

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. 2.—NO. 25.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1859.

WHOLE NO., 77.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats
I telegraph ten; it
A chief's among you taking notice,
And, faith, he'll treat it."

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1859.

FIRE! FIRE!!

I knew it; I said it; I felt sure of it. By "it" I mean that I knew, said, and felt sure that on a particular night this week, there would be a fire. Not that I had any dream or other supernatural intimation to that effect; I scorn the idea of premonitions and warnings by telegraph; but by a course of reasoning much above the comprehension of ordinary men, I certainly had an inward conviction, and gave vent to an outward prognostication that there would be a fire. After reading about fifty pages of Adam Bede, I felt inclined to surrender to the close siege Morpheus had been keeping up for several hours; so, after depositing my garments in quick-get-on-again-able position, I jumped into my nocturnal nest, and composed myself for sweet forgetfulness. The ten minutes I usually devote to sweet remembrances of my angolie Maria had elapsed, and her image was rapidly fading from the mental sight, when just as I had anticipated, a guardian of the night, in claustrous, if not sonorous strains, gave vent to the exclamation, "fire!" Ordinarily, I put little faith in policemen, and had it not been for the confidence I felt in my prognostications, I should not have heeded the alarm, even from the Deputy Chief. I knew, however, that my prophecy had been fulfilled, and hastily donning my clothes I emerged into the street. Barely glancing at a luminous pillar of smoke I saw in the north, I grabbed the rope of an engine which overtook me. It was first, and intended to keep so; I can't say whether it was No. 3, or No. 2, or No. 6, but with a suddenly aroused enthusiasm, I rushed along frantically with "the machine."

But from doorways, over fences and emerging from dark lanes came the half-dazed residents till the stream receiving a tributary at every street, rushed round the corner to the scene of destruction. By this time the sleepy constable had got to the bells and of course as the policeman under the reform Council always do, was ringing for St. Patrick's Ward instead of St. James'. Now the crackle of the flames burst on the ear; their reflection on the upturned faces of the crowd, the "Heigh, heigh" of the excited fire-men, the rattle of the water-carts and the bewildered and disorderly haste of the sufferers together, wind up one's nerves to the dread-and-every-thing-point in the mental thermometer. Dropping the ropes of the engine, off I go the nearest domicile in danger: Up and down stairs in and out of rooms, rush eager men with ready hands

but too often unsteady brains to help the sufferers.—Here goes one man down stairs with a blanket and a set of fire-irons in his hands; down through the window on the heads of the mob, another throws a set of chairs; sofas are despatched without benefit of stairs, fenders are cautiously carried away beyond the scene of danger.—In one place a couple of pounds of butter are carefully deposited on a feather bed, on another, a paper of flour is warily dropped on a damask covered chair. A piano is well scratched with the gas-fittings and oil-paintings are used for carrying tea-sets. Every-body's nerves seem unstrung. One tells his friend that he's a fool for removing his goods and chattels, another impeaches his wisdom for hesitating to do so.

Yet how earnestly and vigorously everybody, except a few lazy louts, hurries and bustles hither and thither to the assistance of the sufferers; even folly and thoughtlessness are then pardonable. Meanwhile, who so busy as the firemen? Rushing every where when danger points the way, with the branch and the hook and the axe, unwearyed as long as any danger is to be incurred or any good to be done. The untiring zeal with which they work, and the wild sailor like strain to which the brakes keep time, reconciles you to the occasional coarseness or folly you have to witness. But in the midst of the excitement who does not conjecture whether the heartless monsters who have coolly caused the mischief which so many brave heads are trying to arrest, are standing amongst the anxious and excited crowd, the cool, hardened and impenitent witnesses of their own villainy. Can it be possible that the sick hastily dragged from their beds, the losses which no insurance can repair, of precious family relics, and heir-looms, the scholar's hard-earned collection of lore, the danger voluntarily incurred by every one around, and the dangerous excitement which endangers the health and lives of the fair and young, can it be possible that all these sights cannot soften the hearts of the inhuman monsters who are the authors of them all.

And can we altogether forget the gully supineness and inertia of a "reformed" Council and a reformed police, when no efforts are made to arrest the hands which a godling conscience can not starve. But now the fire slackens, and darkness drops its pall over all. Off I depart to my bed, keeping time as I go, to the sound of the brakes, which still rings on the morning air, leaving the unfortunate to watch till day, the wrecked and despoiled relics of their lost homes.

STEINER AND BLONDIN.

It is confidently reported that Steiner and Blondin clubbed together to yield Toronto an entertainment more thrilling and exciting than it has ever witnessed before. At the time of the next half moon, Professor Steiner will mount in his balloon to the satellite of our earth, and attach to one of

its horns one end of a rope, the other end of which will be fastened to a post inside of the enclosure near the Revere House. Blondin will then carry to the moon and back again any gentleman willing to pay \$100. Persons having bright red hair and whiskers will be preferred, as these rubricand appendages will be the means of saving torch-light and Bengal fire. Professor Steiner will carry passengers backward and forward from the earth to the moon, where Bob Moodie will in due time erect a commodious saloon upon one of the mountains with the intention of retailing bad whiskey to Mars and his jolly companions. The Professor was so poorly remunerated last time, that he intends making a still more extensive enclosure round the Revere House. Its limits will be the Don, the Hummer, Hogg's Hollow and the Bay. It will be 1,400 feet high, so that the balloon may be out of sight before any stungy people get a sight of it for nothing. Admittance four dollars. Noisy children double price. The Professor has made the most extensive arrangements for the accommodation of passengers; having obtained permission to use Jones' Omnibus as a car. Baby jumpers will be suspended from all parts of the balloon, for the amusement of small infants. Dr. Workman has applied for the use of the aeronaut's conveyance for the patients, as he thinks that a trip to the lunar planet would be good for them. Steiner was a little crusty and sarcastic about it when the Dr. made the request; but the Dr. made a pun which will render him famous to the end of time—"None of your lunar caustic," said he. The Toronto Cricket Club will send a challenge to the Lunar Club, if there be any such association. Commodore Hodder will write to know if the lakes and seas of the moon contain anything like the same amount of hydrogen and oxygen as ours, because the Yacht Club intend taking a cruise over there some fine day, if possible. He will also express a hope that they don't encourage centre board boats there.

Now that we are fairly into the subject of the moon, let us indulge in a few harmless speculations. We have now a fair opportunity of communicating with a hitherto obscurely known planet. Oursphere of acquaintance, society, commerce, war, and perhaps roguesry, rascality and villainy is about to be immensely extended. A Grumbler Agency will be established. The waste lands of the planet will be divided into Park lots. Messrs R. Cummings will set up a Bank there in connection with McGaffay. If circumstances turn out favourably for invasion and conquest, the Yorkville cavalry will go over per balloon, and the Toronto Field battery will be stationed in the high tower of the University building to cover the attack. A petition must be made to the home government for the permission to annex the moon to Canada, before the Yankee think of seizing it. When the moon becomes an integral part of Canada, who will represent the consistency of Moonshine. Colonel Playfair?

A SONG FOR THE HARD TIMES.

I've friends who oft tell how it lightens the heart,
In games, and amusements to take active part;
But I let them talk on, and myself never fash
For I know there's no pleasure like "taking the cash."

Of love too some speak; of its passion and power,
Its ecstatic thrill—foolish dream of an hour!
There's no time such a thrill through the bosom will flash
As when to the pocket you're "taking the cash."

The poet "his eye in fine frenzy rolls,"
As he tells us how poetry gladdens the soul—
His "eclypsium blime" and all other such trash
Can't compare for a moment with "taking the cash."

And if you're a debtor who's short of the mool,
Who asks you for time ere your balance bill settle—
Put him through it! Wlad him up! Though you settle his
Dues,

You'll feel some true pleasure in "taking the cash."

What odds: if before he stood good on your book?
What matter that others his security seek?
To trust him a week or a month would be rash,
Beside "would delay you in "taking the cash."

CRUEL SELL.

So we are to have no Prince in Canada after all. The flourish of trumpets made by the *Quebec Chronicle* was but a deception, and its editor creeps out of his silly position in the following manner:—

ERRATA:—The information received about the Prince of Wales' visit to Canada was *misunderstood* by the writer of the paragraph referring to it. It is not the Prince of Wales who is coming to visit Canada, but his late tutor, Mr. Gibbs, and Sir Henry Holland, Physician to the Court.

That is certainly a good one. After making an inappropiate announcement that a real live Prince, and the heir apparent at that, was really coming to Canada by the next steamer, and without previous announcement, the editor backs out with an "erratum." He tells us that he "misunderstood" the information "about the Prince of Wales' visit," when it turns out as he afterwards confesses, that he received no such information. It would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer to tell how a man can misunderstand what he never received. We should like to know whether the editor of the *Chronicle* is not indictable for treason for daring to confound the person of the Prince with that of his pedagogue, and doctor. It is really too bad, and we trust the law officers of the Crown will look into the matter. Mr. Cartier has surely not yet lost the flame of loyalty kindled at "Vindsor;" he, ought undoubtedly to take the cognizance of this unpardonable insult to the Royal youth. A question however arises whether we might not make a hero of Mr. Gibbs. If we cannot secure the pupil, let us make the most of the tutor. We want some one to lionize just now; and if the cruelty of the *Quebec Chronicle* has raised unfounded expectations, let us give our loyalty to his Royal Highness' proxy. It would certainly be better if he had been a baronet, or at least a colonel, but we must be content. Mr. Gibbs might earn an honest penny by giving us some idea of the royal pupil's education. Dr. Ryerson would doubtless be so happy to take the Buckingham palace teacher under his auspices. It would be a matter of very pardonable curiosity in his Royal Highness' future subjects to desire some knowledge of his progress in the humanities.

We should like to hear at what age the heir apparent could conjugate *verru* and whether Mr. Gibbs

had practically to illustrate the meaning of the verb on his Highness' shoulders. How many unsuccessful attempts the Prince made to pass over the pons asinorum, and how he finally succeeded, would be as instructive to plucked law-students as the story of Robert Bruce and the spider. The tutor's lectures might even be extended to the royal play-ground, and Canadian juveniles might profit by the Prince's experience in knuckling down at law or round hand bowling in cricket. Sir H. Holland might be pressed into the same service and with the additional influence which a title gives him, would, doubtless succeed to admiration. Many a spell-bound audience all over the Province would sit with mouths agape at the gossip of the royal nursery.

The cutting of an eye-tooth, the process of vaccination and catching the weasles would furnish a fund of interest for the lieges in Canada. The first word uttered by the heir apparent, might perhaps have had special reference to Canada and we ought to be made acquainted with it. We trust, these hints will not be lost, and out of evil, good may yet be evolved. Though the *Quebec Chronicle* has disappointed us, the royal tutor and physician may at least alleviate the disappointment, and in part recompense us for the sudden pothor the false announcement has caused from Gaspe to Sarnia.

THE POLICE.

What the deuce do the Police want to learn the art of street firing for? And what the plague is the use of instructing policemen into the mysteries of marching and counter-marching, carrying arms, firing platoon system, and all that sort of thing with which a policeman has no more to do than an oyster has with astronomy. If it were possible to detect thieves by the art of street firing—if incendiaries were to be caught by counter-marching—if burglars could be captured by platoon-firing, then there would be common sense in the fuss which Prince Chief of Police, makes over his men, in teaching them all those nonsensical arrangements to the overlooking of the material part of a policeman's duty.

There is no doubt the force look well. Those who saw them march, muskets on shoulder, and bayonet by side, through our streets the other day, must have been struck with their soldier-like bearing. But then there is the blunder. What the puck do policemen want to learn soldiers' drill for? They will never be called upon to defend their country from a foreign invader. Since the time that grass first grew and water ran, soldiers were never disparaged by a comparison with policemen, and as long as grass does not forget to grow, and water performs its function of running, policeman never will make soldiers, or even approach so near the genuine article as a marine does to a lobster.

Bah! Policemen learning the regimental drill! What the mischief use will it be to a policeman to learn how to carry a musket without endangering his own or his neighbour's life? What the ——— has it to do with a policeman's education, that he must be taught how to fix his bayonet without mangling his own digits? Pahaw! Give us a policeman that will catch thieves—Give us const-

ables that will arrest incendiaries—Give us practical policemen, not holiday servants, decked out, accoutred, deviled, drilled and padded out, to please the pseudo-police taste of Capt. Prince. Pahaw! Give us anything but policemen with guns on their shoulders! Give us a horn.

BOB MOODIE'S WILL.

I Robert Moodie of the City of Toronto in the County of Kenady, marinyor and salt Esquire gentleman, being sound as any man in Toronto in mind and body, skipper of the Firefly, and late skipper of the *Jumping Thunder*, Brig (Maffrydite), being about to enter upon a perilous journey, on a lubberly bladder-fixing as can't beat to windward and dusn't carry a gallon of brandy to brenat the sissytoeds of wind and wether with professor Stuer, a Philycelphy Yankee, bat as tharrow a Brick as ever stepped in shewlther, think propior to make dispozel of my irthly ekez in case Bob Moody shud never come agin to this irthly planet but fall off the bladder-fixin onto a lonely dissyloot island in a far off star, or be burnt up to a chip in the scorchin rays of Phebis, or be obliged to stay in the moon for over and ever.

Bequethes and disposes of my water Lots in the Gut to the Honorable Geo. Brown, being butted and bounded as follers: comencing from a suag in the water West of Quin's sunk suloon North 145 feet, the West to a sunken tobacker box 500 feet, then South to a rotten white fish 145 feet then East 500 feet to the suag aforesaid, to have and to hold forever, over the left, which I mean to go to J. B. Robison, M. P. P. in airneat.

Give a bequeutles my grate-eastora steven-or an phery-bote the Fier-Phi too Admiral Fortin to wack the French in the Gulph; hopin as Ho will not bust the biler nor spoil no fixins a board thereon wich cost a good deal of eckspens and was seledebated by the *Crumbler* and wich was run on Sunday for 7½ a hed and is a tant and see-worthy craft for any see.

Also my Suloon on the Peninuly to my cousin Urish Moody in the East Indies.

Also my House to have and to hold to the rest of my family.

Also my clay pipe with the brass top to Adam Wilson, Q. C.

Also my best Bever Hat to the Commissioner of Crown Lands.

Also my best Tale Kote to Geo. Brown when his own gets wore out.

Revokin all former wills and Kadjysile I testify that this is my last will and testment.

(Sined,) ROBERT MOODY.

Suggestion.

It has been suggested as the only expedient for arousing the Corporation to a sense of their duty in reference to the prevailing incendiarism that at the next incendiary fire, the entire Council be compelled to run with a machiae, to "break her down" till they are exhausted, and then played on by the branches of all the engines together till they are thoroughly soaked and cooled off. This course of treatment might bring them to their senses. The Chief of Police might be made branchman.

THE RIFLE BAND.

It appears that we are to have no more of the weekly performances of the Rifle Band. The Thursday promenades which has been so successful, is to be stopped. The patrician silk will not again flourish in the same atmosphere with the plebeian print (of "warranted fact colours,") and the exquisite's pogo-topps will not keep time with the mechanic's corduroys. The nursing maid's paradise—the coquette's hunting ground—the poor man's hour of healthful recreation are suddenly taken away.

Of course, no one is responsible for this but the military authorities; and we appeal to them to resume the afternoon's entertainment for at least a month longer.

Occasions will occur when by unfavorable weather or pressing engagements the Band may not be able to attend; but this is certainly not the case every week. Is it that Thursday is an unlucky day in the army? If so, why not change it to suit military convenience, but do not let the public be entirely deprived of their anticipated pleasure.

In connexion with this subject, we cannot help doing justice to the praiseworthy efforts of Mr. Councilman Pell in this matter, as well as in the entire department over which he presides. It is to him the public are indebted for the performances we have already had, and we know that no efforts of his will be spared to secure their continuance. By the way, we did understand that the expenses connected with the conveyance of the Band to and from the Park were to be defrayed by public subscription. Where is the list? and how many of the subscribers have paid up? It surely can hardly be true, that Mr. Pell has been mulcted in the entire sum paid for omnibuses; we should like to know if this is really the case. It would certainly be rather too bad, if in addition to the time and labour that gentleman expends for the public benefit, he should be compelled to defray the expenses of public recreation from his own pocket. How does it stand?

BALLOON ASCENSION ALL A HUMBUG.

(To the Editor of the Grumbler.)

Toronto, Front St., Sept. 1859.

DEAR SIR,—It is a very extraordinary thing to me, how people will allow themselves to be egregiously humbugged. I can understand one or two persons being deceived by a plausible report—but that the population of a large city, and not of one city, but of twenty cities, should be hoaxed and played upon is something which, as I said before, I cannot understand.

Now, sir, of all the humbugs that ever existed, the recent account of the ascension of Professor Steiner in his balloon, Europe, from the vacant lot on Front street, beside the Revere House, is, I may say, the greatest. You will scarcely credit me, sir, but I assure you no such event never took place, at the place specified, or at any other place in the city of Toronto. The idea of a balloon ascension having taken place, from the vacant lot in question is absurd—its monstrous—in fact, sir, it is a—lie.

What man in Toronto saw the balloon on the day

in question, I should like to know. What man, woman, or child in Toronto, ever saw a balloon, I should like to know, not one. The balloon ascension has no foundation in fact, and in my opinion the report originated from some potty penny-a-liner or other.

To prove to you incontrovertibly that no balloon ascension took place from the vacant lot beside the Revere House, as was lately reported, I beg to inform you that I reside in the Revere House, and have done so for the last 15 years; and that on the day in which it was said the ascension took place, I was seated in a window in the Hotel over-looking the lot in question, and I positively affirm, and most solemnly declare that no balloon ascended, or could ascend without my seeing it. Not only was there no balloon ascension on that day, but there was no excitement or crowd beyond what may be observed in that locality every day in the year.

Hoping, sir, that you will correct the lying reports that are being circulated respecting the balloon ascension, I remain,

Your ob't serv't,

VERITAS.

P. S.—It is also an infernal lie, that some of the Government Departments have been moved from Toronto to Quebec.

COUNCILMAN FINCH TO BOB HOODIE.

DEAR BOB,—Do not be led away by the Syron speeches of Professor Steiner, and consent to take a voyage with him through the air in his moester balloon. There can be no doubt in the mind of any sane man, but that he has been bribed by your political enemies to offer you a seat in his car, in order that you may be taken to the clouds, and there thrown overboard, and drehed to pieces in your fall. The aeronaut can easily excuse himself by saying, you were thrown over to lighten the balloon, his ballast being all expended, and the machine in imminent danger. Our corrupt judges would gladly receive evidence of this nature, and the offenders would go unpunished. I know your gallant heart laughs at this probability; but suppose you were able to master the intrepid aeronaut and maintain your seat, what security have you that he may not continue his journey to the moon, and hand you over to the authorities there, as a vagrant and have you hanged on the left end horn, or, sailing to the east, land you at Timbuctoo, or Orim Tartary. May not this very Steiner be a Missionary from Salt Lake, seeking convicts to Mormonism, who takes this means of conveying you to the kingdom of the Latter Day Saints, when perhaps you may be made an elder or something worse. Be warned in time; the members of our corrupt corporation have leagued themselves together for your destruction. When you are gone, what will prevent the Bugge, the Carrolls, and the Camoron's passing that obnoxious College Avenue Bill? Alas, who then will look after popular rights? Nobody, nobody. Think then no more of this adventure, leave the navigation of the air, and stick by your Firefly, and live at home in peace and contentment.

Anxiously and earnestly yours,

FINCH.

A NEW LIGHT.

A small village rusbight called the *Advertiser* has recently been brought to light in Oakville. The ambitious little sheet has set to work not merely to reform the state and mend the morals of the times, but actually to subvert the Christian religion, sever Canada from Great Britain and annex her to the United States. The first of this sheet we have had the privilege of seeing is number ten, and we certainly had a penny's worth of amusement from it.

The leader tells us that for "reasons satisfactory to the proprietor" the publication of the new luminary is not to be suspended. His first article annihilates Christianity, and puts the *Advertiser* right with the world. After expressing his grief at what he calls the "idolatrious worship of the churches" he gravely tells that "if there is drunkenness, cheating, stealing," and a dozen other sins in the world, he, the editor of the *Advertiser* is not responsible for it. The perfidy of Louis Napoleon, the suicide of Do Marbas, the crimes of the Baltimore Rip Raps are not the fault of the *Advertiser*; his sheet, which is scarcely double our own, washes its hands of every crime.

He may add a virtue to the list, modesty, of which he is equally innocent. A great deal of illogical ribaldry fills the whole of this article. Then comes blast number two from the prophet of Democracy: he annihilates at one blow the cause of British supremacy, and threatens darkly and mysteriously, that if he, the *Advertiser*, from his log-sanctum in the flourishing town of Oakville, were to "raise the flag of armed revolution," to annex Canada to the enlightened slave-holders of Kentucky, sixteen states whose names he mentions would pour their armed legions and sweep us poor loyalists into the Hudson's Bay Territory.

Why does not our friend Brown hire this Canadian Garibaldi? Where on earth was he born, and who brought him up? Do let us know. We appear to have got a queer character among us, and we shall watch his progress with extreme anxiety. It might be as well to dispatch a couple of Lieutenant Paterson's men on the Firefly to look after him. At present, he very kindly re-assures us by consenting not to call on his Yankees for the present, but, heaven save us, there is no knowing what such a genius may effect. Adjutant Cull and Sergeant Gray to the rescue!

METROPOLITAN CHORAL SOCIETY.

We are happy to hear that our old friends of this society are about to appear before the public again.

During the approaching Fair of the York Electoral Division Society an oratorio is to be produced before the public, if possible in the Crystal Palace. We trust that their efforts will be as successful, as we know they will be worthy of the most extended patronage.

A COLONIAL CLUB.

Does anybody intend to go to the capital of England? Let him become a member of the Colonial Club about to be formed in Toronto. Does anybody know anybody, who intends to go, or even who knows somebody else, who intends to go to England. If so, let him, them or any, or each, or all of them be first enrolled members of the Colonial Club. The advantages are manifold. In the first place, the members pay—we quote from *Old Double*—an annual subscription of one—only one, mind—guinea per annum, “with a fee however of one guinea additional to be paid every year, where its making use of the club room.” In the next place, the comfort of colonial visiting London will be increased “in a thousand ways.” Of course it would occupy too much of *Old Double's* valuable space to enumerate the thousand different ways in which a Colonial Club would add to the comfort of Canadians visiting England; therefore it confines itself to the enumeration of a few one of the thousand ways. The first way is as follows:

“Every one who has travelled even but a short distance from home, knows the delight with which the face of an acquaintance is welcomed, how warmly one with whom he has perhaps not been on friendly terms is greeted if met with in a foreign land, and how much the loneliness of a great city would be alleviated, and how much the pleasure of travelling would be increased, by the knowledge that in a certain spot friends might always be found to aid or sympathize.”

Delight, dirt cheap, we should say, at a guinea per annum, and an additional guinea every year. What thrills of bumptious joy would circulate through the veins of the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, for instance, if he should one day be in London, England, and the next day, say, behold the well known lineaments of R. M. Allan, Esquire's countenance behind a newspaper and a mug of stout, and view his muscular body deposited on the easiest sofa in the Colonial Club Room. How his Lordship's soul would pour forth its thanks to ex-Sheriff Jarvis for first inventing Colonial Club rooms, and to *Old Double* for developing their advantages—all to be had for one guinea per annum, and an additional guinea per year! Wouldn't the “loneliness of a great city” be alleviated though—as the Chief Justice and Robert would go round to see the sight. And then how cheering the reflection that “in a certain spot friends might always be found to aid or to sympathize.” With such a prospect, who would care a pinch of snuff for headache or blue devils. The swell mob might play their infernal tricks, a bloated aristocracy might cut their unkindest cuts, a purse-proud middle class might elevate their noses the highest, and poor Colonists might be snubbed the snubbiest. But “in a certain spot friends would always be found,”—provided always a guinea per annum, and an additional guinea per year were first paid—“to aid or to sympathize.”

But this is only the first advantage to be gained by gaining admission into the Colonial Club. The second is, in *Old Double's* words:

“Again, a friend in England wishes some trifling commission executed—a message or a parcel delivered in Canada, for which it is not worth while to

go to the expense of freight or brokerage—or he desires to obtain reliable information regarding the country;—were there some general Canadian rendezvous established, how easy for him to have his wishes accomplished!”

Again! One advantage treading on the heels of another, so fast they come. Let us not however be carried away by frantic enthusiasm; but express our admiration calmly and dispassionately. “A friend in England wishes some trifling commission executed—a message or a parcel delivered in Canada for which it is not worth while to go to the expense of freight or brokerage!” Glorious opportunity. If the Colonial Club were formed, in the words of *Old Double*, “how easy for him to have his wishes accomplished.” If the Club is not formed, what a miserable state of things must exist! This is undoubtedly an overwhelming argument in favor of establishing the Club. Indeed, the benefit that must accrue to all its members from the latter advantage, are such, that we would suggest to Sheriff Jarvis to raise the price of membership to two guineas per annum, and two guineas additional every year. It should also be a standing rule of the Club, that every member should carry with him an extra carpet bag or two, for the convenience of his friends in England.

Besides saving the expense of freight and brokerage to their friends in England, the members of the Colonial Club could further add to the obligation by giving them “reliable information regarding this country,” in case they should want it.—Another advantage to Colonists, far too cheap at a guinea per annum, and a guinea additional every year. Yet another advantage:—

“Again, a Canadian entrusted with important business of a private or public nature goes to London. He knows that there are perhaps a dozen influential Canadians in the neighborhood who would and could give him valuable aid, but he does not know their address, or where to look for them. How much more readily, pleasantly, and effectually could his business be transacted, if, at some known place of public resort, he could either find his friends or ascertain their whereabouts.”

If the friends of all persons about to be, or ever likely to be even in the most remote manner “entrusted with important business of a public or private nature,” do not instantly enroll themselves in the Colonial Club, and go to London, England, in order that: they may be on hand to give the aforesaid Canadians valuable aid, a degree of turpitude will be by them exhibited which would be disgraceful in any, much less a Canadian community. The outlet to gain such an advantage is a mere bagatelle: a guinea per annum, and a guinea additional every year. In return for which will be assured, the pleasant and effectual discharge of the public and private business of Canadian friends. And here the reflection naturally forces itself upon us: if the friends of the members of the Colonial Club will enjoy such unheard of privileges, what will be the advantages flowing to the members of the O. C. themselves: Incalculable, we should say—and all for a guinea per annum, and an additional guinea every year. But there is yet another advantage:

“And, again, many people at home would be glad to show civilities of various kinds to colonists visiting England, but may feel doubtful as to the character or respectability of those they meet, or who

may be casually introduced to them, whereas, if there were a place to which reference as to their whereabouts could at once be had, the convenience of both parties would be served.”

A sort of General Intelligence Office we should say; where accurate information, as to the “character and respectability” of Canadians could be justly established—that is, provided they had character and were respectable; and which would effectually prevent any of your swabs, or rag tag and bob tail persons, from passing themselves off as distinguished foreigners! Just so. A registry would of course be kept in the Club Room, open to the inspection of the British public. The entries would no doubt be something like the following:

Jacob Switz, Barrister' Toronto, stripped of his gown last year. Britons beware.

Mordecai Mudhouse, Blacksmith Ironville, Hamilton—not respectable.

George Iliio, Merchant, Montreal—absconding debtor, but respectable.

Dick Dunce, Esq., gentleman, Toronto—highly respectable.

Wm. Workhard, tradesman, Kingston—not respectable.

Henry Scamp, Broker, Canada, supposed to be of good character, but not vouched for by the Colonial Club.

These and such like entries would quite attain the object of the Colonial Club. Some notorious pimp will of course have to be employed by the Club to ascertain the character and respectability of Canadians visiting London. But the object is such a laudable one, that no doubt the ex-Sheriff will have no difficulty in finding a zealous Paul Pry ready to undertake the task. In conclusion we can only say that we have pointed out the advantages of the Club as clearly as we could, and have dwelt perhaps in a somewhat lengthy manner on the low price fixed for admission—a guinea per annum, and an additional guinea every year. It rests now with the public to take the idea up and bring it to perfection. For ourselves, we wish the Colonial Club all the success it deserves.

A BRIGHT CORRESPONDENT.

A Canadian in Illinois, addressed a letter to a friend of his in our city the other day, which his friend was so lost to common sense as to send to the *Leader* for publication—that portion of it which asked after Jenny, and Polly and all the young ones and old ones and bequeathed lore to the adopted being of course, first cut out. The published part of the letter commences in the following odd manner: “This place, and in fact all the western country is a mockery, a delusion, a snare.”

The place, which in the first place is counted a mockery, a delusion, a snare, is no less a place than Jefferson, Illinois. But not only is Jefferson City a delusion, but in fact, says the correspondent, “the whole western country” is a delusion—a mere myth, having no existence in fact, but owing its supposed existence to the heated imaginations of historians and census takers. The Canadian who went to Jefferson, and found that Jefferson was not Jefferson at all, but only a delusion, is certainly a clever man, and his letters ought to be extensively published, and widely read.