

"I tell you, friends, most charitable care have the Patricians for you."—*Coriolanus*.

In this Canada, where we make and unmake Peers every eight years, the words of Menenius Agrippa may justly be attributed to expectant Patricians, whose care for the plebeians is equally charitable and disinterested. Can a sublimer spectacle be presented to an admiring people than the patriotic and persevering efforts of an ex-Sheriff and an ex-Alderman to alleviate the miseries and enhance the felicity of the York Division. Let no cynic attribute sinister intentions to these worthy gentlemen—since, at a period so far antecedent to the Election—September next—no Lower House patriot would ever think of voting according to the wishes of his constituents for at least three months to come. The GRUMBLER will anxiously and impartially chronicle these labors of love; in the meantime, we recommend that the City Clerk open an account of the boundless charities of each of these worthies, and the Mayor cause two pulpits to be placed in the St. Lawrence Hall, from which the candidates for Legislative honours may, at all charitable and political gatherings, give the first opinion, like the Consuls elect of Rome, before installation. If Mr. Jarvis would only erect an imposing pile of buildings in place of the ligneous tenements that were formerly opposite the "Romain Buildings," he would decidedly have the advantage. Mr. Romain must cultivate a moustache, wear an eye-glass, and give himself a more imposing appearance generally,—besides, Mr. Jarvis has certainly the last claim on public gratitude,—it is only a week or two since he in the noblest manner petitioned for a fire escape. Call a meeting, Charley, if your own imagination fail, (which so long a silence would seem to indicate) you shall have any number of importunate grumblers whose wants you may relieve; we could, ourselves, suggest a thousand ways in which your patriotic ebullitions may peaceably simmer down. Besides this, advertising media might be turned to better advantage: Messrs. Hutchison and Walker would easily consent to an arrangement by which the watchword of the Dry Goods trade might be "Vote for the Old King and W. B. Jarvis," and "Support the Wooden Lion and C. E. Romain."

In pure and simple soul THE GRUMBLER suggests these expedients, and if, after all, Jarvis kills Romain, or he Jarvis, or each do kill the other, and let some one else slip in, we, at any rate, shall rest in the calm and quiet assurance of duty fulfilled.

"Let him roar again."

—THE GRUMBLER was agreeably disappointed on hearing the virgin oration of the hon. the lay member for Montreal. Instead of the tall, fiercely moustached, fire-eating Hibernian, with a beautiful brogue, and a savage Saxon-defying oratory, à la Danton, we encountered a quite, harmless and albeit eloquent little fellow—in short, a "howling Celt," like Nick Bottom the weaver who offered to "roar you as gently as any sucking dove; as 'twere any nightingale," and we are disposed to echo the words put into the Duke's mouth by Nicholas—"Let him roar again, let him roar again."

As we are THE GRUMBLER, we have a perfect right to grumble at everything, and we intend to exercise that right; but if, unfortunately, the time should ever come when we have everything that we have grumbled for, and every grievance that we have grumbled against has been removed, why then we'll grumble at not having anything to grumble about.

Now, some of our numerous grievances at this time are, the numbers of dogs, doctors and policemen in this good city of Toronto, and the continual quarrellings in which these respectable classes are engaged. In our streets and our markets, the dogs frequently meet in fearful conflict; in our saloons and station-houses, the police indulge in bickerings and conspiracies; while the doctors, the gentlemen *par excellence*, assail each other in the theatre and wards of our General Hospital. All three are abominable nuisances, and require treatment at our hands; but the doctors only are our especial patients on this occasion.

It is a strange circumstance, and one that is rather significant, that we have one policeman for each doctor in the city; and it is curious, that when the doctors have but little practice, the police sleep on their arms, and the undertakers look more gloomy than their waving plumes. But it is stranger still that some doctors, who are supposed to visit and prescribe for the patients in our General Hospital every day, should their condition require, absent themselves for months together from the Institution, and then, upon resuming their duties, undertake to exclude from the wards by force those of their brethren who should presume to apply "professional abuse" towards them for their negligence and cruelty. And it is stranger than ever, that the guardians of the Charity, knowing this gross dereliction of duty—and knowing too, that patients have been taken into the Hospital under the care of one of the *honourable* gentlemen of the staff, should pine there for weeks and die, and be buried or dissected, without having been once visited or prescribed for by the doctor whose patients they were. Is it any wonder that we grumble when no medical man can be found who will perform the duties faithfully, and not claim the honor of being one of the Hospital surgeons, at the same time that he is neglecting his patients for three months together. But we understand that we are not the only grumblers about Hospital matters. It is said a certain oily old gent has grumbled on several occasions this winter, because a medical school not many miles from Yorkville, has not been able to obtain a sufficiency of subjects from the Hospital for dissection, and is now grumbling because the Trustees will not allow the patients to be turned over to the tender mercies of these students, in order to supply the deficiency. Certainly, the Trustees are very disobliging, and the medical officers generally are not so accommodating as they might be.

Hang the doctors, say we! for if the patients in the Hospital could get along for three months without their services, surely they can dispense with them altogether; and if the sick in the Institution can do without the doctors entirely, why those out of it can do the same. Seventeen policemen have just been suspended: the doctors are in excess; a like number should be also "strung up."

The "broad Protestant" having chosen to represent Toronto, paid a visit to North Oxford on Saturday night last, to see about a candidate to represent that constituency. A private caucus was held, to see what Mr. Brown had to say; which our reporter attended. His exhortation was something after the following order:

"My brethren we have been awfully taken in with our new Clear Grit orators. We felt sure that we could talk the Government out of office and ourselves in almost immediately, but we begin to see our mistake, we have entirely overdone it. There's Hogan, it takes three or four of our best men to watch him and undo what he does wrong. If we had one or two more like him, we should all be roved up Salt River within forty-eight hours. No, we must try and get a man that can't talk either in or out of the House. If there is a man to be found quiet and tractable, that's the man we want—something like Grimshaw, and we must look sharp about it!"

This speech, apart from jesting the spirit of which Brown certainly did express, as well as the peculiar pains he took during the late general election, shows it to be his policy to have none but the most tractable and easily-led-by-the-nose members in the House. William McDougall, Mr. McKinnon, formerly editor of the *Hamilton Banner*, and Gordon Brown, all aspire to be named the Clear Grit candidate, but it appears a difficult matter to settle which of them shall stand. The first named, is probably too independent to suit Brown, and objection is taken to the second on account of his delicate health, and his inability to qualify; and the third, while professing indifference, is really dying to be brought forward. Ridiculous as it may appear, Capt. Moodie actually received a requisition from a number of the electors, asking him to stand, and unless dissuaded from it by George Brown himself, will certainly do so. He tells his friends in the city that he's bound to be an M. P. P.

There are also some sixteen local men named to run on the liberal ticket, while Mr. Spence, late Post Master General, is mentioned as the Ministerial candidate. A Reform Convention meets in Woodstock to-day, to make a selection.

Answers to Correspondents.

—It is our intention to make the answers of questions submitted by correspondents, a prominent feature in our paper. Much information and amusement may be elicited by this means, and we anticipate a large number of queries.

We should also be happy to have suggestions and articles sent us. Any thing of a public nature requiring ventilation, we should be glad to hear of. Address "THE GRUMBLER," Toronto. No letters taken out of the Post Office unless prepaid.

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