

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. 2.—NO. 9.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1859.

WHOLE NO. 61.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coat
I ne'er forget t' fix it;
A child's a-sauning you taking notice,
And, faith, he'll prant it."

SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1859.

GREAT SENSATION.

IMPORTANT LITERARY EVENT.

Macaulay, Dickens, and Bulwer, Contributors to the Grumbler.

THE LEDGER OUT-LEDGERED, &c., &c., &c.

It is with much pleasure we take this occasion to thank again the dear Public for their generous support, and to inform them that our gratitude is about to be more tangibly developed. We have made very extensive arrangements for the conduct of our Paper this year, and we assure them that no expense will be spared to make it the greatest Literary Paper on the Continent. Whatever genius can obtain, genius suggest, or art accomplish, shall be obtained, suggested, and accomplished for the entertainment, amusement, and instruction of the public. Regardless of the immense outlay necessary to the furtherance and completion of so gigantic a scheme, and the heavy loss which for a time he must sustain, our Publisher has, with that energy and go-ahead-iveness, and determinedness—not-to-be-oddone, which has ever characterised him, consummated arrangements with all the living Literary celebrities of the day, by which he will be enabled to lay before the public through the columns of this paper, Tales, Stories, Romances, and Essays, on Politics, Literature, and Art, with Poems upon all subjects, written expressly for this paper, the contributions of such men as Dickens, Thackeray, Bulwer, Tennyson, Carlyle, Macaulay, D'Israeli, Palmerston, Bright, Longfellow, Everett, Emerson. And that our paper may be unequalled in the magnitude of its enterprise, and the brilliancy and genius of its articles, a number of clairvoyant and spiritual reporters has been added to our regular staff, and by these media we shall be enabled to enlist in the ranks of our contributors, even the mighty dead.

Honor again shall lift his lofty head,
To sing of Troy extinguished, Hector dead;
Virgil his agricultural themes resume,
And Horace praise the festive drinking room;
And our own Shakespeares of Earth's bards, the chief,
Create now Hamlets and repeat Lear's grief;
Hump'd Richard's deeds, Othello's jealous fears,
And Desdemona's wrongs bring forth fresh tears.
Great Milton's mind sublimely explore,
And tell of Eden's Paradise once more.
Bristol's pale "marvellous boy" his parlements bring,
Of loving tynights and dainties one to sing.
The good Shelly wield his errant pen,
Edmundon Keats resume the lyre again.

In fact the great constellation of genius which shall revolve around our centre, will be unprecedented in the annals of popular literature, no country may withhold its great minds from us—we shall summon them from the end of the world. Yea from other worlds shall we conjure them, ours shall be the harmonious den of literary lions of all species and all countries.

To-day we give an original poem by Sir Walter Scott, and a sketch by Lord Macaulay, the first instalments, of the contributions by great men, which are hereafter to raise our paper to the loftiest pinnacle on the temple of secular literature.

LORD MACAULAY AT THE POLICE COURT.

(Before G. Gurnett, Esq., P. M.)

[The Editors of THE GRUMBLER have much pleasure in announcing that they concluded an engagement with Lord Macaulay to report the Police Intelligence for the past week at a cost of \$100,000. A street row having occurred on ——— Street, we despatched his Lordship to the scene of the mass. The following is his graphic account of the marshalling of the prisoners to the Police office, their trial and sentence:]

The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of the Police Court; the hall which had resounded with the declamation of thirty thousand prisoners; the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Harry Henry; and the just absolution of Dandy Jim from Caroline; the hall where the eloquence of red-haired Sal had for a moment awed and melted victorious crushers, inflamed with just resentment; the hall where drunken Sambo had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage of a half-sober, yet very much drunken nigger. Neither constabulary, nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with wide awake crushers. The streets were kept clear by the Yorkville cavalry. The prisoners, robed in mud and tatters were marshalled by the beaks under Prince, Chief of Police. All the vagabonds in the city in their unwashed nastiness, attended to cheer points of fun. Near a hundred and seventy women, three-fourths of ——— Street, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the tribunal. The junior amazon led the way; Mol-in-the-wod, recently enabled for her gallant defence of Gallova-hill against the combined forces of Prince and Robinson.

The gray old walls were covered with scratches. The long gallery was crowded by such an audience as rarely excited the fears or the consternation of a policeman. There were gathered from all parts of a great free enlightened and prosperous city, dirt and female ugliness, filth and ignorance, the representatives of every knavery and every sin.

There were seen side by side the greatest pick-pocket and the greatest gonger of the age. The spectacle has allured the Bowery Scoundrel from those tussles which have broken the heads of so many bloods and rowdies, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons.

* * * * *
There were the members of the boxing society which fainted and exchanged hard raps under the rich canvas hangings of a travelling circus.

Seargent Cummins made proclamation. The culprits advanced to the bar with unsteady knees.
* * * * * They looked like great scoundrels, and not good men. Their persons chawed up and emaciated, yet worthy of attention, from a slovenly carriage which, while it indicated the milling of the night past, showed also self-complacency and self-assurance; low and forbidding foreheads; brows gloomy but not penitent; faces torn and of a lively green on which were written as legibly as in the Police Magistrate's committal warrant—"Two months a piece at hard labor." Such was the aspect presented by the jerking up of the prisoners for a street row over night—and such was the decision of the judges.

"UPPER TEN" AGAIN.

Speaking of the performances of Miss Thompson and of the want of taste displayed by our community in not patronizing her to a full extent, the theatrical critic of the *Colonist* says:

"It passes our comprehension, how others, so far her inferiors, in beauty, talents and reputation, should have drawn out to their performances the self-styled "upper-ten" of the provincial metropolis, while Miss Thompson, with a few worthy exceptions, has been so painfully neglected."

With all due deference to the writer, the "upper ten" he allude to are not *self-styled*—in-as-much as the term is one of contempt and opprobrium and does not apply to more than ten or twenty empty-headed noodles in our city. Therefore he was wrong to imagine that their patronage was worth anything. With regard to the tenor of his remarks, Miss Thompson is not worse treated than Charles Matthews was—since when he visited us, to knowledge, he played some of his best characters to a "beggary account of empty benches." The people of Toronto just now seem to be afflicted by a disease of pocket, which may account for their want of good taste.

Reward.

—Lost or Stolen during the Session, a plank out of the Clear Grit platform, named "Representation by Population." Any one restoring the same to the *Globe* office, will be rewarded with the speech delivered by the Hon. Geo. Brown, in Temperance street, Anno Domini, 1856.

YE DAY AFTER YE PROROGATION.

Or ye churking of ye Ministers at ye defeat of the Grils, and ye little Cartiers attempt to rival ye frog in ye fable.

SCENE—Somewhere about Government House.
Present—Ye members of ye Executive Coucil.

Sid. Smith—Wal, now I guess we've knocked clean into 'em, Them there cantankerous and hungry Grils, They want bor now, not nary leg to stand on, Nor get no sumbling cry to try their hands on, Loast ways I guess we've done old Brown up slick, With that there Leader L. C. caucus trick. That old boss Beatty's kinder up to snuff— I votes for giving all them York ronds up. Ho's earned 'em pails a precious sight more better Than poor Old Double, half the pap we get her. I goes for Beatty, let Old Double rot, If sho can't got more cleroror fictious wroto. What say you, Mac, oh! boss of tricky scolding?

Macdonald—(Cautemptuously.)
Shut up.

Sherwood—Yes, shut up, Smith, your nasty vulgar screaming Such barbarous English makes a gentleman quake, Don't set our teeth on edge for mercy sake.
Sid. Smith—(to Sherwood.)
Old host! don't rile me, who the deuce air you, What daren to git in such a regular stow? Guess now you'd best not fetch my dander up, Although you air a Family Compact muff. What hev you did, sir, the hull session through, What air the bills, sir, what was passed by you? I've worked and did good service to the state. That's more nor you cau say old dunder pate.

Sherwood.
And been most richly quizzed, sir, for your pains, Your friend, THE GRAMMARIAN, estimates your brains At their true value, but perhaps hits too hard, Considering, Sid, you're one of his trump cards.

Cartier.
Ordain, you Saren, I will not have no fight— We are ze victors and it is no right. We are ze soldiers, we ze batall won; It is no vat you call it: let'so fun, To have one John Bull pitch into each other. We are ze amis, freres, oh! mon! ze Brother. Havo no no put ze ennemi quite down? Havo I no killed ze grand beeg mascotte Brown? Havo we no got ze new month's paix, mes chers? And then Quebec ma foi when we got thro We have ze good time I will toll you then. We bo oh! beausoup fort, ze only men Mes amis ze Quebecers will havo rule, That grand bee Brown will there havo no poor toll To call ze meeting to kick up ze row, When we get in ze scrape as once just nor. Vive la Quebec! sho not will havo ze Grils, Ze beat them too, three, ten times into fits. Ze Cartier Cab'ot shall be ze plus grand, Which yet havo ruled as it best pleased, ze laud. Vive la Quebec! I bo ze general still, I lend an Victoire, I ze Grils shall kill.

Sid. Smith.
Hold hard there, Cartier, cos I kinder guess You'd bin perhaps now in a barnation niese. If Phillip Van, there, like a jolly brick, Jist hadn't gin them Councilors a lick. I votes we du a vote of thanks propose, To Phillip Van, wint broke the Council's nose. But stop, I hev a better thought nor that, I votes we buy the covo a real now int.

Cartier.
Oh! oui, tres bon, you are one funny man, We buy ze chapous for cher Phillip Van. I giro one dollar, Mac, you giro another, But vat, you sleep?

Macdonald— Confound it, sir, don't bother, Or if you do, just use some common sense, I've little cellah for impertinence.

Cartier.
Eh! vat you mean, sarr, ven you say to me, Ze word "impertinence?" I will not be impertinence by you, sarr, if you please.

Macdonald.
Well shut up then and just forget to tease Myself of Van with such confounded stuff.

Sid. Smith—(to Cartier.)
Whew! little Wislauer, guess you've got enough.

Cartier.
No me not have enough, sarr; I will toll Meester Macdonald zat it is not well To talk to me; zat Monsieur ought to know I am ze premier, I will not allow Ze rudly to be addressed to me.

Vankoughnet.
The what? that's something now.
Cartier—(with emphasis.)
Ze rudly,

I toll you Meester, sarr, once, three times four, I will not have no rudly no more.

Vankoughnet.
If you mean rudeness, sir, my counsel is, Keep within bounds your own, nor seek to quit, A gentleman's apparel. If my hat Be ancient, sir, it covers o'ou at that; Remember, please, a better visor head Than your grand Whisker chapeau orer did.

Ross—(aside to Vankoughnet.)
Pitch in there, Van—he's grown of into no big, He needs at times a snarly levelling dig.

Macdonald—(aloud and sarcastic.)
Come Van, don't hit our Premier too hard, We'll have a fight or something else ill starred. If you got too severe; besides you know We could not possibly exist if we Should loose his voice to lead to victory. Why truth to tell that clear rich voice along, Must make each hard fought battle fold our own. Como Phil, apologies, I tremble quite For fear our Premier should out of spite, Resign and send us to the right about.

Sid. Smith.
Yis, Van, now du, cos why, you had'nt ought To come it on the premier tu tant.

Vankoughnet.
Sidney, shut up your vulgar cattervauling, 'Tat tongue of yours will some day wound you sprawling.

Gall.
Como, gentlemen, for shame, do end this scene, You know our gallant Premier long has been A veteran in the service—at the head Of his brave platoon long has boldly led Our arms au Victoire, as he intely said. Do as I did when Foley basely termed Ma Premier of the Cabinet—I spurred With huge disin the black infanterion, Got back at once the Brit's fabrication. And loud proclaimed my toto allegiance here, At thy dear feet, my chivalrous Cartier. Do as I did—come, colleagues, one and all,

Sid. Smith.
Du as he did—ohu fat, lean, short and tall.

Cartier.
You havo insult me, Phillip Van, and you Meester Macdonald, you insult me too, You havo done, vat you call it? sarr, you sneer At me, you long time colleague, now Premier Havo I no been most libral with you? Havo I no fight to batallie side by side, Havo I complain when bin on tootle eight, You bring to help me in ze 'scurse fight. Now! now! I not ouce rovaro havo complain, What's for then here you, sarrs, both sneer at me. I have one grand beeg heart, I you will say, Shake hands, mes amis, we will all forget We have been in one ugly letto pet.

Sid. Smith.
Yes, du, shake hands! I the Premier's a brick.

Macdonald—(aside.)
And his Poi (master well deserves a kick. Macdonald, however, advances and shakes hands very coolly, perhaps he reflects that his "Premier" has no reason to complain as he (Macdonald) has so frequently sacrificed the interests of Upper Canada, to gratify Cartier's friends, and lost his own popularity thereby. The shaking scene over, Smith takes the floor:

Sid. Smith.
I guess as how his most barnation clear, Were all right now for best part of a year; The Grils are down, the prorogation's o'er, No questions can be asked for nine months more;

Let's have a song, come pals, I'll lend the way, And when the chorus comes you blaze away, We give one verse of Sid. Smith's song as a specimen, and are convinced the reader won't ask for any further extracts from the ditty.

"We've beat the Grils, we've whopped the Grils, We've knocked the mascotte all to fle, And made them jolly blue. Three cheers for the Jean Baptiste race, They've kept us still in power and place, Horrah! for Cartier's crew.

Chorus—We've beat the Grils, we've whopped the Grils, Hurrah! for Cartier's Crew." The song puts Cartier's Cabinet in good humour and the scene closes.

SECRET DISPATCHES.

ON THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

The following dispatches were handed to us late last night by a tall man muffled up in a short cloak, who immediately placed his thumb on his nose and vanished. Their contents display a depth of infamy which even the *Globe* never contemplated the Government could sink to:

GOVERNMENT HOUSE,
Toronto, March 2nd, 1859.

Stn.—Things is progressin putty slick. Brown's run hisself dry, and it is genrly thawt that he'll hang hisself sum erly mornin soon.

Regarding the seet of Government, John A. has dun the od trick. Followin ure binsstruckains, he stuck to it that the seet of Government shoood go to Quebec, and as old Simpson ses it was dun akordinly.

Yours truly,
EDMUND HEAD.

Sir E. B. Litton.

DOWNING STREET,
April, '59.

Surree—

It gav mee satisfaction to hera that Brown was about to bust his biler. As long as I knod the individual, he were a rorer, but I obgekt to ure bad gramar wen aluding to him, and mour than let I thawt I discovered bad spellin in ure disspatch, which r on the hole a very mewch to be kondemd thing in an awthur.

Now that the session er over, akording to our previous agreement, I now giv u most strenuous advice that the state of Europe are seuch that it wood be ily indekorous for er magestys loyal Kanadian kommons to trust themselves into the arms of Lowr Kanadians.

Bi the English nuse u will c that wars iminent, France rokins on invadin England in the heel of the hunt. This is oportune to yew, in caryin out my binstructions—so make the moust of it.
urs till det.

General Hed,
Canada.

On Dit

—That the illustrious proprietor of the *Streetsville Review*, R. M. Allan, Esq., has refused to exchange with the *London Times*, that journal having refused to insert an editorial on "my libel case."

A TALE OF HORROR.

By SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Blood! blood! they found on every side.

As slowly sunk the sun to rest,
His glided rays lit up the west,
Where Indians fondly place the blood,
In Paradiso.

But as his radiant beams retired,
They threw a light on things unspired,
'Twas half-past four, that self-same day
Upon the railroad's iron way
When Towson's head was cut away,
And he was killed.

All round the track, on tressel wood,
On bolt, on bar, on ground was blood,
Blood filled the gullies on each side,
The culvert's and the sleepers dyed.
On rail, on sleeper, track and ground,
Blood I blood I and clotted hair were found
Proclaiming that some horrid strife,
Resulting in sad loss of life,
Short time ago had here been rife.
Perhaps some fellow's coward blow,
Had struck and laid his victim low,
With stones, with sticks, with flail or axe,
Had on his corpus brought such cracks,
As needs must finished him.

Thus thought and spoke policeman X,
The troubling thought his soul did vex;
His blood swollen with legal ire,
And justice set his heart on fire;
The gaping crowd he thus addressed,
Why stand ye there like fools possessed.
Smithers, run for Prince, our Chief,
Quick, move your pins, your stay be brief,
Bring Stacy, Cummins, the detective force,
We'll want their noses to scent out the corpse;

The Coroner must at once be sought,
With haste let Hallowell be brought,
Haste, too, for doctors three or four,
Perhaps the dead they may restore;
At least post mortem they can hold,
And let the course of death be told.
Bumpkin, you fool, stir up your stumps,
And tell old Croft to bring his pumps,
A man within the bay thro' lying,
Who's either hanging, drowned, or dying,
Which be can quickly tell, 'tis said,
By simple pumping of the dead.

Police and doctors quickly came,
Croft and Hallowell did the same;
A score or two of little boys,
Had also left their games and toys,
To view this greater sport.

With grapples then they dragged about,
Until they dragged the corpus out;
But oh, the tale it did reveal,
Did nervous make that gathering feel.
Poor Towson from his watery bed,
Was raised to air without a head;
And as his headless corpse they view,
I trov they wore in pretty stew;
Folcemes mixed, doctors fled,
Hallowell from the scene was led,
In laughter about the boys around,
And with an oath Croft left the ground.

TO PROPRIETORS OF NEWSPAPERS.

Our publishers, (Messrs. Wiman & Co.) tell us that a copy of THE GRUMBLER is sent to nearly every one of the papers in Canada. We in return receive nearly every newspaper worth reading in exchange.

We therefore have no reason to complain of the proprietors of newspapers—but give them our hearty thanks for the spirit of discernment which they display in this particular, not only towards us—but also towards some weak-minded relations of ours.

THE THEATRE.

Since last week, we have had the pleasure of seeing Miss Charlotte Thompson play the heroine amongst other pieces in the "Rivals," "Eustache Bandin," and "Romeo and Juliet." In all these pieces she pleased us. In some of them she delighted us. She seems to have excellent command of the entire role of acting—whether it be the melting tenderness of the love-sick Juliet, the boisterous vivacity of Lady Gay Spanker, the capricious coquetry of the romantic Miss Harcastle, or the grief and despair of the wife of the unfortunate Eustache.

While giving her credit for general good acting, we cannot deny that some of her renditions recommend themselves to us with more force than others. But this arises not from the ill manner in which any character is played, but from the greater amount of feeling and expression which she throws into others. We cannot help remarking also that Miss Thompson runs no small risk of being flattered to her own detriment. She is young, and as we said before, she has acquired a fascinating style of acting, which reminds us of that dear little pet, Piccolomini; and in such cases critics always see through a glass darkly, while the general audience shut their eyes for a while to all blemishes. However, from what we have seen of her, we presume that Miss Thompson is more than a superficial student, and therefore we have no fear of her. As *Josephine de Beauvair* in "White Lies," Miss Thompson achieved another triumph. Her rendition of this character was a beautiful piece of acting.

We have now barely room to record the pleasure Mrs. Marlowe has given us during the past week in various characters, and the pain Mr. Halford inflicted on us every time, in the said week, that he substituted his own elegant "you was" for the more vulgar, yet common "you were of the text."—"Romeo and Juliet," was not well cast, yet we must give Mr. Loe's *Romeo* his credit. Mr. Marlowe's *Mercutio* was good; M. Ducaen's, *Count de Paris*, bad.

We understand that Miss Thompson is to be engaged next week. We hope that this is true, and that the public will have another opportunity of witnessing her correct and elegant rendition of the leading characters in those sterling old English comedies, which she excels so much in. By the way we must insist on a little more celerity on the part of our new stage manager.

MISTER GRUMBLER,

Ma I ax your infloence to git me the birth of Post office here, for the nuso-papers only, and lett the other man kip charrg off the letters, sum fok think that sum fok will giv up readin papers, and June is thinks of stoppin sellin papers, coz the price will have to be rized, by the heatsons in the big house poosion on the half scent, in that kase I woud only want the birth for 6 months. If I gets it, I'll start a nuse-paper here to sport the ministry, every man to cum for his own paper cheaper and tel Smith to git all the pappers to cum round by the bridge til it brakes.

Ures to comeand,

A. DEXTERHAND.

Niaggerar Fawls,

April 16, 59.

P. S.—I cood boo the custum house officer two.

TRULY AWFUL.

Speaking of the removal to Quebec, the *Globe* of Thursday thus proclaims its maudlin sentiments:

"Sir Edmund Head still sticks to his pretence of being forced into the Quebec removal by his Council. * * * * * While he is saying this it has actually been agreed that a brick building shall be erected at Quebec for the use of the Government! Yes, actually, notwithstanding the frightful position of the finances, the ministry are about to undertake the construction of buildings which will be abandoned in four years."

From the style of the above, one would think it was penned by one of our editors, with the object of creating laughter, not indignation. As it is, we can scarcely believe that the Editor of the *Globe* was serious when he wrote it; since it is indeed rather funny to proclaim to the world with every semblance of got-up indignation that actually a brick house is about to be erected by the Government in Quebec. Such an atrocious event ought to be immediately followed by a repeal of the Union! Mark how the Editor prefaces the astounding announcement that the Government are about to commit the unheard of crime of erecting a brick house in Quebec, by the startling adverb "actually." Who does not hear their blood boil in reading the announcement "Actually a brick house!" Oh, Bloody Wars! what's the country coming to at all, at all, will be the universal exclamation on reading Thursday's *Globe*.

"Yes!" the *Globe* goes on to say, regaining its breath after this terrible exposure of the vile intentions of the Government, "actually (!) notwithstanding the frightful position of the finances, the Ministry are about to undertake the construction of buildings!" &c. Just think of it peacefully, people of Upper Canada, if you can. Imagine a brick house slowly rising on the plains of Quebec. Picture to yourselves windows, actually, being inserted in that aforesaid building; and actually as if to cap the climax, a roof being put upon it; and all this, notwithstanding the "frightful position" of the country. Why, it is enough to frighten the strongest-minded horse from his oats.

Talk of the sacking of Troy, of the burning of Rome, of the Deluge, or of the breaches in the Island! They were all child's play compared to this atrocious concoction of a vile ministry. We can scarcely trust ourselves to write on this explosive subject any longer, lest, like the Editor of the *Globe* we should magnify this brick house into buildings! We will therefore conclude by raising our antiquated beaver from off our noble brow, and asking the people of Upper Canada how long they are going to put up with this worst of Lower Canadian tyranny? Shall it go forth to the world that Upper Canada stood tamely by and allowed the Government calmly and to their own liking to erect a brick house actually in Quebec? Where is the noble spirit that actuated our sires? Where is that spirit of liberty, and that hatred of oppression that spurred on a Hampden and a Mackenzie to deeds of deathless fame?—Where's the Printer's Devil? Where's everything? Where's anything?—Where's the next case?

BY TELEGRAPH!

ARRIVAL OF THE POLLYWOG!!

HIGHLY IMPORTANT.

D'ISRAELI DISHED! DERBY Do.!!

GENERAL BLAZES.

Sir A. McNab on European Politics.

BLOODY WARS & GENERAL THUNDER.

LORD MCGUFFIN KICKED THE BUCKET!

CANADIAN MILITIA ORDERED TO THE SEAT OF WAR!

Harry Henry Elevated to the Peerage!!!

The steamer Pollywog, Captain Tadpole, arrived at the eastern entrance at 3 a. m. The following are the details of European news per submarine telegraph from the Island:

The Austrian troops have ceased to advance on Sardinia, awaiting the result of the contest of Sir Allan McNab for Brighton, should he be defeated they will not proceed to hostilities.

It is currently believed that the Derby Government will retire, and that Sir Allan will form the next cabinet. Blinks being Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Edmund Head's recall is spoken of—his next appointment will be Governor of the Scilly Islands.

The inhabitants of Dundee will entertain W. Lyon McKenzie on his arrival with a public dinner—oatmeal porridge and Scotch whiskey.

The Emperor was overheard to remark to Count Cavour at a ball at St. Cloud, "*Mum's the word.*" The Paris bourse declined in consequence. Consols remained firm.

The Prince Imperial was suddenly taken ill from a surfeit of plum pudding.

The Pope has despatched ambassadors to Thos. D'Arcy McGee imploring the assistance of his 300,000 men for the protection of the dominions of the Church. The action of the Canadian Militia authorities in the present embroglio is anxiously looked for by the Russian Emperor.

It is rumoured that Capt. Brooks has been offered the command of the Russian army of observation on the Austrian frontier—and a Countship offered Lieut. Holliswell to take charge of the artillery.

The eminent ship-builder, Scott Russell has received from Captain Robt. Moodie an order for three steam privateering vessels, each to be called the *Firefly*.

The Royal Canadian Yacht Club are ordered to sail immediately to the Mediterranean with sealed orders—Commodore J. B. Jones in command.

In anticipation of the arrival of the Canadian fleet, the Russian navy has retired to the Black Sea.

The Commander-in-chief of the British army has sent for the whiskers and mustache of Captain Prince, of the Toronto Police, as patterns for the beards of English soldiers.

A Palace is to be immediately built at Ottawa for

the reception of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, who will reside in Canada during the war in Europe. The Yorkville Cavalry will form her Body Guard.

Consols 890 to 890½.

Bread stale; Butter firm; great activity in Cheese; Yeast rising; Wheat ditto.

COME, WHO'LL BUY.

For the good of the credulous, we gladly spare room for these advertisements culled from the columns of *Old Double*. The first is an extract from a letter signed "Sarah Sanderberry;" The name is quite enough to recommend it.

"JOY TO THE WORLD.

Dear Sir,—I feel that it is a duty I owe to suffering humanity that I should give a relation of the great benefits I derived from the use of Pain Killer. Last summer I had the misfortune to lose two of my children by that dreadful scourge—the cholera—and in all human probability should have fallen a victim to pestilence myself if a kind Providence had not sent me the Pain Killer."

Here comes a lie too long to be printed. The next is

"COLLIN'S ARABIAN OIL.

The Proprietor in calling the attention of the public to this unrivalled Medicine, does so with every confidence in its certain cure of the diseases for which it is recommended. A single trial will convince the most incredulous of its efficacy. It has never been known to fail in extricating pain in man or beast."

Yet another:

"WOOD'S HAIR RESTORATIVE.

Prof. Wood's hair Restorative has passed the ordeal of innumerable fashionable toilets, and the ladies, wherever they have tested it, pronounce it a peerless article. They find, that it restores the vegetative power of the roots on the denuded places, that it prevents grayness and restores the hair to its original color when grayness has actually supervened."

Here is another dose:

"OXYGENATED BITTERS IN CANADA.

Unlike most proprietary medicines, it does not profess to cure 'all the ills flesh is heir to,' but simply Dyspepsia. There are hundreds who will read this who need such a medicine, and would use it if they had half the confidence in it we have." Hear, hear, the Grumbler says: But fortunately there are hundreds who have the fortitude not to have confidence in it.

Here's the last:

"COMFORT FOR THE AGED."

One case that of an old gentleman, at least eighty years of age,—the most decided relief is obtained whenever he makes use of the Cherry Balsam; this, at the advanced period of life which he has arrived at, may be considered an unanswerable proof of its value."

We would think from the extraordinary style in which all these advertisements are put together, that one of the Editors of the "GRUMBLER had tagged them up in order to turn the science of advertising spurious medicines into disrepute. But we declare that they are all genuine—the advertisement, not the medicines.

Therefore come hither ye members of suffering humanity who happened to be troubled by the cholera morbus, and receive instant relief, in other

words sudden death. Ho! men and boasts suffering extricating pain, and imbibe Arabian oil that you may instantly be cured or killed. Hasten ye bald females, and all ye men who wear wigs and bathe your denuded skulls in spontaneous hair-growing elixirs, and steep the grey locks of your block heads in Wood's Restorative. Fly to us, ye dispeptic, and mingle your grateful tears with us in Oxygenated Bitters of Canada; which, by-the-way, must either be the present ministry, or *Old Double*, or perhaps a mixture of both. Pass this way ye aged Mathuselab's of a degenerate age, ye hoary individuals of three-score and twenty, drink balsam and live for ever—until ye shall pay for death as a boon.

In conclusion, come all ye fools, ye easily-gulled, ye stupid, ye weak-minded wretches, in Canada, having a dollar or seventy-five cents in your pockets, and be eased of your diseases—Ha! ha! that's good! no! your money, at any of the above fool-traps.

AN OPEN CONFESSION.

In a dreadful long article on "Executive influence, being the bane of Parliament," the *Globe* reviews the past session, and makes the following open confession regarding it:

"The talk was literally all on one side; and that side the Opposition."

In the next sentence but two, the editor, forgetting perhaps the confession he had just made, winds up the matter in this extraordinary manner:

"And this not occasionally, but systematically—not on special occasions, but always, wontonly, and without a single thing to palliate their proceeding."

After this, no one can accuse the *Globe* of want of fairness or candour.

Elegant.

—*Old Double* in taking Toronto to task the other day, for not patronizing the theatre, remarked with its usual love for calling "a spade a spade" that when "that demirep, Lola Montez," was here the theatre was crowded every night. It is exceedingly fortunate for the theatrical critic of *Old Double*, that Lola Montez is not here, or else the horsehip and his manly shoulders would soon be acquainted. It may be true that Lola Montez is not as virtuous as she is accomplished; but she is a woman and she is not here to take her own part. It is therefore, a very shabby thing to attack her in this manner, especially as her name seems to have been dragged in for no other purpose than to indulge the petty spleen of the critic.

A PARADOX.

The *Globe* says:

"The purchasability of members affords a key to the rationale of ministerial power in the House.

If this be true, the Brown-Dorion Ministry must have been held in very bad odour in the House since members could not be found to support it for love or money.