

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE LADIES OF TORONTO.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—

There have been various ways suggested in which to honor His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales during his visit to this country, but these chiefly by gentlemen, who do not always consult the female portion of society in such matters. As a lady I have now a proposal to submit to you (who are emphatically the ladies' organ) which has not yet been made, that I am aware of, by any party whatever, and it is one which, if acted upon, would, I am sure, gratify and flatter the Prince and our sex at the same time.

You are well aware, Mr. Editor, that this good City of Toronto is noted for the beauty and accomplishments of its ladies, who would, I am bold enough to say, compare favorably with those of any other city in the world ("Auld Ayr" not accepted), but unfortunately the majority of our eligible young ladies are doomed to show their charms to a male population who either do not appreciate or cannot afford the luxury of a good wife.

I would suggest then that, instead of processions of children and exhibitions of the lower animals, a selection of our loveliest Toronto marriageable women be arrayed in all their attractions before His Royal Highness and noble attendants in some place sufficiently large and well lighted to hold the number and admit of a fair inspection—the Crystal Palace might be suitable perhaps.

Who knows, Mr. Editor, what may be the happy consequences, if my suggestion be adopted. My cousin Maria (30 past) thinks it would be an unpardonable shame not to do something in this way while we have such illustrious strangers amongst us, whose visits are infrequent enough to be angelic.

In conclusion I beg to assure you that I have mamma's full permission to write to you on this subject, and I trust for the regard you have always shown for the interests of the fair sex you will insert this letter.

I remain, dear Mr. Editor,
Yours, hopefully,

MARY JANE.

OUR MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE.

What in the world is that wandering Jew the Hon. John Ross doing in England? We call in the name of the people of Canada upon the English Government, to have that conscientious Reformer and efficient agriculturalist sent home at once, else we shall have to impeach him. He is, we suppose, drawing his \$5,000 annually from the public Chest, and a large sum from the G.-T.-Underland—Montreal serving-ante—Toronto—Company as their man-of-all-work. Instead of being in Canada attending to his Parliamentary duties, and the department over which he is supposed to preside, at this, the most important season of the year, we find him attending to the G. T. & Co.'s business. Happy Canada to have such Ministers. Happy Ministers to have such a non-complaining Canada.

If so, why not?

—Mr. Brown instructs us to say that the reason Dr. Connor favours the single majority system is because he was returned by one vote.

LETTER FROM THE ATTORNEY GENERAL.

HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY,
April 25, 1860.

MY DEAR GRUMBLER,—

I received your letter informing me of the arrival of our old friend and crony, Sidney, in London. He's a jolly fellow that; but you didn't help us a bit by publishing that letter of his. You know he's not *au fait* at the pen, and you shouldn't have given to your thousand-and-one readers that epistle of his, which you published last week. Now, don't do it again; there's a good fellow. Give my kindest regards to Mrs. Grumbler and the little ones, and

Believe me to remain,
Your devoted friend,

JOHN A. MACDONALD.

MR. GRUMBLER'S REPLY.

21 NORDHEIMER'S BUILDINGS,
April 27, 1860.

DEAR JOHN A.—

Your letter of the 25th is received. Although you are one of my dearest friends, I tell you plainly I don't want any of your dictation. Keep that to yourself, and the members of your servile government and your pliable hangers-on. Try it on Govan and Ferguson, and John Cameron, and others of that stripe; but you may as well know at once that it won't do here. You're a sleek, oily-tongued fellow; but I understand it perfectly. Do you think I can't see through that buttering you gave Brown the other day in the House? Oh! you incorrigible hypocrite, will you ever turn from the error of your ways? For the present, *au revoir*,

And believe me to be still

Your attached friend,
THE GRUMBLER.

A PARTING SHOT.

I will a tale unfold.—SHAKESPEARE.

Under the above title dear Old Double has devoted a whole column to the senior member for this city. Only think of the nice young man who does the editorials for our amiable contemporary writing such a long story, displaying so much generosity, as "to do him (Brown) any little act of kindness that comes in our way." And what is the kindness which has weighed upon the mind of our stupid cotemporary so long, disturbing his pleasant slumbers, and haunting him with innumerable night-mares? Why his (Brown) friends have deserted him, astounding! The conservatives are masters of this city, and are waiting impatiently for an opportunity to drive the naughty reformer Brown from the representation of this city. What if the reformers did gain two victories; why it "was brought about by a fortuitous concurrence of circumstances," and the "Catholics are masters of the position" and will do terrible things when another election comes on. Truly we are greatly relieved after reading this great article—relieved beyond all measure. The fate of Toronto is settled! Brown must seek a constituency somewhere else—perhaps Gaspé, any where but Toronto. Our friend of the conservative party has settled it, and we all know that they can rule the city. And all this is given as the advice of a friend, a false one we presume. Dear good Old Double do not write any more long editorials, or we know not what may occur.

ARIA.

From the Opera of Cicero.

(Accompaniment on the Nocturn Organum.)

A lawyer's life's a scene of strife
A record of alarms
Tho' brief—the issue always proves,
It often has its charms.

ARE LITERARY PEOPLE UGLY?

Most decidedly not. Who dare say that they are? Is there one person, in this intelligent community, who can conscientiously, with his hand on his heart, declare in the face of the civilized world that literary people are ugly. We don't wish to have the question "begged." What we wish is to have a plain *yea* or *no*. If there be one person, so utterly lost to common sense as to be able to say "*yea*," then we will retract everything that we have written on this subject. But, on the other hand, if no one come forward to say "*yea*," we shall claim to have carried our point. To the interrogatory,—are literary people ugly? we reply as before "most decidedly not."

Let us take a glance at a few of our literary people. There is the Editor-in-chief of the *Globe*; The most that can be said of him is that he is not handsome; and every one will allow that he is not positively ugly; we have no redeeming features even in his case. We there are space enough at our disposal to go over the long list of literary people with which Canada is blessed; suffice it to say, that the most of them may be said to be handsome or very-good-looking. If we throw into the scale our own beautiful features, we have no doubt, in fact we are sure, that universal Canada will join with us in saying that literary people are not ugly. If any one desire to inspect our Roman nose, Grecian mouth, Egyptian eyes, Canadian hair, and Babylonian raiment, they may find us at 21 Masonic Hall, Nordheimers Buildings, Toronto.

COOPER'S ENGLISH OPERA TROUPE.

We have very great pleasure in announcing the re-appearance in the city of this very talented and popular company of *artists*. It is now nearly five months since they last performed before a Toronto audience; and we feel sure that they will be heartily welcomed by their old patrons. Since their last visit they have made some valuable additions to the chorus and orchestra. M. Boudinot appears for the first time here as one of the principal performers; he comes highly recommended by the press, and we have no doubt will be well received. The excellent prima donna Miss Milner; Miss Payne, Miss Kemp, Mr. Bowler, Mr. Aynsley Cook, Mr. Sugden, and Mr. Bruno, are still in the company. The first performance will be given on Monday next. Need we appeal to that most intelligent portion of the community—our readers—to render Mr. Cooper's present engagement more successful than any previous one?

Stylisb.

A modest contributor hopes there is not much of *feace* in the following—If an author is known by his *style*, may not an architect be known by his *gait*?

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