

**EQUALLY TRUE—THE LATTER  
RATHER MORE SO.**

*Two pen portraits from an Encyclopædia about to be published and very suitable for the new School Books.*

**CANADA.**

C.—Canada, an extensive tract of land situated in Ontario, part of which is called Quebec, and the remoter portion, Manitoba. The climate is—nine months snow, and three of winter. Product, ice and bear's grease. The former is so plentiful that besides exporting, they build large palaces of it, around which the natives dance in snowshoes by torchlight, and amid a display of fireworks of which the people are very fond—in this particular very much resembling the Chinese. The inhabitants on the lake shores live in small wooden huts on the ice, and live by spearing fish, while inland they hunt wolves, pole cats and other wild animals, and live in houses made of maple logs, which are cut by the teeth of the beaver. Hence the national emblem, a maple leaf and beaver. The natural diet is a kind of porridge made of cornmeal boiled with salt which they eat with maple sugar—a saccharine cake made from the sap of the maple trees. Their clothing for the most part consists of the skins of bears, buffaloes, wolves, racoons, etc., made into coats and caps. Labor is paid not in money but in produce, hence little progress is made in the arts and sciences. When a Canadian woman goes to church she carries her baby strapped to her back—having first buried the elder ones in snow to prevent their freezing until her return. Her husband walks behind armed with a rifle and snowshoes. The people are very imitative, and much given to aping the manners and customs popular in England, to which country they are extremely loyal. So much so indeed that their prime minister assured that country that at a moment's notice they were ready to sell their coats and pawn their hats, and if necessary deliver themselves up body and soul to help England out of any scrape she might get into. For any such contingency they constantly keep on hand a standing army of trained and hungry buffaloes, bears and wolves with which to charge down upon the enemy, and which, let loose in the field, would no doubt prove invincible. The advantage of this purely Canadian mode of warfare lies in the immense saving of human life, for while the wild animals do the fighting the loyal Canadians can still continue to cut ice, and manage the business of the country. The value of this saving of men, in a land as yet but sparsely populated, cannot be over-estimated. The imitative faculty also crops out grotesquely in their desire for national independence, and their late demand for the right to make commercial treaties with other nations. Of course, such ideas are ridiculous and absurd; but it shows how strongly ancient traditions, such as the Legend of Washington, impresses the savage and untutored minds of these simple children of arboreal nature.

\* \* The writer of this paper, in search of facts, landed at Quebec last January, where unfortunately he got his nose frozen, thus necessitating his return on the same boat. All information required, however, was kindly furnished by Takearise Outofhim, Esq., parliamentary shorthand reporter, who was on his way to England to negotiate with Mr. Gladstone for the expulsion of the Chinese.

**ENGLAND.**

**ENGLISHMAN.**

E.—England, or angle-land, is so called from her peculiar formation, having an unusual number of angles or corners against which other nations are continually knocking their heads or their shins to the extent sometimes of crippling themselves thereon. It is situated somewhere on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean, and is built on the banks of the Thames—a river whose name is derived from a large newspaper called the *Times*. It is peopled by the descendants of Goths, Picts,

Scots, Normans, Saxons, Romans, Danes—Vikings, and other sea dogs, part of the male population wearing petticoats. On this heterogeneous population the Celts continually make war with an explosive named dynamite. These Celts inhabit another little island close by, called Ire or Anger-land—from the irresistible and hereditary disposition of the natives to fight among themselves and with everybody outside. They are an extremely rich and well to do people, a fact which is established by the vast sums which are annually sent to Rome, the enormous amount of money required to support agents who live luxuriously in France and America, and the supplying of the sinews of an expensive dynamite war, waged on people with whom they have no quarrel—but as one of their defenders remarks—merely as a "safety valve" to prevent worse disaster. In England, yule logs are used for firing, large oxen roasted entire, and washed down with bowls of a drink called wa-sail, forms the national diet. The climate is an alternation between fog and rain, varied at times by a big blow, the force of which is indicated by the number of wrecks lying along the shores. Their imports are wines, brandies, silks, and wheat; their exports, to this country at least—a peculiar product of civilization called the Dude. The popular religion is the Sal., which parades the streets with banners flying and bands playing—not unlike the "Tum-Tum" religious festivities of India. Several Druidical temples are yet to be seen. The country is governed by a Queen, a House of Commons and a House of Lords. The function of the Lords is to say "No" when ever the Commons say "Yes." These lords are chiefly land-owners, who found themselves in possession of lands wrested unlawfully by their ancestors from the people; one man having hundreds of thousands of acres of rich arable land for himself alone, while thousands of others with large families must either pay rent for a miserable apartment in a tenement house, where they herd like swine, or be turned into the streets to die, or be imprisoned as vagrants. These poor people of their penury are compelled to contribute to the support of several princes and princesses of German origin, their children and grandchildren; just as the poor fellaheen of Egypt are compelled to contribute to the support of an extravagant Khedive, with no end of "barbaric pearl and gold." These idle people who live at the public expense would deem it contamination to rub clothes with the very people who support them in luxurious idleness. But like the Emperor who put a tax on dirt they only smell the coin. The laws are very peculiar. A laborer who, with his hobnailed shoes kicks his wife almost to death, is fined; while the desperate mother who steals a loaf of bread for her starving children, is sentenced to six months in Bridewell with hard labor. The children of the very poor sleep on the door-steps of the rich, who, instead of feeding them and sheltering them out of their superabundance, as in duty bound by natural laws, actually pay policemen to drive them away, where to they do not care to ask. There is also another very peculiar law which sanctions and protects a striking feature of English life, viz., the gin-palace. This unique institution has branch establishments all over the land. They are very gaudy, glittering with lights, and are found most flourishing in the meanest and dirtiest parts of the crowded cities. They are patronized by the poorer classes who spend their last cents in the purchase of chemical fluids which have the effect of rendering them insane for the time being. During the paroxysms of this insanity they commit all manner of crimes, chiefly murder, for which they are tried and hung at the public expense; the children of such being left to grow up and swell the tide of criminals, who cause so much trouble and expense to the Government.

Some of the population have called upon the Government to prohibit the sale of the destructive fluids, on the ground that the expense entailed on the country as the result of their open sale far exceeds the revenue derived therefrom. Others take a higher moral view of the subject, but these are considered fanatics. The immense fortunes derived from the manufacture and sale of these fluids however, the consideration of the handsome donations the owners of distilleries and gin-palaces give to the Church, missionary societies and public charities, render it a matter of doubt whether the protection of the law will ever be withdrawn from the opulent sellers and transferred to the less fortunate buyers. The ladies of the upper classes, on great occasions paint their faces, wear feathers in their hair and appear at the public balls and receptions with the upper part of their body uncovered.

\* \* This article on England, the writer has, being a Canadian, compiled from the public prints of the day. Any inaccuracies, therefore, which may be noticed, the press and not the compiler is responsible for.

**CANADIAN.**

The well-dressed man is the envy of all observers. R. Walker & Son's clothing is unequalled for style and value. They make to order at \$4 trousers that are worth \$5.

**THE MEDS. AND THE COAL HEAVERS; OR, THE  
BATTLE OF PARLIAMENT STREET.**

BY A COAL HEAVER.

It was one o' them durned young pups,  
Slugs out to the hosses "Back, haw!"  
The hoss he backs into the ditch—  
"What's that for? I'd like now to know."

I arks, and he ups wi' h'is choek—  
"Twas more nor a faller could stand;  
So we went for 'em lively, you bet,  
With our coal-shovels right in our hand."

One feller, I giv him a mark,  
He'll carry right down to his grave;  
With all the fine larnin' they have,  
They don't know enough to behave."

Well, sir, just that same arternoon,  
With the coal we were joggin' along,  
When a lot more cum kivin' us chin,  
To us six there was more'n ten strong."

But we beat 'em, yes, sir; now you bet,  
They woke the wrong passengers then;  
But they hadn't enough—so at night,  
They were bound to go for us again."

The moment they opened their mouths,  
Right down of the carts we cum hoppin';  
They checked us and fought like old nick,  
But we sent 'em to right about floppin'."

We laid 'em out there in the snow,  
And I guess now the storm has blown;  
Next time they are feelin' so fresh,  
They'll let stout coal heavers alone."

**AN EXCELLENT REPORT.**

Hon. Jos. G. Goodridge, of Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "I cannot express myself in sufficiently praiseworthy terms of Burdock Blood Bitters which I have used for the past two years with great benefit."

**THE EGYPTIAN QUESTION.**

Being somewhat in the dark concerning the origin of the war and what it is all about anyway, I determined to obtain some information on the matter, and accordingly accosted my friend Jubblethwaite, who is everlastingly proclaiming that "the Mehdi must be smashed," and who, I supposed, was just brimful of knowledge about the affair.

"Well, Jubblethwaite," I said, "I can't quite get at the ins and outs of this Egyptian business. Now, I wish you'd tell me what it's all about."

"Plain as a pikestaff, my dear fellow;