

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. 1.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1858.

NO. 26.

THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1858.

THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL ELECTION.—No. II.

For a whole week, the people of York Division have been waiting upon bad winds and foggy days, to render up a candidate for Legislative Council honours. Mr. Baldwin has retired, Mr. Jarvis makes a virtue of necessity, and does the same; Mr. Burr is up to his neck in the Georgian Bay Canal, and seems likely to stick there, while Mr. Romane is still king of the castle till our political Jonah arrives from sea to set all right again. G. W. Allan, Esq., is the only man it appears who can save Lindley Murray and good society from ignominious defeat. We have laughed in our sleeves more than once during the past week at the contemptuous curl of lips, from which little that can be called grammatical has ever escaped, at the educational deficiencies of one of the candidates. Around the standard of etymology and eau de cologne have rallied a motley crowd of washed and unwashed, *soi-disant* learned and indubitably ignorant. Was good grammar ever so well vindicated before? Was Chesterfield ever so popular? Surely never. But in addition to this, a sort of political millennium has been inaugurated according to the *Colonist*, and the question has ceased to be—Will the candidate support A or B as Premier of the Province? it is now, Can he parse a sentence without getting a bad mark? or has he a thorough drawing-room air about him? We are not sure that this is not a step in the right direction, the Queen's English is vastly more important than the Queen's dignity, and sound politics are as nought to good parsing. Our sentiments on this subject were recorded last week, and they have undergone no change; but still there is such a thing as riding a hobby too hard, and forgetting in the external adornments of the candidate the real qualifications of the sound legislator. That somebody will be very much deceived at this election, we feel abundantly assured. Mr. Allan may be a perfect Burke in politics as he is said to be a finished Chesterfield in manners, and yet he cannot please all parties; if he attempts it he is very much to blame. If elected, he will not sit two weeks in the Council without either the *Globe* or *Atlas* (if the latter survive) crying havoc, and letting slip their belligerent canines at him. It's no use, Clear Grit and Conservative cannot both be pleased; one must be sold in this bargain, one of them must be hugged to death, and it only remains to be seen which is the bear.

Mr. William Henderson vows he will not support Mr. Allan unless he will sustain the senior member for Toronto, a qualification which Mr. J. H. Cameron will not view as absolutely requisite; and yet both take their dip in the lucky bag and are prepared as the Yankee says, "to go it blind." This sort of ostrich system of politics we don't relish, and we know that Mr. Allan is too upright to take part in so ridiculous a farce. In conclusion we may give to the public a letter from an opponent of Mr. Romane; we reprint it *verbatim et literatim* lest it should fall in its effect:—

"MISTER GRUMBLER,—I was right jolly glad to see you pitch into Charlie Romane the other day for his bad education. Nothing is worse nor more unpretty than ignorance. It was education what made me wot I am, that's a fact, and I shoold be guilty of what Shakespier says in his play of King Lear:

"How sharper than a pen-knife blade it is,
To have a toothless child."

Base ingratitude to my sire (he's dead and berried) if I didn't go in for Allen and education. I voted for Brown but when I seed (Romane ses seen which is rong) when I seed Romane a barbarously murdering the Kween's English to kwote Shakespier again, "though his catgut were my deer fiddle strings, I'd pull 'em off and whistle them down the wind to play at cat's cradle." Wot is Brown to and Lenney? or wot is principal to the parts of speech? Hoorah for Allan and orthography, and prosography and down with Romane and rong pronunciation.

Yur'd in verb,
adverb and participel,
WUN OF THE LITERATUSES.

Holding Fire.

—The course which our silent sister the *Globe* pursues in regard to the pending elections, would cause any candidate but Charles Edward Romain to subsidize an organ of his own; and if he should feel inclined to do so, we have one in our eye for him which, inasmuch as it is most presuming and contemptible, will exactly suit his purpose. Charley, however, deserves a better return for having his best suit of black spoiled at Mr. Brown's election by the rain, which, in merciful consideration to the great unwashed, poured down on that occasion in sufficient quantities to cleanse any number of Clear Grits and Tories, and the *Globe* ought to be ashamed of the willy-nilly, ride-the-fence, evil-for-good policy which it is pursuing towards that illustrious individual. However, there is no accounting for taste—the Honourable Robert Baldwin and G. W. Allan are snubbed, while Charley receives negative support. We beg to lay another suggestion before "H. B." A race-course, the winning-post in sight, Charley mounted on the Brown horse which is launching out his heels at Baldwin and Allan, but refusing to stir a step forward. What do you say, a Hard Black?"

"THE SNOWS" — UPPER OTTAWA.

(NOT TO BE FOUND IN MR. SHANLY'S REPORT.)

Over the snows,
Buoyantly goes
The lumberer's bark canoe;
Lightly they sweep,
Wilder each leap,
Ronding the white caps through.
Away! Away!
With the speed of a startled deer,
While the steersman true,
And his laughing crew,
Sing of their wild career.

Mariners glide
Far o'er the tide,
In ships that are staunch and strong;
Safely as they sweep,
Speed we away,
Waking the woods with song.
Away! Away!
With the flight of a startled deer,
While the laughing crew
Of the swift canoe,
Sing of the rafter's cheer.

Through forest and brake,
O'er rapid and lake,
We've sport for the sun and rain,
Free as the child
Of the Arab wild,
Hardened to toil and pain.
Away! Away!
With the speed of a startled deer,
While our buoyant flight,
And the rapids might
Heighten our swift career.]

O'er the snows
Buoyantly goes
The lumberer's bark canoe,
Lightly they sweep,
Wilder each leap,
Tearing the white caps through.
Away! Away!
With the speed of a startled deer,
There's a fearless crew
In each light canoe,
To sing of the rafter's cheer.

—Young Jones, a love-sick swain, remarked to his friend Smith, that he was like to pine and die.

"You," replied Smith, may pine and die, but for my part, I'm going to dine on pie."
(P. S.—Jones thought he'd go halves with Smith.)

Grit Wit.

—There is a line which even Clear Grit journals do not venture to cross.—*Leader*.
True; and this is the best proof that Mr. Brown has abandoned no principle; the line the Opposition will not cross is a concession line.—*Globe*.

The Flag that braved, &c.

—A correspondent who lately broke the bridge of his nose on one of our side-walks, says, that, in spite of all their exertions, the corporation as yet show no indication of flagging.

THE NUPTIALS OF YORK DIVISION.

RECITATIVE.

Signora Yerkina Cantat.

Heigh ho! my wedding day draws nigh,
And thimorous mortals round me sigh,
And breathe and bliss as my pretty name,
And every excellence I have proclaim,
Swearing with amatory oaths to serve
Most faithfully, and my commands observe,
But soft they come, imploring train,
I'll draw them near with musle's strain.

Air—(Soprano.)

Cease, cease, my beating heart,
Thy throbs my bosom rend,
And anguish to a lore impart,
That threatens to be my end,
Cease, cease, then,
Peace, peace, then.
But vain, vain, in my cry to above,
For Cupid's dart
Has pierc'd my heart,
And I feel 'tis the quiver of lore.

Enter—Cacihra, Rutherford, Cameron, &c.

What sweetness to the heart that voice doth bring,
Reply to it Rutherford, for thou canst sing.

Air—(Basso profundo.)

Oh chose, as thou wert wont to chose,
Before the Clear Grit Brown
Had crushed thy power, and gained his own
Election for the Town;
Some votes perchance I wero best to lay,
Some have a conscience free,
And if their votes we can control,
He may elected be.
He may elected be, he may elected be.

York singing—

There was a time when Tory votes
My very soul-strings away'd,
When Compact's staunch Conservatives
Gave me their sercitude;
When Radicals, with burning breasts,
Did arm in fierce array;
Oh sigh not for its loss, my friends,
Each dog must have his day.

RECITATIVE.

*Enter Romain—*Now then Charles Edward go in and win
here's the loveliest creature you're ever clapped eyes on, and
the hull kinimully anticipates that you're to go in like a
streak, turn on the last extremity of the Informal Family Com-
pact and arrogate yourself and the York Division in the
bosoms of your enlightened countrymen, surrounded and sup-
ported by the Clear Grits and a blaze of Fireworks.

Air—(Falsetto.)

Oh I've come out, my pretty wies,
To sing my little song,
It's all about my darling self,
And will not keep you long.
Then rote for Romain, lady,
Oh do my lady York,
I'm just the man to suit ye,
With my hifalutin' lark.

(Dances round.)

I'll back the Opposition
Against Macdonald's crew,
And if you like to take me up,
I'll bet you swo to two,
Then vote, &c.
My principles in progress,
I know you'll think them right,
I'll knock the Tory Compact
All higher than a kite.
Then vote, &c.

Hallo! who's this tartation critter comin,
With bow and smiles a banjo thrummin,
I'll stop aside to see what he is arter,
It be's a lover too, I must be a trifle smartor.

Enter Allan, singing.

Oh I've come across the sea to be by your side,
I've crossed the briny ocean's fiercely rolling tide,
And all my sweet love, to win you for my bride,
Then come dearest lady with me.

Tru la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

The ship was delayed, but now I've arrived,
All dangers of the deep, love, I have survived—
[Voice without]—Ho Lemon! Ho Lemon and Vanilla too,
Lemon Ice cream.

Enter General Stokes.

Now then Sally put on your fixus and come along.
That voice—it is.

York.

*Allan (peevishly)—*The swarthy moor.

The young lady descends from the balcony and elopes with
Lemon John—exount singing

Fare ye well my furtle doves!
I so g'line ober de mountains.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

The latest phase in election contests, is the intro-
duction of the "human face divine." Formerly a
candidate for Parliamentary honors instead of stand-
ing for his portrait when about to "run," was con-
tent to stand drinks all round; but now he has to
do both—and the result of this taste for the Fine
Arts, is that we already have a gallery of the public
men of the day, intellectual enough to cause the
fastidious editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, to recant
his present erroneous opinions of Canada: although
we fear that at first sight he would mistake Speaker
Smith for a Canadian bear dressed up in robes.
For our part we do not admire the new features in-
troduced by this innovation on the ancient practice.
We admit that a love for the Fine Arts, gives a pol-
ish to a community, which for brilliancy and en-
durance, can compare favorably even with the latest
patented paste blacking. But suppose all candi-
dates for city honors should follow this example—
and "what for no," how delightful then it would be
to see the portrait of Paddy O'Shaughnessy, candi-
date for the office of dustman, in a striking attitude
of tossing a shovel full of dust into his waggon-
Or, would it not be captivating to see an Apollo of
the City Council in the impressive position of pick-
ing his neighbour's pocket.

But to return; to the portraits of our representa-
tives, which may be seen any day in company with
a host of celebrities on King street. The most
prominent is—

J. H. CAMERON, Q. C. The likeness is exact—only
that the gentleman is nearly all chin, and looks at
first sight like a frog making an astronomical sur-
vey. On close examination it will be seen that he
is winking at the Empress Eugenie, who smiles on
him from a distance.

MR. BROWN, M. P., claims our attention next. He
seems as if he were mentally praying that a kind
Providence would send the corruptionists about
their business. We failed to discover any tears;
but, as the honorable gentleman's eyes are turned
up in the manner in which weeping saints are re-
presented; and he holds a pen very feelingly in his
hand, no doubt he is supposed to be weeping and
shedding ink instead of tears.

MR. G. W. ALLAN occupies a distinguished place
in the gallery of portraits. He is taken three quar-
ter face, and in a few days we shall see his entire
frontispiece. He is rouged as if he were going to
take the lady's part in a pantomime. Of course the
placing of the portrait for public admiration, is a
mere ruse to enable the *beau ideal* to get into parlia-
ment.

J. A. McDONALD, M.P.P., Premier, makes the

pleasantest picture in the group. It was evidently
finished before he took the pledge, for he seems to be
asking every looker-on to take a glass of wine with
him. We hope the honorable gentleman will keep
his temperance pledge as, it is said, he does all his
other pledges.

W. L. MCKENZIE, M. P. P., is also among the com-
pany, looking as grim as if the Supplies were being
gone through with. The old gentleman seems as
though he knew that his neighbour was—

H. SMITH, Speaker. This likeness is rather cor-
rect. The contour of the face is as agreeable as if
the veritable Henry had swallowed a glass of bad
brandy, and, as we before remarked, the honorable
gentleman might pass in a crowd for a bear. Par-
ticular attention is directed to his dexter-hand,
which bears the closest resemblance to a paw
that we ever saw. With such a paw as that at the
purse strings, we would not give two-pence half-
penny for the balance.

D'ARCY MCGEE, M.P.P., looking as fierce as if
Mr. Brown had actually stood on his coat, stands
in a corner with his arms akimbo. From the grim-
ness of the honorable gentleman's features, and the
gloom which surrounds him together with his suit
of black, he reminds us of Satan peeping out into
Chaos.

CHARLES EDWARD ROMAIN is not among the col-
lection. If he has any scruples about appearing in
the company of respectable men, we assure him
that many M. P. P.'s are almost as bad as him-
self. Charley should come out in character as
Richard III., shouting for "a horse, a horse!" In
the back ground an ingenious artist might repre-
sent the senior member for the city, coming to his
assistance. We all know he's a great old boss.
We make a present of the idea to the very clever
'H. B.'

MOODIE'S RESOLVE:

Air:—*To sigh, yet feel no pain.*

To work, yet get no pay,
To vote, yet scarce know why,
To sport with Geories watch and chain,
Then throw them idly by.
To kneel to George's Brown,
And then to Cameron,
To serve all men about the town,
And yet to stick to none.

This is to be a thankless tool,
A cussed, cussed, cursed fool;
This is to be a thankless tool,
A cussed, cussed, cursed fool.

To stick to Charles Romain
Through all his weal or woe,
And be he peer, or not, remain
The same Bob Moodie, Oh!
To raise him at the polls
With such refined excess,
That, though he can not pay for more,
He cant go in with less.

This is to be a cator Bob,
And this will be a nenter job;
This is to be a cator Bob,
And this will be a nenter job.

Timely Caution.

The libel on humanity who horsewhip-
ped a little girl on Church St., on Thursday even-
ing, had better not repeat the experiment, unless he
desires further notoriety, and an acquaintance with
the police court.

OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

Assured of having given satisfaction last week in commencing a sketch of the Blowers, we resume duty, and may possibly throw light on a few of them who are wont to hide themselves in Egyptian darkness. We forthwith drag before the curtain subject.

No. 7.—RAMSAY, illustrious, if on no other grounds than as successor of Carruthers. This man has a bottom of his own, and is popular with the jockeys of St. David's. His position in the commercial world is that of a retail dealer in malt liquors—inimitable in the amiabilities of "mine host." His spare bedroom contains a picture of William crossing the Boyne—one of Ogle R.'s Royal Charters, constituting Loyal Orange Lodge No. 444, in which a rare fraternity are monthly gathered together, Brother Ramsay supplying ale and fixings to fill up the vacancies caused by the pothery emanations of Protestant lungs. He plays whist excellently for the good of the house, is clever at the abductions of strong beer, and equal to any two policemen in fomenting a row.

No. 8.—FOX, not the one identified with the "Book of Martyrs," nor him referred to by Bosop, nor in any manner connected with Gray of fifth of November notoriety—but a *bona fide* inhabitant of the city, and Blower for the Ward of St. James. If Mr. Fox is cunning, what more natural? If sent among geese, may we not expect their being plucked? We do not advise his being hunted down, but prudence should dictate to him a retreat to his hole, where we are satisfied no good citizen would molest him.

No. 9.—DUNN, a delegate from St. Patrick, though not an Irishman. He is conspicuous for loquacity, and as profound as a cockatoo. Like Mr. Romain, he is free from the taint of education; and whatever the schoolmaam might have done for him in early life, it has not fructified to his own good or that of anybody else's. He has, in combination with deplorable statesmen, unmitigated stubbornness, aggravated to malignity by dotage. He is still susceptible to flattery, and can be coaxed into wearing a shirt collar on great Aldermanic occasions.

No. 10.—URTON, a promising Councillor, somewhat behind in manners, wit and discretion. He enjoys the advantage now of a good school, and we have no doubt, at the end of his term, will be able to tell the electors how many chairs there are in the City Hall—how often he was called upon to second a motion—the number of times he presided over committees of the whole, and the amount of stationery he wasted in the vain endeavor to concoct an original resolution. In his official seat he is sagely taciturn; but in some circumstances can be made to joke and laugh hoarsely. If allowed the privilege of a phrenologist, we should unhesitatingly say—profession most suitable—ox driver.

No. 11.—CRAIG, from the great central Ward of St. James. The first few months of his career stamped him as a clown, clever at wry faces, jumping and gymnastic exercises generally. He still has much marketable talent, and might add length to his purse by advertising himself as a performing calf, with only two legs. His exhibitions in the council have ceased to be a novelty; we recommend him to treat for a cattle stall at the approaching

fair, where hundreds would crowd around him, anxious to gaze at so wonderful a specimen of *luxus natura*.

No. 12.—CANNY, a stupid, good-natured Alderman from St. David's. He is devotedly attached to the interests of his Ward; but his soul cannot stretch beyond its limits. Every measure for the improvement of the western section of the city he steadily opposes, to make sure of the good will of his constituents. He doesn't boast of any sagacity, and is pulled, at the nose by his colleagues to suit their every caprice. In himself he is quite incapable of good or harm.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Bugaboo; or, the Lost Kanuck.—A Novel by Sir E. B. LYTTON. Armour & Co., Yonge Street.

That prolific and enchanting novelist, Sir E. B. Lytton, has at last honoured our province with a place in one of his greatest compositions. We give his reasons in an extract from the preface:—

As soon as the official duties of Colonial Secretary attracted my attention to the blooming Province of Canada, the eagle of fancy, which hovering aloft in mid-air had stretched its unwinking ken in every direction in search of the True, the Beautiful, and the Good, swooped westward and seized its Quarry in the Mystery Land, the Turbulent, Rugged yet Genius benisoned Domain of the Half-breed, the degenerate Gaul, and the Retrograded Re-barbarized Scion of British civilization."

Agala:—"Happy are we, who bask in the brightly-mild corale of the Eye of a matured Minerva, happy by contrast with those Nations, who living in the Hearts of Distant Continents, know the limits of their Domain; like the fair Nmaids of Atlantis, who know not the weight of their Golden Bracelets, because they had'nt got a Pair of Scales. Kanada the Fair, veils her Noble Proportions from the gaze of her Rude Denizens. To Read this Mystery, to Show to Kanadians the boundaries of their Realm, shall be the Aim of this Volume. The Lucre which my Talent gains, shall be devoted to the Purchase of Maps and Charts of every Statute to be conveyed beyond the Sea, and given into the hands of the Kanadians. Then shall the Untutored Men cease their Strife, when they know, in the words of Schiller, "Where's Where." When they know that Ottawa, the Fair child, nestling like a Canvass Back, in the Rushes of Lake Ontario, lies like a Pearly link between the two Provinces; then shall they embrace the Kness of their British Grand-mother, and confess their own incapacity to deal with the Egg of Self Government."

We cannot but admire Sir E. B.'s moderation. He evidently has his British prejudices; but they are not half so extravagant as those of the British Journals. His purpose, too, is very well intentioned. It is well known that we have no authentic map of Canada at present; and a lecture on Canada Geography by our worthy baronet, by Charles Dickens, or Charles Mackay, would be a novel and instructive performance.

Our author also corrects several erroneous impressions under which many well informed Britons have been labouring. 1. That the Cherokee dialect is the language principally spoken in the Canadian

Parliament; whereas, (as 'the Baronet avouches) a Choctaw slightly corrupted by French, is the one used. 2. That married women blacken their teeth. The Baronet explains that this a mistake arising from the excessive use of blackberry pie in Canadian families; the temporary stain resulting from this cause may naturally have misled observant travellers.

Chap. I. of the work commences with an ingenious dissolution on the word "Kanuck," which is therein stated to be derived from *KANUK*, a dog, and *IGWU*,—to have, because the inhabitants of Canada generally kept dogs when they wanted them.

Chap. II. introduces us fairly to the hero of the story; giving us moreover, a description of our city which, if somewhat fanciful forsooth, shews a remarkable fidelity in its general outline.

"Deeply locked in the embrace of two Headlands, which, stretching out into the Briny waves of Ontario, seemed prepared to thrust aside all the malign powers of nature that should attempt to injure its precious charge, lay the little hamlet of—Toronto. Close by the Bench stood several Cottages neatly constructed of white pine boards, which appeared in bright contrast with the dusky Wigwams scattered behind them, and on the neighboring heights. On rising ground to the left stood a variegated wigwam of huge size; above it waved the bunting of British sovereignty. Before the door, files of Indians of the Kennebec race, clad in "Morton's Proof," (a rude kind of Armour in use here amongst all classes in the absence of firearms) were performing some simple but graceful evolutions, to the sound of the "Indian Drum." Need we inform the intelligent reader that this was the viceregal residence; the home of the amiable Sir Edmund Head, whose conciliating disposition has adduced him to reside ever since his arrival, in an Indian Wigwam, with a view of propitiating the numerous warlike tribes of Indians which exercise so potent an influence on the politics of the Country.

"Far out from this imposing, but, alas, barbarous spectacle, on the glassy Bosom of slow-throbbing Ontario, floated a bark canoe, in which was seated a Youth of noble, but pensive, mien, whose flashing eye and thoughtful chin—(ah, 'tis the Lightning rumble of Thunder in the West)—called none proclaimed to be one of nature's nobility; absorbed in the columns of THE GUMBEN, the only newspaper published in his native country, Kanada, he heeds not the warning cry of merciful Nature—but woe!"

The work is ingeniously contrived. The young man is driven out of sight of land by the thunder storm so vividly represented above, as browning, and finds himself next morning in the open sea. The winds and tides bear him to the mouth of the Saguenay, near Ottawa; he then sails up the river till he enters Lake Superior, and lands on the solitary island of Orillia, where he takes advantage of his compulsory leisure to compose an Epic Poem. This work being completed at the end of seven years, he returns to Toronto by the River Don, and publishes it in that city. The same and wealth-procured by this means, render him one of the most prominent men in the country, and he dies at a green old age, at his residence, Castle Frank, in Grosse Island, in the Georgian Bay.

OH NO, THEY NEVER MENTION ME!

AS SUNG BY W. B. JARVIS, ESQ.

Oh, no, they never mention me,
My name is never heard,
Electors now forbear to speak
That once familiar word.

From poll to poll they'll hurry me,
To banish my regrets,
And when they suck votes out of me,
They'll think that I forget.

They counsel me some watering place,
For for my health they fear;
But tho' 'mong Portland's *piers* I sat,
'Twould not make me a peer.

'Tis true I shall behold no more
The bustings near the market.
I shall not see the polling booth,
And so shall not remark it.

They tell me Allan's happy tow,
The gayest of the gay,
They say that York forgets me,
But I heed not what they say.

Perhaps she took these men in haste,
And now begins to fret;
But if she would encourage me,
She ne'er would feel regret.

LITERARY MEETING.

(REPORTED FOR THE GRUMBLER.)

The parts of speech held a meeting in the Grammar School yesterday, to express their indignation at the impertinence of Mr. Romain in daring to intrude himself as a candidate for the Council.

The Article wanted to take the chair, but the Adjective objected and proposed the Noun to whom he said he was always attached, and who, as being a substantial man, ought to preside over their deliberations. This motion prevailed, and Substantive took the chair.

The Verb took the floor and said he had suffered long enough, and intended in future to be and to do and no longer be always in the passive voice. He had seen with indignation and vexation the hostile attitude of Mr. Romain to himself and his brethren, and might he never be conjugated again if he put up with it.

The Interjection: O! ah! I lack-a-day!

The Verb said that he had suffered more than any one in this matter. Mr. Romain, doubtless with the view of conciliating his friend, the Participle had deliberately insulted him with such abominable expressions as "he seen" and "he done," and he asked whether the attempt to ignore his existence was to be endured by any honorable part of speech, present.

Interjection: Ahem!

The Participle said that his near relation, the Verb, had referred to him. He evidently was inclined to be too much in the imperative mood to-day, a tendency which he could not but deplore. He contended that the Verb had not been abused more than he had, for although Mr. Romain had used the expressions referred to by his friend, the other part, he had outraged him by such abominable expressions as "he had went," which was a plain insult to himself, individually. He certainly had never coquetted with the monster.

The Article: A (eh)?

The Participle: A respectable Article you are to question it.

The Noun: The Article is out of order. I will explain—

The Article: I don't want your explanation, I am set before you, sir, to show the extent of your signification, and, I feel bound to say, you talk nonsense.

The Proposition; Hear! Hear! and, by the universal consent of grammarians, I am before the Noun, too, and I certainly did not put him in the objective just now.

The Pronoun said he would speak for the Noun as became him, and he ruled Article and Preposition out of order.

Preposition: What have you to do with ruling any one in the objective? his friend was decidedly too much of a personal pronoun on that occasion, and should not try the demonstrative with such violence.

The honorable gentleman here knocked an eye (I) out of Pronoun; a general skirmish ensued, and our reporter came to the conclusion that the *cases* were in an extremely bad mood, and the meeting broke up in a row.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THOMAS G. RIDOUT, ESQUIRE, CASHIER, BANK OF UPPER CANADA.

Remember, once that you were young,
Then you were fond of play;
So pity take upon the *boys*,
And give a holiday.

—[Juvenile Recollections.]

MR DEAR RIDOUT.—Our intimate relations suggest to me that I should in my usual happy style, as the newspaper says, address you a few lines, for I am sure, my dear Tom, you never object to a good note. The fact of it is, two good fellows always cotton well, and you and I generally get along as we ought. But I am not quite satisfied with the decision come to in your Bank parlour about the petition of the clerks—that the Bank in Toronto should close at one on the Saturday, like Davidson and the other bank fellows have agreed to do in Montreal. Indeed, the other day, when Davidson was here, I said both to him and Proudfoot, (and you know my regard for Bill,) that we ought not to be behind the inferior race in any respect, and Proudfoot told me, that he was willing enough himself, to grant the petition, but the objection lay with—"Pardon me Bill," said I, "what you mean is that they *did* object—for the thing must be done. I dine with Tom Ridout tomorrow, and I intend to put the case to him—and you and he together are by no means a one horse team. In short, you two *have* to carry the measure, and if you do—I will stand drinks." To my great disgust Davidson walked away, and said he lived in Montreal, where cocktails were abhorred, however sitting they might be in a community, with whom it was thought no disgrace to have a protested note. So Proudfoot and myself finished the fluid.

As I cannot dine with you my dear Ridout to-day, having to leave town for Charleston, to see the remarkable American naval officer who has actually captured a slaver, I thought that I would, with the apology which I send, just add, that to my mind no one knows better than yourself, (for you have a heart with which time has dealt lightly and kindly,) that bank clerks have bodies to be dwarfed, and

health to be destroyed, by constant confinement. A modern poet tells us, that the spirit's healthy prime fades in gloom. Equally is it unnecessary to remind you, as you read the line, my dear Ridout, as a whole souled fellow, that the Bank Clerk has the *anima l'vagula*, &c., as Adrian called it, and requires relaxation, to be saved from that gnawing, corroding, wearing away monotony, which the old Greeks loved to turn to as a fit subject for a tragedy.

Moreover, I do not intend to bore you any longer. In Montreal the Banks are closed about one the Saturdays, so that the poor devils engaged in them may know what afternoon week-day sun-shine means, and as you have personal weight to achieve the result here, take up the subject in earnest. And, my dear Thomas, you will on this day week be shooting ducks and drakes with Bill Proudfoot in the Humber.

Don't take the letter from an old friend in bad part, for I may want a little matter set right, on my return from Charleston, and it would bore me terribly to change my account.

Wishing you all sorts of good luck on your first Saturday afternoon's fishing, and with love to Proudfoot,

I am, my dear Ridout,
Very truly yours,

ERNEST WINTERBOTTOM,

K. L. & D. C. K. L.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. S., Kingston—We are exceedingly obliged to you, and shall be very happy to hear from you again. We would not have inserted the paragraph you sent us, as it would not have the desired effect during the Parliamentary vacation.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

ADVERTISE IN WIMAN & CO'S DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE FOR THE EXHIBITION.

We cannot too highly commend to public attention and support the proposed Excursion of the TORONTO VOLUNTEER RIFLE COMPANIES to Hamilton on Tuesday next. Nothing could be more reasonable, now that the weather has become oppressively warm, than this invitation to an agreeable trip upon the lake. The *Peerless* has been chartered for the occasion, the band of the Royal Canadian Rifles secured, besides a Quadrille Band for the evening. The Rifle Companies are in every way worthy of public patronage; all the officers and men with whom we are acquainted are gentlemanly, good fellows, and we have not the slightest doubt that they will make the Excursion pleasant and agreeable to their non-military patrons. We trust they will be well supported in this the last Excursion of the season. The *Peerless* leaves the Custom House Wharf on Tuesday morning next, at half-past seven, A.M., precisely. Tickets, \$1.50; Double Tickets, \$2; extra Lady's Ticket, \$1, to be had from Envisges Macdonald, O'Keefe, or Hotiwell, or on board the steamer on Tuesday.

There never will be a better time to advertise than during the forthcoming Exhibition, and those business men are acting wisely who are preparing to give publicity to their wares. A favorite mode with many is to have large bills printed and posted about the street, or by circulation of cards and circulars. This should be well and tastefully done, and we know no establishment where it can be better accomplished than at Blackburn's City Stone Press, Yonge Street. THE GRUMBLER takes great pleasure in recommending Mr. Blackburn, as from personal observation and a practical knowledge of the "mystic art," he knows there is none superior in his line.