

INFORMATION WANTED.

We are informed by a first-rate authority—and we believe it—that a Rose by any other name will smell as sweet. But DIOGENES has a query to propound.—Has *placé* any influence on odour? When shall we know how our Canadian Rose smelt at Washington? Was it there surrounded by its native and natural perfume? and did Washingtonian flowers emit scents reciprocal? Did Alabama thorns obtrude, and *scratch* the newly-entered diplomatic bud? Or, did the White and the Red intertwine, *à la* York and Lancaster? and may we look forward to an amicable and endearing interchange of boots against bacon, and wheat and wool against 'baccy and beans?

"Rose, Rose,—Financial Rose," sing for your supper, and send us to bed enlightened and happy.

"QUO ME, BACCY, RAPIS TUI PLENUM."

—Horace.



OBACCO is the *bête noire* of many well-meaning but mistaken philanthropists. They cannot see a pipe—clay, meerschaum or briar-root—without yearning to smash it, from the purest benevolence. Tobacco, according to their creed, is closely akin to Bacchus, and they really appear to imagine that the terms are etymologically connected. Cheroots to them are as abominable as Champagne, and a pipe of tobacco is almost as dangerous as a pipe of Port. They hint pretty broadly that people who smoke in this world will smoke (somewhat differently) in the world to come, and they consider M. Nicot (of blessed memory!) to be a near relative of "Old Nick." They are as bigoted as Joshua Sylvester, Gent., who, centuries ago, wrote a satire entitled, "Tobacco battered, and the Pipes shattered by a Volley of Holy Shot thundered from Mount Helicon." The following is a sample of the "Holy Shot":

"Of all the plants that Tellus' bosom yields,
In groves, glades, gardens, marshes, mountains, fields,
None so pernicious to man's life is known
As is tobacco, saving hemp alone!"

All this croaking, however, will not prove a tobacco-stopper; and, in spite of the prognostications of Mr. James Parton, the Cynic feels a confident assurance that the "Coming Man" *will* smoke. He has no space or inclination to give, in these columns the reasons of his belief. His prediction will be justified by time. Meanwhile, he draws attention to a "blast" from a Temperance Journal against the "vile American weed." The whole article is ludicrously intemperate, but only a few passages can be here quoted. After invoking the whole Christian Press to denounce the immorality of smoking, the writer continues:

"Is this habit an *impure one*? Do its devotees soil churches, halls, cars, parlors, and the like? Can it be shown by chemical analysis that they poison the common air by their fetid exhalations? If so, they injure their health, and trample upon their neighbour's rights. Is not this *wrong*?" &c., &c.

He then declares, with evident satisfaction, that smoking "diminishes appetite, blood, bone and muscle; and, moreover, paves the way for intemperance, dyspepsia, paralysis, idiocy, insanity, and quite a host of diseases." Having adduced no testimony to support his grave assertions, he thus mildly sums up the argument:

"Tobacco not only destroys the body, but the soul. It pours its abominable feculence upon all which is glorious in man, and destroys not only the casket, but the jewel in the casket. Tobacco and opium, alike, freely and persistently used, benumb the moral sensibility, sear conscience, and by their narcotic power, create an abnormal environment about the soul, which gospel truths do not penetrate. Many a smoker paralyzed by this narcotic, is as far from the kingdom of God to-day, as the forlorn drunkard, wallowing in the gutter."

"A Chinaman or a Yankee, stupefied and stultified by tobacco or opium, is as impervious to gospel truth, as an iron-clad ship in battle."

It would be a waste of time to attempt to answer these exaggerated statements. The Cynic is no bigot on the subject of smoking. He sincerely believes that tobacco, used in moderation, is the friend of man, and that the immoderate use of it is very rarely practised. Few men, happily, are such lovers of the plant as Charles Lamb, who poetically declared:—

"For thy sake, tobacco, I
Would do anything but die."

The feelings of DIOGENES towards tobacco are admirably expressed in

the following clever verses by a Cambridge friend—C. S. C.—which are slightly altered for the occasion:—

I have a liking old
For thee, though manifold
Stories, I know, are told,
Not to thy credit:
How one, or two at most
Drops makes a cat a ghost—
Useless, except to roast—
Doctors have said it:
How they who use fuses
All grow by slow degrees
Harmless as chimpanzees,
Meagre as lizards;
Go mad and beat their wives:
Plunge (after shocking lives)
Kazans and carving knives
Into their gizzards.
Confound such knavish tricks!
Yet know I five or six
Smokers who freely mix
Still with their neighbours;
Jones—who, I'm glad to say,
Asked leave of Mrs. J.—
Daily absorbs a day
After his labours.
Cats may have had their goose
Cooked by tobacco juice:
Still why deny its use
When men are frugal?
We're not as tabbies are:
Smith—take a fresh cigar!
Jones, the tobacco-jar!
Here's to John Douglass!

ANECDOTICAL.

The Nestor of old Provincial politics, Sir Francis Hincks, has arrived at Quebec, entrusted, it is said, with a "delicate diplomatic mission." DIOGENES has been informed that, shortly after landing, Sir Francis made many enquiries for his quondam adherents and antagonists, proving beyond a doubt that he retains a lively recollection of both the actors and the incidents which made his Administration famous. Among others, he asked for Mr. James Moir Ferres. On being told Mr. Ferres was in Kingston Penitentiary, Sir Francis exclaimed, with all his old animation, "By —, Sir, I wanted to send him there twenty years ago! and he's there at last!" On ascertaining that Perry was alive and impecunious, he exclaimed: "I thought so! I knew he'd never make any money! Odd fellow—that Perry!"

LATEST FROM THE BACK OF THE ISLAND.

"But," said Harris, picking his teeth,—the act is mentioned from its suggestiveness,—"Why is a Canada trader, who fails, unlike Lady Macbeth?"

Thompson gave it up. He did not know Lady Macbeth; was she connected with one of the regiments at Montreal?

Wagstaffe gave it up, too; but he had heard of the play.

"Because," said Harris didactically, "when Lady Macbeth fails, she fails: but when the Canada trader goes into the Bankrupt Court, instead of failing he makes rather a good thing of it. Don't you see?"

Thompson is going to read the play through. It is quite plain it is the thing to do.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MY DEAR DIOGENES.—At a late meeting of the wise men of the Montreal Water Committee, it seems to be have been resolved, on motion duly put and carried:—

"That His Worship the Mayor, the Water Committee, and Mr. Lesage, Superintendent of the Water Works, be authorised to visit the different works of the Aqueduct of the City of New York, and of any other cities they may find advisable to visit, and that His Worship the Mayor be requested to order the City Treasurer to put the necessary funds at their disposal to meet the expenses which will be incurred for that purpose."

Everybody knows the Water Committee wants improvement in more ways than one. The mind of the Chairman,—who is, admittedly, a round peg in a square hole,—would be none the worse for opening up, and nothing opens up a man's mind so much as travel. But under this motion the committee-men may travel a little too far. They may go from Dan to Beersheba, and not be much the better for it. It certainly will not lead to the city's advantage to establish a roving commission in search of information, especially as hardly another city on this side of the Atlantic, except Quebec, exists under similar climatic conditions. The people of New York, London, Paris, Pekin, Bombay or Timbuctoo may welcome the "outside barbarians," and ask a good many questions about ice-shoes and frazil,—maple sugar and muffins; they may offer hookahs and hookers; but they will hardly be in a position to afford our aqueous sages the knowledge of which they go in search.

There is one point, and that an important one, to which I am desirous of drawing attention. How can the Mayor order the City Treasurer to pay monies for any purpose on the dicta of the Committee and without an appropriation being ordered by the Council? I don't think His Worship will act on the motion of the Committee; if he does, he will establish a very bad precedent.—Yours faithfully,
CIVIS.