

GRIT LOGIC.



ANDY Mackenzie, in his great speech in 1865, accepted Confederation on these grounds: "The most important reason, however, why it, (the Major Robinson or North Shore route) should be constructed, in addition to the military reason, is, that without its construction there can be no union of the Provinces, and without a Federal Union of the Provinces we cannot hope to obtain a settlement of our sectional difficulties. The one is dependent upon the other, and I believe the people of Canada are willing to accept the conclusion that this argument necessarily leads us to engage in the construction of THAT road."

In his speech on last Monday night, when proposing resolutions against the route that formed the subject of his impassioned eulogy in 1865, he thus expressed himself: "In accepting Confederation, Mr. Speaker, I had also agreed, though reluctantly, to saddle the country with the cost of building this railway, but had I supposed that the Major Robinson route would be adopted, I, for one, would not have agreed to it."

Scots of the Mackenzie type are often guilty of too strict an adherence to Whately. DIOGENES would advise the chief of the Grit Clan to be more cautious in future, or the reputation of his canny countrymen for stern and unbending logic will seriously suffer.

DIOGENES TO A FRIENDLY CRITIC.

In all ages and countries it has occasionally been the fate of great men to have their motives misinterpreted, and their acts misjudged. Here is a case in point. The *Aylmer Times*, to whose editor the Cynic is indebted for many flattering notices, writes as follows of a recent cartoon:—

"DIOGENES sketches the poor Bishops as being under a complete shower of missiles from all the parties in the church—Ritualists—Papists—Schemers—High Church, Low Church, and Broad Church; who are represented as hurling at the poor dignitaries, Prayer-books, Bulls-eyes, Reports of Committees, and all other kinds of annoying projectiles. We think, considering the difficulties under which they have to labor in naming their chief, the satirist might have left them alone."

This account of the Synodical Cartoon was written by some one who singularly misconceived its aim. DIOGENES did *not* satirize the Bishops, and *did* consider the difficulties under which they were labouring. Their assailants were assuredly not represented as Ritualists or Papists, and the "annoying projectiles" that they used are inaccurately described in the *Aylmer Times*. Bulls-eyes are too luscious a confection to be flung away rashly by a youthful rabble, and a brick of too elegant proportions has evidently been mistaken for a prayer-book. But it is needless to say more on the subject. The cartoon is still in existence, and speaks for itself.

Subsequently the *Times* writes:—

"There is one feature in our friend's publication which seems to us liable to objection. We refer to the abuse of the English language by the imitation of the absurd spelling initiated and kept up by some American writers. Surely anything really witty or humorous could be said without such a ridiculous and absurd torturing of our Orthography as is shown in the letter of, "Zeke Trimble," but, of course, the editor knows best what will suit his numerous readers."

The Editor is always glad to avail himself of any reasonable and useful suggestions. In the present instance, while thanking his monitor, he feels bound to express his conviction that the humour of his contributor, "Zeke Trimble," does not depend for its success solely, or even mainly, upon phonographic spelling. Zeke is undoubtedly something more than a whimsical speller. He is a keen observer and reporter, who walks about the world with his eyes wide open; he is gifted with abundance of shrewd common-sense or mother-wit, which serves him admirably instead of the classics; and his letters upon men and things in Montreal and elsewhere have been extensively quoted by the press of Canada, and are calculated to help forward the cause of honesty and truth.

As for his spelling, it is part and parcel of himself, and can scarcely now be dissevered from him without occasioning his death. At present he enjoys the privilege of saying much in these columns, which only he, or some one like him, could presume to say; and for that very reason, if for no other, DIOGENES wishes him long life and prosperity.

MRS. BROWN IN KANNIDAY.

MISTER DYOGENYS:—

I've bin that worried with sight-seein', as I 'avint 'ad a momint to write you a line befour: for which I 'opes you'll excudje me.

I'm stayin' at a friend's 'ouse as 'as a 'usband on the Grand Trunk, as seems to 'ave nothink to do one 'arf the week, and preshus little the uther 'arf; as must be a payin' think for 'im, tho' 'ighly uncertain in 'is winter movements all along o' that 'ere plagy snow, as is a wonder the trains git along as well as they do,—tho' I shud be frighted to 'ave my 'usband at sich work, as is always in danger of bein' run over or upset over hem-bankments, as is always "IIaccidental death" at the C'rowner's hinqwest: and no wonder, with them worn out old rails.

Well, as I was agoin' to say, I've a bin all round the town: I've bin in them street railway 'busses, as is mity pleasant, if you want a long ride and aint in a 'urry, as they 'as to wait for one another every 'ere and there and runs 'orf the rails, and waits,—when the Conductor sees 'em—for the 'old ladies at 'corners of streets, as never 'urries 'emselves, and a minds one of ships as yer 'aint allowed to speak to the man at the wheel.

I've seed the big 'ouse as folks call a drill shed, but I seed nothink of drillin' in it,—nothink but them machines as is called wheelosspeeds, with fools on top of 'em; and a tumble-down place it is, too, as seemed to me like a big stone monyment, with a tablet on front of it in memory of the people berrid there; and glad I was to get out, too, for fear I shud get berrid too, as they tells me bits of the roof falls in at oncertain times—as is like the shakiness of people and buildins 'ere, jist now.

Then I went to the Town 'All, as is a tumble down old place, too; and I went to 'ear the City Council, but I got werry tired there. They talked a good deal about the improvements to the roads, as I 'ave noticed the roads is good by all the City Councillors' 'ouses except one, as lives in a street called Dorchester.

The markits is the hinstitooshuns I admires; they is clean and nice, but must be hawful cold in winter, as is a mercy the old 'oomen lives thro' it; as is a credit to the town, tho' thinks is werry 'igh in price.

While I was out I met a friend as 'ad lived at 'Woolidj, and 'ad arrived in one of them soldier-ships, as 'ad 'ad a fine trip and bein' limited to three children, as is a curius hidear of hemigrashun; as 'ad bin twenty-four 'ours a comin' by rail from Quebec, and a 'ole night in a woodin shed on the platform; as was in company with several 'undreds of uthers, as would 'ave 'ad a special train if they'd bin one member of the Government returnin' 'ome, and could make a speech at the stashun.

So my friend is a goin' to 'rite 'ome, to tell 'is friends not to come out 'ere, as you gits 'no hinformashun on arrival, is badly treated, and, bein' little work, most of 'em 'as to go thro' to the States at onst.

Well, I went round the Banks and Churches, and I 'eard they were a makin' a Bishop 'ere, so, as I've never seed that done afore, I thot I'd go and see one made, as I made sure would be solemn and grand.

Well, I went to the Cathedral in the 'orse railway, and I soon 'eard a dreadful noise not far off. Well, I asked where the meetin' was, and a man showd me the 'ouse, out of which all the noise was comin'. "Well," says I to myself, says I, "this is to give himportance to the meetin'." Well I went in and seed a sort of Bar, but there bein' lots of ladies seated inside it, I squeejed in, and 'avin' turned out a chap they calls a "deleccate," I sat down. Several people spoke, as 'ow I don't know their names; but one 'ad fuzzy 'air, and another 'ad a beard, and another a mustache and goatee, and so on. One spoke werry well, tho' 'e kept a talkin' too 'orfen for 'is share to my thinkin', as reminded of the theatre, fellers callin' out "Horder," "Horder." But one man made me that angry, as 'ad a woodin leg, as was a noosance; and there was a nice spokin man, with a smooth face, as 'ad 'is 'ands in 'is pockets, quite at 'ome, and seemed mity influenshul.

Most of the people, but hesheshully the parsons, went on disgraceful, worse than in the gallery of the theatre a boxin' night; and what with the noise and the 'ootins, and the crushin' of the ladies as 'ad uther peoples seats, and the 'eat of the place, I was that bad and disgusted, as I got up and bounced out; and when I got 'ome, I said to my friend, as I thanked goodness my Bishop was made by Queen 'ictorier, and not by a parcel of noisy fellers like them up there, and I respect 'im on that account, as is no compliment a bein' elected by 'em, and I thanks my stars I lives in old Hengland, and (if that's their style o' goins' on) not in a free country.

I ham, onnerred sir,

Your respectful servant to command,

MRS. BROWN.

POLITICAL CONUNDRUMS.

Why is the financial condition of the country like a blooming damsel's cheek?

Because it appears to be "couleur de rose."

What member of the House of Commons is most likely, by recommending severance from Canada, to give the last blow to the Nova Scotian *Antis*?

KILLAM, (kill-em.)