

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. 1.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1858.

NO. 39.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coat
I rede you tent it;
A chile's amang you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll mend it."

SATURDAY, DEC. 11, 1858.

ALLEN vs. GRUMBLER.

Well, God gave them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.—*Twelfth Night*.

Mr. R. M. Allen, after ignoring the fact for some years, has at length discovered that he has a very tender and precious reputation. THE GRUMBLER has given its candid opinion of him, and the disgrace he is reflecting upon a noble profession. Ergo, THE GRUMBLER must be sued, and the cause of innocence, injured innocence, avenged by way of law. \$500 is the highest figure at which even Mr. Allen's natural conceit will allow him to estimate the damaged article, and for that amount he has sued our publishers. The attempt to deal with these gentlemen criminally was so ludicrous that we have preferred to deal with it in another shape; we only desire to notice the fact that the *Colonist* deliberately perverted and falsified the proceedings, and gave a report, which, for disingenuous distortion, has seldom been surpassed.

In pleasing contrast with this paltry trickery, we are sincerely grateful to the editors of the *Leader* and *Globe*, who, notwithstanding that we have sometimes said some hard things of them, fairly and honorably pictured Allen as he really appeared.

Now, in reference to the civil suit, we are content to leave the matter in the hands of our counsel, and of twelve honest countrymen to judge between us. There is not a legal functionary in the city whom we could not subpoena to uphold our cause. From the Police Magistrate, (to whom, by the way, we are indebted for the unprejudiced manner he treated this case) the coroners and legal profession, to the Judge, by whom he was so justly rebuked. We really know not what to make of the man; sometimes we think we have wronged him. We certainly did think that he had a tincture more of the knave than the fool, in his disposition. Perhaps we were wrong in this, and if so, we shall be ready to make all necessary reparation.

We have to thank Mr. Allen for this new stimulus to our exertions, this new extension of our circulation. The record of this new folly will be perused by one thousand readers more than were informed of his old ones; any attack from such men is equal to fifty annual subscriptions to us. In saying this, we distinctly repudiate the insinuation that we are indifferent to the opinions of the honest and worthy. We should be sorry indeed that an idle word we may have carelessly dropped should give even a momentary pang to any but the worthless. We

may occasionally have attempted to point a jest where we have barbed an arrow which has rankled in the feelings of those we had no desire to wound. Where this has been the case we regret it; but where the poor ought to be protected from the harpy in imposition or authority; where the hand of power has been raised in wrong; where folly has been in league with trickery we can have, we ought to have no pity, and in noticing the effects of our attack, we feel no remorse.

One very pleasing feature in this matter for which we feel profoundly grateful is the generous manner in which members of the legal profession and of the mercantile community have tendered us the assistance of their talents and means; we have not the least apprehension that we shall be compelled to trespass upon their kindness. We have placed our cause in safe hands, and there we are contented to let it rest. In the meantime we shall redouble our exertions in the right direction. We hope soon to add to the attractions of our little sheet, and we are confident that our humble efforts will be amply sustained by the public. Our readers shall be informed from time to time of the progress of the legal proceedings in which this man's folly has involved us. If we desired to crush the litigious creature we could easily do so at once by publishing the dirty, greasy and wretched evidence of legal incompetency which has been dignified with the title of a "Writ of Summons." We forbear, however, to put one obstacle in the plaintiff's way, or to deprive him of one yard less rope than he requires to commit legal suicide; and if, when the time comes, we assist his laudable desire to benefit the community by tightening the self-adjusted noose, we shall doubtless receive the applause of the honest citizen, the upright lawyer, and the entire Toronto community.

R. M. Allen vs. Hagerty.

— We understand that R. M. Allen intends to apply to Mr. Garnett for a warrant against Mr. Justice Hagerty, immediately upon his return from Europe.

Judge Hagerty, it appears, charged Allen in open court, with being disgustingly blasphemous, and a disgrace to the Bar, whilst conducting a celebrated coat stealing case during the late assizes, and upon this fact Allen will ground his application. Although he (Allen) at the time not only humbly begged the Judge's pardon, but actually wrote a very stupid letter to the *Leader*, bewailing his folly, and promising, with a contemptible whimper, to be a good boy for the future, it appears, upon reflection, he has thought better of the matter, and is now determined to have the "law" against the Judge.—Allen says, he came to the country a poor penitential man (how distressing!) but he is determined to show the world that laws are made alike for rich and poor, and neither Judge Hagerty nor THE GRUMBLER shall libel (?) him with impunity.

WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT A FIRE.

A DITTY FOR THE REASON.

What is home without a fire,
What are all the joys we meet,
If we can't sit coal or wood stove,
Warm our fingers and our feet.
If we cannot mix our toddy,
Puff our noses against our nose,
While close by the blaze is crackling,
Why of course, we're sure to—freeze.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Since the recent metamorphosis of the once respectable *Colonist*, and the ever-absurd *Atlas*, into the prodigy, popularly known as *Old Double*, the following opinions have found their way into the *Provincial Press*; and we gladly re-produce them for the benefit of our contemporary and the public generally; the more so as we have of late seen several spasmodic attempts in that direction in the columns of our venerated contemporary—*Old Double*:

The *Colonist* and *Atlas*, a newspaper full of melancholy truths and diabolical nonsense.—*Blackwoodsmen*.

"Common sense is the chief want observable in the columns of the new *Colonist* and *Atlas*."—*Fiddle Faddle Broomstick*.

"When Fate, on a late occasion, was far gone in the blues she determined to do a deed at which all men of understanding would shudder, accordingly she gathered together all that was monstrous in journalism, and, out of the incongruous collection, formed the present *Colonist* and *Atlas*."—*Pandemonium Post*.

"We believe that the Messrs. Thompson & Company are the only respectable firm in the world that have the courage to publish the new *Colonist* and *Atlas*."—*Tearaway Trigger*.

"The new *Colonist* and *Atlas* has not inappropriately been called *Old Double* since not only has the former dullness of those papers been doubled in the new sheet, but also the *double* of the morning edition appears every evening like a benighted ghost, seeking to find a refuge in the pockets of unwary wayfarers for the small charge of a half-penny."—*Funny Fingerpost*.

"The brilliancy of the wit displayed in the new *Colonist* and *Atlas* is only equalled by the obscurity of the public mind which cannot distinguish it. The depths of its arguments, and the heights of its sentiments place it far beyond the vulgar herd; while the breadth of its views is only exceeded by the length of its editorials."—*Ironical Inkstand*.

Moral Purifiers.

— R. M. Allen, *Colonist* & Co., have entered into partnership as legal cleansers and moral censors of the press. Small delinquents and irate pettifoggers will be taken under their especial patronage. Saucy steaks crushed, regardless of expense. Truth not taken into consideration, and no questions asked of clients, Terms reasonable, and any amount of credit given for obvious reasons. For testimonials apply to THE GRUMBLER, who will be happy to give every information.

Lines on the death of the Hon. Robert Baldwin.

Hushed for a season by the voice of mirth,
 Lot silent sorrow flow in mournful tide.
 A christian chief has faded from the earth,
 A statesman bowed his weary head and died.

The voiceless for its greedy vigils kept,
 The poisoned dart was winged with vengeful aim,
 One passing struggle and a good man slept,
 The last spark flickered in life's glorious flame.

The patriot died and hearts bereaved will mourn;
 The christian slept and countless voices ring,
 To cheer his spirit through the shadowy hourne,
 To nobler climes where hymns celestial ring.

Drop silent tears upon the statesman's grave,
 Mourn that a noble heart has lost its might,
 That one more voice is hushed whose utterings brave,
 Were ever raised to plead the cause of right.

But look beyond—he has not lived in vain,
 A glorious goal the great, good man hath won;
 Death was our loss, but his more lasting gain,
 Ere this the Master hath pronounced "well done."

DEATH OF THE HON. R. BALDWIN.

A great man has just passed away from us amid the sorrowful regrets of every lover of our Province. The name of Robert Baldwin will never again be employed in the petty strife of provincial politics, save as a stimulating example of genius and honesty, or as a charm to unnerve chicanery and wrong. It is not for us to trace the struggles of the departed statesman through the turmoil of constitutional polemics, or to tell how poorly we appreciated, how ungrateful we recompensed, years of unselfish toil to secure the free, responsible system of government we now enjoy. If the niche in Canada's Walhalla reserved for him is filled by a statue whose ample brow is furrowed and contracted by crosses and disappointments, the historian of Canada, who will have much to say of him, will note it to the national disgrace.

We only desire to drop our humble tribute of sorrow upon the statesman's bier. The struggles of fifty-six toilsome years are over. The Legislative Chamber has heard one voice for the last time; one name will never more be the shibboleth of party; one honest face is crumbling with its mother earth to beam no more on the triumphs of freedom, to frown no more at the ascendancy of wrong. Had he fallen, an actor in the conflicts of this hour, every heart would be sad, every eye would have deplored but in the vicissitudes of life in this province, we had almost forgotten that the exiled statesman still watched the progress of the Province from whose senate he was so unjustly excluded.

So he passed quietly away, we firmly believe, to that more sure reward above. Shall the lesson of his life be soon forgot? Shall the story of what he has done for his native land be soon driven from our minds? or shall it not rather be long cherished as a pattern which the ingenuous and upright politician may cherish for ages to come. He has not left his like behind. Be it our task to perpetuate the memory of one we valued too lightly, while amongst us, but whose inestimable value will not be unappreciated when the lifeless form, now being borne to the grave, has crumbled into dust.

TO THE CORPORATION BLOWERS.

GENTLEMEN,—January is fast approaching, the annual Municipal Elections are near at hand, and you have again to seek the suffrages of your free and enlightened whiskey drinking constituents.—Dreadful thought! We know well how it weighs upon your spirits, how it haunts you, whithersoever you turn. When all honest people, M.P.P.'s (Members of the Provincial Press) alone excepted, are fast asleep in their beds; you, gentlemen, weary with anxious watching, lie uneasily on your couches, studying deeply, pondering earnestly over speeches with which you hope to knock your opponents into smithereens, and to elicit cheer after cheer from those of your friends who admire scurrility and detest common sense. Having your best interests at heart, we venture to suggest the following rules for your adoption, and though there may be a class to whom they will not apply, fortunately that class is not so large as the friends of order and good government could desire.

FIRST—Be careful never to tell the truth, because that would be pronouncing your own condemnation, and falsehood besides being much more congenial to your dispositions, will answer your purposes far better.

SECOND—When in Council, talk "Buncombe," (you know what that is) about "the poor man," but be sure and vote down any proposed appropriations for his relief, so that you may bring off the vigilance with which you have checked all reckless expenditure.

THIRD—Always defame to the utmost of your ability, (for you cannot hurt him) any respectable man who has found his way into the Council.—Messrs. Brunel, Boulton, A. M. Smith, Nowatt, Eugg, and the Mayor, should be the especial objects of your attention.

FOURTH—Those of you who "run" for the Aldermanic prize will do well to promise an instant release on "straw" bail to any of the roughs among your constituents who may unfortunately be "nabbed."

FIFTH—Promise to do all you can to thwart the Police Commissioners in their efforts to improve the force. You can lower Mr. Garnett's salary, for instance, if he is too independent; Mr. Moodie has already set a good example in the notice he gave to reduce the next Mayor's salary (one of the Commissioners) to £25.

SIXTH—Reduce the price of grog licences still lower; that in the end will materially increase the revenue of the city.

Of course we need not recommend you to interlard your discourse with a few oaths; the practice you have already had renders their use easy and natural to you. A bold bullying manner is always preferable to gentlemanly bearing, and will get you lots of votes, which you will otherwise lose.—With these few suggestions we leave you for the present.

Ye very pathetic Appeal of Yo Grumb'or.

Oh I A len, spare THE GRUMBLER,
 Pray, don't be wrathly now;
 You might perhaps burn your fingers, dear,
 By kicking up a row.
 Pray, stay your indignation,
 Be wise, man, while you may;
 You'd look so foolish, would't you say?
 When called the coets to pay.

CONDOLENCE.

DEAR GRUMBLER,—

While I was loafin round the Polecce Court in my Madgisterial kapasity, last week, I twigged that that fellow Allen was a haulin you up to keel you over, cos why, you pitched into him for not doing things right strait up which he desarred. Now, what I want to say is, that you done what's right, that so; fellers sich like as him, as is neither Clear Grit nor anything else, but hangs round poor people, draggin them into law, and interruptin the bench—which I am a mad-gistrait and knows—ought to get rubbed. Being a public character I've been wrote about by you, but I never went to law, I never done nothin that was'n't so, except at lection time, and then you took a follow off so slich, I couldn't say nothing agin it; don't be afraid, go in and touch them up, I'll stick to you—
 Yours, obliged,
 Bon MOODIE.

MY DEAR LITTLE FELLOW,—I lost all appetite for my breakfast the other morning when I saw in the *Globe* that a naughty man named Allen was trying to put you in prison. What a hardened creature he must be, to be sure. I wonder what sort of people he belongs to; I should just like to give him a little bit of my mind, he'd soon stop. If he does put you in gaol, my sister Clara and I are determined to go down to Gurnett, and tease him until he let's you out. Goodness gracious how will you write next week; will they give you pens and ink in the prison? if they won't, just drop a note to box—, and I'll send you a whole ream of paper, and any quantity of pens and ink. I'm sure I should never live over Saturday if I didn't see THE GRUMBLER. Good-bye.
 Yours very affectionately,
 CAROLINE CROTCHET.

To the Editor of the Grumbler.

DEAR SIR,—notice that Mr. R. M. Allen has instituted an action against you for libel. I assure you there is no occasion for apprehension on your part. The exceedingly insignificant position of the prosecutor in his profession must tell heavily against him.
 Yours,
 N. C. MCINTYRE.

MISTAKE GRUMBLES—

Never mind Allen, he—aw—belongs to the—aw—canaille. He is unworthy of notice by so—aw—eminent a—aw—personage as I know you—aw.

Yours at the trial and evay,
 A QUEEN'S COUNSEL.

Dreadful Dearth.

—What's to be done in the newspaper world just now? Not a decent scrap of intelligence is to be found to point a jest or moral withal.—Won't some worthy Councilman make a fool of himself, pitch a tumbler at somebody, and kick up a general dust? Are we never to have a ministerial crisis, or a general election, or anything really brisk? Who'll volunteer to afford some amusement till Parliament opens? The election of Mayor is likely to pass by without any fun. The other Municipal elections are too stupid to dabble in. Talk about a railroad to the Pacific, we don't want it all just now, but how can we get on without news?

GREAT LIBEL CASE.

A SCREAMING FAROE,
PLAYED OUT AT THE TORONTO POLICE COURT.

Specially reported for the Grumbler.

Present, Cadi Garnett, Reporters, and miscellaneous crowd.—
Enter R. M. Allen, breathless and hatless.

R. M. Allen (to Cadi Garnett.)

I want a warrant, heavens! I'll have it, too,
Against that black and demon Grumbling crew;
Fill me a warrant, oh! your worship, they
Have stolen my all, my more than life away.

Cadi Garnett.

You bring a serious charge; who are the man?
What have they pilfered from you—how—and when?

R. M. Allen, (putting himself into a theatrical attitude)
What have they pilfered? Sir, the whole world rings
With Allen's wrongs; yea, through its vast borders sings
No other theme; sir, fire, and water shout
Of outraged Allen all their realms throughout.

Nick, (The Grumbler's devil who happened to be present.)

The more fools they; I never heard them though.

Allen (to Cadi Garnett.)

Your Worship, you! above, around, below,
The trombling universe, sir, stands aghast.

Nick (aside.)

My eye, that chap there's coming it too fast;
I hope the universe, poor thing, won't faint,
To such a beauty, mious wit and painit.

Cadi Garnett (to Allen.)

Well, Mr. Allen, when you're had enough
Of this absurd and bifalutin stuff,
Perhaps if you've wit sufficient you will deign
To state the case in terms concise and plain;
Proceed at once, for heaven's sake let us know
What this romancing nonsense 'mounteth to.

Nick (aside.)

Cadi, my hearty, you're a jolly brick.

Allen (sticking a thumb in each arm-hole of his vest.)

To text Shakespeare I profoundly stick,—
"Who steals my purse, steals trash," 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed."

(Loud laughter from the crowd.)

Nick (aside.)

May I be lynched and get a Yankee mobbing,
If he o'er had a good name worth a robbing.

Cadi Garnett (severely, to Allen.)

Once more I warn you I will not permit
This wretched trifling. State, in terms more fit,
Your strange complaint, or I dismiss you hence.

Nick (aside.)

And send him home to sigh for common sense.

Allen (clearing his eye-brows.)

Dismiss the case! your worship must be mad.

Nick (aside.)

And if he ain't, I know who is, bedad.

Cadi Garnett (to Allen.)

Bold, sir, you've said enough, (to clerk) call the next case.

Allen.

Nay, pry your worship, I do crave your grace,
Pardon your worship, let me now be heard,
I will a tale unfold whose lightest word—

Nick (aside.)

Will prove the speaker well knows how to brag,
And that his ears should both be longer, eh?

Allen.

Will make thy two eyes from their spheres to start,
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand in fine,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.

Nick (aside.)

List! list! oh list!

Cadi Garnett.

My patience is exhausted, sir,—proceed.

Allen.

How shall I dare this monstrous wrong unfold,
How must this libel villainage be told?

'A sheet most vile has dared to call me—aw—

Me R. M. Allen, Barrister at law,

Knight of the red bag, bully of the bar,

Has basely dared to call me, sir, by far—
(How shall I speak this vile disgraceful slur?)
The greatest FOOL on this side Bedlam, sir.
(Loud bursts of laughter from the crowd.)

Cadi Garnett.

And is that all?

Allen.

Is't not enough forthwith?

Must I stand tamely by—

Nick (aside.)

And bear the truth.

Allen.

And let them write whatsoever they choose to write.
No, sir! I no! I no! I claim in black and white
At once a warrant against the Publisher.

Cadi Garnett.

I cannot grant it; 'tis no libel, sir.

Allen.

Ye glittering stars, ye glowing orbs that rule
The silent night—speak out—am I a fool?

Nick (aside.)

Let him ask me and leave the stars alone;
I'll answer him in a much plainer tone.

Allen.

And you, your worship—bid reverse all flee—
Am I a fool? I charge you answer me.

Cadi Garnett.

The truth might not be palatable, sir;
But still I'll give it you without demur:
No person in his senses, I should say,
Would act as you have acted here to-day.

(Loud laughter.)

Allen.

Ye gods! I bear a right!

Nick (aside.)

Yes, yes, sir red bag quite!

Allen (to Garnett, fiercely.)

Am I to understand then,—sir, you won't
Fill out the warrant?

Nick (placing his thumb to the tip of his nose, and playfully extending his fingers towards Allen.)

No, old boy, you don't.

Cadi Garnett.

Most certainly, I cannot grant it, sir.

Allen.

I'll have it, then, in spite of you, that's all;
I'll have it, sir, I'll shake this solid ball
To its foundation but I'll be revenged:
Revenged I revenged I my red bag for revenge.

(Exit Allen, and amid loud shouts of laughter the scene closes.)

A BIT OF HER MIND.

WILLIAMINA PEACE, Friday.

MY DEAR GOOD GRUMBLER.—I wish you would take to task in your excellent paper—which I always read—a set of impertinent youths, who, having been permitted to wear stand up collars, and succeeded in stealing one of Pa's razors to scrape their odious chins with—arrogate to themselves all the importance and dignity of grown up men. And they do so abuse the ladies, and talk about taking wives who shall do everything that they wish, and only attend to their comforts—which is arant nonsense. I know I would as soon think of giving up crinoline as to think a pin about such fellows—no young lady of proper spirit would. There is that odious fellow Charley Squire, who actually said to me the other evening, that the women ought always to honor and obey their husbands, because man was so much our superior in intellect and intelligence—of course I was shocked at such an opinion. It is a great pity that there is no punishment for such offenders. I think you might prevent our sex being traduced in that way, if you were to try.

Yours, affectionately,

ANGELINA.

P. S.—You are, of course, too sensible to entertain such horrid opinions, therefore I make you a confidant.

THE MURDER.

It must be highly gratifying to the lovers of the horrible, and to the greedy Coronors, to know that the custom of carrying bowie-knives, revolvers, and similar innocent and instinctive toys, is so prevalent among our young men now, that we really confidently look for a murder at least once a month. We need not allude to the neatness and mystery with which the unfortunate Cunningham was despatched on a late occasion, or the certainty and promptness with which young Reardon was sent to his last account this week, as instances of the utility of carrying arms. Examples, if they were wanting, could be had by the thousand from the New York papers alone.

Our young men are fast. In older communities the perpetration of an oath is confined to bearded men; but here, beardless boys and piping children revel in drawing down eternal curses on their own and their friends, heads, in order merely to show their regard for them, and to assert their own position in society! Of course their are many old fogies and antiquated moralists who demur against this sort of thing. But it is comforting to know that such men are held in merited ridicule, and are looked upon as decidedly "slow" and "behind the age." What would become of the gaoler and the hangman if our young men were to leave off swearing and drinking, and put their precious lives in danger by leaving their dirks and seven shooters at home? The precious innocents know they need look for no protection from the police; therefore they carry arms merely, however, for self defence. A murder now and then is the consequence, but that is a matter of course. Let us all arm the, and murder one another.

DISGRACEFUL SCENE at the CORONER'S INQUEST

One would think that the fearful nature of the tragedy which Coroner Hallowell has been investigating for the past few days, would lead all persons present, in whatever capacity engaged, to evince some regard for propriety. Surely the foolish bickering, which too frequently disgrace our Police Court, should not be imported into a court, who a proposed object is to prosecute a solemn enquiry into the causes which led to the murder of a fellow creature. Mr. James Boulton, however, appears to think differently. We have seldom read of a more disgraceful scene than that enacted on Thursday evening, at the City Hall. How far Coroner Hallowell may have been wrong, we do not attempt to determine, but there can be no excuse for the course pursued by Boulton. If Coroner Hallowell be not a lawyer, he (Boulton) has been a member of the bar long enough to be ashamed (were he in the least bit sensitive) of the figure he cut. A violent altercation with the Coroner, almost a fight with a constable, and detection in a flagrant falsehood, may be trifles in the eyes of Mr. Boulton, and quite in keeping with the occasion, but thank heavens, there are not more than two men in the city of Toronto who would so far disgrace themselves

Persons who have no reputation to lose can afford to set decency at defiance; whether Mr. Boulton belongs to this class we leave our readers to determine.

Ye dolorous ditty of R. M. Allan and ye Grumbler.

It's of a crack Grumbler in Toronto did dwell,
Who wrote funny articles and spiced them up well;
His butt was one Allan, a conceited old spark
Of the genus, by sailors al'ays known as land shark.
Singing too ran' r' tooral, &c.

Now as Allan was a pleading in the Assize Court one day
The Grumbler pitched into him and thus he did say—
"Oh Allan you blockhead you ain't fit to appear
Where gentlemen are, and you shouldn't be here."

Now Allan got wrothy and thus he replied—
"Call Garnett, between us, shall the issue decide,
I'll haul you right up fore the Courts of t'be law,
And I'll make you to laugh tother side of your jaw."

Now as Garnett was a sittin on the bench in his chair,
And policemen (the old ones) ranged round pair in pair,
R. M. Allan came forth with his brief bag so red,
"A poor middle-aged orphaning," at least so he said.

"Oh, your Worship, your Worship that that bench sits upon,
Do you know what that Grumbler has bin gone and done—
He's blackened my character as black as my nat,
And I want compensation, your Worship, for that."

"Oh Allan, Oh Allan, Cadi Garnett ho said,
Can he blacken much more what's already black lead;
If he can, my opinion which is gratis to you,
Is, keep your tougue quiet, tis the best you can do.

MORIAL.

Now all Politfoggers to advice, give an ear,
Keep honest and straight and you're nothing to fear.
Don't rush into law when by Wits you are rubbed,
Or like Allan, by Garnett, you perhaps may be snubbed.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Life and Adventurers of Simon Seek, or Canada in all shapes. By Maple Knot—Price 50 cents. Montreal: John Lovell; Toronto, Wm. C. F. Cavorhill.

We have only just received this work from the publishers, and have been unable to give more than a cursory glance at it. Typographically considered it is well got up, and seems to be written ably and vivaciously. As a story of Canadian Society, a contribution to our scanty Provincial literature, we bespeak for it an extensive perusal by our readers. It is only by fostering such vigorous attempts as this, that we can establish eventually a national literature in Canada.

THE SOCIABLE—Vol. 8 vo. Toronto. Mr. Shewan.

We have much pleasure in recommending this work to our friends, adult and juvenile. The long winter evenings are coming on, and the young want some variety of amusements to pass the dreary hours. Here then is a work explaining 1000 games and amusements, for the nursery and drawing room, a desideratum too long wanting in the social circle. We are sure it will be widely circulated.

THE SUNNY-SIDE SONORICISS—by M. Scott. Lithographed by Fuller & Bencke, Toronto.

Those who had the pleasure to take part in any of the convivial gatherings at Sunny-Side, last season, will be happy to know that a souvenir of those happy hours, in the shape of a very pretty piece of music, very neatly got up, can be had at any of the music stores and News' depots of our city. All our picnic friends will—should buy it.

On Dir. — That Mr. Rankin has been appointed Canadian Consul at Japan.

THE WORK OF THE SESSION.

The period for the re-assembling of Parliament is rapidly approaching, and extensive preparation is being made by the various members thereof to enrich the Statute-Book with enactments wise and otherwise. Among other measures we understand the following will be introduced:—

By JOHN A. MACDONALD.—A Bill to present the members of the present Government with the privilege of exemption from re-election during the term of their natural lives.

By Mr. SICCOTT.—To extend the provisions of the Fishery Act of last Session, to catfish, tittle-onts and minnows.

By Mr. SID. SMITH.—To establish the head quarters of the Post Office Department in "my office" in Cobourg.

By Mr. GALT.—A bill to Charter the Kamtschatka, Kalamazoo and Popocatapell Railway.

By Mr. VANKOUGHNET.—A bill to compel "Squatters" to rise up and meander.

By Mr. ALLEN.—A Bill to render compulsory vaccination for the toothache, so as to obviate the deleterious use of Laudanum.

By Mr. CARTIER.—A Bill to provide for the celebration of the anniversary of "My Dinner" at Windsor Castle.

By Mr. HOGAN.—A Bill to provide for the admission of Members of Parliament to the bar without examination.

By Mr. BROWN.—A Bill to render Penal the publication of extracts from old files of the *Globe*.

By Mr. POWELL.—A resolution recommending the appropriation of the Clergy Reserve Fund to the promotion and encouragement of the turf.

By Mr. GOULD.—A bill to raise the standard of Education in the University of Toronto.

By Mr. MCGEE.—A bill to provide for the hauging of two Orangenem annually, as a solemn warning.

By Mr. BOURASSA.—A bill to institute an enquiry into the present condition of the English language.

THE GRUMBLER!

A Pungent, Piquant, Pithy, Poetical Periodical; Fokes the Puerrite, Passionate, Petulant, Prolix and Purse-proud; Plagues Pimps; Protects the Poor; Propounds Puns; Punishes Puppies; Provokes Pragmatical, Peevish, Political Partizans; Pleases the Pretty; Promotes Probity; Puts Problems; Puzzles the Profound; Purges the Press; Pays Promptly; Perfects Plans; Pounds the Pompos; Piques Prying, Proud, Pusillanimous, Profligate Pettifoggers and Poltroons; Pinches Parasites; Pains Pretentious Praters; Paints Pictures of Public Personages, and Provides the most Potent, Pure, Pleasant and Profitable Pabulum of any Paper Published, Printed, or Perused in this Powerful and most Progressive Province.

The *Poker* has the impudence to appropriate to-day the above from the GRUMBLER advertisement in the *Globe* of yesterday without acknowledgement. As it is the only good thing that has ever appeared in the *Poker*, we do not grudge their readers the enjoyment for once of a smart paragraph, even although it be stolen property.

Melancholy Suicido of R. M. Allen.

For some time past a paragraph has been going the round of the Toronto Dailies, stating that the Police with their accustomed indefatigable scrutiny, had found a cap floating in the Bay. No head having been found in the cap, the usual verdict of "found empty," was being drawn up by one of our intelligent coroners—when, we are told, the editor of the *Colonist* rushed in and recognized the aforesaid article of covering, as the property of R. M. Allan, Esq., Barrister-not-even-at-the-Police Court. The interview, we are further told, was very heart-rending. The reason, we understand, assigned for this rash act, which has deprived the Bar of its brightest luminary, is mental madness, brought on, no doubt, by meddling with THE GRUMBLER.

"The Road to the Pacific."

Such is the heading of a two column editorial in the *Colonist* of Tuesday last. Those undertaking the task of reading through such an essay, should certainly be of a pacific turn of mind in order to enable them to accomplish the task. For ourselves, we should be very far from pacific if such an infiction were forced up on us. "The Road to Ruin," we would suggest as the proper heading to editorials of unreasonableness length.

The Highland Society.

The true secret of the disagreement amongst the members of the Highland Society, which has been carefully concealed from the public is said to be the desire manifested by the real Highlanders for the erection of mile stones throughout the city, against which they may scratch their backs.

"God bless the Duke of Argyle,
A scratching stone at every mile."

BUSINESS NOTICE.

While we regard the good things of this life with no small share of desire, we pretend to some taste in the selection of what may best suit our inclinations—we look with no small share of complacency on a table loaded with the delicious delicacies of the Season, and in fact we cannot deny that our mouths are strangely inclined to water for those same things, when we see them paraded in all their tempting varieties from the windows of their vendors. The wish was father to the thought, when passing down King Street, our eyes were attracted by the array of cigars, pipes, tobacco, &c., in the Store of Mr. SPOONER—and strange to say, we did (after much search,) and within the limits of our vast pocket as many coppers as enabled us to purchase one of his choice Regaltes. Trying as we have been the events of the past few days, and I—Allen as we have into the meshes of the law, we lighted our cigar, and pulling its blue volutes from our lips, its soothing influences calmed us into belief—that, like many other trials, these too would end in smoke. Whether it was the cigar or the kind and gentlemanly greeting of the proprietor, Mr. SPOONER, that really afforded us so much comfort, of this one thing we are assured, that for selection of stock in its variety, and the liberal prices at which he offers his stock to the public, the attention he devotes to his business, and the urbanity of his manners, really outdo Mr. SPOONER to a liberal share of the public patronage.

THE GRUMBLER

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