

# THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. 2.—NO. 17.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1859.

WHOLE NO. 69.

## THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats  
I rede you tuck it,  
A chile'shaming you taking notes,  
And, faith, he'll prevent it.

SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1859.

### YE MINISTRY ON YE LEE SHORE.

(From the Globe.)

The miserable corruptionists who now keep Mr. Brown out of office, and the country in distress, were well-nigh exterminated by a providential shipwreck on Monday last. Month after month and year after year have they persevered in their fell course of iniquity, till even the seething waters of Huron could stand them no longer, but indignantly thrust them from its glassy bosom. With ruin on every side staring them in the face, they actually dared to seek pleasure in the country they have destroyed; or perhaps, for we desire to be merciful even to them, perhaps, we say, goaded by the spur of conscience, they fled to those regions where the evidence of their transgressions could not stare them in the face, and where the reproofs of this journal could not meet their down cast eyes. Whichever theory we adopt, the fact of the trip is undoubted. They did embark on the *Ploughboy*, (we wonder that the recreant Commissioner of Crown Lands did not shudder at the name,) they embarked to hide in "champagne" and revelry the reproaches of an oppressed country.

We wonder that it did not strike those who were infatuated enough to take passage on board the luckless craft, that the five wretched ministers, Col. Prince, Duggan and Road, were enough to sink any vessel in which they travelled. That just when the odious Postal law was coming into force, Smith the head and front of that iniquity, Rose with all the crimes of the Board of Works on his head, Vankoughnet amidst the jeers of the triumphant and reprehensible weevil, and John A. MacDonald the leader of that fearful bauditti, should trust themselves together on the averaging waters, was marvellous indeed. We wonder that the wretched Jonahs were not instantly cast overboard to save the innocent remainder of the crew. No respectable fish would have endangered its reputation by engorging their unsightly carcasses, and the country would at last have embraced its true leader and statesman, Mr. Brown.

The organs speak of Smith's bravery and Rose's gallantry on the occasion. Bah! who can applaud men who merely assist in allaying trouble they have themselves caused. We tell those who were shipwrecked on that Lonely Island that but for the bur-

den of turpitude with which the vessel was freighted they would never have been involved in so trying a scene, and they might now be pursuing their trip unscathed. Doubtless, however, they found consolation, as *Gonzalo* did in the *Tempest*, by a reflection which was applicable to each of those ministerial culprits—"I have great comfort from these fellows; methinks they have no drowning mark upon them; their complexion is perfectly galloway;"—and as he did, they bade fate to "stand fast to their banging, and make the rope of their destiny the cable" of their own security. Of a truth they will never be drowned who are reserved for a *lofter* destiny. Let us hope that by the lucky escape of Sunday last, even these callous and conscience-seared culprits may be brought to penitence and Clear-Criticism. So mote it be.

### POLICE AND PATRONAGE.

The testimonial mania is beginning to show itself in Toronto. If a citizen at the smallest possible risk to himself saves the life of another, some zealous reporter of one of the daily papers winds up a glowing description of the "scene" by a "we would fain wish" that the Tom, Dick or Harry, as the case may be, "will be suitably rewarded." Let a clumsy policeman allow a prisoner to escape and by a stroke of chance succeed in capturing him again, the grateful reporter is again on hand sincerely to hope that the aforesaid policeman will receive the thanks of an indebted community. Superintendents of Railroads are presented with testimonials as affectionate tokens of regard from employees who, in nine cases out of ten, are grateful only because a change of masters is about to take place. Schoolboys, aping the folly of men, present silver-mounted cases to their masters—who, to give them their due, repay the compliment with compound interest.

Now it is questionable, whether the public should consider themselves indebted to any one of their servants because he simply discharges his duty. And it is still more questionable in how far the whole community is to show its gratitude, when the servant commits a fault and afterwards rectifies it. Very few masters will be found willing to present a gold medal to that servant who first sets fire to a dwelling through carelessness, and assists to extinguish the flames afterwards. Perhaps, however, we are taking a narrow view of the case. The volunteer corps, who drove in cabs to the shady groves of the Don to practice with the rifle, may deserve the thanks of a grateful country, inasmuch as despite the joltings of beastly cabs they insisted on going to their drill. Police constables may deserve gold medals because they stop up all night, when their health requires that they should be in bed. Masters may deserve testimonials because they do not kill or maim any of their servants. Let us have our testimonials then. They will serve at least to mark the folly of the age.

### HORROR OF HORRORS!

YE BAILIFF FIRES ONE PISTOL!

(From *Old Double*.)

Yesterday, p. m., a gang of criminals were being conveyed to jail by bailiff. A ducky "ganged" along with them. Several other criminals-at-large followed in a crowd; one, in particular,—a chap named "Billy McGee,"—strongly disapproved of the idea of juggling so many valuable members of society. The ducky was especially the object of commiseration from William, who indeed possesses such an untamable disposition himself that he usually loves darkness rather than light, and dens with diabolical females. Billy's sympathy for the captive becoming stronger, as his vision grew weaker, he implored the nigger to slip his handcuffs. The nigger having no handcuffs to slip, forthwith testified his wish for freedom by vigorously kicking the shins of the nearest bailiff and making other riotous demonstrations. Then out spoke the High bailiff to the man Billy and said, "Dry up." We will not shock our readers' feelings by a statement of the tall talking and "cussin'" done by William, when thus admonished. But our Reporter has made a full note of the same, and further informs us that Billy advised his sablo friend to "kick out the ——" of a bailiff. Delicacy forbids our doing more than intimating that the blank in this instance stands for "daylights." The bailiff said he could stand this sort of thing no longer, and was forthwith knocked down by Billy. In a jiffy, however, the bailiff regained his perpendicular, in another jiffy he drew a pistol, and, being very much frightened, he at once fired, in order to frighten every one else, brother bailiffs included. The bullet buried itself in the heart—— of the earth, and dissolute William conceiving that he had the honour of being shot at, capitulated immediately, and was lodged in the lock up. There he slowly and sadly laid him down, to think of his fate on the morrow. But presently, as the fate decreed, an elderly female unbolted the door, and became so totally absorbed in the clearing up of the cells, that William "bolted" unperceived, as there were only three policemen in the station at the time to watch him. As may be imagined, the next best thing to allowing the prisoner to escape, was to pluge into a state of the greatest consternation immediately, which the three policemen accordingly did. Then they followed the fugitive fast and furious. Cummins, of the keen eye, visited Billy's usual haunts, but Billy had gone and taken with him his gager. With this instrument William roamed at large several hours, till at length his adventures were suddenly terminated, through being dropped on by a bailiff, and Billy soon found himself once again an inmate of the cells, to the tremendous relief and joy of Cummins of the keen eye, and every constable then and there present. For the sagacity, activity, and intelligence displayed by the bailiff in thus unexpectedly "dropping on" Billy, the authorities will, we hope, offer a reward, Billy vows he can never forget it.

## GREAT BALLOON EXPEDITION.

We learn that the Ministry, elated by their recent escape and the halo of glory with which they have since been surrounded, have determined upon an expedition which will cast all their former exploits into the shade. The depth to which they have been sunk is to be amply compensated by the height to which they are about to rise. Even the glories of the double shuffle will henceforth be forgotten. The *Globe* has chosen to complain that they never take an elevated view of the political necessities of the country. To shut for ever its slanderous mouth and force its very ink to blush most rosely, they have in solemn assembly resolved to attempt a grand Balloon ascension, and Professor Wise—appropriate name for a balloonist—has already been engaged for the enterprise.

We believe that the limits of the trip have not been settled, but Port Hope is mentioned as possessing the highest claims to the distinction. If they could manage to reach Port Credit it would doubtless be desirable. Mr. Rose, whose patronymic, it is thought, suggested the idea of the aerial journey, entertains serious fears that in this hot weather he cannot fail to be *blown*. If he should be, he will prove a decided instance of a man blown sky-high. The crafty John A. has some scruples about the matter. His aspirations hitherto have not been very heavenward, and he fears that he is too old to learn. He has, however, consented to go in the same boat with his colleagues, provided the honourable three-days Premier bears them company. Such kindness towards a political opponent is very gratifying, and we repudiate the insinuation that he considers the great Grit nothing better than a dead weight—still more, that he is indifferent what mishap may befall himself, so long as his dear friend George gets a full share.

Professor Wise is of opinion, that but little ballast will be required. One of Mr. Rose's heavy speeches of last session will be amply sufficient for the purpose. As the ministry are bent upon conducting this, like all their arrangements, upon the most economical principles, it is intended to inflate the balloon with the superfluous gas contained in one of Mr. Vankoughnet's harangues. Mr. Gowan's were proposed as being of the lightest and most transparent character, but the operators objected on the ground of its being too foul for use.

The project has been received with the greatest enthusiasm by Mr. Galt, to whom it offers a splendid opportunity of carrying out his favorite scheme of imposing a tax upon sun-light. But the great attraction will be centred in Mr. Alley. Since the matter has been broached, he has been in constant and assiduous practice upon the tight rope. Such perfection has he reached that he will confidently walk blindfolded over a rope five miles long, one end of which will be fastened to a sunbeam and the other to the edge of a cloud, thus casting Blondin's petty achievement into deepest shade. The distinguished acrobat will permit us to suggest that he had better look out when he comes to the rope's end.

The absence of Mr. Speaker Smith upon so interesting an occasion is deeply deplored, and will be, sensibly felt, not only because his urbanity and high

breeding would have added to the general hilarity, but from the dignity and authority with which he would have called to "order" any young Boreas who ventured to bluster too loudly. It has been suggested that if the block in Bantley's window were equipped with his imposing hat and that wig, which is still the shade of a wig, it would form the striking resemblance of its expression to that of our distinguished ambassador, be completely effectual to awe the said juvenile Boreases, however disposed to unruliness. There are some doubts about the advisability of permitting Mr. Cartier to form one of the party, inasmuch as it is thought that his startling propensities would irresistibly lead him as far as the dog-star. And should he never return, what a woful day for Canada! What lamentations in our Legislative halls should his dulcet tones no more no more be heard! What wailings and teeth-gnashings in Windsor's princely saloons, should his courtly form no more be seen! We shudder at the bare prospect.

Mr. Malbais Smith has already in preparation a poem, which he will improvise upon the occasion:—With the liberality which characterizes his treatment of the Press, he has transmitted to us the opening stanzas, the singular beauty of which augurs well for the future of the Canadian muse.

All hail, ye regions of the upper air,  
And winds which loudly snort around!  
My eyes, I guess you kind of stare  
To see us up so far from ground.

Oh, now be kind to us, I pray!  
And kindly let us throw you pass;  
And if for letters you've to pay,  
Why write me down a deuced ass.

At one time it was proposed to invite Mr. McGee to assist in wooing the clouds. But in consequence of a heartless attempt at a joke, he was very properly excluded.

Upon hearing of the project he pronounced it very appropriate, because he had always thought that the Ministry had a marked tendency to *be all loons*. Very little danger is apprehended from the experiment. Mr. Malcolm Cameron's services are to be secured at any price, as in case they should be entangled in a forest his experience as "Ooon" would be invaluable. They have been so long in continual hot water that, in the event of their being plunged into Ontario, it is thought that its cooling waters will form an agreeable change. We can assure our readers that we shall keep them informed as to the latest news regarding this interesting subject.

## HOW TO KEEP COOL.

Drive an ice cart.  
Read the *Colonist*.  
Stand up to your chin in the lake.  
Take off your skin and sit in your bones.  
If none of those experiments succeed, try the following:  
Try to compose a poem.  
Take tea with a vixen.  
Dance the gallop.  
Promenade King st. with a lady.  
Tell a lady she is not handsome.  
Kick a Bulldog.

## THE TWELFTH.

We hasten to give Nassau C. Gowan, Secretary of the Orange Association, credit for the only sensible act of his life. There is no denying that he can place a portion of western Canada under a still deeper obligation to him; but, strange as it may seem, even such patriots as the Gowan's, are not willing to die in obedience to the desire of their country; therefore we must be content with duly chronicling the little good which a Gowan has actually performed.

The act we allude to is the publication of a letter from the Secretary, calling upon his Orange brethren to abstain from carrying deadly weapons at the approaching celebration of the Twelfth, and also from insulting any one who does not happen to be one of themselves. By so doing, the members of the association will be obeying the laws of the land, and the laws of common sense. It is needless to say that no reliance is to be placed on the rumours that threats to injure life, and probably have been made by Orangemen. It is also needless to say, that if there is any disturbance, it will tell against the association, especially. Let us therefore hope that a large quantity of common sense will be displayed on that day by men of all creeds, and that no one will precipitately make a donkey of himself.

## THE THEATRE.

Mr. and Miss Richings have played at the Lyceum during the whole of this week. We did hope that their well recognized ability and universal popularity, would have secured them a better support during the last few days of their engagement. We can only say that, not to speak of the injustice done to the *artistes* themselves, the public have deprived themselves of a most delightful series of entertainments. The performance of "Extromes," "The Daughter of the Regiment," "Clari," and Miss Richings' clever adaptation of "What will he do with it," were splendidly presented. Miss Richings' singing is alone worth the price of the performance, and yet, perhaps, as a reaction after the visit of the Opera Troupe, they have not met with anything like the encouragement we anticipated. We trust that we shall not have to utter these complaints again; we can hardly expect that actors of ability will visit Toronto, to meet with such an inadequate reception.

Miss Mailla Hughes takes a benefit this evening, and we hope that she will be met with the liberal patronage to which she is entitled.

On Monday and Tuesday, Sanford's celebrated Opera Troupe and Brass Band will appear; we are sure they will meet with a hearty welcome. Barry Sullivan, the great tragedian, will make his first appearance in Toronto on Wednesday, as "Richelieu." We can only express a hope that so talented and eminent an actor as Mr. Sullivan will be treated much better than the stars who have visited Toronto lately.

## Seats in University Park.

—We are glad that our suggestion relative to the placing of seats in the University Park, where the Rifle Band plays once a week, has been adopted.

## FOURTH OF JULY IN CANADA.

### THE SUNNYSIDE PIC NIC.

## GLORIOUS AND TRIUMPHANT!

*Elam Goatee, Esq., on the Canucks—Letters to Ezekiel Springer, Sorechaville, N. Y.*

DEAR ZEKE—

I suppose you think that be'in among the farnation Britishers we had'nt got no fourth of July independence celebration, but jest you hold on ole boss, we got you thar, slick as gronse. I reckon the way they do things here aint no ways slow that's pat—and I'm a jest join to tell you what the tallest fun I've ben round since I left yankee town.

I reckon you baint aware that the Canucks kept up their glorious fourth of July on the twenty fourth of May, and so get nigh two months ahead of us in the square old summer spree, they do a lecture in the shootin and sgerin, but nothin like the Screechville volunteers for tall military show, cos they bruce up their chaps here with pipe clay and dog collars nigh to chokin, and wont let them smoke in the ranks, why they dont even lick till they get right through their fixins. And then they dont have no speechify like we have to hum, I tell you what the oration of the Hon. Washington Franklin Stoggs on the genius and patriotism of his illustrious namesake and countryman, would open their eyes a few it would, but as I was a tellin you we had some nice time here on twenty-fourth, these here Canucks they did stand up right by us and do the pretty thing, 'hat's so; we hitched on and went the entire animal, 'specially at their pic-nic, and so, after we'd ben 'round and seen things, says Josh. Biggins to the boys, "look here, boys; this air some punkins, and its jest got to be did again on the 4th, or I aint Josh. Biggins." Well, these sentiments you know were sound, so we piled right in, and so did all the chaps here; we went right straight to work and put the thing through. I didn't sleep for nigh a week, thinking of the darned thing, and Jeff. Smith and Josh., they was right down crackt. Well, the g'lorious Fourth came at last, and we got up jest in time to see the sun throw his morning smile over the earth to welcome the great and glorious Anniversary of American independence; after giving it due welcome by leting off nine bunches of fire crackers, we had a smile ourselves—cocktails all round, three times, and and went to breakfast. Josh. bolted his food in uncommon quick time, and mizzled; we followed his example pretty much, as we wanted to dress up spruce. By the time we got fully harnessed it was time to go, so we went to Josh's room to hurry him up; but, thunder and lightning! the chap wasn't to be found; we sarched up and down and all over, but he warnt thar, and we put down pretty quick to old Knox's, and were just in time to get aboard the last buss. Gewhillikins! how I did feel when I seen them smilin' faces, like angels putting their heads through clouds of crinoline, and winking wicked winks out of the buss windows. Sassaages and small beer! wasn't I wrahy when the cove said the inside was for ladies, and made me take an outside. Well, we got out to Sunnyside all safe, and there they were cherrin' and hurra'n', dancing

and romping. Greased snakes! but I felt as happy as a pig in a potato patch; oh, Zeke! sich Gals!—States aint nowhere; Toronto takes the cakes for downright pretty gals; none of your yellow, lanky down-easters, who could hide themselves behind a fishin' pole, if it wasn't for their hoops; them gals aint no 'count here; something with flesh on the bones and bloom on the cheek, is the style. Whew! and talk about fire; a Toronto gal's eyes would snuff the sun out. Well, I strot 'round lookin' at things, when just as I turned the corner of the house, who should I see but Josh Biggins, swellin' it in a pair of peg-tops and a dog-collar—a regular out-and-out British rig. "Why Josh," says I, "where did you come from, and what in thunder air them things you've got your pins stuck in?" Well, Josh, he got kind a riled and flared up a little; so to set things square again I offered to treat, but Josh, he were determined to put on airs, and strot off to some gals and cut around a few, I tell you.

Havin jest made up my mind to have a be old time I went slick in and danced some, borrowed Jeff's buggy, took out three gals—ga long 2.39 $\frac{1}{2}$  over the bumper road, darned ole boss baulked on the bridge and would'nt stir a leg, gals got skeered, got mad and then got out, and I had to lead the cussed animal back again. I begin to think drivin was'nt as good in this country as tis to hum, and thought I'd try sailin, went aboard the Dinna Promma along with Captain and found Jeff and a few more join in to the refreshments and havin a fine old time, after a couple of horns I began to think that sailin was about one of the greatest institutions of the country, told the Captain so, Captain smiled and so we did all round. Well got ashore agen and went at the heel-and-toe exercise for awhile, then took my gal out on the verandah to get took in the dog-gertype; well, Jerusalem, if there wer'nt Josh in them blessed peg-tops squat out like a balloon right in the centre awaitin like a hungry alligator for a nigger, to get his picter: on the left there was a tall chap looked for all the world like a light-house, lookin all round for a gal, but she wer'nt thar—cos why, the Russian Count was a totin her 'round for strawberries. Thought I'd tote my gal round to get strawberries, so jest trotted off, but thunder if I did,nt go to the wrong gaty and got into the cabbages, well Sue she took it pretty bad and said she'd go back and get her picter, but ginger if they did'nt take the doggertype when we'd been round in the cabbages. Well I jest went in to the dancin and did'nt stop till they began speechifyin. I tell you there was some tall talkin but I did'nt hear it. Told Sue to put on her fixins as I saw that the musicians were screwing up their patriotism to play God Save the Queen, which over, in this clearin is a polite hint to slope, we sloped accordin in the first buss, all serene.

Which I am yours, etranally,

ELAM GOATEE.

### Unfounded Rumour.

—There is no truth in the *Globe's* statement that Sir Edmund Head has consented to allow the celebrated M. Blondin to wheel him over the Niagara river on a tight rope in a wheelbarrow —M. Blondin to be blindfolded on the occasion.

## WANTS:

A state of public affairs, howsoever critical, under the present regime, the *Leader* could find no subject for congratulation. Hitherto the more complicated the enlargement—the deeper the difficulty—the more certainly would the organ in question find some cause for rejoicing. Also, wanted a *Globe* editorial, written during the past ten months, in which "the powers that be" received the slightest modicum of credit unmingled with at least double as much blame. For the above, a liberal reward will be given. Wanted, an editorial in which *Old Double* never blundered on some nonsense.

Wanted, a statement of the good accomplished by Fire Inquests—the parties benefited thereby—and how. An idea of the number of arrests consequent on these enquiries, and of the persons ever brought before or convicted by twelve good men and true, with a statement of the aggregate cost of the process, might abate the present fire inquest fever.

Wanted, a solemn assembly of Physicians to find out another Esplanade nuisance. Now's the time. The public seems to have thrown physic to the dogs. Why not throw them into a fever by predicting some general pestilence.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**LACES** is the high Dutch for leather. It so called because it makes ones hide as tough as leather.

**HARRY** would be quite justified in kicking the puppy down stairs who presumed to mentioned her name in any thing but the most respectful manner.

**HEAD** may take our word for it, that all ladies like flattery. The more she says she does not like it, the more she likes it.

**HEDDENOG** when a gentleman enters a drawing room where there are ladies, it is not quite etiquette to get straddle-legs across the chair, that if offered to sit down upon as if it were a horse.

**MSLLOW** is a dirty donkey, or else he would have seen that his presence was not wanted. He should have banded himself sooner than remained.

## SHADE TREES.

A correspondent suggests, in reference to the proposed suggestion of the Mayor to give employment to the distressed citizens, that shade trees be planted in the principal streets at the public expense. The suggestion is good. We do not think, however, that the idea could be carried out in the business parts of Yonge and King Streets. But as regards the other streets, the adoption of the suggestion would be a great boon. To those who sweat under the rays of a July sun, there needs not much argument to prove the soothing influence of the blessed shade.

In many of our streets, shade trees are planted with the best results. The look of the street has been vastly improved. The value of the property has been increased, and pedestrians, cease not during the hot weather, to offer up silent prayers for the welfare of that good man who first invented shade trees, and also for the public benefactor who planted them in that particular locality.

### Ye Doleful Tale of Ye Dismal Shipwreck,

Which was suffered on ye shores of Huron, metamorphosed, exposed, transported, and composed, by "H. J. G." of the *Leader*.

#### Ye Exordium:—

Come, listen to me, landman,  
Who snooze at home at ease,  
And I'll relate a story  
Of dangers on the seas.

'Twas Friday last, a party  
Of gallant ones and fair  
To spend a jolly season,  
'To Collingwood repair.

At midnight we embarked there  
On a boat the "Houghboy" hight,  
And some of us were tired,  
And some of us were tight.

Right joyous were we all I wook,  
We laughed, we drank, we sang,  
And "an excellent piano" toons  
Through the cabin gally rang.

#### Ye scene changed.

But, alas for human hoping,  
And the polka just begun,  
A sudden clap of thunder put  
A stopper on our fun.

The night grew black and stormy,  
The clouds were dark and thick,  
The waves were rolling mountains high,  
And all aboard were sick.

"Steward oh I Steward," one exclaimed,  
"Bring a basin for my daughter,  
She's always sick when there's considerable  
"Perturbation in the water."

The dance was all forgotten,  
To their state-rooms hurry all,  
And "basins, Steward, basins,"  
We every one did hail.

#### Ye passenger see-oh a sound.

But now a passenger cried  
A strange unwooted sound  
Right down in the machinery,  
Or somewhere there around.

The Engineer is summoned,  
Gives a glance and then a sigh,  
And shouts below "Turn off  
The steam immediately."

#### The storm increaseth, hope diminisheth.

The wind it howled tremendously,  
The storm grew on apace,  
And all believed that night they ran,  
With silent death a race.

For who could see that gallant ship,  
The foamy waves ride o'er,  
And tell not if she got on land,  
She'd surely go on shore.

#### To voyagers take ye precautions.

They closed the drinking bar-room up  
To stay an awkward fun,  
Should future Cor'nore inquest bring  
A verdict, found dead drunk.

The merry sounds that eke awhile  
Did help to give us sport,  
Were hushed now, for to the mast  
They lashed th' piano-forte.

#### Strange sounds break on yo ear.

But ah! alas! another sound  
Did now salute our ears;  
It shook the ship and made us quake,  
And broke the chandelier.

A woman rushed into the room  
When stood we half distraught,  
And screamed the happy tidings out  
"The anchors, sir, have caught."

#### To finish.

And now these anxious moments past  
The danger safely o'er  
I'll ne'er go board I'll bet my boots,  
The Houghboy any more.

### WE, I, MYSELF vs HIM, HIS AND HIMSELF.

#### DEAR GRUMBLER,

Gratefully appreciating the noble and generous manner in which you have come to the rescue of the parts of speech, when maltreated by ignoramuses in high places, permit me to call your attention to a flagrant abuse of myself and my colleagues, the other personal pronouns, by the hon. the junior member of Montreal. Much as I have personally suffered by the rude assaults of Mr. McGee, it is not selfishness alone which now moves me to action.

Excepting always dear old Mrs. Gamp *herself* never were we so cruelly tortured before; and having implicit faith in the existence of "Mrs. Harridge" we unhesitatingly appeal to her to witness to the truth of our assertion. Fancy, dear Grumbler, what appetite for breakfast, *we, I, myself, him, his and himself* could have had after seeing ourselves so brutally mangled as we are in the following extract from D'Arcy's letter to the *Montreal Herald*:

"I have no knowledge that the Editor of the *True Witness* holds officially the position of representing Mr. McDonald, nor can I permit him to interpose unjustly between the principal in such an assault and the principal in defence—*MYSELF*. His suppression of my explanations to my constituents, his repeated suppressions of similar matters of fact of interest to his readers, and suggestions of what is untrue, in relation to *MYSELF*, make it impossible for me to take him up, &c."

Now is n't it heart-rending in the extreme to see ourselves so brutally abused? As a respectable and well conducted personal person, I am not aware that I have done anything to merit such cruelty. I do not see why he doesn't take up the adjectives or adverbs, and give it to them for a short time. Do please entreat him to leave alone, as well as the other personal pronouns, as especially

Your devoted admiror,

EGO.

#### Miraculous Escape of the Country.

From *Old Doubt*.

Bless our old heart, we breathe again! It's astonishing how a'most anything worries an old 'oman. Mercy on us, if those dear Cabinet Ministers had a' been drowned, what would have become of the country? We were just putting our wig away carefully in its nest, and just a going to take our caudle and order the warming pan (for old folks is so cold in the joints at nights, let alone when one's got the rheumatism), as we were a saying, just as we were going to take our few winks o' sleep, and when one gets old, one can't sleep long, leest'ays we cant—Mrs. Gamp came in to gossip a bit about the great disaster on Lake Huron. La, bless us! we never felt so bad since our dear old husband, old *Atlas*, rest his precious old soul, gave his last kick and gave out. What would a' become of us if they'd a' been lost?

We sent Mrs. Gamp, which she is an old friend of ours, to get the least drop in life of the alcoholic therapeutic, which has rapidly restored us. But since we've thought it over, we don't think there was any danger. Them passengers may thank their lucky stars, so they may, that they had a lot of good fellows, like dear good John A., and angelic Sidney Smith, along with them. If they hadn't been there the passengers would all

have been drowned. If George Brown, the malcontent, and D'Arcy had been on board, instead of them, they'd all have gone to the bottom, as sure as anything. They might have climbed up the main top bowsprit, and clung frantically to the tiller, but they'd have perished like traitors should. Bless us, ain't it a mercy that the waves didn't take Ross for Brown, and drown the good men by mistake? Never mind, we'll go and take a little drop o' summit to warm our inward. The country is saved, and we shan't lose our pap. Bless us, they shall never all go away together again, for there's no knowing what may happen.

#### TO THE HUMBER BAY PIC-NICKERS.

We recommend all those who participated in the very successful picnic of Monday last to call at the *Daguerrean Rooms* of Messrs. Carson, at the corner of King and Yonge Streets, and inspect the excellent views of the party taken on the grounds. We believe they will furnish copies of the photographs at very reasonable rates. A more suitable *souvenir* of so agreeable a party could not be purchased. We have had the pleasure of seeing them, and can bear witness to their clearness and correctness.

#### Champagne at Bazaars.

A correspondent writes to the *Echo*, complaining that ladies sell Champagne at Bazaars. We agree with the correspondent that the practice is reprehensible. It is quite enough for young gentlemen to run the risk of being intoxicated by the bright eyes of the ladies who usually frequent Bazaars, without adding to the risk by introducing champagne.

#### The Galt Joker.

We must apologize to our little contemporary for not noticing its existence at an earlier date. The *Joker* is one of the cleverest papers of the humorous kind published in Canada; we hope that the people of Waterloo and the neighbouring counties will give it a hearty support.

#### BUSINESS NOTICES.

For some time past a turtle of gigantic proportions was the observed of all observers, as it reclined in staided carolomces in the window of the Terrapin. However, as the object for which turtles are caught is not solely to be exhibited to the vulgar gaze of the public, and also as the feelings of the turtle deserve some consideration, Messrs. Carlisle and McConkey have determined that the aforesaid turtle shall depart this life at an early hour on Monday morning, and that thereupon its unwholly body shall be converted into the most delicious soup and the most appetizing steak. The turtle is no doubt a large one, but it would require to be much larger to supply the innumerable bowls of soup, and the mountains of steak into which it has already been divided by the longing gazers who have feasted their eyes on it during the past few days. As it is, however, we announce the fact that the mammoth Green Turtle is to be slain, and that—either in steak or soup—it will be offered as a treat and drink offering to the lagging appetites of a Toronto community, on Monday next.

In this great advertising country it is an object to know the name of a reliable bill-poster—a man who carefully and neatly puts up your business placards. We have one in our eye whom we can safely recommend. He handles his brush in an artistic manner; his paste is irreplicable, and his style of posting unique and tasteful. For the benefit of advertisers we give his name and address.—George Watson, City Bill Poster, No. 58 Elizabeth Street.