at the fuss they're making
I can scarcely write, for they set me quaking!
Your Ontario men, deemed the "upper" classes,
Ought to use the pen to protect the lasses!
You're so far above our poor sons of ocean,
Teach the lads to love Union with devotion.

DIO. in your tub—wielding steel or pinion
Know we are the hub of the new Dominion!
Our laud equals quite, if not yours surpasses,
Lead us then aright and you'll please the lasses.
Here is Joseph Howe and such *old* Repealers,
If you get them now with N. F. Land sealers,
Let me ask of you—care for our communion,
Counsel *young* men too, to go in for *Union!*

VERY LIKE A WAIL.

For all who, as the Poet sings,
"Act in this living Present,"
The cup of Life is mixed with things
Decidedly unpleasant.

For instance—view it how you will,
'Tis anything but funny
When for a friend you back a bill
To have to pay the money;

'Tis sickening, when your dearest one
You're wooing on the ocean,
To feel your bosom heave with un-
Poetical emotion;

'Tis "riling," when you want to make
A heavy score at cricket,
In the first "over" by a "sneak"
To lose your precious wicket;

'Tis agony to start a speech,
And flounder in the middle;
'Tis sad to learn and worse to teach
The caterwauling fiddle;

'Tis hard to share a sleeping-berth
With one who smells of onions;
Three of the vilest plagues on earth
Are tooth-ache, debt and bunions;

It is no joke to be harangued
In matrimonial lecture;
'Tis disagreeable to be hanged,
(Though this is but conjecture);
But all these woes to *his* are nought
Who, writing for a journal,
Is robbed of all the powers of thought
By head-ache most infernal;
Who half-distraught, like one that sips
Mad juices of the poppy,
With horror from the "devil's" lips
Hears, "Please, I've come for copy!"

A HERCULEAN GIFT.

Among the presents sent to President Grant, soon after his inauguration, was a broom. It was probably sent by an red-hot Democrat, because it was accompanied by the explanation that, it was intended to cleanse out the Augean Stable over which the General was to preside. A Cleveland newspaper remarks that, it don't know whether or not the "Augean Stable" is in Washington, but supposing it to be so, Ulysses Grant, though well known to be a hossy man, does not usually clean out his own stables, whatever the giver of the broom may think to the contrary.

I CANNOT BEAR THE OLD SONGS.

[Written after a Somno-LENT entertainment.]

AIR: "I cannot sing the old song."

I.

I cannot bear the old songs
I've heard all winter long,
At tea-fights and at soirées
Where young ladies come out strong;
A change would be delightful,
The relief would be immense;
Then why not change the programme
In the name of common sense?

II.

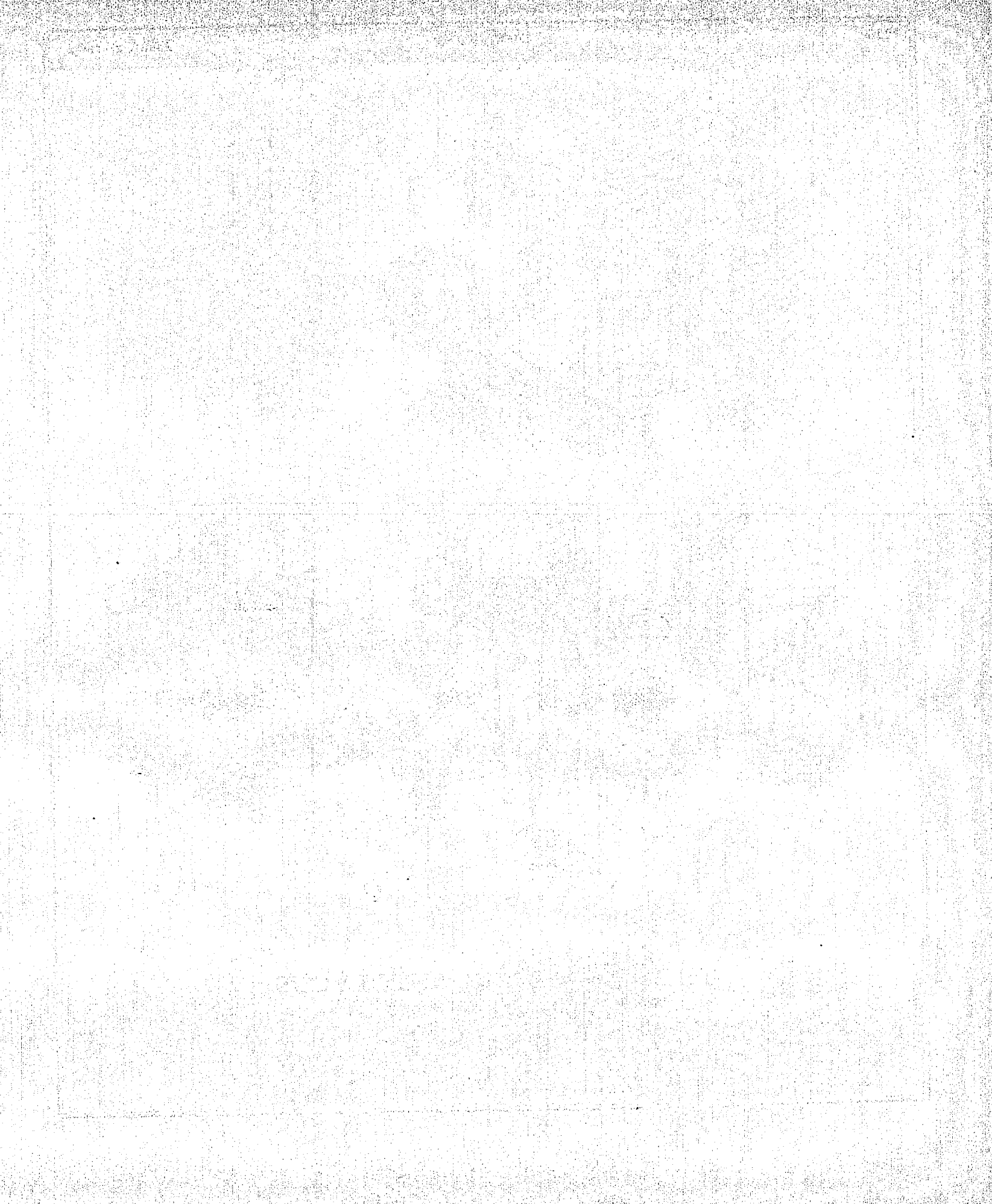
I'm weary of the "Mountain Maid,"
Disgusted with "Robert,"—
And when they say we're "Strangers yet,"
I tell them "non e ver"—
There's pleasure in "il bacio"
From sweet lips I daresay
But the girl who sings it only
Should be sunk in "Dublin Bay."

III.

We all know "Maggie's Secret,"
It's been sung so very oft;
Nor think we much of "Jeannette's choice"
Because she was so soft
To prefer her low-born lover
Mais chacun a son gout;
But to hear her rave about it so
One thinks it isn't true.

IV.

They "cannot sing the old songs,"
They tell us every night;
And when they try to do so
They make us think they're right;
Then why not give us something new
That none of us have heard?
For, as for those old melodies
We know them every word!

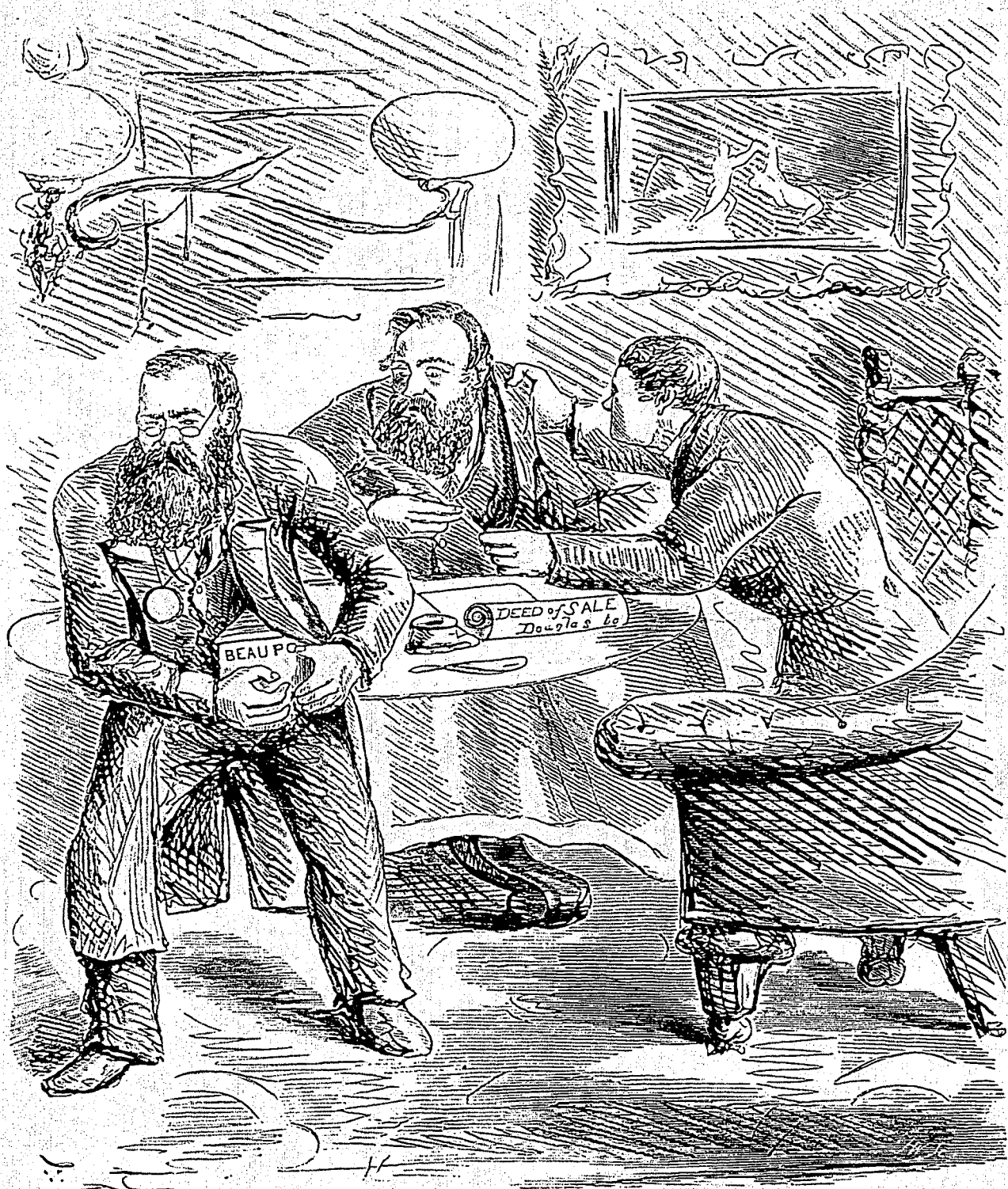




THE CANADIAN 'AUTOLYCUS.

Scene: OTTAWA. Time: A FORTNIGHT HENCE.

Autolycus—SIR G. E. C—T—R, Bart., (*log.*)—"Whether it like me or no, I am a courtier. See'st thou not the air of the Court in these enfoldings? Hath not my gait in it the measure of the Court? Receives not thy nose Court odour from me? Reflect I not on thy baseness Court-contempt. I am courtier cap-a-pè; and one that will either push on or pluck back thy business there—"
The Winter Tale;—Act IV., Scene III.

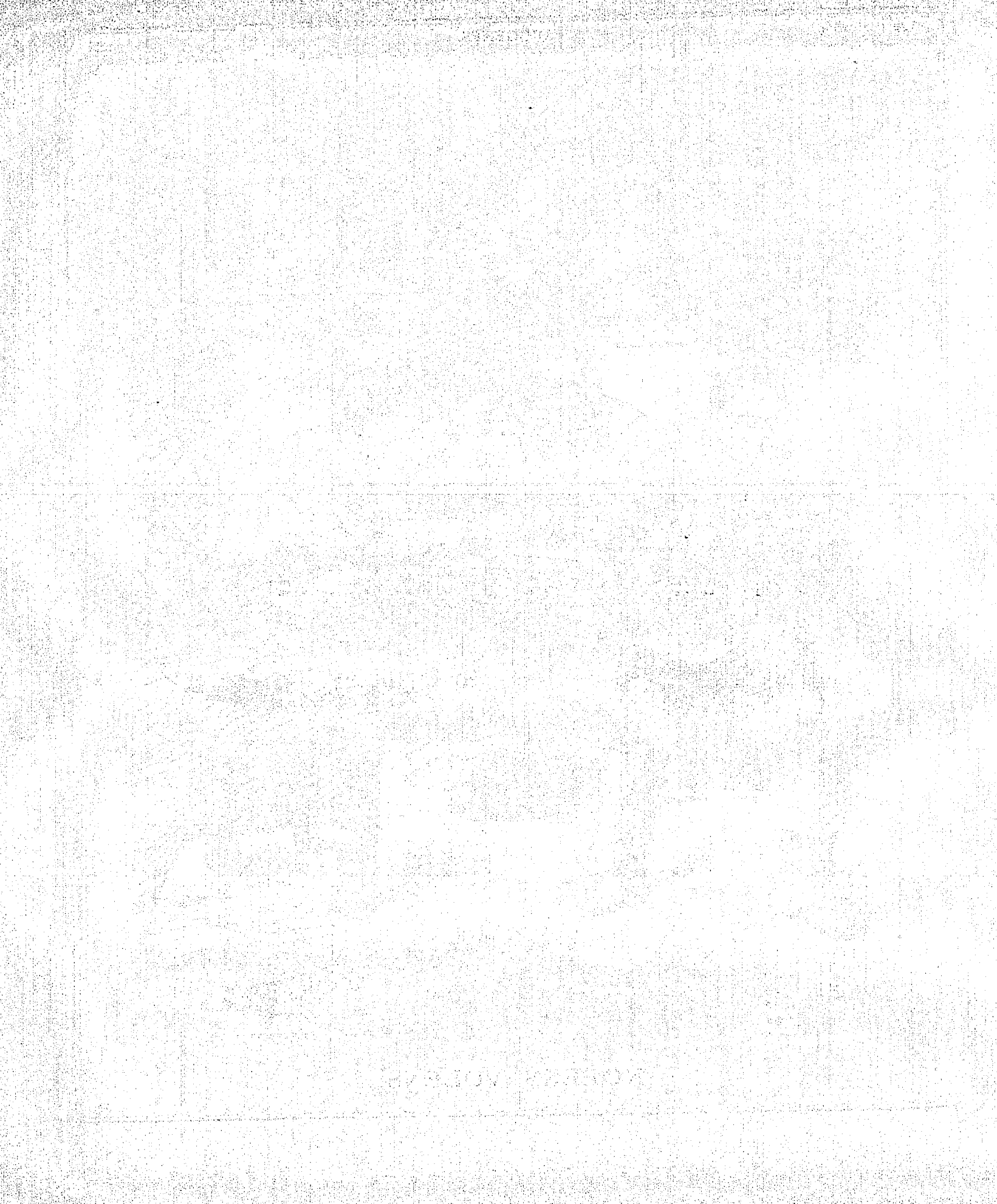


C—CH—N.

D—GL—S.

Govt. EXECUTIVE.

NOLENS VOLENS.



"MY HAT."

A YANKEE TALE.

(Continued from the last number.)

I dined, slept and breakfasted at Don Pedro's mansion. He provided me with a horse, and himself accompanied me to point out the more remarkable places and views in and around the Havannah. I should have mentioned before, that, immediately after he had read my letter, I had hoisted my private signals, which were duly and correctly answered. I was much amused, but more surprised. Nothing, however, occurred to throw light upon the mystery. I remarked in our ride that the course we took commanded the prospect seawards, and that my host frequently glanced anxiously that way with one eye, while the other was directed to the American squadron, with an expression fidgetty and uneasy. He perceived that I had observed this, and took me into his confidence:—"I am thinking," said he, "that if any of those rascally blockade-runners that sometimes look in here, were to arrive now, how greatly it would swell the imbroglio in which we are involved with those fellows," pointing to the American men-of-war.

"Dear me," I replied, "I should very much like to see a blockade-runner; I believe they are very remarkable vessels."

"They are; and would prove remarkably valuable prizes to our friends yonder." There was some little asperity in this remark, which I thought strange, proceeding from one who had so loudly expressed his devotion to the Federal cause.

At dinner we were honored with the company of the Commodore, who, I could see, treated my host with respect and even confidence. He was justly looked upon as one of the few friends the North had outside her own borders.

After dinner, we went to the opera. Havannah is celebrated for its opera, and we were much pleased with the performance.

The Commodore went on board his ship; I returned with the Don to my former excellent quarters. Before we retired for the night, and in the midst of a conversation on the singers we had heard, Don Pedro, rather abruptly, made the following remark:—"By-the-by, you said you should like to see these famous blockade-runners. *Would you like to go to Jamaica?*"

"Yes—but—" I hesitated; and well might I do so, remembering Sir Marmaduke and far-off Canada.

Don Pedro resumed:—"My dear sir, I fear you suspect me of an intention to hasten your departure. Do not misjudge me. I have but given expression to a paramount desire to gratify your wishes. As the friend of my very dear friend, Mr. Dubeledge, I shall be delighted if you permit me to add, *and of myself*,—my house could not be more honored than by your presence, or myself in any way more gratified, than by your prolonged stay. Ignore what I have said; another equally convenient opportunity may arise, some months hence."

By this time I had recovered from my surprise, and the task I had undertaken stood vividly before me. I thanked the Don very warmly for his kindness, and expressed my intention of visiting Jamaica with as little delay as possible.

"If you have positively determined to go, an excellent opportunity is available; one of our war steamers sails in the morning to carry a despatch to the English Admiral. You shall go in her."

"Thank you, thank you," I returned; "I feel both honored and obliged by your kindness. I will now beg permission to retire."

At this moment the Don burst into a hearty, almost an outrageous fit of laughter. "Pray excuse me," he said, as soon as he could speak; "an idea, so exceedingly singular occurred to me, that I was unable to control myself. Mr. Dubeledge, in his letter, spoke of the extraordinary partiality—or something more—you felt for the hat you wear; and to prove to you the interest he manifests in all that concerns you, he gave me the most express injunctions to look well after the safety of the said hat; he could not have been more particular had the object been the head. You must permit me, if you please, to lock it up in the office safe until morning."

Hat or head, head or hat; I really began to have doubts as to which was of the most importance. My host was resolved to carry out his whim, and I could only follow him to his office and see this mysterious hat secured by triple locks and bolts innumerable. With another and a louder laugh, in which I was constrained to join, we separated, and I went to bed.

Very early in the morning I was aroused by my host himself. I requested him to come into my room, when he informed me he had received intelligence that the steamer would sail in an hour and that it was necessary for me to be expeditious. No easy task; for I was convulsed with laughter when I turned out and saw that he bore in his hand a magnificent silver salver, strewed with fresh cut flowers, and, in the centre, my abominable old hat. Was this burlesque or an Havanaian mode of showing respect? I had not time to stop to enquire. In a very few minutes I was in sailing trim, and down stairs we ran. My host compelled me take some exquisite Curacao, to guard against any ill effects of the morning air; his carriage was at the door; I jumped in; the Don accompanied me; we drove down to the beach; a boat was in waiting; and within a quarter of an hour I was on board the frigate and we were

threading our way through the American ships, which looked at us rather suspiciously, but said nothing. Suppose me safely landed in Jamaica. The Don had favoured me with a letter, directed to a Mr. Sinclair, of Kingston; I had also one for the same gentleman from Mr. Dubeledge. I soon found means to present my missives, and they secured me a kind and cordial reception. The signals again were understood and the responses properly given. Having read the letters, I caught Mr. Sinclair's eye, in which a serio-comic expression was perceptible enough, glancing at myself, in general, and at my hat in particular. I smiled. Mr. Sinclair did the same, but neither said a word on the object of our thoughts. Confound that hat! there really must be more in it than I am aware of. "If it was't for that hundred dollars I'd give it to a nigger." This was a mental reflection. Mr. Sinclair assured me that he would do all in his power to render my stay in Jamaica agreeable, but that, in regard to the more immediate object of my visit, he should not be able to give me any information until the next day.

The immediate object of my visit! what was it? I'm sure I knew no more about it than the Hermit of Vauxhall, the Man in the Moon or any other person, as far removed from the ever-changing stage of this sublunary sphere. I don't intend to waste much space on Jamaica. It is, at best, but a black hole, a swarthy sty, in which blacks rule, revel, and grow fat,—it is surely the white man's purgatory, the nigger's paradise.

The morrow came in due time, and in the course of the morning, Mr. Sinclair came to me with a very long face. He sincerely regretted my disappointment, and was grieved to have to inform me that there was no probability of a — blockade-runner coming into port. *Would I like to go to Hayti?* Those vessels sometimes take a circuitous course and call at strange places. "And I am likely to do the same," thought I. "These people seem to consider that the sight of a blockade-runner is a matter of life or death to me. A fig for their blockade-runners and all other smuggling scoundrels. I hope all who are caught may be brought to an intimate acquaintance with the cat." However, spite of those reflections, I yielded, not very gracefully, I daresay, to my fate, and signified, with a sigh, that moved the dust at a distance of six feet, that I should be delighted to continue my ramblings.

"I hastened to you," said Mr. Sinclair, "with my unpleasant intelligence"—our conversation took place near the harbour—"for the reason that the vessel you see yonder, with her topsails loosed, is bound for Hayti and is only waiting for the captain, who is now in my office, to be off. She belongs to me; will you condescend to accept a passage. You will find every comfort on board. The wind is fair and you will run over in no time."

It was no use struggling against fate; I again expressed consent.

A messenger was sent for my valise.

Mr. Sinclair drew a piece of whip-cord from his pocket. "Permit me—the wind is fresh—to fix a lanyard, as sailors term it, for the security of your hat."

"D—n my hat!" said I. "Good-bye, Mr. Sinclair."

"Good bye, sir; a pleasant voyage. Shall always be delighted to see you. Let me hear from you." And thus I left Jamaica to grope still further in the gloom.

This will never do! I must condense, abbreviate, cut short ruthlessly, or my narrative will grow as lengthy and as tiresome as one of James's novels.

Let me try. All went well, and we anchored in a Haytian harbour. The old enactments all over again. Introductions, signals, dinner, sleep, breakfast, kindness, distinguished attention, the immediate object of my visit, doubts, and the whole supplemented by no probability of a blockade-runner coming into port; "should you like to go to —?"

This, I think, commences compression very well; though I must confess to one grievous omission, *my hat!* an object certainly of more interest, and to which as much attention was paid as to any other person or thing appertaining to this strange eventful narrative, not excepting myself.

In the same manner I wandered from island to island; including Cuba, my journey was divided into exactly a dozen stages. What could be the object of my pilgrimage?—this was my everlasting thought. I could not connect it with business, of any kind; for business was never transacted or even mentioned. I could only conclude that I was an itinerating mark or sign, indicating, by my bodily presence, that certain things were to be done, or certain others omitted. Be this as it may, with the haze all dense about me, I found myself, at least, sleeping beneath the roof of Mr. Twislayd an eminent merchant of Nassau. Here, the scene varies, or, rather, new elements are imported into the drama. I rose in the morning with the expectation that matters would run yet further in their accustomed groove; that my host would soon approach me with his regrets and with the stereotyped phrases, "Would you like to go —?" somewhere else. But it was not to be. In my walk through the small, but bustling and important town, I chanced to pass Mr. Twislayd's offices. He saw me and invited me in. "My letters inform me," he said, "of your long and weary wanderings. But I am happy to say you have at last arrived at a place where your wish can be gratified. Of course, I look with disapprobation on the iniquitous trade of which Nassau is the head-quarters, and most carefully avoid even an indirect participation, and though I have as little as possible to do with those concerned in it, to oblige the friend of that good man and loyal patriot,

Mr. Dubeledge. I, for once will step outside my ordinary course. The most celebrated vessel of all the rascally fleet is now in the harbour. You shall see her, and sail in her too if you desire it. I have often thought that I should like to have a glimpse of the interior of this vaunted Confederacy. It is out of the question, however; it would be fearfully misconstrued: my devotion to the North is well known, and my business engagements with the northern ports are extensive. There must be much in the South to interest an observer. If I cannot visit there myself, you are not similarly circumstanced, and can go without fear or apprehension. The trip itself would be delightful, and as to danger, there is none, for the ship I have in view laughs at everything that floats on the broad Atlantic.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO TO SAVANNAH?

Decidedly not, sir! My wild-goose engagement, broad as it is, is limited to the Islands; and here, I hope, it ends and determines.

Mr. Twislayd looked at me, aghast. But he mused a moment. I observed the faintest shadow of a twinkle pass over his eye, and his equanimity was restored. "Tis lunch time," said the gentleman; "shall we go up to the house."

The distance was short. But one single observation saw made in our walk, and that, as we entered the grounds: Mr. Twislayd remarked—"You perceive me absent and thoughtful; pray, excuse it. I have received a consignment from the last vessel from Europe that gives me great anxiety, and it is a source of serious embarrassment."

I duly expressed my regret at the annoyance. What fools men are, in the aggregate, and this sapient individual, namely, myself, in particular.

My companion ushered the way to the luncheon room. As we entered, I saw two ladies looking out of a window that commanded a view of the garden. The merchant touched my arm, and whispered—"That is the consignment I spoke to you about just now."

The ladies turned as we approached them. Be it known, that I am not of a very impressionable nature; have little of electricity or explosive material in my composition, but on the contrary, am solid and phlegmatic, as becomes one who has done little save report long weary leagues of speeches without flower or fire in all their tedious course. But ice itself would have throbbed, warmed, melted, under the prospect that burst upon me. If I had all the pens of the poets from Homer to Byron, all the cunning chisels from Praxiteles to Chantrey, and all the delicate pencils that have worked from Raphael to Lely and Reynolds, I could not portray even shadows of the beautiful beings that stood before me. Why then essay a task that could terminate but in ludicrous failure? Positively, I was transfixed to the spot on which I stood, and of all my faculties, sight alone remained. No doubt, even in an uncommon degree, I made a grand fool of myself. I could but gaze on eyes, dark and lustrous as night—if such a paradox is possible. The ladies were not blind, and my situation resulted in a momentary exhibition of pearls, such as never yet were drawn from old oceans depths. This won't do at all; I must bring Pegasus down to the mud of beaten tracks, and the mire of every day life. Fortunately, I was somewhat recovered by my friend going through the ceremony of introduction. It was unnecessary to point out that the ladies were sisters. The one was made known to me as Miss B—, the other as Miss Ellen B—. "They are," Mr. Twislayd continued, "daughters of an old and esteemed friend, now one of the most distinguished Generals of the Confederacy. I think, even the blackest of Black Republicans would not require an apology for the exercise of hospitality in such a case. The ladies are rather unfortunately situated. The gentleman who escorted them from Europe is compelled to remain here. They are very desirous to join their father, who now commands at Wilmington, and I am utterly at a loss to find a trustworthy person under whose protection I can permit them to make the voyage." The merchant looked at me with a smile in which pride and mirth and mischief all were blended.

Here was a pretty situation for any young man! But the result could not be doubtful. To serve, to oblige, or even to gain a smile from these bright flowers of the South, I would joyfully have stormed Fortress Monroe, myself the sole and only "forlorn hope." An idea, to be sure, in which was mixed up a spy, a yard-arm and a running noose, flitted across my mind, but in such a presence it could leave nor mark nor trace. Eventually, I contrived to stammer out—"If I could only think that my poor services could avail —"

"Enough, my friend," said Mr. Twislayd; "your noble offer is accepted; the ladies will ever remember your generous devotion: on myself you confer an eternal obligation. In your charge they will be safe from every danger."

This mounted me again. "Yes, sir, in their cause I will shed, to the last drop," &c., &c., &c.

The ladies thanked me with more than words. I was the proudest and happiest fellow in either hemisphere.

"This matter settled, and so satisfactorily," said Mr. Twislayd; "let's to lunch."

The ship we were to cross in was the famous blockade-runner alluded to by Mr. Twislayd. She was detained a few hours coaling, and did not sail till the following morning. We went in her, I and my wards, as the young ladies laughingly designated themselves.

We were barely clear of the land before an adventure occurred. Directly in our course, seawards, lay a ship, evidently on mischief intent. There she lay, motionless as a crouching tiger, but prepared for a spring.

"That's certainly," I heard our captain say, "the N—, — Commodore W—kes. Ease off about three points for the present and let us see what he means. This was done, and almost in the same moment the other vessel woke up and stood right across us with the intention of cutting us off; or, failing that, driving us ashore. We stood on in this course for some time, the Yankee drawing down on us; at last we found out that he was almost near enough, by seeing a puff of smoke issue from his bow port and a shot, that danced prettily over the waves, fall about a cable's length off on our weather-bow. "That will do," said our skipper, "lay her her head due south, and we'll go round him like a cooper round a cask."

Our captain, — however, too proud of his craft, — had ventured a little too much. The corvette proved to have guns of longer range than the one that had opened the ball, and in the instant that we changed our course a second time, a round shot made an ugly dent in our smoke-stack, and a shell burst so near that a splinter fell on deck. Nobody was hurt. It was now a stern chase; our gallant craft showed her heels, and though a few more compliments were sent after us, none came home, and we were soon out of harm's way, and before the dog-watch was called, the corvette could not be seen from the mast-head.

During the whole of this little affair the young ladies sat on deck — the blood of their gallant father was in their veins — and watched with much interest. Our tars looked on them with admiration, and would, I think, have done gallant deeds under their eyes. Of course, I did not absent myself from their side; the veriest coward would not have deserted such a post. I had observed that when the corvette commenced firing, there was something like a feeling of apprehension visible. I took an opportunity of enquiring of one of the officers of the ship as to the nature of her cargo. "General, sir, General," was the response. "Amongst other things we have a large quantity of medical stores — pills, of all sorts and sizes, and four or five hundred casks of powders, of various descriptions, to work them off. We have also an assortment of lancets for the surgeons, and amputating instruments that take off an arm, a leg, or even a head, in a twinkling. And what the doctors like exceedingly well — for they are always anxious to put their work out of sight, — several bundles of pickaxes and shovels."

"Thank you, sir. But I fear the Confederacy must be very sickly to require supplies on such a scale."

"By no means," said the elder of my fair friends, who was listening, "these articles are all intended for operations on the enemies of the Confederacy."

"Bless me! can it really be so? then your countrymen are as humane as they are brave."

It was on the first of the previous month that I commenced my enigmatical progress; this was the eleventh instant; and I needed no one to tell me that I had all along been groping about in a bewildering fog that increased in density at every step.

Nothing further of any importance occurred during the passage. We got across without again meeting an enemy, and made the land some thirty miles to the southward of the Savannah. We lay to till night; and, fortunately for us, it was a very dark one; and then, by hugging the land close, we crept inside the blockading fleet and got safely into port.

The General was in waiting to receive his daughters. Their separation had been long; it had extended over years; conceive then their meeting. It would require a far abler pen than mine, and as I hate boggling, will not make the attempt. Those holy sympathies, warm as the sun under which they blossomed, can scarcely be understood, much less delineated, by the native of the frigid, frozen north. I pass on.

I was introduced to the General, and handed him a letter from Mr. Twislayd. His daughters informed him of the position in which I stood, and the reasons that had induced me to accompany them. It is almost unnecessary to say that I was warmly and most cordially received. He would not listen to the idea of my making any other house than his own my home during my stay in Wilmington; and thence we at once hastened. The night was far advanced. After a slight refreshment we separated, and I went to bed. In the morning we met at the breakfast table, the General, my fair friends and myself. The General's lady was absent in the interior, and it had been arranged that my proteges were to leave almost immediately to go to her; in fact, our meal was hurried that they might be in time for the train. I was invited to accompany them to the station. We were soon ready, but when I went to the hat-rail where I had deposited my hat some hours before, it was not to be seen. The General was near me. "You miss your hat," said he, smiling; "my correspondent informed me that you attached extraordinary value, or, at least, looked upon that hat as no ordinary hat, so I took the liberty of placing it in a safe position. I will get it in an instant."

The General went to get it, but returned without it. "Dear me, how provoking! I have mislaid the key of the place in which I secured your *chapeau*, and we have not a moment to spare. Condescend to make use of one of mine till we return." "So! So! thought I;" "this wonderful hat's gone at last, and were it not for the hundred dollars I should welcome the loss." But I was mistaken, for within an hour it was on my head again.

We went to see the ladies off. They were profuse in their acknowledgements of the service I had rendered them, applauded my valour to the echo, wished me a safe return, bade me good bye,

(To be continued.)

RACHEL WEeping

The occupation of Madame Rachel, the notorious painter, varnisher, plasier and general decorator of female humanity, is gone, for she has in vain attempted to procure a re-hearing of her cause. Her effects are now advertised for sale, and the mysteries of her house in Maddox Street have already been thrown open to the public. If the articles which she formerly enumerated in her "Trade List," are sold at auction for only a tenth of the price once demanded for them, an enormous sum of money will be realized. "Royal Bridal Bath Soap, at £18 per dozen cakes," will be outrageously dear at as many shillings, and the "Souvenirs de Mariage, at 100 guineas," will be largely remunerative at the figure of £5. It would puzzle Mr. Leeming himself to fix a reserve-price for some of the Bond Street wares. At what sum, for instance, would he start "the Royal Arabian Toilet of Beauty, as arranged by Madame Rachel for the Sultana of Turkey, from 100 to 1,000 guineas," or even a bottle of "the water which distils sparingly in the form of dew from a magnetic rock in the interior of the Sahara, which is brought to Morocco on swift dromedaries, and the sole right of importing which, at an enormous outlay, has been purchased by Madame Rachel?"

The "London correspondent" of the *Herald* states that "there are numerous works of art dispersed through the house, and an extensive collection of articles of *virtu*, many of them being presentations from Madame Rachel's "distinguished patronesses." The Cynic is pleased to hear that there is some *virtu* in the house, for, judging from the exposure, at Mrs. Levison's trial, of "the transaction of love-letter business," and "the shop, where gentlemen dropped in for a chat," he had inferred,—perhaps erroneously,—that there was considerably more *vice* than *virtue* connected with the establishment.

A DUEL, AND ITS AWFUL ENDING.

The Castle stands on a mountain's height,
Robed in the mist of a murky cloud;
The vale with lightnings at times is bright,
The clashing of murderous steel is loud!

Two brothers grimly are struggling there,
Struggling there with unnatural hate;
But what hath tempted them thus to dare
In ghastly duel a bloody fate?

The Countess Laura hath flashing eyes
That lit the flame of the brothers' ire;
Those two are fighting to win one prize,
Both consumed by the same desire.

Oh! say, which knight is the one preferred,
Of whom shall Laura become the bride?
She fears the rivals—she speaks no word—
Leap from the scabbard,—O! Sword, decide.

They slash each other with frenzied might,
They splash, knee-deep, in a crimson pool;
But—this is all you shall know of the fight,
For, Reader dear, you're an April fool!

April 1, 1869.

COPYRIGHT.

DIOGENES has seen a huge report (he intends to read it some day) of certain honorable, reverend and "fervent" speeches, delivered on Tuesday night, at the Mechanics' Hall,—presumably in aid of the Dominion Publishing interest. DIOGENES sincerely hopes every speaker under-

stood his subject, but he has grave doubts. There can be no question that, however injurious to British interests, the "compromise of 1849," which was intended to put a stop to the demoralising practice of smuggling, has resulted in an immense impetus being given to the cause of popular education in Canada, and DIOGENES would be sorry to see it disturbed, except at the express desire of the representatives of those interests. So far as is known, the British publisher is dead against the conferring of proprietary rights on the Canadian publisher and the author has no option, (even if he has the wish,) but to follow suit. What surprises DIOGENES is that cheap editions of expensive English books are not produced by English publishers for the Canadian market, it being notorious that books can be printed very much more cheaply in England than in the States or even in Canada. The following sensible letter in the *Witness* of Tuesday, to some extent, lifts the haze that has been industriously thrown over the Copyright Question. This letter has not yet been answered:—

SIR,—From remarks contained in Saturday's issue of the *Daily News* on the Copy-right Law (and no doubt thrown out to prejudice the public mind in favour of its peculiar views), preparatory to the public meeting called for to-morrow night, one would suppose we were hurrying back to the golden days of Dick Turpin, or, seriously, to a new state of things when the seller is no longer to be a party to a bargain.

In it they ask the same privilege for the Canadian publisher, dishonestly enjoyed by the foreigner. It must be borne in mind that the Home Government has no control over the action of foreigners, and if by said action the British authors are wronged, it is no reason why they should be still further wronged by our Canadian publishers. Of course, the writer of the above article in the *Daily News*, says they are willing to give 12½ per cent. for the privilege of re-printing. I, however, consider this a matter for the owner of said copy-right to negotiate,—not with the Home Government; you might as well, by Act of Parliament, fix the rate of labor instead of allowing it to regulate itself by the ordinary courts of supply and demand. From the large sums expended in the old country in getting up first class literature, I think it would be a great hardship to compel the home publishers (whether they see fit or not) to allow others to reap the benefit of their enterprise.

I cannot see how native talent is to be benefitted by this measure; the fact is it will be the reverse. Publishers here will not risk the outlay of from five to ten years' labor on a work that has to establish its claim, when by the payment of 12½ per cent. he can have his choice from the whole roll of English copy-rights. The very fact of their asking leave to reprint British copyrights by payment of the 12½ per cent., shows their faith in native talent is not strong, and the sole object of this movement is a good investment.

As to the number of men likely to be employed in the Dominion if this measure is carried, a sad miscalculation has been made. It is well known that all first-class literature is stereotyped (which can be done much cheaper at home, pecuniarily, diminishing the amount of labor. I can confidently state that not hundreds, far less thousands, could supply the literature required in the Dominion, as these stamped plates would in all likelihood, be imported from the old country.

Trusting these few remarks will place the matter in its true light.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

MONTREAL, March 28th, 1869.

JUSTICE.

PERMISSIVE PIRACY.

"We don't ask Great Britain to permit us to pirate the brain-labour of Imperial authorship. The American publisher does pirate without permission."—*Speech of Rev. R. Irvine on the Copyright Question.*

At first sight DIOGENES was rather impressed with the rhetorical symmetry of the foregoing sentence, but a second reading convinces him that the ideas are somewhat confused. The Cynic's own "Webster" defines a "pirate" as "any robber, particularly a bookseller who steals a copyright." (Vide Bohn's London Edition, 1858.) DIOGENES would respectfully suggest to the Rev. Mr. Irvine, who has probably not yet recovered from his Virgilian abstractions, that robbery is not a permissive offence, and that to rob Her Majesty of the "brain-labour of Imperial authorship" would probably amount to little short of high treason. The Americans don't ask permission—they simply take "French leave."



"STOP MORTAL—KNOW THYSELF."

ST. CATHERINE STREET, 1869.

MIND YOUR I.

DIOGENES bearing in mind the wise maxim of Jeremy Bentham, "the greatest happiness of the greatest number," naturally enough takes an interest in every new invention which can add one drop to the current of human happiness. He therefore notices the fact that some enthusiastic genius with a mechanical turn of mind has invented a one-wheeled velocipede; and as the Cynic can readily understand that a man may manufacture a carriage and be puzzled to find a name for it, he suggests that, as the two-wheeled vehicle is called a *bicycle*, the new invention of his friend should be called the *tricycle*.

THE "THUNDERER" JOKES.

It is almost impossible to realize the fact that the grave London *Times* has ever indulged in levity. Such, however, is the case; though it seems almost as much at variance with "the eternal fitness of things," as it would be to expect a speech from President Grant, or a "skit" on the bag-pipes from the Archbishop of Canterbury. Part of the *Times'* sportive article on "Colonial Publishing," was lately reprinted in a Montreal journal; but DIOGENES believes that a "goak" from the Giant of Printing House Square is even more worthy of being recorded, as a literary curiosity. The substance of the "goak" is as follows:—In the Victoria Legislature, a member, whose education had been somewhat neglected, was

vainly endeavouring to decipher an obscure letter in a document he was reading to the House. Turning to a friend at his side, he anxiously inquired:—"Is that a hem or a hen?"—"Call it a *hem*," replied his friend, "and move that it *lay* on the table."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Numerous correct answers have been received to the double acrostics in Nos. 18 and 19. The answer to the first is "Grace, Youth." Thus:

Geolog Y
Rome O
A die U
Come T
Edit H

The answer to the second is "Sun-day." Thus:

S o D
U n A
N obod Y

Several communications are reserved for consideration, and answers will be written to some correspondents. The author of an article entitled "Picked up in the street" is requested to communicate with DIOGENES, as the anecdote appended to its introduction is the only reason that the first chapter has not appeared.

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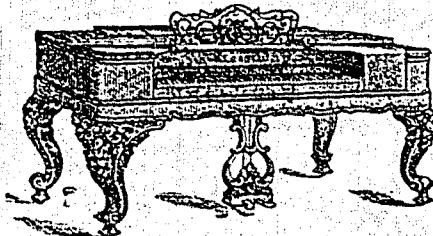
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OFFICE OF THE ORIENT MUTUAL)
 INSURANCE COMPANY,)
 NEW YORK, 28th January, 1869.)

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	\$727,893 24
Subscription Notes (of		
which \$254,826 20		
are not yet used) ..	565,101 35	
Bills Receivable Un-		
collected Premi-		
ums and Salvages.	293,824 21	
Accrued Interest and		
Unsettled Ac-		
counts.....	22,458 50	\$81,384 06

Total amount of Assets... \$1,607,277 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 Govern-
 ment Tax, of Twenty-five per cent. on the net
 amount of Earned Premiums of the year end-
 ing 31st December, 1868, for which Certificates
 will be issued, on and after the 1st March next,
 to Dealers entitled to the same.

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

By order of the Board,
CHARLES IRVING, Secretary.

TRUSTEES.

- | | |
|-----------------------|--------------------|
| Joseph Gaillard, jr., | Leopold Blerwitz, |
| George Mosle, | Simon de Vissert, |
| Edward F. Davison, | John S. Williams, |
| A. LeMoigne, jr., | Alex. M. Lawrence, |
| E. H. R. Lyman, | Fred. G. Foster, |
| Henry H. Kunhardt, | George Christ, |
| John Auchincloss, | Richard P. Rundle, |
| Lawrence Wells, | John D. Dix, |
| Francis Cottinet, | James Brown, |
| Charles Luling, | N. D. Carlisle, |
| Alex. Hamilton, jr., | Theodore Fachiri, |
| George F. Thomae, | C. L. F. Rose, |
| Carl L. Recknagel, | Wm. S. Wilson, |
| W. F. Cary, jr., | F. Cousinery, |
| Cornelius K. Sutton, | Gustav Schwab, |
| Edward Haight, | John F. Schepeler. |

EUGENE DUTILH, President.
ALFRED OGDEN, Vice-President.
CHARLES IRVING, Secretary.

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