

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.]

TORONTO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1862.

[VOL. I.—No. 2.

THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1862.

TIQUETTE OF THE SKATING RINK. FOR GENTLEMEN ONLY.

DRESS.—Gentlemen are not expected to appear in dress coats, nor in the less pretentious apparel suitable to a small tea-party, but there should be in the clothing something implying compliment and respect to the company, and be altogether devoid of suggestiveness as to the business or occupation of the wearer. The grocer must lay aside his apron, the draper, his scissors, and the lawyer his bag of briefs, as everything which tends to awaken an idea of shop is rigorously put down in first-class society.

Garments of loud and flashy appearance should not be worn, and the colours should be, if not new, at least of subdued tone.

Pantaloons of Magenta, or Saffrono vests would be in bad taste, whilst a Puce overcoat could be horrid.

We would recommend a suit of shepherd's plaid, the new pattern, large squares, as being warm and comfortable material, neutral colours, and minutely calculated to make an impression on the sensibilities of young ladies, as it gives one the air of an exile from the United States traveling incog.

Slauve may be worn in kid gloves and neckties. When fastened with a nice pin, scarfs have a good effect, but dog-heads of the size of life, balls, and two ounce nuggets of California gold are not proper pin ornaments. Black pins with sealing wax heads are altogether out of the question, they have been banished to second-rate circles of Poughattan Indians three years ago.

Dog skin gloves are not now tolerated. High-tops, lined Balmorals, and Wellingtons must not be worn. High boots are the rage, knee boots passable, Knickerbockers not to be thought of as soldiers and volunteers have made them vulgar.

A white beaver hat being more stylish than any other capillary covering, should be generally worn—if adorned with a erape band, all the better.

CONDUCT.—On entering the rink, first make your obeisance to your lady acquaintances, asking if of them, in a facetious way, if their heels are red, and offer to strap them up. Before putting on your skates, borrow half a dozen gimblets, which you will return to the owners by throwing in across the ice; ten chances to one you will do so doing trip up four or five of the skaters, thereby affording much pleasure to the company.

Inducing general hilarity and merriment, eating small sticks, remnants of cigars, and shells will also be conducive of the same desirable effect, and bring you into general

favor, especially among the ladies. Always skate backwards, and quickly, as it strengthens the spine, and your frequent contact with other skaters leads to many introductions which may be of value in after-life.

Try and get in the way of little boys, occasionally pulling off their caps; if they are plucky and attempt retaliation, box their ears, and satisfy them of their inferiority to men. It is your duty at all times to teach children a lesson of humility.

Endeavor as much as possible, as circumstances suggest, to make yourself, after the above manner, as agreeable and pleasant as you can.

The Artful Dodger.

—Mr. W. H. Boulton must either think that the citizens of Toronto are great asses, or that he himself is a great genius. In either case we fancy he is much mistaken. Sudden outbursts of benevolence on the eve of an election are neither novel nor masterly strokes of policy on the part of a candidate. People are not disposed to estimate very highly a charity which discovers that the Protestant Orphan Asylum is in frightful need of a peck and a half of apples a month, before Mr. Boulton wants to be Mayor of the city. Men will somehow or other connect the two events together, and fancy that the orphans would still be without apples if Mr. Boulton were without ambition. Now comes a new-born zeal, to wit, to waion the Street Railway belongs, by a police court summons, merit any other praise than that it is an economical and utterly useless election dodge. As we do not imagine Mr. Boulton will insist on a Chancery suit, inasmuch as the election would be over before the bill could be answered, we earnestly advise him to turn his attention to the pig nuisance or any other congenial subject. By a pig crusade, Mr. Boulton may hood-wink some few denizens of Stanley Street, but after all he had better leave the thing alone. Benevolence which lasts only for a month, and public zeal which expires at the close of the poll, are not worth much, and they can scarcely deceive even when employed by such a pitiful schemer as W. H. Boulton.

Something New Under the Sun.

—It is the popular opinion that office-seekers have always some selfish object in view. A candidate for parliamentary or municipal honors seldom gets credit for a title of the patriotic disinterestedness of which he boasts. The public cannot help fancying that some job is to be perpetrated or some private interest or ambition to be served by the would-be representative. But in all the election addresses we ever saw, we never found a candidate boldly proclaiming that he intends to serve and benefit himself if elected till to-day. Mr. W. M. Gorrie in an address to the electors of St. Lawrence Ward, says—"I have an interest in the Ward which no other as yet named, could so well represent. I offer myself as Aldermen," &c. Good for Gorrie. There is nothing like telling the truth plainly and if you go into the Council to promote this interest, no one can say that you have deceived your constituents, for you only profess to serve yourself. This bluntness, however, may not be so acceptable to the electors as you fancy. It is just possible that they may prefer some one who will serve them, and they may echo the words of Macbeth, "Shake not thy Gorrie locks at me."

WASHINGTON COURT CIRCULAR.

His Excellency Abe Lincoln rose this morning at 9.30 a.m., and took breakfast. The bill of fare included slap-jacks, molasses, corn-starch, cold water, and all the delicacies of the season. A Cabinet Council was held at ten, at which the members engaged in the healthy recreation of whittling for half an hour preparatory to the business of the meeting. Mr. G. F. Train then represented the grievances of Ireland in a speech of three hours length. At the conclusion, it was unanimously resolved that the entire world, the Northern States excepted, is in a terrible mess, and must be attended to forthwith. Mr. Seward and Mr. Welles (the old woman in charge of the navy) are appointed a Committee of Universal Rectification, to set everything to rights by extending the blessings of American civilization throughout the world. They intend commencing with Great Britain early next week. Abe then took a walk down town, indulging in two horse-cakes, half a pint of pea-nuts and a glass of pop, at a fruit stall on 722nd street, and was closeted with his toothpick for half an hour thereafter.

Mr Seward was engaged all the afternoon in writing a despatch to the English government, urging the propriety of suppressing the *Times*, *Punch*, and all the anti-war papers of London. It filled 150 pages of foolscap.

Mr. Stanton held a highly important conference with his barber, who confidentially intimated to him that a credible and well-informed contraband had overheard a Secessionist boasting that Jeff. Davis had repeatedly said, that General Lee would within three weeks put Gen. Burnside's "nose out of joint," if no unforeseen contingency happened. A Cabinet Council is called for tomorrow to consider this astounding development.

Gen. Halleck is slightly indisposed. He put his feet in hot water last night, took half a box of Ayer's Pills, and read a column and a half of the *N. Y. Herald*, as prescribed by his family physician. Gen. Wool looks sheepish.

MILITIA GENERAL ORDER.

HEAD QUARTERS, 5th Dec., 1862.

SEVENTHARY FORCE.

MILITARY DISTRICT No. 06, UPPER CANADA.—Brown, Jones and Robinson (of the respective ages of 10, 11 and 12), to be Ensigns. Ensigns Snooks and Stiggins, of the York Slashers, to be Captains, vice two able-bodied men, retired. Captains Imbecille and Adipose to be placed on the staff. Major Toper will take command of the battalion, vice Lieutenant Stupor, indisposed. Major Thorp to be Colonel, vice Sly, left the limits—to avoid creditors. Hon. Colonel Owen Mutch to have command of the 91st Regiment, under the provisions of the Division Court Act. Brigadier-Generals Barnacle and Fawner to retire, retaining rank and pay.

By command of the Adjutant General,
WALKER POWELL,
Ex-Brevet Ensign Norfolk Fusiliers,
and ex-General Grucier.

A SOFT SEAT FOR PRINCE ALFRED.—The throne of Greece. Let us hope that it will not prove as slippery to him as it did to the Bavarian.

A NURSERY RHYME.

AFTER DR. WATTS.

Whatever contests round St. Dave's,
St. James' should rest in peace,
Where Nasmith dwells and Love abounds,
All rivalries should cease.

Moodie and Smith can both agree,
And tis a shame to fight;
When Nasmith, Love and Sterling,
Fall out, and snarl and bite.

Remember, Love, you should not let,
Envious ambition rise;
Your finger nails were never made,
To scratch out Nasmith's eyes.

GRAND GYMNASIIC FESTIVAL.

The Provincial Turncoat Society have the pleasure to announce to their numerous friends and patrons, as well as to those who have the misfortune to be neither, that a grand gymnastic performance will take place at the ancient capital in the early part of next year. The public will be treated to various graceful evolutions and extraordinary feats such as have never before been witnessed in this or any other country. The programme is not entirely filled up as yet, as some of the performers are new to the business, and others have not done sufficient turning to make them proficient in the art. But the President has every confidence that, under the special training of the present instructors, the under-graduates will not be long in attaining a position which will be no disgrace to the favorable and ancient society to which they belong. The following programme is now presented for public approval:—

Dissolving views.....Mr. Angus Morrison.
Extraordinary feat on the tight rope.....Mr. Foley.
Zempeilustration; or flying from one side of the House to the other.....Mr. Loranger.
Astounding feats on the bar.....Mr. Wilson.
Some wonderful Yankee tricks.....Mr. Howland.
Superlatively graceful figures.....Mr. Jas. Morris.
Hanging by the neck, with illustration from the rebellion of '37.....Mr. Cartier.
Grand Tour.....Mr. J. A. Macdonald.
Scientific use of the boxing gloves.....Mr. Tom Ferguson.
Hanging by the neck, with illustration.....Mr. Tom Daly.
Heavy Club feat, &c.....Mr. Sicotte.
Running the nose as performed with wonderful success in '48.....Mr. McGeo.
Astounding summersault.....Mr. Benjamin.
New illustrations of the sliding scale.....Mr. Galt.
Wonderful vaulting feat.....Mr. Robinson.
Riding the high horse.....Sir Henry Smith.
Extraordinary feats with the dumb-bells.....Mr. Amos Wright.

The President begs, by way of apology for the briefness of the programme, to say that some of the new members of the company have not yet fallen into their places, and others have not received their *solution* for previous damages received in their very arduous gyrations so that he is not able to lay down their individual lines of business; but he hopes that, with the aid of the existing committee, some of whom have been a long time in the turning line, the exhibition will be all that he claims for it.

N.B.—Members of the Society who are desirous of falling into place, will please apply immediately at Quebec, where they will obtain full particulars as to terms, conditions, &c.

Abso Going to the Bad.

—We regret to learn that President Lincoln, after being a staunch cold-water man all his life, is in great danger of falling from the faith. He is so disgusted with the inefficiency of his generals, that he will dismiss Burnside forthwith, and take consolation in a *Hooker*. Where's the Hon. M. Cameron?

Wiry.

—Since the advent of crinoline it is not proper to speak of a lady's age by the number of summers she has seen, but by her number of springs.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Next week we intend to devote our special attention to municipal matters, with a special reference to the approaching elections; and we wish Aldermen and Councilmen, actual and expectant, to know that we intend to lash them all and sundry without mercy. Meanwhile we advise them to have the street crossings cleaned without delay; it is monstrous that in a city of 45,000 inhabitants, a lady cannot cross the two principal streets of the city without being ankle-deep in slush and mire. All other means failing, we propose that, instead of canvassing the city, the candidates employ their time by electioneering with the broom and shovel. The Mayor and Councilman Baxter had better set to work on the corner of King and Yonge Streets; one of the City Clerk's assistants holding a hat for the charitable offerings of the passers-by, who would cheerfully drop in a copper if their boots and shoes were spared from filth by the scavengers. Alderman Sterling and Sprout would do for Toronto Street, with Conlin as alms-collector. The other members might be distributed at Adelaide, Richmond, and Queen Streets, and at the Market, with Col. Prince and W. H. Boulton, who seem to have nothing else to do, as assistants. Let the experiment be tried, for the people of Toronto are not going to live in filth any longer.

RATHER VERDANT.

A Mr. J. Wesley *Greene*, whose suggestive name ought to have rendered him an object of suspicion, has been playing a highly seasoned practical joke on Mr. President Lincoln and his sagacious Cabinet.

He actually made poor Abe believe that Jeff Davis had sent for him, *Greene*, from Pittsburg to Richmond, to constitute him envoy extraordinary to his Excellency of Washington, to negotiate peace between the belligerents and patch up the shattered Union. Instead of going about the matter at once, *Greene* posts to Chicago, being in his opinion the nearest road to Washington, from Richmond, and writes to the *Times* an account of his mission. The bait was immediately swallowed, and the green ones of Washington sent for the *Greene* of Pittsburg. Six solemn Cabinet consultations were held, a full account of which is unhappily withheld from the world. For the time *Greene* was the American idol; but alas! for republican constancy, the idol was soon dethroned by its own priests, and the President announces that he is an impostor. Imagine the English or French government sending for Sturge the Quaker, during the Crimean War, to hear that worthy's conversations with the Emperor of Russia, and you will have some faint idea of the ridiculous farce enacted for four days in Washington. Which was *green*, the dupes or the informant?

"THE UPS AND DOWNS OF LIFE."

Thomas Batty Conolly, whose lecture on Florence Nightingale was listened to with so much pleasure a week or two ago, will deliver an address on the above subject on Monday evening next, in the Mechanics' Institute. We can cordially call upon our readers to favour Mr. Conolly with their presence on that occasion; we assure them they will enjoy no ordinary intellectual treat.

A Vapoury Affair.

—The good old game of "seeking a needle in a bottle of hay," is now being played by the Recorder at the enquiry relative to the late fire at the Rossin House. So far there is nobody to blame, and the verdict will likely be—Toronto confessed that every man that day had done his duty.

THE GOOD OLD GAME OF SCRATCH.

The ancient game of "Scratch me and I will scratch you," was played to perfection the other day at the Rossin House fire enquiry before the Recorder, when the following compliments were exchanged *vide Globe* report:—

Mr. Ashfield, Chief Engineer—I must say that I am under great obligations to Mr. Manning for the suggestions he gave me at the fire.

Mr. Manning—I have always found Mr. Ashfield willing to adopt a suggestion from any person capable of giving one.

Comment is useless. The ex-Alderman in paying this fine compliment surely forgot that the Chief Engineer said a day or two previously that the only thing he had to blame himself for, was in adopting the "suggestions" of Mr. Manning and others at the fire.

UNDER WHICH CHIEF, TORONTIANS SPRAE, &c.—At the late fire at the "Rossin" a fireman was taken into custody for breaking through the ranks of the "gentleman in blue." He of course, resisted and Captain Prince coming forward exclaimed, "I am the Chief of Police take him away I will be responsible!" This remark came to the ears of Mr. Ashfield, Chief Engineer of the Fire Brigade, who interferred declaring that he was "Chief of Chiefs." This assumption of authority he of the gold-banded cap resented, coolly told the gentleman of the helmet that if he interferred he would consign him also to "durance vile" and ordered him to "move on." Now we humbly suggest that His Honor the Recorder should inform the good folks of Toronto under which Chief they live, and, at the same time, tell these gentlemen "who are clad with a little brief authority" to leave their dignity at home in times of fire and each attend to his own business. The Rossin House was burned down while they were wrangling about "who was chief."

LETTER FROM A LADY.

MY DEAR GRUMBLER,

I am so glad to see you again. Went you say something about that horrid Mr. Baxter who tried to prevent us having our skating this winter, by refusing to allow the steam fire-engines flood the rinks? I think you might. Because he is big and can't skate himself, he wishes to prevent us. It is really too bad that we can not have exercise in a pleasing way, without some ugly—(isn't Mr. Baxter very ugly? I think he must be!)—man interferred. They talked about the engines being used only for their legitimate purpose, extinguishing fires; but I am quite sure that if they were made to throw cold water on some of the Council resolutions, nobody would think they had been misapplied. Do oblige us, dear Mr. GRUMBLER, and you will have the thanks of

LAURA.

P.S.—Mr. Councilman Bell—who is he?—and Alderman Sprout should be soundly abused for supporting so heartless a measure.

NOTE.—We agree with our fair correspondent, that the conduct of some of our City Fathers in this matter was decidedly reprehensible, and we can best give our censure by publishing her letter. As to the query about Councilman Baxter's personal appearance, we do not like to say he is absolutely ugly, but we can assure her he is neither as beautiful as an Adonis, nor as graceful as a Mercury.—Ed. G.

A Calumny Refuted.

—The best argument against those who speak of the inferiority of African intellect, is to be found in the number of "intelligent contractors" who give information to Northern generals and correspondents.

THE MYSTERIOUS MINISTRY.

Come, Mr. Premier, toll a fellow what the donee to call you.
You're hated by Conservatives, and Grits would like to nail you;
You're neither Grit, Conservative, nor moderate Reform-er,
And rumor in this special case has not yet turned in-form-er.
Your policy, that legal fiction, no one seems to know,
In fact there's many a one who thinks it's yet in embryo;
However, we congratulate your friends upon their faith,
And we may too subscribe ourselves with safety—your's all death.
You've got some very funny fellows with you in your set,
For instance D'Arcy with his blarney, and Wilson George's pet,
And Foley with his jolly face and spectacles on nose,
Who talks as if we all don't know that Brown tramps on his toes;
And Howland with his puckered mouth and little gimlet eyes,
Whose energy is wonderful in striving to look wise;
McDougall, editor and lawyer, farmer, politician,
He's not so bad a fellow after all though in position.
It's not within our present scheme to trot out all the names,
We leave them to the tender mercies of our larger brothers.
Come, now, John Sanfield, tell us for at duty's call we ask
Why hide your policy's fair features beneath a Clear
Your Cabinet's arraigned on trial, the Country is the bar,
And Counsel has been fec'd by you, the Leader—wandering star;
The Globe appears for plaintiff, and the issue to be tried,
Is whether you or some of you have not (excuse us)—jud-
The evidence is ready, and you advocate the best,
That some old cries are smothered and Rep. by Pop.'s suppressed.
So Sanfield come prepared to see your Wilson in the box,
With Foley and McDougall too, receiving some hard knocks.
The Court will soon assemble—we know you understand,
That George too, will soon be here—his's sure to be on hand.
'Twill never do to enter Court without a special name,
Or policy—for such a course will end your little game.

ADVANTAGES OF PAUPERISM.

BY MOUSER LATCHKEY, ESQUIRE.

Dato obolum Bôlsariu,
Humbly Andy.

The lexicographers and scholars of every age, have invariably mistaken the true derivation of the word "pauperism;" and most, if not all, of the philosophers of the present day have seriously underrated the advantages connected with the term itself.

The first syllable, "pau," owes its origin, most assuredly, to the very ancient and popular custom of extending the hand or paw for alms; while the "per" assumes a definite mission when we come to understand that, in latin, it means "through," and that that tongue was, in the palmy days of Rome, written and read from right to left—a practice which, I believe, still virtually obtains in some of our schools. "Per-pau," then, or, through the instrumentality of your "bunch of fives," appears to be the correct arrangement and rendering of this compound; and what on earth can be more clear and significant? Surely the most adroit disciple of Bôlsariu himself, could not object to a proposition so intimately sustained by profound learning, and blended with common sense.

The "ism" was, of course, thrown in by common consent, as having, from time immemorial, been incessantly identified with one sort of begging or another; so here, you perceive, we have the word, in all its parts, as complete as the triangular duel in "Midshipman Easy;" all the syllables nestling in the bosom of each other with the charming cordiality of three rival mannan who are endeavouring to work off their stock-in-trade at a fashionable watering place.

The true pauper, of the steady mendicant class, may live as happy as the dandy who is a bachelor with but simple

leg. As a starting point, he possesses the broad domains of freedom from debt, and is likely to enjoy them to the end of his days, as nobody will trust him. Here, then, is a fortune, at once; for I do contend, that this simple circumstance alone, without reference to his shoe leather, may be clearly rated on the bill of fare embodying his earthly happiness, as a knuckle of ham and a plump hen turkey of, say about seven pounds and a quarter. He never shies at a tailor's shop, or has a troublesome particle of dust in his eye, while passing his butcher or his baker. He never appears an approaching creditor, to be seized, until he passes, with an accountable desire to study the complex mechanism of a penny whistle in some neighboring toy shop window, if no other article of *virtu* is available at the moment. The streets are his, and he can walk them fearlessly at all reasonable hours; and when in a hurry to gain his humble lodgings, within a few hundred yards of him, he can do so, in a direct line, without making an interesting little circuit of over a mile in diameter, to avoid passing his grocer's, and to the very uneven amusement of his assorted pins.

He considers almost every man his debtor; and knocks boldly for admission at the door of almost every heart. To him all days are "pay days" alike, such as they are; so as that on the last of each month, he is not, as if influenced by the moon, seized with an insane tendency to start at every sound or wear out his eye at a key-hole whenever a step is heard on the verandah. Nor does he at this interesting period, through the lips of his servant, make an imaginary journey to some apocryphal aunt in the country; which affectionate pilgrimage is, through some strange psychical instrumentality, generally performed, in his own back parlor, with his excellent relative sitting beside him, in male attire, doing ample justice to a fragrant weed, and lifting, at a very acute angle, something like the third or fourth decanter of Morton's Proof.

Having but few wants, the hypocrisy of the pauper is not extraordinarily prismatic; generally, therefore, he is but simply what he appears to be. For the purpose of "doing the thing" on King Street, he does not consider it imperative to work one of his optics into a deadly fit with a quizzing-glass, while the vision of both is as keen as that of an eagle; nor is he put to the inconvenience of cursing "that venison pasty" after having just finished the last mouthful of "a watch and chain"—vulgarly termed a sheep's head and pluck. In addition, he is never troubled with a stiff arm, when to raise it would make his coat grin like a kitten; and is not constrained to ink his seedy old trousers and vest until at night he comes out of them, a sort of impromptu African; while he views with the utmost complacency the accumulating patches on his solitary shoe, and the frayed wristbands of the best of his small stock of shirts. Besides all this, he is a stranger to pew rent, subscription lists, charitable bazars, where rival needles become daggers subsequently, and a thousand other ills that mercenary refinement is subject to; and to cap the climax, he is quite unconscious of the delightful effect of his washerwoman's voice in the hall, rousing out, "I'll have my one and tinnence ha-penny on the spot," and mingling in articulated thunder with that of his dulcinea within, who for the first time was delighting his ears with "Am I not fondly thine own?"

Secure from all such undesirable casualties, he is as happy at home as abroad, and presents the same simple appearance in both places; so as

tity, and appear in public, not even a thirty-first cousin of what he had been an hour before.

And farther still, on waking in the morning to grin, with a blunt razor, before a ha'penny looking-glass, the simple circumstance of his land-lady's lean pup having playfully abstracted his only shirt collar and one of his socks, would not enlarge the diameter of his eyes until they appeared like a bullock's: nor would he stare in like manner, if by some foppish acquaintance he was accidentally detected before breakfast hurrying barefooted into his untidy bachelor's room, with a brown loaf under his arm and a dingy coffee-pot in his hand, while his uncombed head, surmounting the slovenly column of his shambling figure, looked like an amazed mop or a gigantic teasel. Thus it is, that he has leisure to think soberly at least, and is not the victim of that eternal and unmeaning grin which evokes the idea that the wearer had breakfasted on a monkey; while his hirsute predilections are never so extravagant as to monopolize the whole of his features, and engender the fixed conviction that his face is invariably turned from you, and that he approaches with his eyes and nose stuck in the back of his head!

Birds of a Feather, &c.

—The N. Y. Tribune of Saturday last says that the English caricatures of the American character are all of a Southern type. The Northerner is not lanky and cadaverous; he does not wear long hair, talk slang, play the tyrant, break the laws, or trample on his neighbour's rights. The Federal animal is a lamb, the Southern a wolf, overbearing, sanguinary and brutal. *Quære*—If this be the case, why is the lamb struggling so desperately to keep the wolf in the fold. One would think that delivery from such a dangerous bed-fellow would be a priceless blessing. What would the Tribune think of a man who resorted to fisticuffs to keep a pickpocket, a burglar, or a murderer beneath the same roof? We know what common folks would say, but then there's no accounting for the tastes of some people, especially of philosophers like Horace Greeley.

Zulu Missionary Society.

—This institution, which has been established in Africa for the conversion of Great Britain from the degrading superstition entertained by its natives, will open its training school in London early next year, under the superintendence of Bishop Colenso's original Zulu. The whole bench of Bishops are already entered as pupils, and we have little doubt that the darkness which now envelopes that benighted island will speedily be cleared away by the superior light of the Zulu faith. The King of Dahomey has kindly consented to be patron of the society.—*Zulu Missionary Herald*.

For Sale.

—The property of a gentleman, now in Europe, a fine set of political principles warranted to keep, amongst which may be found the following: "Rep. by Pop.," a first rate article highly prized by the people of Upper Canada; not much used of late and in good preservation. "No Sectarian Schools," which owing to recent agitations by the Romish Hierarchy is likely in good hands to become very valuable and be a political fortune to its possessor. For further particulars apply at the Globe office.

Benjamin's Mess.

—Owing to the inclemency of a Toronto audience, Mr. Park Benjamin's lecture on Music was not delivered. By the small attendance, we should judge they evidently thought that music was not his forte. He piped but they would not come. It has been suggested that the next of a

SONNET TO A BONNET.

O wondrous Bonnet, who dares to say
That thy soft spell has lost its sway,
Or that thy form so stately gay,
With all its pride,
In Fashion's bonnet-box wastes away,
Now cast aside!

Can such a marvellous work of art,
So intricate in every part,
So dear to every woman's heart,
Go to decay?
This thought if it occurs like a dart,
And brings dismay.

With streamers flying thro' the sunset,
Dismissing all the smaller fry,
The felt and fur of hat-tillery:
And in thy glow
Of beauty, scorning flattery
Uphicavest thy prow.

The Park-Pie Hat may boast that man
Inaugurated it, it's true,
But lovelier woman's wretched thy plan,
And always wore thee.
Hence thou'rt a place in Fashion's van,
With none before thee.

O Bonnet, in thy tower of flowers
Beauty delights to pass her hours,
Her smiles and glances fall in showers
From thy sweet sky,
Far, far above the pork-pie towers,
None dare dony.

O would I were a beauty's bonnet,
Or 'e'en a ribbon border-ing on it,
Her face, I'd feast my eyes upon it,
And steal a kiss;
Then let'so me to indicate a sonnet
Inspired with bliss.

STANLEY STREET, 12th Dec., 1862.

To the Hon. Mr. McGee, down at Quebec, Minister of Parliament, or elsewhere, Presiding of the Council:

Blow an turf that are yez goin to do with Macdoug? He looks as sour as if he was born in a cab-three and nursed on butter-milk a week odd. Satisfied I am that he is a sort of political Covenantar that, whin he takes a stand, would live on blackberries and wather with a whin stone for a pill, sooner thin renounce my fixed idea of his own on a pet subject. You know yourself the inconvenience of this; and that's the reason I ax you about him.

Although they are very clever and decent min, yet I think the couple of fine tooth combs that you're now rumm through the Province are rather closely set. This, however, is a matter of taste. If yez can afford to lose an odd constituency here and there, your disinterestedness will look well on paper, and be grateful to parties at a distance who have nothin at all to do with it.

YeZ may hold together for sometime yet, if yez be only cautious and take a lafe out of John Sanfield's book. Be my sowkins, but that fell is as canin as a fox. He struck the volunteers through the Brigade Majors, showed them that he was a loyal and an impartial man, and by that same, hid a neat bit of Turkey carpet for any summer-set he may choose to turn at a moment's notice. It was a decent thing of him to do now, and is well worthy the respect of all honest min, as well as bein a plaster for the sore head yeZ gave the Militia Bill.

YeZ needn't be peekin yerselves that that fossilized "Thirty-Nine Articles"—Gamble, was bet by McMaster, because the head and purse of the latter are of an enormous luth. Mind you, he'll be an ugly customer, if yeZ don't look out for him; from the fact, that he has got curious noseluns regardin party votes on the flure of the House. I'm afraid it would be almost better for any Ministry to have John Hilyard's protegee to dale with, than this same gentleman. Time will tell.

Bogorra, there's so little in this letter; that

I'm sure if I turned it into rylune it would be aqnel to Doether Mackay's poetry that you reported on the flure of the House wanst yourself. Ah! Darcy avourneen, but that was a sore stroke, and delivered undler the ear in rale Donnybrook style. Sorra thank you! for you've not only got the gift of the gab, but the neck of usin it to advantage.

Is it true that Denis Godley has recommended the Governor General to introduce a Japanese "Prayin Machine," for the benefit of both Houses during the cusin session. Be the mortal! I can well understand the necessity for somethin of the sort; but let me tell you, that as long as yourself and Tom Ferguson are there, you'll have to thrive it by steam to keep anything like pace wid your doins. Besides, it would be akin the work out of the hands of the clergy and that would nick your wizen on the spot. Whatever you do in this way, let it be done on your own narrow bones, although you cant expect much from it, barrin the look of the thing.

The devil rasave the work more I have to say. I wish you and Foley well. I don't know alther whether I have any serious objection to John Sanfield. If I had, let me inform you that he might as well brush his caudben and tie his brogues. Stick to aichother like broth to a soger, and you may weather the storm; but if yeZ be so particular as Doran, and pick holes in nichother's judgment, be my sowl your days are numbered. Unity is sthrinth, and my motto is, stick to a frind till he wins, and inquire whether he's right or wrong afterthwards.

Your loving cousin,
TERRY FINNIGAN.

N.B.—

I have nothin to say
In a postscript to-day.

You see the poetry will come out. T. F.

Spare the Queen's English.

—The *Globe* will confer no light favour upon those of its readers who love their mother-tongue in its purity, by borrowing less frequently from the vocabulary of the Yankee Billingsgate. Editorials two columns in length, written to prove that chaos is Paradise, that darkness is light, and tyranny the perfection of freedom, are hard to endure; but the substitution of President's English for Queen's English is utterly intolerable. "Slaveocracy" is one of the latest importations to which we are treated, and it is supposed to indicate, to the readers of the *Globe*, the government of the Seceded States of America. To say nothing of the hybrid character of the word, for it, like its brother barbarity "letter-graph," violates all propriety, by combining an English and a Greek word together, we may yet be permitted to ask, what is its meaning? A democracy is a government by the people, an autocracy is a government by the will of an individual, an ochlocracy is government by a mob, is then slaveocracy, government by a slave? Or perhaps it is a figure of Yankee rhetoric for slaveholderocracy, a word which we have no doubt the *Globe* would greedily copy if it appeared in the *N. Y. Tribune* or Ward Beecher's comical sermons. For the sake of all that is decent and patriotic, let us use our own language as long as it is capable of conveying our ideas, without resorting to such miserable abortions as "slaveocracy," "niggerdom," and "doughface-ism," when we wish to speak satirically of those from whose opinions we dissent.

The Irrepressible Nigger.

—Can nothing be done with the African? Is he forever to be "a man and a brother," revolutionizing and disrupting states? Not satisfied with breaking up the American Union, he now turns up in another hemisphere in the shape of Bishop Colenso's Zulu, setting the religious world by the ears.

MILITARY VACANCY.

WANTED, A MAN TO ATTEND A DRILLING Machine.
Apply at J. & J. TAYLOR'S Safe Works, Palace St. We recommend the above advertisement, clt from the *Leader*, to disappointed applicants for Brigade Majorships, energetic captains of popular volunteer companies, and others who delight in the preparation of their fellow-citizens for the exigencies of war. They here have an opportunity of airing their military weakness in a safe place, and at the same time of becoming perfect in drill; and, in course of time probably, fire-proof.

ROYAL LYCEUM.

Miss Kate Fisher has been drawing excellent houses at the Lyceum during the last week. Miss Fisher possesses all the qualities of a first-rate comedienne, and ably sustains her well earned reputation. Miss Fisher was ably supported by the rest of the Company. Want of space prevents a more extended notice this week.

Pro Bono Publico.

—Orange Billy, the candidate for the Mayoralty, hauling up Easton of the Street Railway before the police court, for not mending his ways. Query, "Was this a dodge to catch stray votes or *Pro Bono Publico*?"

"Love's Sacrifice."

—A correspondent says that considering the name of the god of Love, he never can vote for the present Councilman of St. James's Ward as Alderman, inasmuch as he fears he cannot resist his natural tendency to *Cupid-ity*.

The Height of Meanness.

—Ald. Sprout and other members of the Council refusing to allow the steam fire engines to be used in filling the skating ponds. The ladies ought to hold a woman's rights convention forthwith.

African Inspiration.

—Bishop Colenso's happy idea of deriving religious truth from the polished intellect of the Zulu, will shortly be improved upon by Mr. Lincoln. We are informed that Mr. Seward has put himself in communication with the Gorilla in reference to the slavery question, and that some startling results may be expected shortly.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Our friends who do anything in the reading line will please remember that Mr. A. S. Irving has taken the place of Geo. Faulkner on King Street, and by increased facilities can supply the public with all the latest English, American and Canadian publications and periodicals: every description of Stationery, Postage Stamps, and anything else pertaining to the trade.

For many years Mr. Irving provided intellectual palatium for the travelling public at the G. W. H. Station, Hamilton, exactly to their satisfaction, and by the crowds that we see every day in his store, we should judge he is doing a like pleasure for the citizens of Toronto.

Now that the Christmas papers and stories are beginning to make their appearance, we cannot do better than ask the attention of the public to the constantly increasing stock of gift books, pictures, stories and periodicals at Mr. G. A. Barker's News Store, near the Post-office. Mr. B. has always a varied and judiciously selected assortment of all these articles, and holiday purchasers will find it to their advantage to pay him a visit.

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Correspondents will bear in mind that their letters must be pre-paid, that communications intended for insertion should be written, and only written on one side of the paper. Subscribers *must* not register their letters; for obvious reasons it is exceedingly inconvenient to us.
All letters to be addressed "The Grumbler," P. O. Toronto, and not to any publisher or news-dealer in the city.