

THE GRUMBLER.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1869.

WHOLE NO. 71.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in 'your coat
I rode you test it;
A chiel's amang you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prout it."

SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1869.

TRIP ROUND LAKE SIMCOE.

BY A FELLOW WHO IS NOT OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

Before turning into my crib late on Monday night. I made the arching of our back's airs ring with the name of our servant girl, and having perceived, after some half dozen exclamations, that a night cap and a pair of sleepy eyes had hove in sight, I gave orders that I might be called, breakfasted, and all wed to depart from my domicile at an early hour in the morning.

Thanks to these timely directions, or rather un-time'y directions, for it was past bed time, I found myself next morning on board the cars, bound for pleasure, in company with some two hundred daughters and sons of St. George. Away we dashed, as soon as, I had taken my seat, which, I may as well tell you was on the bottom step of the last car; not a very soft one, but rendered tolerably comfortable by my having placed a copy of the *Leader* under me,—a contrivance which also served the purpose of preserving my expressions from the paint. Away we dashed, as I said before; clattering along at a tremendous pace when going down grade, and pinning up the grade with as much energy as if the locomotive had a tender conscience as well as a tender behind, and saw in every stump a creditor whose feelings it did not wish to hurt by remaining long in sight.

The engine watered twice, and we lickered once on the road. At half-past breakfast time we arrived at Bell Ewart, and were received by the *élite* of that village, which consisted of three handsome girls, a blind beggar, a quinn, and four suspicious looking dogs. Having paid my respects to the inhabitants, and kicked one of the canine gentlemen for taking an unwarranted liberty with my breeks, I hastened on board, when the captain weighed anchor, while I weighed out a moderate dram, which was soon found wanting.

The trip to Point Jackson was exhilarating. Two caps were lost overboard, and six jokes perpetrated in the space of half an hour. At Jackson's Point or Port Jackson, or whatever the deuce it is called the aboriginals turned out strong to meet us. We played "Rule Britannia" to them,—that is, Maul's excellent brass band did,—for the two hundredth time since we started; and they hallooed and cheer-

ed back to us, just as if they understood all about it. Having ascertained that there was no danger of my being scalped, I unhesitatingly went on shore.

The scenery here, I have no doubt, will bear the severest criticism; an ordeal through which I would have put it, were it not that I had scarcely commenced to search out its beauties, when I stumbled on a large picnic party, to which I was immediately invited. As the invitation was given in good English fashion, and as the viands looked very tempting, and as I was very hungry, I soon drowned all thoughts of the scenery in flowing tankards of that beverage commonly known as "ale."

As I never attempt to give after-dinner—or even after-lunch—descriptions, I shall not call into play my descriptive powers. Suffice it to say that we "ate, drank, and were merry." Cigars followed dinner, wine followed cigars, songs followed wine, wit followed the songs, and I followed the bent of my own inclination, which was to enjoy all six.

At half-past three, as well as I can remember, we took an affecting farewell of the aboriginals, and having bid "Rule Britannia" once more for them, and given them our blessing, we started across the lake at a rate that would cause the *Firefly* to split her timbers or burst her boiler with jealousy. We had a splendid passage across. I don't know whether it is attributable to the lunch or no, but on the passage we lost double the number of caps that we did coming over, and to cap the climax, a regular fusillade of jokes was kept up until we arrived at Barrie.

At Barrie we were received by a miscellaneous crowd, the chief characteristic of which was the hungry look each inhabitant wore. This may be accounted for from the fact, that in an adjoining shed a dinner was laid out for us. To this oasis we repaired in a body, but comically enough just as we got in sight of the tables, our further progress was stopped by a rope stretched across our path. Across the rope we all stared with necks outstretched like asses in pound,—though not enduring the rays of the hot sun with that Christian-like humility which is characteristic of the assine species. As this delay touched all true Englishmen in a tender spot, I was apprehensive of the consequences. But luckily we got into the shed soon, and sooner still committed the direst depredations on the good things before us.

The usual toasts preceded the unusual ones, and then we all proceeded to the cars, preceded by our band, and our "Rule Britannia," and our "Britons never, never, never shall be slaves." We left Barrie at nine o'clock, all well pleased with the excursion, and I woke up in Toronto at half-past twelve, just in time to hear the last quaver of "slaves" dying away on the night air.

BUTTER.

P.S. I rode in the cars coming home.

COLOR AND GENTILITY.

Some time ago a weak-minded member of the Press announced to the world through the means of some hole-and-corner, out-of-the-way journal, that during the sitting of the late Synod the remarkable sight was seen of two colored clergymen sitting down to breakfast with several white clergymen. *Old Double* who is ever on the look-out for what is ridiculous immediately pounced on the fact, and again gave it to the world in her own peculiar way. The sitting down of the white clergymen, beside colored gentlemen, was, in an infernal manner set down as a most astonishing instance of humility and forbearance. Pains were doubtless taken to ascertain whether the white clergymen actually rubbed skirts with their black brethren—whether they used gloves when passing the salt or in performing other acts of civility, and whether they used jockey-club or rose-water on the occasion.

For our part, we do not think the breakfasting together of a Synod of Church of England ministers with two black ministers of the same persuasion a fact of sufficient importance to trumpet forth to the world. And we would not now notice the subject, were it not that in one of the latest editions of *Old-Double*, it has been revived, and the birth, education, age, precise shade of black, of the two colored gentlemen, commented on in a letter from some reverend person. We can hardly imagine that the Reverend white gentlemen who assisted at the Synodical breakfast wish to take credit to themselves for sitting beside colored clergymen. But we have heard so much of the matter, that we cannot help calling to mind the oft-expressed humility of *Uriah Leep*.

However, we do not think that this continual parade, which must be so offensive to every colored person in Canada, is attributable to anything but, in the first place, the stupidity of some foolish penny-a-liner, and in the next place to the officiousness of some weak-minded reverend gentlemen.

Feeling a Mell.

—The *Glue* occasionally perpetrates some rich nonsense. Yesterday it began an account of a fire by stating that as two watchmen were sitting together, they felt a very strong smell of burning! Would our contemporary be good enough to inform the public what the smell felt like? The answer would form a valuable addition to science.

A Just Judgment.

—A correspondent writes to inform us that he believes that the accident which happened to the *Ploughboy* was solely owing to the fact that the Postmaster General was on board—the great crime of that person in framing the infernal newspaper tax having enraged the very elements against him. We only wish that we were on board. We should have insisted on his being treated like another *Jogah*

A VOICE FROM THE PIT.

ROYAL LYCEUM PIT, July 21, 1859.

MR. EDITOR,—I ain't much on a scholar, but I ain't neither an ignorant animal wot has lived to the yers o' discretion without aquirin' a taste for wot you ery folks call the buties o' the drama. I always likes to go to the play, Mr. Editor, for I think as how it does a fella good. I ain't like some o' your folks wot cheats their neighbours all day in the way o' trade, and then goes to the theatre at night, and applauds the honest sentiments in the play. I ain't one o' your eddicated people wot is rude and brutish a'day to their families and their neighbours, and then make a up at night for it at the theatre by applaudin' the actor when he makes an almighty ass of himself by swellin' out until he almost busts his weskitt, and roarin' like an enraged monkey all about 'onor, and wartus and various other grades o' respectability. I ain't none o' these. I goes to the play because I likes it, and I think that 'ere are a very good reason. However I did n't sit down to write this 'ere epistle to you to tell you all this. Wot I wanted to say was to axe you the reason why it is that an actor, wot has got a voice which fetches up from his toes and an action like an hickory tree in high wind is always sure to be wrapt roundly applauded when he cracks on steam and leathers away—no matter whether he is playing *Richard the third* or such a contemptible charactur as toad I saw the other night in "Buck Bison."—*The Mianthrop*, or the *Cut throat* I think they called him. This rascal—I mean the *cut-throat* chap—was about as bad an imitation of the melancholy man *Jakes* in "As You Like it" as it was possible to pit-h-fork together. He told the audience in werry sepulchral tones that he wos a man-hater, and as how he wos a werry much ill-used individual. And after he wos much applauded for this by the pit, he grew quite communicative, and told us in a werry much lower voice that "wot war to be would be! and wot warn't to be wouldn't be! and that there was one great cus afflictin' all creation, and that that one cus war siv-vil li-zation!"

Well, sir, I thought that war goin' it pretty strong, but the audience applauded him with might and main, especially the way in which he pronounced "siv-vil-li-zation," which indeed war some in' one don't hear every day in the year. There war another actor there who war also applauded—but in a milder way, because he couldn't fetch his voice up from such a distance as that *ere cut-throat* fellow. I should say he didn't fetch it from much below his knees. This other actor war also werry communicative, and brought down the House by tellin' another chap on the stage, in a werry vicious manner, that "He knew what he knew; and he'd do wist he'd do!" intelligence which so pleased the audience that they cheered in a frantic manner.

But I needn't tell you, Mr. Editor, all the stunning points in this abortion of a play, and how they electrified the audience. I have given you a specimen of the best of them, and you may guess what a beautiful thing the play war, and what a discrimination' and educated audience goes to the Pit of this ertre theatre. The play "Buck Bison," I believe is dramatized from one of the werry worst stories that ever appeared in a New-York paper. But the

audience seemed to like it all the better for that. I order it seems to me that it only needs for an actor to yell and kick up his heels, and no matter whether he says tellin' the audience that they are all a parcel of ridiculous donkeys, or repeatin' the best scene in *Hamlet*—they will applaud him to the skies.

It is of this ertre indiscriminate praise that I write to you to complain of; and by takin' the matter up you would oblige
Yours, &c.,
BILLY PIT.

THE EXPERIENCE OF A NIGHT WATCHMAN.

DEAR GRUMBLER.—

As one of the many whose anxiety has been aroused by the incendiary fever, now raging in Toronto, permit me to put on record my experience as a volunteer guardian of the property of myself and neighbours. Allow me to premise that I am a very respectable store-keeper, with a large stock in-trade, and a decent balance at the banker's. My neighbours, who follow the respective callings of 'obaccoist, ironmonger and shoemaker, shewing my fears of the insatiable element, determined to organize a mutual protection alliance by which at a periodical sacrifice on the part of each, the slumbers and property of the rest might be secured. By the provisions of the treaty, I was to furnish the gunpowder, the hardware gentleman the shot, whilst my friend the shoemaker, put an old horse-pistol into the armory, to complete our munitions of war. I was further to provide, at the general expense, a pint of Morton's proof *noctem* and the tobaccoist agreed to place at our disposal pipes and tobacco *ad libitum*. Thus equipped, we cast lots for the first night's watch; the lot fell upon Solon Simple, your humble servant. After three hours preliminary indulgence in the company of Morpheus, during which visions of dark lanterns, turpentine, straw and tinder, danced through my fevered cerebrum, I rose at ten o'clock to my nocturnal duties. Mrs. Simple at first, would not bear of my venturing my valuable vitality on so perilous an enterprise, but when I related the daring manner in which Louis Napoleon assumed the special constables' baton to repel the riotous Chartists in London, she felt rather ashamed at her pusillanimity, and bade me show my superiority to the much be-praised Emperor. Giving a parting kiss to my own Jemima, and the sleeping charub, our joint property, I sallied out to meet the midnight foe. Absorbing a limited modicum of Morton's subtle fluid, kindling a moderate allowance of the tobaccoist's honey dew, and replenishing the shoemaker's weapon with my own gunpowder and the iron-monger's buck shot, I sat down, calmly awaiting the gentlemanly visitors of arsonical proposals. Desiring to equalize my first watch by some daring exploit, I touched in ambush, and carefully capping the shooting iron, preserved a discreet silence, which I never broke, save by an occasional ejection of saliva, or a periodical gurgling produced by the agreeable process of suction from my black bottle. At twelve o'clock I was startled from a deep—reverie by the tramping of footsteps. Instantly summoning all my available mettle, with hair rampant and body creakant, I listened with trembling expectancy. Three dark figures came up the back lane, and stealthily approached the back premises of the tobaccoist, evi-

don't you up to snuff in the incendiary way. They wore rowdy bats and talked in a subdued tone muttering words of which I could only catch the horrid sounds, "Let us illuminate." Ah! thought I, you cold blooded miscreant, talking of the destruction of our property after that heartless fashion you have yet to encounter Solon Simple. "Where's the paper?" said one; "Here, Bill, light the match quickly," said the second; "Get up close in the gateway, or it won't light," said the third; "That's true," said the first, the wind's blowing high, and we shall have a rare time." How those words froze up my veins; "The wind high," indeed, and sure enough it wa; and "a rare time" it would be for Simple and Co. r moving their furniture and goods with the fire roaring round them. I primed my pistol raised myself on my knees, and prepared to fire a broadside on the ruffians, when I heard one exclaim "Confound it, Bill, this horrid pipe of yours won't draw." I had actually got myself into a high fever, preparing to meet enemies who turned out to be three lovers of the weed in search of a smoke. Instantly called to them, gave them a light and shared the whisky with them. We sat, four jolly watchmen together, till daylight, when I staggered back to my dormitory, quite satisfied with my exploits as
A NIGHT WATCHMAN.

THE COLLEGE AVENUE.

The *Colonist* deserves much credit for the manner in which it shows up the petty scoundrels of the corporation who have had a finger in that precious pie of cutting up the College Avenue. Our contemporary cannot be half severe enough on those jobbers, and cannot censure in too strong language the narrow-minded, miserable policy which is at the bottom of this unwarranted and most reprehensible infraction of public rights. No plea of mere public convenience can be trumped up in support of this contemptible piece of business, which cannot be weighed down by a thousand unimpeachable reasons both of public convenience, and general public good.

From first to last the spoilation of the College Avenue is a crime against the public, and ought to entail on the perpetrators of it public obnoxiousness. We heartily concur in the wish that in the eleventh hour this cruel injustice should be brought to naught. But unless some of our citizens will beset them for the public good, we have nothing to hope from the members of the corporation—but a continuance of that pursuit of plunder, which seems, with one or two honorable exceptions, to be the only motive that has actuated them since entering on the duties of guardians of the public interest.

The Law Malignant

—The Inspector of weights and measures, for the Co. Peterboro' in an advertisement in the *Peterboro' Review*, thus threatens the delinquents of Peterboro':

"All parties not presenting their Weights and Measures, will be PROSECUTED according to law."

Persecuted, according to law is rather a strong expression for an officer of the law. If the Printers devil has not made a mistake we should prefer Toronto law to Peterboro' law, any day.

INTERESTING TELEGRAPH COMMUNICATIONS.

The popular belief that the Atlantic telegraph cable is not in working order, and only useful, at present, as a clothes line for dolphins and mermaids, is quite a mistake. On receipt of the intelligence that Richard Cobden was likely to become Governor General of Canada, the knowing ones who control this end of the great electrifier, aroused De Sauty, and had him at work in less than ten minutes, sending off their messages; through the kindness of the operator, we are enabled to lay before our readers the following true copies:

Hon. Mr. Cartier to R. Cobden, Esq.

DEAR SIR,—

I am very happy la Reine make you ze governor—she no make me ze knight—I shall have so much pleasure to be yur Premier, I am talented I have been in every ministry dese last eight years Tory, Radical Conservative, Reform; I know zem all, de country cannot do wisout me, you will make me ze Premier, I know.

Adieu, yours, &c.,

Geo. E. CARTIER.

R. Cobden, Esq. to G. E. Cartier.

SIR,—

Your message is under consideration, a long way under consideration; when it comes to the surface again, will let you know.

Yours, &c.,

RICHARD COBDEN.

Hon. Geo. Brown to R. Cobden, Esq.

DEAR SIR,—

I congratulate you. I congratulate Canada on your appointment to the Governor Generalship of this fair country,—a country which is groaning under the burthens of taxation, recklessness, extravagance, and jibbery imposed upon her by Macdonald and Cartier's unprincipled crew; but the dawn appears, and the blighting reign of corruption ceases when the tyrant Head goes home. The bull is rolling, and the staunch reformers of Western Canada call with one voice on you to choose for the direction of the state a man who is able to grapple with the great questions of the day; they call on you to drive forth the corrupt ministerials and to form a government from the opposition ranks—a government unshackled by the bonds of corruption which now enslave us to Lower Canada.

Yours, &c.,

Geo. BROWN.

P.S. I am the acknowledged leader and most prominent man of the parliamentary Opposition.

G. B.

Richard Cobden, Esq. to Hon. George Brown.

All right, keep the ball rolling and the grappling irons fast. When they let go communicate again.

Yours &c.,

RICHARD COBDEN.

P.S. Encase the shackles in Chamois leather, and they will be easier.

Hon. Sidney Smith to Richard Cobden, Esq.

DEAR SIR,—

I guess you'll want one some to take the mail bags when you come out here. Now I've bin in this office, and know exactly whats what. Just let me stick to the post office, and I'll keep George Brown

quit, as I am the only one in the House ho's skeered of.

Yours eternally,

SID. SMITH.

Rich'd Cobden to Hon. Sid. Smith.

You don't say so?

RICH'D COBDEN.

Jos. Gould, Esq., M. P. P., to Rich'd Cobden.

DEAR SIR,—

Hearin that u war to kum hear as governer, I wants to giv u som Advise, don't have nuttin to do with Sidney Smith, he'll want to be inspector of Edukashun, but he's a iggnowramus, wich is greek for no nutthin and kant spell well and hasn't got no litley Murray's jografra. Jao. a. macdonle says he's a literatus, and may ax you to giv him the situashun, but Jao. a. doesn't no much hisself, and gets Egerton Ryerson to write his letters, so I wouldn't, if I was u, believe what he rites. I have bin to nix skool, and would like the place wich is jest suited to me, and ken read and spell better than Smith, I have rote mutch, and Darcy Mic Gee I speake better than Dan O'Connell, besides knowin about the weevil more than Van Konut, who isn't fit for ure Kumpany, havin only one hat, wich is not a sund'y one. Bob Kludie may want to be made sumbin, he can't fill any hi situashun, but on account of his wons been a clear grit, and helpin Jorgs Brown, u mie make him a messenger of the house, with 3 dollars a week wages, and wash hisself.

Ures till deat,

JOE GOULD.

Rich'd Cobden to Jos. Gould, Esq., M. P. P.

DEAR SIR,—

Many thanks for your advice, will attend to the strict letter of it, when I am in power.

You can tell Moodie he shall have the messenger's place.

RICH'D COBDEN.

J. Sheridan Hogan, M.P.P., to Richard Cobden, Esq.

SIR,—The author of the Prize Essay on Canadian ventures to address one on whom his beloved sovereign has thrown the mantle of greatness.

I do say, at this particular and momentous period of Canada's adolescent existence, the choice of Her Majesty in selecting for the government of so important a colony as Canada, a man who is so pre-eminent in the ranks of literature as an agricultural essayist, show a discrimination harmonious with the progress of the age. I trust, Sir, in the government of this country, you will not forget those men, who, like yourself, have wielded the Essayist's pen in praise of their country, but give them that position and power which they are entitled to, and which I do say they will fill with so much honor to themselves, and so much benefit to their country.

I send you, by mail, several copies of my Essays on Canada.

Your most obedient, &c.,

J. SHERIDAN HOGAN.

Richard Cobden, Esq., to Sheridan Hogan, Esq., M.P.P.

SIR,—Your Essays will be most acceptable. I shall transmit them immediately on receipt, to Her Majesty the Queen—of Madagascar, who is much in want of that style of literature.

Yours, &c.,

RICHARD COBDEN.

P.S.—I hope you have franked them.

THINGS TO BE REMEMBERED.

Householders.—Don't believe a tithe of the statements as to the prevalence of incendiarism. Let greater care be taken as to the place where your fire-ashes are thrown. It is not at all necessary that they should be thrown in your woodsheds, nor that red hot cinders should be allowed to smoulder in the heap. With a little more care in matters of this kind, the reports of incendiarism will soon be among the things that were.

Tax payers go on the jing-trot style. Forget altogether the fact that Toronto owes not a little of its prosperity to its harbor.—forget that the peninsula forming that harbor has been reduced to an island, and that that island is being rapidly reduced to a mere water lot. Forget that the submerging of that island will not only be a direct blow to the marine trade, but that your wharves and Esplanade being unprotected in such a case will soon be swept away too, causing an enormous additional loss. Forget that every day wasted in doing nothing in the way of protecting our tight little island, will add largely to the outlay to be made—in all probability too late—to save our harbor. Forget all this, and you deserve to be reduced to Muddy Little Yorkers once again.

Servant maids—the weather being rather hot, it is of course indispensable to pronounce the principal streets between eight and ten o'clock in the evening, and talk to every scamp that talks to you, otherwise your precious nervous systems may become shaken by confinement in the house, and your dainty feelings might be nipped in the bud from fear of being properly ventilated. If your mistresses remonstrate with you for staying out late or venture to hint that you're time might be more profitably and healthfully employed; tell them, (in Mrs. Marlowe's best serio-comic style) that you're heart broken, and you wished you was dead.

Firemen—if you scarcely even knew or cared for the blessing of undisturbed repose, think therefore others who do. You are splendid fellows to work; but dreadful to shout. Bad enough it is, in all conscience, to have all the bells in the city going ding-dong, and three or four hundred people clashing along the streets at dead of night, helter-skelter, but to hear the said hundreds bellowing like bulls, is a little too much of a good thing.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WHEELBARROW.—If the Governor General attempted to walk over the Niagara River on Blondin's tight rope, he must have been tight at the time.

FANNY.—Shut your bedroom windows, and then no one can see you going to bed.

ENQUIRER.—All the commentators are wrong. Shakespeare was a Dutchman.

OBSERVER.—You are right. All the mantua-makers come from Mantua.

VENTUS.—We don't believe that the Hellespont is twenty miles wide at the narrowest place, albeit you say you measured it. Although Byron was a duck of a fellow, he was a lame duck, and therefore he never could have swam that distance.

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 anemic 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 in 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 operatically; 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.

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PIC NIC EXCURSION
TO NIAGARA FALLS.