

as it is. It has been mainly confined to Jewish History, and the catechism, so that she has trained me to look upon everything through Jewish spectacles. Whenever I am tempted to branch off into English history, or the geography of Europe and America, she is as firm as a rock, and shuts me up with the assurance that we are all nobodies compared with the Jews. "They are a peculiar people and you can't know too much of them." As I have, on the sly, and on the strength of my expectations from Aunt Tabitha, borrowed a small sum from a Jewish money-lender, on most ruinous terms, I have come to the conclusion that Aunt Tabitha's golden rule is slightly erroneous.

Believe me, dear DIOGENES,

Yours ever faithfully,

AUNT TABITHA'S NEPHEW.

H. M. S. "FUDGE," }
June 19th., 1869. }

JACOB GALLOPER, TIRED OF THE CITY, GOES IN FOR A "TORALLOORAL" EXISTENCE IN THE COUNTRY.

HE ESSAYS THE "GENTLE ART," AND MORALIZES GENERALLY ON FISH, FLESH, AND FOWL.

It has long been my ambition to live in the country, and as circumstances have at last enabled me to gratify myself in this particular, I intend giving you some account of my experiences, and telling you how far my anticipations have been realized. Being naturally a quiet man, with an instinctive aversion to anything disturbing, I thought the country would be just the place for me. I have read a great deal of what the poets have said about rural life, and though I don't mean to say they have intentionally misrepresented, I certainly do think they have overlooked some of the minor inconveniences to which dwellers in the country are exposed. From this, I don't wish anyone to draw the conclusion that I am a disappointed man. Oh, no! I am too much accustomed to disappointments to be easily taken aback. However, I have got a bad cold; and as I have to be out at three in the morning, to go fishing with a friend, I had better not go in for digression, but begin at the beginning:

Oh, the jolly fisher's life,
It is the best of any,
Full of pleasure, void of strife,
And 'tis beloved by many.

So sung Izaak Walton, "the celebrated fisherman," as the *Daily News* calls him. When I anticipated going into the country, my mind was full of boating and fishing; but I must say I think the fish choose very irregular hours at which to bite, and that, even when you have met their views in this particular, they are often very capricious about biting at all. There! I knew what would come from leaving the windows open! There is one of those infernal horny brutes, with wings, dancing about the room like a parched pea. Bang he goes from the ceiling to the lamp. I'll bang him! I always keep a wet towel on purpose for these gentry. Slap, bang, here we are again!—missed him by Jove; now he's worse than ever—wait a minute—one of us must die—he's on the table cloth in a favorable position—whack—(crash goes a tumbler). Thank heaven, it isn't the lamp globe! Practice makes perfect. He's gone, certainly, and two house flies offer him the last consolation by sticking their beaks into him. Buzz—whizz—there come his avengers—a big moth and a daddy-long-legs—more buzzing along the ceiling and banging at the lamp. Writing is impossible under such circumstances, besides which I have discovered there are a tribe of junior beetles without wings scudding about the table-cloth in all directions. I shall be obliged to extinguish the lamp, and go to bed at the risk of not getting up in the morning!

6 A. M.

I have just returned from the fishing excursion in a rather moist condition. Splendid morning, cloudy with a fine drizzling rain. Fish, I understand, like rain; I should say they enjoy it, for they absolutely refused to bite. Went down the river three miles in a boat, and backed up a trout stream under a bridge; most picturesque locality, so picturesque, in fact, that the fish refusing to bite, could only be guilty of the grossest inconsistency. A series of, what we thought, were delicious summer showers, commenced as we arrived at the bridge, but they continued so long that the novelty wore off, and though we were sheltered, the heavy mist on the other side of the river remained obstinate, and it became evident that we should have to row back three miles in the wet. The place seemed made on purpose for Chub, but some how the Chub did'n't bite, and we finally left them without breakfast in disgust. I have begun to think, that the most exciting part of the sport, is hunting for worms, and that only unreasonable people really expect to catch anything. Even the old fishermen on the wharves don't. Two cat-fish in an evening are considered a triumph, and if a man loses five hooks at the bottom of the river, he is considered to have caught a sturgeon. Dr. Johnson was wrong in his definition of a fishing line. No fool has patience enough to fish. He should have described it as having a job at one end and *nothing* at the other. I have observed a good many fishing lines very closely, and that is my impression. I have begun to think, the least troublesome method of enjoying the sport, is to watch other people. It saves the bother of carrying rods and bait; if anything is caught, you

share the excitement, and, if luck is on the wrong side, you can walk home with your hands in your pockets without feeling any responsibility, and without looking foolish; the impression you make at the breakfast table next morning is equally satisfactory to your friends and to yourself.

My window overlooks the poultry yard, and I was much edified by the method which a little bantam hit upon, to relieve himself of the dismal monotony of this thoroughly-wet day. He deliberately challenged a big pheasant cock to mortal combat, and forced the fighting with a pertinacity which shewed he felt the necessity of escaping from the depressing influences around him. As the "mill" progressed, what with the rain, and the anger of the combatants, both looked wretched, and I was not sorry when, at last, they agreed to a cessation of hostilities. My host prides himself on his poultry yard, but soon after my arrival, I observed that the supply of eggs for breakfast, was intermittent and totally disproportioned to the force maintained. The hen-roost in fact, seemed to have resolved itself into a Joint Stock Company, in which the assets were exceedingly limited. Seeing the necessity of reorganization, I resolved myself into a special commissioner, and on enquiry, found there were no less than three roosters on the board of direction; all of whom, I recommended for instant dismissal. If this is carried out, and new blood introduced, an improvement may confidently be looked for.

This morning, the whole village was shaken to its foundations, by a rehearsal of the salute for Dominion Day, by a field battery stationed here. I am rather inclined to think that this put an end to the private animosities of the two roosters in our back yard, who doubtless, remembered they were Canadians and ought to be united. I have hardly got used to living in the country yet, but intend to let you know, from time to time, any remarkable events that may happen.

Yours truly,

JACOB GALLOPER.

P.S. My friend, this morning, caught an enormous eel with a night line, which he tied to an island. I am inclined to think, night lines are best, as the fish catch themselves. One thing is evident, that if they don't do it willingly, you can't make them.

J. G.

"RUBBISH SHOT HERE."

"If Paul had been well married, that is, to such a wife as by character and personal attractions could make herself the mistress every wife should be, in the respectful homage of her husband, I think he would have learned some things about women which, in fact, he never did learn, and would have been as much more courteous and tenderly gracious in his words. And if he had lived in this particular age, I am not quite sure that he would have had as much to say of the obedience of women."

"Of course Paul did not know everything, whether about women or any other subject of knowledge. What the spirit gave him he knew, and for all other kinds of knowledge he was on a footing with his age. And, in this view, doing justice to all that he positively declares, we are permitted to doubt whether he had a fully rounded conception of the finer and more superlative qualities of womanly talent. Do we not see, in fact, that womanly gifts are a great deal higher than his old-time habits and his mere bachelor acquaintance ever allowed him to know?"—*Extract from the Rev. D. Bushnell's book on "Woman's Suffrage."*

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of DIOGENES:—

SIR,—Your remarks in a recent number on the proper use of the article "a" or "an" will be of much service to many who, like myself, find themselves frequently "stuck" as to which to choose.

But (if you will permit me to say so) I think you do yourself injustice in citing Shakspeare as a follower of the ancient custom, which differs from your own view. Your quotation is:—

"The King shall drink to Hamlet's better breath
And in the cup *an union* shall he throw."

Euphony, which you so justly point out as the true guide, and which the prophetic mind of Shakspeare no doubt informed him must rule at last, would be much better observed by reading the passage thus:—

"The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath
And in the cup *an onion* shall he throw."

Whether the King was poking fun at Hamlet, or not, is not for me to determine; but the reading of the line that I suggest, plainly brings cause and effect together, and gets rid of that semi-vowel "u" which is so troublesome to the indefinite article.

I am, your obdt. servt.,

G.