

# THE GRUMBLER.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1859.

WHOLE No. 32.

## THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats  
I rede you tent it !  
A cife! amang you tuki'ng notes,  
And, faith, he'll patch it."

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1859.

### LATEST FROM SAN JUAN.

(Special-despatch to the Grumbler.)

SAN JUAN, Sept. 1859.

Yesterday the American Army, under the command of Generals Scott and Harney, attacked San Juan, and after a hard fight took it at the point of the bayonet.

The following are the particulars as far as we yet have learned them:—

At an early hour in the morning of the 18th Inst. The American bugles sounded to arms, upon which the soldiers to a man took to their legs, and, shouldering their arms, were soon in attacking order. General Scott soon arrived on the ground, and as each one of his attending officers carried a large flambeau, in order that the general might see to avoid the ruts which infested the badly made roads, he may, with all truthfulness, be said to have been attended by a brilliant staff. The troops were reviewed shortly after 5 a.m.; when General Harney addressed them to the following effect:—

"O great American soldiers bearing almighty sway from the pole to the sky\* a great day is about to dawn upon you. Through the struggling mist you can already behold that place once sacred to liberty, and the stars and stripes—but now alas, in the possession of your natural born foes, and consequently the natural born foes of all that is good and holy in the earth beneath, and in the sky above.

"You must take that place by storm, oh Americans! Our native eagle is ready for the swoop. Already I see him whetting his bill and sharpening his talons, in order that he may spring upon the foe, and gorge his empty stomach with the carcases and fixins of the vile Britishers.

"Oh Americans, you are a great nation, that's certain! There never was, neither is there, nor never will there be a nation so valiant in arms, so gentle in love, so almighty in science, so resistless in eloquence, so great at everything, from ballooning up to repudiation, as the free and enlightened, filibusterin' American nation.

"If I wanted to raise your dander in an uncommon manner, I could easily do so—but then you would be for skivven over to the other side of the Atlantic, and lickin' common sense into the tarnation, thick hide of old John Bull himself. No! I

won't raise your dander. But to stimulate you to high and heroic deeds—to teach you to be merciful to your enemies arter you lick them, I will point your attention to Cainal Look at the deeds of valor performed by our army and our flot at China. John Bull was rowed up Salt Lake pretty quick there. But America was received with open arms. Our Minister was received at Pekin, the English minister at Pehoi!

"Go to American soldiers, and lick your enemies."

The effect of this thrilling oration on the American army was of the most astounding kind. The utmost enthusiasm prevailed. The standards were displayed, the "stars and stripes" were unfurled, and the attack commenced. A murderous fire was opened upon the devoted Island, under cover of which the Americans effected a landing on a deserted and wild part of the Island. Up to this time not a sight of an enemy could be had, save a goat and two Jerusalem ponies, which the army charged en masse, and captured at the point of the bayonet.

After this the army was arrayed in marching order—the capital of the Island being its destination. After a long march, during which not a living being was visible, the Capital of the Island, to use a nautical phrase, "hove in sight." Preparations for siege at once commenced. The cannon and mortars were ordered to the front, and soon opened a murderous fire on the city. Still none of the enemy dared to show their noses. The city was then ordered to be regularly invested—an operation which was performed with little bloodshed, as the enemy never fired a musket, and the besiegers numbered 3,000. As soon as the place was completely surrounded, the American fire was redoubled. The effects were soon seen.

The fortifications were battered down, every building in the city was demolished, in fact a complete victory had been gained by the Americans. Up to this period, however, not a single enemy ventured to show his audacious nose. Upon this the Americans waxed wildly valiant, and an assault was immediately determined upon. Prayers were said in the camp, two hymns were sung, the troops liquored, and at the given signal, the entire army, with a roar like the voice of thunder, rushed into the devoted town. The troops which rushed in at the east side, headed by General Scott, continued their victorious career, until they met the troops headed by General Harney, continuing their victorious way from the west. In their ardour the two wings were near mistaking each other for the enemy. Indeed, so imbued were the troops under General Harney, with this belief, that at least one body of the division turned round to run away as soon as they caught sight of each other.

Discovering their mistake, however, both divisions pressed on to the north side of the town, which was reported to be the British stronghold.

Soon the enemy appeared in the distance. A halt was instantly called—the troops were strictly enjoined not to allow their good nature to overcome them so far as to run away. Meanwhile the enemy had also halted, and seemed disposed to make a retreat. Upon this the east and west wings bore down upon them with resistless fury. This was too much for the enemy. They instantly abandoned their guns, threw away their luggage and fled. The victorious army pursued immediately, when lo, just as they caught up with the flying foe, it turned out that they had been chasing their own countrymen; who it appears had committed the same mistake as the east and west divisions, and who would doubtless have displayed as much bravery as their brethren if they had such generals as Scott and Harney. The victorious armies now formally took possession of the city, and of course the Island. Upon investigation it turned out that none of the American army were killed or even wounded, which can only be accounted for from the fact that there was not a single musket found on the whole island—except those the invaders brought with them.

### PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

The man who tried to read by "the light of his countenance" was compelled to have a shade on it.

The man who gave measure by his "weight in society" has been ficed by the inspector for having a light standard.

The individual "who is generally looked up to" has by way of variety consented to be "looked down upon."

The "man of standing" was last week discovered lying. It is generally believed he belongs to the Editorial Staff of *Old Double*.

The Rum fellow has immigrated from Jamaica on account of the Poll tax.

We regret to say the health of "Old Tom" has not been improved since his trip to "Holland."

### DE LAVE'S FEET.

To the Editor of the Grumbler.

DEAR SIR,—I see by the papers that Mr. De Lave attempted to carry a man over the Gensseo Falls and fell down on the rope, narrowly escaping drowning himself and the man on his back.

Now, sir, when De Lave left the shore and could not keep his feet, but came very near *laving* himself in the water, and very likely *leaving* himself there also, how can you or anybody else call the performance a great feat? I wout deny but that De Lave may have great feet; indeed it seems to me that he has great feet—a great deal too large for rope-walking.

Yours truly,

AN ENQUIRER.

\* The General must be an Irishman. [Ed. G.]

## THE PIG-HEADED RACE.

It has not been our custom to notice in these columns the wretched bickerings carried on under the name of religion. Whether the *True Witness* on the one hand or the *Bowmanville Statesman* on the other, is the more unchristian and uncharitable, concerns us little. We were, however, considerably amused at a little outburst of the *True Witness*. Not content with the orthodox style of abuse, our ecclesiastical cotemporary bursts into a strain of invective, exceedingly crushing. Speaking of his Protestant fellow subjects, he feels constrained to style them "pig-headed," and their intelligence as "very low" on all subjects "connected with Christianity," the Olympian Jove of the *Witness* speaks of them as to "an inferior and degraded race;" yet out of charity he consents to do so. "Every little Catholic child in the street," is a theological giant whilst every Protestant, no matter what his learning and intelligence, is of "very imperfect and limited capacity."

Whilst questioning the taste of this attack, we still feel constrained to admit its force. Everybody knows the high intellectual power of Tim Muldowdy's little carrotty-poll'd Pat. To him, albeit, only six years old, theology has superseded his dirt-pie and his puddle-wading. With his mother's milk Aquinas and Bellarmine and Wiseman, were drained of all their lore; and though his face is besmeared with mire and his hair matted with dirt, he is, nevertheless, a staunch and immovable pillar in the ecclesiastical fabric. It was so with his father before him; how readily he lays aside the hod or dung fork, to delve into the mysteries of religious truth; how cogent his reasoning, how admirably equipped for polemical display. But those poor degraded wretches of another faith, what is to be done with them? How thankful they should be that Providence has benignly dropped a *True Witness*, whose charity is equal even to their deficiencies. For our own part, however, we could well be spared such an instructor. Tutors should not lose their temper and use bad language. Even the "pig-headed race," may be contaminated by such a pedagogue; we verily believe that the *Bowmanville Statesman* has sat at this Gamaliel's feet so long that he also, has imbibed the same christian meekness of temper and moderation in speech. We, however, who have been reared in a different school, have respect for fanaticism of no kind. We have as little respect for the ravings of the *Witness*, and Father Cahill, as we have for the howlings of the maniacs of Ballymena and Belfast; and we are sure that reasonable men of all creeds are of the same opinion.

## LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

So Mr. John Moore should have looked before he leaped. He was driving in a buggy past a hole, and having given it a berth of three feet, was sucked in beneath and found the bottom.

\*The petition of John Moore for compensation for damages to his buggy, through falling into a hole on Carlton Street, on the 23rd of June last, has also been considered. Mr. Moore states in his petition that he perceived the hole before he arrived at it, and tried to avoid it by passing at a distance of over three feet, when the earth fell in, and the crust of the road was undermined for some dis-

taunce, the result was, that your petitioner and buggy found the bottom very quickly. The board is fully of opinion, that if the petitioner had taken the precaution to examine the state of the road before attempting to pass, the accident need not have happened, and therefore declines to recommend any compensation on account of it.—Adopted."

So Mr. Moore ought to have examined the road before attempting to pass. He ought to have jumped off the buggy into the hole, made a note of its depth; probed the land for half a mile round with the handle of his whip and then gone round a whole block to save his buggy. And how could he venture to go round the block without a previous investigation.

In fact, everybody who wishes to travel the city roads must send a score of engineers before him, to ensure him against an accident, for which an impartial Board will allow him no compensation. No matter how cautiously he may pass a honey-combed causeway, because he hasn't a Stephenson, a Russell, or a Brunel with him, to warn him of the perils of his journey, he must run the risk of personal mutilation and vehicular damage, without any prospect of recompense. What is it we pay our taxes for? Isn't it for protection against all these accidents to which a savage and unorganized state of society is liable? But if we receive no equivalent for our 10 cts. in the £., hadn't we better go to Otaheite, or the Fejee Islands? Yes, we must have some return, or "we won't play," as the children say.

## COOPER'S OPERA TROUPE.

It is hardly necessary to state that this talented company has fully sustained its reputation. The attendance was rather an improvement upon that of the previous week, and in consequence, the operas were, if anything, performed with more spirit and power than on former occasions. Miss Annie Miller has charmed every one, even our friend of the *Leader* among the number, so that we have had no ill-natured and absurd criticism upon her voice or singing. Those who have had the pleasure of hearing her, will not readily forget her captivating glances in *The Daughter of the Regiment*, or her correct rendition of such parts as Leonora in *Il Trovatore*, and Arina in *La Sonnambula*. Miss Payne sustains her rôle admirably, and seems to feel equally at home in every character. We were much pleased with Miss Kemp's singing of *Il Segreto* at the Concert, and with her naïve performance as Lisa in *La Sonnambula*; on both occasions she was well received. Mr. Bowler, the Tenor, has rendered himself very popular by his excellent acting and very correct singing. Even were some faults discernible, we should before pronouncing an opinion, take into account the difficulties under which a singer labors in our Lyceum. Such a place is peculiarly trying to a tenor voice, and we only wonder that he managed to sing so well. Of Mr. Rudolphsen we might say the same. However, we are glad to say that he has escaped the censure of our *Leader* friend, and has proved himself—both in singing and acting—to be a first-class performer. Were we disposed to particularise, we might refer to his impersonation of Dr. Bartolo in *The Barber*, where we hardly know which to admire, his singing or admirable acting. Mr. Cooke is a general favorite; on every occasion,

singing correctly, and with a great deal of spirit. In fact, he is a basso of no ordinary talent, and one the like of whom we very seldom meet.

*La Traviata* will be performed to-night in English for the first time in America, and we have no doubt that it will draw a large house.

We regret to be obliged to add that this evening's performance is the last with which this excellent troupe are to favour us during the present engagement. Every one of their performances has given the utmost satisfaction to their patrons, and every one of the Company has fully deserved the warmest encomiums we could bestow upon them. We trust that it will not be long before we shall have the pleasure of seeing them in Toronto again; in the meantime they have our best wishes for their success wherever they may go.

## FALSE RUMOURS.

It is not true that La Mountain and Haddock found J. S. Hogan wandering in the Ottawa woods in search of a constituency.

It is not true that the Crown of Tuscany has been offered to, and accepted by, W. L. McKenzie.

It is not true that Mr. H. Smith has turned Annexationist in consequence of missing the expected knighthood.

It is not true that Dr. Ryerson is about to send back any conscience money to the Inspector General; he has no idea of such a thing.

It is not true that Peiho, the scene of the late Chinese skirmish, is spelt Pie! ho! and derived from the cries of the dealers in savoury pastry of that locality.

It is not true that when Mr. Brown applied for his two-day's salary, he was told to take it out in "Constitutional change."

It is not true that the *Leader's* musical critic has been appointed to a similar post in the staff of the *London Times*. He has not yet recovered from the spleen with which he has been afflicted for a week past.

It is not true that Angus Morrison was the gallant spirit on board the *Banshee* during the "perilous passage" last week. He says one *Ploughboy's* voyage in a man's lifetime is enough.

It is not true that Alderman Bugg has been buried alive in his Yonge Street "man-trap"; nor is it true that the Council have taken any steps to stop the nuisance.

It is not true that Sidney Smith has been sent to the Lunatic Asylum in consequence of insanity, brought on by remorse for his imposition of the newspaper postage.

It is not true that President Buchanan will be at the inauguration of Brock's monument.

It is not true that the celebrated Sergeant Blazes has been appointed aide-de-camp to Major-General Sir W. F. Williams. He is far too valuable as a Q. C.

It is not true that Mr. A. P. McDonald is about to publish a new poem, to be called "Chips by an old Chiseller."

It is not true that Amos Wright, M. P. F., disgusted with the iniquity of the times, is about to depart as a missionary to the Esquimaux.

## THE GREAT CRICKET MATCH.

The Yankee Cricketers Skinned Alive.

(From our own Correspondent.)

New York, Oct. '59.

The infernal lies, Mr. Editor, which newspaper correspondents are in the habit of telling, has made the proverb to "lie like a penny-a-liner," proverbial all over the world. But in the whole course of my professional career, I never saw or heard of such barefaced lying as has been practiced on the public at large in regard to the great cricket match lately played at Hoboken. I need not refer to particulars, but any one who will compare the following report of the match with those already published cannot but see that there has been dreadful misrepresentation somewhere or other. I feel somewhat reluctant in thus in a wholesale manner making my brethren of the goose-quill amenable to public strictures; but honesty is the best policy as the thief said when gazing on the royal jewels in the Tower of London. It is comforting, however, to reflect that Canadian journalists wishers are unwraving in this matter—since the reports that have been hitherto published have all been American.

The following report, Mr. Editor, you may rely upon as correct, as I witnessed every action I here record with my own eyes:

The game commenced at a quarter past twelve a. m. The twenty-two best cricketers that could be scared up in all America went in in high feather—showing their muscle and developing tricks with the ball in such a manner that the batting immediately rose to 60 to 1 against the Britishers. However, when the game commenced the eyes of the Yankees were opened somewhat, and their countenances began to wear a kind of "skered" expression, which time, which cures all things, failed to remove. You know the result, the Yankees were skinned to death—only making 38 runs.

The Britishers went in, and now commenced some tall playing. The first ball was delivered by the American Wright. You'd think from the manner he sent it in that the Britishers was about to be bowled out of the world immediately. A cheer rose from the Americans as the ball whizzed from the hands of the Almighty Wright. But it was of short duration. The Britisher let drive with the bat—and instantly the ball was seen to make a bee line for the Alleghany Mountains and then was lost to sight. The running commenced. The two Britishers scored 156 and then sat down to smoke until the ball was found. The Yankee twenty-two rushed pell mell in a body after the ball, which they pursued for about two miles and a half, when, to their great relief, its further progress was arrested by Policeman X. Y. Z., who restored it to their custody. The Britishers might have objected to this as unfair, but they scorned to do so.

Play commenced again—as soon as the Yankee twenty-two arrived on the ground. The next ball was a slow one—one of those cuts balls that slip under the bat unawares and pat the batter out. The English fellow saw the dodge. The assembled thousands hung in anxious suspense on the effect of the ball. It came along in a sneaking manner. Just as it reached the bat the Britisher let drive like lightning. The ball disappeared as quickly!

Here was a mess for the Yankees. The English scored 116, and sat down to lunch. Meanwhile the American twenty-two turned out to look for the ball. Various large rewards were offered for information respecting it. Messages were dispatched by telegraph to all parts of the Union, enquiring if the ball had been seen—and if so to have it at once stopped, and sent back. After an hour's fruitless search, the ball was at last discovered in the breast pocket of the long-stop. It had been so skilfully played by the Britisher, that the Yankees never felt it dodging into his pocket, and it was only in looking for his life preserver, that he discovered it.

Play again commenced. This time the Yankees were determined not to lose sight of the ball.—"Flora Temple," "Greased Sneaker," and some other of the best trotting horses in the country were harnessed close at hand. Men with telescopes were stationed at all parts of the field, and one or two express trains were chartered to start at a moment's warning, if the ball should be seen to take its flight in their direction. Everything was done that Yankee ingenuity could devise.

The exciting moment at last came. Away went the ball with desperate precision towards the wicket. Bang went the Britisher's bat! Away flew the ball, with forty thousand balloon power! and away flew hether-skelter, pell mell, topsy-turvy one over the other, the United States twenty-two, the trotting horses, the crowd, the express trains, and about 150 cabs and carriages in pursuit of the ball. Never was seen such a chase and a race since the world began. The women screamed, the children roared, the men yelled, tore their beards, and cursed their natal days!

The tumult was awful! The ball was seen about a mile and a half in the distance, making dreadful headway for Canada. An express engine on the Troy road was almost upon it. But the ball regularly dodged the engineer every time he made a grab at it, and he lost it altogether by the engine running off a bank 200 feet high. The great trotting horse, "Flora Temple" was next upon the track. The gallant mare seemed imbued with the national ardour so infectious under the "stars and stripes"; for she "out-fraided" herself entirely. She took houses and hills in splendid style—leaped six canals, each sixty feet wide—threw sixteen eomeraults, and twice actually caught the ball in her teeth, but unfortunately it dropped out again, and poor Flora was at last obliged to give in, having run into a deep morass, when she sunk up to her nostrils. The poor girl, like a true American horse, was observed to weep when obliged to give up the chase. At the time I am writing this dispatch, she is engaged in digging herself out of her unpleasant situation.

It is hard to say what became of the ball. It is stated that Messrs. L. Mountain and Haddock,—the lost balloonists, who recently so inconsiderately turned up like barnacles on a ship's bottom in the inhospitable regions of the Hudson's Bay Company, far beyond the bounds of civilization, after their families had gone to the expense of ordering several suits of mourning—it is said that those gentlemen, when making their unpropitious descent, saw something like a cricket-ball proceeding through the air

with unabated speed in the direction of the north pole.

So ended the great International game, M. Editor, in which the Yankees were skinned alive, much to the satisfaction of every Canadian, and to none more so than to

Your faithful correspondent,  
HROKOVY BAOOM.

## DOCTORS DIFFERING:

On Saturday afternoon last Dr. Geikie appeared before the Hospital Board with a black eye and a broken nose. He commenced by reading to the meetings the regulations relating to the subject of doctors visiting patients. These regulations he said effectually allowed any physician to do anything he darned-pleased in the hospital, and he begged to inform the gentlemen of the Board that while attempting to do so, he had been knocked and kicked and hampered by the irascible Dr. Richardson. Dr. Richardson had been treating a patient for compound fracture of the thigh, and he (Dr. Geikie) had ventured to undo some of the ligatures applied by his medical friend and cut off the limb in question. Dr. Richardson had resented this behaviour out of pure jealousy, and frowned and looked contemptuous. Now he (Dr. G.) didn't like this.—Nothing ever made him feel so mean as an expression of contempt on the countenance of a medical friend. It always made him feel like a whipped puppy dog. On another occasion he had watched him in his treatment of a rupture, and had taken the liberty of jerking Dr. R.'s arm, whereat Dr. R. was so ill-natured as to frown again. On another occasion that old lamb, Dr. Rolph, ventured to place his hand on Dr. Richardson's hand while the latter was bleeding his patient in the neck. It is true that the jugular vein was severed in consequence, but Dr. R. had no right for any such light provocation to kick the aforesaid mild and inoffensive creature out of the room.

Dr. Richardson then rose, and said that he didn't know whether he was standing on his head or his heels, but thought it was most probably the former. He said he considered himself too good to be mentioned in the same week, nay, even in the same month with Dr. Geikie, the shiny offspring of Victoria College. He said he considered Dr. Geikie had no right to be finding out all his patent operations, and spying out his preparations. He acknowledged that he had looked contemptuously at Dr. Geikie. Indeed it would take a very good Christian to do otherwise. He (Dr. R.) had drawn himself up to his full height, and had, in fact, got upon a table in order to crush his enemy with a still greater weight of moral indignity. He intended to treat Dr. Geikie,—and, in fact, every one who attempted, to "dog" him around as that gentleman had done,—like a whipped spaniel. In fact, he would make a dogged resistance to all such puppyish conduct.

Dr. Rolph then wished to say a few words. He could certify that Dr. Geikie hadn't much harm in him. In fact, he was as harmless as a homoeopathist's drugs, or a rattlesnake with his teeth pulled out.

Here Dr. Geikie threw his case of instruments at Dr. Rolph's head, and the meeting retired in confusion, without coming to any definite decision.

## DESCRIPTION OF AN AERONAUTIC VOYAGE

The air was balmy, the sky serene and multitudes thronged around the enclosure when the gigantic air ship was getting in its wind preparatory to setting forth on its perilous journey through the upper world. Simultaneously the Professor and I planted our feet in the car, the stays are loosened and away we go careening over the house tops. Swiftly we fly o'er the great cities and rising villages of our magnificent country. The Professor, after a copious swig at his pocket pistol, regaled me with information on his favorite theory of the "eastern current." We are into now, said he, as a sudden gust drove us rapidly through the air. No we aint, immediately followed, as he perceived how she settled into a course due north. Steadily northward, I could see she was going by a look at the compass. The Professor became aggravated at this rebellion against his cherished theory. How is she now? Still north I replied.

What does she do in the north,

When she should serve her owner in the East?

But this question, so contrary to the text of Shakespeare, had no effect in bringing the erratic balloon to its desired course.

Night came on, the cold damp air gave us an appetite by no means despicable as the vigorous punishment of the prog gave sufficient evidence.

As our utmost endeavours could not bring the eastern current to our relief we determined upon landing. Gas was let off and down we came, lighting safely on a toadstool, to which we tied our vehicle, and after bringing out our blankets we took shelter under its capacious roof, as it was raining like fury, and fell fast asleep; whether we slept three days or a week we know not, but on awaking we could discern no vestige of the balloon nor the vegetable under which we had sheltered. The appearance of the country round was the most bleak and dreary that can well be imagined, and we were puzzled to know our whereabouts, as the extremest of our geographical knowledge could not remind us of such a desert on the continent of America. It's China, says the Professor; it's Russia says I, and an exciting argument ensued, which, after nearly bringing us to blows, ended by a compromise, both consenting to the belief that we might be in Africa.

Our provisions having taken French leave with the balloon and toadstool, we were necessitated to look around for something to cheer the inner man. After a fruitless day's journey we lay down to rest, we were agreeably disturbed by the familiar buzzing of a mosquito; never before did we hear that noise without aggravation, but to our hungry stomachs the thought of the proximity of so much animal food gave rise to the liveliest hopes and anticipations. After a six hours' hunt in the dark, we succeeded in capturing ten, and made a glorious supper, and turned in again to rest. Seven days did we live thus, sleeping by day and prowling round at night seeking mosquitoes for food, until at last we stumbled across a native, who informed us that we were rusticated in the back settlements of Canada; we never had much reverence for Her Britannic Majesty's possessions, and our week's visit specially disgusted us with Canada.

## THE FUTURE OF CANADA.

The political horizon of this fair country begins to be overshadowed by clouds of rebellious discontent. We predict a great change, a change which will swallow up the constitutional change so much talked of by the Grits and completely annihilate everything in the shape of small change.

Annexation, since it received the cold shoulder from the Commissioner of Public Works has become unpopular, but a great number are still found imbued with this peculiar radicalism, but in a modified form. The glories of the great republic diminish wonderfully on close inspection. Our respect for the voice of the people is considerably lessened when we know the successful man of their choice is the nominee of the *Benicia boy*, the *Game Chicken*, or some other such rowdy professor of pugilism. This growing prejudice against the States has given rise to a corresponding predilection for the Island of Madagascar.

The Hon. George Brown is deeply interested in this scheme. The Queen of the Island being a buxom widow and ho a bachelor, it is thought he desires to join hands with her to strengthen the Union. What his ulterior views may be, it is difficult to conjecture, but the fact that he is now engaged in an extensive secret correspondence with Louis Napoleon and Souloque, the deposed Emperor of Hayti, leads many to think he is getting "rubbed up" in despotism previous to performing the brilliant *coup d'etat* which shall make him Czar of Canada and sleeping partner of Her Majesty Rana-vallah-man-ja-ka, Queen of Madagascar. A new order of things in Canada, will be necessitated by this change. Quebec will be dismantled and receive no more government money to build its piers. Ottawa will have its charter taken away, and Bothwell be made the Capitol. John A. McDonald and William Cayley will be hanged. Baby and Ogle R. Goswan expatriated. Bob Moody is to join with the new Government and be recompensed by being made Admiral of the fleet, with the Firefly for his flagship. Lemon John no doubt will receive the comptrollership of the Czarina's household, whilst Nasmith is made Master of the Rolls. The Chancellorship will be filled by N. C. McIntyre. The appointment of Postmaster General falls to R. J. McHenry. The distribution of the other important offices will be made with equal discernment.

Thus is the future of Canada chalked out by that master mind of America, the Chief of the Grits. In a few more years every vestige of present politics will be swept away, conservative family compactism all will go, and there will remain nothing but one gigantic criticism.

## CRITICISM RUN MAD.

Among the various criticisms written on the Opera the one given birth-to by the *Leader*, exceeds all the others in absurdity. And among the absurd things written by our friend of the *Leader*, his latest production exceeds in sublimity any thing that was ever heard of since the first criticism written by somebody or other, "whose English name we don't now remember."

Under the head of "Cooper" he thus discouraeth,

"Although sitting in the Orchestra in the most unpretending manner, he actually gives to the whole performance a character and vitality peculiarly his own." Well now, Mr. *Leader* what is it that is so peculiar about Mr. Coopers' "character and vitality?" and does he really *actually* give it any. If so, has he any character left? We trow not. We put these questions in all fairness and with an earnest desire for information.

He then proceeds "not a solo—(oh! oh!)—not a duo—(oh! oh!)—not a quartillo (thus far Italian) not a shake, (pure English) not a cadence (French) escapes his delicate fingers, as they fly in such miraculous tuses over his superb violin."

Without referring to the intimate acquaintance with modern languages displayed by our critic, we direct attention to the fact that none of those solo &c. escaped his *delicate fingers* as they fly in miraculous tune over his violin. The idea is new certainly for we never heard of fingers flying in tune over a fiddle string much less in miraculous tune.

Again, "no matter who the singers, or what the passage, he bathes all in a sort of sunlight." All that we can say is that he did not do it while we were there, and we have attended pretty regularly, nor have we heard of it from any of our friends. If he actually does this, the performers, we should think, do not pay much for baths—a great saving.

Our critic then says something about stealing through with "harmonious apologies." We don't quarrel with this, because we do not know where he may have got such an expression, nor can we understand what he means by it.

Now for the eloquent peroration—compose yourself, reader, for an ascent into the ethereal regions:

"Everything he touches becomes instinct with life and beauty—[we wish he would touch some of the supernumeraries,] and when the magic strings are silent—[in other words have gone to sleep] and we have passed from his presence—[whose presence?] we feel, as it were, overshadowed by him and still listening in breathless rapture at his feet." We pity the writer—poor fellow, he is evidently far gone, and when he has expired, which will be shortly—we shall inscribe on his tombstone, "He loved Music not wisely but too well."

## "LITTLE DIRTY POLITICS."

How very delicate even the coarsest animal is at times. We believe there are occasions when even a hog feels dainty and when on no consideration could you get him to wallow in his much beloved mire. Not to carry the comparison out too closely, the same is true of that unselfish, gentle, and ether realized essence of honesty, the Superintendent of Education. How it shocks Dr. Ryerson that naughty newspapers should speak of "dirty little politics." And they are so rude too; they will talk of "casual advantages," and "book monopolies" and other little questions which inevitably arise in the discussion of "dirty little politics."

How nice it would be to have a journal paid for by government, with £500 a year for the editor, and the dear Doctor to be the editor.

How nice to have all "our" long letters printed just as "we" like, as they used to be in the days when "we" were the *Guardian*. The only drawback to this nice little idea as far as we are aware is that it would not do at all.

If "little politics" are "dirty" now, what foul epithet could possibly be applied to them to indicate the additional degradation into which they would be involved, if the long-winded one had the exclusive control of them? One of the punishments recently introduced into the Provincial Penitentiary is a month's perusal of Dr. Ryerson's letters from his onslaught upon a Legion to his controversy with Brown. We certainly have little respect for "little dirty politics," but we do hope they will be spared so terrible an infliction.