

"WHELAN'S WELCOME."

TORONTO, NOV., 1868.

DIOGENES' curiosity having been excited by an account which he read in the *Globe* of the arrival of Whelan in Toronto last week, he has been enabled, by the exercise of back-stair influence (which is the characteristic result of the rays of his lantern), to obtain a view of the private diary of the Governor of the Gaol in which the "distinguished prisoner" is at present confined.

The Cynic will content himself with transcribing the entries for the day following the arrival of "*the murderer*," and will simply inform the public, in the words of the *Globe* reporter, that "The preparations for his reception were made in conformity with the *dignity of the prisoner*," and that "on being taken to his cell he expressed much satisfaction with it."

The diary commences thus:

7 o'clock A.M.—Awoke after a refreshing night's rest, and immediately desired Charles to take a cup of coffee, and two pieces of toast, to my newly arrived "guest," to give him my compliments, and say that I hoped he had passed a pleasant night. On Charles' return, I heard that Mr. Whelan had slept well, after his fatiguing journey on the Grand Trunk Railway, and would be happy to receive me in his *boudoir* at about nine o'clock. Having dressed myself with extra care, I knocked at his door, and was received with a round of oaths. Knowing this was an amusing peculiarity of my visitor, I walked in quite unconcernedly, and shook hands, warmly, with Mr. Whelan. He received me in a most gentlemanly manner, and apologised for his language to me outside his door, saying he was not aware who was knocking. He was dressed in a loose morning gown, and assured me that he had greatly enjoyed his breakfast, which, by my order had consisted of chocolate, grilled chicken and marmalade. I ascertained his wishes as to dinner, which he desired to have at seven o'clock, and then offered him the use of my gray mare for a little horse exercise in the yard. This he politely declined, as he informed me that "he had n't straddled a oss since last St. Patrick's Day, when he was Marshal, and he guessed how he'd got rather stiff." He asked me if I had a few volumes of the Newgate Calendar for him to read, and I promised, if there were any in the city, to obtain them for him. (I procured him two, afterwards; one with an account of Rush's trial and execution, and the other describing Palmer's last moments.) I left him soon after, and found two gentlemen of the Press (from the *Globe* office) waiting to see me, in order to obtain leave to visit my guest. They asked me many questions about him,—such as, "What wardrobe did he bring?" "Had he already given out his clothes for the wash, and how many were there?" "Did he take snuff?" "Did he expectorate freely?" "What was his favorite drink?" "Had I observed his prayer-book, and whether it was well thumbed?" and numerous other enquiries, the answers to which, they said, the public would read with great avidity. I gave them the necessary permission to converse with Mr. Whelan,—a permission which I understand they profited by to a very liberal extent.—In the afternoon one of my Wardens informed me that Mr. Whelan had roundly abused him in a very profane manner for having given him nothing but gruel for luncheon. I had most unfortunately forgotten to give any special instructions as to this meal, and he had been served out with the usual dinner given to less distinguished prisoners. I apologised for this when I went to visit him again in the evening, and promised that so long as he was under my care his diet should receive my personal attention. I also expressed my great regret that the stringent rules in force forbade my entertaining him as a guest at my own table. He told me that he had dined well off boiled shoulder of mutton and onion sauce, and pronounced our cook "a

regular fizzer at making coffee." His conversation is very varied and amusing,—not always strictly grammatical, and at times rather profane,—but, on the whole, I am agreeably pleased with my guest, and shall be sorry when he leaves me.

I retired to bed at eleven o'clock, perfectly satisfied that no pains had been spared to make Mr. Whelan's visit to Toronto as pleasant to him as circumstances would allow.

TO THE EDITOR OF "DIOGENES."

MONTREAL, Dec. 1st, 1868.

SIR,—In accordance with a request from the President and Committee of the St. Andrew's Society that I would prepare an original song to be sung at their banquet in the Mechanics' Hall on St. Andrew's day last, I wrote the accompanying; but, in consequence of strong opposition from some of the members, it was not unanimously accepted, on account, I believe, of its extremely *temperate* language. As an author I think it hard that my song should not have been laid before the public, tho' at the same time I freely forgive the St. Andrew's Society, thinking, as I do, that their refusal indicates that less *cold water* will be thrown on a genial meeting next St. Andrew's day. Yours, till death,

TORQUIL MCSPLEUCHAN.

A SONG WITH THE MOTTO "TEMPERANTIA DOES IT."

AIR—"Cauld Kail in Aberdeen."

There's water cauld in Montreal,
The whilk we mean to shew ye,
By banquets at Mechanics' Hall
Where water fills the cogie.

Chorus—When water fills my cogie, Sir,

I speechify as vogie,
The lasses wad na had their lads
Neglect them for their cogie.

When Father Adam, lang sin syne,
Wad tak a drop o' grogie,
He kenned na' usquebagh nor wine,
But water filled his cogie.

Chorus—When water fills, &c.

And what the deil care I tho' a'
Ca' me auld farrant fogie,
I'd dang down "Freeman's," "Queen's," and a'
Where sinners birl the cogie.

Chorus—When water fills, &c.

Then Heaven our Temperance feast attend,
If ony ane say no,—Geh!
Then I'll mak his hinder end
Acquainted wi' my broguie.

Chorus—When water fills, &c.

The following supplementary verse was suggested by a friend who remained until a late hour, and avers that the farther the evening advanced the less the temperance element seemed to predominate, giving as his reason, and parting advice to St. Andrew's Society,—

For when ye deputations send,
Led by a blythesome roguie,
They'll fill their quaich to some good end,
Wi' mair than's in your cogie.

Chorus—When water fills, &c.

UNPARLIAMENTARY LANGUAGE.

In the *Gazette's* account of the Dinner in the Mechanics' Hall, on St. Andrew's day, the Hon. T. Ryan is reported to have said that "*the Union of the Provinces is a Haggis*." Surely this is too hard on Confederation. Even the Nova Scotians never said more, than that the Canadian Government *had made a hash of it*.