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(ESTABLISHED 1859.)

HENRY R. GRAY,

DISPENSING & FAMILY CHEMIST

144 St. Lawrence Main Street.

A supply of Syrups from England for the Holidays.
Warranted made from the Fruit.

PHOTO-RELIEVO

A new style of Portraiture introduced
by W. NOTMAN, Photographer to the Queen,
MONTREAL.—Branches: OTTAWA and TORONTO.

CALL AND SEE THEM.

MIRRORS

MIRRORS
at
PELL'S
GALLERY OF
ART,
345 Notre Dame
Street.

Established 1859.
HENRY R. GRAY
Chemist & Druggist
144
St. Lawrence Main
Street,
Montreal.

PHYSICIANS'
Prescriptions
carefully prepared &
forwarded to all parts
of the City.

H. J. Benallack
General Dealer in
Teas,
Coffee and Choice
Groceries,
Bonaventure
Building,
Montreal.

SPECIAL
attention paid
to the supplying of
families.
Just received, a
select assortment of
Fruits, Almonds,
Candied Peel, &c.

THE ADAMS
Tobacco Factory,
St. Mary Street,
Montreal.

THIS Estab-
lishment is
now in full working
order.
All kinds of Fine
and Staple Tobaccos
of the Best Brands
supplied to the Trade
—
McMullen & Adams
St. Mary Street.

Wm. DOW & CO.
Brewers & Distillers,
Montreal.

INDIA Pale
and Mild Ales
and Brown Stout, in
Wood and Bottle.
Families regularly
supplied at their re-
sidences.
—
Brewery & Offices,
178 St. Joseph Street

Picture Framing
in every
variety
at
PELL'S
GALLERY OF
ART,
345 Notre Dame
Street.

ENGRAV-
ING,
Chromo-Lithography
and
Lithographic
Steam Printing
of every kind,
Wedding, Visiting
Ball Card
in every sty
—
BURLAND,
LAFRANCOISE & Co.,
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St. Francois Xavier
Street.

Artificial Teeth
—
BERNARD & DAVIS
Dentists,
564 Craig Street.

INVITE the
attention of
persons requiring Ar-
tificial Teeth to their
large and varied as-
sortment, comprising
the most beautiful
shapes and shades of
recent manufacture.
Dr. BERNARD may
be consulted person-
ally from 10 o'clock
a.m. to 4 o'clock p.m.
daily.

K. S. LATHAM,
Chemist,
Corner Bleuryland
Craig Streets.

MCDUGALL'S
Carbonic Acid
Preparation,
Medico-Pencil for
Corns and Warts,
Toilet Perfume
Cases, Toilet Bottles,
Smelling Bottles suit-
able for Nmas and
New-Year presents,
Woodford's Oint-
ment for Chilblains—
safe and certain cure,
Lubin's Fleckey
Club and Violet
Pomade.



Vol. I.—No. 7.

MONTREAL, 25th DECEMBER, 1868

Price—Five Cents.

THE BEST PRESENT FOR THE SEASON IS A GOOD BOOK.

DAWSON BROTHERS have a very large stock, suited to all needs. Standard Books for Adults, and Story Books and Travels for Young People, in bright and substantial bindings. They have also a very fine assortment of Bibles and Prayer Books, and many other things, such as Desks, Albums, Zootropes, &c., appropriate to the season.

No. 55 to 59 GREAT ST. JAMES STREET.

OPINIONS of THE PRESS

[First Notice.]

DIOGENES, a pictorial comic paper, comes out with a much pleasanter face than might be supposed to have been habitual with the old Cynic. The paper, printing, and enterprise generally, have made a step beyond anything yet attempted in this much-tried line of journalism. As a general thing, the wit is a shade too deep for cursory readers and minds that seek amusement rather than study; but the capabilities of the paper may be judged from the opening or introductory cartoon, which represents old DIOGENES merrily devouring a heap of oysters to the tune of "It is our opening day," and quoting Shakespeare as follows: "Why then the World's mine oyster, which I with sword will open. The following feeling lines, (entitled "One More Unfortunate") should not be confined to its columns.—*Montreal Daily Witness.*

[Second Notice.]

The second number is better than the first. The wood-cutting in it is exceedingly good. It is a respectable production.—*Id.*

[Third Notice.]

The illustrations of our witty contemporary are a creditable proof of the progress of art in Montreal. We hope this venerable cynic will, in his lantern, search for honest men, find such a goodly number in Canada as materially to change the somewhat prevalent opinion that public men are, generally speaking, rogues.—*Id.*

[Fourth Notice.]

DIOGENES, to-day, contains one of the cleverest things we have seen in the way of pictorial wit. The old Cynic is represented coming suddenly into our City Council chamber and holding up his lantern to discover an honest man. Most of the Councillors sink to the eyes behind their desks, while one hides his head entirely; but the light falls upon an excellent likeness of Councillor Alexander, sitting in the calm dignity of rectitude and benevolence. The picture is entitled "Stealing Worth," and DIOGENES reversing the well-known words of the Macedonian conqueror says: "If I were not DIOGENES I would be Alexander."—*Id.*

The illustrations are extremely good. When we say that so far as the design is concerned they are worthy of John Leech, we are merely doing them justice.—*Montreal Daily News.*

It is very well printed, and the wood cuts are well done both by artist and engraver. We wish the new comer every success; and we hope the course of events will give the writers good subjects on which to display their genius.—*Montreal Gazette.*

DIOGENES.—This is the title of a new comic paper published in Montreal, and which, if we may judge from the first number that has reached our hands, is a decided hit, and deserves support. The rock on which our Canadian humorists strike is "personality," and indeed it is easier to be personal than witty. We trust that DIOGENES will avoid the danger, and continue to afford matter for good-humoured laughter.—*Montreal True Witness.*

[First Notice.]

DIOGENES.—The Athenian philosopher in his tub has reached the city of Quebec, and we must compliment the editors and proprietors of this little publication on its making its debut before a Canadian audience. The illustrations and cartoons are the best we have seen from the Metropolitan City for a number of years. The articles are also select, and are written with marked care and ability. The philosopher and his tub have our best wishes for his future prosperity.—*Quebec Chronicle.*

[Second Notice.]

There is room for a respectable and cleverly conducted journal of this kind in the chief city of the Dominion; but when we state that among its merits will be the notice and discussion of topics of general more than local interest, we have given another reason for the belief that DIOGENES will establish a powerful claim to an extensive support throughout the Dominion.—*Id.*

OPINIONS of THE PRESS

[Third Notice.]

DIOGENES.—The third number of this interesting little paper is to hand. It contains two neatly executed cartoons, one entitled "A Struggle for a Mire." The Bishops of the Dominion are represented in it assisting each other to climb a pole, upon the top of which the coveted mire and crozier are placed, with a couple of small fishes. DIOGENES is well worthy of being patronized.—*Id.*

[Fourth Notice.]

DIOGENES No. 5.—A marked improvement is perceptible both in the subjects of illustration and the reading matter in the last number of the Athenian Philosopher DIOGENES. The principal cartoon, "Justice," (ornamented with the head of a jack-ass, partially blind-folded and holding the scales, one end preponderating, with the inscription "Shilly-Shallying," "Taxed costs," "Appeals,") is very good. The following verses are descriptive of the subject:—

Must Justice be restrained by Fear?
Must righteous judgment fail?
Must Truth, with Falsehood weighed, appear
A Feather in the Scale? &c. —*Id.*

[First Notice.]

This addition to the comic literature of the sister city promises well, both in spirit and appearance. The illustrations are superior to anything yet produced by its rivals and predecessors, and the reading matter is clever and confined within the limits of good taste. The title is somewhat cynical, but judging by the vignette our Canadian DIOGENES has studied his philosophy as much at the feet of the laughing Thracian as before the tub of the sour Athenian. Let him provoke laughter at men's follies while blaming them, and all will heartily wish him success.—*Quebec Mercury.*

[Second Notice.]

The second number of DIOGENES is like Joey Bagstock—"deep, and d-sh sly," too sly, perhaps, to take with the multitude. The cartoon is excellent, and would do credit to *Punch*; so is the scene at the Laprairie Camp.—*Id.*

[Third Notice.]

The matter is certainly clever and original, and the engravings of a very high degree of excellence.—*Id.*

Il se publie à Montréal un petit journal anglais, satirique et comique.
Pour fouetter les ridicules de son temps, il s'affuble du manteau et du nom de DIOGENES.
La lanterne à la main, ne pas confondre avec le fanal rouge du citoyen BUIES, DIOGENES cherche des hommes affligés de quelques ridicules pour les imposer à sa verve caustique.
Inutile de dire qu'il a beau jeu à frapper chaque fois qu'il sort de son tonneau.
Souvent, DIOGENES frappe juste et lance au but ses traits acérés.—*Journal de Québec.*

DIOGENES is the title of a new comic paper published in Montreal, the first number of which has just reached us. The illustrations are very creditable and the letterpress entertaining. We wish DIOGENES success.—*Ottawa Citizen.*

[First Notice.]

This is another and the latest *Punch* Paper in the Dominion. It has great merit in a pictorial light, with sufficient promise of fun to make us look for more in future. And it contains within it signs of longevity, being well patronized in the advertising line. Its humour is quiet and subdued, with no approach to innuendo, the rock upon which all its predecessors have struck and perished. Wishing it success, and requesting it to keep free from libel, we wait patiently for No. Two.—*Kingston Whig.*

[Second Notice.]

The old Tub Man improves. Its illustrations are as good as in Number 1, while the matter is better.—*Id.*

[Third Notice.]

This is a new and spirited comic weekly illustrated journal, after the style of *Punch*, the third number of which has appeared at Montreal. It is ably edited, and got up in good style, the engravings being first-class.—*London Prototype.*

[Fourth Notice.]

The reading is very good, and some capital hits are made. We wish it success.—*Brillville Intelligencer.*

[Fifth Notice.]

The reading is racy, original, and by no means intemperate.—*Brantford Courier.*

[Sixth Notice.]

We have received the first three numbers, the cuts of which are pungent and unmistakably significant. We recommend it to our readers.—*Peterboro Review.*

OPINIONS of THE PRESS

We have received the first three numbers, and it grows more clever as it advances in age. Some of the cartoons are decidedly excellent. The last is "A struggle for a mire," in which the coveted object is reared upon a pole, and one aspirant by standing on the shoulders of a brother is able to extend his hand provokingly near to it without the power to touch it. The reading matter is very good, displaying much liveliness and humour, but never degenerating into rude personality. We wish DIOGENES a long and prosperous career, which he certainly deserves, and hope that he will soon have to enlarge the dimensions of his Tub. The scintillations of his lantern should attract a large crowd of admirers.—*Quebec Mercury.*

The reading is very good, and some capital hits are made. We wish it success.—*Brillville Intelligencer.*

The reading is racy, original, and by no means intemperate.—*Brantford Courier.*

We have received the first three numbers, the cuts of which are pungent and unmistakably significant. We recommend it to our readers.—*Peterboro Review.*

The whole thing is well got up, and the paper deserves to be liberally patronized.—*Morrisburg Courier.*

The cuts are very good, and the text sparkling with wit. We wish it success.—*Waterloo Advertiser.*

We hope the cynical philosopher will succeed, and obtain a liberal support.—*Stanstead Journal.*

The first number bears evidence of talent and wit of a high order, while it is at the same time free from vulgar personalities. We got two pieces from it on our first page.—*St. Johns (Q.) News.*

DIOGENES is decidedly ahead of anything of the kind ever attempted in Canada, in so far as the general "get-up" is concerned. The typography is handsome, and the engravings are excellent. The "goaks" are of a higher order than have hitherto characterized publications of this class. Altogether it is a sheet of no mean order, and we wish it a long and useful career.—*Huntingdon Journal.*

DIOGENES is not at all particular how it punches its contemporaries and officials around Montreal. Typographically it looks well—neatly got up; and, with the wit and satire displayed by its editor, it must command a large circulation.—*Granby Gazette.*

DIOGENES is the name of a new comic paper started in Montreal. Its "witticisms" are very good, being of a somewhat superior style to what is generally found in publications of the kind on this side of the Atlantic.—*Halifax Express.*

DIOGENES. This new comic illustrated paper, published at Montreal, can be had at Geo. E. Morton's. The engravings are very cleverly executed, the cartoon in the number before us being worthy of *Punch* in its best days.—*Halifax Citizen.*

The first two numbers make a good appearance—the reading matter and illustrations being somewhat racy, not even inferior to *Punch* across the Atlantic.—*New Glasgow (N. S.) Eastern Chronicle.*

The third number of DIOGENES, a weekly Comic Paper printed at Montreal, is received. The paper is well got up mechanically, and is certainly the best of its kind yet produced in the Dominion. The jokes and cartoons are excellent. The "Games of the Bishops" is a capital thing. We welcome DIOGENES to our sanctum very cordially.—*The Union Advertiser, Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.*

Montreal has a new comic illustrated weekly entitled DIOGENES. The opening numbers have some good bits, and promise well. The cartoons are creditable in design and execution. We trust our Provincial neighbors will appreciate the merits of DIOGENES, and enable him to keep his lantern trimmed and burning.—*Portland (Me.) Transcript.*

DIOGENES.

The unqualified success which has attended the re-appearance of the Cynical Philosopher in Canada, and the generally expressed desire of the public that he should increase his dimensions, have determined him on giving

FOUR ADDITIONAL PAGES

OF MATTER

ON AND AFTER THE 25th INST.

THE PRICE REMAINING AS BEFORE

VIZ, FIVE CENTS.

On New Year's Day the Cynic will hold a levee, at which most of the notabilities of the day will assist. This levee will form the subject of a Double-page CARTOON, and EIGHT additional Pages will be added to the reading matter.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

It has been determined to reduce the rate of charges for advertising during the holiday season.

DIOGENES has already a large circulation in the city, and as the Christmas and New Year's numbers will have special attractions in addition to increased size, they cannot fail to be excellent mediums for holiday announcements.

THE BRAINLESS FOOTMAN;
NOT

By the Author of the "Headless Horseman."

CONTINUATION OF CHAPTER II.



she came to the conclusion that she was not watched. This being the case, she desired the coachman to drive with all speed to the Station at the Junction, where she had arranged for a special train to convey her and the object of her affection to Caughnawaga and across Latitude 45 into the United States.

Once there, she felt she would be safe.
The danger would be over. WAS IT TO BE SO?

CHAPTER III.—ON THE CARS! OFF THE TRACK!!!

Having arrived at the superb edifice that forms the Station, the Hero and Heroine of our story quickly passed up the spacious platform, and enquiring for the obsequious, urbane, polite, and courteous Agent, found that he was then absent from his post, acquiring property in the snow-clad region of New Brunswick.

The still more obsequious, more urbane, more polite, and more courteous Conductor informed them that the cars would be ready in the space of five minutes, six seconds and a quarter, P. M. Knowing the necessity for punctuality in all things pertaining to this great Railway, they were ready, when two hours later, one of the finest locomotives running on this continent, brought up to the platform some of the magnificent State and Bridal Cars in ordinary use. The signal of "All aboard" being given, the train dashed off at lightning speed, and the more fully to describe its rapidity it may be said that it very nearly overtook a steamer proceeding up the Canal, which runs parallel to the track in this neighborhood. It did not, however, quite do so, as the steamer had to pass through three locks within one mile.

Having left Blondina and Alphonse comfortably seated on the luxurious cushions of the palatial cars, we must cast one hurried glance towards her home to see what had occurred during her absence. Her male parent having got wind of what was in the wind, and taking to himself seven friends more fiendish than himself, determined to be equal to the emergency, and to take a "rise" out of the Brainless. Truth compels us to add that these hired conspirators armed themselves with ties (not matrimonial), and sleepers (very heavy),

and went to a spot along the track near the Green Night-caps, where they found a culvert and a cattle-guard convenient for their fell purpose. Placing their burden on end in the cattle-guard, so as to form an impenetrable barrier to anything proceeding along the track, they blackened their faces, and, night coming on, prepared to act as Black-Guards. It was not many minutes before the hoarse grunt and shrill bell of the locomotive could be heard booming along in the distance, and every few moments apparently approaching nearer and nearer. Each man nervously clutched his neighbour with both hands, at the same time brandishing his shillelah above his head, and was ready for the grand denouement of their hellish scheme.

Still nearer and yet still more near, and still again a little nearer still, came the train.

Everything was still.

Not a man spoke! not a wheel spoke!! none of the sleepers spoke!!! when

(To be concluded next week.)

NOTE-LETS ON SHAKSPERE.

The following quotation forms an admirable receipt for cooking a beef-steak:

"If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
"It were done quickly."

Macbeth, Act I: Sc. 7.

From the context, however, it appears that this refers to the cooking of Duncan's goose.

—The use of the word *party* to denote an individual is happily not common in the Dominion of Canada. It is an odious vulgarism, most frequently heard in London, where it is employed by cabmen, omnibus-cads, and the whole tribe of Cockneys. Nevertheless, they could (if they were aware of the fact) plead Shakspeare's authority in justification of their practice:

Caliban.—Thou shalt be lord of it (the island) and I'll serve thee.

Stephano.—How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party?

Caliban.—Yea, yea, my lord: I'll yield him thee asleep, Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

The Tempest, Act III: Sc. 2.

—The following passage seems to contain something very like a *bull*:

Lavinia, live: *outlive* thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!

Titus Anthonicus, Act I: Sc. 1.

A HINT TO BOHEMIA.

"Wherever you see a head, hit it," has been rather too common a motto of late. Certain free-pen-men have been too fond of indulging their acidity of temperament by slanderous attacks on persons who are far above them in the social and moral scale, but who, unfortunately, have no means of repelling or retaliating their sting. Of such pestilent gad-flies DIOGENES would ask, "Who gave you commission to invade the domestic hearth and assail the private character of respectable citizens?"

Genuine wit is as far removed from vulgar personality as light is from darkness. A certain amount of wholesome criticism is often beneficial in the correction of abuses, which might otherwise grow rank and luxuriant; but it should never form a pretext for the slightest departure from truth, or for the petty gratification of personal spite.

SOME ACCOUNT OF AN INTERVIEW THAT TOOK PLACE RECENTLY BETWEEN DIOGENES, THE CYNIC PHILOSOPHER, AND JOHN ALLEN, "THE WICKEDEST MAN IN NEW YORK."

(Continued.)

"There was Kit Burns, who keeps the rat-pit; Sodger Brown (who they *do* say is a wickedester man than me, but I think it's a toss up); Tommy Hadden, the Shanghaister; big Dick Marvin, the cracksman; old Ikey Slocum, and Boston Tom, all larfin in their sleeves like mad, and keepin' their eyes skinned to see the game played out. There was all sorts and sizes of roughs, rowdies and loafers; sailors, firemen and labourers; shoulder-hitters and black-legs; cly-fakers and dead-rabbits; besides touts and dog-fighters, crimps, runners and ratcatchers, all mixed up with flash gals, and real ladies, rigged up in silks, satins and velvets, with Grecian Bends, and a tidy sprinklin of seedy-lookin' Methody Missioners, in rusty black toggerly and dirty white chokers. There was a squad of perleece also on the ground, outside the house. Wal, the game began, and, to do Van Meter justice, he kep it up real well,—that's so. He said as how I was wonst the Wickedest Man in New York, but now I had a bran-new heart, and meant to cut the dance-house biz, and go in heavy for religion. At this most of the folks present cheered wonderful. Tommy Hadden patted me hard on the back, and Ikey Slocum larfed out so loud that a big Missioner kicked him out of the door, and no one never said "beans!" All the time that Van Meter was a splurgin and a spreadin hisself, he hollered out with his eyes tight shut, as if his eyelids was glued together, and the only way to get 'em open again was to make the orfullest faces you ever see. At last he ran down, like a nate-day clock, and the last thing he said was, that "John Allen, the new pervert, would now 'dress the meetin'." Wal, every eye in that bar-room was turned right onto me,—they couldn't have cheered me more unanimous-like if I'd won a prize-fight,—so up I stood to face the music. I never was in such a fix afore, and I felt out-an-out flummoxed,—you bet. It was nip and tuck sink or swim—but I thought of another three munce rent, and I determined to go in for the whole box and dice of the thing, right up to the handle. So up I gets, and tells them in a hoarse voice that wonst I was a real bad egg, but now I was sound on the goose question, and felt jest about as happy as a clam at high tide. Wal, as soon as I had said that, and given them a few more bits of bunkum and soft soap, most of the audience began to boo-hoo; some of the women folks went into highstrikes; and you never seen anywhere such shines as they all cut up. Then, they sang some sams, and the way in which them people squealed and squawked was a caution to old gates on a windy day. Last of all came the Socdologer, as Van Meter calls it, and then the crowd all moseyed, seeminly quite happy—praps 'cos they hadn't sent a hat round. Next day, Greely's paper, the *Tribune*, came out with a thunderin lot of bosh, about the brand in Water Street that had been snatched from burnin, and crazy folks of both sects came in thousands to have a squint at me.

"That was n't all. The best of the joke was to come. P. T. Barnum (as big a humbug as me) seen that I was now a big thing on ice, came and looked me up, as an article that would jest suit his book. But the Showman warn't nowheres in dealin with me. He cut his eye-teeth in a diffrent scool to this chicken, and can't pretend to hold a candle to "John Allen." "Mr. Allen," says he, "what a pity it is you don't turn your talons to some account. You and me might do fust rate together, and make a pot of money, as pardners." "Done along with you, Mr. Barnum," says I, "but fust of all tell me, what's your little game?" "Why," says he, "you and me and the boy Chester 'll all go on a big Lecturin

Tower. I've bin and wrote you out a sense-ational account of your old life, how you was n't the kreet thing at all for many years, and how Van Meter and Co. at last perverted you. You jest learn this 'ere account right off by heart; I'll teach you the double snuffles which is eggpected of perverted sinners while-spoutin, and it's hard lines if us two can't put the boy Chester through his paces, and make a pile of greenbax out of the whole concern." Wal, Barnum's a smart man,—you bet,—so says I, "Mr. Barnum, I'm your man; you may calculate on me safe, to play the full game out, right straight along." Wal, real smart as Barnum air, he was reglar took in. So he guv me the Lecture to study up, and that same evenin, I takes it to old Ikey Slocum, who writes like a book, and gets it all copied out fair and square, and no mistake. Nex day, when the Showman showed up airy, "Mr. Barnum," says I, "I've bin thinkin over that little matter, and I'm afeered I can't work the oracle. Fact is, I ain't got no head for larin and that style of thing, and I shouldn't like, on your account, to break down bad in public." "Wal, wal, John," says he, in a patronizin way, "there aint no harm done, old man. Praps you're right. Jest tip me over my mannyscripts, and don't think no more about this subjec."

(To be concluded next week.)

A GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

ATR.—O Peter, 'tis a Fearful Night.

- "O Peter, 'tis a fearful sight,
A creature on two feet
Escaped from some menagerie,
And stalking up the street."
"Away!" sage Peter cried, "away!
"It is no catch for thee;
"Fear not—thou'lt catch one soon enough,
"Whenever that may be!"
"O, Peter, what may be this thing,
"Of which you make so light?
"It seems a kind of kangaroo,
"If I can trust my sight."
"It is no kangaroo, my friend,
"That so exciteeth thee;
"It is the famous 'Grecian Bend'
"In full deformity.
"Just such another hideous hump
"Destroys my sister's grace,
"And 'tis my darling Angeline
"Whom thou dost seek to chase.
"That 'Grecian Bend' will soon be mine—
"I therefore say to thee,
"Fear not—thou'lt catch one soon enough,
"Whenever that may be!"

CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

The following advertisement appeared in the *Daily Witness* of Monday:—

LOST.—A Scarlet Hair Ear-ring. The finder will please leave it at this office.

DIOGENES is of opinion that red hair is sufficiently objectionable; but he regards scarlet hair as positively outrageous.

Close to the advertisement above quoted is a notice, headed "Royal Guides," which terminates as follows:—

Every member of the Troop is expected to be present, and any others owning horses desirous of joining.

DIOGENES wishes to know what the Captain intends doing in the case of gentlemen who, being themselves desirous of joining the Troop, unfortunately own horses that are not desirous of joining?

An early answer will oblige.

STRANGE IGNORANCE.

In a list of celebrated literary men who died leaving no male heirs, DIOGENES recently noticed the name of Lord Byron. The recklessness of this statement in regard to the deceased poet is most reprehensible. All educated persons must surely have heard of Lord Byron's child, *Harold*.

HANDBOOK for STRANGERS VISITING MONTREAL.

NO. VI.—THE THEATRE ROYAL.

This fashionable place of amusement is situated in a back street, among the principal livery stables of Montreal. The object of this is evidently to afford facilities for equestrian performances. The Theatre possesses a brick front of chaste simplicity, two doors for the boxes, one for the pit, and one for the stage. On first entering the house, the eye is dazzled with the brilliancy of the decoration. A ceiling of uncompromising red and blue first arrests attention. Here may be discerned Shakspeare, Hamlet, (with a very red nose,) Mrs. Siddons, (in a violent state of Tragic Muse,) and other celebrities. Among the decorations, the Royal Arms over the Proscenium are well worthy of careful attention. Such a malignant-looking Lion, and such a rabid Unicorn, were never before seen. The group is a triumph of Heraldry gone mad. DIOGENES cannot let the Drop Scene pass without a word or two of serious admiration. It is a real work of art, representing the Royal Castle of Windsor, and was painted, he believes, many years ago, by Mr. Hillyard, the English scene painter. Though faded and worn in places, its general color is as brilliant as ever. One stag in particular attracts general admiration. In point of antlers he may be pronounced a regular "staggerer."

In order to enjoy the Theatre thoroughly, DIOGENES recommends the stranger to visit the pit on a Saturday night. This is always a good pit night. Pit receives its wages on that evening, and is therefore well able to indulge in domestic melo-drama, which is, generally, Saturday night's bill of fare.

On arriving at the doors, if it be rather early, the stranger will see a small group of young Montrealers standing round the door, smoking and expectorating freely. By and bye, when these young gentlemen enter the house and sit down, they will expectorate more freely still, and, should the drama turn out a thrilling one, an untold amount of tobacco will be incontinently chewed. At the first glance, the house looks rather dingy. The gas is not yet turned up, and the pit is manifesting signs of impatience. Cries of "mew—zik" become louder and more frequent, till at last some musicians appear from the lower regions, and commence arranging their books. Pit receives these gentlemen, frequently, with shouts of derision, enquiries after the health of their families, and other humorous remarks. The leader takes his seat; the overture commences, and the outsiders come in to take *their* seats; but it is often remarked that the majority prefer standing *on* the seats. The overture ended, the curtain ought to rise, but does not. There is evidently a hitch somewhere.

Mysterious sounds of hammers are heard behind the curtain. Leader, after disappearing and returning, commences a Waltz. But this is an insult to which Pit on a Saturday night will not submit. Furious are the yells of "up with the rag." Pit next indulges in a little throwing of missiles. These are generally pipe-lights of paper, occasionally with pins stuck in them.

At last up go the lights; "tinkle-tinkle" rings the curtain-bell, and the hero of the piece, in a state of innocence and smock frock, is discovered taking leave of his mother, and "Oh! Amy." But there is no need for DIOGENES to

describe a domestic melo-drama of the nineteenth century. Suffice it to say that the hero succumbs in the usual way to the temptations of the Great Metropolis; that the leading lady rescues him from "gyile" by following him to some inaccessible place over a bridge that spans a horrible abyss, and then advancing to the footlights observes,

"He is saved!" (Right hand up.)

"Saved!" (Left arm up.)

Crosses to wing.

"And by *me!!!*" (Both hands up.)

Exit.

Of course there is the usual Chambermaid in red shorts, silk stockings and blue boots—the correct costume of domestic melo-drama.—This young lady answers two dramatic ends, viz., that of being kissed by everybody and of singing a doleful ballad about "The beating of her o—hun heart," which comes in most appropriately. Then there is the funny man, who is always an exemplary rough-diamond, fond of beer and comic songs. Need it be said that there is the bloated aristocrat in whiskers and Hessian boots, who makes such tremendous love to the leading lady, and who commits suicide in the last act? And then, of course there is his proud and haughty mother, who stiffens her back whenever the "lower classes" are mentioned. Now, Pit has seen this play in many shapes, but is never tired of encoring the chambermaid, applauding the constancy of the female heart when in adversity, and hurrahing wildly when virtue is rewarded.

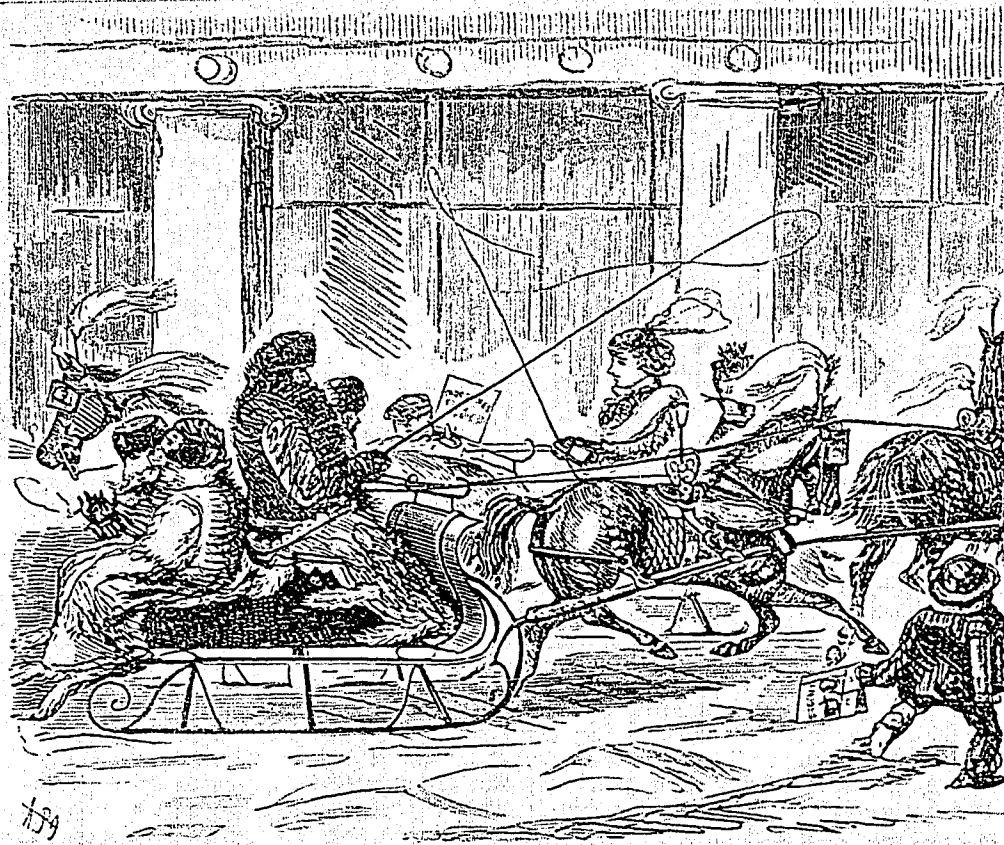
But it is not to be supposed that these are the only amusements which are peculiar to the Theatre. Perhaps, after all, the "*entr'actes*" are the most entertaining part of the performance,—at least Pit seems to think so.—These intervals are devoted to music, chaff, and occasionally a little pugilism. Should, however, a fight take place while the scene is going on, woe betide the unfortunate participants therein. The performance is interrupted for about two minutes—a rush is made and the combatants are ejected before the audience has had time to breathe. This is Pit discipline. Pit pays its money for domestic melo-drama, and is not going to have its enjoyment marred during a thrilling portion of the play. It will not do for gallant officers in the boxes to flirt with fair ladies in too loud a tone. Pit will call them to order in a most relentless manner. After the conclusion of the evening's entertainment, it is common for Pit to walk up Cotté street in procession, singing popular ditties which have met with its approval at the Theatre. In this way the airs from "Les Canotiers de la Seine" and the great ballad of "Champagne Charlie" aroused the neighborhood for several weeks.

Another feature worthy the notice of strangers is, that toward the close of the second piece the front rows of the pit are mostly filled with small boys, who applaud most vigorously with the heels of their boots. These are the vendors of "The Daily Witness" and "DIOGENES," who, after the evening's labour is over, stand at the pit-door cadging "checks" from those who are going home early.

The scenery of the Theatre is of an artistic but not over varied description. A castellated work of art does duty equally well for Macbeth's Castle, a French *Chateau*, or a Wooden Prison. A genuine Market Place, with a Gothic Fountain and a Blue Church in the back ground, serves very often for the Roman Forum. The inside of a Baronial Hall with a large aperture in the middle, answers admirably when turned hind-side before, for the tent of Richard Plantagenet.

The Garrison Theatricals are expected to take place shortly. Let every actor do his best, for DIOGENES will be there.

Not the worst *share* in the Grand Trunk.—The snow-plough-share.



SKETCHES IN THE STREETS.—NO. IV.

HOW WE TRAVEL IN WINTER!

A BALLAD FOR CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

There is a story that hath oft
 My spirit deeply stirred:
 None ever at its words have scoffed,
 Although so often heard.

I call to mind no other tale
 More fitted for the time;
 Its pathos cannot wholly fail
 To consecrate my rhyme.

A rich man dwelt in days of old
 Within a palace rare;
 Arrayed in purple and in gold
 He fed on sumptuous fare.

And to his gateway there did crawl
 A Lazar, old and sore,
 Who begged the crumbs that chanced to fall
 Upon the palace floor.

Alas! in vain the Lazar prayed;
 They bade him "Quick, begone!"—
 In purple and in gold arrayed
 Still Dives feasted on.

Death came; and Lazarus at last
 With Angels went to dwell:
 The rich man's spirit also past
 Away from earth—to Hell.

And thence he lifts his burning eyes
 In torment and unrest,
 And sees the Lazar, as he lies
 In Abram's holy breast.

"One drop, one drop, in Mercy's name,
 "To cool my tongue," he cried,
 "I am tormented in this flame!"—
 That blessing was denied!

* * * * *
 O Brothers! ye, who riches own,
 To starving Want be just;
 Heav'n counts your riches but a loan,—
 A temporary trust.—

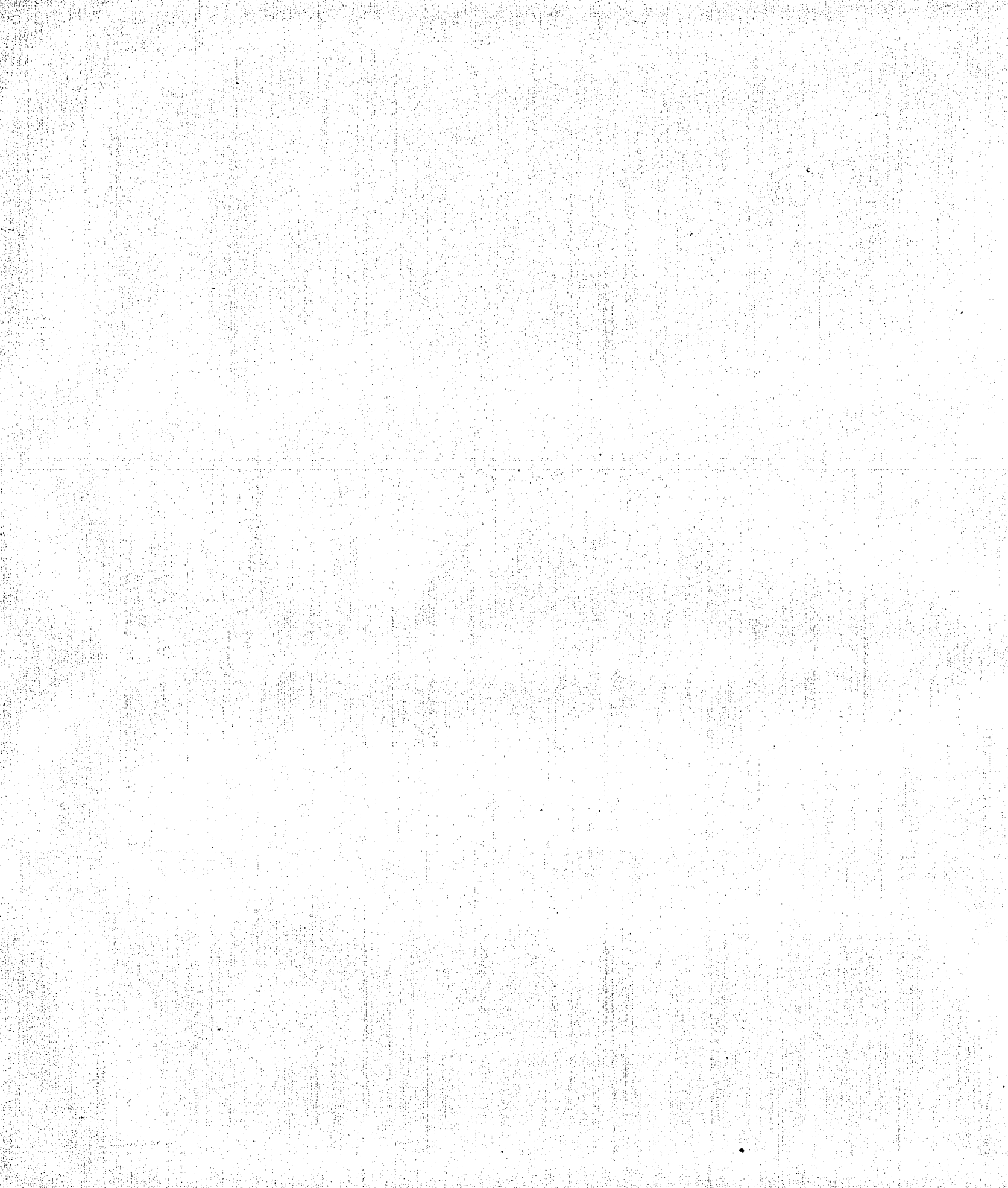
There is a gulf which yawns between
 The Wealthy and the Poor:
 And Love alone that wide ravine
 Can bridge securely o'er!



TOBOGGANNING.

DIOGENES GIVES HIMSELF UP TO CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES, AND GOES TOBOGGANNING WITH THE FAIREST OF HER SEX.

7799



MALE MONSTROSITIES.

DIOGENES, a few numbers back, felt compelled to criticise, pretty severely, the inordinate vanity and display which have of late characterized female dress; yet he mentioned at the time that the Lords of Creation were not exempt from the same censure, and feels bound, in all justice, to hold up to ridicule 'male monstrosities.' Sin came into the world, and death with sin, and vanity and a sinful love of dress accompanied both; and DIOGENES finds that it requires no great stretch of his imagination to picture to himself the fops and beaux of the antediluvian world, with their sheepskins and their goatskins thrown jauntily around them, giving themselves the same airs and *pseudo* graces as their representatives of the present day.

A sinful love of dress shows itself in two ways,—first, in extravagance; secondly, in eccentricity.

In extravagance—Indian Rajahs and Hungarian Princes have frequently been known to cover their dresses with precious stones; and DIOGENES thinks that Cleopatra, dissolving a priceless pearl to pledge her Antony, went not one whit further than Buckingham, the minion of the 1st James, who caused diamonds to be tacked loosely to his coat, in order that, on shaking them off, he might create a general scramble amongst *les Dames de la Cour*. Solomon's dress blazed like the sun; Sardanapalus was equally magnificent, and the Emperors of the East and West were notorious alike for their splendour and their gluttony. Sir Walter Raleigh wore at Court a pair of shoes, trimmed with precious stones worth £6,600 sterling in the currency of his time, and Burton, quoting Hierome of old, says, "So ridiculous are we in our attires, and for cost so excessive,—*uno filio villarum insunt pretia, uno lino decies sestertium inseritur*;" 'tis an ordinary thing for a gentleman to put a thousand oaks and a hundred oxen into a suit of apparel, and to wear a whole manor on his back."

How much more painful to approach nearer to the present, and state that George the IVth's wardrobe was sold for £15,000 sterling,—one cloak alone fetching no less than £800.

In ancient days there were laws for the restriction of extravagance in dress, but alas! those days have fled forever. Ah! ye bucks and ye beaux, would ye but think for one moment, whilst ye pile fortunes on your backs, of the many poor creatures, half-naked and wholly-starved, who at this moment shiver almost at your very doors, one gleam of pity might be granted to thaw your frozen hearts, and ye might perform one act of charity which would be counted to you for good.

Next to extravagance, eccentricity in dress is most reprehensible. Thank Goodness! we are no longer afflicted with the ruff, the toupet, or the hoop; ugly feet do not endeavour to hide themselves in round-toed shoes, or the "longue peaked boote," and bald heads prefer to appear in their natural baldness rather than disguise themselves in the bag or the full-bottomed wig. The old Beaux, like the old Gods, are dead, and the whole generation of Tibbs, Nash, and Brummell is gone from us, we hope for ever. "No one," says the 'Man in the Club Window,' "more wretched than he, whose mind is only a mirror of his body, and whose soul can fly no higher than a hat or a necktie; who strangles ambition with yard-tape, and suffocates glory in a boot. This puny peacockism brings its own punishment. The fop ruins himself by his vanity, and ends a sloven, like Goodman, at first a well-dressed Cambridge student, then an actor, then a highway-man, who was at last reduced to share a shirt with a fellow fool, and had to keep his room on the days when the other wore it."

All eccentricities are to be avoided. DIOGENES remembers the censure bestowed on one Archibald Campbell, in that,

clad in the Highland garb, at the mid-hour of day, he for a wager played the Scottish bag-pipes from Charing Cross to Blackwall. But was this more deserving of censure than the feat of M. de Maltzan, who for a whole summer paraded Baden-Baden arrayed in a unique suit of pink, (boots, gloves, and hat, included), and gained for himself the ridicule of all sensible men, but the (to him) immortal *sobriquet* of "Le diable enflammé." Why should Englishmen in Canada appear in winter in light unsuitable clothing, or why should the same individuals enjoy a Roman summer enveloped in furs, or sport their black frock-coats and chimney pots from latitude 43 to the Equator? Simply because Englishmen are proverbially pig-headed, and entertain a ridiculous notion that by so doing they raise themselves above the common herd; whereas, in fact, if the truth must be spoken, they render themselves the laughing-stock of everybody—but Englishmen. It is a pitiful sight to see an ancient buck with turned-down collars and a light silk tie; but it is equally painful to behold a young fop aping his grandfather, disguised in a buff waistcoat and a blue coat with gilt buttons. The *gentleman* who would wear diamond studs, carbuncle waistcoat buttons, and emerald wrist-links in public, displays far worse taste than my friend Mr. Noses Aaron, who sports a Brummagem chain of two hundred weight, and exposes six sham rings on every finger and seven on each thumb.

Beware, therefore, ye Canadian youth! Think on the many snares laid privily for you; for when you may have followed too eagerly the loose costume of the neighbouring Gotham and are fallen into the pit, the warning of DIOGENES will recur to you in all its bitterness. And yet, whilst cautioning you against eccentricity of dress, DIOGENES warns you once more against falling into the opposite extreme, and quotes the following as an apt *finale*:—"The best dressers in every age have always been the worst men and women. We do not pretend that the converse is true, and that the best people have always dressed worst. Plato was at once a beau and a philosopher, and Descartes was the former before he aspired to be the latter. But the love of dress, take it as you will, can only arise from one of two closely allied sins, vanity and pride; and when in excess, as in the miserable beaux of different ages, it becomes as ridiculous in a man, as the glee of a South Sea Islander over a handful of worthless glass beads."

FRENCH "PI."

There is a pleasant writer in the *Gazette*, who, under the signature of "G," discourses to the public, periodically, AB ANTRO. In a communication published on December 22nd, he is made to quote as follows, what is called Montaigne's "quaint and honest old French":

"Les ans in entraînent s'ils veulent, mais a runtoris? Autant que mis youlx peuvent enognoistre cette belle saison expiree ie lts y destourne a secoussis; si elle eschappe de mon sang ie de mais veines, an mouis si en veulx ie disraciner l'image de la memoite." Nor est.

"Vivere bis, vita posse priore frui."

DIOGENES willingly admits the quaintness, and apparent antiquity of this French (?), but emphatically denies its authenticity.

ORNITHOLOGICAL.

What small bird is it that resembles a pugilist? A *sparrer*, of course!

HEAR, HEAR!

DIOGENES thinks it strange that the magnificent Hall dedicated to the Patron Saint of Ireland should be notoriously deficient in "Erin" qualifications.

Latin Motto for Dr. Reddy.—*Semper paratus.*

A CAROL FROM OLD FATHER CHRISTMAS
ADDRESSED TO DIOGENES.

Come forth from your anchorite tub, Old Man,
And join in our innocent glee:
Leave carping and sneering and cynical pride,
Lay lantern and pen and sour visage aside,
And come on a visit with me.

Bring gifts for the children and babes, Old Man,
You'll find it well worth the while;
There is wisdom more pure than philosophers know,
There's a radiance more bright than your lantern can throw
To be found in an infant's smile.

To no noisy revel I bid you, Old Man,
But a feast that the angels bring:
What matter though delicate viands be there,
You may, hermit-like, feed on the simplest of fare,
And drink of the crystal spring.

And then we will visit the poor, Old Man,
The sick and the blind and the lame:
To wipe from sad faces the tears as they flow,
Of widows and orphans to solace the woe,
Is a pastime that none can blame.

And then I would pray you to chant, Old Man,
Some soul-stirring Christmas rhyme—
Some tender old ballad of peace and of love,
With praises of Him who left Heaven above
For Earth at the Christmas time.

FOOD FOR REFLECTION.

DIOGENES is a Cynic—but he has a heart. He almost wished that he hadn't, when he read in the *Willows* of last Saturday the sad story of Eliza Reed and her three children. They were found "in a wretched room with broken windows, through which the snow had drifted. There was no furniture in it—not even a bed;—no wood—only a broken stove without pipes." Only God's light and air, and four starving human beings. Hood's dreary picture in the "Song of the Shirt" is even less dismal than this hideous reality:

"A shattered roof and a naked floor,
A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there."

One of the children was an infant. Of the other two girls, the elder (who is four years of age) "had on only a thin calico dress—without shift, shoes or stockings—while the younger was entirely naked, and very nearly frozen to death." The unnatural father of these children (who is not married to their mother) was found by Detective Bouchard in the Exchange Hotel. They started in company to find some institution that would receive the two little girls, but were unsuccessful at the House of Industry, and also at the Nazareth Orphan Asylum. This Asylum admits only French Canadian orphans; and they were recommended to try the St. Patrick's Benevolent Institution. On their making application to Father O'Brien, "he declined to receive the children, because they were illegitimate."

DIOGENES is well aware that there are certain regulations in all Charitable Institutions, and that these, for the sake of order, must be duly observed. But he protests, in the present instance, against too strict an adherence to the *lex scripta*. It is true that, owing to their parents' sin, these two forlorn children were *illegitimate*: but cold, naked and starving, they were *legitimate* objects of charity. For

once Father O'Brien might have risen above *routine*, and Heaven, at any rate, would have condoned his offence. It would have been an honour to him to have been dismissed from his post for so pious a dereliction of duty. There are times when the rules of an Institution are superseded by the laws of humanity, and when slavish obedience to the former becomes deadly treason to the latter.

DIOGENES cut, lately, from an English newspaper, an account of another rejection by a Charitable Institution. It differs in its circumstances from the instance above cited, but, as a matter of fact, forms a worthy pendant to it.

There is a passage in Edward Wakefield's *England and America*, which describes a poor girl sitting, silent and despairing, before the gates of a Magdalen Institution. Being utterly destitute, she had applied at its door for food and employment, but had been repulsed with the answer that *she was not qualified*. The following report of the proceedings in a London Police Court is what DIOGENES previously referred to. It suggests that the incident related by Mr. Wakefield may possibly have been taken from real life.

Rachel Mayhew, "a good-looking girl, about seventeen or eighteen," was charged with robbery. She had stolen some goods in an open manner, and, escaping, had sold them to purchase food. It was found, on enquiry, that the girl had neither father nor mother living, and could not earn enough by her daily work to keep herself. She, too, had erred; but when she applied at the Magdalen, they said "She had not been *gay enough*." But they charitably gave her half a crown, and some bread and cheese, and sent her away. Her amount of sin had only qualified her to that limited extent, so she qualified herself for the further attention of charity by a little robbery; and this was effectual. The kind-hearted Magistrate—Police Magistrates generally become kind-hearted, if they are not so from the first—said that he would try to assist the girl by procuring her admission to a Reformatory; and, before the close of the day, he succeeded in placing her in one of the numerous "Homes" of London.

When the Cynic peruses stern facts, like this story of the Montreal children and that of the London girl, he retires into his Tub to meditate, smiling sadly, but at the same time—bitterly:

"IT IS BETTER TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE."

When Plenty Poverty endows,
'Tis Charity benign—
When Poverty on Want bestows
An alms, 'tis half divine.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correct answers to the Acrostic in No. V. have been received from "Spectator," "Emily," "Rusticus," "J. W.," and "Torontoensis." For the benefit of those who have not succeeded in solving it, the answer is, "DIOGENES SUCCEEDS." Thus:

1 Diogene S
2 I O U
3 Osri C
4 Gymnasti C
5 Ev E
6 Niob E
7 En D
8 Succes S

Communications have also been received from "T. M.," "Scottish Provincial," "Kincardine," and others, for which thanks are tendered. Correspondents are informed that DIOGENES absolutely declines to be made the vehicle for replies to attacks in other journals. "W. P." and "Verax" will please take note of this.

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COACHMEN'S BOX COATS,
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 No Troy, Albany or Boston frozen Oysters sold by us and presented as Baltimore Oysters.
 By purchasing of us you will save 25 per cent., and will receive two days' fresher Oysters than any others sold in the city.

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for
CHRISTMAS DINNERS
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 The finest qualities of Oysters received daily by Express.
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 Oysters in perfection.
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 Works, 165 to 179 William Street,
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THE DERBY.



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 1st Horse \$500.00
 2nd do. \$300.00
 3rd do. \$200.00
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Devins' Vegetable Worm Pastilles
 Prepared only by
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 The stock of Sideboards, Bookcases, Chamber Sets, Hall Furniture, &c., in Walnut, is worthy of attention.
 New Patent Spring-bed, so low in price as to be within the reach of all parties.
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ARCHITECTS.

ALFRED BAILEY,
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 Quantities taken, and Artificers' Work measured.

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 COMPANY OF CANADA.—1868.—Trains now leave Bonaventure Station as follows:—
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Day Express for Ogdensburg, Ottawa, Brockville, Kingston, Belleville, Toronto, Guelph, London, Brantford, Goderich, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago and all points West, 8.30 A.M.
 Night do. do. at 8.30 P.M.
 Accommodation Train for Kingston and Intermediate Stations, at 7.00 A.M.
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 Accommodation Train for Island Pond and Intermediate Stations, at 7.00 A.M.
 Express for Boston at 8.40 A.M.
 Express for New York and Boston, at 4.30 P.M., 7 1/2 Vermont Central.
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Do. do. do. 4.40 P.M.
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 Sleeping Cars on all Night Trains.
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