

THE GRUMBLER.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1859.

WHOLE NO. 72.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a your coat
I rede you tent it;
A child's among you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll peent it."

SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1859.

THE COLLEGE AVENUE.

We have heard it currently stated that unless the Council order the further progress of the work to be stopped and the fencing to be removed, the people will take the matter *sans cérémonie* in hands themselves.—*Colonist*.

We shall see on Monday evening what course the Council will adopt and we trust they will be closely watched by every friend of public health and recreation in Toronto. The *Colonist* gives a report of one threat, we have heard of another to which we may as well give publicity. One of the civic Vandals threatens that if either by a vote of the Council or by popular indignation the fences are removed, the trees in the Avenue shall be girdled by way of revenge, and thus if the people's grounds are not destroyed in one way they shall in another.—All we have got to say to these selfish creatures is, let them try it, that's all.

We have already stigmatized this abominable job as it deserves. A more rascally invasion of the rights of the people of Toronto has never been perpetrated, and we only wonder that the obnoxious barriers have been allowed to stand so long. The Avenue is, we believe, the finest public walk on this continent. It was reserved years ago for public purposes by the wise forethought of the University authorities; it is the only promenade we are ever likely to have within a reasonable distance of the city, and it will be a lasting disgrace to Toronto if jobbery and scheming aldermen and Councilmen are permitted to rob us of its advantages.

The University Senate, we believe, expressly secured the Avenue and grounds as a public Park for ever, and we can hardly see why the first step to its desecration is allowed to be taken.

If this boasted Reform Council were true to their pretensions, these noble grounds so long neglected would have been cleared and trimmed, and sedulously guarded as the poor man's refuge from the din and trouble of the outside world.

The course they have taken proves that after all their lavish promises they are but too ready followers of their predecessors, while in this respect they have improved upon the lessons of selfishness they received.

Alderman Sproatt, one of the noble spirits at the head of this movement, gives as his reason for voting for the job, "that as long as the children are allowed to play in the Avenue, the trees cannot live," in other words, that the best way to preserve the Avenue is to destroy it, the surest way to save the trees is to cut them down.

Noble public spirited Sproatt, paragon of Aldermanic sagacity and prudence! We cannot envy your feelings.

We are weak enough to feel pleasure at the sight of the merry little faces we see beaming there, with the delight children, pont up in the hot and dusty town feel when they escape into the fresh air and gambol amongst the trees and on the soft green turf; it shall not be our fault if their play ground is destroyed.

We shall look carefully at the division list next Monday, and we promise the Vandals, one and all a notoriety which they may neither covet nor expect.

SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.

At a back-wood feed, dedicated to the virtue and patriotism of that illustrious gambist and bill-broker, John Cameron, M.P.P., a novel feature in after dinner procedure was introduced by a Mr. Hudspeth. Whether we may attribute the innovation to the strength of the alcoholic comforts provided, or to the desire for novelty characteristic of a new country, we cannot say, we merely state the fact as reported in the newspapers. The chairman proposed "The Queen," a toast which, of course, was received with all the honours. "Mr. Hudspeth," says the local paper, "responded to the toast."

The strangeness of this new Lindsay custom may of course recommend it to the general public who indulge in public dining, but at the same time we must confess that it will seem *outré* to our unsophisticated tastes in Toronto. We should scarcely be able to restrain our laughter, if we heard a country harriester haranguing a back woods audience after this fashion:—"On behalf of the Queen, I desire to return my sincere thanks. She is very much obliged to this distinguished company for the overwhelming compliment you pay her, and trusts by zeal and attention to business to merit a continuance of your good opinions. I feel highly flattered in being permitted to constitute myself her Majesty's representative, and I can assure you that I and the Queen are sincerely gratified."

We never heard anything richer than this, except perhaps an incident which occurred at the same feast, putting up a parson to reply to the toast of the "Army and Navy."

If they are really so hard up for "millagatory" in Lindsay, we can afford to send them a whole batch of Lieutenants and enigns, and if they promise to take good care of him, we do not mind throwing the Count into the bargain.

Do tell, we want to know.

—How is it the *Globe* has no word of reprobation for the rascally attempt to cut up the College Avenue. Is it a settled maxim in King street west, that "Reform councils can do no wrong?" Let us have a little light on the premises.

THE PEACE.

From our own correspondent at the late seat of war, we have full advices concerning the pacific arrangements between France and Sardinia. He informs us that the armistice was entered into at the express request of the Emperor Francis Joseph, who sustained such heavy losses in his larder, from the extreme precision of the French artillery, that he was obliged to resort to a cessation of hostilities to recruit his culinary stores. From most reliable sources, our correspondent has gained accurate accounts of the damage sustained.

Four Lager beer barrels have had their heads staved in.

Three, it is confidently stated, are in a precarious and highly dangerous situation, from the loss of bungs and hoops.

Bologna sausages have suffered dreadfully. Crackers entirely exterminated.

It is quite impossible to ascertain the slaughter in cheese, but from all accounts, it is stated to be fearful.

The various other nutriments, together with the adjuncts, mustard, pickles, and salt, have been entirely annihilated.

The Emperor of Austria demanded a truce of 40 days, to bring on more lager beer from Vienna, as he felt his valour fast, leaving him, from want of his national stimulant. The ever obliging and considerate Napoleon, immediately on hearing the distress of his imperial foe, consented to a truce, and invited him kindly to take *pot-luck* with him at Villa-franca.

The meeting of their Imperial Majesties was very affecting, Napoleon received his distinguished guest with extreme warmth and courtesy, his Majesty of Sardinia, however, showed a disposition the "north side of friendly," and got angry with his august ally, for wasting Champagne on a beggarly German.

The conversation naturally turned upon the dreadful loss of life sustained in the late engagements, and the Austrian Emperor bewailing much the loss of his lager and crackers—Napoleon consoled him by remarking that he was very sorry that the necessities of war compelled him to damage the heads of the imperial beer barrels; he would be very happy, he said, if without loss of honor he might direct his balls in another direction and the liquor to make its escape through the natural vent. Then said Fran. Joseph if you say you are sorry for the loss of my beer I am equally sorry for the loss of men I have occasioned you. Then their Majesties shook hands, and imbibed again. Napoleon deeply regretted that he should have caused such injuries to his dear cousin of Austria, Francis Joseph was sure he was, and for his part he would gladly embrace any opportunity that would make them friends.

My wish exactly said the Bonaparte. Peace. I wish my empire peace.

Francis Joseph—And I for peace let us drink to peace.