

# THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. 2.—NO. 27.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1859.

WHOLE NO. 79.

## THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in 'yur coat  
I redce you tent it;  
A chief's among you taking care,  
And, faith, he'll pzent it.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1859.

### THE "LEADER" ON MUSIC.

Whether the cold of Wednesday night congealed the milk of human kindness in the *Leader's* bosom, or whether the *Leader's* dinner sat heavily on the editorial stomach we cannot say, but the *Leader* on Thursday was completely out of sorts. Its tempers which, fortunately for the exhibitors at the Fair, had been serene during the day, was completely soured, when he re-visited the Palace at night.

The audience were irreverent, the position of the orchestra was bad, the programme ill-selected, the chorus singers were incompetent, the band poorly trained, whilst the solo singing was more execrable still.

What, in the name of conscience, had deranged the physical organization of our contemporary that he could be so unmercifully caustic and severe?

A hurriedly eaten and badly digested beef-steak, or a watery potatoe may have troubled our dyspeptic contemporary; but why should he vent his humours on the unhappy musicians? A quiet dose of salts or a couple of Ayer's pills would have removed the complaint and, restored his good-humour in a night, without exposing his needless spleen and ill-nature.

First, the audience were expected to stand without moving, or sit quietly on the floor during a concert of two hours and a half duration, without moving. The *Leader's* bump of veneration was sorely troubled by "the listlessness of the majority," nor did even "seeming reverence" of some (for after all it could not have been real) allay the pang caused by the "gaiety" of the rest. We are inclined to think that if the *Leader* had not been of the number of "well disposed persons" who appropriated all the seats there were in the building, he would have become painfully aware of the existence of a pair of legs which even his reverential spirit and notorious piety could not have kept at rest for over two hours and a half. It is all very well to be quietly devout when you have secured a seat for yourself, reverence is not so easily kept up in a standing posture.

The next thing was the position of the orchestra—"The merest tyro in acoustics" would know better than put it at the end; why did they not root up the fountain, disturb the exhibition, and throw everything into disorder to please the *Leader*. It was very wrong, though we cannot but think that

a disordered stomach had more to do with the complaint than skill in acoustics.

The third grievance was that the horns did not sing in one united mass. "The males tried to be very prominent." We do not think that required a very great effort, seeing that they formed four-sixths of the whole chorus. Difficult as it is to produce a *comprehensive ensemble*, the piano and forte ought to be observed; the singers should recollect what "equal temperament" means, &c., &c. Then the "tempo" was bad, and there was a want of *savoir faire* in the band, and the singers were not musicians "*par excellence*."

The falsetto notes of the counter-tenor were "*false indeed*," (a pun from the *Leader*, and such a pun!)

"The turbulent tenors" came in for the next stricture; the Bass were fortunately spared the rod which demolished their brethren.

He next complains because he was not favoured with a solo for which of all others, the building was least adapted. Then notwithstanding his great reverence and devoutness, the applause of the audience was not obstreperous enough to please him. We always thought it extremely out of place during the performance of sacred music.

He winds up by giving several erudite observations on music, which he tells us he derived from a perusal of "Dr. Mark's able works," and there leaves us for the present. We trust he will take advantage of all the time at his disposal to inform himself upon the subject on which he assumes to speak. He may learn that a reckless sprinkling of French and Italian and wise saws gleaned from ten minutes' perusal of "Dr. Mark's able work," do not constitute a man a musical critic. If our singers are not "*musicians par excellence*," we have assuredly less reason to boast of our critics. With regard to this concert, we consider that Mr. Carter and his company were deserving of all credit, considering the hurried manner in which the concert was prepared. The gentlemen on whom the critic spends his wrath are not professional men, nor are they paid for the time and trouble they devote for the benefit of the public; and we suppose that they do not care to be held up to public ridicule, when they are working in a public cause. Taking into consideration the alacrity with which they came forward on this occasion, we think that they might have been spared the reckless and ignorant censures of the *Leader*. By joining in the diffusion of a taste for music amongst the people, we fail to see the propriety of heaping scorn and contempt upon the first effort made to place such performances as these within the reach of all. We trust that during the approaching winter some effort will be made to unite the factions into which our musical people are unhappily divided. Mr. Carter's energy and ability as a leader—even Solon of the *Leader* does not attempt to deny—and with the care which he bestows

in training his chorus, we expect to have cheap and well-rendered music, in spite of the carping of the critic who prates ignorantly of "light and shade, colouring matter, and expression" through the columns of the *Leader*.

### HISTORY OF CANADA.

BY BUTTERFLY BEESWAXES, ESQ.

No. 1.

I purpose to write the history of my native Province from the time when the first pine cone dropped into Canadian soil to the departure of the industrious floss from Toronto in the year of our Lord 1859. But before a chronological chain of facts be unrolled it will be better to enter upon a few speculations, highly interesting and philosophical, though perhaps too abstruse for the generality of our readers.

Of the original unity of the humane race we are too orthodox to doubt for a moment. How then was the continent of America peopled?

It is supposed by some that Rolley Poley, the great ancestor of the Indian race, and Bang Whi, his wife, sprung from the foam of the Falls of Niagara, but Dr. Wilson refuses to give his countenance to the theory, so we abandon it. Another account is that the above-mentioned chief was bathing in Behring Straits and left his clothes on the east coast of Asia. The policemen came down and roast-beefed him, and threatened to fine him for bathing before seven o'clock. Rolley Poley dreading the consequences of his indiscretion, swam towards the American shore, and having raised a wigwam there, went back and brought his wife over.

By some free-thinkers it is thought that the protoplast of the Indian race might have had a boat of his own at the deluge, and thus arrived at a destination far distant from the resting place of the ark.

Other authorities say that some Asiatic tribes finding their neighbours beyond bearing determined to be beyond Behring themselves, and finding themselves in great straits, instead of bearing the cross resolved to cross the Behring without delay. But even here they were not altogether contented for their leader is reported to have quoted Shakespeare's words,

Here we are in America, more fools we,  
For when we were at home we were in a better place.

His followers became enraged and roasted him for breakfast on a gridiron. From this circumstance some historians think that the peculiar flag of the Yankees was derived.

These and a few more speculations which will appear in our next will constitute the introduction to our History.

## ALL ABOUT THE GREAT EASTERN.

It is so long since we last heard from our friend, Joseph Gould, M.P., that we were extremely delighted the other day on receiving a very luminous account of the *Great Eastern* from our old correspondent. It will be seen that he differs in several particulars from the public at large, and from Scott Russell, her builder, in particular, and as a great authority on every subject about which he speaks and writes, we leave the public to judge between them. His account of the mammoth steamship is extremely opportune, being written just on the eve of her sailing for this continent. It is of additional importance as being the first description of her written by a Canadian, and is therefore without the colouring and exaggeration in which a cockney journalist would naturally indulge.

More-lies hotell in the Strand,  
Lundin, England,

My Ansbint friend,

aving arrove in Lundin and seen the grate eastarn, i Wright to giv u an acount of the Saim which I saw on manday last sennite. i shud premise By cumenting that i koncluded to Staddle navil Horticultoor or the Sience which deals in bildin Ships an vessels for sailin on Wawtur; and air not yet perfect, Butt ov wich i am now a proliso (proficient?) Scottard ov. i have observed in lif that too be klevor at anything u must studdy it, bee arnest and knot dawdel ure thyme in idolness an allopathy (apathy we presume Joseph mean.—Ed. G.) Sow i want in a dono accordin, wich acts. for mi Present gawulidge and superlority ov infirmashum, butt 2 mi subjek ov the grate eastarn ov wich u hav or koorse red ov. This giantick phrigait is about sickteen miles ov length moor or less seoperflous mesher an is neerly 2 yeres of old. The fast thing that strikes yur visionary organs is the grate altitudy ov the baloon deck from the sirsife ov the aquidity (we do not find that word in Johnson, but suppose it means water.—Ed. G.) wich it is a seerous blunder ov the constrictor becos if u phell from the top ov the Levithian a wood bee shoor to be drowned. the the bote air moorover to long in latitide for her brothd lengthways soo the will rowl konsederable and wollop the see 2 mutch an u will get O sick. Mi feeliak tharfur is shoo will bee a phaillyure and no goe. That ar a numerus quantum of curiosities in their phrazins, wich i will depict a fea ov. They hev 3 kab-stands on the dek wich air too go at atpence a mile fur pasingers to travers fram wan room too a nuther, in consequence of the altitood ov the dek they hist up the travelers bi a kraln an when Jon a mcdonald goes a bord they told mee they wood lif im up bi his neck an sufflicate him with the chane, wich i wood rjoise too servive seein with mi o'lar opticals. The main jib yard is soo wide as that in warm wether they will have a spread on it inlooding shampans and other spiritous lickers, an fullers want got intoxified in caso they may fawl over and annilistethemselves bi axialental soocide, wich are a suttile an sagacious plan 3 prevent ineebriusness. the bow-spritt is 2 mile long and they are to have five telegrafs an 2 post-offices on it to communicate with the bote in kase of ice-bor-goesen or other katistropes wich are fall to the mar-

inear, an they air agoe in' to apint nan but grite to the ophises:

they will orginise a fire brigand [brigade?] wich wil consist of 6000 men and forty-four ingins: but if a fire gits hold on the phrigait they will tuck a spring and let the burnin' part goe. Their air alreddy fore hundred onlconced grogers in ful blast they hadd a rumpuss in wan lo'other day an they kawled out the polisse and red the Ristary Actt an their Kadise sent 'loven on 'em to wurk at the furnasses a pitchin in wood for a month, wich is harder than Guvner Alaq at his boardin bows; they kaul the grate estarn punishment in latin *ligno-facture*, wich wurd i kopiedd fram their jail-books wich menses piling in of wood.

A big pariters or gardinal of the most eckeque: set exoterics, an nther native flowers for pick-nicks, but mutch better than Sunnyside, sum where about Toronto. A tremenjus lot is fensed in fur growing grass for the Ka'le, much bigger nor mi Kow pasture in Ontarier, an a big mountainous plaica for tredin gotes fur growin gote's milk fur invalidated and convalessent peple.

The wust trouble will be, that the bote is soo long that it will bee sunday at the'ough and atterday at the stern, and they'll be singin psallums and hymns in the folkell, while they is patin juby and singin nigger songs on the quarter deck; wan good thing they been and doo, they aint goin' to allow no lawyers, nor attorneys, nor bailiffs, nor no uther Filistines of that sort: the only honest lawyer I ever new was the Onable Mowatt, an I don't no alltogether about him, least ways yet a wile. Wal, I guess i better draw my lubrications (lububrations?) toa koncloosin, becos yer readers will be tired of my diertubes and prolongthead discours, wich i hav exosted a nite in composing of it. I'm troo to the party as the needl to the south pole, and wicy werys. Kepe me posted up on awl questions' of the day, and don't let me slip behind on nary one. Mi afeeking regards to inkuring friends, an my luvto yere gal, Misses Grumber as is to be, wich i hope will be a prosperous matrimonial spekerlation. e plorribus urum dis majorum genturum vi et armis [wich i cogged from the lating gramer.]

Yuro and sotery,

Jo. Gould.

pe. es.—I yere that hed ls going hum, wich i hav from respectful sources, wich i am glad, and soo Good Bye. poke up The dishonest modrates.

Jay. Gee.

## GRAND SCOTTISH GATHERING.

One of the greatest events of the present week was the Grand Scottish Gathering in Toronto.—Prompted by the duties we owe the public we wended our way to the scene of the games, and hasten to lay before our readers as concise and graphic account as is consistent with the truth. After paying a fee of 25 cents we were admitted into an enclosed field containing a great number of people, principally sons of auld Scotia, a few of whom had donned their holiday dress by *doffing* their breeks; this to some may appear absurd, but we have it from reliable authority that it is the truth. The fine manly health-giving games were being proceeded with enthusiastically though slowly.

Amongst the competitors for honours we noticed a great number of our Provincial politicians and not a few of civic dignitaries of Toronto. The contests were all spirited, and the eagerness of the contestants was only equalled by the enthusiasm of the spectators. Neil O. McIntyre, Patron of the Society distributed the prizes to the successful aspirants to athletic fame, accompanying each presentation with appropriate and judicious remarks.

To Geo. E. Carrier was awarded the prize for the Paabourchier, or grand Skirl—the pipes of this player were unapproachable in their shrillness and continuity of tone and deserved the prize, a picture of the tea table at Windsor.

George Brown—was the only successful man at tossing the caber and a hot scotch at the same time; both were clearly thrown, "bottoms up," with ease. Prize, a mutchkin of whiskey.

For high leap, J. Sheridan Hogan was winner, as was generally anticipated from his well-known facility in jumping the fence, acquired during last season.

In vaulting, Mr. John Watson, the wine cellarer, earned the laurel—his vaulting was very superior.

Palen, the City Bellman, beat every one at quaiting, *ringing* his quait every throw.

The prize for curling was awarded to Bantley, hair cutter, who used the brush with such dexterity he lead the rink almost every time. The ice was rather inferior.

In Archery—Jno. Duggan drew the longest bow, Angus Morrison and the junior editor of the *Leader* contesting keenly with him, *all three shot well over the mark.*

Speaker Smith, who carried off the palm for the best dress, was superbly clothed in the Smith tartan and the other habilaments proper to the full equipment of a Highlander, and looked the embodiment of what a perfectly dressed man should be.—Prize, three peacock feathers.

No further prizes were awarded, except for Scotch Poems, in our next issue the successful poem and the most worthy of the rejected ones will be published, as well as all other interesting items concerning this grand gathering.

## THE R. CANADIAN RIFLE BAND.

We understand that in a week or two the R. O. Rifles will be removed to Montreal, and of course the band will go with them. During their stay in Toronto, we have been considerably indebted to the latter for the readiness with which they have come forward to perform in public, whether for charitable purposes or for the entertainment of the public at large. We have heard that, previous to removing from Toronto, they have some intentions of giving a farewell concert. Some of them have large families and can ill afford the expenses which are incidental to their removal, and which are of course only partially defrayed by the military authorities. We trust that they will give the citizens this last opportunity of hearing them, and that the people of Toronto will come forward handsomely to testify in a substantial manner their thanks for the pleasure we have so often derived from their excellent performances.

BOB MOODY AGAIN.  
 INCREASING NOTORIETY.  
 The Balloon Font Knocked into the Shade.  
 BLONDIN NO WHERE.  
 THE WATER DODGE.—WALKING ON STILTS.

Captain Robert Moody, who lately made a grand balloon ascension from Toronto, the details of which were fully published in a former number of our paper, has, we have been reliably informed, devoted his attention to the construction of an apparatus for walking on the water, which it is said will, in a few years, when its value becomes perfectly known, entirely supersede everything in the shape of water craft. The mammoth steamers, which the enterprise of England's Merchants is fast building up will become useless hulks. The "Great Eastern," the first of the gigantic class, will be the last. She may make a few voyages and be wondered and gazed at on account of her immensity, but when compared with the great invention of Robert Moody, this greatest achievement of naval architecture will sink into deserved insignificance. Utility is the grand desideratum in all modern inventions, and in this particular the *Aqua-pedo* surpasses everything yet invented or likely to be invented for the next century.

The apparatus is simple in construction, and when attached to the body appears like stilts. The stilts or leg supporters are made hollow, for the purpose of containing food for a long journey. By an ingenious combination of hardware in the shape of hinges, diminutive larder doors can be opened, and salt junk and other provender drawn forth *ad libitum*. The ornamental portions can be detached at the pleasure of the person walking, and transformed into a water-proof bed, the importance of this will be soon when we inform the public that a pedestriean can accomplish with the assistance of the *Aqua-pedo* the incredible feat of walking 60 miles a minute, a velocity never equalled by our swiftest race horses nor railway trains. The most boisterous waves will not cause any detraction from this swiftness, as the machine glides over the foam with as much ease as over the calmest water. A person living in Toronto and wanting to travel, may go to the uttermost ends of the earth and back within three days time, by purchasing one of the wonderful aquapedos. After adjusting the apparatus to your feet at Tinning's wharf, you jump on the water, make a few quick movements with the feet, and away you go like an antelope, through the eastern channel down the lake, drop in at Kingston, take a cocktail with a friend; then down the River St. Lawrence to Montreal, where you take a rest, and lay in provisions (for you can't get anything good at Quebec,) out through the gulf you go in the broad blue sea, and press on as swiftly as possible till you find the gulf stream, then detaching the still ornaments you unfold a water proof bed, and after hanging a light out at your bed head to frighten the sharks away, and taking a quiet horn you subside in the arms of Morpheus, and wake up in sight of Liverpool in the morning, having been carried straight to your destination by the currents. Thus the journey round the world may be accomplished with the greatest facility, and ocean steam-

ers run off the track, or sold to the Hottentot princes for palaces. Captain Moody will give a public exhibition of the powers of his *Aqua-pedo* some time next week. The Firefly will convey passengers to the island on that day for the last time on Moody's account, the Captain knowing the revolution in shipping about to be affected by his invention, cunningly sold his interest in steam-craft before announcing it.

THAT FLAG AGAIN.

Old Double is still harping on the flag! In yesterday's issue it again bursts forth in the old lament:—

"The Governor General" he says, "has struck his flag: No symbol of the Empire is left—the only one of the Province is at the Custom House! our higher orders are to be found in the meanest Corporation that ever got into the Council chairs of a City."

Poor old funkney! it cannot get rid of the sad theme; it has lost its sap, and refuses to be comforted.

Willing to spare the poor lady every unnecessary pang, we strongly urge upon the Mayor the propriety of positioning the Governor to leave behind him that precious bit of bunting. He can surely live without it; the *Colonist* will evidently never survive its loss.

But after all, it is not so much the loss of the flag which affects the *Colonist*, it is the "loss of society." The old lady with due humility, wants some one to look up to. She thinks a Government ball and the "fixings" of a vice-regal court "a beautiful and useful form of nature," and bewails the loss of them. We regret that we can devise no remedy. Common people will doubtless live and talk, and marry, and die much as they did before. The early train which carried off the glory of Toronto disturbed the slumbers of very few people in the city. But *Old Double* is by no means a common old woman; she has her pride and her little foibles to be pampered and satisfied.

Poor old lady, she "wants somebody to look up to." With what a greedy eye she looks upon the improved fortunes of Quebec and Ottawa. There will be a court and government offices, and pap flowing into the hungry maws of ignorant and unappreciating Frenchmen. Still, grateful for past favours, she is anxiously looking like a faithful dog for the stray crumbs from the Lower Canada tables. The Governor General's good parts are so delicately portrayed, his purity, elegance, truth, honor, dignity, refinement, &c., &c. Even the spies of the *Globe* have not discovered a spot in the vice-regal sun. The most astonishing feature in the Governor's character, is that he surprises old acquaintances with *further developments*, a peculiarity which we thought pertained to the "New York Herald" and other American papers, after a great Bardell or DeMorbais case. But the *Colonist* is not alone in its funkneyism, "all classes of politicians in Britain" have been dazzled by the sagacity of Sir Edmund Head, and everybody here is confidently expecting that he is to be the recipient of a peerage. Why in the world do not the proprietors of the *Colonist* get rid of the old fool, who is making himself and the cause for which he writes, a laughing-stock wherever the paper is seen. Why James himself would be ashamed of such miserable and humiliating trash. The man who can degrade himself below the funkney, must have lost the last vestige of all that is manly and dignified in our nature.

TO ARMS! TO ARMS!

With trembling hand we snatch up the pen to announce the terrifying intelligence we have just received from a highly respectable source. The invasion of Britain which has caused such a panic among the people there, is about to take place if it has not already been consummated. The army of the Frenchmen with whom we have fought and bled on the Crimean plains, our informant tells us, are about to land on the shores of England. We have no doubt that the Duke of Cambridge is in a perfect fever of excitement, and telegraph messages are being despatched every moment to Baron De Rottemberg whose valuable assistance would doubtless be indispensable. The invaders were expected to land at Dover and march forthwith upon London, which they felt confident they would take in twelve hours from the time of disembarkation.

They appear to have escaped the vigilance of the channel fleet, much to the disgust of Sir Charles Napier, who was last seen swearing and jumping about, like an inmate of Hanwell.

We have no doubt that the calamity would have been spared our native land, had old Charley been the Admiral of her channel fleet. All that is left to us now, is to hope in the valour of Englishmen to beat back the tide of invasion. We have no doubt that every Kent and Sussex ploughboy will rush with pike and pitchfork to repel the invaders. We always thought it would be so, we always said to our most intimate friends, that before three months as sure as pea-pods are not crocodiles, Louis Napoleon would be playing the deuce with the navies of the north of England. With a sagacity characteristic of us, we felt that no confidence could be reposed in Louis Napoleon. His conduct on the Italian question proved this; and if we had any doubt it was removed by a private autograph letter we were favored with from Victor Emanuel. Addressing the *Grumbler*, he told us that "Hooley Walker was going his rounds," and he implored us to send a hint to Palmerston "to pay attention to his oculars," or as we say in the vulgar tongue, "to mind his eye."

We were true to our country, and urged the matter on Pam without success, however, as it has unhappily turned out. Well, we shall hear by the next steamer how the Duke of Cambridge has acted, and how near to the Bank of England and the Mint the French had reached.

Let us hope for the best, but in the meantime, we have every reason to fear a similar assault on our own shores. The arrival of a new French Consul, and the shout of acclamation with which he was received from this. We must be on the alert. The Court must be put on a sure footing; the Highland regiment must be scoured and polished up a little; and Captain Brooke had better send his sword to be sharpened, that the enemy take him unawares. Everybody should be trained to war, for we know not how soon we may called to fight for our beef-steak and cordwood. Every one to the muster!

P. S.—Since writing the above we have received a note from an informant to say, that he had been sold and had unwittingly sold us. The invasion forer of which he heard so much in France, was caused by the unwelcome departure of the renowned inventor and agent of Dr BUNIONSTRA'S PATENT VERGEBLE UNTOUCHABLE, NEVER-MISSING CORN, AND BUNION EXTERMINATOR. They are the only invaders of England at present, and Sir Charles Napier was merely wrathful because he could not find them to extract a corn on his little toe. That, being the case, the highlandmen may leave their kilts in lavender till they get further orders.

**THE WEATHER.**

We have received a perfect flood of correspondence concerning the coldness of the weather, and have been asked hundreds of the most extraordinary questions about it, by old maids, bachelors, gay epistlers, widowers, and all sorts of people. As it is physically impossible for us to reply to them all by post—most of them modestly requested us so to do—we “take this opportunity to write a few lines, hoping to find them well, as this leaves us at present,” and to tell them we are not personally responsible for the frigidty of last week’s atmosphere, nor have we sufficient influence with the clerk of the weather to bring on more genial airs. We beg at the same time to assure our readers and correspondents, in particular, that we will exert ourselves to bring about as pleasant a state of things as is possible. At this latest stage of the proceedings, however, we are afraid that nothing can be done until the opening of spring, we will then be unceasing in our endeavors! and we think we may safely predict they will be crowned with success early in June—till then we hope the public will have patience, and not swamp us with unnecessary letters. We think the following selected from our list contain everything that need be asked:

No. 1.

PLEASANT ROW, No. 6, Tuesday.

DEAR, DEAR GRUMBLER,—What shall we do to get rid of this nasty cold weather? It has spoiled our such a duck of a Pic-nic, after everything had been so pleasantly arranged. I am sure you sympathize with me; couldn’t you tell us when there will be a fine day, do their’s a good fellow.

Yours truly,

AMINA SOLL.

P. S.—If you would tell me who you are, I would invite you, and we would have a nice flirtation.

No. 2.

WEDNESDAY, 14th, 1859.

To the Editor of the Grumbler.

Is it a fact that the coldness of the air during the last few days is attributable to the conduct of the citizens of Toronto, in giving the cold shoulder to Sir Edmund Head on his departure for Quebec?

Yours truly,

AN ENQUIRER.

No. 3.

ROSSIN HOUSE, Wednesday.

Ma. GRUMBLER,—Say I come up here cos I’ve ben told your autumn were the finest time of the year, but Caesarea if this are what you Canucks call fine weather I’m off to New Orleans in the morning.

Good bye ole boss,

MADISON STRONG.

No. 4.

TERAULEY STREET, 12 Sept.

Too Editor of grumbler,

I kno wot makes the wether cold, bob moody is gettup a Beloon, and is going to quabek. & Saint Antony he has been made ar-raujemens with by whisselin, which the salurs does to get wind, and has bro: the eastern kurrants which Styner he learned bob moody about, to blow him and his beloon down quick, Saint Antony been a papist wouldn’t do it at first. Bob Moody

bein a Orangeman but bishop Sherabunnelly he was got by Bob and told Siat Anturacy that it was write, which Bob is agoin to leave the Oringmen (therefor and get the bellou: blessed and carry loby water. I knode wich I told him that there belloun would turn Bobs head & he’d never do nothin rite again, wich can be sene,

Ures

TOM WIGGINS.

DEAR GRUMBLER,—As the cold weather is obnoxious to some people, the following recipe which you can make known to the public, will be found an invaluable and reliable thing to keep the blood warm.

Recipe:—½ a table spoonful of white sugar, 1 gill good brandy, (pale or dark) 2 gills boiling water, mix with a spoon, to be taken as often as required.

Yours in jollity,

BILLY SWING.

**THE PRINCE’S VISIT TO CANADA.**

The following letter from the Prince of Wales to John Duggan, Esq., was picked up on Wellington Street. It removes all doubt as to his Royal Highness’ visit to Canada, and even at the risk of offending the modesty of the worthy barrister who was favoured with it, we cannot withhold it from the public:—

THE BABS ROCK, SCOTLAND, }  
August, 24th, 1859. }

MY DEAR SERGEANT,—

I am so tired after climbing to the top of this strong pince with Sir Hew Dalrymple that I seize the few minutes’ rest I am obliged to take, to write you a short note to say that I am really coming out to Canada. You recollect that when you last dined with me at Windsor, my mamma consented that I should pry you that long promised visit; however, I thought yesterday that “the fat was in the fire,” as they say in the kitchen, for I was told that if I went out I must stay at Government House. Now that would be rather stupid for me, as your friends from Canada say that the only jolly thing Head does is playing at rackets; but as they are packing off to Quebec I can do the civil to him and Tom Ross also, who I am told is Deputy Governor, and then off for a spree with you. I know you’ll give me a quiet shake down on the parlour sofa, which is all I want.

It is only for your sake that I am going to risk my neck in Canada, so I hope you’ll introduce me to Van, Herrick, and all those other “bricks” you used to talk so much about after dinner. Who is this Bob Moodie that I hear so much about at home; Dalrymple says he never saw him at Government House, when he was in Canada, and I cannot find his name in the Navy List; is he one of Admiral Fortin’s Horse Marines?

Is George Brown a jolly character? does he keep good sherry? or is he such a milksoop of a fellow as you used to say he was?

How about McIntyre, he sends me a copy of a shabby paper called the *Leader* now and then, with a lot of stuff about the Highland Society. Now as

I go about in kilts occasionally myself I should like to know something about the matter. McIntyre tells me that he is to have the next vacant judgeship, is that the case?

Remember me to old parlez-vous Cartier if you see him. Good bye—old Dalrymple is waiting to trot me over the rock.

Yours with dignity,

ALBERT EDWARD.

To ——— Blazes, Esq.,  
Toronto.

**HO FOR A STRAIGHT JACKET.**

We step the press to notice an alarming leading article which appears in this morning’s *Colonist*. It is so frightfully suggestive of lunacy that we trust Dr. Workman, who has very opportunely returned to Canada, will see to the poor old woman at once. We copy it *in extenso*. It is headed “The Question answered,” and runs as follows:

“Query by the *Globe*: Do the Reformers require office?”

“Echo answers—Reformers require office! require office!! office!!!”

Alas! alas!! Mrs. Gamp has lost the last vestige of her reason. The departure of the Governor General has left her inconsolable, and she’s “gane clean daft.” We always thought she was weak-minded, but we did hope that she would be spared the loss of the very infinitesimal quantity of reason she possessed. By all means let all edged tools (pens included under that term, if possible) be at once removed from her reach, and if the fit returns do some one apply the straight jacket. Shaving the head would do her no harm, though poor old lady, the capillary covering of nature has almost deserted the heated cranium of the hapless witch. To keep her in a good humour we give her the answer to an original echo of our own, and none of your common ones at that, for besides answering the question it gives advice:

Editor of the *Colonist*,—Who is never out of trouble?

Echo,—*Old Double*, send the editor to the Asylum and have him well secured in a straight jacket.

Bring on your echoes, and beat that if you can.

**COOPER’S OPERA TROOP.**

We are extremely glad to hear that before the close of the next week this talented company are again to appear before a Toronto audience. They need no introduction from us; the names of Miss Milner and Messrs. Cooper, Cook, Bowler and Radolphsen are well known in Toronto by this time, and we trust they will receive even a heartier reception and a more general patronage than they did during their last engagement.

**ACCIDENT.**—In consequence of an accident which happened to the press last evening, the publication of the *Grumbler* has been several hours later than usual.