

THE BELL SILENCED.

Respectfully dedicated to the economical corporation who have doctored \$30 off the Knox's bell ringer's salary and thus stopped the bell.

The labourer rests from his daily toil,
And his slumber is strong and deep;
Why does he leap from his couch in haste,
And curse the old god of sleep?
By the glare of day and its busy hum,
The labourer knows full well
He is late for work and bethinks him then,
Confound it! they've stopped the bell.

And when shadows fall o'er the son of toil,
And his tools are consigned to the box,
He eagerly catches the welcome tone
That peals from the steeple of Knox.
But vainly he listens, no strain is heard
To dissolve e'er labour's spell,
And when late he gets out, he curses the men
Who have stopped the sound of the bell.

And when I'm the piteous floom of night,
Fire's glaring banner glows the sky;
No sound alarms the slumberers now,
Or timely warns of danger nigh.
This thirty dollar cheese paring,
Your note of prison may haply swell,
But none of us will thank you, sir,
For silencing old Knox's bell.

JOHN DULL, JR.

PORTRAITS.

BY A BLIND MAN IN THE GALLERY.

No. I.

THE HON. GEO. BROWN.

With a view to the enlightenment of posterity, we mean to publish a series of portraits taken by Our Own Special Correspondent who, having lost his eye eight sixteen months ago and having a taste for literature, has been employed by us in that manner in which he can be of most use to the public, with greatest pleasure to himself.

The subject of the present sketch, entered life very much against his will about forty years ago, and was immediately handed round together with cakes and wine for the admiration of such of his relations as happened to be on hand. The first act of his private life, of which we have any authentic record, was his propelling the great toe of his left foot into the right eye of one of his maiden aunts, who would persist in saying that his little "footy-tooties" were made of sugar sticks, and in treating the extremities of his miniature phalanges as if she really believed what she was saying.

This infantine act, insignificant as it may seem, was characteristic of the man; for while his enemies now say that it betokened a spiteful nature, his friends are no less loud in persisting that it was typical of that love of truth for which Mr. Brown is remarkable, and also of that far-sightedness, or "can't-come-it-old-hoss" sort of style, with which he is enabled to baffle the designs of his enemies when trying to throw dust in his eyes.

His school-days contain matter for volumes, but it is not our purpose to dwell on this interesting period of his life—except merely to notice that during that period he always displayed a strong anxiety to check the dreadful extravagance into which school-boys are apt to plunge in the matter of apples and sweet-meats; and also that during a period

of ten years, he was never known to be late for his dinner—habit, which has grown with his growth, and lengthened with his length, and which are now maturely shown in Mr. Brown's determination to check the extravagance of ministers, and also the steadfastness with which he sticks to his undertakings.

From school and corduroys, Mr. Brown stepped into College and "swallow tails," to the latter of which he stuck with the steadfastness of a barnacle to a ship's bottom, up to within a short time ago. We pass over that period of his life, when the biped is known as a "hobbledehoy," which means in rhyme "neither a man nor a boy," and follow the hero of this sketch into public life.

Mr. Brown entered the Parliament House one day some years ago immediately on the doors being opened, and took his seat—it being contrary to established etiquette, that a member should stand either on his head, after the fashion of some young gentlemen, or otherwise, when the House was in session. His career in the House it is needless to dwell upon. It is already written in imperishable characters on the somewhat extensive waters of Lake Ontario.

Physically considered, Mr. Brown reminds us of times gone by, when it was said that "there were giants in those days." Intellectually looked at, Mr. Brown is a phenomenon. His head, which is of the door-knock stamp, is, contrary to custom, set between his shoulders. His face is massive—his nose huge. Huge, as to the nasal organ has ever been a type of the Brown family. Bald, as to the upper cranium, is also a mark of the family.

When speaking, Mr. Brown has a habit of opening his mouth, which at once stamps him as a man who looks below the surface of things. He is also in the habit of throwing out his arms, especially when getting into his top-coat, which unmistakably show him to be the cleverest financier alive or dead.

Mr. Brown is also partial to top-boots, bearing in this respect, a close resemblance to his great rival, Wellington, who as our readers know invented the style of boot, since called after him. A hearty contempt for gloves and pocket-handkerchiefs, is also a feature worthy of note in the subject of this sketch. This last characteristic shows the purity of his public conduct, as we believe that he is the only public man in the world, whose hands are so clean that he can scorn the use of gloves.

OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

Our civic guardians have been working so industriously of late that we have thought it unnecessary to devote much of our valuable space to them. But fearing that they might be forgotten we must give them a brief notice this week.

It seems after all there is only one really Municipal Reformer in the Council, and that is no less a personage than Mr. Ald. McCleary, whose efforts in the way of retrenchment were immense. "The Reformation," as he terms it, should not be one of words alone, although there is none more wordy than the gentleman in question, but should be one of deeds; and he, for one, is willing to arm himself with the pruning hook, and cry havoc at the salaries of the public official. All honor to Ald. Mc-

Cleary and the noble band that rallied at his cry; whose efforts were crowned with success. Accustomed at all times to the good old wages of \$2 per day, whiskey included, how could it be supposed that they would vote Mr. Gurnett, who had nothing at all to do, £500 per year, or Mr. McCord, the Chamberlain, whose duty it is to count money, (most delightful occupation) the same salary? It was preposterous to think otherwise. Plenty could be got to do it for nothing, and there was no sense or reason in paying anything for the performance of the duties of these offices. Indeed it was not definitely ascertained but that some persons might be found who would be willing to pay not a small sum for the privilege of filling these offices. For the life of us we can't see why the Council consented to pay anything at all. We presume nothing but a decent respect for the life-long services of both gentlemen prevented the Council from discharging them altogether. It is to be regretted that even this should have been an obstacle in the way, for in the event of such an occurrence there might be an opening for A. d. McCleary, who, as Chamberlain, would undoubtedly make his mark. We fancy we see him, with his stupendous knowledge of finance and excellent abilities as an arithmetician. The city would be saved thousands by his acceptance of the office, and we say "Hurrah for McCleary."

True to his trade, Mr. Councilman Finch is exceedingly desirous of mending the breeches of the Island, and on several occasions has grown eloquent on the theme. Finch is making his mark—on sand.

The recent discussions have brought Councilman Taylor to his feet, and, as we predicted, with an excellent common sense speech. We always thought there was something in the Captain, and we are glad to find our good opinion maintained. In time he will rival even Ardagh, whose rendition of the English langugo is at once classical and unique. It is at most astonishing, and we invite the *savants* of our university to a critical examination.

Mr. Councilman Drummond has not yet emerged from the mystic shade of Ald. Sheard, and we begin to fear that unless he removes to another seat this shade will be fatal to his publicity.

With respect to the illegal payment for "those Overcoats," to which we referred in our last notice of the Blowers, we have to say that the Chamberlain has explained the matter to our satisfaction. We regret that either he or Mr. Brunel should have been charged with anything improper in the matter.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

We understand that Mr. Rodmond receives a Benefit to-night in the Apollo Concert Room who a good time may be expected. All who love to laugh can be accommodated for the honour of Billy Mack, the base player, and the delineations of Cool Burgess, can't help but draw a smile from the gravest countenance.

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