

THE GRUMBLER.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1859.

WHOLE NO. 74.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a your coat
I trow you trow it;
A chiel's anang you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll print it."

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1859.

POETRY RUN MAD.

In the *Leader* of Wednesday last may be read one of those curious scraps of doggerel sometimes penned by silly correspondents "for the *Leader*." The subject is the "Ploughboy Accident," of which in all conscience we have surely heard more than enough. What with "H.J.G.'s" interminable tale of horrors, and Duggan and Angus Morrison's boastful stories of the storm, we are fairly sick of the subject. The *Leader's* bard is, however, not yet tired of the theme, and in a long unpunctuated string of twenty-six verses gives his views of the subject. Let us hear him:—

"A party once on pleasure bent
Their hearts were full of glee
Across a lake they bend their way
Nor danger do foresee."

Admitting the exceedingly fresh and musical style of the verses, we think it admits of improvement. "Bending their way," across a lake is decidedly a figure of speech of the first water; though decidedly a novelty if really put in practice by ministerial voyagers; treading water is not a circumstance to it.

After informing us "at whose command the stormy winds arise," he makes a very curious observation:—

"The waves with fury swell and foam
No man relief supplies"

and who in the world expects any man to afford relief to the waves or the foam. It has been a custom handed down from times immemorial to let the sea relieve itself when it "swells with fury;" and leave it to take its own time about it. If there be any inhumanity in this ancient practice we shall be happy to second the bard in establishing a "Foam easing, and Wave relieving society" at once. The poet entreatheth us to observe "you once happy crew;" and promiseth as soon as our astonishment at their terror is over to "let us hear the cause of it, presently." He tells us:—

"The atcombout out of order got,
Within which they did sail."

There is at least this satisfaction here that though the boat did get out of order, they sailed within it; in other words none of them were *tight*, and for once in their lives a number of M. P.'s kept orderly without the roar of Mr. Speaker Smith. That Angus Morrison and Sidney Smith sailed within the limits of decorum, the poet testifies clearly.

The next thing that occurs is:—

"They cast the anchor but in vain,
It doth to nothing el'ng;"

But "ex nihilo nihil fit," "nothing" seems to have been of no service: eo

"Some brave men have quit the boat
In hope of aid to bring."

Where the "brave men" swam to when they jumped out of the boat does not appear; we presume, however, that they went down to hold the anchor. But this was all in vain, too, for,

"Not far hence and in her course
A gloomy rock is cast."

Whether "cast" iron, or what the poet condescendeth not to explain in his highly wrought verse, of course "a qu-king fen" comes on again, and they see their "death engraven on the rock" by some species of lithography unknown below Lake Huron. We trust a fragment of this moriferous mineral has been brought down for Dr. Wilson to decipher; it must be a curiosity.

"Though mighty men did in her sail
'This did not change her fate,"

He tells us. It was a very fortunate thing that it didn't; we pity the innocent passengers if it had. There were "mighty" men there indeed, "mighty" queer ones. They take a long and last farewell:—

"But though a wat'r' grave their lot"

(an unprofitable sort of *water-lot*) they hope to meet again.

After narrating the deliverance of the worthy ministers in a semi-pious, semi-profane style, the bard giveth vent to his reflections:—

"Then great men be not puffed up
'True greatness from God seek
For he abhors the haughty man
But he exalts the neck,"

(John A. Macdonald, Sidney Smith and Company.)

The doggerel goes on to degrade a serious theme in a manner on which we cannot further comment without risking the charge of profanity. Our readers, however, will have seen enough of the trash to judge of the literary taste of the *Leader* and its contributors. We wonder where the editor was, when this stuff was inserted? Above all, where were the printers when they set it up. Without rhythm and without sense, it was too bad to deny this rignarole one redeeming comma or one alleviating semi-colon. The thing is not only poetically, but also typographically, *pointless*.

FEELING ENQUIRY BY COUNCILMAN CARROLL.

Oh where and oh where
Has the Avenue fencing gone?

Checking reply by Capt. Moody.

It has gone on board the Fire-Fl'y,
On an excursion to the moon;
And its oh, in my heart, I fear
It will not come back soon.

"THE GRUMBLER."

We have been disowned. Heaven be praised for all its great mercies. The City Council is outraged at our plain-speaking. Its most unsophisticated member cuts us off with a shilling; and now we wander up and down, seeking for a patron and a place to lay our head. The men who plotted and planned, and laid their wicked heads together in order to plunder the public, to enrich themselves—to ride rampant over the people—to cut up the fairest avenue on the continent of America—these fellows are disgusted with us. It seems that we applied the lash with too much severity. We said they were base, contemptible, uneducated knaves, forsooth. What else are they, we should like to know? These amongst them who consider themselves aggrieved let them say so, and we shall give them an opportunity of proving their education and their honesty to an admiring public.

But we have been disowned. We are wanting in politeness to the fellows who dared to bully the public, whose servants they are. We lack etiquette in addressing those who impudently attempted to rob us not only on the high way, but actually of the Queen's highway itself. We shall try hard and mend our manners. We hope that the public will do the same, and that in future Councilors will be spoken of with hated breath and agitated knees.

They must not be called scoundrels, although their actions are base and dishonorable. They must not be called uneducated, although they cannot write nor speak. They must not be called brazen-faced and impudent, although they have dared to set themselves in array against the public whose servants they are. They must not be called contemptible, although they are the tools of abler schemers, and although all their actions spring from the most unworthy motives. What shall we call them? Shall we say with Mark Anthony that "they are all honorable men?"

If our servants cheat us, shall we not punish them. If they insult us, shall we not chastise them. Why must Councilors be exempted from the rule, when they cheat, rob, lie, and insult their masters, the public?

But in all this heat we overlooked poor Councilman Wiman. We are too "malicious" and "vicious" for him.

Well, we will try and bear our fate—rejoicing in the consciousness that although we pine in secret over our lost love, yet that his happiness is secured. No more will the members of the Council treat him "coolly"—except perchance, when they stand "ice-creams all round." No more will the Buggs, the Dunns, the Carrolls of the Council look on him with disdain. No. His peace is made with them; and now he is to them as a man and a brother.—
"Peace to his ashes!"

IMPRESSIVE SPECTACLE.

About the middle of last week the rumble of Williams' Omnibus ceased in the streets of Toronto, and the hospitable doortstep no longer bung invitingly down to the weary foot passengers of Yonge Street. Travellers perspired, and opened their eyes. "Has Williams departed this life?" said one. "Is he to be buried from one of his own hearses then?" said another. "Perhaps he has been screwed up in one of his own coffins by mistake," said another. "Not a bit of it," said a man sweating on his way from Yorkville, "his Omnibus are standing at the side of the ditch they are digging in Yonge Street." "But why doesn't he take us in one Omnibus to the South side of the ditch, and away up to Yorkville in the other," said a common-sense traveller. "Because he wants to get heavy damages from the Corporation for loss of time," said a legal traveller. The legal traveller was right. Mr. Williams is about to bring the case before the court, and has retained R. M. Allen as counsel. This eminent barrister has kindly showed us a copy of his intended speech, and we freely give it to the public.

"May it please your Lordship and Gentlemen of the Jury,

The whole collective History of British Jurisprudence, from the signing of Magna Charta by Hengist and Horsa, to the last case I had the pleasure of winning in this washful court, were it ransacked and rammaged with the aid of a microscope, would furnish nothing similar to the outrage upon the rights of a private, I might say a public and useful citizen, possessed of private rights, this outrage I say, which I shall presently induce the weighty arm of the Law to punish and avenge. The interest felt in this case by the world at large ought to be Provincial, ought to be national, and because why? Those who have had the advantages of a classical education will know, that the word *omnibus* means to all, in, with, from, or by all, and therefore I triumphantly conclude that this case ought to be a favorite to all, congenial in all bosoms, pleasant with all minds, listened to from all ears, and ought to be successful by all the Powers.

Gentlemen, let me come to my statements. On a certain day in August, some fiend opened a ditch across Yonge Street, under the pretext of municipal improvements, but solely, I believe, with the view of blasting my client's money-bags for life. My client's omnibuses were stopped; my client had to go on tick for groceries; he had to pawn a cow in plate for butter, and was obliged to give four of his depreiated omnibus tickets for a red herring. And, gentlemen, let me call your attention to the melancholy spectacle of Mr. Williams a sitting on a hydrant near this ditch, on Yonge Street for three days and three nights a running, and watching those over-fed horses of his, and tying of horse-blankets around them for fear they might bust for want of exercise, for the horses, gentlemen, was detained, and so was the omnibuses because they couldn't get past to go to Yorkville and get back, because it would have been disruptive to the dignity of an omnibus driver and a Briton to be compelled to go back by any such gammon and spinach before he'd finished his journey. No wonder he did

not like Marcus Curtius' leap into the yawning chasm, but the ditch was so muddy that Marcus Curtius would have to wear top-boots to kill himself in it. Yes, gentlemen, if you wish to strike a decisive blow in favour of justice, if you wish to do justice to the shattered heart strings of my poor client, if you wish to compensate him for his three-days' watching and waiting, (and by the by I have had photographs prepared representing poor Mr. Williams with a tear in his eye, and quiver on his lip, and his quiver full of children standing in the background a gazing on their afflicted Pa); if you wish to do this you must make the corporation fork over \$750 damages; but if you wish by one fatal blow to discourage honest industry forever and dismantle the omnibuses of the world you will reject my appeal; and oh! if you do such a thing, may the evil genius of corns and bunions ravage your little toes; may you be obliged to walk a hundred miles with gravel in your boots, over dilapidated curb-stones and meet with never an omnibus to take you all that distance for five cents. (Here the MS comes to an abrupt termination.)

NEW BUILDINGS.

[From the Leader.]

We are happy to be able to inform the vastly increasing army of our subscribers, that in spite of the hard times there is an immense number of dwelling houses in course of erection in the city, principally among the upper tandom or *elite*. On Stanley street, at present, Cumberland and Storm are building for Mr. Robert Moodie, a most commodious, and in fact, a magnificent mansion, of the finest green Malachite, sent from Siberia, by Count Qurrykoff. The front will be embellished with a fine portico in *Bellico-Doric* style, the pillars being conducted of oyster-shells and antique lobster-cans, and a balustrade of dead marines will enclose a parterre, which will be planked with cockle shells, and silver bells, and cowslips, all of a row.

Kiras Tully is erecting a mansion for Alderman Dunn, not according to his own tastes, which are extremely correct, but after a pet model of the Alderman's. The site of the Building is directly opposite St. George's Church. The principal material to be employed is imitation marble; the windows will be set off with cows' horns and pigs' potticoes, and his large and commodious garden is being planked with mangel wamzel, dandelions, and turnips. The garden wall will, for protection's sake, be surrounded with a moat, filled with putrid slaughterhouse drainings, into which during plunderers will be sure to be precipitated. *On dit*, that the window blinds will be formed of well-tanned hides. Instead of carpets the floors will be covered with tan-bark. Mr. Tully was at first disinclined to undertake this novel experiment in architecture, but he has been induced to go on with it, under strong protest.

Councilman Wiman will soon be in occupation of a very fine summer residence in the populous and fashionable neighborhood of Brooks's Bush. The foundation of the building will consist of back numbers of the *Grumbler*, as the Councilman wishes to have them kept out of his sight forever; we think

however, that the *Grumbler* is voluble enough to afford excellent specimens of "railing." There will be any amount of Nix-Nax about the exterior.

The *Leader* Office having been found insufficient to accommodate the increasing magnitude of the *Leader* concerns, Mr. Beatty has contrived to lease the new University Buildings for two years; and the University College will find a berth in the present *Leader* Office. The University Buildings not being sufficiently elaborate for a printing office, architects are invited to send in tenders for supplementary mouldings, carvings, etc. Mr. Morris has been hired by Mr. Maul to act as a model for new grotesque, and will be furnished with fresh copies of the *Grumbler* as they come out, in order that his contortions may be sufficiently ludicrous.

THE THEATRE.

During the greater part of the week, the principal feature in the Lyceum programme has been the wonderful tight-rope performances of M. Blondin. The renova this great *acrobat* has obtained by the daring feat now associated with his name, of course, secured rather better houses than usual. The wonderful ease with which M. Blondin performed the most difficult achievements on the rope, was most astonishing, and you had only to see the man to believe him able to do anything possible for man to perform on the rope.

Next Monday Mr. G. S. Lee takes a benefit, and we trust he will meet with something like an adequate reception at the hands of the public.

During the week, Mr. W. E. Burton, who stands at the head of comedians in America, will make his first appearance in this city. We are surely not expecting too much, when we express a hope that so renowned and talented a performer will receive a hearty welcome in Toronto.

DISTINGUISHED ARRIVALS.

We have much pleasure in chronicling the arrival in Toronto of Lord Ogleme, Lord Mullturry, and the Hon. J. S. McFlurry. These "distinguished personages" arrived on Tuesday last, from Niagara Falls, where they created quite a sensation during their prolonged stay of three hours. We understand that the democratic denizens of the adjoining Republic sojourning at Niagara, were quite captivated with the condescension and affability of the young nobleman, who graciously and liberally partook of cocktails and cigars at their expense, seemingly ignoring for the time, their own high blood and the plebeian extraction of their entertainers.

The citizens of Toronto who may be fortunate enough to make their acquaintance, no doubt will give them the respect and attention their high birth and position demand, and entertain them with a courtesy equal to their own.

Not so.

—It is not true that the College Avenue fence has been purchased by the Government to fence in Canada to prevent an invasion. Such, however, was their intention, but the Board of Works having reported it inconvenient for whitewashing, negotiations ceased. It has since been purchased by the Harbour Commissioners, and will be erected in the breach of the Island as a breakwater.

LAMENT OF COUNCILMAN CARROLL.

An—Irish Cry.

Oh sad is my heart,
For that fence has departed,
In the place where it stood,
I now see it not.
I weep for its loss,
For 'twas it that imparted
A value so large
To my steam mill and lot.

Oh why raise my hopes,
When so little expected;
Oh why run a street
From the spot to my mill,
Oh why was a fence
There so boldly erected,
Unless they intended
To keep it there still.

Oh could they not think
Of the value decreasing;
The value of all
House, steam-mill and lot;
'Twas just at the time
I thought 'twas increasing,
That by this removal,
It all went to pot.

TURNSTILES.

The suggestion that turnstiles should be placed in the College Avenue, for the convenience of pedestrians living in streets leading to it is a good one. Every facility should be given to our citizens to enjoy themselves in this beautiful pleasure ground. But no carriage road must be cut through the avenue. If one road is allowed to be made across it, in a short time there will be half a dozen; and then farewell to the beautiful avenue. Therefore, let there be no finching on the part of our citizens. By all means let there be convenient entrances at the head of every street for foot passengers but let us have no roads—no unsightly gates—no mutilation of the Avenue. Let but our citizens be unanimous in their demands, and the schemes of the jobbing, tasteless, gentlemen of the council will soon be brought to naught.

The calling of a public meeting of our citizens in the St. Lawrence Hall, which we advocate in another column, is a good and a proper course. Let a requisition be immediately got up signed by every man of taste and feeling in the city, calling on the Mayor to call this public meeting, and then let the matter be well ventilated. It is expected that our leading, professional men, our merchants, and our respectable citizens generally, who are never backward to stand up for the public rights, will take a prominent part at the meeting, and set the matter for ever at rest by such a manifestation as will strike terror into the hearts of the barbarians of the Council.

Information for Mr. Alderman Thmith.

We beg very humbly to inform Mither Alderman Thmith, that THE GRUBBER hath not changed handth nor become a Minitbterial sheet—we have not discovered anythin particularly invitin in the polity of the Moderathe, or the "great conthervative party" to induth uth to change our courth and enter the rankth of minitbterial journalithm, when we do, we shall immediately inform the worthy Alderman of Thait Johnth. Thortainly wo thall.

COLLEGE AVENUE.

The gates are removed. But the half is not accomplished yet. Baffled in their wicked scheme to erect gates across the most beautiful avenue on the Continent of America, the vandals of the Council now seek to make a carriage way across the avenue, sixteen feet wide, the insulting gates to be placed at the side and not across the avenue. This piece of Gothic barbarism must not be allowed. The public, at whose command the gates were removed, must preserve the avenue entire. Allow but this carriage way to be cut across the avenue; and it is destroyed for ever. The public have to fight the battle now. They must fight it with vigour. Alderman Ewart has come on the scene—a determined enemy to all that is good and beautiful, and insists that the avenue must be destroyed. A carriage way sixteen feet wide must be cut across it, the beautiful trees must be cut down—the fair walk destroyed—the public be grossly insulted, and all because Alderman Ewart is deficient, we will not say in common honesty, but in common taste.

There is little time left to the public for action—they must make the most of it. If gates are erected in the avenue, contrary to the declared wish of the people of Toronto, let them be torn down.—Down with them, and down with the base, selfish hirelings, who presume to set themselves in array against the public. Is it not beyond all patience, that when the public—the public who send those people to the Council board to guard their right—say that the avenue must be preserved in its beauty an fit is entirely—that it shall continue to the glory, and the boast of Toronto—that it shall be the bright spot to which the hard working mechanic, and the rich man in his coach may alike repair to enjoy fresh air, and delightful scenery—is it not monstrous we say, that in view of all this, a few ignorant, pettifogging ignoramuses shall dare, for motives the most base and unworthy, to declare that the avenue shall be destroyed—that its beauties shall be ravished—that the public shall be slighted, scorned and spit upon, that their wishes, their prayers, their entreaties, and commands shall be despised.

How is this contemptible, jobbing, ignorant clique to be put down? The public say, the avenue must not be cut up. The hounds of the corporation say the avenue must be cut up. What is to be done? Is the public voice to be heard in the matter? A public meeting of the inhabitants of Toronto should be at once called in the St. Lawrence Hall, and there the most influential men in our community should come forward and openly declare that, despite the Council, the avenue must not be touched. Our merchants, our professional men, our mechanics should at once come forward, and unanimously declare that not a twig must be bent, not a sod turned of the best birth-right and most beautiful avenue in America. What are our legislative representatives about? Why does not J. B. Robinson, that lover of all outside exercise and manly recreation, come forward, and make his constituents a present of his eloquence on this subject. Where is George Brown? Is he afraid to offend his reform corporation? Is he timorous of giving offence to the ungodly wretches who raise their brazen faces against

public opinion, and in whining accents seek to bally us out of our birth right?

In conclusion, we advise the council to give up their iniquitous proceeding. If they proceed in it, —if the College Avenue is cut up,—destroyed and mutilated by carriage roads, against the declared wishes of the people, they will suffer for it. They shrink from the chastisement they have already received, they cringe under the lash now,—but this is only the beginning of their sorrow. If they are not called upon to resign now, it is for motives of public convenience; but at the next election the College Avenue will be made a test question, and then each and all of the vile, uneducated crew will be kicked to their unhappy homes with every mark of contempt and hate.

We might have dwelt on the trickery, the detestable knavery displayed by Alderman Ewart's motion. He wants a carriage way sixteen feet wide, forsooth. Pahaw! Why not say at once that he wants to make a street across the Avenue. Those who can afford to drive in carriages can also afford to drive down to Queen street,—a drive of about one minute's duration. One minute,—and to save this much of a drive, the best Avenue in America is to be defiled, contrary to the wishes of fifty thousand people! Ald. Ewart's motion is most flimsy and most contemptible.

PRESENTATION TO CAPTAIN MOODIE

Yesterday evening a large number of the Friends of Captain Moodie, assembled at the "Bear and Turtle," for the purpose of presenting him with a beautiful walking stick, made of one of the rails of the College Avenue fence, as an appropriate testimony of their appreciation of his endeavors to have that unsightly obstruction removed. Mr. _____ made the presentation with the following speech:—

Captain Robert Moodie, Sir,—We are men of few words, we assemble here this evening to testify our appreciation of your character as a stickler for our rights, by presenting you with a walking stick, made from a rail of that fence which has been the source of so much railing. We ask you to accept it, with our best wishes. We trust that never through life may the avenues of your reason be fenced in by bigotry, nor your principles, through selfish motives, be induced to take the wrong gate. That you will ever abhor the sight of the honorable post of guardian of our rights, nailed by disgrace and clinched in infamy, by being sunk in the post holes of corruption. And, Sir, when you remove beyond the pailing of life, and have no more a stake in the world, we sincerely hope your path may be through unobstructed avenues of bliss to boundless parks of delight.

The delivery of this speech was followed by rounds of cheers. The Captain then briefly replied, mentioning, "that he was glad to see his friends stick by him, and that he would always be opposed to all fences, except—as his friend Lemon John observed—*de fence* of his rights."

Fa'se.

—It is rumoured, though we know not what truth, that the indignation of Ogle R. Gowan against the city council was not because they erected a fence across the Avenue, but that they painted it green.

SPINKS ON AGRICULTURE.

The harvesting is progressing favourably. The weather is extremely propitious, the reaping machines have been put in active operation, and a splendid crop is being gathered into the garner. The special correspondent to whom we have entrusted the investigation of agricultural affairs, has given us a preliminary report.

It will be seen that our correspondent has given, for the benefit of city, a sketch of the first principles of the science.

The first indispensable to the practice of agriculture is land. During the time of the flood, therefore, farming operations were suspended for 120 days at least. Farming without land is therefore *outlandish* occupation. Land is sometimes called soil, and is invariably dry. In a state of moist consolidation, it is called mud, the beloved compound so carefully preserved by city fathers in the Spring and autumn.

The word agriculture is derived from the name of the Roman General Agricola. When that notable Italian invaded Britain, he was such a ripper for digging into the affections of the aboriginal Britons, that the latter finding they could make no impression on him, turned to digging the soil and called the science agriculture in his ho. or. Agricola gave the best instructions to them in the new art, and being a knowing *card*, they called him the ace of *spades*.

The next agriculturists who blessed the early Britons were Henroost and Horsehair, two Saxon gonuses, the first of whom *egged* them on to the cultivation of poultry, without making them suspect *foul* play, at the same time taking care that they should *shell* out in return. This egg-celient event has been set to music in the *lays* of the ancient Druids.

Horse-hair imported blood mares, (the night-mare included) which he re-tailed to the Britons at high prices. He introduced the Roman Circus, (no connection with Spalding's) and the young horses which cantered therein were styled *coll-revolvers*.

Pigs were introduced into Britain by the Jews in the sixth century. Sheep were brought from Gramplan Hills a by Norval's father after *lan*(b)ing the "band of fierce barbarians" who faced the music so badly. Mutton was therefore in early times a great *Norval-ty* (novelty?).

There are several sorts of ploughing; one of the most celebrated is "the hoof of the ruthless invader" once used in Polish agriculture, in *be-hoof* of the Russians. The sub-soil ploughing was first practiced by the *mole* (when he had completed his work the ground was said to be *mould*.) With the free spirit of savages, the early Britons thought ploughing decidedly *infra dig*. (In for a dig.)

The earliest manure was imported from the peat-bogs of Ireland. Guano consists of the fossil eggs of the Iguanodon, and the idea of applying them as manure was first *hatched* by the fertile brain of the venerable Bede.

When this lesson has been sufficiently digested, our correspondent will give a second on the same *fertile* subject.

SUNNYSIDE PIC-NIC.

We had much pleasure in participating in the excursion to Sunnyside in honour of Lieut. C. E. Holiwell. The day was very favourable—the party exceedingly agreeable, and the demonstration must have been as gratifying to Mr. Holiwell, as it was deserved. It was pleasing to see the unanimity with which the members of the Field Battery and the deputation from the R. C. Rifles entered into the spirit of the occasion: Lieutenant Patterson was lively and serviceable in looking after everybody's comfort; Adjutant Cull contributed to the ornamental and literary pleasure of the party, whilst Lieutenant Joseph descended from his proud eminence to mingle with the pleasures of the general crowd. We have only to add the adieu of his comrades, and the good wishes of the GENTLEMEN on the

A HOME FOR FRIENDLESS GIRLS.

The ladies of Toronto have immortalized themselves by founding a Home for "Friendless Boys." Will no one found a Home for Friendless Girls? It is much wanted. When a girl is homeless and friendless she is in a far worse position than any other human being could possibly be placed in. It is needless to dwell on the temptations that surround her, and the fate that awaits her if she falls into temptation. For a homeless and friendless girl there are but two paths, humanly speaking: to fail or to die; which path is most commonly chosen is too well known. We throw out these suggestions in the hope that the charity of the ladies of Toronto is not exhausted, that they will extend the same friendly hand to those of their own sex that they have done to friendless boys; and that a Home for Friendless Girls will be established.

AS LONG AS THE AVENUE.

Councilman Finch called on us the other night to frame a petition as long as the Avenue, and to sign our names thereon with a crow-bar. The petition is now lying at Mr. Finch's, having been manufactured by that clever fraction of a man out of the skin of the sea-serpent. The crow-bar may be seen at Rice Lewis's. Some of the signatures have proved too large for the parchment already and have each been spread over several lines. It is fortunate that the majority of the Council are not likely to sign the petition, as we should have to add a whale's skin to the present document, to accommodate the rambling pot-hooks of the municipal fathers.

Alarming Prospect.

—We are told that the hay crop will be very light this year. A correspondent informs us that he was told by a young lady who has afflicted his cardinal development "to go to grass." In the present dearth of the green herb he desires to be advised what to do. How is he to go to grass, when there is no grass to go to?

Mathematical.

—Professor Chorrman, of the Toronto University, writes to tell us that if the *Proposition* made by a certain Councilman, to run the first road across the Avenue is acceded to, other roads will follow as a necessary *Carrollary*.

EARNEST ENTREATY.

To Ogle R. Gowan,

SIR,—With the utmost horror we have read your letter to the *Colonist* on the Avenue question. Dont write any more, like a good fellow. Why cant you subside till the House meets? You'll have plenty to do to get up the batch of universal reforms for next session. Do not interfere with our affairs, neither your health nor your sanity will stand it. Above all, do not injure our cause by defending it. Your advocacy would ruin the noblest cause in the world. Do be quiet, there's a good fellow, and you will earn the eternal gratitude of

Your mortal detesters,

CATZ.

ASTOUNDING CHEMICAL DISCOVERY.

Professor Croft writes to us, that he has just made a very important discovery. In the event of the pea crop failing, the learned Professor has discovered an unfailing substitute. Take a good sized pease pudding, digest with 5 HO in a state of ebullition, evaporate and crystallize. The product will be a fine pot full of excellent peas, double the size of nature. When peas are scarce, be sure and make use of your pease pudding.

Ontario Literary Society's Pic-Nic.

—On Tuesday, the 17th inst., the Ontario Literary Society will give a Pic-Nic at the popular rendezvous, called Sunnyside. Invitations have been issued to quite a large number of our citizens, and we have little doubt that they will be readily responded to. Mr. Webb will be the caterer for this occasion, and the omnibuses leaving the front of Knox's church at 1 o'clock p.m., will deposit the guests at Sunnyside in time for a comfortable repast.

To Bird fanciers.

—A correspondent who attended the College Avenue Meeting the other night, inquires what tribe of Finches the clever little tailor on King Street belongs to. We are certainly of opinion that he is not a *greenfinch*, he has not yet proved himself a *goldfinch*, (vide speech in Avenue). Perhaps he is a *chaffinch*?

A Fellicle.

—One of our occasional illuminators alluding to the opposition of a certain worthy Councilman to the mutilation of the Avenue, states that the spoilers desisted from their dire designs only because they were so well Fell-ted (pelted).

BUSINESS NOTICE.

—The season for travel for 1859 has now set in. To those tired and worn out commercial devotees seeking some relaxation from their labours, and to those who know the value of their health, and annually seek its improvement in travel, we wish to commend our obliging friend John I. Shaver. One of the prime requisites, in starting on a tour—after determining the place of destination—is to find out the best possible way of getting there. Every facility for ascertaining this important fact is afforded by the urbanity of the gentleman above named, and the most un-sophisticated wanderer may safely entrust himself to his care, satisfied that he will be wisely and truthfully directed. Office in the Resin House, where tickets may be procured to all points and every information obtained.