

## THE CALLIOPE.

were sent into this world to cook meals and wash shirts for such worthless beings as you are ?

And then when night comes what do we see you at ? Why about the grocery and liquor stores of course. There you post yourself and make it a rule to ask any working man who may chance to come in and who has earned a few shillings in the course of the day, to "treat," at the same time urge as a reason that he is the only man in the crowd that is making any money. Then after you have sponged enough of a clever fellow, to make night hideous with beastly shouts, you finally lay down in some gutter with your equally respectables companions, the hogs.

Now ain't you a beautiful set of fellows ? Felons we ought to call you. Your faces ought to be covered with shame at the idea of degrading poor human nature in this manner, especially when you acknowledge that it is an awful burden to do so—Then go to work like men, or else take arsenic and make yourselves of some use, by giving the printers a chance to publish your departure under the head of suicide.

### S L A N G .

A lecture recently delivered in Carlisle, by the Rev. A. Mursell, contained the following amusing but instructive passage :—The point to which I have next to direct attention is manliness in speech. There are many young men who seem to consider it essential to manliness that they should be masters of slang. The sporting world, like its brother, the swell mob, has a language of its own ; but this dog-English extends far beyond the sporting world. It comes with its hordes of barbarous words, threatening the entire extinction of genuine English ! Now just listen to our fast young man, or the ape of a "fast young man," who thinks that to be a man he must speak in the dark phraseology of slang. If he does anything on his own responsibility, he does it on his own

"hook." If he sees anything remarkably good, he calls it a "stunner," the superlative of which is a "regular stunner." If he is requested to pay a tavern bill, he is asked if he will stand Sam ? If he meets a savage-looking dog he calls him "an ugly customer." If he meets an eccentric man, he calls him a "rummy old cove." A sensible man is "a chap that is up to snuff." A man not remarkable for good sense is a "cake"—a "flat"—a "spoon"—a "stick"—"his mother does not know he is out." A doubtful assertion is to be "told to the marines." An incredible statement is "all gammon." Our young friend never scolds, but "blows up"—never pays but "stumps up"—never finds it difficult to pay, but is "hard up."—never feels fatigued, but is "used up." He has no hat, but shelters his head beneath a "tile." He wears no neckcloth, but surrounds his throat with a "choker." He lives nowhere, but there is some place where he "hangs out." He never goes away or withdraws, but he "bolts"—he "slopes"—he "mizzles"—he "makes himself scarce"—he "walks his chalks"—he "makes tracks"—he "cuts his stick"—or what is the same thing, "cuts his lucky !"

The highest compliment you can pay him is to tell him that he is a "regular brick." He does not profess to be brave, but he prides himself on being "plucky." Money is a word which he has forgotten, but he talks a good deal about "tin," and "the needful," "the rhino," and "the ready." When a man speaks, he "spouts," and when he holds his peace, he's "shut up"—when he is humiliated, he is "taken down a peg or two," and made to "sing small." He calls his hands "paws," his legs "pins." To be perplexed is to be "flummoxed"—to be disappointed, is to be "dished"—to be cheated is to be "sold"—to be caught clearly is to be "done brown." Whatsoever is fine is "nobby"—whatsoever is shabby is "seedy"—whatsoever is pleasant is "jolly." He says, "Blessed if he does this," "blowed if he does