

Ye Doleful Tale of Ye Dismal Shipwreck,

Which was suffered on ye shores of Huron, metamorphosed, exposed, transported, and composed, by "H. J. G." of the *Leader*.

Ye Exordium:—

Come, listen to me, landlance,
Who snooze at home at ease,
And I'll relate a story
Of dangers on the seas.

'Twas Friday last, a party
Of gallant ones and fair
To spend a jolly season,
'To Collingwood repair.

At midnight we embarked there
On a boat the "Houghboy" hight,
And some of us were tired,
And some of us were tight.

Right joyous were we all I wook,
We laughed, we drank, we sang,
And "an excellent piano" toons
Through the cabin gally rang.

Ye scene changed.

But, alas for human hoping,
And the polka just begun,
A sudden clap of thunder put
A stopper on our fun.

The night grew black and stormy,
The clouds were dark and thick,
The waves were rolling mountains high,
And all aboard were sick.

"Steward oh I Steward," one exclaimed,
"Bring a basin for my daughter,
She's always sick when there's considerable
"Perturbation in the water."

The dance was all forgotten,
To their state-rooms hurry all,
And "basins, Steward, basins,"
We every one did hail.

Ye passenger see-oh a sound.

But now a passenger cried
A strange unwooted sound
Right down in the machinery,
Or somewhere there around.

The Engineer is summoned,
Gives a glance and then a sigh,
And shouts below "Turn off
The steam immediately."

The storm increaseth, hope diminisheth.

The wind it howled tremendously,
The storm grew on apace,
And all believed that night they ran,
With silent death a race.

For who could see that gallant ship,
The foamy waves ride o'er,
And tell not if she got on land,
She'd surely go on shore.

To voyagers take ye precautions.

They closed the drinking bar-room up
To stay an awkward funk,
Should future Cor'nore inquest bring
A verdict, found dead drunk.

The merry sounds that eke awhile
Did help to give us sport,
Were hushed now, for to the mast
They lashed th' piano-forte.

Strange sounds break on yo ear.

But ah! alas! another sound
Did now salute our ears;
It shook the ship and made us quake,
And broke the chandelier.

A woman rushed into the room
When stood we half distraught,
And screamed the happy tidings out
"The anchors, sir, have caught."

To finish.

And now these anxious moments past
The danger safely o'er
I'll ne'er go board I'll bet my boots,
The Houghboy any more.

WE, I, MYSELF vs HIM, HIS AND HIMSELF.

DEAR GRUMBLER,

Gratefully appreciating the noble and generous manner in which you have come to the rescue of the parts of speech, when maltreated by ignoramuses in high places, permit me to call your attention to a flagrant abuse of myself and my colleagues, the other personal pronouns, by the hon. the junior member of Montreal. Much as I have personally suffered by the rude assaults of Mr. McGee, it is not selfishness alone which now moves me to action.

Excepting always dear old Mrs. Gamp *herself* never were we so cruelly tortured before; and having implicit faith in the existence of "Mrs. Harridge" we unhesitatingly appeal to her to witness to the truth of our assertion. Fancy, dear Grumbler, what appetite for breakfast, *we, I, myself, him, his and himself* could have had after seeing ourselves so brutally mangled as we are in the following extract from D'Arcy's letter to the *Montreal Herald*:

"I have no knowledge that the Editor of the *True Witness* holds officially the position of representing Mr. McDonald, nor can I permit him to interpose unjustly between the principal in such an assault and the principal in defence—*MYSELF*. His suppression of my explanations to my constituents, his repeated suppressions of similar matters of fact of interest to his readers, and suggestions of what is untrue, in relation to *MYSELF*, make it impossible for me to take him up, &c."

Now is n't it heart-rending in the extreme to see ourselves so brutally abused? As a respectable and well conducted personal person, I am not aware that I have done anything to merit such cruelty. I do not see why he doesn't take up the adjectives or adverbs, and give it to them for a short time. Do please entreat him to leave alone, as well as the other personal pronouns, as especially

Your devoted admiror,

EGO.

Miraculous Escape of the Country.

From *Old Doubt*.

Bless our old heart, we breathe again! It's astonishing how a'most anything worries an old 'oman. Mercy on us, if those dear Cabinet Ministers had a' been drowned, what would have become of the country? We were just putting our wig away carefully in its nest, and just a going to take our caudle and order the warming pan (for old folks is so cold in the joints at nights, let alone when one's got the rheumatism), as we were a saying, just as we were going to take our few winks o' sleep, and when one gets old, one can't sleep long, leest'ays we cant—Mrs. Gamp came in to gossip a bit about the great disaster on Lake Huron. La, bless us! we never felt so bad since our dear old husband, old *Atlas*, rest his precious old soul, gave his last kick and gave out. What would a' become of us if they'd a' been lost?

We sent Mrs. Gamp, which she is an old friend of ours, to get the least drop in life of the alcoholic therapeutic, which has rapidly restored us. But since we've thought it over, we don't think there was any danger. Them passengers may thank their lucky stars, so they may, that they had a lot of good fellows, like dear good John A., and angelic Sidney Smith, along with them. If they hadn't been there the passengers would all

have been drowned. If George Brown, the malcontent, and D'Arcy had been on board, instead of them, they'd all have gone to the bottom, as sure as anything. They might have climbed up the main top bowsprit, and clung frantically to the tiller, but they'd have perished like traitors should. Bless us, aint it a mercy that the waves didn't take Ross for Brown, and drown the good men by mistake? Never mind, we'll go and take a little drop o' summit to warm our inward. The country is saved, and we shan't lose our pap. Bless us, they shall never all go away together again, for there's no knowing what may happen.

TO THE HUMBER BAY PIC-NICKERS.

We recommend all those who participated in the very successful picnic of Monday last to call at the *Daguerrean Rooms* of Messrs. Carson, at the corner of King and Yonge Streets, and inspect the excellent views of the party taken on the grounds. We believe they will furnish copies of the photographs at very reasonable rates. A more suitable *souvenir* of so agreeable a party could not be purchased. We have had the pleasure of seeing them, and can bear witness to their clearness and correctness.

Champagne at Bazaars.

A correspondent writes to the *Echo*, complaining that ladies sell Champagne at Bazaars. We agree with the correspondent that the practice is reprehensible. It is quite enough for young gentlemen to run the risk of being intoxicated by the bright eyes of the ladies who usually frequent Bazaars, without adding to the risk by introducing champagne.

The Galt Joker.

We must apologize to our little contemporary for not noticing its existence at an earlier date. The *Joker* is one of the cleverest papers of the humorous kind published in Canada; we hope that the people of Waterloo and the neighbouring counties will give it a hearty support.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

For some time past a turtle of gigantic proportions was the observed of all observers, as it reclined in stolid carolomence in the window of the Terrapin. However, as the object for which turtles are caught is not solely to be exhibited to the vulgar gaze of the public, and also as the feelings of the turtle deserve some consideration, Messrs. Carlisle and McConkey have determined that the aforesaid turtle shall depart this life at an early hour on Monday morning, and that thereupon its unweildy body shall be converted into the most delicious soup and the most appetizing steak. The turtle is no doubt a large one, but it would require to be much larger to supply the innumerable bowls of soup, and the mountains of steak into which it has already been divided by the longing gazers who have feasted their eyes on it during the past few days. As it is, however, we announce the fact that the mammoth Green Turtle is to be slain, and that—either in steak or soup—it will be offered as a treat and drink offering to the lagging appetites of a Toronto community, on Monday next.

In this great advertising country it is an object to know the name of a reliable bill-poster—a man who carefully and neatly puts up your business placards. We have one in our eye whom we can safely recommend. He handles his brush in an artistic manner; his paste is irreplicable, and his style of posting unique and tasteful. For the benefit of advertisers we give his name and address.—George Watson, City Bill Poster, No. 58 Elizabeth Street.