

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. 1.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1858.

NO. 4.

THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1858.

PROVINCIAL SPOUTING APPARATUS.—No. IV.

Two Upper Canadian constituencies will shortly enjoy (?) the privilege of electing new representatives to the Assembly, and in the absence of any theme within the legislative circle, we may express briefly an opinion on the merits of the candidates for the vacant Spouterships:—

I. NORTH OXFORD ELECTION.

Two lawyers have appeared in the field, each anxious to be the Elsha who shall catch the discarded mantle of the Protestant Elijah, who has vaulted up into the metropolitan seat. We have, first, the speculating lawyer who sent South Ontario to Coventry,—the ex-Receiver General, Mr. Morrison; and then the agricultural lawyer who got the mitten from Perth, the practical farmer, Mr. McDougall. The latter is dubbed by his opponents "the thrice rejected;" now, in a spirit of fair play, we may surely style the farmer "the thrice neglected," for although McDougall has been ousted in three contests, Morrison met with so little attention from Peel, Niagara, and Grey, that his heart failed him ere the fight began. Now, what unpardonable sin has Oxford committed, we should like to know, that has brought her to the beggarly position of a House of Refuge for bankrupt politicians? We cannot tell: we know Mr. Brown would say that she is now doing penance for returning Mr. Hincks to Parliament, but we are above such a party prejudice. Whatever be the reason, Oxford is suffering fearfully. Look at the two gentlemen for one moment. Mr. Morrison, we believe, has voted at different times for and against almost every measure at present before the electors; and after opposing what Mr. Brown styles "the great issues before the country," he is now, we are told, dancing through the country to the strains of the Clear Grit bagpipes. We trust he is belied in this, but certainly whatever other sins he is guilty of, consistency is not of their number; and then to talk of being an independent candidate after having been involuntarily driven from office in the existing Government by losing his seat, is simply an attempt to impose on the electors. But if we derive little consolation from Mr. Morrison, we are in a ten-fold worse position in contemplating Mr. McDougall. He actually feels entitled to belabour Mr. Hincks with ghastly eulogy after labouring for years to drive him from political life; fights beneath the banner of his quondam foe, and

hacks to pieces his democratic *North American* platform to keep the Brown pot in a state of ebullition. There they are, a pretty pair, flinging naughty passages from dusty files of obsolete journals at one another, bad votes, and inconsistent speeches—a notable illustration of a somewhat trite observation touching the pot and the kettle. Make the most you can of them, North Oxford, and choose the least unprincipled, if you can. But, as you love us, gentlemen candidates, do remember the risk proverbially run by those who, while inhabiting vitreous tenements, yet persist in casting missiles at their foes.

II. LEEDS AND GRENVILLE.

Scarce had the vital spark fled the earthly tenement of the lamented Dr. Church—scarce twenty-four hours were allowed to pass in quiet over a calamity that could not possibly have reached a tithe of the people of Leeds and Grenville—but again rises like a dark cloud, that most odious of political charlatans—the "hero of the black flag"—Ogle R. Gowan, to trouble the electors with a repetition of his egotistical twaddle. Not to speak of the characteristic disregard of decency which he exhibited in thrusting himself into notice while the lifeless form of the late member was scarcely cold, have we not a right to complain of the impudent presumption of the man who is so completely encased in selfish ambition that no election ever takes place untroubled by his unsolicited candidature, and so regardless of public opinion that no defeat can silence him? Look at the address he has issued,—did you ever see such a mixture of presumption and folly before? "Gowan, Ottawa, Independence" is to be the watchword; Gowan first, Ottawa and Independence next, as being entirely secondary considerations, compared with Gowan and his triumph. A few weeks ago it was Gowan and North Ontario, but as North Ontario did not like the association of names it is now Gowan and Ottawa, it may be Gowan and Gaspé to-morrow, if only a seat in the House can be secured. He can be a Conservative or a Democrat, a broad Protestant or a Moderate, as it serves his purpose, or all at once, if he can trap a stray vote, from an unwary elector. If the electors of Leeds and Grenville are men of principle and integrity, they will repudiate this reckless and unprincipled exorcism on the body politic. His address concludes with a rhyme which admits of considerable correction; for the benefit of the public, we amend it accordingly:—

"By the hate that you bear to a foe who is old,
Whose honour and conscience were long ago sold;
By the laws you respect, and the Queen you revere,
Up, man of the North, the Pirate is here."

On the right Road.

—Mr. Meudell is to be sent round the point, to Belleville, as Collector of Customs. Belleville is not many miles from Kingston.

A VISIONARY DONKEY.

Substance of a dream, dreamed by J. B. Robinson, Esq., M.P.F., after a day's shooting.

J. A. Macdonald and Sir E. Head.—(log.)

J. A.—I must resign.

Sir E.—Very fine.

J. A.—Will you have Scotte?!

Sir E.—I'd rather not.

J. A.—Connor?

Sir E.—No 'pon honour.

J. A.—Foley?

Sir E.—(contemptuously)—Fooly.

J. A.—The Grit then, that's that?

Sir E.—I'm afraid of that.

J. A.—(perplexed)—Then what do you want, oh?

Sir E.—(smiling benignantly)—I want the—Donkey!

Here the Junior member for Toronto wakes up and finds that he has in his sleep been endeavouring to slather the toilet.

Alas for Canada!

—McKenzie's *Message* of last week classifies the new House of Assembly according to profession or occupation. We have lawyers and editors, merchants and farmers in different proportions, but, strange to say, there is but one gentleman. Who do our readers think is this Chesterfield in manners, this Bayard in honour, this Cato in morality, an enemy to snobbery, and model of dignified behaviour? Don't blush, reader, for your country; it is—W. F. Powell.

Decorations and Improvements.

—We have been requested to announce, in behalf of Mr. W. F. Powell, that various and commodious arrangements have been made during the Easter Holidays, for the comfort and recreation of such Members of the Lower House as have frequent occasion to lobby away from awkward questions. Not only has a chaste and splendid Bar been fitted up, and a Billiard Room established within the Lobby, but space has also been found in the same place for a small Bowling Alley. In accordance with the suggestion of the Junior Member for Toronto, Professor Spalding will be invited to attend a class of not less than twenty persons, during votes on Representation by Population, Want of Confidence motions, or anything equally critical. Several officers have been charged with the superintendence of the Gymnasium, &c.

Proprietor, General Manager, Barkeeper, and Billiard Martor, W. F. POWELL.
Superintendent of Bowling Alley, J. B. ROBINSON, ESQ.
Alley-Boys and Pin-Settlers, DAWSON, MORIS, LASSBRO.
Boal-Keepor, W. CATLEY.

In order to pay the necessarily great expenses of the Establishment, the following List of Fines has been framed:

For Lobbying from Want of Confidence Voto, . . . 10 Horns.
" " Representation by Population, . . . 10 "
" " McGeo's Speech, 6 "
" " Brown's " 6 "
" " Hogan's " 1 Lager.
" " Wallbridge, Buchmann, &c. " 0

N. B. No credit given to Members of the Opposition.

THE MINISTER'S LAST LAY!

The times are changed, support grows cold,
And Ministers prematurely old,
Mice's haggard cheeks, and peepers grey,
Seem to have known a better day,
His Scentle, not remaining joy,
Proves but a troublous naughty boy,
Thus, well-a-day! Mac's dust is dead,
His trustiest paler ere three months dead,
And he, neglected and oppress'd,
Fears to be solv'd amongst the rest.

Where Halls Masonic grandly tower,
He passed THE GRUBSTEN'S cosy bower;
We marked his weary, battling pace,
His liml' men and west-truck face,
And giving kindly foellings swell,
Jest asked him in and used him well.
A flask of *Bass's Pale*, supplied
And smoooth'd the Premier's drooping side,
Till he began to talk, anon,
Of mail-lag Spence, now lost and gone,
And how full many a thing he know
Were now *FIRE GRUBSTEN'S* Hauling too;
And if we loved a song to be sung,
He could make music to our ear.
The bumble boon was soon obtained,
Macdonald's song attention gained,
The present none, his fute, foot,
McGee and Dorlan were forgot,
Tall Foley, Connor's locks of frost,
In the full tide of song were lost.
Each blank in faithless memory void
The "Bass's Pale" it once supplied,
And as his head responsive aung,
Thus his last lay the Premier sung:

AIR—"Jordan."

I am guine to sing a song, and I'll make it as I go,
The words you will like now depend on,
And if it doesn't suit you *Grumblers* claps my boot,
And I'll travel to the other side of Jordan.

Chorus—I pull off my coat and roll up my sleeve,
Dile yere Parliament's a hard road to travel.
I pull off my coat and roll up my sleeve,
Parliament's a hard road to travel I believe.

MacNab played the big fiddle and well he kept it strung,
And ranged out the music according;
Tip-top he gived the tune "Pick up shiners while you young,
As they do it on the toder side of Jordan.
Chorus—Don he pull off his coat, &c.

Then ho and Monsner Tacho they both go out to fight;
Golly nu didn't I try to part 'em,
For I up stick with a stone and hit McNab's anelo bone,
And knocked him to the toder side of Jordan.
Chorus—Don he pull off his coat, &c.

Next I and Monsner Tacho we both did run a race;
Law asks warr't it fun to see the running;
Nigger came out a head, Monsner T' give up do chasso,
And hollered to the toder side of Jordan.
Chorus—Den I pull off my coat, &c.

Dat long winded Brown is kicking up a dust,
About do "want o' confidence" and so on,
Takes more nor I can do, to quiet his dang'd muss,
And ship him to do toder side of Jordan.
Chorus—For I pull off my coat, &c.

Hanson Massa Sicotta is acting mighty strange,
But with George Brown he'd better not keep fobbin';
I'll March him if he does, then I guess he'll take a range
In do vicinity of do oder side of Jordan.
Chorus—Don he can pull off his coat, &c.

George Brown is kind o' spunky and I glory in his gut,
Kase he's got do proper things to fight on,
He won't knock under, else he'd us ready boundies bit,
Till he leaves us on do toder side of Jordan.
Chorus—Don he'll pull off his coat, &c.

Do spirito of do Clear Grits cry out loudly for revenge,
And dis yere Upper Province does them laud on,
Straight off they'll turn me out, and my snubs and sneers
Avenge.

While they kick me to do toder side ob Jordan,
Chorus—Den they'll pull off their coats, &c.
Oh golly, let 'em kick and their cruck angor geenche,
Then their meals they will feather, tho' my word on,
But if they leave me up behind, praps I'll settle on do bench,
While they squabble to do toder side ob Jordan.
Chorus—So I'll pull off my coat, &c.

Flushed was the song, The minstrel gone;
But did he wander forth alone,—
Alone, unequal war he won,
While lingering out his pilgrimage?
No! I pitying Grumblers praised his chime,
And gave him heart and gave him time;
We pledged our influence to secure,
For Judgment fair an open door,
Till gratitude the minstrel woke;
To grasp as firm as Kingston oak;
And heedless of the bloom of day,
He cancelled lightly on his way,
And King-Street, as he rolled along,
Rung shiners to Premier John A's song.

OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

"Strow the streets with lavender, and sprinkle liquid sweets,
That no rude savour may invade the nose of nice nobility!"—
Cowper.

All honor to the philanthropic efforts of Councilors Purdy and Ardagh, in denouncing the "arbitrary" features of the Pound Law, submitted to the Blowers on Monday last. Most graphically did the former gentleman portray its crushing effects on the "poor" of the city; rightously did he battle for the frugal Dairy-women of St. Patrick's Ward, whose cattle now grow fat on street garbage, and by this means are enabled to supply the milk-consuming community at three-pence a quart, what under the proposed law, disallowing this running at large, would be charged ten-pence. Painful, indeed, was the picture he drew of the result of any curtailment of the lactic liquid in his own case, and that of his family. Powerfully did he appeal to his colleagues, with family incumbrances like himself, to resist any interference with the present policy of the milk-producers; finally pitching upon Ald. Carr to vindicate their claims, as owing not a little of his Aldermanic proportions to one of the fraternity in his own Ward. Mr. Carr confessed to many indulgences received by the kind-hearted milk-women hinted at; but urged, in extenuation, that he had out-grown his early tastes by a fellowship with the Council. He waxed "indignant" at the aim of Mr. Purdy to fasten on him a weight of consideration for the poor—he came there to legislate for all classes, and considered the proposed Pound Law met the general want. Councillor Ardagh pounded the Pound Law as an attempt of those possessing "broad acres" to crush the poor man, by compelling the latter to keep their cattle out of their neighbours' flower-gardens, and was about to give our quotation from Cowper, but the length of his speech unfortunately produced a low form of fever, and was obliged to cool himself at the Corporation fount. Councillor Carruthers objected to the law on the ground that cows and pigs were an "ornament" before a man's door. Alderman Bugg was mute, but seemed to sympathise with Councillor Ardagh. Councillor Sproatt spoke loud, but said nothing. Captain Moodie forgot the cows, and descanted on the liberties of the people. Councillor Craig was absent, but is known to favour the toleration of swine. J. E. Smith staid at home to prepare a speech on the next reading of the bill. Alderman Dunn exploded while discussing the Report of the Committee on Fire, Water, and Gas, and was rendered useless for the Pound Law. Councillor Upton was oblivious of his presence at the Council Board, apparently absorbed in a severe scrutiny of his watch-chain. Councillor Fox rose to express his views, but became embarrassed because of not having read the bill. Alderman Boomer made several efforts to raise points of order, but in no case succeeded. After two hours of severe blowing, the Mayor, who took every side of the question, was at last sent back to his chair, with a report of progress, advancing the Pound Law so far as to refer it to the City Solicitor.

We commend Councillor Purdy to the consideration of the patrons of THE GRUBSTEN; he deserves the special notice of the philanthropically disposed. Indeed we are advised by a cow-keeper that a movement is on foot in the Ward of St. Patrick, to procure him a leather medal,—the inscription on which is to be on one side a roll of butter, and on the other, the words "May your cow never go dry."

THE MODEST MAN!

"There is another side to the picture, (meaning the dark side) Mr. Morrison's best friends must admit, and we should ill sustain his cause, and that of the party to which he belongs, by counselling it,—his modesty amounts to a fault!"—*Colonist*.

Blessed Morrison to have such a failing, and blessed cause to have such a Morrison. Is the late Receiver General then a bashful, blushing, blubbery baby, or is he a bearded man, who has been engaged in a hand-to-hand contest with the world for nigh fifty years, and all to attain wealth and power? Is he "a cream-faced loon," or is he the man who was thrice rejected by his constituents, and is now seeking to attain once more parliamentary power—and who has, moreover, the modest reputation of knowing as much of the world, and driving as hard a bargain for plunder as any other man? We suppose the fact is, the *Colonist* is at its old trick of word-mystification, and that *modest* Morrison has had good reason to pray, "deliver us from our friends." We have already an *honest* Iago—now a *modest* Morrison is bung up to dry in a Canadian atmosphere!

THE BALL.

The St. Patrick's Society gave a Concert and Ball on Easter Monday, which were successful. The Concert was indeed a ladies' triumph. But the Ball was what we went in for; there was such good humour among the company, such fine music, and such charming ladies. We had not intended to dance, but when we saw the floor crowded by smiling faces, and had our forlorn breast pierced by bewitching glances, we resigned ourselves to inevitable fate, and went to look for a partner. We don't at all mean to insinuate that we are irresistible, but, for all that, in five minutes we were engaged for all the dances on the programme, and making our best bow to the belle of the room. It might tire our fair readers to be minute, so we will only say that we—that is ourself and our beautiful partner—danced jigs, quadrilles, reels, cotillions, and a hundred other dances, until, what between the influence of killing smiles, the excitement of whirling—turning always puts us in mind of pancakes—our partner, for the thousandth time, the music, and the boisterous pleasure, we were half in Elysium, and half in confusion. This accounts for our having to gaze intently on the dial of our repeater half a dozen times in the half hour to get a faint idea of the precise hour, and our having also to maintain a constant reference to our programme to fix in our memory what we were dancing—which, after all, we often forgot, and found ourself cutting elaborate figures alone, when we should be attending to our lovely partner. This may be in part owing to the fact that we had not an enchanting polka, a dreamy waltz, a startling schottish, or a dashing gallop the whole night. How we longed for one and all of these is known only to ourselves and dear partner, into whose sympathising ear we poured our sad complainings, and had the satisfaction of knowing that the heathenish practice of excluding those boatic dances met with her decided disapprobation. At six o'clock we found ourselves at our habitation, mystified by the rain endeavour to open our door by means of an old clay pipe.

A PATHETIC ADDRESS

TO THE ELECTORS OF NORTH OXFORD ON BEHALF OF J.C. MORRISON.

See *Bridge of Sighs*.

J. C.'s unfortunate,
Short, perhaps, of breadth;
Can't be unfortunate,
Colonist with.

Use him, then, tenderly,
Treat him with care,
Poor little Morrison,
Blushing up there.

Sympathize mournfully,
Don't do it scornfully,
That would be cruel;
He's cur'd with a failing,
So give him fair sailing,
But physic his silling
With cold water gruel.

Make no deep scrutiny,
That would be mutiny,
Harsh and undutiful;
Scan not his past career,
'T would but distress, I fear,
Modesty beautiful!

Look at his whiskers,
Just fresh from the comb;
His fierce warlike whiskers,
Whilst wondrous whisper,
"What brought them from home?"

Has he no Father?
Has he no Mother?
No strong-minded Sister
To fight for her brother?
To drown poor McDougall,
While blowing Joe's bugle,
'Bout this, that and t'other.

Alas for the rarity
Of simple charity,
Under the sun;
Saw one poor Granny shoot,
Propping his tottering foot,
Help there is none.

Use him, then, tenderly,
Treat him with care,
Poor little Morrison,
Blushing up there!

THE BEST JOKE OF THE SEASON.

The *Colonist* complains that when the Graf of Anhalt finds himself in England he is treated to reviews of the troops and court dinners; whereas if a poor devil of a Canadian, the Commissioner of Crown Lands for instance, turns up there, he is allowed to remain an unknown individual in his own obscure hotel. Now, one would think that this was too serious a subject to jest on. But listen to the ponderous joke which follows:—

"We are quite aware of the ridiculous side of the comparison, &c. &c. Those, however, who see a joke in what we advance, may enjoy it to their heart's content."

After that, commend us to the *Colonist* for a stunning joke: none of your fathomable jokes to tickle ordinary minds, but an exquisitely abstruse riddle, in comparison with which that of the antique Sphinx is nowhere, and the attempt to unravel which would be about as hopeless as to find one's way out of the Egyptian Labyrinth, or to untangle the Gordian knot. We admire the consideration of the *Colonist* in directing our attention to this brilliant flash of polished wit; and we hope to hear more sparkling effusions from the satiricalogue. "Go it while your young," dear *Colonist*. Don't be bashful!

THE THEATRE.

During the past fortnight, "Jessie Brown" has been received with something like wild enthusiasm. We had flattered ourselves that we were a stoic, but when we saw *Jessie Brown* waving her scarf on the battlements and heard the first note of the slogan, we found ourselves cheering, clapping and in as high a degree of excitement as any of the hundreds of enthusiastic people all around us. And no wonder. The very name of *Jessie Brown* calls up feelings too intense for utterance, except in loud and rapturous cheers. And then we had such a *Jessie Brown* in Miss Nickinson, who throw her heart and soul into the character,—now melting the audience with true womanly spirit; then delighting them by her hearty and genuine humour, and finally leading the house away by the energy of her passionate expressions uttered in the wildest excitement, when the great event of the drama was about to be realized.

Mr. Petrie has our thanks for the able manner in which he played SWEENIS. If we had it in our power, he should be forthwith gazetted a major in the 100th regiment, but as we have promised that post to another gentleman, we must content ourselves by clapping him on the back and pronouncing him a brick. He deserves to be brick-batted, however, for not being at his post on Monday night.

Cassidy, you rascal, how could you say that it was as "hot as blazes," just after the Rev. Mr. Blunt had delivered a pious exhortation on the unpleasant approximation of death by mutilation. The reverend gentleman was never intended to be the buffoon of the piece, and yet we were sorry to see that he was little better. The fault lies, in a measure, at the door of the author, Mr. Bourcicault, who should never have introduced holy subjects into the drama for the sake of effect, and worse still, paired of honest Cassidy's expressive style against the solemn doctrines of religion.

The drama was got up well in the first instance, and went off without any accident. All the characters were well rendered, down to the rascally sepoy. Some of these, however, true to life, refused to be killed easily, and kicked and struggled manfully to the great horror of the gallant soldiery, who had to use excruciating efforts to secure a final grand tableau of dead sepoy and victorious soldiers pinning them to the earth.

LOGIC OF THE COLONIST.

"A Roland for an Oliver."

If J. C. must be modest,
Because twice rejected,—
Via: in Gray and South Ontario,—
It would not be the oddest
Thing to be expected,—
Tho' moral criteria may vary, O,—
That our farmer Med.
Is more modest than he,
Since not two but three
Places gave him the cold shoulder;
So Morrison is one-third bolder,
Tho' the *Colonist* may swear black and blue the
contrary, O.

Not True.

— Mr. Romain has not joined the Hook and Ladder Company; and, therefore, could not have been seen running before the machine at the Wednesday night fire.

EYES AND NO EYES.

A wrinkle in ophthalmic science may be deduced from the fact that at the late riot at the National Hotel, scarcely one of the fifty Policemen present could identify a rioter. They seem, like their officers, to have shut their eyes to all that would criminate their friends. The Deputy Chief's evidence shows that "other obligations than those which are due to the public and the laws of the land," actuate him. The Chief gave his evidence in a comical and officially impertinent manner that disgusted all men of common sense. Therefore, we are fain to advocate the erection of a

BLIND ASS-YIUM.

Oh dreadful fact, a extract
Has darkened all the eyes
Of full three-score of men, or more,
Well called the "Bottle Flice."

By mobs attack'd, a house was racked,
A day or two ago,
'And "tho' Force" could swear to no one there,
Not a ruffian did they know.

They quickly seen a drunken man,
While mobs still save their mutton,
For a single rag of the "Gowan" bag
Is a pass with "Sam" or "Hutson."

"Then 'boys' away, and take your play,
For the Force are brothers true,
Your foes attack and beat them black,
If you yourselves are 'Blue.'"

In pity, then, to Policemen,
Don't swear or try to rile 'em;
But raise the (in, at once begin,
Build them a blind Ass-Eye-lum.

Revolutionary.

— We are far from being Revolutionary in our views. In fact, we consider THE GRUMBLERS the safety-valve by which the Province has been secured from political explosion for the last month. But if any outbreak of popular feeling should, by any chance, take place, we should like to direct that feeling against the following objects:—

1st. James Beaty. Let him be compelled to walk, after dark, from Toronto to Richmond Hill, on his own road, barefooted, or, what is just as bad in shoes manufactured from his own leather.

2nd. The Corporation. Let an *Auto da Fe* be made of them by burning them in the flames of piles built up of the Signs and Awnings still remaining in their places, in defiance of Municipal law.

N. B. To avoid unnecessary cruelty, let an exception be made in favor of those Counsellors or Aldermen who are likely to perish by spontaneous combustion.

The Hon. the Speaker.

— We perceive that this gentleman has regained his usual robustness of health, and with it a considerable amount of animal spirits. In fact the honourable gentleman's humour is quite playful, and found a pleasing development on Thursday evening in the despatch of certain comical epistles from the chair to the Clerk of the House and the Attorney General East. We were graciously pleased to find considerable amusement in the genuine appreciation of fun which illumined Mr. Speaker's countenance, as his late colleague drank in all the pith of the joke; although grave doubts troubled us that the exhibition scarcely comported with the dignity of his position.

NORTH OXFORD.

We really grieve that our tender little Joo Morrison has listened to the songs of those syrens, the *Leader* and *Colonist*, and has seriously consented to be made a shuttle-cock of by those unscrupulous players. Surely his constitutional modesty could not have received a ruder shock than this last attack on his oft-declared intentions of abandoning a life in which at all times he was ill at ease, even during the palmy days of his Receiver-Generalship. Rightly conceiving the emoluments of office subordinate to the honors attached to it, and having already attained a position in Canadian history beyond what his abilities entitled him, he wisely determined on no more patriotic sacrifices to the public weal, but settle down to a course of honorable industry. With shadowy prospects at law, Joe had determined on a thorough development of his financiering talents, and had been assiduous in the study of the science of accounts since his expulsion from the political field. One darling object he had, in making himself an efficient President of the Northern Railway, the proprietors of which concern, at their last Annual meeting, refused to award him any more salary until after passing a satisfactory examination in book-keeping before the Board of Examiners, under Mr. Spence's Civil Service Bill—a requirement which, if before attended to, would have made him a successful applicant for the Secretaryship of the Western Assurance Company. We fear Joe's lucrative schemes will be seriously retarded by this Oxford bait. Whatever the result, he can calculate on THE GRUMBLER'S warmest sympathies, which we feel assured he will estimate at more than a *quid pro quo* for whatever discomfiture may be in store for him.

But what we really marvel at is, McDougall seeking again to embitter his existence by another election contest. We strongly suspect his patriotism takes more the form of lust for office, than the desire to advocate Representation by Population on the floor of the Parliament House. Is he silly enough to believe there are not "practical" farmers enough in the House of the Gritty kind, to fill usefully the Bureau of Agriculture; or if not, that George Brown would advance him to the post? Not a bit of it—his slogan will never sound to the promotion of the *North American* editor. Better "bear the ills you have, Mac, than to fly to those you know not of."

Belles Lettres.

We hear that Members of Parliament conscious of the deficiency of the Lower House in general erudition and literary taste, drop up, during the last Easter vacation, a list of Prizes to be awarded to Members of the said House, for the best Compositions on the following variety of subjects:

- I.—Best Essay on "Chiselling, as a Science and as an Art." Donor, Hon. JOHN ROSS; Prize, A Directorship in the G.T.R. Company.
- II.—Best Essay on "Past, Present and Future of Refruges." Donor, Hon. W. CAYLEY; Prize, Contract for Erection of Government Buildings in Roxton.
- III.—Best Essay on "Use and Abuse of the Multiplication Table." Donor, Hon. W. ALLEN; Prize, A Collection of Photographs of the most distinguished of the Quebec Electors.
- IV.—Best Anthem on "The Four Leaved Shamrock." Donor, T. D'ARCY MCGEE; Prize, Flag of the New Era.
- V.—Best Ode to "The Orange Lily." Donor, FERDINAND; Prize, Portrait of Robert Moody.

AN EMBRYONIC INCIDENT.

Geo. Brown to SANFIELD MACDONALD, when, after a protracted sitting, the House divided with a triumphant majority against an important Ministerial measure.—(See *Globe* of Tuesday after next.)

Come into the garden, Maud.—TRISKYSON.

Come into the lobby, Mac,
Join A's last chance in a down,
Come into the lobby, Mac,
I'm here at the door alone,
And weary is each ministerial lack,
And Solicitor Ross is blown.

The embryonic measure is moved,
The Premier's phantoms declines,
Declines an account of the measure he loved.
To speak in plain prose, he resigns.
The measure he wished down our throats to have shoved,
Is quashed, and of course he resigns.

All night have the members heard
The Terror, the Bear, and the Coon;
Oh more has the strange gallery stirred
To the desk-flaps flapping in tude.
Silence came and the Speaker, waking, deferred
His nap till the same day at noon.

I said, "Mr. Speaker, there's only one of us,
With whom we have heard to be gay,
When with the ministers we take office—
I'm tired of work without pay."
The majority for the "noon" are gone,
And quite a few for the "aye."
Lord the Grits cheer, and the Ministry groan,
As the last vote is counted away.

I said to the Premier, "the brief night goes,
In babble and clap-trap, and whine,
O Kington-lax you want signs are those,
For office no more to be thine,
But mine," I ever under his nose,
For o'er and o'er mine.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FISH—We cannot use either of your contributions.

HEBBEROOT—Too rambling, and unsuited to our columns.

DUSTY JACKET—The matter, as you will perceive, is referred to.

J. H.—You should send your pathetic contributions to the *Old Countryman*.

E. J. M., Thorold—Shall be happy to do so, but you must first send us the useful.

BLASPHEMY contains some good points—may possibly receive attention hereafter.

A FOE TO NEITHER, Woodstock—Too much fire and smoke on a paltry matter. Try something relative to passing events.

SUBSCRIBER—We have always found the officials of the Toronto Post Office, all that could be desired, and your case must be an exception.

CIVIS—May rest assured the corporation will receive constant attention. The many letters received attest that we are backed by the tax-payers. More anon.

TIMOTHY TAXPAYER—The parties responsible for your late disasters will probably receive attention from us ere long. Present a bill of the lost "boots" to the Corporation.

CANADA—What do you take us for? The marriage will come off in three weeks—the cards being now in the hands of the engraver. Be more lenient, and pluck the beam out of your own eye.

TRAVELER—It is next to impossible to obviate the Cab nuisance, until a central station is erected. The Grand Trunk will remove their passenger station on to the Esplanade, about the 1st of May, a short distance west from their present location.

DECEIT—The matter you refer to is shameful. A sad sight to see so many of "heaven's last, best gift" making their shame public. We fear we could do little good by drawing attention to the matter, and must leave it to a stronger power.

TRUTH AND OTHERS informs us that the proceeds of the Ball given by the "Young Canada Debating Club," in aid of the Indian Relief Fund, were handed over to Captain Rotalicik, who will publicly acknowledge the receipt thereof with other contributions, shortly.

MARKHAM—Your impudence is unsurpassed, in making such a request. It seems that the Markham Reeve exercised his pugilistic powers last week, coming out of the *melée* not unspotted—Great place Markham—Great man Billy—The old gang is not quite extinct. What will the *Economist* say?

GR—ON BR—WN.—Your proposal cannot be entertained. We thought we stated explicitly in our introductory address, that we are only a Clear Grit "when denouncing wrong." We shall not permit our political sympathies to appear, much less consent to lose our individuality in the columns of the *Globe*.

JOHN A. McD—N—LD.—We are not to be moved from the course we intend to pursue, by brilliant promises. You are far more likely to regain the confidence of the country by a course of energetic and prudent legislation, than by depending upon any assistance we could render you. We decline further consideration of the matter.

LOUISA B.—Inquisitiveness is a characteristic of your sex. We cannot, however, consent to withdraw the impenetrable veil that conceals us, not for even you. We are quite pleased with your pretty little note. It smacks of sprightliness and good humour. Write us more fully respecting the truant, and we will see what can be done. In the mean time, *au revoir*.

CAUSTIC—The Water-Works matter shall be attended to. There never was a City so highly taxed, with so few privileges and so many grievances, which require only honesty and common sense on the part of the civic authorities to rectify. You are mistaken when you say that the water is drawn from the foot of Peter Street where a drain empties. The supply is pumped from outside the Island, or is said to be.

A CANADIAN COCKNEY humorously refers to the very suggestive manner in which our Policemen carry their batons when preambulating the streets;—a kind of challenge always being implied, and a readiness expressed to crack the cranium or poke the ribs of any one who is not an Orangeman. A small pocket might be provided in the coat, and this exhibition of terror to evil-doers,—this implication that the city is so disorderly as to require the hourly exhibition of arms—would be obviated.

Your suggestions thankfully accepted. Shall be glad to hear from you regularly.

BUSINESS NOTICE—\$1 EACH.

Anxious at all times to encourage good taste, and in anticipation of the early destruction of those awnings and other trapping, that render unsightly our business streets, it is incumbent on us to give prominence to those who have cultivated the decorative art as a specialty. Foremost in our city we place Mr. JOHN MURPHY, 40 King Street West. Not content with simple Painting and Glazing, he has become skilled as a Paper-hanger; and with a splendid selection of Paper-Hangings at hand, can ornament Panels, &c., to the most fastidious taste. In Sign-Painting, he evidences a high order of taste—which is best vouched for by the many handsome and attractive models throughout the city, bearing the imprint of J. MURPHY.

JENNIE—Meet me Sunday night at the old place. I will be more worthy of you and strive to do what is right. Meet me, prepared to forget and forgive, and we shall yet have "the Cottage." **HARRY**

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