

whenever I know that people have entertained a very ill opinion, I imagine they never change, whence one passes easily to an difference about them, and then to dislike, and though I flatter myself that I have the seeds of justice strong enough to keep from doing wrong, even to an enemy, yet there lurks a hidden poison in the heart that it is difficult to root out. It is my misfortune to catch fire on a sudden, to answer letters the moment I receive them, when they touch me sensibly, and to suffer passion to dictate my expressions more than my reason. The next day, perhaps, would have changed this, and carried more moderation with it. Every ill turn of my life has had this haste and first impulse of the moment for its cause, and it proceeds from pride." Solitary command and absence from the tempering influences of general society were, as he keenly felt, likely to aggravate his infirmities. Yet he proves not only a successful but a popular commander, and he seems never to have lost his friends. The "seeds of justice" no doubt were really strong, and the transparent frankness of his character, its freedom from anything like insidiousness or malignity, must have had a powerful effect in dispelling resentment.

(To be Continued.)

Newspaper Criticism.

THE EVENING NEWS AND PEEK-A-BOO.

If the proprietors of the *Evening News* aspire to foster and to perpetuate a condition of semi barbarism among their readers, there would appear to be a distinct prospect of their aspiration being realized. They seem to estimate the intellectual standard of their readers at about the same height of culture as did the proprietors of *Topsy Boicum*, when they scattered about the city by the hundred thousand, illustrations of "natives extracting the great vital principle that enters into the combination of Dipsiboicum from nature's laboratory;" they put themselves on a par with Wild the Great, and his "Man before Adam," with G. M. Rose, the hero of a "Temperance Story" (of whom we shall hear next month), and with others who traffic in the credulity which abounds among the masses. We undertook the irksome task of wading through the trash styled "Peek-a-Boo," as published in the issue of the 20th June, and were not long before we recognized that well-known secret of popularity among the low-lived—smutty innuendoes. Probably the Editor is among the devout worshippers in the Bond Street conventicle. Ignorance and stupidity, blended with appeals to the frivolous, appear to be the principal characteristics of the journal, of which, we suppose, it is necessary to furnish a few specimens; we will therefore present the opening lines as they figure beneath a crude engraving, which represents a man, cigar-in-mouth, taking a lady's right hand in his left. "The holiday season refused to be further postponed on the weather's account. Weather or no weather, people have begun, etc." Then comes a silly reference to Scripture, which is as defective in meaning as it is foolish; "The Island cottages have nearly all become inhabited during the past week or two, and the voice of the Saratoga trunk is heard in the land." "If I were multiplied by a dozen there would be a pic-nic for each of me to attend." We presume the writer gives us the result of his personal experience when he tells us that, "sitting tailor-fashion is provocative of indigestion." "Everything (is related to have been) abundant, except forks and spoons," at a certain picnic, and "as far as the writer's arithmetic went there was one of each

of these." "A perfect angel of a girl" is supposed to have "grasped a cauliflower pickle between her thumb and forefinger while she calmly nibbled its appetizing top." The gentlemen who were supposed to be spectators of this proceeding, are related to have "admired the nibble act," etc. After having been favored with about a quarter of a column of such material as the foregoing, we are supposed to wade through thirty paragraphs, of the complexion of the following: "Mr. Thompson gave an *impromptu* party, at his residence, Dorset Street, Saturday night" "Minnie, why did you blush so, on Sunday? Has not 'W. P.' some attraction for you yet?" "An American young lady is in town, the guest of Miss Nellie Ross, Ward Street." This important piece of intelligence might possibly send some of "the scavengers," and other readers of the *Evening News*, to their maps of Toronto, in search of Ward Street. A young lady is supposed to have been interrogated, when purchasing dry goods, "when she intended to enter connubial happiness," and the young lady is supposed to have replied "Oh, I would be married this summer if Jim were willing." An abortive attempt at wit graces (or disgraces) the next paragraph. "Mr. A. Beatty, of the Queen Street East post-office branch is, I am told, going to make a bolt out of bachelordom. I hope this bolt will be a bold one." It may suffice to add that subscribers to the *Evening News* are sought in Lindsay, by announcing (among other equally important pieces of intelligence) that "a graceful and worthy divine residing here, and at present attending the Methodist conference in Peterboro, rather abruptly broke an engagement to preach there on Sunday, and mysteriously found his way back again on Saturday evening." The *News*' mode of announcing a death in Mitchell is—"Miss Jessie Matheson was summoned to join the innumerable caravan above, on Saturday. Young, accomplished, esteemed, she will be missed, and mourned." Events in Hamilton afford scope for the alliteration which appears to be regarded as a literary achievement; they are therefore described as Hamilton "happenings;" of nineteen of these "happenings" possibly our readers may be content with one—"Mr. W. F. McKay, formerly of this city, and who was mixed up in a scandal-case lately in Chicago, is in town." We have to confess to our stock of patience being exhausted before we reached similar bids for subscribers in Brockville, Lucan, Port Hope, and Georgetown. Bad English, bad grammar, worse taste, worse aims may help to account for the parental *Mail* utterly disowning its own offspring, and possibly ejecting this discreditable baby from its basement; we hope the *Evening News* finds its way to Europe, for the fact that such a production has readers by thousands in the Queen City of the West, will do more to impress Europeans with the "more than average degree of education and refinement" of Canadians, than will ship-loads of lying Government pamphlets.

As it may be that some readers will look for the redemption of the Editor's promise, in relation to an article on law, and to one on a scientific subject, he begs to say that the promised article, by a Barrister, is still illustrating "the law's delay," and that on the subject of American woods, which was in type, has, on further reflection, been deemed too heavy to be acceptable.

The above-named prelate, on being consulted as to the desirability of using the Collect appointed as a prayer for rain, replied "Na use, mon; praying for rain while the wind's Nor' East."