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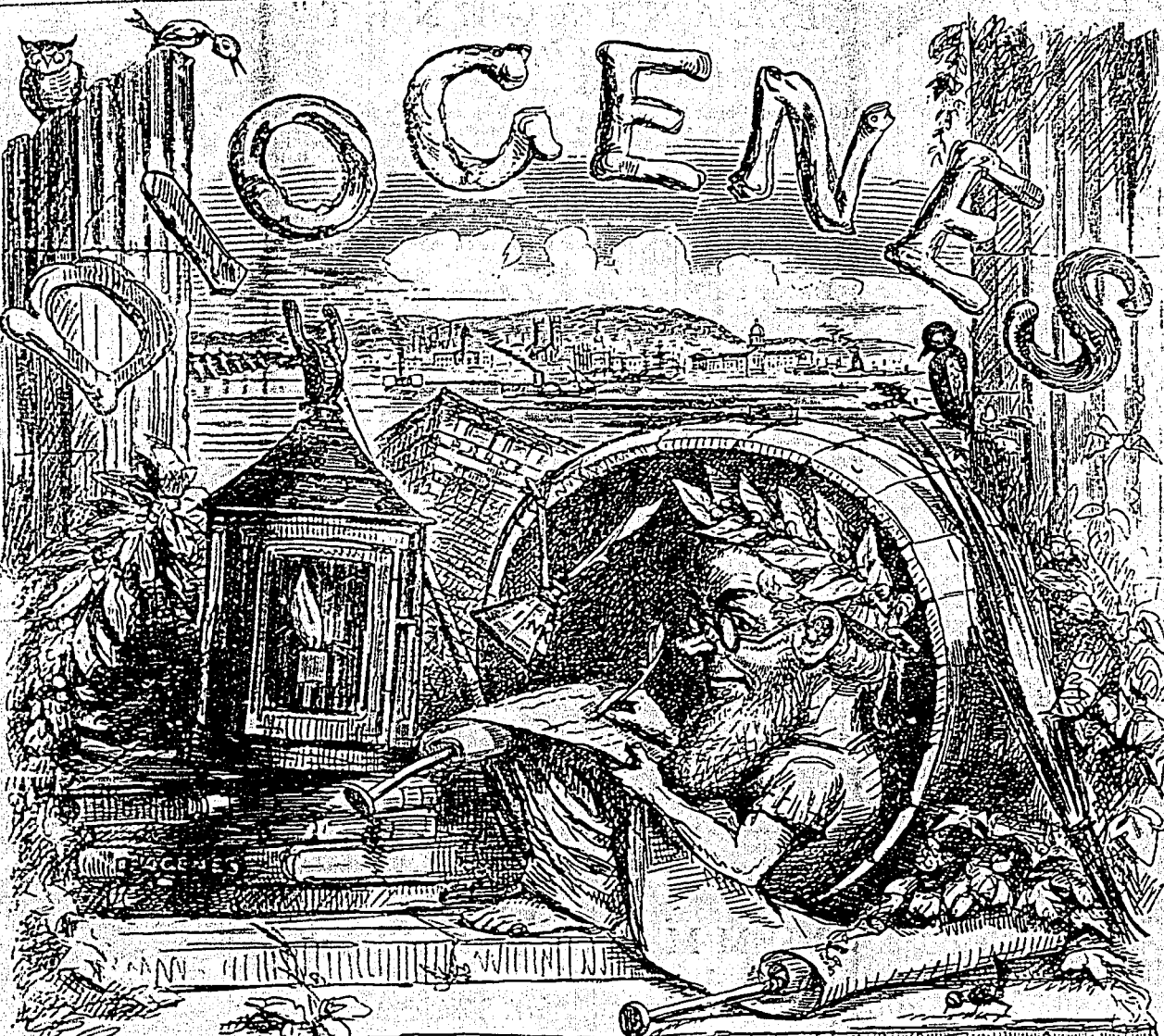
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the best manufactured

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Orders for the  
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Families will oblige  
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For preserving Fruit  
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Visitors, Families,  
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Price Lists, together with Patterns  
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British & Foreign Lace House  
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*Sea Bathing!*

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Ladies' Parlour; Gentlemen's Reading and  
Smoking Rooms; enlargement of Dining  
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now make the Hotel replete with everything  
conducive to comfort and convenience.

A first-class Stable has been built in connec-  
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The rates of board for families will be as  
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AMERICAN,  
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SCOTCH  
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THE above Goods make a  
Beautiful Suit, are Fast Colors, and  
very Durable.  
Also, a Lot of PLAIN LUSTRES, New  
Colors.  
**BROWN, CLAGGETT & McCARVILLE**  
463 Notre Dame Street, West End.

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**"PLANTAGENET"**  
Mineral Water.

THIS remedial agent has been, and must continue to be, the favourite with  
the people, in consequence of the quantity of IODINE, IRON,  
MAGNESIA, &c. it contains, as compared with other Springs, and its  
superior Medicinal Combination so grand, and providentially supplied. It is  
unsurpassed as a Tonic, Alterative, Laxative, and Diuretic; as a Beverage,  
it is at once cooling and healing. Erated, it takes the place of Soda Water.  
To AMERICAN TRAVELLERS the "Plantagenet" Seltzer Water will supersede  
the Saratoga, and obviate the effects produced by change of climate. It is of  
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DEPOT: No. 15 Place d'Armes, Montreal.

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MINERAL SPRING WATER  
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These most agreeable and refreshing Waters, by their continued use, afford, in all cases of  
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Rheumatism, in Scrofula and Scrofulous complaints, Enlargement of the Glands, &c.,

IMMEDIATE RELIEF AND EVENTUAL CURE.

Their combination being perfect, their merits unequalled in every respect, they stand  
unsurpassed in the whole long list of Mineral Waters, and must take their rank at the head of  
all others.

Directions for their use.

As a laxative and diuretic, the most obstinate case of habitual costiveness will yield to two  
or three tumblerfuls taken BEFORE BREAKFAST, one tumblerful generally being sufficient.

As an alterative Tonic, a tumblerful three to six times per diem.

As a cool and refreshing drink, any desired quantity can be taken at pleasure.

The Carratraca Mineral Waters are on sale by all the principal Druggists in Montreal,  
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Office: 389 & 391 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

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CLARET, &c.

Medoc - - quarts and pints. | St. Julien - quarts and pints.  
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Canadian Landscapes in great variety.

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**LACHINE BOATING CLUB**

YACHT RACE ON DOMINION DAY.

THE Club offer as a PRIZE  
a Magnificent SILVER CUP, of the  
value of THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS,  
to be competed for by all Yachts which may  
enter for a Race, to take place at LACHINE,  
at 10 A.M., on 1st JULY, 1869, over the usual  
course (about 30 miles).

The Race will be subject to the Club Rules,  
and the Prize will not become the absolute  
property of any party, unless won by the same  
Yacht two years in succession.

Further particulars will be made known at  
the time of entry. No entries can be received  
after the 20th June. Entrance fee, \$10.

S. H. WALLIS, Hon. Secretary.

**LACHINE BOATING CLUB.**

THE COMMITTEE have the  
honour to announce that their  
ANNUAL REGATTA  
will take place on

Saturday, 24th July, 1869.

And Competitors are respectfully invited in the  
following Programme of Races:

	1st 2nd price. do.
FOUR-OARED BOATS, pulled from the gunwale. Four miles. . . . .	\$100 50
FOUR-OARED OUTRIGGERS. Four miles, open to all comers. . . . .	100 20
DOUBLE-SCULL OUTRIGGERS, two mile race, and open only to members thereof. . . . .	100 20
SINGLE SCULL OUTRIGGERS, two miles—Champion Race, open to all. . . . .	100
SAILORS' RACE, two miles, open to boats from ocean-going vessels, each boat to be manned by not less than four men. . . . .	40 10
DOUBLE SCULLED BOATS, pulled from the gunwale, two miles, open to boys under 16 years. . . . .	25 5
INDIAN CANOE RACE, four miles. . . . .	50
SQUAW RACE in CANOES, one mile. . . . .	30
OPEN BOAT SAILING RACE, about six miles, open to boats not exceeding twenty feet in length. . . . .	30 10

The above Races will be subject to the  
Rules of the Club. Copies of these may be  
had from the Secretary.

Entries must be made with the Secretary on  
or before 8 p.m., on Wednesday, July 21st.  
S. H. WALLIS, Hon. Secretary.



**J. H. WALKER,**  
ARTIST,  
and  
ENGRAVER ON WOOD,  
13 Place D'Armes,  
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**HELLEBORE! HELLEBORE!**

**WHITE Hellebore Powder,**  
for destroying caterpillars and insects,  
for sale in large or small quantities. Camphor  
(English), for preserving furs. Patent Fly  
Paper, for killing flies. Chloride of Lime,  
Carbonate of Lime, Carbolic Acid, Carbolic  
Soap, for disinfecting. Fruit Syrups, finest  
flavors, wholesale and retail. Iced Soda  
Water and Varennes Water.

**J. GOULDEN,**  
CHEMIST,  
177 and 179 St. Lawrence Main Street,  
(Near the Market).

## COMICALITY AND CORNS.

My Dear CYNIC,—

I have always taken great interest in what has been termed—I will not say correctly—the “Comic literature” of the Dominion; but with all due deference to you I would say that the essentially comic element is to be found only in the columns of those pretentious dailies, the conductors of which apparently plume themselves on quantity’s being a good substitute for quality and borrowed jokes, (“reproduced” is the term), being infinitely superior to those of home manufacture.

*Entre nous*, I have never been able to understand the logic of your pure and simple protectionists, who go in heavily for home industry and home productions, yet never by any chance apply their theories in their own particular spheres of action. I know an Editor who holds his head very high—so high, indeed, that he always appears to be invoking the gods—who never by any chance gives his expectant readers a specimen of his own homely wit. If he essays poetry, he transposes Tupper; if he wishes to be critical, he hunts up the *Athenæum* or the *Round Table* in order to ascertain what they have said on the book to be criticised—if he wants to dovetails and embodies the opinions of home and foreign enlighten the lieges on the politics of the hour he, dexterously contemporary journals. I have sometimes doubted whether the tradesmen’s puffs, which go far to make up his local columns, have not, for the most part, been derived from far-off contemporary sources. On the whole, however, I am inclined to think they must be original, except in so far as they are inspired by the parties directly interested. And yet the broad sheet he wields is of an essentially comic character. Not that he intends it to be so. He has an abiding belief that he is a grave expositor and creator of popular sentiment—a depository of State secrets—an indispensable arm of Government. His poetry (to which he always appends his name) is akin to the sublime. His prose, if not ornate, has considerable pretensions to the didactic, and if the public are not instructed, why—so much the worse for the public. On a memorable occasion the Editor attended a public dinner along with his whole staff. The next morning a tremendous report appeared. The Editor’s name was paraded as having been present, and an introductory essay—the opening lines of which contained a highly poetical reference to King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table—was furnished by that gifted sage. I believe that report was reprinted. I have not got it at hand, but if I had I would give you the introductory lines, as a fair specimen of the comic literature to be found in newspapers, which do not pretend to go outside the bounds of ordinary journalistic decorum.

My purpose, however, in writing this letter is to treat on a subject which will come home in even a greater degree to your cynical soul. It is often remarked that it is wonderful with what equanimity a man can look on while another man’s corns are being ruthlessly trodden upon, and at the same time resent even the slightest approach towards his own tender excrescences.

In the *Montreal Evening Telegraph* of Wednesday, a man, signing himself “An Elder,” who seems to be particularly sore about the subject of your last cartoon, gives vent to his wounded feelings in a way essentially comic. He says (and one can almost imagine he forms one of a “resurrected” band of Pilgrim Fathers, and that “grave and godly ministers

and elders” have the power of consigning to the pillory and the stake):

“The only remedy that I see in such a predicament is for the ministers and elders to order every number of *Diogenes* to be burnt, and any one found reading the sheet, or looking at it in the shop windows, to be at once expelled from the church. This attempt to cast ridicule on the ministers and elders must be put down.”

Fancy burning you, my dear old Cynic, publicly in the Haymarket Square, and “godly ministers and elders”—with saintly hearts beating within their apostolic bosoms—standing by in Christian charity and meekness;—or fancy, again, a general expulsion of the members of Knox Church who have been “found reading the sheet, or looking at it in the shop windows!” How many of the faithful, think you, would be left to listen to the “respected pastor’s” ministrations?

The following harrowing picture, drawn by “An Elder,” ought not to be overlooked:

“Only fancy a minister and his elder visiting a family, and perhaps the picture of the one as an organ-grinder or pipe-player and the other as a fiddler, stuck on the wall! How could the children of such a family look up and respect such a minister and elder?”

In my opinion, if the minister or elder was worth his salt, the only result of such exaltation would be a little harmless and transient merriment; but “An Elder” would plainly visit “children,” old and young, with pains and penalties for the much more venial offence of “reading or looking at the sheet in the shop windows!” Verily, the fires of Smithfield are not yet quite extinguished. Let us, in all consistency, have an *Auto da fe*, presided over by the Grand Inquisitor, and incontinently burn, not only your cynical self for a hoary-headed old sinner, but every urchin guilty of having proclaimed your advent last Friday morning, together with your paper-maker, your printer, your artist, and,—not least,—the catfist who had sufficient “influence” over you to turn you aside from your previous “unexceptionable” course. (*Vide* letter of “John Knox” in Tuesday’s *Herald*).

In conclusion, my dear Cynic, I recommend you to find out, if possible, who “An Elder” is, and secure him as a regular contributor. I am sure he would be worth money; and I will bet my boots he has a comic side to his character, which you can easily utilise.

Ever yours,

JEDEDIAH CLEISHBOTHAM.

## “RUBBISH SHOT HERE.”

America is avenging herself upon England, by gradually but surely overturning her aristocratic and hierarchic institutions, by the force of her teachings and example. The principles of civil and religious liberty, crude and imperfect when first brought from England to America, having been refined, illustrated and extended, we return them to the mother country, for her adoption, laden with rich and glorious results. The spirit of American liberty is abroad in England. Her Brights, Gladstones, Forsters, and her whole host of liberal statesmen, are proclaiming the doctrines of the Declaration of Independence, and verifying the saying of a celebrated Englishman, that the American Revolution guaranteed the free institutions of England. We may not live to see England a republic, but I believe our children will. The event can be predicted with as much certainty as any other in human affairs; and it is hastening on, perhaps fast enough, when all things are considered.—*From the “Oration” of Senator Morton of Indiana, delivered at the Gettysburg Celebration.*

NOTE.—It having been found impossible to supply the demand for the last number of *DIOGENES*, it has been deemed expedient to reprint the Cartoon and issue it free of charge with the present number. The Cynic has been moved to this,—first, by a desire to gratify a considerable number of his friends, and, secondly, because he has been informed on undoubted authority that the Cartoon has given umbrage to a few individuals whose friendship is not worth conciliating. The Cynic intends to be very particular in his attentions to any men, or class of men, who take exception to his perfect freedom of action.

### "THE POMPS AND VANITY OF THIS WICKED WORLD."

The letters of Sydney Smith are often witty and almost always wise. Here is an extract from a note to Lady Ashburton (1841); which is as note-worthy now, as it was nearly thirty years ago: "I wish you had witnessed the other day at St. Paul's my incredible boldness in attacking the Puseyites. I told them that they made the Christian religion, a religion of postures and ceremonies, of circumflexions and genuflexions, of garments and vestures, of ostentation and parade; that they took up tithes of mint and cummin, and neglected the weightier matters of the law—justice, mercy, the duties of life, and so forth."

The latter part of this quotation seems uncharitable, and, in most cases, it is to be hoped, untrue; but the clause about "postures and ceremonies" is by no means an exaggerated statement of the present position of "Ritualism." What would Sydney have said, could he have witnessed a baptism that recently took place in a New York Episcopal Church?

The infant child of Dr. Ewer was to be formally admitted to the Episcopal fold, and the occasion was a gala-day for Ritualists and Reporters. The following is from the account of the "Jenkins" of the New York *Sun*:

#### THE ALTAR ILLUMINATED.

The spectacle presented on the altar was beautiful and animated, the chancel being brilliantly illuminated with pyramidal tapers. The small flock seemed to regard the scene with more than religious reverence.

#### PROCESSION WITH BAPTISMAL TAPERS.

Soon after the hour appointed, the doors of the sacristy were rolled back, and a clerical procession marched with slow pace, bowed heads, and the prayerful union of the hands, to the Baptismal Font in the following order:

Acolyte, with soutan and surplice, carrying a lighted taper to be used in baptism.

Assistants at the altar, in surplices.

THE RECTOR—REV. DR. EWER.

The Assistant Priest—Rev. Mr. Brown.

Sponsors of the Infant.

The Mother, with the child, and her feminine friends.

#### CEREMONIAL IMMERSION AND LIGHTS.

The procession formed a semi-circle around the font and Dr. Ewer began the ceremony by taking the taper from the post acolyte and dipping it in holy water or the bapistry thrice, thus consecrating it for the sponsorial uses to which it was to be applied. It may not be out of place to say here, that this, with the exception of the submerging of the candle, is one of the features of Catholic baptism.

DIOGENES will quote no more from this wondrous account of a so-called Protestant Baptism; but contents himself with remarking that so far he can understand, *le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle!*

### "WELL OF ENGLISH UNDEFILED."

It would be well if the Yankees would leave this "well" alone, as the words which they pour into it only defile its purity. *Punch* waxes wroth because the verb "*to velocipede*" has recently been introduced. But this seems a trifle. The latest Americanisms that the Cynic has noted are, "*specimen-tary of*," i. e. "*exemplifying*"—*bathist*, i. e. "*an attendant at a bath*," (both words from the *Cincinnati Gazette*); and *top-loftical*, a quaint adjective applied by the *Hartford Courant* to female servants who "put on airs."

### "LO! THE POOR INDIAN:"

The Philadelphia *Evening Telegraph* is "down" on Mr. "Lo"—down upon him, in fact, "like a wolf on the fold." Full of the milk of human kindness, that genial journal of the city of brotherly love thus discourses: "The Indians ought to be made to settle down on reservations, where they will have to work or starve. They are as able to dig the

ground and raise food for themselves as other men; and the policy of the Government ought to be to force them to do this, or to take the consequences, whether it be starvation because they will not work, or extermination at the hands of the soldiers and white settlers. It is high time that something was done to civilize them; and if they cannot be civilized, and won't work, they are of no use to themselves or anybody else, and the sooner they are exterminated the better."

This humane passage reminds the Cynic of a story about the veteran Thomas Carlyle. "How will you carry out your reforms, Mr. Carlyle?" asked some of his opponents, in allusion to his  *Latter-day Pamphlets*—"What do you purpose to do with the Irish, for instance?" Mr. C. blandly replied that he would compel every Irishman to work forthwith, or he would sink the "green island" in the sea forever.

This anecdote may be found somewhere in the *Fetiphar Papers* by George William Curtis.

### "CHEERS FROM THE BOYS."

Last week, at the Convocation of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, the Bishop of Quebec delivered an instructive address. The whole of it is well worthy of attentive perusal—but one passage in particular, which was cheered by the boys of the College School, deserves to be recorded by the Cynic's pen.

His Lordship, according to the report of his speech published in the *Gazette* of July 3rd, remarked:

"In the course of mathematical teaching there was one book which could not be misused, and that was the *Elements of Euclid*. He did not know whether all would agree with him, but he considered it one of the most delightful books he had ever read. (*Cheers from the boys.*)"

CHEERS FROM THE BOYS! When the Cynic first read these words, he laid down the paper, and rubbed his sceptical eyes. He could scarcely believe that he had read correctly. Carefully he looked again, half hoping that he would find the words to be "*jeers from the boys*." But alas! no. He had made no mistake, and the magnificent paradox still met his gaze,—*Cheers from the boys!*

Rarely has hypocrisy so astounding been exhibited in public by actors so youthful! With a sigh for the duplicity of boyhood, DIOGENES turns his lantern upon these beardless charlatans. The rapture that they simulated, when one of their tormentors was eulogized, may have bamboozled a guileless Bishop, but the counterfeit is too clumsy to impose upon the Cynic.

### SAD EFFECTS OF "HEAVY WET."

A singular case was lately recorded in a Liverpool paper. A man named Griffiths had been arrested in the act of hanging himself to a beam, and was charged before the Magistrate with attempting to commit suicide. When asked what he had to say in defence, he gravely answered that he had "got wet," and was only "hanging himself up to dry."

As the man, when arrested, was *in liquor*, there could be no doubt that he *had* got wet; so the Magistrate discharged him with a caution, probably on account of his *dry* answer.

### WICKED ATTEMPT TO DEMORALIZE A BISHOP.

During Convocation, a cricket match was played on the College grounds, between the Lennoxville eleven, and an eleven from Quebec. One of the Lennoxville eleven, on being declared out, "leg before wicket," walked up to His Lordship the Bishop of ———, who was looking on, and said rather excitedly: "I was not out,—I know better, *I'll bet you 10 to 1, I was not out!*" His Lordship, very properly, as the Cynic thinks, declined to take the odds.

RABIES—No. 6.

A DYSPEPTIC'S DREAM.

I dreamed a dream the other night,—  
 (I forget what I had for supper,)—  
 If I wasn't afraid of a libel suit,  
 I'd swear I'd been reading Tupper!

I dreamed, and very strange it seemed,  
 (Things were so topsy-turvy),  
 That Shakspeare was flying those "ills" he had  
 While Marryatt was sick with scurvy.

That good Queen Bess was playing at "tag"  
 With Gladstone and Doctor Mudd,  
 While Little John sang the "Song of the Shirt"  
 Till I thought he was *Robbing Hood*:

That Melvin Foster had only one leg,  
 And Dion had but one arm,  
 That both were minding their P's and Cues,  
 While Rudolphe couldn't keep *Carme*.

And then I dreamt I was back at school,  
 And had told an awful "crammer;"  
 That the Doctor had locked me up in my room  
 With the Key of the Latin Grammar.

Next, I was a cur, who'd paid no tax,  
 Exciting each "Peeler's" ire,  
 And running away from each shaven priest,  
 As if from a *cur tail* fryer.

But at last I woke with leap as high  
 As those learned fleas in flannel;  
 For I dreamt,—and I knew, it couldn't be true,—  
 They had found the 20-foot channel!!

NOTES AND QUERIES.

"As the Greeks in olden times, for a blemish in his physical symmetry, tried to exclude Apollo from the fellowship of the gods, &c."—  
*Extract from Mr. Punshon's "Daniel in Babylon."*

My Dear Dio.,—

Can you inform me what this blemish was? I cannot find any mention made of it in any of the works on mythology at my command, and do not remember ever having seen it alluded to before.

Yours truly,

TASSIE.

QUERY NO. 4—JUNE 18.

The following quotation, which points to the origin of the saying in question, is abbreviated from a useful compilation entitled "*The Portfolio of Origins and Inventions*," by William Pulleyn; a work frequently referred to in Worcester's Dictionary.

No authority is quoted for the ensuing anecdote, but it will probably be found in some Life of the Duke of Buckingham:

"On the accession of James I to the English throne, London swarmed with Scotch adventurers, who hovered continually about the court, and generally succeeded in gaining the monarch's favor. This gave particular umbrage to the gay and sprightly Buckingham, the king's chief favorite. His mansion, which was in St. Martin's Fields, was famed for the number of its windows, and was called the "Glass House," by the wags of the day. Buckingham and

others took every opportunity of annoying the Scotchmen. Missiles were even resorted to, and, among the rest, tin tubes through which the assailants could propel with their mouths, small pebbles. Buckingham not only winked at this annoyance, but with others of his grade, adopted it. The persecuted Caledonians at length found him out, and by way of retribution broke all his windows!

The favorite complained to his royal master, but the wary Scots had been beforehand with him, and when he stated his complaint, the monarch replied: "Those who live in glass-houses, Steevie," (a familiar name by which he addressed Buckingham,) "should be careful how they throw stones."—  
 Ed. Dio.

JACOB GALLOPER IN THE COUNTRY.

Dominion Day passed off quietly with us. The pernicious fire-cracker was not heard, but at an early hour the Field Battery gave tongue, and the village canines replied in a sonorous and effective manner. During the rest of the day holiday steamers laden with excursionists passed and re-passed us, far out on the lazy river, and a few wandering anglers took possession of our wharves. Some of them were elaborately fitted out with rods, baskets, patent minnows, and other luxuries. I watched them with savage glee, as they baked themselves in the hot sun, well knowing the Tantalus' cup they were holding to their lips. I had resolved that Dominion Day should be my piscatorial Rubicon. I bought fifty yards of line and a patent hook, that went off with a trigger like a pistol. From the effective manner in which the apparatus dug into one's fingers I formed the brightest anticipations. I started for a secluded part of the river; the patent arrangement proved a sell, it went off in the water and cut the worm adrift. In a couple of hours, however, a cat-fish came to land, and things wore a roseate hue. I threw in the line with a will, expecting a pike at least; the pike probably expected me, for the line not being made fast, during my temporary absence, he called, and went off down stream with the whole fifty yards and a decent assortment of hooks. I hope they made him happier than they ever did me. The St. Lawrence is not an agreeable river. It is chiefly famous for eddies and dead dogs, and the "twenty-foot channel" discovered by the Hon. John Young. We have now a fine fleet of dead dogs in harbour; they come down from Montreal daily, and as they float on their backs with their legs in the air, these silent *barks* have all the appearance in the dusk of evening of phantom ships scudding along under bare poles. The dog question seems to me to rank after the Irish Church question and the Alabama Claims. His position in society alive and dead has occupied the attention of legislators for centuries: the law has eyed him with a constant surveillance, muzzled him, cut his claws, and hanged him with great punctuality from time immemorial. These attentions have been supplemented by those of his master, and he could never regard his own ears and tail as either real or personal estate. He has suffered persecutions without end, and with no other compensation than the satisfaction of having gone mad and put his teeth into society occasionally. But to-day he is the same dog that he was a thousand years ago, and wags his tail calmly over the traditions of his race, confident that there is one which is immutable. "Every dog must have his day":—he enjoys his; let the coming dog look after the morrow. Come what may, he is the appointed Mordecai at our gate—the special fly in our ointment—he is the dog of the period. Legislate for him, tax him, muzzle him, crop him, hang him or drown him, he is immortal in his ubiquity—a thousand dogs are ready to take his place, a myriad blind puppies would close up the ranks and fill the vacuum. He is the "friend of man";—the Natural History says so, and on that platform he wags his tail, and neither grief nor taxes will drive him away. I have been assured that in consequence of the imposition of the long-talked of dog-tax many dogs are going into the country this summer, and that a canine boarding house without the city limits would very likely pay. In our district I consider the complement of dogs is complete; and if there was a little more tax and less dog, somebody would sleep better. But this is, nevertheless, one of the drawbacks of country life not mentioned by the poets. The dog goes into the river, and the river goes into the tea-pot. It is a fearful thought, and sufficient to undermine the temperance cause, never very strong in this locality, besides suggesting an immediate application, of perhaps questionable Cognac.

We have a Ladies' Boarding School near us. To-day is the breaking up, and two-horse teams are incessantly conveying the pupils to the bosom of their families. The regulation outfit seems to be a large bundle of bedding, a big trunk of accomplishments, and in most cases an enormous gilt picture frame, containing either a Berlin wool landscape or a Crayon drawing. The corner of this frame is thrust into the ribs of the admiring parent for safe carriage—most likely as a counter irritant to the bill he has got in his pocket.

Yours truly,

JACOB GALLOPER.

## J. D.'S TRIP TO BOSTON.

AN HISTORICAL BALLAD.

AIR: "Lord Lovell."

John Dougall he sat in his Editor's chair—  
 "I am weary of work," quoth he,  
 "Farewell for a time, editorial care  
 "For I'm off to the Peace Jubilee," lee, lee,—  
 "I am off to the Peace Jubilee."

So home he started, and packed his trunk,  
 And of boxes a goodly store,—  
 Full many a *Witness* therein was sunk,  
 And *Dominion Monthlies* galore.

"The wits of Boston," said John, "shall cease  
 "Our journals to scorn as mean :  
 "And none will dare, in this time of peace,  
 "To blow up my Magazine."

He reached the station—and Frank Picard,  
 The "humorous ticket-agent,"  
 Shook the Editor's hand, as the "Palace-car"  
 Disappeared—like a gorgeous pageant.

But first, Frank whispered instructions grave  
 In the through-conductor's ear,—  
 Taking good care the advice he gave  
 The conductor alone should hear.

The train rushed on—and the Editor read  
 His own dear *Witness* through,  
 But each move he made, and each word he said  
 Was watched by a witness, too.

If he opened his satchel to find a tract,  
 If he quitted the car to "grub"—  
 He was watched—like a thief by a "bobby," in fact—  
 Till they came to "Creation's Hub."

There he drove,—still watched,—to a big Hotel,  
 And immediately called for—dinner ;  
 While the keen conductor still dogged him well,  
 Like Fate pursuing a sinner.

The landlord was cautioned to watch his guest !  
 The waiters had orders strict !  
 And the tired conductor could get no rest,  
 From terror of being tricked.

And when the "dined" Editor call'd at a house,  
 (Some teetotal friend's, no doubt,)  
 He watched him go in, as a cat would a mouse,  
 And anxiously watched him come out.

At the Jubilee concert, J. D. was seen,  
 Applauding, with lungs sonorous,  
 Still cunningly watched by his guardian keen,  
 'Mid the din of the "Anvil Chorus."

And wherever he went, 'mid the rich or the poor,  
 (This history beats all hollow !)  
 That 'cute conductor was always sure  
 Like a shadow his steps to follow.

At breakfast and luncheon—at dinner and tea—  
 Till the day into darkness faded,  
 Like a sleepless savage, he watched J. D.,  
 Till at length he was fairly *jaded*.

But if you should say to me, "Pray, explain  
 "This mystical conduct's fitness,"—  
 The riddle's solution you may obtain  
 In a recent *Daily Witness*.

\* If any apology be needed for having recorded in a ballad, the Boston trip of the worthy Editor of the *Witness*, DIOGENES believes that it will be found in the following "editorial":

CAREFUL RAILWAY MANAGEMENT.—On the morning when the editor of this journal started for his present tour in the United States, the considerate and humorous agent of the V. C. Railway, solicitous for his welfare, gave special instructions to the through-conductor, that he should keep his eye on him, and if he found him drinking too much, to put a stop to it in time. When the conductor returned to town, he reported that he had watched that man carefully every time he had left the train, and he was sure he had not tasted a drop while he was under his charge.—*Montreal Daily Witness*, June 23.

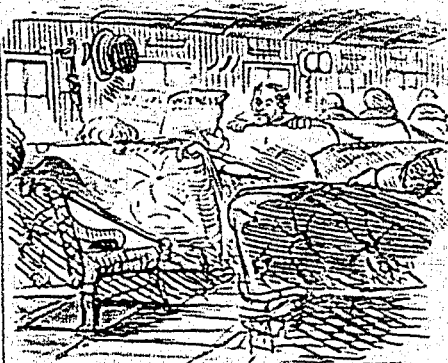
# AN EDITOR ON HIS TRAVELS.



Ye Editor prepareth for his journey.

He arriveth at the Station, and is ye object of official solicitude.

Ye Conductor noteth him giving instructions to ye Porter.



And intently regardeth the other side of ye *Daily Witness*.



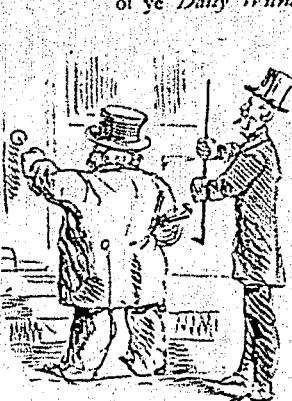
J. D. arriveth at Boston.



And awaiteth a cab to drive him to a Hotel.



Ye Conductor instructeth the Hotel-Keeper to "watch that man."



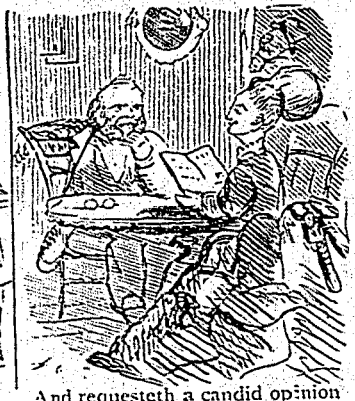
He maketh a morning call.



And dineth with some friends.



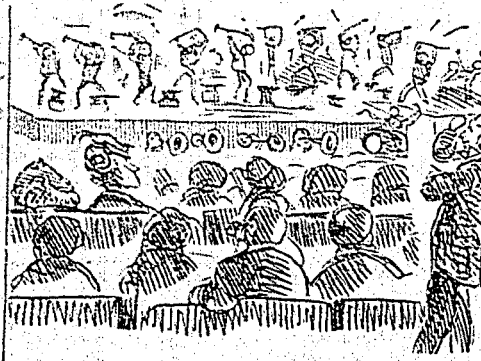
He lecturath a Bar-room loafer.



And requesteth a candid opinion of ye *New Dominion Monthly*.



He is ye pet of Sorosis.



He attendeth ye Jubilee, and is particularly struck with ye "Anvil Chorus."

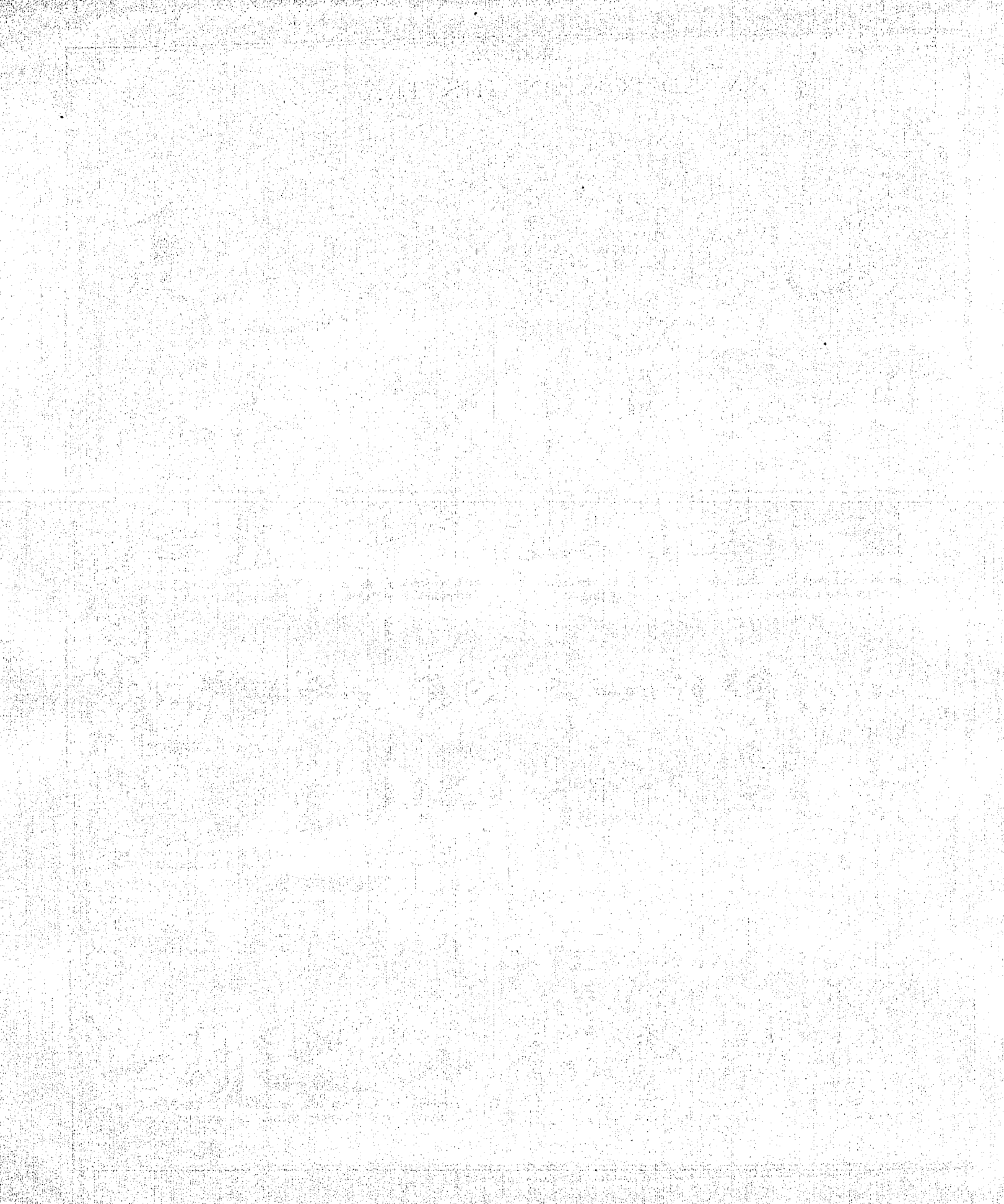


He determineth on going South, And taketh leave of his charming friend.



Ye Through-Conductor returneth to Montreal and reporteth all "O.K." to ye "humorous ticket agent."





### "THE MIXTURE AS BEFORE."

"Mixed metaphors" have a strange fascination for the imaginative and the crazy; but they are as dangerous as "mixed drinks" to men of excitable brains. Lord Castle-reagh was accustomed to mix his metaphors very considerably: e. g. "And now, Sir, I must *embark* into the *feature* on which this question chiefly *hinges*." A famous Western orator trod closely in his Lordships footsteps, when he declared: "I smell a rat—I see him hovering in the air—I will nip him in the bud!" The mantles of these two distinguished rhetoricians have, apparently, been bequeathed to the review-writer of the *Daily News*, and long odds may be safely offered that he will soon excel them in the use of their peculiar weapon.

Here is a variegated nosegay, culled almost at random from the garden of the *News*:—

"The mere labour of amassing the details would appal ordinary minds; but the weightier task remained of weaving together, in lucid harmonies, the first glimmerings of organized society—the misty records of nascent organization, and following down the stream of time, borrowing from each age,—each crisis in the history of the nation,—copious stores to illustrate and explain the gradual growth of parliamentary government in England."—*Montreal Daily News*, July 3. Review of "Todd's Parliamentary Government in England."

### ZEKE TRIMBLE AND BETSY IN NEW YORK.

THEY GO TO SEE "ENOCK ARDEN."

DEER OLD DI,—On a hot summer's evenin' in the present sentury, about thee month of Jooly, a careful observer mite hav notissd a distinguished individooal, with red hare, a goatee, blue pants, & red dog-skin kid gloves onto his hands, in 1 of which, hee carelessly swung a new dollar umbrella, while on thee other arm, leaned a fare but homely specimen of thee female sex. Thee above mite have been seen in thee city of New York, if thee careful observer had been there. Thee handsome gentleman was Zeke Trimble,—thee homely lady was Betsy, his partner for better or for worse. They wer makin' trax for Booth's Theatre, on 24th ultimo, to see thee poem of "Enock Arden" represented onto its boards. Edwin Booth,—thee feller wich owns this nobil' manshun,—hevin' hurd that thee forrin korrespondent of DIOGENES was into New York, sent me 2 tickets at 50 sents each, wich is only i thee prise charged to thee public for thee same akommodashun.

Upon entering thee theatre we wer akosted by a polite yung man, who kindly lent us a opery glass & we took our seats in thee front row near thee musik. Hevin' some time onto our hands be4 thee show kommensd, i pulld out thee opery glass & lookd around. Thee howse is thee finest i have seen on this side of thee Atlantik, or, in fact, on thee other side either. Everything is in thee best of taste,—modest & pretty like my Betsy's calico gown. There was a large number of ladies into thee howse. Some wer butifol to kontemplate and uthers weren't. I thing struck me mournfully, & that was thee amount of munny wich thee fare sex had invested in dri goods & moveable ringlets,—et cetera. A yung man who appeared to reside in thee city, informed me that thee prevalin vices of thee New York laades, was extravagance in dress, confekshunary & hi-prised jewelry. As he warmed up in his descriphshun, he sez to me, "whot do you think of a woman, who, hevin' 6 fine children at home, is in the daily habit of prowling up & down Broadway to display her dri goods patterns, & neglecting thee eddykashun of thee aforesaid children, or leavin' thee same to thee tender nursey of a hired gurl,—yet stranger," sed he to me, with a tear in his eye. "I see around me many of those.— & mi experiance is very large amongst thee 1st families of which i am i myself," sez hee. "Stranger," sez i, graspin his hand, "i am a Kanagian and we hev few such into our Dominion. Women is still the fary creature of old (& heer i thot of fary land into Francis Xavier street, & teers gushed into mi eyes.) Into thee Dominion of Kanady," says i, "our vknorn sich kattel, & our proudist host is to liv' happily, under our own vine and fig tree, with lots of little figs growin' up around us." Heer i introujed thee polite yung stranger to Betsy, and pursod my topic. Sez i, "Betsy & i, have 14 little figs at home, & we air proud of them, & instead of spendin' aww our munny into dri goods, we air warin' kaliko dresses, ekononymisin' & livin' for them. We air trainin' them up in thee way thay shood travil, &" sez i, "thare aint anything worth livin' for, if it isn't for a feller's wife & family, even if she's homely,—is thare Betsy," sez i, & she sed "no; thare wasn't," & smiled sweetly upon me. Thee yung man was much affected at my "nobil' thots" as he kalled them. He inquired mi address, & borrod \$5 from me, promissin' to return it to me, early in the mornin'. Betsy sed she thot he woodn't return it, & he didn't, wich proves how much shrooder thee fare sex air when thay are away from home, than thee men. Thee band struck up "Hale Kolumbus," thee kurtin arose & thee 1st act kummensd.

The 1st seen is down to Cornwall, in England, whare Enock's friends &

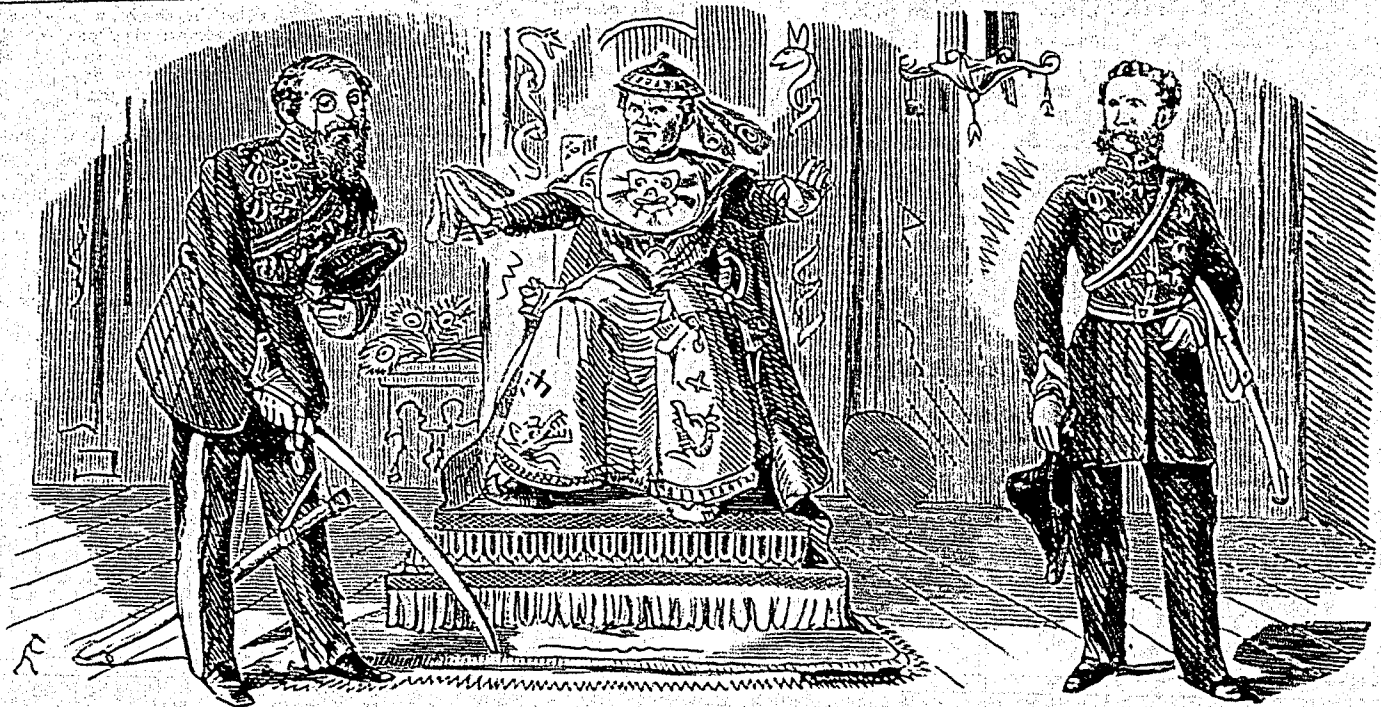
family resided. A lot of thee village folks, come in singin' a good old English song to German words, wich we awl understood of course. (I explained to Betsy, that the song was in German out of compliment to Mr. Tennyson.) Enock saves a ship captain's baby from drownin' & gets a lot of munny, wich lookd to me like gold. He then gits marrid to a very pretty gurl & the kurtin drops. After a lapsus of seven years, the second act takes place, and Mrs. Annie is diskivered on thee risin' of thee curtain a rookin' thee yungest baby, (thare hev bin several born durin' thee 7 years, as is thee custom in English families, but thee other children seemed to be out.) Enock comes in, in konsiderable of a hurry, & sez thee fishin' bizness is bust & he must emygrate to seek his fortin. Mrs. Enock suggests Ameriky, but he woodn't hear of it, as thee Dominion was not started in those days, & he wants to be wer thee Union Jack presides. (Here upon, Betsy, & i cried out, "heer, heer," when a gentleman in blue clothes & a number on his cap, came in & requested us not to make enny more political demonstrashuns, as thee government of Unkle Samuel had declared she wood maintain strikt nootrality on thee Cuban question, now that thee rebs were all dyin' of yellow fever, et cetera. We kollapsed & krunched our gingerbread in mournful silense.) Suddenly, in comes thee ship captin, whose baby Enock had saved & offers to take Enock over silver seas to thee land of gold,—wich, I suppose, must be Kalaformy, as they have never suspended speshy payments yet. Enock strikes a bargain, & goes out with the captin, singin' "gentle Anniee." Mrs. Enock cries konsiderable & Betsy & i cry too. I sez to Betsy, that Enock was a donkey to leave his wife & family in this unceremonious manner, & that he was makin' a grate mistake,—wich prophesy turned out too troo. After a highatus of ten years, the kurtin rose again, & Mrs. Enock clad in mournin', is diskuvered a goin' to a pic-nic with her children, who don't seem to have grown much. (Betsy sed, thee little gurl wich we had seen 17 years ago, in the cradle, didn't look to be more than 9 years old. I sed to Betsy, that this was poetical exaggerashun, & perhaps, she had taken too much of Mrs. Winslow's syrup when she was yung, & had got stunted in her growth.) Mrs. Enock has been without enny noos of her husband for 10 years & looks very sorry about it; when in komes Mr. Ray, an old lover of hers, & proposes to her; she refuses him, & tells him to wait a year. Phillip bein a good, kind-hearted feller, waits a year, & then they air marrid, tho' i didn't see thee weddin'. All of a sudden, Enock komes home, after bein away 10 years,—he havin' bin playin' Robertson Crusoe, in the tropikal reguns, on a desert island into the pacific oshun. When he finds out that his wife is marrid to another man, he is terribly kut up; won't visit his family and dies, buryin' his secret in the bosom of his landlady, who was very kind to him, and after his death, revealed thee same to Mrs. Enock that was. I woodn't see thee effect of this noos, as thee kurtain dropt, before it was kommuny-keated to her, but i presume she was very much affected, for Betsy & i kried very much durin' thee proseedins. I sed to Betsy, "whot a darned fool he was to leave her & go in search of thee filthy luker." Sez i, "nothing kood tare me away from you, Betsy, for i believe, i never wood hev saved so much out of mi paper kollar bizness if yoo hedn't bin so ekonomikle." Betsy smiled thro her teers, & sed she had no sympathy for Mrs. Enock, & that she was a hard-hearted creature to marry agane. I didn't like to expose my inner thots on the question of 2nd marridges. "But," sez i, "Betsy, i suppose Tennyson rote that butifol poem for thee special benefit of Amerykin markit. It is kustomary thare, when a husband is away for 10 years, to consider him a 'goner.' Into thee States, thee laws of divorce prevale & amongst thee numeras cawses of divorce, absense for 10 years from Bed & Bord, is 1 of thee most frequent." Sez i, "Betsy, we ought to be thankful, that in thee Dominion of Kanady, marrage is regardid as a permanent institushun. Only think," sez i, "after we hev lived together for near 30 years, what a awiul thing it wood be for me to git a divorce from thee partner of mi joys & sorros & thee paper kollar bizness, bekwase she had kold feet, wich you know you air troubled with Betsy," sez i, "& wich is thee law in New York," sez i. Betsy was so horrified by this revelashun, that she cood not speek, & we returned to our lodjins, at the 5th Avenoo Hotel, 7th floor, whare we arrived safely bi the hoistin' mashine. I rote to Booth next day, thankin' him for the evenin's entertainment, & presentin' Betsy's compliments & regards, sayin' that she was pleased to see one theater in New York, whare those horrid bally dancers, with thin drapery, were exkludid & whare the "opery-buff" was not exhibited. I also remarked that thee yung man who lent me thee opery glass, charged 50 sents tharefor, & requested him to remit thee sum to mi address.

Yours trooly,

ZEKE TRIMBLE.

### FOREIGN.

In the *Montreal Herald* of the 5th. July, the telegraphic news from Germany states that, "the worms protest against the syllabus and encyclical letters." It omits, however, to mention, if they object to earthquakes or any other earthly disturbances. Perhaps it is a mere question of diet.



H—D.

L'EMPEREUR KAFOOZLEUM.

(Brother of the Sun and Moon.)

McP—N.

POLITICAL SERVICE *v.* "LONG (MILITARY) SERVICE AND GOOD CONDUCT."

KAFOOZLEUM (*log.*)—Do you tink I care for regulations? No sare, I make regulations and I unmake them ven I choose!"

## A FEW WORDS TO A CORRESPONDENT.

A Correspondent, who signs himself "Z," is dissatisfied, on valid grounds, with the syntax of a sentence in the last number of DIOGENES. Either the relative pronoun, or the verb of which it should be the subject, requires to be altered in the sentence criticised. Thus: Montreal notabilities, *who, he alleges, are* (or, *whom he alleges to be*) in favor of Canadian Independence," &c.

The same correspondent asks: "What do you think of the spelling of *favor*? The Cynic thinks it a great pity that English usage is not uniform in the spelling of all such words. Dr. Johnson published the first edition of his Dictionary in 1755, and it was he who, on the analogy of the French *cur*, inserted *u* in the termination of many words which had previously ended in *or*. He was, however, by no means consistent in carrying out his theory—for it will be found, on careful examination, that he wrote only about half the words of this class with the ending *our*.

At present the popular tendency (at any rate on this Continent) is to get rid of the letter *u*. *Ancestor, author, editor, emperor, error, &c.*, are no longer spelt with the Johnsonian *u*—in fact, there are only about twenty words (such as *labour, honour, &c.*) in which the superfluous letter is retained by any writer. The much-abused Webster rejected it from every one of these words, on the ground that, whenever a movement toward wider analogies and more general rules had advanced so far as to leave but few exceptions to impede its progress, those exceptions ought to be set aside *at once*, and the analogy rendered complete. Under these circumstances the Cynic is in *favor* of spelling *favor* without the *u*; and if uniformity in the spelling of similar words is destined ultimately to prevail, he unhesitatingly prophesies the doom of the termination *our*.

"Z" concludes his letter by writing: "In another article I read, 'somewhat different to the game.' Should it not be 'different from?' DIOGENES agrees with his correspondent that *different* is most frequently, and properly, followed by *from*. At the same time, as Webster remarks in his Dictionary, under the word *different*: "Many writers, especially in England, use *to* after it."

Here is an instance (not quoted in the Dictionaries), from Carlyle's *Miscellanies*: "Indeed, were we to judge of German reading habits from

these volumes of ours, we should draw quite a *different* conclusion to Paul's."

The apology for the use of *to* after *different* seems to be, that the adjective is used as a synonym of *dissimilar* or *contrary*, both of which words are followed by *to*.

We have an instance of analogous usage in the word *averse*. "This word," says Webster, "ought to be followed by *to*, and not, as formerly, by *from*." The word includes the idea of *from*; but the literal meaning being lost, the affection of the mind signified by the word is exerted towards the object of dislike, and, like its kindred terms *hatred, dislike, contrary, repugnant, &c.*, should be followed by *to*.

In conclusion—it is worthy of notice, that the word *different* has been the cause of more than one grammatical blunder. D'Israeli, in his *Curiosities of Literature*, writes: "A history now by a Mr. Hume, or a poem by a Mr. Pope, would be examined with *different eyes than* had they borne any other name." The use of *than* in this sentence is certainly not legitimate. Singularly enough, the same author, in his work on "The Literary Character," again stumbles over the unfortunate word: "The conversations of men of letters are of a *different* complexion with the talk of men of the world."

What will friend "Z" think of this use of *with*? DIOGENES is inclined to regard it as far less excusable than that of *to*!

In future, as these *negre grammatica* possess but slight interest for the general public, the Cynic will reply privately to the critical remarks of any correspondent.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"W." (Sherbrooke).—Much obliged. Will be happy to hear from you again.

"J. & H." (Ottawa).—Thanks. Will write in explanation.

"M." (Peterborough).—Attended to.

"AUNT TABITHA."—Received. Please continue.

"A. B." (Montreal).—Will be glad of a personal interview. Contributions highly valued.

"Y."—Who says he is a constant reader of DIOGENES, ought to know by this time, the style of paper most likely to obtain insertion in our columns. Very often, as in this case, personal details are communicated to us for publication, which would disgrace the old *Age* and *Satirist*. We mostly consign such contributions to the waste basket before they are half read.

DIOGENES.

THE ST. HYACINTHE RACES

WILL TAKE PLACE AT  
ST. HYACINTHE,  
On the 17th & 18th August, 1869  
1ST.—QUEEN'S PLATE, 50 GUINEAS.  
Full particulars in a few days.

PORTRAITS

OF THE  
REV. A. OXENDEN,  
The newly-elected Bishop of Montreal and  
Metropolitan,  
Just Received from England.  
On View, and for Sale by  
W. NOTMAN,  
At his Studio, No. 17 Bleury Street.

PREPARING,  
THE CANADIAN ANNUAL  
REGISTER for 1867,  
A RECORD OF PUBLIC EVENTS IN CANADA  
DURING THAT YEAR.  
Edited by HENRY J. MORGAN.  
(Prospectus at Dawson Bros.)

Havana Cigars.  
SAMUEL McCONKEY,  
Direct Importer of  
FOREIGN CIGARS,  
TOBACCOS,  
FANCY GOODS, &c.,  
Has just received from Havana a very CHOICE  
ASSORTMENT of the  
VERY BEST BRANDS.  
ST. LAWRENCE  
CIGAR AND SAMPLE ROOM,  
St. James Street,  
Opposite the Hall, and next door to Post-Office.

McCONKEY'S  
"SAMPLES"  
Are now ready for submission to competent  
judges, at the  
COOPERAGE AND COBBLERY,  
Opposite the St. Lawrence Hall.  
HAVANA CIGARS  
IN PERFECTION.  
"LA FAVORITA'S" A Registered at  
Lloyd's.

SUMMER VESTS,  
KNICKERBOCKER STOCKINGS,  
BATH TOWELS.  
JUST OPENED, a Case of SUMMER  
TIES.  
One of the largest and best Stocks of  
WHITE SHIRTS  
IN CANADA,  
Always on hand and made to order.  
W. GRANT & CO.,  
WEST END SHIRT STORE,  
151 St. James Street.

GOODALL'S Playing Cards,  
SMITH'S METALLIC MEMO-  
RANDUMS, PIRIE'S ANTIQUE NOTE  
PAPER & ENVELOPES, at the DIOGENES'  
OFFICE, 27 Great St. James Street.

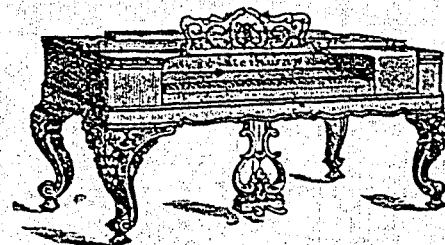
SEA SIDE SUPPLIES.  
Families will find at the ITALIAN WAREHOUSE the  
Freshest, Largest and Best Assorted Stock of  
GROCERIES & Dainties  
TO SELECT FROM.  
No charge for Packages. Orders left early will oblige.  
ALEX. MCGIBBON.  
A SUPPLY OF DELICIOUS STRAWBERRIES  
RECEIVED DALY.

CLARET! CLARET!  
\$2.50 per Dozen. \$2.50 per Dozen.  
FIT FOR A GENTLEMAN'S TABLE.  
DAVID CRAWFORD,  
GROCER AND WINE MERCHANT,  
77 ST. JAMES STREET,  
MONTREAL.

FIT FOR A GENTLEMAN'S TABLE.  
\$2.50 PER DOZEN. PER DOZEN \$2.50.  
CLARET. CLARET.  
NINETEENTH ANNUAL STATEMENT  
OF THE  
UNION MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.  
DIRECTORS' OFFICE—No. 27 COURT STREET, BOSTON.  
HENRY CROCKER, President. | W. H. HOLLISTER, Secretary.  
B. R. CORWIN, Manager.

Assets, 31st January, 1869.....	\$3,730,836.67
Receipts for the year 1868.....	1,505,015.38
Surplus over all liabilities.....	875,963.73
Deposited with Receiver-General of Canada.....	100,000.00
Losses paid in 1868.....	220,350.00

Policyholders are the only Stockholders in the Company. Each Policyholder receives his share of the earnings of the Company in ratio to the amount of Premium paid.  
Every Premium paid receives an apportionment of the divisible surplus on the 31st Dec. of each year. All business, agencies, payments, proof of loss, &c., in this Province, submitted to  
JOHN RHYNAS,  
MONTREAL,  
General Agent for Province of Quebec.  
May 26.



GOULD & HILL,  
IMPORTERS OF  
Pianofortes, Cabinet Organs, and Musical Instruments,  
No. 115 ST. JAMES STREET,  
MONTREAL.

GRAY'S "VINAIGRE DE TOILETTE"—(Perfectionné.)  
Twenty-five cents per Bottle.  
HENRY R. GRAY, DISPENSING AND FAMILY CHEMIST,  
144 St. Lawrence Main Street.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.  
MR. BENJAMIN,  
ADVOCATE,  
Has Removed his Office to  
41 ST. JOHN STREET.  
CHAS. ALEXANDER & SON  
391 Notre Dame Street.  
ICE CREAM and WATER ICES,  
SODA WATER, with Choice Syrups.  
LUNCHEON—TEA & COFFEE,  
FROM 10 A.M. TILL 6 P.M.  
Choice Assortment of Confectionery.

THE  
CARLTON RESTAURANT  
By J. MARTIN,  
IS NOW OPEN,  
WITH A CHOICE SELECTION OF  
WINES, SPIRITS, LIQUEURS, &c.  
Luncheons from 12 to 3.  
DINNERS & SUPPERS AT ALL HOURS  
425 NOTRE DAME STREET,  
Five Doors West of St. Peter.

A Supply of JAPANESE FANS  
at the DIOGENES' OFFICE, Price  
25 Cents.  
CRYSTAL GASALIERS.  
JUST RECEIVED,  
A large lot of  
CRYSTAL GASALIERS,  
Crystal Brackets,  
CRYSTAL HALL LAMPS.  
FOR SALE AT MODERATE PRICES.  
ROBT. MITCHELL & CO.'S,  
St. Peter & Craig Sts.

GASFITTINGS.  
THE Subscribers have on hand a first rate  
assortment of English and American GAS  
FIXTURES, consisting of  
LACQUERED AND BRONZE GAS-  
ALIERS,  
GLASS CHANDELIERS,  
GLASS AND OTHER BRACKETS,  
HALL AND TABLE LAMPS, PILLARS,  
&c.  
—ALSO—  
All kinds of GLASS GLOBES, Plain, Cut  
and Engraved, FANCY SHADES, &c.,  
which they will sell at extremely low prices.  
CHARLES GARTH & CO.,  
Dominion Metal Works,  
536 to 542 Craig Street,  
Montreal.

WILLIAM KINGSFORD,  
CIVIL ENGINEER,  
149 GREAT ST. JAMES STREET,  
(First Floor.)  
PROVINCIAL SURVEYOR,  
QUEBEC AND ONTARIO.

Straw Hats!  
Straw Hats!  
A very Large Stock of Straw  
Hats to be found at  
WILLIAM SAMUELS,  
367 Notre Dame Street.

**COLLARS.**

**THE CANADIAN COLLAR FACTORY.**  
Nos. 550 AND 552 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.

ALL THE LONDON  
"COMIC WEEKLIES"  
Regularly Received  
AT THE DIOGENES OFFICE.

**ST. LAWRENCE HALL,**  
Great St. James Street,  
MONTREAL.  
H. HOGAN..... PROPRIETOR.

**NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.**  
The Floating Bath is now open to the public from 5 A.M. to 9 P.M., during the season. For tickets and rates of admission, see handbills and on board the Bath.

**POT AND PEARL ASHES**  
BOUGHT AND SOLD BY  
F. M. CASSIDY,  
No. 3 Curvillier's Court,  
St. Sacrament Street.

*Simpson & Bethune,*  
Fire,  
Life,  
and Marine  
Insurance  
Agents.  
OFFICE:  
102 St. Francois Xavier Street.

**FRENCH Fancy Stationery**  
at the DIOGENES' OFFICE, 27  
Great St. James Street.

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

Selling off Cheap the Largest Stock in  
the City.

**GEORGE ARMSTRONG.**  
Cabinet-Maker, Upholsterer, and Undertaker,  
Corner Victoria Sq. & Craig Street,  
MONTREAL.

**CHAMBER AND PARLOUR SUITES.**  
Manufacturer of  
**ELASTIC SPONGE MATTRESSES**  
Superior to Curled Hair.

**HEARSES, Coffins, Crapes,**  
&c., &c., constantly on hand, and all  
that is requisite provided at the shortest notice  
and in the best manner, on application to him,  
without causing any trouble to the friends of the  
deceased persons. A liberal discount to  
the Trade. Also on hand and for sale, FISK'S  
PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES.

**W. CLENDINNENG,**  
(late Wm. Rodden & Co.)  
Founder, and Manufacturer of Stoves, &c.,  
Works, 165 to 179 William Street.  
City Sample and Sale Room, 118 and 120  
Great St. James Street,  
and 532 Craig Street,  
MONTREAL, P.Q.

**LIFE ASSOCIATION OF SCOTLAND**

INVESTED FUNDS: UPWARDS OF  
*One Million One Hundred and Ninety-One Thousand  
Pounds Sterling.*

*This Institution differs from other Life Offices in that the  
BONUSES FROM PROFITS  
ARE APPLIED ON A SPECIAL SYSTEM FOR THE POLICY-HOLDER'S  
PERSONAL BENEFIT AND ENJOYMENT  
DURING HIS OWN LIFE-TIME,  
With the option of Large Bonus Additions to the Sum Assured.*

THE POLICY-HOLDER THUS OBTAINS  
**A LARGE REDUCTION OF PRESENT OUTLAY**

**A PROVISION FOR OLD AGE**  
OF A MOST IMPORTANT AMOUNT.  
*In One Cash Payment, or a Life Annuity, without any expense or outlay whatever  
beyond the ordinary Assurance Premium for the original Sum  
Assured, which remains intact for the Policy-holder's  
heirs, or other purposes.*

**CANADA—MONTREAL: 1 Common Street.**

Secretary, P. WARDLAW.  
Inspector of Agencies, JAS. B. M. CHIPMAN.

**TO TOURISTS.**

*Henderson's First-class Photographs and  
Stereoscopic Slides*

OF LOCAL SCENERY,  
*At the Diogenes' Office, 27 St. James' Street.*

**CHEAP INITIAL STATIONERY.**

"Rustic" and "Dove" Note-Paper,  
At the Lowest Remunerative Prices, at the

DIOGENES' OFFICE,  
27 St. James Street,  
(Opposite the Post Office).

**TO TOURISTS.**

**HOLDSTOCK'S AUTUMN SKETCHES**

OF  
**CANADIAN SCENERY.**

Some Fine Specimens at the  
DIOGENES' OFFICE,  
27 ST. JAMES STREET,  
(Opposite the Post Office).

**BUILDERS**  
WILL FIND  
REGISTERS of all sizes  
CHIMNEY CAPS, double and single,  
PIPE HOLES,  
STOVE PIPE RINGS,  
SWEEP HOLE DOORS and FRAMES,  
FURNACE DOORS and FRAMES,  
SASH WEIGHTS, all sizes,  
FANCY DOOR PANELS,  
And every description of  
**BUILDERS' CASTINGS.**  
AT  
118 Great St. James Street,  
532 Craig Street East;  
Or at the Montreal Foundry and City Works,  
165 to 179 William Street.  
W. CLENDINNENG.

**TAFT & GARVEN,**  
ARCHITECTS,  
REAL ESTATE AND INVESTMENT AGENTS,  
SOLICITORS OF PATENTS, &c.,  
Offices: No. 49 Bleury Street.

**TO THE MILITARY.**  
**J. WHITTAKER,**  
350 NOTRE DAME STREET,  
*Late Master Tailor 4th Batt. Rifle Brigade.*  
Having opened business at the above address,  
and being a practical artisan, respectfully re-  
quests the patronage and support of Officers of  
the Staff and of the Line, and Volunteers;  
also, gentlemen of business, skilled mechanics  
and workmen.

**THE EUROPEAN MAIL**  
on Sale at the DIOGENES' OFFICE,  
27 Great St. James Street.  
Subscriptions and Advertisements received.

**SPRING MEDICINE.**

**THE Safest and Best is the  
PLANTAGENET**

MINERAL  
WATER.

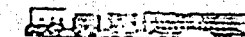
R. W. BOYD,  
Agent, Place d'Armes.

**VICTORIA STABLES.**

**THE** undersigned has opened  
his new Stables in the building lately  
occupied as an Armoury in Victoria Square.  
They are roomy, well lighted and ventilated,  
and first-class in every respect.

Special attention given to the boarding and  
sale of gentlemen's horses. No horses kept  
for hire.  
References kindly permitted to Thos. Cramp,  
Esq., Alex. Urquhart, Esq., Wm. M. Ramsay,  
Esq., John Leeming, Esq., and J. J. Browne,  
Esq.  
TIMOTHY STARR.

**RAILWAYS.**



**VERMONT CENTRAL  
RAILROAD LINE.**

SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS,  
Commencing MAY 1, 1869.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH AND EAST.

**MAIL TRAIN** leaves ST.  
ALBANS at 6:30 a.m., and connects  
at Burlington with the Rutland Road, and at  
White River Junction and Bellows Falls with  
Trains for Boston, Worcester, Springfield and  
New York.

**DAY EXPRESS** leaves Montreal at 5:10  
a.m., for Boston, &c., arriving in Boston at  
10:30 p.m.

**NIGHT EXPRESS** leaves Montreal at  
7:30 p.m., for Waterloo, Boston, and New  
York, arriving at Boston at 3:40 a.m., connect-  
ing at Bellows Falls with Cheshire R. R. for  
Boston and Worcester, and with Vermont  
Valley R. R. for Springfield, &c., arriving in  
New York at 12:30 p.m.

TRAINS GOING NORTH AND WEST.

**DAY EXPRESS** leaves Boston via Lowell  
at 8 a.m., for St. Albans, Montreal, &c., arriv-  
ing at Montreal at 10 p.m.

**MAIL TRAIN** leaves Boston via Lawrence  
and Fitchburgh at 7:30 a.m., Springfield at  
7:45 a.m., for St. Albans.

**NIGHT EXPRESS** leaves Bellows Falls  
at 10:10 p.m., receiving passengers from  
Vermont Valley R. R., leaving New York at  
12:15 p.m., and from Cheshire R. R., leaving  
Boston at 1:30 p.m., connecting at White  
River Junction with Train leaving Boston at  
5:00 for Montreal.

Sleeping Cars are attached to both the  
Night Express Trains running between St.  
Albans and Boston, and St. Albans and  
Springfield.

G. MERRILL, General Supt.

1869. 1869.

**OPENING OF THE NEW ROUTE  
via  
PLATTSBURGH.**

**GREAT SAVING OF TIME.**

THROUGH TO  
**NEW YORK AND BOSTON**  
IN ONE DAY.

ON and after MONDAY, MAY 17, 1869,  
Trains will run as follows from Bouaren-  
ture Station:—  
**MORNING EXPRESS**—5:00 A.M., arriv-  
ing in New York at 9:15 P.M.; 5:00 A.M., arriv-  
ing in Boston at 7:30 P.M.  
**EVENING EXPRESS**—4:40 P.M., arriv-  
ing in New York at 10:15 A.M.; do. in Boston  
at 8:30 A.M.  
Stopping at all Intermediate Stations.  
For Tickets and further information apply at  
the Company's Office, No. 39 St. James Street.  
R. CARDINAL, AGENT.