

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. 2.—NO. 26.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1859.

WHOLE NO. 79.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coat
I troke you tunk it!
A' chief's name you taked note,
And, faith, he'll greet it."

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1859.

SPEAKER SMITH'S HISTORY.

To the Editor of the Grumbler.

LONDON, August, 1859.

DEAR SIR,—As I am about to return to my native country, in which, I trust, I am not altogether unknown, and as my native country is no doubt anxious to receive an account of the manner in which her not altogether insignificant son, and deputy on this occasion, was received by her most gracious Majesty the Queen, and the people of England generally, I solicit the use of your columns in order to lay before the public a brief history of my career from the day I left Quebec up to the present moment.

I will pass over such minor incidents as the loss of my appetite through sea-sickness, and the loss of the band-box containing my wig and gown through malice or carelessness—together with all mention of the bad wines and worse cigars which were the plague of my life on ship-board, and come at once to the marrow of the subject. By the way, talking of marrow, can you inform me what the expression, "down on your marrow bones" is derived from?

To return. In London, I met some jolly fellows from Quebec—such as Langevin, Cassault, also some chaps from the Hundredth, who together with some of our set from the House, and one or two of the ministers made up as glorious, "I might say uproarious party, as ever did honour to good cheer. We went it strong every day and much stronger every night—frisking about like young kids—if I may apply the term to myself, which I think on the whole doubtful. There was not a place of note in London that we did not visit, from her Majesty's palace down to her Majesty's House of Correction, in the latter of which places, half a dozen of us unexpectedly tound ourselves one morning.

I had an interview with the Duke of Newcastle soon after I arrived. On the whole, his Dukeship is a vulgar noble. When we were ushered in—that is some Quebec fellows and I, he mistook me for one of his lackeys, and requested me to put some more coal on the fire, I thought it a mark of true greatness to comply; but, in doing so, I unfortunately dropped my new wig—which cost me, or rather the country, ten guineas—into the fire, in addition to which I destroyed my gloves and damaged my toes by allowing a large piece of coal to fall upon them. When his lordship became aware of who I was, he

was profuse in his apologies; upon which to relieve him from all embarrassment, I changed the conversation by enquiring whether any of his lordship's ancestors were in the coal trade, or how it was that his lordship came to be called after Newcastle coal. The enquiry, I was sorry to say, seemed to annoy rather than soothe his lordship—so that I was not sorry when the interview terminated.

Soon after this interview I was summoned to court. It took me sixteen hours to dress, and twelve hours to practice before the glass. The ceremony of presentation was, on the whole, dreadful, and cost me ten pounds of flesh, besides I am sure a hundred pounds of money, in broken mirrors and discomfited ties and slippers. I need not tell you I would not have gone to all this trouble, but that I had been assured that I should have been knighted. When we arrived at the palace, I was shown into a large room, where were assembled many ladies and gentlemen. Here a cruel joke was passed upon me. I being introduced to some lady in waiting, who personated the Queen; and it was not until I had knelt and bowed, and kissed hands, and been slapped on the back by the poker that I discovered that I was being hoaxed.

At last I was introduced to Her Majesty; I need not describe the ceremony. It makes my back ache to think of it. Her Majesty was very cordial, and several times enquired after her prominent Canadian subjects by name. She was particularly anxious to hear about her dear friend Bob Moodie.

"He's a first-rate little fellow!" says Her Majesty.

"He's a regular brick, ma'am," says I.

"I'll knight him," says she, "for the gallant stand he took against the Corporation, in the matter of the College Avenue."

"Your Majesty would be only doing an act of common justice, if you did," says I, and here I must confess that I threw out a delicate hint as to the advisability of knighting myself; but it didn't take.

Prince Albert looks as if he was fed on lager beer and sauer kraut. He mistook me for one of the aborigines, and said that he had always heard that the North American Indians were red men. This caused me to blush, whereupon His Royal Highness told me not to disturb myself—that it did not make any matter, and that in fact I was red enough, without making myself any redder. When I discovered to His Highness his mistake, he laughed, and said, incredulously, "that's ghood!"

Her Majesty asked me who Mr. George Brown was. I told her he was a great big Scotchman—upon which she asked me if he wouldn't take a commission in the Life Guards; I said I thought not. During the interview one of the young princesses came behind me, and mischievously managed to pluck off my wig, which caused great mirth amongst those present.

Regarding the object of my visit, Her Majesty was undecided. She said she'd sleep over the idea before giving me a final answer. Before taking my departure—that is before I was dismissed—Her Majesty asked me to drop in occasionally and take tea with her, begging of me to observe no ceremony, as only herself and Albert would be present. She also said that the Prince of Wales might come over to Canada, if he had finished his schooling by next spring. The information did not seem much to please his young Highness, for I understood him to mutter, on hearing it, something to the effect that he'd be giggered if he'd come—upon which Her Majesty boxed his ears forthwith. One of the youngest of the royal babies here commenced to grow frantically uproarious, and I was summarily dismissed.

Your obedient servant,

HENRY SMITH.

Speaker, L. A.

A CURIOUS APPLE TREE.

"Mr. Sidney McKenzie, of Mariposa, in the County of Victoria, writes us to say that he has in his orchard an apple-tree that has blossomed three times this year, namely in spring, in July, and, what is more extraordinary still, in September.—There was some fruit on the tree after the first blossoming. He incloses us one of the blossoms which has the rich, fresh smell of spring. Who can beat this?"—Leader.

We should like to know what the Editor of the Leader means by "Who can beat this?" It may mean a variety of things. First of all it may mean, what man can blossom three times in one year, as Mr. McKenzie's apple-tree has done. It may mean, who can beat the blossoms which were sent to the editorial sanctum; or it may mean, who can beat Mr. McKenzie himself. It is a new notion to hear an Editor asking after some man possessed of courage enough to set himself into competition with an apple-tree in the matter of blossoming. Such a proceeding is nothing less than offering a premium for drunkenness,—since it is a well known fact in physiology that the only portion of man's body given to blossoming is his nose; and, it is also a well known fact that such blossoming is not the result of drinking cold water, alone. The description of the apple certainly concludes in a most extraordinary manner; and as guardians of the public morality we demand to know what it means?

Airient.

—A certain word belonging to the English language, has been very much abused of late, and has received as many names as an honest politician usually does in the course of a well spent life. Airient, Irent, Highrent, Irient, Orient, Aroport, Erynot, are all the different modes of pronouncing the following combination of letters: *Aeronaut*.

BOB MOODIE'S REFLECTIONS.

I'm off! the bladder rises high
Into the blue and fuzzy sky;
Now smaller gro's the big Rovers,
& scorchin' Felix comes moar near;
I hear the vulgar crowd proclaim
'That Captin Moodie's buked for fame.
I feel the upper air moar clear
From fumes of tucy pipes & beer;
& Mrs. Moodie's down below;
& there's George Brown as wishes woe;
& there's all sorts of people thar
As wouldn't be in this here car
For all the liquor in my bar.
And now the great big Rosin House
Looks no moar bigor than a moas;
And now I see no men and wimmis,
Nor Fire-ly over the water skimmis,
But only this great globe a swimmin'
Through the air & clouds & vapors,
Like a tom-cat outtin capors.
But I'm gittin sick by japers!
Now you Steiner, come down please,
For I'm beginnin' for to freez;
I hear the stars begin to whiselo,
& think we'd better mizle;
Oh! if you don't, with this hose pistol
I'll abule you dead thru bone & gristle.

Here he attempts to discharge the pistol, but the air is so rarified that the weapon refuses to do its duty, and Bob Moodie having, at the suggestion of the "airmen," taken a "swig" feels re-animated, and fifty per cent re-encouraged.

BOB MOODIE—HIS LOG.

Sein that the hole baloon assensin is put down rong in the papers, I have wote this akcount wich is the true statment of wot happened to Stiner and me, and wot we diskuvered when we was a sailin in the Yurope, wich Stiner he was the skipper. Havin settled my efekts and made my last will and testymin, wich aforesaid it was published in the *Grumbler* a true copy thairt, and havin took fare-well of my family, and been shorlybide with a pistol loaded to the muzzle, I started on the perilous journey. Afore goin, as my friends had kum down to see me off, I maid a fairwel spech, wich in I showed as how we was't goin to beo behind Yankees in courage and pluck, and no man as wot wasn't there, couldn't say that I didn't egehibit my musseller organ iso ashin, and say as I wasn't afesird to go up in a baloon twice as big, and if the Government was willin, I was, to inspekt the lite houses in a baloon, wich none of the government bein present didn't ansner, but can be aware to by Honibel Garge Brown and Jno. Hilyard Kameron, who was standing close thairto, holding on to the ropes and tryin both of them to not let me go as a new elexion is specked, and Bob is wanted to beo on sum side; but I'de maid up my mind and wasn't goin to stave. John Kameron did offer me professional advice whenever I wanted it, and a Taverna license free gratis for nothin, without any charge, and George Brown said he would insert the Firefly advertisements free, and take three season tickets, but the citizens of Toronto, no bob Moodie is't to be bot, and wen he had made up his mind to see forrin countries, he knowed enuff to not stay at home. When Stiner and me got into the Baloon, Bob, ses he to me, are you all rite, all rite, ses I; stedly then ses he, stedly it is, ses I; let her go, ses he, and off she went just like a streak. Stiner he jumped in the riggin with a flag, and I followed him, and

down below there was the crowd a hollerin and yellin, wich we kould see a lookin over the basket, and I kould here them biddin me good bye, and one fellow shouted out, Bob you're giving the devil another chance, and I knowed that was Garge Brown who was mad cos J didn't be bribed over.

Howdover, we left them all behind, and then wen the crowd was no more interfeerin with us, the natural o'jects wich presented themselves to our oberservashun was splendiferous. In the first place, we could see the noble Firefly steamin slowly along through the eastern channell arousin the water with her powerful wheels like a grand new patent churn. Her smoke-pipe didn't much more than look like the stem of a T. D. clay, though I node she was a puffin off volumes. The balloon then yawed off to southard, and we kould see my saloon and the suckers a hangin round it, and two fellers inside havin cocktailes wich I notised they didn't pay fur—then we missed stavs sumhow wich was to be xpected as we didn't hrve no tiller aboard and kum across toronto as we was passin over king Street I kould see all people starin and openin thair eyes wich made look like star-light were there was many ladies, and I seen Angus Horrioon and Jno Duggan and sum more standin at the Leader offis corner and kould hear them talkin all about the plow-bow and how thair kurrage stood it wich may be all very well but none of them was never up in no balloon, and doesn't no more of bravery than a policeman as can be testified, then we passed over the village of Brookses bush, and kould see the inhabitants drinkin whiskey, which put me in mind of my pistol wich I drewed the cork from the mussel and took a swig likewise, followed by Stiner who did the same and felt very good, about ten minutes more and there we kum into a cloud, and we went quicker than flyin, as was seen by throwin paper out which flew up, and then Stiner he ses to me—Bob ses he, look out, and I looked out and seen away down under water forty feet, and there was a vessel lyin on the bottom, and her spars all gone, wich I diskuvered by lookin through the telescope to be the reck of the Clear Grit scow as was sunk, when I left and went to be skipper of the goovment-ship, poor old hulk she were a tant ship wunse and sailed well, my feelins was nigh overkomin me, but wen I seen the pistil I rekuvered, Stiner he wanted sum rekuverin too, and wen he kum round we threw the pistil overboard as we was goin down fast and the ballast was all gone, but we kouldn't stop her, down she went then we peeled off our kotes and Stiner ses Bob your a gone prigg, down she kept a goin, no I aint ses I, and then I got Stiner to blow up my life preserver for I was a leetle onsteady, then I jist kot hold of the riggin and cried out let her rip and souas she came into the water flippy flap 3 times Knockin the water all round splashin us, till we was wretter than cat-fish, then up again she goes, and we went strate into land, struck the anker all serene, and out we jumped, squeeze her gas out, rolled up her up tant, then we seed a peddlar's waggin wich we boarded and Kum rite to Toronto all sound in wind and lim, wich is a true and impartial statment.

(Signed.)

Boo. Moody.

"AWFUL" GARDNER.

A drucken rowdy and prize-fighter named Orville Gardner, was, during a late religious revival in New York, transformed into a sober and comparatively respectable member of Society. The defection of one from the almost innumerable company of American soundrels, is certainly a matter for some congratulation. The change, genuine as we have no right to doubt it was, must have been indeed welcome to the family and friends he outraged before. So far, so good. But we must be excused if we cannot go further in our exultation and sympathy.

We fail to see, that the reformation of Gardner entitles him to constitute himself a moral teacher of the rest of the community. We distrust the teachings of a man who yesterday lay with the swine in the gutter, and to day occupies the pulpit and the rostrum as the oracle whose messages are all the more precious, because his life has been immoral and vile. Nor can we understand how a portion of the religious press even in our own country, can lay before their readers the miserable details of this man's low life as fitting instruction for the Christian people of America. No sooner has "awful" Gardner, as he was styled, emerged from the filth of his rowdyism, than he mounts the platform to display the dirt in which he was wallowed. "Look," he tells his hearers, "what a villian I was," and the blacker he can paint himself the better, for, with every additional daub of darkness he rises proportionately in the eyes of a curious and delighted auditory. There is an utter absence of shame in such a disgraceful narrative as that we have before us, that we wonder it can delight the readers of a religious press.

He used to walk about the streets with his hat cocked on one side thinking he was Mayor of the city; he once had to walk the city all night for fear that in a fit of the "tremens" he should fling himself from the window. He tells us, "I have been incarcerated in prison, oh! how many times I can't tell. I own the corn. I've been locked up all over the country." What interesting intelligence for a refined and respectable auditory. It is the way with all men of the class. They hardly matriculate in morality before they fancy themselves graduates and even professors. Instead of hiding their shame and cancelling a life of villainy by a life of repentance, they, with skirts still befouled with the mire and tongues yet clogged with the slang of the ring and pit-house, stand up before the world to teach what they have but barely learned themselves.

"There is no use talking," he says, in a boastful air there is no mistaking; "there is no use talking, 'I've been through the mill.'" Gin and sugar were necessary, he thought to his existence; rum was his ruin; but now he is a mentor for the church and the world, and he tells those who have been taught to use so as not to abuse, that "no man can drink liquor and serve God." How authoritative a life of wickedness makes a man; a Harry Henry reformed is a safer teacher than Jeremy Taylor and Orville Gardner a nobler guide than Richard Baxter. Surely we have had enough of those wretched gloryings in shame, and of teachers whose vulgarity is only equalled by their ignorance and impudance.

ADDRESS TO "THE UPPER CANADA POLE."

By the Editor of the Colonist.

What ye pole is,

All hail prodigious pole,
Fine sample of our forest tree;
Oo tho' Great Britain's flag urool
Do we, and flaunt it to the breeze.

Ye position of ye pole.

We love your smooth unknotted trunk,
Great standing stick of pine,
Thou raisest thyself on high,
In perpendicular line.

Ye love of foreigners as well as natives.

The mariner who sails the seas,
Though from the Yankee shore,
Doth equal with our farmer here
Thy upright form adore.

The pole remindeth yo poet of his loss.

But when stripped of its native bark
Thy naked form we see,
We weep the loss, oh pretty pole,
Of a goodly company.

When ye company have gone.

Of a goodly company of souls
Who've gone away aalek,
Down to the hills of bleak Quebec
To never more come back.

Pole and post left to weep.

Aristocratic forms no more
Of these we'll ever see,
And Upper Canada now, poor pole,
Is left to you and me.

OLD DOUBLE IN SACKCLOTH AND ASHES.

Alas! alas! the glory of Toronto has departed. With His Excellency's ball have vanished the prosperity and happiness of Toronto. The band which turned out the vice-regal gas put an extinguisher on the gaiety of Toronto, the crack of the last champagne bottle, the roll of the last carriage homeward from the ball were the knell of doom to our ill-fated city. *Old Double* rising next morning with fevered head and aching brain, shook off the effects of gubernatorial hock, and roused herself into that state of melancholy, which is the natural rebound from an immoderate flow of spirits. With what pathos the dear old lady writes. Were it not for her age, we could fancy she has already forgotten the defunct *Atlas*; and with a gaiety beyond her years, is seeking for a new alliance. She naturally feels sad that she can no longer figure in the vice-royal dance; that her be-rouged face will never allure the simple; and that she can never again chatter nonsense to illustrious ears through toothless jaws. No wonder that the removal of furniture which to younger mortals is a scene of activity, to her seems a *memento mori*, a promonition of approaching dissolution. To the young, death appears a probability, and generally a distant one to the infirm and doting, a certainty; and it is therefore no marvel that to *Old Double*, "the eyes of the dead in glazed vacancy" glare from the government offices. Let us hear a little of her jeremiad:—

"The British ensign which at Government House has waved

its breezy salutations to East and West, to tillores of the land and traders on the lake, to the Province, the vast West, and even the Republic that shares with us the use of our waters—that banner is 'to be transferred from the noble Upper Canada pole which has held it so high and so steady, to the spot where it was first planted when Canada was first heroically won.

What a shame that so gigantic a piece of bunting should be carried off from us in triumph. A flag like the one so gloriously described, should never be allowed to depart from Toronto. It is a curiosity which can ill be spared. We were not aware that we had an ensign which waved from the east to the far west, and even spread a fold or two over the Great Republic. It would be almost large enough for the Great Eastern. And what on earth is to become of "the noble Upper Canada pole" left in widowed solitude. We feel more concerned for it than for the ensign; we are ready to head a subscription list for a new flag for the deserted pole. Who will follow?

However, *Old Double* bends gracefully to the untoward stroke—and finds consolation in the fact that the people are not "sacrificed to rulers," and that the Governor General has condescended to submit to the necessity of having an extra overcoat to serve the interests of Canadians. Happy the people who have such a Head, happy the Governor who has so thankful a *Colonist*. Still *Old Double* feels "dejected." The removal of the pag-giving establishment is compared to "the amputation of a limb," and the dear old lady seems to fear that the milk of government kindness may congeal in the frozen atmosphere of Quebec.

"The resources which accompany a Government are foreign to us," the poor creature whines. The Inspector General's office has departed and the great heart which warms an organ into life is removed to the extremity of the Province. But sadness is the season for moralizing. There are no more Government balls, there is no more gaiety, so we can retrench. We cannot play the aristocrat any more, ergo "expensiveness of living" must cease. We must lapse into plebeians again. Canadian grey must take the place of black; white chokers may be banished and dining at six must not be indulged in again. We cannot glean a smile from the great, we must therefore snicker at each other, and thus in time even the *Colonist* may become respectable.

The stroke is great, but we must grin and bear it; and we can only hope that in our day of darkness and woe, we shall be succoured and commiserated by those around us. Let us not despair therefore; if the ensign has departed, we have still the pole, and in the sage advice of *Old Double*, if we can tolerate her twaddle and garrulity, we may be happy yet, even though courts and governors refuse to smile again.

THE EXCHANGE NEWS ROOM.

We are sorry to see, from the small number who frequent the Exchange News Room, that the inducements offered by its manager, Mr. Anderson, meet with so inadequate a response. The reading room is more complete than it ever was before. The Toronto, Montreal, Quebec, Hamilton, London, Buffalo, Oswego and New York dailies are regularly supplied. The London Times, Daily News, Illustrated News,

Punch, &c., besides the Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dublin and Liverpool papers of the latest dates, may always be seen on the table. Then we have the English Reviews, and to complete the list a large representation of our Provincial country papers. Now that the long winter evenings are approaching, we surely ought to expect a large accession to the list of subscribers. It is not for the sake of the manager we make this appeal, but because it speaks little for the credit of the city that a public institution like this, for it is, after all, a public one, should be so neglected. The terms are exceedingly liberal, and subscriptions are taken for a year, a quarter, a month, or a week. We appeal to the inhabitants of the city to make it a matter of duty to give the News Room a hearty support. Clerks and students who are unable to visit the room during the day, are allowed access to it in the evening at reduced rates. Here is an opportunity which we trust they will not be slow to avail themselves of, now that the nights are lengthening and out-door amusements are coming to an end. We leave it to the public spirit of the city to maintain this excellent enterprise.

HEADS AND FEET.

The *Old Double* goeth into hysterics and mourneth over the removal of Sir Edmund Head to Quebec in the following novel and one might also say nonsensical manner in it is issue of Tuesday.

"When a limb is amputated here, remain sensations as if its extremities were in the old place—it is long before the patient habitually realizes that its foot is gone."

That is to say, that when a foot is amputated—meaning thereby by an inexcusable figure of speech, the loss of Sir Edmund Head—the toes appear to remain in the old place. We cannot see the connection between the head and the feet—especially if an *Old Double* lays the case down, the feet are amputated, nor can we imagine, in carrying the allegory what class is meant by the toes, or extremities of the feet. The question also arises supposing *Old Double* to be right in thus attributing sensations to limbs amputated here, what sensations may be supposed to be attached to the amputation of limbs in some other place, say in Yorkville?

Unprincipled Imposition.

—By a recent telegram we learn that Speaker Smith has been attempting to foist himself on the Grand Trunk Railway as the editor of the *Gambler*, with the view of saving a few paltry dollars for his scurry pocket. The enlightened ticket-seller to whom he presented himself, catechised him pretty closely, asking him various questions on the theoretical principles of Wit and Humour, and starting a pun to see if the illustrious impostor was capable of following it up. But Smith was nonplussed by the questions, and couldn't see the pun, much less could he follow it up. The official treated Smith to whiskey, and turned him out.

S M I T H .

Oh hush, ye gentle winds and zephyrs soft,
That whistle softly through the waving tresses
Oh hush, ye cartwheels and ye bulgiao snorters,
While I my lofty theme do celebrate
Solicitous. O Smith, O John Smith, James,
O William, Joseph, Tom, Dick, Harry,
And all the various Smiths how best are ye.
Beyond the common lot of mortals that ye bare,
No matter what your Christian names, a surname,
So artfully made up of consonants,
Vowels, and mutes, and liquids, till the whole
Strikes the ear like sound of saron song.
O seek ye not of titles, orders, medals,
All are but vanity and empty wind !
Ye have a name that circles all the globe,
That's borne by ruffians, scavengers, and kings,
That flies through post upon the best cream lard,
That's seen upon the hoary pyramids,
And haunts less dignified, but more frequent.
And thou, O greatest of the living Smiths,
Returned from the British Isles—a Smith,
As thou departedst from these shores—a Smith,
And thou transmittest to thy heirs that name
Thou hast long endeared to glory. Thou
Wilt long outshine all in Spectatorial Chair,
Naught but a Smith. Think not we seek to taunt;
Thou canst not into the world a Smith. Within
The stern recorder's book all sins are writ,
Blackly alike, for loafers, lords, and peers,
Seek to adorn thy name with sweeter fragrance
Than that of sounding titles. So that when
At last you're summoned from this world of woe,
We may give you a decent epitaph.

THE BALLOON ASCENT.

[Being the only true account of that wondrous sight.]

The Grumbler's special reporter was one of the tremendous crowd which assembled around the Revere House to witness the performance of Mr. Steiner and his marine comrade of the Fire-fly. We confess that it was anxiety for the safety of the latter worthy, which principally urged us to dispatch our most graphic representative to the scene of action. From the subjoined report, which we give in his own words, it will be seen that he did his best to "see justice done in the premises :—"

At half-past one o'clock, I arrived at the spot chosen for the display of aeronaution. On entering the ground, in obedience to my instruction, I made at once for Captain Moodie, whom I discovered reclining at full length in a quiet corner of the Revere House, earnestly studying "Hervey's Meditations among the Tombs." He hastily dropped this work at my approach and picked up "Draw's Meteorology," which he opened at a description of the trade winds. I took the gallant Captain by the hand and encouraged him by several cheering observations and one quart of brandy.

He produced from his pocket his will, almost identical with the one published in our paper of last week, and insisted on adding a codicil, witnessed by Mr. Riley of the Revere, and Adjutant Gull, besneating to me free liquor at his snoon during the term of my natural life, and his interest in the votes of his friends in St. John's ward. After receiving several scraps of advice, which Bob gave as the

results of his chequered political career, I accompanied him into the enclosure.

Steiner received me with great cordiality, and urged me to accompany him to take care of Bob, whose valour he feared would prove more than a match for his discretion. Feeling every confidence in the gallant fresh water salt, we, of course, declined. I left the aeronauts to their business for a short time, and entered into conversation with Mrs. Grundy, who seemed very much astonished at the inflation. To several inquiries she put to us, we answered that gas is used to inflate the balloon, because it is lighter than air, as she had probably observed that those who gave forth the most gas are invariably light headed; that Steiner could steer the balloon which way he liked, that if he choose he could keep up in the air forever, and that he had had some idea of living in the moon, but that provisions were so dear up there, that he had "concluded" to make the best of it on terra firma. The old lady wanted to know if he would be able to see her sister-in-law, the English Mrs. Grundy, starting in the Great Eastern? I replied certainly, for on the last voyage, Steiner distinctly saw Garibaldi eating macaroni in Tuscany, and espied one of the members of the Zurich Conference making a quill pen, and thinks he distinctly heard another call him "Colloredo." Leaving the old lady in a state of bewilderment, I found Bob Moodie mounting the fence to address the great unwashed. In obedience to my instructions "to see justice done in the premises," I followed and took notes of the last oration of the great captain :

FELLER CITIZENS,

Previous to startin' on the adventurous voyage which is about to embark, and are now waiting for me, which is commanded by Professor Steiner, and I am first mate of which I desire to say a few observations, which is to be short and well ordered as Shakspeare says, in his Ootters' Saturday Night. Gentlemen, the mariner's compass is a fact, so is Captain Moodie, and when Columbus went to Ameriky and landed by Montreal, he could no more have done without the fust than Steiner kin get along without the last. The fust fairient that ever tried to go up in a balloon sailed somewhat about Crete, which I don't see in the geography and I don't believe that never was no such place, but he had no gas which you may see in our bladder raring and kicking like all possessed. So his son fell in the water and got drowned, which shows I'm an addicated man as good as Neil Cameron, McEntire, or any other scollard in Tarantah. People think I'm scared, but it's a darned — well seen as I'm goin' up in the balloon I'll forgive everybody, and wont use no harsh expressions about nobody. I'm glad to see the electors of the glorious Ward of St. John here in large numbers, and though that car should throw me out, I know they'll never do it. Gennelmen, I hope to discover many curiosities, such as the mermaid and say serpent, which Steiner says is in the lake, about fifty foot down. I'll make tis ghostly shade of the defunct and lamented Mr. Columbus blush at my discoveries; that's so. All I ask is, that you'll stand by, as a eminent friend of mine observes, and see justice done in the premises.— Gennelmen, you don't think I'm skeered, do you? No, poris! the insinuation, I feel as sound as a salt

at grog. Farowell, if I do not return, drop a tear on the grave of the helpless and smitherened remains of Moody. Farowell.

Our reporter was so much affected by this speech that he fainted, and was taken home in a state of unconsciousness.

OFFICIAL GRAMMAR.

In an official notice issued from the Provincial Secretary's Department, we find the following lucid paragraph :

"NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT the Offices of the Executive Council, of the Crown Law Department, and of the Provincial Secretary, will be closed for the transaction of business on the 15th INSTANT."

We find that the above specified offices are to be closed for the transaction of business on such a day. What in the world were they ever OPEN for? For the non-transaction of business? For the purpose of trying "how not to do it." Is the devil here speaking truth by accident, and taking off his patent leather boots to show his cloven foot, or has some Clear Grit forged the above notice for the purpose of opening the way for the damaging insinuations of the Grumbler's pregnant wit? Perhaps the paragraph is authentic and reveals for the first time the true course of affairs in the government offices. Up to this time the clerks have been merely playing; on the 15th day of September they will put their Herculean shoulders to the wheel, and between the hours of 11 A.M. and 4 P.M., satisfactorily clear away all arrears; on the morning of the 16th cry out

"Now my work is lightly done,
I can fly and I can run."

and remain in this happy state of leisurable hilarity till Providence sends another such 16th inst.

We don't wish to be particular about minor points, but we find the subscriber of the same notice requesting that all communications to the Provincial Secretary's Office, may be sent, etc. Why doesn't the Provincial Secretary ask some Upper Canadian subject to revise his notices. If he were to do so he would not grind out such inharmonious sentences as he does. If he doesn't do something of the sort, there will be an indignation meeting of English particles, and he will hardly get out of the scrape without being tarred and feathered by a troop of wrathful prepositions.

TORONTO NOT A METROPOLIS.

The *Colonist* of Tuesday last, in a miserable wailing article, dares to assert that so soon as the Governor General leaves Toronto,—

"We Torontonians shall have to get into the fact that we are not a metropolis."

Hold, old mother *Double*. Toronto is, was, and will be the metropolis of Wester Canada as long as grass grows and water runs, the *Colonist* to the contrary notwithstanding. The abominably silly trash that has of late appeared in the *Colonist*, can only be attributed to the fits it has been frightened into by the approaching loss of the seat of Government. Let us all hope that the Government will have mercy upon the miserable state of the *Colonist* and take it with it to Quebec, or to the other place,