

### Troubles of the Dog-Days.

Owing to the oppressively hot weather and the absence from town of the Editor, GUR is obliged to call in the aid of a friend to fill up this week's issue. That friend is *Mr. Pauch*, an old English gentleman almost as famous and clever as GUR himself. Anything like an apology, then, is quite unnecessary by way of preface to the following paragraphs:

MAXIMS AND OPINIONS OF LORD DUNDREARY.

(Collected from all his Works.)

It is very pleasant to get up at ten o'clock in the morning, and shave before noon. I suppose there are some people who are compelled to rise at eight, but I am sure I feel the most sovereign contempt for them.

There is one great disadvantage in keeping coal-mines. The constant bother of looking over accounts, and signing mortgages, exposes one to a thousand sources of *ennui*, for which no profits, however large, can be an adequate compensation.

How debased must be that man who would travel without his *batterie de cuisine*! But how much more depraved must be that creature who would eat his dinner without the crust on his plate!

The peasants in France kneel down in the churches on the stone-pavement. After this, who can wonder at the atrocities of the French revolution?

The man who would not make way for a Lord, or give up his bed to a Duke, deserves being transported; but the man who would present a bill to either is a fiend who would be capable of any atrocity, and for whom no punishment can be too severe.

I wonder how people can eat, or drink, or sleep in the German hotels. Everything is so bad, so filthy, and so high-priced, that it is a wonder to me how any one can exist a day under it. Will it be believed—they charged me at Vienna fourpence for a small cup of coffee? I told the landlord I should mention it in my book, and the impudent fellow actually laughed in my face!

If there is a man in existence equal to *KONESIERRE*, it is the English Ambassador at Constantinople. I left my card upon him, and he never invited me to dinner. No wonder the interests of England are so often sacrificed abroad!

The number of English who meet with on the Continent is positively annoying. They are to be met with everywhere—in the coaches, in the hotels, in the streets, in the churches and theatres—not a place, however common or beautiful, is sacred from their intrusion. I shall certainly make a motion next session in the House of Lords, that every Englishman be compelled to stop at home and mind his shop.

*NICHOLAS* is quite a superior man. He complimented me yesterday upon my polished boots.

I saw the sun rise once. Really it is not worth the trouble. I spoke at an election, too, once. I never intend to do either again.

### THE WICKEDNESS OF WANT.

When we see ladies and gentlemen driving about in their vehicles, fine almost as the carriage of the sun—when we see them clothed in the richest and the best—when we know that they have their town palaces and their country palaces—when their sumptuous banquetings are trumpeted through the columns of the *Morning Post*—it is to us a matter of surprise and sorrow that none of the offenders are made to answer for their manifold transgressions against a multitude of their fellow-creatures. We cannot understand why they escape the police-court. And yet, we doubt not, so strong are the prejudices of the world, so deep its reverence for the majesty of wealth, that were any Christian champion to call upon them to answer for their misdoings, he, the aforesaid champion, would be speedily consigned to the inspection of a couple of doctors, preparatory to his committal to a mad-house. Imagine the Duke of *MANYSTARS* charged before Mr. *GREENWOOD* with superfluity. Imagine a summons issued against his Grace for that he has half-a-dozen carriages, whereas thousands of his fellow-men trudge bare-footed; that he has as many mansions, whereas thousands have not a roof to cover them; that he dines every day in the Apollo, while multitudes of his fellow-creatures never dine at all. Now, if Christianity be anything more than the *Tales of the Genii*,—such charges preferred against a rich man could not be considered so very preposterous. Surely they would not be so wide of its spirit as many most respectable church-goers might, at the first blush, believe. Their first astonishment a little subsided at the extravagance of the charge, and some time granted them to consult their Testaments, though they might still very strongly protest against the inconvenience of such charges to the rich and well-to-do, they could not, with any Christian face, condemn them as wholly subversive of the principles of the religion that, in comfortable pews, they once a week sacrificed to. "Charged and indicted for superfluity!" A man of monstrous wealth placed at the bar, to answer for his manifold possessions!

Well, we will allow that a man so indicted, would create much amazement—would attract to himself a world of sympathy. But we

contend that the spectacle of such an offender would, in the eyes of true Christianity, be less monstrous than that of a son of *ADAM* charged with destitution! It is not an indictable offence to possess two or three hundred feather beds, but it is a social wickedness—an affront put upon the possessors of even one pallet—for a man to make his couch of a door-step. A case in the *Cork Examiner*—commented upon by the *Times*, strongly illustrates this wickedness of want. One *JANE COFFEE* and *CORNELIUS CONNELL* were indicted, and tried before Mr. Justice *BURTON*, "as vagrants having no fixed residence or mode of living." Well, their very looks convicted them. The case presented no knotty points to the jury: the atrocity of their destitution—the infamy of their having nothing, spoke for itself—was too apparent in their haggard faces, in their "looped wretchedness." Whereupon the Judge directed them each to find sureties for their good behaviour within six months, to the amount of £5—that is, two sureties of 50s. each; telling them, moreover, that "if they did not, they would be transported for seven years!"

Thus, your half-naked, houseless *ADAM* is a felon, by the iniquity of his destitution. This is a beautiful world about us, teeming with plenty in its many forms, and the man who in this land of Promise has neither milk nor honey, is a varlet to be chastised for his nothingness. To be sure, if he visit the dairy of another—if he rob the bee-hives of his neighbor—he is equally indictable for the wickedness of his ways. A hard case this for the rugged *ADAM* of the fifteenth century. Chains and slavery if he have nothing, and if he steal from others who have too much—chains and slavery. It is a terrible truth, and strongly indicative of the inborn badness of want, that, let us search our statute-books centuries back, and we shall find poverty to have been always in the wrong. Man obtains virtue only with the goods of this world.

Nevertheless, when we read such cases as that of *JANE COFFEE* and *CORNELIUS CONNELL*—when we hear starving, hopeless indigence "charged" with destitution—we should like to find a companion for the felon: it would give us a curious pleasure to contrast at the bar a beggarly want with plethoric wealth; and having sworn in a jury—mind, a jury possessed with Christianity as prescribed by its Founder we should like, when the pauper culprit, the offender "charged with destitution," was disposed of—we should much like to hear the verdict on the criminal indicted for superfluity. It is, in faith, a startling picture to contemplate, a *Dives* on the treadmill; and yet, according to our faith, he is in a much worse predicament.

"Charged with destitution." Well, the Evil One—we are sure of it, from the horrid contradictions we sometimes see about us—has his Jest Book, and this is one of his bitterest pleasantries.

### Societies for the Promotion of Social Harmony.

In colour blending it is a fact too well known to need more than stating that pigments, respectively blue and yellow, in combination produce the various shades of green required in the pictorial art. This also is an allegory, and we find that in combination the true blue and orange-tinted elements of humanity produce a lovely shade of green. But, on pursuing investigation further, it is perceived that this "compound" green is not the same as, though no more valuable than, a certain uncompound or "simple" emerald green, which is found in large quantities. In fact the two colours are antipathetic, and when brought in contact, unless great care be taken, they become highly explosive and dangerous to spectators, as well as partially destructive of themselves. The great pity is that when explosions do take place, the whole body of colour is not destroyed, but only the more inflammatory parts; and the chief ultimate result is only to increase the tendency to undesirable pyrotechnic displays.

There is to the unbelieving people of the present age a great joke in the spectacle of a compound green Society (which is supposed to be a religious society, and has its chaplain, and goes to church, and is sermonized to) in deadly enmity to a simple green Society (which is also supposed to be a religious Society, and has its ministers of religion, and likewise goes to church and is sermonized to). *Arcades ambo*, which, being interpreted, meaneth a brace of humbugs. Orange and blue melodies, emphasized by pistols and stone-throwing and profanity, harmless enough to all except its utterers, are supposed on one side to be excellent means of converting to the faith; and emerald green music, emphasized in very much the same way, is, on the other side, similarly thought to be an infallible corrective of heretic doctrine and practice. GUR could afford to laugh at the whole performance, so far as any practical effect is produced by this war of the Greens. His finely attuned ear is tortured alike by the execution of "Boyne Water" and of "St. Patrick's Day," and he cannot for the life of him see that the best mode of influencing a man's belief and reaching his heart is by insulting him in all that he is supposed to hold most dear. When party processions are finally put down, as they will, probably, some of these days, some less natural, but doubtless more effective mode may be discovered of securing the spread of true religion among the foreign factionists of Canada.