

# THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. 2.—NO. 20.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1859.

WHOLE NO. 72.

## THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1859.

### THE COLLEGE AVENUE.

We have heard it currently stated that unless the Council order the further progress of the work to be stopped and the fencing to be removed, the people will take the matter *sans cérémonie* in hands themselves.—*Colonist*.

We shall see on Monday evening what course the Council will adopt and we trust they will be closely watched by every friend of public health and recreation in Toronto. The *Colonist* gives a report of one threat, we have heard of another to which we may as well give publicity. One of the civic Vandals threatens that if either by a vote of the Council or by popular indignation the fences are removed, the trees in the Avenue shall be girdled by way of revenge, and thus if the people's grounds are not destroyed in one way they shall in another.—All we have got to say to these selfish creatures is, let them try it, that's all.

We have already stigmatized this abominable job as it deserves. A more rascally invasion of the rights of the people of Toronto has never been perpetrated, and we only wonder that the obnoxious barriers have been allowed to stand so long. The Avenue is, we believe, the finest public walk on this continent. It was reserved years ago for public purposes by the wise forethought of the University authorities; it is the only promenade we are ever likely to have within a reasonable distance of the city, and it will be a lasting disgrace to Toronto if jobbery and scheming aldermen and Councilmen are permitted to rob us of its advantages.

The University Senate, we believe, expressly secured the Avenue and grounds as a public Park for ever, and we can hardly see why the first step to its desecration is allowed to be taken.

If this boasted Reform Council were true to their pretensions, these noble grounds so long neglected would have been cleared and trimmed, and sedulously guarded as the poor man's refuge from the din and trouble of the outside world.

The course they have taken proves that after all their lavish promises they are but too ready followers of their predecessors, while in this respect they have improved upon the lessons of selfishness they received.

Alderman Sproatt, one of the noble spirits at the head of this movement, gives as his reason for voting for the job, "that as long as the children are allowed to play in the Avenue, the trees cannot live," in other words, that the best way to preserve the Avenue is to destroy it, the surest way to save the trees is to cut them down.

Noble public spirited Sproatt, paragon of Aldermanic sagacity and prudence! We cannot envy your feelings.

We are weak enough to feel pleasure at the sight of the merry little faces we see beaming there, with the delight children, pont up in the hot and dusty town feel when they escape into the fresh air and gambol amongst the trees and on the soft green turf; it shall not be our fault if their play ground is destroyed.

We shall look carefully at the division list next Monday, and we promise the Vandals, one and all a notoriety which they may neither covet nor expect.

### SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.

At a back-wood feed, dedicated to the virtue and patriotism of that illustrious gambist and bill-broker, John Cameron, M.P.P., a novel feature in after dinner procedure was introduced by a Mr. Hudspeth. Whether we may attribute the innovation to the strength of the alcoholic comforts provided, or to the desire for novelty characteristic of a new country, we cannot say, we merely state the fact as reported in the newspapers. The chairman proposed "The Queen," a toast which, of course, was received with all the honours. "Mr. Hudspeth," says the local paper, "responded to the toast."

The strangeness of this new Lindsay custom may of course recommend it to the general public who indulge in public dining, but at the same time we must confess that it will seem *outré* to our unsophisticated tastes in Toronto. We should scarcely be able to restrain our laughter, if we heard a country harriester haranguing a back woods audience after this fashion:—"On behalf of the Queen, I desire to return my sincere thanks. She is very much obliged to this distinguished company for the overwhelming compliment you pay her, and trusts by zeal and attention to business to merit a continuance of your good opinions. I feel highly flattered in being permitted to constitute myself her Majesty's representative, and I can assure you that I and the Queen are sincerely gratified."

We never heard anything richer than this, except perhaps an incident which occurred at the same feast, putting up a parson to reply to the toast of the "Army and Navy."

If they are really so hard up for "millagatory" in Lindsay, we can afford to send them a whole batch of Lieutenants and enigns, and if they promise to take good care of him, we do not mind throwing the Count into the bargain.

Do tell, we want to know.

—How is it the *Globe* has no word of reprobation for the rascally attempt to cut up the College Avenue. Is it a settled maxim in King street west, that "Reform councils can do no wrong?" Let us have a little light on the premises.

### THE PEACE.

From our own correspondent at the late seat of war, we have full advices concerning the pacific arrangements between France and Sardinia. He informs us that the armistice was entered into at the express request of the Emperor Francis Joseph, who sustained such heavy losses in his larder, from the extreme precision of the French artillery, that he was obliged to resort to a cessation of hostilities to recruit his culinary stores. From most reliable sources, our correspondent has gained accurate accounts of the damage sustained.

Four Lager beer barrels have had their heads staved in.

Three, it is confidently stated, are in a precarious and highly dangerous situation, from the loss of bungs and hoops.

Bologna sausages have suffered dreadfully. Crackers entirely exterminated.

It is quite impossible to ascertain the slaughter in cheese, but from all accounts, it is stated to be fearful.

The various other nutriments, together with the adjuncts, mustard, pickles, and salt, have been entirely annihilated.

The Emperor of Austria demanded a truce of 40 days, to bring on more lager beer from Vienna, as he felt his valour fast, leaving him, from want of his national stimulant. The ever obliging and considerate Napoleon, immediately on hearing the distress of his imperial foe, consented to a truce, and invited him kindly to take *pot-luck* with him at Villa-franca.

The meeting of their Imperial Majesties was very affecting, Napoleon received his distinguished guest with extreme warmth and courtesy, his Majesty of Sardinia, however, showed a disposition the "north side of friendly," and got angry with his august ally, for wasting Champagne on a beggarly German.

The conversation naturally turned upon the dreadful loss of life sustained in the late engagements, and the Austrian Emperor bewailing much the loss of his lager and crackers—Napoleon consoled him by remarking that he was very sorry that the necessities of war compelled him to damage the heads of the imperial beer barrels; he would be very happy, he said, if without loss of honor he might direct his balls in another direction and the liquor to make its escape through the natural vent. Then said Fran. Joseph if you say you are sorry for the loss of my beer I am equally sorry for the loss of men I have occasioned you. Then their Majesties shook hands, and imbibed again. Napoleon deeply regretted that he should have caused such injuries to his dear cousin of Austria, Francis Joseph was sure he was, and for his part he would gladly embrace any opportunity that would make them friends.

My wish exactly said the Bonaparte. Peace. I wish my empire peace.

Francis Joseph—And I for peace let us drink to peace.

## REITH.

One of our poetical editors has burst forth into the following strain on the flight of Mr. Reith from his nest in the Grand Trunk Railroad. Our readers will remember that the above gentleman's attempt to reduce the already meagre salaries of the G T R officials resulted in a general strike, which brought Mr. Reith to his senses:

Along the line the signal ran,  
Directors expect that every man  
For smaller pay my beauties;  
No matter what his salaries be  
Thirty dollars a week or only three.  
Henceforth shall do his duties.

Along the affrighted rail  
Loud cries the ears assail  
"Take ten per cent away!  
Long be the wretch to blame,  
If to him it's all the same,  
To shan't curtail our pay!

But Reith goes on his course,  
Collects no man's purse,  
But clips from engineer,  
Conductors, brakemen, all  
Whose salaries are small,  
Without remorse or fear.

Dear was reduction bought,  
All 'gainst the robbery fought,  
All hands struck off their duty,  
And if Reith had been caught,  
There wore feathers and pith hot  
To mar his manly beauty.

When at last the Scotchman found  
He'd got into the pound  
He set about resigning,  
The interests he'd come to improve  
Were not helped the more,  
But actually pining.

But when the President found things so,  
And found reduction was no go,  
And Reith's plans wouldn't take root he  
Sent Reith off to right about face,  
And then confessed with first-rate grace  
That the officials had done their duty.

## CONSTITUTIONAL CHANGES.

It is now a good long breathing time since the *Globe* hauled down its former flag, which, like Joseph's coat, was of many colors, and went in for "constitutional changes." Since then we have given the subject attention. We have read both sides, both in our metropolitan dailies, and in the penny whistles of the backwoods; and we have come to the conclusion that the following constitutional changes are necessary:

In the first place, a constitutional change in the present unconstitutional hard times, is imperatively demanded by unanimous Canada.

Secondly, a constitutional change in the present high rate of rent is demanded, especially in Toronto.

Thirdly, whereas nearly all our present public men succeed by humbugging their constituents and the public generally, we want to see some honest men in Parliament.

Fourthly, we want to have the duty taken off cigars.

Fifthly, we want the duty taken off newspapers.

Sixthly, we want a grateful country to bestow a pension of a thousand a year on ourselves.

Seventhly, we want nothing American in our laws or politics.

Eightly, we want to see the Goths and Vandals

who planned the mutilation of the College Avenue, hanged as high as Hamen.

Ninthly, we want to see all snobs blown from those Russian guns in the Avenue.

Tenthly, we want to pay no taxes.

Eleventhly, we want free drinks—that is public drinking fountains.

Twelfthly, we want to see a regular subscriber who pays for his paper.

All these things, and many more constitutional changes we want, and when we say "we want them" we mean that everyone capable of knowing what want is, wants them. As regards the "constitutional changes" the *Globe* wants to cram down our throats, it is evident that the public would prefer the "constitutional changes" we have proposed above to them any day. Who would not rather see the root reduced, than see a written constitution; and who would care a fig for a dissolution of the union, when he could dissolve his untaxed sugar in his punch, and smoke his cigar in peace and plenty at home?

In conclusion, we appeal to everyone of common sense, whether the "constitutional changes" we have proposed are not more to the purpose than "written constitutions," and such American stuff.

## CHURCH AND STATE.

We hear that the new Bishop of Huron has taken some very bold steps in modification of Colonial Church Government. He has attempted to found an ecclesiastical court, possessing, like the ecclesiastical courts of Great Britain, the power of subpoenaing witnesses, and all the other prerogatives of civil courts. How can he hope to carry out such a measure in times like the present, and in a Colony like this where the connection of Church and State has been irretrievably dissolved.

Hadn't Bishop Charbonnel better establish a court of Inquisition, with himself as Grand Inquisitor, Dr. Tumblety as a general Executioner and Torturer, and R. M. Allen as Solicitor. We had better go the whole hog at once, get up a court for every religious sect in the Province, and when we find ourselves irremediably buggled, set fire to the *Mazazine* near the cemetery, and blow the Province to blazes.

Is it so.

— It is rumoured in quarters from which we usually receive reliable intelligence, that the real, though not the ostensible, reason why Napoleon III. has brought the war to so abrupt a termination is, that Count Holliwell preemptorily refused a Marshal's baton and the command of the army in Italy. If this be true, of course the Emperor's sudden desire for peace is sufficiently explained.

Hard Times.

— We read in the columns of the *Freeman*, that "the R. C. Bishop of Bytown requested the *Freeman* to be discontinued on the plea of economy." What do our readers think of the Bishop economizing two dollars a year! We hope that his lordship's idea of economy, will not be generally adopted. It would ruin the newspaper business. However, if the truth were known, his Lordship had more substantial reasons than his economy for discontinuing the *Freeman*, and of course he was right.

## THE FASHIONS.

We certainly are not particularly nervous,—at least we think not. But within the past few days we have been amazed—amazed, did we say? No, on second thoughts, we have been dumfounded. We saw—and our hands tremble as we pen it—we saw that, by the last letter from that world of fashion, Paris, it is stated, that in future thirty founces will be necessary in a ladies dress! Just picture it, all ye susceptible, love-sick youths. What a fate will be yours, should you ever be accepted by some "lovely fair one!" Thirty founces to a single dress; and before a single year runs round, that single dress will inevitably be accompanied by perhaps, four or five others of the same outrageous dimensions. And where is all the "ready" to come from? Is everybody going to get suddenly rich? When the thirty founced robes come into fashion here, of course no young lady of pretension and discernment, will allow herself to be docked of a single founce. It will be thirty founces or nothing. Twenty-nine would be discreditably—twenty would be unfashionable—and every one less would be one step deeper in vulgarity! Besides the thirty founces however, your money, fathers and husbands, is destined to find another outlet, or rather, perhaps, inlet. "One thing is certain," say the heralds of fashion, "the elaborate ornaments lavished on undergarments—nothing like it, was ever known before. The delicate tucking and insertion, and ruffing and puffing, with microscopic embroidering—it is perfectly bewildering!" So—that's the way the dimes must go—is it? And "nothing like it was ever known before,"—and "it is perfectly bewildering!" We vow we never knew anything like it; and when only this blessed summer we made love to our adorable, and the raven hair, and dreamy eyes, we never suspected anything about thirty founces—not we. And we can only say in conclusion, that another thing is certain; viz. that the introduction of those elaborate ornaments into this vain city, will cause a sensation, the like of which was never known before. The explanations and recriminations, and ruination which will ensue, will be perfectly bewildering.

Complimentary Pic-nick to Lieut. Hollivell.

We beg to call attention to a complimentary Picnic about to be given to Lieut. Hollivell on the occasion of his leaving for Quebec, by the R. C. officers and men of the Toronto Field Battery. On Thursday, 11th of Aug. next, his numerous friends will thus have an opportunity of bidding him farewell, on the occasion of his retirement from the scene of his present labours. Further details will be given through the press and in circulars. We wish the affair all possible success.

Royal Lyceum.

— We cannot take notice of the performance at this place of amusement, until sufficient apology has been offered by the Manager for the impertinent note which he addressed to us last week.

Further news by the Whangdoodle.

## THE TORONTO FIELD BATTERY

Returned from the seat of War!!!

HURRAH FOR YOUNG CANADA!!!

GREAT PROMOTIONS!!!

Cull and Holliwell Exalted!!!

[Particulars highly interesting to Canadians. Major General Cull has been appointed to the command of the Empress Eugenie's body-guard, and has received the Cross of the Legion of Honour, and the thanks of the Emperor. But at the earnest entreaty of Count Holliwell he has consented to visit Canada in six months, when, it is thought, the Empress will accompany him, for the purpose of visiting the Toronto esplanade and the Victoria Bridge.

She also expresses a wish to dine with Councilman Finch.

Count Holliwell has refused a Cardinal's Hat and the Dukedom of Tuscany, but has consented to lead the Sardinian ministry in the place of Count Cavour. A picnic is to be given to him by his friends previously to his leaving for Europe.

General Patterson was taken prisoner by sixteen Austrian heavy dragoons, who, mistaking him for Victor Emmanuel on account of his moustache, made a desperate onset upon him.

He was not captured till he had slain ten of his assailants, with the assistance of no other weapon than a Bologna sausage, with which he successfully beat out their brains.

He was conveyed to Vienna with all possible despatch, and on account of his supposed rank, was fed on lager, sour crout, and ice-cream; but as soon as he was discovered to be a Canadian, his diet was cut down to rump steak, onions, and brown stout. After remaining in duance vile for a short time he made his escape, and ran with such speed that he must now be within a mile of Brook's Bush.

We trust our volunteers will turn out to escort him safely through this den of iniquity.

We regret to say that Lieut. Frank John Joseph was captured by a fier of the Austrian army, who sold him to an Algerine corsair, and his duties now are to fill pipes and mix grog for the quarter deck.

The enormous sum of three cents in silver is demanded in ransom for the young Christian by the inexorable Mussulman. We understand that a subscription has already been set on foot by the ladies of Toronto, whose benevolent exertions will we hope restore him once more to the bosom of the School Committee.

The minute particulars of the conduct of the Battery in action are not forthcoming. The precision of their gunners was, however, much admired. On the morning of the battle of Solferino, Major Gene-

ral Cull, after having charged and levelled several haystacks, brought his guns to bear on an old baro, which, towards evening, yielded to the canonading, and gave up its garrisons, consisting of three rats, to the violence of the infuriated gunners.

The Emperor Napoleon, who was watching him from a distance, was so delighted with his dexterous movements, and indefatigable exertions, that he sent his aide-de-camp to him with a bundle of cigarettes, which the general received with a courteous wink.

During this time the Count was not idle. He threw the enemy into confusion by capturing five Austrian milkmaids, whose wares afforded a supper to his men. After this we find him in hot pursuit of a lame jackall, who held in his jaws the head of Sergeant Gray, who we are sorry to say perished in that dire conflict. Peace to his ashes. More minute intelligence will be received by the *Catawampus*.

The colony should feel proud of the honours which her brave sons of guns have won for her.

## A NIGHT AT THE FLOWER SHOW.

BY A RUM 'EM.

On Thursday night, being the 28th of the month of July, 1859, in the 23rd year of her Majesty's reign (I like to be particular in dates,) at eight of the clock, post meridian, I sallied out alone from my rooms, (to wit, an attic considerably skyward,) to see the flower show. I was dressed in irreproachable peg-tops, collar *au chien*, immaculate black coat, and dusky kid gloves, made up for daring deeds of gallantry and love. To introduce myself properly to your notice reader, I am what is called "a banty" by profane adolescents, that is to say, a human specimen somewhat below the average height of the animal, but I flatter myself not ill-looking. I boast luxuriant black hair, a woman-slaughtering moustache, with whiskers and goatee to match. Thus munitioned, I started for St. Lawrence Hall. Disbursing the comparatively small sum of 12 cents, I was admitted to the horticultural exposition.

Immediately I was the envid synosure of all eyes, across the hall, I espied my adored Clotilde passionately inhaling in her neatly chiselled nostrils the odoriferous effluvia of a horticultural specimen of the rose species. She elevated her optics. I paused in the pursuit of floricultural pleasures and threw a glance so spasmodic, that I bobbed my chin into a cactus. I started for my adored in the twinkling of a nose-key, but vain are human hopes—I was instantly drowned in crinoline, and stuck fast like a Mississippi scow on a snag. Resigning myself to my fate, I proceeded to vent my admiration on a plate of prize gooseberries with which I made free to an extent which, however agreeable to myself, would doubtless have proved too severe a task on the endurance of the proprietor, had he been by. Advancing, begirt by crinoline, to the flowers, I took a squint at the "Ruschia Top of-the-walk-ina," and the "Dahlia-none-such-opa," and the "Rosa Fragrantissima." To my delight I saw that flower named, for its purity and gaily of colour, "Pistula Gramblerosa," and one somewhat failed in its odour, named, "Corporationia Bloweria."

Had a floricultural, arboricultural, agricultural, and horticultural conversation with Mr. Councilman Pell, whereby I was much edified; retired with full confidence in the Chairman of Public Walks and Gardens. Paid my respects to Clotilda, whilst sliding down the passage. Promised that as we neither of us could stop by reason of the presence from the rear, to meet again in the next turn. Examined the vegetables, thought the rhubarb rather big, carrots red as o'er, and turnips moister than ever. Saw a fine specimen of the "Onionetta Lachrymosa," exceedingly prime. Heard a great noise in the gallery; was told that it was music; but had no ear for music that night. In my thirty-fifth walk round the hall, had three minutes rapturous conversation with my seraphic, but my joy was put a premature stop to by the approach and collision of about thirty square feet of hooped skirt. Went along with the tide, but succeeded in landing among the white currants. Halted for breath, and examined my topographical situation, and personal appearance. Finding my collar *au chien* in a dilapidated appearance, and my beaver considerably indented, and spying my Clotilda's angelic corporeity sliding through the door, I made one desperate lunge at the crowd, and finally emerged from the sea of crinoline, darted down stairs, found my Clotilda grappling the brachials of another, got drunk in self-defence, ascended wearily and slowly to my attic, slept away the sorrows of the night in dreams of flower-pots full of crinoline, and promenading the geraniums. Such is "a banty's" experience of the last flower show.

## A Drunken Opposition.—

—"The truth is what the politicians of the opposition school want sadly is a little sobriety!"—*Leader of yesterday.*

We think this is a reflection which Her Majesty's loyal opposition ought not to stand. If the charge was simply that once on a while the opposition went on an intoxication, it might be borne; but when it is boldly charged that the opposition *eadly* want a little sobriety, the conclusion to be drawn is that they are *always* spificated. We hope that there is no good cause for this assertion; and that it is nothing more than a libelous assertion on the part of the government's organ. However to set the matter at rest, Mr. Gurnett ought to question every drunkard brought before him as to his political creed, and then we should soon find out its truth or falsehood.

## Curious Instance of Forgetfulness.—

—"They [the opposition] forget that the new nationalities are not born of the smallest potatoes which a country produces."—*Leader of the 29th.*

No nor of the largest—we should imagine. Besides we never heard of a potato giving birth to anything, much less to a nationality. When a man does anything which his friends don't consider "the cheese," to use a phrase, they don't hesitate to designate the act as "small potatoes;" Sometimes by a wrenching aside of the grammar a man is called "small potatoes;" which clearly shows that the popular prejudices is not in favor "small potatoes" producing anything great. The opposition are so lost to common sense as to imagine that nationalities can be raised out of small potatoes. If such a kind of potato exists, we should like to try a couple of hundred thousand bushels for seed.

## THE YANKEE INVASION.

ARR.—“*The Blue Devils.*”

March, march, Goodwin and Hollowell,  
Why, my lads, diana ye forward in order,  
March, march bold Cull and Paterson,  
All the lean Yankees are over the border.”

Many a table spread groaning with buttered bread,  
Glasses and bottles are placed in good order;  
Mix'd and make ready you, some of the mountain dew,  
Drink to the Yankees over the border.

Come from the hills where your lean backs are grazing,  
Come from your beer and your bad alcohol;  
Come to the shore where the loasters are gazing,  
Come with a howl, a screech, and a bawl.

Let waiters be working, beer bottles uncorking,  
Scur round the whiskey down with the fodder,  
Jonathan many knight, shall tell of the bloody fight,  
He had with the Canucks whom over the border.

## EXTRAS.

“As unintelligible as an extra” is a maxim that ought to obtain in Toronto, since there never yet was an extra issued that was in all parts intelligible. During the past few days numerous extras have been issued, and from them we clip the following intelligible sentences, which are supposed to contain startling and important information. The first item is meant to convey an idea of the effect produced in England by the information that peace was signed:

“The result of the treaty is generally *distracted* in England.”

Probably it was the Printer's devil who was *distracted* and not the “result of the treaty.” Since it is rather hard to imagine “the result of a treaty” being *distracted*!

The next is an announcement concerning bread-stuffs:

“Flour very dull, and French was offered at a reduction.”

Was it Mr. French that was offered at a reduction? or the French nation or simply French flour?

Here is a specimen of what printers call *pie*. It is supposed to be the *Moniteur's* explanation of the sudden termination of the war:

“The great neutral powers exchanged communication with the object of offering their mediation to the Belligerents. Their first act was to be armistice but the Emperor to bring about this result, was not successful until some days ago, when the French fleet was about beginning hostilities against Venice, and the new conflict before Verona was eminent.”

After getting this off its stomach the *Moniteur* is again reported to say:

“It was sacred duty for two Emperors immediately to suspend hostilities which mediation could render objectionable.”

“The Emperor of Austria has shown similar intentions, if armistice was concluded.”

We are sure that the *Moniteur* is not responsible for the bad grammar at all events. As regards the first paragraph, we cannot imagine how mediation could render hostilities more objectionable than they really are. But here comes a stunning piece of news, probably culled from the same paper:

“The basis of peace are the Arabian confederation under the honorary presidency of the Pope.”

By this it would seem that the war was indeed

assuming gigantic proportions, when it extended from Lombardy to Arabia. No wonder Napoleon thought it high time to dry up. In the following paragraph the sex of the King of Sardinia is suddenly changed:

The Emperor of Austria concedes his rights in Lombardy to the Emperor of the French who transfers them to the King of Sardinia, but she will form an integral part of the Italian Confederation.

And not only is he summarily changed into a she, but the poor King is made an integral part of a confederation. The King is a plucky little fellow, and we don't think he'll stand such treatment. After this unsexing operation, the extra proceeds to create a new general, probably to make up for some one that had been slain in print.

“The Emperor of Austria was accompanied by Gen. Hesse, Grunne, Mollner, Kollensheim, Roming, Schlottee and Others of the Staff.”

We never heard of General Others before. Probably he is some relation of that other general, also is said to have commanded the Austrian armies of late, we mean General Confusion.

According to the rule that two negatives make a positive, a new complexion should be put on the armistice from the following paragraph:—

“The Emperor faithful to his sentiments of moderation, and anxious to prevent useless effusion in blood, did not hesitate to assure himself whether the disposition of the Emperor of Austria was conformably to his own.”

The *Times* is reported to have published the following nonsense:—

The *Times* says that Venice must hope that her independence will not be a mere name, and that influence with France and Austria united will not be more unbearable than to rule Austria singly.”

We think, as the case is thus put, it is “six of one and half a dozen of the other.” The following is said to be the peroration of the same article.

France is meant by the she:—

“Yet, on the very summit of her ambition, she renounces that France has spent fifty millions sterling and fifty thousand men only to give Milan a Piedmontese instead of an Austrian master, and to establish the Pope in a temporal dignity even beyond his imagination and capable of extension.”

This is a new way of renouncing the pomps and vanities of this wicked world. Here is a concise summary of what took place in the House of Commons, since the sailing of the last steamer:

“In the House of Commons on the 11th the Government guaranteed a Red Sea Telegraph Company was debated on a motion to postpone the confirmation of the guarantee was generally conceded too late to cancel the contract.”

In the first place we are told that the Government, guaranteed a telegraph Company. We wonder how it was done! The next branch of the information can be read over at the leisure of the reader until he understands it, when he is requested to make a note of it in his diary. Garibaldi is thus spoken of:

“It was said that Garibaldi was about to issue a proclamation, and it was considered doubtful if he would *lap* down arms.”

From all we know of the brave fellow we are inclined to the belief that he will *lap* up his arms.

These and many more quotations which we could make if we had time, will bear us out in reiterating that the maxim “as unintelligible as an extra” ought to obtain in Toronto.

## RECKLESS JOURNALISM.

The *Globe*, taking advantage of the recent examinations at the Model School, to “pitch into” Dr. Ryerson, indulges in an indiscreet attack on what it calls the “normal concern.” It says:

“There are very worthless paintings, and some very trumpery statuary, in the Educational Department already, the collection of which in Europe must have been attended with many “casual advantages” to the ingenious Doctor. The proposed School of Art will furnish another opportunity. Who imagines that it will be neglected.”

Did any of our readers ever visit the museum attached to the Normal School? If they did, they would see that the paintings are far from worthless, and the statuary far from trumpery. We believe that the paintings and statuary are copies of the best works of art extant, and the collection instead of being worthless and trumpery, is valuable and worthy of admiration. It may not be all that a connoisseur could desire; but it is a credit to the Normal School, and we hope that it is the nucleus of a larger and more valuable museum.

If there is one draw-back, which we feel as Colonists more than another, it is the want of proper objects to direct our tastes. The fine arts are known to us but by name, and it is only by nurturing such institutions as that of the Educational Department of the Normal School, that we can ever hope to acquire correct taste, and also to send forth from Canada, sculptors and painters to win laurels from the world.

It does not require much wit to find out that the secret of this uncalled for attack on the Educational Department, is the fact that Dr. Ryerson is at the head of it. The Doctor and the Editor-in-chief of the *Globe*, have had a quarrel, and now if the Doctor blows his nose on the wrong side of the street, he is supposed to have some “casual advantage” in view. The public are tired of this old story, and we scarcely think that even the Doctor's bitterest enemies will thank the *Globe* for depreciating one of our best institutions simply because “Leonidas” is at the head of it.

'Guts.

—Speaking of the late Horticultural Exhibition, the *Globe* perpetrates the following:—

“It was self-evident that none of the flowers which bedecked the tables were born to blush unseen.”

This is evidently meant for a joke. However it is not possible that the flowers would be brought to the Show unless they were first seen by the gardener, so that there is not much fun in the *Globe's* joke after all. The Eclipse.

—Do any of our readers know what event the eclipse of the sun on yesterday foreshadowed? If they do let them mourn in secret. If not let them not tell any body.

## BUSINESS NOTICE.

The Steamer *Zimmerman*, we are glad to observe, resumes her regular trips on Monday to Niagara, Lewiston, &c. She will make two trips per day, leaving the Custom House Wharf at 7 A.M. and 3 P.M., connecting with the Erie and Ontario and New York Central Railways. We can cordially recommend the *Zimmerman*, and her excellent master, Captain Millroy. The hot weather and dusty travelling on the railways makes this route a preferable one for travellers going east.