

The news vendors and publishers tell me, it's very much called for, ay, run after by all classes. And they say such a history will meet a pressing want; such a Biography will dispel all those sly insinuations, by St. John and other people, that our Aristocracy have raised themselves to their present high position, less by their own merits and force of character than by their fisherman's luck or some accident of birth in bearing relation to rich forefathers, or two uncles or a maiden aunt. We don't believe the good deeds of our ancestors should be buried with them, but only the bad ones sunk out of sight, if such ever existed, and if so, why should their posterity be held responsible, except (as they say in Tasmania) the fathers errors may serve as a warning to the sons, to avoid them, just as an old drunkard is sometimes brought to the front, as a frightful example and caution to the young to avoid his errors and be temperate. Biography is an incentive to all that is commendable in character. We adopt it for this reason and for yet another, that we have no faith in Mr. Francis Galton's theory that genius is hereditary, nor believe in the Irishmans' consoling reasons for being a Bachelor because his father was one, nor ———.

Blank.—True my dear Sir, I'll not dispute your arguments, but as I'm deputed to ascertain your policy, let me ask, how we can stop that arrangement for cutting up character as our club terms it. The cuts are annoying, not that they're badly got up, but people don't know who's to come next?

Ban.—Oh, my good friend, don't talk about stopping in this free country where all our boast is a free Legislature, a free Civic Corporation, a free Constitution and a free press; but as for business arrangements, you're only to apply in your own hand-writing at No. 34, Hollis St., to get employment on the Bi-monthly Journal, or for a hundred dollar share in the establishment or for information as to terms. But as for the order of arrangement, it is announced that the Biographical heraldry is to be continued in alphabetical order from the family of old Allmanax down to Zwicker, the original M. P. for Lunenburg.

Blank.—But really Mr. Banter, my friends want it discontinued. They say the press ought to be muzzled against the possibility of poking fun at people. It must be put down!

Ban.—Oh, all right Mr. Blank, I'll mention your message to the publishers, and they'll consider it as it deserves. But if those who carry their brains in their breeches pockets, like their money, you know, want an easy process for suppression, why not buy up each edition as it is issued and light their pipes with it after an old time example. That might put it down. But some do better by trying to elevate the literary standard by penning contributions for BANTER'S columns in return for the good it will do, and the benefit to arise to future generations from a perusal of their ancestral sketches. Personally if you don't fancy BANTER let me recommend you to become a contributor to Professor Baker's flowery sheet to get your hand in. I have private and confidential information that the Editor has a longing desire to enlist the services of a Provincial Aristocrat, who possesses a literary taste, without that egotism and selfishness combined, that is the bane of society, and since you have leisure you are just the man to find pleasure in the practice of literary composition. Probably after a year's probation beyond which you may not be open to an engagement with the Professor, you might then be qualified to try your hand on the Posts corner of BANTER. You should allow poetic feeling to influence you Mr. Blank. Fancy yourself a poor man writing in a garret and try to experience the poets' thrill when he wrote under a sense of desperation or want of appreciation, such as we may well feel—

Here's a hand for those who love me
And a smile for those who hate;
Though black the skies above me,
Here's a heart for every fate.

Blank.—Well, really Mr. B I should be happy to listen to your quotations, (slightly altered you know) for an hour, as I have nothing to do, but I'm anxious to say something that will satisfy the committee that I have attended unflinchingly to their wishes—to know in short what you are driving at?

Ban.—Aye, driving again Mr. Blank,—though I deprecate the use of slang, I might rise to explain, but you and I must n't make snobs of ourselves. We both drive our dog-carts, yours with a fancy-top—mine in the style of an express-waggon, and many of our neighbors can only take their drive in O'Bryan's ante-diluvian cars, or take instead a trip in the pre-Adamite ferry-steamers. But are the latter on this account to be questioned as to their right to drive or to be driven as they list. Is the road to wealth and fame not open to all, though some may reach their aim earlier than others? But you're a man of sense and sensibility Mr. Blank, can you not see the reason of things, and understand that the plan is a good one to look habitually on the humorous side of everything, and if the practice by this rule should induce simple people to take umbrage, they show a weak spot in character for the cure of which they should read BANTER regularly or see some other doctor and swallow his patent cure.

Blank.—Much obliged for the personal compliment Mr. B., but you know my companions will not have the advantage of your remarks, but will expect a declaration of your intentions through me.

Ban.—True, my dear fellow, I understand your predicament tolerably well—you're a missionary for the cause these gentlemen have at heart. I admire their Aristocratic breeding, their bland expression of countenance, I know they are men of leisure, of moderate physical force, and have excellent excuses for the airs they assume, I notice that they are walking advertisements for the Tailor they employ, who gratefully thanks them for the payment of his bill—but they lack one quality. Tell them that their maternal ancestor was a butcher's daughter or their paternal progenitor a decent machanic, and they immediately lose temper, just as if any disgrace attached to the circumstance of a man's genealogy being beyond his control. Then again Mr. Blank, there's many a Jack-a-Napes who fails to distinguish between a jest and a Jack-a-lantern, or even to discriminate between a hawk and a hand-saw, while the first seems to lighten them from their propriety as much as the others. I'm afraid it's a hopeless effort to please such people Mr. B., but, of course, I make no personal reference to members of your club or your acquaintance, though I could point out to you a specimen or two in the city. On the whole Mr. B., perhaps we may with propriety refer them, for an answer to your enquiries, to the report of our conversation in the coming issue of BANTER, and if it be obnoxious for ambiguity we may agree to meet again and continue the discussion.

A good thing is told of a chap who was arrested just after the close of the war charged with assault and battery. When arraigned, the prisoner said: "Gentlemen, you ought to deal easy with me. He called me a d—n rogue and I didn't touch him; he called me a d—n rascal and I didn't touch him; but then he called me a d—n Yankee, and, gentlemen, I couldn't stand that!"