

FOURTH OF JULY IN CANADA.

THE SUNNYSIDE PIC NIC.

GLORIOUS AND TRIUMPHANT!

Elam Goatee, Esq., on the Canucks—Letters to Ezekiel Springer, Sreorchville, N. Y.

DEAR ZEKE—

I suppose you think that be'in among the farnation Britishers we had'nt got no fourth of July independence celebration, but jest you hold on ole boss, we got you thar, slick as gronse. I reckon the way they do things here aint no ways slow that's pat—and I'm a jest join to tell you what the tallest fun I've ben round since I left yankee town.

I reckon you baint aware that the Canucks kept up their glorious fourth of July on the twenty fourth of May, and so get nigh two months ahead of us in the square old summer spree, they do a lecture in the shootin and sgerin, but nothin like the Sreorchville volunteers for tall military show, cos they bruce up their chaps here with pipe clay and dog collars nigh to chokin, and wont let them smoke in the ranks, why they dont even lick it till they get right through their fixins. And then they dont have no speechify like we have to hum, I tell you what the oration of the Hon. Washington Franklin Stoggs on the genius and patriotism of his illustrious namesake and countryman, would open their eyes a few it would, but as I was a tellin you we had some nice time here on twenty-fourth, these here Canucks they did stand up right by us and do the pretty thing, 'hat's so; we hitched on and went the entire animal, 'specially at their pic-nic, and so, after we'd ben 'round and seen things, says Josh. Biggins to the boys, "look here, boys; this air some punkins, and its jest got to be did again on the 4th, or I aint Josh. Biggins." Well, these sentiments you know were sound, so we piled right in, and so did all the chaps here; we went right straight to work and put the thing through. I didn't sleep for nigh a week, thinking of the darned thing, and Jeff. Smith and Josh., they was right down crackt. Well, the g'lorious Fourth came at last, and we got up jest in time to see the sun throw his morning smile over the earth to welcome the great and glorious Anniversary of American independence; after giving it due welcome by leting off nine bunches of fire crackers, we had a smile ourselves—cocktails all round, three times, and and went to breakfast. Josh. bolted his food in uncommon quick time, and mizzled; we followed his example pretty much, as we wanted to dress up spruce. By the time we got fully harnessed it was time to go, so we went to Josh's room to hurry him up; but, thunder and lightning! the chap wasn't to be found; we sarched up and down and all over, but he warnt thar, and we put down pretty quick to old Knox's, and were just in time to get aboard the last buss. Gewhillikins! how I did feel when I seen them smilin' faces, like angels putting their heads through clouds of crinoline, and winking wicked winks out of the buss windows. Sassaages and small beer! wasn't I wrahy when the cove said the inside was for ladies, and made me take an outside. Well, we got out to Sunnyside all safe, and there they were cherrin' and hurra'n', dancing

and romping. Greased snakes! but I felt as happy as a pig in a potato patch; oh, Zeke! sich Gals!—States aint nowhere; Toronto takes the cakes for downright pretty gals; none of your yellow, lanky down-rasters, who could hide themselves behind a fishin' pole, if it wasn't for their hoops; them gals aint no 'count here; something with flesh on the bones and bloom on the cheek, is the style. Whew! and talk about fire; a Toronto gal's eyes would snuff the sun out. Well, I strot 'round lookin' at things, when just as I turned the corner of the house, who should I see but Josh Biggins, swellin' it in a pair of peg-tops and a dog-collar—a regular out-and-out British rig. "Why Josh," says I, "where did you come from, and what in thunder air them things you've got your pins stuck in?" Well, Josh, he got kind a riled and flared up a little; so to set things square again I offered to treat, but Josh, he were determined to put on airs, and strot off to some gals and cut around a few, I tell you.

Havin jest made up my mind to have a be old time I went slick in and danced some, borrowed Jeff's buggy, took out three gals—ga long 2.39 $\frac{1}{2}$ over the bumper road, darned ole boss baulked on the bridge and would'nt stir a leg, gals got skeered, got mad and then got out, and I had to lead the cussed animal back again. I begin to think drivin was'nt as good in this country as tis to hum, and thought I'd try sailin, went aboard the Dinna Promma along with Captain and found Jeff and a few more join in to the refreshments and havin a fine old time, after a couple of horns I began to think that sailin was about one of the greatest institutions of the country, told the Captain so, Captain smiled and so we did all round. Well got ashore agen and went at the heel-and-toe exercise for awhile, then took my gal out on the verandah to get took in the dog-gertype; well, Jerusalem, if there wer'nt Josh in them blessed peg-tops squat out like a balloon right in the centre awaitin like a hungry alligator for a nigger, to get his picter: on the left there was a tall chap looked for all the world like a light-house, lookin all round for a gal, but she wer'nt thar—cos why, the Russian Count was a totin her 'round for strawberries. Thought I'd tote my gal round to get strawberries, so jest trotted off, but thunder if I did,nt go to the wrong gats and got into the cabbages, well Sue she took it pretty bad and said she'd go back and get her picter, but ginger if they did'nt take the doggertype when we'd been round in the cabbages. Well I jest went in to the dancin and did'nt stop till they began speechifyin. I tell you there was some tall talkin but I did'nt hear it. Told Sue to put on her fixins as I saw that the musicians were screwing up their patriotism to play God Save the Queen, which over, in this clearin is a polite hint to slope, we sloped accordin in the first buss, all serene.

Which I am yours, etranally,

ELAM GOATEE.

Unfounded Rumour.

—There is no truth in the *Globe's* statement that Sir Edmund Head has consented to allow the celebrated M. Blondin to wheel him over the Niagara river on a tight rope in a wheelbarrow —M. Blondin to be blindfolded on the occasion.

WANTS:

A state of public affairs, howsoever critical, under the present regime, the *Leader* could find no subject for congratulation. Hitherto the more complicated the enlargement—the deeper the difficulty—the more certainly would the organ in question find some cause for rejoicing. Also, wanted a *Globe* editorial, written during the past ten months, in which "the powers that be" received the slightest modicum of credit unmingled with at least double as much blame. For the above, a liberal reward will be given. Wanted, an editorial in which *Old Double* never blundered on some nonsense.

Wanted, a statement of the good accomplished by Fire Inquests—the parties benefited thereby—and how. An idea of the number of arrests consequent on these enquiries, and of the persons ever brought before or convicted by twelve good men and true, with a statement of the aggregate cost of the process, might abate the present fire inquest fever.

Wanted, a solemn assembly of Physicians to find out another Esplanade nuisance. Now's the time. The public seems to have thrown physic to the dogs. Why not throw them into a fever by predicting some general pestilence.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LACES is the high Dutch for leather. It so called because it makes ones hide as tough as leather.

HARRY would be quite justified in kicking the puppy down stairs who presumed to mentioned her name in any thing but the most respectful manner.

HEAD may take our word for it, that all ladies like flattery. The more she says she does not like it, the more she likes it.

HSDRNOG when a gentleman enters a drawing room where there are ladies, it is not quite etiquette to get straddle-legs across the chair, that if offered to sit down upon as if it were a horse.

MSLLOW is a dirty donkey, or else he would have seen that his presence was not wanted. He should have banded himself sooner than remained.

SHADE TREES.

A correspondent suggests, in reference to the proposed suggestion of the Mayor to give employment to the distressed citizens, that shade trees be planted in the principal streets at the public expense. The suggestion is good. We do not think, however, that the idea could be carried out in the business parts of Yonge and King Streets. But as regards the other streets, the adoption of the suggestion would be a great boon. To those who sweat under the rays of a July sun, there needs not much argument to prove the soothing influence of the blessed shade.

In many of our streets, shade trees are planted with the best results. The look of the street has been vastly improved. The value of the property has been increased, and pedestrians, cease not during the hot weather, to offer up silent prayers for the welfare of that good man who first invented shade trees, and also for the public benefactor who planted them in that particular locality.