

## A DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT.

"Such shameless bards we have; and yet, 'tis true,  
There are as mad abandoned critics too."

—POPE.

DEAR DIO:

A few days since, the *Toronto Globe* contained the following remarks in reference to a new edition of the works of Henry Kirke White:—

"Here are the works of a poet whose popularity it is as hard to account for as it is that of Martin F. Tupper."

When our greatest modern poet could pen such beautiful lines (in the midst of, perhaps, the bitterest satire in the language) in praise of White and his works, I think the scribblers for our Canadian newspapers should be a little more particular in informing themselves upon whom and what they are giving to the world their concealed opinions.

I am glad to see you giving the newspaper writers a "notice" occasionally, and I hope you will give the newspaper critics the benefit of an occasional rub. I think it is Tom Hood who says:—

"What is the modern poet's fate?  
To write his thoughts upon a slate;  
The critic spits on what is done,  
Gives it a wipe, and all is gone."

I hope this will never be the case with the poetry of Kirke White, to whose memory his illustrious *confrère*, Byron, devoted some of his noblest lines:—

"No marble marks thy couch of lowly sleep,  
But living statues there are seen to weep;  
Affection's semblance bends not o'er thy tomb,  
Affection's self deplores thy youthful doom."

Canadian critics, like Canadian poets, are not particularly noted for their modesty, and unfortunately among us the merest literary dross is regarded by the mass of readers as the genuine metal. Apparently, in this regard, *Toronto* and *Montreal* are very much alike, especially *Toronto*,—for the arrogance of the *Globe* overtops that of the *Nexus*, and flourishes with a ranker luxuriance. It is devoutly to be wished that you would occasionally give a taste of your quality to the literary impostors who, not content with systematically murdering the Queen's English, have the impertinence to charge those who wish to preserve its purity with "hypercriticism and cynicism," and with "overlooking the beauty of the thought" &c., in a prudish regard for the set rules of grammar.—Yours truly,

TASSIE.

## "OGILVIE AND I."



It is one of the peculiarities of a democratic society that any snob may boast with tolerable impunity of his being on terms of intimacy with men in high positions, or with prominent men whose opinions may be supposed to influence the formation of popular sentiment. The *Montreal* correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, a journal rapidly acquiring the character of a literary *gohemouche*, has recently communicated to his employers a list of *Montreal* notabilities whom he alleges are in favor of Canadian Independence—a state of political existence which the *Tribune* declares could only have one outcome—viz., Annexation. The correspondent does not give his name, but he seems to be on excellent terms with certain "leading gentlemen" of *Montreal*. With the Local member for *Montreal West* he is especially intimate—though it may be doubted whether his friendship is reciprocated. He is also *en rapport* with the *Molson*s,—knows Mr. Clendenning's sentiments better than the "Whistler at the Plough," and has thoroughly fathomed the depth, —hitherto deemed unfathomable,—of Mr. Alfred Perry. Mr. Luke Moore is the "Dominion Peabody;" Mr. Cotte is "rising and ambitious;" Mr. Smith is this, and Mr. Brown is that. But the culminating triumph of the correspondent comes when he speaks of "Ogilvie and I." He is so confident of his man, and appears to be so thoroughly convinced of the truth of all he writes, that in spite of the disclaimer in the *Tribune* DIOGENES is tempted to ask his friend, Ogilvie, if he knows the correspondent, and, if so, whether he will be good enough to favor the public

with his name? Men sometimes speak with an excusable laxity on political subjects which have not engrossed their study, and it is absurd to suppose they would commit themselves, readily, were they conscious that a literary spy was "among them takin' notes." DIOGENES has not the slightest suspicion, however, that Mr. Ogilvie has so committed himself. The Cynic is sure he has not, but it is just possible he may be able to furnish a clue to the identity of the "correspondent" who has so grossly misrepresented him, and, in doing so, relieve the gentlemen who have not disavowed the sentiments imputed to them from the necessity of giving a further undue prominence to the Bohemian who has slandered them.

## CHEERING NEWS FOR CANADIAN ANNEXATIONISTS.

DIOGENES was desirous this week of saying a few temperate words to the small party in the Dominion, who are in favor of "Independence," *alias* "Annexation." But a leading article in the *New York World* of the 23d. inst., has saved him the trouble, and he faithfully copies from it the following lively sketch of Uncle Sam's present condition. The prevailing tint of the picture is not *couleur de rose*,—though the sanguine champions of the above-mentioned party, will doubtless view it in a different light from the Cynic:

Business of all kinds is depressed. Gold is from 8 to 12 per cent. higher than it was at Grant's inauguration; trade is dull; commerce and manufactures languish; merchants are despondent; failures are frequent; mechanics and laborers are out of employment, and more men are seeking work and unable to obtain it than at any other period for years; money can be had only at ruinous rates; and there appears no prospect for immediate improvement. On the other hand, there is a widespread apprehension that the future is darker than the past.

## THE INTERNATIONAL BOAT-RACE.

The Cynic was grieved to read the following statement in the *Boston Courier* of June 18th: "We understand that the challenge for a rowing match from Harvard to Oxford, proceeded originally from a single individual, and was entirely unauthorized. After its acceptance, it was deemed best not to repudiate it."

As DIOGENES is aware that "Brother Jonathan" has an ugly habit of "repudiating" whenever it suits his purpose, he is astonished that he did not follow his usual practice, if the *Courier's* statement about the challenge be correct. But so far as the researches of the Cynic can discover, the statement is wholly incorrect. Here is the challenge that was sent to Oxford, purporting to come from the Harvard University crew:

Cambridge, April 6, 1869.

The Harvard University Boat Club hereby challenge the Oxford University Boat Club to row a race in out-rigger boats from Putney to Mortlake, on the River Thames, on some day between the middle of August and the 1st of September, 1869: each boat to contain four rowers and a coxswain, and the exact date of the race to be agreed upon at a meeting of the crews.

(Signed)

WILLIAM H. SIMMONS,  
Captain Harvard University Boat Club.

N. B.—This challenge to remain open for acceptance or refusal for one week from the date of its reception.

At a Captain's meeting of the Oxford University Boat-Club, held on Wednesday, April 21, it was decided, by eleven votes to ten, that the challenge should be accepted. The following was the official reply:

Oxford, England, April 24, 1869.

To the Committee of the Harvard University Boat Club.

Gentlemen,—We, the committee of the Oxford University Boat Club, hereby accept your four-oar challenge to row a race from Putney to Mortlake, according to the terms of your challenge. We remain, gentlemen, yours truly, James C. Tinne, President, P. G. Marsden, Secretary, S. D. Darbishire, Treasurer, A. C. Yarborough, Frank Willan.

From these documents it is evident that the acceptance on the part of Oxford was given, on a close vote, to a circumstantially-detailed challenge sent by the Captain of the Harvard Crew. Does the *Boston Courier* mean to insinuate that Mr. Simmons acted solely on his own responsibility when he sent that challenge? The *Courier* may tell that to the marines, but the Cynic won't believe it. The matter as it stands, at present, has a very suspicious appearance. It looks almost like "funking" on the part of Harvard, and the *Courier* seems apologizing for the crew, in anticipation of their being defeated. On the 15th instant, they really were defeated in a three-mile four-oared race, on the Charles River course, and though they recovered their laurels at the Charlestown Regatta two days afterwards, their performance was by no means extraordinary.

If these utterances of DIOGENES appear rather too cynical, he believes that he has reason to be suspicious of the Americans. He cannot forget that when the All England eleven paid a visit to New York, the most knowing of the newspapers and the sporting-men, confidently asserted that they would be beaten by the American twenty-two. But after the American twenty-two had been badly beaten, it was suddenly discovered by the same journals and sporting-men, that the American twenty-two whom they had formerly backed, were not genuine Americans, but merely Englishmen! The Cynic sincerely hopes that no paltry excuses will be made, if the Harvard men are defeated. They are undoubtedly, like their rivals, a very fine crew,—and wherever the race takes place, at the end of August, the spectators will probably witness a grand struggle. May the best men win, and receive due honour on both sides of the Atlantic!