

## BRICK VS. FRAME.

The following production has been sent to us by disconsolate mover, who, disappointed in an attempt to lease a commodious brick house, gives vent to his sorrows in verse:—

AIR—"I saw from the Beach."

I saw from the street when the morning was bright,  
A house with "To Let" pasted carefully on;  
I came soon again, for the rents were declining,  
The house was still there, but the placards were gone.  
Such is always the case with this tarantula moving,  
So passing these three story houses we're known,  
Each place that we thought of while drearily roving,  
Is rented, and leaves us a shanty alone.  
No'er tell me of "glories" serenely enriching,  
The porch of some frame-house or dingy rough-cast,  
For that three story house, with its brass collar kitchen,  
Is worth all your porches and flowers to the last.  
I'm sure I shan't welcome that moment's returning,  
When Biddy first kindles a fire in our "frame"  
For my body's a great deal too precious for burning,  
And the shanty would burn with most exquisite flame.

## OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

The City Council met on Monday night, once more to exhibit themselves to the admiring gaze of those curiously constituted loungers, who night after night are able, with undiminished interest, to watch their manifold gyrations. For the last few evenings a subject, very congenial to the taste of our Civic Legislators, has been under manipulation; they have been deep in drains. Ald. Brunel had advised, that instead of constructing the street sewers of brick as of old, clay pipes should in future be used, in accordance with the system now in vogue in other civilized countries. One of the manifold advantages which would result from this course, according to the worthy Alderman's showing, consists in the ease with which rubbish is floated down the pile drains, owing to the smoothness of their surface. Had St. George's Alderman possessed one grain of tact, he never would have allowed mention of this to pass his lips. As it was, his clay pipes were immediately pronounced more shams. With that quick instinct, peculiar to the lower order of animals, Carr, Purdy, Craig, Ardagh, Ramsay, and others, directly perceived the danger in which they would be placed, should rubbish of all descriptions be thus summarily disposed of; already in imagination, they heard the gurgling of the waters in their ears; already was the death struggle upon them; they sprang to their feet determined to do or die. There was a terrible spluttering of Irish; a fearful desecration of Scotch; and Brunel surrendered.

Solemnly they move him, by his hopes of the Mayoralty and by the cherished memory of Northern Railway directorship, that no sewers more than twelve inches in diameter should ever be constructed. Once more, Ardagh breathed freely. Purdy resumed the dignity beehaving his position as champion of cows, pigs, nanny goats, and filth, while the redoubtable Craig wiped his spectacles, clenched his fists, and grinning grimly, prepared for the next onset, where a long tongue, little sense, and much blackguardism would be required.—These stupendous exertions, however, were rendered nugatory by the Finance Committee declaring that

they would find no money to throw into the drains. Thus, Mr. Brunel, like the people who desire clean streets, is once more stuck in the mud. THE GRUMBLER thinks that if a main sewer were constructed from the Council Chamber to the Bay, and our City Fathers, by means a *la Ture* made acquainted with the waters thereof, that a decided good would be done. The ditance is not great, so that the cost would be small. We are not particular whether it be a brick or tile sewer. The one which can be made quickest is the best.

As we number among our readers the most intelligent portion of Toronto's citizens, without distinction we can say, they all know, ere this, that the Northern Railway Company have laid down a track along Front Street for the purpose of conveying passengers to the Exhibition by the aid of the steam horse. The consequence will be, that extortionate cabmen will become civil, omnibus drivers polite, and carters exquisitely urbane. To all this Mr. Ald. A. M. Smith decidedly objects. He appeared as the advocate of unlimited insolence, high charges, and endless break-downs. This being a dirty job, he was of course backed by Councillor Craig. Once more was that gentleman in his element. How he twisted his verbs, distorted his adjectives, banished his pronouns, and, despite their cries, mauled his interjections; it was frightful to hear! Even the choice Bull Dog, that emblem of Mr. Speaker Smith, that especial pride and glory of an active, intelligent, hard-working Chief of Police, turned up his nose in manifest disgust, hastily quitted the Council Chamber, and held a consultation with his master, upon the most agreeable means of spending their time when "Sam" gets that snug Government office he is now on the look out for. But alas! for poor Craig, his ideas were repudiated, even the cabman at the bar failed to gratify his inordinate vanity with a cheer, despite the many side glances, the moaning looks, with which he sought to electrify them into activity. *En passant* we may remark that John Sheridan Hogan is said to think seriously of taking lessons from Con Craig, in order that he may be able to pitch into Marcus Talbot at the opening of the session, in bolting style.

The cabmen's advocate having been silenced by defeat, a report, anent the construction of the new Gaol was brought up for consideration. A very nice mess has been made of this important matter

## WEEP FOR THE CORMACKS.

"The men of Tipperary in the back woods of Canada, will rejoice to hear that their countrymen are thoroughly aroused to the infamous system of fraud and perjury which hanged the brother Cormacks for a crime abhorrent to their gentle natures."—*Mirror of Friday.*

When we read the above, we paused, to vent our sorrow for the gentle doves who had met with such an untimely end. If it had been anybody else that had departed this life in so sudden a manner, the calamity might have been borne with fortitude. But, the Cormacks! The "gentle Cormacks!" to be hanged like smoked bacon; and that too, for a crime detested by their gentle natures, beats cock-fighting and erinoline all to pieces. Had it been the Macguffins, of Ballinashad, that had been elevated in this manner; or if a kind Fate had decreed that

the Goasys from Lazy corner should have suffered this unnatural kind of suspension, the bowels of compassion, however strongly excited, would have collapsed under the affliction. But for the Cormacks of Tipperary, with the sky over it, to be forced to be present at their own wake, as Larry was the night before he was stretched, would rouse the indignation of any people.

However, this massacre of innocent Cormacks has been amply avenged. A great meeting was held where the judicial murder was committed, which was addressed by no less a person than the Rev. Father Kenyon, a name second only in renown to that of the brave but unfortunate Cormacks. The reverend father, we are told, denounced the murdering judge who presided at the trial of the Cormacks; gave it as his opinion that he should have been "hung on a gallows fifty feet high," and wound up by recommending all good men to petition parliament to have this unmitigated wretch of a judge at once hanged. The editorial we quote from, concludes with the comforting assurance that "the noble constituents of O'Donoghues and of the Glons, have taken the whole matter in hand;" after which, we think, even the most zealous must rest satisfied that a great effort will shortly be made; and then, what with the shades of the defunct Cormacks, and the immortal O'Donoghues, and the valiant Glens, we may well look on the undertaking as already accomplished.

## Inhumanity.

"Ains, for the rarity  
Of Christian charity"  
Under the sun!"  
Oh! it was pityful  
Near a whole city full  
Home she had none."

It is recorded in the daily journals of Wednesday, that Dr. Scott was summoned on a late occasion to attend a destitute woman, who lay dying in an outhouse some miles out of town. He arrived before the vital spark had fled; and requested some women who lived close at hand, to shelter the poor outcast; but they refused. The dying woman was then placed in a cab, to be carried to the Hospital, but she died on the way. It appears that this poor creature had many faults, but still she was "one of Eve's family"; and we thought that if she were to find succour and relief in this world, it would have been from one of those "ministering angels" of her own sex. However, we were mistaken. At least the women in question are an exception to the rule.

## A Benefit.

An entertainment will be given in the Apollo Concert Rooms on Monday night, for the benefit of Mr. Robert Story, which ought to be a decided hit.

If our lady subscribers desire to learn where the best Teas Sauer, and general Groceries may be had, we have no hesitation in saying at Mr. Tuxson's Store, corner of Yonge and Albert Streets. He is a deserving man, and a good tradesman, and should receive hearty support in his new business.

## THE GRUMBLER

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