

# THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES—VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1860.

NO. 5.

## THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1860.

### GRUMBLES FROM QUEBEC.

During the past week the Council and Assembly have been away to eat their Easter eggs at their own houses. When the question of the adjournment was proposed, Mr. Gould, with his usual common sense, insisted on it being understood that, during the recess, members should receive their six dollars a-day, and being assured of this, with a laudable spirit of economy, he moved, seconded by Mr. Munroe, that in addition to receiving their six dollars a-day, each member should have his travelling expenses to and from home allowed to him, and also a week's board which would be incurred while away, and an adequate amount for refreshments and hotel expenses while absent. Several members cried "hear, hear," when the motion was read, but when it came to the vote, no one had the courage to stand up with the yeas—the mover and seconder excepted. Upon this both these gentlemen were observed to leave the House in an abrupt and excited manner. It was whispered among their friends that probably they had gone to commit suicide, but this surmise turned out to be incorrect, as soon after each gentleman returned to his place—one with twopence worth of apples in his hand, and the other with a yolk shilling's worth of gum drops. Greater evidence of how keenly the unfortunate gentlemen felt that they were betrayed could not be adduced.

Before the recess, Mr. J. B. Robinson enquired of Ministers if there was any truth in the rumour that the Prince of Wales would knight D'Arcy McGege upon his arrival. Several members expressed profound disgust at the idea—especially Gowan, who entered a violent protestation against such an insult to our common sense and patriotism. Ferguson, the other Orangeman, said D'Arcy had the mark of the beast on him. Some busy members seemed to think that, however true this may be, D'Arcy never made a beast of himself like some of his accusers.

Speaking of the Prince of Wales reminds me of a rumoured cavens of the opposition, at which it was fully resolved that unless His Royal Highness came out empowered to effect a dissolution of the union, an attempt would be made to seize the Citadel, and fire at the Royal squadron if it approached. It is said some of the Clear Grit officers of the garrison are in the plot. There seems to be some truth in the rumour, if one can attach any sinister meaning to the fact—that for the past week the artillery have been practicing with fifty-six pounders for the Citadel.

Dr. Connor, I am credibly informed, is to have charge of one gun. He will not fire it off himself, as after a trial he found that it shattered his nerves, a new hat and a pair of gold spectacles, too much.

The programme of the Repeal Ministry has been made out. You will perceive that members from both sides of the House have entered largely into it. Mr. Brown, Finance Minister; vice Galt, Landing Waiter at Nottawasaga.

Dr. Connor, Attorney General West; vice McDonald, Police Magistrate in Toronto; Mr. Gurnett, accepting the Chancellorship; vice Blake, nowhere.

Hon. Mr. Alexander, Commissioner of Crown Lands; vice Vankoubnet, promoted to the Lager Beer side of the Bar, below the House, Lamb being lynched for extortion.

Mr. Gowan, Post-master General; vice Smith, mail-carrier, between Quebec and New Zealand.

McDougall, Minister of Agriculture; vice Ross, Signal-man on the Grand Trunk.

Mr. Wilson, Solicitor General West; vice J. C. Morrison, self-murdered in natural disgust.

Mr. Bansley, (Hair-dresser), Receiver General; vice Sherwood, Chief Constable of Brockville.

J. B. Robinson, Provincial Secretary; vice Alloyd, preserved in a glass bottle in the Marine Hospital as a natural curiosity.

Mr. Munroe, Spenser of the Assembly; vice Smith, valet de chambre to the Prince of Wales.

Spenser of the Council open to any inferior scoundrel, not being a lawyer or a Methodist.

### SORROWS OF FOLEY.

PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

Geordie had a love for power  
Such as words could never utter;  
And he wished to lead his party,  
But some folks would always metter.

Foley, (who's a doubtful Clear Grit),  
Wished to have a share in leading;  
But as Grits cared little for him,  
Geordie listened, little heeding.

Foley sighed, and pined, and ogled,  
And his passion boiled and bubbled,  
Till cute Geordie blew him sky-high;  
Then no more was by him troubled.

For the *Globe* came down upon him,  
Gave him fits in large black letters,  
And all said, "poor foolish Foley,  
Mind you, how you treat your betters."

Certain.

—Who will be the victor in the great international fight.

The one that gets bel-ted.  
The above was perpetrated by a pugilistic friend, who stays constantly in our office to welcome visitors.

Worth Seeing.

—On exhibition at the Grumbler Office the *Wedge* that split the Opposition.

### DON'T BELIEVE IT.

It is stated that the Sons of Temperance will hold an extra Session of the Grand Division in June to consider the propriety of ensuring the Prince of Wales a fitting reception from the denizens of Coldwaterford. Some of the members, among whom, we believe we may rank the Hon. M. Cameron, are in favor of suspending the pledge for three months. The "Goon" is so much in favor of this measure that he threatens to get a doctor's certificate prescribing a little drop "for his stomach's sake" unless his proposal is accepted. Mr. McDougall, on the other hand, advocates an exception from the pledge in favor of cider or small beer; and when the question comes up, we have reason to believe that he will concede both these salutary liquors to his exuberant loyalty. Some little speculation has taken place amongst teetotallers, in reference to the probable "vanity" the Prince will indulge in. Mr. Morton has had a prolonged correspondence with Her Majesty on the subject; and, notwithstanding the frantic efforts of certain Weston brewers, Canadian Whiskey is to be the Prince's usual beverage. Hon. R. Spence, with his *ac-custom*-ed sagacity, has taken the requisite steps towards the teetotalizing of whiskey. He has secured its exemption from the pledge and will lecture on its virtues next week. Meanwhile, we understand, a public exorcism of its evil spirit will be gone through under the superintendence of Rev. Dr. Fyfe, assisted by Morton and J. A. McDonald. Our readers shall be duly informed of this new phase in the Temperance movement.

*Still Later*—Old Tom is distinctly prohibited.

The Metropolitan Water Company are to have the monopoly of the watering department.

### CHEAP AS DIRT.

In the late supply Bill for the State of New York, appeared the following item:—  
To A. A. Davis for stopping leaks in gas in Senate and Assembly (cheap)..... \$100,  
Gassy, indeed, do some people suppose our neighbours across the water to be, but truly "cheap" are the arrangements there for stopping the leakage of the Legislative article. Would that some philanthropic tinker would rush to the rescue here and turn the stop-cock of our "spouting apparatus;" we might then be spared the dread of suffocation from "some joint authority," "Bank of issue," and other equally nauseous elements.

A way to save Money.

—A Rich Father who intends to bestow his daughter and £10,000 on some lucky wight of his own choice, may save £2,000 by consenting to a poor fellow *whom she chooses*, taking her with £8,000.

Quere.

—Can it be said with propriety, that one who is wont to make *light* remarks, is a *brilliant* conversationalist?

"SOME JOINT AUTHORITY,"

OR A HISTORY OF THE OPPOSITION DURING THE PRESENT SESSION.—IN FOUR ACTS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—The Honorable George Brown and Mr. William Macdougall, M.P.P., in the room of the former in Russell's hotel, at Quebec, on the night of the 23th February last—hour 12 o'clock—a pack of cards lying on the table, and a tumbler of hot-scotch before each of the heroes.

BROWN—(after draining a horn)—Come, Mac, let's off, and rest ourselves to night, And gain fresh strength for the approaching fight; To morrow's eve will see us on that floor, Where we must fight, as oft we've fought before. Nay, more, upon the issue of this strife, Depends inglorious death or happy life; We'll gain our point—we'll scale the heights of fame, 'Twill never do to sink our heads in shame.

MACDOUGALL.—It gives me cheer to hear you talk so bold. Thou'rt still the same Grit Chief thou wert of old. Full on thee shines that bright, auspicious day, You'll rout the truckling crew, led by John A.— You'll sweep them clean from out this mis-ruled land, And march right onward with your Clear-Grit band. [Two more horns disposed of, and the happy pair retire to peaceful slumber.]

SCENE II.—Floor of the House of Assembly—day 20th February, half past two o'clock—members rushing in and out—great shaking of hands and general congratulation—Brown and Macdougall seated together in an out-of-the-way corner.

MACDOUGALL.—(with terror-stricken countenance)—Hast heard the news from mouth to mouth pass round— That traitors in the Clear Grit camp are found?

BROWN—(in astonishment)—What, traitors in the camp! I swear no; so, But let me hear; come, tell me all you know. MAC.—The news is such that I can not confute. It's fearful, dreadful, strikes me almost mute. BROWN—Come, come, this senseless badinage away. You're jesting, Mac, you mean not what you say. MAC.—Sir, say not so; I mean it, on my honor, They're gone—John Sandfield, Foley, Bell and Connor, Wallbridge and Patrick—more I need not mention— They're dead against us, and the great convention.

BROWN—What say you Mac? Oh! no, it is not true; Some senseless jade has made a fool of you. But come what may—'e'en should they turn coa'— I'll press the resolutions to a vote; To-day, to that effect, I'll notice give, 'Tis death or life—than die 'tis better live, These fellows may, p'raps, attempt to balk us; What say you, Mac?—We'll try their wits in caucus. [Conversation interrupted by the entry of the Speaker: and the mace.]

ACT II.

The House in Session.

[The Speech from the Throne having been read, and the Attorney General being about to move the adjournment of the House, the Clear Grit Chief rises.] Mr. Brown—(Thrusting his left hand into the left pocket of his pantaloons, and looking indignant, though attempting to hide his emotion.)—

Before the house adjourns to-day, I beg to make a motion, In reference to a matter, Sir, That's causing some commotion.

(Mr. Brown clears his throat and proceeds,)— Some few months past, as you're aware, (Pray, gentlemen, attention!) Two hundred of our Western Grits, Assembled in convention,

These sturdy yeomen—sons of toll— Though men of wealth and station— Considered, for four weary days, The matters of the nation.

The upshot of this meeting was— This solemn, sage communion— That, all, with one accord, cried out, "Dissolve, dissolve the union!"

"Divide the Provinces anew"— This was their declaration— "And bind them with another bond— The bond of federation!"

"What of a central power?" said one, "What of its constitution?" No sooner said than was found out, Its true and sure solution.

Lord Durham, Sir, was brought to hear, And his instructions cited— "Some joint authority" (Roars of laughter from the Ministerial benches)—was the thing, To save our land beplighted.

I now give notice to the House, That at midnights day, Sir, These resolutions will come up, When all can have their say, Sir.

[The House then adjourned.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—John Sandfield Macdonald, Foley, Connor and Wallbridge in deep and serious consultation in a room in Russell's Hotel.

JOHN SANDFIELD—(warning up.)— 'Twill never do; it is, indeed, too bad— The man is crazy, he's short of being mad; I'll not submit; I'd see them all to pot— Brown, Mowat, Notman—yes, the entire lot, Before I'd vote to set things all adrift— A senseless, shameless, inexpedient shift!

CONNOR— You're right, John S., you speak up like a man, I'll vote with you—Come, onward, lead the van!

FOLEY— I must confess I once had hope in Brown, But he has proved himself a clumsy clown; In all things appertaining to the state He's scaled his doom—and we need mind our fate.

WALLBRIDGE— Foley, you speak my mind just to a T. I once was blind, but now, dear Sir, I see.

JOHN SANDFIELD— I'm glad to find you all thus joined with me, We'll knock these resolutions clean to sea; But still, my friends, we must not be too rash 'Twill never do to make a hurried smash— Appear good-natured—do not fear to smile 'Twill serve our end, without displaying guile. Brown's called a caucus, there we'll meet to-day, I'll move that he be leader—you'll say, "yea," 'Tis just the thing—what say you?—will it do? Mind "mum's" the word—'tis only *entre nous*.

ALL.—'Twill do, 'twill do.

SCENE II.—The Opposition in Caucus—all the members apparently in a most happy state of mind.

BROWN—(Rising with a good-natured smile on his countenance.)—

This caucus's called, good friends, to hear your views— ('Tis ever well to warch our P's and Q's)— Upon some matters of a serious kind, On which 'tis well to hear each others mind. I've heard it said—I know not, sirs, how true— That you're not pleased—I mean at least a few— With how I've played my part while leading you. Say, sirs, if this report is so or not, I hope we're naught but one united lot.

PATRICK—[Who was appointed spokesman on the occasion.] It may be, sir, that you're not pleased us all— 'Tis hard to do so with a "rolling ball"— But we're content to follow still your lead; So of these rumors take no further heed. I make a motion still to follow you; What say you, gentls? you're all agreed—*et vous?* [Pointing to John Sandfield and Foley.]

ALL.—Agreed—Agreed!

BROWN— So far, 'tis well, I thank you friends all round; You've proved that union 'mongst us still is found, At least on this point—but, pray hear me yet, Your views on th' Union I should like to get. 'Tis said outside—I hope 'tis falsely said— That on this question we're at loggerhead, It's so?—come, sirs, be frank—

JOHN SANDFIELD— Enough! Let's hear no more this silly gammon, Remember, sirs, you can't serve God and mammon. You long for power, though you fear to say so, With all your blustering, mock-heroic bravo. Just at the time we need our ranks united You make a step and all our hopes are blighted. That it—a convention! what a stupid blunder! It serves you right—'twill rent us all asunder. I'm dead against it, for 'twill breed confusion, My motto's been, and is,— "PRESERVE THE UNION!"

FOLEY—And mine!

CONNOR—And mine!

BROWN—

What! Foley, Connor, you desert your chief? This shameful trick will fill you yet with grief; But go you say, the rest are true as steel, We'll fight—we'll conquer, and we'll—

WALLBRIDGE— Awaunt, good sir, your going rather fast, You count your chickens long before their hatched; I'm also 'gainst the great convention move, A silly ruse, indeed, I think, 'twill prove.

PATRICK—

And hear me, friend, I've just one word to say About the matter's brought us here to-day: There are *five* more, though they're not present now, Who to some joint authority'll not bow; I tell you, sir, (addressing Mr. Brown), you'd better change your course.—

BROWN—

Sir, shut your ally's mouth, let's hear no more this cant, We know you long since learnt the art of rant, [General tittering at the leader's wit.]

MOWAT—

'Tis sad indeed to see these splits exist, We leave around a very hazy mist; They differ only on a point or two. Let's heal the breach, as we, like me, should do. We still have confidence in Mr. Brown— I make the motion—do not vote it down.

JOHN SANDFIELD—

Bah! I come Foley, Connor, follow me this way, We'll knock them higher than a kite—lurrah! [Here the happy trio leave the room in the highest state of justification, Foley and Connor singing: "For he's a right good fellow," (referring no doubt to John Sandfield). Brown looks dreadfully dejected; he staggers under the weight of this unexpected blow, and is led to his rooms by Mowat and McDougall. The caucus breaks up in the greatest confusion.]

ACT IV.

Brown Solus.

[Brown, having somewhat recovered from the state of mental abstraction into which he was thrown by the scenes recorded in the last act, is left alone in his bed-room, where he thus bewails his sorrowful fate.]—

Oh! cruel Fate! Oh! dire and dreadful hour! This day I'm ruined. For ever's gone my power, My brightest hopes are blasted dark as night, And place and power vanish from my sight. Oh! Foley, Connor, I had faith in you, But man is mortal—naught below is true. Why talk I thus?—I've done it all myself— That cursed desire for Ministerial self! I've ever wavered for to gain that end, 'Tis now too late my wayward course to mend.

[Here he grasps his head tightly with his hands and pacing the room with rapid strides, proceeds.]—

But, oh! the dreadful thought distracts my brain,— My life's ambition I shall never gain! Ah! there—see—see—'tis doors livel' anon! Its going—there—see—see—its going—gone!

[At this juncture Mr. Macdougall and Mr. Mowat, who were disturbed in an adjoining room by the frantic exclamations of their leader, rush to his rescue, just as he tumbled to the ground.]

CLOSING SCENE.—Grand Tableau, with red lights in profusion—Brown and Macdougall in a tight embrace—the eccidore in deep and contrite penitence.

## ALICK AND POLYANTHUS JANE,

OR THE REFUSAL.

The amiable Alick having received the "mitten" poureth forth his soul's emotion in melting strains:

Farewell, thou knowest not  
What pains my bosom rack;  
Oh! dreadful is the lot  
Of those who get the sack.

Imagining, in his innocence, that this was working on her phobinks, Alick proceedeth:

Another of your sex  
I'll never, never love.  
Strange thoughts my brain perplex,  
Suggested by this "glove."

Alick wisheth to rouse pity by drawing her attention to the fact that he may have a bowie knife or a revolver in his possession. However he thinketh it better to go a little further.

My heart is split apart  
By this here sudden wrench,

He thinketh he may now introduce a joke with propriety, and droppeth the sublime:

Now for the bar I'll start  
And there sit on the bench.

Alick now getteth sarcastic:

And with some cheap cement,  
I'll strive to join the parts,  
As beer was surely sent  
To heal up broken hearts.

His old liking for beer suggests this appropriate and touching reference to its very pleasing effects. He then becometh agitated again and getteth into heroics.

My feelings none can tell,  
My soul is up in arms;  
I feel my heart-springs agill  
To think I've lost such charms.

This very poetic idea he fancieth will carry the day, and sayeth poetic license sustains him.

Polyanthus continueth unmoved, and Alick getteth still more sarcastic. He droppeth the sublime again and continueth:

But just a glass or two  
Will set me on my feet.

There he introduceth a finishing touch of sarcasm.

And let me say to you  
Don't bow when next we meet.

This last sally had the very opposite effect to that intended for the dear one's anger was roused, and she closed the painful interview thus:

Go 'way Sir, now you're told  
And stop you're talking here;  
Or p'raps I may make bold  
To lead you by the ear.

Alick here swooneth and is carried off by the servant, and placed on the side-walk, where the cool air soon restores him. He then walketh away a wiser and better man.

## Civio Curiosities.

An Irish Jaunting Car. The President, (Ald. Carr.)  
A little Sully. . . . . Ald. Bob Moodie.

An excellent Cutter. . . . . Ex. Councillor Finch.

## Aldermanic.

—It is said, with what truth we are not aware, that Ald. Strachan has learned the art of *compounding* so thoroughly, that he is about to turn apothecary's assistant.

## Sports and Pastimes.

—Every day ladies and gentlemen may be seen on King Street, Toronto, walking and running in sacks.

## THE GREAT FIGHT.

(Specially reported for the Grumbler.)

It is with considerable pride that we lay before our readers a complete account of the Heenan-Sayers fight two weeks in advance of the *N. Y. Clipper*. How we came by the report must remain a mystery, until the invention has been secured by a patent; meanwhile here is our correspondent's letter:—

(BY GRAND-GRANDGRAND.)

LONDON, 13th April, 1860.

Mr. Editor,—The fight is over. Heenan was knocked into smithereens in seven rounds. Sayers came into the ring at a quarter past 12 accompanied by his seconds, Lord Palmerston and Sir Chas. Napier. As Heenan could not get the American Minister, he was obliged to content himself with Messrs. John Ross and Sidney Smith, who did their best to keep him up to the scratch. Betting 245 to 73 on Sayers.

Round 1.—Upon entering the ring, Heenan was distinctly observed to give in the direction of his opponent, and I have it from one of his seconds that he playfully said to Sayers "Tip us your flipper;" an observation first employed by Richard the First when making peace with Hannibal the Moor, after the battle of Salamanca. Before coming up, Sayers imbibed a glass of half-and-half, and complained that it was not the stingo. After sparring round the ring for several minutes, Heenan managed to settle a small remembrancer on Sayers' brain-cruet, for which, however, he suffered by a return blow, which slightly dishevelled his sinister bean-catcher. After several other exchangles of this sort, Heenan went down with a rush.

Round 2.—Sayers came on with a snifle and after giving the "Boy" a swat on the lung-holder, napped it on his tobacco-chewers, said "scizzors" and subsided.

Round 3.—Heenan, after shaking his capillary vegetation, made a dig at Sayers, but received a sweeper which effectually stopped up his dexter squinter and after making offensive advances at Sayers' olfactory nerves, he was planted by that worthy in the best horticultural style.

Round 4.—Sayers rushed up with a confident snicker and made some overtures which Heenan promptly declined. Tom got in one douser on the Denician osculator, but tripped up near the ropes and consequently went down.

Round 5.—The "boy" after an affectionate interference with Tom's handkerchief-employer got an eye-painter of a *mauve* tinge and wilted.

Round 6.—Heenan make his seconds hold his eyes open while he got a view of Sayers. Made a rush for his opponent's reflective organs but failing, received a rib-squeezer in return and after several blind onslaughts, went down to breathe.

Round 7.—One cheek-duster from Tom sent the "boy" on his knees; rising up he made a foul lurch but got an uncompromising brain-muddler on the organ of individuality and went down. After a good deal of sponging to bring Heenan to; his seconds projected the sponge and went off. I may add that Dr. Ryerson's bet on Heenan was taken up by Wiscout Williams. The fight lasted exactly forty-three minutes and thirty-five seconds by a stop-watch. As I write, they are firing off the Tower guns in honor of the victory and the Queen is giving a feast to the roughs at Buckingham Palace.

## THE GLOBE IN A FOG.

In a late issue of the *Grit oracle*, we find the following ecstatic sentence:—

"The great territory of the north West, the birthright of Upper Canadians, from whose bosom ought to flow streams of wealth to sustain our railroads and vessels, our mills, factories and workshops, would still remain the forbidden land which Mr. Cartier has hitherto made it, because forsooth to open it, would deprive his countrymen of the control of Upper Canadian affairs."

Now not being gifted with more than ordinary curiosity, we should still like to be made acquainted with the meaning of this singular paragraph. From whose bosom ought these streams of wealth to flow? Is it from "the great territory" "the birthright" or the "Upper Canadians" or from all together? The source of the milky way from this mysterious "bosom," however, is not more singular than its mechanical utility. Its object should be "to sustain our railroads and vessels, our mills" and so on; as if the *Globe* were not already mysterious enough, without suggesting latent streams as the support of railways and flour mills:—But still unsatisfied with the Babel of confused ideas, it informs us that this curious stream from this still more curious bosom supporting vessels and mills, is "forbidden land," and that "to open it" would injure Lower Canada. Now, if any body but the writer *cui* gave an intelligent signification to this sentence, we promise to dine on our editorial beaver.

## HORRIBLE IMMORALITY.

Some unblushing rascal advertized in the *Globe* a few days ago for a man, to attend to a country store, whose character must be *exceptionable*. Now, we are accustomed to see strange things in the *Grit-Bonnerges* but never before have we noticed so shameless an announcement. The advertiser as our readers will see, is not content with being indifferent about the fellow's character, but actually insists on its being "exceptionable." We really think it is too bad in a journal so pretentious as the *Globe*, to insert an advertisement of this scandalous character. If the "want" be really a *bona fide* one, the Editor might easily have pointed out from among his acquaintances some one "exceptionable" enough for the bushwhacker, without permitting him to publish his own business so unblushingly. Besides have we not in Dr. Ryerson and the City Corporation choice enough for any reasonable scamp in Toronto. Any one who passes them by and wastes his money in advertizing for a "exceptionable" character must be daft indeed.

## ECONOMICAL.

The Legislature of New Brunswick, after considerable disputation on the score of *expense*, decided by a small majority to invite the Prince of Wales to that Province.

Blest, as is our delightfully governed country, with a host of the most accomplished politicians, we required fully fifteen minutes, fifty nine seconds and a half to conclude whether to be most moved by surprise or pity in contemplating the forlorn and old foggy characters of those benighted rulers. Verily, a live specimen of that super-loyal minority would be a curiosity in its way! As we are not troubled with such animals among our dash-the-expense kind of rulers at Quebec, we think some Canadian Barnum might make a handsome thing of the suggestion which we have just hinted at.

## WANTED A NEW DICTIONARY.

In a Prohibitory Liquor Law pamphlet published by Maclear & Co., which by the way is adorned by a not very striking likeness of "the Coon," we find the following:—

"Take that history \* \* \* now while we write and for *cinquennial periods of five years backwards*, to the first settlement of each county, and what will that history reveal?"

We know pretty well what it will not reveal; and that is such a hybrid expression as "*cinquennial*." What on earth can be the meaning of it? The sage writer of the pamphlet surely never intended to graft a French numeral on a Latin root; and yet it really seems so. He must after all have meant *quinquennial* and, if ignorant of its orthography, he might have ascertained it at the nearest common school. And yet if this theory be correct, why add "of five years;" we have not yet heard of *quinquennial* periods of six, eight or any other number but five. We do not know how it is in that part of the country, but in this vicinity such periods are pretty uniform. Still another difficulty stares us in the face. What is the significance of the whole expression "*cinquennial periods of five years backwards*?" It perfectly staggers us; we do not know what effect it will have on the general public; but as far as we are personally concerned, we intend the author to give us a new edition with explanatory notes, and a copious glossary. We fear that if his logic and facts are only as sound as his style, we shall not very soon be bored with a Canadian edition of the defunct Maine Law.

## POOR DUFRESNE.

We feel the most lively interest in the health of the decayed old subject, whose name stains the head of this article. It is really a fact that on the capaces of a stupid old Frenchman, hangs the question, whether 15,000 bad votes entitle three men to sit for the present metropolis of Canada, or whether they do not. His diet, his mode of living, and the school he gets his physic in, assume a sudden importance.

Fully impressed with the responsibility under which we labour as a public journalist, we have made every inquiry about the wide-mouthed old creature. A reliable correspondent informs us that he is at present attended by Dr. Lamb, an Alcoholic-opathic physician living very near the House of Assembly. The doctor has very little hope of his patient. The admixture of various medicines has unfortunately not produced a salutary effect, and Dr. Lamb is afraid that recourse must eventually be had to a diuretic admixture popularly denominated gin-cocktail. We are very happy to contradict the absurd story of the blanket, Mr. Dufresne did not come down to the House swaddled in a blanket; the only peculiarity in his attire was the unwonted presence of a brick in his hat. We trust for the sake of the purity of election and as a salve to the conscience of the Hon. Mr. Allyn, that the poor old creature will speedily be restored to health and the Committee. It is really sad for the country to be pestered with three intruders in the House because an old fool is shamming sickness or stumbling over stupid scruples. Care or kill him, at once, Dr. Lamb, he is not worth much trouble.

## CANT AND SLANG.

Toronto, April, 1860.

My dear Mr. GRUMBLER.

As I am afraid that I shall be forced to leave Canada ere long, owing to the advances of certain ill bred persons, known as Cant and Slang, I wish to make an appeal to Canadians before taking my final departure.

These persons, Cant and Slang, corrupt the language of every one with whom they associate, and are always the forerunners of bad manners. They pollute the newspapers; and the effect of their teachings is constantly seen in the speeches of Politicians, in the addresses of Barrister, and even in the exhortations and sermons of the Clergy. Cant phrases and Slang expressions every where assail the ear. I wish to warn Canadians against their degrading company, and to shew that the consequences of their admission into Society, are, and will be dangerous. Instead of the good old plain English, we have barbarisms and improprieties. Instead of pure classic language, the impure offspring of low Society. The writings of Milton, Addison and Steele will be no longer looked at as models. Nothing will be considered so worthy of one's ambition, as excellence in the use of slang; and that excellence, "a consummation devoutly to be wished for." When even the gospel is clothed in the rags of slang, I may surely say, it is time for me to take my departure. In the company of Cant and Slang there is generally a person called Comical gestures. This individual is not quite so impudent and bare-faced as his fellows, still, even his efforts produce their effects. When we see persons humorously jorking their thumbs in the direction of their left shoulders, or tapping the side of their noses feignously, or making their fingers dexterously gyrate in the region of their noses, (their thumbs being placed on the bridge thereof,) we may conclude that the performers have been in the company of Comical-gestures. Hoping that Canadians will see the propriety of driving out these intruders.

I remain,

Yours truly,  
PURE ENGLISH.

## Something New.

—The *Hamilton Spectator* says that at the Masquerade Ball given in the ambitious city, there "was in the centre of the Hall a small fountain which played Cologne water all the evening."

We have heard of a tune called the "Boyne water," but never, of one called "Cologne water." Who is the inventor of the musical fountain?

## The University Plunderers.

—If we were in the House, we should move for a committee to inquire, how Drs. Stinson, Ryerson, Green, and Nelles, came by their degrees of D. D.; what they gave for them, and what Universities conferred them. Verily D. D's. are plentiful in Canada.

## Political Intelligence.

The *Haltou Journal* says that Ministerialists in its Country "are as unsteady as pigs before a thunder storm." We hardly know which to admire the more, the exquisite simile or the forcible portraiture of mental agony.

## A Rare Chance.

—A New York Paper has the following as an advertisement:

**MATRIMONIAL.**—AN AMERICAN GENTLEMAN of spotless character, and the highest respectability, in the vigor of manhood, (forty-seven.) but never married, with a good presence and affectionate disposition, of Christian principles, liberal education and refined tastes and manners, having an individual maintenance, and residing in this city, desires to form a mutual attachment, in view of wedlock, with some congenial young lady, (an orphan preferred,) or young widow unincumbered. She must be of a respectable family, and also be possessing, warm hearted, affluent and refined. Address, with full and truthful particulars, in good faith, F. N. D., New York Post office.

If the ladies let this offer go by, they will richly deserve to live and die old maids. We insert this gratuitously for the benefit of the unmarried females of Canada.

## Where were the Police?

We have heard with the greatest indignation that Lola Montez positively frightened Ald. Carr into a post-ponement of a public meeting. It is confidently asserted that the renowned Lola marched with drawn cane into the President's sanctum, reproached him with want of gallantry, and swore that unless he forthwith retracted the step he had taken, she would thrash him as she had done editors and actors of heavier calibre than he. Where were the police? Is it really come to this that even the flower of the Corporation can be cowed by a foreign adventuress?

## Lost, Stolen, or Strayed.

—The Rev. Casual Advantages having absented himself from his office in Toronto, for some weeks, to the great damage of the common-school-interests, his friends offer the sum of \$0.25 to any one who will give information as to his whereabouts.

N. B. If he do not return within one week from the date hereof, his "suit of homespun," at present on exhibition in the N. School museum, will be sold to pay the expense of this advertisement.

(The above was crowded out of last week's issue, Ed. G.)

## Deserting their Posts.

—Rumor says that the present Government, as they anticipate impeachment or something of that kind, are withdrawing themselves from Canada. Sidney Smith and John Ross have gone, and we cannot say who may be the next. We would suggest to Mr. Brown that he apply for an *attachment* forthwith, so as to prevent the other members of the Government from leaving Canada in the same suspicious manner. Another rumor says, that it is because no more money can be rung from the public purse. We merely give the rumors for what they are worth.

## Irish Wit.

—The Maine Law is most certainly a mane (mean) law.

We don't wish any more such as this sent to us.

## THE GRUMBLER

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