

## OUR SICK CONTRIBUTOR'S FELLOW BOARDERS.

No. 8.

"THE YANKEE."

Mr. Ezekiel A. Jackson is a native of Salem, Massachusetts. He has been in the house only a fortnight which is the reason that he has not been alluded to before. He is, however, no stranger here. It appears that he generally comes here for about two months every summer. He is rather popular among us and among the older boarders goes by the name of "Zeke J." He is about forty-five years of age, tall, and would be good-looking if he would only leave on his moustache and whiskers as well as the beard which is cut and trimmed with the formality of a Dutch hedge-row. He dresses in black, and wears a plug-hat even during this weather. He sometimes dons a large Holland over coat, to protect his garments from dust. His watch-chain is massive and very ugly, with a huge pendant seal. His shirt-front is elaborately frilled, like that of the bard of St. Nicholas Street, with a large carbuncle pin reposing in the middle. I do not think that this carefully-got-up bosom has any connection with a shirt. His accent is unmistakably "New England." He has plenty of money, which he spends freely—chiefly in "drinks" and "drives round the Mountain." He makes himself very agreeable to the ladies, and amuses us all with a rich fund of genuine Yankee humor. His anecdotes are abundant and marvellous,—but I rather doubt their authenticity. The men do not get on with him so well as the ladies. The Poet he despises as a "Mean White Southerner."

The Captain is, with him, "a useless loafer," and he almost tells him so to his face. Perhaps the Captain is rather malicious. He has a way of drawing him out and then making him collapse in a most amusing way. He cannot understand the Athlete. Active sports he hates with the hate peculiar to his countrymen. They are only tolerated by him as a medium of betting. Games of Chance he likes, and wants to play for heavy stakes. The Captain is his watch at whist, and always insists on being what he calls his *opponent*. He has lately taken to inviting the younger men to his room to a quiet game at "draw-poker." I think these youths would be better away. The Yankee provides whiskey and cigars, but I am sure that the young men have quite paid for these refreshments before they leave his room.

He cultivates the scientific boarder, at least in his chemical capacity,—(his insects he cares naught about,)—and he wonders that our friend does not apply his knowledge to manufactures instead of what he calls, "wasting his days in a bank." I need hardly say that Mr. Jackson is an uncompromising annexationist. This is not all. He sincerely believes that all Canadians think with him on this subject, and says our Mayor thoroughly endorses it, adding, "I know you Britishers well; you never like to admit anything; of course you write articles in the papers against us,—you always do when anything touches your vanity,—but you know it must come and you wish it in your hearts. We don't care the least about it, but we like to see all civilized nations obeying the destiny of nature." An oration of some length follows this beautiful image, which is of a stereotyped form and not interesting. The Captain always affects great interest in his views, and asks several leading questions such as the amount of the American National Debt, the State of Taxation, the Condition of the South, &c. These sarcasms "rile" the Yankee in his turn. He feels that he is being chaffed, and retreats to his room to "liquor up," and to "anathematize" that darned loafer. He was one day shewn Korn Kobb's article in *Dio: ges* on "The Alabama Claims." He eulogized it much, and quite unable to see any irony in it. The next day, however, he pronounced it to

be all stolen from "Frank Leslie's Budget of Fun," and produced the number to prove the fact. He was rather taken a-back when the Captain shewed him that the date of the journal was several weeks later than that of Korn Kobb's article,—the truth being that your correspondent's clever paper had been coolly appropriated by "Frank Leslie" without a word of acknowledgment as to the source from which it was derived.

My readers will be curious to know what is Mr. Jackson's occupation. First of all, he is an agent for the inventions of his ingenious countrymen. He is at present travelling with a brick-making machine,—or rather the model of one;—a new street pavement; a churn; a furnace-bar; a salve; a new remedy for all diseases. But he combines other pursuits with these agencies. He is the correspondent in Canada of American newspapers, though not, I believe of the *New York Tribune*. He is also a sort of emigration agent, and is rather mysterious in his operations. He is connected with several railways in the Far West where laborers can always earn two or three dollars a day. He guarantees employment to mechanics, in factories too numerous to mention, but he declines to sign his name to any document on the subject. He is philanthropically anxious to improve the condition of our laboring population by moving them to a more enlightened country. He haunts the Quebec Steamer early of a morning, particularly after the arrival of vessels from Europe.

I rather suspect Mr. Jackson. He was a very frequent visitor of ours during the American War and, on one occasion, had to leave the city very abruptly. I admit that it is useless to attempt to prevent our artisans from working where they like. If they can bring their skill to a better market in the States, small blame to them for going thither: but I would suggest to our authorities that a little trustworthy information about American labor markets is by no means undesirable. In any case, it would be advisable to know a little more of those individuals with nasal accents, who haunt our railway-stations and steam boats, and whose faces closely resemble those of certain "crimps" whom the police remember to have seen here during the war with the South.

## SUMMARY PROCEEDINGS.

The *New York Sunday Mercury* generally has half a column of advertisements headed, MATRIMONIAL. There is a coolness about some of these announcements which is positively refreshing during this summer weather. The following notice is printed in the "Matrimonial" column, though it may be doubted whether the advertiser means legitimate business:

A young gentleman of New York City, who is spending the summer in the country, would like to correspond with an unlimited number of young ladies. Object, amusement and mutual improvement. Address Fred. Mortimer, P. O. Box 92, Crosswicks, Burlington County, N. Y.

The coolness of this "young gentleman" would do credit to an iceberg: "Insatiate Archer! would not one suffice?" Will nothing content you for your summer amusement but a correspondence with "an unlimited number of young ladies?" With such views as yours you should turn Mahometan or Mormon. Your ambition would enable you to rival Brigham Young, and you would present a magnificent appearance in a harem. You are probably, in fact, a harum-scarum sort of fellow, though you pretend that you wish to blend the *utile* with the *dulce*. That "mutual improvement" scheme of yours will break down. It is hardly worth while to try and improve you, and it is absolutely certain that you can't improve a young lady. Take the advice of DIOGENES, Mr. Fred. Mortimer, and spend your summer in the country in some more respectable way than you propose in your advertisement. Fish, shoot, row, play base-ball, or join a cricket-club; but don't go young-lady-hunting. "An unlimited number of young ladies" would prove too many for you, and it is to be feared you would prove too much for one young lady alone.