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Richmond Th

# THE GRUMBLER.

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## THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in n' your coats  
I rede you tent it:  
A chief's among you taking notes,  
And, faith, he'll recit it."

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1858.

### ADDRESSES TO GENERAL WILLIAMS.

No sooner had the Committee of the Corporation met to draft an address to the illustrious defender of Kara, than a quarrel arose between Read and Brunel about politics; and so high raged the dispute that no address could be drafted, and the Committee in despair applied to outsiders for aid. The address adopted was the work of a carter, but as many of the rejected were really good, we commend one or two to eternal fame by inserting them in our paper:

A worthy councilman, well known for officious zeal without knowledge, sent the following:—

#### ILLUSTROUS GENERAL,

Welcome to Toronto, grate caroh of Kyars. The Carparation of Taranto has got up a bust for you, consistin of Champagne and other eatables and with one voice boorah for your safe arrival betwixt us. The kownail makes no doubt that you will see the number of sidewauks and lamp-postes which has bin put up sene we come into auis. It woud be worth yer wile to go down to the Boad of Wuks office and see what we done.

We dessey they aint got no sich side wauks in Kyars were we understand they aint got nothin but small stones like petrified taters to wauk on, which shows wot it is to have no intiligent sity kownail. We have got about sicksty polissimen to catch therevs and one for letting them go, which is therefore called the cheef and his name is Sam, and he has a bull-dog. It must have been hard to sife with the Roosians who are Mohomidans and little better than infidels and you must be as hard wurked as a member of the Fire Water and Gass.

Welcome unse more to Toronto; if you can stay til Monday nite you can see the Kounsil, and here the grata guns as Purdy and Ardagh, Dun and Mudy, and sech like, wich will be worth wile. May glorey, like a big buffler skin, alays cover yer.

A native of the States writes as follows:—

#### GRAT WILLIAMS—

When Mister More-of-you off, or whatever his name was, sot down aginst Kara, be thought he was some, and was going to take it right away. But we seen that he wur't to the cheese and kep sereno till you'd lick'd him which you did and chav'd him up in right old style, like Hickory Jackson at Noo Orleans. We don't therefore stand in no chores with you, but welcome yer old head to our clearin'. One of the men on our line, he's a brakesman, says, he is like you because he's the "Hero of Cars," which may be amusing to you as a Yankee joke.

To conclude in the words of the poet of Squirchville:—

General Williams's some, my boys,  
He heked the Roostans handy,  
Almost as well as if he'd ben  
A Yankee doodle dandy.

Chorus—Yankee doodle doodle do,  
A heap of lickings yearly,  
Sith General Williams done at least,  
One jolly thrashing clearly.

That General Scott's a greater man  
Air a feel by no means wisty,  
Yet Kara was pretty slick we'll own,  
Next to Dueny Visty.

Chorus—Yankee Doodle, &c.

The demigod of seventy-six,  
Could lick great Benny parly,  
And chaw up Wellington to boot,  
They were so stout and bearty.

Chorus—Yankee doodle, &c.

And yet the Britishers are some  
At any other nation,  
And General Williams' prap could wop  
The rest of all creation.

Chorus—Yankee doodle, &c.

To Kara and Williams then we'll give  
A smail glorification,  
For at Nova Scotia he was reared,  
Furnisht the Yankee nation.

Chorus—Yankee doodle, &c.

The last we give is from an M.P.:

#### SIR WILLIAM WILLIAMS,—

DEAR SIR,—I bieve your an M.P., wich induces me to address you as sich. We are very much congratulated to see you at the metropolis of Kanada, wich will give you an idee of the grate country you are in, in which I am a member of Parliament of. I suppose the Terks have no illitened assembly which shows the blessius of freedom and that sort of thing; how did they vote the supplies to carry on the campaign when you were bard up? But I suppose they imitated the grab game wich we do in Kanada, and you had a good deal of corruption. Wnt a hard time you must have had pushing down the Rooshians off the rampers [ramparts?] with the points of your muskets, or shooten them down with your double barreld baynets. Almost as bad as speaking aginst time in the House, which is bad and corrupt, so Mister Brown ses and I think so to. God save the Queen, as they say on the Theoter bills.

P. S.—Get Head recald which is a tyrant and a corruptionist.

#### Immediate:

TO THOS. FRERGUSON, ESQ, M.P.

—"Can a duck swim?" If so, what would have come of your duck in the Elora Mill Pond? [A fortnight given to reply.]

A Marine Landeman.

—Why ought a well-known batter of this city to have acknowledged the toast to the navy at the banquet to General Williams? Because he was the only "old Salt" present.

### BEAUTIES OF THE BAR.

Some men, either through callousness or dense stupidity, are impervious to any amount of "snaubing," and we know of no better representative of that class than Mr. R. M. Allen, Barristor at Law. Ever since this person's advent at the Toronto Bar he has given unmistakable evidence of his identity with the "bore" tribe; not your good humoured, harmless fellow, but a stupidly disgusting animal fit for nothing but to be kicked out of the way with the slightest possible amount of ceremony. From the first Mr. Allen has enjoyed a sufficiently unenviable notoriety, and certainly his demeanour at the present Assizes is not calculated to ingratiate him with the public.

Two unfortunate men, visitors to the late Exhibition are charged with stealing two bagatelle balls. Common sense would seem to indicate the propriety of engaging one counsel for their joint defence, but they pursue a different plan, and secure the services respectively of Mr. James Boulton and Mr. R. M. Allen. Owing to the unseemly bickerings of these two Beauties of the Bar, and the attempt of each to convict the other prisoner, a verdict of "Guilty" is found against both. But the end is not yet. The same prisoners are some days afterwards jointly charged with stealing a coat. The same counsel appear for the defence, and a similar but more intensely disgusting scene is enacted between them; until at length weary of their violent altercations, Judge Hagerty administers a severe reproof. True to himself, however, Mr. R. M. Allen continues to play his part in an exhibition which might be deemed amusing, were it not for the solemnity of the occasion and the serious interests involved. There is a point, however, beyond which even R. M. Allen cannot be allowed to outrage the feelings of the public, and he reached that point during the cross examination of a witness by invoking repeatedly, in a fearfully blasphemous manner, the name of the Almighty. Did R. M. Allen relish the storm of hisses which greeted him from the public, and the peremptory order of Judge Hagerty to sit down? Is he satisfied with himself? Has he reached the climax of insolent disregard of all propriety? Perhaps we are too harsh with him; it may be more correct, as well as more charitable, to look upon him as the victim of a disordered brain, and consequently an irresponsible agent; but in that case the sooner a place is found for him in the Asylum the better.

#### Important to the Speaker.

—Mr. Christie begs of THE GRUMBLER to inform Mr. Speaker Smith, that the speech in process of hatching through last Session, has just chipt the shell, and will make itself heard when Parliament meets. The egg wasn't addled at all. Offspring and parent doing as well as can be expected.

*Mad as a Hatter*

**GREAT TRESPASS CASE.**

**Snooks versus Hookorbycrook and others.** Tried before Mr. Chief Justice Grumbler. Counsel for the Plaintiff, Mr. Wilson Adam; for the Defendants, Hon. Cameron Hilyard.

Mr. Wilson Adam states the case for the Plaintiff:

This serious case is good my Lord proffered  
By Snooks, my client, 'gainst a reckless herd  
Of trespassers who did, in August last,  
Some seven or eight times, come it quite too fast.  
'Tis known to you and to the jury all,  
Within this city towers a sacred Hall,  
Time honoured barriers bar the entrance there  
To all, save those the people shall declare,  
By solemn act, as worthy of a place  
Within the precincts of that Hall of Grace.  
Our charge is this—no good my Lord declare,  
Hookorbycrook did force an entrance there;  
We boldly state, that, that most treacherous wight  
Trampled to dust the people's sacred right,  
Did despite foul to justice, and the cause  
Of liberty, fair truth and righteous laws.  
We claim—the majesty of law to vindicate—  
The full extent of penalty the state  
Awards. Not for ourselves, we scorn all motted gain;  
We fight, that truth may flourish—justice reign  
In glorious triumph o'er this noble land  
And bare-faced tricksters all convicted stand.  
What check have we on anarchy and strife?  
What pledge, my lord, that property or life  
Shall be secure; that freedom shall not rust  
If thus the people's rights are trampled in the dust?  
If men high placed may frown in reckless might  
On constitutional and hallowed right?  
Must we stand by and see them set at naught,  
That glorious system for which patriots fought  
In ages past, which heroes bled to wring  
From feudal despots, be they peers or King.  
No! no! my Lord within our veins still flows  
That blood, which with unquenchable daring, rose  
Antagonistic to the tyrant's might,  
Resolved to perish or secure the right,  
That blood still nerves, still prompts us to demand  
Justice, stern justice to this outrageous land.  
I apprehend defendants will not dare  
Deny the charge; perchance some quibbles rare,  
Some fine hair splitting and absurd pretence  
Of right of entrance, may in weak defence  
Be urged by them; you gentlemen must weigh  
The case presented by them here to-day,  
You must determine if high handed might,  
Can laugh to scorn our people's noblest right.  
You must decide if Ministers may frown  
And scoff at Constitution, Law and Crown.  
I leave the case, convinced that you will deal  
As may be best for Canada's fair weal.

Witnesses having been called to substantiate the case for the Plaintiff, the Hon. Cameron Hilyard, addresses the jury for the Defendants:—

My Lord, and you—aw gentlemen have heard  
The case as by the plaintiff now proffered.  
They charge my clients with a trespass—aw;  
I say 'twas not a trespass; right and law  
Were on their side, and I will shortly show  
You, gentlemen, the case is clearly so.  
By solemn act, the people to that Hall,  
A right of entrance gave to each and all;  
Have they then forfeited that solemn right,  
I claim—aw—no! The Plaintiff sought to blight  
Their spotless fame, you gentlemen will see  
It issue fairer from this troubled sea.  
Do they pretend the right was not bestowed?  
Aw—no! forthwith, they vainly strive to lead  
Your memories with a misty, cloudy weight  
Of words—tough liberty! the people's right! the state!  
Such terms as these; but will they—aw—swail  
To give truth's semblance to their flimsy tale?  
No, gentlemen! I feel they will not when  
I state my clients are all Honest men,  
Just men and true, who scorn the shuffling tricks,  
So freely practiced by these shameless Gits.  
But to advance—you gentlemen have seen

They had free access to the questioned scene,  
In lawful form bestowed, could then that right  
Expire? In some few cases—aw—I grant it might,  
You know twelve men are chosen—I suppose,  
By Sir Head Bailiff, gentlemen from those  
Who have by right free access to the Hall,  
To rule and govern. Those on whom may fall  
The Bailiff's choice, compelled by wholesome law  
Must seek afresh an entrance, and if—aw—  
The people should refuse to grant the right,  
Each man commits a trespass,—luckless wight—  
Who seeks by force an entrance. Gentleman,  
My clients each were called, each straightway then  
Sought for fresh right, obtained it and sat down  
Within the Hall as servants of the Crown.  
But storms arose, led on by one tall fool,  
'Twas soon decreed my clients should not rule,  
His office each resigned, the Bailiff then  
As once called on some other gentleman  
Their places to assume; and fiercer grew  
The stormy strife and they, discarded too,  
Full soon gave way, and Sir Head Bailiff then  
To office called my clients back again;  
Now comes the point, here gentlemen we join  
An issue with the Plaintiff—aw—in foins,  
Here rests the case; he says my client ought  
Straight from the common people to have sought  
New lease of right; we say they still retained  
Their previous right, and—aw—I—aw—am pained  
To witness their absurd—aw—and display  
Of desperate ignorance in court-to-day.  
You gentlemen at least well know, an Act  
Was passed to regulate—aw—yes in fact,  
This very case; it clearly states to all  
That a director of the sacred Hall,  
If he resign, and then within four weeks  
Assumes a different office—aw—he keeps  
His right intact. 'Twas this my clients did,  
And yet these people—aw—would—aw—would  
Their entrance, and say—aw—they trespass there.  
'Tis infamous my Lord, I—I, declare,  
'Tis infamous, am not I by far,  
The most profound of Lawyer's at the Bar:  
Have I not read the Act? Did I not say,  
During my canvass of the City, pray,  
Hookorbycrook was right? Did I not mean  
To join them too, and think you I'd be soon,  
To associate with—aw—with men who dare  
Transgress the law? but I—aw—I forbear,  
I'll cease to wrong you by the thought you could,  
For one short moment—aw—believe I would.  
I am quite affected, 'tis most cruel—aw—  
To bring this case when I've defined the law;  
It cuts me close, they knew my views were strong,  
And yet they harshly say I—aw—am wrong;  
But you, you gentlemen, will scorn to dart  
The spear more deeply in my wounded heart;  
You'll give a verdict for my clients still;  
I feel, I know—aw—aw—I'm sure you will.

(He sits down completely overpowered by his emotions.)

Mr. Wilson Adams replies:—

Well, gentlemen, I think you must have been  
Diverted by this most affecting scene.  
I apprehend the learned gentleman  
Should keep his pathos, if at least he can,  
For fit occasions; we have stormer stuff  
Than pompous vanity in head. Enough!  
I'll leave it, and proceed at once to show  
My client's cause is right, and plainly so.  
We know the Act from which defendants quote;  
We know, it does permit a change of coat,  
If 'tis within a month effected, and,  
We further know, it gives them no support will stand  
A moment's glance, if with impartial view  
We search the subject calmly through and through,  
That not permits a change, but pray what then?  
Does it one moment, can it, gentlemen,  
Permit the twelve directors to resume  
Their state, and place within the sacred room.  
'Twas meant for one, they claim it for the whole;  
We claim it had, and could have no control,  
When twist their resignation and returns,  
A new board interposed; but yet more stern,

Against them seems the case if we review  
Their basely perjured course. Full well they knew  
They must change offices, if they would claim  
The shadow of a right to 'scape from blame;  
But yet defendants anxious to secure  
The place and office each had held before,  
Devised a plan, a blushing, shameless plan,  
To gain their point. Believe it if you can,  
Each one accepted by a solemn act,  
An office, swearing to perform intact  
Its several duties; yes, when each, know well  
Ere noon had sounded from the morrow's bell,  
He would throw up the seals, and straight resume  
His previous office in the sacred room.  
We claim they had no right to enter there,  
We claim the statute can't be pressed to bear  
Them scatheless through the fire, and can but deem  
Their course throughout a lawless, shameless scheme.  
We hold them guilty, of an outrage vile,  
Against the people's rights. We boldly style  
Them perjured, base usurpers of the seat  
Each occupies, and claim that you shall mete  
The due reward of wrong, that truth and right  
May triumph yet, or bold unscrupulous might;  
That shuffling tricksters may convicted stand,  
And justice once more smile upon the land.

At the conclusion of Mr. W. Adams' address, Mr. Chief Justice GRUMBLER summed up the evidence with his usual impartiality, fearing, however, that we have already trespassed too much on the patience of our readers, we refrain from giving his charge to the jury in full, suffice it to state, that it abounded with striking evidences of legal and constitutional lore.

The Jury having retired, and finding it impossible to agree upon a verdict, are still locked up.

Stupid as usual.

—In an article headed "Gen. Williams of Kara," the *Atlas* has the following:

"Should not Toronto in some manner do honor to the able Nova Scotian who proved himself so good a British Commissioner and then a General in visiting Russia in Turkey. He is in Hamilton and should be told how his talents and virtues are admired in the Canadian metropolis."

Can any rational being tell us the meaning of the first sentence? "Prove himself so good a British Commissioner and then a General in visiting Russia in Turkey." Can the power of nonsense further go? What is meant by "visiting Russia in Turkey?"

We can only save the *Atlas'* geography by supposing the "visiting" spoken of to be an epithem for "chastising" Russia in Turkey. If this explanation is not satisfactory, the editor must apply himself to the study of geography as well as to that of English grammar.

He is in Hamilton, and should be told," &c. The convenience of his location will be evident, because a letter is sure to reach Hamilton two days after it is mailed, and it would be so convenient for Councilman Parry to write to Sir F. W. Williams to tell of "how his talents, &c., are admired in Toronto." For good English and ingenious contrivances nothing can beat the *Atlas*.

Strange Happiness.

"We could rejoice over improved methods of making and applying manures!"—*Colonist*.

—There is no accounting for taste; but instead of rejoicing we should certainly hold our nose over the operation.

Chance for a Pedestrian Government.

"Our Government have a wild untrodden field before them."—*Colonist*.

—Just the sort of place, we should think, for a cricket-ground or a game of foot-ball.

## OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

We are believers in the improbability of our species, niggers and City Councillors not excepted, and are rejoiced that we can bring forward a fact, in support of our theory regarding the latter body of men. The last evening upon which the Blowers met for the exchange of mutual congratulations, our oftentimes mentioned friend, Mr. Councilman Craig, gave notice that he would, on Monday night next, move that the thanks of the Corporation be presented to William Webster, constable, for his heroic conduct in jumping off the cars, in order to capture a rogue who had, *pro tempore*, escaped his clutches. What this second Hero of Cars (Kars) wants with the thanks of the Council we cannot divine. Perhaps Mr. Craig, poor fellow! thinks he will be doing the man some honour. If so, let us give him all credit for his intention. As for General Williams—we beg his pardon, Constable William—he will no doubt put up with the insult, provided it be accompanied with a consideration, which we recommend the Council to grant him.

The City Gaol, a subject very congenial to the taste of the Blowers, occupied much of their attention last evening. One might almost think they anticipate spending their declining years within its precincts, so anxious are they for its well doing. The Committee, however, who have the management of its affairs, have again got into hot water. Out of consideration for the ignorance of our City Papas, it is usual for contractors to send in their tenders for work upon *printed* forms, for as some of the gentlemen who have the manipulation thereof are scarcely able to tell great A from a chest of drawers, it must be plain to the meanest comprehension, or even to Councillor Purdy's, that written tenders would stand no chance of being read. This fact was exemplified in the case of the Committee on Police and Prisons, of which Councilman Ardagh is the most creditable member. Two tenders for gaol work were sent in, one from Mr. Ginty, another from Messrs. Skelsey and St. Clair, the latter being \$24,000 less than the former. Unfortunately it was, though precise in all other respects, *written* instead of *printed*, and, through the sheer inability of the committee to read it, was thrown on one side, and the acceptance of Mr. Ginty's offer recommended.

The saving of the \$24,000 was only effected by Ald. Smith, who, as he can read the manuscript, brought the matter before the Council and got it put to rights. The idea of questioning their decision roused the ire of those terrible birds of prey, Ardagh and Craig, but their outpoured indignation was mere child's play, (which it generally is) compared to the awful wrath of Bob Moody. This gentleman, since he has forwarded the defeats of Romain and Cameron, has done the city great service—he has generally stopped away from the deliberations of its municipal representatives. May he persevere in this useful course! We have many other clowns in the Council who spurn Lindley Murray who are independent of all grammar, except that of their own construction, who never gave utterance to ten words which were not enough to bring the blush to the cheek of the worst of the much maligned Cockney tribe;—but all these are left immeasurably behind by the "Capt." The subject of his address was as well chosen as his language;—

it was himself, his own noble self, monkey jacket and all. The rest of the corporation were rogues, chisellers, and political gougers, he alone was pure and consistent, witness the way in which he had

"Through all turns of veal and woe,  
Followed big Georgie still."

These were the reasons he enunciated why \$24,000 more should be given for a contract than was asked. They satisfied him, we trust they will also satisfy the electors of the "noble Ward of St. John." If they should not, it will be well for Bob to pawn his watch and retire on the proceeds.

## THE HERO OF KARS.

With that promptitude which has ever been the plague of Toronto and its blessed Corporation, Sir W. F. Williams was instantly invited to a public lunch after it was known that he was in town for a week or so; and afterwards Hamilton, with its characteristic forward impertinence, had invited the hero, to receive all the public honor which it was in the power of that little city to bestow.

Notwithstanding this unseemly haste, we were glad to see that the Corporation and citizens were not deaf to the urgent appeals which were made to them through the press to do the handsome thing to Sir William before he left us, and we congratulate them on the facility with which they recognized Sir William as no common sort of a hero, and the glibness of speech with which they told him so.

## THE THEATRE.

Until Mr. Nickinson shall have erected a new theatre, or at least made the boxes of his present one more comfortable than they are at present, it is not likely that he will receive that reward, pecuniary speaking, which he is now justly entitled to. At present the theatre is not as well supported as it ought to be. Miss Frost has failed to draw crowded houses, Messrs. Marlowe and Lee expound excellent *rols*, to no purpose. The Misses Lyons smile their sweetest in vain. The new company go it strong without producing any extraordinary effect. And even Mr. Nickinson, the great favorite, who has had the good sense to forsake military duties for the higher duties of the drama, has not been able to induce the lazy public to visit that dingy Temple of the Muses on King Street West. And yet, for all that, good pieces have been got up, and the playing has been in most instances excellent. The comedy of "Our Wife" is an instance in point; and then there is the "Forty Thieves,"—why the *tableau* of the forty thieves coming over the mountain, was worth double the money paid for admittance.

## Coroners.

—These Coroners are continually doing something ridiculous. Some time ago we had to distinguish one of them, and now Coroner Hollowell, a little cross-grained old fellow, must be getting up nice little "scenes" with the press and the jury, instead of acting like a man of common sense. We do not know why such men were made coroners, unless it was to deter people from committing suicide. For surely it must disturb any sensitive man's rest to have such a fuss kicked up over him as Coroner Hollowell and a few other coroners make it a practice to do.

## MUSIC! MUSIC!

We referred some time ago to the attempt about to be made by Rev. G. Onions, to introduce a cheap series of musical performances in the City. We understand that the first of these will be given on or about Wednesday next, in the Crystal Palace.—Handel's Oratorio of Judas Maccabbus, will be performed in excellent style, and the price of admission will be only 25 cents. We earnestly appeal to the people of Toronto, to place this experiment at once beyond risk of failure. The opportunity was never given before for securing so pleasing and elevating an entertainment at so insignificant a price. The success of next week's performance will determine whether we are to have a series of these entertainments or not; should this attempt succeed, other oratorios will follow; if not, the musical character of the people of Toronto is much lower than we were led to believe. We submit too, that this is the best time for a combination of the two rival societies; if only for one occasion let them both lay aside their ordinary leaders, and by uniting for this performance, show what we can do in Toronto. It is surely worth trying, the ground is perfectly neutral, and much good may result from the movement. We have heard that many of the members of both societies refuse to aid Mr. Onions; if this be the fact, it does little credit to them, and we can only hope that those who really have the cause of innocent and elevating popular recreation at heart, will rally round Mr. Onions on this occasion, and secure a series of performances within the reach of the whole community.

## A CHANGE AT LAST.

Although we could not but admire the depth and originality of genius exhibited by the *Leader*, in terming Mr. Brown, Mr. McGee's man Friday—the *Globe*, Mr. McGee's organ, and the Brown Dorion Government, Mr. McGee's Cabinet, &c., &c., still we confess that we became thoroughly weary of seeing the changes so incessantly rung upon Brown-McGeeism.

We panted for something new; we desired to see Mr. Brown placed before us in some other combination, and at length our wishes are gratified; the Scotch bug-bear has received a new baptism in the *Leader* font, and comes out as "Skeffington Connor's mystagogue." Bravo! Mr. *Leader*, try again; and who knows but, you may produce something still more strikingly effective.

## Malignity.

—We are indebted to the telegraph report of the *Ariel*'s news for the following paragraph:—  
"A failure are progressing very favourably at Canton; cholera has made its appearance in the Chinese army."

We question whether the appearance of cholera in the Chinese army ought to have been considered a legitimate cause for congratulation, even when the British army was opposed to it in the field; but a treaty of peace having been concluded with the celestial empire, we confess we were unprepared for the above malignant paragraph. Surely some other reason might be given for the improved appearance of affairs at Canton, than the outbreak of a terrible disease among the gentlemen of the pig-tail.

## Philanthropy of the Tater.

"Raleigh's true philanthropy is embodied in the potato."—*Col.*  
—Which of the potatoes is it in?—*Ed. G.*

## A MAD CORRESPONDENT.

In last Wednesday's *Colonist* appeared an article "Agriculture and Agricultural Wants," which was so ridiculous that it was headed "communicated," to show that none of the editors would be responsible for it. The writer of the article in question, who uses the editorial *we*, says that "we have just visited the new University," in which journey, as objects worthy of remark, he noted that the day was bright and that the trees were gorgeous. "Their leaves," he says, speaking in the present tense, "are brilliant with colours that might embellish the wings of the morning angel, and these bright colours are all harmoniously blended by tints as delicate as those of death." The manner in which the leaves are dealt with, leaves no doubt that the writer should at once turn over a new leaf, or else he will shortly be in the mad house. But he goes on—"Hail passing year!" he says. As to that, there is no doubt that the passing year will *hail* some before its departure.

After this imperative demand, the writer becomes fearful lest the passing year should take umbrage, accordingly he assures it, that "when winter's fleecy mantle shall onshroud it, we shall dwell with pleasure on its graceful preparations for departure." Of course this is mere buncomb, and won't hold water. Passing from the leaves, the writer comes to the trees. He calls up images of rural beauty: "Around the trunks and through the branches of the beautiful trees, the squirrel crept fortively, evidently believing that he was unseen."

We have not time to remark on the stupidity of the squirrel, in harboring the absurd idea that he was not seen; or in the penetration which could not be bamboozled by the devil-may-care air to which the squirrel no doubt resorted to effect his escape. So we shall hurry on to the wood-pecker, the eccentricities of which are next related:

"The small wood-pecker glided *head-foremost* down the boles of the largest trees, apparently preferring that mode of travelling."

Talk of ring-monkeys preferring to hang by their tails, barn-door fowl insane enough to go to sleep on perches, ducks rash enough to attempt to swim, foxes sleeping with their eyes open! Here is a wood-pecker so lost to common sense that the young rascal actually glided down the highest trees head-foremost. Why could he not come down tail-foremost, as any rational bird would have done? Tail-foremost is the proper way, and thank our stars in a few years more we shall have a breed of horses trained to supercede the present ridiculous fashion of going head-foremost. But this is a digression. We meant to have remarked again on the outeness of the writer. He saw at once through the limfancy counterfeit adopted by the pecker. And although the pecker might be a very clever bird, he could not disguise the fact that he preferred the head-foremost mode of travelling. Such an unusual freak of insanity on the part of the pecker could have formed food for serious reflection to any one. But it is hardly possible that the same just conclusions as the following would have been so soon arrived at, but by a clear-thinking, far-sighted person, such as we have seen the gifted writer is:

"We thought," says he, in reference to the

pecker's progressing with his head where his tail ought to be, "that if he (the pecker), could find a tree *high* enough, he would never go in a *contrary* direction!"

There are two ways of reading this paragraph—First: If the pecker could find a tree high enough he *never* would go in a *contrary* direction—that is, he would continue to ascend until the top of the tree was reached be it ever so high. Second: The pecker finding a tree suited to his fancy as regards height, would never travel in any but a downward manner. The last, is of course the proper reading. But some of our readers are ready to exclaim in their thick-headedness, how is the pecker to get to the top of the tree if he ever travels in a downward direction? Simply enough. As most of our readers are aware the earth turns upon its axis once in the twenty-four hours, so that at a particular hour in the night, all the trees on one side of the Globe must stand up-side down. Now at this particular time or thereabouts, the pecker who is at the foot of the tree, and who as has already been shown, knows a thing or two, commences to travel downwards head-foremost to the top of the tree, where he sits until he can again indulge once more in his downward journey.

We must conclude in the words of our friend—"other birds, says he, flitted across our way, and all was bright and gay." All serene! we say.

## A Discovery (Patented).

—The following letter from Trinity Bay reached us last night just as Mrs. GRUMBLER donned her night-cap:—

"DEAR GRUMBLER,—I don't generally say much about this confounded cable of ours, but the fact is, yours is the only readable paper on this continent, and I'll let you in for a wrinkle or two. Last night a fisherman caught a mermaid, and what do you think the critter had been up to? Unwinding the wires of the cable to make 'hoops' of! Fact. The electric current in her petticoats sent her to the surface of the deep, and as she had hooked from us she got hooked in return. This accounts for the failure of the electric currents, and again testifies to the efficiency of 'hoops' in the prevention of drowning. This discovery knocks the submarine cable into a cocked hat. The poor d—— that invented it is nothing to the man who discovered why it didn't work, and that is

"Yours in extacies,

"DE SANTRY."

## On Dit.

—That the aide-de-camp of a 'distinguished personage undertook last week to calm down an intoxicated personage who occupies a prominent position in this country,—imploping him "for God's sake to sit down," and receiving as a reply, "I shant sit down—hic—I'll stan' up allway—hic—to Kingston." We could not help thinking what a spectacle it would present if one of Her Majesty's household were obliged to mollify Lord Derby while in a similar condition.

## Extreme Delight.

"It would delight us to hear and to read of more stall-feeding of cattle."—*Colonist*.

—It would delight us far more to hear that our salary had been increased.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

Mr. James Soutton, Attorney and Barrister at Law, having much leisure time at his disposal, has directed his attention to the construction of MAN TRAPS on a large scale. He is prepared to fit them up at the shortest possible notice in any street or locality in the city. Warranted to break six legs a week.

Charges very moderate.

A splendid specimen trap is kept on view on the east side of Bay St., near Adelaide. Admission free.

OCTOBER, 22nd, 1858.

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## The Jockey Chief.

—That our model Chief of Police is a very fast man everybody knows, and that he is more clever at freeing thieves than catching them is well understood. But every one may not be aware that Samuel is "some punkins" at a 2.40 race, and that on Wednesday last, at about half-past five, he ran a neck-or-nothing race down Front Street with a man of kindred tastes, in the course of which he ran against a lamp-post, and barely escaped collision with two carters. He whipped his horse most unmercifully, and seemed furiously excited. What member of the police force was on Front Street at that time, and why did he not arrest Sherwood for the double offence of furious driving and cruelty to animals? We shall soon need a police force to keep the old set from breaking the law.

## Watch! Ahoy!

—Drawing deductions from the late murder case, the *Colonist* says that the police force is not large enough! What stuff! The *Colonist* ought to know that to increase the police force would only be to increase the evils which it was meant to abate. Reform the police force! Let not every Tom Dick, and Harry of a tavern-keeper, whom bad luck drives into the City Council have anything to do with the appointment or conviction of any member in the force. Let the men be appointed by a magistrate whom the people can trust. Let him be responsible for his men. Let anything be done sooner than increase the force. Let's licker.

## Squabbling.—Atlas v. Globe.

—As usual the *Globe* and *Atlas* are squabbling about trifles. Mr. *Atlas* copies an article from a Lower Canadian paper and credits it to the *Montreal News*. Mr. *Globe* calls the *Atlas* "stupid," and says there is no such paper as the *Montreal News* in existence. Mr. *Atlas* retorts, "stupid yourself," and says he gets the *News* and *Frontier Chronicle* every week, omitting to state, however, that the paper in question is published in St. John's, O. E.

Now, would it not have been better, Mr. *Atlas* to have "owned up" and confessed the trifling mistake? If you feel at liberty to substitute Montreal for St. John, should not we be equally justified if copying from your columns (which heaven forbid) to credit your misisus to the *Hogg's Hollow Atlas*. We have no wish to enlarge upon the fitness of our supposed substitution, still we cannot help expressing a conviction, that some articles we read might not disgrace the columns of an obscure village weekly paper, however much they do those of the *Metropolitan Daily Atlas*.