

# The GROWLER

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## THE GROWLER

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## THE GROWLER

"We growl, but bite not, save with fullest cause,  
Some strange departure from all social laws.  
Some erring planet travelled from its sphere,  
Grossly infringing that which all hold dear."

TORONTO, FRIDAY, JULY 22, 1864.

### THE QUILL.

Before all pens of steel or gold,  
Give me a grey goose quill;  
Ready to move, easy to hold,  
And pliant to your will.

'Tis a nimble, light and airy thing,  
Plucked from a downy pinion;  
And quilled well afar to wing,  
Truth, fact, and sage opinion.

Over the page it swiftly goes,  
From side to side in a trice;  
Fleet as a sleigh or beaten snow,  
Or a skater on the ice.

It never runs against a snag,  
Like pens of metal made;  
And throws them all, white or their drag,  
Completely in the shade.

Give pens of steel to business clerks,  
And secretaries trim;  
Who with abjuring twists and quirks,  
In letters stiff and prim.

Give pens of gold to love-lorn swains,  
And sentimental misses;  
Dapperly things to note their pains,  
And register their biases.

But give to me, hoarse or uncouth,  
A good old-fashioned quill;  
My trusty friend in early youth,  
And loved companion still.

We see that a stout lad is wanted at the Globe porter's table. If he is wanted as porter, no doubt he will be doubly welcome, if extra stout.

### INTRODUCTORY.

Shall we apologise for the fierce aspect of our dog? Our peculiar GROWLER? That would be to criticise our artist, and he, in turn, might easily criticise us. Shall we not, rather, assure our respected Public, that he is by no manner of means the ferocious dog he looks; that he is even an amiable dog, and will bark as Smugg's lion roared; "as gently as any sucking dove." His name is not in strict accordance with euphony; but, like Milton's "Tetrachordon," is capable of defence. The peculiar development of his facial muscles, have, at least, the claim of antiquity, for David expressly says:—"Grin like a dog, and go about the city," which would almost impress us with the idea that there were Growlers in those days, as giants in the old days before.

But it is not of antiquity we would talk. Antique Port is good; but your true lover of the antique limits his desires in that way, pretty much to that tasteful Trinity, port, china, and statuary. A mutilated Phidian Venus; a vase dynasty, which dates from about the time Noah with Chang Fien monsters, coeval with the Chang carved the figure-head of the Ark; and Port of the year 1836. These are dear to his soul; but antique jokes no man loveth. We sigh and say there is nothing new under the sun, and the light of our harem points to the smoking matutinal roll, the light coat we have on, just released from the thralldom of the tailor. Unwise remarks like overwhelm her with an avalanche of disquisitions, and she learns that the roll was haply nourished by the refuse of the ash bin; the coat, the blind of a sewer; are all jests to be now then? Heaven forbid! If that were a necessary condition, our faithful GROWLER and ourselves, might as well, like the dying swain, sing our own dirges in the words of the genial old catch:

"And when I die, as needs must happen,  
Their bury me under the good ale tap;  
Cheek by jowl there let us lie,  
Both together, my dog and I."

All jests should be as new as we in a world six thousand years old, can make them. Truly a witticism that has never been said before, is to say we know all that has been said. The nearly

thought might have graced the fair mouth of Cleopatra, and Antony's applause echoed adown the Cydnus long centuries ago. But we must leave old memories and rambling, and stick to business. We, the indefinite, the Editorial, the monarchical, the all-comprehensive. We beg, in all graceful humility, to present our publication to a discerning public. The phrase, "a discerning public," is an old flattery—it may be so; but the public, in spite of the assertion, are discerning after all; or how did poor Thackeray, win his way up, and Miss Braddon make \$40,000 say! Anon's Floyd? But we are again wandering. We had, for a long time, thought that the domain of wit and humour, like the ocean, was fresh to any keel; and that if we could launch a ship-shaped little bark, well-manned and found, we might drive a fair trade; and so we have embarked with a gallant crew and a good commander, one who was well clear of rude personalities on the one hand, of gross and unseemly jesting on the other. To amusevert on an impropriety, in terms which in themselves are a public offence, is surely no way to prevent future wrong doing. To hold up those who are guilty merely of a passing folly to ridicule, would be not only indecorous, but tacitly to ridicule nineteenth century manners, ourselves included. For the heartless, for those persons only, in whose eyes we have at all times a glow; eyes, perhaps, arctic. But we have said enough, and we take our leave, hopeful of a bright future, in which we trust, we shall find our kind friends and patrons, that may be happily remembered, being judiciously, maliciously, or vainly, without generating into a prolonged buffoonery, a semi-Brook's Lot.

We see an advertisement of a Brough lost in the Government's office. It is wise to look the misfortune forth in the face of the lady seems to have done. By broaching her loss she possibly avoids the loss of her brooch; whilst, she once can insist that she has no good grounds (the Government) for broaching the loss. We regret to see her name in the middle. Her lovers may wait, but as she is necessarily his loss.

## SUMMER.

A time to sit and weave strange fantasies,  
While the cool leaves wave slowly overhead;  
A time to dream of haunting mirrored eyes,  
And to interpret what those lips have said.

A time to sit under a violet sky,  
And think on Nature's idly active strife;  
A time to hope no sorrowful "Good bye!"  
Mars the dew beauty of another life.

The time to love. What traveller on his way  
But lingers long aside the dancing rill?  
What recks he that the night comes, sad and grey,  
Those magic waters leap in beauty still.

Still the sweet Naiad blesses earthly eyes,  
Still Heaven is won, in that dear stilly night;  
And thus, alas! come saddening memories,  
For that grey dawn which rises chill, and cold, and  
stern, and white.

## Political Lessons in Words of one Syllable.

You have heard me speak of a Scotch boy of the name of George Brown, a long time since? He went to school for years to the Grit school, but when he got to be a big boy, he was not much liked, as he would have his own way all the time, and boys or men do not like to put up with too much of *that*. So George was snubbed for a long time by the head boys. Well, the boys had a boat in which they used to row, but the fun of it was, that as there were two sets of boys in the school, and the boat was for them all, so sure as one lot would get in and try to row her up the stream, the other lot would jump in and try with might and main to row her down the stream; so that they used to stick in the mud. So one fine day in June, what did George Brown do, but he goes to some of the big boys who were not on his side, and he says:—"This is fools work to pull so, we this way and you that way, let us swear friends and I will pull on your side, if you will find room for three of us in your small room." Well, the big boys said "yes," and they let George and his two friends have seats in the small room, and turned out Ike and Mike, and one more, and now George is there as large as you please, and he has such a big sum a year for his work, you can't think. And it would make you laugh to hear how he talks, and says:—"I care na se snap for the big sum I hae for my wark. Na! Na! it's na *that*; but I wad hae ye ken it is a' for ye're gude, and na my ain gude." And it is such fun to read in his sheet, (for he prints a sheet six times a week,) how that all the rest of the print sheets praise him. One says, "A great thing that we have such a boy as George Brown in our midst," and the next, "Oh, dear me! what should we do if George Brown was not in the small room!" and the next, "George Brown is a real good boy, too good for this world." But George does not say how the rest of the print sheets write, but I will tell you. One says, George Brown is a sad boy, he has run from his friends to row in the boat," and the next, "How can George Brown show his Scotch face, we cannot think? Will no one lend him a

mask?" and so on. But George takes it cool, and says he to a boy he knows very well:—"They may fash to write, but they will na fash me, mon, eh! while I hae the *caish*; while I hae the *caish*, mon!"

## ARDOR.

"Who can hold a fire in his hand by thinking on the frosty Caucasus?"

What is the heat of passion to the present heat of the weather? The *ira furor* is short, but the days are at the longest and the heat is made to match. To read an account of racing, just now, is perfectly unendurable. Fancy three heats, artificial and smoking, added to the sultriness of the day. Could long separated lovers embrace warmly in such days as these? Or would they wisely contrive a midnight meeting, that the dews of affection should be cooled by the pearly dews of night? We have not entered our kitchen these six days, nor shall we, until the weather changes, for there, sarcastic, lurid, face-shortening and coppery, hangs a dreadful warming pan.

"Please, sir, will you come to dinner? the chops are nice and hot now, sir," said Bertha, our housekeeper and *gouvernante*, for, like Mr. Peggotty, we are a "Batcheldore." Poor Bertha blushed as we eyed her grimly, for we were sitting under a weeping ash, *sans* coat, *sans* all, save pantaloons and shirt, and sighing with the unlucky hunter, "*Venite auras*." But she meant well, and man must eat, or be eaten, and we entered our dining room, "whence, seen through greeny vista, Ontario freshly sparkles." "Those pickles weren't good, Sir, I sent them back; but these are so hot." And Bertha coughed delicately, as who should say, "I took a little bit to taste, so devoted am I to your service, beloved master." "Hot, are they, Bertha? a poor recommendation this weather." "La! sir," blushed Bertha, for, as a rule, we address Bertha monosyllabically, "They wouldn't be good if they were *not* hot, sir, and the weather, sir, isn't so *very*, warm, sir. Shall I get the pale ale, sir? I iced it an hour ago." Well, Bertha was right, after all: mutton chops are best hot, and so are pickles, and pale ale cool, and hot weather may be endured; and Bertha has brought me my meerschaum and lighted it, and I have written this for the new planet which has peered above the horizon. And, and—but no matter, I don't think I must talk too much to Bertha, for she's a poor relation of ours, and too pretty, and I will live and die a Batcheldore. And, by George! here comes Bertha with some strawberries and cream. Hang the girl!

## All Bands but the right.

"Royal aromatic bands, and patent elastic bands," a pretty young lady read aloud from the *Globe* newspaper. "I do believe," she continued musingly, "there are all sorts of bands about, except *husbands*."

## AND THE END, DUMPLINGS.

SCENE—An Almshouse at Washington.—Tempus, 1884.

(Enter MR. WILLIAM SEWARD, *he soliloquizes*.)

How wearily drags on this lengthened war,  
Giving the lie to my famed "ninety days,"  
Which now are passed into a time-worn jest.  
Heavens! how time flies, 'tis eighteen eighty-four,  
Since when—let's see how long ago was it?  
I donned Elijah's mantle? Elijah!  
Nay, I am wrong, not the *true* prophet's mantle;  
'Twas a *false* spirit then moved William Seward.  
How long ago was't? Soft! I remember,  
'Tis a long while, and I am gotten old,  
And frail, and weak, 'Tis a queer prospect  
To think of the strange past, and then to think  
That Abe and I together, in our age,  
Should the same almshouse tenant. Poor old Abe!  
...e's in his second childhood. Ha! he comes!

(Enter ABRAHAM LINCOLN, *on crutches*.)

A. L.—Hello, Seward! Ain't them despatches gone?  
Why Johnny Russell now will darn your eyes  
As slick as any Yankee. I say, William,  
I jest mind years ago—it must have been  
Before I went to Richmond? No, not Richmond,  
But somewhere—anyhow I was the President.  
It *must* have been at Richmond? And yet, no,  
Because 'twas there Jeff Davis was—answer,  
Was not he President? And if he was,  
How then could I be? Why I must have dreamed!  
But we had generals then, no end of 'em:  
But they were all too generally alike (*chuckles*).  
I charged the jury, down Ohio way,  
'Twas all about some lumber, so I said:  
This is a lumbering plea. "Lord! how they laughed,  
I wish you'd seen 'em, Billy! Where was I?  
Talking of Hooker? How the fellow drank,  
Or was't the Tribune man? 'Twas one of 'em.  
Old Horace Greasy, now, was that his name,  
Or Greeley? Well," says I, "this lumber gentlemen—  
[Dinner bell rings.]

Hello! William Seward, darnation! haste,  
For this is dumpling day—

[Exit A. L. hastily.]

(WILLIAM SEWARD, *solus*.)

W. S.—Aye! poor old Abe! He lives but for his dumplings!  
Heavens! how we change; and can this really be,  
'Old Abe' of sixty-four? Well, I'll go  
And have my share of dumplings, old men's gums  
Fight sturdily with dumplings. [Exit W. S.]  
(Scene closes.)

## A GOOD FAMILY HORSE.

We see that "a good family horse" is offered for sale in Toronto. GROWLER pricked up his ears when we read the advertisement. "A good family horse." It cannot be a clothes-horse? And it surely cannot mean the quadruped? If it *does*, and remember we only mean it as a possibility, not a probability; it must be a horse of great length, a *lineal Bucephalus*, a noble animal, whose proportions are akin to the celebrated spotted horse, that delight of children, that true exemplar of the adage *vita brevis est, ars longa*. We can fancy "a good family horse" equipped for a country excursion. *Pater familias* first puts on a saddle, in the rear a pillion, and then tightly straps behind again, the longest bolster the *menage* affords, for the accommodation of the three eldest children. Mamma, her face glowing with pleasure and perspiration, ascends; assisted, as to skirts, by Bridget; as to altitude, by a hall chair. The three children are ranged according to age, the youngest having the posterior position; whilst papa mounts the hall steps and steps into his saddle. He cries, "all aboard," and away they go;—happy, happy, party. *Quid rides?*

**CONSTANCY.**

I gave Amoret a bracelet fine,  
To wear, whilst she was true to me;  
'T was rich with the sapphire and emerald shine  
As ever your eyes might see.  
I gave it my love on a summer morn,  
She returned it by next day's light;  
But do not suppose I was left forlorn,  
For I gave it again ere night.

**Epitome of Mr. Brown's Speech at South Oxford.**

GENTLEMEN.—Again I stand before you, with principles unchanged, with my heart overflowing with patriotism and a sincere love to my fellow man. I am, so it is reported by my enemies, the author of this much talked of coalition. Let them rather say, the *victim* of this coalition.—(Cheers.)—A Scottish Quintus Curtius, I leap into the gulph which yawns for my political reputation. A second Daniel, I have walked into the lion's den, and the fierce ones harmed me not.—(A voice: "Are ye manin the Cabinet, honey?")—If the present generation do ma-injustice, I leave the matter in the hands of posterity. No love of gain, no undue wish for political power has influenced me; office I scorn, emoluments I despise. A Scotchman's motto is commonly *nemo me impune*. I could translate it in accordance with the sound, "none can impugn me," and that for me would be the truest translation. I live but for Canada, Scotland and New York are alike distasteful, I have tried them both.—(Loud Cheers.—A voice, "Ye wad hae been tried yersel gin ye had bidet there.)

**NEW SPECTACULAR DRAMA.**

**THE INCANTATION SCENE.**

*Dramatis Personae.*

CIRCE	MR. MORRIS, M.P.P.
1ST WITCH	" G. BROWN,
2nd "	" J. A. McDONALD,
3rd "	" G. E. CARTIER,
4th "	" W. McDUGALL,
5th "	" D'ARCY MCGEE,
6th "	" H. T. GALT,
7th "	" O. MOWATT.

*Thunder.—Enter CIRCE and 1ST WITCH.*

1st Witch.—Over house-tops, over hills,  
Over rivers, lakes and rills,  
Washing through the elfish crowds,  
Down through avenues of clouds;  
Dodging all the sharp reporters,  
Flanking all policemen's quarters;  
Skimmed we at a rapid pace,  
But, ha! ha! we've won the race;  
Chanticleer, with husky throat,  
Trumpets forth his midnight note.  
I shall act the part of groom, quick  
To our fleet and trusty broom-stick;  
Then unbind this monster-pack,  
That has almost broke my back.  
Circe, let thy sweetest song  
Echo through the wood—e're long  
Sister—ears shall catch the strain,  
Signal that they join our train.

CIRCE SINGS.

Magic hath not lost its power,  
Sisters mine, sisters mine;

Haste then to the witches' bower,  
Sisters mine, sisters mine.

Midnight finds us here at play,  
Sisters mine, sisters mine;  
Plotting for the coming day,  
Sisters mine, sisters mine.

*Enter 2ND WITCH furtively. Flashes of Lightning.*

1ST WITCH.—Hither comes that queen of foxes,  
With an avalanche of boxes.

*Enter 3RD WITCH, with a bound. Thunder.*

3rd Witch.—Ah! *ma chere*, we are in luck,  
We shall nothing lack for pluck.

*Enter 1TH WITCH, tremblingly.*

1ST WITCH.—Here's the hag that plays the deuce  
With the country's golden goose.

*Enter 5th WITCH, with a puzzled expression of countenance. Lightning.*

1st WITCH.—Oh what loads the bedlam bears,  
All her nostrums, extracts, wares,

*Enter 8th WITCH, looking dreadfully Puritanical.*

1st WIT.—The word religious sure will miss,  
A hag so scrupulous as this.

2nd WIT.—Sisters, all but one are here,  
Let's to work, for morn is near;

Place the cauldron on its legs,  
Hang your precious wares on pegs;

Each with crook in hand prepare,  
Everything be done with care;

Nobody must fight or scratch,  
While I place the lighted match,

Fan the flames, now blow dear D'Arcy,  
E'er 'tis put out by the Paræ;

Now the flame is bright and strong,  
Start our incantation song.

1st WIT.—Round and round we go, we go,

7th WIT.—Each on light fantastic toe;

2nd WIT.—In your wares and nostrums throw,

3rd WIT.—Such a mixture—O dear, O—

8th WIT.—Gracious! but I tremble so!

5th WIT.—Gorgons and Chimæras dire,

7th WIT.—Lord! it makes a hag perspire.

2nd WIT.—Hurrah! hurrah! stir up the fire.

ALL.—Double, double, toil and trouble,  
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

1st WIT.—First, here goes of *Globes* a file,  
They will burn, I'll swear, like "ile."

2nd WIT.—In my Tory notions go,  
Every speech 'gainst Brownite foe;

In my perjuries and jobs,  
Named, at length, in numerous *Globes*.

ALL.—Double, double, toil and trouble,  
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

1st WIT.—In my anti-Tory speeches,  
All my demagogic screeches,

All my "popular delusions,"  
Arguments against all fusions;

All my charges of corruption,  
All my threats of dire disruption;

All belief in John A.'s cunning,  
Ridicule of Cartier's funning.

ALL.—Double, double, toil and trouble,  
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

3rd WIT.—Lord! dere goes my George Brown  
ghost,

Vich I've frightened mit a host;

All my hatred of de Grits,  
All my leetle jokes and hits.

5th WIT.—In my Prince, and go to blazes,  
Troth, the thoughts of you are teases;

In my extracts from all history,  
Sure you'd do to make up this story.

In my fear for the Constitution,  
Bloody wars and revolution;

In my standard quips and jokes,  
Made expressly for *some* folks.

ALL.—Double, double, toil and trouble,  
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

7th WIT.—Here goes every Grand Trunk sin,  
That I've ever meddled in;

Every scheme in contemplation,  
With a tinge of speculation;

All my love for piling debt,  
On a country in a sweat.

8th WIT.—Sisters, as we're at devotions,  
Now I part with all my notions;

All my fear of deep damnation,  
Resting on this embryo' nation.

In I cast my hate of priests,  
All aspersions of the East;

All my Cartier-nonsense, too,  
Slanders on the Frenchman's crew.

1st. WIT.—Now the ingredients all are in,  
Let our song again begin.

SONG.

Black spirits and white,  
Red spirits and grey;

Mingle, mingle, mingle,  
You that mingle may.

2nd WIT.—By the rising of my gorge,  
Some one comes this way, by George!

*Enter 4th WITCH. Thunder and drops of rain.*

4th WIT.—How now, what's all this about,  
Why have I been thus left out?

1st. WIT.—Join us if you will, you may;

Join our circle—come this way.

4th WIT.—If I join your motley band,  
Will ye take me by the hand?

ALL.—Mingle, mingle, mingle,  
You that mingle may.

4th WIT.—Here goes then—Lord; how you  
dance!

Give a tired hag a chance.

Yes, I now renounce the past,  
Everything behind me cast;

Let the cauldron now receive  
All my efforts to deceive;

All my mining speculations,  
All assistance to relations;

All the cries I've had for years,  
Setting people by the ears.

In goes too the heavy crop,  
Reaped by means of Rep. by—

*Thunder.—An Apparition of Rep. by Pop. rises.*

1st WIT.—Round, and round, and round we go,  
See the morn begins to show;

Here, my greatest sacrifice,  
In go my religious cries.

*Lightning.—An Apparition of the Protestant Horse arises.*

2nd WIT.—The deed is done. Come, sisters dear,  
See the fusion bright and clear;

Such a liquid ne'er was seen,  
Colour neither brown nor green.

Each may now put in her pitcher,  
And depart a good deal richer;

For this fusion is a charm  
That will save us all from harm.

Bottle it, and show the label,  
When you would a foe disable;

Naught with it will bear compare,  
For concealing what you are.

*Enter Apparition of the LEADER.*

1st WIT.—Sisters, darling, sisters fly,  
Here's a shy, here's a shy.

*Witches vanish, pursued by the Apparition.*

Letter from Ham Junks, of Maine, to His Brother in New York.

Hogs Hollow, Maine, July 16th, 1864.

DEAR BROTHER—I feel kinder lonesome in not hearing, in course. I seen a hull heap of letters lyin around up at old Waters', at the offic. "Why on arth," says I, "don't these here fellers cum for their letters? Hull heaps on 'em, as is here." "Mebbe," sez he, squintin round, "ef you was lyin a rostin, out Chickahominy way, you might do yere darndest and not be able to ask for letters to Hogs Hollow?" "Wall," sez I, for the old chap looked in yarnest, "mebbe I wouldn't." "No," sez he, "you wouldn't; and so thank God, young feller, you arn't there, and I tell yer," he ses, (and his voice got low and séras like,) "this bloody war is eatin up the country slick, sir, slick; is eatin the morals of the country, and the kyne, which is wass; and the comfort and freedom; and all is goin' down—Airth and Heavens," ses he, "we was bad enuff, but thar was some kinder good spots on us; and now, by gosh, the devils sin't much wass, or I'm darned." "Wall," sez I, "I spose the right side will turn up after a piece?" "Aye! Aye!" Ses he, "don't ye set yer heart on that—we're jest goin right squar to destruction. Now," ses he, "ye're a young cub, as dunno nothin this side punkin pie and molasses, but I'll tell you this ere country fell out an riled up agin the ole country, and the ole cuss of a king George the Third. Wall now, all as he wanted to do was jest this, put on sum duties on sunthin, on tea, an ax fur sum stamps, or sunthin of that kind. Wall, sir, we ses, ses we; leastwise our ancestors did; darned ef we'll hev this here. Apple sarse is good, and so is king sarse, but sayther won't do a crammed down our throats, anyhow. So we ups, and tries to fix 'em, and they fixed us fur quite a bit; and so we fout and fout on, and Washington he gave 'em sunthin at last, and we wonned our independence right up and down; and the hull world, when we was cum out slick, and squar, and victorious, ses, "well done." "Wall, this goes on all right, 'till up comes this story about the cussed niggers, though that warn't no real cause of quarrelin; and now how is it? I'm darned ef half the folks ain't killed; and t'other half wounded; and there's a draft fur 500,000 more men in Septambar, and laws is trod under foot like corn cobs, and no man kin say his soul's his own, unless he wants Fort Lafayette for a pillar at nights; and the mob hev riled up once, and they'll rile up agin in New York too, ef they dars draw this here next draft; and the country is in debt, mussed up by thunder, and well look darned sharp, of the deuce any 'North American States' there'll be at all, fur one split makes many; and that's the hull matter. When I seen 'em throwin up crackers, and rockets, and sech on the 4th of July, it cum to me like beans, that we'd most a

better stayed under old George, then to be up set like this. Ef we'd paid stamps and tea duty fur all etearnity, we'd never got near the sum tottle of what this cussed war is goin to cost us."

Yours always,

HAM JUNKS.

Correspondence of the New York Herald.

PARÉ'S FERRY, CHATTAHOOCHEE RIVER,

July 6th, 1864.

General Johnston is virtually conquered. The adder is in the last rut; the skunk in his last strong hold. Victory with inflamed brows and horrent men, is hovering over the victorious head of Sherman, is watering the laurels, which will soon, like a canopy, o'ershade that hero's brows. Onward still press our victorious legions. Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! All resonant crunch our soldiers heels; there is, in the very sound, an invincibility, a fate! The God of battles is tied to our flag, bound fast as Prometheus, and glories in his bondage; all hearts are bounding, and Atlanta trembles, trembles as the *blanc mange* at the feasts of the Sybarites of Tenth Avenue, as Bolsbazzar on the night Cyrus smashed him like punkias. Let Nickajack Creek declare—let Big Shanty relate—how the celebrated flank movement was carried out by the brave McPherson—by the way, a descendant of the celebrated Pherson of the old ballad in which his exploits are related:—

"Pherson swore a feud  
Against the Clan Mac Tavish;  
And marched into the lead,  
To plunder and to ravish.

Pherson had a son,  
Who married Noah's daughter;  
And almost spoiled the food,  
By drinking up the water."

The present hero sings this ballad each night before retiring to rest, it is his. "Hymn to the Virgin," his "*Oh sanctissima*," his moral night-cap, so to speak; his material one consists of old Bourbon, slightly diluted. Yes, the heart is broken of this monstrous rebellion. Sherman is an Alexander, a Bucephalus, a Minotaur, a Poppæa, a Timon and a Simon Magus. Take the most brilliant qualities of all these great commanders of antiquity, pound them in a mortar, add the essence of chivalrous bravery, of Titan will, of a military genius before which that of the first Napoleon is dwarfed and desolate, and you have Sherman. Atlanta, *est delenda*.

YOUR CORRESPONDENT.

P.S.—Three hours later. I am ordered out of the lines by that tyrannical beast, Sherman. He take Atlanta? No more than I shall the Presidential chair. He is wandering over the mountains after Johnston, but the Confederate General is luring him on to destruction. Old Pherson is a drunken old beast and I am, your afflicted correspondent.

P.P.S.—I suppose you will publish my letter and suppress my postscript. The latter contains the truth, however. Please buy \$20,000 gold for me on receipt. We are sure of another rise.

#### THE WATER QUESTION.

OFFICE OF THE METROPOLITAN WATER CO'Y.,  
To JOHN CARR, Esq., City Clerk.

Sir.—I am instructed by this Company to inform you that they cannot accept the offer made by the Corporation; as such offer would be tantamount on the part of the Company to supplying the City *gratuitously* with water in case of fire, and losing \$1,000 per annum; and as the offer of the Company to submit to arbitration has not been accepted by the Corporation, they must decline to be the losers of so large a sum each year, however anxious to meet the views of the Corporation.

I am Sir, Your Obed't Serv't,

JOHN EVANS, Clerk, Water Co.

CITY CLERK'S OFFICE, July 16th, 1864.

To JOHN EVANS, Esq., Clerk, Water Co.

Sir.—I am directed for to reply to your letter of the 15th proximo. The Corporation, which the Mayor is one of, do desire the fair thing, slap up; but in regards to your letter am not prepared to offer more. The Corporation desire me for to say they would particularly recommend your water *everywhere*, as they had influence; to be took also internal for bruises and sprains, likewise washing, which it is soft; and will do all in his or their power to encourage the temperance ticket. The Company should think of these matters and not go for to lose the patronizing of the Corporation; as the loss you speak of could be made up bounteous to 'em, if no be water was more in request.

I am Sir, Your Obed't Serv't,

JOHN CARR, City Clerk.

P. S.—The Mayor have just come in and do announce that he will have a bath, private, once a week, all summer. This is encouraging, the Company had better agree.

#### Boys on the Office and Duties of Coroners.

"Boys are very well in their places," said old Mrs. Ruffles, as she laid down the *Leader* and wiped her spectacles, "but what they can know about the office and duties of Coroners, is more than I can make out." "Was different in my day, but young people get so knowing now-a-days." "'Tis the name of the author, ma'am," said old Puggles, "his name is Boy." "Then, Sir," said the old lady, tartly, "he'd no business to write; before I'd take a Boy's opinion I'd go without one."

#### SPECIAL NOTICES.

Our dog won't grow, and yet there is a strange footstep. "Strange" not at all, might is surer than hearing. It is only our friend Girdley, the smartest stationer and the best book-seller this day in the fair City of Toronto. May his shadow never grow less, but his piles of books decrease and increase again continually, like unto the moon. Does any man doubt our word; let him go to Toronto Street and he will find the prices of book-merchants to be, as well, a prince of good fellows. *Probatum est.*

Irving, (not Washington,) but Irving, of King Street, is always up to the mark and true to time. In light literature, nothing of worth is known but has its representative of his counter. Periodically, his shop is filled with customers. Periodicals, numerous as "leaves in Vallambrosa," display their tempting but and green, and allure customers, as beauty does youth. Long may literature flourish, and may her high priests flourish also, even as our friends do.