

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. 2.—NO. 24.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1859.

WHOLE NO. 76.

THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1859.

A CANADIAN COURT CIRCULAR.

The *Hamilton Spectator* has started a somewhat novel practice for Canada. About half a column of an issue of this week is devoted to describing the meanderings of Mr. J. A. McDonald in Hamilton. He arrives and is received by a deputation. He visits the water-works and is treated to a dipper full of refrigerated aquatic. He actually surmounts the celebrated "mountain," and revels in the glories of Hamilton. He makes a very commonplace observation, but as it comes from the lips of John A. it is a literary *bijou*, and is instantly grabbed by the reporter at the honorable gentleman's elbow. Now we cannot for the life of us see any great utility in this ridiculous funkysm. In common with most Canadians, we do not much care to know the movements of the Attorney General. They do not involve any serious consequences to the country or to ourselves, and we are willing to be left in blissful ignorance of the matter.

If, however, the *Spectator's* plan is to be followed, let a city organ, say the *Colonist*, take up the matter in earnest. We can hardly see why we should know all about a minister, when he is from home, and nothing at all when he is amongst us. Nor is it exactly the thing to give all the honours to J. A., to the exclusion of his colleagues. Then there is Henry Smith, about whose thoughtful head and delicate *physique* we should be the better of knowing something. Has he been knighted yet? Did Her Majesty beg for a lock of his respectable hair? and if she did, was it really or ostensibly obtained for the destruction by way of poison of certain troublesome quadrupeds of the order *Rodentia*.

These and a great many matters of gossip, both at the royal and viceregal courts, should be recorded. Smith probably meets a great many British politicians, their ideas and queries about Canada would be worth something. Mr. Spooner would be sure to ask whether Canada has passed a bill against Papal aggression, or whether Mr. Benjamin is a Jew or a Gentile; and if the former, why Canada had followed the pernicious example of England. Baron Rothschild enquires the price of old clothes in Toronto. Wisconsin Williams wants to know whether Lake Ontario is salt or fresh, and how many battles in a year the citizens fight with the Indians.

Little items of this sort would give a spice to *O d Double* which would vastly enhance its circulation

and usefulness. The Evening Edition would take amazingly if the news-boys could yell "all about the Speaker at the Lord Mayor's dinner," "all about Smith taking tea with the Queen," &c., &c.

The movements of our own politicians might be described after this fashion:

The Hon. Mr. Galt spent the whole of yesterday afternoon in making cigar-lighte. The hon. gentleman made fifteen hundred in two hours. He has kindly sent us a dozen; there is a peculiarity in the way they are twisted, which shows much original genius.

The Hon. Mr. Alleya yesterday tried a new lotion. We shall publish the prescription in our next.

The Hon. Mr. Vankoughnet called at Coleman's on Tuesday, and after a half-hour spent in haggling with the proprietor, purchased for two dollars a hat that is a hat (second-hand).

The Hon. Mr. Smith made arrangements on Wednesday to take lessons in English composition and grammar. He has already got to "pronouns," and in a few weeks his verbs will be healthy, and his participles well-placed.

Hon. Mr. Cartier has just opened a new basket of champagne, and is learning from J. A. McDonald the mode of preparing cocktails.

Mr. Benjamin was weighed the day before yesterday at the weigh-house. He has lost four-and-a-half pounds through the excessive heat of the weather. He does eat pork.

Mr. M. Cameron paid a visit to Stokes' Lemon Ice Cream Factory. He expressed great satisfaction at the process of freezing, and let drop the sage observation that ice-cream is very refreshing in hot weather.

Hon. Mr. Brown had the tooth-ache yesterday, and we have it on good authority that he swallowed the brandy he held in his mouth instead of spitting it out.

Mr. Wallbridge yesterday bought a dozen apples, and never offered one to a friend.

Mr. McLeod is about to get shaved. Tenders have been put in by Bansley, Bailly, and Edwoods for the job. The last named proposes to use a reaping machine in the first place.

Dr. Connor yesterday was seen coming out of Lyman's with a bottle of hair-dye. Our reporter did not understand whether he was about to use it himself or present it to a friend.

Mr. Daly went over to the Island on the "Fire fly" on Thursday. He had a long interview with Captain Moodie, whom he kindly treated to a glass of brandy. Mr. Daly thinks that if the breach fills up, the boats will not be able to go through as they now do.

This idea will doubtlessly be instantly snatched at by the *Colonist*, and if we cannot tell the political movements of M. P. P.'s and others, we shall at least have the satisfaction of learning who cut their hair, how they stand at the tailors', and at what hour they rise and retire.

The Invasion of England and subjugation of Canada.

When green is red, and red is white,
When pigs and poultry cross and anear,
When light is dark, and dark is light,
When people shut their eyes to stare,
When herrings grow on apple trees,
When Niagara o'er Toronto hops,
When lawyers do refuse their fees,
When rumps of beef are mutton chops,
When brewer's carts are barber's shops,
When barber's blocks talk French with ease,
When mops are brooms, and brooms are mops,
When lamp posts turn aside to sneeze,
When oysters grow on orange trees,
When turnips are preferred to bread,
When THE GRUMBLER is a Cheshire cheese,
Then will Napoleon III. go over,
And land a million men at Dover.

THE TORONTO FAIR.

There must be something strangely perverse in the fates which govern the destinies of our Toronto fairs. Like the Provincial Exhibition of autumn last, the City Fair was completely spoiled by the rain. The first step you took in dismounting from the omnibus was in the mud. Everywhere you turned, plump you went down in the mire over your ankles. If you wanted to see the tremendous efforts to surmount the greasy pole, you must first pass over half an acre of mud. The game at quoits was a hidden mystery to you, if you were fastidiously attached to clean boots. Shoes and boots, pants, petticoats and stockings, all besmeared frightfully. And none of your micing street mud, but real, genuine stiff sticky clay, equal in consistency to that in which the celebrated William Barlow, Esquire, according to popular tradition is reported to have stuck.

From several temporary saloons whiskey was doled out to sundry of the damp and unfortunate visitors. Inside the palace, things looked even more wretched. A few disconsolate-looking ploughs several other agricultural machines, and a sewing machine filled one end of the building; some apples, a few flowers, and some good Indian curiosities occupied the other. Six whiskey saloons took care of the remnant. We had the pleasure of seeing several unsuccessful attempts to ascend the slippery pole; got disgusted at the dull, dank appearance of everything, and with dirty boots and muddy pants jumped into an omnibus, and off to town in disgust. It will be sometime before we venture so far to see nothing but mud and whiskey. We hope the weather will be more favourable on the 14th proximo.

The Committees in charge of the affair were however, worthy of every praise for the efforts they made to ensure success. It was not their fault that it did not go off with greater *celat*. It cannot be helped, we must only look for better luck in future.

THE UNFORTUNATE.

The wonder that the heart can feel
Such sorrow and not cease to beat.
BYRON.

Alone I was carelessly strolling one day,
When misfortune was decked in her best,
Two lamplights were chasing each other in play,
And the sun was just sinking to rest.

'Neath the shade of a wide-spreading tree I espied
A youth of jagubrious look;
He heeded me not when I stood by his side,
But silently gazed in the brook.

His dress and appearance quite plainly bespoke
That poverty did not oppress;
He started, looked up, when the stillness I broke,
He then resumed sadly his place.

I could not pass by and not strive to impart
Some counsel to cheer, for alas I
I saw that some sorrow was big at his heart,
So I seated myself on the grass.

And in soft words of kindness, unfolding my store
Of comfort, I noted with joy,
That his sensitive bosom was touched by their power,
And a tear trembled in his dark eye.

I urged him to tell me his grief and his care,
Assured him I felt for his woe,
And he answered in accents of thrilling despair,
"Alas, my moustache, sir, won't grow!"

THE BALLOON.

Blondin may be a very clever man, in fact we have been hitherto impressed with the idea that he was about the cleverest man extant; but we live in a clever age, and genius has the fecundity of the mushroom. Six years ago and would the most progressive of our citizens have predicted the advent of a Carroll. Carroll and his College Avenue disfigurements have been eclipsed by the wondrous marvels of the tight-rope walking Blondin. Blondin in his turn has succumbed to the superiority of a Steiner, and Toronto, the maddy York of ancient history, has burst forth in the full blaze of the latest novelty.

Of course so important an event could not be overlooked by the Grumbler, and our principal reporter was despatched in search of full particulars, which we hasten to lay before our readers.

The birthplace of the illustrious aeronaut we could not definitely ascertain, but from information from reliable sources we are enabled to state that in neither Timbuctoo nor Collingwood did he first see the light of day. His ego has been variously stated, the palpable indication of a moustache, however, warrants us in stating that he must be over his teens. The wonderful vehicle in which he ascended is supposed to have been made by the savage inhabitants of a distant island in the Pacific, and is known to dozers in the article as Irish Hun. From very powerful gearing covering the principal structure, depends the car, once the body of one of Jone's hotel omnib which was captured by the cabmen of Toronto in the memorable combat with those terrific desecrayers of cab fares some years ago.

The motive power by which the immense machine was propelled through the air, is a compound of foul and hybrid atmospheric and volatilized filth known as municipal gas, introduced through the media of corporation blowers. The process of inflation was very rapid, owing to the capacity of the

inflaters. Precisely at half-past four, the car having been ballasted with Leader extras and a file of Old Double, the stay ropes were cut and the Professor started on his perilous journey, amidst the acclamations of thousands of spectators, about a tenth of whom paid their quarters to witness the ascent. The balloon had scarcely risen above the flag-staff of the Revere house, when Bob Moodie arrived on the ground with his trunk and portmanteau ready equipped for a journey to the skies, but being five minutes behind time, like a modern Lord Ullin, "he was left lamenting," the gallant captain, however, plucked up courage and went off cruising in the Firefly.

The Professor meeting with no obstacles pursued his way through the viewless air towards the American shore. By the aid of a very powerful telescope we watched his progress across Lake Ontario, whose blue depths seemed to have no terror for him as he coolly struck a match on the halyards, and lit a very respectably colored T. D. pipe and commenced smoking very vigorously when about half-way over; when approaching the opposite coast he extinguished his pipe and saluted the Yankee thousands who were awaiting his arrival, by whistling "Hail Columbia." The Oswego brass band answered by a full chorus in the spirit-stirring strains of the national hymn, Yankee Doodle. In ten minutes he alighted and having called for a gin sling and a chew of tobacco, he packed up his balloon, and wound his way to the Oswego Hotel, accompanied by an immense crowd, who had turned out to lionize him.

It is expected he will shortly make another ascension from Toronto, full particulars of which will be found in the GRUMBLER.

FLUNKEYISM.

The Hamilton *Spectator* has a flunkey in its staff. The Attorney General West visited Hamilton the other day, and this flunkey proceeds to give an account of the visit. From the accurate account which he puts it is evident that the flunkey was at the Attorney General's elbow with the note book in hand from first to last. Accordingly we find the Flunkey putting it on record in the first place that

"The hon. gentleman, (the Attorney General) expressed himself highly delighted with the Reservoir, and the beautiful view obtained from the site."

After thus duly chronicling the delight of the Attorney General at the model of architectural convenience and beauty—a reservoir, the Flunkey proceeds to note down the expression of the Attorney General's features at the rich treat that was now in store for him:

"At the Engine House he (the At. Gen.) was apparently taken by surprise, to find that the "Ambitious city," in spite of the hard times, is progressing with a work which is not only the best of its kind in the country, but at the same time a valuable addition to our city improvements."

Let due credit be given to the accuracy of the Reporter. The Attorney General's is a grave sort of a face, which fully accounts for the Reporter being only able to hazard the opinion that Mr. McDonald was apparently surprised. But this is not all. The Flunkey enters into the body of Mr. McDonald, and finds out that he (the At. Gen.)

"Was greatly pleased with the character of the work, and in fact was not a little astonished at the spirit evinced by the Corporation in erecting such a monument of industry and skill as the Engine House."

Here the Flunkey grows more positive, and begins not to note down that Mr. McDonald was *not a little astonished!* At another place this faithful scribe informs us that Mr. McDonald "expressed regret" at the stopping of some works. He also tells us that what Mr. McDonald thought of the Hamilton hydrants:

"Of course the hon. gentleman was well pleased with the display, and expressed the opinion that, judging from the distance the water was thrown, it would amply suffice to subdue any conflagration that might occur."

From this learned remark it would seem that the Attorney General knows a thing or two about hydraulics, besides a smattering of law; and how fond the Attorney General also is of "expressing an opinion." And how opportunely it happens that the Reporter's note book in hand is at his elbow to state such valuable opinions.

The Attorney General would seem to have been tired now of being shown the sights, so he went home, and of course the Reporter was forced to go home also. But dwelling in fond rapture on the delicious *tit a tele* he had had with the Attorney General, he expresses his regret at his departure, and consoles Hamilton in its loss by the philosophic reflection that the

"Hon. J. A. Macdonald is one of the few Ministers of the Crown who have turned a visit to this city to such a profitable account, as that of yesterday. Having seen for himself, he can now judge of our enterprise as a people; and we may here state that he spoke encouragingly of the attempt now being made to erect a Crystal Palace."

Who can doubt but that the prosperity of Hamilton is now ensured. The Attorney General has seen for himself. It is the common custom for great men to see for any body in the world but themselves. But the Attorney General is an exception. He has seen for himself; and of course he can judge of the enterprise of Hamilton. Of course, there need now be no fear for the erection of the Crystal Palace; the Attorney General was heard by the reporter of the *Spectator* to speak encouragingly of it, therefore it may now be looked on as a settled fact.

The Band.

—What has become of the Band of the Royal Canadian Rifles? Lost, stolen or strayed, for the last half-dozen Thursdays, the Band of the Rifles. Any body giving information as to its whereabouts, and assigning a reasonable excuse for its absence from the University Park on those days will be suitably rewarded. Councillman Fell—it is your business to hunt up the Band. Why don't you attend to it, and continue to earn the golden opinion of your fellow citizens.

Conundrum.

—What is the difference between a man three sheets in the wind, and a lady who laces very tightly?

A. One is *slightly tight*, and the other is *tightly slight*.

A CURIOSITY OF A CURE.

"My cure, who is a man of talent, has often repeated to me during the time I endeavored to explain the strange alliance which existed between Napoleon and Victor Emmanuel:—'don't go too fast my son, Napoleon wishes to gain the friendship of Francis Joseph, that he may better thrash that rascally England.'"

The above is the commencement of a leading article from *L'Ordre*, a French paper in Montreal—and to say the best of it, it is highly amusing. The Editor, Cyrille Boucher, knows a Cure, a very talented fellow, well skilled, no doubt, in the noble art of curing, or more commonly speaking, saving his own bacon. This Cure and Mons. Boucher often take the Italian question into their serious consideration, with a view, no doubt, of satisfactorily solving it, and thus saving aspiring politicians a world of trouble.

Mons. Cyrill may easily be supposed squatting on a low stool at the feet of the Cure, trying to explain the strange alliance between Napoleon and Victor Emmanuel somewhat in this manner:—

Mons.—By, the way, my dear, Cure, pass the jug if there is any more beer left.

Cure.—It seems to me, my dear, Cyrille, that you've had more than your share already.

Mons.—Well, let's talk of European matters.

Cure.—That's a sure sign, the beer is doing its duty.

Mons.—I hardly imagine that the report printed in some of the papers that the war originated about lager beer, correct.

Cure.—Perhaps not.

Mons.—But then Napoleon is fond of beer.

Cure.—So are you.

Mons.—By the way, is Villa Franca in Spaa or Germany?

¶ Cure.—It is a part of France, as the name indicates, Villa of Franca.

Mons.—What a queer fellow Nap. is to associate with a chap like Victor Emmanuel.

Cure.—Wait till you see.

Mons.—Is Victor Emmanuel any relation to Queen Victoria.

Cure.—You've hit it old cock.

Mons.—And Nap. is going to play Vic. the odd trick.

Cure.—Wait till you see.

Mons.—I'll toss you for another quart of beer.

Cure.—Done. Heads for me.

Mon.—Lost. You may as well send for two quarts.

Cure.—You'll get drunk.

Mons.—I'm never worse than I am at present.

Cure.—That's true.

Mons.—What's your candid opinion as to the merits of Napoleon and Victor.

Cure.—They are both scoundrels.

Mons.—But we must uphold the French one.

Cure.—Certainly. Go and write a furious and ridiculous article,—something like what the French said Colonels to Napoleon. Anything that will cause a sensation.

Mons. Cyrille filled with beer, and the inspiration he drew from the Cure, accordingly goes and produces the ridiculous article in question.

THE NOR' WESTER.

Messrs. Buckingham and Coldwell, two gentlemen of acknowledged energy and ability, connected with the Toronto press, are about to establish a newspaper in the Red River Territory. The efforts being made to open up those valuable regions would be imperfect and incomplete without the aid of the press. The *Nor' Wester* will serve to inform Canadians of the nature, resources, progress, and prospects of the Red River settlements. It will be an invaluable assistant in laying before the world in an impartial and truthful manner, the most correct information in reference to these fertile lands.

Attached to no particular party, the organ of no class interest, it is to be devoted solely to aid in the great work of civilizing and peopling what must soon be the great highway to the Pacific.

Messrs. Buckingham and Coldwell's movement is bold and enterprising. It will require the aid of everyone who feels an interest in the progress of civilization. Our merchants and politicians are particularly interested in this matter, and we trust that a patriotic desire not to be out-stripped by the Americans in the settlement of the great north-western territories will induce them to give a liberal support to those who are anxious to disseminate of correct information for the 'migrant and the trader. The *Nor' Wester* will be issued at the end of September at Fort Garry, and will be published fortnightly till next Spring, when it will appear weekly. We wish every success to its enterprising proprietors.

THE ESPLANADE.

Volumes perhaps would not contain the amount of correspondence sent to us, complaining of the unfinished state of the Esplanade. East and west—with the exception of the little piece opposite the Union Station—it is in a most forlorn condition. And yet a little further trouble and outlay would make it one of the loveliest and most healthy walks about the city. What is the reason of this everlasting delay? Even the Yonge Street paving was finished at last. It is expected that the rascals who are delving into the bowels of the earth, on that part of Yonge Street near the Collego Avenue, will also finish their job in a reasonable time. The Esplanade, however, has remained in its present unsightly state so long, that it has come to be looked upon as a recognized nuisance. We hope that the matter will be taken up, and that the Esplanade will be finished with all convenient speed.

THE EVENING EXCURSION.

The Sons of Malta excursion on Wednesday evening was an extremely successful and satisfactory affair. The rain which poured so incessantly during the day, very fortunately did not again necessitate the postponement of the trip. Messrs. Carlisle & McCoukey provided the orbits in excellent style, whilst Mau's band played for the dancers. The Bowmanville was crowded with excursionists, and the party separated at one o'clock, exceedingly delighted with the evening's entertainment. Mr. Taylor and his fellow members of the order, deserve every credit for the excellent arrangements made for the accommodation of the party. We understand that a real "moonlight" excursion is contemplated by the same association. It will be announced at an early period.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT FROM EUROPE.

(Special and exclusive.)

We have the pleasure of laying before our reader a letter received by the last steamer from no less a distinguished person than Mr. Speaker Smith. He gives us an account of his doings with the Court and Government of England:

MONLEY'S HOTEL, LONDON, }
August 6th, 1859. }

Ever attached Grumbler:—

Remembering what an interest you have always felt in my welfare I hasten to give you some account of my present visit to England. Of course it is unnecessary to state that Mr. Belleau and myself were well provided with Provincial funds to enable us to preserve the dignity of our mission, but *entre nous* Belleau is so wanting in elegance, I feared much for it at first, a few lessons from me, however, did much to modify his awkwardness in a Court dress.

Previous to our presentation at Court, we visited His Grace of Newcastle, who by the way is rather inferior in personal appearance and stately bearing for a Duke; having but little advantage in *physique* over Ogle R. Gowan, or Cartier. The importance of our mission ensured us a favorable reception, and His Grace discoursed much of Canadian affairs and Canadian politicians; and I took every opportunity to speak of those who had received honors from their Queen. His Grace's comprehension was very acute, and I could see that the probability of my returning *Sir Henry* Smith was very strong, for he surveyed my not inelegant figure with a palpable eye of approval. I drew myself up with a consciousness of the new dignity that awaited me; I revelled in anticipation of being addressed as *Sir Henry*—I was a knight in everything but name, but vain dreams, vain hopes, that unlucky Belleau dispelled them all. By addressing *Monsieur le Duc* at this critical moment, the eyes of his grace turned immediately to the little Frenchman, and I observed that the smile which played upon his countenance while surveying my portly person changed to a frown when he perceived the *outré* appearance of my colleague.

I do not yet despair of success could I only keep Belleau out of sight. Her Majesty received me very graciously, and I doubt not that when I make my appearance fully robed, and with my new wig and ruffles as I intend doing at next reception, she will confer the long cherished distinction.

Till then au revoir, yours,

HENRY SMITH.

P. S.—I practise Belleau nine hours every day in deportment. I shall make something of him yet.

H. S.

Game of Foot Ball.

—A grand game of foot-ball is, we understand, shortly to be played between the members of her majesty's present ministry in Canada, and the members of the two days government. The ball to be used on the occasion is that famous ball which the *Globe* says is always rolling. Correction.

INSURE THYSELF.

At the last meeting of the Provincial Insurance Company, the Chairman, the Hon. J. H. Cameron, in his usual brilliant manner proceeded to give a dazzling view of the prospects of the company. We will not attempt to repeat half of the good things which he said were in store for the company. But surely visions more bright never intoxicated the bewildered brain of an insurance stockholder than those which must have floated before the excited fancies of the Provincial stockholders as they listened to the mellow eloquence of their chairman. But after all these beatific visions had been played out, came the practical part of the speech. The Company must go on. It must do a safe business. Ocean marine and all that sort of nasty unsafe business must be left alone, and a different style of things brought about. The question naturally arises, as to how this other state of things so different from ocean marine business, was to be brought about. Here it is in the chairman's own words:—

"His belief was that if they set an example of confidence in the Company by insuring themselves, that at the end of next year there would be a far different state of things."

Of course the chairman was right. Who would be afraid to insure their lives in a Company which had previously insured the lives of all its officers and stockholders from the President down to the messenger? No body would be afraid to ride on a train which carried the whole body of directors; and why should the public hesitate to insure their lives in a company which did not hesitate to insure the lives of all its own members. Surely if ever there was a safe company, the Provincial Insurance company, is the one.

What member, officer, or stockholder of this company would, after insuring his life in it, be so spiteful as to make away with himself solely in order to break down the company? No stockholder would be willing to allow twelve men to sit on his corpse for the mere purpose of killing off a company in which he was a holder. No officer would surreptitiously bring about his own decease, to hasten the dissolution of the Provincial. Therefore, in case the chairman's hint is carried out, the Provincial ought to go ahead.

Besides, what a noble example of confidence in the Provincial would it not be, that the directors—even the directors of the Company—did not hesitate to insure their own valuable lives in it. It would almost lead one to conjecture that the Provincial was such a capital Insurance Company, that it held out inducements to insurers to kill themselves immediately after the receipt of their policies, in order that their disconsolate relations and friends might have an opportunity of expressing their gratitude to the Company for the prompt and handsome manner in which they would pay the insurance money. That the Company desires to imprint such an impression on the public mind is almost evident from the remarks of the chairman. How else would the directors be showing their confidence in the Company by insuring their lives in it. To show confidence in a company, it is necessary

often to run a deal of risk. What the risk in the present case is—if it is not the one we have just mentioned—it is hard to say.

At all events, the principle enunciated by the chairman is a good one, and ought to be extended to all companies and undertakings. Undertakers, for instance, should first be buried in their own coffins to see how it would work. Inventors of patent pistols should have the honor of being shot with their own inventions. Patent medicines should first be administered to the fortunate discoverers of the great secret. Life preservers and metallic life-boats should not be patented until the inventor had escaped the perils of the sea by means of them. The principle should be extensively applied, and the example proposed, to be set by the Provincial Insurance Company, ought by all means to be followed out.

"RULES OF THE SERVICE."

In last Wednesday's dailies a case of sudden death is reported. An inquest was held on the body, and among other evidence given is the following, which we imagine sadly misinterprets the "rules of military service." One of the witnesses deposed that after deceased—who was a soldier's wife—look ill.—

"Dr. Paxton was sent for, but refused to attend her, thinking, as he said that it might be *against the rules of the service.*"

This Dr. Paxton to use the parlance of the dailies, is, "of the Rifles." The Rifles, we say, should be proud of him. Is it really one of the rules of the service that a military doctor must not attend the wife of a soldier—even in the last extremity? If it is, it certainly is not a rule of humanity. We cannot imagine however but that the gallant doctor, has taken refuge behind some miserable technicality, some flimsy pretext—in order to excuse to the public his own want of feeling. There are very few doctors deserving the name of gentlemen who, no matter what rules and regulations of service stood in their way, would not minister to a dying woman, if called on to do so. The deceased was a soldier's wife, and to whom would the distressed husband so naturally appeal for assistance as to a military doctor? Alas for his zeal, "the rules of the service" stood an unbridgeable gulf in the good doctor's way, and while Dr. Paxton of the Rifles carefully thumbed over his regulation book in subject despair of finding a rule which would permit him to fly to the sick woman, she, poor creature, died. Thank Heaven, "the rules of the service," are un infringed at all events?

A Game for the Elite.

—It is rumoured that the fashionable ladies of Toronto are about to establish a series of games for their own amusement. The principle of which will be the catching of a young beau by the nose. The nasal organ and face of the young gentleman to be first shaved and well lathered. If any lady puts either of the young fellow's eyes out, she will of course have to marry him.

POLITICS AT A DISCOUNT.

What on earth has come over the politician? There never was surely such a dearth of interest in politics. It's really frightful to look into our daily papers. The "Mercer case" is all the *Colonist* can enlighten us upon. Nova Scotia and the Lake St. Peter job, are the only two keys at work in the Grit organ; whilst the *Leader*, with characteristic originality, dives into obscure French prints for literary pabulum. Why does not Dr. Ryerson start the ball rolling by writing a letter on some subject or other; it does not matter what? He is sure to get himself and all around him in warm water. Even Mr. Nelles has backed gracefully out of the field; giving way to a still more uncivil and clumsy correspondent, rejoicing in the name of Kingston. What are the Reform clubs at just now? Surely the ammunition is ready for an outbreak. Why not have a smash at the garrison? Or if the weather's too hot, and their courage too cool for that, let them get up a mammoth petition to the Queen not to knight Smith, or to recall Sir E. Head, or something of that sort. We really wish Louis Napoleon would land below Quebec; anything is better than this unmitigated dullness. We offer twenty-five cents as our subscription to a fund to give somebody a dinner. We are not particular upon whom the honour is to fall. Dr. Connor looks hungry just now, and Walbridge is frightfully attenuated. Why not get up a sort of political feed to them, and then we should have material for five or six week's fighting. In order to suit both parties we have no objection to invite Macdonald and Cartier, and let them have a jolly set to. Who puts down the next quarter?

MONS. BLONDIN.

A letter from M. Blondin. He explains the disappointment, and promises greater attraction on another occasion.

NIAGARA, 22 Août, 1859.

Au Rédacteur of the Grumbler.

MON-CHER AMI,—Je regret beaucoup that I can be disappointed to *te citoyens* of you ville with te astonish feat of carry Mons. Benjamin on my backs, from te one steep to te other steep's, and for te make to exhibition complete, from te other steep to te one steep; for te gentilhomme me inform that he carry himself bad, *il me semble*, wid te gout. Mons. Benjamin has *te complaisance* to *m'informer* that he hope to make see himself for a *grand spectacle* to te *citoyens* of you ville on one happy occasion (*savoir*) a little time from him get te pay, comme chairman of print, wish ne vill den porte, in a bag, pondant from him teeth. Vivo la joie!!

Ven dead yours,

BLONDIN.

A Mormon's Prayer.

—Horace Greely relates that a Latter Day Saint, vulgarly yeapt a Mormon *alias* a Blackguard named Heber Kimball, prays for his enemies after the fashion of his tribe. He prays "that they may all go to hell!"