

"HIGHLY CREDITABLE REFERENCES."

The following statement of facts was recently cut by DIOGENES from a Scotch newspaper:—

"A comparison of some statistics relating to Ireland and Scotland leads to references highly creditable to the latter country, and which ought to supply a motive for energy and activity in Ireland. The population of Ireland is 5,768,567; of Scotland 3,062,294. The property assessed to income-tax amounts in Ireland to £23,123,333; in Scotland to £27,137,919. There are 23 distilleries in Ireland, but 112 in Scotland. Under the head of Fisheries, we find that Scotland cured 830,094 barrels of herrings, of which Ireland, whose seas teem with that fish, purchased 80,000 barrels, the contents of which were probably netted off her own shores. The expenditure on the poor in Scotland is larger than in Ireland, the amount being £761,934 against £605,981. We may add that the quantity of whisky 'used' in Ireland was 5,910,061 gallons, in Scotland 7,691,760."

The Cynic is compelled to state that, after reading the above printed statistics, he has arrived at certain conclusions which differ materially from those of the writer quoted. He denies emphatically that the existence of "23 distilleries in Ireland, and of 112 in Scotland," shows a difference of 89 *in favour of* North Britain, or is "highly creditable to that country." On the contrary, it is as lamentable and discreditable as the fact that, while the population of Ireland exceeds that of Scotland by 2,706,273 souls, the Caledonians consume more whiskey than the Patlanders by 1,781,699 gallons. When Scotland devotes to the cure of her drunkards the same energy that she displays in the curing of her herrings, she will doubtless meet with proportionate success, and no longer be forced to expend on her poor so large an annual sum as £761,934. Those 112 distilleries are the cause of almost all the crime, madness, misery, and pauperism of the country; and if, in spite of them, "auld Scotia" ranks high among the world's nations, what superiority might she not attain if they were banished for ever from her land?

DIOGENES, as a lover of strict justice, will not attempt to conceal his conviction that the "poteen" manufactured on the sly, partially accounts for the fact that the distilleries of Ireland are, comparatively so few.

MYSTERIOUS ANNOUNCEMENT.

The attention of DIOGENES has been drawn to the following notice in the *Gazette* of last Monday:

PRESENTATION.—Yesterday morning, a number of gentlemen from Chicago called on Mr. J. A. Perkins, jr., and presented to him a splendid gold watch and chain, worth \$250. The watch bore the following inscription:—Presented to J. A. Perkins, jr., as a memento of distinguished services.

"J. A. Perkins, junr.!" Surely DIOGENES has seen that name before. But where? In the directory or on a door-plate,—in a newspaper or on a bill? He knows not, and for that reason writes the present speculative paragraphs.

The Cynic having only recently turned up in the Dominion, is anxious to ascertain who J. A. Perkins, junr., is, and what "distinguished services" he has rendered to "a number of gentlemen from Chicago." Is the fortunate recipient of this "splendid gold watch," of English, Scotch, or Irish extraction? Is he a Canuck or a Yankee, or that nondescript amalgam, an Eastern Townships' man? The *Gazette*, having excited the curiosity of the public, is almost bound to elucidate its enigmatical "item."

Who are these mysterious visitors from Chicago, and why did they select the Sabbath as the most fitting day for presenting their "donation"? There is a secret underlying this arrangement, which has yet to be unearthed. Can these free-handed gentry possibly be Fenian conspirators; and can J. A. Perkins, junr., have undertaken to hand over to them our fair city? This gentleman should be carefully watched, for we cannot use too much caution in these troublous times.

Or, are they Express Robbers, who have been liberated

through the agency of J. A. Perkins, junr.? In that case, the Cynic recommends him at once to make certain that his "splendid gold watch" is not stolen property.

Or, has the genius of J. A. Perkins, junr., invented a new "Cock-tail" especially for Chicagonians, or elaborated some improvements in the game of Euchre? Or, finally, (for the Cynic is bewildering himself with vague speculations) has J. A. Perkins, junr., supposing that such a personality really exists, merely hoaxed a reporter for the sake of an advertisement? DIOGENES pauses for a reply.

DU SUBLIME AU RIDICULE IL N'Y A QU'UN PAS.

DIOGENES has a high respect for the Institution of the Christian Brothers, and feels certain that none of these gentlemen supervised the address which their pupils, on a recent occasion, presented to the Governor-General. A fortnight ago the Cynic gave a short lecture on English grammar to a *soi-disant* "School-boy," and he now, with the kindest intentions, offers a few suggestions for the consideration of the pupils above mentioned:—

YOUNG GENTLEMEN:

I recommend you to compare with your own gaudy grandiloquence the terse and vigorous reply of His Excellency Sir John Young. It may, perhaps, prove an antidote to your love of pompous declamation, and deter you in future from splashing in the froth of your own rhetoric. When you are rejoiced at anything, be careful not to say (as you lately did) that it "causes your youthful hearts to palpitate with jubilation." Under such circumstances, my young friends, if you have described your symptoms correctly, you stand in urgent need of medical treatment.

Again—"to repose beneath the ægis of your able administration" is a time-honoured rhetorical flourish; but a blanket is preferable to an ægis during the severity of our Canadian winter, and forms a more comfortable, though less classical, covering.

In conclusion, when next you speak of leaving school, avoid referring to the time when the "halcyon season of our school-days shall have been engulfed in the past." Refrain from fustian: prune your flowers of speech; and talk English, not "Johnsonese." Take the sound advice of DIOGENES and Dean Alford—"call a spade a 'spade,' not an oblong instrument of manual husbandry."

The edge of the Philosopher's cynicism has been considerably blunted during his residence in Montreal. He abstains, therefore, from criticizing the sweetly-sentimental address presented by a young lady at the "mountain solitude" of Villa Maria. But the following gushing passage must have proved almost too much for His Excellency:—

"Fain would we strew the way with flowers, as when your noble predecessor and his gracious lady came in the lovely summer time to crown our efforts at the termination of the scholastic year, but though stern winter has blighted the fair scenes, we can proffer Your Excellency flowers which shall never fade,— fervent wishes for your happiness,—a future no less brilliant than the past."

STRANGE TASTE.

As remarked by a great authority, there is certainly no accounting for taste. A day or two ago DIOGENES chanced to be the centre-piece in a circle of lawyers, when the opinion was universally expressed, (strange perversity!) that not one of the crowd would have felt satisfied to be hanged on the evidence that convicted Whelan.

A SONG FOR DISSAPPOINTED SPECULATORS IN THE OIL REGIONS.
"Oh! had we some bright little *ile* of our own, &c. &c."