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Vol. II.—No. 25.

MONTREAL, 29th OCTOBER, 1869.

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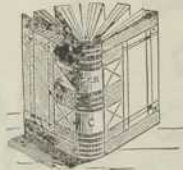
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DE VENOGE & CO.'S & BOUCHE FILS

CHAMPAGNES,

In 1/2 Pints, Pints, Quarts, and Magnums.

HENKELL & DEINHARD'S MOSELLES and HOCKS,

In Quarts and Pints.

SPARKLING AND STILL.

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HAVANA CIGARS.

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Our usual large importation of CLAN TARTAN SILK SCARFS, now on view, including:-

- The "ARGYLE,"
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Also, a magnificent Stock of TIES and SCARFS of the Latest Fall Styles—the "Prince," "Elcho," and "Promenade" being particularly choice.

The Latest Designs in Dress Shirts for the Coming Season.

W. GRANT & CO.,

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151 St. James' Street.

MRS. MACGROOTHER ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

"What do I think of Woman's Rights and the despotism of man? Indeed, neighbour, I think woman always has had plenty of rights when she had the sense to use them, and as for man's despotism, I never came across much of it in my day. This Mr. Stuart Mill"—

"Ah!" we interrupted, "now you see the application of our remark the other day. "Mister" is all right for him; he is not a great man like DIOGENES."

"He talks a terrible deal of nonsense, like you, for all that; but this book of his, in my judgment, is the direst stuff I ever read. Sandy and I read the most of it by spells, time about. He is as husky as an auctioneer ever since, and I am pretty hoarse myself, but we both slept sound after the exertion. There is nothing so good for sleep as a dry book; it wearies both soul and body, and sends you to bed without a single idea to distract your attention from the business of rest."

"So the ladies in general," we asked, "thus judge of Mr. Mill's efforts on their behalf?"

"Ladies in general," said Mrs. Macgroother, "never read such books. The young ones have bonnets, and "bends," and beaux, and balls to think of; the old ones have their bairns, born,—or to be born,—their servants and their marketings, their houses and their husbands to look after; and, if any time remains on hand, they read something that they know nothing about. They are not such fools as to read what they all know better than any *he* that ever was."

"That," said DIOGENES, "is not encouraging for the writers who work on behalf of the fair sex."

"If a man," was the reply, "writes a book for women to read, let it be on some subject that he understands, or has seen, or let it be a good novel; but when he writes about women, he may be sure they will not read his lucubrations. The men will, though, and much good it does them. Buffon wrote a capital book about birds and beasts, but I suppose ye never heard of an elephant reading it? Besides, it is an old, old story, and I never saw anything worth remembering that had been written on the subject."

"Not what the Apostle of the Gentiles wrote?"

"St. Paul certainly wrote about us, but he tells us that it was his own ideas only; in fact, he felt that inspiration left him whenever he got among the lassies. You men are always flinging him in our teeth, but you forget the conclusion, which is, in my opinion, a kind of apology for what he had said. He was soon left to himself when he meddled with us. Do you think he was a married man?"

"We never heard of his wife," we replied.

"That's nothing," said our gossip; "few men speak much of their wives, but it's my opinion that he was married, and that his wife came in with the 'creepie' and made him make the explanation he did,—that all about women was out of his own head!"

"We never thought of that argument," we replied, "but now that you mention it, perhaps his wife might have been the thorn in the flesh that so tormented him."

"No doubt, no doubt," said she; "it's just the way ye all speak behind our backs, but, as I was saying, there is nothing new in this talk about Woman's Rights. There is an old song, written by our jolly King James, it is said, about this very dispute, in which the old farmer yields the plough to the wife, and he agrees to take the house work week-about with her. I wish, dear old DIOGENES, that I could find the song, but the gist of it is, that the wife ran the plough-point up against a stone, which sent her flying out the stitts; that the nigh horse would get over the traces, and that the off one would neither 'hup' nor 'gee.' Long before breakfast time she unyoked and came home; but, ere she had the horses in the stable, she heard a row in the byre, and, on looking in to

see what the matter was, she found that the gudeman had forgotten to tie the kicking cow, in consequence of which she had sent him, with his milk-pail, head-first into the gutter, where his wife found him covered with black muck and white milk, 'a pretty sight,' as the song has it, 'for the bairnies and me.' In the house, things were no better. The beds were just as she had left them; he had burned her broom sweeping in the fire-place; the porridge was scorched to the bottom of the pot, and smelt like a singed sheep's-head; one of the children had tumbled into the meal girdel; the youngest was lying in its cradle, squalling like mad. The moral was, 'the wife to the coo and the man to the pleugh;' and, in spite of Mr. Mill and all the Bloomers in Yankeedom, the world will never make a better arrangement."

"Not forgetting the 'creepie,'" we supposed.

"Oh, I am not wedded to the stool," said Mrs. Macgroother. "The beetle,—the potato beetle,—will do good service. Did ye never hear of Tommy Wauchup's wife and the minister at Cartdyke?"

We confessed our ignorance.

"I must tell you that story before I go—it's a true one too, as the gentleman who does the puns for the *Herald* will certify, for he knows all about Cartdyke, and will, perhaps, tell you how to spell the word.

"Tommy Wauchup's wife was a good woman as ever looked after a 'thrawn gudeman.' And he was very fond of bowls in Summer time, and curling in Winter. What his wife objected to was, that he never came home on the playing days till dusk, and always more or less under the influence of 'refreshments.' On these occasions, whenever she heard the returning steps of the truant, she had the beetle ready for him, and admonished him, as she called it. Tommy, to escape these practical proofs of her care for him, sometimes brought a friend home, calculating that, as her admonitions were only for his private use, she would hide the beetle in presence of a third party; and so she did. One night, after a pleasant evening and 'refreshing,' Tommy prevailed upon the Reverend Parish Minister,—a good bowler and curler too,—to go home and take a cup of tea with Mrs. Wauchup. The Minister was troubled with a corn, and wore list slippers, in consequence of which the wrathful wife, who, as usual, was waiting, beetle in hand, heard only the not over steady steps of Tommy. The door was opened, and, as a matter of course, the host politely showed the guest in first, upon whose head down came the beetle, and on the pavement down came the unlucky victim of the lady's displeasure!

"Bless me, Janet!" exclaimed the horrified husband, "ye've felled the Minister of Cartdyke."

"Oh! that's a pity," said she, coming forth with a candle, "but really, Tommy, I thought it was yersel."

"Physical force then is your favorite method of enforcing your authority, and resisting man's despotism?"

"Oh no!" was the answer of Mrs. Macgroother, while fixing her shawl preparatory to leaving us, "Oh dear, no! as well say that the gallows were the only means of preserving the public peace. Our husbands soon learn to yield to gentle and constant persuasion, knowing, of course, that the "creepie" is quite at hand;—it is, in fact, our *ultima ratio* only.

MIRABILE DICTU!

Our Local Fountains of Justice threatens to be frozen up.—*Daily News*.

What a shame! To freeze up in such bad English, too! Who are they? DIOGENES has not the pleasure of knowing any of them; but if friends of the *News*, he pities them, of course. The Cynic would advise them at once to apply to the Water Committee, and put a mustard plaister on, in the meantime.

LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY.

DIOGENES respectfully requests the Rev. Robert Collyer to read up a little about Canada before he visits it again. The Cynic is not acquainted with the *Liberal Christian* of Chicago, from which paper a morning contemporary extracts his letter. But if this is to be considered a specimen of liberal Christianity, he prefers calling it by its right name, which is,—flippant ignorance :

"Canada," says the rev. gentlemen, is "a country without a history." Shades of Jacques Cartier, and Samuel de Champlain,—of Wolfe, and Montcalm! what think you of that? Should Mr. Collyer be curious, DIOGENES would recommend him to hunt up accounts of a little engagement about Queenston heights, and of another one near Chateauguay, in both of which actions, his own countrymen became materials of history.

Now for the next joke :—

"A curious illustration of the condition of Canada is her coin. In a lot of pennies that got into my pocket in the course of a week, there was as strange a medley as we used to pick up in the petty kingdoms of Germany. One penny went back almost 200 years, and bore the image of William III.,—Macaulay's great man,—and it seemed to have had quite an easy time."

On this occasion Mr. Collyer was anything but smart. William III. half-pence are not common in Montreal. Had Mr. C. walked into the DIOGENES office, the Cynic would have given him ten cents for the specimen in question, and probably some enthusiastic Orangeman would have offered a dollar for it. A curious illustration of the United States is *her* coin. During a recent visit to New York, DIOGENES could not get any coin at all! The shin-plasters, which were the substitute, seemed to have had anything but an *easy* time of it. It may be very absurd, but the Cynic prefers specie even of a miscellaneous character. By the way, many people now alive can remember when specie really was current in the States. In those times, almost every silver and copper coin of the world was current there. English shillings, sixpences, and half-pence,—Prussian five and ten groschen pieces, Austrian kreutzers, French francs and sous, and a quantity of hardly-decipherable Spanish pillar, eighths and sixteenths of a dollar, under the name of York shillings and sixpences. These halcyon days are passed away. Those who live in paper houses should not throw stones at metal!

We next read :—

"The public library in Montreal would be no credit to a fourth-rate American city. Rochester would be ashamed of it. New Bedford very far surpasses it. It is clear that, as yet, the Canadians have felt no need of the vast advantage that comes to a great city from a great library."

If this is meant for satire, we deserve it; but DIOGENES would much like to know where the "Public Library" is. He never before knew that there was even one to be ashamed of.

We next hear that there is "no duty to pay on English books." This is rich, when we remember the excitement of last year on the subject.

Our French Canadian brethren come in for their share :—

"Their only excitement is, now and then, a jug of infernal whiskey, for which a number will club together of a Saturday night."

Where are these clubs held?

One more quotation :—

"The newspapers in Canada are far superior to ours in print and paper. If there was any thing in them worth reading they would be delightful to read, but they always remind you of a handsome, well-dressed man without brains."

We would send Mr. Collyer the next number of DIOGENES where we not afraid of receiving the *Liberal Christian* as an exchange!

CHIPS.

SPLINTER THE SIXTH.

"HIGH OLD TIMES IN HAYTI."

"Gold had advanced at Port-au-Prince to \$1.800 Haytien paper money for \$1 gold. The President had all the Government brokers arrested and thrown into prison, charging that they were the cause of gold advancing so frightfully, and to punish these men he had some twenty of them sent to the army in the south to fight. After this gold fell in three days to \$1.200. In consequence of the advance in gold, dry goods and provisions were at fabulous prices—a barrel of pork \$55,000, a box of smoked herrings \$550, a box of soap \$2,600, and so forth. Salnave has been sick, and it was feared that the bad news about the steamers would make him worse."—*N. Y. Sun, Oct. 22.*

Hayti, my dear DIOGENES, isn't, by any means, "the land of green ginger" the poet lauds; in fact, I could better tell you what it isn't than what it is. For instance, it isn't that

"Land of pure delight where omelettes grow on trees,
And roasted pigs run, crying out, 'come eat me if you please.'"

You can't eat pork there, unless you've recently come into property, or do a good patent-medicine business, and, even then, "*Cave Trichina!*"

Everything in the Dominion, however, had been very dull, and I had waited so long for "something to turn up" that I began to think that the normal state of "something" was decidedly flat. I had tried, and tried in vain, to get something or somebody "to do," and, in this Quixotic search after employment, had journeyed in wet weather and in dry; walked off as much shoe leather as would have roofed in the Drill Shed, and caught as many colds as, in the aggregate, would have frozen the South Pacific! But 'twas no use. At last I heard of Hayti;—that people lived there for absolutely nothing at all,—that, after Japan,—where they force money on one under pain of death,—it was "the very next thing,—and, happy climax! when I found that, *à la* Micawber, one's I. O. U. was sufficient settlement of tailors' bills and sundries, I felt that this was, indeed, a land of "*promise.*"

I immediately made my preparations; packed up my shirt, regardless of the "other one" that was held by my landlady as "collateral," and borrowed about \$101.35 off my dearest friend, while I went round the corner of the street—to New York.

Finally, as a "down-easter" would say, I got to Hayti. I landed on its "sea-girt shores" with exactly one hundred dollars of my own,—or rather, of my friend's,—(but why these subtle distinctions?)—in my pocket.

At Port-au-Prince, the first thing that met my eye was the following announcement:—"Gold has advanced to \$1800 paper for \$1 gold." "Hail, happy land," I sung. Son of soul! "get thee to a"—brokery. I entered with \$100.00; I emerged with \$180,000.00:—one hundred and eighty thousand dollars! Visions of landed proprietorship, a house on the Mountain, and a box at the opera, floated before my entranced imagination.

Here was wealth! "here was richness!"—as the late lamented Mr. Squeers used to say; here was the El Dorado of my boyhood's dreams! At last I was happy and satisfied. "Better, far better is affluence and contentment than cold adversity and beggary withal." And yet,—always that "and yet,"—there was something wanting,—my friends must share my wealth; let me invite my boon companions to a "spread." *Happy thought!* I will. With the speed of lightning, or an Express Train on the Grand Trunk, I rushed to the Salnave Hotel, ordered a carriage, and drove down to the steamer. There, on the "fo'castle," I found my comrades three, mournfully discussing the uncertainty attendant upon the chances of a dinner, with none of the needful forthcoming to pay for the same. "Boys," said I, "will you dine with me?"

Jack said, "*Would* he dine with me? *wouldn't* he! Harry laconically replied, "You bet!" while Charlie, who was at

once the wit and poet of the party, said nothing, but softly hummed a verse of the "Ham Fat Man."

What a glorious dinner! We had a sucking pig roasted whole, and some Haytien ortolans, "*Cachous Aromatises a deux temps*," whatever they may be.—(See Murray—Lindley, I mean.)—then wine all round to wind up with, and this over, Charlie, who is a Scotchman, suggested some "caller herrings and coffee." He said it was a peculiarity of his that when he couldn't get "red herrings and rum" he always went in for the "caller" species.

A quiet *siesta*, after dining and wining, filled an hour pleasantly,—the calm before the thunder-storm. With slippers and noiseless tread, that "*atra cura*" of a hotel dinner, in the shape of a black waiter, approaches, bows, and presents us with what the French call "*L'Addition*,"—the little bill!

Since then I have passed through many dangers. I have been hunting the wild buffalo on the banks of the Ganges, and have narrowly escaped being impaled on the aforesaid buffalo's horns,—the width of the stream alone interposing betwixt myself and destruction. I have been near enough to the "monarch of the forest," (in a menagerie,) to pat him on the back, but, not having money enough for hospital fees, I have always refrained from putting the *finishing touch* to this last feat. I have ascended to the summit of the French Cathedral, and come down again unscathed. I have absorbed Carratraca, and rather liked it, but never, never did such a thrill run through these veins as when the sable Haytien presented, with a bow, "that bill." As a warning to future travellers, I append it.

"THAT BILL."

To L'HOTEL SALNAVE, Dr.

To one roasted pig, (a sucker).....	\$20,000 00
Oortolans for three, (would I were a bird!) at \$1,500 each..	4,500 00
Champagne, 12 bottles at \$10,000.00	120,000 00
One smoked herring, (for Charlie).....	500 00
Coffee for one.....	1,000 00
Use of lavatory	3,000 00
Attendance, &c.....	1,000 00
Grand Total.....	\$150,000 00

I paid it, and then I got reckless! On my way out of the hotel I had my boots blacked at a cost of five thousand dollars, and, feeling that at this rate I should soon be performing that apparent impossibility, "spending half-a-crown out of sixpence a day." I returned to my room, where I found the cabman, who hadn't been paid, awaiting me. With a pallid face, and trembling limbs,—the remembrance of "that bill" confronting my mental vision,—I asked him "How much." His reply staggered me, and I lost faith in man! I offered him all I had got,—\$25,000. His fare was \$30,000! He let me go on giving him a 3-months' note for the balance. Shall I ever pay it? Not if I know it!

Salnave has been sick, the telegram says. So have I!

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF THE ANNEXATION MOVEMENT.

DIOGENES always reads with pleasure and interest anything written by the old and well-known *Gazette* correspondent, "T. S. B." This gentleman, with his usual common sense, in a letter of last week has certainly reduced one question to the dimensions of a nutshell;—

"Somebody pays the American Government many millions of dollars annually upon imports from our Dominion; and, with supreme indifference as to who it may be, the position of the public finances does not authorize that Government to diminish the impost to please anybody. Just now they cannot afford it."

If this statement needed any confirmation it would be found in the very altered tone of the American newspapers

on the subject of "Annexation." This remark applies especially to the Government organs.

DIOGENES has always expressed himself in favor of a Zollverein, but is, at the same time, of opinion that we must wait for it. Mr. Huntington tells us that Independence would effect the matter directly, but always forgets to tell us how. Would Independence in any way improve the state of the American finances? One thing would undoubtedly demolish the frontier barrier at once, and that is,—"Annexation." The Cynic, however he may disapprove of it, can understand "Annexation." It is something tangible, and, however undesirable in other respects, would remedy the evil complained of in a most unmistakeable manner. But the strongest Anti-Annexationists are in the Washington Cabinet. Canada, as at present constituted, is a most profitable source of revenue to Washington. General Grant wants money. A frontier between the States and the Dominion brings him in several millions of dollars, of which Annexation would only deprive him. "But," it may be answered, "for the money derivable from the frontier he would get the produce of the taxation of the Dominion, which must considerably exceed it." Most true; but this would all be swallowed up in the expense of governing Canada,—a charge which at present does not trouble Washington at all. In any case, both Zollverein and Annexation must go to bed for sometime. The Cynic suggests that it would be well for Independence to take a sleep also.

When DIOGENES said that a Canadian frontier tariff was a benefit to Washington, he by no means meant to imply that it was a benefit to the States. The States and the States' Government are two very different things. To prevent the frontier Yankee from buying where he pleases by imposing protective duties, is simply a system of robbing Peter to pay Paul. Jonathan has not yet found out that we pay the duties and not he. That discovery is due to the researches of certain political alchemists on this side of the line. Free Trade, or, at least, Reciprocity, will come in time. Already the West is beginning to growl, and Vermont and New Hampshire to grumble. Canada must have patience.

A RIVAL TO DIOGENES!

The *News* is again fearfully funny. If it does not stop it will be the death of us! Our province is to do the fun, and we cannot afford to let the heavy weights come shambling, like donkeys among the egg-baskets, into our preserves. That we may well feel alarm, will be seen from the following whole hat-full of witticisms, bound up in one paragraph—itsself an inimitable *jeu d'esprit*. Just listen:—

"Science has at last come to the relief of tobacco smokers. M. Armand, a French savant, stated to the Academy of Sciences that he has discovered a sure antidote to nicotine in the common watercress. It destroys the poisonous effects of nicotine, and yet does not alter the aroma of tobacco. A solution of watercress may therefore be employed for steeping the leaves of tobacco, and would thus divest them of their noxious properties, and moreover a draught of the same will act as a sure antidote to nicotine. The dealers in the soothing weed will not be slow to avail themselves of the invention of the French savant, and we soon expect to see *watercress tobacco*, advertised by enterprising vendors."

Tobacco without nicotine! The rose without its aroma? Whiskey without alcohol? Charming! Most excellent *News*! We trust that, in reward for your discovery, you may be invited to dine with one of the Frozen Fountains on tomato soup, with marble beef in it, a smoke of watercresses for digestion, a draught of solution of watercresses to make you sleep, and so to bed as soberly as such intemperance may admit of; but don't, good *News*—don't indulge in such "soothing weeds" every day!

Upon the whole, however, we wish the *News* would try to speak plainer. It is hard to be obliged to translate him into decently good grammar, in order to get at the wit.

FRANCIS AND JOHN.

(AIR:—*Ben, the Carpenter, and Sally Brown.*)

Oh! Francis was a cute old cuss,
An axe grinder by trade;
He loved his business very much,
Because so well it paid.

He worked for us some years' ago,
And then he left our shores,
To manage the finances of
The Wind'ard blackeymores.

But darkey's purses are not deep,
There, jobs are very rare;
So quickly he returned to breathe
Our more congenial air.

And John, he stared to see him back,
And he looked gruff and grim,
But Francis was a cunning coon,
And soon got over him.

A glass or two of hot old rye,
Soon made poor Johnny "tight";
And in his cups, a *financier*,
He made his brother Knight.

They gammoned Rankin to make room
For his distinguished neighbour,
"But," says the *Globe*, the "Renfrew folk,
"Don't seem to see the favor."

Though, if we may believe the *News*
Which does not now see double
The chances are that Francis will
Get something for his trouble.

And yet the *Globe*, who's sometimes wrong
When all the world is right,
Declares that, when he got sworn in,
'Twas a bad day for the Knight!

A DOSE FOR RENFREW.

"Flapdoodle? What's Flapdoodle?" said Peter. "Its the stuff they feed fools on," was the reply.—(*Marryat.*) With this soup for simpletons, the Hon. Sir Francis Hincks is feeding the people of Canada. Sir John A. and little Sir George have found it quite suited to their digestion, and, in addition to making him master of the money-chest, have sent him forth to get the appointment ratified by the people. To the electors of Renfrew he accordingly addresses himself, and, with buckets-full of the same soft food, he is going about the county, giving, like Mrs. Squeers with her sulphur and treacle, a good "dose" to each voter.

He asks his friends to vote for him, because he has already been Governor of more than one Island of Barataria, which proves that the Queen thinks highly of him. He has every prospect of another Island soon, but meantime will make any sacrifice for the sake of the country of his adoption.

These are the chief ingredients of his address, and it is said that he is sure of his election. Oh! wise men of the West! simple gudgeons to bite at such baits! Is it not very

clear that his idea of taking charge of our purse strings is merely because all other means of filling his own purse are shut up? He is a public man out of place. He likes to be greeted as "Your Excellency the Governor" of any colony with a Government House, a kitchen garden, and a neat salary, besides "the wee things about the house." All these things he likes best, but failing a Barataria, he is willing to take the management of our finances for a consideration of Six Thousand dollars a year, and "the run of the kitchen"—but only for a time, mark—ye adopted ones!—only for a time—for he hopes that another Island will be found for him, and then he will leave our finances to take care of themselves, find another "adopted country," and laugh in his sleeve,—for Hyenas do hideously laugh,—at the simplicity of his adopted countrymen, who, *ore rotundo*, have swallowed so much Flapdoodle.

Oh, we like this phrase,—this "adopted country!" Rob Roy McGregor never used a gentler word when he adopted a drove of fowls and storks. He is to be paid Six Thousand a year while it suits him to bear the bag, and he calls it "adoption." May be so,—but DIOGENES never heard it "called that name before."

A HINT TO THE "SO. FOR THE SUPP."

Many years ago—some five and twenty—when Societies for the "Suppression of Cruelty to Animals" were being formed all over England, and some were being worked with more sentiment than discrimination, the Race-course at Aintree, near Liverpool, was the scene of revolting barbarities, resulting in the destruction of three valuable race-horses,—one of them the most renowned steeple-chaser in England. The London *Punch*, then in its infancy, came out a week or two after, with the following "Song of the Costermonger," which, DIOGENES thinks, is not without some application at the present time on this side of the Atlantic. It is given from memory, but the rendering is believed to be correct:—

If I've got a donkey, wot won't go,
I mustn't wollop him, oh dear, no!
The law'r of the land says I shan't do so,
My sporting tulips!

If a stupid hass won't mend his pace,
And I giv's it 'im o'er the 'ed and face,
Wot's that to running a steeple-chase,
Neck or nuffin?

Where they kicks and hacks their 'osses 'ides,
And digs their spurs into their sides,
And unto the death the creetur's rides,
For a foolish frolic?

At Liverpool the other day,
There were three on 'em killed in that self-same way,
And nobody had no fine to pay—
Not a farden'!

One had his thigh broke—two their backs—
Now I begs respect'ly to ax
If there oughtn't to be a cruelty tax
For gentlefolks?

I wants to know in p'int of fact,
Which on us most breaks Martin's Act,
Agin, dumb animals being whacked—
You or I?

If I've got a donkey wot won't go,
I mustn't wollop him—oh Lord, no!—
But there's one law'r for 'igh, and another for low—
My sporting tulips!



THE COMEDY OF THE "TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN."

ADAPTED TO THE OTTAWA STAGE.

MISS CANADA—"You'll take care of the money, won't you? You know I'm not very rich."

MR. MELTER MOSS—"O! yesh, ma tear, I'll look after te monish! I'm a honest man; if you don't believe me, ax Barbadoes and Demerara. Dey know me ten years!"

THE HISTORY OF A LOAFER.

CHAP. IV.

THE PORTLAND ARMS.

And how came Gerald Winter into the "Black Country?" As we have said before, he ran away. He laid his plans craftily. The master with whom he boarded lived in Bloomsbury Square. Gerald, by chance, was the only boarder in the house, who had a room to himself. This was a little back one on the ground floor. Among the rest of his baggage was an old tourist's knapsack, which had belonged to his brother. Into this he stuffed two shirts and sundry small articles of clothing, and then began to reckon up his finances. His father, indulgent to him in everything, was especially so in the matter of pocket money. Besides this, he had had money sent to him the previous day, the which was intended to defray his expenses to his native village. He had three sovereigns, three-and-sixpence in silver, besides a gold watch and chain and a gold pin. It wanted yet some hours to daylight. He stealthily crept to the door, unlocked it, closed it after him, and ran as hard as he could—he knew not whither. It was raining, or rather drizzling—the gas lights, though burning, were hardly visible through a dense November fog. On he ran—along Great Russell Street, along Oxford Street, as fast as his legs could carry him. He could hardly see before him. Once he ran up against a costermonger's donkey, whose master dexterously applied the whip to his shoulders. At any other moment he would have thought of the pain, but now he had no time. Still on he ran, but at last met with an obstacle which would baffle the swiftest and most scientific of runners. He had by this time swallowed a large quantity of genuine London fog, which did not agree with his country stomach. He had no wind left, and ignominiously gave in just as he arrived at the portico of the Pantheon in Oxford Street, under which several people were "standing up," (as the Cockney phrase has it,) in the drizzling rain.

"Where are you a running to, young Hopeful?" enquired an individual with a blue scarf and high carbuncle pin, cut-away coat and tight trousers,—a gentleman evidently connected in some way with "osses."

"What's that to you, Ned; can't you let the boy alone?" said another gentleman, considerably more than half-drunk. He was a much younger man, with unmistakably more of the air of a gentleman than his companion, though that same air was getting rather foul by contamination.

"D—n it, Ned, I can stand this no longer; let us have one more before we go home.

"As you will, Mr. Parsons; only if they says down in Blankshire—if they says that as 'ow Mr. 'Enry got into bad habits in London,—don't say it was all Ned Wright's fault, that's all."

Gerald had been startled by the name of Parsons, and still more by the mention of Blankshire. He knew now who his new acquaintance was. He was Henry Parsons, supposed to be studying medicine in London,—a young gentleman of whom he had often heard, and the son of a friend of his father's, the Rev. George Parsons, a clergyman of Ritualistic tendencies, and private chaplain to Viscount CIPHER, of CIPHER Hall, in the northern portion of the County of Blank. London public school boys are never deficient in shrewdness, and Gerald was no exception to the rule, especially when he himself was not concerned. In a very few moments he divined three things: That young Mr. Parsons was fast going to the bad. That Mr. Ned Wright was doing his utmost to conduct his friend to that desirable end; and still further, that Mr. Wright was making money by the operation. The pair adjourned to a gin shop called "The Portland Arms," which was yet open. Gerald was invited to share in

the refreshment; firstly, because he was cold; and secondly, because he was anxious to know more of his companion.

A regular gin shop, Gerald had never before entered, and a gin shop in Oxford street, between four and five o'clock on a November morning, is a sight to startle any one. Alas for human frailty! it may there been seen in every shape. It is not a pleasant sight, no, friend artist, not even a picturesque sight. Rags may be picturesque, dirt often is, but gin rags and gin dirt—never! Hogarth painted "Gin Lane" to the life. It is only revolting,—not even impressive. There is nothing "sensational" about a gin palace at the hour above named, on a foggy morning. The gas burns dimly,—the huge tawdry mirrors are clouded with fog-vapor,—the once cheerful fire in the grate behind the bar is nearly out,—the fog is so intense that you can hardly read the big letters which label the large yellow barrels behind the counter,—every face seems besmeared with fog,—every throat is hoarse with fog. But the company is the same as usual. Look at that group sitting in the corner to the right. They are professional pick-pockets, the *fly fakers*, the despised of *cracksmen and star gazers*,—what Americans would, I suppose, call *mean* thieves. But all thieving in London is now mean. Highway robbery has ceased to exist, and burglary is very rare. I cannot see the difference between taking a watch out of a shop window, or the handkerchief out of a coat-tail pocket. I never tried either, but surely the latter feat must be the more difficult of the two. Therefore, ye pick-pockets, be on your dignity, and insist on your rightful position of honor,—of "honor among thieves." There are few juveniles among them. This is not a juvenile house. Boy thieves will be found about the neighbourhood of Drury Lane, Saffron Hill, and still more about the East and North of London. The neighbourhood of juvenile thieves is always indicated by "penny gaffs." The gentlemen at the "Portland Arms" are decidedly unprepossessing. Many wear patches over the eye. This is, I fancy, more often a disguise than a necessity; if it be not, then, pick-pockets suffer more from black-eyes than most people. These gentlemen do not come to the gin shop to practice their profession. Their evening work is done; they have come here for rest and refreshment after their labors. They have a tacit understanding with the landlord that they will behave while within his walls; for the "Portland Arms" is not a suspected house. A detective rarely finds his way thither.

Another class who bid fair soon to be affiliated with the first named, are some young gentlemen, much too young to be out of bed at this hour. They look pale and, in the fog, almost yellow. Late hours, bad tobacco and ardent spirits, evidently do not agree with them. These youths are now robbing their employers' tills by infinitesimal but almost daily doses. The climax will soon come;—gin hastens these matters.

Another class, no observer could mistake. Men of honest but haggard countenances, and ragged clothes. These are mechanics out of employment, laborers, with none to hire them, often artificers on the strike. Their wives are at the door, calling to them to come home. Go, if you be men! In the days of prosperity these men were frugal; poverty has made them extravagant. Their money, once spent in food, is now wasted in gin. Their money—did I say? Not their earned money, but the price of the saw and the plane, the Sunday coat, or the wife's gown, at the neighbouring pawn shop.

And woman is there too,—old and young. Woman shouting—woman bawling—woman cursing, biting, kicking, scratching—in one word—woman drunk! Many of these are periodically removed by the police, to whom they give much more trouble than the pick-pockets.

And woman in another garb, more hateful still. Poor

sister, young and fair! Silk on her back, and gaudy flowers in her hat. Let her "paint an inch thick," and this fog will destroy the color. She also is drinking gin!

Our three new comers were evidently not *habitués* of the place, and their arrival caused no little excitement.

(To be continued.)

NOTES AND QUERIES.

With the permission of DIOGENES, I wish to say a few words in reply to "A. B."

The short article on the Celts, which appeared in the *Scotsman*, I wrote without reference to any book, from what I supposed to be an exact recollection of information which I had gathered from various sources.

I knew that opinion was divided as to the place of the Basque in the great sisterhood of languages, as it is also divided in the matter of the Gaelic and Cymric,—some claiming that these languages are cognate; others, that they are distinct. In a popular newspaper article I could not enter into these details. So following De Gebelin, and the whole French Academy,—following a multitude to do evil, according to Father Hervas,—I admitted the Basque into what I thought tolerably good,—that is,—Celtic society. It is a pity Mr. Müller has not given us the reasons which led Father Hervas to conclude "that Bask was not, as is commonly supposed, a Celtic dialect." The words which "A. B." has italicised, "*as proved by the names of Spanish mountains and rivers,*" can only refer to the Bask "being spoken by the earliest inhabitants of Spain," as any argument based on mere similarity of sound is contrary to Mr. Müller's avowed principles of philological enquiry. W. Humboldt held the same theory as to the great antiquity of the Basques and the wide prevalence of their language in the peninsula. But James Kennedy, who is a better authority on the Basques, their language and literature, than any of these, says that "there are but few names so derived, and these chiefly along the coast." Mr. Kennedy also thinks "that the Aquitani and the Iberi were the same people, and are now represented by the Gael."

My own knowledge of Basque is very limited, indeed, being confined to a few words—about half a dozen. Of these, however, I find three, which, to a philologist, may shew some degree of cousinhood with the Gaelic. "Cal" is the Basque, and "call" is the Gaelic for "loss," "damage." "Ar" is the Basque; "fear" is the Gaelic for "man." "Car" or "gar" is the Basque; "ard" is the Gaelic for "high." It must be remembered, in comparing these two last sets of words, that in the Celtic, as in many other languages, the omission or permutation of the initial consonant is quite common, as I could prove, if space were allowed me, by abundant instances. The Greek scholar will recall the obliging versatility of the digamma, and the Hebraist will remember that "Amalek" and "Gomorrhah" begin in the original with the same letter.

I regret to be obliged to concede that "the last old woman" who spoke Cornish is no more. I hope the inscription on her monument has been written in that dialect,—which must have been a rather lonely comfort to her in her declining years. I hope, also, that these *post mortem* enthusiasts will take Mr. Matthew Arnold's advice about the language of Wales, before they have a similar melancholy duty to perform in that Principality.

JOHN READE.

A RICHMOND IN THE—SHOP.

DIOGENES has learned with some concern, that through the defection of a single retail druggist, the movement for the early closing of the drug stores at seven o'clock, has been knocked on the head. The Cynic, sincerely hopes the public will visit the miserable dispenser with the pains and penalties due to inordinate Gradgrindism. Why does not the Secretary of the Chemists' Association, come out boldly with the name of the malcontent?

THE HISTORY OF A LOAFER.

DERBY.

One more great man!—another link that bound
This teeming present with the mighty past;
A golden link, of rich and priceless work,
Hardly in keeping with this iron age.
Great as a statesman? No! for scarce an act
Of evil righted or of wrongs redressed
Lives on the statute book and bears his name.
Great as a noble? Yes! supremely great;
A well-known lineage of historic names
Dating from Bosworth Field,—from him who first
Raised up a Tudor on the British throne.
God gave him wealth, a gift he nobly used
In bounteous *largesse* to the struggling poor.
His was the love of art,—of classic song;—
The old Greek numbers of Homeric age
Found in his hands no mean interpreter:
He loved his order,—strove to keep it pure
From little meannesses of modern time;
But chiefly will he live in history's page
With Halifax and Chatham, and the school
Of mighty orators now passed away.
Who that has ever heard that fluent tongue
Roused into eloquence by passing wrong,
The flashing eye, the music of his tones,
The with'ring taunt whene'er ignoble things
Have called it up,—the gesture of the sort
That sculptors love in memory to recall,—
Who that has seen all this and did not feel
The influence of greatness of that stamp
Which clings to true nobility of heart?

"ULYSSES" WRITES FROM "ITHACA" TO THE LONDON DAILY NEWS:—

"Suppose Canada to become Independent, and suppose her Independence to be afterward threatened by the aggressive ambition of any foreign power,—no Englishman would vote more heartily than I should for risking the fortunes, and, if it were needful, the existence of the Empire in her defence."

Thank you, Mr. Goldwin Smith! Such assurances are very gratifying, but when DIOGENES considers that you are now living on this side of the Atlantic, and have not, and indeed, never had a vote in the British Parliament, he does not think that "the existence of the Empire" is likely to be jeopardized by your exuberant friendship.

Reader, did you ever peruse or witness Tom Taylor's admirable comedy of "Still Waters Run Deep?" John Mildmay, a retired Manchester merchant, is a perfect nonentity in his own house. He, his wife, and all the household affairs, are entirely managed by Mrs. M.'s maiden aunt. John takes all this very quietly till, one day, he is rather startled by the lady in question asking him to fight a duel, on her account! He replies: "If I am to have no authority, I could not think of taking any responsibility. If I am to be a cipher, I claim the privilege of acting as a cipher."

The Cynic is rather afraid that, under similar circumstances, England would act very like John Mildmay.

DIOGENES.

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