

## NOT AN ORIGINAL.

Yes: woman's a copy, I vow,  
No original, surely, is she;  
Though lovely and all as she's now,  
That she's borrowed, the simplest may see.

For instance, her lips and her eyes,  
Where pilfered from, do you suppose?  
The one from the bright starry skies,  
The other, 'tis plain, from the rose.

And what of her breath's spicy gale?  
Is it not of the sweet morning breeze,  
Coming up from the flowers of the vale  
That bloom at the feet of the trees?

And what of her teeth and her hair?  
'Tis apparent to you and to me,  
One's the blackest of night in its hair,  
The other the pearls of the sea.

And her voice is the song of the streams  
That out through the flowery wilds rove;  
And her limbs are the rounded moonbeams,  
That fall through the chinks of the grove.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

Block House Bay,

17th August, 1864.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GROWLER.

SIR:—Here we are—I and my lovely companion—afloat on the clear waters of the bay, within full view of the city; but removed sufficiently far from the gaze of the prying or the impertinent. The breezes that play around us in the setting sun are absolutely aromatic. I have just finished a glass of iced champagne, and am, while I write, disturbed only by snatches from the "Inferno," poured from two beautiful lips as a sort of back ground to throw out in bolder relief the brightness of our mutual happiness. Oh, how delightfully she sings. Now a gem from "Lucia," and anon, a sparkling cadanza from "Trovatore." And yet, wihal, she is not over ethereal, but possesses a large stock of common sense wherewith to season, as it were, all those rare feminine accomplishments which too often are lost in affectation and the namby-pambyism of others of her sex. Whether grave or gay, she is equally at home in conversation. She has read largely and thought deeply, and is happy alike whether in companionship with Locke or Paley, or among the perfumed regions of Bulwer or Miss Brad-don. With Dickens, Thackeray and Scott she is thoroughly conversant; and is undoubted authority upon Moore, Byron, Keats, Shelley and Hood. She loves the latter immensely, and laughs at him with all her might and main, disclosing a set of teeth that flashes through the rose bud of her lips like the purest of pearls. On the whole, I think I am rather agreeably circumstanced, at present, than otherwise; and I write you thus circumstantially, because I despise you and know that you are a jealous and pedantic cur.

A CRUSHER.

## To the Reader.

Have you, young lady or young gentleman, as the case may be, ever seen a goose on a very warm and dusty summer day, in the middle of a very dusty road, flapping her wings about and tossing all over her suggestive figure clouds of pulverized clay or of fine sand, as a sort of refreshing pastime. Now, you are right! You say you have. But has it never struck you that this, under certain circumstances very agreeable bird, at the time of this extraordinary procedure, is under the full impression that she is in water or something bearing a strong analogy to that element? Perhaps, it has not. But let us assure you that in this case you have neglected ample food for reflection; for the picture under consideration is one of the most suggestive ever presented to the human understanding. Turn, for instance, your attention to that gentleman who has just finished a ballad to his mistress' eye-brow, and who believes his name is worthy a place among the celebrities of the day; and say if he has not been tossing up the dust about his mental optics in a manner calculated to obscure them effectually, and like the bird in the pulverize puddle, mistaken his element in a lamentable degree. Again, regard that staid, elderly son of Adam in the pulpit where he has managed to accumulate the dust of ages, and see if he does not envelop himself and his hearers in a mist of opaque particles as dense as that which once overspread Egypt or which characterizes an English November day. Certainly you must agree with me, that such is his position; and such the position of some of our fellow-mortals who assume that they possess the eye of the eagle and are always looking steadfastly at the sun. However, we cannot see how we can be very well sectional in our application of this feathered simile; for the fact is, that most of us now and then take a twist at the middle of the road. It were well, consequently, that we should be careful when dealing with the position of our fellow men, that we should first examine the ground over which we ourselves had passed; and enquire cautiously and deliberately whether we had ever watered our pinions with veritable mud.

## HOLIDAY.

Last Monday was observed as a general holiday in this city; and most certainly the fullest advantage was taken of it by the various troops of pleasure-seekers, who are always on the *qui vive* for such a "God-send." Almost every house in town was emptied of some portion of its human contents, each representing its peculiar and social grade through the medium of the costume worn upon the occasion—from the aristocrat, with a muslin towel about his hat, to the denizen of Stanly Street, with a pair of knee breeches and a veritable cawbeen not worth

tuppence. Upon no occasion do men come nearer approaching a common level than at periods of this description. All being in pursuit of the same object, pleasure, acknowledge as it were tacitly a sort of brotherhood not recognized upon ordinary occasions. In fact, as one leading sentiment pervades them all, they are in a measure reduced to the same level and thus it is that there is, in a manner, a step upwards on the part of the humbler classes and a step downwards on the part of the higher grades, that bring both, so to speak, upon one and the same platform for the time being.

Upon reunions such as these it is not by any means unusual to see some young scion of aristocracy tripping it on the light fantastic toe with an unsophisticated daughter of the soil in her best bib and tucker; while young misses' of rather knobby pretensions not unfrequently condescend to foot it on the vernal sward with some brown rustic that they could never think of meeting in a drawing-room. And is not all this an effort of nature to relieve herself of the heavy burden which society has placed so relentlessly on her shoulders? Not that we are averse to grades in this connexion. Far from it. But we think they are not often wisely or honestly marked and that there are many gaps in society which might be closed with advantage to all parties. Give us plenty of work in the various paths we have chosen, and plenty of holidays to haul up the slack which is sure to follow all human labour, and then we shall become a more united and happy people.

## The Height of Meanness.

We learn with the utmost dismay that a tribe of unauthorized "hangers on" accompanied the Parliamentary and Press excursionists to the Lower Provinces; and that the people of New Brunswick, &c., who are not over wealthy, were put fraudulently to the expense of feeding and keeping them up to the hour of their return homewards. This we hold to be the very climax of impertinence and meanness. Was it not enough to be disgraced by a lot of fourth rate M. P.'s and a horde of small country newspaper editors, without tacking on this disgrace to our tail? God only knows what will be the result of this shameful proceeding when it comes to be thoroughly understood by our neighbours. Most certainly when it is added to the disreputable course pursued by John Sandfield in relation to the intercolonial railway, it is not likely to make smooth the way in the direction of the federal union now so loudly spoken about. It had been well for Canada had the expedition been deferred until the period of the equinoctial gales, when disasters are rife upon our coasts. As it is, however, we must suffer the consequences of this grand *faux pas* of ours, and patiently bear the stigma which has been cast upon us.