

GRAND DEMONSTRATION.

NOW TORONTO DISCUSSES "PUBLIC AFFAIRS."

On Tuesday last, pursuant to a requisition to the Mayor, a meeting was held to consider "the present critical condition of public affairs." The opening proceeding was a series of shrill whistlings from sundry little boys. At about eight a wild and good tempered gentleman Gorrie, by name, took the chair; a Mr. Sellar the chairman's Echo was elected secretary, at any rate he was modest enough to take the place.

A philosophical gentleman named Platt, whose brains seem to have been accidentally placed in the abdominal, instead of the cerebral region, began the row.

Mr. Platt—Boys, let's go home—(Grunt).—I move we (grunt) adjourn.

Cries of "Carried" from several small boys, "lost," from others, "Bah," "hoo," "yah," from other intelligent political sages.

At length Mr. Sheppard who seemed to care very little for the orchestra below, commenced as follows:

Sheppard—Gentlemen (Mr. Coyne—yaw,boo,ah!) Gentlemen (Mr. D. B. Read, Q. C., ah! yoo! bah!) I move a resol—(go home—ass! yah!) union to sustain the noble stand of the Upper House in resisting the infamous machinations of a corrupt government. (Loud cheers; after which Mr. Coyne treated the audience to the song of "All round my hat," in connection with the hat he mentioned Mr. Vankoughnet.)

Platt (aside)—Boys, we'd better go; they've got the meeting.

Coyne—Oh no, the *Colonist* will not be able to get up lies enough if we don't stay and yell. Bentley it's your turn next.

Mr. D. B. Read next mounted the rostrum, to drangle his newly got silk gown in the mire. He protested that the Governments were awfully corrupt, and he could denounce them, (Cries of 'SIO a day' "Silk gowns") but he would not do so (Yah! booh! hurrah!) because Brown is doing so. If Brown told me to go to church I wouldn't do it. (Yool aw! pooh! and cheers.)

This went on for about half an hour, and then Mr. Manning attempted to speak with tolerable success. Then R. P. Crooks tried it, but in vain, and the Chairman rose to put the resolution; some declared it carried, others wanted to know what was going on, and amidst the row the orchestra near the platform attempted, without success, to seize the chairman.

Mr. Gowan made a fool of himself, Mr. Coyne made a greater, there was a general row, and the meeting broke up. Now we put it to the sensible portion of our citizens, is this state of things to continue. The chairman correctly said that the whole of the meeting, with the exception of twenty or thirty were prepared to listen to what might be said by the speakers, yet these off-scourings of taverns and law-offices were permitted to make a bear-garden of a meeting called to take into consideration "public affairs." We care very little for the cess-pot of Canadian politics, but we do earnestly ask if this insane system we have got into in Toronto is to be perpetuated. Why even in the

United States, men can meet and talk as much nonsense as they like without interruption and papers in the opposition interest gave a fair report of its proceedings; shall Toronto be behind Yankee's in civilization, and a score or two of noisy and blotted men, prevent all discussion? And this merely to enable OLD DOUBTLE to insert a report which an eye witness we know and they know to be false from beginning to end. Leaving the loafers to the oblivion they deserve—what shall we say of the Queen's counsel and the noisy shouter from Vankoughnet's who pretend to some education, and yet head a herd of infatuated unreasoning creatures to disturb a meeting? By all means, if we are to be accounted reasonable creatures let us meet and talk as men not howl like tigers.

THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL.

Weep for the Legislative Council! Shed tears of poignant sorrow over the fate of those gallant and gray Councilors who, to the number of a score and three, resolved that they would not go to Quebec; but who, alas for their good intentions, "reckoned without their host."

Like Tara's Hall, the Council chamber is now deserted. Its glory has gone to Quebec. No more in that sacred chamber shall be heard the voice of a Campbell,—not a boast, but a man,—denouncing the peccadilloes of an erring ministry; yet holding, very properly, to the doctrine that the devil we know is a far more agreeable person to honour with our confidence than the devil whose acquaintance we have not the honour of knowing.

No more shall that Paganino, Alexander, harp on his one string about expense, extravagance, and ruination, until the watchful reporter fell asleep and dreamed of expense in his dreams.

No more shall the Pythian oracle, Vankoughnet, exhibit his imperturbable Dutch physiognomy in his usual place, and vex poor Alexander, and hon. gentlemen generally, by answers worthy of the oracle which so obligingly informed the great Alexander that "you the Persians shall conquer."

No more shall the aged yet fiery Ferris fume and fret at the length and emptiness of hon. gentlemen's speeches. Ferguson shall not again, in that chamber, tuck his hands under his coat tails, and wistfully take his Maker's name to witness, that swearing was an exceedingly impious and reprehensible proceeding. DeBlaquiere, again, shall not stand on the floor of the House and his own dignity at the same time.

They are all gone,—Desaulles with his dirty-looking moustache; Allan, with his forbidding look; Hamilton, of the jolly countenance; the long Pole, and all. They are all lost to Toronto for ever; and peace and quietness reign in their stead.

Questionable.

—We understand that the following questions will be debated at one of our debating Societies next week:

"Is the beating of a bailiff to within an inch of his life a pardonable offence, or an exalted virtue?"

"Is it murder to kill a policeman?"

The public are respectfully invited to hang themselves.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT.

By a singular and unpardonable oversight, not one of the daily papers of Toronto, have expressed an opinion on the address, which both houses of parliament passed the other day, inviting her Majesty to visit Canada. It was the last act of the session—the last legislative act that perhaps ever will be consummated in Toronto—its importance cannot be over rated: and yet the great exponents of public opinion contrived to overlook it. And it is left for Mr. GAUMBLER to take off his hat and cheer wildly and frantically, that the Queen is coming to Canada. For of course she will come.

Hurrah, boys! one cheer more!

Such bon-fires and rejoicings, and illuminations and torch-light-processions, and getting drunk and beating the police, as we should have, in honor of Her Majesty's name. From Gaspé to Sandwich, the land would ring with acclamations. From the States to the North Pole, we should be beside ourselves with joy. Hurrah for the Queen, again.

SCOTTISH ENTERTAINMENT.

We honoured Mr. Crawford's Scottish entertainment with our presence, and were greatly pleased with part of it; we mean the first part. The singing of several of the songs was good, and peculiarly musical to Scotch ears. The various views of Scottish scenery—such as Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond—were also good, as was also the view of Edinburgh.

But as for the "Ootter's Saturday night," we cannot imagine how any one could experience pleasure in viewing the same chuckle-headed peasant, the same ramrod of a wife, the identical leg-of-mutton slumped baby, and the other "fixins" in half a dozen postures. As for our part, we thought the first view of the cotter, his wife and family enough of a good thing.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

That pioneer of the Ready Cloth Movement, LAWSON, has opened a store on King Street, where all people may go through that necessary process of seeing the "Elephant." We say it advisedly, and we say it truthfully, that Mr. Lawson will sell good goods, and those at as cheap rates as they can be purchased anywhere else. Give him a call.

Practise travelling Westward will find Mr. Arnold's Ticket Agency, Corner of Front and Scott Streets, a most reliable office, where Tickets to every point, by the best lines of travel can be obtained. Mr. Arnold is happy at all times to afford information, and we can recommend him to the public. Mr. A. is also agent for the "Zimmerman" and N. Y. Central Railroad.

We have pleasure in recommending to the attention of our readers to the Jewellery Establishment of Mr. SAGSWORTH Church Street, a few doors below King Street. We are persuaded that Mr. S. possesses a profound knowledge of the mysteries of watchmaking, and we are confident he will richly merit a liberal patronage.

THE GRUMBLER

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