

ONE MORE.

When Fortune's all right, and we've riches in store,
What a crowd of bright faces flock in through our
And when we're surrounded by fully a score,
And each room is filled up, then there drops in one
more.

But should Fortune, the jade, prove less kind than
before,

Till we're stripped of the plumes that we previously
wore,

Then how soon does the crowd disappear from our
floor,

Till at last of its number there's not left one more.

IMPORTANT CORRESPONDENCE.

Quebec, Aug. 8, 1864.

SARÉ, MR. GROWLER:—I have de pleasures
to receive your most excellent papers of de
GROWLER. De have de fin verve mouch and
will have some more ven de peoples säll know.
I tanks you for de consideration and säll my
duty make to do all vat you desire in de
reques. His Excellency säll be apprise of de
advent. Vid consideration,

Your esteem friend,
JACQUES CARTER.

EDWARD STREET,
Aug. 12, 1864.

TO DE EDITOR OR DE GROWLER:—

SARÉ:—Sen dis chile you papa. He is ole,
but he am something above de common. Nuffin
lo about dis chile, and he will hab fun, sure, at
any cos. Nuff sed. Golly! I mus hab it.

Consistodiously Yours,
SAMBO LIVELY.

Black Hall Office.

... We have just heard, on credible au-
thority, that it is the intention of the Govern-
ment to establish in connexion with the Customs
an office under the above name; and that the
management is to be given to Mr. Thomas
Worthington, the present able and impartial
Assistant Commissioner of Customs and Excise.
We are not yet in possession of full particulars,
but are quite sensible that there is no man on
this side of the Atlantic more competent to
perform the duties of such an office, than the
educated official in question.

Query.

... If one of our fashionable Merchant Tailors
in this city was an Irishman, would he be a *bill*
Finch? or would he in case, Grant fails, be able to
mend the breeches of the Union?

How to Manage Him.

... Talkative men without brains are the
mere pedlars of words and ideas, with the manu-
facture of which they are not in any degree con-
versant. Although it is generally difficult to
bring one of this class to a dead halt, yet the
thing may be managed if you are at all adroit.
If he should happen to be a stranger to you, in-
form him that after having graduated at Oxford,
you have just returned from China and the Holy
Land by the way of Russia; and if this does not
settle him nothing will.

THE WEATHER.

Ninety-eight in the shade! To gods and little
fishes, what is to become of us? What a time for
shirt collars and boucles. Look at that rubeant;
elderly gentleman there, who weighs sixteen stone
if he weighs an ounce, and say if the lantern-jawed
republican who is squinting tobacco juice on the
other side of the way, has not the advantage of him
ten to one. Ladies, may heaven grant you a light
scarf and a pair of wings until the dog-days are
over; for over they certainly are not yet. At this
present moment you are absolutely nothing but beau-
tiful jellies. When gazing on you then, is it any
wonder that we should become spoony? Oh! it is
really very warm; and were it not for the prejudices
of society, we should be very much inclined to adopt
the airy costume of the New Zealander, which con-
sists, we believe, in simply a shirt collar and a pair of
apars. Ah! frail Eve, why did you eat that apple?
Why did you originate society, Stultz and Democ-
res? Beautiful, paughty mother of the whole human
race, like many others of your sex you have upset us
terribly. We shall forgive you, nevertheless, if you
persuade the angel of the rain to send us a few cool
refreshing showers to clear this dull heavy atmos-
phere of ours and straighten up the poor handy-legged
flowers. Let us have one reviving bath that shall
recoit all our energies and make the dusty desert
blossom like the rose, and then we shall go on our
way, not perspiring as at present, but tolerably dry
and rejoicing.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP.

This celebrated cantatrice will make her first ap-
pearance this season in a grand promenade concert,
on Wednesday evening next, in the Horticultural
Gardens. There are but few singers now in exist-
ence, and none on this continent, more worthy a
large and educated audience. Madame Anna Bishop
has, from time to time, charmed the people of every
tongue and of every clime. Familiar with most lan-
guages, she possesses, in an eminent degree, the
faculty of wedding the music of one tongue to the
words of another; so as that the Russ or the
Italian, under her able treatment, can be made to
feel the pathetic beauties of the "Beggars Girl," or
the stirring sentiment of the "Dashing White Ser-
geant." Her versatility is truly wonderful. Whether
in the most elaborate operatic air, or in the simplest
ballad, she is equally at home. Her shake is as pure
and equal as a shake can be, while her treatment of
difficult and chromatic passages is of the first order.
We are happy to hear that the concert will be
conducted by our talented fellow citizen, Mr. J. D.
Humphreys, who combines so truly the ability of a
true *artiste* with the demeanour of a thorough gen-
tleman.

The Towel Movement.

... The white muslin mania which has recently
seized upon some of our young bloods and old backs
to the singular disfigurement of their hats, will doubt-
less result in the introduction of white umbrellas,
or *Chapeaux à la goutte*. However, although we are
inclined to believe that the inside of the head, rather
than the outside of the hat, requires looking after in
most of the cases which come under our notice.
Dear me! Why should we quarrel the children of
savage nations who are given to glass beads and all
such worthless trinkets, when we ourselves play
such fantastic tricks before high heaven as make the
very angels weep?

LESSONS FOR SUCKING STATESMEN.

Politics, my children, are the cups and balls with
which adroit swindlers manage to cheat the public
and rise to distinction in the State. They originated
in the garden of Eden through the dread instrument-
ality of a personage of some distinction, and to whose
existence, solely, the established Church of Great
Britain and Ireland is indebted for the handsome
receipt of something like six millions sterling annu-
ally. In England, however, the game is conducted
in some degree upon principles of honour, from the
fact that those who play at it are generally men of
family and fortune, who are necessarily removed be-
yond the pale of absolute want, and who have some
pride in sustaining a fair character before the world.
In this country, however, and on this side of the At-
lantic, the case is widely different. Here the tod-
man of to-day may be the Premier of to-morrow,
and the beggar of yesterday, through some lucky job,
the millionaire of to-day. It must be observed, never-
theless, that these characters are generally distin-
guished (himble riggers, who have made the balls fly
with extraordinary ability in some of the private
lotteries of life, such as the jewing a man out of a
faith; the hasty foreclosing of a mortgage, or the
taking advantage of some trifling defect in a deed.
All these little points are generally used as stepping
stones to the loftier eminence, where the public chest
lies open and where his hand can be thrust into it
with impunity. In this connexion the safest card to
play is patriotism and the little bit of corruption
against all men who happen to be in power. This
is the most effective and the cheapest capital that you
can invest in any grand political undertaking; for in
adopting it you are absolutely conquering the
enemy. Never hit a little man in any of your en-
counters, but always aim at the Commander in Chief
of the party in power, or the next order to him in
importance. By this means you may be successful, if
you have the tact and pluck, to bring him to terms,
and induce him to offer you a *Bill* in. When ever
you write or speak, preach principles. Whenever
you act, be guided by expediency. Use all your
wits to be verbal. Remember *verba scripta manent*,
and avoid falling into the snare. Should you happen
to get into power, become near-sighted at once; so
as that you can plead the defect to your political
friends when on some occasion that you may again
need their services they accuse you of having passed
them in the street. Look into this, my children, and
study well the interesting features of the present co-
alition and no doubt some of you may rise (*) to a
position similar to that now occupied by the leading
politicians of the day.

NEW SONG.

High diddle diddle,
We'll play the Scotchiddle,
Or be knocked as high as the moon,
And George will laugh to see the poor,
When each of us acts like a spoon.

Can it be True.

... We have just been apprized that the Govern-
ment has recently discovered that all the land now
engrafted from this Province to the United States,
or for parts unknown. This matter will be the sub-
ject as it reminds a great smouldering spark under the
way of the coalition. Thank heavens that the Union
now is dead at last.