

THE GRUMBLER.

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WHOLE NO. 63.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coat
I redc you tent it;
A chiel's amang you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it.

SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1859.

THE WAR!

Most of our daily papers have given vent to a series of oracular views on the War Question. It now becomes our duty to give our opinion on the subject in a manner that will set the matter at rest for ever.

It will at once be evident that this is not the first war which has devastated Europe. When Alexander crossed the Indus and fought with Zenghis Khan, and laid the foundation of the principle of the Balance of Power, Europe learned her first great lesson in warfare. When Hannibal devastated the Coast of Guinea, and fought with the natives of the Cape of Good Hope, driving the British settlers therefrom, Europe was much younger than she is now. But since several of the powers of Europe have joined in mortal conflict, it will be evident to every intelligent observer that a considerable expenditure of blood and treasure is inevitable, inasmuch as no great wars have occurred in times past without loss of life. But to come to particulars. Let us correct various errors which have been committed by our contemporaries, especially the *Globe*, whose knowledge of Geography seems limited to a clear recognition of the boundary line between the two Provinces. In the first place it must be understood that Marshall Radetzky has been dead for a short time, and therefore will not take charge of the Sardinian forces. Again, Napoleon III is not the same person as Napoleon I, but is a relation of his. Moreover, the River Po does not, as is generally supposed—though its name is familiar enough in English Society—empty itself into the Atlantic Ocean, but into the Adriatic.—France is not in alliance with Austria, but is opposed to that power. Austria has not yet obtained possession of Italy, but is supposed to be aiming at something of that sort. The *Leader* has fallen into the singular mistake of imagining that Alessandria is in Egypt. The difference between this Italian city and the Egyptian one, is that the spelling of their respective names is somewhat different, and that one of them was named after Alexander the Great, and the other after John Alexander McDonald. The *Colonist* has made a mess of the whole affair. It mistakes Verucelli for Vermicelli, and says that the Austrians would get a ticket for soup if they want there; whereas we think that Turin

(tureen) the place where they would be most likely to get such an article.

The *Globe* says that the opposed powers are very likely to have a *brush* at the Lago di Com(b)o. We object, most emphatically, to any such frivolous and heartless jests on so serious a subject. We object also to such a jest as that of the *Leader*, who says that "the Austrians were not in a hurry to take decided measures, and evidently did not consider Parma as quite the cheese;" and again, that "the Austrians did not care a *straw* for Tuscany, but were, however, setting their *cap* at Leghorn."

These few remarks on the war in Italy will set the question at rest, for the next week, and after the lapse of that time the public may expect something more.

OSGOODE HALL.

May, 1859.

BY LORD MACAULAY.

CHAP. I.

I purpose to write the History of the last Terms' law Examination from the entrance of the Benchers into the examining Room to the quashing of the last bodies of the "awkward squad." I shall relate the course of mistakes which alienated the heart of Mr Gwynne from the majority of the young candidates for entrance. I shall relate how some got drunk before the examination; how some got drunk after it. How young Muddlehead did not know his Euclid, and young Brainless was deficient in Geography; how young Smartboy knew both; how young Cramhard raised his eyes to heaven, in gratitude to his preceptors, who had early and late hammered the impracticable lore into his impregnable numskull. I shall narrate all this in the thirteen volumes which are to follow the present one. Let us first cast a glance at the scene of these momentous transactions. The West wing of Osgoode Hall resounds with unusual clamour. The stairs leading from the Benchers Room to Molloy's Saloon are crowded. Students and Benchers pass and repass incessantly. Here a youthful applicant for entrance slides slowly down the bannisters with his Euclid between his teeth. On the landing, seven brawny boys successively hold the "stamping machine" at arms length. In another place the patriarch Molloy keeps at bay five precious juveniles. They interrogate him closely. The questions are beneath the dignity of History to repeat. Within a Room opening on the landing, three youths are seated. Three thumbed books are before them; watch them. We shall return to them anon.

The harsh thunder of rusty hinges is heard. A stout door opens, and five youths issue from the presence of the benchers. Grief, despair, envy, fear, these are the passions which play successively

open the features of the released individuals. They are surrounded by a crowd of anxious inquirers.—"Wo were plucked?" was the only answer. "On Euclid?" "No, on Geography—Gwynne went heavily into the Italian war, and asked us what the Po emptied into. We knew it not. Wo were plucked." By this time, our three friends are in the presence of the Benchers. Heracles are given into their hands. Questions are put and missed in rapid succession. Still no cloud gathers on the face of the benchers. A pause succeeds. The Benchers take breath. Anxious looks are exchanged. The countenance of the inexorable Gwynne becomes corrugated like that of the scaly guardian of the Hesperian apples. He asks the momentous question "what does the Po empty into?" Two of the three faces blench. Four of the six knees tremble. Two of the unfortunates confess ignorance. The third beads forward and whispers his answer to the Examiners. * * * * *

* * * A glance of stupid amazement traverses the august circle, followed by a lively blush, and then by a horrified stare. One of the Benchers then said: "Young Man, you have perhaps erred through inexperience. Hush this matter up, and you may pass, along with your two companions." The young man wanted to pass, only to pass, to pass at any price. He signified his consent. The matter was apparently hushed up. It has since been let out it has become a matter of history.

(End of Chapter I.)

N. B.—Lord Macanlay will continue this work as soon as his Legislative duties shall permit.

PERFECTLY RIGHT.

The following sentence in a leading article in the *Leader* is so excessively true that we must immortalize the sentiment by giving it a place in our columns:

"When a prisoner is committed for three months, you have no right to convert the sentence into capital punishment, by inflicting a lingering death upon him."

The only objection we see to this statement is that the time at which the infliction of capital punishment by a lingering death expires is limited to three months. What is to become of prisoners committed for six months we should like to know if the right to inflict capital punishment on prisoners committed for three months is a disputed point, as the *Leader's* positive negative to the supposed affirmative assertion would lead us to believe it was. Following out the idea the *Leader* would seem to mean that imprisonment for two months should entail a punishment of being half killed; three months, sudden death; six months, roasting alive, with a choice of being flayed alive or compelled to read the back numbers of *Old Double* since the amalgamation.

CANADA RECONQUERED BY THE FRENCH.

TREASON! TO ARMS!! TO ARMS!!!

Reader, take it coolly. Before we raise the curtain on the scenes of our prophetic drama, we wish to enlighten you on one or two points. First, then, please learn that the time represented is the year of grace 1864. The Clear Grit howl is then supposed to have done its work, and patient Jean Baptiste has risen in his might to crush the insolent oppressors who have so long tyrannized over him. Brown, the slanderer of the faithful, is in the ascendant, and for two years has ruled Lower Canada by a majority of Upper Canada votes. Thousands of copies of a mysterious pamphlet entitled, "CANADA RECONQUERED BY THE FRENCH," and of a remarkable article by the same author, published in the *Canadien*, in the year 1859, have been industriously circulated among the much enduring *habitans*, and the storm fore-shadowed by them has burst in all its fury. Cartier whose loyalty oozed away with the loss of office, has returned to his first love, and having sternly consigned to oblivion the sweet remembrances of Windsor, leads the rebel army. The observant reader will detect other singular transmutations:—

ACT I.

TIME, MONTH APRIL, 1864.

SCENE 1st.—A large room in an obscure locality in Montreal. Enter Cartier, Holton, Chevalier Shallowpate, (author of Canada reconquered), Turcotte, Rose, Barney Devlin and other conspirators.

Cartier.—(Speaking in English for the benefit of Rose.) Friends, follow patriots, say, since we have met Last in this room, how has advanced our pet, Our von grand project—has it ripen fast, And shall we soon let loose war's little blast? Is Quebec ready, and Trois Rivieres, too, And Griffintown? *cher* Barney, what have you Effected there? Will ze brave Irish rise With us ze cry of down with ze Anglais? *Of Vivo la France?* we have one faith, and we Should *amis, freres* and fellow *soldats* be, We are ze true allies—we both have been Inault by all ze ministerial spleen. Ah! bas Anglais, ze tyrant Scotch shall fall From la belle Canada we chase them all. Perfidious Albion shall not longer be Ze owner of this one fine colony; But *Vive L'Empereur*, Napoleon shall reign, And France receive her ancient rights again. *Cher* Shallowpate, *mon ami* have not you No news to tell about ze coming star? Is your large despatch ready primed and loaded?

Shallowpate.— Oh, yes, my chief, and would have long exploded, But that I bade them still keep on the brow, Till the French fleet is signalled from Du Loup; They pant to pepper all the dirty Scotch, And knock them into porridge and hotch-potch.

Cartier.— You are one brave, when we have conquer, you Shall reap ze benefit of what you do. *Morin* and *Turcotte* are your *amis* steady?

Morin.— All right, my covoy, is a capp'd gun ready?

Cartier.— And *Rose, mon frere*, have you not got no news? Can you not bring one man to aid our views? Is there not still ze threat for vengeance lurks On they who kicked you from zo Board of Works? *Courage mon ami!* have you sounded Galt? We must not take zo gallop and the halt; Bring him with us, we'll do you more good far, Than your grand ascension scheme, by gar!

Rose.— My friend, my colleague, premier, to you *Rose's* allegiance is for ever due,

With you he fought—with you he fell, and now With you he'll kick up any jolly row. Death to the Grits—is *Rose's* battle cry, And *coute qui coute* the rascals all shall die. Eyes right, no equivoque, Galt Sir, will not come, The follow'a ball consent was all a hum.

Cartier.— What sare, you say? That *Monsieur* will not come, By gar! in his fat paunch then we will drum One lecture hole—we put zo bullet where His lecture inside shall have some fresh air. *Sherbrooke* is lost, no matter, *Griffintown* I'll wagger now will do the thing quite brown, Will not my *Barney?*

Barney Devlin.— Faith, its me can't toll, I sounded all the dirty blackguards well, But shure they're deaf, I've listed only one, The rest are laythons, and the glory shun; Or more betoken they won't follow me, But hanker after *General* McGee.

Cartier.— *Me foi!* dear *Barney* that is *mauvais* news, What I ze bravo Irish, have they all refuse To fight *les Anglais* and cry *Vive la France?* *Courage mon brave*, we had alone zo dance, Unless you try ze little *barney* now And make zo Irish ready for zo row.

Devlin.— I'm game *Siree* to try the knaves once more.

Cartier.— *Siree* you shall do better than before; *Cher* Shallowpate you keep in hand your men, We fight, we conquer, you be *General* them. Why for you look, *Rose*, down right in ze dumps, You have zo courage and shall win zo trumps, When I be *Gov'nor*, and right over here Ze French flag wave, I make you zo premier. *Morin*, *Turcotte*, you keep things in ze dark, Till I say strike,—then we have lecture lark, By gar! *les Anglais*, they shall have zo treat, We cut zo rascals into ze mince meat. No we all go, but still I hope zo efforts use, When we next meet I shall to have zo news That one French Fleet in the St. Lawrence is; Then have cry and let the cannons fire; We fight, we conquer, victory shall deck Our troops in Montreal—their's in Quebec. Farewell *mes amis* be one brave and true; *Cry Vivo la France* and death to England's crow.

All.— We will! we will! They separate and the scene closes.

ACT II.

TIME.—FORTNIGHT LATER THAN ACT I.

SCENE.—Office in the Inspector General's Department, Ottawa. Present George Brown, Dorion, and Holton. Enter McGee.

Brown.— Welcome, McGee, we have not seen you here Since—since the Session closed, and now I fear From your long pliz, man, that no news you bear Will lighten our official toll and care. What is it?—speak,—does *Griffintown* demand some trifling favour at our oft-inhok hand? Is trouble brewing in the further East? Or a new crusade started by the priest? Speak out, man, quick, and let us know the worst.

McGee.— Trouble is brewing,—Canada has nursed Serpents, who sail would sting her to the quick. Events full soon may crowd in fast and thick To prove the fact. A word, *Brown*, in your ear,—**REBELLION!**—there don't start—is jolly near. *Siree* *Cartier* lost his office and his seat He's been half mad from wounded self-conceit; One *Shallowpate* has fed the smothered ire, The fool who tunc'd in '59 his lyro To sing of France once more triumphant here. They're gathered matenonts who writhe beneath Your rule of L. C. by large U. C. votes. *Rose*, too, is with them, and one *Devlin*, who In former times your humble servant knew. *Rose* sounded Galt, and *Devlin* has been down

To shake the loyalty of *Griffintown*. I hear, too, whispers of a large French fleet To aid the rebels in their sprightly feat; They wait but now its presenco ere they raise The cry of "*France!* and death to the *Anglais!*"

Brown.— And is that all, come *D'Arcy* don't be glum You know of old rebellion's late "tu hum." Cheer up, *McGee*, no need for slightest fear, Who leads them?

McGee.— Faith! your little friend *Cartier*.

Brown.— But I say, *D'Arcy*, what a splendid chance For your three hundred thousand to advance, You weren't quite loyal once, but anyhow Things have quite changed, I calculate, just now. What say you, *D'Arcy*, will you bring them out, And send these rebels to the right-about?

McGee.— Come, *Brown*, don't rake up that exploded boast, I rule in *Griffintown* at least,—the roast, They're all sound there.

Brown.— Well, come, that's not bad news, But *Dorion* have your countrymen the blues! Would any number join the rabble row Who seek to turn the *Anglo* Saxons out!

Dorion.— Faith! no, they may 'rhaps fool a little saro That your U. C. majority should rule; But still not twice two hundred men would raise A voice or arm against fair England's Queen. As for the fleet in the St. Lawrence—why, I guess classic phraso—that's all my eye.

Brown.— I thought so. *Holton*, has Galt signified As yet his perfect willingness to ride And row with us in ministerial barge.

Holton.— Why not exactly, but he promised soon To run down here and talk the matter o'er; In fact, I quite expected him to-day, (Knock at the door.)

Faith there's a knock. Come in—who knows it may Be Galt himself. Enter Galt, who takes *Brown* and *Holton* on one side and converses with them. *McGee* and *Dorion* leave the office, and the scene closes.

ACT III.

TIME, 23d. MAY, 1864.—SCENE as in Act II. **Cartier.**—Well, *mes chers amis*, we have met once more Before, on all ze *Anglais* we will pour Ze lecture bullets and zo lecture joke, They feel when we give them zo *bayonet* poke. What news *mes braves* is everything quite slick And ready for zo grand *Cartierian* kick? *Mon* Shallowpate are zo mon fully arm And ready for the march to *Logan's* farm?

Shallowpate.— Some base paltrons, my chief, are backing out, But we can whip *les Anglais* without doubt. Are we not French? remember *Waterloo*, And what a great French army, sir, can do.

Cartier.— Ah, bah! they run away—you have forgot; I will not tink of *Waterloo* not yet. Oh! now, by gar! I think of *Logan's* farm, And how we will *les Anglais* all alarm. I think *me foi* of all ze grand, berg fan When we have make ze coward *Anglais* run.

Rose.—[sings to Devlin.] The fan will all prove t'other way I fear.

Devlin.—[unsuccessfully.] Blessed St. Patrick why did I come here? *Rose*, I say *Rose*, is hanging very bad? My neck already feels quite loose, bodad.

Rose.— Hush! *Barney*, hush! I'm duced qualmish too, But what the mischief can we blackguards do? We've gone too far, I stick through thick and thin.

Devlin.—[pathetically.] And so do I—but hanging's such a sin.

Cartier.— My *Rose*—my *Barney*, what have you say; Can you not give one lecture *amilo* to-day?

In tow of hours we strike to blow for France,
And lead *les Anglais* on the *fol* dance.
To twenty-fourth, to French feet they will tell
Quebec to color of their shot and shell.
To twenty-fourth, *mes braves*, on Logan's farm
Our men shall echo to most grand alarm,
It is the birthday of their brave Queen,
And there's *les soldats* for *re-view* have been.
They have to guns, but not no balls have they,
Our men rush out and take to guns away.
It is no most *fin* arrangement of war,
We make *les soldats* prisoners by *grace*.
Then we advance, we seize on Montreal,
And to French flag shall rise to never fall.

Rose: Have you no cannon in your ranks, Cartier?
Cartier: Oh no! but Rose you not have fear,
Mon Shallowpate ho have no lectio plot,
Que sehequo *magnifique*—they shall soon be got.
Rose:—But how?
Cartier:—[confidentially.]

You know we cannons on to *Champ de Mars*,
To Russian guns—by gar! ho seize on them
With a division of our most bravo men.
Barney shall aid him, who on Logan's farm,
We, Rose, will seize upon to summer arm.
That is the trick—Moin, Turcotte will you
Have your men ready for *les Anglais* stow?
Turcotte:—Ready and willing.
Cartier:

Then we part once more,
To meet on Logan farm, begin to dance
To meet to cry of *Vive la, Vive la France*.
To-morrow night to *win*'s and *three*'s hot all
So we meet here and walk to coming ball;
(Save Shallowpate and his division who
Know most precisely what to do.)
Come with their guns, their pitchforks and their pokers.
To hit them English see who no *scare* jokers.
Till then farewell—our little cry is "*France*,"
"Cartier and Nap" to leaders of *de* dance.
(They separate and scene closes)

SCENE 2d.—Another room in Montreal—Present Holton and
Decker.—Enter McGee.

Holton: What new, McGee? Does every thing progress
As we have long anticipated?

McGee: Yes,
On the Queen's birthday they make the attack,
And hope to whip the soldiers in a crack.
They meet on Logan's farm and think the troops
Ball-cartridge will be minus as of old.
They hope then to surround them and to seize
Each man, a rifle with the *re-arrange* order.
Then march on here and *scare* on operation.
From the whole French French population.
Alas! while French Shallowpate, great *dupiter* out-stare,
Ho to be the caisson on the *Champ de Mars*.

Holton: This beats McGee, the game you played a card in,
The Vegetable Irish cabbage garden.

McGee: Hush! I an' tho' lovest me, Hal; hush! I say no more,
That cut's unkind—the wound feels rather sore.

Holton: Well then a truce—but say, does Cartier still
Expect the French trick?

McGee: Yes, faith, and he will;
For perhaps twice twenty hours—most likely than
Ho may be un deceived like other men.

Holton: Well then all's ready, Dorion and I
Will hold be present on all' eventful morn.
And far as may be, stay till impending storm.
The troops of course will have ball-cartridge served,
But if the fates nought unpropitious send,
This Cartier folly shall have blood loss sent.
(Scene closes.)

ACT IV.

Time 11 a. m.—24th May.

SCENE 4th.—Logan's Farm—Cartier and miscellaneous army
drawn up in a review.

Cartier: The hour is near, *mes braves*, strike one and all
For Cartier, France, and *mes les Anglais* fall.
Strike for your language—*lars*—cry "*Death to Brits*,"
And knock to *rasaille* into little bits.
Oh! *Rose mon frere*, I feel my single arm
Will fight to *conquer* from all Logan's farm.
(Rose doesn't reply but groans in spirit.)

Enter messenger.

Cartier: Oh! oui, *c'est bon* it is my messenger.
Hasten, *depêchez*; what news have you, Sir?

Messenger (nourfully):—
Mon chief, the French fleet—

Cartier:—
Is before Quebec?

Messenger:—
Alas! it has not reached St. Lawrence yet.
Traitors, my chief, amidst our camp have been.
We are deceived, no French ship has been seen.

Cartier:—
Not seen, *ma foi* have I not had dispatches?

Messenger:—
All frauds, all tricks, not one ship to the scratch is.

Cartier:—

Point! It is bad, air, keep your tidings dark;
We'll have a *brish* yet with those English sparks.
See! see! I they come, *mes braves*, the troops here,
Wait for the signal, then with our loud cheer,
Rush for their arms, secure them one and all,
No need for fear—they never load with ball.
The troops advance, and are drawn up in line; at word
of command one company fires a volley over the *zime* where Cartier
and his men are stationed. To the surprise of the latter,
the *whiz* of balls is unmistakably heard over their heads. Cartier
feels uncomfortable and turns to Rose.

Cartier:—
Mon frere, more traitors, too, whizzed through to air.

Rose:—
They'll whizz through us, too, if you don't take care.

Cartier:—
Ton into, *mon frere*, the die is cast, and I
Will have one brush with them before I do.
(He turns to them.)

Mes braves one cheer! then follow me and cry
"Cartier and France" to death or victory.

A faint cheer is heard, Cartier rushes out, followed by Rose
and about twenty of his men. Morin, Turcotte and the rest beat
a very unmodified retreat. Cartier, however, has luck—every
one knows that Cartier does not hesitate—he brings his musket
to his shoulders—*fire*—*wion*, oh! the sad fortunes of war, the
charge is heavy, the musket indifferent—it explodes, and
Cartier falls a senseless, bleeding man. Holton gallops up—
draws from a hint that he is waiting near the place. He
at St. Lambert—orders the lifeless body of Cartier to be conveyed
to Montreal, where the troops all return, and assembly on the
Champs de Mars.

SCENE 2d.—CHAMPS DE MARS.—Present Brown, Holton, and
other ministers. The troops in the background.
Enter Police Sergeant, with Shallowpate, and flag bearing the
following inscription—
"Whoever dares these Russian guns displace,
Must Shallowpate encounter face to face."

Brown:—
What have we here?

Sergeant:—
The prisoner, Sir, with twenty others placed
Upon the Russian Guns this flag this morn,
I and my men, Sir, waiting near the place.
Stepped out and met the prisoner face to face.
We fought and conquered—ero a sword was drawn
I took him and his crumpled flag in pawn.

Brown:—
We'll keep him Sergeant, to the Court must he
Answer for his most strange activity.
There let him ponder for a sion o'er
Re-conquered Canada, his project yet.
Which, please the pigs, is not re-conquered yet.
Shallowpate is removed, and the scene closes. It may be per-
haps as well to remark that Barney Devlin, who escaped from
the *Champs de Mars*, did it convenient to make himself scarce.

THE NEW WRITTEN CONSTITUTION.

By one of those unaccountable freaks which political
visions are wont to play, the great Grit, the cham-
pion of responsible government, the adorer of the
British constitution, has suddenly become enamored
of the clumsy machinery of Yankee govern-
ment. Why this change? Yesterday, who so con-
servative of the Union and Responsible Government
as the Hon. George? To-day, who so wild and un-
settled, drifting in one article through all the down-
ward steps to political perdition, dissolution, wreck
constitution, elective street sweepers? If we could
whisper into the ex-premier's ear a word of counsel
and of warning, we would gladly do so, but we
fear that he is past redemption. Like our particular
friend *Old Double*, we have felt our old British
feelings sadly outraged by the absurd movement of
the *Globe*, and last, as the *Leader* would say, "any
of the unwary" may be led away by the cry; we
insert some of the clauses from the new written con-
stitution as prepared at the last "dark-lantern
meeting." Read and Tremble:

ART. I. The Executive shall consist of Hon. Geo.
Brown.

ART. II. All Public printing to be done at the
Globe Office.

ART. III. The Legislature shall consist of the
Editors of the *Globe*, and such others as they may
appoint.

ART. IV. The Press shall be free, provided it
speaks on the right side.

ART. V. Bothwell to be the Seat of Government.

ART. VI. All rebellious subjects to be disfran-
chized.

ART. VII. All the Public Lands to be divided
amongst the Grits.

ART. VIII. The Judiciary to consist of N. C.
McEntire and Lemon John.

The Constitution goes on this frightful manner

through fifty articles. We understand that the
"Jark-lantern" men have made provision for demol-
ishing the Canadian Militia. Several maskers were
observed on Tuesday evening last, dogging Lieut.
Patersee, the chief officer of the force in Toronto,
and we have reason to believe that he and Col. de
Salaberry have been marked out as the first victims.
The former is to be recompensed for the danger he in-
curs by being made a companion of the Bath. The
conspirators intended to make the first attack on
the Queen's Birthday but luckily the imposing ap-
pearance of the Yorkville Cavalry cowed the traitors.
On Thursday a horse-pistol was carried into the
Globe Office and several ounces of gunpowder
are already stored up for the first encounter.
We implore our fellow-citizens to look to their
shooting irons, for the hour of conflict is near. We
shall keep our eyes well-trimmed, and it shall not
be our fault if the fatal moment comes upon them
unawares.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

DEAR GRUMBLER,
On the morning of this eventful Holiday I got up
in good health and spirits determined to enjoy my-
self. As the President of the Highland Society, I
was bound to encourage the Highland Sports of the
day, and accordingly advanced to Caer Howell,
where I found a number of Scotchmen with large
bones and knuckles, and no trowers on, throwing
hammers to immense distances. I took up the fatal
instrument, and projected it far beyond the goal.
The Highlanders were jumping. I took off my coat
and white satin neck-tie, and jumped clear of the
farthest mark. I donned my tie and coat again,
treated all round, and went to the review. Here I
found a horse without a rider, whose master had
been dismounted by the impetuous Count Holiwell.
I mounted him and pursued Count Holiwell for
revenge. I saw his sabre flash in the air. I saw his
men lead their guns; I saw the matches placed on
the touchhole, I saw the fish, heard the report, and
knew no more. I came to my senses soon, and in
half an hour took passage by the Zimmerman,
where in compliance with the general request, I made
the following speech:

"Ladies and Gentlemen—
Permit me, before speaking to the toast of our
gracious Queen, to ask in the words of the poet—

"Lives there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to his gal hath said,
'Wou'd you come o'er in the Zimmerman?'"

The character of our gracious Queen is consider-
able ahead of that of any Queen of antiquity. She
has not killed her husband Semiramis, as Queen
Nini is said to have done, nor has she ever killed
Queen Elizabeth, as Mary Queen of Scots is histor-
ically known to have done. None of these great
wrongs has ever been laid to her charge, so let
everybody put it further on, as the great baccha-
nalian poet Wordsworth says,

"Apply his lips unto
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped brandy flask,"
and drink to the health of her gracious Majesty."

To make a long story short, we arrived safely at
the Falls where we had Ice Creams and Bottled Port-
er. While walking near Table Rock, I made a bet
with a tall Yankee that I would jump from it into
the water. I did jump, but, by the time I got
about half way down, my coat tails caught in a cleft,
and there I stuck, while a colony of wasps upon
which I had involuntarily intruded, stung me most
mercifully in those parts where my clothes were the
most abraded by the edges of the rock. A rope was
let down to me by Mr. Barnum, who offered to take
me just as I was and exhibit me in the States, as a
second Sam Patch, and give me half the profits. I
of course rejected his offer with disdain, telling him
that my business at the next Assizes was too re-
munerative to allow me to remain away from To-
ronto, even if I had a mind to make profit in so un-
dignified a manner. How I was half killed on the
cars, how I met with numberless other adventures,
I cannot tell you now, but must remain
Your obedient servant,
NEIL O. MOLYNEUX.

THE "DARK LANTERN" MEETING.

IMPORTANT COMMUNICATIONS.

The following communications we present to our readers, that they may not be ignorant of the terrible machinations of evil and revolutionary disposed persons, against the crown and dignity of our beloved Sovereign.

The disclosures made by our correspondents, do not, unfortunately, point distinctly to the leader of this infernal conspiracy, but there can be little doubt on the mind of any intelligent and loyal subject, of the existence of a treasonable organization throughout Canada, more formidable and extensive than that discovered by the celebrated Titus Oates :

SIR—The papists are arming—I know it—the arms were smuggled into Canada in the trunks of Smith O'Brien, I saw last night two Roman Catholics going up Church Street with guns in their hands, and I heard they were taking them to the palace to be blessed by the Bishop. The dark days of Ireland are coming again. Protestants arouse, down with the dogans—no surrender.

Yours truly,

ORANGE LILLY.

Say, GRUMBLER—If yeon dont look out sharp there'll be an all-fired tarnation row soon—you'll have to put the breaks on them niggers—theyre a risin—that's so—jest look at Brantford, aint they a been adoin it thar, and aint they sassy enuf here to do the same thing. Yeon Britishers dont know how to treat them varmin, jist take my advice kindnap 'em, take 'em down south and sell 'em; you'll git rid of the critters quietly and be able to pay your debts into the bargain.

Yours eternally,

ELIHU PULKINS.

Dear sur—I rite these fu lines hopein u ar wel as this laves me at present—I want toe tell u sur that thars mighty quare doins goin on and that same thief o the world Bob Mudy's at the botum ov it—didnt I cum across the konspiraytors houldin meetin, and was'nt Bob Mudy in the chair and was'nt dik dimpsy and Hopkinns and more betokens O. glar gown thare too, wid dark lanterns one in ache hand and Allan the jaylor was spechin and ses he, we'll throd on them—that's us the dogans—we'll throd on them ses he, we will ses Mudy, yes ses he—and then the lites went out and I could'nt see to here any more.

ures till deth do us partt,

MICHAEL OSHAUGHNESSY.

Awake—Awake—a most damnable plots a hatching, I scent the turmoil from afar, ere another week the Grits will cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war—arouse! arouse!

STUBBS.

GREAT GUNS.

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF OLD!

The following pithy description of the failure to remove the two Russian guns, at present lying at the Custom House wharf, on the Queen's Birth-day,

is from the pen of the author "Ossean." We engaged his services for the day at the enormous sum of 25 cents—drinks included. He comes from a country where the water is rather scarce :

It was on the twenty-fourth of May. The year was '59. The hour was half-past three. I heard a distant roar of voices. I looked up to the invisible winds of Heaven, whence descends the refreshing rain, and asked aloud "what's the mus." The winds heeded me not. I gazed into the depths of a neighbouring area, and enquired of the cook, whose countenance looked like the full moon, "what's the row." The red-faced individual politely requested me to "go look."

I looked! Do I forget the scene. The army of the Toronto militia was at hand. Foremost rode Capt. Brooks, on a meteor-like galliant grey nag. The hills trembled as he passed. So did the sides of the multitude. He looked like the son of a gun. His mission was to capture Russian guns.

The chieftain Holliwel bestrode a wicious hoss. He looked like the roaring winds. Many other warriors were also in the throug. The army moved like the dark rolling clouds. The Custom House wharf was soon stormed. Prostrate at the feet of the invaders lay those Russian guns.

Then out spoke the gallant Mayor, Wilson: "Into the hands of the city are fallen these guns; let's carry them hence in triumph. Jones, lend a hand!" Jones, a sturdy policeman, volunteered two hands, but could not lift the guns, by reason that they weighed five tons each.

Dismay was stamped on the face of the mayor. The police force was ordered to "take up the guns." But they could not. The gallant militia grew black in the face as the midnight storm; but the guns would not budge.

The Yorkville cavalry charged the guns, but they remained undismayed. The multitude assailed the guns with violent epithets, but the guns were immovable. Once, and once only, the guns seemed inclined to "go off;" and that was when the Mayor perpetrated a joke. The joke rolled away into the distance—so did the militia—so did the people. The guns remain where they were.

THE THEATRE.

The "Merchant of Venice" was performed on Thursday evening at the Royal Lyceum. The "combination of talent," to use the apt expression of the programme, has been seldom excelled on our boards. Mr. J. B. Howe sustained *Shylock*; Mr. Bass, *Gobbo*; and our fair friend, Miss Thompson, *Portia*; while the other characters in the piece found able representatives in Messrs. Marlowe, Hill, and Lee. Our old friends, Mrs. Marlowe, Mrs. Hill, and Miss Glenn, and Mr. and Miss Herbert, were also successful during the week.

Howe's *Shylock* was an excellent rendition, and was received with merited applause. Mr. Howe owes all his success to study. His "make up" was not what we might expect, but his correct conception of the text, and the artistic manner in which every sentence was delivered more than compensated for minor drawbacks. The last scene was a triumph of acting.

Miss Thompson's *Portia* was equal to her *Rosalinde*. In both characters she succeeded. Her *Por-*

tia was superior to her *Rosalinde* in that it was more unaffected—a fault, perhaps the only fault, which Miss Thompson has a tendency to encourage.

Mr. Bass has all the requisities—except, age, perhaps—to succeed as a Shakesperian clown. His *Touchstone* had the true Shakesperian smack. His *Launcelot Gobbo* was also excellent. Mr. Bass is too experienced an *artiste* to sacrifice the text to the empty applause of the pit as some otherwise good players do not hesitate to do.

With accustomed bad taste, the house was not filled on Thursday evening. Indeed, if Mr. Marlowe wishes to draw full houses, he must engage a nigger company. However, to-night will be an exception, as it is set apart for the benefit of Miss Thompson. Bad as our theatre-going community have shown themselves, they have displayed a desire to recognize the rising genius of this young lady. We therefore announce with pleasure Miss Thompson's benefit—her farewell benefit, we believe—for to-night.

On Monday the "Merry Wives of Windsor" will be performed, for the benefit of Mr. Bass; on which occasion Mr. Bass and Miss Thompson will appear before a Toronto audience for the last time, for some time. We hope a very short time.

On Wednesday, Miss Davenport's engagement commences. She is one of the best *artistes* on the boards at present. It gives us great pleasure to announce that our old friend, Mr. John Nickinson, will also appear shortly on our stage. During his engagement we may expect some excellent productions.

IN MEMORIAM PLAYFAIR.

Weep, Lanark, weep! the glory of Playfair has departed; the great ecclesiastico-military legislator is unfrocked. Who shall count on lasting fame on earth? The gallant Colonel has been cruelly unfrocked. The stern authorities of an austere church have deprived the dear old member of his license as a preacher; and all because he bravely stood by Cartier, and winked approvingly at Sunday dancing and champagne. No more shall the erring ones of Lanark quail beneath his stern reproof; no more shall that noble brow, bedecked with silvery hair, frown on the follies of the giddy youth; no more shall those soft spectacled organs of vision flash with righteous ire on the perverseness of the times. Poor Playfair's occupation's gone! We cannot refrain from dropping a tributary tear upon the bier which shrouds the mortal remains of his ecclesiastical existence. Farewell! a last farewell! dear clerical layman, farewell! At Quebec no prying eyes shall trace thee to Cartier's door; no *Grumbler* watch thee sip the old champagne, or whirl with the pretty damsels in the dance. We cannot trust ourselves to say more; again, thou Reverend Beau Brummel, adieu!

BUSINESS NOTICE.

If there is one want more than another which makes itself felt in the heat of summer, it is—a good drink. Startle not, smashes or sherry cobbler, we are not about to suggest brandy despicable as your jaundiced vision views them. That "wine is lazo spoke it." At present, however, we desire to call your attention to a strictly temperance beverage, more invigorating than water, less exciting than tea. We refer to the PANTAGE-NET WATER, sold by Mr. GORDIKE at his store on King Street West, near the office of the Great Grit *Globe*. The medical qualities of this liquid have been long ago established by authority too competent to be gainsayed; it is good for the weakest, refreshing to the strong, and is kept as cool as ice in the hottest times. Any one who desires a really invigorating, and yet un-intoxicating, glass, should patronize GORDIKE.