

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. 1.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1858.

NO. 21.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coat
I'de you treat it;
A chief's among you taking notice,
An't, faith, he'll peunt it."

SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1858.

PROVINCIAL SPOUTING APPARATUS.—NO. XIX.

I. THE MINISTERIAL CRISIS.

For an entire week Canada has been under the dominion of Anarchy, and her respectable relative Madame Rumour. The carnival of folly has been in full play for over a week, and such masquerading and manoeuvring were never seen before. One would imagine that a Ministerial Crisis were a sort of pic-nic, in which every man, woman, and child in the community has broken loose from the irksome restraints of truth and soberness, and to which every one is pledged to bring his share of ungrounded rumors and unmitigated lies. Misrepresentation the most unpardonable, misconstruction of motives the most palpable, become the ordinary weapons of party warfare everywhere and on every side. We trust that some Government will soon be found to put an end to the undesirable potter which at present disturbs all classes of society.

II. THE BROWN-DORION GOVERNMENT.

It is not our business to canvass the merits of this short-lived Government, we only put in a plea for a little indulgence and commiseration towards the fallen. As far as the conduct of the two Houses is concerned, we must say, we think Mr. Brown was not fairly treated. It was bad enough for him to take office with an acknowledged majority against him, but to be driven from office before he could stand on the floor of the House, to defend himself or offer one excuse in extenuation of his conduct, was certainly rather hard. Whether the charges of treason made against him were true or not, we cannot say; but surely it was rather sharp practice to carry the vote of Monday night under the circumstances. So far we agree with Mr. Brown; but when he launches out into the bitterest aspersions against the Governor General, we must say we have no sympathy with him. If every discontented politician is to blurt out upon the head of the Government whenever things do not go smoothly with him, we shall soon have a pretty state of things in the Province.

III. THE LORDS.

One of the most amusing incidents in this crisis was the sublime rage of the Upper House at the announcements of the Brown Government. Hon. Mr. Patton wanted to let the Government know that they were old fogies no longer, that twelve of their number were actually elected by the people,

and that he and his left neighbor were dying for office, and they had actually never been asked. So this noble conservative body, always unmoved by popular excitement, not only disposed of the government about 2 hours after they had taken their oaths of office, but passed a severe censure on the other House for insulting her Majesty and daring to oppose the choice of Ottawa. Dear venerable old Partingtons don't hold your sage heads so high, there are 130 members in the other House all elected by the people, a simple sum in proportion will prove that one Cabinet minister was exactly the share your 12 elected members were entitled to. Do now preserve your gravity, and don't be so funny if you can help it.

Quite the Cheshire.

—The member for N. Ontario (Mr. Gould) has erected a splendid mansion on his estate in his native township. In a letter to his friend, he describes it in the following graphic terms:—

"I tell you what, it is a splendid affair, and ill-gat altogether, for round on the front I have a Pizarro, and on the back I have a beautiful Porto Rico—and between the Castle and the street I have planted out a revenue of treez; and on the top of the house I have a grand observationist, for the purpose of making geological survey of stars, and the wrest of the infernal hemisphere. Amongst the domestic derangements, we have a dairy with 30 kows and 12 swine, which will yield a pour of milk, (I mean the kows); I have gotten a hen-cope in the Corinthian; but wether its the first or second Corinthians, I cant find out. Besides this, we shall soon have a new equitorium, to brede frogs and other fish in the midst of mos, and purty shels." Who will deny taste to the hon. gentlemen now?

Instability of Public Men.

—J. A. McDonald is said to have been heard in loud altercation with Malcolm Cameron in the Hossin House. The former declared that the term of his pledge had expired with the fall of his Ministry, the latter maintained that it would only do so at the end of the Session, and threatened to expose John A. in the *Atlas* if he dared to touch a drop of liquor till then. After a long argument the illustrious senators compromised on "Lager Beer," much to the disgust of Colonel Prince, who declared that he never heard of such a dastardly un-British thing in his whole life.

Where are the Police?

—It is also positively stated that Mr. Carter has had the hydrophobia for some days, and has been the means of communicating it to J. McDonald and D'Arcy M. Gee. This accounts very satisfactorily for the cockpit entertainment vouchsafed us the other evening by these two hon. members.

TO J. H. CAMERON.

O Cameron my lad you've ta'en the wrong gait,
To lead to the honors and pay of the state,
You're glib in your speech and free with your hand,
But our votes by fine words you cannot command;
Nice manners and courtesy are easy put on,
But don't always go down in the ward of St. John:
Down, down, hey derry down,
Wouldn't you like to be member instead of George Brown?
When true to his trust we'll stick to our man,
To keep him in place do all that we can;
When he changes his course we know what to do,
We'll soon have him out, and perhaps send for you;
Till then my fine chap there's no use trying on
Your oily soft soap in the ward of St. John:
Down, down, hey derry down,
You'll be sent for when wanted in place of George Brown.

Important Information.

—At a late meeting Mr. Brown came forward and stated, according to the *Globe*, amid deafening cheers, that—"He was the same man that he was when elected last winter." It is evident from the cheering with which this announcement was received that it was expected that he was somebody else; and, of course, if he had been transformed into any body better than himself, there would have been no need for rapturous applause. The enthusiasm therefore indicates that it was the received opinion that he had "taken into him seven devils worse than himself." So that the rejoicing after all conveys but a poor compliment. When will an audience learn to discriminate?

ASTOUNDING EFFECTS OF THE CRISIS.

—We have received 54 letters from Hamilton and London, complaining of the unceremonious manner in which the gas illumination of these cities has been cut off. One London correspondent avers that he broke two of his toes on Sunday last, in the dilapidated sidewalks of Talbot Street, while in Hamilton, where the reign of gloom began on Monday, several ladies were caught in the hoops by hooks in the awnings, and kept fast prisoners till morning. Several bottles of this Egyptian darkness have been sent to us for chemical analysis, but as Prof. Croft is not now in the country, they must remain till his return. We believe that the whole proceeding may be attributed to the late Ministerial crisis, for we are credibly informed that in London, Mr. Glass, the disappointed office-hunter, and Mr. Carling, were caught turning out the lights as a funeral celebration for the loss of their hopes. The latter gentleman's countenance was distinctly seen as he held the ladder. In Hamilton the learned Isaac has, no doubt, been at the same pranks.

ADVICE TO THE CITY FATHERS.

—We think it is high time the proprietors of the *Colonist* were compelled to take out a license for the privilege of exhibiting daily their periphrastic sheet. We cannot see anything more immoral in the gymnastic feats of a circus-clown than in the political somersaults of a newspaper. Councillor J. E. Smith might gain distinction by moving in this matter.

AN HUMBLE PETITION.

Yo Pow'rs, who regulate
 Tho over varying fate
 Of politicians loose, and rule their will
 To rote with easy conscience good or ill,
 To thy protection we resign,
 Or as the Merchants say, consign
 In good order and condition—
 (Errata read to perdition.)
 Him, the proud owner of a thousand curbs,
 Him, in whose mind and votes forever whirle
 His principle. Him, who dreams with fond delight,
 Of place of power and pelf within his sight,
 Ready to be caught,
 Or cheaply bought,
 By putting prices from his porrite pen,
 Be ye his Mentor, his trusty guide,
 Let not his foot e'er turn aside
 To walk the chalk of honest men.
 From virtue keep him,
 In corruption steep him,
 And feed him constant with some sweeten'd pap,
 For carcase fare
 Would spoil his linin,
 And make it straight like some poor country chap.
 Hear this our prayer,
 Extend your care
 O'er J. S. Hogan, virtuous man of Grey.
 Give him a job
 To fill his job,
 And ho with us in duty bound will pray, &c.

THE EVILS OF CREDULITY.

MY DEAR GRUMBLER,—I have the terrible misfortune to be the irrecoverable victim of credulity. Jeer not, till you have read the piteous story of my woes. From my earliest youth I have put implicit reliance in everything which reached my ears; the mermaid and the unicorn, the sea-serpent and the woolly horse were cardinal points of my liberal creed, while I certainly would sooner have doubted my own existence, than that of Lemuel Gulliver or Robinson Crusoe. When I arrived in Toronto two months ago, I visited the House, and having put the utmost confidence in the *Globe*, which is the only paper we get in Dupesville, I was prepared to see the most fearful pack of rascals unmanipulated by Jack Ketch; but to my extreme surprise, I never met a more plausible set of fellows in my life, and with characteristic trustfulness actually believed Foley to be a martyr, Alleyn a wit, Gowan a genius, McKenzie a statesman, McDonald (J. A.) a Pitt, Robinson a gentleman, and I actually went so far as to think Hogan an honest man. [Our correspondent must be joking in the last case. Ed.] Of course I take THE GRUMBLER regularly, but I think sometimes that you don't mean all you say, though I feel in honor bound to take it for Gospel. What I purposed in undertaking this communication, was to unfold my tale of difficulties during the present Crisis, (by the by, my dictionary says, that that word is derived from a Greek verb, meaning to judge, which I take to be ironically applied to a period when men lose their ordinary judgment and common sense.)

Well, I was going to say that my besetting weakness is peculiarly unfortunate at the present time; at every turn I take in King atreet, in every sal—no, druggist's which I enter to take a glass of soda water, I hear rumors which I can scarcely believe I give you a few of the most plausible:

That when Mr. Brown had forced his Administration, the Governor General desired to take wine with

the new Premier, but his Excellency having sarcastically dropped some bitter in the Sherry, Mr. Brown threw it in his face. (This is not at all improbable, because the Governor's hospitality and conviviality are proverbial.)

That Mr. Stokes has refused to supply the Governor General with ice cream any longer, because he refused Mr. Brown a dissolution.

That Rev. Mr. Hope was the dexter hand referred to by Mr. McGee, as the real author of the Governor's memoranda to the late Government.

That Mr. Brown contemplates suicide, being determined to have a dissolution of some sort.

That Jacques & Hay have been engaged to supply new banisters and carpeting for the back stairs, whose influence Mr. McGee complained of the other afternoon.

That Mr. Henry Cooke has left the Theatre to take the office of Elocution Master to J. A. McDonald.

That the *Colonist* intends to give notice that it won't rat more than three times next week.

That Hon. J. H. Cameron will meet his Satanic Majesty on the Fair Green next Monday, according to his challenge of Thursday night, to fight for the champion's belt.

That Sir E. Head has opened negotiations with Sir A. N. McNab, to exchange the Government of Canada for that of New Caledonia.

That the present erratic course of the *Colonist*, is due to the fact that the Shepherd has left the fold, and the sheep are therefore scattered abroad.

Some disreputable scoundrels gathered round me on Thursday evening, and attempted to persuade me that the Atlantic Telegraph cable had been laid, but I was too sharp to be "gammoned" in that way. No I would not believe it if they sent the Leviathan across by telegraph, to convince me of it. I'm not so bad as that comes to yet.

Yours in the faith,
 JOSEPH GULLIBLE.

Refined Torture.

—The first, last, and only official act of the Hon. Mr. Morris, Speaker of the Upper House under the three-day Brown administration, was the presenting of an address from the Upper House to His Excellency, condemning himself and his colleagues. Mr. Morris is certainly under deep obligations to his friends.

No go. —We learn that Mr. O. R. Gowan, with characteristic modesty, presented himself at the Government House the other morning, to proffer his services as Premier. He was informed that his Excellency was out of town; Gowan denied it flatly. "Yes, he is," said the flunkey, "he's gone to Galt." A Crazy Alderman.

—It is said a writ of *de inquirendo lunatico* is about to be issued in the case of Ald. Moodie. For the past week he has been making frantic exhibitions through the streets and other resorts of the city, to the infinite terror of bar-maids and poodles. Grittish.

—Too much praise can hardly be given to John A. MacDonald for resigning office last Thursday, as it is now well known he only did so in order that he might re-form his corrupt administration.—*Globe*, 32nd ult.

The following Extra was issued from THE GRUMBLER Office yesterday (Friday), at noon, the demand for which so far exceeded the supply, that we are induced to insert it in our regular edition:

GRUMBLER EXTRA.

ANOTHER NEW MINISTRY!

Immense Experience—Tremendous Talent—
 Good Judges of Liquor—Voracious for
 Pap—Down on the Dogans—Purify
 Personified.

THE COUNTRY SAVED.

GRUMBLER OFFICE,
 Friday Morning.

His Excellency the Governor General having failed in securing an Executive from the present House of Assembly, sent fifteen aides-de-camp to our office, last evening, desiring the immediate attendance of the Editor at the Government House. We found his Excellency in doleful dumps, and he at once unbosomed his sorrows. With our usual readiness we promptly advised the Governor to send for Geo. Gurnett, Esq., to form the new administration; we pointed out the immense array of talent concentrated in the City of Toronto, and the absurdity of looking beyond the Don and Humber for his confidential advisers. The hint was at once taken, and Mr. Gurnett, in the space of ten minutes, submitted the following Cabinet:—

| | |
|--|-----------------|
| President of the Council and Minister of Agriculture | MR. GORSETT. |
| Commissioner of Public Works | A. BRUSSEL. |
| Inspector General | ROBT. MOODY. |
| Commissioner of Crown Lands | THOS. BAINES. |
| Receiver General | C. E. ANDERSON. |
| Post Master General | HARRY FERRY. |
| Attorney General West | M. C. McFERRIE. |
| Solicitor General West | R. M. ALLEN. |
| Provincial Secretary | BILLY ANDREWS. |
| Attorney General East | STED. CAMPBELL. |
| Solicitor General East | JIM BOLTON. |
| Whipper-in and General Bottle-Washer | MR. STOKES. |

STILL LATER.

We have just learnt that Mr. Stokes promiscorptorily declines office under Mr. Gurnett, and his place is to be filled by Samuel Sherwood, Esq. We trust the country will give the new government a fair trial; we are assured that they have foresworn all principle, and are several degrees above putting forth a policy; and in so doing we believe they have taken the only course by which a Canadian ministry can at present be formed.

BY THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

FIRST MESSAGE FROM THE QUEEN.

"Her Majesty presents her compliments to her illustrious subject, John Sheridan Hogan, Esq., and requests the immediate favour of a lock of his celebrated hair, in return for which he shall be immediately raised to the Peerage."

LATER THAN THE LATEST.

"Her Majesty's disrespects to Sir E. W. Head, and commands his instant return to London by telegraph if practicable. The atrocious insults offered to her sublime friend and idol, Hon. Mr. Brown, forces her to take this extreme step; Mr. Moody, Rear Admiral of the Blues, will equip the *Fire Fly* for the purpose. W. L. McKenzie is appointed Governor General in his stead. Thus Her Majesty will serve all traitors to "the cause."

AN EPITAPH ON THE HON. GEO. BROWN,

(LATE INSPECTOR GENERAL.)

He's gone, and left the post behind
His once glad heart is cold;
His once keen eye is quell'd and blind!
What more?—His tale is told.

He came, big with the keys of state,
But he earned the Governor's ban;
And after a six-days' struggle with fate,
Gave place to a meaner man.

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

The following correspondence passed between His Excellency and the Hon. Mr. Brown, on the resignation of the McDonald-Cartier ministry which preceded the ministry, which was succeeded by a ministry, which was the third ministry in the space of three days:

"GOVERNMENT HOUSE,
Toronto, July 29, 1858.

"The Governor General is a man of a few words. Mr. Brown is the longest member of the opposition; and if he is still infatuated enough to believe that he can form a ministry which will last longer than thirty-five minutes, he is invited to go in lemons and get squeezed. Mr. Brown is particularly requested not to be rash enough to call on His Excellency until he is soot for.

"E. HEAD."

"CHURCH STREET,
Saturday.

"Hon. Mr. Brown has the honor to insinuate that Sir E. Head has proved himself to be at the head of statesmen, by sending for him. He has already formed a ministry which even the gates of hell could not prevail against."

"GOVERNMENT HOUSE,
Sunday night.

"His Excellency is dreadfully delighted at Mr. Brown's promptitude; and hopes that the accompanying memorandum will not disturb his pious meditations, as it is of importance that he should peruse it at once.

MEMORANDUM.

"The Governor General hopes Mr. Brown, Mrs. Brown and all the young Browns are quite well.

"The Governor General hopes that to-morrow will be a very fine day.

"The Governor General can't help saying that he will not pledge himself to dissolve the House inasmuch, as that would be interfering with the prerogative of the Clerk of the Weather, a gentleman for whom he has the highest veneration.

"His Excellency considers that we live in a bad world; but that, whether it is the inhabitants that make it so, or not, is an open question.

"His Excellency is of opinion however, that the conduct of the people at the last election, is not a convincing argument that they are above being bought and sold.

"Sir Edmund, therefore, thinks that he would be responsible for much immorality, if he presented another opportunity for the people steeping themselves in infamy.

"EDMUND HEAD."

"CHURCH ST.,
Monday, 12 at night.

"Hon. Mr. Brown is grieved to the quick, that the Governor General should have turned Sabbath-breaker. He does not suppose that His Excellency meant to insult him, when he asked for Mrs. B., and the young B.'s—but he begs to say that such hallucinations could only have existed in a feeble old man's brain.

"G. BROWN."

"CHURCH ST.,
Tuesday.

"Mr. Brown once more addresses His Excellency, and as his constitutional adviser, insists that there must be an immediate dissolution. If his Excellency is thick-headed enough to play the mule any longer, Mr. Brown would inform him, that he will have the *Globe* about his ears to-morrow. The following memorandum is for his Excellency's adoption, not consideration:

MEMORANDUM.

"Hon. Mr. Brown is now Premier, and Sir Edmund Head is bound to obey.

"Hon. Mr. Brown insists on a dissolution; and considers it highly immoral in a Governor to jest on the weather.

"Hon. Mr. Brown and his colleagues view with unmitigated contempt the present House of Assembly.

"Hon. Mr. Brown would remind His Excellency that this is not the first of April; and that, therefore, any attempt at a trick, would recoil on the conspirators with devastating effect.

"Hon. Mr. Brown intends to give the House fits for the vote of non-confidence passed against him.

"Hon. Mr. Brown again reiterates that Upper Canada is diddled, dished, and done for.

"Hon. Mr. Brown is now going to dine.

"G. BROWN."

"GOVERNMENT HOUSE,
Wednesday.

"The Governor General did not expect to be bored so much. He would like to know what is the *Globe*? He never heard of it before. The following memorandum contains his *ultimatum* :—

MEMORANDUM.

"His Excellency had eggs and coffee for breakfast this morning.

"His Excellency never butters his toast.

"His Excellency likes soda water best in the morning.

"His Excellency is bound in courtesy to consider that the advice he has received comes from his Executive Council.

"The Governor General believes that if a regular row in the Council Chamber is a sign of unanimity, the new ministry is the most harmonious in the world.

"The Governor General, although ready to admit that each of his advisers is a Solon *in coy*, imagines that it is yet possible for the country to keep afloat without their aid.

"The Governor General would like to know does Mr. Brown smoke?

"The Governor General likes pig-tail better than short-cut.

"Sir Edmund Head hopes that Mr. Brown will not butler him any more.

"Sir Edmund Head has put on his night-cap, and is going in search of Mrs. Head.

"EDMUND HEAD."

"CHURCH ST., Thursday.

"Mr. Brown has the honour to fling his resignation in his Excellency's teeth; and to assure him that this pitiful trick to render him a "governmental impossibility" is no go this time. Mr. Brown's colleagues view his Excellency's conduct with deep disgust.

"G. BROWN."

No sooner had Mr. Brown despatched this letter, by the dirtiest devil in the *Globe* establishment, than he wrote the following extra:—

OH! HOLY MOSES!

BLOODY WARS!!

CITIZENS TO ARMS!!!

Outrageous conduct of the Governor General!!!!

The Brown-Dorion Administration, which like another company of the Rangers, would have stormed the very gates of hell, have been coerced into a resignation of their dearest rights by that hoary old trickster whom the devil sent here to plague us for our sins, in not asserting our rights by a strong arm long ago.

There is but one course to pursue—mum. The Papineaus and D'Arcy McGee's are not all defunct yet!

AUNT ADELAIDE'S ADVICE—No. IV.

MY OWN DEAR LUCY,—I am afraid that after all the good advice which I have given you, I shall not find my hopes I have formed of you realized. Can you really be so foolish as to listen to a person whose only argument is that he is attached to you? Why the man has nothing, if we except his profession and his education; and yet you say you forget everything when by his side. Lucy, I am quite surprised at you, and if you persevere, you will think of my words, when some future day you are trimming over again the last summer's bonnet. Yes, I know, as you say, I was young myself, but I was always a prudent woman; and no one can say of me that I ever sacrificed myself to any whim. You tell me in your note, that you are reading and studying, and that a new world is open to you, that you feel life has a charm which it had not before, and that your mind is never without some image which it can cherish, and that you feel a resource within yourself you did not previously know. But all this will not help you on in the world. It might do very well for a young woman different to yourself, who has her bread to get, but your scene of triumph is in the world of fashion; and who in Toronto ever heard of a lady of the least pretension priding herself on her intelligence! Fie, Lucy, I am ashamed of you.

My dear god-daughter, you should act very differently to what you are doing; and indeed if you do not change, I expect to see you the miserable wife of some poor man, never anxious to leave home—*one of those domesticated, hum-drum submissive drudges, who see no delight in anything but their husband's society.* It is very well certainly to have

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.

THE GRUMBLER

Is published every Saturday morning, and is for sale at all the News Depots, on the Cars, by all the News Boys. No city subscriptions received, opportunity being afforded for the regular purchase. For the convenience of persons residing in the country, THE GRUMBLER will be regularly mailed, at ONE DOLLAR per annum. Address pre-paid “THE GRUMBLER,” Toronto. Correspondents will oblige by not registering money letters for reasons sufficiently obvious. Publishing Office, No. 21 Masonic Hall, (Nordheim's New Buildings), Toronto Et ce.