

"ET ROSE, IL A VECU CE QUE VIVENT LES ROSES."

The Montreal *Daily News* is toad-eater in chief to the Finance Minister of the Dominion. In case of his resignation its agony will be convulsive. "And thereby hangs a tale."

Meanwhile, itself unable to give sorrow words, it quotes the lamentations of a New Brunswick paper, in view of the impending catastrophe: "We should be sorry to see a minister, whose financial statements have been so clear and frank as those of Mr. Rose, and in whose hands the credit of the country has been so well sustained, retire from office *without rendering further service to the country*. His negotiation of the Railway Loan in London was perfectly successful. His use of the unemployed surplus, *though not properly understood in England*, has secured the approval even of bitter political opponents. Mr. Rose has, in this way, not only conserved the portion of the loan which was not used, but saved *hundreds of thousands of dollars to the country, &c., &c.*"

Mr. Rose is evidently, in the opinion of these journals, the financial saviour of his country. DIOGENES has his own view on the subject. Under any circumstances, it would not be a bad idea to erect a statue to the supposed "saviour of his country." If the *Daily News* which is well known to be a magnificent pecuniary success, will agree to furnish *brass*, (which it can well spare) for a statue, the Cynic will supply a suitable inscription. It will be short—and sweet—

SALVATOR ROSA.

CANUCK OR CANAILLE?

Lift up your voices,—shout for joy, St. Sauveur of Quebec,
Let each heroic brave "b'hoy" his brow with laurels deck;
Let one and all be *stet* well by girls both bright and pretty,

And let the Mayor present them with the "Freedom of the City;"

For they have done a noble deed,—a glorious deed in verity,

And so the Cynic hands them down with *éclat* to posterity.

The throng was thick, and on the stair that broiling summer day

Each Frenchman rushed, and pushed, and crushed, with fierce and wild *saerè*:

And through the hall and up the stairs they fought the glorious fight,

Nor yielded to the clergy or the bishop,—which was right.

All hail! oh! noble chieftain of the famous Jean Baptiste,
Your name is steep'd in glory as the man who feared not priest;

Who dared his fate, and risked his life,—which certainly was wrong,—

And snapped his fingers in the face of English aide-de-camp!

Who followed fast where glory led, and stormed the City Hall;

"Come on!" he cried, "my great revenge hath stomach for you all!

"English! *Canaille!*" (oh, Jean Baptiste!) "ve crush you, *ventrebleu*,

As the uncle of my nephew did" (or tried) "at Waterloo!"

Oh, Jean Baptiste! go hang yourself,—go hide your head for shame,

Nor try to play with Englishmen your "cheeky little game."

Your little hands were never made to tear out English eyes,—

That is, unless the Englishman is but a third your size!

"PLORATUR LACRYMIS AMISSA PECUNIA VERIS."

The following pathetic wail from last week's *New Idea* will thrill with keen anguish the hearts of Mr. Lanctot's admirers:

Mr. M. Lambert, editor and agent of the *New Idea*, Worcester, Mass., went through Plattsburgh last week. His prolonged absence causes us the more uneasiness that he was the bearer of a large sum of money belonging to this paper. Our anxiety would be dimintished if we knew his whereabouts, his silence leading us to suppose that he is not in a position to report himself.

It is hard to offer any consolation under these harrowing circumstances, but it must be satisfactory to M. Lanctot to know, and to inform his friends, that he has had, (though he has it no longer), "a large sum of money." As the poet sings:

'Tis better to have had and lost,
Than never to have had at all.

DIOGENES is aware that these reflections will alleviate but slightly the heavy affliction of the plundered exile, and that sympathy alone cannot fill the void occasioned by the stolen "greenbacks." But M. Lanctot should remember what the "Divine Williams" has said:

Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing; 'twas mine,—'tis his,—

And he should rejoice that M. Lambert has not attempted to "filch" from him his "good name," which indeed would not have enriched him perceptibly, and would have left the editor of the *New Idea* "poor indeed."

NONE BUT HIMSELF CAN BE HIS PARALLEL.

What student of art is there, that has not at some period of his life yielded himself a willing captive to the spell of Ruskin's eloquence? But, in his heart of hearts the Cynic feels assured that never, even in the moments of his most sublime enthusiasm, did the "Oxford Graduate" produce a passage, which resembled in the faintest degree the following criticism, here borrowed from the *Gazette*. The article from which it is taken appeared on July 10th, and was modestly entitled "Art Notes."

"Mr. Vogt has also several fine studies, from nature, of animals. *Among the best is a cow taken from the front; the horns, face, and all the outlines display wonderful accuracy. In fact, she is such a cow as might any day be seen, and no fancy picture.*"

AN INSTANCE OF GOOD BREEDING.

In a recent number of Moore's *Rural New-Yorker* there are portraits, drawn from life, of President Grant's different horses. With the bad taste, which is proverbially characteristic of all *parvenus*, he has named one of them *Jeff Davis*. The Cynic, however, is happy to state that the animal so called has many points of excellence. Here are a few selected from the descriptive letter-press that accompanies the engraving. "He has a remarkable head, small, with an exceedingly bright, changeable eye, broad forehead, and expansive nostrils. *His head is indicative of intelligence and blood. He gives every indication that he is well-bred. No one can see him without putting him at once where he belongs,—among the very best blood of the country.* He is full of animation, will not stand the spur, and, on the slightest intimation, is off like a flash."

Several of the points here noted belong to Jeff. Davis the man, equally with Jeff. Davis the horse; but they do not belong to President Grant. His head is not indicative of intelligence or blood. He gives no indication that he is well-bred, and no one who sees him would ever rank him among the very best blood in the country. He is about as animated as an owl, and enjoys among his admirers a reputation for excessive wisdom, apparently in consequence of his incapacity to say "Boh!" to a goose.