

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES—VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1860.

NO. 7.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats
I rode you tent it;
A chiel's amang you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it.

SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1860.

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

(Not from the Canadian News.)

No. I.

THE HON. SIDNEY SMITH.

There are some persons who imagine that statesman and chiseller, minister and corruptionist are synonymous terms. To such men, the Hon. Sidney Smith is a walking argument. Without the remotest title to anything like talent, unless we degrade that name to the level of Yankee "smartness." Without one manly feeling or one honest scruple, he properly fills a prominent position in a government which has long lost both. He has a ready habit of covering up falsehood in bad English and calling it truth. In a crew of chisellers he stands almost supreme, and should the Attorney General die, the herd of jobbers, sycophants and corruptionists would, with loud acclamation, raise Sidney to his bad eminence. Mr. Smith is, unfortunately, a Canadian. He first blinked at the light in the flourishing clearing of Port Hope. He was found wrapped in a buffalo robe on the steps of the parson's door and was immediately taken in and cared for. His putative father was the village milkman, a fact disclosed by the sudden start the infant prodigy always gave when that worthy rang his vesper bell to dilatory cooks. It is said that even yet, so strongly did memory fasten the instinct upon the child, that he never hears a distant cow-bell or the independent jingle of a myffin bell, without involuntarily crying out "here I am, father." When he attained the age of ten years, after undergoing an apprenticeship to the blacking brush and the knife-board, the young lad was sent to school. The Rev. Mr. Short was his domintie's name. He did not, however, remain there long, or else the short and the long of it is that his tutor must have been a mull. The weak point in the Hon. gentleman's character—the vulnerable heel of this Achilles—has always been English grammar. Whether Dr. Short found his pupil a graceless, idle, marble-fobbling, truant scape-grace (as seems extremely likely) or whether the Doctor spared the birch and made a mess of the child, does not appear. Suffice it to say, that on the recommendation of an itinerant phrenologist, who found self-esteem, acquisitiveness and secretiveness large, and conscientious very small, Sidney was sent to a lawyer's office to acquire a knowledge of the noble science of pettifogging.

After having been plucked thirteen times by Mr. Gwynne, he finally was allowed to pass, out of com-

passion for his scholastic weakness, and deference to the respectability of his brother. The quarrels of the two fraternal relatives at a subsequent period of their lives, are they not recorded in the Cobourg papers? As long as Sydney remained an humble law-student, or an obscure country lawyer, his peculiar talents never came into view; but the moment he stepped from the bar into the township council, and thence to the county council, and at last into parliament, his overweening vanity and conceited ignorance began to disply themselves. We may remark *en passant* that Sidney is no relation or connection of the Rev. Sydney Smith; not that our readers could not for a moment entertain the idea. We only make the remark lest the *manes* of the witty divine might be troubled at the bare idea. Sidney has gone through every note on the political gamut, from the shrill piping of opposition to the double bass of coalition corruption. Singular to relate, he has at last settled down; at least for a time. We fear, however, that the sweets of office alone keep him where he is; his office-salary and unlimited free trips to Europe are the only ties which bind him even to his present associates. He was the first suggester and prime mover in the "double shuffle," the greatest instance of hard swearing on record. Even John A. had some scruples, which required a pint of Morton's proof to overcome; Sidney gulped down the oaths without a stimulant.

The "onabul gennelman," as he would call himself, has, for the last six or eight months, made a peripatetic mail agent of himself. He disgusted Lord Elgin and Rowland Hill by his vulgarity, and would have sickened the French and Belgian governments, had they not kept him at a safe distance. The next feat Sidney is to engage in is a trip to Timbuctoo, to make engagements with King Jumberrybumpyboo with a view of lowering the postage on Canadian mails going across Lake Tchad; after which a grand climax will be put to his career by getting the Japanese government to permit the Canadian steamers to take in coal at Nippon. In appearance Mr. Smith belongs to the hatchet-faced kind; he has a low forehead and a generally insignificant presence. His voice—well, we'll say nothing about voice or grammar, except that it is a pity Canada has not a better specimen for European inspection.

RHYMES FOR LITTLE POLITICANS.

BY DR. HYMNION.

Who killed Geo. Brown?
I said Fol-y—a dee! just and holy,
I killed Geo. Brown.

Who saw him die
I said sweet Connor,
(Smiling) I did on my honor,
I saw him die.

So we'll go on living and saying our prayers,
For Georgy is dead and nobody cares.—

SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.

Some unhappy undergraduate of the University, having the fear of the May examinations before his eyes, asks the Senate, through *Old Doubt*, to give credit for a year's standing to every student. The reason assigned for this novel proceeding is the visit of the Prince of Wales. "Specs" must be a hopeful creature, surely, if he expects the Senate to agree to his suggestion. He is modest enough not to ask the granting of Scholarships, he is well content if they will only secure him against plucking. Now if this system has any chance of being carried out, it surely ought to be extended. We can hardly see why the University should have the monopoly of idleness. The prisoners in the Jail ought to get credit for their term of incarceration. "Drunk and disorderly" persons should get credit for sobriety; and Mr. Andrews should forbear from collecting fees. The Corporation should get credit for mending the broken planking on Yonge-street below King-street; and for draining the Esplanade pools, as well as for all the other sins of omission of which they are guilty. To carry this unlimited credit still further, witnesses should be trusted without being sworn; lawyers' bills without being taxed; and contumacious debtors without being tortured by the 91st clause. Creditors should cease to collect debts and forgive even if they cannot forget. In short, a millennium on a small scale should be inaugurated, in which honesty and merit should trust undoubtedly to roguery and incompetence. By all means let us try it out.

NO WONDER AT ALL.

One of the government papers is surprized, if not indignant, at Mr. O'Farrell the expelled member for Lotbinière, for daring to oppose Mr. Alieyn, a Quebec. It is of opinion, after having been guilty of the frauds proved against him, he ought to be ashamed to oppose the immaculate Alieyn. Now, we fail to see this. We can see no reason why the pot should not set itself up against the kettle; and we object to the one uttering opprobrious language against the other. The only thing which we are surprized at, is the *opposition* of Mr. O'Farrell to Mr. Alieyn. There should be some honor even among those who are not strictly honest, and we cannot see why the two great unscathed ones should not condescend. If we might venture to propose a ticket we should name Messrs. Alieyn, O'Farrell, and Fellowes. They are all in the same boat, and are eminently fitted for the noble constituency of Quebec. We are sure that Napoleon, Lord Palmerston, *Punch* and the other worthies who supported the last batch, will not hesitate to extend their support to the other unfortunates. The Government purse will be at their disposal.

Synonymous.

—"Scion of a noble stock" and "Son of a gun."

NOT FOR THE LADIES TO READ.

BY AN ECSTATIC LOVER.

The morning's past—the hour is four
I wander forth to take an airing,
And see those bright, angelic souls,
On King street promenading.

What pretty feet! how light their trip
Along the glist'ning paving;
They set my heart a pit-a-pat,—
My very brain a-raving.

Those smiling, roguish, deep blue eyes!
With lore-ill fire are beaming,
Though silent orbs, they speak to me;
With words of love they're teeming.

[Here our amorous friend commenced to soar so high into the regions of the ridiculous, that we were compelled to put a stop to his poetic effusion.]

THE YOUNG DRAGGED-AWAYS; OR THE SOLITARY SEA-SERPENT ISLANDERS.

BY CAPTAIN MAIN REID.

CHAPTER IV.—A STRONG SMALL OF GUNPOWDER IS UPRAD.

[At the close of the last chapter the serpent was licking Anthony's Wellington boots.]

But just at this dreadful moment, when an unbiased spectator would have surely said, in the brutal but expressive phrase of the day, that Anthony's goose was cooked, one of those rare accidents which occur but once in a lifetime saved him. A "fly" (*birota vehiculum*) lit on the end of Sandy's nose and awoke him! In a moment his active mind comprehended the danger of his beloved brother, and he took his measures accordingly. Seeing that the serpent was too much absorbed in absorbing Anthony to pay much attention to anything else, he dragged the cannon, which the wise foresight of Captain Slogs had placed in the scow, to a position where it commanded the monsters head, and filled it to the muzzle with the strongest FFF and a cannon ball of the largest size: with the concentrated coolness of Ossawatimie Brown and General Jackson, he took a final squint along the deadly tube, and then discharged it. As soon as the dense cloud of blue smoke cleared away, the tremendous effects of this well-timed cannonade became apparent: the ball appeared to have passed through the whole length of the monster's spinal marrow, and to have lodged in the vertebre in the extreme end of his tail. His crested head, lately so proudly erect, was seen floating on a wave some distance off, literally blown into a cocked hat. When the sleepers aroused by the report, sprang to their feet and asked "what that noise was?" they beheld Sandy quietly swabbing out the gun and looking as if nothing had happened. Upon being pressed for an account of the affair he gave it, but with the modesty of true greatness, suppressed as much as possible his own share in the matter, giving all the merit of his success to the cannon. His companions, however, were not deceived by his modest and characteristic tale, and were about to enquire how it was possible for the cannon, by its own unaided efforts to load itself and fire with so true an aim, when a new direction was given to their ideas which prevented their embarrassing him with their compliments: so occupied had they been by the serpent's freaks, that they had not noticed the fact of his having brought them close to a large and beautifully wooded island, until at the junction above

mentioned, the scow grounded upon a sloping gravelly beach, formed of coral rocks, worn by the action of the water to the size of those usually worn in necklaces. With exclamations of wonder and delight at reaching this haven, when they had expected no better fate than being made a meal of by the Serpentine, or finding a watery grave in the cold depths of the ocean, they drew the scow high upon the shore, and sitting down upon the emerald turf beside it, gave vent to their feelings of thankfulness in another of those interesting little sketches of animal life of the kind before mentioned, and beginning—

"Little Do peep
Has lost her sheep."

CHAPTER V.—RURAL FELICITY ON SEA-SERPENT ISLAND.

Having in some degree composed themselves by the pleasing reflections this simple but instructive melody induced, they hastened to unload the scow, and having chosen a clear spot on a hill, they touched the hidden spring of the hut, and its various portions immediately collected themselves together with such marvellous celerity, that, in less than ten minutes from the time they landed, a smiling home awaited them; even their camp bedsteads were in their places—to such perfection has modern science attained. As the day had been on the whole rather an exciting one, they determined to retire early, and after carefully locking the front door and loading all their weapons they adjourned to the land of Nod.

The first thing the next morning Mary went to Sandy's bedside to enquire what she was to get for breakfast: with that decision, for which the young naturalist was so remarkable, he replied "buckwheat pancakes and molasses, and strong coffee." "But you forget Sandy that we have neither milk nor molasses in the house," she mildly rejoined. With a look of pity for her ignorance, he told her to get a jug and a pail and meet him at the back door. Having by this modest excuse rid himself of the restraint of her presence he took a "header" into the tub of "cold without," which lay beside his virtuous couch, and, as he emerged, swallowed an eye-opener of the same with a gusto, and smacking of the lip sunthought of by rouses of the greatest known velocity. This, followed by a second course of rough towels, completed the expulsion of his fatigues, and, in the fervent words of the Dutchman,

"Richard wasn't himself again."

But when he calmly eyed the last rig-out, of which he had done those eminent builders, Messrs. Moses and Aaron, and gradually enveloped his rosy limbs in the choicest of coats and the loohest of peg-tops, an inexpressible feeling of good clothes stole gradually over him, and his philosophic mind was placed just and firm in his resolve to be a swell in spite of all the Sea-serpents in existence, the seats of his pants might be torn to shreds, but he could gaze unflatteringly on the ruins,—he could get new ones—his face was good. Filled with pleasing reflections of this kind he joined Mary at the back door. Having awakened, with great difficulty, Paul and Anthony and told them to light the kitchen fire and set the breakfast table, they walked quickly down the hill towards the forest. Sandy, in his eagerness, had got about thirty yards in advance of his sister, and was hidden from her by a clump of underwood, when suddenly she heard him utter a short, quick exclamation of surprise: a heavy dull blow was

struck, followed by a loud gurgling noise, and a shout of anger and despair from her beloved Sandy, and then all was still!!!

(To be Continued.)

GEORDIE, SPARE THESE THREE.

'Geordie, spare these three!
Sandfield, Foley, Conner;
Long, they've aided thee
To thy post of honor.
And thou, with pen in hand,
Did'st laud them to the skies;
There, Geordie, let them stand—
Don't tangle party-ties.

These old Reformers, three,
Who now laugh at thy frown,
Will join, most willingly,
To pull those Frenchmen down.
They'll only be too glad
To get thee in the ranks;
To see thy glittering blade
'Gain tickling Cartier's flanks.

Now don't, because they've got
A little out of line,
Imagine its a plot;
Nor make these martyrs white;
By killing them that they
Have left their Chiefest's side
To join with sly John A.,
And into office slide.

These three thy anger braved,
But, Geordie, strike them not;
Don't drive them to the grave—
Don't aggravate their lot.
Oh, pray, forbear thy stroke
Don't thy steel pen down—
Don't cause these three to croak—
Don't make them curse thee, Brown.

ARRIVAL OF THE POLYANTHUS JANE.

EXTRAORDINARY INTELLIGENCE.

VERY IMPORTANT.

N. Y., April 27, 1860.

The Polyanthus Jane arrived this morning. She brings dates from Liverpool reduced in price, as people there don't care a fig for them, and British merchants wish to palm them off on the American public.

Canadian politics are attracting much attention in London since Sidney Smith's presentation to the Queen.

The Prince of Wales wishes to be remembered to Mr. GRAYLEN, and says he will write to him shortly.

John A. Macdonald is to be made Dancing Master to the Prince on account of the extraordinary agility displayed by him in the recent "double shuffle."

Napoleon has protested against the great "international set-to" as he is opposed to fighting, having been converted by Cobden.

Austria is being sued in the Division Courts of Europe.

Turkey, is flooding the European world with rhu-barb.

STILL LATER.

Ald. Carr and the Toronto City Council are to be invited to Windsor, and their passage home is to be at the State's expence.

Bob Moodie is to be made an Admiral of the Blues.

Too much of a good thing.

—The Colonial classing itself among the friends of the Hon. George Brown.

DEMOCRATIC ORATORY.

Mr. Caleb Cushing on taking the chair of the Democratic National Convention delivered an address replete with information and admonition. The following scrap of information must have been at once fresh and startling:—

Gentlemen, you have come here from the green hills of the Eastern States—from the rich States of the Imperial center—from the sun-lighted plains of the South—from the fertile States of the mighty basin of the Mississippi—from the golden shores of the district Oregon and California. [Loud cheers.]

What a pretty piece of trash to be sure. "The green hills," as if New England monopolized all the verdant tints of the country, an idea abundantly controverted by the general character of the Convention. What "the imperial center" may mean we are at a loss to conceive; perhaps it should be "imperious." Whatever it may signify, we are assured that it is "rich," if it is only half as rich as the nonsense of the speech, it must be another "El Dorado." Then we have the "sun-lighted plains of the South" just as if old Phabus especially gloated over negro-selling and slave-lashing, and did not deign to thrive elsewhere. We always thought the South one of these "dark places of the earth, the habitations of cruelty." Caleb says it is not so, and, of course, we must believe him; chairmen of Democratic Conventions always tell the truth. The "mighty basin" of the Mississippi comes in for the next daub; but we must really object to Caleb's making it a stop-basin for the reception of his rhetorical messes. Looking at the whole stupid farrago of fustian its most natural effect should be laughter. Not a bit of it. "Loud cheers" is the parenthetical note of the reporter. In other words, the delegates were enraptured beyond measure, because Caleb told them that they had come from home; a fact—which probably never struck them before; though, indeed, before their labours are ended, we can fancy many of them parodying Touchstone's lament, "so now I am in Charleston, the more fool I, for when I was at home, I was in a better place!" If Mr. Cushing could draw out so much enthusiasm by simply noting their absence from home; what effect might he not have produced if he had given the delegates the opportunity of answering that puzzling and mysterious interrogation of youth, "does your mother know you're out?"

Legal Advice.

—Are any of our readers defending a law suit? Do they wish to fight the matter off for an indefinite period? Then, take our advice and have the case tried before a special jury. Special jurymen never agree: they are always discharged without agreeing on a verdict: at least, in nine cases out of ten, our assertion will be found to be true. This is the reason why Insurance Companies, &c., get special juries. Hurrah! for special juries we say. We don't speak, however, from personal experience, as we never had the pleasure of appearing before a jury of any kind; although at one time we thought that our presence would have been required. The suggestion is good for all that, and we cordially recommend it to our numerous readers.

A Case of Suspended Animation.

—Mr. Brown taking nearly three years to discover that Dr. Connor was at one time, elected to a seat in the Legislative Assembly by a majority of one.

A SOLEMN WORK.

The Leader is guilty of perpetrating the following, when speaking of the planting of trees on the "Princes walk":

"It was somewhat amusing to notice the gravity of those engaged in the work of imbedding the roots; many of them looking as sober and thoughtful as if they were in the act of digging their own graves."

It is really too bad that on such a solemn occasion as that which the writer in *The Leader* was describing, he should have indulged in this heartless jest. Solemn indeed was it to us, when with a young maple shoot in hand, and dear Mrs. Grumbler and the domestic shoots hanging about us, we reached the spot to be hereafter known in the annals of our country's history as the "Princes' walk." Yea, doubly solemn was it, when spade in hand, we turned the clayey mould and embedded the root of the little sapling. What thoughts of the future loomed up before us as we watered it with our tears, led on by the dear partner of our joys and woes. We could see the countless thousands of yet-unborn Grumblers assembling around the spreading branches of a majestic maple, extolling the domestic and public virtues of our humble selves, and the wonderful sagacity of the long-past and almost-forgotten papa and mamma, who had thus enabled them to cherish a sweet remembrance of those by gone days. Changing our reflections we could see the little brats receiving at the hands of a care-worn and afflicted pedagogue, a most unmerciful flagellation with a sprig of the self-same maple. Was such an occasion as this, we repeat, a time to indulge in jest. Oh! cruel *Leader*, how hardened is thy paternal heart!

CORPORATION BLOWERS.

Verily, we have a nice lot of tinkers in our City Corporation. They call themselves Conservatives, and, in order we suppose to shew their conservatism, have commenced to tear down all those barriers which years of careful legislation have erected. Every safe-guard is going by the board; every by-law passed to prevent the city being plundered by jobbers, is being repealed. They have petitioned Parliament to rescind the act relating to the election of mayors by the people. They are about to repeal the by-law preventing persons having leases, &c., from the Corporation, from entering the Council. They have petitioned for a change in the management of the police so as to get the power into their own hands. We may well ask, are these Conservatives who are attempting to tinker the city by-laws and the "Municipal Act" in this way? The most extreme Radical would never think of acting thus. The most amusing part of it is, that it is such legal gentlemen as Ald. Moodie & Co. who are the prime movers in these schemes. How can Toronto fail to become great, powerful, rich and respected with Carr, Moodie & Co. at the helm? We pause for a reply.

Don't Believe It.

—The City Inspector reports that the *Globe* office is in imminent danger of falling. The Hon. John A. Macdonald writes us that this is the result of Foley, Connor & Co's undermining. With all due deference to the political sagacity and acumen of the Attorney General West, we must say we don't believe it.

TO HON. SIDNEY SMITH, P. M. G.

21, MASONIC HALL,
Toronto.

DEAR SMITH,—

'Tis said that absence conquers love,
But oh! I believe it not;
Dear Sidney Smith I'll try to prove
That you are not forgot.
Duty, alas! has made us part,
Yet, still, you are as dear—
As fixed in your dear Grumbler's heart
As when he had you here.

I know you're in the busy crowd,
Am sure you're still the same,
For what, indeed, could make you proud,
Who dares to say?—your fame.
And when I think of what you broke
Before you left our shore:
'Of grammar shattered at a stroke,
I love you all the more.

But Oh! I sometimes feel a pang,
To think how private pique
May twit you by your nasal twang,
When'er you rise to speak.

'Tis said that absence conquers love,
Sidney, believe it not,
Tho' absent, I shall strive to prove
Your grammar's not forgot.

Your faithful adviser,
MR. GAUMBLER.

HON. STONEY SMITH,
London, England.

YANKEE JUSTICE.

The Hon. Caleb Cushing, the flower of the un-terrified Democracy, in his inaugural splutter to the Charleston Convention, says, amongst other equally stupid things, that it is "the high and noble part of the Democracy to strike down and conquer" "the stupid and half insane spirit of faction," meaning, we suppose, the Republican party. Now, we shall not go into the question of the "destiny" of either party; we only desire to call attention to the order of succession in the sentence from which we have quoted. It is John Bull's boast that he never hits a man when he's down. The Democrat, through Caleb, reverses the English maxim and calls upon his brother dough-faces to "strike down" their opponents first, and whop them (or "conquer" as Caleb hath it) afterwards. No wonder that there is no such thing as justice in niggerdom.

Nothing Strange.

—It is said that the number of incorrigible bachelors and disconsolate old maids who are taking part in the planting of the Prince's walk, is remarkable. We do not wonder at it, when one of the principal objects of inviting the citizens to plant those trees is the perpetuation of their names to future ages.

That's Right.

—Mr Dufresne says that he does not intend to get sick again, next session, since his old ailin (Alley) is gone. In case he should be indisposed again, the government intend bringing over Florence Nightingale to nurse him.

Wedded Bliss.

—A young couple, whose souls were knit together about three months ago, have spent a great portion of their leisure time, since then, in darnin' the tie that binds them.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE LADIES OF TORONTO.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—

There have been various ways suggested in which to honor His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales during his visit to this country, but these chiefly by gentlemen, who do not always consult the female portion of society in such matters. As a lady I have now a proposal to submit to you (who are emphatically the ladies' organ) which has not yet been made, that I am aware of, by any party whatever, and it is one which, if acted upon, would, I am sure, gratify and flatter the Prince and our sex at the same time.

You are well aware, Mr. Editor, that this good City of Toronto is noted for the beauty and accomplishments of its ladies, who would, I am bold enough to say, compare favorably with those of any other city in the world ("Auld Ayr" not accepted), but unfortunately the majority of our eligible young ladies are doomed to show their charms to a male population who either do not appreciate or cannot afford the luxury of a good wife.

I would suggest then that, instead of processions of children and exhibitions of the lower animals, a selection of our loveliest Toronto marriageable women be arrayed in all their attractions before His Royal Highness and noble attendants in some place sufficiently large and well lighted to hold the number and admit of a fair inspection—the Crystal Palace might be suitable perhaps.

Who knows, Mr. Editor, what may be the happy consequences, if my suggestion be adopted. My cousin Maria (30 past) thinks it would be an unpardonable shame not to do something in this way while we have such illustrious strangers amongst us, whose visits are infrequent enough to be angelic.

In conclusion I beg to assure you that I have mamma's full permission to write to you on this subject, and I trust for the regard you have always shown for the interests of the fair sex you will insert this letter.

I remain, dear Mr. Editor,
Yours, hopefully,

MARY JANE.

OUR MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE.

What in the world is that wandering Jew the Hon. John Ross doing in England? We call in the name of the people of Canada upon the English Government, to have that conscientious Reformer and efficient agriculturalist sent home at once, else we shall have to impeach him. He is, we suppose, drawing his \$5,000 annually from the public Chest, and a large sum from the G.-T.-Underland—Montreal serving-ante—Toronto—Company as their man-of-all-work. Instead of being in Canada attending to his Parliamentary duties, and the department over which he is supposed to preside, at this, the most important season of the year, we find him attending to the G. T. & Co.'s business. Happy Canada to have such Ministers. Happy Ministers to have such a non-complaining Canada.

If so, why not?

—Mr. Brown instructs us to say that the reason Dr. Connor favours the single majority system is because he was returned by one vote.

LETTER FROM THE ATTORNEY GENERAL.

HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY,
April 25, 1860.

MY DEAR GRUMBLER,—

I received your letter informing me of the arrival of our old friend and crony, Sidney, in London. He's a jolly fellow that; but you didn't help us a bit by publishing that letter of his. You know he's not *au fait* at the pen, and you shouldn't have given to your thousand-and-one readers that epistle of his, which you published last week. Now, don't do it again; there's a good fellow. Give my kindest regards to Mrs. Grumbler and the little ones, and

Believe me to remain,
Your devoted friend,

JOHN A. MACDONALD.

MR. GRUMBLER'S REPLY.

21 NORDHEIMER'S BUILDINGS,
April 27, 1860.

DEAR JOHN A.—

Your letter of the 25th is received. Although you are one of my dearest friends, I tell you plainly I don't want any of your dictation. Keep that to yourself, and the members of your servile government and your pliable hangers-on. Try it on Gowen and Ferguson, and John Cameron, and others of that stripe; but you may as well know at once that it won't do here. You're a sleek, oily-tongued fellow; but I understand it perfectly. Do you think I can't see through that buttering you gave Brown the other day in the House? Oh! you incorrigible hypocrite, will you ever turn from the error of your ways? For the present, *au revoir*,

And believe me to be still

Your attached friend,
THE GRUMBLER.

A PARTING SHOT.

I will a tale unfold.—SHAKESPEARE.

Under the above title dear Old Double has devoted a whole column to the senior member for this city. Only think of the nice young man who does the editorials for our amiable cotemporary writing such a long story, displaying so much generosity, as "to do him (Brown) any little act of kindness that comes in our way." And what is the kindness which has weighed upon the mind of our stupid cotemporary so long, disturbing his pleasant slumbers, and haunting him with innumerable night-mares? Why his (Brown) friends have deserted him, astounding! The conservatives are masters of this city, and are waiting impatiently for an opportunity to drive the naughty reformer Brown from the representation of this city. What if the reformers did gain two victories; why it "was brought about by a fortuitous concurrence of circumstances," and the "Catholics are masters of the position" and will do terrible things when another election comes on. Truly we are greatly relieved after reading this great article—relieved beyond all measure. The fate of Toronto is settled! Brown must seek a constituency somewhere else—perhaps Gaspé, any where but Toronto. Our friend of the conservative party has settled it, and we all know that they can rule the city. And all this is given as the advice of a friend, a false one we presume. Dear good Old Double do not write any more long editorials, or we know not what may occur.

ARIA.

From the Opera of Cicero.

(Accompaniment on the Nocturn Organum.)

A lawyer's life's a scene of strife
A record of alarms
Tho' brief—the issue always proves,
It often has its charms.

ARE LITERARY PEOPLE UGLY?

Most decidedly not. Who dare say that they are? Is there one person, in this intelligent community, who can conscientiously, with his hand on his heart, declare in the face of the civilized world that literary people are ugly. We don't wish to have the question "begged." What we wish is to have a plain yea or nay. If there be one person, so utterly lost to common sense as to be able to say "yea," then we will retract everything that we have written on this subject. But, on the other hand, if no one come forward to say "yea," we shall claim to have carried our point. To the interrogatory,—are literary people ugly? we reply as before "most decidedly not."

Let us take a glance at a few of our literary people. There is the Editor-in-chief of the *Globe*; The most that can be said of him is that he is not handsome; and every one will allow that he is not positively ugly; we have no redeeming features even in his case. We there are space enough at our disposal to go over the long list of literary people with which Canada is blessed; suffice it to say, that the most of them may be said to be handsome or very-good-looking. If we throw into the scale our own beautiful features, we have no doubt, in fact we are sure, that universal Canada will join with us in saying that literary people are not ugly. If any one desire to inspect our Roman nose, Grecian mouth, Egyptian eyes, Canadian hair, and Babylonian raiment, they may find us at 21 Masonic Hall, Nordheimers Buildings, Toronto.

COOPER'S ENGLISH OPERA TROUPE.

We have very great pleasure in announcing the re-appearance in the city of this very talented and popular company of *artistes*. It is now nearly five months since they last performed before a Toronto audience; and we feel sure that they will be heartily welcomed by their old patrons. Since their last visit they have made some valuable additions to the chorus and orchestra. M. Boudinot appears for the first time here as one of the principal performers; he comes highly recommended by the press, and we have no doubt will be well received. The excellent prima donna Miss Milner; Miss Payne, Miss Kemp, Mr. Bowler, Mr. Aynsley Cook, Mr. Sugden, and Mr. Bruno, are still in the company. The first performance will be given on Monday next. Need we appeal to that most intelligent portion of the community—our readers—to render Mr. Cooper's present engagement more successful than any previous one?

Style.

A modest contributor hopes there is not much of *face* in the following—If an author is known by his *style*, may not an architect be known by his *gait*?

THE GRUMBLER.

Is published every Saturday Morning, at No. 21, Masonic Hall, Nordheimers Buildings, Toronto Street. Copies may be had at all the News Depôts. Subscription \$1; Single copies, 6 cents. Persons enclosing their cards and \$1 will be favored with a special notice. Communications addressed "The Grumbler Office, Box 1054," will reach the Publishers.