

# The GROWLER

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TORONTO, FRIDAY, AUGUST 19, 1864.

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## THE GROWLER

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All Communications must be addressed, "The Editor of the GROWLER, P. O., Toronto." As a matter of course, they will be prepaid.

## 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, AUGUST 19, 1864.

### PEELER, SPARE THAT DOG!

Peeler, spare that dog,  
Nor stop his "how-wow-wow!"  
With that deceitful prog  
That you're preparing now,  
'Twas my poor father's hand  
That brought him to my cot,  
Then, Peeler, let him stand,  
Thy bait shall harm him not!

That old, familiar dog  
Is known through all the town,  
When'er I go for grog,  
Then wouldst thou strike him down.  
Peeler, forbear that stroke,  
For if you snap those ties,  
Were you as tough as oak  
I'll knock you to the skies.

When but an idle boy,  
We sported in this shade  
In all our simple joy,  
Here, too, his sisters played,  
His mother licked him here,  
He licked my father's hand;  
Forgive the foolish tear,  
But let poor Towser stand.

My heart strings firmly cling  
To thy clear bark, old friend!  
Still shalt thou bound and spring,  
And wag thy tail and bend.  
Old dog, this man you'll brave,  
So, Peeler, leave the spot!  
While I've a hand to save,  
That beef shall harm him not.

### "IDEM VELLE ATQUE IDEM NOLLE."

Yes; and we say, aye, damned folly on the part of any newspaper writer to be shoving in his scraps of Latin here and there, in the most commonplace articles, with a view to astonishing the natives, we suppose. Now, we are, as a mass, simply an English speaking people; and, therefore, we, in our editorial capacity, have arrived at the conclusion that the metaphysical essayist of the St. George's pic-nic, in the *Leader* of Tuesday last, has rather overdone the thing, when treating of the spread in the pleasant groves of Mimico. For the life of us we can not make out what he is at. How did the magnificent pic-nic go off? He informs us that there were about twelve hundred persons present; and that there were a tent and tables to accommodate about seventy or eighty, only, with comfort, provided that that number could have obtained knives and forks. Glorious arrangements, we should say, and such as must reflect the highest credit upon the ability and energy of the officers, and the executive committee of the Society, who were on the ground at seven in the morning, "to make the necessary preparations incident upon such an event." Touching which preparations, we are informed, that it would be "no exaggeration to say they would have been formidable if failure had been the penalty of the fancy of the projectors." We shall leave this announcement to the able manipulations of the Davenport Brothers, for we confess it totally beyond our comprehension, as we do the introduction of "*Idem velle idem nolle*," in connection with the subject. But some persons will be learned and metaphysical, despite of nature and the stars. If, however, we could keep them out of the newspaper press, things might go on smoothly enough. Here the difficulty lies; and we fear that the Fourth Estate in this colony will not, for many a long day, be sufficiently out of the gristle to meet the requirements of common sense in this connection to the fullest, or even a reasonable, extent.

### Human Nature

Is the great fact that philosophers of every age have been trying to contradict, or subvert; To take it literally and in the light in which it is

really presented to us, is to ensure the reprobation of no inconsiderable portion of the race to which we belong. When dished up in its plain, simple and unsophisticated excellence, it is regarded by the pupils of a certain school as disgusting in the extreme. You must add to it the condiments of fiction or metaphysics before they even venture to taste it. Sublime truths are always simple! and this is why that placemen like to mystify them; for if the fountain of all true knowledge were left open in the market-place, without any authenticated guardians, the multitude would drink freely without money and without price, and the occupation of the few, like that of Othello, would be gone. Hence all this confusion and mystery. Some people will not call things by their proper names. When shall we outgrow our mental pinafores? "That is the question?"

### Removal.

— We understand that the office of a certain semi-monthly newspaper in this city is to be removed immediately, to a convenient building at the western terminus of the Queen Street rail-cars. The location, it is said, is quite congenial, in an editorial point of view, as much of the inspiration of the journal in question is, we believe, drawn from that quarter. It is, moreover, desirable further, we are informed, from the fact that any number of editors of the required stamp can be procured there at a moment's notice, when the chief quill is out on an expedition in search of his wig.

### Information Wanted.

— An embryo Statesman is anxious to know what side of politics the *Leader* is now on. For our part we are unable to enlighten him on the subject, and we fear that any application to the Editors or the Proprietor of that journal would not afford him any clearer view of the case. As a rule, however, the course pursued by that daily may be considered with safety as the one diametrically opposed to that taken by Mr. Brown of the *Globe*, no matter what that may be.

### New Baker's Motto.

— "*Sit tibi et tua fuit*."—Instructions said to be given by Mr. Nasmyth to his foreman; "Let there be light, and light was." But on its being found too light on one occasion, it was taken in charge; it is said, by Mr. Fisher, who sent a portion of it to the different charities of our city.

## 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.

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.

## 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.

OH! MY EYE!

When you see a young man with an eye-glass and  
And a muslin wisp round his black hat; [cane,  
Dressed in peg-tops and tight-fitting boots, it is plain,  
If you never should see that young "gemmen" again,  
That he does not believe he's "a flat."

Oh! my eye! see him strut up and down through the  
In the hope of being seen by the fair; [street,  
And mark, when a lady he happens to meet,  
In what a strange manner he lifts his "poor feet,"  
When he'd bow, or he'd simper or stare.

Poor fellow! he puts on so queer a grimace  
While keeping one visual glazed,  
That a body might fancy one side of his face  
Was by some means quite suddenly knocked out of  
Leaving t'other one somewhat amazed. [place,

Oh! my eye! what a bow! what a hoist of the tile,  
That, no womankind ever could pass;  
Ah! no, she must frankly accord him a smile,  
Though his poor addled brain never fancies the while  
That she laughs just because he's an ass.

MORAL.

Then remember, young men, as you're walking down  
Just to go, if you can, in plain clothes, [King,  
Nor be shambling along, like that dandified thing,  
That moves with a shuffle, a halt, and a spring,  
And thinks that "he's some" as he goes.

ON SAVAGES.

Society, constituted as it now is, has become  
such a bore—so really oppressive, that we begin  
to doubt the wisdom that first instituted it, and  
subsequently planted it among what are termed  
civilized nations. Under the existing regime,  
most of the peoples of the earth are engaged  
in a daily conflict with fortune, with a view to  
realising those baneful luxuries which transcend  
the items of food and lodging, and which may,  
in a philosophical light, be termed the battle  
field of the masses who are not content with  
the simple productions of nature. A ring through  
the nose, or a few feathers stuck behind the  
ears, are quite sufficient to mark the highest  
grades amongst what are designated savage  
nations. While we, for the purpose of sustain-  
ing the blaze and glitter which characterize  
modern and civilized royalty, are kept with our  
noses to the grinding stone from year's end to  
year's end, and are constrained to witness the  
glorious effects of our unwearied labours at a  
very humble distance indeed. If we are to  
have grades, let us have them on an inexpen-  
sive scale. Let a Knight of the Garter appear  
as such, with a plain bit of list tied around his  
leg; and a Knight of the Bath be entitled,  
only, to walk the streets bare-headed when it  
rains. In like manner, let a Knight of the  
Thistle wear a pair of long, false ears; and  
those of St. Andrew and St. Patrick alone pos-  
sess the privilege of standing in "the presence,"  
with their legs and hands extended to represent  
their respective crosses; and let the Sover-  
eign unreservedly possess the right of indulging  
in any of those forms or usages as the spirit

moves him or her, as the case may be. Society  
means dress, locomotion, food, and house rent.  
Consequently, those who are satisfied with the  
minimum of these, are, literally, the happiest  
people and the most independent. When we  
speak of locomotion, we mean that which is  
accomplished through the medium of horses  
and carriages, as well as through other appli-  
cances used as a substitute for feet. In this res-  
pect see, then, how infinitely inferior we are to  
savage nations. Fourpence hapenny worth of  
calico makes two ample dresses for a Hottentot  
lady; and a few ripe fruits from a neighbouring  
tree, without money and without price, furnish  
her with a hearty and delicious meal. The  
murmuring rivulet is her mirror, and some shady  
bower her dressing room and shelter from the  
noontide heats or the chill dews of night. Here  
is independence for you—here are the original  
luxuries which so characterized the early days  
of our first parents. Shall we, then, call the  
people who are thus blest, "savages?" No!  
We shall rather apply the term to the modern  
beaux and belles, who so perplex their finances  
and disfigure the human shape divine with  
crinoline and peg-tops, &c., as to make the very  
angels weep. These are the real savages, who  
have made such fearful inroads upon nature, as  
to banish her completely from the face of  
modern usages, and set up a most expensive  
and barbarous standard in her stead.

AVOID HIM.

When you meet with a man who is always  
dealing in innédoes, and speaking compassion-  
ately of others, with a slight prick of a pin here  
and there, open your memorandum book and  
write him down legibly—a scoundrel. There  
is a class of persons in this world, and many of  
them wearing superfine broad-cloth, too, if not  
filling some important offices in the State, who  
ought to be whipped at a common cart-tail.  
Always smiling, and cautious and cat-like, a  
member of this disreputable brotherhood pro-  
fesses to be the essence of honour and exalted  
feeling; and that, too, at the very period he is  
taking your measure to do you a deliberate  
injury. He is never in his element until he is  
pouring "in confidence" into the ear of a super-  
ior some little morsel of information, which he  
regrets, of course, and which he hopes will go  
no farther. Possessed of not one feeling of  
manliness, all his transactions are in secret;  
while his cunning, generally, enables him to  
bury every trace of his misdeeds. If detected  
in any particular case, he assures you, "my  
dear fellow," that he had no intention of doing  
any body an injury; and that he had only just  
mentioned the circumstance to a friend depre-  
catingly, and intended that it should go no  
father. Such a man is always guilty of false-

hood, and is a coward. The only remedy for him  
is the horsewhip, or his utter rejection from  
society.

CONCERT GOERS.

A talkative man or woman with a bad ear  
and worse taste for music is always the curse of  
a concert room. Quite irrespective of the  
comfort and enjoyment of others they make their  
pilgrimage to the shrine of Orpheus to see and  
be seen—not to listen—and to keep up that  
brainless fusillade which is a characteristic of  
the monkey tribe. This class of pests is a  
nuisance in the most extended sense. While  
delicate and finely strung natures are bending  
every nerve to catch the beauties of some fine  
andante or brilliant allegro, these gabbing ma-  
chines are constantly interrupting the perform-  
ance with their vacant giggling or the continuous  
clatter of their tongues. So clogged and be-  
mired is the passage to their shrivelled and  
worthless souls that every note, no matter how  
delicious, falls dead at the entrance of their  
long, dull ears, unable to make its way through  
their unmitigated leather. Such people ought  
to be brought to their senses by a direct appeal  
to the audience; and without respect to crino-  
line or the muslin hat wisp, be taken to book  
by some authorized person from the platform.  
The frequent annoyances growing out of con-  
duct of this description here, has become quite  
unbearable. Let, therefore, all concerned in  
the premises take heed for the future; for should  
we witness any more of this vile nuisance we  
shall not only make our teeth meet in some  
portion of the body of the culprit, but we shall  
publicly name her or him as the case may be.

The Hon. Mr. McGee, &c.

— It will be noticed that, for the last two or  
three weeks, the Province has enjoyed unusual quiet.  
The various conjectures put forth as to the cause of  
this circumstance appear to us to have fallen com-  
pletely short of the fact. A single sentence may  
explain the whole secret: Mr. McGee, and several  
members of the press have, for the period alluded to,  
been out of the Province. We learn, however, that  
they are now on their way back to us again, when  
things will resume their usual, disturbed state.

Risley's Panorama of the River Thames, &c.

Those who have witnessed this magnificent work  
of Art now on exhibition at the Music Hall, nightly,  
must confess that its equal has not been met with by  
them on this side of the Atlantic. The far famed  
Thames, from its source to the Pool below London,  
with all its crowded shipping, is so magnificently and  
truthfully depicted that those familiar with its cities,  
waters, towns, villages, and delightful scenery, re-  
cognize each well-known spot, and absolutely revisit  
it again. London, too, and all the splendid bridges  
and approaches to it, are so exquisitely portrayed,  
that there is thorough education and virtual trav-  
elling realized, while dwelling upon them. Young  
and old, rich and poor, should visit Risley's Pan-  
orama of London and the Thames.

## AUTUMN SONG.

The heavens have dropped in showers of gold,  
Upon the bright Danian fields;  
And up the east the sun's rolled,  
In all the light his glory yields.  
Then brothers let us haste away,  
And grasp the treasures while we may.

With harmless jest and happy song,  
We'll lay the full sheaves at our feet;  
And ply our task the whole day long,  
Unmindful of the noon-tide heat.  
And when the falling light gets dim,  
We'll pause and chaunt our evening hymn.

## CONCERT.

As we anticipated, Madame Anna Bishop's concert last evening, in the Horticultural Gardens, was a brilliant success in every particular. On the grounds being through open at half-past six o'clock, crowds from every part of the city were seen wending their way thither; and on their arrival at the entrance they were greeted with a magnificent display of tinted lamps in every direction, while the rustic building in the centre of the Gardens was most beautifully decorated with appropriate devices, and one brilliant central star that was highly effective, indeed. The programme upon the occasion was of the very first order, and all the selections were admirable handed by each individual artist present upon the occasion. To dwell upon the superb execution of the splendid cantatrice herself, or to refer to her unrivalled renderings of all the songs that she sang were needless. Sufficient to say her fame is world-wide, and deservedly so. By some unforeseen accident, Mr. Lacelles, announced in the programme, did not appear; but his place was ably supplied by Mr. Preston, a young gentleman amateur of fine musical taste and powers, and possessing a rich, deep-bass voice. Mr. Humphreys, too, sang the "Stirrup Cup" very finely, and was highly effective in the trio from "Aulla." In addition, Miss Bishop distinguished herself in a brilliant piano-forte solo, as well as in some very sweet and artistic melodies. What shall we say of Mr. Sedgwick? Why, simply that he is truly an unrivalled performer on the concertina, and a capital buff singer. The band of the 16th added greatly to the pleasure of the evening with their classic and delightfully played selections from the first masters; while, to render the entertainment as agreeable as possible, fireworks of various tints and devices occasionally filled the air in the spaces between the performances. On the whole, a more splendid affair has never taken place here, nor has a musical audience on any former occasion ever been so large. We understand it is the intention of Madame Anna to give two concerts before she leaves us for the season; and that the first of them will be given in the Horticultural Gardens, on Tuesday evening next.

## CARL PIELER.

This distinguished pianist has just returned from Germany, where he has been for the last couple of years, gathering up all that is superior in his profession. As a composer and performer he ranks high in that land of song among thorough musicians, and must necessarily be a great and valuable accession to the profession in this city. We understand that Mr. Pieler intends taking a limited number of pupils for the Piano, here, when he has shaken off the weariness incident to a sea voyage.

## LEGAL INTELLIGENCE.

The following is a list of persons brought up under the 91st clause, at the last sitting of the Court. We publish it in the interests of the merchants of this city, so that they may know whom to trust—they, much injured individuals, being generally careless and ignorant on this head.

Rev. Mr. Grasset, *plaintiff*; His Lordship the Bishop of Toronto, *defendant*. Amount, \$3.25. This summons was "to show cause," which His Lordship failing to do, an order for committal for five days was made out. The case was subsequently settled.

James Beaty, *plaintiff*; W. Cawthra, *defendant*. Amount, \$5.00; Subscription to *Leader*. Order to pay ten cents a week.

George Boomer, *plaintiff*, the Mayor, *defendant*. Amount, \$13.04. Postponed.

George L. Allen, *plaintiff*, Ogle R. Gowan, *defendant*. Amount, \$4.24; for an old scarlet cloak. Order for committal, if not paid within five days.

Hon. George Brown, *plaintiff*; Hon. William McMaster, *defendant*. Amount, \$28.30; subscription to erection of New Globe establishment. This case got a private hearing, so that we have been unable to get at the result.

There were no less than eight newspaper editors hauled up, during the sitting of the court, under this clause. But, as we belong to the cloth, and as the mercantile community know them all pretty well, we forbear giving their names and the amount. We may, however, observe that the sum in one case was 25 cts.—for half a pound of coffee and pound of sugar.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. B., HAMILTON.—You don't seem to comprehend much more than your initials indicate, namely, the first two letters of the alphabet. Just try your hand at a second version of "Cock Robin," or "The Babes of the Wood," before you attempt to assail hoitest people even in bad poetry.

J. B., KINGSTON.—Respectfully declined: We don't comprehend the case; nor would it be interesting to our readers if we did.

VINDEX.—Thanks for the hint. We shall look into it. But is the wigless lawyer worth noticing?

S. B.—You say it's your first attempt. We owe you one debt, and may, if you desire it, owe you another: one for having not troubled us before, and the other if you never trouble us again.

L., LONDON.—The engraving was executed here by Mr. Damoreau, of this city.

## A 'SAD' AFFAIR.

"In the midst of life we are in death"—a serious truth, as every day clearly illustrates. Last Monday morning, in all the freshness and vigour of youth, two fine young women belonging to a respectable family in this city, with other pleasure-seekers, left their home to spend a few hours on the bay with their friends. Gay and merry did the day pass away without a single thought or presentiment of danger. Night came, however, and with it the steamer, City of Toronto, from Lewiston, carrying also a joyous freight, and wending her way towards her accustomed wharf. Now, alas! the small boat which contained the pleasure-seekers among whom were the two young women alluded to—also put for shore, and through some mismanagement, ran athwart the steamer's bows; when, before the ever-watchful and humane Captain Milloy could stop the vessel or put

her about, the frail craft was crushed beneath her bows, and all its inmates precipitated into the water. Sad to relate, that, although instant succour was afforded, the two Misses Fitzsimmons sank to rise no more; their bodies not being found until the following morning. No blame whatever can attach to the officers of the steamer; and we can readily believe what has been uniformly asserted, that the Captain sought to warn the unfortunate boat of its danger; but was, through some fatality, unnoticed by her occupants until too late. We cannot, for the life of us, see how the disaster took place, for a small boat, in proper hands, if managed with any degree of caution or knowledge, could have avoided the lamentable collision.

Church Street, Thursday Evening.

DEAREST MARIA:—Come over as fast as you can. Papa is in one of his tantrums. He has just killed the cat and driven poor Ma into hysterics. Oh! he is awful! I wish the officers of the 16th were at the deuce. He dined at the mess last night and has not got over it ever since. Aren't those soldiers horrid fellows? Why I hear that some of them, unfortunate young men, can actually drink four bottles of wine at a sitting and then retire to their beds quite sober like, only shouting a little. I wonder the Colonel allows it. He cannot have much pride in promoting it I should think, although he ought to be very proud from his name. But come over, dear; as we don't know what to do with the cat; and, besides, you know a sight of you always mollifies poor, dear Pa.

Your affectionate

ELIZABETH.

P.S.—Ma has just recovered under the influence of a teaspoonful of brandy. E.

## How is it Managed?

—Recently we hear no complaints whatever relative to our street railway. Everything goes on smooth as oil—the cars are always on time, and passengers seem all well satisfied. There are no break-downs—no unpleasant altercation with the conductors—the drivers seem to know their business—and a degree of comfort and sobriety pervades the whole management, which must be really grateful to our citizens.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

Ladies and gentlemen, we step down from our exalted perch to do you a favour. You all want books, stationery, newspapers and everything necessary to your mental appetites—that is, you occasionally want them. When the inspiration is upon you then just step into A. S. Irving's, in the vicinity of the Globe office and corner of King and Jordan Sts., and suit yourselves at very moderate prices. You cannot fail in making a selection, for Irving does an immense trade in his line and is a general favourite.

Backus is still on Toronto Street, near the Post Office and is as well patronized and as agreeable as ever. In books, newspapers and stationery of every description, he ranks A No. 1, and deservedly so. Give him a call, and you are sure to repeat the visit.

Messrs. Rogers and Clayton keep on hand at their popular depot, King Street, a little west of the Globe office, a very extensive assortment of newspapers, books and stationery, wholesale and retail. Messrs. Rogers and Clayton have become quite popular among our citizens, and the trade since their arrival here, and through some mismanagement, ran athwart the steamer's bows; when, before the ever-watchful and humane Captain Milloy could stop the vessel or put