

The Industrial Farm.

We last week adverted to the Industrial Farm, and to our efforts when in the Council, in connection with its working and beneficial effects. Our views are this week fully endorsed by Alderman Roach, who, by the bye, is the only man on the Committee who understands the matter, and who has brought great energy and talent to bear upon the subject, and emphatically declares his conviction that the farm is or might be remunerative, and that the city should continue its management, in the face of which evidence the Council have determined upon leasing the farm for a term of years, although it was purchased or a purpose that they on their oath declare was necessary. Why should this be? No excuse exists for leasing the land, as a balance of \$67.45 is shewn in its favor; and a great many of our unemployed poor who are now receiving relief from other sources, might be profitably engaged in the cultivation of this land, thereby effecting a double object. But to this laudable project great opposition is offered, and by none more strongly than Councillor McDowell, whose immense experience and great talents are conspicuously shewn upon all possible occasions, and who, although so recently inducted into the city Senate, is so deeply impressed with a sense of his own ability, that he has ostentatiously volunteered his opinion upon every matter that has come before the Council, in opposition to many old members whose wisdom and experience it was his duty to defer to; but "Fools run in where angels fear to tread."

VULGARITY.—Our growling contemporary having betaken himself to the "haunted hog-pen," for the purpose of selecting a grunter to fill the chair of his departed *sub*, we must henceforth allow the twain to wallow in their native filth. The portrait of the new pig-editor, as given in the last *Growler*, renders any further intercourse impossible, and certainly quite undesirable on our part. The retirement of the previous *sub* was, as we stated, (notwithstanding our contemporary's contradiction) owing to the wound caused to his head by the cadaverous crow-bar having penetrated it. He is now in hospital, attended by Dr. King, of the Royal College of *blue noses*, Dublin.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have to request the kind forbearance of a number of our correspondents, who are unavoidably crowded out this week. Scotia, Saucy and Cicero shall receive due attention in our next issue.

A MILTONIAN is laid over for future consideration.

MR. A. P. McDONALD.—This gentleman, making no pretensions to great literary attainments, has reason to be proud of the notoriety he has attained through the columns of unfriendly journals, within the past two or three weeks. For notwithstanding the desperate efforts of the *Globe* and others "o' that ilk," to convict the member for West Middlesex of falsehood, the attempt was a miserable failure, like all Geordie's schemes to gain power during the present session. Mr. McDonald plainly declared to his constituents, while seeking their suffrages, that he had no claim on the government for any contracts, prospective or retrospective, but it was no secret that the claim which he transferred to the Bank of Upper Canada, had never been settled. This Mr. George Brown, himself stated at a public meeting in Strathroy, and used it in all quarters for the purpose of damaging Mr. McDonald's prospects. Mr. Brown, it can be proved characterised Mr. McDonald as one of the most honest public contractors in the country before his election, but abused his politics. When we look at Mr. McDonald's antecedents, and take into account, the fact of his being a self-made man, we are willing to overlook the paltry and contemptible attacks made on him, on account of his lack of education. When Mr. Mc. was hewing his way to a position, through the dense forests of his native country, with no other instrument than the axe of the woodman, Geo. Brown was receiving an education befitting his position, in the Athens of Europe—Scotland—hence the disparity in point of theoretical knowledge. But if Louis Napoleon cut his way to the throne of France with a jack-knife stolen from the son of a New Jersey tavern keeper, what may we not reasonably expect from our friend A. P. with his honestly bought axe and his indomitable perseverance? If he ever goes to Geo. Brown to get his axe ground, we fear he will have to work with dull tools. No, Mac, keep a stiff upper lip, and continue as you have been, a really independent member—then you can point your constituents to the votes you have given in your place in parliament as their representative.

In one of our recent issues a correspondent adopted the euphonious synonyme of Pluff. This appears to have given offence to our contemporary, who accuses us of endeavoring to associate his staff with our journal. We assure him that is the last thing we desire, and that we were ignorant of the existence of the gentleman in question. We knew there was a ruff, but knew nothing of Pluff.

Nature abhors a vacuum. This is a scientific fact. What an antipathy nature must have to the head of the *Growler*.

Latest by Telegraph!

NEW APPOINTMENT.—The latest news by telegraph informs us that Wm. John Carruthers, Esq., late of the Liverpool Police, has been appointed Stipendiary Magistrate for this ambitious city, in place of Capt. H. W. Armstrong, late of the Royal Navy, who has been removed in consequence of certain manifestations of imbecility peculiar to old age.

FLUMMERY.—A kind of food made by the conglomeration of wheat flour and oatmeal.—*Walker*.

"Why can't we do away with all this Flummery."—*Speech of the Hon. Member for South Wentworth on a recent occasion*

To the Editor of Branigan's Chronicles.

Sir,—I wonder you have not noticed before this time the above wholesale denunciation of Canada's great staple and of Scotia's favorite. As a born Scotchman, and a naturalized Canadian, I protest against it.

Yours truly,
SAWNEY.

INDIA RUBBER PENS.—We would caution the editor of the *Globe* against the use of this new article of manufacture. What the consequences of an already elastic conscience, combined with an *India-rubber* pen, would be, we dread to contemplate; but we fear the truth would be stretched to death.

SPRING AT LAST.—We stop the press to announce the sudden appearance of an unmistakable sign of spring—ex-Alderman McElroy in the streets without his *Scotch* plaid, and in thinner and more fashionable raiment—recently sent him by Moses & Sons, Minorities, London. As the cuckoo is the harbinger of spring at SHAW'S LOUGH, Ireland, so is the crotchety ex-Alderman, *without his plaid*, the forerunner of summer in this region.

Is a horse used in a saw-mill a saw-horse?

If a pretty cross man is mad, would a very angry man be madder; and if so would die (dye) easy.

Are they long-headed men who go head-long to destruction?

Why should Scotland be a great place for the sale of Dalley's magical pain extract or?

Because it's the land of Burns.

What kind of watch is Robert Osborne like?

"A Railway Time-keeper."

THE GREAT QUESTION now engrossing the attention of the savans of Washington city, is—If Sickles be found guilty, what is Butter worth! (*Butterworth*.)