

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1858.

NO. 25.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats
I trow you tent it;
A chiel's amang you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll peen it!"

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1858.

THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL ELECTION.

We have passed through one election, and that of a very exciting character, with tolerable credit to the city. The consumption of a great deal of whiskey, the loss of a little blood and of the little veracity our daily papers had credit for, are the only calamities we have to deplore, and the city has assumed its wonted sobriety and business activity. We are not, however, to be left in peace long; another fortnight will find us in the heat and strife of a much more important electoral combat. A man is to be selected to take the chief Upper Canadian seat in the Legislative Council; the selection is irrevocable, and if an error is committed, it is unalterable for eight years. Of course he should be a man of consistent political character, known firmness of purpose and calmness of temper, or he will be manifestly unfit for a seat in the Canadian Peerage. Mr. Jarvis issued an address at an early date, but is understood to have withdrawn in favour of Mr. Baldwin, a gentleman of established character as an honorable statesman, but who it is to be regretted, has not yet seen fit to address to the electors an exposition of his present political whereabouts. At a crisis like this, it is extremely desirable that no uncertain sound should be given by any of the candidates; in twenty minutes, Mr. Baldwin might place himself fairly before the constituency; more than this we do not ask, and with less, the electors will hardly be satisfied.

An address has been issued, signed by G. E. Roman, which for time-serving obsequiousness and clumsy composition, has seldom been equalled. Almost twelve months have passed away, since this ex-Alderman appeared as a candidate; but till the triumph of Mr. Brown he never ventured his political programme. We can well imagine with what eagerness he polished his two addresses, the one for, and the other against the senior member for Toronto; how he has veered about from one tack to the other till the breeze has steadied right for the port he longs for, and then he crowds all sail (with the Brown-Dorion government as a gaff-top,) and steers his crazy craft for the haven, with what success we have yet to learn.

It has been whispered to us by one of our trusty Mercuries, who by the by develops to us secrets of which, if the moiety were told, many a strange story would be heard, which now from pity, we forbear to amuse the public withal, it has been whis-

pered that the document which now adorns our walls, and fills up its space in the *Colonist*, at 4d a line, is not the one which has reposed in lavender for six months, uninjured by the moth, and only to be altered to suit the times. Bless you, no. The original document is before us, torn in two by some captious critic, a clear Grit successor, doubtless, of Cobbett, but still sufficiently preserved for public perusal and amusement. Like Collier's Shakespeare, it has a great many MS. emendations, which were added long after to the first draft; we incorporate them with the text.

To the Electors of the York Division.

GENTLEMEN, &c.—In coming out for the York Division, you'll be apt to ask why I done it. Well, I'll tell you right away if you'll wait a spell. I had the place in my weather-eye a year ago, but I kept mum till I seen old Jarvis, he as used to be Sheriff of the 'Nited Counties a good while ago. Well, says I, if an ex-Alderman aint as good as a broken down Sheriff, beans is pumpkins, and by golly here goes. Well, I gin it a turn in my mind, and, my scizzors, I'll bet 20 to 1 on the bob-tail—no, I mean that I am going to get in slicker nor winkin.'

I think this country is pretty big, and has a big sight of money, and other fixins in it, in which I feel a great interest, which you'll be apt to be pretty proud of. But politics is pretty low. all kinds of corruption and thimble-rigging, and all that sort of thing going on which is very bad, and not sufferable by no means.

I go in for rep. by pop., the bull animal and no mistake, and we must get it, and shall, if you make a peer of me.

I dont know much about schools, but I have read some of Ryerson's reports recently, and should think there was a pretty good style of thing.

I think I'm pretty safe in going the Brown-Dorion ticket, so let it rip.

Like every body else, I'm indignant at the Government for putting in O'Farrell for Russell, and letting Fellowes by the shrivellity of Middlesex; it was too precious bad, that's a fact.

I hear some one of the name of Baldwin is coming out, but who on earth is he? I'm as good as he is any day; he never was in the Council, and never seen a steeple-chase in his life.

Vote for me; I'm as good a man as ever handled a cue, and I can speak like 60 boss power.

Yours,
CHARLES ROMAIN.

Not by the Atlantic Telegraph.

—Jones says he had the exalted honor of receiving a message from the Queen the other day. It was a writ of *fi. fa.*

Shakspeare to Amos Wright, the silent Member:

—By heaven, I charge thee *speak!*

J. H. CAMERON TO JOHN B. ROBINSON.

"Den Bell."

Dont you remember the desk, Johnny B.,
Where you used to sit, when of yore,
You spoll'd every paper we set you to draw,
And strow'd all the quills on the floor.
With blackest ingratitude, now Johnny B.,
You leave me unaided to fight;
And turn the cold shoulder on poor Johnny H.,
When you said you would make it all right.
Under the stroke of the birch, Johnny B.,
'That hung by the school-window all,
Together we've lain on the hard pine bench,
And been painfully put through the mill;
The schoolmaster's gone to the dooce, Johnny B.,
And another now flogs in his stead,
But I hoped, oh how vainly, some friendship from thee,
When all the old flogs were dead.
And don't you remember you fool, Johnny B.,
How I frowned not, when wild as a rocket,
You spilt all the ink on the desk in a lark,
And plastered the Common Pleas docket.
And when the grim benches pleased Johnny B.,
With no sense and a little less law,
How I stood to your back like a trump, Johnny B.,
Now you act like a brute as you are.
Thus all things have gone to the bad, Johnny B.,
And my Bavorley's gone with them too.
I did hope when 'e Catholics voted for Brown,
That you, Johnny B., would be true;
But now all is gone, 'twixt us t'win, Johnny B.,
And I feel pretty bad in the head,
Bring, Susan, hot water and gruel for me,
And I'll tumble at once into bed.

Hasty Matches.

—The audacity with which the London *Prototype* blurts out the following nonsense is amusing:

"Firemen are in all cities exceedingly sensitive, and like Lucifer matches the least rub makes them go off."

We beg to correct the writer and to assure him that what he intended to say, was as follows:

"Salamancaers are in all cities exceedingly averse to fire, and like matches—which as they turn out to be anything but happy, must of necessity be *Lucifer*-matches—the least rub makes them go off." We think that as the editor meant to be nonsensical to some purpose, we have hit the nail on the head for him. We appeal to the married community to say whether we are right or not.

A Phillipic against Canada.

—Two forlorn government sheets are so hard-pressed for argument in behalf of their present retainers as to quote the London *Morning Chronicle* on Government affairs in Canada. Every one of our readers who knows the ignorance of the English press on the affairs of this country cannot fail to be amused at reading an article in which it is put as a serious problem whether Canadians or not too "rude and barbarous" for representative institutions. We cannot help thinking that this article emanated from the *Leader* office, it is so utterly ridiculous, if you don't want to ensure the laughter of even the luckless readers of your own journals, never quote the *Puseyite* organ again—"Rude and barbarous!"—ha! ha!

OUR HERO COMES.

(Mind, ye real hero of ye Legislative Election.)

Ho comes! he comes! our hero comes,
Herald his progress with beat of drums,
From street to street, without demur,
Rattle cheer upon cheer for Rowland Burr.

Who is the hero who comes! who comes!
To the cheering swell of the sounding drums:
Who is the dauntless Rowland Burr
We must cheer and cheer without demur?

Ho has entered the lists with C. Romala,
And Baldwin or Allan will strive in vain,
Nought can his speedy triumph deter,
For the man for Galway is Rowland Burr.
Cos why? He will build himself full soon.
A grand steam canal to the man in the moon.
He means to annex Mr. Mars to the earth,
Buy up Saturn and Venus for half 'rnt their worth.
Nor hero, will his glorious enterprise stay,
For its likely he'll charter the Milky Way,
And bind altogether in sweet communion,
With Railways, Canals, and a Federal Union.
And listen, Electors! the Government Set
For the whole—bless his heart—he will fix at your feet.
There still is one plank in his platform, good soul,
More lib'ral, more generous by far than the whole:
Each settler who comes to this mighty domain
Fifty thousand broad acres at once, Sirs, will gain,
And the price? Oh! he has but a dollar to pay,
And if he can't spare it—Burr gives it away.
Still listen! supporters of Charles E. Romala,
And lie'n'ng desert to swell Rowland Burr's train,
Who will speedily leave you no taxen to pay,
For he'll give Governor Head but a dollar a day,
And the Speakers, a wig, with a suit of "old clothes,"
To wear whilst he's taking the "ayes" and the "noes;"
And in future all M.P.'s, Sirs, must pay,
Not receive from the state,—sixteen dollars a day;
Then herald his progress with beat of drums,
Ho comes! yes, our matchless hero comes,
And naught can his speedy triumph deter;
Three cheers for the unknown Rowland Burr,
The candidate scorning corruption and pelf,
And bent upon making—a fool of himself.

Letter from Henrietta Alexandrina Fitzgiddy,
aunt "Moving."

DEAREST GRUMBLE,—

WHAT a consoling thing it is to have
some one to confide one's troubles to. Since my
leaving London, where we (that is the people of *ton*
there) used to confess once a week, I have felt the
want of a confidant. I have been bored to death
by the bother of commencing house-keeping. I
freely confess I am no hand at auctions. Yet in
some infatuated moment, I purchased to the value
of £300 at a sale, where everything had been ex-
pected to go dirt cheap. I bought a splendid set
of window curtains, enough carpeting to cover the
floor of your crystal palace, of the best quality and
bran new, several beautiful feather beds, and a lit-
tle buggy, London make—as I thought. But
alas, the window curtains had been artfully draped
so as to conceal a multitude of gaping chasms; the
carpet did not survive the lifting from the floors on
which it had been exposed for sale, but came asunder
in convenient fragments from a square foot in
size upwards, and the little buggy showed such
gouty tendencies as soon as our blind horse (pur-
chased as sound from a family about to retire to the
continent) that I had little hopes of its lasting long.
Indeed as my daughter Tarquinia observed with
charming *naivete*, "the feather beds were likely to
be a little buggy long after the decayed vehicle should
be consumed for firewood," and so it turned out in

fact, for—don't mention this in the *beau monde*—
Susan Jane and I had a desperate hunt after
those bugs. For two hours we carried on a war
of extermination invoking the powers of vinegar
and bug *xerox*. Nor was this all. Those odious
men who brought in the kitchen stove, mis-
took me for the cook, and one of them hinted
with an odious wink that if my mistress al-
lowed any fellowers, he'd be most happy to pay me
a "visit," as he had been looking out for a "nice
girl to go with for some time." And then I was
bothered out of my life by such a set of impudent
milkmen and wood cutters and bakers, looking out
for my custom! Up comes a milkman ringing a
defeating bell, and shouting "ho! a ho! any body
here."

ME.—(Out of upper window) what do you want?
MILKMAN.—I guess you want some good milk
here?

ME.—I've got a milkman.
MILKMAN.—Who've you got?
ME.—Upon my word, fellow!

MILKMAN.—How much do you pay him?
I thereupon shut the window so violently that I
smashed three panes. There the milkman cried
out, *Aho! m'm*.

ME.—Will you leave Sir!
MILKMAN.—There's a son-in-law of mine down
street, who'll fix that window for yer if you'll promise
him yer custom.

My attention was luckily attracted at this juncture
by a ripping knock at the door, inflicted by a strap-
ping negro, who offered his services as a wood
sawyer.

ME.—Thank you, I intend to burn coals.
WOOD.—You aren't sure o' that.
ME.—What do you mean?

WOOD.—I saw your stove going into the yard, and
its a wood stove by gum!
ME.—You impertinent rascal, be off.

WOOD.—You're so flustered just now mim, that
you'd swear a hole through an iron pot, but I know
its a wood stove, and I'll come back to-morrow
and see if you've changed your mind. Good by
mim. I live quite convenient.

The ruffian, to my horror, disappeared through
the door of a shanty directly opposite.
But hark, another "rat tat." A flashy-slatternly
looking servant, the antipodes of "simplex munditi-
tis," urges her claims to employment.

SERVANT.—Arrah and its yer own sweet self I'd
be after serving mem, seven dollars a month, an
found in tea an sugar, and followers and country
cousins allowed.

ME.—I'm very particular about my servants.
Pray have you a character.

SERVANT.—Arrah an its character yed ask, after
mem living six months wid his Excellency as fam do
chambermaid?

ME.—And what was the cause of your leaving
the situation?

SERVANT.—I was mad wid the Governor for
thratin Brown in the way he did, and sez I to him,
"yer nothing but a rotten old fungus, and as sure
as there's a divil in hell!"

ME.—Upon my word your language is infamous,
you ought to be ashamed of yourself.

I hereupon shut and locked the door, and rushing
to my chamber, gave vent to my emotions in a flood
of tears.

Yours both in anger and sorrow,
H. A. FITZGIDDY.

BENCH AND BISCUITS.

A friend of ours told us the other day, that hav-
ing occasion to go up to Osgoode Hall—much
against his will, as he endorses the doctrine of the
Globe, that Lawyers are all going to a place which
we shall have no hesitation in mentioning if called
upon to do so—he was greatly concerned at seeing
the judges busily employed in eating a great num-
ber of briefs and judgment rolls; but that upon
gazing a short time in silent astonishment at this
novel method of digesting opinions, and arriving at
decisions, he found to his relief that instead of dis-
patching cases, the worthy judges were merely dis-
patching their luncheons, which being stowed away
in the bags—our friend is not a professionalist—in
which their lordships kept their legal papers, caused
our informant to commit the above mistake. He fur-
ther says, that some of the judges looked ashamed of
what they were doing, and one of them used to slide
a hunk of an apple, or a chunk of biscuit into his
mouth as cautiously as one puts down a large penny
piece on the poor plate on Sunday, for fear of mak-
ing a tell-tale noise. This was a dangerous experi-
ment, for, he said, he saw, on the occasion he refers
to, a lawyer, taking advantage of the fact that jus-
tice was now dumb as well as blind, set forth a
point of law in such an original light, that his lord-
ship forgetting his inability to speak plain, made an
awful splutter, and would have inevitably choked
himself, were it not that his fellow-judges clapped
him heartily on the back, and administered to him
several glasses of water—without brandy—for the
space of half an hour; at which our friend, singu-
larly enough, was greatly amused.

We confess, we are at a loss to tell why our friend
should be amused. Eating and drinking are not
very comical circumstances in themselves. If in-
stead of cracking a biscuit, his lordship had crack-
ed a joke, the same result would of course have
followed. It may be that our friend was under the
delusion, that, whereas it used to happen that the
bench was the seat of wit, now it is only the place
of hard, legal saws, and dry biscuit and wa'er.
If such an insinuation was levelled against the maj-
esty of justice in this covert manner, all we can say
to refute it is, that one at least of our judges is fa-
mous for his witticisms, which are by no means con-
temptible.

To Office Seekers.

—In consequence of the Civil Service Bill,
his Excellency has found it impossible to give his
illiterate but often faithful friends, their due share
of the public offices. He therefore gives notice that
all Shrivaulties and Registrarships are at their dis-
posal; and in future no sheriff will be appointed
who can tell a *fi, fa*, from a nigger song, and no
Registrar who can write his own name. For exam-
ples of the right sort of men, pay a visit to Lon-
don and examine the officers of Middlesex.

N. B. One or two horsewhippings will enhance
the chance of any candidate.

MAIDS vs. BACHELORS.

A slight commotion, judging from the number of letters we have received, appears to have been raised amongst our fair friends, by the publication of those "horrid" lines from an unknown Bachelor correspondent, in our issue of August 27th. From the mass of indignant rejoinders, we select the following for insertion:—

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I'm sure, I and all my young lady friends quite wonder, you ever allowed those horrid shocking lines from a Bachelor, to appear in THE GRUMBLER. Why our beans have done nothing, but tease us about them ever since; so just in self-defence, we have made out our side of the question, and do, there's a dear Mr. GRUMBLER, please insert it for

Your loving little

MARRIANNE PRETTYFACE AND FRIENDS.

Who would be a Bachelor, cheerless and lone,
With heart shrivelled up, and hard as a stone;
By his own fire-side sitting silent and grim,
The prey of some peevish or whimsical whim,
Sitting with vinegar plit,
Wondering what comfort and happiness is;
Now sighing, now cursing each day of his life,
Now crusty, now scolding, now dreaming a wife
Might gently remove all his mountain of ill,
But too arrant a coward to swallow the pill,
'T'ough temptingly elegant, charmingly neat,
Life's choicest nectar beechingly sweet.

Who would be a Bachelor cheerless and sad,
Growing daily and yearly more Bachelor mad?
With no sweet face near him, to soothe and to cheer him,
To brighten his life, and and bring happiness near him,
Or with thousands of pretty devices to please him,
And perhaps now then, just a wee bit to tease him;
If but for the pleasure of chasing away
The clouds, like the sun on a midsummer day,
To meet him with smiles, with her charms grace his home,
Be his loving companion wherever he roam.

Oh! the man who pretends to be cheerless and sad,
When such a dear little, sweet little wife may be had,
To be crusty and rusty, and peevish and mute,
Is worse than a ——— what? ugh! he's worse than a brute.

OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

The City of Toronto has had the benefit of another sitting of the Blowers, with what good or bad results, we undertake not to speak. Their sayings and doings we can analyze; and if we present to our readers the constituent elements of their character, we reveal all that is necessary to judge of the component mass. In illustration we take as

No. 1.—PUNDY, the Councilman elect of St. Patrick's Ward. He certainly does possess much cunning—not dangerously vicious in disposition—nor has he inherited a larger share of depravity than many other of his species. He has already attained a big position; and it is doubtful whether his instincts can elevate him higher than that of keeper of a beer-shop. The paraphernalia of his establishment consist of gorgeous fly-ridden decanters, containing every variety of diluted whiskey; sundry articles of tin and glass-ware, temptingly bedizened with dust; a chair or two, somewhat imperfect from their antiquity; and a long cozy bench, the better to afford comfort to its numerous human, canine, feline and *vermine* patrons that there luxuriate. In such a circle our Blower is monarch, ministering to the necessities of "man and beast." To such an association is he indebted for the tone of his man-

ners and morals. We know some are sceptical enough to doubt anything good coming from the "Black Bull;" but it is on record good, on one occasion at least, came out of Nazareth. Let us therefore hope.

No. 2.—CARR, an Alderman and would-be Mayor. This individual by nature has been largely gifted—he is large in bones, muscles and lymphatics; large in vanity, ignorance and conceit. He is the largest booby in the Ward of St. Andrew, and the largest eared donkey among the Blowers. Like Othello, he is very "rude in speech;" like Shylock, "an inexorable dog;" and like Sir Lucius O'Trigger, his valor oozes from the ends of his fingers. If measured by the standard of mind, he might take rank with the genus *Ourang Outang*, inimitable at cracking nuts and flinging the shells at inoffending passers-by. The fellow has bad tricks, and at present a source of annoyance. Would'nt the enterprising proprietor of the Pantechnethca purchase him from the city—stuff him with some light material, and suspend him from the third story of his establishment to counteract the savage grin of Walker's Monster Golden Lion.

No. 3.—MOODY, a St. John's Ward Alderman. We wonder how the Fathers of Muddy Little York, who now sleep, would gape on beholding this champion of national and domestic policy; their benighted souls had not dared to imagine the Aldermanic order advanced to such a pitch of refinement as exemplified in the nautical Captain. Whatever is objectionable in Bob is entirely due to Mr. Brown by putting him in large letters in the *Globe*. By him he was led into opposition, and in consistently sticking to it, Bob has been snuffed out of the Clear Grit ranks; and we believe the "rascals," as the *Colonist* would say, malevolently insists on his extermination from the Council. Bob is not the man to be run down; he will find some useful position—may be on the dramatic stage of the "Apollo"—in Beverly's new Bowling Alley—or as second-assistant to our over-worked Chief of Police. See if he don't.

No. 4.—J. E. SMITH, a Councilman from Somewhere. Lab, we won't dissect him, or he might dissect us—his knife is as keen as a hangman's axe. He does no particular harm; but confound it, he commits no good. 'Tis not enough to say our man eats, drinks, sings, jokes, or dances well, fond of company, and the like; these are good acquisitions and sit lightly on a well trained mind. But we look in vain for sterner accomplishments, and might as well search for diffidence in Ogle R. Gowan, as look for anything practical in friend Smith.

No. 5.—WILCOCKS, a Councilman by mistake, we have all along suspected; and do not, by any means, stigmatize him as a Blower. He has not yet enravished our ears or those of anybody else. He is quiet, inoffensive, blessed with a good appetite, and able to whistle a little. We will see that he is not again imposed upon.

No. 6.—READ, an Alderman from the vicinity of the Asylum. He is excessively good-natured, bordering on the absurd; like small lawyers, he gabbles, and what is wanting in quality is more than made up in quantity. He never conceives an idea, but occasionally picks one up, which he clings to with a fondness more than parental. The Junior

member for Toronto, he claims as his model, and may, therefore, be said to reflect the Donkey sentiment on the corporation. To St. Patrick's Ward belong the honor of saddling this ass; and we would strongly counsel them to guard against his being ridden to death by any acion of the Family Compact, or, be japers, they may be rebuked in a manner infinitely more humiliating than Balaam of old.

WORLD WIDE CELEBRATION!

TO CELEBRATE THE LAYING OF THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

TORONTO A GALAXY OF GLORY.

We are enabled in advance of all our contemporaries, to lay before our readers, the particulars of the universal celebration of the working of the Atlantic Telegraph, on the 1st of September, four days last past. At an early hour, the entire population turned out under arms, except the nurses, who always have their arms full—and a royal salute of a hundred thousand guns was fired in every city on the Continent; and also, a like number in every city in the United Kingdom. Toronto took the lead in this as well as in all other features of the celebration, as we have since ascertained. At sixteen o'clock, the Governor General, attended by a brilliant staff of Clear Grits, went in state to the telegraph office, and sent with his own hand a congratulatory message to Her Majesty, which he did not accomplish until he had received several shocks, and smashed a score or two of instruments. The festivities then grew fast and furious; and the shires which the unwashed cut up, were beyond calculation.

In the evening, our citizens not content with illuminating every window in the city, by a unanimous resolution resolved to make a bonfire of Stanley street, and this proving a decided hit, Victoria street was also soon in blazes. All the stray cattle that could be caught were roasted for a public feast, and the Sheriff having decided that every saloon-keeper that broke the law on the late polling days should contribute as a fine, a barrel of ale each, liquor was not wanting. We understand that we would have missed this splendid opportunity of taking our place among the nations of the earth, were it not that His Excellency wanted to spite the Clear Grits, making this an occasion to quander the public money.

An Enlightened Creature.

—On looking over a city cotemporary, we saw an advertisement headed,
"Let there be light!"

Thinking it was one of those sermonic addresses, which are so much out of place in a daily, we were about giving it that profound attention which such productions always command, when we caught a glimpse of something about "Lamps and Oil," and on reading further it became apparent that the above quotation had been merely parodied to puff off the merits of an oil lamp. The miserable wretch who could thus endeavour to palm off his quackeries on the public is, of course, insensible to anything we could say to him. But if such impertinent advertisements are to be inserted in the dailies, there will be no good reason why apurious medical advertisements—being the lesser nuisance—should be excluded.

AT IT AGAIN.

Why will the editor of the *Colonist* (we don't mean the Magnus Apollo, but the paste and scissors gentleman,) be so atrociously funny? Not content with his exploits on "Autumn," he has got entangled with the Atlantic Cable, and seems to have been galvanized into a pitch of jollity quite excruciating. Hear him; "The Atlantic Cable is fast twined round the affections of the people." This beautiful and entirely original touch of rhetoric, would be more agreeable if the "twining" mentioned did not put one painfully in mind of the freaks of a box constrictor; moreover, twining the cable round the affections of some people, would be like winding a hawser round a knitting needle. He then informs us, that not alone the cities are in a state of "exuberant ecstasy," but "every little hamlet and all the pretentious towns" (where's the town in Canada that isn't pretentious?) "are going mad together." Now, in the cases of the cities where such spasmodic papers as the *Colonist* excite the public mind, the madness is natural enough, but how all these hamlets &c., are touched in the head, passes our comprehension. We know that it is an hallucination of the maniac that all are insane save himself, and it might be as well to keep a sharp look-out at the office of our contemporary. "Celebrations spring up in out of the way corners," an agricultural figure, suggestive of hosing and weeding, "our newspaper friends" in the interior, "give remarkable editorial articles." We could name some journals not "in the interior" which are addicted to a similar practice.

But then comes the finish, "The poets, too, have their word. Pegasus is up on the very peak of Helicon, and performs odd antics." The first sentence is slightly obscure, but the second sparkles with a brilliant combination of mythology, geography, poetry and horsemanship. We understand that Pegasus has, since we made his acquaintance in Lempiere, served an apprenticeship to a circus company, which will account in part for the agility he now displays. We venture to say, that the feat of the winged steed has never been surpassed, for he has not only got all four feet on the very peak of Helicon, but actually contrives, while in that precarious situation, to "perform odd antics," assisted, doubtless, by his rider, the editor of the daily which records its pranks. It is really wonderful how the brute creation are subdued by the power of man, and Rarey is now completely knocked in the shade.

The *Colonist* gives us a specimen of its antics, which, if it is to be taken as a fair sample, we must say are odd enough.

"Rhymes without reason,
And rhymes in season,
Curiously mingled;

To which he should have added to complete the stanza—

Rhymes without treason,
Rhymes made by squeezing
Wonderfully mingled.

The progress of journalism is truly astounding.

THE SPEAKERS'S WIG.

The public were not, we fear, informed in proper time, of the interesting and awful ceremony which lately took place in the House of Commons. The Speaker's wig arrived in Trinity Bay by the Sub-oceanic lightning rod, immediately after the first half

of the Queen's Message, and was the principal cause of the stoppage which made the message so much resemble, for the time, a "pig without a tail."—However the precious and sacred article arrived safely in town by the Atlantic and Montreal line, and Mr. Dwight procured Mr. Jones's large omnibus to carry it up to the Speaker's lodgings, not venturing, however, to keep the wig company, but preferring to deposit it within, as in a sbrine, and ride outside himself. Mr. Speaker almost burst a blood-vessel when the wig box was opened, and a profusion of silvery curls reflected the daylight which "danced" as *yo Leader* saith, "on the roofs of the neighboring houses." He had not yet broached his third bottle of port, but the excitement of the moment overcame the force of habit. He refused to try on the wig till he should arrive at the House of Assembly. But the robe? where was it? Mr. Dwight stated that it had been crowded out by a press of other matter, but that Cyrus W. Field had promised to have it in Toronto in the space of 11 minutes and 3 seconds. This was satisfactory. Away flew the omnibus. Old friends were admitted. Messrs. Moodie, Robinson and Cameron were invited inside, while Messrs. Brown and McDougall sat on top. The editors of the *Globe* and *Leader* also occupied a portion of the roof; the editor of the *Colonist* who has always manifested a fondness for our entertaining society had managed to get inside, and like a good fellow as he is, made us sit on his lap, taking the precaution first of all to place his lawn handkerchief on his knees. In these various positions we arrived at the house, where we found the "robe" awaiting us. Mr. Speaker seated himself in the chair, and placed the wig upon his brows after the manner of Napoleon I. A buzz of admiration spread through the Hall, but was suddenly arrested by the extraordinary demeanor of the great "Harry." One leg was jerked out spasmodically, and with such violence, that Banti Stayner, Esq., the Speaker's Secretary, was lifted into the reporter's gallery, and the Speaker's spittle was dashed into a thousand pieces. Meanwhile his face twitched so ridiculously that Mr. Cameron "begged aw, to know aw, if Mr. Speakaw was making gwimaces at him," and upon Mr. Speaker's only answering by another grimace, ran at him, tore the wig off, but immediately dropped it with a howl of anguish. Strauge to say, Mr. Smith became immediately tranquil. Mr. Dwight stated that the recent *embarras* was the fault of the operator, who had neglected to degalvanize the wig after its transmission through the wires; he then degalvanized both the robe and wig, which then re-appeared under more auspicious circumstances on the figure of the proper person. Mr. Smith stood up in his place and calling imaginary members to order, said in a jocular tone:

Although in times past you have not,
Exactly done your duty,
And though rebelliously you've fought,
And raised quite an commote,
Vainly the reason I have sought,
I'rafs 'twas my want of beauty,
But now I've got my wig and gown on,
I'll keep you quite subordinate,
For humbious members I am downson,
'Tis my House, I am Lord in it,
Looking with wig, robe, and a frown on,
Well as I can afford in it.

Satisfied with his performance, he committed his robe and wig to the aforesaid Banti Stayner, and adjourned to the dwelling of Mr. Natter, for his diurnal lecture in elocution.

THE THEATRE.

In assuming once more the management of the Royal Lyceum, we hope that Mr. John Nickinson, with his accustomed energy, will insist on a few improvements; the first of which must be the hiring of a good prompter—a ventriloquist if possible, then as by substituting a respectable looking automaton, he may dispense with half a dozen Heavy Villains, Captains of (black) uards and Gsueh nuisances. In the next place he should make it capital punishment in any actor to delay the audience more than a quarter of an hour after his part is called; and lastly, instant death should be the doom of any scene-shifter committing more than twenty-six blunders during a single performance. When those improvements are made, and the foundation stone of the new Theatre laid, the "good time" shall have actually arrived.

Miss Sallie St. Clair, who has been playing during the past week, is as great a favorite with our audience as her celebrated namesake who resided "in our alley," was with the great musical world some time ago. It is a great pity that her stay here was so short.

The Atlas and the Atlantic Telegraph.

The following item in the Tuesday's news columns of the "Atlas," somewhat startled us—

CORRESPONDENCE

BY THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

The Inauguration of L. O. L. No. 657, Duffin's Creek, Pickering, county of South Ontario.

(Here followed a lengthy account of the ceremony.)
Pot for one moment would we doubt the veracity of our younger brother of the *Atlas*, but still it does slightly perplex us to conceive how he could be indebted to the Atlantic Telegraph for Duffin's Creek, Ontario County Intelligence, nevertheless from our experience of his *perfect reliability*, we are convinced that he can explain the seeming difficulty, and vindicate his enviable character for truthfulness and impartiality. Mr. Atlas, please explain, how was it?

BUSINESS NOTICES.

We wish we could for one moment gain the ear of the listless crowd of men who wander nightly upon King Street, pining for some amusement or device to make the evenings pass less heavily upon their hands. To them and all others we would say, go to ROBERT STORV'S OXENBURY ROOMS at the Apollo, and time will no longer pass wearily away. For 12½ cents, you may pass a pleasant evening, and enjoy your cigar or glass of beer in happy forgetfulness of time and its concerns. Glee, molodies, dances and good instrumental music are provided, selected with the best possible taste: and performed in the best style every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday. Give STORV a call, and you will not regret it.

We have great pleasure in drawing the attention of the public to Mr. Gluckmeyer, a gentleman who intends to turn to advantage his knowledge of the English and French languages (an accomplishment of which so few Upper Canadians can boast) by giving lessons in French to all that are desirous of profiting by them. By a system of his own, which will in most cases ensure to his pupils a proficiency sufficient to enable them to report French Speeches in the House after one writer's instruction, he hopes to afford perfect satisfaction to all who may put themselves under his charge. Address—Mrs. Green's Boarding-house, near the corner of Wellington and Simcoe Streets.

Letters addressed "THE GRAMBLER," Toronto, containing \$1, will entitle the sender to this paper for one year.