

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. 2.—NO. 12.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1859.

WHOLE NO. 64.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coat
I rede you tent it;
A chieftainin' you takin' noice,
An' faith, he'll prent it.

SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1859.

WANTED, A CRISIS.

Who'll aid us in getting up a Ministerial crisis? It is really too bad that after all the spasmodic efforts of the *Globe* and his costant allies, nothing results. We cannot but think that a little gratitude should be shown Mr. Brown for the alarming sacrifices he has made during the last few weeks. Responsible Government, which used to be so near his radical heart, he has forsworn for ever; elective governors and coroners which were erewhile so distasteful, are now essential to the weal of this hapless Province; rep. by pop., the dear object of six years' wooing, is now so hateful that American institutions are not merely tolerable, but absolutely lovely. Now, if a far-seeing, confiding politician can so far yield his dear first love as to take to his bosom what was once so hateful to his British heart, some return is surely due from a grateful people. THE GRUMBLER is so impressed with this important fact that a determination has been come to, to show our gratitude to the Gritish Chief. J. A. Macdonald, we address you first. By all that's respectable and honest, why don't you resign? If you would only surrender the Upper Canadian leadership, George Brown and we other Grits might stand some chance. Why wont you seek the sunny climate of the South, and leave the world for us and Brown to bustle in? And then they keep us in such a state of suspense. We have heard that McDonald and Vankoughnet are anxious to resign; and that Foley and Connor are eager to take their places;—do relieve us of our pain and let us know the worst. The Grits want no written constitution, they only desire a few months' tenure of office, shall they not have it? The *Free Press* groaneth therefor; the *Hamilton Times* panteth for the want thereof; what's to be done? Dear Sidney Smith, we appeal to you. By all the fame THE GRUMBLER has bestowed upon you, do resign your onerous duties. Fear not, lest an ignorant member should disgrace your proud position; we have bespoken Gould. In him you will have a successor, at whose proud eminence in learning, even you will not blush.

And thou, Vankoughnet, hero of the hat, the old hat, why lingerest thou in the dark vales of office? Fifty briefs and a new chapen will spring forth to hail with loud acclaim thy return to the bar. Leave that dreary Council and that drearier administration, and make way for Rymal, the true Crown

Land Commissioner. Let us, to tempt you all, submit a ministry which will certainly meet the exigencies of this awful occasion. We feel that the perusal of the whole list will disarm criticism, and allure the hateful Moderates to submission.

Let us suggest, of course, Mr. Brown as Premier and Inspector General; Mr. Shortright look to the Public Works; Mr. Rymal whose country wanderings with equine quadrupeds of the male sex, would amply fit him for the situation as Commissioner of Crown Lands; Mr. Gould, that erudite Ontario as Post Master General; Mr. Hogan's long standing at the bar would well fit him for Attorney General; Mr. McIntyre would make a most spiffy Solicitor General; Capting Moody as First Lord of the fresh water Admiralty; Count Holliwell as Adjutant General, with a seat in the Cabinet. Of course we leave the Lower Canada members to be chosen by "my colleague," Mr. Dixon. Now do let's have a general explosion. The times are so very dull, that unless some ministerial row speedily occurs, everybody will die of sheer exhaustion. The *Globe* is laudably working in the good cause, and *Old Double* on the other side is working as well as she can; why not have a healthy commotion? Huzrah for a Yankee Congress, "Sticks, Buchanan" and "lobbysing." Bribery and democracy for evor. Down with respousiolo government!

WHERE IS THE LIE?

In these times of rumoured discontent in the ranks of the Opposition, our contemporaries are giving some prominence to the oracular sayings of the French Canadian Press. The *Hamilton Spectator* has treated its readers to an epitome of the attacks made in certain Journals upon the liberal French members of the Uppar House. Among other oddities, it quotes the following strange charge from the *Courier*; prefacing it with the remark, "The *Courier* is thus bitterly personal:"—

"Mr. Desaulles is he, who give the lie to the Scripture asserting the world to be 20,000 years old."
Monstrous, isn't it?—but where is the lie? We have read the book of Genesis some, and for aught we can see, Mr. Desaulles might assert the world to be 60,000 years old, and still not contradict Scripture. If the French Canadian Editor of the *Courier* had read his Bible (if he has one) a little more attentively, and had taken a few elementary lessons in Geology before he proceeded to sum up Mr. Desaulles' misdeeds, he would not have made the above speculation a capital charge against him, however rough he might have handled other of the Hon. gentleman's opinions.

Do the *Mutons* ignore the science of Geology? Let the *Globe* answer, because if so, the *Grumbler* will join it in insisting upon a dissolution of the Union within the year.

With the aid of the *Grumbler* what could not the *Globe* effect.

When fast Young Gents by some strange folly.

When fast young gents by some strange folly
To drinking whiskey punch are led,
Till quite too full—oh! melancholy,
To find their own way home to bed.

Let them not seek the fault to cover,
To hide them from policeman's eye;
The best thing when one's queer all over,
Is in the gutter—still—to lie.

VICEROYAL DOINGS.

His Excellency was seen on the ground, taking sketches, on Sunday. Being one of the "dignitaries," however, we suppose that was all right. The distinguished party returned to Toronto on Monday.—*Prescott Telegraph*.

On Sunday His Excellency assisted at Divine Service in Christ's Church (Church of England) the Rev. Mr. Lauder officiating.—*Ottawa Union*.

What a mass of gossip have we here. Let us disentangle a few distinct facts from the general conglomeration. We learn:

- 1st. That His Excellency was at church on Sunday, and that,
 - 2nd. He assisted at Divine Service;
 - 3rd. That he was seen taking sketches on the same day, and that too
 - 4th. On the ground.
- The *Leader* tells us moreover that he refused to go to the Excursion to the Chaudiere Lake on this particular day, and this makes a fifth item.

What a day His Excellency must have had of it. He must have spent an hour in the vain effort to prevent his ministers from going on the perilous Sabbath excursion. Then he had his sermon to review, for, as the *Ottawa Union* says he "assisted" at Divine Service. Then, after Service, his uncomfortable time on the ground, while the questionable sabbatical recreation of sketching was going on. Then the anxious time spent in watching for the boat containing his careless and irreproful ministers. But let us investigate our proofs with care. For the refusal we have the adamantian foundation of the *Lead*'s word of honour. The fishy testimony of the *Ottawa Union* about the assisting is corroborated by the word "dignitaries" as used by the *Prescott Telegraph*. Put this and that together, and it's clear that His Excellency is an ecclesiastical dignitary, and therefore d.d. really assist at the Divine service on the Sunday in question. As to the sketching, we charitably suppose that His Excellency sharpened all his pencils the night before, and will therefore excuse this venal offence. But how was it that His Excellency was allowed to be on the ground. Were the citizens of Ottawa too sanctimonious to let him have a stool on such a day. Why did not Hon. Mr. Osley cast his sartout Kaleigh-like beneath the viceregal corporosity, and save the province from the affliction of a viceregal rheumatism. We do not believe that His Excellency could have been sitting on the cold ground. Not a bit of it.

Whore Rosina rears his body tall,
[I mean th' hotel we Rosina call,
Once on a time—no matter when—
The funniest of funny men—
Giacco with—of course—a welcome call,
The Bote: Rosina dining hall.
No ordinary man was he,
A Frenchman—could he fall to be
Conspicuous among the throng
Which lured the dining tables long?
No Sir,—in state more solemn for
He sat, than Great Mogul or Czar.
The very darkey 'hind his chair,
Deemed him a man of mark and care.
He sat in state—but was not he
Follie as *politese* could be?
Guess so—Not once would he request,
Darkey to bring a slice from bicast
Of chicken, turkey, lamb, or goose,
Until benignant smiles broke loose.
I thank you, Sir,—if Monsieur please,
Fell from his lips with graceful ease.
And had his head a *chapeau* on it,
That would have raised—depend upon it.
[Reader, 'tis solemn truth I sing,
In "bows" my hero beats a king—
The flattered darkey in a tice rare,
Both here and there for such a nice man;
Fetch'd this and that, and quick display'd
The varied graces of the trade.
At length my hero deemed a glass
Of wine would aid digestion pass
The work with which it had been tasked;
So smiling sweet, he sweetly asked
Darkey if he would kindly deign
To bring a bottle of champagne.
"Oh yes, Sar,artin," quick replied;
Sambo, but still his sable lids
Moved not,—my hero thence infer'd
His meek request had not been heard.
So gently signified again
His wish to taste their best champagne.
"Yes, sarfin Sar," again replied
Sambo, but still his sable hide
Moved not,—perplexed, uncertain he,
Cough'd'! h'm'd'! and turned uneasily.
Surprise and anger now combine,
"Monsieur I've asked you twice for wine."
My hero thus with louder tones,
And eye more stern his wish makes known.
"Yes, Sar, but—but Sar," breathing hard,
"Your honour has not given a card."
"A card!—for what?" "Please Sar, don't blame,
I—I don't know your honour's name."
Anger gave way to wounded pride,
And once methinks my hero sighed,
Not know his name,—(was grief profound,
He deem'd each knew the table round,
But quick he raised his eagle eye,
Placed thumb in breast with dignity;
Upraised his chin—let one hand fall,
Then spoke—the sounds ran through the hall—
"SIN I'M THE MAYOR OF MONTREAL,"
Sambo was struck—within his hand
He held a plate—no soul could stand
Unmoved announcement so sublime—
Crash! went the plate in shortest time.
Upraised the whites of both his eyes,
Upraised his arms in grand surprise,
His bosom swelled—was struck he stood,
Like statue carved in stone or wood.
At length one single sentence fell,—
"Good gracious is it possible!"
I pause!—to tell, it is not mine
How quick my hero got his wine;
How long he ponder'd o'er the notion
Of Sambo's undigested emotion.
How quickly gathered round his chair
Toronto's wealth—Toronto's fair;
How quickly how Sir Edmund head
To offer him free board and bed:
How swelled his heart with honest pride,
When feted—almost deified,
Felic such as those hot readers guess 'em,
And if they can't—why then God bless 'em.

(Carrying out our iden of securing the services of the best writers of this or any other age for our journal, we effected an engagement last night with the celebrated Oliver Cromwell.) It may be objected that Cromwell was not, nor consequently now can be, a good writer. But as regards that, all we can say is, that formerly that gentleman wrote with a *steel pen*; now he writes with a *goose quill*. Does any goose see a joke? Oliver wrote the following article in thirty-three seconds by a stop watch. The subject, he said was one that interested him very much when he was alive.)

Is killing murder? The question is: one of the *gravest* importance. We do not mean to ask is the killing of a policeman, a bailiff, or a mad dog murderer? Such questions admit of but one answer. But we mean, to ask in all soberness and earnestness,—is killing murder? Is it murder to put forth our hand and take the life that we have not the power to restore; and this, too, in a wanton, cruel, and deliberate manner? Is it murder for you, being armed with deadly weapons, perchance with a glimmering taper in your hand, to meet your enemy in the dark, and then and there brutally, cruelly, and wilfully, and of malice aforethought to kill, murder, and destroy your enemy? If such be murder,—then we confess that we are murderers.

Is killing murder? It is said that murder will out. The ghostly dead, arrayed in their pale shrouds, have ere now left their unhallowed tombs, where their rotting remains had long been hid, and affrighted and convicted the guilty wretch whose bloody and sacrilegious hand had deprived them of sweet life. Conscience, it is said, will not suffer the murderer to rest. The hum and excitement of the busy day may drown the warning voice, but when darkness comes down, peopling the air with ten thousand hideous figures, and silence steals along, filling the air with dying shrieks and piteous groans; then when the distracted wretch sees fiery eyes glare on his inmost soul from every side and hears on every hand a thousand voices damning his guilty soul to black perdition,—then he will confess. Yet we would ask,—

Is killing murder? The guilty sometimes go mad. The horrors of the final tragedy haunt them. The furies get hold of them. They writhe in desperate agony with their inexorable tormentors, and in the struggle uttering reason is overthrown. Then they dash their guilty bodies to the ground, and tear their mutilated flesh against the iron bars of their dismal prison houses. Their wild, unearthly cries fill the midnight air, and affright even the wolves. Their persons are frightful to behold. Fearfully do they suffer for their crime. Yet would we enquire—

Is killing murder? If so we are murderers. Last night, as the midnight hour thrilled from the topmost turret of the Town Hall, we wound our weary way to our own cheerful chamber,—a bludgeon in one hand, a candle in the other. A dark object crossed our path. "Ha!" we exclaimed; "we know you! our ancient enemy! Prepare for death!" What needs it to describe the bloody and determined combat. In a short time our enemy lay dead, crushed, and bleeding at our feet. "There," we exclaimed again, "so perish all ——— cockroaches. Is killing murder?"

Throughout the past week several benefits were given at the Lyceum, which drew a fair attendance. On the occasion of Mr. Base's benefit "Young Hearts and Old Heads," one of M. Bourcault's pieces, was produced. This piece, although containing many good parts, is very weak. Many of the characters are overdrawn, and are as unlike real life as possible. The elder *Littleton*, with the Yorkshire accent is an instance. The piece would have passed off much better, if several of the leading actors had not forgotten their parts,—a most reprehensible practice.

Miss Davenport appeared as *Nedea* on Wednesday night, and as *Julia* on Thursday night. On both occasions she was warmly applauded. Miss Davenport was most telling in those strong passages with which both pieces abound. Many of the tender soliloquies were delivered in a masterly manner; but from the creaking noise made by the continual opening of the door leading to the boxes, they were half lost upon the audience. A pair of hinges and a yard of lining would be invaluable.

We should have preferred to have seen Mr. Leo as *Modus*. He makes a capital *Modus*. *Helen* was agreeably rendered by Mrs Marlowe. It gives us a pleasure to see the improvement of Mrs. Marlowe in characters of this kind, they being essentially suited to her. Her Irish characters are becoming very very good indeed. It would be a great injustice not to mention Mr. Herbert's *Fathom*. Mr. Herbert plays everything he takes in hand well.

The reception of Mr. John Nickinson on Wednesday night was very flattering. His appearance as *Delph* and *O'Dwyer* reminded us of old times. Both characters were rendered in Mr. Nickinson's raciest manner. Before concluding we must again urge on the stage manager the imperative necessity of a little more despatch. The curtain should fall on the last piece at a quarter or at farthest half past eleven each night.

"THE UPS AND DOWNS OF LIFE."

It affords us much pleasure to call attention to a lecture to be delivered in the Temperance Hall on Tuesday next on the above subject. Mr. T. Connelly is a gentleman who comes to us highly recommended, not merely by our neighbours of the States, but also by the press of Quebec and Kingston, where he addressed large and gratified audiences. Mr. Connelly is a young Irishman, and from what we have heard of his antecedents we have little doubt that his lecture on so attractive a subject will delight all whom our notice may induce to hear it.

The lecture is interspersed with readings from the dramatic and lyric poets, and as an additional attraction to our citizens, we hear that the President of University College, the Rev. Dr. McCaul has very kindly consented to take the Chair. We know that we do not mistake the taste and good sense of our fellow citizens when we bespeak a crowded hall and a hospitable reception for Mr. Connelly on Tuesday next.

REP. BY POP. HAS HAD ITS DAY;

ON THE NEW BATTLE CRIES OF THE GRITS.

Rep. by Pop. has had its day,
And so does every dog, Sir;
A lig for all concession, we
Must go the entire hog, Sirs.
The world moves fast,—Grits, no must we,
Things could not go much wronger;
We've tried to beat with Pop. by Pop.,
It can't be did no longer.

Newton may dream its "all serene,"
And Moderates bug their "picking";
Newton shall shake, and Moderates quake,
We'll give the knaves a flaking.
With monstrous sto, through thick and thin,
They scouted Rep. by Pop., Sirs;
Then Grits bo up, they've filled their cup,
For this the knaves shall hop, Sirs.

New battle-cries, new watchwords bring,
Now banners weave off slick, Sirs;
And then depend we'll quickly send
The Union to old Nick, Sirs.
Newton may rule if *Newton* choose,
In *Newton* land for eye, Sirs;
If one more year they squeeze us here,
There'll be the dooce to pay, Sirs.

Dissolve! dissolve! yes, that's the cry,
The Union's doom'd—that's sartin;
And as for why—that's all my eye,
And Mr. Botly Martin.

No 'tain't, by Jove, we quite forgot,
It's coe the *Globe* decrees it;
Grits that's enough—don't cut it rough,
But about "dissolve!" to please it.

The British system has been tried,
And wanting has been found, Sirs;
The antiquated, worn-out thing,
Is doom'd too well to bound, Sirs.
The *Globe*'s a best within itself,
And don't the *Globe* declare it?
Old loves, dear 'rits, make way for new,
Of course you will not spare it.

Yes, Rep. by Pop. has had its day,
And so has "Separate Schools," Sirs;
The world moves fast, and so do we,
The Grits are not quite fools, Sirs.
A written constitution now
Alone can save the ship, Sirs;
The fat is pronounced, and we
Must let the fat rip, Sirs.

New battle cries, new watchwords thee
Ye Grits before them fall, Sirs!
What though they may tend just the way
To Yankeeize us all, Sirs?
Hush! mum's the word—don't talk of that,
Of course the thing's a farce, Sirs;
We only wish *Astoria* to dish,
And Moderates send to grass, Sirs.

The British system has been tried,
And wanting has been found, Sirs;
But that's the fault of Moderato fools,
And *Newton*s, I'll be bound, Sirs.
If we vote in, and we could grasp
The varied sweets which cluster;
Od rot it, Sirs, it's likly quite,
The system might pass muster.

NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

IRISH—Whiskey, fun and fighting.
SCOTCH—Toddy, oatmeal and siller.
ENGLISH—Beer and beef.
FRENCH—Frogs and fine clothes.
CANADIAN—A little of every thing.

A wery bad pun, indeed.

Why is George Brown like John McLean?
Because he can't get a repeal of the Union.

THE GOVERNOR'S VISIT TO OTTAWA.

(From the Leader.)

On Friday the 28th, ult., (as we are informed by our reporter who was graciously permitted access to the vicerojal presence during the whole of the excursion,) the Governor General proceeded amid the affectionate and disinterested prayers of the loyal inhabitants of Ottawa, to select a site, for the permanent Parliament Buildings. It was first of all considered necessary by this conscientious and zealous ruler, to travel on foot over several square miles of the rich alluvial soil of the country in order to obtain an idea of the geographical relation of Ottawa, to the surrounding country. In one field, however, his Excellency's boots unfortunately stuck so fast in the ground that he was obliged to be lifted out of them, and abandon them; whereupon, the distinguished party pleasantly observed that the country evidently showed a preference for a permanent seat of Government. The distinguished party with his distinguished knock of suiting himself to circumstances, put on the boots of another distinguished party, the Hon. Sidney Smith, who humorously remarked that he had occasionally gone barefoot in his youth, but only for a lark, of course. When the eminent parties came in sight of Barrack Hill, his Excellency was heard to observe with *empressesant* "Dear me!" There was, after this, very little hesitation about the choice. "Barrack's Hill" was chosen for the Parliament Buildings, and a sister bill, called "Major Hill," was pitched upon for the Governor's residence. An illustrious party, (Hon. Mr. Vankoughnet) in that vein of original thought which gives such value to his abstruse speculations on the "weevil," suggests new names for these two highly favoured eminences, viz: "SHALL," and "WILL." His Excellency had said in making his choice,—"The Parliament Buildings SHALL be on Barrack Hill, and I WILL have the Government House on the other." What more delicate compliment could be paid to the philological tastes of a vicerojal party? We trust all the coarse ridicule of the *Globe* will not be able to rob these mounds of the names so illustriously conferred. At a quarter past four in the afternoon the distinguished party dined in a farm house; and it was observed and noted down by our short hand reporter, that his Excellency consumed with zest, four eggs, seven potatoes, and three bunches of asparagus, besides a beefsteak and trimmings. The country people were much delighted at this "frosk instance of the well known urbanity of their ruler." We beg here to contradict the report that the Hon. Sidney Smith insisted on eating raw onions, our vigilant and accurate reporter finds no mention of it in his note book.

Passing over the events of Saturday, we come to those of the ensuing Sabbath. With an excusable penchant for *la bagatelle* the mercurial companions of the Governor General started on an excursion to the beautiful Chaudiere Lake. His Excellency fearful of being a stumbling-block in the way of his weaker subjects, refused to go, and punctually attended Divine Service. After dinner it is true he was seen in the fields sketching, but our shorthand reporter who managed to look over his shoulder says that he was merely sketching a church, and that, too, a good Protestant one.

When finally the day came for departure, the distinguished party was escorted to the cars by a large number of the upper tandom of Ottawa, while many of the less aristocratic citizens followed enthusiastically at a respectful distance. The eminent parties arrived home safely, highly pleased with the success of their mission.

HURRY UP THE CAKES.

In an article on the war, the *Colonist* complains that reporters will not be allowed to travel with the belligerent armies, and comforts its readers therefore in this mysterious fashion:

"There is, however, no doubt but that the enterprise of the press will soon match itself against the strong will of the sword—and that means will be found for using the hurry to which armies are liable—not to say anything of the venality and desertions to which such numerous bodies of men must be subject."

According to this the Press is to "use the hurry to which armies are liable." One may take advantage of the hurry of another person, but how the Press will use "a hurry" for the purpose of using up the orders given for its banishment, is a mystery. This, however, is not all the Press will do. Something else is evidently hid behind the mysterious refusal of the editor,

"To say anything of the venality and desertion to which numerous bodies of men must be subject."

Between ourselves, it would have been just as good if the editor did not say anything about it. What is meant by this mysterious hint, we know not. However, it smells of blood.

MORE INVENTIONS IN FIRE ARMS.

The *Colonist* has the merit of discovering some new descriptions of fire arms, as novel as they are terrible. In an article on "New Fire arms" we find the following:—

"When we speak of fire-arms we would extend our allusion to other war appliances, such as ships, railroads, and fortifications."

When ordinary individuals speak of fire arms they are content to include guns, and pistols, and we will even allow the stage Irishman to call his shillalah a fire arm, inasmuch as it never misses fire. But when the *Colonist* condescends to speak of fire arms, it would have the world understand that it means "ships, railroads, and fortifications."

There is no accounting for taste, as the man said when he kissed his cow. But for our part we should as soon think of classing wheelbarrows, drays, and dog-houses as fire-arms, as ships, railroads, and fortifications. Has the editor any idea of how much powder would be requisite to fire off, say the Grand Trunk? We should also like to see some statistics as to the dimensions of the cannon that would be required for the occasion. We sincerely hope that when the railroad is being rammed home, the directors will not be forgotten. They would make excellent wadding.

Query.

—If as Mr. Brown predicted. an elective Legislative Council would destroy British Institutions, what will be the effect of an irresponsible executive, and a Yankee written constitution.

Hail, noble park, amid whose shady bowers,
Toronto's donzans spend their leisure hours;
Hail, College Avenue, that leads thereto,
Thy sylvan path must also lure its due;
Hail, waving pine and cypress trees in rows,
That do this stately avenue compose;
Hail, lawlorn hedge, whose prickly thorns immense,
Prevent our youth from climbing o'er the fence;
Hail, fence itself of rough pine boards unplanned,
Unwhitewashed oak, unpainted and ungrained,
Thy use to please not, but to keep out cows,
That on the hedges, trees, or grass might browse;
Hail, great park again, and thy environs;
Hail, great Russia's captured shooting irons,
Whose dangerous nuzzles point towards the town,
As if you'd like to blow the whole place down—
To raise your killings, for our brave militia's
Honour so truly, bravely, expeditious,
That ere an enemy could say be blowed,
From out your mouths they'd draw the deadly load,
Hail, three militia, our best thanks receive,
That thus you did our trembling fears relieve;
But spoke I not of guns, of Russian guns,
The sport and playthings now of all our sons—
See how the younger's gambol o'er the breach,
And in the bore adventurous arms down reach;
Precocious youths that leap to man's fourth age,
(As 'tis described in Shakespeare's classic page,
"Thrusting their heads in muzzles pointing south,
Seeking the bubble reputation o'er in the cannon's mouth.")
Hail to the Council, hail councillor Fell;
Hail, music soft, resounding thro' each dell;
Hail, rifle band, that instruments do blow,
From whence this rapturous harmony doth flow;
Hail, Jack Wooten, with the crockery jar,
Who gives us drink to those who thirsty are;
Hail to the crowd, who loiter o'er the grounds,
Hail o'er to those without its grassy bounds;
Hail to the rich, who come with coach and pair,
Hail to the poor, who come on shanks his mare;
Hail to the buller, who lead the beaus a race,
And make their poor hearts flutter like their face.
But hail, thrice hail, the chief of all this crowd,
Hail, thy huge peg tops, and thy dress so loud,
Praised by all the town, thou standest ennobled
Of all the noble swells, the loudest dressed,
May the just gods thy growing fame extend,
Wide as the "peg" in which thy knees now bend.

Knock it down.

—Describing a "scene" at the Police Court, the *Leader* employs the following expressive expressions. Somebody rushing to assault somebody else, knocked against somebody else's child. Our queer friend says:

"This roused Catherine's ire; her maternal pride was aroused and making a dash at Mary Cantwell knocked her completely at sea."

To be simply "knocked at sea," we would think bad enough. But to be "knocked completely at sea" must be the deuce entirely. Now to be "knocked at sea," every one will admit: it is requisite that the knocked, at least, should be at sea. The knocker might be anywhere he pleased, provided he could only reach the party of the second part. And as it is a trifle over six hundred miles to the sea from this, we cannot understand how the party of the first part could knock the party of the second part at sea. Then it could be equally absurd to imagine that Catherine Blank could knock Mary Cantwell to sea from Toronto. If such a prodigy of strength could be accomplished, it would be the best *cant* Mary ever got. On the whole, we must conclude that the only one at sea, was the writer of the "scene" in question.

A COOL WAY OF OBTAINING ONE'S CONSENT'

To the *Colonist* belongs the merit, among other important discoveries, of finding out that the man who is politely required to deliver either his money or his life, acts with his own consent in parting with that which he thinks least valuable. Ridiculing the rumour that the American Government had been asked to demand the surrender of Dr. King on the ground of his having been arrested in the States, our venerable friend says:—

"Besides it was his own act to return under the fear of his brother-in-law, who held at him a loaded revolver, and was brought away with his own consent—thus obtained."

Somebody remarked that the use of words was to hide one's ideas. But the *Colonist* seems to think that the use of words is to show that it has no ideas to hide. Supposing that some infatuated highwayman was to meet the editor of *Old Double* some night when he is going home late, and holding a loaded revolver to his head, was to commit the egregious blunder of remarking that he would blow out his (the editor's) brains if he did not instantly promise that he would reform, and write none but sensible articles in future. Now in case the editor should be weak-minded enough to give the required promise—would he imagine for a moment that he was acting with his own consent, and of his own free will? If he would—he has the strangest ideas of coercion and intimidation, that it ever entered into the heart of man to conceive.

Has any body Read my Book.

—A man signing his himself Henry Taylor (who it appears wrote a book) writes a letter to *Old Double*, on the subject of the "Federal Union," in which he sagely observes, "that the Atlantic Telegraph will soon be in operation, and in that case the British North American colonies would be brought so extremely nigh to England that a representation of them must soon take effect."

If it would not be an impertinent question we should like to enquire of Henry how nigh would the colonies be brought to England in the event of the Atlantic cable being laid? His mode of expressing himself is like that of the country man who avorted that the telescope he was looking through, brought a certain church so nigh him that he could hear the congregation singing the psalms.

A queer place to plant grapes.

—Speaking of the Provincial Exhibition Building at Montreal, the *Colonist* of the 1st inst., has the following nonsense:—

"There is a fountain within the building, and the whole circuit of the interior has been dug to a depth of two feet, and a width of about three feet, as a preparatory step to the planting of grape vines."

Whoever heard of planting grape vines in the interior of a fountain! Probably the committee who are responsible for this original idea, imagine that by planting the vines in the interior, the fountain will throw up jets of wine; thus realizing *Volstaf's* dream of "Brooks overflowing with sack." If by any chance the above quotation means that the interior of the building—and not the fountain—is to be planted with grapes—why the deuce did not *Old Double* say so.

THOSE RUSSIAN GUNS AGAIN.

To Triumph! genious as triumphed! A second victory less glorious perhaps than the storming of the Malakhoff, but decidedly unequalled by Alma or Inkermann has been achieved by a Chief of Police, two constables and fourteen R. C. Rifles.—At three, the obstinate ten tons of Russian iron yielded to the Canadian tackle, and British mettle again vanquished Russia. It was three on a bright afternoon.—Captain Prince walked round the ordnance like a chaig of life. Serjeant Major Cummings, the silver banded gazed benignantly on all. The swarthy Rifleman, with the sleeves of their undergarments rolled upward to the elbow, hauled majestically, at the ropes. *Actum est*, it was did. And as the evening bells chimed seven hours after noon, Shedden's wagons bore the precious trophies up the dusty hill. Oh! if Nicholas Czar late of St. Petersburg, Esquire, deceased, could have gazed on the Custom House Wharf, how his Russian soul would have shivered with anger, at the victorious Britishers. Six richly caparisoned steeds, gaily decked with flowers and mounted by several gallant blue coated purchasers of soap-grease drag eye trophy-laden wagons through the town.—The gallant Captain of the Zimmerman with trustful soul lendeth the flag and staff doomed to the early scarpeth. No strains of martial music charm the sorely baited nationality of the heavy ordnance, Russia was insulted through her iron, but no provoking brass roared out a British triumph as they bore them to their last abode. And oh! that we should tell it, no Holliwell, no Count Holliwell adorned that dismal cortege. Haply the favours shown by the Czar have tamed his gorgeous British spirit, why, why, did he leave the vicious horse to Sergeant Cull? Surely treason has not found a harbour in his Countship's breast? Perish the thought! it cannot be; and yet he was not there.—Like Achilles he stood far aloof and gave his trappings and his horse to his Patroclus. And now the guns rest in the Park. Gone is the flashing equipage that bore them thither; but they shall stand a noble monument of Prince's skill and Holliwell's high dudgeon.

THE DONKEY AGAIN.

Since the close of last session we have diurnally encountered in the advertising columns of the *Globe* an engraving of a man holding up to view a square picture of a donkey. The features of the biped are unmistakable. The broad nose, and the twinkling eyes can belong to nobody but D'Arcy McGee; and the donkey is of course the junior member for Toronto. The whole thing represents the satirical triumphs of Mr. McGee over the donkey; his continual holding of him up to ridicule; and the deplorable aspect of the donkey under the cruel infliction. Why can't the *Globe* let the poor quadruped be. He can never enter Parliament again, and no doubt does not wish to do so. Let him crop his thistle quietly in his paddock. If the gibing little Irishman interferes with the animal he will find himself kicked over the fence, for even asinine endurance is not eternal.

A False Imputation.

—It is utterly untrue that, as our correspondent *Quiz* would insinuate, that the written constitution the *Globe* advocates, is a written summons from the Governor General to Mr. Brown to form a new administration, and a *carte blanche* to do as he likes.