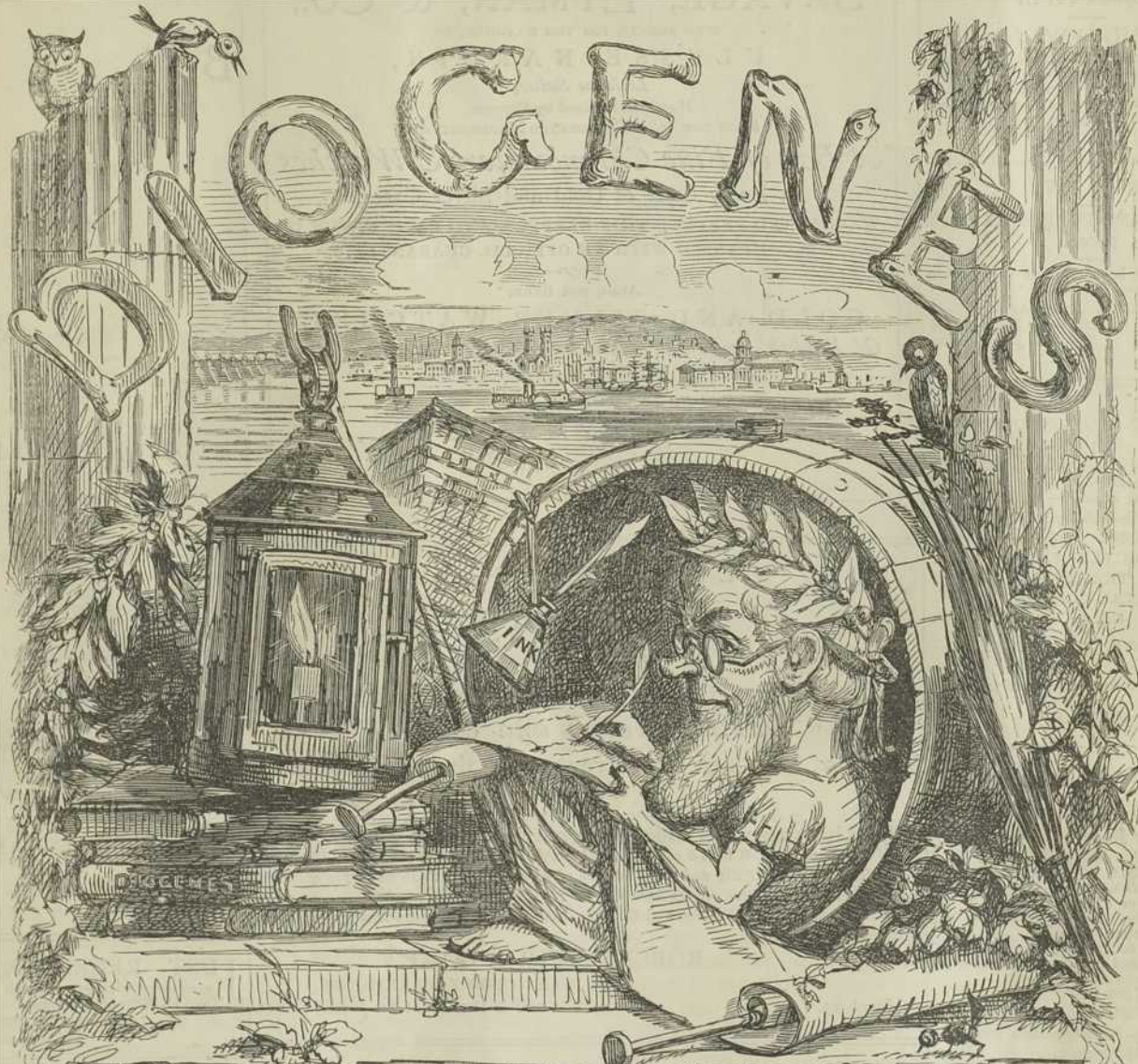


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Vol. I.—No. 22.

MONTREAL, 9th APRIL, 1869.

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**KEILLER'S DUNDEE MARMALADE,**  
 THIS SEASON'S MAKE.  
 ONE AND TWO POUND POTS.

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FRESH  
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 Fresh Salmon,  
 In hermetically  
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**L**UNCH every  
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 Oysters cooked to  
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**MUSIC STOCK**  
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**W. DOW & CO.**  
 Brewers & Distillers,  
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**INDIA Pale**  
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 LIGHT ROLLS  
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**THE**  
**COOK'S FRIEND**  
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## MEETINGS, &amp;c.

## ELOCUTION.

**MR. ANDREW**, Instructor in Elocution, McGill University, continues to give instruction to Ladies or Gentlemen (singly or in private parties) in the Principles and Practice of effective Reading, without imparted mannerism.  
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Tickets should be secured at once, as the Book will be closed next week.

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SEEDS! SEEDS!! SEEDS!!!

JUST RECEIVED,

**MY NEW SEEDS** from France, England, and the United States, all guaranteed FRESH. One of the best collections in CANADA, either in FLOWER, VEGETABLE, or FIELD SEEDS.  
A liberal discount allowed to Dealers and Agricultural Societies.

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Country orders punctually filled.

FRESH & GENUINE

1869 FIELD, 1869  
GARDEN, AND FLOWER SEEDS.

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Have just received by Express,

FROM THE ABOVE CELEBRATED MANUFACTURER,

*A Box of Fine Chronometers & Watches*

In Every Style of Gold and Silver Cases,  
WARRANTED PERFECT TIME-KEEPERS, AND EACH WATCH IS  
ACCOMPANIED WITH AN OFFICIAL GUARANTEE.

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ALSO, FOR SALE,

GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES,  
*Of English, Swiss and American Make, of Superior Finish,  
and Warranted.*

—o—  
SAVAGE, LYMAN & CO.,

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## JOB LOTS

OF

WRITING PAPERS AND STATIONERY  
*During March and April,*

Selling at from 20 to 30 per cent. under the usual Wholesale Prices.

WE have assorted, and are now offering (during March & April) numerous JOB LOTS of FOOLSCAP PAPERS, NOTE PAPERS, LETTER PAPERS, ENVELOPES, and other articles of STATIONERY, to be sold in quantities to suit purchasers, at prices varying from 20 to 30 per cent. under usual rates.

Merchants, Printers, Jobbers, and Country Dealers should embrace this opportunity for obtaining Cheap Lots.

ROBERT WEIR & COMP'Y,

STATIONERY WAREHOUSE,

160 & 162 Great St. James Street.

March 13.

*Cocoas and Chocolates.*

—o—

*To Prepare Soluble Chocolate.*

*Cut half an ounce, or more if preferred, of the Chocolate into a breakfast cup, pour on it boiling water, or milk and water, stir it well, and milk and sugar to suit the palate, and a cup of Chocolate will be quickly made.*

*To Prepare Homœopathic Cocoa.*

*To obtain the full flavour from this Cocoa, add two table-spoonfuls to a pint of boiling water, and boil for three or four minutes. Or, being perfectly soluble, it may be made in the cup by beating a large teaspoonful into a paste with a little boiling water, and then filling the cup. Cream or milk and sugar may be used, and the quantity of Cocoa regulated by the taste.*

*Canadian Scenery.*

HOLDSTOCK'S AUTUMN SKETCHES

ON SALE AT THE

DIOGENES' OFFICE,

27 Great St. James' Street.

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MAGAZINES,

NEWSPAPERS,

STAMPS,

AND

STATIONERY,

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(Opposite the Post-office, and next door to the

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Orders taken for English and American Books,

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JUST RECEIVED, a nice assortment of genuine Scotch CHEVIOT TWEEDS for Spring wear.

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NOTICE.

TO THE LADIES & GENTLEMEN.

THE SUBSCRIBER has received, per last Steamer, 2 Cases of

COUDRAY'S PERFUMERY.

Also on hand, everything requisite for the Toilet, of the Finest Quality, and at the Lowest Prices.

HAIR WORK, in every style, Ladies' and Gentlemen's WIGS, BRAIDS, &c., &c.

PALMER'S ABYSSINIAN SHAMPOO, for cleansing the head.

HERRING'S MAGNETIC BRUSHES, for removing Dandruff.

HOT and COLD BATHS.

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782 Craig Street, near St. Antoine.

FIRST PRIZE, MONTREAL, 1860.

FIRST PRIZE, STATE OF NEW YORK, 1867.

GEO. POCOCK, } Proprietors.  
JOSH. BOESE, }



## A FACT.

DE BOLSTER RETURNS FROM TOBOGANNING IN RATHER EXTEMPORANEOUS GARB, AND MEETS ONE OF THOSE PRETTY GIRLS GOING TO THE RINK :

DEB.—(log.) “How do? Excuse my glove!”

## ZEKE TRIMBLE ON A RECENT CHAMPAGNE LUNCHEON.

DEER OLD DI—,

Havin reseved an invite to thee wheel hows excurshun, i put on mi store clothes & proceeded to thee seen of action in a hired veheekil beelunging to a carter friend of mine. We passd much sno on thee road and at last we arrove into thee wheel hows, and kummensd operashuns. After turnin awl thee wheels thet wood turn, we returned into thee wheel hows & attackd thee refreshments which ware skattered around in a bountiful perfushun which wuz lamentable to see. There wuz sum konfushun and hiz worship thee mayr of Montreal kollid thee meetin to order. Hee introjuced thee subjek in thee folloin elloquent manner:—“Mi frends,” sez hee “fill up yoore glasses,” whereupon Alderman Alexander proposed, “Water.” There bein no seconder this moshun fell to thee ground. “Mi friends,” sez thee mayr, “we air assembeld heer to day, to welkum into our peesful homes, our bretheren from thee far west—i meen old Bytown, I beg pardon, Ottyway. Thay hev kum to us fur water & we air givin them shampane. Bytown,—I meen Ottyway,—as you doubtless kno, is at thee hed of navigashun ; she is famous, fur her beauteous wimmen, handsum squaws, (they gave thee name too the plase), her sawmills & her large kunsumpshun of whiskey, owin purhaps to thee Dominion Parliment bein sitiwated thare. I will therefore propose thee helth of thee mayr of Ottyway & thee water kummittee. (Hear Kounsiller McShane and uthers of our sitty fathers kried out, “Bully for you old hoss,” & kummensd singin “fur he’s a jolly good fello.”) When thee musik seesed,

thee mayr of Ottyway, replide as follos: “Fello kuntry men,” sez he, “fur i koll you sich, notwithstanding this is a french kuntry, deliverd over to thee mersies of Cauchon, et settery, i am proud to meet you ; thare aint any more mayrs like thee 2 you see be4 you. We kum down heer to see yoore water works & you hev shown us how yoore shampane works. Long life to you awl, and if you kum up to visit our fair sity, we will return thee kompliment.”

Kounsiller Lyman, then plaid a tune onto thee new electrical fire-alarm box, & introjuced in a delikate manner thee name of Keefer. MackGauvran who hed bin quiet up to this kritical juncture of thee proseedins, kummensd to rap onto thee table & called out Shanly. A seen of konfushun hereupon ensood. Sum kried out fur Rodden, but hee wuz bisy a draftin an amendment to thee ingine & kood’nt bee found, but our wurthy mayr soon restoared order out of kaos, and Kounsiller Lyman continued. Sez he, “thee presint water works wuz desined by Keefer, & if thay hed only kept on as he hed desined them, thare wood always hev been plenty of water but thare hed bin so much tinkerin with thee pashunt, thet shee wuz almost exhausted. But thare’s a good time a komin boys & if you only let Keefer alone, water will agane flo in abundans throo our streets.”

Keefer returned thanks and referred to thee fermentashun which wuz now okurrin into our sity.

Our wurthy mayr hereupon rose & sed thet, hevin bin brot up into thee holesale traid, he wood propose thee helth of awl thee members of the Korporashun present. “Purhaps thee most sensible & quiet man into thee Kounsil, wuz Alderman Mack Gauvran ; hee never spoke exsept when he wanted too,

& then short & sweet. Thee cutest man into thee kounsil was Alderman David, who wuz also a traviller & knew whare awl thee stone quarries were, & wuz also selebrated for havin erected thee Drill Shed into Craig street. And last, tho not least, wuz Alderman Rodden; perhaps there wasnt any man now livin who kood make as menny amendments in so short a period as the wurthy Alderman. He was also a finanseer of thee first water & almost as good an ingineer as Bartley." His wurship also reemarked thet ef Montreal hed thee beautiful roads shee now possessd, it wuz due entirely to thee wurthy chareman of thee Road Kommittee, assisted by Kounsiller Mack Shane.

Kounsiller Mack Gauvran fur himself & familee replide thet hiz partikular 4t wuz turbine wheels, & he hed bin opposd to steem, but thet he kunsidered Alderman Rodden a Hi preshure ingine; it wuz no dout du to hiz nobil exershuns thet the steem ingine wuz presently into hiz plase. But hee wood give way to Alderman Rodden who wuz a 12 hundred horse power on talkin.

Alderman Rodden reemarked thet ef he had arrove to hiz present hi finanshull ability, it wuz du intirely to hiz hevin studied under 2 such mayrs as Starnes & Workman, and heving grate expectashuns in Prescott where he hopes too do a konsiderible stroke of buziness. Sez he, "gentlemen our finanses are hi now, but thay wont be hi long, ef we keep a borroin at thee rate of a million a year. But" — (heer most of thee invited gests, et settery, spied me a siten in thee korner and thee krowd kummensd to shout out "thats enuff Rodden,—lets heer Trimble's speech." The mayr trid to reestore order but thay woodn't listen to him, until finally he run over & requested me to restore kam to thee trubbled waters. Brushin thee champagne off my whiskers, ikummensd: "Gentlemen," sez i, "whare is Jakob Kalleper? i hev listend to thee soft sodder wich hez ben a throin round loose fur thee last 2 hours, & i hev not heerd Jakob's name menshand. When i look around this festive board & see Rodden & thee mayr together, & David & Bernard smilin on each uther, methinks thee lion and thee lam air a lyin down to gether wunse more." Sez i, "there is sum questions wich hez bin neglected here to day, & that is wooden raleroads, thee Bowport Asilum, & thee mountin park and villy lots." Sez i, "ef there's any villy lots to bee sold at less than kost prise i'm yoore man." Sez i, "gentlemen there hez bin much talk heer to day of grate finanseers, but i kant see thee diffikulty, there is a finansin where it is awl thee time a boryin & isshooing bonds. Mi Betsy sez thet borryin talent is a drug on thee markit. I tride that bizness fur sum time ontill mi kredit got stretchd too much. Thee grate finanseer is he who pays up thee principle by strikt ekonomy & dosent borry enny more. It sumtimes happens thet a fello gits rich bi runnin into det, and runnin away to thee Staits, but this is an excepshun to thee rule. But" sez i, "gentlemen a troose to those sad reflexshuns: in konnexshun with thee water question & thee waterworks, we must remember thet ef it hed not bin fur Jakob Kalleper, the steem ingine wood not heve bin in existense; ef shee is pumpin 15 strokes a minnute to day, Jakob is thee man who has done it, & as hee is the only man whoze helth hez not bin drunk to day i propose the same. The tost was drunk with enthoosiasm, but i notisd that Keefer & Lyman didnt look pleasd. The whole kumpany preferred to remane sitting, ez bi this time the wheel hows had bekum slippery. The mayr then kollid on Mr. Lesage for a speech but hee declined and insted thareof amusd thee invited gests by startin the Turbine & whistlin thee "Dead March in Saul," in strict time to her revolushuns; whareupon the kumpany separated in joyful humor, sum singin & sum showtin in various kees, & i left, feelin strongly that we hed awl had a pleasing episode. Yoores trooley, ZEKE TRIMBLE.



A TRUE LOVER'S KNOT.

#### COUNTRY MAGISTRATES IN TROUBLE.

The *Waterloo Advertiser* informs the country that the Magistrates in that section, propose to resign upon the introduction of the new Magistrates' Bill. DIOGENES refers to the debate in Parliament on the Bill, and sees "method in the madness" of the gentlemen who thus propose resignation. In the debate, Mr. Carter said the principles of the Bill "would tend to abate the abuses prevalent in the rural districts through the maladministration of the magistracy." Mr. Laberge "admitted that as a rule, the country magistrates were inefficient." The Premier said "that the existing system was worse than useless, because it led to many abuses, and brought the administration of the laws into contempt. All the magistrates were not inefficient, but scarcely a day elapsed without some grave complaint against the Magistracy or the Commissioners of Small Causes, and it was high time to put a stop to the anomalous position."

Whereupon, DIOGENES, sitting quietly in his Tub, reasoneth thus: Surely these same country Magistrates thoroughly understand the well-worn axiom that "discretion is the better part of valor."

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR DIOGENES,—

If Mr. Thomas Storrow Brown deserves the laudations bestowed upon him by the *Witness*, for aiding to incite the rebellion (that's the word), and running away at St. Charles; what is to be said of the loyal volunteers who gave their time and means and lives to repress that rebellion?

Perhaps they may, ere long, gather a hint from the result it is said to have produced.

ONE OUT IN '37



LONDON ASSURANCE.

FAIR CREATURE.—“DO YOU KNOW WHO THOSE TWO ARE MR. JONES?”  
 JONES.—(A RECENT ARRIVAL FROM THE LAND OF COCKAIGNE,) “HAW!  
 NO! TWO COLONISTS I S’POSE!”

THAT GLASS-EYE.

DIOGENES is always ready to publish in his columns a reply from any one who thinks that the Cynic has treated him unfairly. It is on this principle that he voluntarily reprints the following singular letter addressed

To the Editor of the Quebec Morning Chronicle:

RESPECTED SIR,—I am the afflicted boy with regard to whom some amusing remarks were made in the *Diogenes* newspaper respecting a glass-eye, which remarks you copied. It is true that I am unfortunately deprived of an eye, having undergone a painful operation skilfully performed by Dr. Racey, of this city, and that I have solicited assistance to procure a glass-eye in its place. My printed card, which I have presented to many charitably disposed persons, contains a misstatement to the effect that the glass-eye would cost \$92, a sum which bears the mark of a mistake on its face, the figures having been transposed, and they ought to have been \$29, including the cost of a journey to Boston. If I should fail to obtain the sum required, it will be necessary for me to look for some light employment which my weak health might enable me to bear,

for my daily bread, and I am hopeful that you would not desire to injure a poor boy, the son of a widowed mother, or to prejudice me in the public mind, and I shall be greatly indebted to you if you will kindly refer to Dr. Racey, and the Hon. E. Hale, and Jos. G. Robertson, Esq., M.P.P., who know me well as to my character for honesty, and sobriety and conduct.

Respectfully yours,  
 CORTEZ HALL.

Quebec, April 2, 1869.

DIOGENES cannot allow this document to pass into oblivion without a few words of comment and explanation. It seems to insinuate that he has unfeelingly sported with physical misfortune, and that he desires to injure an “afflicted boy,” “a poor boy, the son of a widowed mother,” or to “prejudice him in the public mind.” The Cynic earnestly repudiates this charge of heartlessness. He is able to affirm as truthfully as the poet Cowper:

“I would not enter on my list of friends  
 (Though graced with polished manners and  
 fine sense,  
 Yet wanting sensibility) the man  
 Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm;”  
 But he despises cant and charlatanism.

The facts connected with the case of Cortez Hall are as follows:—

DIOGENES printed, in a former number, a facsimile of a card that had been sent to him by a friend in Quebec. The letter enclosing it stated that the youthful proprietor of the card “had thoroughly canvassed the city,” but with what success was not mentioned. There can, however, be little doubt that many benevolent persons would contribute to further the designs of the following memorandum:

SHERBROOKE, 1st. March, 1869.

The Bearer, Cortez A. Hall, whose health is not good, solicits subscriptions to raise the sum of \$92.00, to enable him to go to Boston to purchase a Glass Eye. He has already raised the sum of \$13.00.

*The Lord Loveth a Cheerful Giver.*

DIOGENES offered a few remarks on this “card,” in the course of which he stated, on good authority, “that the best artificial eye manufactured in New York could be purchased for the small sum of \$10.” Now, what is the nature of Cortez A. Hall’s reply to the Cynic’s statement? He writes: “My printed card, which I have presented to many

charitably-disposed persons, contains a mis-statement to the effect that the glass-eye must cost \$92,” &c: but with respect to this paragraph, DIOGENES cannot help saying, it is strange, in the first place, that a mistake involving \$63 on the right side should have been made by Cortez Hall’s printer, and it is stranger still that Hall himself never rectified the error on the card, or explained to those to whom he presented it that \$16 only, was the sum required. How stands the case now? What sum is still wanting to make up the \$16? DIOGENES is a poor man himself, but if Cortez A. Hall will furnish him with a detailed statement that he has collected only so much, the Philosopher undertakes to forward to him, without delay, the sum still needed for the purchase of this memorable eye. In return for the slight aid thus cheerfully proffered, DIOGENES expressly stipulates that no more cards are to be circulated by “the afflicted boy.”



## THE QUEBEC RINK.

ENSIGN PIPESTEM *WILL* WEAR KNICKERBOCKERS.

FAIR CREATURE No. 1.—“EMILY, DO LOOK!”

Do. No. 2.—“I WONDER HE DOES NOT PUT SAW-DUST INTO THEM!”

Do. No. 3.—“WHY, MINE ARE BETTER THAN THOSE!” (Oh!)

## ESSAYS ON SOCIAL SUBJECTS.

No. 7.

## “HOSS VOLOSSOPEEDISTES.”

I thinks volossopeedistes is darn phools. They is peepo who thinks they can make finer hosses out of their byesikles, as they calls em, than hosses theirselves. These hoss volossopeedes was fust bred in French Paris. Guess they is in Montreal *bread* to severil enterprisin pussons. I went Wensday to the Xtial Paliss to a Masky Raid at the Volossopeede Rink. The Masky Raid was durin the balmy evenin hoors. The Xtial Paliss was lited gorgus for the occashun. The Band of the gallant defenders of our sakred soyle, was discoursin eloquent. The Buty and fashun of the richest sitty of Kanady, was a lendin their backs to enrich the granjur of the seen, their faces bein over the balasstraid lookin at the hoss volossopeedistes, who was engaged below in making phools of theirselves. One egrejus muff was drest up as a Nite in Armor. His head was clothed in a tin sawsepan, while other parts of his body was shrouded in dish covers, jelly molds, warmin pans, drippin pans and other domestik utencils in the hardware line. His costoom was appropriate, as he koud have supplied his own drippin, probobul. Sum peepo conjectured him to be a Crossaider from the Bowery Theatre, let loos for the occashun, and other said he was an advertisement from Klandennin. He was in my opinion a French “*Battery de Quesine*,” bein a milintery man. He rushed out and in trajik tones cried, “Bring

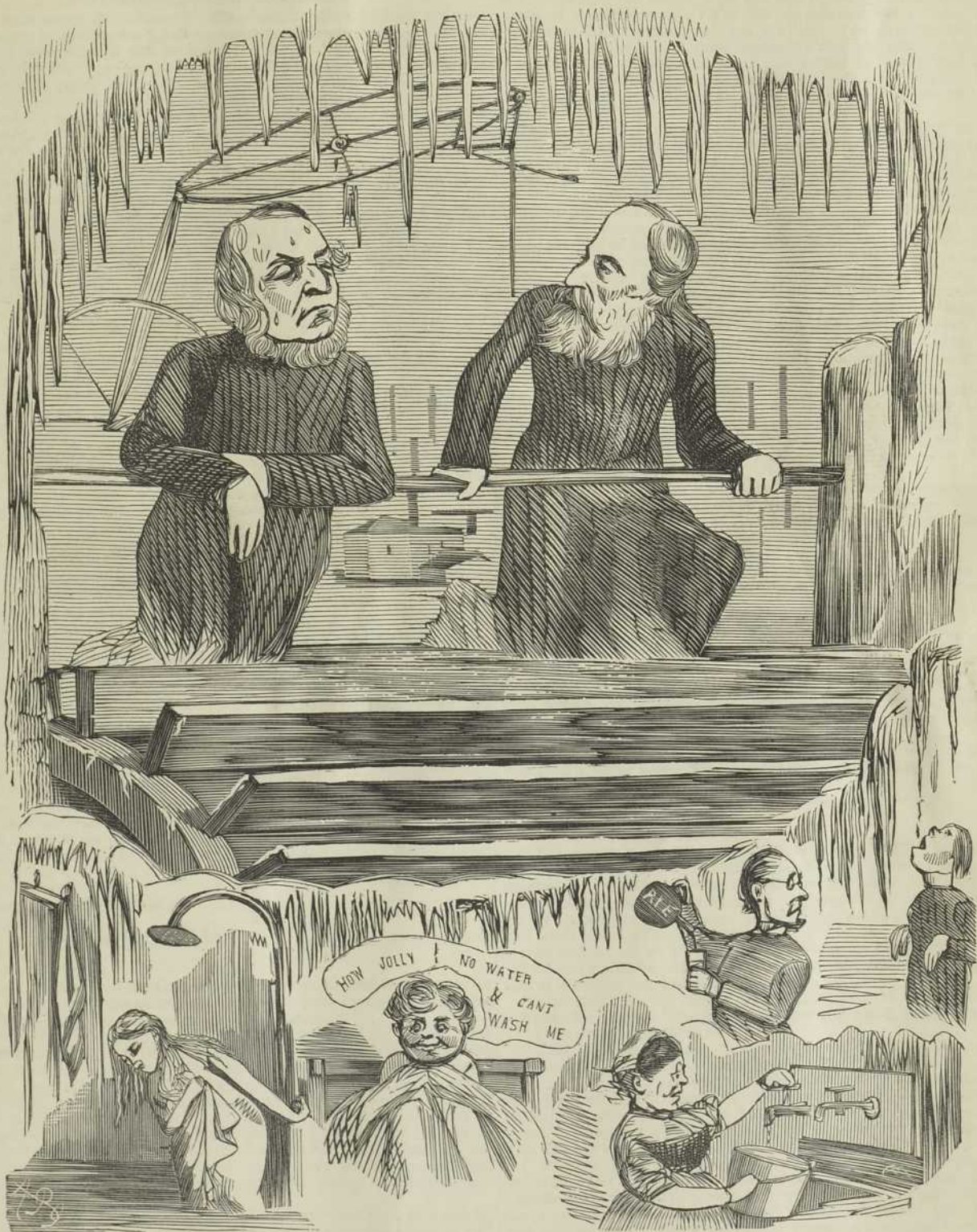
forth the fiery untamed byesikle,” and was speedily carrierin’ in front of the admirin’ awjence. He was folloed by two klowns, two colored niggers in seedy and unrespectybul garments and one gentlemen intended to repycent his Satanic Majesty. I have herd of the “Devil on two Stix,” but didn’t think to see him run on 2 weels. This gentlemen had an unfortnit’ axydent doorin the evenin, losin one half his tayle. He intends growin a new one next summier, the present bein his “Winter’s Tayle,” as I was informed by the ghoste of Billiam Shaikspeer, who was also presunt. There was also a gentlemen from the Emyruld gemm of England’s crown; a Yankee from the hubb of the New England States (who distingwished hissself konsidyribul), and another fello. I asked a Kanady Frenchman standin’ by me who he was. He informed me he was a *sacree goddam rosibif Angleesh chien boule dogue*. All these peepo kontinued to make phools of theirselves some half hoors. The band then plaid “God Save the Queen,” and I made trax.

No more hossvolossopeedism for me.

PELEG PLUG.

## THE RULING PASSION STRONG.

A poor Frenchman who had an incurable *penchant* for *jeux de mots* was lately taken to the Hotel Dieu. During his illness he was visited by a friend, who anxiously said to him, “Permetts-moi de te demander si tu es bien avec Dieu?” “Apparemment,” replied the invalid, “puisqu’il me donne un appartement dans son hôtel.”

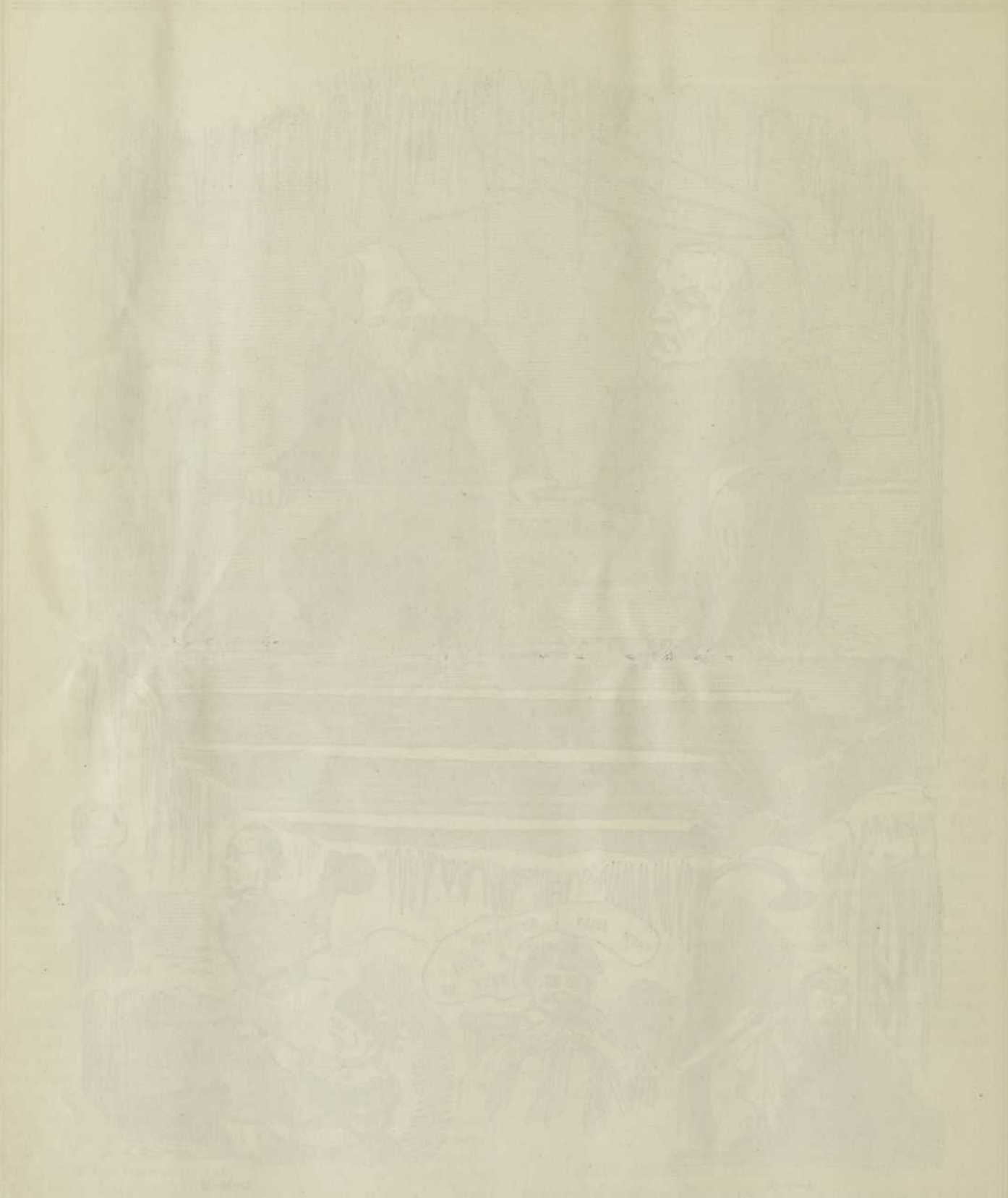


A-T-R

L-M-N

### THE WHEEL OF TRIBULATION.

Respectfully dedicated to the opponents of Steam Power in connection with the Montreal Water Works.



THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE

Illustration of the Wheel of Fortune, showing the various stages of human life and the influence of chance.

## "MY HAT."

A YANKEE TALE.

*(Continued from the last number.)*

We went to see the ladies off. They were profuse in their acknowledgements of the service I had rendered them, applauded *my valour* to the echo, wished me a safe return, bade me good bye; they altogether behaved in a very gracious and a very pretty manner. We returned to the General's residence and the first thing I saw was—*my hat*.

The General begged me to give him five minutes to glance over the orders of the day, and then he would show me round the place, "which will prove a very hot chestnut indeed, if the Yankees should try to lay hold of it," said he.

He did, as promised; he took me over the quarters of the troops garrisoning the town; through the encampments outside, along the lines of fortifications, dilating glowingly, on the strength of the one, and the numbers of the other, as we progressed. Ignorant as I am of matters military, I still felt great interest in what I saw; but I could not help thinking, though I said nothing, that a great deal had been done for service and *little* for show. I hope no enemy of the Confederacy will reverse these opinions. Our inspection was one of business to the General, for he ordered several changes in the position of regiments, the construction of new works and alterations in others, occupying thus nearly the whole of the day.

Arrived home, the General took me into his cabinet, and, very politely, requested me to amuse myself with the newspapers, while he looked at his correspondence. My mind was too much pre-occupied to allow me to bestow attention on what I was reading, and I frequently found myself glancing, furtively, at the General, as he ran over his letters. Several times I observed his brow assume a very severe aspect. He divided his letters into packets as he went on, and when he had finished, he took one in his hand, looking at me seriously and enquiringly. "My friend," said he, "you see these letters (there was about a dozen of them,) their contents grieve and alarm me beyond expression: they one and all, though varying much in particulars, *denounce you as a Federal spy*."

I sprung, involuntarily, from my seat, filled with horror and affright: "A Federal spy?"—this was all I could utter.

"It is too true that they *say so*; and some of them refer to your connection with Mr. Dubeledge of New York, and others, and to your taking passage to Cuba with Commodore W—kes."

"Oh! what a position has my folly betrayed me into! The lord have mercy on me! I am no more a spy, General, than you are. But *I am* an idiot, and if I do not soon get back to Canada I shall be a madman. Pray, General, protect and save me!"

"Calm yourself, sir, calm yourself. I tell you, and without reservation, though certain circumstances, to say the least, look very suspicious, that I do not believe the accusation. And, though it were otherwise, you have laid me under an eternal obligation, and I pledge my honor—if necessary my life—for your safety. But something must be done, and quickly; you are in danger here, even under my roof; the tender mercies of the Federals have been such, that in a case where revenge offered itself, and blood could be had for blood, my commands might be despised. Give me a short time for reflection and you shall be saved."

On that we went to dinner; with what appetite, as far as I was concerned, may well be imagined. Our meal was a gloomy affair; I could not eat; the General, though polite, was silent and serious, almost stern. When we had concluded, my host asked me these questions:

"Can you row?"

I answered in the affirmative.

"Can you swim?"

Is it surprising that I reverted back to Sir Marmaduke and the scene on the Ottawa?

I replied as before.

"That will do," said the General. "Please excuse me for a couple of hours, while I make the arrangements necessary for your escape. In the meantime, do not quit the apartment for a moment."

During the General's absence, my reflections were not of the most agreeable character. I beheld myself in a fearful predicament, and escape doubtful in the extreme. I cursed my folly, but was not much relieved by the process. The idea, now present in my mind, was—'what next? what next?'—and, what about my rowing?—was it designed that I should row through or round the blockading fleet, and trust to being picked up at sea; or was it thought that I could make my way to the North in a wager boat. It was, probably, contemplated that I should swim through one or other of these feats; these people seemed mad enough for anything. The General's return put a stop to reflection and conjecture.

"I have completed my arrangements," said he, "and trust they will be attended with success; a great deal depends on your own coolness and resolution. Are you ready to accompany me?"

I was quite ready.

Having adopted disguises, the General led the way to the back part of the house, and there we found a common country cart. "Please to get in," said my companion, "and remember, not a word to be spoken during our progress."

We drove off, and passing through several streets, were soon outside the town. I could see that we were going over unfrequented lanes and

by-roads; the object seemed to be to avoid military posts, especially. We had driven, as near as I could estimate, by time and pace, about six miles, but the lights in the town indicated that we were not, in a direct line, more than two away. The General pulled up on the beach, at the outlet of a small creek. "The critical moment has arrived," he said, "no hesitation or timidity, or you are lost. You see the boat that lies there; she is the fastest thing we have; and you perceive the lights, seaward: those are the blockaders; they draw in to the land at night. Lose not a moment; jump into the boat and row off to them. You will be cordially welcomed there, be sure; if anything happens to the boat, swim."

The moment I was out of the cart, the General drove off at a rapid pace. If I say that I was bewildered, in no small degree, at my situation, I shall be believed, I daresay. I jumped into the boat and seized the oars, but I had scarcely pushed off when I heard the heavy tramp of infantry at the double. It was a bright moonlight night, and I had not got more than a hundred yards from the shore, when, at the lowest computation, an entire battalion stood, in line, on the beach. I heard the ring of the ramrods, the click of the locks and the word of command. A volley was fired and the bullets struck the water on both sides of me. Another, another, and another succeeded, but I was as yet untouched and was fast drawing out of range. I flattered myself that this danger was at an end; but the next instant the shore batteries opened and a hundred guns were pounding away at a poor little yawl, and at a poor devil, who had never before seen warfare in a fiercer shape than in bloodless contests between a minister and an opposition leader. But, strange as it may appear to those who know me, my courage rose with the occasion, and I rowed on with might and main. The existence of this narrative is a proof that the balls spared me. I observed a great commotion in the blockading fleet; I could hear them getting up their anchors, and across the waters came the sound of their drums beating to quarters. On I rowed, but was suddenly pulled up by the challenge: "Who goes there?"

"Turning round, I saw a whole fleet of boats, rowing shorewards, with all haste, and from the foremost of these came the challenge. They were soon around me, and scores of cutlasses glistened in the moon-beams. I daresay I was looked upon as a most singular apparition.

"Answer the challenge," exclaimed a stern voice.

"You want to know who I am; I don't think I can tell you. A few weeks ago I fancied myself a quiet Canadian citizen, but now I am doubtful of everything,—including my own identity."

"What's the meaning of the firing in shore?"

"They were firing at me."

"Firing at you?"

"Yes."

"This is a curious piece of business, said the officer. Make the egg-shell fast to our boat and row to the fleet. The starboard division go further in shore and look about; the larboard, keep close around us till we get alongside."

As we neared the flag-ship, to which the boat I was made fast to belonged, a voice which I afterwards found to be that of the Captain, hailed,—*"Lieutenant, what have you there?"*

"We picked up a boat and a man, sir, rowing off shore."

"What were they firing at?"

"At our prize, so he says."

"The mountain was labouring and you have caught the mouse." The Captain, it appears, was a reputed wit and endeavoured to sustain his reputation. "Get him aboard and let's see what he's like."

As soon as I touched the deck, the Captain, with an ill-concealed smile, for my appearance by no means justified the waste of ammunition that had taken place, addressed me:—

"Be so kind, sir, as to inform me who and what you are."

I related my name, country, and, with an indignation that I really felt, told of the office that had been assigned to me.

"How long have you been in Savannah?" was the next question.

I gave the number of hours and, as near as I could, the minutes.

"How did you get there?"

"That, Captain," I said, "can only be understood by the relation of my adventures, and that is a long tale."

"And no doubt a sad one," said the captain; "I am impressed with the idea that it will terminate at the yard arm." He ordered me to follow him below, and directed 'all Captains to be signalled to come on board.' "Steward, give this fellow a stiff glass of grog. *In vino veritas*." The Captain was a scholar as well as a wit.

I drank my grog, leisurely and sedately, like a man perfectly resigned to his fate, and my enjoyment was not interrupted by conversation. The Captain was, ostensibly, occupied in glancing over certain documents; really, in directing searching, though furtive, glances at me. I had not long finished my tumbler when the last Captain arrived, and I was ordered to proceed with my statement. I was desired, in no very milky terms, above all things to regard truth and explicitness, and, next in order, brevity.

I had no object for concealment, equivocation, or distortion. I gave a full, true, and succinct narrative of my adventures, from the hour of my making the acquaintance of Sir Marmaduke, to the moment of my arrival on board their ship.

*(To be continued.)*

## SUUM CUIQUE.

In a letter, which was recently addressed to the *Daily Witness* by the Rev. T. H. Harrison, the following words occur :

Tom Hood shamed us out of our English fashion of treating dead paupers, by singing,

"Rattle his bones over the stones,  
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns."

In attributing these lines to Tom Hood, Mr. Harrison has exercised his critical judgment rather than relied upon his knowledge or his memory. He has consequently been betrayed into a pardonable error. The verses have apparently upon them the "image and superscription" of Hood; but they were in reality written by Mr. Thomas Noel, a slight account of whom may be found in Miss Mitford's "Recollections of a Literary Life." The song, of which they form the refrain, is entitled "The Pauper's Drive," and as it is probably but little known in the Dominion of Canada, DIOGENES honours his own pages by transcribing in full :

## THE PAUPER'S DRIVE.

There's a grim one-horse hearse in a jolly round trot,  
To the churchyard a pauper is going, I wot;  
The road it is rough, and the hearse has no springs,  
And hark to the dirge that the sad driver sings :

"Rattle his bones over the stones;  
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns."

Oh! where are the mourners? Alas! there are none;  
He has left not a gap in this world now he's gone;  
Not a tear in the eye of child, woman, or man;—  
"To the grave with his carcase, as fast as you can."

Rattle, &c.

What a jolting and creaking and splashing and din!  
The whip how it cracks, and the wheels how they spin!  
How the dirt right and left o'er the hedges is hurled!  
The pauper at length makes a noise in the world!

Eattle, &c.

Poor pauper defunct! he has made some approach  
To gentility, now that he's stretched in a coach;  
He's taking a drive in his carriage, at last,  
But it will not be long, if he goes on so fast.

Rattle, &c.

But a truce to this strain, for my soul it is sad,  
To think that a heart in humanity clad,  
Should make, like the brutes such a desolate end,  
And depart from the light without leaving a friend.

Bear softly his bones over the stones;  
Though a pauper, he's one whom his Maker yet owns."

There is a strong element of sarcasm in this ballad, which is not to be found in those compositions of Hood, that belong to the same school of poetry, viz.: "The Song of the Shirt," "The Bridge of Sighs," and "The Lady's Dream." It bears a far closer resemblance to the burning force of Ebenezer Elliot, or the passionate indignation of Gerald Massey. It might also have been written by the late Ernest Jones, whose bitter but earnest ballads are almost unknown on this side of the Atlantic. A Westminster Reviewer in 1855, writing on the subject of "Ballads of the People," thus characterizes Mr. Noel's poem:

"The Pauper's Drive" is of great power, and combines sad truths with a kind of terrible humor. Very much after the manner of Hood, himself. We could not persuade a certain authoress—the most eminent of our acquaintance—but that it was "Hood's own."

Mr. Harrison, it appears therefore, was not singular in attributing this remarkable poem to the author of "The Dream of Eugene Aram."

## ZOOLOGICAL.

The divisions existing in Zoology are not so very unlike our own, as is commonly believed. She has her little Deers capering about as well as we, and her young Bucks are as assiduous in their attentions as our own. Although without a Stock Exchange, she has her Bulls and her Bears; the science of mathematics is represented by an An Adder, and a *Roe-buck* performs the duty of waterman. She has fewer Donkeys than we have perhaps, but, like us, Zoology has still a Mare in every city. Puppies are common to her and to us, and Tapirs are found in those countries where kerosene has not been introduced. Mr. A., we are told, is a little "shrimp," Mr. B, "a goose," Mr. C., a "sly old fox," and Mr. D. "an owl." We have our Lions, of course, many of whom roar as loudly and with as much sense as the weaver of Athens, and the eccentricities of our Pigeons and our Crows is always a popular theme with the best of novel writers. We feel on this subject like Newton on another. We have discovered a few pebbles, but the vast ocean lies undiscovered at our feet.

## "FUNNIGRAMS."

Of minor literary compositions, the one which seems to give most trouble to writers is—an advertisement. Here is a quaint specimen, culled from the columns of the *London Guardian*:

Wanted, by an Incumbent of a small agricultural parish near Cambridge, dry and very healthy, a Locum Tenens, for two months. Remuneration—furnished house and two maid-servants, and 1*l.* a week. Address N., "Guardian" Office, 5, Burleigh-street, Strand, W.C.

The following, from the *Athenaeum* of March 13th, eulogises an old fiddle in terms that would do honour to a human being:

For Sale, a Violin of high character, by Joseph Guarnerius. May be seen at the Royal Library, No. 1, St. James-street.

Had the musical instrument advertised been a humble banjo, it would probably have been described as "of low character." "Strange," as John Byrom remarked more than a century ago,

"Strange, all this difference should be  
"Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee!"

## E PLURIBUS UNUS.

The *Quebec Chronicle* a few days ago, stated the following unseemly fact: "Our legislators met on the 20th January, have since taken a fortnight's holiday, and at the beginning of April ask only \$600 a man." This, it calculates, is only an increase of \$150 a man, or but \$12 a day for a session of fifty days; or nearly \$14 for a session of forty-five days, in which all the work might have been done. But there is one gentleman, whose "noble conduct" is duly recognized in the same journal. Mr. Joly, the Leader of the Opposition, has refused to accept his Parliamentary indemnity, amounting to \$600. In this venal and money-grubbing age, it is rare to find an instance of even a small pecuniary sacrifice like this. All honour then to Mr. Joly. DIOGENES proposes a bumper to his health, and suggests that it be accompanied with musical honours, "For he's a Joly good fellow," &c., &c.

**CONFECTIONERS.**

JUST RECEIVED.

**B**OXES of "SOMEBODY'S LUGGAGE."

Also,

CHOCOLATE CREAM-DROPS, and all kinds of CAMELS, Fresh, Daily.

CHAS. ALEXANDER & SON,  
391 Notre Dame Street.

**REQUISITION TO HIS WORSHIP**

**WILLIAM WORKMAN, Esq.**  
MAYOR OF MONTREAL.

**SIR**,—We, the undersigned, respectfully request you to call a PUBLIC MEETING at an early date, to take into consideration the lately imposed DUTY of FIVE PER CENT., upon all BOOKS, religious or otherwise, imported into the Dominion, with a view to its Repeal, and that you kindly consent to take the chair on that occasion.

- We are, Sir,  
Yours respectfully,  
CHARLES ALEXANDER,  
HENRY LYMAN,  
HUGH ALLAN,  
W. W. OGILVIE,  
GEO. A. DRUMMOND,  
JOHN YOUNG,  
GEORGE MOFFATT,  
ALEX. MCGIBBON,  
R. C. JAMIESON,  
H. A. NELSON,  
A. WALKER,  
JOHN DOUGALL,  
EDW. GOFF PENNY,  
T. STERRY HUNT, LL.D.  
J. W. DAWSON, LL.D.  
WM. H. HINGSTON, M.D.  
JOHN STIRLING.

In compliance with the above Requisition, I hereby call a PUBLIC MEETING, to be held at the HALL of the MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, on TUESDAY, the 13th instant, at HALF-PAST SEVEN o'clock in the Evening.

WILLIAM WORKMAN,  
MAYOR.

MAYOR'S OFFICE,  
Montreal, April 6, 1869.

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CANADA SUGAR REFINERY,  
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THE CHEAPEST FUEL.

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Maple, Birch and Beech for sale, cheap, in the Yard at the Corner of St. Mary and Barclay Streets, opposite the Government Wood Yard.  
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Very Moderate Rates of Premium.  
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- Exemption of Assured from Liability of Partnership.
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- Forfeiture of Policy cannot take place from Unintentional Mis-statement.
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*W. E. Scott, M.D., Medical Examiner.*  
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**CANADA LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,**

obtain a year's additional profits over later entrants, and the great success of the Company warrants the Directors in recommending this very important advantage to Assurers.  
Sums Assured.....\$5,300,000  
Amount of Capital and Funds.....2,000,000  
Annual Income.....200,000  
Assets of about \$150 (exclusive of uncalled capital) for each \$100 of liabilities. The income from interest upon investments is now alone sufficient to meet the claims by death.  
Every information afforded by  
**DONALD MURRAY,**  
GENERAL AGENT,  
77 St. James Street.

**INSURANCE.**

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

THE following STATEMENT of the AFFAIRS of this COMPANY, on the 31st day of December, 1868, is published in conformity with the provisions of its Charter:—

**ASSETS,**

31ST DECEMBER, 1868.

Cash in Banks.....	\$123,801 16	
United States Stock..	441,575 09	
Stocks of States and Corporations, and Loans on demand	162,517 09	\$727,893 24
Subscription Notes (of which \$254,826.20 are not yet used)..	565,101 35	
Bills Receivable, Uncollected Premiums and Salvages.	293,824.21	
Accrued Interest and Unsettled Accounts.....	22,458 50	881,384 06
Total amount of Assets..	\$1,609,277 30	

The Board of Trustees have resolved to pay Six per cent. Interest on the outstanding Scrip Certificates to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on or after the 1st March next.

After allowing for probable losses in the case of vessels out of time, and unsettled claims, they have also (in addition to a Bonus of Ten per cent. paid in cash on the Subscription Notes) declared a Dividend, free from Government Tax, of Twenty-five per cent. on the net amount of Earned Premiums of the year ending 31st December, 1868, for which Certificates will be issued, on and after the 1st March next, to Dealers entitled to the same.

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

By order of the Board,  
**CHARLES IRVING, Secretary.**

**TRUSTEES.**

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

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

**NOTICE.**

This Company issue, when desired, Policies and Certificates, payable in London and Liverpool, at the Counting Rooms of Messrs. DRAKE, KLEINWORT & COHEN.

The undersigned continues to receive applications for Open and Special Policies, and to effect Insurances on Ships, Cargoes, and Freights, with the above well known Company, payable in Gold or Canadian Funds.

**HENRY MCKAY,**  
No. 1 Merchants' Exchange.

Montreal, Feb. 4, 1869.

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From  
FIFTY TO EIGHTY CENTS,  
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From  
FIFTY CENTS TO ONE DOLLAR,  
Fine to Superfine.

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FORTY CENTS TO ONE DOLLAR,  
AT THE  
**INDIA & CHINA TEA COMPANY,**  
23 HOSPITAL STREET.  
In Boxes of  
FIVE LBS.  
and upwards.  
*Observe the Trade Mark on each Package.*

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The MONTREAL TEA COMPANY, 6 HOSPITAL STREET, MONTREAL, Importers, send, carriage free, on receipt of the Cash, or payable to Express on delivery, Four 5 lb. Packages, Two 12 lb., or One 25 lb., and Half-chests. Silver taken at par. The usual premium for Notes sent by Post for Teas, added to the order. No Dyes to make them look well, or poisonous matter in the Teas sold by this Company; all are warranted healthy and pure. Where there are no Express Offices, Teas are sent to the nearest station. Send on your orders. Everybody speaks well of the Tea. Common Congou—Broken Leaf, 35c.; Fine English Breakfast, 50c., 60c., and 65c.; Finest Sonchong, a rare English Breakfast Tea, 75c.; Japan, good, 50c. to 55c.; Fine, 60c. to 65c.; Very Finest, 75c.; (Green Tea), Young Hyson, 50c.; Fine, 60c. to 65c.; Very Fine, 85c.; Gunpowders, Twankays, Oolongs, and other Teas, equally cheap, quality considered. Beware of Pedlars offering Teas in small quantities, as from this establishment.

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The Subscriber has been appointed Sole Agent in the Dominion for the sale of the PATENT ELASTIC SPONGE, an article which for softness, elasticity, and durability cannot be surpassed, and destined eventually to revolutionize the trade in curled hair, now becoming scarce and dear. It stands unrivalled for cleanliness, being entirely free from moth and insects, and not liable to decay. For church, car, and carriage cushions it is superior to hair, and as economical—one pound of sponge being equal to 14 lbs. hair. Mattresses and Pillows constantly on hand, or made to order at shortest notice. A liberal discount to the trade. Call and see for yourselves at the FURNITURE WAREHOUSES, Victoria Square. **GEO. ARMSTRONG.**  
G. A. is sole Agent in the Dominion for the sale of the beautifully finished Metallic cases patented by "Fisk," also the full Glass Casket, which has not yet been equalled elsewhere.

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LIBERAL TERMS TO THE TRADE.

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