

## EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL

Of *M. Narcisse Rossignol dit Le Vert*,—a Crusader "*Contre le Luxe*,"—Translated and illustrated for *Punch*.

**W**ILL keep a Journal, I will write with a purpose; and with a pen from the pinion of that domestic aquatic fowl to which literature is so deeply indebted, will I chronicle all the thoughts that suggest themselves or are suggested by the actions of my every-day existence. My luxuries are now but few. Sacrificed to the newly acquired prejudices of my Eulalie, they have one by one been wrenched from me with ruthless hand; but I still possess at least the liberty of thinking, and the power of registering my thoughts. Can the poet be deprived of his lyre? No. They may indeed break the strings; but he will then perform melodies on the back of it as on a kettle-drum; and his reveille will go to the corners of hearts, calling out responsive echoes from the remotest alleys of feeling, and bursting the sympathetic strings behind the waistcoats of the right-minded. I will keep a Journal.

1st April. Buckled on my armour, as a Crusader *contre le Luxe*, and breathing the name of my Eulalie rushed upon the foe, selecting the feeblest, those of easiest conquest, for my first essay. Struggled with soap, my casual luxury for years. Conquered it single-handed, and flushed with success followed up the victory by wrestling with my razors, handling them with such effect, that my occasional toothbrush of fifteen years standing shed its bristles with terror, and lay shivering beside the soap-dish, a miracle of baldness. Ah! let me not forget in my exultation, the foes that still in ambush surround me. Tobacco is not soap, nor are the bitters with which I have hitherto uplifted my matutinal spirits, to be counted amongst the weak. But there are other bitters in store for me. Thy tyranny, O Eulalie!

Dressed myself with more than my usual care, that is, made myself as nasty as possible at a short notice, and having fought with my *eau de Cologne*, which I settled with a bootjack after a spirited conflict, I waxed my mustachios, and walked forth to visit Eulalie. Found her in tears. Her canary, the bird I gave her, was dead. Poor Bijou! they had substituted a diet of small shot for his natural sustenance, and he died a feathered crusader against the luxury of linseed. Now my troubles are coming thick upon me. It had been my daily custom to present Eulalie with a bouquet of flowers, culled from choicest in the conservatory of Guilbeault. And did I go unrewarded for my delicate attention? I should rather think not; for from the lips of Eulalie I exacted the guerdon of my generosity, the cherished salute. But that boon is no longer conceded. Cut off is the kiss of my dreams. Ah, I was happy then! happy as the humming-bird that vibrates around the gorgeous dahlia, snatching honied bliss from its pouting petals. I was a humming-bird, I could almost hear myself hum: but now the inverted house-fly that recklessly perambulates the ceiling, is not more completely upset than I am. Suggested to Eulalie that she should give up the luxury of flowers. Brought vividly before her the sinfulness of geraniums and the immorality of mignonette, advocating with my usual eloquence the propriety of substituting noxious plants, such as nettles, for those unprofitable vanities. Did not quite succeed in bringing her round to my way of thinking; but to-morrow I will try her with a bouquet.



2. April. My friend Guilbeault has kindly undertaken the cultivation of such unpleasant plants as must speedily become a feature in the fashionable circles of the *Croisade*. Walked down to his conservatory, and selected a thistle of such unparalleled ferocity that it almost made my nose bleed to look at it. With this, and some choice nettles of the most stinging character, I composed quite a love of a bouquet, which I transmitted to Eulalie, with the following production of my muse.

With those flowers for your brow,  
Eulalie!  
Wreath a chaplet—you know how,  
Eulalie!

For altho' they may not shine in the vegetable line,  
Yet there's something in them too should have interest for you.  
And the nettle which you settle  
In your hair so rare  
Will remind you in its verdure of me,  
Eulalie!

But its fragrance as you sip,  
Eulalie!  
Should it hurt your pretty lip,  
Eulalie!  
And at first you may not like the thistle with its spike,  
Yet at last I'm pretty certain that you'll pin it to your curtain,  
And the thistle with its bristle  
Will seem, as you dream,  
To recall my mustachios and me,  
Eulalie!

How everything seems to be expanding beneath the genial influence of spring, and unfolding itself into the glad sun-light! Thought I felt my very shirt-collars growing as I walked in the warm breeze. Recollected however that I have no shirt-collars, having cut them down in their pride and routed them with ignominy. Still I certainly experienced a growing sensation, and on consideration I am inclined to think it must have been my ears.

Saw a grocer to-day in the Quebec Suburbs with mustachios, a green-grocer with red mustachios. Have we no protection? are *nos institutions* to be thus mocked with impunity? Not when I become a legislator,—*le bon temps viendra*.

I think I will get a coat trimmed with the fur of the Porcupine. Have already suggested to the *Croisade*, the feasibility of having furniture covered with that elegant article, as a substitute for the old luxurious hair-cloth or damask. Tried it myself for cushions, &c. and found it as uncomfortable as the most enthusiastic crusader could desire. In a commercial point of view, this little animal (the porcupine) has hitherto been sadly neglected. A Canadian poet of great antiquity has termed it "the fretful porcupine (*le porc-épic qui toujours pleure*.) Why was the porcupine unhappy? Simply because while the sable furnished the boa which entwines the neck of beauty; while the diminutive ermine sported its skin upon the skirt of fashion; and while the martin might calculate with certainty on eventually becoming a muff, he, the unprivileged porcupine, pined neglected in his native woods,—a pig without a prospect. But henceforth he will take his proper station in society; and for him, as for the Canadian, *le bon temps viendra*.

How those Englishmen talk! Heard one say that he dined lately at the Governor's, and upon asking for some wine was privately informed by the butler, that owing to the port having been kept so long, the beeswing got the better of and flew clean away with it, and that all the other wines turned sour with fright. What could he have meant, and what is the beeswing? It must surely be some great conqueror of luxuries, and should be brought under the immediate notice of the *Croisade*.

Met Eusebe De Tonnancour dit Sans Ferblanc. He too, poor fellow! has his tyrants. They have cut off his tobacco, and under the influence of its substitute, opium, he appears to be gradually withdrawing from the world and retiring into his boots. Alas! alas! I wonder if I ever shall become like Eusébe De Tonnancour dit Sans Ferblanc!

3. o'clock. Ah! what is this? Where am I? What do I behold? On my return home I find my bouquet rejected, my verses returned with contempt, and a note from Eulalie, forbidding me her presence. I rush frantic from the house, and wander wildly I know not whither. After many hours my thoughts rally, and take the following fragmentary form:

The tresses bold that from her brow  
To billowy bosom dip,  
For me she fondly curled, but now,—  
She only curls her lip.

No more for me her silk of green,  
Shot with a golden red,  
Blushes its mantling folds between,—  
Would I were shot instead!

This short poem, and a brandy-smash, (*une fracture d'eau de vie*) medicinally imbibed by me at Madame Lafont's, somewhat soothed my perturbed spirits; and in calmer mood I returned to my *maison de pension* and my porcupine pillow.

## FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

Punch is authorised to state that His Excellency the Governor General, at the general request of his visitors, is about to change the name of his residence from Monk-lands to Dry-lands.

