

the reputation of being a good wife, but it is another thing to shut oneself up and become a slave. In short there is a very great difference in being good-tempered and good-natured. I am afraid, Lucy dear, that you are *une peu trop bonne enfant*. I am aware that Mr. Dryden says something in one of his prefaces, that as gold is the most valuable of metals, so it is the most malleable, and adapted for every day use, and reasoning up—I believe that is the phrase—from the homely excellence of good nature, he assigns it the first in the rank of virtues. But, my dear, do not let this mislead you. So far, however, as good temper goes, I have no objection to your cultivating that, for it is the sovereign virtue of the sex. It conceals every defect, coldness, indifference, selfishness, and meanness. Besides it extends to us the prerogative of covering our social tergiversations; and we have then the right to assail any warmth of manner which our well-calculated conduct may have called out in a friend. You can then with a calm, philosophic air, so charming when taking the look of inspired innocence, retort the charge of bad temper. What right have any of us poor women to accept the vapors and insolences of a jealous and exacting spirit, who thinks that he has some claim on our consideration. In short the two qualities are essentially different, though ordinary observers confound them, and indeed *entre nous* when they see you good tempered, they generally give you credit for a small deal of virtue, and suppose you to be tolerant of the feelings and opinions of others. Cultivate then that self control, which leads you to cast a cool quiet glance on life, and never involves you in any entanglement which the affections too often create.

But, Lucy, let me implore you not to throw aside the advice of your poor old aunt. I very much fear from all I am told, that you are beginning to form very dangerous opinions. Think what you were, dearest Lucy, before I took you in charge, and it is Aunt Adelaide you have to thank, that I have seen you so charming, so graceful—the very “fancy’s queen” of my hope. Why then not be true to your old god-mother, whose only fault to you, is that she has loved you too well.

Ever dearest, your old friend and well-wisher,

ADELAIDE ALICE BROWN.

St. George's Square,
Toronto, August 4.

OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

Our attention to the small-beer statesmen of the City Council must be necessarily limited, now that a national political crisis is upon us, sweeping before it the character and position of our greatest and most devoted Patriots. But we will not ignore their existence, if we do their utility—as the public require at our hands what they do not expect from any other source—impartiality.

Perhaps the only satisfactory step the Blowers have taken since their assumption of place, was that taken by them on Monday night last—they actually talked themselves out of the Council Chamber; and that too, without any assistance from the loquacious Upton, the profound Smith of St. John's Ward, or the Prettie talker from we-don't-know-where. To be sure they had an exhausting subject,

and so much was Ald. Brunel carried away by his own eloquent disquisition on drains, that the hall-keeper found him intently arguing the relative value of brick and tiles with his own walking stick. Moody displayed his usual variety of information on the drain subject, and displayed as much familiarity with the price of brick as is his wont on the matter of political science or domestic economy. Bob possesses a large cranium, and he only wants a fuller development of the cerebral organs to make him one of the greatest of modern men. As it is there is a niche for him. Ald. Doomer found himself wholly inadequate for the drain subject. The practical character of the question drew too largely upon his mental resources, so that his friends need be under no apprehension of his at any time growing haughty from a profusion of brains. Poor Craig reiterated his oft-repeated story—“he didn't know anything.” We can scarcely believe a single individual in the world guilty of so accusing him. He is, however, remarkably active in body, and in such a contingency as a “free fight,” would be able to do good service to the cause he took in hand—the digital impressions on the Council table will bear us out in this. Council Ramsay, who represents the strong beer interest, made use of the fact that tiles, which were most durable for drains, could be had at a cost of \$12,000, while brick would amount to \$20,000; and that in order to have the money spent in the city, brick ought to be adopted. A most excellent method of reasoning, and which, if practically applied, would undoubtedly redound to the credit of beer sales. Councillor Ardagh, who has a collateral interest in the beer trade, took Ramsay's view, on the score of economy. Ardagh must have graduated in a good school, and we should wish to see him bursar of some charity fund. Ald. Dunn made his usual unintelligible noises, which grates on the ear like the grunts of a porker in the last throes of mortal agony under the butcher's knife.

The Corporation and staff are a jolly lot of fellows. The Chief of Police sports in unmolested glory, consummate only in attentions to the fair sex; the City Surveyor is ignorant of his profession, but in every other respect popular—the Gaoler grows every day more fat and appoloetic from the drippings of the Corporation frying-pan; the Inspectors are unrivalled as Billiard and Bagatelle players; the underlings of every shade bask in delicious ease, occasionally indulging an official bark; while the police are busily plying their vocation in the remote streets of the city, or on the threshold of the enchanted “palaces,” looking on every passer by with a whining and patronizing air, expressing more intelligibly than language—“Mum's the word, won't you treat?”

Wanted.

—A Political Man of all work in place of Scotch George, who was discharged for impertinence. The domestic must not be too nice in his ideas of duty, but be prepared to obey his master implicitly in everything. He will be required not to coquette with a dangerous damsel, called “The People,” who has already caused the discharge of McDonald and his predecessors. Terms liberal, and a second-hand article preferred, but principles are strictly prohibited. Apply to Professor Head, Government House.

Editorial crowded out of the Colonist of Friday, August 6th.

BREAKERS AHEAD!

At this epoch of anarchy and confusion, it is difficult to anticipate which steed will be victorious, and consequently embarrassing for us to attempt to follow out our usual course of “betting on the winning horse.” If Cartier succeed in forming a popular ministry we shall discover in him many of the qualities valuable in a statesman. If Brown on the other hand were to establish a Clear Gift staff, and obtain for them a decided majority in the House, we should be inclined to share with the *Globe* the labour of defending measures. We would lend our countenance to his policy, and—yes we would—open our columns to government advertising. But this is not a time for speculation. We are not now prepared to develop our views, until Mr. Brown has developed his in his address to the citizens of Toronto. We are not informed as to the next salutary exertion of the feline quadruped—or to use the brusque parlance of the *Globe*, we don't know how the cat's going to jump. We are so much ashamed of the numerous “ratings” which have placed the *Colonist* in such an unenviably ridiculous position, that we are not going to commit ourselves to any policy, which we cannot sustain for at least a fortnight. There is much to be said on all sides. Humanity has its weaknesses—and even Mr. Benjamin does not necessarily incur our hasty condemnation through all the vicissitudes of fortune that may place him in a position of usefulness with regard to us. “Circumstances alter cases,” and even John A. may not be such a bad fellow if he once more gains a snug post in a powerful government. In fact our mood is one which inclines us to “forgive and be forgiven,” and although we have a weakness for the ministerial side of politics, we will not pledge ourselves to any ministry which does not promise to be at least as long-lived as the Brown-Dorion. *Nous verrons.*

A Study.

—Happening to enter the House on Wednesday afternoon, we met the Hon. member for Sherbrooke in charge of Capt. Rettalick, on his way to the Government House. We never saw Mr. Gal, so down in the mouth. His step was as uncertain as that of the condemned criminal up those stairs from which there is but one step into the next world. His face was as perplexed as that of a husband who has got the first glimpse of his wife's quarterly bill. He requested time. The Aide-de-camp was inexorable. He endeavored to bribe his keeper by a glass of lemonade and sherry. Duty before pleasure, was the response; and the melancholy member was walked off to Head's quarters.

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