

THE GRUMBLER.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1859.

WHOLE NO. 80.

THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1859.

POLICEMAN'S MANUAL.

We see that the City Council have voted thanks to the Mayor for presenting the City with a Policeman's Manual, a small publication intended to guide the members of the force in the discharge of their duty. We take the liberty of making a few selections from it, the value of which will be apparent at first sight:—

No. 1. Every policeman shall wear a brick in his hat in order that he may be able to throw it at any prisoner who should, in a refractory moment, bolt from custody.

No. 2. Every policeman, when performing day duty, shall keep a vigilant eye upon all strolling infants and pauper children, and if any of them are seen to conduct themselves in a manner incompatible with etiquette, such offender shall be at once arrested, and charged with a breach of the peace.

No. 3. Policeman on night duty shall keep a wary eye on the houseless poor, and if any beggar, pauper or other inhuman being, be found secreted in doorways, sheltering themselves under archways; or curled up in any nook, corner, or shelter whatsoever, such offenders shall be at once driven away, with force if necessary. If such offenders show any disinclination to "move on," they shall be at once arrested and indicted for embezzlement.

No. 4. No night policeman need remain on duty after one o'clock, p. m.

No. 5. No policeman shall refuse to be treated even when on duty.

No. 6. When a disturbance takes place, and a dozen men, through mistake, or under the impression that he deserves it, shall fall upon one man and beat him, it is no part of a policeman's duty to set his own opinion up against that of the majority. Therefore he shall at once conclude that the majority are in the right, and the single person or persons shall be arrested and conveyed to gaol as peace-breakers. Humanity and policy dictates such a course.

No. 7. No policeman shall arrest a taller man than himself.

No. 8. If at a fair, or other public place of assemblage, policeman shall particularly look after that pest of society known as "small boys," and if any of them be seen presuming to amuse themselves amongst themselves, they should at once be kicked and punched into the black hole.

Motives of public convenience call for prompt action in this matter.

No. 9. If any "small boy" shall presume to mock any of Her Majesty's policemen in the discharge of his duty—such as calling him a "beak," a "horney," a "blue bottle," a "buzzard," or by putting his thumb to the point of his nose and twirling his fingers round, or in any other manner whatsoever bringing Her Majesty's policemen aforesaid into disrepute—such offenders shall be handcuffed, and subject to the severest indictment within the compass of a policeman's imagination.

No. 10. Every policeman shall say his prayers before attempting to discharge his daily duty. N. B.—Judging from the way in which the duties of the force have hitherto been discharged, this latter injunction has seldom, if ever, yet been broken.

TO OPERATICS.

As we desire to foster a taste for scientific music and to induce decent behaviour at the performance thereof, we give the following hints to those who purpose attending the performances of Mr. Cooper's English Opera Troupe.

1. Never fail to come in about ten minutes after the performance has commenced, and make your brogues sound well on the pit floor. By this means the delight of the audience is greatly increased, and Mr. Dowler's arias more highly appreciated.

2. If you take the front seat in the pit, take out an opera glass and peer into Miss Milner's countenance when she is singing her best solo, it does not look a bit snobbish, nor does it disconcert her in the least.

3. When not engaged with the opera-glass, be sure and have a copy of the libretto always before your eyes and translate the words of the Italian text to your nearest neighbour by way of showing how incorrectly they sing the words.

4. Be sure and laugh heartily at any slip the supernumeraries of the theatre may make; the chorus of the Opera company will be sure to bless you for it.

5. While the opera of "Simon the Cellarer" is being performed, be sure to oblige every body near you with a running commentary on the excellencies of Margery's character, and the unmitigated selfishness and intemperance of Simon's. A few apt observations on the beautiful counter tenor solos in this opera, would not be out of place.

6. Never fail to spend the time between acts in criticising the performances of the "staccato" passages, and find matter of complaint in the "tempo," in short, do everything that the musical critic of the *Leader* would do in like circumstances.

7. To conclude, endeavour as much as possible to render yourself an object of attention to the ladies in the boxes, an authority with those near you and an accomplished fool, as a general thing.

WALKING ON THE WATER.

On Tuesday last Professor Hikok (of course he must be a Professor) gave an exhibition of his *grat feat*, walking on the water. We were present and witnessed the Professor attach a large canoe to each foot and paddle himself along. It may be correct to call this method of aquatic propulsion "walking on the water," but we are of opinion that it might be more appropriately designated sailing. The appearance of the aquatic pedestrian as he sailed round Moodie's dilapidated wharf, astonishing the optics of a wonder-seeking crowd of natives, reminded us forcibly of the Pantheon picture of Neptune on the back of two porpoises in search of a marie inamorata. The awakening of classic memories of this nature prove that so far from being altogether useless, the invention of Mr. Hikok is highly beneficial as an aid to memory, one may therefore class it with that highly important and ever to be desired class of mental ravers commonly known as "eye openers." It is impossible to conceive the advantages youthful posterity will have over its progenitors in the ways and means of knowledge. The favored student of the twentieth century will never be harassed by unpleasant anticipations of plucking, a gentleman of a mile or two upon his water-shoes will bring fresh to his mind on the eve of examination, a precise recollection of his Horace Xenophon or Tacitus, and passing with honors will be the general rage.

Speaking of Professor Hikok's performance, we desire to caution the public from falling into an error, and confounding his invention with the *agua-pedo* of Captain Moodie, mentioned in our issue of last week. In the eloquent words of the Editor of the *Colonist*, the latter "stands alone." Tight ropes and balloons have had their day, and an obliging oblivion consents to swallow up their impracticabilities but the *agua-pedo* and its gallant inventor shall exist in spite of the rivalry of Hikok and his canoes. An exhibition will be given at an early day, and the superiority of the *agua-pedo* manifested. Some delay has been necessarily occasioned by the leakage of one of the legs of the apparatus, but the Captain is about having it caulked, and on Monday all will be ready, and the performance come off on the water on the east side of the island saloon. We predict great crowds.

Query by a Barber?

—Oan a Highlander who wins a prize at pitching the bar, be said to succeed at the Bar?

[NOTE BY THE ED. GRUMBLER.—The above query is bar-bar-ous.]

God bless the Duke.

—Why is a true Highlander always a man of pluck?

Because he is easily brought up to the scratch.

GALLIC PRIZE POME.

The following is from the joint pens of the Hons. George Brown and J. H. Cameron. It was intended to have carried off the prize at the late Scottish Gathering, but owing to circumstances needless to mention, the prize was given to another, and as a slight compensation for such bad taste, we now give the pome to the world:—

BA GANDERHILL, 'G'O TOTHE DEIL AN HANG YOURSEL.

ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE SCOTCH BRIGADE.

Miscellaneous Introduction.—

Ke mo ki mo dar ar
gnes-o-o, ya-o-s, ba-a-a scotchme bae
Sting song Sandy kan't u'ki me o,
u kant tak thob reeksof a heelan man !

Ye great General.—

Gitouto' theway fo rFingalt he sonofa
Gun. Hot reddis likeas lately jerusalem
Pony: ac oppo sibe globenuspaperte
Girtab ot hisious. Thecrowof hishat
Isfullof dunningletters, was hing accountsetcateo
Whichlikeares pectable Ellander heays he'd
B big gered if he'd pay. What
ant agonistic fornis thatwh ich app
Earsin the distance. Hel ooks like
a cleargrit. Wor sobe's ab
siliff.
Fingalw axes wroth. He tears up
Hughooks. He stands on his head.
Thodaughters of Fingalget skeored
andrun away. Apoliceman
Threatensto a rreathinfor xp osing
Hisn
Aked proportions. Fingalc all sfor
Hot-scotch andim bibes. Her oars like 40
Bulleh utit is no go. Fingalis eerved
Withawritinsidethejurisdictiondemandingof himtooh
owcausewhyheshouldn'tbeatoncehanged.

Sentiment.

Sna ganderhill smog fonish ochone fudge,
Whang ma golligher, bloodywars, wbang,
Wow wow, hoisatherag, andgeneral blazes, ba-a-a.
Sna ganderhill, wiarsthehwuskie ? ya-a-a-a.
(Grand chorus of 140,000 bag pipes.)

Difficulties overcome and prodigies of valour performed by ye Scotch Brigade.

Take eeoof a ko'leand
Rollen pas leave,
Gord anisa hardroo dno travel Ibelieve.

Heh it im onthed widab arof'brounbred
Ank nockedh imtot heu ddersideofJordan.

Finale No. 1.

Theh igland soci etyis a great
Institut ion. Allit smembersare
17 feet hi. Theyw ear
Kil tawh ichaveest hem from
Theh pensoefby ingrowers.
Theywouldp itch a barac rosethe Atlantic
O jumpo verth emoon.
Oatenm: eale ndhots cotchwhis kie

Istheir etan garddied. Thebag
Pipesth eir nati onalmisic.

Finale No. 2.

Anilable2translatheabuvautohavbinbornasoot-
chmanforhisius.*

*. This is by no means an extraordinarily long word. Sing's words in the Gallic language, if printed in *extenso* would fill a volume equal in size to Webster's large dictionary. The meaning of the above word is comprehensive and extensive; and cannot be rendered into our language by any single representation. We will, therefore, paraphrase it, by stating that it conveys to those conversant with the pure Gallic, a concise history of the Scotch nation from the time of auld Adam up to the advent of the Scotch games, which the above poem was written for to celebrate.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN LAWYER.

Some infatuated creature, whose name will doubtless scarcely bear the light, publishes an anonymous advertisement in one of the city papers, requesting those who desire to sue the G. T. R. Compy for breach of contract in not issuing excursion tickets at the date announced in the journals, to communicate with him. We may be wronging McIntyre or Allen, if we attribute the folly to them or either of them, and as we are disposed to give some fair play even to the father of all mischief, we will spare them the heavy imputation. It is clear, however, that if they had no part in this matter, some other stupid pettifogger must. Surely a man must be very fond of litigation who can publish such a silly announcement. The G. T. R. Company may be a very wicked confederation, but we scarcely believe in having even their villainy punished in such a manner. If the railway officials had issued their tickets and there had been no Great Eastern forthcoming when the excursionists reached Portland, the Company would have been liable to prosecution for obtaining money under false pretences, and our bowels of compassion would have been troubled at seeing John Ross in the dock on so grave a charge. They thought the other case the safer one and did not issue the tickets at all; so up jumps the pettifogger to prosecute. In either case they were placed in a bad position, and we must say that justice should have been sought at the expense of the Steamboat Company. In fact a perfect circle of actions may be the consequence. The advertiser may sue the Grand Trunk, who in their turn may haul up the Great Eastern Company. They may prosecute the contractors, and we may be sure they also would have some one to blame. On the whole, we think the silly advertizer had better try the matter by himself; let every man be his own lawyer, and then if each finds that he has a fool for a client, it is no more than we expect.

SOCIAL PARTY.

The Odd-Fellows will give a Social Party in the St. Lawrence Hall on Thursday evening next. The proceeds of the entertainment will be devoted to the benevolent purposes for which the order is established. The price of the tickets is exceedingly moderate, and any of our friends who patronize the brethren are sure to have a happy evening's enjoyment. Dancing will begin at nine o'clock.

THAT CANADIAN CLUB.

Somebody would seem to have put their foot into the Canadian Club project, if we may judge from the following suggestion which was made at a meeting of the members of the proposed Club, lately held at the Rossin House. We quote the suggestion from the *Leader*; it is to the effect:—

"That the North American Possessions have now obtained an eminence which requires a 'Board,' (similar to the Australian Board), in London, to be composed of men who have had experience in the affairs of the Colonies, and whose standing and opinions would have weight with the Colonial Minister."

The original object of the Club was of a social but now it assumes a political character, which is quite enough to sink the project altogether; not, however, from any fear which could be entertained of evil effects to any party, but from a well-grounded fear that all parties would run a good chance of being subjected to intolerable ridicule.

It is not very likely that Tom, Dick, or Harry from Canada, going over to visit London, and stopping a few weeks at the Club Room in the Western Hotel, would assume such dreadful proportions in the eyes of the Colonial minister as to induce him to change his colonial policy on their representations. But it is extremely possible that if the Club assumed a political aspect, respectable old Canadian gentlemen, and aspiring young ones would be continually making fools of themselves by perpetrating all sorts of suggestions by letters in the public papers, dated from the Canadian Club Room, addressed to the Colonial Secretary as to the course he ought to pursue on Colonial questions. Such a course would bring both the writers and the Colony into ridicule. It might indeed bring them into a little notoriety, which, of course, would not be unacceptable; but that is all the good that would result from it.

COOPER'S ENGLISH OPERA TROUPE.

The engagement of this excellent company will commence on Monday evening next with Bellini's great Opera of Norma. We are sure that their re-appearance among us will be hailed with delight by the musical people of Toronto. Since they last performed here, they have added considerably to the strength and effectiveness of the chorus. They have also made several important additions to their stock of operas; and we shall probably be favored with several which have not been given in Toronto before. Need we appeal to the citizens of Toronto to extend more than their usual favor to the troupe on this occasion. The additional expenditure necessitated by the enlargement of the company, can only be met by a more liberal appreciation on the part of the public, and we feel sure that it will be extended on this occasion. The engagement will not be a long one; and for the few nights this troupe are to appear, we are confident they will have nothing to complain of the musical taste of Toronto. We may add that seats for Monday evening may be secured at Nordheimer's from ten till four to-day.

JACOBS' POETRY.

Dedicated to Wizard Jacobs.

A new style of making poetry has been invented and the patent taken out by Prof. Jacobs. The manner of it is thus: Given by the audience, a certain number of miscellaneous words and sentences, to be written down as soon as heard. Required from the Professor an elegant poem, containing an allusion to every word and sentence above given, the moment the echo of the last given word dies away.

The following production is from the pen of our devil, who never could write poetry before, he says. This is a conclusive proof of the value of the invention.

The following words were propounded to our devil to work upon:

Humbug.
Whiskey.
Does your mother know you're out?
The Great Eastern.
You don't say so.
Shut up.
You're a goose.
You're another.
Noah's ark.

The following is the poem, which our devil spoke right off, the moment the last syllable of "another" died away in the distance:

The first word with which I have to tug
Is nothing more or less than "Humbug."
Humbug is a good thing,
It is better than matton pie or chicken's wing,
It fits the pocket, right fol-de-dol-de-dol-de-ding.
China is a place not far from Sing-Sing,
There the people dine on strabout and sup on ling,
Which brings me to the second word "whiskey."

Whiskey is supposed to have been invented before the flood.

It is an excellent beverage, if it didn't make you fall in the mud.

Row de dow de dud-ud-ud-ud-ud.

Whiskey is a great drink,
It was quaffed by ancient gods I think.

They were jolly dogs I rick;
And never was out of rino and chink.
Bow wow wow de wink-ink.

Which brings me to the third word,
"Does your mother know you're out?"

Now personalities I hate and utterly scout;
And I'd give any fella a douse in the snout,
That would throw a doubt
On the orthodoxy of my being out
Without my mother being aware of the fout,
A high datch word, rhyming with route,
Which brings me to the fifth word "The Great Eastern."

"The Great Eastern" is a fine ship,
I never saw her, but I believe she sails,
And rides on the water like several great whales,
And doesn't look a bit like dogs that had lost their tails,

And goes somewhat faster than ah-ah-ah-snails,
And couldn't be rid on ah-ah-ah-ralls,
And very likely will carry the mails,
Which brings me to the fifth, no the sixth word,

"You don't say so!"
Much might be said on the subject on both sides,
But my conscience very much me chides,
For delaying you with these-ah-ah-mides-es,
So I will pass on to "shut up."

The observation is testy;
It was first used by Nero, a nasty
Ragamuffin who sold pastry,
And was skilled in necromancy,
And a member of the "fancy."
And his wife's name was Nancy,
And she was saucy,
Which brings me to "your a goose."

A roast goose isn't bad,
But if it's not well done, it would make me mad,
As it always did my respectable dad.

The goose has a great enemy in the bad-ger,
A beast which would run up a ladder
if he saw a policeman coming.

"Your another" is the second last word. Its meaning is diversified and chaste. It is a pity that a word couldn't be made into a mast. Next week or so we shall have a fast Thanks to a pious Government,
Which brings me lastly to "Noah's Ark."

The ark was a great institution.
It was originally built in a great park.
And was for the most part finished in the dark
By men in that degree of nakedness called "stark."
It was heated by chark-

Oal, some of which fell on the floor, and made a mark
One day when the cook was out on a lark.
I dont think the ark took fire.
But if it did, the combustion would have been dire.
And hoping now that you I did not tire,
I take my leave. Ahem! Au-re-fire!

SCRATCHING POSTS.

TORONTO, Sept. 23, 1850.

DEAR GRUNBLER.—Observing that the various city organs, in their accounts of the great Gathering of the Canadian Highland Society on the 14th and 15th inst., have omitted the most interesting part of the performance, I wish to supply the omissions through the medium of your valuable journal.

I have been greatly concerned for the honor of Scotland to observe that no mention has been made of the prize given by the "Duke of Argyle," to the person who should show the best ability in using the scratching post so liberally erected by him at his own expense; it was certainly one of the most exciting scenes ever witnessed in this city. The contest in the novel performance being remarkably keen, but at length the palm of victory—a handsome leather medal, with appropriate figures and inscriptions, viz., on the obverse a pole with a portrait of the generous giver, and on the reverse "God bless the Duke of Argyle," in Roman characters—was awarded to N. C. Mackantare, who was borne off in a state of great exhaustion by his admiring friends, who had to administer seven tumblers of pure mountain dew, before he was himself again.

Yours truly,
VERITAS.

JACOBS, THE WIZARD.

The St. Lawrence Hall has been crowded every night since the first appearance of the Wizard, by what the dailies tells us, was an admiring audience. We beg to dissent from being included as one of the admiring audience. We certainly did admire Mr. Jacobs' manner of performing some tricks, and had every desire to be pleased with Mr. Sprightly's so-called comicalities. But after all we must confess that we were only comparatively pleased. To our mind both the Wizard and his man Friday over did the thing. Mr. Sprightly tried to be too funny, and Mr. Jacobs lost too much time in drawing out Mr. Sprightly's funny points.

We are the more astonished at the Wizard's conduct, from the fact, that before the performance commenced, he impressed upon the audience that all his tricks were so many optical deceptions—a confession which with other bombastic and equally well known statements, had led us to expect something smart. Whereas every trick of the night was delayed to a most unconscionable length by the so-called comicalities of Mr. Sprightly, and the laborious efforts of Mr. Wizard to bring him out.

We wish Mr. Jacobs would remember that Mr. Sprightly is no wit. He has a certain amount of humorous action, and in his way says some funny things. But he is continually putting himself, and being put forward, by reason of which he soon degenerates into a bore—a character which he certainly does not desire to bear. Mr. Jacobs should also remember that a Wizard should never be undignified. A Wizard should not be too colloquial even with Mr. Sprightly, when a great trick is pending before the audience. For in such a case, an unfavourable conclusion is apt to be drawn as to the capabilities of the Wizard to perform the trick in an off-hand manner. In saying this, we would not be understood to depreciate the tricks which the Wizard performed. It is only to the tedious manner in which they were rendered that we would be understood to object. A little care will remedy this defect.

EARLY CLOSING ASSOCIATION.

We regret to learn that a selfish pig-headed linen draper of King Street is endeavoring to subvert the utility of this benevolent association by persisting in the imprisonment of his clerks in the shop after seven o'clock.

We cannot conceive how any person with pretensions to honesty and morality can take advantage of the humane conduct of his fellow merchants, and keep his shop open to catch a few coppers to add to his sordid gain. Such avarice we deem compatible only with the character of a shebeen proprietor; indeed we fear we wrong the latter, he ought to have credit for more humanity and be exempt from a comparison so derogatory.

To Correspondents.

—Counterhopper. We cannot inform you whether there is any truth in the report that John Charlesworth is a candidate for the Presidency of the Early Closing Association. Enquire round the corner.

HISTORY OF CANADA.

BY BUTTERFLY BEESWAXES, ESQ.

No. II.

Having proceeded so far with our conjectures about the origin of the aboriginal Indians, we will at once proceed to details more authentically grounded on fact. The first person who entered the Gulf of St. Lawrence was John Cabot, who laid the foundation of the Family Compact, by depositing several nephews on the coast of Labrador. He was called Cabit, or Cabot, on account of his disdain- ing to adopt the pedestrian mode of locomotion— invariably preferring to *cab it*. A gentleman of such habits was well qualified to found such a race as now forms the aristocracy of Upper Canada. By a brilliant succession of advantageous swaps, the nephews in question gained considerable wealth in wampum and furs, and found themselves in a position to buy up large tracts of land in the neighbor- hood of Toronto. The next great discoverer was Jacques Cartier, the grandfather of our present (1859) Premier. A celebrated stratagem of his reveals greater ability and sagacity than all the adventures which made known the existence of fresh nations, races, and seas. One day he sat in conference with three dangerous tribes of Indians, viz: the Dinukutises, Yellow-Bellies, and Copper-Bottoms, and Ske- doodgeon, their great chieftain, stood up and said: "By the Great Spirit of High Wines and High- Water, O Braves of the Dinukutises have you for- gotten the day you roasted your enemies, the Brandy-Snag warriors. O Copper-Bottoms will you forever rest on your ignoble extremities, without raising your tomahawks to slit the ears of the invaders? O Yellow-Bellies don't be squatting there all day, hunting for grasshoppers in the long grass of your camping-ground. Arise, and cut every scalp from the heads of these cursed Pale Faces."

Thereupon Cartier, not at all alarmed, brought himself of some Cod Liver Oil and Black Draught, which Mrs. Cartier was in the habit of giving to the children every Monday morning, and which she had carefully packed in his portmanteau, as he was about to depart from her conjugal embraces and uxorial supervision. With promptitude he rose and said:

"Diu-ah, ah, pardon, Diu-sku-sku-tises, Yellow Bottoms, ah, pardon, et aussi: Copper Bellies, che-s amis, prenez une verre d'eau de vie, et soyons amis."

The Indians failed to comprehend the precise meaning of his oration, but when they saw some- thing of a fluid consistency proffered for their consumption, they at once held out their outlandish skull cups and partook heartily of the stingo. In a very short time they began to feel the effects of the dose, and, Cartier taking advantage of their com- bined lassitude and confusion, shot them at his leisure. One reason why this incident never passed into the public press at the time is, that Cartier was afraid to let his wife know of the real use he had put her drugs, as he had the day before written home to say that he had consumed the whole of it in the course of a regular system of domestic dosing.

Our enterprising friend, according to the account given in the "*Relations des Juuits*," sailed one Queen's Birthday up the St. Lawrence from Quebec, and was much pleased with the Victoria Bridge. He soon came across the Lachine and Rideau canals, and his sailors sang cheerily the well-known "Canadian Boat Song," much to the delight of the natives. He then passed through the Welland Canal into Lake Erie to as far as Cleveland, where he got into a scrape with the Yankees, by trying to smuggle cheroots from that city to the Canadian side.

His successors developed that lucrative trade which has since been exhausted in almost every part of North America. The Frenchmen made a good deal out of the Indians, who were quite as invariably skinned, as the animals whose pelts they sold for whiskey.

The subject, however, is becoming too *fur-tile* for us and we will prudently close this chapter.

SERVANT GALISM.

What on earth are we coming to in Canada? Our servants or "helps" as the Yankees delicately put it, are decidedly getting the upper-hand of us. As one instance out of many we might give, what do our readers think of the degrading position Pater-familias must have reached before he could insert the following advertisement:

"WANTED, a good plain cook and laundress, in a small family with good testimonials. Apply at No. 29 Haberdasher's Row."

A small family with good testimonials! Has it at length come to this, that Biddy and Molly; and Susan must see a family's testimonials before enter- ing service? Talk about Russian serfdom and American Slavery; they are as nothing compared with such a system as this. Not content with trot- ting about with silks and satins as rich as their mistresses, and with painfully exaggerated crinolines, they must needs sit in judgment on the moral char- acter and domestic capabilities of their employers. Whither are we drifting, servant-galnally speaking? It is plain that unless some resistance is at once made to this alarming encroachment on our rights, we shall soon be under the rule of the kitchen. The roasting jack and the rolling pin will now be the emblem of authority, and law and authority will be given from the kitchen dresser. We claim from Paterfamilias a full explanation of the nature of these testimonials to be submitted to the scruti- nizing eyes of candidates for cookship? Why does not some one initiate an anti-servant-girls'- doing-as-they-like-society? *Old Double*, fine old lady, has doubtless often been cook-pecked, why does she not come to the rescue? The present condition of things is awful. Only fancy, "a small family with good testimonials!"

IMPORTANT INFORMATION.

The Montreal *Commercial Advertiser* has the honor of making an astounding discovery regarding the royal game of cricket. Sometimes great and start- ling discoveries are brought to light by the most

trivial events; at other times, great events herald great discoveries. The latter is the rule on this occasion. For it is in allusion to the great cricket match to be played between the All England Eleven and the All Eastern Canada Twenty-two, that the discovery in question was made. But our readers—especially those interested in cricket—must be waxing impatient to learn the development which so nearly affects them and the destinies mayhap of cricket all over the world; so we will at once cut short the preface, and, having stated that it is the *Tizer's* opinion that if the aforesaid All England were in Montreal on the 21st inst., the wet weather would not have allowed them to play the great game, we will give to the world, in the *Tizer's* own words, the following important information respecting the effect which rain exerts on cricket ground: "The rain will not benefit the ground, but on the contrary will render it more difficult to play upon; from the excess of moisture which it must have im- bibed."

Comment on the character of this information is useless—as the critics say, when at a loss to criti- cise. The information is as novel as it is startling; and we would not be doing our duty to the public if we did not give it all the publicity in our power. Let us hope that the genius who made this discov- ery will not rest content with his achievement, but will prosecute his investigation right and left.— Who knows but he may discover a joke in *Old Double*.

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE GRUMBLER.

We have great pleasure in laying before our read- ers the following correspondence, from which it will be seen that THE GRUMBLER is about to become the greatest publication on the face of the earth.

From John B. Gough.

LONDON, Sept., 1857.

DEAR MR. GRUMBLER,—In answer to your kind offer of a thousand a year and a seat in the Cabinet, if I should come to Canada and become a contribu- tor to your journal, I beg to say, I cannot come, as I hear that horns are as high as ten cents in the fashionable saloons.

Yours, &c.,

J. B. Gougar

From the Prince of Wales.

WINDSOR CASTLE, Sept., 1859.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales presents his serene compliments to the Editor of THE GRUMBLER, and begs the honor of being allowed to contribute to that valuable journal, on his arrival in Canada, which will soon take place.

ALBERT, JUN.

Answer.

TORONTO,

21 Nordheimer's Buildings.

The Editor of THE GRUMBLER presents his dutiful compliments to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and wishes to be particularly informed if his Royal Highness' maternal relative is aware of his absence from the paternal roof?