

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. 2.—NO. 31.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1859.

WHOLE NO. 33.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats
I rede you tent it;
A chieff's among you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1859.

AU REVOIR.

It is now over a year and a half since we anxiously, and diffidently sent forth the first number of our little paper to the world. During this time, our career has been an eventful one. To the general public we have been indebted for a generous and constant appreciation; from those whose good opinion we highly prize, we have gladly received words of praise and commendation, as well as of admonition.

Fools and knaves have writhed under our lash; pettyfoggers have been stung to madness by our reproofs; politicians have been whipped into respectability and decency by our ridicule. Conscious of many short-comings, we still believe that our short career has not been without the best results; it is a matter of self-congratulation to us to remember how our failings have been borne with, how our merits have been extolled and appreciated. We must now retire from the scene for a few months; we drop the curtain for a time, so that when the "Provincial Spouting Apparatus" assumes her sway, we may start forth again with renewed vigor to the work. Our next number will be issued shortly after the opening of Parliament, when we hope to appear in a more attractive shape to claim a revival of the liberal public favour we have so long enjoyed. In the meantime, let recreant legislators tremble; they little think what a fearful gigantic rod we are laying up to pickle in the strongest of vinegar. Rogues, jobbers, and incapables of all sorts, how you would shudder, could you see how bitter is the gall we are keeping in store for you. Sidney Smith, Cartier, McIntyre, Gould, Moodie, and Gowan, our chief friends and clients, breathe again while you may, we have a whirlwind of ridicule for you yet.

What will the Rev. Old Double do to keep his name and fame alive in the world? During the three or four months of our vacation, how is he to keep life in his old bones? Will not some kind friend do the chafing for the dear old soul, till we start into activity again, to rub and worry him into unwanted vitality? And you, generous reader, who have kept us floating so long on the treacherous tide of journalism, we have much fun to come yet; you shall have many a good grin at the weaknesses of your rulers, at the waywardness of your politicians, at the incompetencies of your journalists, in the columns of THE GRUMBLER.

We are making, however, what we intended as a mere announcement, a long and tedious article.

With all our public we must part for a time; in memory of the happy times we have had, in view of those, we trust still to enjoy with you, we bid you a hearty good bye. Laying our pen aside; stirring up the pickle where our rod is laid carefully away, and composing our editorial brains for a good long holiday, we shall meet you all at the parliamentary Philippi. *Au Revoir.*

WHO PAID FOR THE BAND PERFORMANCES?

We do not know what our citizens generally think of it, but we think that it says little for the liberality of Toronto, that the expenses of the performances of the Rifle Band in the University Park, have been borne by one man,—and that man the one to whose exertions we are indebted for the initiation and successful conduct of this public musical entertainment. Mr. Pell, as every citizen of Toronto is aware, originated and carried out the idea of procuring excellent music for the people on their own grounds. The officers of the regiment kindly despatched the Band every week to perform for the benefit of the public; but the expense of omnibuses, refreshments, &c., for the men of course should have been paid by the city. The estimated expenditure during the season was \$100, and a subscription list was opened, headed by a liberal donation from Sheriff Jarvis, to defray these expenses. Will it be believed by those who have seen the Upper Ten of the city promenading in the Park at the time of the performances that \$13 is all that has been subscribed for so laudable a purpose? and, moreover, that Mr. Councilman Pell has advanced from his own pocket all the expenses attending these entertainments? It is a disgrace, indeed, that a gentleman who, as Chairman of the Public Walks and Garden Committee, has spent his time, and given his exertions in the public cause should, in addition, be forced by the abominable liberality of our citizens to pay for their amusements. Is there not shame enough, to use no higher term, is there not shame in the public mind to relieve Mr. Pell from the tax upon his private resources. It is not a private matter; it is one which concerns deeply the credit of the city. Who will make the first advance towards wiping away a slur upon the honour and honesty, not to say the liberality of the city?

THE LATEST.

We were rather surprised in paying a visit to the "object of our affections" this week, at the answer given by a unsophisticated servant maid, to our inquiry as to whether Miss—— was at home. With unaffected simplicity she informed us "that every one in the house was out." Of course we had nothing more to say, as we thought it not a bad way telling us that they were out as far as we were concerned. Doubtless this expression has taken the place of "not at home, sir," a fabrication in which females innocently indulge.

A Frantic Public's Importunities to the Grumbler on his Interregnum.

Toronto, October, 1859.

ADONABLE GRUMBLER,—For the love of all that is loveable, don't think of leaving us. Or if you needs must go, I conjure you by all that is good to leave me, or send me a lock of your hair.

Yours in desperation,

FANNY FIDDLESTICKS.

21 Nordheimer's Buildings.

DEAR FIDDLESTICKS,—We would be most happy to comply with your request, as we are going—were it not that we are—bald.

Yours truly,

GRUMBLER.

Toronto, 1859.

VERY DEAR SIR,—If you consent to carry on the publication of your most inestimable sheet in Toronto, I shall give you ten thousand thanks.

Yours affectionately,

Tom Tit.

21 Nordheimer's Buildings.

DEAR TIT,—Make it pounds, and its a bargain.

Yours till death,

GRUMBLER.

Toronto, October, '59.

MY DEAR SIR,—In this transitory vale of tears we have all to make concessions, and it is your duty to make every sacrifice, in order that the public may still have the benefit of your excellent journal.

Yours reverentially,

ELIAS SHIFFINS.

21 Nordheimer's Buildings.

DEAR SHIFFINS,—In this transitory vale of tears it is our duty to do nothing of the sort.

Yours indignantly,

GRUMBLER.

Canada, '59.

DEAR MR. GRUMBLER,—Pray do not discontinue your journal, and I'll give you—let me see,—a kiss.

Yours truly,

ANGELINA.

21 Nordheimer's Buildings.

DEAR ANGELINA,—Say a kiss for every number published after this week, and we shall raise our circulation to 100,000 immediately.

Yours truly,

GRUMBLER.

Toronto, October, '59.

DEAR SIR,—What the deuce are you going to shut up for?

Yours,

AN ENQUIRER.

21 Nordheimers's Buildings.

DEAR ENQUIRER,—What the devil's that to you?

Yours, GRUMBLER.

A LAW STUDENT'S SONG.

Written after seeing Chief Justice Draper at the Assizes.

A Judge's chair! a Judge's chair!
The devil take me, if I should care,
To be seated in it,
From nine in the morn' (till six at night,
He sits and hears them growl and fight,
Who 're paid' for doing it.

And after six, instead of "hum,"
He hungry sits attending some
Dozen yawning clerks,
Who at that hour expectant wait,
With papers there, eager to state
Their case, with bows and smirks.

Fine times, folks say, the Judges have,
A better life, I'm sure I crave,
Though I'm a careless student.
For he who spends in this sad way,
Judge as he is, the live-long day,
Will very soon repent.

Thinking on this, who will dostro
To leave the desk and get up higher
In the mysteries of the law.
One gets for thanks, and work to do,
More than enough to murder two,
And then the pay's so small.

A chamber Judge! a chamber Judge!
The obvious barrister may grudge,
But I'm less greedy;
Rather than burn life to the socket,
I'd still attend the Queen's Bench Docket,
Though I look seedy.

Who will, may waste life's feeble taper,
In toil and glory with Judge Draper,
Upon that lofty seat;
A quiet life, cigars and ease,
My unambitious soul will please,
Till death I meet.

[Here the student falated.]

THE ENGLISH ELEVEN KNOCKED.

Reversing the old description "Jack of all trades, and master of none," our American friends have come to the conclusion that those who are Jacks of one trade must be masters of all. A variety of challenges have been sent to the English cricketers, to play all conceivable games, and all inconceivable antics. Mr. Parr—the captain of the Eleven—has very kindly sent us a few out of the many letters he has received, of this character. It will be observed that, with that versatility which is a well known characteristic of the American people, the challengers go into all possible subjects for rivalry. The Philadelphia base-ballites are quite thrown in the shade by some of these doughty champions of American superiority:—

Prig's Den, Five Points, N. Y.

Dear Sir,—Being as you may observe from the directions a Society of cute us which are established in New York City, we begs to challenge ye to a trial of pickpocketing; we backs for \$1000, five of our swells agen you eleven—you to be on one side of Broadway, we on the other. Four hours picking pockets, Mayor Tiemann to be umpire and no goug. ing.

Yours and so on,

JEMMY TWITCHER.

To Mr. Parr, Esquire.

VanBurenburg, N. Y.

Dear Parr,—School ma'm says that you ain't no good if we 'Merican gals tried you at a game. We believe, and no chores about it, neither. Which, being the case, we challenge you to have a game at the skipping rope or hop-cotch as you like, and by scizzors we'll show you what Yankee gals are made on.

Yours,

SALLY SCRAGGISH.

To Ole Parr, &c.

Cocktail City, Mo.

October 1st, 1859.

Sirree to you,—

You think you're the very devil to play, don't you? Well now the Swigginton Club have concluded to put you on your grit. These presents therefore air to inform you that We Us & Co., is up far a reg'lar patch-in at Brandy Jupels. If you drink more within half an hour these eleven of us we'll give you \$500 and vief vory.

Yours in liquor,

SAM SWIPES.

Taranto, October 6th.

Dear Sir,

As bein' a pupil of professor Stainer the nireynaut, I makos bold to throw down the gawlet as a ballonist to the English 'leven for to sale against us for a thousand dollars. Them as gits drowned first to win the mach, wich I will best u in as shoore as mi name it is

BOB MOODIE.

Jarsey Flats,

October 9th.

Sir to you,—We the united and associated society of venerable clam diggers, makes bold to speak with you. You appear to think you're some punks, but we'll show you, you be nothin' of the sort, I backs my men against you for clam digging, for 50 cents a side. For further prtiklers apply to the Clipper office.

Yours, and setery,

JIM BIVALVE.

Taranto, Oct. 4.

To the English Elivin,—Gentlemen,—

If yees will jist be kind enough to thrail the ind of your coat round Taranto, yees 'ill find elivin boys from the auld sod will thread on it for a game of fut ball, we whacked all the English that live here, and we're blue mowldin to have a scratch with a few immigrants.

Yours, ma bouchals,

TIDDY MULLOWNEY.

Secretary.

P. S.—The convaniences from punishin whiskey is as good I'll be bound as any in Ameriky.

Ma brow cheils,—

Nue doot but ye're unco smairt folk doon among the Yawkeys but ma breeks we's up to ye the day in Cabanadah. Jist cease yer bletcherin, an ef we canna leave ye ahint us at tossing the cawber, I's no the man my fother was afore me. Send a scrawl to Tom Sellar the Secretary of the Committee an a hunder dollar 'd be plauked in a twenkle.

Yere's for a lairk,

SAWNEY.

Amo'gst many others sent us by Mr. Parr, we have challenges from Sidney Smith for an examination in English grammar, one from Henry Smith to a contest for the championship in snarling, and to cap the climax, one from Petah to dress for a prize, to be given to the most effeminate specimen of peg-topped and scented male biped. We bet on Petah.

FAREWELL

TO

21 Nordheimer's Buildings.

Delightfully-situated rooms, fare thee well; not a last farewell. We will meet again. We will meet when the Grits shall have all gone to smash, and when the poetry has been eternally knocked out of the corruptionists. We will once more be happy in the company of each other, when Sidney Smith is ronst'g in everlasting purgatorial fires, and the postage tax has been kicked to fatbottom's perdition.

In at that creaky door have passed many strange characters in our day. Out at that broken window have passed we won't say how many stranger characters. 'Twas here the great Ministers of State used to congregate to hear their fate and the fate of the Province. 'Twas up those stairs a hulking vagabond once came to beat us; 'twas down those stairs he went in a trice, hatless and head-foremost. 'Twas on that sofa dear Kate used to sit and illumine for a while our sanctum with angelic graces. Dear Kate, here's your very good health in the last glass of the last dozen of ale sent us by the last sensible man in town, on tick, and drank out of the last whole tumbler in the sanctum, as a last resource to make us jolly.

Dear old associations, good-bye for the present. Thou well-worn' dundbeen, let us give thee a last embrace. Thou dear old black Jack, let us kiss thy cold lips once more. Thou basket, once well stocked with sparkling champagne—now stuffed with a thousand nondescript materials from torn letters down to worn out boots and neckless bottles, let us give thee a parting kick. And thou comfortable old arm-chair—worthy to be sung of by latest generations, in whose cosy embrace we have slept off many a headache and dreamed many a bright dream, to say nothing of the millions of bright ideas we have put upon paper while reclining in thee—fare thee well too. 'Tis melancholy to think of the vile uses to which you yet may come. Like the resurrectionised mummies of the ancient Egyptians, you may yet warm some shop-keepers coffee!

Dreadful thought. No, by Heavens, a more noble fate shall be thine, take thy death wound from the hand that loves thee, and do as little damage as you can in your hasty passage down to the street. Don't mind putting your foot through that window pane; the room is about to be given up, and 'twould be a pity to let that solitary pane bloom alone. What! somebody's head broken! Pedestrians are so careless. A row! a policeman coming, is it? Well, it is time to say good-bye. Off we go to Merrimache!

Measuro for Measuro.

—When a man says he is "in a measure unprepared," does he mean that he is under a bushel? or, is he involved in a great point [pint]?

ORATIONS OF CAPT. MOODY AND LEMON JOHN.

We have been urgently requested to give a report of the speeches of Lemon John and Captain Moody, at the Coloured Odd Fellows meeting, in the St. Lawrence Hall, last week, as the daily papers have allowed the brilliant affair to go un-reported. We shall rescue from the destroying hands of Time and the damaging maw of oblivion, orations which our Granite and our Moderate Press would have complacently consigned to silent fate, orations that would have astounded Mr. Cicero, and knocked the jamonted deceased Demosthenes to an altitude considerably more elevated than that of the Christian Gilroy's aerial toy—orations that, like the pot of half and half, that Daniel had in the lion's den, would soothe the savage beast, and possibly might have a softening effect upon the hearts of Lower Canadian moutons. Yes, the fervid eloquence, the glowing grandeur of these Rhetoricians, so persuasive in power, so refined, so pure, so elevating, we now publish, and a grateful posterity shall cherish our memory, and bless the day we gave them to the world.

LEMON JOHN.

Culled Ladies, Gemmen, and White Folk—

You hab dissembled heah for de purpose ob meetin together, and de large number ob de congregation which am present, shows dat you aint no small crowd, and what am you to do when you am here, dat de question, de question dat divides itself into six heads, in dis wise,—Am de cullid man dat knows de most, ignorant as de white man dat don't know nuffin, which am de fust head. In de second place, supposing dat de cullid man am ignorant, dat don't prove dat the white man am any wiser when he does't know half as much. Kase why? in second place, firstly, ignorance aint knowledge, and knowledgo am power; darefore, de power dat kum from de knowledgo am greater dan de ignorance which proceed from knowin nuffin. Dars reason, and the white man know it, and de deeds of cullid men, throughout de gone ages show it clear as mud. What was de boast of de white man when Hannibal a culled pusion crossed de Appalines on de backs of wild alligators, and carried off de Turkeys from old King Nero's heu roost? What was dey den? and what was dey when Julius Cæsar and Pompey was sawin wood and white-washin? Let de white man look back with a prophetic ey into de futurities of de past, and compare dem wid de subsequentness of de present, and dar he'll see dat Pompey split de wood-horse, broke de saw, and Julius split de whitewash. Den dey turned dere ole boss, Nebuchadnezzar, out to pasture in cane fields, and proclaimed de liberty of de free subject; and den de great flag of nigger emancipation, floatin to de breezy sunbeams of freedom, furl-ed itself round de axles of de globe, and shook de earf wid howle of liberty. What is de white man's deeds to compare to dat? And if General Washington did win de battle of Bunyvisy, didn't ole Simon Hardcassel, who was a culled individual, black his boots dat yah morning, which made him take de shine out of de Buesians?

But culled folks if I was to go on talkin I'd never stop speakin, and de action of culled passons is inehospitable. My noble friend Capen Moody

will now redress you, and whatever he says is so kase why it cant be no so-er.

Captain Moody then addressed de assemblage:—
Fellah Citizens,

I havn't got no larnin like Mister Stokes, and can't say much about forrin history, except when the vandals, which de GRUMBLER calls them and which it means pusillanimusses, was a destroyin and a cuttin up of our rights, which is de College Avenue, when I stud for'ard to stand up for liberties as is de rights of Her Majesty's subjects, and not by means to be down-trampled or trodden on, the niggers—they, de colored gentlemen of St. Johns, loyal and noble ward of St. John's stuck by me as I was a climb in de fence and sneechin, to a man Her Majesty aint got, which aint to be denied, no biter nor no more loyal subjects than Nigg—I mean dark—colored people, which when history becomes to be known I said to Sior in de balloon floatin three miles above you. I aint usually high flown, but when a fellers up three miles sailin without wind or tide over de native city in which he was born it aint to be expected dat he can express hisself without sayin somethin, and my sentiments was as afore said a thinkin of how many nigg—loyal subjects of Her Majesty colored, had votes and woul. give them at de next election, to de man who stud up fair and square for their rights, which I have always done and hopes for your suffricias.

HOOPS AND HIGH WIND.

To de Editor of de Grumbler.

Toronto, Oct. 12, 1859.

Dear Sir,—

I wish you could prevail on those young ladies who are so fond of promenading on a windy day, to put a little lead into their skirts before going out. If they could only see the ridiculous figures they cut in a gale; there clothes streaming back, and flapping about like sails from the masts of a ship,—they would never venture out without adopting my suggestion.

Gutta Percha tubes with water in them would be found very convenient, and comfortable for all kinds of weather. As in summer the tubes could be filled with ice water; which would keep the wearer from becoming too hot; while in winter warm water would be found equally comfortable, and efficacious when the weather was stormy. Hoping you will give my suggestion publicity, I remain

Yours truly,
FANNY FAIRLESS.

THE ENGLISH ELEVEN.

We understand that an offer has been made to the English Eleven to the effect that if they (the English) give the United States Twenty-two 100 odds, and allow the American balls to be bowled by a newly-invented steam cricket-ball propeller, then the Americans will not hesitate to play a new game.

The offer, it is said, has been accepted; the English fellows considering that the Americans only want to make game of them.

A BACHELOR'S PLAIN.

To de Editor of de Grumbler.

Toronto, Oct., 1859.

DEAR SIR,—Pity de sorrows of a poor bachelor. When I say a bachelor, I do not mean to say dat de evil I am about to complain of afflicts me alone. Far from it. From de King on his throne to de butler in his pantry, all are afflicted equally—and would you believe it, from de Queen on her throne down to de cook in de kitchen, de entire female race is de cause of all de affliction dat I am complainin of.

I need hardly tell you dat it is de crinoline I complain of. Go where I will, it is de bane of my existence. In de public streets it sweeps me away like an irresistible avalanche. If I offer my arm to dear Kate, and she has a habit of getting tired sometimes, I am sure to get entangled in a maze of hoops to such a degree, dat I am continually in dread of stumbling or tearing her dress all to pieces. In de drawing-room crinoline is a pest; as it is impossible to enjoy a *tete a tete*, dance, or do anything in conjunction with a fair one, owing to de magnitude of de crinoline—extensive in circumference at all times, prodigious when de wearer sits down.

In short, Mr. Editor, a law ought to be at once introduced to put down crinoline, and until such a law is passed, I shall live in fear, anguish, and a fever.

Yours, in pain,
ANDY HANDY.

To Andy Handy, Esq.

21 Nordheimer's Buildings.

DEAR SIR,—It seems to us dat you are a cross-grained abominable old fellow, without one idea except how to take care of yourself. It is our opinion dat de hoop—we beg pardon, crinoline—is a heavenly invention; and we should be long sorry to see it discarded, merely because it inconvenienced such crusty old crumudgeons as yourself.

Yours, truly,
GRUMBLER.

AMERICA AND CHINA.

From de New York Herald.

At last our Ambassador has been received with open arms in de Capital of de great Empire populated with John Chinamen. It is true de entry of Mr. Ward into Peking, has not been attended with all de pomp and circumstances of de entry of King Victor Emanuel into Turin. England and France may sneer at us and say dat Mr. Ward entered into Peking under watch and ward in a tea chest. They may also institute comparisons between Mr. Ward and "Jack in de box," with a view to de raising of our national dander, and de covering of their own defeat. They may also say dat our minister was smuggled into China like a piece of lumber. But it won't do. De dodge will be easily seen through, and defeated with ignominious contempt.

BY A VAGABOND.

Society as at present constituted, is as everybody knows, a conglomerate; different castes, classes, and interests, distinct in themselves, producing a combination powerful, beautiful, and harmonious.—Complete, as is the whole, the various elements are in themselves antagonistic and changeable, the honest and upright merchant of to-day oft becoming the corrupt and chiseling politician of to-morrow, while the extravagant reckless *roue* settles down into the quiet unassuming occupation of a Methodist Parson. Changes are frequent, and singular, sometimes painful, sometimes amusing.—The drabble tailed unkempt street sweeping lass elevated to the position of Lady Mayoress Amuses the *elite* by the peculiar style of dignity with which she adorns her new found station, while she unconscious of a fault struts with all the vulgar vanity of a peacock. The kind and humane are pained by the lamentable exhibition of the decline of the generous man from a position of wealth and honor to that of beggary and dependence, by trusting too much to the honesty of friends.

The class alone unchanged and unchangeable, is that to which I adhere—the vagabond or loafer. The rise of empires and the death of kings, the impetus of science, and the checks of crises alike are powerless to endanger its immutability. Preserved intact in every grade—for there are grades even in vagabondism,—it laughs at change and mocks the world.

Universality is one of its great characteristics—the bleak and frozen north, the sunny south, the gorgeous east and the hopeful west all contribute their quota to form the glorious world of vagabondism. The one great principle guides them all, to live easily, merrily, and shun care. A fig for the world—they live in it and make merry, die and go into a more extensive system of vagabondage in another sphere.

In all his grades is the true vagabond envied, as the noble, wealthy, and proud profligate—he is carressed by kings, and adored by princesses; as the gentleman young talented extravagant—he excels the steady, careful men of his class, and carries off the heiress.

But in his lower grade does envy reach the culminating point, with hat jauntily placed on the head cigar in mouth, and trousers rolled up at the bottom revealing the perfect symmetry of the foot gracefully capped by a portion of the white lining, he stands at the corner of the street; the favorite of the fast girls, and the pride and admiration of every passing small boy.

A Proverb at Fault.

Dead men tell no tales—"dead marines" are an exception.

Explanatory note by Ed. Grumbler.

A dead marine is a vessel exhausted of its proper complement of liquor, and may be found in young gentlemen's chambers the morning after a spree.

It is rather surprising that no reporter has ever been appointed by the Courts to preserve the decisions made by our learned Police Magistrate. We would suggest that this be at once seen to. Mr. Mayor Wilson is a legal gentleman and should know all about such matters. He will readily understand the importance to the legal profession—at least to Police Court practitioners—of such a manual of decisions—yes decisions—which affect so large a portion of our community. As we suppose a reporter will be at once appointed we give him an idea how such a work should be conducted:

"POLICE COURT,
Garnett, P. M., presiding."

1. Getting tight continually.....One month in jail.
2. Getting drunk once, with a little touch of disorderly conduct.....\$2 and costs
3. Knocking a fellow on the head.....\$2 and costs.
4. Horsewhipping on the public street.....\$5.
5. Getting slightly tight.....A reprimand.
6. Licking a policeman, and tearing his clothes...To pay for damage to clothing.
7. Kicking a civilian.....\$20.

It would not be a very arduous task, and yet no one can tell how much benefit would result from it. Every one would then be able to regulate his conduct by the state of his finances, and we are sure in these hard times crime would be effectually prevented.

ROYAL LYCEUM.

Since the departure of Cooper's English Opera Troupe, this place of amusement has been closed for the purpose of undergoing extensive alterations. The whole interior will be entirely changed; the present limited dress circle will be extended to the front of the theatre, and include the space now occupied by the ladies' dressing room; the present uncomfortable box seats are to be removed, and more convenient ones take their place; new entrances and a new dressing room will be provided, and the whole re-painted and re-decorated in proper style; in fact, the alterations throughout will be most complete, making the Lyceum one of the most comfortable theatres in this Province. As soon as it is finished—which will be in a few weeks—Miss DeCourcy will open the dramatic campaign with an efficient stock company, and we predict for the theatre-going public of Toronto a brilliant winter season.

A Change.

The American Minister, Mr. Ward, having been conveyed to China in a tea-chest—the old adage of "Jack in the box," seems to be reversed: "Jonathan in the box," guarded by Jack Chinaman, would be the thing now.

Something New.

Old Double says that the reason Senator Broderick was shot in a duel was because the United States have a written constitution. The next thing we shall hear of will be, that the times are hard because the moon's made of green cheese.

ONTARIO, October 14, 1859.

Dear Grumbler,—

As u was sayin u thot—which prehaps it is rite—that u would stop a publishin until Parlyment mett i would like to rite—Vally-studinary with Observashins to the publick & ure readers in General: wich been Kompetent therefore would be perphapse rite for me to do—

Wen the Grumbler stops no one is not to go on—As was done afore—& maik fools of theireselves, showin thereby they is not wise wich are much to bee replored and not to be bore, becos him wich makes a fool of hisself is'nt to be trusted. Nobody is not to get up no nu polyticks wen their is kno grumbler as noboddy can tell wether they is right but should jine the grits wich George brown he is the 'head and a Scotchman and ken talk awful wen he is riled, wich was wen he was tricked by corruption & Bribery, wich is Juno. A's. government and was in offis too dais.

Darcy Michgee isnt ought to be allowed to get out ov the kountry nor write no letters as been a H-risher—wich are not good—he might bring over nis armeer and rob the Banks, like Mickinzee did afore, wen he was prevented so doin. Bob Moody ken be lett go up in his balloon kos he is a sound i-stitushun and, sometimes is rite, but all the Korporations sich as Bugg Carroll ODunnhyus and Wiman and all them shoold have their board paid fur, and put in govner Allens charge, bein igknowramusses Harry Henry mite learne them to redo write and sifer and chop wood wich are good for their helth and brane and mite maik them respecttable, other things might be done wich wood be rite but i must stop, kos i am studdyn hard and has no time.

ures till deth
Jos. Gould MPP.

"FLORA TEMPLE" BEATING HERSELF.

(From the New York Herald.)

"On the result of the race, being declared, and it being known that "Flora" had actually beaten herself by a quarter of a second, the joy of the populace knew no bounds. The little mare was surrounded by ten thousand Yankees—she was caressed a thousand times. In a fit of wild enthusiasm one gentleman declared that he could marry her. Another gentleman declared his intention to leave her a legacy in his will—in case she should be run off her own legs before she died.

"The enthusiasm did not stop here. "Flora" was unbitched in a trice, and her entire harness, buggy and all was soon cut up into pieces, and carried off by the joyful populace. All this time the little mare seemed to like it. She bit no one—kicked no Americans' brains out—which, however, is not much to be wondered at, as she couldn't even if she tried. There she stood wagging her tail, and looking as proud as possible of her achievement. She is without doubt the fastest old horse in the world, and it gives us great pleasure to chronicle the reception she has met with."