

LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY.

DIOGENES respectfully requests the Rev. Robert Collyer to read up a little about Canada before he visits it again. The Cynic is not acquainted with the *Liberal Christian* of Chicago, from which paper a morning contemporary extracts his letter. But if this is to be considered a specimen of liberal Christianity, he prefers calling it by its right name, which is,—flippant ignorance :

"Canada," says the rev. gentlemen, is "a country without a history." Shades of Jacques Cartier, and Samuel de Champlain,—of Wolfe, and Montcalm! what think you of that? Should Mr. Collyer be curious, DIOGENES would recommend him to hunt up accounts of a little engagement about Queenston heights, and of another one near Chateauguay, in both of which actions, his own countrymen became materials of history.

Now for the next joke :—

"A curious illustration of the condition of Canada is her coin. In a lot of pennies that got into my pocket in the course of a week, there was as strange a medley as we used to pick up in the petty kingdoms of Germany. One penny went back almost 200 years, and bore the image of William III.,—Macaulay's great man,—and it seemed to have had quite an easy time."

On this occasion Mr. Collyer was anything but smart. William III. half-pence are not common in Montreal. Had Mr. C. walked into the DIOGENES office, the Cynic would have given him ten cents for the specimen in question, and probably some enthusiastic Orangeman would have offered a dollar for it. A curious illustration of the United States is her coin. During a recent visit to New York, DIOGENES could not get any coin at all! The shin-plasters, which were the substitute, seemed to have had anything but an easy time of it. It may be very absurd, but the Cynic prefers specie even of a miscellaneous character. By the way, many people now alive can remember when specie really was current in the States. In those times, almost every silver and copper coin of the world was current there. English shillings, sixpences, and half-pence,—Prussian five and ten groschen pieces, Austrian kreutzers, French francs and sous, and a quantity of hardly-decipherable Spanish pillar, eighths and sixteenths of a dollar, under the name of York shillings and sixpences. These halcyon days are passed away. Those who live in paper houses should not throw stones at metal!

We next read :—

"The public library in Montreal would be no credit to a fourth-rate American city. Rochester would be ashamed of it. New Bedford very far surpasses it. It is clear that, as yet, the Canadians have felt no need of the vast advantage that comes to a great city from a great library."

If this is meant for satire, we deserve it; but DIOGENES would much like to know where the "Public Library" is. He never before knew that there was even one to be ashamed of.

We next hear that there is "no duty to pay on English books." This is rich, when we remember the excitement of last year on the subject.

Our French Canadian brethren come in for their share :—

"Their only excitement is, now and then, a jug of infernal whiskey, for which a number will club together of a Saturday night."

Where are these clubs held?

One more quotation :—

"The newspapers in Canada are far superior to ours in print and paper. If there was any thing in them worth reading they would be delightful to read, but they always remind you of a handsome, well-dressed man without brains."

We would send Mr. Collyer the next number of DIOGENES where we not afraid of receiving the *Liberal Christian* as an exchange!

CHIPS.

SPLINTER THE SIXTH.

"HIGH OLD TIMES IN HAYTI."

"Gold had advanced at Port-au-Prince to \$1,500 Haytien paper money for \$1 gold. The President had all the Government brokers arrested and thrown into prison, charging that they were the cause of gold advancing so frightfully, and to punish these men he had some twenty of them sent to the army in the south to fight. After this gold fell in three days to \$1,200. In consequence of the advance in gold, dry goods and provisions were at fabulous prices—a barrel of pork \$55,000, a box of smoked herrings \$550, a box of soap \$2,600, and so forth. Salmave has been sick, and it was feared that the bad news about the steamers would make him worse."—*N. Y. Sun, Oct. 22.*

Hayti, my dear DIOGENES, isn't, by any means, "the land of green ginger" the poet lauds; in fact, I could better tell you what it isn't than what it is. For instance, it isn't that

"Land of pure delight where omelettes grow on trees.

And roasted pigs run, crying out, 'come eat me if you please!'"

You can't eat pork there, unless you've recently come into property, or do a good patent-medicine business, and, even then, "*Care Trichina!*"

Everything in the Dominion, however, had been very dull, and I had waited so long for "something to turn up" that I began to think that the normal state of "something" was decidedly flat. I had tried, and tried in vain, to get something or somebody "to do," and, in this Quixotic search after employment, had journeyed in wet weather and in dry; walked off as much shoe leather as would have rooted in the Drill Shed, and caught as many colds as, in the aggregate, would have frozen the South Pacific! But 'twas no use. At last I heard of Hayti,—that people lived there for absolutely nothing at all,—that, after Japan,—where they force money on one under pain of death,—it was "the very next thing,—and, happy climax! when I found that, *à la* Micawber, one's I. O. U. was sufficient settlement of tailors' bills and sundries. I felt that this was, indeed, a land of "*première*."

I immediately made my preparations; packed up my shirt, regardless of the "other one" that was held by my landlady as "collateral," and borrowed about \$101.35 off my dearest friend, while I went round the corner of the street—to New York.

Finally, as a "down-easter" would say, I got to Hayti. I landed on its "sea-girt shores" with exactly one hundred dollars of my own,—or rather, of my friend's,—(but why these subtle distinctions?)—in my pocket.

At Port-au-Prince, the first thing that met my eye was the following announcement:—"Gold has advanced to \$1800 paper for \$1 gold." "Hail, happy land," I sung. Son of soul! "get thee to a"—brokery. I entered with \$100.00; I emerged with \$180,000.00:—one hundred and eighty thousand dollars! Visions of landed proprietorship, a house on the Mountain, and a box at the opera, floated before my entranced imagination.

Here was wealth! "here was richness!"—as the late lamented Mr. Squeers used to say; here was the El Dorado of my boyhood's dreams! At last I was happy and satisfied. "Better, far better is affluence and contentment than cold adversity and beggary withal." And yet,—always that "and yet,"—there was something wanting,—my friends must share my wealth; let me invite my boon companions to a "spread." *Happy thought!* I will. With the speed of lightning, or an Express Train on the Grand Trunk, I rushed to the Salmave Hotel, ordered a carriage, and drove down to the steamer. There, on the "fo'castle," I found my comrades three, mournfully discussing the uncertainty attendant upon the chances of a dinner, with none of the needful forthcoming to pay for the same. "Boys," said I, "will you dine with me?"

Jack said, "Would he dine with me? *wouldn't* he! Harry laconically replied, "You bet!" while Charlie, who was at