

FRANCIS AND JOHN.

(AIR:—*Ben, the Carpenter, and Sally Brown.*)

Oh! Francis was a cute old cuss,
An axe grinder by trade;
He loved his business very much,
Because so well it paid.

He worked for us some years' ago,
And then he left our shores,
To manage the finances of
The Wind'ard blackeymores.

But darkey's purses are not deep,
There, jobs are very rare;
So quickly he returned to breathe
Our more congenial air.

And John, he stared to see him back,
And he looked gruff and grim.
But Francis was a cunning coon,
And soon got over him.

A glass or two of hot old rye,
Soon made poor Johnny "right";
And in his cups, a *financier*,
He made his brother Knight.

They gammoned Rankin to make room
For his distinguished neighbour,
"But," says the *Globe*, the "Renfrew folk,
"Don't seem to see the favor."

Though, if we may believe the *News*
Which does not now see double
The chances are that Francis will
Get something for his trouble.

And yet the *Globe*, who's sometimes wrong
When all the world is right,
Declares that, when he got sworn in,
'Twas a bad day for the Knight!

A DOSE FOR RENFREW.

"Flapdoodle? What's Flapdoodle?" said Peter. "It's the stuff they feed fools on," was the reply.—(*Marryat.*) With this soup for simpletons, the Hon. Sir Francis Hincks is feeding the people of Canada. Sir John A. and little Sir George have found it quite suited to their digestion, and, in addition to making him master of the money-chest, have sent him forth to get the appointment ratified by the people. To the electors of Renfrew he accordingly addresses himself, and, with buckets-full of the same soft food, he is going about the county, giving, like Mrs. Squeers with her sulphur and treacle, a good "dose" to each voter.

He asks his friends to vote for him, because he has already been Governor of more than one Island of Barataria, which proves that the Queen thinks highly of him. He has every prospect of another Island soon, but meantime will make any sacrifice for the sake of the country of his adoption.

These are the chief ingredients of his address, and it is said that he is sure of his election. Oh! wise men of the West! simple gudgeons to bite at such baits! Is it not very

clear that his idea of taking charge of our purse strings is merely because all other means of filling his own purse are shut up? He is a public man out of place. He likes to be greeted as "Your Excellency the Governor" of any colony with a Government House, a kitchen garden, and a neat salary, besides "the wee things about the house." All these things he likes best, but failing a Barataria, he is willing to take the management of our finances for a consideration of Six Thousand dollars a year, and "the run of the kitchen"—but only for a time, mark—ye adopted ones!—only for a time—for he hopes that another Island will be found for him, and then he will leave our finances to take care of themselves, find another "adopted country," and laugh in his sleeve,—for Hyenas do hideously laugh,—at the simplicity of his adopted countrymen, who, *ore retundo*, have swallowed so much Flapdoodle.

Oh, we like this phrase,—this "adopted country!" Rob Roy McGregor never used a gentler word when he adopted a drove of fowls and storks. He is to be paid Six Thousand a year while it suits him to bear the bag, and he calls it "adoption." May be so,—but DIOGENES never heard it "called that name before."

A HINT TO THE "SO. FOR THE SUPP."

Many years ago—some five and twenty—when Societies for the "Suppression of Cruelty to Animals" were being formed all over England, and some were being worked with more sentiment than discrimination, the Race-course at Aintree, near Liverpool, was the scene of revolting barbarities, resulting in the destruction of three valuable race-horses,—one of them the most renowned steeple-chaser in England. The London *Punch*, then in its infancy, came out a week or two after, with the following "Song of the Costermonger," which, DIOGENES thinks, is not without some application at the present time on this side of the Atlantic. It is given from memory, but the rendering is believed to be correct:—

If I've got a donkey, wot won't go,
I mustn't wollop him, oh dear, no!
The law'r of the land says I shan't do so,
My sporting tulips!

If a stupid hass won't mend his pace,
And I giv's it 'im o'er the 'ed and face,
Wot's that to running a steeple-chase,
Neck or nuffin?

Where they kicks and backs their 'osses 'ides,
And digs their spurs into their sides,
And unto the death the creetur's rides,
For a foolish frolic?

At Liverpool the other day,
There were three on 'em killed in that self-same way,
And nobody had no fine to pay—
Not a farden!

One had his thigh broke—two their backs—
Now I begs respect'ly to ax
If there oughtn't to be a cruelty tax
For gentlefolks?

I wants to know in pint of fact,
Which on us most breaks Martin's Act,
Agin, dumb animals being whacked—
You or I?

If I've got a donkey wot won't go,
I mustn't wollop him—oh Lord, no!—
But there's one law'r for 'igh, and another for low—
My sporting tulips!