



MR. NEEBRITCHIS IS INSULTED.

HE IS TEMPORARILY OUT OF EMPLOYMENT.

Mr. GRIP,

DEAN SIR,—I once more venter to flourish my delight pen on the toppic of Canadian sassiety and the igstornary indignity to wich I have bin laity submitted. I have refrained from doing so for sum time as I here sum of my remark give grate ofense in quarters wich shall be namless, but I am goded on to rite to you once more by the frifeful state of things ogisting at the famby ware I was engaged larst; just fancy, the missus had the ojus impidence to tell me I was hired to do as I was ordered wen I flatly and premptrilly refused to lend my seccond coat to the gardner to wate at table in on the oecashn of a party. Lawd! and sech a party. Blowd if there wasn't a young feller wich I'd seen that verry day behind a counter when I shapperonged the ladies of our famby out a shopping in the kerridge, and aparently he hadn't never seen finger glarses in his life before: I thort I should have hidde when Mister Pawky, the butler; filled his wine glarses—thair was three of em—one with sherry at the supe. another with ock and the other with musel during the course of dinner, and the young feller didn't drink any of em—but wen the finger glarses was placed round, blest if he didn't pore all three into the water in his and drunk it all off at wunst. My heyes! I bust out into a lowd guffaw; but was sudnly checked by the gashly expresshn on marsters faice; he axshilly got up, and took me by the collar and shuverd me out of the romb, and with the words, "Go and take of my livry at once, you blaggard, and come to my studdy for your waigies," meaning my sellery, the low broot. His studdy! My word! but if he could honly lern to spell it would be something, and he's a regler out and out illitteret feller and his studdy is nearly a "nom de ploom," for he hasn't the ability to studdy, much less to lern emnything, but is welthy, having spekilaited in weat. And I beleave he had the ordassity to hackshally kick me rite on the tales of his becsly livry (the crest on the buttings of wich is "too years of corn, gurdlong surmounted by a doocal cornet on a ground yaller and ashoor," waverer he got it, especially the cornet), wen he put me out of the romb. His ojus langwidge wen he pade me my sellery was sumthing puffedekly disgusting and honly fit for the lowest "canile" to use. If you know of a good famby that wishes for the suvices of a futman as knows his bizness and ware his

tallents would be appreehated, please let me know. My wiskers is modeled on the Bel-gravia patern and my carves is eighteen inches in diammitter round. I was sorry to part with Louisa, cook, but otherwise was glad to be releaved from witnessing the daly disgusting puffermances at my late plaice. Marster eat constant with his wife, and missus was always talkin about "sherry wine" wich is sure sines that thare nativity's wasn't cast under aristocratict plannets.

Yures Fathelly,

CHAWLES NEEBRITCHIS.

P. S.—I'm disgustid with Canady and Canadian aristoxery.



WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

The incident which suggested this query to me was as follows: I was on a journey, and at a certain place was forced to take a hack from one railway station to another, the distance between the two being under a mile; of that I was certain, and moreover I had a tariff card in my pocket, and so knew exactly what was the precise amount of fare to be paid, and that amount I handed to the driver, who was, of course, indignant, and demanded "What was that for?" stating at the same time that the sum was only half of what it should be. I replied—there being plenty of time before my train started—by entering into the supply and demand question in general, and the charge and convenience of street locomotion in particular, which I find to be a very annoying plan of dealing with obstreperous hackmen, and far better than the strongest language. When I had finished a rather elaborate treatise on this subject, I triumphantly produced my tariff card, and the man was, perforce, convinced. He climbed up slowly, like some ungainly parrot, to his perch, and grunting out "You a gentleman," drove away. There was no doubt, from his tone and manner, that the expression was elliptical and meant that I was not a gentleman. They were so intensified and pregnant with emphasis, that he seemed to say, "Well, of all the fraudulent imitations and absurd parodies upon a gentleman that ever I saw, you, my fare, are the most transparent and least life-like. You a gentleman."

This little incident furnished me with food for reflection for the rest of my journey: it set me thinking what a gentleman is supposed by different classes of people to be and not to be: how almost everybody has a particular and private account of him to give; and, finally, how we are deterred, by various shibboleths and empty phrases, from doing what is natural and right, whereof, perhaps, "not gentlemanly" is the chief.

I fear this term 'gentleman' is mostly applied by the lower classes to those of their so-called superiors who are most lavish and extravagant. When the last scions of the noble house of Fitzplantagenet, in the play, are compelled to remove from their ancestral halls into furnished apartments, and that insolent hardware man, Bodgkins, reigns in their stead,

it is customary for the villagers to deny him any title of respect, and to remain unchangeable in their devotion to the fallen race of Fitzplantagenet: but we don't find this at all true upon the stage of the real world. As long as Bodgkins scatters his coin broadcast, he need fear no rivalry; but becoming prudent, it is only natural that he should meet with unpleasant comparisons. "He a gentleman: no, no, there's nothing like blood"—except money.

When I was told by a certain old retainer, (concerning the double marriage of the two sons of one of the chief men of the neighborhood, the elder of whom had made what is called a good match, whilst the younger had married a poor but respectable girl), that Mister George was "well enough," but that Mister Harry was "twice the gentleman,"—I had an immediate suspicion that the one had only given him a dollar bill after the ceremony, and the other a bank-note of five times the value, which indeed turned out to be the case.

The middle classes—by which everybody means the class that is below himself—are very tenacious of this title. "A gentleman of my acquaintance," they say, instead of "a man I know," or "a friend of mine." Upwards in the social scale the word gets many a new meaning; but the leading idea is still that of pecuniary superiority.

In England, at the great public schools, it is not considered quite 'gentlemanly' among the boys to be "upon the foundation," at all, although perhaps the school was intended for such and such only; and the town boys, who get their education a little cheaper are called 'cads.' The 'gentleman' commoners of the Universities are not necessarily better born than the rest of their college companions; but they are richer: the countryman, whose ancestors came over with William the Conqueror, and who owns fat heaves and whose barns are bursting with fluey, is still denied this title in full, unless he has property independent of his farm. His gentlemanliness is mitigated; he is a 'gentleman-farmer.'

In cities this term is considered somewhat fanciful, and is certainly less cared for; the 'gent' is not indignant at being so called; he thinks it short—he doesn't know how short—for 'gentleman.' In society, a man who was otherwise unexceptionable and possessed of all the virtues, would be deprived of that honorable title, 'gentleman,' if he were seen eating fish by help of a knife, and not at the hazard of choking himself with an unpleasant piece of bread that he does not know whether to eat or drop after each mouthful. A man of high title may do, however, pretty much as he likes. He certainly may commit an incredible amount of vicious actions without losing this designation. One of the coldest-hearted and most profligate of British princes was denominated by 'society' for years 'the first gentleman' in Europe. When, therefore, we hear ourselves or others proclaimed to be 'gentlemen' or 'no gentlemen,' we should consider, before being flattered or annoyed, who says it, and what is likely to be meant by it.

"He is not a gentleman, you know," says young Chifney, who can't spell, and whose father is that wealthy "dry goods merchant," who was bankrupt twice in the last ten years, "Why, bless you, he gives drawing lessons!" and in England, a rector's wife will probably remark,

"A gentleman? Oh dear, no! the man is a dissenter!"

"What is a gentleman?" still stands unresolved. Like genius, it is, in truth, to be well discerned by sympathizing souls, but not to be defined. Johnson, with his dictionary definition of it, "a man of birth," satisfies nobody, and least of all, perhaps, the men of birth: and it would seem that this question, unanswered satisfactorily for so long a period, will remain unanswered for ever.