

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. I.

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NO. 37.

THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, NOV. 27, 1858.

THE STATE TRIALS.

MY DEAR GRUMBLER,—I sometimes read the *Globe*; but don't prejudice me on that account, for it is only occasionally, when I feel my feelings too elastic, that I venture on that spiritual condenser, the Grit organ, where I never fail to get a damper which keeps them down for a week after. An old maiden aunt had just left a fat legacy last week, and I was so elated and transported by the intelligence that a copy of the *Globe* was actually necessary as a sedative. On opening it I was thrown into a state of intense excitement when I found that the constitution was to be tried that morning by their Lordships of the Queen's Bench. Feeling some little interest in the article in question, and being desirous of seeing its fate, I spent two days in the courts with what profit I am going to communicate.

First, let me premise that I know nothing of law, and would almost as soon read an editorial in the *Colonist* and *Atlas* as a chapter of Blackstone, or a page of Coke upon Lyttelton. During the first day I was in such a chaotic state of bewilderment that I can hardly describe the proceedings; I have an indistinct recollection of three stately-looking gentlemen behind a long table, one with a handsome face and a faultless Roman nose, another with a portly person, eternally taking notes in a book in which his face was almost buried, and the other, a gentleman in manners and (to my uneducated taste at any rate) an ornament to the judicial dignity. These were the Judges, and, with their appearance and conduct, I, as a Canadian, was well satisfied. The rest is chaos. I had some impression that Mr. Wilson was very erudite, Mr. Patterson tolerably clear, Mr. Cameron intensely bombastic, Mr. Eccles rather noisy, Mr. Blake very promising, and Mr. Harrison deucedly ditto. In the middle of Mr. Cameron's "constitutional-aw argument" I went down to Mr. Molloy's, lost my appetite at his table, and recovered my spirits by borrowing from his decanter. I lingered through the day without receiving a single notion of the drift of the arguments; the only thing that pleased me was the conclusion. For, after a forcible appeal to the court not to endanger the constitution, and that its measure should at once be taken by the undertaker, if their Lordships had any idea of giving judgment against "my client,"—the Chief Justice, as if quite used to that sort of summery, quietly called "Mc-Nish and Chivy," (the next case) as much as to

say "We'll go on in the usual way in the meantime at any rate"—I retired home, and to bed—got the nightmare, in which I imagined that I was being crushed by a cart-load of statutes, that Mr. Wilson and Mr. Cameron were jaying at each other on the top of them, while Mr. Eccles and Mr. Harrison were dancing an Irish jig round the whole. Next day I determined to master the whole affair—I repaired to the Common Pleas, where I found two Judges, one with an extremely comfortable-looking person, decidedly a man of weight, and the other a smooth, gentlemanly, clear-headed, good-tempered, jocular sort of old gentleman, whose complacent smile was my only consolation through that awful day. I took notes, which I give for the benefit of your readers, I don't pretend to comprehend them even now, but here they are:—

Mr. Gwynne rose behind a rampart of books (nasty yellow sheepskin-covered things) and spoke for two hours. I give the gist of his argument as I understand it. My Lords, this is a very important case—liberties of the people—independence of Parliament—Magna Charta sanctity of an oath—responsible government—20th Victoria, cap. 22.—In the first court we say that he voted—in the second, that he sat—in the third, that he voted, and in the fourth, that he did both, &c., &c. Colourable and fraudulent Post Master General—Snooks *versus* Stykes, 501 Pork Chops Reports, Tip *versus* Snip, 71st, E. & U. 703—"or" ought to be construed copulatively, not disjunctively, as the maniac Murray will have it—if your Lordship's "or" is the same as my "or" judgment for plaintiff—defendant didn't resign the office of Attorney General properly—can't do indirectly what he can't do directly, Hamlet *vs.* Luertes 701, Shakspeare's reports, Jarndyce *vs.* Jarndyce 200th, Dicken's reports, also, Bardell *vs.* Pickwick, 1st Dicken's reports marginal notes as good as the text.

Cameron: You've nothing but the margin left (maiden joke very heavy).

Gwynne: Only change once—qua Executive Councilors—judgment for plaintiff.

Mr. Anderson made a few observations in a tolerably common sense way, but was too overcome to report them.

Mr. Cameron, Q.C. (Quirky Codger).—Must put—aw—common sense out of view—has nothing to do with—aw, the law. Present enlightened House of Assembly—aw, has given the verdict for defendant—Lerdships will not intawfeaw—Act—distinctly says—aw—"whenevaw" now whenevaw means at any time that is whenevaw—hav'n't got a leg—aw—to—aw—stap upon—plaintiff used up—aw—Why—aw—dout they leave it—aw—to Fellowes and Angus Morrison and Forgebson and—aw—Gowan to decide—they have said no, we'll come into the Cawis of Law—judgment for defendant.

Mr. Eccles—Had heard four counsel, my lords,—flatter myself I know all about it (he must be a

clever man then) have fooled juries and bamboozled witnesses—going to try it on yer lawdships—Un-constitutional—Queen's assent—no go. Smith was a fool when he drew up act. Felt pretty well satisfied with himself, whatever their lordships might think—can't stultify yourselves by giving verdict for plaintiff.

I fell asleep here, and didn't wake till the officer of the court aroused me; went home very wise, and quite satisfied that the bar is a great institution.

Yours, diffidently,
A GREEN HORN.

GEORGE BROWN AND HIS PIG HEAD.

(IN EASY LESSONS FOR THE YOUNG)

George Brown has got a pig, and his name is Head, and he could not get him to go home. "Do go home, dear lit-tle Head," said the Grit, "I want to make a meal of you; our sky does not agree with you, and we want you to go home, and on my knees I beg you to go, and we will thank you very much. But the pig would not go till he was re-called.

Then George Brown puff-ed the great Bul-wer, and said, "Dear Cax-ton, do get this tire-some Head to go home, and I will read "My nov-el," and praise it in the *Globe*, and say you are a clever-man, and a great states-man."

But Bul-wer would not hear him.

Then George Brown met a lot of Eng-lish Ed-it-ors, and he begged them to make Bul-wer call the lit-tle pig home.

But the *Times* an-swer-ed, "No, lit-tle George, you are a bad boy, and a noi-sy fel-low, and we can-not help you a-ny more."

So George was very an-gry, and he call-ed on a mob of peo-ple to get up a row, and meet in a force, and pass re-so-lu-tions, and make the *Times* rage Bul-wer to call the pig home. But the crowd said, "We are sick of your naugh-ty ways, and you must be a good boy, or we will have you smack-ed and put to bed.

Then George went to the par-ty and said, let us have our din-ner, and make a noise in the streets, for I am hun-gry, and want some meat and some pud-ding, and we will shout till we shall make the peo-ple to get rid of the row, and force the *Times* to com-pel Bul-wer to call Head home."

So they had their din-ner, and made a bad noise, but they did not get the par-ty to shout loud enough to make the peo-ple com-pel the *Times* to force Bul-wer to urge Head to go home.

So George went to Sheep-pard and said to him, "George pitch into Head in the *Globe*, and a-rouse the par-ty to a-gi-tate the peo-ple to urge the *Times* to com-pel Bul-wer to call Head home. But it was no go; for the par-ty is qui-et, and the peo-ple are not mov-ed, and the *Times* is mu-ti, and Bul-wer is writ-ing "What will he do with it," (the pig) and the pig is at the sty, and will not get over and go hame.

THE PADLOCK'S RETURN.

A TOUCHING SCENE.

Many of our readers will remember the sudden and mysterious disappearance of Padlock, an *attache* of the store of Messrs. Rice Lewis & Co., Hardware Merchants in this city. For two years the earnest and persevering efforts of Mr. Lewis to penetrate the mystery of Padlock's fate (to whom, it is said, he, Mr. L., was much attached) proved unavailing, and a settled melancholy, which threatened to be attended with serious results, took possession of Mr. Lewis in consequence. Fortunately, however, recent events have dispelled Mr. L.'s anxiety, and restored the portliness and rotundity of his noble figure.

The following deeply-interesting sketch faithfully illustrates the course of those "recent events" to which we refer:—

SCENE 1ST.—[Mr. Rice Lewis seated alone in his private office, soliloquising.]

Sure I such is life, its thinnest visions fade,
Its brightest hopes beneath the gloomy shade
Of unforseen misfortunes wither, die,
And leave the heart a prey to hopeless misery.
I once was happy—gayer of the eye,
But, sure! they stole my sweetest life away,
My darling Padlock, source of all my pride,
So firm he stood, so stately by my side,
Why was my very heart thus foully tried?
Why do I live? Why aint I long since died?

(He bursts into tears.)

Enter Master Charles Lewis exclaiming.—Oh, Pa, he's found!

Mr. Rice Lewis (mournfully).—Who's found, my pretty son?

Master Lewis.—Why, Padlock, Pa!

Mr. Rice Lewis (starting up).—Padlock! my Padlock, run,
Bring hat and coat. Where is he? quickly fly;
Let me once more behold him ere I die;
Once more enfold him in my tender clasp,
Ah! me, I faint, this—ha!—ha!—ha!—
[He falls senseless to the floor, but is quickly revived by the tender attentions of Master Lewis, and conveyed in a cab to Upton's wharf, on which Padlock has just stepped from the deck of a "Propeller."]

SCENE 2ND.—[Mr. Rice Lewis and Padlock.]

Mr. Rice Lewis (falling tenderly upon Padlock).—

My brave, my beautiful, my Padlock, am I then
Permitted to embrace you once again?
To fondly clasp you to my yearning heart;
My pride, my joy, my never more will part—
Come to my arms! here shall thou fondly rest
In pillowed softness on my loving breast.

[Padlock, we presume, was too much affected to speak, for he uttered "never a word," but fell heavily at the feet of Mr. Lewis, to the evident detriment of the latter gentleman's long-lost "charming" to notice what, under other circumstances, would have proved a painful infelicity. Not long, however, was Padlock allowed to retain his humble attitude.]

Mr. Rice Lewis.—Help! I raise him up, 'not would I welcome thus

My Padlock home. Friends I come rejoice with us,
The lost is found; quick let us bear him hence,
And celebrate the day with joy intense.
Home, to the word, and hushed every pain,
For Rice's Padlock is himself again.

Master Charles Lewis.—Pa! I shall I fetch a Cab!

Mr. Rice Lewis.—Cab, we no Cabs, rash youth;
Shoulders, shall bear my Padlock hence, forthwith;
Shouts shall be raised, and we with joy will sing,
'Till great Toronto with our triumph ring.
Friends bear a hand, or if I may make bluster,
To carry Padlock home, please load a stouider;
Thanks, noble friends, now march in No. 12 street,
Until you reach the centre of King street.

[And march they did with Dear Padlock elevated, upon the shoulders of four stout Policemen. In touching and respectful silence they wended their way until King street was reached, when the Royal Canadian Rifles' Band, summoned hastily by

friend Lewis, struck up "See the Conquering Hero comes," to which soul-inspiring tune Mr. L. improvised and sang the following appropriate Lines, a multitude of voices swelling the chorus:—]

See the long lost Hero comes,
Sound the trumpet, beat the drums;
Padlock's rescued from the bay,
And no more shall run away.

See the long lost Hero comes,
Sound the trumpet, beat the drums;
Shouts be raised, and banished pain,
Padlock is himself again.

Thus with shouts and songs of triumph, was the long lost Padlock welcomed home.

SCENE LAST.—Is required to complete the picture. Mr. Lewis standing at the door contemplating his returned "charming," is good humouredly rallied by a friend.

Mr. Party, [to Lewis].—You sly old fox, I guess this flimsy stuff Banaboozes some, but Pshaw! I'm up to snuff, I'll take the odds, man, that the Padlock's been Down in your cellar for these long months seen.
Ha! ha! you rogue, I scarce know where your mate is,

For deep laid schemes for advertising gratis.

Friend Lewis turned away, but whether to conceal a merry, conscious twinkle of his hazel orbs, or to veil his bursting indignation, we leave to be determined by our readers.

A PLEA FOR THE POST OFFICE CLERKS.

We should very much like to know the utility of opening the Post Office at seven a. m. in the winter season. Very few persons enter the office before eight, and no inconvenience whatever would be suffered by any party if Post Office business were to begin at that hour. On the other hand, the present system is a serious hardship to the clerks and those with whom they board. Those living at a distance from the office, as most of them do, must be up at six, before the sun has risen; no time is given to them during office hours, so that they have the option of going without, or compelling the servants to rise in the cold at five or half-past five, to prepare their matutinal meal. Some of them are kept seven hours from the time they enter the office, without sitting down, going out, or resting for a moment; they then get an hour or so for dinner, and the morning's labour is then repeated for three or four hours more Surely, as a mere matter of common humanity, the Post Office should not be open till eight, and we feel sure, that if the merchants would only express their opinion on behalf of the Clerks, the authorities gladly comply with so reasonable a demand.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LECTURES.

We have a bone to pick with the Managing Committee of the Mechanics' Institute. Why is it that year after year they persist in selecting subjects for their Winter Course of Lectures, which are calculated to frighten ordinary people into staying at home. Last year the Lectures proved a financial failure, and judging from the Bill of Fare for the present Session, we are inclined to predict a similar result. It is not impossible to secure the services of gentlemen willing to lecture on popular as well as instructive themes, a dozen might with ease be procured, who would not only fill the St. Lawrence Hall, but delight their audiences. We do hope that another year a more popular list of subjects will be brought forward, and our word for it, the officers of the Institute will gain by the change.

FUNERAL ELEGY.

OF THE CONSERVATIVE CONVENTION.

The knell has sounded solemnly and slow,
Great Gowan's masterpiece is known no more,
Lifeless and cold its mouldering dust lies low,
And hope-less mourners tears of anguish pour.

Slowly and sadly drooped the great departed,
Heavily it struggled with its hastening doom,
Hope fled aghast, and Crawford chicken hearted,
The sufferer left to misery and gloom.

Great Platt looks on in deep and mournful sorrow,
The Gowan's screeches its departure seal,
Mordey—and Hope-less looks it for the Morrow,
And sadly turns too late for life O'Neil.

Vainly it turns, the sands of life are flowing,
Grim fate is hovering for its latest breath,
Faint, and more faint, its painful gasps are growing,
Flickers life's failing spark, then sinks to death.

The knell has sounded solemnly and slow,
Great Gowan's masterpiece is known no more,
Lifeless and cold its mouldering dust lies low,
And hopeless mourners tears of anguish pour.

THE THEATRES.

Theatricals at the Royal Lyceum have been kept up in good style by Mr. and Mrs. Chanfrau during the past week. Mr. Chanfrau, as the celebrated delineator of the *Moss Boy* is well known to our theatre-going community. We cannot say that we are enamoured of his character. It is so dreadfully real in Mr. Chanfrau's hands that it makes us uncomfortable. However, his role of comedy is not confined to this character, but extends through many of those pieces in which English stars are wont to shine. The fair Mrs. Chanfrau, who sings very sweetly, has an admirer in every person who has had the pleasure of witnessing neat and classical personations. Mr. Nickinson has also assisted during the past week with his accustomed success.

We perceive that Mr. Petrie, Manager of the City Theatre, has reduced the price of admission one-half; this, together with his very excellent Company, should secure him crowded houses. Mr. Hardenburgh is so well known in Toronto, that we need not do more than mention the fact of his engagement at the City Theatre, to procure him a hearty welcome from many old friends.

Right.

— The Editor of the *Colonist* in describing the incidents that followed the recent shooting of a constable—a very laudable action we think—says: "Kane, the prisoner, was immediately apprehended, and it was discovered, that the unfired barrel of his gun was loaded; the other of course was not."

We should rather think not—if its contents, as the *Colonist* says, had just then been lodged in the leg and thigh of the unlucky constable. However, it was not this sage conclusion that we would draw particular attention to; it is rather to the cuteness of those who discovered that the unfired barrel was loaded. If it was found that the barrel which had been discharged was loaded, of course no importance could attach to the discovery; but to find out that the barrel of a gun was loaded before it was fired—which naturally leads to the supposition that a gun barrel could be fired before it was loaded—is a discovery which beats those of Donati and Watt all to pieces.

'Tas been of late our lot to mark
A proud, concealed, scribbling spark,
With wit that serv'd to show at most
Its master's likeness to a post;
Yet lots of years this blado has been
Parson and speculator keen.
Now, having run this varied tom,
Ten times more pompous than before,
He sits him down with pen to prop
Cartier and Scotto's cabinet elop.
"Sir—if my judgment you'll allow,
The'n trump's—and sure I ought to know,
Ye Grits pay quick a thu submission
And acquiesce in my decision."

A scribbler, sure, of such a cast
Should not be colly, lightly pass'd;
So, reader, please, by this and that,
We'll have a little friendly chat
'Mongst all our other varied matter,
'Bout this queer bit of human nature;
A sample better made for fun,
Sure never breathed beneath the sun;
But, faith, we'll leave all else alone,
And look his written thump upon;
See, here they come loons and disjoin'd,
And what a mist they leave behind;
How slow they drag, what want of sense,
Whoever saw so much pretence:

"Reform the Press, I'll lead the way,"
(So wrote this spark the other day),
"You Editors must learn to write
"In strains more courteous and polite;
"You're bunglers all, I plainly see,
"And each one must be taught by me;
"You're worthless knaves, you're triflers, too,
"Gritties and Moderates, Rouge and Blue;
"Your vile attempts, and vulgar mess,
"Disgrace the mission of the Press;
"To change this wretched state of things,
"And give these crying evils wings,
"Each one who dares a leader name,
"Must for the future sign his name."
"Hold there," the *Leader* quick replies,
"No doubt you think you're wondrous wise;
"But, air, this fact is plainly seen,
"Instead of wise you're wondrous green;
"Very green as grass, a shining quito,
"The fact's as clear as dark from light;
"Go home and learn your A B C,
"Before you would a teacher be."
Thus "upstart" was this creature dubbed,
And by the *Leader* bravely snubbed;
The dart was winged, and close home sticks it
Within the breast of Parson Quixote.

THE "COLONIST" ON IRELAND.

Where should we find journalism brought to the highest degree of perfection, but in "old Double," publicly known as the united *Colonist* and *Atlas*? Where should we find public morality upheld in the purest style, but in those columns rendered immortal by the author of the latest essay on Newspaper Reform? To the *Colonist* therefore we turn, and in an editorial headed "Smith O'Brien in Ireland," we find the following choice selections; and if all good Irishmen and true do not now subscribe for that paper, "the devil's a witch," as the saying is. In the first place, the new editor of the journal in question, finds out that "Charles Garvan Duffly aspired to be Convict-in-Chief in Australia." Now we shall not insult common sense so far as to draw any comparison between Mr. Duffly and the new editor of the *Colonist*, but it is rather preposterous to be told that even an Irishman should aspire to such an exalted position as "Convict-in-Chief" in any community.

In the next place, the writer of this article seems to have rather a foggy idea of courage, for farther on he says that John Mitchell, J. D. McGee, Duffly, and other cattle of that specie, would not have the courage to commit suicide under certain given discouraging circumstances. Now, we have heard of several orders of valor—but we cannot remember ever to have seen *suicide* in the catalogue; and we are sure the public will have no objection that the editor of the *Colonist* should, at once, prove himself a courageous man in the manner he has just referred to.

Smith O'Brien, the editor finds out, had some good traits of character, foremost among which he will not deny, is, that he is an Irishman in instincts. Irishmen generally will not deny that Smith O'Brien—poor Smith O'Brien, as the *Colonist* compassionately calls him—may have been an Irishman by instinct, inasmuch as he happened to be born in Ireland. But when the editor comes on to talk of a "gunghill of Irish grievances," we think it high time for all sensitive readers to hold their nostrils. Having made known Smith O'Brien to his readers as an animal of instinct, the editor proceeds to put certain reasons into his mouth to account for the rebellion of 1848, which are second only to the above definition:

"Smith O'Brien, says he in so many words, thinks that attempt at rebellion was justifiable because Great Britain had not kept the potato rot out of Ireland, or sent her enough of potatoes instead of Indian corn meal, when that *British scourge* had been allowed to cross to the Emerald Isle."

Who ever heard such flat, stupid nonsense? Does the editor really think that besides himself any one was ever so lost to common sense as to imagine that Great Britain could have kept the potato rot out of Ireland; and what can he possibly mean by "that British scourge?" Is it the potatoes or is it the Indian corn? But we 'are delaying. After wading through half a column of statements, which only serve to show that the editor knows nothing whatever of what he is writing about, we come to such appalling nonsense as the following:

"Well, the pre-requisite revolutions and transfer of physical power had taken place—and—yes, there's the rub—what follows revolutions?"

What do those hysterical dashes between "and" and "yes" mean? Where is the rub? Does any one see any "rub" in the matter? And lastly, what does follow revolutions? If we might venture to guess, we should say—no revolutions; but the editor could not mean such an abstract conclusion, for in a line or two after he petrifies us with the annexed question and answer:

"Well what came of this overturning of dynasties and calling up of multitudes? Why, the immovable toppling over of the broad top on a narrow base!"

After this, it cannot be denied that cause and effect may occasionally go mad. The broad top overturns on the narrow base, as soon as dynasties are overthrown and multitudes called out. What an exquisite state of things must have existed after this revolution. Imagine dynasties and multitudes standing on their heads, their narrow bases, having their broad tops,—their other extremities, we suppose—flaunting it bravely in the air? Apprehensive lest from this topsy-turvy state of things, it should be apprehended that Ireland along with other islands might have turned an innocent somersault, and be at the present moment standing on her

head in the middle of the Atlantic, we are assured in the conclusion that

"Ireland is now about where the green Isle was in 1848."

The proposition *about*, clearly shows that Ireland did not escape scott free; but that she was slightly "spilled" by the head-over-heel-autics alluded to above; and that she may now be picked up in or about her old position. The last extract which we shall quote is certainly as far beyond all the rest as the song of the nightingale is above the croak of the toad. Here it is.

"Newspaper patriots, like the Mitchells and McGees, have wrought up their followers to a high pitch—a 400. High monument to hanged rebels has just been laudatiously inaugurated—but they probably will think of the ever memorable 1848, and conclude that extravagance is the bane of the jamming-off place, from which it is axed best to draw back."

Neither the italics nor the beautiful syntax which we have given prominence to are ours. After reading the above quotations who does not shudder at the threatened infliction of seeing the editor of the *Colonist's* name displayed some fine morning in black and white at the head of his newspaper. The only circumstance that could reconcile us to such a dreadful discovery is that he would be the more easily found by the Lunatic Asylum officers.

The Chatham Planet great in Geography.

—The Chatham Planet heads a paragraph detailing the particulars of the attack upon Sir H. L. Bulwer in the streets of Pera, thus—"SIR H. L. BULWER IN INDIA." Now, we don't see the propriety of the heading, unless the Planet means to assert that Pera, a suburb of the metropolis of Turkey, is in India. We have heard of Turkey in Europe, of Turkey in Asia even, but of Turkey in India—never. Perhaps, however, the Editor of the Planet means to publish an improved Geography, in which, in addition to the above, we shall have Japan set down as an island in Lake Ontario, England as a country on the borders of the Red Sea, and Canada as the narrow isthmus which divides North and South America. Well, this is preëminently the age of discovery, and why shouldn't the Chatham Planet contribute its quota.

Barney French and the London Mayoralty.

—A few days since the citizens of London in Public Meeting assembled, nominated five gentlemen as candidates for the Mayoralty. We perceive, with unfeigned surprise, that the list does not include Barney French, Esq. How could the citizens of London thus erudently ignore Mr. Barney's eminent services, and what are Messrs. Carling, Talbot, and Ferguson about? By the bye, we perceive that the *Prototype* isn't satisfied with the favorite candidate. What a splendid opportunity for it to bring out its manufacturer of "capital jokes." We give Barney the hint, and he is only to threaten a collapse to that "subscription list" and the thing is done.

—The evident desire manifested by the new Editor of the *Colonist* to "own up," has induced us to present our readers with the following Charade:

My second, third, and fourth, Webster defines "a dot, an idiot, a blockhead;" my second and first are a disjunctive conjunction; my third an indefinite article, and my whole, with the prefix of "parson," furnishes an answer to the question, Who's the new Editor of the *Colonist*?

THE POSTMASTER'S CHAIR.

[Supposed to be sung by SIDNEY SMITH to the tune of "The Old Arm Chair," the first day that his office was re-opened in Cobourg.]

I love it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that Postmaster's chair.
I've stuck to it long as a glorious price,
And oh! when I leave, tears will flow from my eyes;
This bound: twelve hundred hands to my heart,
Not one would I break, not a link would I start.
Would you know the spell? there's money made there,
And a glorious berth is that Postmaster's chair.

I'll many an hour I lingered near,
And watched Bobby Spence when the knave was here,
And drank in the words his smooth tongue would give,
To teach us poor Moderates how to live;
But his days rolled on and the last one fled,
My idol was shattered, poor Bobby fell dead,
And I heard, scarce the news my proud heart could bear,
That Macdonald would give me the Postmaster's chair.

But tis past, tis past, and I think of it now,
With quivering breath and throbbing brow;
For I feel, oh I feel, that the coming tide
Will knock from its perch my poor old hide.
Say it is folly and deem me weak,
That piteous tears course down my cheek.
But I love it, I love it, 'twill kill me to tear
My soul from the pickings and Postmaster's chair.

BOW-LEG CORRESPONDENCE.

The Canadian Ministers in England.—The Government Prosecutions.—Six and seven make thirteen.—Row between England and America.—Foreign gossip.—Higher than a kite, &c., &c., &c., &c.

LONDON, HALF-PAST HANGING TIME, }
November 5th, 1858. }

They hang all the people in England, as far as I have had an opportunity of finding out, precisely at noon. The moment the fatal hour comes—as the man said when he was going to be married—back slides the bolt, and "pop goes the weasel." Well, after all, hanging or drowning, going off in a galloping consumption, or being galloped over by a regiment of dragoons, being blown from a cannon, or blown up by your mistress, it is all the same. "A horse is a horse," as Boudierby says; and death is death as I say.

Good gracious, what put that hanging into my head, when I should be thinking of dinner! Half-past twelve! Why there is not a soul in London; barring the fishes, that is not at dinner at this particular moment. Did you ever see all London go to dinner—no, to feed—at twelve o'clock, noon? No! Well, that is a sight that beats the lion's feeding all to bits.

But then, hold on! As to the Canadian Ministers over here. Cartier, Ross, and what the deuce is his name,* have all been presented to the Queen. Cartier made an awful business of it! While going up and paying his respects he was all right, but when he attempted to back out, like a horse getting out of a narrow lane-way, his sword got between his legs, and, lord save us, he tumbled right, or rather wrong, over before assistance could be rendered to him. Ross was almost as bad. When her Majesty extended her hand to him to kiss, he did not know what to do with it; so, after a little display of bashfulness, seeing it still extended, he seized it and shook it very heartily, to the great dismay of all the courtiers present. The other fellow,** whose name I cannot now think of, would have got on all right, were it not that he mistook one of the ladies in

waiting for the Queen, and insisted on kissing her hand, and kneeling before her; nor would he desist until the husband of the lady, mistaking this for a scandalous declaration of love, made several passes at him with his sword, which, however, although they wounded a tender spot, were by no means fatal.

Why people cannot mind their own affairs is incomprehensible—but certain it is that the people of London are so excited to learn the result of the "State trials" in Toronto, that they have ordered a regiment of horse-marines to be in readiness on the sea shore in order that, on the approach of the vessel bringing the news, the result may be at once made known throughout the length and breadth of the land. If the decision is in favour of the plaintiff, Wilson is to be ennobled with the title of Lord Skyhigh, and the other counsel are all to be elevated, it is said, whether by hanging or not has not yet transpired. If the defendant is victorious, Cameron, Eccles, and Harrison will be condemned to the most exquisite torture that it is possible to devise, namely—to read the Toronto *Colonist* every day in the year for six months to come.

The only further gossip I have is that England is not going to stand the filibustering tendencies of that fellow Walker, and that accordingly it has been determined on, that if Walker does not walk out soon, he will be walked into most gloriously; so you may expect a row on your side of the Atlantic some of these days.

Oh! by Jove, there was another important thing I wanted to say. You remember the time the 100th Regiment was being raised in Canada. Well, just at that time—but, mercy on us, the post closes in a minute and a half. Good bye, I'm in a devil of a hurry.

* Our Bow-legged friend evidently alludes to Hon. Mr. Galt, in both places marked with an asterisk.

OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

Another fight about brick drains vs. tile drains. The latter seem to be the cheapest, the most effectual, and the most enduring, but as they would interfere with the interests of some of the Irish labourers who live upon Corporation contracts, they are not to be thought of. How learnedly did Ardagh argue about them, what learning, what amazing erudition, what infinite knowledge, he displayed! Surely he has licked the blarney stone to some purpose. We believe seriously, and we say it after due consideration, that if "Sam" (the bull dog, not the Chief—we are always afraid lest the two should be confounded together,) had opened his mouth and spoken, he could not have done better. But as Sam did not speak, Craig thought he must, and so did Ramsay, and Purdy, and Wilcox, and a drunken idiot outside the bar, who imagined he could spout better than any of the others. A trial verified his opinion. Indignant at this interference with their prerogative, an active and intelligent member of the Police force (not the Chief,) was ordered to turn the fellow out. The "orator" took the proceeding very unkindly, much in the same way as our "worthy" Councilmen will take a like proceeding in January next.

The man in the jacket gave notice that he would ask the Corporation to reduce the next Mayor's

salary to £25. Bob acts from the purest motives. A desire to reduce the expenditure is the sole reason that actuates him. He does not want to make electioneering capital—not he. St. John's Ward will not have him upon any account, he knows that; then why should he manufacture "buncumb." If Mr. Wilson were not a respectable man; if he would let thieves slip loose, blackguards go unpunished, and protect Sherwood from the assaults made upon him, then Bob would vote him a salary of £500; but as matters now stand he cannot conscientiously do it.

We must not speak disrespectfully of Alderman Robert Moodie in future. He has become one of the "upper ten." A meeting of the city nobility was held in Purdy's tap-room the other night, and among those present were the "Conservative" members of the Council, together with George and Sam Platt, Harry Henry, Capt. Jacques, Billy Andrews, Johnny McKay, and other distinguished members of our Canadian aristocracy. It was there and then voted to receive Capt. Moodie into "good" society for the services he had rendered the Nobs in supporting Sam Sherwood and his thieves. Ogle R. Gowan offered to present him to the Governor General, but Bob said Mrs. Bilton had been beforehand and of the two old women he preferred the latter.

Broadly absurd query.

"What shall be done with our great criminals?" asks the Editor of the *Colonist*. We would suggest, as the speediest mode of getting rid of them, that they should be placed in solitary confinement for one month, with a file of "old double," that is the *Atlas* and *Colonist*, in each cell. Those who escaped the "meagrum," sure to be brought on by such a diabolical infliction, would be well entitled to a free pardon from the Governor General.

Political Independence.

We understand that Mr. Snelling, of Ross Mitchell notoriety, intends contesting the County of Grey with Mr. Hogan at the next election.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

It is said that the price of any article corresponds to its legitimate value and the desire that may exist for its use or consumption. If this profound axiom of commercial economy be true, it is proposed to enquire what may be the price of OTZRENS at the "Terrapin."

The approaching cold weather reminds us of the necessity of protecting not only our ears from the "ogor and nipping frost," but also to protect our hands and face from the effects of frequent exposure.

It is a perfect luxury when suffering from chilblains and other effects of cold, to be able at once to allay these sensations, and like ordinary mortals to perform our daily duties, shake hands with our friends, laugh and dance without being constantly reminded that "there no ills which we do know of," even if our philosophy assures us they are only skin-deep. Mr. J. T. Shapley, 78 Young street, has for several years prepared for sale, an article countenanced by the faculty, and in constant use by many respectable families of this city, which, by its almost magical effects, prevents the necessity of caution when going into the cold. The Fluid Silver or Winter Fluid restores the skin when roughened and cracked by exposure, allays the itching pain, and produces a softness and pliability of the cutaneous texture almost child-like. These are recommendations which entitle the Winter Fluid to a fair trial, and the high character of the house by which it is prepared gives it a claim on the consideration of all those who may require a remedy of this description.