

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1859.

NO. 46.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats
I rede you tent it;
A chiel's among you talking vices,
And, faith, he'll pent it."

SATURDAY, JAN. 29, 1859.

THE PROVINCIAL SPOUTING APPARATUS—No. I.

Gentlemen, let's look to our business—*Othello*.

At about half an hour after the appointed time to-day, for unlike royalty, vice-royalty is never punctual, a little waste of powder from several rheumatic and feeble pieces of ordnance, and an unnatural expenditure of wind from the band of the R. C. Rifles, will announce the arrival of Sir Edward Head at the Legislative Council to open the Parliamentary session of 1859. In order to expedite the business of the country and to enable the members of the Opposition to forge sufficient rage and elaborate their thunder, we have been favoured with a hasty perusal of the speech. We may state that His Excellency has generously consented to delay the important ceremony till the Speaker has succeeded in adjusting all the locks of his wig and given the last polish to the buckles of his official tutorials. The Montreal Telegraph Company have made electric communication between the Parliament and the Government Houses, and unless the threatening clouds of the political firmament intercept the currents, we may expect such despatches as the following:—

"Sir Edmund is in a hurry; has just done smoking and wants to go!"

"Mr. Smith has just discovered some whitening on the knbes of his inexpressibles."

"Sir Edmund will only wait three minutes more."

"Mr. Smith implores his Excellency to hold his horses or get the coachman to do it for him—one of the curls of his wig has been tied in a knot by some miscreant."

P. S.—Brown has confessed the crime."
"Sir Edmund will take a few more whiffs; but Mr. Smith must be ready in five minutes."

"Only two minutes more. His queue is in a horrid state; the barber has agreed to have it ready in a minute or two."

"Sir Edmund is just going."

"Hold on, Sir E., the Speaker is caught on a nail and his robe is torn."

"Sir Edmund is only waiting to have his cocked hat brushed."

"The Sergeant-at-arms has lost the mace—wait a little."

Sir Edmund too cute to believe this, goes off with Retalack and Irvine, and the "heavy ordnance" do their noisy office and the band play up, and in marches his Excellency.

The loyal Commons are sent for and come tumbling in like a herd of sheep with brain at their heels in the shape of Mr. Speaker, whose bronzed face shines under his wig like a pumpkin in a snow storm.

His Excellency unwinds his legs, puts his sword out of the way of his dignity and goes ahead.

Honorable Gentlemen and Gentlemen.

It is with great regret that I summon you again together; for I feel sure you will make, if possible greater fools of yourselves than you did last session—[Retalack hold my hat]. Still the forms of the constitution render it necessary, so it's no use to put off the evil day—(This is Alley's paragraph.)

If you think I'm a goin' to repent, you're sold slick, that's so. Brown aint got no chance, you may bet your boots. I'm going to stick to Mac and Cartier by thunder, so don't stand on no chores with me. I want stand it; that's so. [Smith's contribution.]

The Government will explain their measures when they get them ready, and if they do not you'll have to get on without them. You'd better repeat two or three laws and get some put through and adjourn as soon as possible. McDonald and I want to go to England next year, (the Attorney General West's offering.)

I am glad to inform you that the cheviot Cartier has been to Windsor and has received great marks of royal favour. I trust you will appreciate the compliment and reverence the subject thereof. He will rehearse his travels in the debate on the address. (Cartier's bit translated):

Gentlemen of the House of Assembly,

You'll be expected to shell out very handsomely. The accounts will be laid before you by my good-natured friend the Inspector General. England expects every man to do his duty. (Galt's paragraph.)

Honorable Gentlemen and Gentlemen,

The Grand Trunk Railway, that great work which promises so much, and will continue to promise it, is in the mire again. The Victoria bridge is not going yet, and it will need something out of your pockets to complete it. [Ross' bit.]

The "aboriginal Indians" are serene, at least they were when I was up the Severn. Still you may [Irvine shut the door] consider them if you like.

[Sherwood.]

The late President of the Council has made arrangements with the weevil; that destructive insect has consented to transfer its scene of usefulness to Kansas. [Vankoughnet's best.]

I don't know that I can say any more. I'm getting hungry, and speaking is such a bore. I leave you to your duties; don't sit up all night after you can help; and be as orderly and obedient as possible to your leaders. [His own.]

The carriage drives away with another puff of black powder, and another stave from the national anthem, and the important ceremony is done, His Excellency retires to his domicile to prepare his new book "May and Can."

"Extraordinary Murder"—Of a paragraph.

We were alike startled and enlightened this week on discovering the following gem in that Golconda of the press, the daily "Leader."

EXTRAORDINARY MURDER.—A *New Mexican* correspondent of the day books, gives an account of a recent murder in New Mexico, of a singular character. At a little inferior town, a Roman Catholic priest murdered, another, of his arrival, by putting poison in the sacramental cup, the victim falling down in a dying state at the foot of the altar, and breathing his last breath in the midst of his affrighted congregation at Quebec.

Now that some enterprising publisher should have a "New Mexican" correspondent, is at least conceivable, but that the "day books" should have clubbed together to treat themselves to that luxury, is too much of a good thing. We at first thought that Bonner of the *Ledger*, was the fortunate man who had a writer "saw gifted," but on second thoughts we could not see the joke in making the *Ledger*, the journal intended by *daybooks*, and the mystery must remain unsolved till the Dooms-day books are overhauled. The next point, however, is stranger still; a "priest murdered another of his arrival." What does that mean in all conscience?—"another of his arrival." We have heard of traces being out to impede travellers, and of blocks being put across railway tracks, and people being done out of their "arrival"; this means, but we submit than even the philosophical editor of the *Leader* has no right to torture the language in so extravagant a manner. Besides it seems that he did arrive in spite of fate, for he was only finally settled at the altar and after the "arrival" out of which priest No. 1 is said to have deprived him. But the last caps the climax. He was poisoned in New Mexico and dropped down "in Quebec."

In these days of spiritualism of course we are bound to believe anything, but really, cases of this sort ought not to be reported without strong corroborative testimony. Now admitting that with the cap of Fortunatus or the lamp of Aladdin, or some such mystical means, the expiring man might have picked out a quieter spot to die in, we don't see why he should have come to Quebec in such cold weather. If we had been consulted we should have recommended Bermuda or Madeira; for not to speak of the salubrious climate of these islands, the sea voyage might have completely neutralized the poison so treacherously administered. There is a difficulty however which must be fatal to the *Leader's* wonderful tale. Even if we admit the strange antics of the dying man, how did the *New Mexican* correspondent get there too to report the denouement, unless the Express train of the Underground railway or Godard's balloon is much swifter than we can imagine? Altogether the whole story is worthy of close investigation.

Acknowledgments.

We are obliged to the Committee of the Burns' club for a complimentary ticket to their ball on the 23th. We regret that want of space prevents us from giving it an extended notice. We can only say that it was one of the most successful celebrations that has ever taken place in Toronto.

Or what Mr. Grumbler saw and heard in the House of Assembly, three days before the Meeting of Parliament.

Mr. Grumbler visits the Lower House and indulges in a Soliloquy.

To be or not to be!—ah! there's the nub;
To hear or not to hear the strange lute tub,
Will reign ere long within these four square walls;
Cheers, squeaks, coughs, cracks, and musical calls.
"Order!"—to be seated, "if you take off your hat."
Laughs, groans, songs, sighs, and counsils, chit chat.
With all the queer set of ceteras which grace
The spouting season in this spouting place.
To hear or not to hear! I shall I begin
To pack up traps and mizzle from the din
That here must follow; or boldly stay to curb
The noisy follies of the noisy herd?
Ease, whispers "go," but duty, thunders "nay,"
Your million readers each demand you stay.
Duty is victor, we our pen prepare,
To lash all follies; M. P.'s beware.
But list! who comes, whose footsteps bither weed?
Smith, Galt, Macdonald, and our Windsor friend.

(Enter Galt, Macdonald, Smith, and Cartier at the north door.)

Ere I disturb the confidential four
I'll wait awhile, there may be fun in store.

(Mr. Grumbler retires to the west end of the Hall.)

(Cartier to Galt, introducing him to Cayley's late seat.)

Well Monsieur Galt, you shall have his own place,
You fill it, sare, with vari much large grace,
You sail one grand inspector General be;
Not make no blunders like Monsieur Cayley;
You have large difficult, but nevario mind,
I you will help go, vat you call it? blind.
Zo opposite-on will try to be
Var big, mon cher, but you leave them to me,
Vou they teaze you, with two, three lectio words,
I shut their mouth, zo vulgar mechant herds.
I let them know, but was no heard seen zo Queen,
Nor yet one Clear Grit bete to Windsor beon.

Smith—
Nor knighted either, have they, old Vorcheren?

Cartier—
Vat for you say me Knight: I pull your hair,
You nail bag Succeth, if you have not take care,
By gar! you are one fox I tell you sare.

Smith—
"Nuff and old boss; guess you'll best draw it mild;
It aint no yo your getting jolly wild,
You're and right sick, but hang mo if it's right
To show your tantrums cos you aint a Knight,

Macdonald—(aside to Smith.)

Pitch in there Smith, poor Cartier's dander's up,
Just serve him right, by Jove I'm sick enough
Of his confounded prating Windsor stuff.

Smith—(to Cartier.)

Say I ancient Windsor, attek this in your gorges,
I'll be Sir Sidney fore you air Sir George,
Leastways, I guess there aint no cause to doubt,
Your rebel prance, old boss, her bu found out
You've got to grow a larnal playney sight
Besides that thar fore you air made a Knight.

Cartier—

Diabie, you rascal, Succeth, I punch your head;
You say mo grow, I tell you, sare, instead
You are zo leettest pigmy what have ran;
Zo mid's zo mandard of zo large big man;
You have insult me and I pull your hair.
(Suffling the action to the words)
Now you beg pardoun, or I fight you, sare.

Galt—

Come gentlemen, comol comol this game won't do;
Smith, are you mad to raise this senseless stow;
Cartier, be calm, for heaven's sake don't fall out;
We've work enough to put the Grits to rout,
Without internal strife; come, now, shake hands,
And bind more closely each, our friendly bands;
You won't—nor you—what nonsense, Sire, you must,
Or I shall leave you in supreme disgust;

(Aside)—Good heavens! I was the worst of tools,
To join this pack of precious, squabbling fools.

Cartier—
Oh non! by gar! you shall not go mon cher;
You, Monsieur Succeth, I shake hand with you, sare;
You have insult me, but I have large heart,
I act zo generous and forgiving part.

Smith—
The deuce you do, old splitiro; wad I guess
This child's to old to keep up this bore mors;
You're got to promise, though without more sarco,
You'll give up prating about that Windsor farco;
Dn that old boss, and hang me I don't care
If I forgive your pulling at my hair.

Cartier—
Mo give up speaking of zo visit to
Zo Windsor Castle and ze Queen for you!
Oh, non! by gar! I die if I no speak
Of zo grand visit for one lectio week.
Me could not help it if me ware to try,
You are too cruel, sare, you make mo cry.
(He bursts into tears.)

Smith (melting considerably at sight of Cartier's tears)—
Oh! Cartier!

Cartier (sobbing)—
Vat's ze matter?

Smith—
Hold hard, old boss, you'll make me blubber tu;
I can't no how stand them that tears from you.
Sinko hands, Vercheren, let byones be forgot,
And this here squabble go right off to pot.

Cartier—
Oh oui! mon ami, je vous aime var much,
You are von tres bon Succeth, mo nevario touch
You once more, nevario; mo onbance you, sare,
And say pardonnez moi for pull your hair.

[He opens his arms, Smith rushes forward, and a strangulating squeeze ensues. Mr. Grumbler had intended to introduce himself, but was so much affected by the exhibition that he quietly left the Hall; consequently the world must ask in vain, What followed?]

D A M S .

Recently the *Leader* devoted space to a description of the Victoria Bridge by Our Special Correspondent, who on that occasion certainly showed that he knew a thing or two about Bridges. However there was one portion of the description which was not as lucid as the rest. Our Correspondent, we think, felt some difficulty in touching upon it, and consequently left us in the dark regarding it. The subject we allude to is headed "dams." Now we would like to know what sort of dams he meant, and whether Our Correspondent is prepared to state the exact number of "dams" used in the construction of this bridge. For instance an overseer might exclaim, "dam that water; it is destroying the work." Not seeing the etymology of the first word, as spoken by the overseer, how should the workmen interpret the sentence? Many of them doubtless would think that the overseer was unburthening his mind in rather a loose manner. Others would, with as much justice, look upon the sentence as a command to prevent the water from destroying the works. Again, suppose the overseer said to some colloquial masons, "dam that talking," what interpretation should be placed on the exclamation? The meaning of the mandate, of course, would be that the workmen should drop the sluice-gates of their lips on the flow of their conversation; and therefore it was a "dam" used in the construction of the work. Once more, if the overseer should say to another workman,—

"dam your eyes," is it to be supposed that he only wished the workman to let down the portcullis of his eye-lids over his eye-balls. All these dams, in conjunction with other dams, are undoubtedly used in the construction of bridges. Does Our Correspondent include them in his category of "dams?" [Our correspondent informs us that the dams used were of two kinds, each having its advantages and disadvantages. A disadvantageous dam, we suppose, is a dam that would have to be dammed up and down before it could be got to work properly. Again, he says that there were "proper dams," which would lead us to conclude that there were also "improper dams." He also mentions "floating dams," by which very likely he means those effervescent exclamations already alluded to, as contradistinguished from those other dams which are said to come down like stones cast in the air. "Preliminary dams" also find a place in the catalogue; but we are at a loss to understand what kind of dams these are. Some of our readers, who have devoted any of their time to damming, will, perhaps, enlighten us. "Regular dams" are also beyond our comprehension, inasmuch as they suggest ideas of "irregular dams." Our Correspondent finishes this branch of his description by assuring us "that the dams in themselves were an undertaking." For our part we never knew of a dam of any kind that was not an *undertaking*.

We fear that Montreal is a bad place just now; and we also fear for the ultimate success of the Victoria Bridge: since according to Our Correspondent's own showing, it has, like a bad play, been well dammed before it was even completed.

METROPOLITAN CHORAL SOCIETY.

We have really lost all patience with the unsteady, capricious patronage given to musical efforts in this city. When the Society we have named commenced operations, oratorios were the mode, and every one got a touch of the musical mania; the efforts of the Society were very successful, but now the stream appears to have been turned into another channel. We suppose that Emerson and Burns have been the lions since. After the lecture of the former, some eager spirits lost themselves in the mazes of Kant and Fichte; as appeared in a former number, even Mr. Gould did not escape the *furor*. Now Scotch songs are the fashion; and not a respectable copy of Burns can be had, and everybody is as full of the touching story of the brilliant genius of Ayr, as formerly of Handel or Haydn. Now we object to the Choral Society being left in the lurch in this way. Some delinquent subscribers will hear from us some of these days if they do not come to the rescue. Some faltering patrons deserve a good drubbing, and we shall take care that they have it. Some lukewarm friends must come to the rescue, and place the society on its old footing. We owe it to the credit of city that this promising effort of our musical citizens shall not be allowed to perish by debt, after doing so much for us. If every delinquent subscriber and every *quondam* friend would do his duty, the task would be easily accomplished

THE LONELY CABMAN.

The wind was driving wildly,
With dismal blast and moan,
As a cabman sat on his cheerless box,
Weary and wet and lone.
No friend was there to cheer him—
No cheerful accents rang,
As in piteous, cracked and husky voice,
This Cabman's song he sang.

"From morn to cheerless sunset—
From morn to gloomy night,
I've sat alone on this wooden box,
Moaning my wretched plight.
Wait! wait! wait!

"Till hope grows faint and bare;
Wait! wait! wait!
And all get nary fare.

"Till I'm ready to curse the hours that fly,
Or cut my throat if I dare.

Wait, whilst each lucky pal,
Has hooked a fish to his net;
Wait, while the rain is pouring down,
And I ought to be homo with Bet.
Wait! wait! wait!

From weary hour to hour;
Wait! wait! wait!
In wind and shine and shower.
And all for a quarter dung out with a curse,
Or a growl as sour.

Ain't there nobody wants a ride?
Ain't there nary a Chief of Police
Wants to take some unfortunate son of a gun
Up the Credit a piece.

Wait! wait! wait!
Oh! I weary world of care,

Wait! wait! wait!
Till I'm ready to curse and swear.
Oh! its who would be stuck on a wooden box
To shout out in vain for a fare.

No! there's nobody wants a cab,
Not the ghost of a sound is here;
My pockets are minus the cash to buy
A pipe or a glass of beer.

Wait! wait! wait!
Still on the moments fly.

Wait! wait! wait!
No longer wait will I,
But I'll hurry off to the Bay and down,
Yes, I'll drown myself if I die.

NO MONOPOLY.

Not very long ago that atrocious Clear Grit journal, the *Globe*, stated that Professor Croft was about to deliver a "Chemical Lecture" on the *Centenary* night, under the auspices of some Yorkville Society or other, and at the same time, seemed to hint that the Society was going to outstrip some of our Toronto "an Societies" on account of the nest of *so-called* vants that infested Bloor Street. It's all nonsense. It's not because the Yorkvillians have managed to keep even Professor Croft away from Toronto on a festival night that they will be able to circumscribe the ambition of all the Literati of Bloor Street within the narrow bounds of a Yorkvillian sphere, and make them starve the intellectual appetite of Toronto, to pauper that of a wretched little village that doesn't pay any taxes worth speaking of. No, there are several of these professors who enjoy a Torontonian reputation which they would not sacrifice even for the consideration of free rents and no taxes, and whom the Yorkvillians could only keep among them by the inhuman threat of taking their pot dogs away from them. And we expect that Prof.

Croft will not be again entrapped by any Yorkville Association into surrounding himself with experimental smells and flames of the most infernal description, while his brother professors are mounting to the seventh heaven of intellectual pastime. We hear, however, that he made the best of a bad business, and that his audience was not at all diminished by the Centenarian Festivities. The report we have received of his Lecture is very characteristic.

(Enter Professor, surrounded by Blue Fires.)

Ladies and Gentlemen,—

Lectures are all "humbugs," (fizz—bang—shrieks from ladies) don't be afraid, it's only a compound of S₂ K₄ and L. H. Y., you will have something worse presently. Now, then, get out your scent-bottles, and take care of your eyes. (Bang, bang, bang) There is another experiment I'm going to try. I don't know whether it will succeed, but if it don't it will blow the roof off. There it goes delightfully. (Unknown compound ignites and fills room with thick vapour—cries of children heard.) Don't open the windows, the night air will spoil all the experiments. I now come to some interesting experiments on gun cotton. Gun Cotton is so called because it explodes as sure as a gun, which is only true of this peculiar sort of cotton. It always explodes right upwards, so that you can hold it in your hand and ignite it without danger. It is a very nice plaything for children. (Sensation.) I had prepared an experiment with some cotton and a rifle-barrel, but a gentleman I expected to get the rifle from, had lost the key of his gun-cose, and so I couldn't borrow it. But I could have burst the barrel with a very small piece of cotton. (Exclamations from married ladies, etc., oh, the wretch!) And now, ladies and gentlemen, I think I'll wind up. I am very much obliged to you for coming to hear me instead of paying \$5 for a Centenary Ticket. I don't think, however, that we are much worse off than the people at the Rossin House, for although we have no dinner and no champagne, we have had so much fire, flash, and at—(beg pardon—odour I mean) that we may be said to have had our *Burns Scent & nary Banquet*. (Immense applause.)

Chicago Drunk.

—The *Leader* says that Chicago sent a message to the Burns' Club, Toronto, on Tuesday evening, which, on perusal, we found to commence with—

"Robert Burns is passing by,
Hearts of lead can this be dying?"

We have no hesitation in responding—certainly not. If a man passes by the window, that is no reason to jump at the conclusion that he must therefore be dying. If Robert Burns were really passing by the Chicagoes at the time, it was really very ridiculous for them to ask such a question—unless he might be uncoo dry, and consequently be dying for a drink. If so, it was rather ungenerous in the Chicagoes not to ask him in to have a wee drop. However, passing that, we should like to know who are meant by "hearts of lead?" We strongly suspect that there is a typographical error somewhere, and that the poet on this occasion used the expression "heads of lead," in reference to the recumbent position of the heads of the guests then celebrating the festival in Chicago. In that case, the censure conveyed in the expression was, we must admit, just as weighty as the company was dull.

THE UPPER TEN-DOM.

What is it? The *Leader* of Wednesday says that on the occasion of Burns' festival a banquet came off at the Rossin House, "which was attended by a large number of the upper ten-dom!" and also, that at the same time a ball was given at the St. Lawrence Hall, "for the less aristocratic admirers of the poet Burns."

What is the "upper ten-dom?" Who compose the "upper ten-dom" in Toronto? Is the Hon. Mr. Fitzbeggar, whose father sold green groceries, a member of the distinguished circle? Is Mr. Macpuppy, who never had a father that he is aware of, one of the *elite* of Toronto? Is Adolphus Obeathegallows, Esq., whose mother, rest her soul, was an honest washerwoman; is he an ornament to our Canadian aristocracy? Is Timothy Sneak, Esq., who came from the lord-knows-where, a leader of the fashion? Are the Shanghighs looked upon as the "upper ten," and the Workhards classed among the "plebians?" Will it make no difference in the case, that the former are a drivelling lot of impertinent idiots, while the latter possess all the qualities which are necessary to adorn the most refined society. Are the MacSnobbs to be looked up to as of gentle blood, and the O'Pinches to be looked down upon as unaristocratic? By what right are the MacSnobbs to be set over the O'Pinches? Where did the MacSnobbs come from? Who was their father, or their great, great, great grandfather? Pah!—a tailor, a carter of dung, a rogue, a rapparee, a resurrectionist, a hangman! any or all of these perhaps. Is it because the Skinfinits, who left their country for their country's good, by some fortunate speculations, the honesty of which is a tender point in their family history, managed to amass wealth in a few years that they are to be dubbed by a respectable Press, as brilliant luminaries in the firmament of "upper ten-dom?"—*Chaque à son gout!* Some people were born to be the toadies of toadies—the lickspittles of vile loafers, the worshippers of a dirty crew of self-important, ignorant upstarts. The upper ten-dom! Great is the upper ten-dom of Toronto, and great were their parents before them! Great is the good that they are doing for their country—and greater it will be when they are leaving it! The "upper ten-dom!" What is it? What is the animal fed on? Is it on

"Sugar and spice,
And all that's nice,"
or is it on

"Rats and snails,
And puppy dog tails?"

The aristocracy! Ha, ha! The descendants of the small shopkeepers who burrowed in the slime of muddy Little York! Renowned is the aristocracy of Toronto! Its members can trace their family back to Adam! The beauty of their palaces might excite the envy of kings! The retinue of their servants would make a prince stare. The magnificence of their equipage would cause a Nabob to wonder! The number, breed, and symmetry of their horses would cause a Caliph to tear his beard. Their jewels eclipse the splendour of the richest oriental courts! Their revenue would ransom a thousand kings! They always have \$8 in cash to pay for a pair of ready-made breeches! Great is the aristocracy of Toronto! Trot them out, good Mr. *Leader*. Trot them out! The "upper ten-dom!" Ha, ha, ha! The less aristocratic! He, he, he!

MR. GOULD'S FIRST LETTER FROM TOWN.

The hon. member for N. Ontario has "arrived" and settled down to his weighty and serious duties as a statesman and legislator. We give the following as his first impression of things:—

ROZIN ROUSE,
27, JANUARY, 1850.

RESPECTIT FRENDS,

as shakespear says in Iffis "jerusalem Despattered," a Man's a man for a' That, wich thow misterous lyke semes 2 mene that 1 man's As good as a nylker. Wen i arrove at the deopo, I disclosed the site of a grand scellebration wich consisted of The city band and numerous citizens wich had came to welcome Your umbel servant. When There fireworks wuz awl played off, they put me on a *chevaux de Jreeze*, and druv me up to the bordin house amid the vofisirations of the rocks poperli, wich was mutch To my taste and Dilly compus mentis. i next took dinner (Beefs take an inguns) and got some Spring Water wich they call o deo veo In french. i alays studdy for on howr in Filosofy. i think i told you that i wuz 2 goin to rede lock in The uman Understaudin, wich i thaut wuz a book on The stocks, or Someother fetter for The feet, But i sea that it is awl about innit ideers, And awl that wich is not as good as i seen, wich was a Druuk man a tryin' to walk, wich i thout a finer essay on the uman understandin than lock's, which is not as good as the articles In the *Globe* on the "sinews before the people," or "isews," i forget wich.

Wal, the fust em pe pe I saw was Ogan and by the old steem Saw-mil if he aint as gray as my tom cat that was used to eet out of My plate on grate occashuns, such as Kwiltin bees and them sort of things Sea I "Ogan things air not now As They used To be. "Al! ah!" ses he in a sepulkeristic Tone, "They air not" touching his locks As if He was a jokin. brown is Ripish and Winks Mischeevous as Much as to say "We air a goin to do em, Gold, aint we?" an i winks "so we be George."

McGie has got quite stout an in bong point as the gallibers say in french. e as ben lecturarin on "More Burns" in allusion to A lait Conflagration in Mountreal. macDonal ses I am gettin 2 larned bekos I coated from Kartiles pomes about Swete Hoam an i droo Tares from awl his eyes.—we air Goo into power An we shal Act with loobricity and Tergiversashun wich The present disonest government ave not Done.

They say that Hed will not send fur brown wen the ministry ak defeated, so i expect to ave a hand in it. i am gettin up my speech on The address wich is To conclud as follers:—"no, mister specker, things is com to a bad pass. Rather than This hear government shud contioner, AWAY with everything; Phil up Ontarier, make a Kanawi thru awl things; annihilate time and Space, and let awl things unanimoosly be squashed fur ever.

May the Lion bilde his nestes in The yaller pine, and the chipmonk Lay his eggs where youre a settin, And the Wevil suckel her offspring in yer wig; Then yo Need'nt look To me for assistance. You'l kaw! Gold, but gold will be on his metal an wont yere ye's." And wen i set down they'l bust their selves with aclemifeshuns as u will wen you rede this frum

yu're's til eksturminated,
Jos. Gorb.

MR. LACHLAN'S LECTURE.

We trust that the lecture to be given by Mr. McLachlan on Wednesday next, will be as successful as was Mr. McGee's, of Thursday last.

Mr. McLachlan belongs to a class of men who have a right to expect the public support and recognition. Rising from among the ranks of our population, he has by his own persevering application stored his mind with the literary treasures of our language. He is eminently liberal and generous in his views, and being himself a poet,—the author of an excellent volume of poems—he is well qualified to speak appreciatingly of the great men who have enriched the pages of our English literature. Mr. McLachlan's address at the Burn's Centenary Festival was very successful, and although he was previously unknown to many of our readers, we trust they will be ready to extend a generous support to a man who is really worthy of their favour. We are informed that Hon. J. H. Cameron has consented to take the chair.

THE EMIGRANT SHIP.

James Malcolm should be careful how he mistakes such "stuff," to use his own expression, as that which was published on the backside of the *Leader* on Thursday last, for poetry. Here is a specimen. He is describing the feelings of a girl whose lover had set sail in "The Emigrant Ship":

"The feelers of her heart extend
To find her lover and her friend."

Does the man mistake a woman's heart for a crab or a lobster—that he talks of its "feelers?" Again he says—

"All ties of home and fatherland,
Aro snapt in twain like ropes of sand."

How could a rope of sand be snapped? What rope maker would undertake to epiu such an article? The middle of the poem, although the baldest trash we ever read, is safe from criticism, owing to the sacred sentiments with which the poet blunders. Passing this portion of it, therefore, we come to a "blus look out":—

"The sea is blue—blue is the sky,"

Further on we have the "glorious sun shining"

Upon mid-ocean's murmuring blue."

What color is a *murmuring* blue? Our poetaster is decidedly long-winded. He gives a slight sketch of the occupation of the passengers—

"Some breast-idea each doth hoard,
Disimilar to all else on board."

It is rather a novelty to be told that a man's ideans are lodged in his stomach. If our poetaster is correct, what an immense number of ideans must have been buried with Daniel Lambert! After this, our author becomes sportive, and addresses the winds—

"To western winds; will, will ye blow,
And keep us tossing to and fro."

This brings to our mind that sublime fragment so familiar to all our readers—

"See how,—Maggie Daw
Sold her bed and lay upon straw I
Wasn't she a dirty slut
To sell her bed and lie in the dirt!"

But our poetaster has got into a moralizing strain, and informs us that—

"Man's still man on sea or land,"

After this piece of information, he goes on to say

that "all eyes are turned to gaze on Newfoundland's rocky shore, looming through the haze"—

"But cover'd not its dreary soil,
Nor yet its waters filled with cod."

The sod and the cod having no charms for "all eyes," the ship goes on its way rejoicing. But audaciously we are told—

"An accident has damped the crew,"

The damping is only a figure of speech, and has no reference to salt water. The fact of the matter being that some one had started on a voyage—

"Whence voyages again no'er set sail,
Concerning it to toll a tail!"

The voyage is now concluded—

"Mid cheers the harbor now is reached,
For smugged goods each one is searched."

Such is the wind up of an immense long poem which Jas. Malcolm was so obliging to the public, as to put his name before, and also the words "original." We hope the lesson we have read him, will have a salutary effect, and that in future he will keep his "original" compositions for purposes which will conduce to his own comfort.

BEAUTIES OF TELEGRAPHING.

Between the telegraph operator and the printers devi—the Chayybidis and Seylla of modern authors, the public are often puzzled to guess at the meaning of information published for their edification. As an instance we will, as published in the *Leader*, select a line from the poetic greeting sent from Chicago to the Toronto Burns' club, which attributes to Burns the remarkably attribute of

"Wearing all our hearts in thyme."

"Wearing a heart in thyme" is not a brilliant idea—nor a very sensible one. The writer, one would think, was a green grocer. The *Globe* prints the herby translation too. The *Colonist* discards the "thyme," and has it

"Weaving all our hearts in thine."

This is more like it. Burns, according to his cotemporary, the Hon. Adam Ferrie, was a weaver therefore weaving hearts, although not the best illustration of a poet's abilities that could be hit upon, has the merit of being appropriate. But our venerable friend, *Ancient Double*, is not the last authority. The *Hamilton Spectator* has a new version of this mystic line, as follows:

"Weaking all our hearts is thyme."

This version has most decidedly the great merit of originality. "Weaking hearts," is a novelty till now unheard-of; and in "thyme" too. There is yet another candidate for the honor of the best translation of this line. It is the *Hamilton Times*; it prints it—

"Wearing all our hearts is thine."

This is decidedly the best. There is some sense in a man having a large heart, although the "wearing" of hearts in it spoils the idea intended to be conveyed, inasmuch as it suggests the image of a clothes press hung around with *wearing* apparel. We have not seen all the versions of this famous enigma of a line yet. Very probably in other newspapers, Burns will be represented as

"Breaking all our hearts with rhyme."

Or perhaps as

"Breaking all our heads with thine."

Or

"Eating all our hearts with thyme."

In the multitude of Telegraph operators and Printer's devils there is wisdom!