

THE GRUMBLER.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1859.

WHOLE NO. 65.

THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1859.

A NEW POET.

It is truly gratifying to our Provincial pride to discover, that, while the English muse appears to be languishing, a bard has been brought to light in our Canada, on the verdant banks of the Grand River. The murder of the mail carrier at Brantford, has afforded a delightful man named Thomas Cowherd, the opportunity for a meritorious poem of no less than forty verses. We wish that our space would admit of a full review of this extraordinary Canadian work; as it is, we can only give a limited notoriety to its illustrious author.

The poem begins by informing us that 'fair Luna' was engaged in pouring her radiance down, and that while engaged in that bounteous occupation, the stars, "though brighter," were liberal enough to own that she was "Queen of Night." "The strong breezes" were carrying it with a high hand, and the birds and the men had all gone to roost. "Three men are listening found," though by whom we are not informed; we presume, however, that it was Mr. Cowherd was wandering about, like a true poet, in midnight frenzy, for inspiration in the woods of the country of Brant. The three men aforesaid are, we are told, "all coloured men deep stained with guilt;" and our only doubt is, what line the staining must have produced when bespattered on their dusky skins. They plan "a horrid deed;" one of them speaks diabolically of his intentions with regard to the mail carrier,—

"Should he the least resistance make,
My double-barrelled gun will bark,—
And I my reputation stake
That he will never rise his mark."

The boast of the coloured gentleman was but too well verified; for "two shots in quick succession fired" and the bark of the double-barrelled gun aforesaid did their "bloody work." The poet proceeded:—

"Aided by those bright Lunar rays,
They rip the bags, the letters seize!"

If the bard really saw Luna offering any assistance to the culprits, we trust the Attorney General will at once indict her for being an accessory before the fact. "The Queen of Night" ought certainly to be sent to Kingston, for helping to "rip the bags." Meanwhile, "a wagon coming headlong" puts them into a packer; but still "feeling strong" they haul "their treasures" off, aided by the "sorrowing moon"—who, we presume, began to repent her crime in aiding the ripping of the bags. The murderers find

\$200, and are suddenly stopped by a most unexpected discovery, [a] heilically told in the next verse:

"Ours has shed dollars in one note,
Oh sad to tell bears freckles slump;
This startling feat, as quick as thought,
Had touch their murderous ardour damp."

While the "damping" process is going on, the Brantford bard takes us for shelter into the carrier's house, and portrays in true Newgate style the first of his "eldest daughter," whom he consoles by telling that,

"If homo agas tu hoc ere may get,
Alas! 't will be upon his bet."

After dreaming "horrid things," which, though accurately described as somewhat indistinct, "had much to with coloured men;" she started off, but the poet rather capriciously refuses to tell "which way she went." Passing on with the sage reflection that

"On circumstantial evidence,
Much has been said and much been done."

Down's sagacity in "spying some sealing wax" is beautifully appreciated, and Armstrong's confession and remorse are noticed in a manner unequalled by any but the author of Macbeth. Then the issue of all this comes upon us:—

"Not lie they in the prison long,
The Justice is right, they guilty found;
All three are sentenced to be hung;
When the seventh day of June comes round."

And this exquisite history ends with three verses of poetic morality. We regret that the illustrious Cowherd did not carry us down to the final tragedy. We are sure that his tender touches would have done good service in the way of enforcing Jack Ketch's great moral lesson. Mr. Cowherd may depend upon it that, in any future effort, we shall be his friend, and when Milton's epic shall have found its level, and Shakespeare's tragic muse shall rot in sad oblivion, the fame of his "Paris Road Tragedy" shall flourish in all its grandeur, untouched by time, undimmed by envy. Newgate elegies and Brantford poetry for ever!

CITY POLITICS.

This is the title of an article which appeared not long ago in the columns of the *Streetsville Review*. The style of this composition is so fine and classical, and the periods so well timed and vigorous that during its perusal we could hardly dispel the illusion which transported us to the columns of the *London Times*. Its subject is a general one, or what ill-natured persons would call an indefinite one. A bitter enemy of the editor might be induced to say that it was about nothing at all, or everything in general. Suffice it to say that we have perused it with unmitigated transport. We now give a few extracts, to which we have appended appropriate criticisms, which we flatter ourselves are strictly according to Hoyle:

"Fame is unquestionably a sickle jade; most capricious and truly deceptive."

Very well, indeed. A novel and striking maxim

to commence with. When did the worthy editor first realize its truth. Was it in the course of his varied experience at the bar, when he perhaps found himself jilted by the said jade, and brought under the thumb of those very myrmidons whose pitiless functions he had so often directed.

A line or two further on, it is implied that the storm occasionally whistles, and that one of the results of such a libal exercise on the part of the wind, is, that "the surge makes a final plunge to drown its hapless victim." Now, we could understand the victim's making a plunge, especially when it could scarcely do any thing under the tempestuous circumstances described in the context, but we think that "a surge" would have to transcend considerably its proper sphere of action, if it were to attempt any such thing.

"Fame might be further likened to an imperceptible phosphoric spec."

There is no doubt that fame may, like many of the other good things of this world, become the incentive to much reckless gambling. But why should the comparison be limited to the article of phosphorus. There are well known "specs" in numerous articles which have turned out badly, or are likely to result in serious loss. For instance, established newspapers have been bought up, type, subscription-list and all, and in a short time the patience of the subscribers becomes worn out, even before the half-used type, and the unfortunate proprietor and would-be editor retires from the editorial spec, with the loss of incalculable coriander. About phosphoric specs, we imagine that Lyman & Co. would understand more than our friend of Streetsville. Perhaps the author mislaid his "Johnson" and omitted through ignorance the final k in the word spec. If this be the case, we advise him to keep his affairs O K, or he will have the bailiffs with his ears in no time.

In regard to the above-mentioned phosphoric spec he gives us further to know that it

"hangs on the fenny reed known as Will o' the Wisp," which appears to be the benighted and bewildered traveller as the unmistakable evidence of the proximate secluded cottage," etc., etc.

We candidly admit the poetical beauty of the expression "fenny reed," but we most assuredly never knew this vegetable under the name of the Will o' the Wisp. If the author meant to say that the phosphoric spec was identical with Mr. W. o' W., then why in the name of Lindley Murray and Sidney Smith did he not take more care of his relatives and antecedents. We can only account for the neglect by supposing that he has a grudge against his "relatives" for being ashamed of him, who he may have private reasons of his own for keeping his "antecedents" out of the way. But with all the exceptions we have taken to particular portions of the article, its general tone is unmistakable, and fixes its paternity on Russell of the *Times*, who is said to be rambling incoherently through the Province with a view of acquiring some fresh ideas on things in general. The mind capable of such a production must pertain to a man whose professional duties are so arduous as to forbid all extraneous occupation.

WASHWOMEN STORM!

Jones is a literary man; but Jones' wife studies economy, and wouldn't on any account "put the washing out;" in fact, Jones' feminine ha'f is rather partial to the smell of "soap suds," and glories in marshalling her noisy forces when "washing day" comes round. Jones, shut up in his study, poor fellow, of course is soundly snubbed if he ventures to complain of the "clatter of Babel" down below 'T' other day, in a fit of desperation, he murdered Tomnyson's latest effusion in the following manner:

There's a sound of squabbling fair,
Row in the kitchen that lasts all day,
Storm and squabble, and clatter and war,
Oh! that it would not roll my way.
Storm, storm, Washwomen storm,
Go it, ye cripples, both night and morn,
Washwomen, madwomen, washwomen storm!

Would I were deaf to the sound that warns
Of clatter for breakfast, and clatter for tea;
Are figs of thistles, and grapes of thorns?
How should these washwomen sleet be?
Jaw, storm, washwomen storm,
Go it, ye cripples, in regular form;
Washwomen, madwomen, washwomen storm!

Can't some reform be thought of? No!
Each to be loudest and shrillest noise.
Better a dirty collar or so
Than the clatter and din of these ancient dames.
Jaw it, storm, washwomen storm,
Go it, ye cripples, in regular form;
Washwomen, madwomen, washwomen storm!

Storm!—yes, of course they will, till they die,
Clatter and storm; for their tongues are free.
True that they have a faithful ally,
The devil himself must a washwoman be.
Jaw, storm, washwoman storm,
Go it, ye cripples, in regular form;
Washwomen, madwomen, washwoman storm!

THE UNION TO BE DISSOLVED.

MR. ADAM HOPE TO HON. GEORGE BROWN.

LONDON, June 9, 1859.

HON. SIR:—

I cannot imagine what the plague I have committed to subject me to the infliction of some six columns of a letter from you, and a threat of more. I assure you, sir, that I am in no way ambitious of the honour you confer on me. If you want some person to write to there is Crooked Andy, the bell-man of our town, who, for a trifling consideration, will allow you to write as many letters as you like to him. A peculiar advantage you would have in writing to him would be that he can't read, and is very deaf—so you might fire away for ever at him, and he'd never be the wiser, as long as you paid him.

Regarding the Repeal of the Union I do not know much. Repeal was never my forte—theo' my parents used to say that music was—and I scarcely know what it means. But if it means canals, meads, snake fences, or other metaphysical subjects, I have no hesitation in saying that I'm dead against it. On the contrary, if it simply means pigs, potatoes, and polemical politeness, I go in for it strong. The principal reason I've for requesting you not to bore me with any more letters, is that I don't want to be laughed at all over the Province. I'm a plain man, and if I did allude to you at a meeting, dear knows I have been well punished for it since.

I have had no peace or quietness ever since your first letter appeared, and, really, sir, if you persist in writing me to death as you have done, I shall be forced to have you bound over to keep the peace.

— Hoping to hear from you no more, I gladly take my leave of you, by subscribing myself

Your obedient servant,
ADAM HOPE.

A MAD CRITIC.

The *Streetsville Review* would seem to have fallen into the hands of a very illiterate school-boy or a mad man, if we are to judge by the dreadful nonsense which appeared in the last issue of that paper. The Editor, it appears, was at the Royal Lyceum, and he tells us what he thought of the acting in the following incomprehensible manner:—

"Shakespeare should never have engorged his brains, if his plays could not gather at one time a larger audience than what inspired the few who witnessed the performance of some of his crack dramas."

Mark how the clown takes the name of Shakespeare in vain! The sentence is profoundly obscure. The only part of the sentence on which a little light shines is the insinuation that a *large audience* can inspire a lesser one! The idea is novel at all events.

After this mysterious introduction, the critic confidently affirms that—

"If not the inimitable, certainly, we may confidently say, the unexcelled Grecian classic play of Medea was performed in grand style by Miss Davenport, an ambulating *artiste* of first-rate abilities."

A lady performing a play! and this in grand style! and the lady an *ambulating artiste*! What! shift the scenes, play the hero, the heroine, the attendants, the minor characters, all herself! Surely no one ever heard of an *ambulating artiste* performing such a prodigy before.

Determined not to be outdone by the theatrical critic of *Old Double*, who is only let the public know that he occasionally did that sort of thing for the *Morning Chronicle*, the critic of the *Review*, proceeds to inform us that

"The first, and the last time, we had the pleasure of seeing the impersonation of Medea was in Dublin by the excellent actor Mr. Rybson, but what a burlesque on such an interesting piece, was it to witness a man, ever so feminine, usurping the exclusive place of a woman, is *truly ridiculous* for all the refinements and sweetness of a female character, was completely lost."

There is a sweetly put together sentence. Punctuation and all the rules of syntax annihilated at one swoop. It is quite evident that the first and last time he saw "Medea," was the first and last time this critic ever was inside a theatre. In burlesques, the majority of play-goers never look for sweetness and refinement.

Mr. Marlow is complimented with the assurance that he sustained *Alister Walter* "almost equal to the author." Mr. Nickinson is playfully nicknamed *Old Nick*, and is assured that in Irish characters he was in his "native element."

In conclusion, we advise this critic to go back to school and learn to write the English language, before he presumes to give an opinion on what he knows nothing about.

OLD DOUBLE ON PLAYFAIR.

We would willingly have left Colonel Playfair to settle his little matters with his constituents and ecclesiastical superiors, had not *Old Double* rushed to the defence of the erring ex-person. As usual, however, with that unfortunate journal, zeal and outran discretion; *Old Double* blundered into a bog, and in its painful efforts to extricate itself gave utterance to the following elevated sentiments:

"But as the matter is now bruited before the public we beg to say that the Colonel did not take me a liberty in the case alleged in such unfeeling privacy to give no real cause of offence to those who maintain strict views."

Poor *Old Double*! what need of such excessive candour? So the venerable Colonel did "do it with sufficient privacy?" He did creep into St. George's Square as stealthily as a pickpocket sidles up to his victim, did he? He didn't wish it to be known in Lanark among the lambs of his flock, didn't he? and—because he did not, the lambs have no right to be offended. Bravo! *Old Double*. Admirable morality! Do whatever you please—go wherever you choose, only keep dark and it's a j serene; *Old Double* says so, and isn't *Old Double* an authority? Of course the poor benighted old creature practises the morality she preaches. It's a provitable code, and permits granny to grab all she can, with this one limit, "sufficient privacy."

Verily, *Old Double* is welcome to promulgate its system of ethics, but we question if it will induce ex-Rev. Playfair's superior to reinvest him with his forfeited dignity.

Neither we should think will the hoary-headed hen of the Sunday feast be particularly grateful to it for the line of defence it has taken up. "Sufficient privacy" is too suggestive. "Right, because done in the dark" is far from self-evident, and if *Old Double* could find no better apology we fancy in this, as in hundreds of other cases, "silence" would have been its best policy.

When did it attempt to defend a position without leaving the breach larger than it found it. Good reasons have its favorites from Monsieur Cartier down to Colonel Playfair to exclaim "Save me from *Old Double*."

Exceedingly Cool.

—The following deliciously cool piece of impertinence appeared in the *Leader's* leading article on the 9th:—

"The public will always be safe in taking it for granted that if any unusual announcement is made, and is not to be found in the *Leader*, it is not reliable."

It is quite refreshing to meet with such coolness, now that the hot weather is about to set in. The *Leader* will become quite a refrigerator by and by, and those who escape being petrified at its audacity will be effectually chilled by its coolness. We hope that our contemporary does not mean by the "public" the whole world. Let us hope that the organ only means the people of Canada, the Americans, and perhaps the inhabitants of the Timbuctoo Islands. If the *Leader's* "public" will not be circumscribed within these bounds we will compromise the matter by throwing in the Fingee Islands, and perhaps the Island opposite Toronto.

NOTHING TO WRITE ABOUT.

Nothing to write about—somebody must
 Raise a nur bobbery—kick up a dust—
 Do something dreadful—pitch into head—
 Turn out on Brown or Macdonald instead.
 Won't somebody get up a meeting or two?
 Won't somebody say something, do something new?
 Will nobody carry the island away,
 Or, for browing hot whiskey punch, empty the bay?
 Won't somebody, pore-prond and selling in yelf,
 Make an out-and-out shocking big fool of himself?
 Can't we have a convention, a lecture, or riot?
 (What the deuce must be done if things keep so quiet?)
 Can't we get up a row 'twixt the *Globe* and the *Leader*?
 Or buy Old Doubt for Brown's special pleader?
 Where's Moody? Where's Allen? Will nobody try
 To blow up some other poor body "sky high"?
 Won't somebody send us a b'g Chinese gun,
 Or do something to furnish a sprinkling of fun?
 Can't we get up a row-bow in Foley and Brown,
 Or get Sidney Smith from the Mail flags kicked down?
 Can't we send little Cartier to Windsor or Galt,
 Or French domination bid finally "adiu?"
 Can't we get up a fight for the *Anti-s* communion,
 'Gainst the *Globe* and the *Gifts* who cry down with the
 Union?
 Can't we have, on a small scale, a large war of races—
 Moutous against Grit, putting both through their pees?
 In short, can't we have something queer, something
 strange,
 Something grand, something startling, some wonderful
 change,
 To put all this wearisome dullness to rout
 And give Editors something worth writing about?

TEMPERANCE GONE MAD.

The Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance—a body the existence of which is to us a wrinkle—have done a foolish action. They have presented a memorial to the Church of England Synod, the matter of which is ridiculous, the style of which would make a school-boy blush. Fearful that the Synod would not chime in with their way of thinking, the Sons proceed to misquote Scripture:

"If an Israelite," they say, "had a beast which was dangerous, but the owner did not know it, and that beast killed a man, the beast must be slain; his flesh must not be eaten; the owner must lose the whole as a testimony to the sacredness of human life, and as a warning to all not to do anything or connive at anything which should tend to destroy it."

According to the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance, if, under the Mosaic dispensation, a beast killed a man, the beast was slain, as a warning to all—other beasts of course—not to connive at the destruction of human life. We beg to differ from this interpretation. The Sons of Temperance are no doubt a worthy, and a pious, and a learned set of young gentlemen. But they are evidently of a weak intellect, and are not equal to an interpretation or application of a text. Beasts, no matter what injury they may inflict, are not, nor never were killed as a warning to other beasts, nor have they ever been supposed to connive at anything which should tend to destroy life.

From this queer misinterpretation, the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance, jump to the following logical conclusion:

"The traffic in alcoholic drinks as an article of luxury or diet, is inconsistent with the spirit and requirements of the Christian religion."

The meaning of "traffic" in this quotation, is

doubtful. It may mean the sale of the liquor, apart from drinking it; or both the sale and the use, in either case the Grand Division have made grand mistake—a very stupid mistake indeed, and one that we would not have thought even the Sons of Temperance capable of. Taking it that the "traffic" means the use as well as the sale—for if it is wrong to sell it is also wrong to imbibe—the lady who lifts her glass of wine at the dinner table, acts inconsistently with the Christian religion. And if it is a sin for a lady to look sweet and taste wine at dinner, either for luxury or diet or good manners, what shall be thought of the depravity of her who wantonly and of malice aforethought indulges in the luxury of a biscuit and wine at lunch time. Truly such a one must be in a "parlous state."

The Synod is conjured to advocate those absurd notions which "looks that pierce, gestures that speak, and words that burn." It is a fact that the reverend gentlemen received this conjuration with gestures that spoke—for they all went into convulsions of laughter as soon as they heard this curiously concocted memorial read. And it seems to us that the only time that Temperance principle are likely to be advocated on the above grounds with words that burn, is, when some zealous minister lights his pipe with the Sons of Temperance memorial.

This precious memorial winds up with an earnest prayer that the Synod will—

"Blow the trumpet, sound the alarm! and let us (that is, the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance) be able to say that in no Christian Church will that man find membership whose hands manufacture or deal out directly or indirectly those dangerous drinks as beverages."

This is evidently the conception of some weak-minded schoolboy, or bedlamite. Nothing less will satisfy, that eminently Christian body, the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance, than the ex-communication of all the brewers and distillers in the world. This goes a step beyond those who allow alcohol good for medicinal purposes. The Sons of Temperance have certainly blown the trumpet on this occasion; but it is the braying of the ass, and their appeal only excites contempt and derision. What a pretty little select Christian Church the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance would form, if they could.

The GRUMBLER has descended to notice this witless memorial only because it is the most stupid thing he can find in any of the daily papers for the past week.

The Montreal Pilot Weeps for Poor Jean Baptiste.

Undoubtedly the Hon. George Brown is a very naughty man, and deserves to be soundly abused; and undoubtedly the Montreal *Pilot* only performs the work it is paid to do, when it contains its quota of the abusive article. We cannot help thinking however that the *Pilot* goes occasionally a little out of its way to make up the quantity contracted for. It must have been a little "hard up" for a new pattern, for instance, when it penned the following sentence:—

"Now he (Brown) is out in full cry for the repeal of the Union simply that the French portion of our

population should be insulted, and trampled upon' their influence neutralized, and themselves put under his ban."

What does the *Pilot* mean by writing such trash? How insult and trample on poor Jean Baptiste by disclaiming all connection with him? Decidedly the *Pilot* must have been "hard up," when it made the dissolution of the Union the text for such a sermon. As for neutralizing the *Monton* influence, why once banish it from Upper Canada, dear *Pilot* and you are perfectly at liberty in your own proper person to fall down and worship the "superior race." Every one to his taste, as &c., &c. We decidedly object however in this Province to be ruled by the influence of the French portion of our population, and emphatically dear influential Jean Baptiste has only himself to thank if we wish to shake hands with him, and kindly relieve him from the management of our affairs. Still not for the world would we insult him or trample him in the dust; it would look too much like meting out to him the measure he has meted out to us for the past two or three years. Trash! dear *Pilot*, simply trash, we merely wish to hand him over to the tender mercies of the Brits here in Lower Canada, and then if they don't use him well let the *Pilot* abuse them. In the meantime, O mouthpiece of Rollo, hammer away at George Brown, but for mercy sake, do rake up some better argument against the dissolution of the Union than the "insult and trampling upon the French portion of our Population" it would involve.

TO THE STUBBED ONES OF THE WORLD.

It is said that, a few days ago, a young man stubbed his toes in New York, on an imperfect pavement, and stumbled in so awkward a manner that his lady love became disgusted with him, and abandoned him. The "Stubbee" instituted legal proceedings against the corporation, and recovered damages to the extent of \$750. This is a precious precedent, although furnished by a foreign law-cour. It is said that Napoleon once lost a battle by a surf-boat of pickled ginkins. Many instances are known in which grave disasters have been occasioned by slight discourteous causes. How many matches may be broken off yearly by stubbification like the above? In the not very distant prospect of a continental war, it behooves the Toronto Corporation to remove all causes, however indirect in their operation, which can have a tendency to prevent our province from furnishing in case of emergency a numerous and efficient volunteer Corps in aid of the mother country.

MR. CONOLLY'S LECTURE.

We are happy in being able to announce that Mr. Conolly has consented to repeat his admirable lecture on the "Ups and Downs of Life." The applause which was elicited by its delivery on Tuesday last, was well deserved, and we earnestly hope that its repetition will be still more successful. The lecture will be repeated on Tuesday next in the St. Lawrence Hall, and we warmly recommend it to public support.

BREATHES THERE A MAN ?

Breathes there a man to care so dead
That never to himself has sold,
"I ain't got no—no nary red!"
Whose pocket, in these fifty times,
Falls not to ting with silver chains
Whom gold and not a live flout?
If such there breathe, go mark him well:
Junks! how the covs must strut and swell!
Out with his livery, tell his name;
Hand down the lucky coin to fame;
Unique his care, despite himself
Such rare and such exhaustless self;
Living shall bring him huge renown,
And when at length he nuzzles down
To the mere dust from which he sprung,
He shall by every voice and tongue
As the man who had always a "red" be sung.

THE THEATRE.

"Macbeth" was played at the Lyceum on Wednesday evening; Mr. and Mrs. Wallack appearing as *Macbeth* and *Lady Macbeth*. We were not prepared to find in Mrs. Wallack such a *Lady Macbeth*. The part is one that ought to be shunned except by those imbued with the tragic muse, and endowed by nature with the requisite *physique*. Mrs. Wallack is all this, and has shown herself in this character to be an *artiste* of the first water. The sleep-walking scene, however, was weak. In addition to greater faults, this part was not dressed well.

Mr. Wallack's *Macbeth*, from first to last, lacked feeling. It was uncomfortably harsh; and we even looked in vain for a touch of human nature from him when uttering the soliloquy commencing, "My way of life has fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf!" This was as coldly and grumblingly delivered as the rest. Mr. Wallack, although of undoubted talent and many good parts, has acquired a style of which originality is the only merit. However it takes well with a portion of the audience.

None of the other characters in the piece deserve mention. Mr. and Mrs. Wallack were not supported at all; and a great deal of unnecessary delay occurred in the piece. The various witch-scenes were not worked up with taste. Of the instrumental music we do not complain, but the vocalization was a mockery of the *Macbeth* score from first to last. *Ilcote* (Mr. W. J. Hill) was the only one who could sing—and it is due to him to say that he filled his part admirably. A singing woman is wanted badly at the Lyceum.

We may seem to deni harshly with a tender plant like the Lyceum this week—but there is no reason why *Macbeth*, with the aid of two such *artistes* as Mr. and Mrs. Wallack, should not be got up in a creditable manner—that is in a manner at least equal to the efforts which Mr. Marlowe has shown himself capable of making.

To-night Mr. and Mrs. Wallack appear for the last time in our city. "Werner," and the "Lady and the Devil," have been selected for the evening. The occasion would fit the largest theatre outside of Toronto, and ought to be appreciated in a becoming manner here.

The "COOPER OPERA TROUPE," which succeeded so well here six months ago, have been engaged, and will appear on Monday night. On their last visit, the Lyceum was crowded to excess every night of their engagement.

DESCRIPTION OF UNIVERSITY PARK, TORONTO.

From a forthcoming Novel by the Secretary of the Colonies, SIR E. BULWER LYTTON, BART.

On its western side, the river Don, its tortuous course winds on, gliding like the silver-headed rattle-snake through the tall prairie grass and the lank bulrushes that line its banks, until it at last gives forth its freshening waters to the great Lake. On the north, the rugged pinnacles of the Oak Ridges rear themselves to the threatening clouds, opposing themselves effective barriers to the terrific blasts of the north wind and the deadly shooting electric streamers of the Aurora Borealis of the adjoining pole. Gradually sloping from the base of these ridges the land becomes a beautiful level, and delightfully varied to the westward by numerous grassy mounds which mark the resting place of the brave Indian chiefs, whose aboriginal arms so efficiently assisted the British troops against the revolting colonists at the battle of the Windmill, Gallows Hill, and other important actions in which the rebels were defeated with great loss. This gentle graduation of the land continues uninterrupted for more than three miles down to the argillaceous banks of the blue Ontario, from which the organ of vision can behold that greatest of great natural wonders of the world—the Falls of Niagara—whose tumbling waters roll so impetuously over the lofty precipice into an unfathomable abyss below, from whence they rise again boiling and bubbling to the surface, covering the whole lake with milk white foam, and heating its waters almost to boiling. On the east lies the city, but screening it partially from the observer's eye is another of those remarkable freaks of nature so peculiar to the land of the far west, stretching along at right angles with the equator far as the eye can reach is that most wonderful and romantic, most delightful and enchanting spot of America's earth, the College Avenue. Separated by a distance of sixty or seventy feet are two parallel lines of trees. The spreading elm, the waving pine, the kite-leaved chestnut, sweet favoured cedar, the gorgeous maple, the quivering birch, the shallow sycamore; all here are found uniting and twining their branches overbend, to form the cool shade for the blest denizens of the west. Various are the legends of the red man concerning the formation and growth of this great corridor of trees; multifarious the number of heroes, pale faced and red, to whom has been attributed the construction of so grand, so perfect a sylvan retreat. Some to General Brock award the honor, on account of his great skill in gardening, of which the planting of his men at Queenston Heights, is a well known proof. The honor, however, has been denied to Brock, as also to Columbus, Washington, and Jacques Cartier, and their claims to it successfully refuted in a treatise by the learned Doctor Tumblebee, and the truth of the following Iroquois-Chactaw chief legend verified:—

THE LEGEND.

In the very early days of the earth's history, long before crows commenced building nests in old men's beards, or turkeys had learned the disgustingly filthy habit of chewing tobacco, the powerful and war-like tribe of the Big-jaws were "located" on the north shores of Lake Ontario, their

principal abodes,* being the site of the present capital of Upper Canada. To the south of them the country was inhabited by the restless itinerant tribes, the Sha-na-giches or Sprontirs. In the fall of the year the Big-jaws went off to their hunting grounds in the West, leaving behind the old men, squaws and papooses, also their chief, Big-bug-of-a-fel-ah, who had made a vow to fast in the medicine wigwam six weeks for the success of the hunting expedition. The hunters had not been gone more than half a moon, when one of the squaws, who was fishing down at Ites' wharf, observed a number of canoes coming in at the breach of the Island, which she at once knew to be those of the Sha-na-giches; she dropped her fishing-pole and worms and scampered like the wind, sounding the alarm throughout the caboose. The tent of Big-bug-of-a-fel-ah was immediately sought by the alarmed people, and the chief requested to come forth and buckle on his armour to meet the foe, he came forth, but starvation was on his brow. This was noticed by the squaw who gave the first alarm, and quickly drawing forth six huge eels from her pocket she thrust them into his hand, crying eat and be strong; with the courage given by this repast, Big-bug-of-a-fel-ah went out to meet the insurgents, whom he cunningly led to a swamp. The Sha-na-giches press on to him fast as they can through the swamp; but as each came on the long and powerful arms of the chief of the Big-jaws seize them by the waist and thrust them knee deep into the mud, from which there was no extrication, backwards for miles did he thus retreat fast as they pressed on him, but still driving them foremost thus in the swamp until there was not a Sha-na-gich left who was not knee-deep in clay. The dances and fastings followed this great victory, and the great Manitou gave his word to Big-bug-of-a-fel-ah, that they should remain an everlasting monument of his prowess in war; so the Sha-na-giches were turned into trees by the great Spirit, and may be seen to the present day.

The beautiful plain thus enclosed on the north by the Oak Ridges, on the west by the river Don, on the south by Lake Ontario, and on the east by the College Avenue, is now the great University Park.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

We called attention last week to one delicious summer beverage, allow us this week to notice another. Of all the temperance drinks we know, there is none so refreshing, so cooling as soda water; and yet we have been so terribly sickened with the dead, insipid stuff we have purchased in one establishment, and the wretched syrups we have imbibed in another, that we have almost forsworn the effervescent article, till our good genius led us to the drug store of Mr. J. T. SWARTZ, on the west side of Yonge Street, two doors above King Street, and we there found the long desired article. Mr. Swartz's syrups are carefully prepared, his soda water is brisk and sparkling, and we unhesitatingly recommend it to those who, like ourselves, are ready to drop by reason of the sultry weather.

Perambulating Little York the other day our eye fell upon the beaming countenance of Sir HENRY HENNINGSON, the notable vendor by auction, whom we found standing at the door of his bazaar, on Yonge Street. Sighting us, he introduced to our wondering vision his display of gorgeous PEARLS, recently expected hither from that place where sinners do most congregate, to wit: the P. at Kingston, the spot of which it may be truly said, "is the distance hence equivalent to the view." In the assortment we found chains and chivalricus, secretaries, and sofas, and in fact everything required for the embellishment and adornment of a home. We found this price to compare favourably with those of any other manufacturer. Go and see your valued friend, the Knight of the Timmer.