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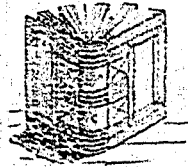
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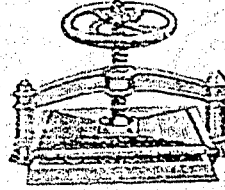
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AT RIDDELL'S,

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MRS. MCGROOTHER'S PHILOSOPHY.



HY, "the way you speak of me, of my husband, of my cler gy men, and of my questions Mr. Dog on his knees, is most insulting, and no decent woman is bound to put up with it."

"We protest, madame, before you go

further, that 'Mr.' is a prefix to our name which we repudiate. We are plain DIOGENES. Like all great men, we despise the modern idea of being "Mistered." Did you ever hear of Mr. Job, or Mr. Luke, or Mr. Jonah or Mr. Iscariot? No, Mrs. McGroother, call us by our simple name; none of your 'Misters' for us."

Our readers will see that, with our usual tact, we used names quite familiar to our interlocutor's ears;—that our meaning might be clear, we chose names from the Bible instead of from Plutarch's Lives or other classical sources. But our illustrations were as unlucky as our explanations about the Equator and Perigee. Instead of seizing the point, she was off at a tangent, wondering at our impudence in comparing ourselves to the excellent and patient Job; wondering if our Tub was any relation to the one that was cast to Jonah's whale. "If it was, no wonder it made the brute sick," she spitefully added.

"Which brute?" we mildly inquired.

"The whale, of course,—since it was the whale that was sick," she replied.

"Doubtless you meant the Great Fish," said DIOGENES. "Nevertheless, we like to be sure in our parts of speech, and, Madame, you will allow that we might easily have been mistaken as to your meaning, since the Prophet was, probably, no more sick of his sea-bathing machine than the owner thereof was of him. In fact, like some married couples we wot of, they were, probably, heartily sick of one another."

"I scorn your insinuations, you old heathen!" was the pious rejoinder. "Sandy Mac. and me have lived together for more than thirty years; and, since the first twelvemonth, when he was a "wee camstreary" about the 'halter breakings,' there never was a quieter or more loving husband."

DIOGENES was a good deal alarmed. It was clear that his strong-minded friend was one of those ladies who required no promptings from Mr. Stuart Mill to assert her independence of man in general, and her well-broken Sandy in particular. Therefore,—and as we had spoken a little too freely on the subject,—she had just "put on her bonnet and shawl," and was bent on "having it out with us." To meet the storm by any direct resistance we knew was hopeless; but, remembering the circular theory of storms, and that the female logic is alleged to move also in circles, instead of putting our helm

down and making a run for it, we merely shifted our course so as to get out of the stormy "inner centre" of the gale. Dropping all metaphor, we tried to "jouk and let the jaw gae by."

"Ah! dear Mrs. McGroother," we exclaimed, "few ladies have brought up a husband so well as you have done yours. The goodman does credit to your skill; but did it not cost you more than twelvemonths of the breaking bit?"

"Yes," said our fair friend, "with an occasional touch of the 'creepie'; but I daresay you don't know what that is. The 'creepie' is the old-fashioned three-legged stool. No woman ought to marry without one,—it's worth a thousand of Stuart Mill's Essays! I was often obliged to use it on Sandy's crown on 'Packet days.'"

"On Packet days!" we repeated in surprise.

"Yes," continued she, "these Packet days were a sore trouble to me. When we were first married, the merchants, before the subsidy days, only wrote home once a fortnight; and on the days the mails were made up, they were, or pretended to be, so busy that they could not come home to dinner, nor until nine or ten o'clock at night. Sandy, like the rest, had his "Packet days,"—and what with hard work and a hurried 'snack,' as he called it, at good old Dolly's, he generally came home without the least appetite for his supper, and pretty often it was clear that he was just a little—"

"*Plenus Bacchi*," we whispered, seeing that the forgiving wife was looking for a soft word to express Sandy's delinquency.

"Yes, strong of both brandy and 'bacey," she said. "But I made up my mind that I would put an end to the "Packet days;" and one or two applications of the 'creepie' taught him to write his letters before dinner, and take his quiet glass of toddy and his pipe at his own fireside. We have long given up business, so he has no more "Packet" nonsense. They tell me they have mails made up twice a week now-a-days,—how the wives stand that, I cannot see; but I think they should put up with no such pretences. Let the men write their letters in the morning, or it will soon be Packet day every night in the week, and then it will be too late even for the 'creepie.'"

"That might be an excellent course of training for some men, but we think it could hardly be of universal application," we ventured, with a shake of the head, to say.

Mrs. McGroother admitted that in some cases the "creepie" might be dangerous, but that every woman of ordinary judgment could find some means of breaking her husband in "How else," she asked, "can we take care of the pair bodies?"

"Had you been the lady of Sir John A, for instance, do you think your three-legged stool would have been the proper instrument of correction?"

"Sir John!" she exclaimed. "Oh! a fine, good-tempered fellow he is; but if he is not broken in already, I fear it would be too late to begin;—besides, I sometimes half think that his head is a wee cracked as it is. No,—the 'creepie' might be dangerous there."

"Now, if you had been Lady Cartier?"

"Fie! fie!" said Mrs. McGroother. "The stool would never do for him, it would kill outright. It would be an awful task to try to keep that little gentleman quiet. He is the most restless creature I ever saw. They say his mother weaned him on grasshoppers. The only thing I could think of for him would be to put him on the mantel-piece when he behaved ill."

"On the mantel piece, over the fireplace, beside the ormolu clock!" cried DIOGENES, utterly flabbergasted.

"There would be some danger for the clock, no doubt," composedly replied the old lady, "but I would just keep him there till he was quieted. Of course he could not get down

without help, unless he jumped, and he has sense enough to know that, for a man of his inches, a leap from such a dangerous elevation might be fatal. Oh, yes! a high office-stool or the mantel-piece would keep Sir George out of mischief."

DIOGENES had fairly escaped the threatened storm. Mrs. McGroother had become quite amiable, but she promises us a good scold some other time, even insinuating that the "Cuttie Three-leg" is still at our service.

LEGAL QUIDDITIES.

In a report of the cases revised by the Court of Review, and published in the *Gazette* and other papers a week or two ago, DIOGENES was amazed and amused to find, that out of some ten judgments reversed or confirmed, Judge Mondelet is set down as dissentient in seven; and in the other three cases, either Judge Berthelot or Judge Torrance dissented.

In these betting days,—though DIOGENES never gives or takes bets on any thing,—he sometimes likes to calculate the odds of events; and he thinks he has discovered that on every case carried to the Court of Review, by appeal, a very sporting bet might be made. Thus, on every case, three Judges, of course, are supposed to sit, and on the side of the judgment of the Court appealed from, one Judge is sure to be found. We do not pretend to say anything for or against this, only it proves one of two things,—either that the cases are most complex, or that the Judges are most disagreeable to one another in their constant disagreements; but here is a famous opening for the wagering fraternity: Given any possible case in appeal.—Tom Jones vs. Ferdinand Fathom, for instance,—one Judge must, it would appear, be in favor of Tom, and the other two remain to bet upon; and, of course, here just lies an even bet. But sometimes the justice of the suit, on one side or other, may be well-known, in which case odds might be offered, but with just such an amount of uncertainty as to give interest to every event; for when, in every appeal, one Judge is against two, either the two or the one must fail to see the truth. The chances are that the two are right, and the loser ought to be contented to lose with such odds against him. But suitors up to the present time, in spite of long world-experience, do go to law in hope of getting justice, and are not yet reconciled to the idea that, when justice is painted as playing "Blind-man's-buff," the covert meaning is that she is not blind, but blinded, and that, therefore, she will not see the right. The pity is that, in our Courts of Appeal, uncertainty alone sits on the bench, whence, like the banker at *rouge et noir*, she looks down upon the "gulls" before her, and cries, *Messieurs faites votre jeu*. DIOGENES, who, in his search for an honest man, finds so many rogues and fools,—so many "flats" plucked by the "sharps,"—would remind all that in a court of law, none can win. As at the *rouge et noir* table, the odds must, at last, tell in favor of the bank. So in Court, the lawyers are the only sure winners. Our advice, therefore, is,—Never go to learned counsel with your differences; but in serious cases come to us. We shall fill the pipe, listen to the parties, "sky a bob," and decide without Judge M.—*dissentient*. In non-appealable suits, go to "Plooky Peter,"—he will listen patiently over a pint of Dow's No. 1, "sky his copper," and decide—"heads" for Plff., "tails" for Deft., and a treat all round from the winner, who, of course, as the Irishman says, "has a right to pay for his luck."

It will easily be seen that our method of settling disputes is short and cheap; that each party has an equal chance, that lawyers have no toll from the grist, and that the loser is spared the aggravating speech of the Judge, who, compelled by conscience, is, unfortunately, under the necessity of differing "from his learned colleagues" justice. Law? Why look for either, when Judges NEVER agree?

THE FOXY M.P.

A METRICAL ADDRESS TO THE ELECTORS OF NORTH RENFREW.

AIR—"Bonnie Dundee."

To North Renfrew electors 'twas F—cis H—cks wrote,
I shall come to solicit your favor and vote;
Friend Rankin's resigned, and has made room for me,—
So you cannot do less than make me your M.P.

Chorus—Come forward and vote for me, every man,—
To secure my election, do all that you can;
For if *you* don't do it, I plainly can see
I shall have a poor chance to be made an M.P.

You know me of old, so 'tis needless to say,
That scruples won't stand very much in my way;
And every man Jack who will work hard for me,
Shall be handsomely paid when I'm made an M.P.

Chorus—Then step up and vote for me, every man,—
To secure my election, do all that you can;
Mr. Rankin won't lose by his kindness to me,
And you'll benefit, too, if I'm made an M.P.

Macdonald and I have made matters all right,
And buried old enmities quite out of sight;
And, "hand over fist," I'll make money you'll see,—
As I did, years ago, when I *was* your M.P.

Chorus—So, come on, and vote for me, every man,—
To secure my election, do all that you can;
But DIOGENES says, "If such fools they will be,
They'll deserve all they get when he's made an
M.P.!"

PALMAM QUI MERUIT FERAT.

"In a speech before the Reform Convention of North Lanark at Almonte, the Hon. M. Cameron said he had it on indisputable authority that, on their return from England, the Ministers had plotted together to have their salaries raised to \$8,000, and to obtain residences built for them at the public expense."

Well, Mr. Cameron, and why should they not? Are they not worthy? For his own part, DIOGENES firmly believes that if they continue in their present meritorious career, some of these gentlemen *will*, ultimately, inhabit a residence built at the public expense,—that at *Kingston* to wit.

A KNOTTY POINT.

"Some very novel points occasionally come before the law courts, but one raised in an action tried at the Liverpool assizes last week may be considered as unique. The cause had reference to the non-delivery of a cargo of nitrate of soda, and it was pleaded in answer to the claim that the cargo in question had been destroyed by an earthquake, off the Peruvian coast. Then arose the knotty point whether the earthquake was an "accident" or a "circumstance," and this has been left for the judges to decide."—*Full Mall Gazette*.

There, gentlemen of the long robes, there is a nut for you to crack! DIOGENES gives it up. The nonsense is too dull—too deep—too leaden. An "accident" occurs accompanied by "circumstances." Circumstances often produce accidents! Earthquakes, we should think, would produce lots of both. But oh! Judge * * * solve us the knotty point!

THE HISTORY OF A LOAFER.

CHAP. III.

Early morning on one of the blackest days, in the "Black Country" of England. The sun was supposed to have been up for two hours, but his Solar Majesty evinced no disposition to shew his face, nay, seemed inclined to keep to his bed-room all day, a habit to which he was much addicted in this neighbourhood during the month of November. Black were the roads, as though macadamized with coal; black were the cottages, and grimy and sooty the men and women. One solitary, stunted tree stood by the way side, but seemed woefully out of place. It looked like an undertaker's wand, with a few sable plumes growing out of the top. The locality of which we speak was called by courtesy "a Common," though about as unlike an English Common as it was possible to be. No grass, no sheep browsing, no cattle grazing:—animals require nourishment, and cannot feed on the fragments and dust of coal. Around the Common were a series of small dwellings, occupied with a busy industry of their own. The tenants of these were all nail makers, but the effects of machinery were fast diminishing their number. A shed was in the middle of the Common. This covered a windlass and other gearing, at which were working three men, drawing up "iron stone" from the bowels of the earth. All around would have been one vast plain, had not man discovered the treasures which lurked in the depths beneath. Here were to be seen tall gaunt chimneys, which had once been red brick, but were now as black as ink. These were of every imaginable size and shape, but had one peculiarity in common. There were none of them upright and perpendicular, but all partook of the characteristics of the Leaning Tower of Pisa. They would play tricks too, these roguish chimneys! One day, one would take a freak and right himself like a ship; another day it would lurch and lean over on the other side. Sometimes part of it would topple over and injure several people; but this was not a common occurrence. The houses, factories, and other buildings were addicted to similar eccentricities. To a stranger this was incomprehensible, but to a native of these parts, who knew that the whole country was undermined for miles, it was looked upon simply as a matter of course. But it must not be supposed that the whole neighbourhood was one of Cimmerian gloom. Fires were burning in every direction—some issuing from the tops of tall shafts—others seeming to come, like volcanic eruptions, from the inmost recesses of the earth. Here and there a whole building seemed on fire. The clang of mighty steam hammers, and the rumble of huge rolling mills betokened the places where are made the rails which are destined to carry the passenger over miles of road, through English fields, or Russian plains, Indian jungles, or, perhaps, American primeval forests. Here is a range of chemical works. The fires are burning red, and blue, and green, like a stage illusion; the smells, or rather stenches, are pestiferous and suffocating; but from hence come drugs for the doctor, materials for the calico printer and dyer, acids for the metal worker, pigments for the artist, and cosmetics for "the Girl of the Period." Let us turn round again. What are those rows of huge, black inverted funnels with flaming summits? These are the works from whence issue window glass to make the poor man's dwelling cheerful and light, and mirrors for the toilet of beauty.

But how is it that the mouths of the coal-pits seem quiet and idle to-day? Blaspheme not, oh, stranger! This is Monday; and Monday, as well as Sunday, is a sacred day with the black country collier—a day to be kept holy after his fashion—a day consecrated to beer in enormous quantities—to frequent potations of ardent spirits—to loud talking

and cursing—to eyes blacker than usual—to encounters of man with man, of dog with dog, and of dog with rat and badger. "To-night, 'twill be his pleasure to be drunk," very drunk, and woe to his wife, if she have not a hot supper of something profusely flavoured with onions, when her lord comes home. He will curse her, will beat her, and will break chairs and tables to pieces.

"To-morrow she will say a bitter thing,
Pulling her sleeve down lest the bruises show—
A little thing, but meant for an excuse—
'My master is not worse than many men.'"

And then the man will go to work and will toil hard for five days, digging coal from the sides of the mine, or lying on his back, "tapping" at the natural ceiling.

The morals of the "black country" are better than they were, but there is infinite room for improvement. Ministers have done but little. They have been frightened away. I make a suggestion to muscular Christianity. Let some stalwart, well trained (I mean physically) and self-denying Minister take his stand in the "Black Country," and commence to preach a sermon. In the space of about a minute and a half one of his hearers will "Eave arf a brick at him." Let him instantly challenge that man to a fight. He will have gained a sort of rough respect already. If he comports himself bravely, and takes his drubbing like a man, these men will come and hear him preach next Sunday. Should he, which is not, however, probable, succeed in thrashing his opponent, he will be able to do what he likes with them. Now, this may appear very fanciful, though true, and very brutal, which it certainly is; but this is the way to get at a "Black Countryman's" heart. He loves "pluck" and courage, because he understands it. He ranks it as the chief virtue of man. This is not a mere admiration of brute physical force, not a mere delight in a row. He always insists on fair play. A fight is not with him a matter to be improvised in a hurry; it must be organised in a business-like manner. A collier of this district has some qualities which do not raise him much above the beasts of the field, some which degrade him below that level; but for this he has surely some excuses. His enormous beer-drinking propensities originate in that inordinate thirst which is common to all men whose daily occupation is the handling of coal. His brutishness comes from the mother of all evil—ignorance. He has learnt enough to enable him "to get on in the world" after his fashion. By working piece-work for five days in the week he can earn, on an average, two pounds sterling. He is thus far better off than a mechanic. His wants are beef, beer, gin, boiled rabbits smothered in onions, coarse clothes, and last, not least, a bull terrier pup. But he is not altogether a brute; he has some of the characteristics even of a gentleman. He fights with fists alone; he neither robs nor murders. He has no sympathy for revolvers, shillelaghs, bowie-knives or stilettos. He never steals. In a country with rather a bad reputation for lying, the collier is known for his truthfulness.

But to return to our story. A genuine fight is going on in one corner of the Common, between two lads of fifteen. One of these is a native of the place; the other is—Gerald Winter.

(To be continued.)

"RUBBISH SHOT HERE."

"In the present day, on the other hand, the direct tendency of knowledge and science was the perversion and destruction of God's truth. * * * He was bold to say that, in all the dreams of Hindoos, and all the false religions—corrupted, degraded, and ridiculous—that were among the Pagans, there were none so frivolous and childish as those unto which the science of the present day had reduced our scientific men."—(From a recent sermon preached, in Carlisle Cathedral, by Dean Close.)

HINCKS.

HIS ADDRESS TO THE ELECTORS OF NORTH RENFREW.

The following is Sir Francis Hincks' address to the Arcadians of Renfrew:—

I beg to offer myself as a candidate for your suffrages, for the seat in the House of Commons which your late representative has most generously vacated, in order to afford you an opportunity of ratifying at the hustings—if you should be pleased so to do—my recent appointment as Finance Minister of the Dominion.

I have never ceased to remember with gratitude, that at the most important crisis in my political career the electors of the county of Renfrew returned me to the Legislative Assembly of Canada by a large majority, and without any solicitation on my part. Then, as now, I had few personal acquaintances among you; but I enjoyed the advantages of having been recommended to you by my lamented friend and countryman, Mr. Egan, who was well aware of the deep interest which I felt in the prosperity of the Valley of the Ottawa.

In the ensuing session of the Legislature, it became my duty to resign office, owing to the state of political matters in Western Canada, although I had the support of a greater number of members than any other leader in that section of the Province could claim. The necessary result of such a state of parties was the formation of a Coalition Government, of which the present Premier of the Dominion Government was a distinguished member; and to the Government I gave a cordial support during the remainder of the session. Soon after its termination I was very respectfully offered an important Government situation in the West Indies, on the express ground of the distinction which I had attained as a Canadian statesman, and from that Government I was transferred to another of still greater importance, where the responsibility for managing the finances, as well as other public affairs, were devolved on me.

I have the gratification of knowing that, in the performance of the duties confided to me by her Majesty, I gave satisfaction both to every official superior, and to the people of the colonies. I rely with confidence that you will, in my case, establish as a principle, that a Canadian statesman who may be selected by our Sovereign for honorable employment in other portions of her dominion shall not be held to have forfeited, by his acceptance of such high trust, the confidence of his countrymen.

The important office which I have now the honor to hold was neither directly nor indirectly sought for by me; and those acquainted with the facts must be well aware that, in accepting it, I have made a considerable personal sacrifice. When it was proposed to me by Sir John A. Macdonald to join his Government, I had to consider the offer on public grounds alone.

I was unemployed, and with no certainty, though with a fair prospect of re-employment in the Imperial service. I considered, however, that if my adopted country desired my services, it had the strongest claim on me; and as I cordially approved of the manner in which Sir John A. Macdonald had constructed his Government,—as I should have considered it my duty to have supported that Government, had I entered Parliament without office,—I felt that I could not properly refuse him my humble aid in the position when he required it.

As I propose visiting the Riding with as little delay as possible, I shall merely observe, further, that your late member, Mr. Rankin, has, by vacating his seat on this occasion, conferred an obligation not merely on me personally, but on the entire party which supports the present Government. Such sacrifices must occasionally be made under our system of government, which renders it necessary that the responsible ministers of the Crown should be largely represented in the House of Commons. They have been frequently made in England, and are far from uncommon in this country, though here alone they subject individuals to such reproach from the opponents of the Government as to enhance the obligation to those in whose favor they are made. I feel assured, therefore, that Mr. Rankin will be raised in your estimation by the sacrifice which he has made in order to support the Government.

CAPTAIN JINKS' ADDRESS TO THE ELECTORS OF RENFREW MADE EASY.

I am Finance Minister. I want a seat. A generous friend says I may sit down in his,—that is, if you allow it.

You once elected me before. I brought a letter of introduction from the late Mr. Egan. The prosperity of the Valley of the Ottawa has always been the subject of my studies by day,—my dreams by night.

In the ensuing session I resigned. Matters were getting too hot. No statesman in Canada, however, was, either then or since, so popular as I was. A Coalition Government was formed. John A. was in it. I supported him, and he has not forgotten me. Shortly after, the Queen treated me in a very respectful and satisfactory manner. My name was celebrated in Europe. I was known there as a distinguished statesman, so I was sent to Guiana, the neighborhood to which the French send convicts. The weather was very hot there, but politics were cooler. I managed the finances there with my usual great success.

Her Majesty was much pleased with me, and has given me a retiring pension, which is not enough to keep me from starvation. All the big bugs of Demerara liked me. Claret is good there, the people are hospitable, and my social geniality is well-known. The negroes and coolies absolutely worshipped me. Now, I wish to establish a great principle of politics. I feathered my nest well when I was here before. I feathered another in the Windward Islands; but is that any reason why I should not return to Canada and feather a third?

I have made a dreadful "personal sacrifice" in accepting office. I shall lose a great deal of money by it; but I care not for myself, if I benefit you.

I was out of a berth, but I might have got another one, perhaps, from the Queen, if that Gladstone were not so stingy.

John A. was hard-up for a Finance Minister. Mr. Rose was too honest for this country. A change was needed, and Reiffenstein not being immediately available, the post was given to me. I shall endeavor to reform matters.

Mr. Rankin deserves to be considered a hero. I must endeavor to find a nice little situation of some kind for him. The sacrifice he has made should raise him highly in your estimation. Think what you have gained,—you have gained ME! and, besides, I was getting so misrepresented by designing men, that I could not find a seat anywhere. This thing used to be done often in England before the Reform Bill of 1831, in the days of Gatton and Old Sarum. Why should we not emulate the wisdom of our ancestors?

I shall come and see you shortly.

Au revoir.



“L'HOMME QUI RIT.”

—L'ASTRE D'UN FAVORI,
QUI SE CROYAIT UN GRAND MINISTRE,
QUAND DE NOS MAUX IL AVAIT RI.

Béranger. (Les étoiles qui filent.)

C H I P S.

SPLINTER THE FIFTH.

I have been thinking, since I planted my last splinter, that I didn't quite exhaust the mosquito (to tell the truth, they had exhausted me, and with that infernal b—z—z—z—z in my ears), and a speedy expectation of hearing the mosquito's *tale*, and seeing the point of his remarks too, what could mortal man do else than check the flow of his inspiration, and cut short the grateful tribute of admiration, about to be poured out at the foot of that much persecuted—I mean persecuting—creature? But it is morning, and the sun's bright rays—if they haven't banished the "critters,"—at least afford me light enough to light on any of them that are sufficiently fool-hardy to come within my reach. But last night—aye, there was the *rub*—for two mortal hours with nothing on but my—that is, I mean quite thinly clothed,—for I had forgotten all about the vermin until just ready for the arms of &c.,—did I, an exiled Canuck, chase with glowing feet (*Byron*), the flying insects.

I don't think the *role* of mosquito-smasher suits me; I'm not that style of man; do what I would—had I used a very appropriate instrument of destruction,—Miss Braddon's Birds of Prey,—the sight of which is enough for mortals, it was nothing but a game of thimble-rig from first to last—now you see him, and now you don't. By and bye, somewhere about the "wee sma'" hours, I thought I had killed them all—in fact, there was no doubt of it. Many a hum disturbed the stillness of the stilly night—in short, all *was* still.

In bed at last, happy with the thought of all my enemies put to *flight*, and congratulating myself on a quiet night's repose, when "hush! hark! a deep sound breaks" like—well like a mosquito. Ha! ha! rapacious blood-sucker, here's at thee—I have killed him! His blood bespatters the tessellated pavement-pattern of the paper on the wall—his blood did I say?—*my* blood! "Oh, cursed spite!" One more half-hour, and then, Heaven forbid! can it be another? It is. Mosquito *thou must quit O*, or—death and destruction—do I see double, or are there two? There are! I give in. Blood-suckers do your fatal work! and they did it.

It is a curious sight for a man who is philosophically inclined,—like you, for instance, my dear DIOGENES,—to wake up in the morning, and find himself—well, not exactly famous—but say—disfigured for life; to gaze up at the ceiling and there, right above him, to see two of these darned insects, gored with his life's blood, unable to stir from the effects of their gluttony; to re-peruse these once handsome lineaments; and then, casting another glance on the bloated aristocrats above you, to feel that they "are the curse of your soul."

As I lay on my peaceful couch, inviting gentle slumber to my expectant eyes, I composed a little song; I only got as far as the second verse, when I was interrupted—never mind how; 'twas but *one* more, so I forbear. But this was the song:—

To close my eyes, I fain would try
Sweet sleep to my soul to win;
But as sure as I do—oh, Mosquito!
That's just where the sting comes in!
Oh, that's just where the sting comes in!

I woke in a fright the other night,
From a fearful dream of sin;
'Twas a mosquito grim, had perched on my chin,
And that's where the sting came in!
That's just, &c.

Please to accent the first syllable in mosquito, in the second verse, as thus: "musket O;" for when I tried to smash him, he had gone off; besides, it makes the metre better.

The result of my varied and continued observations on this animal has resulted in a few conclusions, which I think are

new; at all events, I never knew them before, and so I give them, DIO., begging of you, if ever you find one of those accursed insects inside or outside your Tub—to smash him for my sake.

Taken in the abstract, I do not think a mosquito has a soul—their sole delight being in tormenting and otherwise disfiguring mankind. "Fee-fi-fo-fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman," is their National Anthem.

They are vocalists of the highest order:—first they hum, and then they bite; and then, for a change, first they bite, and then they hum, making a sort of "musical sandwich," towards which you contribute the ham, unless you know enough to *save* your bacon, by wearing a musquito net—which never *tares*.

They are a kind of insect Shylock, very particular about getting their pound of flesh, and undeterred by any scruples about "shedding one d—r—r—op of C—h—r—istian Belood"—they shed several drops of mine—but, as Mr. Toots says, "it's of no consequence"—

"How doth the busy mosquito,
Improve the midnight hour;
And from his victim's quivering veins
His nightly meal devour."

"Quivering veins" is good, don't you think—almost suited to the requirements of *London Society*—for which, by the bye, I am writing a "little piece"—an Ode to my Tailor. I never paid what I *ode* him, so it's very appropriate, don't you see? For instance, how is this:—

£30 4s od, my worthy snip,
Is what I ode to thee;
But what I ode, I much forbode,
Thou ne'er alas! wilt see.

As somebody said, when he painted his caudal appendage pea-green, "there's nothing gaudy about that.

Ta, ta,—my Cynic.

SLIGHTLY INVOLVED.

What is the difference between Professor Jenkins and Le Pere Hyacinthe?

The one is a rope performer, and the other is likely to be—a Pope Reformer!

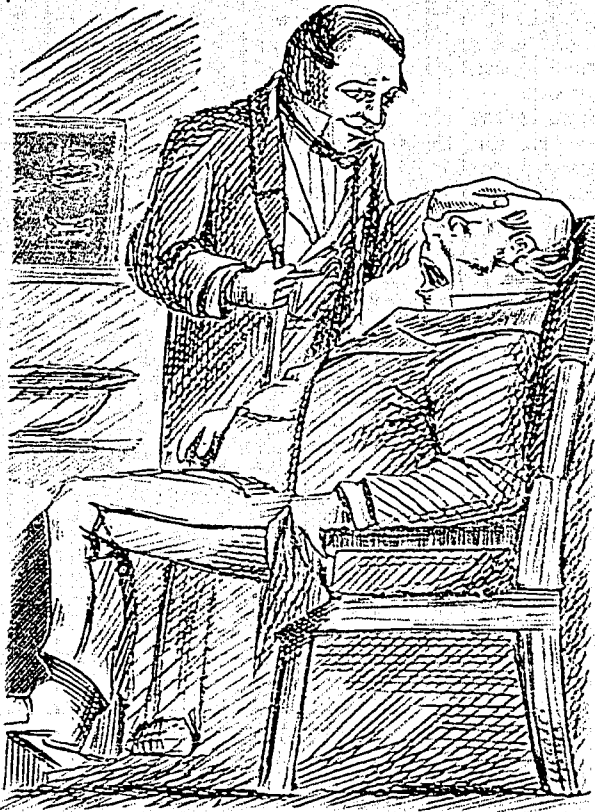
CORRESPONDENCE.

MY DEAR DIOGENES:

For some years previous to the increase of his salary from £500 to £750, the Recorder of Montreal was in the habit of annually urging his claims on the ground that the enhanced revenue accruing to the city was greatly due to his rigorous execution of the laws. His salary was raised, and the result is that the Recorder, being comfortably off, is now distinguished for excessive leniency. The police make arrests, and he discharges with a reprimand, offenders who, in former days, would have contributed to the city revenue.

Mr. Sexton seems to have a particular affection for loitering carters. No matter how many times they may be arrested, he discharges them with simple reprimands. Corner-loafers may crowd the footpaths, insult ladies, and elbow respectable passengers, and these are not found to be offences in the eyes of the law. The police are becoming discouraged, and yearn for the firm, yet temperate judgments of Mr. Coursol, whose decisions tend to the diminution of crime, and render less onerous the conservation of the public peace.

LEX.



BARBAROUS.

DENTIST: "DON'T MIND OPENING YOUR MOUTH ANY WIDER, SIR,—I'M GOING TO STAND OUTSIDE!"

NOTES AND QUERIES.

My attention has been directed to a short and scholarly article by Mr. John Reade, in the last number of the *Canada Scotsman*, on the subject of "The Celts," in which I find the following passages:—

"The Celts were the original inhabitants of a great part of the West of Europe, Belgium, France, Spain and the British Isles were originally peopled by them, and the traces of their race are still discoverable in the spoken language of topographical names of these countries."

"The Celtic language is spoken to some extent in the North Western districts of Spain, where it is called "Basque," more extensively in Brittany, where it is known as "Armorican;" largely in the Isle of Man, where it is called "Manx;" and generally among the lower classes in Wales and Cornwall."

"The Erse and Gaelic dialects of it are those which are best known as in common use in the North and West of Ireland, and the Highlands of Scotland."

The learned Spanish Jesuit, Hervas, published in 1800, his famous Catalogue of Languages, in which, according to Max Müller (*Science of Language*, Vol. I., p. 141), he proved "that the Bask was not, as was commonly supposed, a Celtic dialect, but an independent language spoken by the earliest inhabitants of Spain, as proved by the names of Spanish mountains and rivers." Max Müller also informs us that "Leibnitz held the same opinion, though he considered the Celts in Spain as descendants of the Iberians."

There is no doubt that Celts existed in Spain in the time of Herodotus; but what evidence is there of another race of people existing in Iberia before them?

I am certain that Mr. Reade is in error in saying that Celtic is "spoken generally" in Cornwall. Old Cornish became extinct early in the present century, and must now be ranked as a dead language. I remember that,

about ten or twelve years ago, a subscription list was opened, to collect funds to erect a monument to the last old woman who spoke Cornish.

Besides the countries mentioned by Mr. Reade, the Celts at one time peopled, in part, a considerable portion of the Baltic provinces, Switzerland, the Tyrol, the countries South of the Danube, and Northern Italy. To quote Max Müller again, (and he is generally very careful in assertions of this kind,) "About the same time (280) a Celtic Colony settled in Asia, and founded Galatia, where the language spoken at the time of St. Jerome was still that of the Gauls."

Can any correspondent inform me if a Celtic language be spoken at the present day by any existing people, other than those mentioned by Mr. Reade? I have been informed that the Walloon language, spoken quite generally by the inhabitants of the South East of Belgium and the neighbouring portions of France, is of Celtic origin. In this tongue, there is, I believe, no literature, either ancient or modern. I have seen, in Liège, a French and Walloon Dictionary of an extremely imperfect character, but the orthography of the words in the latter tongue was unmistakeably phonetic and arbitrary. The sound of the spoken language is very different from either Gaelic, Irish, Welsh or Breton; in fact, much softer and more labial than guttural; and many of the words have an unmistakeable old French and Latin origin. These may, however, be interpolations.

I should be much obliged for information relative to—

- I. The Ancient Inhabitants of Iberia.
- II. The Basque Language.
- III. The Walloon Language.

A. B.

VOL. II., No. 23.

"BULLS AND BEARS."—Query No. 1.—I have no memory, beyond hypothesis and "The Stock Exchange" of 1720, as to the origin of this. I give the following, however, which may elicit further information. The root, or first meaning to the word "Bull," I take from the Italian, "Bella,"—a "bubble," or blister. Secondly, something "strong," or "antagonistic; and also "lead," and hence a "seal," as the Bulls of the Pope were generally issued with a leaden seal.

The South Sea Speculation (1720) was called a "Bubble." Pope was credited with the following "Epigram on a Punch Bowl," chased with *Jupiter placing Callisto in the skies, and Europa with the Bull*:—

"Come fill the South Sea goblet full,
The gods shall of our stock take care;
Europa pleased, accepts the Bull,
And Jove, with joy, the Bear."

Again, the seller on "Change" was called "Bear," possibly in allusion to an old Fable of a Huntsman selling the Skin of a Bear before the Bear was killed.

The foregoing is simply for its worth. I add a not unreasonable explanation:—That the Bulls are those who endeavour to *lift up* the prices of Stocks (with reference to the Stock Exchange), and the Bears are those who try to pull, drag, or *Bear* them down.

VOL. II., No. 23.

"IRON MASK."—Query No. 2.—Von Hammer, in his "*History of the Ottoman Empire*," states that the Historical "Man in the Iron Mask" was the Greek Patriarch Avedick (or Arwedicks), who was carried off mysteriously and forcibly from one of the Levantine Islands by a French vessel, at the instigation of Ferriol, the French Ambassador. This is one of the latest suppositions, but see Delort's (Paris, 1825.) "*Histoire de l'Homme au Masque de fer*," and Hon. Geo. Agar Ellis's "*True History of the State Prisoner, called commonly 'The Iron Mask'*" (London, 1826.) I have no copies of these works, and cannot give their ideas; but it is not generally thought that "James," in his "*Life of Louis XIV.*" has strengthened the belief in Mathioli being the "Man;" nor has the hypothesis, that the twin brother of Louis was the captive, been generally sustained. In fact, it is even yet more of a mystery than the authorship of "Junius;" as, to some, this latter appears settled.

AN OBVIOUS DEDUCTION.

A correspondent states he has some hope that bright days are in store for the Grand Trunk, when so much concern is shown for it by Mr. Potter, its President. The Yankées call it a "big concern,"—and, evidently, Mr. Potter is of the same opinion, for he styles it "this concern" no less than eighteen times in a comparatively short speech.—(*See Gazette, October 21st, 1869.*)

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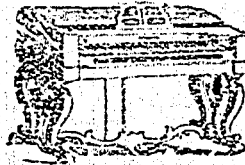
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