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The Proprietor has secured the services of that eminent chef de cuisine, L'HOIST, late of the MONTREAL CLUB, who is second to none in the Dominion, as Cook, Patisier, &c.

Excellent attendance is guaranteed; and the Proprietor hopes, by assiduity and attention, to give general satisfaction to the numerous patrons who have heretofore supported this well-known Establishment.

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IF YOU WISH TO
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WHAT YOU WANT. THE MOST EXTENSIVE ASSORTMENT
OF GENUINE GOLD JEWELLERY IN THIS CITY.

E. G. MELLOR, 215 Notre Dame Street, (Opposite McGibbon's).

A HANDSOME "ERARD" HARP,
DOUBLE-ACTION, AND IN EXCELLENT CONDITION, FOR SALE BY
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A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF PIANOS AND CABINET ORGANS, FOR THE HOLIDAYS, JUST ARRIVING.



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ADDRESS BY HON. L. S. HUNTINGDON.

Tickets, 25 cents.

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W. J. WALSH, Rec. Secy.

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All of the latest importation.

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Appropriately Emblazoned with Emblems,
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NOT SO CUTE AFTER ALL.

"Our supplies were cut off."—McDUGALL.

Graceless Yankees! how could you
McDougall trounce—a friend, so true?
Not to give him aid or bread
On his way to River Red!
Not to give him e'en a bone,
Though he "looks to Washington!"
Think of what he's done for you—
THINK—of what he yet MIGHT do!
Yankees! your mistake you'll rue!

RAISING CANE OR THE FATAL SWITCH;

BEING THE ADVENT, ADVENTURES, AND MISADVENTURES
OF STRAWBERRY MARK.

INTRODUCTION No. 1.

Gentle readers, kind readers, readers impecunious, pecunious, and peculiar; wealthy Mammon-loving readers, and poverty-stricken readers, with only a whole suit of broadcloth to shield you from the wintry blast,—to one and all I offer the honest hand of greeting.

You never did me any harm, any of you. There is not one among you who can stand boldly forth and say I ever took from him his purse, which he never had, or his good name, which is trash; and, though Shakspeare, doubtless, was as one inspired, it does not follow—*what* does not follow, I am unable clearly to see, so must leave it to your better and more mature judgment to discover. Anyhow, I will try to explain how it is that I have the audacity, after committing so many novel and frightful atrocities in "Eva Head," to again attempt a *novel* and frightful sequel to the history of that dainty, though dingy, heroine.

It came about in this wise: Many of you, doubtless, are familiar with the personal appearance of the worthy editor of our philosophic sheet; but, as there are some who, as yet, have not made the acquaintance of this, our fellow citizen, a few words as to his peculiarities, may not prove, like the last fish-monger I called on,

OUT OF PLAICE.

INTRODUCTION No. 2.

Any fine day, on the sidewalk of Great St. James, vibrating with distressing regularity between Dolly's and McConkey's, may be seen the "party" alluded to in my previous introductory.

He may easily be recognized by several peculiarities which he calls "habits;"—is accustomed to walk while promenading, and has been known to sit down on a chair when fatigued; when quite a small boy, he grew up, in preference to growing sideways, and, since then, has been occupied principally with living, and its accompanying labors: at the early age of eight months he began to show his teeth, a fact which may, perhaps, account for his occasional want of *quumption* since; as for his childhood, it can scarcely be called remarkable, the only instance of precocity on record being his putting his tongue out at the doctor on one memorable occasion;—this has been attributed, on the one hand, to juvenile ill-breeding, on the other to the result of a request on the part of the physician.

On this point, History is not clear, and the question remains, along with many others of Nature's problems, unsolved and most mysterious.

I met him one fine day on the kerbstone, and he hailed me—remarkable man!—then we both *aled* in silence and

alone, and then he delivered himself as follows: "My dear fellow, [he always calls me 'my dear fellow' when he wants me to do anything], why don't you write a sequel to 'Eva Head.'"

"But—" I objected. "But me no butts," he replied; "use other people for your butts, and gladden the hearts of 569,378 readers of *DIOGENES*, by acceding to my request!" And then, in his sketchy way, he proceeded to map out the plot—"Eva Head; fashionable watering place; son and heir (son and *wool*, rather); child grows up; falls in love with the lovely daughter of a swill-cart driver; desperate objections to their union by the tyrannical and *sic semper* parients; father of she threatens to cut her off with a piece of orange peel; mother of him considerably offers to cart her gray wool in sorrow and a wheelbarrow to untimely sepulture; completion of Pacific Railroad opens up a new train of thought; elopement; flight to California; desperation of the parients, and thrilling and break-neck pursuit by an enraged and beery swill-cart driver; capture of the young couple in the act of taking a *tete-a-tete* dinner at a San Francisco Hotel; 'dismay' for two, on the half-shell.—TABLEAU!"

All this he reeled off as calmly as though I were an idiot, and he an imbecile or a *Daily News* reporter, while, as for me, I listened in dismay.

Then he looked at me with his dexter eye, and jingled his keys against a cent, which he always carries in his pocket for that purpose.

"Pay you well you know; get your name up," says the tempter.

I looked at him, fixedly, for a moment to see if he were joking. I have had my name *up* before—upon whom a bill at 3 mos.—but no, he was as firm as Julius Cæsar, when he crossed the Potomac to settle the Red River Rebellion, and in a *rash* moment I *broke out*:

"Fairest of thy sex,—no, that isn't it, but never mind—I consent; I *will* write; I *will* harrow the public with blood-curdling adventures, I *will* plough their intellects with the furrow of romance, I *will*."

"Stay," he cried, in the voice of a Stentor, "not so last. Easy does it. [How I hate slang] Give it a name."

"Since you are so kind," I replied, with habitual modesty, "I'll take whisky straight."

"Your story, blockhead!" thundered he of the Tub, "what is that *tub* be named?"

"I give no names upon compulsion," I responded. "Yet stay;" suppose we call it—

RAISING CANE, OR THE FATAL SWITCH, BEING THE
ADVENT, ADVENTURES, AND MISADVENTURES OF
STRAWBERRY MARK.

PROLOGUE!

My story opens, like an oyster, on the sea coast. Nestling down among the rocks which keep ward and watch over the sea-girt shores of Rhode Island, stands one of those charmingly-rural cities, where Arcadian innocence is popularly supposed to take up its abode.

Let me correct this mistaken idea. On the first night which I spent in the town I saw an old man; his nose was tinged with the healthy glow of the ruby, and, in his eye, was the smile of an ancient, though beery, patriarch. While I could count one hundred, he called on, at least, six of his friends, who, curiously enough, were publicans, and after the sixth welcome he was heard to affectionately enquire of a lamp-post as to his (the patriarch's) place of residence.

I met him once again on a Square,—one of those oval spaces, for which the term is so appropriate,—

and he had button-holed another lamp-post, and would not hearken to the voice of wisdom.

He said, in his poor, deluded way, "it was all right." He was only waiting till his house came round. "There she comes," he said; then he embraced me, to the serious injury of my paper collar and my self-respect, and made a bolt for his door; but he must have missed it, for when I returned he was doing his best to conceal himself in his hat.

So you can see for yourself, that the innocence and rural simplicity theory is a fraud.

A long digression, this last, but necessary, as you will see, in the sequel. As to the situation of the little town aforesaid, I wish I could take you there, and show you the gentle zephyrs, as they whispered through the trees and softly uprooted the ancient elms, or whirled, with fascinating playfulness, the spires of the churches into the dim and darksome night; I would like to have taken you on to the cliffs, where the rippling surf leaped exultingly fifty feet into the air, or on to the promenade, where Youth and Beauty, in Balmorals and Bends, fished and flirted with fascinating fickleness.

It was a lovely place! By night the thomas-cat made sweet music in the neighboring yards; by day, the gentle organ-grinder filled the breezes with his dulcet strains.

Picturesque, though profane, fishermen lounged in graceful and tarpaulin attitude, and quaintly touched their fore *locks* as you walked upon the *quays*; rough, but rural, maidens entreated you to buy the *Newport Nagglor* or the *Narragansett Battleaxe*, while, over all, there hung a fragrance from the Sunny South,—a perfume redolent of junk and gin.

On the beetling cliffs which towered in lofty majesty, like so many grim sentinels of the deep, stood a low thatched cottage.

To all outward appearance it was an unimposing and very common-place sort of structure, nor would the reader's opinion be at all changed by a view of the interior.

The whole aspect of the place denoted waste and want: it was a waste place, let who will, say me no; and, to bear out my assertion I can safely vouch that much was wanted both for comfort and for use.

A smoking dish of hash stood in all its reckless extravagance on one end of the table, while on the other a dish of the luscious "porkanbeans" regaled the nose and delighted the eye.

At first sight the place seemed to be uninhabited, and to the mind of the sinful, a temptation of hash in the *abstract* might have proved too strong; but second sight, which is proverbially clairvoyant, would have discovered a clay pipe, to which was attached the upper part of a man, wrapped in meditation, and looking vacantly into the dim future which opened out before him in the direction of the chimney;—a brawny, thick-set man as ever struggled with a meal, or wrestled with the drumstick of a turkey. He was dressed in the "garb of the period," and had a nose of aquiline tendency, a deep scar between his eyes, and wore his hair parted all over his head.

Was he dreaming of the bright and happy past, when "everything was lovely, and the goose hung high"—of the days when, but a little wanton boy, he preferred the convenient back-of-his-hand to the more formal, and less satisfactory, pocket-handkerchief?

I, myself, know full well, what sweet recollections of my happy childhood, the well-known steam of the mysterious compound will evoke.

Thoughts of the hash that was so strong waiters couldn't hold it, so powerful at times as to almost *turn* my stomach, of ancient and portentous dough-nuts (I had

almost written door-mats), whose specific gravity would have sufficed at any time to keep gold down below 20; of musical "porkanbeans," and the still more inoffensive sausage,—memories all too sweet and fleeting!

Was it of such remembrances as these over which he mused? Who shall say? for, with a start, he wakes up, and proceeding to a corner of the room, not noticed before—and which, in fact, wasn't there, but has only been introduced for purposes of the story—commenced rocking a cradle, in which reposed one of the most lovely-looking babes that was ever blessed with a good pair of lungs, two teeth, and a decided antipathy to clean linen!

(To be continued.)

MRS. STOWE.

The public have already seen some advanced sheets of this woman's book, pamphlet, *libellum*, or whatever she may choose to call it. There is no mistake about it now. Mrs. S. evidently revels in filth, and scatters it with an unsparing hand. This is not uncommon among persons of prurient imaginations like her own, but the originality of her excuse is only surpassed by its wonderful impudence. All this scandal is raised,—all this dungheap turned over—for what purpose? To vindicate the character of Lady Byron;—as if such vindication had ever been necessary. One vindication has already appeared in Miss Martineau's beautiful little memoir, written with a woman's true feeling and a woman's true delicacy. As a contrast to this, we have now another vindication, written with the solemn cant of the Newgate Calendar, combined with the sensational obscenity of the New York *Police Gazette*, and this by a woman, too!

She vindicate Lady Byron?—let her, rather, try to vindicate herself. It cannot be an enviable position for an authoress of some talent to go down to posterity as the compiler, in her old age, of a book of scandalous memoirs. One thing the public can do, and *DIOGENES* trusts will,—that is, to refrain from purchasing the book. Its publication cannot be helped, but the public should endeavour to make this disgusting production as little profitable as possible to both authoress and publisher.

By the way, by the Canadian tariff, obscene publications are totally prohibited from entering the Dominion of Canada. Let the Customs' authorities put this law into force against Mrs. Stowe.

A HINT TO SIR JOHN.

What an immense advantage the Government would derive by retaining *DIOGENES* (at a good salary, of course) to think for them. Here is a case in point, and an idea, gratis. McDougall would not fit,—was too angular for the round hole made for him at Red River; but *DIOGENES* could have suggested, and provided, another—in the same place—whose shape and dimensions would have admirably suited McDougall's form and capacity,—thus saving a great deal of trouble, an expensive return, and the cries of a long and destitute train, at the same time, supplying a much-required want.

It is well known that agriculture and horticulture are in a very backward condition in Rupert's Land. *DIOGENES* would have reverted Mr. McDougall back to his original occupation, and made him a teacher—(he would likely have been a good one)—of those sciences, to the half-breeds. That a man fails in founding a State is no reason why he should not be able to grow a cabbage.

MORE PRINCELY FAVORS!!

Honors are being showered upon the Cynic; and were it not that his philosophy is thrice tried, and proof against any amount of seduction, there would be danger of his cynical head being completely turned by the distinguished favors he is receiving from the highest quarters. Were he an ordinary individual, he would, at once, proceed to enclose his venerable head in a new otter-skin cap, his philosophic *corpus* in a seal skin overcoat (acquired on credit), and then, after bargaining with Alloway for the hire of one of his swellest sleighs, would proceed to exhibit himself, along with the aspiring youth of Montreal, to the admiring gaze of the public on the streets of St. James' and Notre Dame.

But, being the Philosopher he is, the only outward and visible signs of his jubilation consist in a new coat of paint for his Tub, and the purchase of a box of Prince Arthur collars, from Rice Bros., *for cash!*

Now, hold your breath in admiring awe, all ye who dwell in the sacred precincts of Beaver Hall, while ye read the hallowed lines addressed to DIOGENES by R—l—ty itself:—

R—E M—T, 9th January, 1870.

MY DEAR DIOGENES:—

E—p—st—ne is so busy, replying to the thousand-and-one letters we are daily pestered with, that he has given me leave to write to you *in propria persona* [That's correct Latin, isn't it? if not, just correct it], although he is rather chary of my corresponding direct with any of my acquaintances here, as he says they are apt to presume upon any little condescension of that sort. But, hang it, as I say to E., they will hardly have cheek enough to call in at W—ds—r or B—ck—gh—m Palace without being invited; although, by Jove! I *was* surprised at the cheek of some of the people who called on me on New-Year's Day! Of course, I came out here to make myself agreeable, and put my pride in my pocket; but, dash it! you know, old fellow, it is rather too much to have one's grocer, or tailor, or coal merchant, calling upon one, and giving themselves as many airs as though they were really swells,—and, the way the snobs *haw haw*, too! it's enough to make one bilious for a week! Though, mind you, I don't care what a fellow is by profession, so long as he behaves himself like a man, and don't assume a lot of absurd airs;—and some of the fellows I have met with, on my shooting excursions, it was a pleasure to sit and have a "pow-wow" with. But, I see, I'm getting too discursive. What I specially wanted to write about was this: I was much gratified by the way in which you inserted my communication last week. It was, you know, my first attempt, and, I fancy, not so bad, or you wouldn't have put it in, as I'm sure there's nothing snobbish about you. I now send you a more ambitious attempt, on the same subject, with which I have taken a good deal of pains, and I hope you will consider it up to the mark. The subject is one on which I feel rather sore, as I think it too bad for people in such a position to set so snobbish an example.

By the by, old fellow, there was a bad quarter in the money you sent up in payment for the last contribution. Please make it all right in the next.

As soon as I get a little time to myself, I want to fix a day for you to come up and dine, quietly, with us; but we must keep it close, or else it will get into the *Star*, and create a good deal of jealousy in certain quarters.

Yours truly,

A—TH—R.

P. S.—How are you off for type? There was any quan-

tity of H's dropped about here on New Year's day, which you can have by sending for them. What do you think of that for a joke?

A.



THE ROYAL BALLAD!!

BEING AN IMITATION OF TENNYSON'S "LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE."

(By H. R. H. P—A—.)

William W—, City Mayor!
By me you shall not knighted be,
I know you'd like the honor much,
And I your little game can see.
At me you smiled, but unbeguiled
I saw the snare, and I retired;
Though Mayor and Comic Journalist
You are not much to be admired.

W— W—, City Mayor!
I know you deem yourself a swell,
And if a Knight you should be made,
You think you'd bear the honor well.
But I'll not break, for your poor sake,
The rule which should all Princes guide,
Nor prostitute such honors high,
To vulgar pelf, and pompous pride.

William!—William!—City Mayor!
I know you're an ambitious man,
And that to rise in social scale,
You do the best, *and worst*, you can.
By flatteries vain you think to gain,—
And my disdain, is my reply;
The porter in the Wild Cat Bank
Will knight you, quite as soon as I!

Oh William! William!—City Mayor!
Dismiss such phantoms from your brain,
And rather strive, with heart and soul,
The Senate's honors to attain!
Thy councillors morals purify,
Remember *worth* is more than *rank*,
Study the interests of the town,
And purge the discounts of the Bank!

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The following works, by celebrated authors, may shortly be expected to issue from the DIOGENES' Press. Booksellers should send in their orders without delay:—

TOBACCO: ITS USES AND ABUSES. By G. W. S—ph—ns, Esq. Post, 8vo.; 1 vol.

SIR BEVYLL DE BRICKE; a Sensational Romance of the Present Century. By H. B. R. Esq.; 8vo, 3 vols.

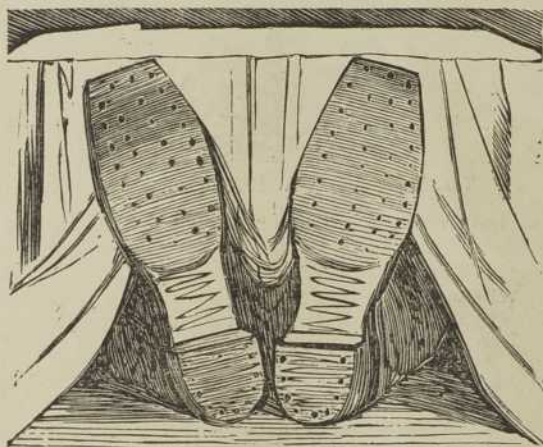
THE LAW OF CONTRACTS; embracing the Proper Use and Profitable Application thereof. A manual for City Councillors, by J. W. McG—v—n.

CODE OF ETIQUETTE; comprising all the Forms and Ceremonies to be observed in communication with Distinguished Personages, to which is added some Remarks on the proper use and application of Medical Certificates, by His Worship, the Chief Magistrate; 1 vol.

A DOUBLE DESIDERATUM.

How to get to Red River, and how to get back?
Would it be worth while to inquire of the amiable and ill-used Mac?

THE PRINCIPAL FEATURE AT A RECENT
CIVIC BANQUET.



The author of the following had supped plenteously on lobster salad, pickled cabbage, and mulled port. And having fallen asleep with the *Evening Telegraph* in his hand, and remained under the influence of the drowsy god for not less than forty minutes, was sensible, on awaking, of having composed a poem on the last subject that had arrested his waking eye, viz: That Sir G. Cartier should undertake measures for the suppression of the Red River Rebellion.

He ran to his desk, and eagerly wrote it down, and more lucky than the late Mr. Coleridge in his great epic "Kubla Khan," has been able to preserve it entire,—a felicitous circumstance which will, doubtless, be acknowledged by posterity. Without more preface, he offers it to DIOGENES, merely remarking that, if any one should ask him its peculiar application to existing circumstances, he will be constrained to reply,

"CAN'T TELL YOU."

A VISION.

Into the City of Ottawa
With many a shout and a loud "ho! la!"
With many a scalp, and many a skin,
With brass and candlesticks, and tin,
From distant lands where he had bin
Beyond the Lake Superior,
Rode the great Captain, Jackey Tar.

Ser Jon from his palace window gazed
At this doughty warrior—sore amazed—
Who in weapons and arms of a strange device
Seemed easy as "Gib oor cat" on ice
And the steed that bare him puffed and blew,
(T'was a roarer, and spavined, and glandered too,
And not worth a curse—that's,—I mean,—old shoe
And bought for some reason best known to
The Captain Jackey Tar.)

Thus into the City of Ottawar
Rode the great Captain Jackey Tar,
And he stood before Ser Jon and said,
"All the enemies of My Lord are dead,
"All the Red Red men of the great Nor' West
"Bow and obey thy least behest,
"No boundary severs us from their strand,
"The breach is healed and the gulf is spanned—
"The miners are sifting the golden sand—
"The hunter brings skins from the forests bound,
"And the laborer would at his toil be found,
"If the frost wasn't six feet in the ground—
"And peace and plenty are in the land."

"'Tis said Rebellion is gaunt and grim;
"That it takes strong measures to put down HIM,
"But that is a foolish ridiculous flam,
"If you only knew what a great man AM
"You'd at once discard the whim.
"They heard MY NAME! they were 'whelmed in dread!!
"T'was before my prowess that millions fled!!!
"T'was alone I did it—alone, by Gar!
"Am I not the Militia Minister, Sar?
"Am I not the great Captain Jackey Tar?"

This is the story strange—"not true"
Will be said, kind reader, I fear, by you.)
Which the great Captain Jackey Tar
Told to Ser Jon at the Russell Bar,
As they quaffed the cocktail, straight and sweet
As the daffy-down-dilly,—a joyous treat!
Which Statesmen will when their kind they meet
In the streets of Ottawar!

JOSEPH AGAIN.—"GOOD FOR YOU, JOE!"

Joseph Rymal, M. P., once more presents his compliments to his friend DIOGENES, and begs to inform him that Wood has his entire confidence and approbation. He regards him as thoroughly well seasoned, and fit for anything. [Surely, Joseph, you don't mean to burn?] He looks on him as a brick! although a Wooden one. That cute old cuss, Hincks, thought to rip him up, but he found a (K)not that he couldn't get through. And he wanted Wood to come down for nothing—thank you, for nothing, Captain Jinks! If you want to get to windward, you had better go back to the Windward Isles,—you can't get to windward of Wood, my fine fellow! and you are strongly advised to take a chip off that block, and make it into a pen-holder, and it may lead you to write right straight forward, and no mistake, for the future. 'Twas a nice little dodge, but Wood wasn't so sappy by a deal as to fall into such a (saw)pit. Be advised by one who don't wish you much more than a mountain of harm, H, and if you must keep your hand in, just play off them there tricks on the (West) Injans, and let our Woods alone. Your axe isn't sharp enough for them. Frank friend Dio, look after Wood; paint him in your brightest colors, and protect him against the weather, and enemies, and, especially, against ex-Governors [Severe this, Joe] and such like cattle, for ever and ever, Amen.

Mrs. R. joins with me in hoping soon to see you and Mrs. D. in the West. Come when Session's on. We'll show you some fun in Old York, including a sight [Naughty, naughty Joseph! by no means like your namesake!] a sight of them there lobby girls you may have heard about.

FROM "THE CAPITAL."

The only incident calling for notice, is the launch of a new evening journal by a brewer. The brew is not of much account. It is stale and flat, and weak and lifeless. If the brewer's beer is not better than his paper, it is small,—small indeed! The latter, if meant to *keep*, must have much more and much better malt, and a considerably stronger infusion of hops is needed. It is very evident that those who make up the mash were not among the wise men who came out of the (y)east.

BUSINESS.

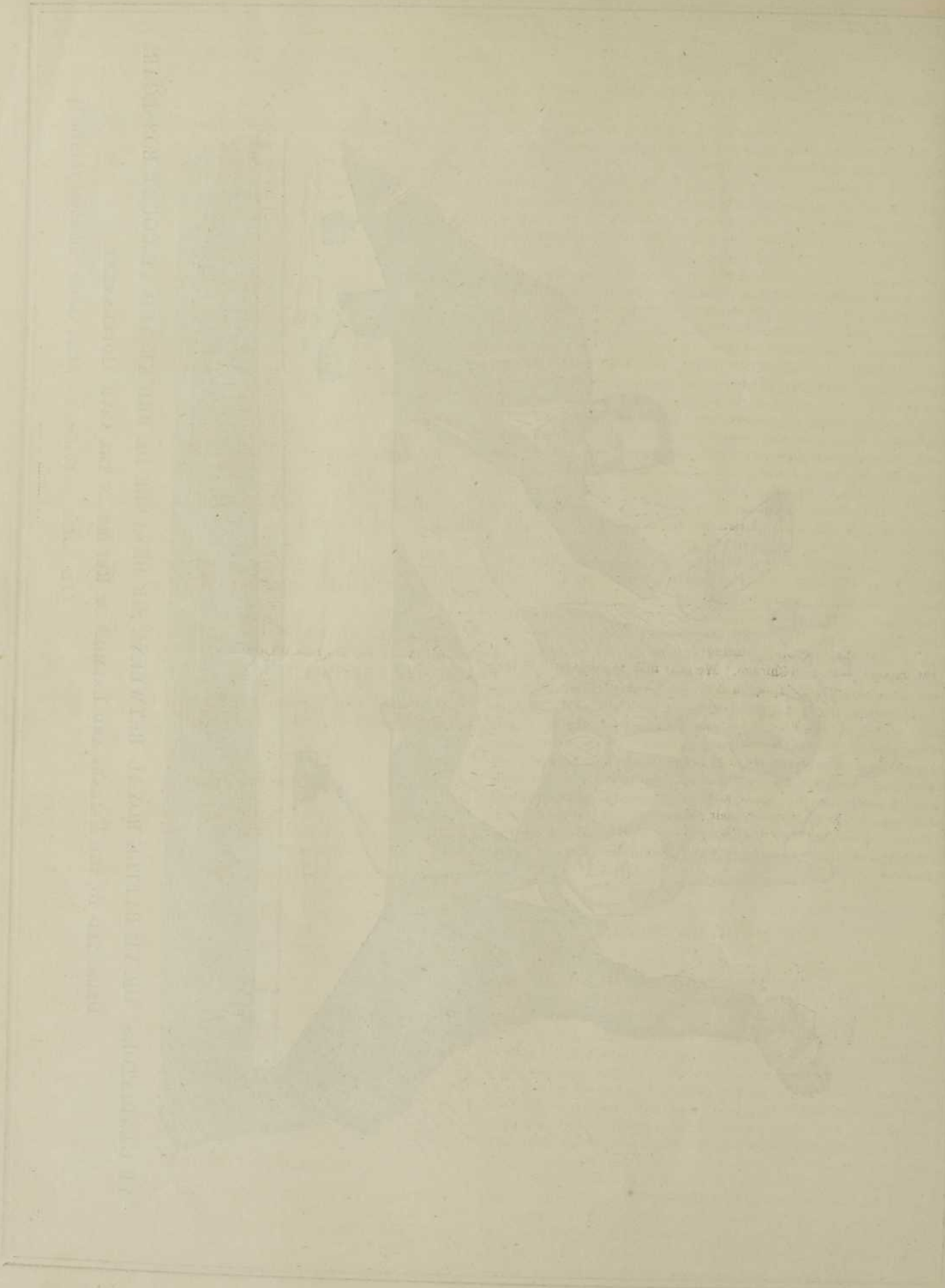
If "Penny Readings" ever get into the Stock and Share List, it is much to be feared they will be quoted as *heavy and dull*.



“YE GLADIATORS,” OR YE BATTLE ROYAL, BETWEEN SIR BEVELLE DE BRICKE AND YE COUNT BONSEGAR.

DEDICATED TO THE FRIENDS AND ENEMIES OF REFORM IN THE CIVIC GOVERNMENT.

[For further particulars, see letters in the “Montreal Gazette.”]



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
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LEGAL INTELLIGENCE.

The announcement that the Hon. Mr. Justice Muddlehead had been engaged as First Clown in Barnum's new Circus is premature, at least. It is true that such an offer was made by Mr. Barnum; but Sir George E. having, with his usual discriminating wisdom, decided on elevating the distinguished juriconsult in question to a seat in the Court of Appeals, the matter stands in abeyance, in the meantime. It is reported that, if His Honor should join Barnum—or, indeed, go anywhere else,—the gentlemen practising in the Superior and Circuit Courts will present him with a magnificent cap-and-bells, to be designed by the celebrated artist of *The Clown and Horse-Collar*.

It will, no doubt, be highly gratifying to his late constituents of Beanharnois, and his other admirers, associates and friends, including his brethren of the Bar, and colleagues of the Legislature and the Government, to learn that Denis Paul, Esquire, Q. C., is flourishing in his new home, in a manner that must confer additional lustre on Canadian dignitaries throughout the world. The learned and worthy Queen's Counsel had been, for some time, employed as bar-keeper in a saloon at Chicago, with J. B. Beaucler, Esquire, Advocate, formerly M. P. for Hochelaga, as his assistant. These two gentlemen have recently set up in the same line of business on their own account, with every prospect of success. How they managed to procure the means to embellish and stock their magnificent new establishment is a cause of intense surprise to their neighbors; but those who had the pleasure of knowing the learned gentlemen here, are aware that they were highly accomplished artists in imitating other people's autographs, even before they enjoyed the advantage of a Yankee training in that branch of education. It is thought, therefore, that they have again taken the little liberty of borrowing the names of some of their reverend and other friends, as was, heretofore, their wont. In their advertisement, they inform their customers and the public that they have on hand a splendid assortment of home-made Brandies, Wines, and other liquors, declaring that their Rye is unequalled in the universe,—or even Chicago. We hear that, to prove faith in their own goods, especially the Whisky, they, between them, drank out three casks of that generous beverage in one week, and were very little shaken by the feat, it being merely observed that Mr. D. was rather "funnier" and Mr. B. rather "stupider" than usual. Long may they live and prosper, as bright examples of Canadian worth and enterprise, although, alas! no longer permitted to revisit their beloved native land, to whose glory they so greatly contributed, and whose people loved to confer their choicest favors upon them. But, thank our stars! we have yet a few more of the same sort, particularly in Parliament, the Government, and other places of Trust, Honor and Profit!

"THE RIGHT MAN," ETC.

Our respected contemporary, the *Daily News*, informs us that Etienne Parent, Esquire, Under-Secretary of State, is about to resign his important office, (on a pension), and is to be succeeded by R. S. M. Bouchette, Esquire, the present able Commissioner of Customs. The *Herald* carps and snarls at this admirable appointment in a manner that has, at least, convinced us that that paper is Fenian, Annexationist, and Revolutionist, of the most desperate character. That disloyal sheet has said, or is going to say:—"It is universally admitted that, for a long time, Mr. Parent has been good for nothing. It is equally notorious that Mr. Bouchette never was good for anything, and is now good for less; therefore"—but "why continue such nonsense," as our friend of the *Gazette* says when he is particularly nonsensical himself. Cannot our contemporary—if we ought to address a Fenian by that brotherly title,—cannot the Editor of the *Herald* see the lack of sense and logic in his argument? Surely, if one public servant, who has been "good for nothing" for years, performed his arduous duties to the high satisfaction of his

Ministerial superiors, the fit and proper person to be his successor is another official, possessing exactly similar qualities, even in a greater degree. What does the *Herald* say to that? For ourselves, we heartily congratulate the Government and the country on the choice made in this instance; and, we have no doubt, whatever, that Mr. Bouchette will earn his salary and pension in his new position, almost as worthily as his extraordinary financial and eommercial knowledge enabled him to fulfil the functions of Commissioner of Customs. With the single exception of the celebrated Usher of the Black Rod, we know no man so fit for either post.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT.

[By Telegraph.]

GOVERNMENT HOUSE,
QUEBEC, Wednesday. }

To DIOGENES:—

Sergeant St. Clair (Sinclair), Commander of my Body-Guard, whose appointment you noticed in your paper in such flattering terms died suddenly last night. Whisky!

Is there any military friend of yours whom you would recommend for the vacant command?

No Members of Parliament have yet applied for the place. Write at once!

N. F. BELLEAU.

12 NOON.—Two members of the Lower House have applied for the late Sergeant St. Clair's post. Write!

N. F. B.

5 O'CLOCK.—Sixteen M. P. P's and five Legislative Councillors want to be made Commanders of the Guard. The affair gets perplexing.

N. F. B.

9 P. M.—All the Parliamentary supporters of the government have applied for it. Don't write!

N. F. B.

FIE, "WITNESS!"

DIOGENES is surprised that his moral contemporary should have found a place in his columns for the following horrible advertisement:—

"FOUR MACHINISTS WANTED—To work at vice. None but sober steady vice hands need apply."

Vice in cold blood! Vice in sober steadiness! Oh!!!

A DEFINITION.

The *Gazette* of the 12th says: "The Police Committee is composed of 'mixed Protestants and Catholics.'"

DIOGENES is at a loss to know the exact meaning of this, but a friend at his elbow says, a "mixed Protestant," is a Ritualist, and a "mixed Catholic" a member of the Institut Canadien.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ENQUIRER.—We cannot state that it is contemplated again to reduce the stock of the Wild Cat Bank, though such a proceeding would not be very surprising. Enquire of Mr. Muggles.

THE HISTORY OF A LOAFER.

CHAP. XIII.

THE VOYAGE.

It was a drizzly March morning in Liverpool. The wharf was crowded with emigrants and their friends. To see large numbers of people parting in this manner is always a painful sight. Here might be seen a young Irishman with his newly married bride, receiving a farewell blessing from the old folks. Another group was made up of the old folks themselves, bidding a last adieu to their children, before going out to join that one dutiful son who was now a well-to-do farmer in Ohio. Another group still. It is a husband painfully taking leave of his wife and children. He is going out as a pioneer, and is promising to send for them at the earliest opportunity. May he keep his word! Then there are the scamps and loafers, expatriating themselves, because they have made the mother country too hot to hold them. These seem all to be the special darlings of their mothers, who, woman-like, bestow more tears on the black sheep, than on the choicest members of their flock.

The bell is ringing. The little steamer "Satellite" is about to make her last trip but one—the last one being devoted to bringing the mails aboard. Gerald, with his usual unpunctuality, arrived at the very last moment with a series of new and very dandy-looking trunks which were deposited on board, while he fed the cabman like a prince. On arriving on board, a new scene of confusion awaited him. He discovered that his stateroom was occupied by a gentleman who was leisurely reposing in the lower berth. He indignantly sent for the steward who informed him that all the state-rooms were designed for the accommodation of two passengers, but that if the gentleman was not subject to sea-sickness, he might probably like a vacant room at the extreme stern of the vessel, which he could have all to himself. Now, Gerald was as yet supremely ignorant as to whether he were subject to sea-sickness or not, but he thought it better to conceal that ignorance, not wishing the steward to think that this was his first voyage. He sat down moodily on his trunk, and soon became intensely miserable. Presently the head and hand of a man were protruded from the lower berth, and a voice exclaimed,

"How are you, Fitzgerald?"

The voice was that of his very undesirable acquaintance of three years back, Harry Parsons. He recognized him at once, although he was considerably altered. He had grown stouter, and presented a very bloated appearance. Now, had this meeting taken place some years previously, Gerald would have felt considerable alarm, but as it was, he only saw in Parsons a pleasant travelling companion. They soon renewed their acquaintance, and Gerald told Harry of his real name and connexions.

"Oh! then," said Parsons, "this accounts for your knowing—shire so well, a peculiarity of yours which, I own, always puzzled me. So, I suppose you know my governor too?"

"I have met him several times at my father's house."

"Not a bad old fellow, my governor, but most confoundedly stingy when money matters are concerned. I believe I shall have to cut him, after all."

This levity did not shock Gerald in the least, which shows that he was getting considerably advanced in his *curriculum* as a Loafer.

"By the way," said Parsons, "what on earth are you going to America for?"

"For a lark," said Gerald.

"Umph," said Parsons, "so am I."

The two friends now mounted the quarter deck, so as to have a last glimpse of the "blessed roofs" of Liverpool, as Mr. Charles Dickens calls them. Though why the roofs of this city should be so supremely "blessed" above those of other cities, I have never yet been able to make out. As the steamer started, the weather began to clear up, and the sea was remarkably smooth, until arriving near the south

western coast of Ireland. I am not naturally superstitious, but on the Irish coast, near Kinsale, stands an ancient Round Tower which I never passed, and never knew anybody else to pass in fair weather. However calm the sea may have been up to that point, the instant you set your eyes on that tower, rough weather sets in. I have a great respect for the erudition of the learned Doctor Petrie, but he can never persuade me that this Round Tower at least is not the abode of The Storm King. Gerald now made the discovery that he was subject to sea sickness. There was no doubt about it! When he got better and was able to get on deck, he found that his friend Parsons, who certainly could make a gentleman of himself when he pleased, had made himself very agreeable to all the cabin passengers,—the ladies especially. He introduced Gerald to them all, by name. The cabin was unusually full at this time of year. Merchants were going home after completing their purchases in Europe. There were many Canadians among them, for at this time the Allan steamers were not. There was a wealthy fur merchant born in Bohemia, but resident in New York, a wealthy grain merchant of Liverpool, a middle-aged commercial traveller from Leeds and a gentleman from Montreal, in the watch and jewellery line, of dark complexion and Hebrew persuasion. These four played together at whist every night, for very high stakes, each of them by this means intending to make a little money during the voyage. It so happened, however, that they were, all four, first rate whist players, and being equally matched, to the disgust of all four, neither one of them made or lost any money worth mentioning.

"These gentlemen will be wanting to make our acquaintance before the voyage is over," said Harry to Gerald, "if so, we shall have some fun."

There was also on board a young Virginian, fresh from Harvard University. (Bear in mind that we speak of several years before the civil war.) This young man like most Harvard students, was a fine specimen of humanity, both mentally and bodily. He belonged to that class of Americans which Oliver Wendell Holmes characterizes as the Brahmin class. He neither "guessed" nor "calculated," spoke good English and was able to pronounce the word "view," which, according to the Professor, is the Shibboleth of all well-educated Americans. He had been making the grand tour and was now returning to Virginia. One thing horrified him, and that was the levity with which many of the English passengers spoke of the,—to him—almost sacred institution of slavery, and their hopes of its approaching abolition. As we shall meet this young gentleman several times in the course of this tale, it is as well to state at once that his name was Alfred Brabazon, and that he was the son of a wealthy tobacco planter.

There were several British officers on board. First and foremost was Col. X— or the Colonel as he was generally called,—a tall handsome man of about fifty years of age, of reserved manners, but at the same time very courteous. He was evidently somewhat particular as to the acquaintances he made. His luggage consisted of a very small trunk, a hat case, a fishing rod, and a landing net. He was evidently an old traveller, and not habituated to embarrass himself with *impedimenta*. Whenever the Colonel could obtain leave of absence for two or three months, he always spent it fishing in the Lower Provinces. He was a perfect enthusiast of the angle, and like most of that craft, quiet and contemplative. When asked why he did not try the Highlands of Scotland, he always replied that he abhorred the society of regular tourists, but always felt at home among his friends, the Blue-Nose farmers. Besides the Colonel, there were some young officers also. These seemed to be looked to, by all the passengers, as the general caterers for the amusement of the whole party. They organized balls on the quarter deck, having found among the steerage passengers a Piedmontese organ grinder, whose instrument was equal to a waltz and a mazurka. They got up round games at cards in the saloon, and smoking parties in the "fiddlers." They were the life and soul of the whole voyage, and were dubbed snobs by certain morose Yankees, simply because their manners were social and agreeable. What an extraordinary antipathy a vulgar Yankee has for British officers! He rates them as positive fools, and cannot be persuaded but that they are warriors of an effeminate stamp, only fit to lounge in ladies' drawing rooms.

(To be Continued.)

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WEST WARD.

To James Smith, Esq., N.P.

The undersigned desire you to allow yourself to be nominated as Councillor for the West Ward of this City, and we pledge ourselves to support you to the utmost of our power.

MONTREAL, December, 1869.

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| Reford & Dillon | Frank Bond | James F Jones | John Sharpe |
| Rufus & Fairbanks | E Guy | George E Jones | J C McLaren |
| G Coupar | Dr Geo W Campbell | Geo Shepherd | W Sache |
| G Jeffrey | James Doyle & Co | Gerald Egan | F L Hilton |
| J McEntyre | Johnston Thomson | Chas L Malloy | H T Paris |
| J G Sidey | John Mitchell | Martin Feek | H T Privett |
| Robt Gray | W McKinnon | R McShane | Henry Hogan |
| F Warren | Chs J C Coursol | Thos Davies | W O'Brien |
| R D Bathgate | Henry J Clarke, Q C | James Cox | E Holton |
| Wm Bathgate | H Nightingale | H McGill | John J Maclaren |
| Alex Murray | T F Stoneham | John Clark & Co | C Thomas |
| Francis Greene | J G Shipway | P Carroll | A Booker |
| Leon Marion | Geo Shipway | Thomas Doherty | Thomas Bastien |
| N Marion | John Penner | Patrick Mohan | T Doyle |
| Wm Samuel | A Mackinnon | David Robertson | A B Stewart |
| Thos L McConkey | John Fraser | John Scott | E Haeusgen |
| A J Pell | W B Bowie | T Holland | L Gnaedinger |
| James Trainor | W Mann | Denis Brennan | Wright & Brogan |
| Geo Wilson | F Dackus | Edwin Phillips | John C Griffin |
| John Richardson | M O'Sullivan | John Simpson | J L Hunter |
| Geo Ringland | John O'Keane | J D Thurston | Robert Thomson |
| James Morrison | John Whittaker | E H Thurston | Samuel E Moss |
| A Dufresne | William Wilson | J C Thurston | Thomas May & Co |
| E Dolan | John McKay | John McKerron | H Chandler |
| C Pariseau | W A Phillips | John Fraser | Jonathan Findlay |
| George Barrington | Robert Mitchell | Mann & Son | A Bresler |
| D J Sadlier & Co | Charles Baillie | S Browning | Edward Hill |
| Michael Crathy | T R Whitehead | J H Ross | W A Little |
| Robert Weir | John M Jones | James Brown | H L Prowse |
| N B Charlebois | E Angers | Joseph Dion & Bro | Fred Lowe |
| John Wilson | D Mann | | |

To the Ratepayers of the West Ward.

GENTLEMEN :

I need not say that I feel extremely flattered at the reception of your call to allow myself to be nominated as your Representative in the City Council. In acceding to a request at once general and spontaneous, I beg to assure you that, should I be returned, I will endeavour, faithfully and diligently, to promote the interests of the Ward, as well as those of our rising and prosperous City.

I am, Gentlemen,

Yours faithfully,

JAMES SMITH.

MONTREAL, 6th January, 1870.

OYSTERS! OYSTERS!

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CHOICE BALTIMORE OYSTERS
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CENTRAL RAILROAD
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WINTER ARRANGEMENTS,
Commencing Nov. 29, 1869.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH AND EAST.

DAY EXPRESS leaves Montreal at 8.40 a.m. for Rutland, Boston, &c., arriving in Boston at 10.30 p.m.

NIGHT EXPRESS leaves Montreal at 8.30 p.m. for Waterloo, Boston, and New York, arriving at Boston at 8.40 a.m., connecting 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., arriving at Montreal at 10 p.m.

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 5.30 p.m., connecting at White River Junction with train leaving Boston at 6.00 p.m., for Montreal.

Sleeping Cars are attached to both the night express trains, running between Montreal and Boston, and St. Albans and Springfield.

For tickets and freight apply at Vermont Central Office, No. 30 St. James Street.

For further information, and time of arrival and departure of all Trains at terminal and way stations, apply at the Ticket Office, Bonaventure Station.

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