

## NOTHING TO WRITE ABOUT.

Nothing to write about—somebody must  
 Raise a nur bobbery—kick up a dust—  
 Do something dreadful—pitch into head—  
 Turn out on Brown or Macdonald instead.  
 Won't somebody get up a meeting or two?  
 Won't somebody say something, do something new?  
 Will nobody carry the island away,  
 Or, for browning hot whiskey punch, empty the bay?  
 Won't somebody, pore-prond and selling in yelf,  
 Make an out-and-out shocking big fool of himself?  
 Can't we have a convention, a lecture, or riot?  
 (What the deuce must be done if things keep so quiet?)  
 Can't we get up a row 'twixt the *Globe* and the *Leader*?  
 Or buy Old Doubt for Brown's special pleader?  
 Where's Moody? Where's Allen? Will nobody try  
 To blow up some other poor body "sky high"?  
 Won't somebody send us a b g Chinese gun,  
 Or do something to furnish a sprinkling of fun?  
 Can't we get up a row-bow in Foley and Brown,  
 Or get Sidney Smith from the Mail flags kicked down?  
 Can't we send little Cartier to Windsor or Galt,  
 Or French domination bid finally "adi 2?"  
 Can't we get up a fight for the *Anti-A* communion,  
 'Gainst the *Globe* and the *Gifts* who cry down with the  
 Union?  
 Can't we have, on a small scale, a large war of races—  
 Moutous against Grit, putting both through their pees?  
 In short, can't we have something queer, something  
 strange,  
 Something grand, something startling, some wonderful  
 change,  
 To put all this wearisome dullness to rout  
 And give Editors something worth writing about?

## TEMPERANCE GONE MAD.

The Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance—a body the existence of which is to us a wrinkle—have done a foolish action. They have presented a memorial to the Church of England Synod, the matter of which is ridiculous, the style of which would make a school-boy blush. Fearful that the Synod would not chime in with their way of thinking, the Sons proceed to misquote Scripture:

"If an Israelite," they say, "had a beast which was dangerous, but the owner did not know it, and that beast killed a man, the beast must be slain; his flesh must not be eaten; the owner must lose the whole as a testimony to the sacredness of human life, and as a warning to all not to do anything or connive at anything which should tend to destroy it."

According to the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance, if, under the Mosaic dispensation, a beast killed a man, the beast was slain, as a warning to all—other beasts of course—not to connive at the destruction of human life. We beg to differ from this interpretation. The Sons of Temperance are no doubt a worthy, and a pious, and a learned set of young gentlemen. But they are evidently of a weak intellect, and are not equal to an interpretation or application of a text. Beasts, no matter what injury they may inflict, are not, nor never were killed as a warning to other beasts, nor have they ever been supposed to connive at anything which should tend to destroy life.

From this queer misinterpretation, the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance, jump to the following logical conclusion:

"The traffic in alcoholic drinks as an article of luxury or diet, is inconsistent with the spirit and requirements of the Christian religion."

The meaning of "traffic" in this quotation, is

doubtful. It may mean the sale of the liquor, apart from drinking it; or both the sale and the use, in either case the Grand Division have made grand mistake—a very stupid mistake indeed, and one that we would not have thought even the Sons of Temperance capable of. Taking it that the "traffic" means the use as well as the sale—for if it is wrong to sell it is also wrong to imbibe—the lady who lifts her glass of wine at the dinner table, acts inconsistently with the Christian religion. And if it is a sin for a lady to look sweet and taste wine at dinner, either for luxury or diet or good manners, what shall be thought of the depravity of her who wantonly and of malice aforethought indulges in the luxury of a biscuit and wine at lunch time. Truly such a one must be in a "parlous state."

The Synod is conjured to advocate those absurd notions which "looks that pierce, gestures that speak, and words that burn." It is a fact that the reverend gentlemen received this conjuration with gestures that spoke—for they all went into convulsions of laughter as soon as they heard this curiously concocted memorial read. And it seems to us that the only time that Temperance principle are likely to be advocated on the above grounds with words that burn, is, when some zealous minister lights his pipe with the Sons of Temperance memorial.

This precious memorial winds up with an earnest prayer that the Synod will—

"Blow the trumpet, sound the alarm! and let us (that is, the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance) be able to say that in no Christian Church will that man find membership whose hands manufacture or deal out directly or indirectly those dangerous drinks as beverages."

This is evidently the conception of some weak-minded schoolboy, or bedlamite. Nothing less will satisfy, that eminently Christian body, the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance, than the excommunication of all the brewers and distillers in the world. This goes a step beyond those who allow alcohol good for medicinal purposes. The Sons of Temperance have certainly blown the trumpet on this occasion; but it is the braying of the ass, and their appeal only excites contempt and derision. What a pretty little select Christian Church the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance would form, if they could.

The GRUMBLER has descended to notice this witless memorial only because it is the most stupid thing he can find in any of the daily papers for the past week.

## The Montreal Pilot Weeps for Poor Jean Baptiste.

Undoubtedly the Hon. George Brown is a very naughty man, and deserves to be soundly abused; and undoubtedly the Montreal *Pilot* only performs the work it is paid to do, when it contains its quota of the abusive article. We cannot help thinking however that the *Pilot* goes occasionally a little out of its way to make up the quantity contracted for. It must have been a little "hard up" for a new pattern, for instance, when it penned the following sentence:—

"Now he (Brown) is out in full cry for the repeal of the Union simply that the French portion of our

population should be insulted, and trampled upon' their influence neutralized, and themselves put under his ban."

What does the *Pilot* mean by writing such trash? How insult and trample on poor Jean Baptiste by disclaiming all connection with him? Decidedly the *Pilot* must have been "hard up," when it made the dissolution of the Union the text for such a sermon. As for neutralizing the *Monton* influence, why once banish it from Upper Canada, dear *Pilot* and you are perfectly at liberty in your own proper person to fall down and worship the "superior race." Every one to his taste, as &c., &c. We decidedly object however in this Province to be ruled by the influence of the French portion of our population, and emphatically dear influential Jean Baptiste has only himself to thank if we wish to shake hands with him, and kindly relieve him from the management of our affairs. Still not for the world would we insult him or trample him in the dust; it would look too much like meting out to him the measure he has meted out to us for the past two or three years. Trash! dear *Pilot*, simply trash, we merely wish to hand him over to the tender mercies of the Brits here in Lower Canada, and then if they don't use him well let the *Pilot* abuse them. In the meantime, O mouthpiece of Rollo, hammer away at George Brown, but for mercy sake, do rake up some better argument against the dissolution of the Union than the "insult and trampling upon the French portion of our Population" it would involve.

## TO THE STUBBED ONES OF THE WORLD.

It is said that, a few days ago, a young man stubbed his toes in New York, on an imperfect pavement, and stumbled in so awkward a manner that his lady love became disgusted with him, and abandoned him. The "Stubbee" instituted legal proceedings against the corporation, and recovered damages to the extent of \$750. This is a precious precedent, although furnished by a foreign law-cour. It is said that Napoleon once lost a battle by a surf-boat of pickled ginkins. Many instances are known in which grave disasters have been occasioned by slight discourteous causes. How many matches may be broken off yearly by stubbification like the above? In the not very distant prospect of a continental war, it behooves the Toronto Corporation to remove all causes, however indirect in their operation, which can have a tendency to prevent our province from furnishing in case of emergency a numerous and efficient volunteer Corps in aid of the mother country.

## MR. CONOLLY'S LECTURE.

We are happy in being able to announce that Mr. Conolly has consented to repeat his admirable lecture on the "Ups and Downs of Life." The applause which was elicited by its delivery on Tuesday last, was well deserved, and we earnestly hope that its repetition will be still more successful. The lecture will be repeated on Tuesday next in the St. Lawrence Hall, and we warmly recommend it to public support.