

ALARMING REQUEST.

We have noticed for some time past in the *Hamilton Spectator*, a corporation advertisement signed by the Chairman of the Board of Health of the "ambitious little city," couched in the following language:—

"Persons complaining of nuisances in this city, will be kind enough to make an entry of such in a book kept for the purpose, at the the Police office &c."

We trust that not many Hamiltonians have availed themselves of this polite invitation. The book in which these nuisances are kept, must be an extremely mephitical bouquet. The idea of making entries of nuisances in a book, is an extremely nasty idea; and one can hardly envy the lot of constabulary who are compelled to breathe the air in which the nuisance book is kept. It may be all very proper to look after the nuisances, but to keep a book full of "such" in the Police office is most abominable. Let us trust that some more respectable mode of conserving the health of the city will be discovered than that propounded by the City Fathers. The present mode is decidedly re-olting.

ANGELINA F. ZIEGLIGS ON FIRES.

Toronto, July 21, 1859.

Good Mr. GRUMBLES,

I wish you would speak a word in my behalf to the gallant firemen of our city, and induce them to make less noise at a fire than they at present do. On several occasions lately I was just falling into a sweet sleep, and dreaming that I was—no matter what, when I was suddenly wak ned up by the dreadful cry of "fire! fire!" intermingled with the ringing of bells, the trampling of feet, and the frantic yells of the different fire companies, as they came sweeping along to the rescue. This is all very dreadful on a nervous person like me—and I am sure that there are a hundred persons like myself. I never can sleep for the whole night after I have been thus disturbed. It is true, I sometimes fall asleep, but then I have such dreadful dreams, that it is a mercy to lie awake. Take my case in hand, and oblige,

Yours sincerely,

ANGELINA F. ZIEGLIGS.

THE BAND.

The heat of the weather is the reason assigned why the Band of the Royal Canadian Rifles did not delight our citizens as usual on last Thursday week, and we suppose it is the reason why the inconvenient hour of half-past five was chosen on last Thursday. We beg to assure those guardians who so carefully look after the public convenience, that the weather is never too warm to listen to the Rifle Band, and further, to inform them that nothing could be more refreshing for our citizens than to lounge under the shade in the University Park and listen to the music. We would also say, let the comfort of the band be looked to, and if an agreeable shady spot cannot be found for them to play under, let Mr. Pell see that an awning be erected, and that a good supply of brandy and soda water be on hand to cool the musicians. However, if we are going to have music at all, let us have it at half past three or four at farthest,

THE YACHT RACE.

BY A GREEN LANDSMAN.

MR. EDITOR,—

Having perused with indignation, not unmingled with pity, the stupid descriptions of the yacht race given by the daily press, I have determined to give you my account of it, as an eye witness and a sailor (?)

After several uncomfortably near approaches to upsetting in the crazy machine which carried us aboard, we reached the yacht. When I got near the side of it, being in the front—bow, I think they call it—of the boat; a surly voice called upon me to give him a hold of the painter. Now as I was not aware of the presence of any respectable layer on of oil or water colours on the stiff, I professed utter inability to comply with his request, but offered to give him a dry goods clerk instead; for we had a very unsteady specimen of the latter species at the stern. The counter bopper, however, was not required, for as a sort of introduction to the science of navigation, one of my friends gave me a smart blow over the back with a rope, which he said was the veritable painter, and was so called because of its use in colouring the backs of land lubbers black and blue. Thus initiated I jumped on the deck, and was told to take a haul at the throat. Now here was another puzzle; What was the throat? "With my usual sagacity, I instantly divined it; I was to have vengeance on my friend who had used the painter. So I seized his throat, and was proceeding to haul in obedience to orders, when a sudden lurch of the big pole at the bottom of the sail floored us both. They were hauling up the sail, and one of them, a rather smart young man with curly hair, said he was hauling at the throat, while I can take my oath he was only toting at a thick rope. They next got a three cornered sail up, which they called a jib, and ordered me to clear the jib sheets, a command the execution of which cost me 10 minutes' thought, and I never should have found out till dooms-day, (nor would you, Mr. Editor, sharp as you think yourself) that a sheet was a rope. I had some notion of using the sheets down below if I got sleepy, and was cruelly disappointed by this abrupt destruction of my hopes. After the discharge of what sounded to me like an automatic pop gun, we were told to get ready. Another agile young man and myself were told to lay hold of the spring, which turned out to be a nust. wet rope fastened on to something under the water, and when the second pop gun blew out we had to haul it aft in an extremely violent manner, a proceeding during which my shirt collar was irretrievably ruined and my toe considerably smashed. So we started off comfortably with one exception, that the boat kept all one side like an uneven balance, a practice probably owing to bad training. Now if I were having a yacht built, I'd teach it steady habits in youth. Boats are like boys, when young they are docile; but when they get old, soared and stubborn. I went down below to get a little peace, when a sudden racket again disturbed my equanimity. The next thing we were to do was to "jibe," whatever that might mean, and what a racket they did kick up. "Haul aft your main jib Reel," "Let

go your back stay sheets," "Take a reef in your main top sprit," &c., &c. I was quite bowled out, when the result of it was that we got round the buoy with a green side of boat a little in front with a man with a straw hat in the stern of it. The next thing the captain did was to order us below, and while we were engaged in the gastic nutriment in the shape of beef, we were driven from one side to the other like a flock of sheep, the boat lying all the time like the heel of an old shoe, all on one side. Meanwhile the captain and a swartly individual were discussing whether they could make a buoy, a task which did not seem to me very difficult, seeing that the buoys were only little sticks with a flag at the end. The only trouble which presented itself to me was how they stuck up so pluckily in the water of their own accord. Well we went round the buoy, and went down the lake. The green yacht with the straw hat keeping a head, the rest all nowhere. They next perched me on the main top boom to push the sail along, but I took good care to have hold of a rope tied to the life preserver. My pushing triumphed, for the boat immediately went off at the gallop. Recommended to the captain the propriety of taking in a reef to the rudder and letting out his mizen flying jib, a suggestion which did not seem to meet with favour. Got round the other buoy after another pucker about the sheets and tiller, just as if the boat wasn't quite awake, and wanted to be shuffled about to rouse her up. Passed the verdant boat and got enthusiastic; was about to propose three cheers, but was ordered below, and amused myself for an hour playing marbles with the cook. Got passed again when I got up; proposed to run into it; captain expressed disapprobation, and spoke unpolitely to the wind, which he said was "hauling off," whatever that might be. Vented my feelings against the aerial compound, and proposed recourse to bellows and other pneumatic apparatus.

Passed the straw hat again; felt plucky; tried to get up a polka; received a boost into the cockpit; passed another buoy, and, with its usual presumption, the green "ua" passed us. Began to get "skeered;" thought the enemy was not so green after all. Tried several ingenious devices for raising the wind; threw the cook overboard; whistled operationally; scratched my finger-nails off on the mast; cried "fire," with the hope that the wind would "run after the machine," &c., &c.; but it was no go. Called out for the "Evening Chronicle" to give us "a puff," but both might myself that the fractional edition of *O'd Double* was a ready out.

Thus beaten by the wind, we held an indignation meeting on board, passed a vote of want of confidence in *Edus* and his satellites, and after twenty-four minutes floating, reached home. Next time we go out, Mr. Editor, you shall bespeak a strong wind the week before, and save from grief.

Yours, &c.,

A FRESH WATER MARINE.

PREPARE FOR THE
ONTARIO LITERARY SOCIETY'S
PIC NIC EXCURSION
TO NIAGARA FALLS.