

once the wit and poet of the party, said nothing, but softly hummed a verse of the "Ham Fat Man."

What a glorious dinner! We had a sucking pig roasted whole, and some Haytien ortolans, "*Cachous Aromatisés à deux temps*," whatever they may be.—(See Murray—*Lindley*, I mean,)—then wine all round to wind up with, and this over, Charlie, who is a Scotchman, suggested some "caller herrings and coffee." He said it was a peculiarity of his that when he couldn't get "red herrings and rum" he always went in for the "caller" species.

A quiet *siesta*, after dining and wining, filled an hour pleasantly,—the calm before the thunder-storm. With slipped foot and noiseless tread, that "*atra cura*" of a hotel dinner, in the shape of a black waiter, approaches, bows, and presents us with what the French call "*L'Addition*,"—the little bill!

Since then I have passed through many dangers. I have been hunting the wild buffalo on the banks of the Ganges, and have narrowly escaped being impaled on the aforesaid buffalo's horns,—the width of the stream alone interposing betwixt myself and destruction. I have been near enough to the "monarch of the forest," (in a menagerie,) to pat him on the back, but, not having money enough for hospital fees, I have always refrained from putting the *finishing touch* to this last feat. I have ascended to the summit of the French Cathedral, and come down again unscathed. I have absorbed Carratraca, and rather liked it, but never, never did such a thrill run through these veins as when the sable Haytien presented, with a bow, "that bill." As a warning to future travellers, I append it.

"THAT BILL."

To L'HOTEL SALNAVE, Dr.

To one roasted pig, (<i>a sucker</i>).....	\$20,000 00
Ortolans for three, (<i>would I were a bird!</i>) at \$1,500 each..	4,500 00
Champagne, 12 bottles at \$10,000.00	120,000 00
One smoked herring, (<i>for Charlie</i>).....	500 00
Coffee for one.....	1,000 00
Use of lavatory.....	3,000 00
Attendance, &c.....	1,000 00

Grand Total..... \$150,000 00

I paid it, and then I got reckless! On my way out of the hotel I had my boots blacked at a cost of five thousand dollars, and, feeling that at this rate I should soon be performing that apparent impossibility, "spending half-a-crown out of sixpence a day," I returned to my room, where I found the cabman, who hadn't been paid, awaiting me. With a pallid face, and trembling limbs,—the remembrance of "that bill" confronting my mental vision,—I asked him "How much." His reply staggered me, and I lost faith in man! I offered him all I had got,—\$25,000. His fare was \$30,000! He let me go on giving him a 3-months' note for the balance. Shall I ever pay it? Not if I *know* it!

Salnavé has been sick, the telegram says. So have I!

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF THE ANNEXATION MOVEMENT.

DIOGENES always reads with pleasure and interest anything written by the old and well-known *Gazette* correspondent, "T. S. B." This gentleman, with his usual common sense, in a letter of last week has certainly reduced one question to the dimensions of a nutshell;—

"Somebody pays the American Government many millions of dollars annually upon imports from our Dominion; and, with supreme indifference as to who it may be, the position of the public finances does not authorize that Government to diminish the impost to please anybody. Just now they cannot afford it."

If this statement needed any confirmation it would be found in the very altered tone of the American newspapers

on the subject of "Annexation." This remark applies especially to the Government organs.

DIOGENES has always expressed himself in favor of a Zollverein, but is, at the same time, of opinion that we must wait for it. Mr. Huntington tells us that Independence would effect the matter directly, but always forgets to tell us how. Would Independence in any way improve the state of the American finances? One thing would undoubtedly demolish the frontier barrier at once, and that is,—"*Annexation*." The Cynic, however he may disapprove of it, can understand "*Annexation*." It is something tangible, and, however undesirable in other respects, would remedy the evil complained of in a most unmistakeable manner. But the strongest Anti-Annexationists are in the Washington Cabinet. Canada, as at present constituted, is a most profitable source of revenue to Washington. General Grant wants money. A frontier between the States and the Dominion brings him in several millions of dollars, of which Annexation would only deprive him. "But," it may be answered, "for the money derivable from the frontier he would get the produce of the taxation of the Dominion, which must considerably exceed it." Most true; but this would all be swallowed up in the expense of governing Canada,—a charge which at present does not trouble Washington at all. In any case, both Zollverein and Annexation must go to bed for sometime. The Cynic suggests that it would be well for Independence to take a sleep also.

When DIOGENES said that a Canadian frontier tariff was a benefit to Washington, he by no means meant to imply that it was a benefit to the States. The States and the States' Government are two very different things. To prevent the frontier Yankee from buying where he pleases by imposing protective duties, is simply a system of robbing Peter to pay Paul. Jonathan has not yet found out that we pay the duties and not he. *That* discovery is due to the researches of certain political alchemists on this side of the line. Free Trade, or, at least, Reciprocity, will come in time. Already the West is beginning to growl, and Vermont and New Hampshire to grumble. Canada must have patience.

A RIVAL TO DIOGENES!

The *Nerves* is again fearfully funny. If it does not stop it will be the death of us! Our province is to do the fun, and we cannot afford to let the heavy weights come shambling, like donkeys among the egg-baskets, into our preserves. That we may well feel alarm, will be seen from the following whole hat-full of witticisms, bound up in one paragraph—itsself an inimitable *jeu d'esprit*. Just listen:—

"Science has at last come to the relief of tobacco smokers. M. Armand, a French savant, stated to the Academy of Sciences that he has discovered a sure antidote to nicotine in the common watercress. It destroys the poisonous effects of nicotine, and yet does not alter the aroma of tobacco. A solution of watercress may therefore be employed for steeping the leaves of tobacco, and would thus divest them of their noxious properties, and moreover a draught of the same will act as a sure antidote to nicotine. The dealers in the soothing weed will not be slow to avail themselves of the invention of the French savant, and we soon expect to see *watercress tobacco*, advertised by enterprising vendors."

Tobacco without nicotine! The rose without its aroma? Whiskey without alcohol? Charming! Most excellent *Nerves*! We trust that, in reward for your discovery, you may be invited to dine with one of the Frozen Fountains on tomato soup, with marble beef in it, a smoke of watercresses for digestion, a draught of solution of watercresses to make you sleep, and so to bed as soberly as such intemperance may admit of; but don't, good *Nerves*—don't indulge in such "soothing weeds" every day!

Upon the whole, however, we wish the *Nerves* would try to speak plainer. It is hard to be obliged to translate him into decently good grammar, in order to get at the wit.