

THE PRINCE OF WALES' MARRIAGE.

THE CELEBRATION IN TORONTO.

Startling Demonstration.

Toronto is immortalized. If the Queen has any desire to perpetuate a feeling of loyalty in Canada towards herself, and the crown she wears, she will immediately knight half our citizens, Tuesday last being the day on which H.R.H., the Prince of Wales was tied in the bond of wedlock to the daughter of Prince Christian, of Denmark, our good city signalized the event with a grand demonstration—the like of which was never before seen in Toronto.

From careful telescopic and meteorological observation, it was noticed that the sun rose about the usual hour; and from a precise examination it was also discovered that most people ate their breakfasts about the same time as on other days. The only exception was the Mayor, who lay in sackcloth and ashes all the previous night by way of atonement for his municipal sin of proclaiming only half a holiday.

The Grumbler, desirous of giving a faithful and true account of how the day was spent, sallied forth at early dawn to see what there was to see, and hear what there was to hear, having first kissed affectionately Mrs. Grumbler and all the little G.'s. Having wandered about for hours without seeing anything of particular moment, he betook himself to the Victoria Rink, having been kindly passed in by the obliging proprietors. There he saw a sight which would soften the heart of an Abbe Dominican, or a Father Celebiate. Ladies on the "magic steel" (ride Leader) now skating on the perpendicular, then on the rectilinear, then on the horizontal, now on their feet, then on their heads, and so on in regular rotation. What glorious exercise, we mused within ourselves, as we watched the progress of the sport! But we must listen on.

Our space will prevent a lengthened notice of the salute of twenty-one guns at the old fort, or of the parade of the 10th battalion. It is only necessary to say that the guns were loaded with powder after the usual fashion, and that a very distinct report was heard after each gun went off. In the battalion march we noticed that the men walked on their feet, and not on their heads; and that the mounted officers got on their horse's backs rather than on their heads—a proceeding which we cannot take time to explain, but which struck us as very extraordinary, considering the important nature of the demonstration.

Donning our swallow tail, and fortifying ourselves against the inclemencies of the weather we proceeded to the St. Lawrence Hall, where a hall was given "under the patronage of the citizens." As we were about entering with our Jomium on our arm, and a dozen "episodes" (see A. Ward—his book) by our side, a rude, uncouth-looking fellow at the door demanded our ticket. Raising ourselves to our natural height, and assuming an air of injured innocence, we loudly demanded, "What ticket?" "You cannot pass in here, sir, without a ticket," replied the indignant youth who kept the door. "You mistake," we replied, "is not this hall under the patronage

of the citizens?" "Yes, sir." "Well, then, we are entitled to pass in. If you were a scholar, my boy, we would reason the matter with you after a logical fashion. As there is truth in a syllogism, you cannot prevent us from entering this room. Are not the patrons of a ball always admitted free? The citizens are the patrons of this ball. We are a citizen, and therefore entitled to pass in. Clear the way." The youth was indignant, and had evidently been to see the "Seven Sisters," for while placing himself between us and the door, he burst out into a laugh, and exclaimed, "I can't see it." The brute! we muttered, as we left the place in disgust. He is neither a scholar nor gentleman; nor does he know how to keep the door at a ball room. [Mr.—THE GRUMBLER hopes that no one will be so crazy in future as to give a ball under false pretences. He has no desire to find himself placed a second time in such an unenviable position.]

After this escapade we had not time to visit the Orange supper, where the Grand Master was scotched more severely than even the "Papist snake" was handled by the same honourable gentleman, because he voted for the Separate School bill.

Wearied with our days adventures we returned to our humble dwelling, and during the shades of night dreamt that the Prince of Wales was standing over ourselves, and as we supposed he was about to say, "Rise, Sir Knight Grumbler,"—we awoke to find—it was but a dream.

Tit for Tat.

—It is a poor rule that don't work both ways. The Leader of Thursday, in speaking of Sol. Gen. Wilson's bill to substitute stamps on papers and parchments used in law proceedings, says, in reference to the officers of the Crown, at present retaining the fees—"The calling of a few of such officers to a sharp account might be productive of temporary good in the particular cases; but the only radical remedy is to take away the opportunity of wrong doing." The Grumbler is glad to see that the Leader has commenced a crusade against the defaulters, but it is the old story of seeing a mote in your brother's eye and completely forgetting the saw log in your own. The Leader should, before going any further, argue in favour of a certain gentleman paying up what is due on the York Roads, which would be productive of general good to the finances of the Province. Perhaps the "we" of that journal is waiting for the returns asked in Parliament on the subject by the member for Halton.

From Ailing Columbia.

—The telegraphic despatches of last week announced the important fact that "General Hooker is on the alert." Any of our readers who can inform us of his geographical whereabouts will receive one year's copy of the GRUMBLER free.

Another lucid telegram tells us "the government is in excellent spirits and sanguine of success." If so the whole question of the war is settled. If the government of the United States is in excellent spirits it is certainly preserved—just what the North has all along been contending for. It may, however, turn out that it is in a worse pickle than ever. We await events to decide.

A Modest, though Characteristic Request.

A report has been before the City Council for some weeks, one clause of which is that no person shall be eligible to the Mayoralty, unless he has previously served two years in the Council.—Leader.

THE GRUMBLER condoles with the Mayor on the rejection of the report. His Worship, it may be as well to state, feels somewhat sore at this clause of the report being thrown out, as may be judged from the following little document, which our "devil" found in contiguous proximity to the Mayor's chair in the Council Chamber:—

To the Honorable the Legislative Council and Assembly of Canada:

"The petition of the undersigned humbly sheweth—

"That he has for five years filled the office of Mayor of the City of Toronto, by reason of unseemly divisions among his opponents, and the low calibre of the gentlemen who opposed him; that during those five years he has obtained a thorough knowledge of the stupendous intricacies of the finances of the city; that by his suavity and bland manner he has conciliated enemies and made friends (some say in sufferance, but that is a slander); that there are certain matters connected with the administration of the affairs of the city, such as the disputes between the corporation and the railway companies, the settlement of the water lots' question, the reconstruction of the jail; preventing the consumption of too much gas on the streets at night, and other questions of a like nature, which require the highest order of talent, so as to prevent loss to the city; that there are certain matters connected with the admission of patients to the Hospital which no other persons know so much about as the undersigned; that, moreover, the salary attached to the office is a matter of consideration to the petitioner, who has been unfortunate in business.

"The undersigned therefore hopes that your honorable bodies, seeing the important consequences which hang upon the continuance of himself in the Mayoralty of the City of Toronto, will enact that no person, except the present incumbent, shall be considered duly qualified to fill that position, unless he be of the full age of three score years and ten, have acquired property of the yearly value of £3,999 19s. 9d. sterling, and have had forty-five years experience in municipal affairs.

"And the undersigned will ever pray, &c.

JOHN G. DOWNS,
"Mayor."

Rather Sealy.

—A correspondent in South Oxford, elated at the election of the champion of the Grit party, sends us the following sparkling attempt at a pun on the defeated candidate's name:

"The entrance of the Hon. George Brown into the contest at South Oxford did not *Bode-well* for the success of the aspiring young man who was anxious to represent the Riding in parliament."

We publish the above as a warning to punsters generally, and hope the good folks of South Oxford will give the maker of it a wide berth—that is if they have any faith in the Johnsonian theory.