

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES—VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1860.

NO. 2.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in n'your coats
I redo you tent it;
A chiel's amang you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll p'rent it.

SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1860.

GRUMBLES FROM QUEBEC.—No. I.

To an Enlightened Public:—

You'll say of course, the moment you read this letter that I am a disappointed office seeker, a snarler, a lunatic, a cut-throat, or something equally complimentary. But it's untrue. I might say it's a lie—only that that would be vulgar; and there's not one among you from the cheesemonger's wife upwards or downwards, as you please, but affects to eschew vulgarity with as much horror as any young "blood" about town might evince at being caught reading his Bible on a Sunday.

"Bloods," indeed! Bad blood, I say. Lazy, lying, ungrateful, ungodly rascals, who take *Bell's Life* and the *Clipper*, because they want to be thought sporting characters—and go to the Devil as fast as they can; but the faster the better I say, and "good riddance to bad rubbish" when the gallows puts an end to their fooleries.

But you are saying what have we to do with all this. Zounds, can't you see? You blind, stupid, good-for-nothing public, have you any common sense? Upon my life—I never swear by "my honor," or "my soul," or "my word," as the great, harmless, disgusting snobs about town do—I believe that you have not common sense.

If you were down here, however—here at Quebec, a place only one degree removed from that other place which, according to popular prejudice, lies even below the lowest depths of villainy, though why, I'm sure I can't tell—I say, if you were down here, eye witnesses of all that I have seen, you would be very likely to put out your eyes and "go it blind" for the remainder of your existence. Perhaps, however, you would be deterred from such an unsightly proceeding because you would not wish any one to get on the "blind side" of you—a disgustingly vulgar remark which I would not have been guilty of, but that I know for whom I am writing.

I hear some one say, "that fellow is a Clear Grit, he waits a dissolution of the Union." Ask any of my friends, whether I am Clear Grit or not. It's very true that I once told Snipe that George Brown was a clever fellow. But there was no great harm in that; and besides I wanted him to "do" a little bill for me—a favor which, I may as well mention here afterwards returned by doing me out of a cool thousand. A man can't be expected to speak the truth always you know. I'd like to know what would become of Her Majesty's loyal Opposition if Honorable Gentlemen were to speak the truth! I'd like to

know what would become of the Ministry if the truth were to be told to inquisitive members! I'd like to know what would become of the doctor's fees if they were always to tell their patients the truth! I'd like to know how the lawyers would get on if they were to speak nothing but the truth! Yes, and I'd also like to know what would become of the divines if the truth—but I see by the cut of your nose that you are a Methodist, or a High Churchman or a Low Churchman, or a Juniper, or a religious fanatic of some sort or other, therefore I won't say any more. For although I most cordially detest your snivelling, narrow-minded, lousy—it's a vile expression, but it must-do, ranting roving, pur-blind fanatic, yet upon my life I would not wilfully hurt his feelings.

"Dinner, Sir." Joyful sound! Once more I have recovered my good temper—so I'll go and dine.

PUG.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

Oh how could Royalty forbear
From knighting Speaker Smith?
Loyalty, alas! will fade away,
Chivalry become a myth.

The vilest Grit will scarce deny
That a man of *seignit'* is he;
'Twere meet so huge a heap of flesh,
One great *Sir-Iohn* should be.

THINGS NOT TO BE SEEN.

We have the highest authority for stating that H. R. H. the Prince of Wales will not be invited to see the following Canadian curiosities:—

1. The Bible used during the Double Shuffle. This article has, we understand, been placed at the disposal of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign parts, and is now doing good service amongst the Bosjesmen.

2. The Consolidated Statutes as a sample of cheap Canadian literature.

3. The pen with which the Address of the Reform Association was written. (It is to be sent to the British Museum, and to be followed there some half century hence by its employer as a mummy.)

4. The poll-books of the city of Quebec. They are to be employed as a cushion by the Honorable Mr. Alley when he takes his seat on the Bench.

5. The York Roads. Her Majesty has given strict orders that the illustrious neck of the heir apparent shall not be jeopardized on them. (In consequence of the Royal determination Mr. Beaty is about to turn annexationist.)

6. The City Council. The sound education he has received forbids his entering bad company. He has not forgotten a line in the royal copy-book:—"Evil communications corrupt good manners."

7. A London election meeting under the management of Barney French: J. A. is afraid that we might have a Sir Barney, which, in his opinion, would be worse than a Sir H. Smith.

7. Mr. Gowán's last speech. All nauseous and

offensive matter must be carefully kept a safe distance from the nostrils of the Prince.

9. Mr. McGee's 300,000 men. The junior member invited H. R. H. to review them on the Champ de Mars at Montreal; but we hear that the invitation has been peremptorily refused.

CORONER DUGGAN AND THE PRINCE OF WALES.

There is great commotion just now amongst the officers of the Militia as to regulation uniform, and other military preparations for the visit of His Royal Highness.

This is as it should be; for consequent upon recent commercial depression (which covers a multitude of Provincial sins, such as new loans, increased taxes, long credits, plenty of protests, and dividends,) it must be confessed we are rather all out at elbows, and would at least *look better* for a little tailoring. We trust therefore that for the credit of Canada the opportunity will be patriotically and universally seized for a new rig-out in June. Even if it must (as we fear it must) be done simply on the basis of credit. There need be no difficulty about it. Employ the Provincial Tailors—Galt and Co.—Give them your note at 50 days, which by a principle (known only to them) of self absorption, will pay itself before it falls due! But some cron'ers might be unwilling (even for the sake of a Militia uniform) to adopt so charming a system of consolidating their "little bills." There is comfort even for the unbelievers; for we understand (although we don't positively vouch for the truth of the statement) that Colonel and Coroner Duggan (what an amount of "battles, murders and sudden deaths" the joint titles indicate!) has made a most ingenious and valuable suggestion to the officers of his Regiment for meeting any financial difficulty.

"Boys" says the gallant old veteran, (or at least he is said to have said so,) "ye number 27 all told—and it would come hard upon the Regiment to go in for such a mighty lot of traps all at once. I'll give you a wrinkle;—divide yourselves into three detachments, and order nine uniforms of mean (very mean) "dimensions, and wear em turn about all 'round! And I pledge yo my sacred honor as "Colonel of the Regiment and Coroner of the city, "that I'll never call out more than the nine of yo that has the uniforms—az if I do I'll give you fair "time to change them over!"

Our informant adds that "the wrinkle" has been referred to the *Mess Committee*; and that the Regiment is now pausing for the Report, the tailor, and His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

Concise.

—The letter sent by the proprietors of the Canadian Ocean Steamship Co. to the Government— as our Special Correspondent informs us—was couched in the following terms:—

Give us a *subsidy*, else we'll *subside*.

SONS OF MALTA.

A FULL AND TRUE EXPOSITION OF THE SECRETS AND MYSTERIES OF THE ORDER.

BY HARRY HENRY, ESQ.,

Past Vice Grand Commander of the East end Lodge.

PART II.

Having now undergone the questionings and admonitions of the magnificent Council of One, and having been empowered by the worshipful the Grand Cadi, to enter in and participate in the sublime mysteries of the inner chamber or grand encampment of Jorjolo; the candidate proceeds under the conductorship of one of the guard, to penetrate into the further mysteries of the Order. On reaching the portal of the Encampment, the Conductor gives ten sonorous knocks, five small ones, three little ones and two stammers which are answered from the inside by knocks of still greater peculiarity. On which the Conductor shouts, "Blaze away old Buffor!"

Door-keeper from inside, "Who's that?"

Conductor—"A Sko-doo-jan sucker."

Door-keeper—"Come in Sucker."

The Sucker goes in according to invitation and begins to have a faint knowledge of the fact that he has been *sucked in*, especially when being asked to drink, after a diligent but unavailing search for the necessary he is unable to comply with the request. This he is informed to teach him habits of endurance, so as to be able to swallow twice as much *when he gets a chance*.

He is then divested of his clothing and attired in the uniform of the Order, viz: A Helmet of straw with three locks of hair protruding through an orifice for a crest, signifying cranial vacancy, Bronzplate and Coat of No. 3 Coarse Canvas, after the manner of Falstaff's five men in Buckram, the legs encased in a peculiar sort of armour known as Canadian Grey, the feet in shoes of open work, said to be an imitation of those worn by returned Palmers from Jerusalem. In this costume the candidate undergoes a variety of manual exercises fitting him for the great work. The drill although thoroughly military and for the purpose of good discipline, is not, (*Knightly*), as is made manifest by its *daily* recurrence. Muscular development is one of the great objects attainable by the course of drill. Ponderous masses of a weight equal to the famous battle-axe of the renowned *Cœur-de-Lion*, now wielded, after a limited practice, with an ease almost incredible to those who have not had the benefit of a practical experience. Prodigious rocks are pulverized under the sturdy blows of the Sons in a considerably less space than no time. This being a favorite feat for the trial of muscle. Although men of muscle they are not Mussulmon in the religious signification of the term, but men of great *faith* and *hope* for a good time coming. They are not entirely free however from the charge of loaging after the flesh-pots of the world, a stray plug of tobacco and a pipe being eagerly sought after. The desire for a "horn" being too hopelessly ungratifiable is limitedly indulged in. Of the arcana of mysteries to which we have not as yet penetrated, it would be difficult to give a description. The initiated have there disclosed to them full and startling particulars relating to the persecutors of the organ-grinders whose names are written in letters of fire. The Dark-blooded one who drank too much holds there his nightly revels surrounded by his redoubtable guard of Rummy-Rangers, and as they drain their Rhoishud down the kettle drum and trumpet *bray* out the trumpet of their order.

[The conclusion of this exposure will be found in Frank Leslie's Swill-milk Weekly.]

Voracious Yankees.

—The *New York Herald* says "it is the manifest destiny of the United States to swallow up the whole of this continent."

This seems not to be far from the truth as some of the States have already commenced to eat each other.

IMPROMPTU,

On reading the account of a ball lately given in Quebec.

Sing a song of bribery—thirty votes to buy,
Five and sixty duckey birds baked in a pie,
When the pie was opened, the birds began to quack,
Was not that a dainty dish to place before John Mac?
John was in the supper room carving pies and tarts
Carlier in the dancing room breaking ladies' hearts,
Bellevue in the kitchen kissing all the cooks,
Rose before a mirror admiring his good looks,
Pam was on the lobby hunting up some fool
Who might believe his promises and so become a fool,
Sir Hank was on a chair, a telling what he'd seen
And how he did behave himself when visiting the Queen,
George Sherwood from a door-way was looking wondrous sly
A burxon lass with ruby lips had caught his amorous eye,
John Ross's thoughts so open were that any one could say
He looked about for some dear friend whom he might soon betray,
Allyns his stomach rabbling, complained of belly ache
He drank too much raw whiskey, and bolted too much cake,
Galt was in the scullery cleaning Carlier boots
For he's a ready hand to do whatever Frenchman suits,
Smug Sidney in the out-house gleating o'er his bags
Up starts a Clear Grit Chief and flutters all to rags,
Old Fontaine has a fable how *essely* black birds sing,
John's five and sixty duckey birds were just the very thing,
When Jacko gives another ball
I hope it may be soon,
May I be there to play my part
With silver fork and spoon.



The Honorable Sidney Smith brings his Postal negotiations before the House, and sinks under the weight thereof.

PATENT COLLAPSE DIET.

To educate the masses in the strictest principles of domestic economy, and lead them successfully up to the starving point, having been a desideratum with the able statesmen of every age, we are prepared for the action of the County Council, recently taken on this important subject. Eschewing the somewhat comprehensive grounds assumed by the House of Bourbon—when to the prejudice of private butchers, a simple peep at the mutton in the national shambles was made to satisfy the appetite of the million—they have commenced a series of delicate experiments upon the prisoners now confined in the common jail of this city. Within the short period of eight days their success has been fully established. Through a pleasant and active affection of the viscera, the diet of upwards of twenty of the inmates is almost totally dispensed with; and the luxury of shirt collars completely exploded, their place being supplied admirably by a decided touch of white about the gills. Nothing can exceed the simplicity of the system. Instead of the ordinary plain and solid food, a slight, internal application of "mush" morning and evening, with a little bread and water at noon, is found to do the business nicely; and it is asserted, that so light and hardy have the patients become, room and labor, in the course of a month, will be economised so far as to enable any lad of eighteen to ticket all the inmates at "look up" and place them in the pigeon holes provided for them by Mr. Williams of Yonge street. The able "Economist" who has originated this invaluable regimen, is we understand, the inventor of the famous homeopathic soup made by permitting the shadows of two loon pigeons, hung up in the sun, to boil for six hours and a half in eight gallons of rain water.

NEW SCHEME OF LECTURES.

The Victoria College conspirators, having obtained a Committee of the House, are straining every nerve to prove their claims. Not content with distorting facts and abusing figures, they are circulating a new scheme of lectures by means of which the votes of some members may be bought and the efficiency of their institution duly demonstrated.

1. Rev. Dr. RYERSON:—"The gradual increase in the value of a smile as it advances to the dignity of a broad grin."
2. Hon. S. SMITH:—"The mail-bags of the ancients, with some remarks on the advantages of the Ceopros lino^o of packet ships."
3. Hon. Geo. BROWN:—"Some joint authority;" a metaphysical disquisition, in which will be demonstrated the similarity between the Grit scheme and Platonic Philosophy."
4. JOSHUA GOULD, M.P.P.:—"Criminal jurisprudence;" a light paper, to be relieved at intervals by a chorus of students on the jews' harp.
5. Rev. W. H. POOLE:—"Statistics; their value as an agent of falsehood."
6. THE PRESIDENT OF THE WESLEYAN FEMALE COLLEGE:—"Common Humanity."
7. Hon. Dr. ROLPH, Dean of the Medical Faculty:—"Soft Soap," with a few words on *eyes*.
8. CAPTAIN MOODIE:—"The science of aeronautics, with some observations on the fate of Icarus. [The lecture will be illustrated with copious quotations from the Greek and Latin classics.]"
9. Concluding Lecture.—Rev. Dr. NELLS:—"The advantages of moral and religious training." The subject will be illustrated by references to the past history of the Victoria College.

The Junior Member for Toronto.

—Our special correspondent at Quebec informs us that the Session will probably be a protracted one, in consequence of Beverley Robinson's (K) nightly inflections! We think the ministry might get over the difficulty by opening the gate of promotion to Beverley, and as a reward for his great speech on Knighthood, bench him as "Judge of the *Sir-i-gate* Court!"

Not So Bad—

A friend of ours with a cold in his head,
The other morning pleasantly said
To the chamber-maid who makes his bed,
"A bed-factor are you my *ped*?"

Worthy of Notice—

The individual who took out a patent for "a hair splitting machine" is now in this city giving lessons on "a new way to cut an acquaintance."—He will teach also the art of cutting up old *Globes*, as practised by the Editor of *The Leader*. All the instrument required are a pair of scissors and a fylo.

Whew!

—Why are swindlers in Mr. Browne's clearing like mother and infant?

Because they are doing Both-well, (both well.)

Sunday Labor Bill.

—We hear it is the intention of Col. Playfair to move an amendment to Mr. Brown's Sunday Bill, to the effect that there be a special and heavy fine imposed for Cabinet-making on Sunday.

The Editor of the *Grumbler* proudly announces that he has at last succeeded in making arrangements with some eminent young American Literati, who have long been employed in writing *thrilling and exciting* novelettes for the New York weeklies. The following splendid story, beautifully portraying New York life in its fashionable phase, he now has the honor of presenting to his readers:—

OR THE STRICKEN HEART.

A STORY OF FASHIONABLE LIFE IN NEW YORK.

BY WASHINGTON H. BURNS,

The talented author of "Tullamow, or the Bloody Reptile."

CHAPTER I.

Gracefully, oh! how gracefully did the lovely Euphemia St. Julien glide through the dance that night. The glorious creature moved with that proud and swan-like freedom known only to women whose infancy has been swaddled in the star-spangled banner; freedom, to which neither the awkward yet haughty aristocrat of London, nor her superior, the elaborate-mannered and artificial dame of Paris, can ever pretend. The costly velvet carpet (from Bulby & Bucks, 169 Broadway) scarcely yielded to her white satin slipper as she skimmed along, and the alabaster nymphs, wherewith Hiram Powers' gifted chisel had garnished the magnificent *salon*, scarcely equaled in elegance its beautiful young mistress. How superbly she looked, as the strains of the world-renowned Gammony Hall Band bore her on their stream of melody. How the diamonds, with which her robe was thickly set at every hem, flashed in the light of one of Lyman Mugg & Son's world-famous chandeliers. She was indeed a rapture and a *gush*, an emanation from the very stars.

Music, all! what need had Euphemia for music to mark her steps; she had imbibed, it is true, the teaching of our most celebrated professors, whose skill (as is admitted by all who have seen American dancing) is unequalled, but she needed it not. The pash-dew from the marble fountain in her gilded hall fell not more certainly upon the rich mosaic pavement than did her tiny foot touch the embossed flowers at the given moment when it was due; her heart, her soul, were in the dance, and a planet might have strayed from its appointed orbit more easily than could the heavenly Euphemia have swerved from her graceful career.

The Honorable Jefferson F. Kidoodle watched her with a lover's intense gaze. Could aught earthly come up to Euphemia, yet that god-like form, redolent of nature's nobility, might seem to balance her. A tall pale forehead, lustrous as marble, exquisitely voluptuous Grecian features, eyes of the most unutterable violet, hair jetty as the raven's wing: such was Jefferson F. Kidoodle. Already he had distinguished himself in the field and in the council, though still under twenty-five, the dauntless young Republican had made his voice heard in the noble halls of the Legislature of his great country; and though he looked delicately feminine, those who glanced at his rose-colored vest, might see between it and his richly embroidered shirt a silver handled bowie knife, which had been drawn three times, and thrice had his country lost a son. He leaned against the jetty mantle-piece, and his small white hand, adorned with a priceless emerald, lay like a snow flake upon a nigger. As Euphemia and her partner rested for a moment from the polka, Jefferson F. Kidoodle concluded to ask her hand.

"Pretty lady," he said, in the rich sweet voice,

peculiar only to the Italian and the American, "may my devotion aspire to the next spin with you?"

"I would hope," said her partner, a Judge of great celebrity, "that I have acquitted myself so well, that I shall not be discharged as yet."

"I guess you are a queer Judge now," retorted the *spiritual* Jefferson F. Kidoodle, "not to know that a discharge always follows an acquittal."

"Then I move for a new Trial," said the Judge, displeased at being thus successfully tripped up by one so much younger. "Rule refused with costs," responded Jefferson F., and the next moment his arm was around the yielding waist of the beauty, and he bore her away. The dark eye of the Judge lowered flashingly upon him, but it was for an instant only. Trained to conceal his fiercest emotions, Judge Bowie mastered his countenance, for at that moment Mr. St. Julien, one of our wealthiest New York merchant princes, came up.

"Saw you at the Cars this morning, Judge, and afterwards at the Tombs."

"I did not see you," replied the Judge.

At that instant the sight of Euphemia and Jefferson F. revolving with excessive grace, and looking the delight each felt at the others admiration, stung the haughty Judge with an unaccustomed pang, and he vowed vengeance. Accustomed to all the artifices of Law, a plot with Judge Bowie was but the work of a moment. His friendly smile followed the coruscating couple; and as the costly robe of Euphemia touched him like a scraph's wing in her flight, he said to the merchant prince, glancing at Jefferson F., "I hope that he means to escape. Swindling is but smartness in exaggeration, but forgery is a blunder."

The old man's eyes opened widely, but the expression on the Judge's face defied his scrutiny. After a moment or two of vacant staring, the merchant prince led him into a charmingly furnished *boudoir*, where three golden lamps spread at once soft light and perfumed incense, and seating himself upon a splendid white satin couch, demanded what he meant.

[This thrilling life-like story will be continued in our next.]

THE ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY ON A VISIT TO ST. PATRICK.

The *Colonist* of the 20th, says, that at the St. Patrick's Anniversary Dinner, Mr. Harman, the President of the St. George's Society, in replying to the toast of the "Sister Societies," very appropriately announced that the charitable body which he represented, was "throwing bread upon the waters of their 'troubled countrymen, and that they would, after 'many days, find it!'" This is, as far as we can remember, the very first practical application of Southey's *flowry* idea: but we confess we don't quite understand the operation, and have some doubts as to its success. Dry bread is poor stuff in all consciences, but why should Mr. Harman throw the Society's loaves into the water! And if he insists upon soaking the bread, why should not his "troubled countrymen" be allowed to find it "until after many days," by which time the chances are that it will have assumed a condition of poultice? May we take the liberty of suggesting that the bread (like Mr. Harman himself, at the St. Patrick's dinner) should be *toasted before being soaked*;—such a course would more nearly equalize the two occasions, for it would impart a clearing, although deceptive color to those waters of charity, and make them almost as generous to the eye as are those other liquids in which convivial toasts are usually steeped.

TO ROSY.

My Rosy is a pretty lass
With sweetly dimpled cheek,
With eyes reflecting like a glass,
Her soul so pure, so meek.
Her softly waving, golden hair
Gilds down her neck in curls,
Each passing breeze, while lingering there,
Her ringlets fondly twirls.

Her voice, so musical and low,
My bosom strangely thrills,
When e'er I hear his silvery bow
My soul with rapture fills.
Her artless converse charms my ear
Like music from above;
Oh! that I could, when she is near,
But prove how much I love.

THE TABLES TURNED.

LOWER CANADA IN A STATE OF FERMENT.

UPPER CANADIAN TYRANNY.

YE ANCIENT CAPITAL TO THE RESCUE.

Terrible state of Confusion.

[Special telegraph to the *Grumbler*.]

QUEBEC, 6 p. m., March 19, 1860.

Every one here is in the state of the wildest confusion and consternation. Business is entirely suspended, and so will Brown be if he do not clear out immediately. The *moutons* are enraged; their Gallic blood is fired, and they swear eternal vengeance on the author of their misery. The military have been called out, and as I telegraph you, they are forming into line in front of the Parliament House. The streets are crowded with excited citizens who, tearing their coats from their backs, and tossing their hats into the air, shout dire and dreadful destruction on the leader of the opposition. *Notre langue, nos lois, et nos institutions*, are endangered. Brown has "fired the first gun,"* but Frenchmen will not stand quietly by and see their rights and liberties trodden under foot by a ranting, howling Clear Grit from Upper Canada. They are a free people; freedom they must have, and for freedom they will fight while a drop of pure French blood courses in their veins. What the result of this dreadful state of things may be I cannot say at present, but I shall telegraph you anon. Brown, I think, must swing. Tell his friends so, and let them come to his rescue, or it may be too late.

[Since we received the above we are happy to state that the excitement has abated; Mr. Brown did not attempt to fire more than one gun, which entirely relieved the minds of the populace, and they have returned to smoke their pipes and drink their rum as quietly as before. Mr. Brown's friends may therefore make themselves easy in regard to his personal safety. He has promised to fire no more guns. The very warm nature of our telegraphic despatch arises from the fact that our correspondent is of French extraction, and therefore any little inaccuracies he may have committed must be attributed to the warmth of his feelings.]—ED. GRUMBLER.

*See the *Globe* of a late date, on Mr. Brown's having presented to the House, a petition praying for constitutional changes, in accordance with the wishes of the convention lately held in this city.

Enckaided.

—The Reformer's bone of contention.—The Joint Authority.

LITERARY CRITICISM.

In what does Literary Criticism consist? Surely not, in mere abuse or the clever use of vulgar personalities. On the contrary, the best criticisms are those in which the learning and sagacity of the scholar are tempered with the language and kind tone of the gentleman. Common place and badly supported arguments, coupled with malicious nonsense, never did, nor ever will, seriously affect the standing of an author before the public. We thought that the days of crabbed and malicious abuse,—springing from personal antipathy, in many cases,—had gone by; that no longer would our literature be disgraced by attempts on the part of sour-tempered, and dyspeptic critics, to writ: down any and every one who might dare to aim at Literary distinction. But, alas, we find that we were mistaken, and our friend of *The Leader* proves it. In last Wednesday's issue, there appeared an article censuring the *Family Herald* of Montreal, for giving Mr. McLachlan, the Canadian Poet, a favorable notice, and pouring out the vials of *The Leader's* wrath on the devoted head of Mr. McLachlan himself. We confess that it was with pain we read the article referred to, as it is, not only unjust, but positively cruel. In it, epithets, such as these, follow each other in rapid succession, "adventurer," "wandering luminary," "incompetent person" with such phrases as, "digging in &c., with coarse filthy fingers, and rearranging them in the feeble, foggy glimmer emitted by the wet peat of his own intelligence." No excuse can be offered for the publishing of such a compound of foul epithets and disgusting school-boy abuse, smacking as it does strongly of the penny-a-liner.

Our critic charges Mr. McLachlan with being uneducated; then gets into such a whirlpool of words, that his endeavours to explain himself only sink him the more, till at last he flounders out exhausted and panting; finally he winds up by acknowledging that education does not make a poet, but that one may be a poet without education—in the ordinary sense of the term.

The next point he proceeds to attack is Mr. McLachlan's rhymes. Over this, he gets indignant and triumphantly asks "who ever heard of *snake* rhyming with *snake*; *forget* with *protect*"; closing up the grand disingenuous sentence with "we are constrained to resent the insult offered to us in the person of Mr. McLachlan, and to denounce the length of ears that could wed the word *wrong* to that of *home*".

Without dwelling on the extremely classic and polite phraseology of the last sentence we join issue with our critic. A few rhymes sounding inharmoniously, do not constitute a sufficient basis on which to build an argument such as that advanced. To prove our assertion we can point to Scott's "Lady of the Lake" of which Jeffrey the Reviewer says "its versification is in the highest degree irregular and capricious."—"he (Scott) has presented us with such combinations of metre as must put the teeth of his readers into some jeopardy;—there is a great number of lines in which the verse can only be made out by running the words together in a very unusual manner; and some appear to have no pretension to the name of verses at all" &c., &c. We might adduce plenty of instances to prove our argument that we are not to judge of a poet by a few faulty rhymes selected from his works. Any one can rhyme; the veriest dolt can string together a set of jingling words. Is

this poetry? we trow not. As a set off against these faulty rhymes we mention the name of some of Mr. McLachlan's poems which show no ordinary talent, viz., "Halls of Holywood," "Old Hannah," and "Bonnie Jean" We are glad that the *Family Herald* has given Mr. McLachlan a favorable notice, and we are sure every intelligent Canadian will see the difference between genuine scholarly criticism, and low ungentlemanly abuse.

TREMENDOUS!

"Mr. Brown made a tremendous assault here."—*Globe* of Wednesday.

Never did we stare in such utter bewilderment as when our eyes fell upon this sentence. What could it mean? At first glance we supposed it had a reference to an exhibition of Mr. Brown's physical capabilities, in fact a practical demonstration of his bone and muscle on the diminutive form of the barking Premier, who sits grinning at him so good-naturedly on the opposite benches in the House of Assembly, or on the more burly form of the Finance Minister. But no; it could not be. Mr. Brown does not fight. That we knew from his previous history. Such a strictly moral man as he could not try his luck at twenty paces with a Colt's revolver in his right hand, and another in that of his opponent; that would be un-Christian like, or in other words, Mr. Brown is too great a coward to settle an affair of honor in such an old-fashioned, antiquated way, with a man whom he had grossly insulted. And as to doing it with fists, we banished the idea at once. Cartier stood before us as perfect a model of the *genus homo* as ever—the barking little terrier from Vercheres; Galt was none the worse of the combat.

On closer inspection we found that this little sentence of fearfully ominous import had reference to a display of Mr. Brown's oratorical powers. Our mind became calmer, but still we wondered! Could it be the *Globe* we were reading. We do not question for a moment that Mr. Brown is "tremendous" when he hurls the shafts of his indignation and offended purity at the luckless heads of his opponents; but really, gentlemen of the *Globe*, modestly, if you possess aught of that scarce commodity, should have preented you from publishing such a puff of the great "champion of the people's rights," whose name graces a corner in every column of your paper, as "publisher and editor-in-chief." There is an old proverb about blowing one's own horn, which we take the liberty of commending to the modest gentlemen who do the "tremendous" for the great Grit organ.

Un-courteous.

—As the Division Court is called "a Court for small cases," the Police Court, on the same principle, might be named "the tribunal for hard cases."

Holding "The Mirror" up to the Light.

—Some maliciously inclined individuals call the "*Mirror of Parliament*" a shaving concern.

Leap Year.

—An old bachelor says that during Leap Year the ladies jump at every offer of marriage—hence the term.

Political Glimmer.

—Which is the brightest light in the Opposition? The Drummond-light of course.

MATRIMONIAL.

The following item of connubial felicity we clip from *The Leader*:—

MARRIED.

WHITE-TWIGG—On the 14th inst., by the Rev. William Macaulay, Mr. Robert Drayest White, to Miss Elizabeth Twigg.

There is only one remark to make here:—Remember Mr. White that as the *Twig* is bent so will the tree grow. Should you forget this wholesome adage, you may some unlucky morning find the *Twig* changing your *White* to *Black*. Do you *Twig*?

Disinterestedness.

—The latest case of disinterested affection which has come to our knowledge, is the journey of Gordon Brown to East Middlesex to aid the electors of that Riding in the selection of a proper person to represent them in Parliament. We are assured that Mr. Brown has not the slightest desire to secure the nomination himself.

Daring Bobbery.

—When George Brown sees Sidney Smith appropriating his "Sabbath Labor Bill" and thereby removing, without permission, one of Brown's great election cards, we think he ought to cry "stop thief!"

Il-legal.

—When is a Judge elevated? When he's on the Bench.

Political.

—Why is George Brown not his own property. Because he belongs to the Opposition.

Mr. Speaker Smith,

—Why has the Speaker of the House of Assembly become a negative character since his presentation at St. James by the Duke of Newcastle? Because he's "No Sir-ree!"

THE ILLUSTRATION.

We present to our readers an outline illustration, as a small sample of what we can accomplish if we receive an adequate measure of public support. We have at our command a good designer and a reliable engraver, and nothing is wanting but a larger subscription list and a more certain and unwavering sale. The engraver is Mr. Thompson, whose place of business is on King Street, on the first floor above Staunton's paper-hanging establishment. We can cordially recommend him to our readers and contemporaries.

—Why is George Brown (politician) like Ald. Dunn (butcher)?

Because one is great on "joint-authority," and the other is a great authority on joints.

REMEMBER

BAYARD TAYLOR'S LECTURE,

ON THURSDAY, MARCH 29, 1860,

IN ST. LAWRENCE HALL.

SUBJECT—"LIFE IN THE NORTH."

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