

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. 2.—NO. 29.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1859.

WHOLE NO. 81.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats
I rede you tent it;
A chieftain's among you taking notice,
And, faith, he'll mend it."

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1859.

THE GRIT GATHERING.

Full particulars of the Dark Lantern Conspiracy.

The mystery which the *Globe* has attempted to throw over the recent grit meeting or council of war at the Rossin House has not deluded us. Every word spoken, every cigar smoked, every glass of whiskey drunk was known to us before the meeting was brought to a close. After several ineffectual attempts to bribe Mr. Joslin to secrete us in the apartment, we smuggled ourselves beneath the coat-tails of the Hon. Mr. Cameron, and slipped quietly under the sofa. The *Colonist's* reporter tried to use a similar dodge, but was ignominiously ejected at the point of the boot. But to our story. The room was very gloomy, but by the aid of some sulphureous mixture which was burning in an iron basin on the table, we recognized most of the party. High on a throne of royal state, the Grit chieftain was seated, his head was girt with a wreath of Scotch thistles; before him were three or four pairs of Colt's revolvers, and in his hand a steaming glass of hot Scotch. Around him we perceived Foley with his eyes shut and arms folded, nodding wisdom from the land of dreams. Malcolm Cameron was smuggling a bottle of beer into his coat pocket with one hand and using the other to enforce the Maine Law upon Dr. Connor whose coat button was considerably jerked in the process. After sometime spent in desultory conversation, Mr. Brown called for the opening chorus which came rolling out of the crowd in good style.

Mr. Mowat took the soprano, M. Cameron did the counter-tenor, and Mr. McDougall the tenor, whilst Foley and Connor growled out the most lugubrious bass.

This done, the Chairman called on Cameron for a song. After blushing and pouring a little he sang the following words to the air of "Buy a Broom!"—

From the Mod'rates, I come, not for principle caring,
To the strong Gritish Camp to hobnob with George Brown;
Then hear me, good masters, idly swearing
To Geordie, and buy me, ah! I buy up the coon
Buy a coon? buy a coon? (spoken) buy a coon?
I'll be faithful to Geordie, so please buy the coon.

To demolish that spider John A., I'm your man, sir,
I'll expose the corruption I've basked in so long;
I'll puzzle with questions they never can answer
For in the Grit cause, George, I'm in hot and strong.
Buy a coon? Buy a coon? (spoken) buy a coon?
I'll fight like a dragon, so pray buy the coon.

As winter sets in, we must have agitation
And who is so good for the stump as poor me,
I can talk to the ladies and tickle the babies
And wheedle the farmers as nice as can be.

Buy a coon? buy a coon? (spoken) buy a coon?

A slight bit of cheering followed this song, and the bargain was at once struck, and the coon was bought, and shall we add, considerably sold, too? After some fussing the hon' gentleman consented to waive his Maine Law principles for a night, and pledge his new comrades in a brandy smash.

The Chairman then appealed to the meeting to go to business, and even volunteered to write out a constitution on the spot; Foley, however, expressed sundry bad wishes in reference to constitutions which, if printed, might offend "ears polite." So an amendment was carried to call a convention, and pitch the burden on their shoulders. The next topic of discussion was whiskey, which was so warmly debated, that all the caucus spoke at once, and great confusion ensued; Babel was not a circumstance to it.

Mr. Brown, to stop this chaotic state of things, volunteered to sing a song which he had himself composed:—

When the hopes of the Clear Grits were knocked on the head
By the shuffles and tricks of John A.,
When the hopes of their cash, sirs, and offices fat,
Kept our bravo opposition at bay,
In that horrible mess, when the *Globe* bellowed out
Its heaviest thunders in vain,
In the front of the battle, courageous and stout,
I fought and I'll do it again.

The honourable gentleman was here interrupted by Foley, who said that the Chairman's singing was not worth a rap. Some discussion ensued about the merits of this objection, when some one proposed to send for the operatic critic of the *Leader*, to decide the question, but Gould put a veto on that, on the ground that "he wouldn't have nothing to do with no man what wouldn't talk plain English and not jabber Italian and other dead languages." This led to an animated discussion on philology, which was only ended by the freaks of one whiskey laden individual who knocked the Chairman's thistle crown down on his head, dyed Connor's hair with ashes from his pipe, and poured the contents of the whiskey bottle into McDougall's hat. After some time he was pacified and induced to sing a song, which he plentifully interlarded with hic-coughs and other kindred interpolations:

The man bowed down by weight of beer,
To lamp-posts oft will cling;
To gin and whiskey then he'll steer,
'That only grief can bring.
For those exciting drinks will bend
With beer, and he'll be thrown,
A constable 's the only friend
He then can call his own.

The hicoughing and accompanying gestures here became so violent that several waiters were summoned and the unhappy but all too jolly gent was

removed to an adjacent dormitory, Dr. Connor here volunteered to sing God Save the Queen, which he managed to do by singing the words to the Old Hundredth. The chairman in the meantime had completed a glowing report for the *Globe*, and then declared the meeting dissolved. The last we saw of the company was a fiery Highlander trying to get the poker to dance a Highland-fling round the glasses on the table.

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DIARY

OF A

MOSQUITO BITTEN MAN.

Talk of the plague of flies! Why the Egyptians never suffered one-half of the agony that I have suffered since the mosquito season set in. It makes me shudder to think of it. When I survey my disfigured face in the too-faithful mirror—when I behold the beloved faces of my wife and pretty ones—there are six of them—dotted all over like a plum pudding, I feel such indescribable anguish that at times I am forced to conclude that I was sent into the world for no other earthly purpose than to be eaten alive by flies.

What a life of torture has been mine for the last three months! Night after night I have lain awake—counting the minutes, until day-light would free me from the torments of these blood-thirsty devils. Sleep has been a stranger to my eyes for the last—I am afraid to say how long! I shall soon go mad. I know I shall. Peruse the following extract from my diary, and say if it is possible for human nature or mental reason to hold out against such dam—well I won't; but it is dreadful. Why don't I exterminate the midnight hags, is it? Ah, sirs, I have, as you will see, been endeavoring in vain to exterminate them for months past. Not a single newspaper remedy but I have tried, until I had almost exterminated myself and my beloved family—once by blowing myself up whilst mixing some infernal drugs, and again by setting fire to the bed on which my unconscious wife and first-born were serenely slumbering. But to my diary:

"Last night was the most miserable one I spent this year. Kate—my beloved wife—was in a bad temper. Kitty—my angelic infant—was in a worse. I tried to sleep. But in vain. The first mosquito of the season came trumpeting to my ear in shrill accents that he and his diabolical tribe had "murdered sleep." How I anathematized the insect! I made several indignant attempts to murder him, but without effect. Vexed to death, I at last made a tremendous lunge through the darkness at my tormentor with the pillow, and, sad to relate, brought it down with dreadful violence on the tender face of my beloved infant, who thereupon made such a hideous outcry, that I thought I had killed him. Oh, dear, when I think of the scene that followed. When I remember the upbraidings of my dear wife, I look upon myself as the most hard-hearted father in Christendom. Sleep was banished for that night.

"Next night I was congratulating myself that the mosquitoes,—finding perhaps the mangled remains of their comrade, crushed into pulp by my pillow,—had retreated from my room for ever. But I was mistaken. It was past 1 p. m. Sleep had almost overpowered my aching senses. Dear Kate was snoring loudly beside me. Kitty was asleep, or meditating on the next Exchequer budget for all I know. How balmy I thought! How delicious I muttered!

Bzz-z-z-z-z-z-z came from one corner of the dark room. I was wide awake in an instant. The little devil will miss me, I said. But, no, the sound came nearer and nearer; until at last the horrid insect with

a fiendish yell of triumph, made an impetuous dash upon my unprotected cheek. But I was determined to be revenged.

"Cautiously freeing my dexter hand from under the blankets. I hoisted it in the air a moment as I thought exactly over the spot where the feud was gorging himself with my best blood, and then brought it down like lightning with a bang—not on my cheek, however, but on my nose. The miscalculated blow brought tears to my eyes and caused me to start up with pain, whilst to add to my mortification I could hear my deadly foe leisurely buzzing into a distant corner of the room. More than once I made the same dreadful mistake. Once my ear was the recipient of a box that made my head sing—but I had the satisfaction of knowing that I had ground my enemy to pieces in the attempt.

Twice my unsuspecting wife's face was dreadfully disfigured through my miscalculation of distances, arising from the same cause. Need I repeat the scenes that followed? On the last occasion she actually packed up her things to go home, and it was only by locking the door and going down upon my knees that I obtained her consent to give me another trial.

"I bore sleepless nights of agony with the fortitude of a christian. My dear Kate also showed symptoms of resignation. I must own that she sometimes made use of strong language, regarding our tormenters. But then being the weaker vessel who could blame her? At length the lucky thought struck me to search the room every night before retiring to rest and see if I could not exterminate the Goths and Vandals—those destroyers of our midnight repose. Glorious! I shall now have rest I said. The unsuspecting miscreants will slumber on the ceiling. I shall kill them all before going to bed and then, Kate, we shall enjoy a night's rest at all events.

"Bed time came at last, and found me armed with a bolster, mounted on the bed and in diligent search after the mosquitoes. Soon I spied one clinging to the fresco work on the ceiling. Bang went the pillow with indignant violence, and down came the murdered remains of the mosquito, together with part of the coiling with an appalling crash on the top of my awe-struck wife and family. Here was a pretty mess!

"My wife insisted, better mosquitoes than have the house torn down about our ears. But no! no! I shouted. Better tear the world up by its roots and set the universe on fire than that a mosquito should live. Armed with desperate courage and the destructive bolster I again waged war on the mosquitoes. Dragging the basin stand in the middle of the room I sprang upon it. Another mosquito was visible at a little distance from my post of observation.

"Carefully poisoning myself—for the basin stand had only three legs, and had always been supported against the wall,—I made a desperate dash at the foe. I missed him. Just as I made the blow, he flew away with a shrill note of defiance. In another minute I saw him fly past me. You shan't escape me this time I said as I made another desperate flourish with the bolster in the direction he had passed me. At that moment the basin stand lurched

over, and came down with a direful crash, sending myself headlong through the best mirror in the house, smashing all the china basins at hand, and to crown all, sending my beloved wife and children into violent hysterics and fits.

"After this I gave up mosquito-hunting. I next tried to smoke them out—or rather to fumigate them to death. My beloved wife, however, would not consent to the experiment. But I was not to be balked. So I arose one night, when my dear family were buried in slumber, and taking the prescription which I had bought on the faith of a newspaper paragraph, from my pocket, I carefully mixed it in a saucer, and set fire to it. Bang! Bless my life, there was a report as if the *Great Eastern* had blown up a second time. The room was instantly filled with suffocating smoke. The terrified cries of my wife for fresh air and smelling salts were heart-rending. My babes—I never thought infant lungs could send forth such deafening sounds.

"Seizing frantically on something—it happened luckily to be the boot-jack, I rushed to the windows and soon had the satisfaction of demolishing every pane of glass within reach. Hearing the noise and seeing the smoke, my neighbours rushed in upon me pell mell—and it was as much as I could do to keep them from deluging my bed and household furniture with water. I could not get my chamber cleared until I had informed the crowd that a Canadian's house was his castle—and in fact several castles—and that if I was not instantly left alone, I should certainly be compelled to use fire-arms.—Saying which, I took down an old fowling-piece, supposed to have been made by mein herr Swartz some five centuries ago, and soon had the room once more to myself.

"It would take up too much time to enumerate the various devices I resorted to in order to escape the dreadful mosquito plague. I have several times been on the point of smotheration and strangulation by my neck becoming entangled in the folds of clothes and curtains which I had spread over my head before going to sleep. But as yet I have had no rest. Indeed the mosquitoes seem to redouble their fury as I redouble my rage against them. At first they used simply to come, bite me and go away with a skin full. But now they come roaring to devour me—trumpeting loudly and shrilly in my ear, and pouncing down on my unprotected nose, cheeks, eyes, and hands, and those of my beloved wife and children, with the venom and hatred of professed enemies."

Well, sirs, am I not to be pitied? My nightly prayer is—"Would that all the mosquitoes in the world had but one neck that I might break it!"—But, alas, there is no use in such prayers—there is no faith to be placed in prescriptions—nor is there remedy or repose to be sought by the pillow. What is to be done? Will no one tell me what is to be done? Are the mosquitoes to have it all their own way? Think of it ye philanthropists—ye preachers of glad tidings, and find if ye can an elixir to exterminate the mosquitoes. Do this and the blessing will be about you for ever of

Yours truly,

JOB GOGGORTT.

THE CORRECT REPORT.

It is almost impossible to account for the strange freaks the editors of our dailies play off on the public. As a case in point, let us refer to the McGee banquet of Wednesday last. The reports published in the daily papers were, we say it advisedly, deliberately and unhesitatingly, false. We took care to have our reporter in the Hall, and from his notes we give the only true and reliable account.

The Chair was occupied by Ogle R. Gowan. Grace was said by the Rev. Nassau Gowan, and after considerable eating, and not a little drinking, the cloth was removed, and the "usual loyal toasts" having been drunk, the chairman rose and proposed the health of Bishop Ombartoulet. He made some remarks upon the eminent qualifications his lordship possessed to fill the mastership of an Orange Lodge, and breathed a desire that the episcopal shadow might never grow less.

Air: The Protestant Boys—sung by Mr. Moylan with great effect.

Father Bruyere replied in a very telling speech, sparkling with wit. He said that, in being privileged to meet so many of those illustrious in the history of Candairn Orangeism, he was not at that moment exactly aware whether he was planted upon his cranial or pedal developments.

A voice from a sleek young man in the crowd: "Nuff sed."

For his part he had a great reverence for the "pious and immortal memory," in fact he whistled "Boyne Water" in the cradle. It was a stupid prejudice for Protestants to suppose that they had any deep-rooted antipathy to the life and drum. In fact last twelfth of July he felt strongly inclined to —

Sleek young man: "See justice done."

Father Bruyere:—Yes, as my pale-faced young friend has it, to see justice done in the matter of the procession.

The worthy padre went on in this happy way for about half an hour, and sat down amidst loud applause.

The Chairman then rose to propose the toast of the evening. His eloquent friend on his right was peculiarly endeared to him as an ex-Grand Master and Sovereign of the Scarlet. It was, if he might use the *ter-rum*, in his ex official position he proposed, T. D'Arcy McGee, Esquire, the member for Montreal, may be our next Grand Master. Drunk with unearthly enthusiasm.

Mr. McGee rose to reply. We cannot pretend to give anything like even an outline of the honorable gentleman's very eloquent harangue. Suffice it to say, that he traced the benefits of Orangism up to St. Patrick, who, he said, was the first Grand Master, and although a Scotchman, wasn't to be sneezed at by any means. Something good occasionally came out of Galilee. (Loud and explosive laughter.) It had also been the case hero. Mr. Brown was also a Scotchman, but he ought to have been an Irishman by rights, he was so much a man after his (McGee's) heart. (Prolonged stamping and glass clinking.) Then turning upon the corruptions of the Government, he floored Cartier by one blow, scattered Sidney Smith's brains about like one o'clock, and ended by expressing the satisfac-

tion he felt in the election of Mr. J. H. Cameron to the Grand Mastership. He had always loved his honorable friend, but now he perfectly adored him, in fact, he had been so overcome that he went immediately to their worthy chairman, and begged him to propose him as a member of a Loyal Orange Lodge. The hon. gentleman then resumed his seat. Air—Croppies, lie down.

Mr. McGee again rose, and proposed the Chairman's health, which was drunk very freely, rather too freely indeed by some merry but enthusiastic youngsters.

Mr. John Wilson then sang the "Shan Van Vocht."

Mr. Gowan's speech sent our reporter to sleep but no doubt he was stupid as usual. After sundry minor guns had exploded their little charges, the meeting broke up with three cheers for McGee, three for "the pious and immortal," three for Gowan, and another three for Cameron.

COOPER'S ENGLISH OPERA TROUPE.

During the week Mr. Cooper's Company have performed five of the best operas to the musical people of Toronto. We have not room to give at any length our opinion of the merits of these performances. That duty devolves upon the Daily papers, and we are sorry to say that it is very miserably performed. The *Leader* has made some ambitious attempts at operatic criticism, the other dailies are as good as mum on the subject. It is enough for us to say that the company has never been in better condition than it is now. Miss Milner, always attractive and pleasing, seems to have lost none of her charms since we saw and heard her last. That one beautiful song, "Lo hear, the gentle Lark," is worth more than the price of the entire performance. Mr. Cook sings and acts with even more spirit and power than before. His *Dulcamara* and *Figaro* kept the audience in a continual roar of laughter, whilst in such parts as the *Count* in *Trovatore*, he displays great power of voice and action. Mr. Bowler, it seems to us, has also greatly improved in every way during his absence from Toronto, whilst Mr. Rudolphsen is the same "old reliable" as ever. We must beg Miss Payne's pardon for having omitted to mention her excellent rendition of the character of *Auencas*; it certainly is as a powerful piece of acting as we ever saw.

The chorus, though small, is very effective; we notice that the recruiting sergeant of the company has induced two of our Toronto musicians to enlist into the service; we hope when the troupe visits Toronto again, to see them filling respectable positions in it. So much for the performance, now for the audience. We are well aware that the Lyceum is a very bad building, uncomfortable and ill adapted for sound; damp, dirty and miserable as a general thing; but we do protest against the very inadequate patronage accorded to this company on the present occasion. It is really too bad that whilst nigger bands and conjurers and thousands of patrons, scientific music of the highest order, rendered in the best style, counts its lovers by scores, for we can scarcely say hundreds. The hardness of the times has, of course, much to do with it, still those

who could afford to patronize the stale tricks of Jacobs and the idiotic freaks of his man Sprightly, cannot plead that excuse. It is certainly a reproach to our citizens that this reproof is needed.

Mr. Cooper will, we presume, remain with us during some portion of next week, and we put it to the good taste of Torontonians, whether performances which are worthy of every one's countenance and support, shall be so poorly attended.

WHICH IS TRUE?

It is astonishing how party spectacles alter cases. A party meeting, a political banquet, or an agricultural show can be made successful or unsuccessful, well or barely attended at pleasure. The *Globe's* reporter at the Kingston Fair, telegraphs "Visitors are not at all numerous, and things generally are dull." Now whether the expression that "things are generally dull" is intended as a general dictum or merely as applied to the Fair does not appear; yet it seems evident that in the *Globe's* eye, the fair is a failure. *Audi alteram partem*, the *Colonist* to wit: "This morning the crowd of visitors was very great."—Now which fibs, the Grit or the moderate?—Let us have some idea of the truth for once in your editorial lives. It would puzzle a stranger to understand the rationale of this depreciation on one side and laudation on the other. It "is all along" of Adam Fergusson. John A. Macdonald is Attorney General West, and was fed and toasted to satiety by the local committee at Kingston.—Mr. Brown got no dinner from the committee. Adam Fergusson witholds his Durhams from the fair, and it must be made a failure by all good Grits. The same cause operating in the other way on *Old Double*, produces a glowing report; hence the contradiction. Oh if Adam had only sent his bulls and John A. had not been gorged, what a different sight the fair would have been.

OLD DOUBLE AT SEA.

One would think that a retired parson like *Old Double*, would still retain memory enough not to misquote Scripture. The study of a life-time ought not, we should think, to be effaced even by twelve year's dotage. It is not so, however, poor old creature, she has survived the last trace of memory and understanding. In a number this week, the poor creature, speaking of the opposition, says, that in it we have "Isaac's voice with Esau's hands" referring we presume to the narrative of Jacob's deception. The illustration itself is not introduced in the most reverent style imaginable, but to mistake the father for the son, the deceiver for the deceived, shows a state of dotage, we never anticipated even from the *Rev. Old Double*. Won't some energetic M. P. P. introduce a law next session to prohibit parsons from occupying the sanctum and wielding the editorial quill. The most insolent and unreasonable political papers in this country are edited by parsons; the most unchristian language is penned by lips that ought to be the first to utter words of charity. The government would do a real service to the community by despatching every one of them to Vancouver's Island, as missionaries.

THE MCGEE BANQUET.

Yes, sirs, it was a great affair. Such eating and drinking and speaking, for 75 cents a head was never heard of before. And such fine company as was present. There was Tim Mulloy in the chair, and Paddy Gollagher in the Vice chair. At the chairman's right was Father Rooney, with a bran new waistcoat on; and Father Walsh, Heaven be good to him when he dies—sat on his left. To say nothing of the Vicar General Bruyere and Vicar General Gordon, and a hundred other clerical gentlemen—all excellent hands at whiskey punch and knife and fork exercise; besides the Lower Canadian ecclesiastics that eat frogs and drink uequebaugh like natives.

Heavens, how they ate. Mr. McGee was astonished, and said he never saw such execution since '48. No, nor he never will again.

And, mind you, the banquet, was not religious nor political, nor social out and out, it was a sort of mongrel, made up of all three. And then to hear Mister McGee speak! How he raised the dander of the Irishmen; and wanted to stop, by the way, when he was only half done—and the b'hoys wouldn't let him, but insisted on his "goin' on." And he went on—which gave the company time to drink the punch and order more.

And then there was Mister, no, Father Bruyere, who responded to the toast of the Church—drinking long life to the Holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church, with a hip, hip, hurrah. It's a good joke. And singing "For he's a jolly good fellow," immediately afterwards perhaps. But to hear the Father lay it down to his sons—not carnally, but spiritually—telling them that the way to Heaven was to obey the Church in all things, and may be insinuating that Mister McGee would one day arrive there, because he was a great favourite of the Church entirely, and a most exemplary and obedient son. The good Father, however, did not petition Heaven to send the Church many such sons as Mister McGee! Not a bit of it.

Oh Ab, but the letters of apology! The Bishop himself, the great Charbonnel, could not come, but he sent his Vicar General to eat and drink his share, and say how very much beloved a son of the Church—Mister McGee—was, and that he was in fact a host in himself, to say nothing of his 300,000 mel.

And the one from the Mayor! How frank and straightforward. He was afraid to come, or else he would have great pleasure in being present. Whiskey punch did not agree with him. If they had some hot Scotch, and so on.

And old Orl. Baldwin was too old to come. Good old man. Heaven that took away his strength seems to have left him his good sense.

The McGee Banquet—Ho! ho! ho! Ha! ha! ha! Brandy and water instantan.

A DISTINCTION WITHOUT A DIFFERENCE.

A correspondent of the *Guardian* named Johnson, makes a distinction which we are scarcely acute enough to understand. He says that Victoria College is "denominational" but not "sectarian." The only reason why he does not like the latter term is, that it does not sound agreeably; in other words,

he wants some gentler term than the one which the opponents to the monstrous pretensions of that institution employ. He thinks that if you only call it "denominational," they may run a chance of being permitted to plunder the University funds; but call it "sectarian" and the game is up. There is a delicacy in the style of this tactician, exceedingly common in the world. Even the drunkard can substitute "shot," "slew'd," "half-sprung," "half-scas-over," and "jolly," when describing his vice; he is never *drunk*, that is too harsh a term. From similar motives thieves have a vocabulary of their own.

But after all, does this effect the object sought? How does it concern the people of Canada that an institution repudiates the term "sectarian," whilst its rulers, professors, and controllers are appointed and dismissed by a sectarian and exclusively clerical conference, when its rules are framed by them, and when it forms part and parcel of a religious organization? Why, if the institution is not "sectarian," these district and circuit meetings of a sect?

Why are not Baptists, Presbyterians, and members of the Church of England called to aid this new agitation? Simply because the promoters know that they are merely trying to hoodwink simpletons by raising a false issue, whilst the money they would, if successful, obtain from the University of Toronto would be spent by a sectarian body in sectarian service.

They work in vain, however; cunning as clerical agitators generally are, the people of Canada have learned by the struggles of years, that the only safe basis of state education is entire freedom from the shackles of sectarian control; and we fancy the subtle distinction Mr. Johnston seeks to make, will be of little avail to them, in their war upon our great National University.

HISTORY OF CANADA.

BY BUTTERFIELD BEESEWAX.

No. III.

The fur trade, as we have already stated, was in full blast. Without suffering any severe check, it began to assume a different commercial aspect. Instead of cash and promising hopes, rum of various degrees of badness was offered to the Iroquois. This unfortunate tribe became suddenly very *rummy*, and their natural ferocity hitherto productive of so much discomfiture to the Europeans, was turned to mutual destruction. The Indians were compelled to agree with the well-known proverb: "when we are at rum we must do as rum does," and Canada very often launched into a series of very *rum* antics which were interrupted by the troops of Montmany with a general musket discharge, that before an alarm could be sounded, the spirits had left the bodies that had been lately so much overstocked with it.

Pugs of tobacco consisting of beautifully adjusted proportions of molasses and cabbage leaf, assisted the Colonists to *plug* the Indians as they wished. In a short time the haughty Iroquois, begged for peace, and the work of civilization was allowed to progress without hindrance.

To make up for any apparent want of principle

in the employment of narcotics as a means of conversion, the government issued a decree forbidding swearing and blasphemy, which had the effect of *darning* the torrent of immorality which was fast sweeping away all vestiges of the Christian religion in the transatlantic settlement.

The prevalence of the beverage mentioned a few lines above was by the way the origin of the celebrated Indian gloe *rum-te rum-te deo*.

About the year 1663, a tremendous earthquake occurred on the banks of the St. Lawrence. To this geological revolution we owe "The Thousand Islands." On the 6th of February the earth began to heave, and a vast number of rocks were pitched clean into the water, much to the astonishment of the funny inhabitants of the stream.

About the year 1690, the first native production of a nautical character, that Canada ever saw, was manufactured a short distance above the Falls. The Indians were at the time sufficiently versed in *craft*, they believed in witchcraft, but all the *craft* they had ever been *taught*, was not sufficient to prevent the *taut craft* in question, from astonishing them considerably. They had been up to a good many *rigs* in their day, but the *rig* of this craft was too much for their equilibrium. Their open mouths assumed the shape of a *round O*, when the mariners sang a *rondeau*, and navigated the vessel safely into Lake Erie. From Lake Erie the vessel went to visit Lake Huron, and there met with the same description of adventures as befel the Ploughboy, and their safe escape was perhaps more to be wondered at, considering that the courageous and skilful marine Sergeant Blazes, was not yet born, and could not of course lend a helping hand in the case of disaster: She perished in Lake Huron, on the return trip, being manned by no more worthy personages than a blasphemous pilot and five seamen. If she had on board such a worthy assemblage as thronged the decks of the Ploughboy, she might have been spared to the present day, and Bob Moodie might have been running her in our bay as a ferry boat.

TORONTO 29th Sept. 1859.

DFAR GRUMBLER,

Can you inform me if the approaching annual elections have anything to do with the removing of the rubbish from the excavation of a cellar on Queen Street West, by the carts employed by the Corporation, and laying down the stuff on the streets where there is no earthily use for it; thus saving the worthy proprietor the cost! Perhaps the worthy Alderman for St. Andrews Ward can say whether the weight an "Earl" can bring to bear at the polls in January next, be the cause or not.

Ever Yours.

ARGUS.

We strongly deprecate the impertinent inquisitiveness of our correspondent, he ought to be more respectful to our intelligent and dignified municipal legislators, than to impugn the purity of their motives. Are not they the model reform Ouncellors, the patient Hercules who cleanse the Augean stable of Municipal corruption; and are they to be called to account by a prying public? The thought is monstrous, Argus must remember that the maxim "no one can touch filth without being defiled" does not apply to the members of a corporation though they do dabble in mud.—[Co. G.]