

# THE GRUMBLER.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1859.

WHOLE NO. 75.

## THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hotel in a' your coats  
I t'ree you t'en it;  
A child's among you taking notes,  
And, faith, he'll greet it."

SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1859.

### THE COLLEGE AVENUE.

Vandalism has been defeated. On Monday last the sober second thoughts of some of Carroll's supporters saved the city from the threatened disgrace. The petition signed by four thousand Torontonians over-awed them, and their timely recession from the jobbing crew has checked their selfishness in the moment of its triumph. Sick-bed repentances are not the most reliable. With returning strength and equanimity, the old sympathies and tendencies return with all their original force. We have no more confidence in Messrs. Carty, Boxall, and Co. than we had before. When the salutary dread of public opinion has passed away, when another opportunity to sacrifice the public interests to personal aggrandizement shall return, the aldermanic dog will return to his vomit, and the corporation sow to her wallowing in the mire. Still, ever thankful for infinitesimal mercies, the temporary fright which has fevered the brains of our city fathers has been productive of incalculable good to Toronto.

Not only has the fence been removed, but the Council have even resolved to keep profano lumber waggons and milk carts without the sacred precincts of the people's heritage. Altogether Aldermen and Councilmen have eaten humble pie.

The cash factory must still pant from its steam lungs a lament for the want of commercial spirit in Toronto.

The tavern stand must still be in solitude, a dreary pasture for vagabond cows and untended pigs. The manly soul of Bugg must still sigh for "more rent" in vain.

Carroll, jealous at once for true religion and financial advantages will drop alternately a tear over Sunday walking and business inconvenience. Zealous for the strict observance of the Sabbath, he is not altogether insensible to the friendship of the mammon of unrighteousness; yet his present chagrin at the disappointment of his business prospects is overwhelmingly lost in his horror at the continuance of Sunday walking.

We can sympathize with his disappointment, though we can scarcely affect surprise at his defeat; the man whose views of life are bounded within the narrow limits of a window sash, must expect to pay the penalty of his short-sightedness and folly.

Poor Dunn, too, is a melancholy object for the world's pity. Entirely ignorant of the amenities and proprieties of life, having greater sympathy for the bullocks he kills, than the fellow-beings with whom he lives, he has received a check where alone he possesses sensibility. Not only are people allowed those beautiful grounds to walk in (and in Dunn's eyes that is insanity itself,) but his precious bullocks are not allowed to "gang-thruff." Enough of this subject. It is a disgrace to the vandals that the destruction of that beautiful Avenue was even hinted at; it is a source of delight to know that the public opinion of the city has yet power enough to coerce the selfish and appal the jobber. Messrs. Finch and Pell deserve the hearty thanks of every honest citizen for the manly and happily successful resistance they have made to this atrocious conspiracy. We trust that when the elective privilege is to be exercised again, the preservers and would-be-destroyers of the College Avenue, will both be remembered, the former for reward and renewed confidence, the latter for merited disgrace and defeat.

### SONS OF MALTA.

On Thursday last, the Grand Lodge Room or encampment of the Sons of Malta, was kindly opened to the inspection of the public, and during the afternoon the Hall was thronged with ladies and gentlemen, gazing with mysterious awe on its strange decorations. To the greater number of visitors, most of the emblems and insignia were meaningless, and they departed with their curiosity un-satisfied; we however, were conducted through the place by a gentleman holding a high position in the order, who obligingly explained to us its notable peculiarities.

The skull and bones surmounting a palled coffin, are portions of the osseous organization of the body of Sir Wiggleled Waggletung, late of the Town of Jerusalem, deceased. This Knight was a Commander of the Order, and had served in the third crusade with great valour, but having divulged some of the secrets, he was seized by his infuriated brethren, stripped at once of his honours and armour, bound hand and foot, and naked and festing, at the tail of an ass, he was dragged through the deserts of Arabia, until the flesh decayed from his bones. His remains are still preserved, although dispersed in small pieces throughout the different Lodge rooms of the world. This scattering of the traitor's bones is intended to prevent his ever again appearing in the company of a Son of Malta. It is confidently expected that when waked up by Gabriel's trump on the day of judgment, to put in appearance, he will be such a length of time gathering himself together, that, before he is ready, the court will have arisen, the place locked up, and the

Sheriff taken away the key. Debarred by this means from being dead headed to Paradise or Purgatory, no doubt he will rent a crib on Stanley Street, and keep an unlicensed grog shop.

The sombre appearance of the sable draped coffin, awakened rather gloomy emotions, but we are sure that very few of the visitors were aware of the important and awful part assigned to it in Malteseism. Our conductor informed us that this corpus casing was not intended merely to intimidate or awaken intense horror in beholders, but that frequently it was called upon to perform a very melancholy duty. We were assured that when any uninitiated person attempts to gain admittance to their room or pry into their secrets, the Grand executioner takes him into custody, conducts him before a judicial tribunal of the Order, where after a formal and solemn trial—resulting invariably in a verdict of guilty—the culprit is brought to the centre of the room, the black drapery is removed and a sudden flash of pale blue light from a spiral censor reveals to him his coffin; a low rumbling sound now salutes his ears, which gradually assumes the loudness and terrific nature of thunder; lightning the most vivid and startling writes its deadly flashes round him, the ground opens and slowly a grim figure appears bearing a block which it deposits on the floor; in the twinkling of a gleam of sulphur, the grim figure vanishes, and an armed monster rises in his stead, bearing a parchment in one hand and a headman's axe in the other, an unaccountable tremor shakes the victim's knees, and they knock together for company, his tongue refusing utterance cleaves to the roof of his mouth; his eyeballs from their sockets gleam, and hair unbuilt on tiptoe stands, he falls a corpse; the work is sure and his dead body is carried off and secretly transported to the confines of Timbuctoo, where it is exposed on the sands, and the coffin is returned to its lodge-room.

To the muskets, swords, drums, and other apparently mere decorative paraphernalia, belong mysteries and horrors equally appalling, and we are not surprised at the daily papers stating, that several young ladies were completely overcome by the sable decorations. At some future day we will publish further particulars concerning this extraordinary fraternity.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR GRUMBLER,—

As you know every thing, will you inform me whether in speaking of Mons. Blondin having stood on his head, it is correct to say that he performed a grand feat?

Yours truly,

AMINA.

As Mons. Blondin uses his head, arms, and feet indiscriminately, it is quite proper in speaking of his tight rope performance, to say anything you please.

Ed. GRUMBLER.