

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES—VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1860.

NO. 6.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a yout' coat
I red'e you tent it;
A chile's among you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it."

SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1860.

GRUMBLES FROM QUEBEC.

Last week the members returned from enjoying their holiday dollars and holiday sport looking decidedly eggish—a peculiarity, accountable for by the weakness of human nature at Easter times, for that article of diet which philosophers say came after the hen. Wright and a few others looked so dreadfully ochrish, that one would think they had just come out of an egg-bath; while great Henry Smith, Esq., seemed as if his twenty-third bullet-boiled fresh-laid had lodged in his throat after the *Sir Peter Teazle* fashion.

The sessional allowance being now an accomplished fact, hon. gentlemen display a domestic turn of mind worthy of men and fathers. Indeed so deeply are they imbued with this commendable spirit, that when the poor little blind girls of Dr. Howe's Institute sang "Home sweet Home" in the Assembly Chamber the other day, several members wept; while the learned Gould was heard to observe from his seat with indescribable emotion, that "by jingo he wouldn't stand it much longer."

All the Upper Canadian lawyers put up nightly petitions for a brief session. Dr. Connor is getting tired of tapping his troubled brow and looking as if he understood the question. Clarke tired of saying nothing, went off suddenly the other day with a thirteen minute's speech, which nearly proved fatal to the poor gentleman. Mowat is tired of blinking with owlish pertinacity at the Ministerial benches. Simpson is beginning to find out that it is not the cheese—so he said—to keep up a reputation as an orator for an entire session, when a feller's got no, what-do-ye-call em—no ideas.

In the Upper House matters are much the same. The Honorable Gentlewomen are tired of their stiff gentility. Young sportsmen, like Col. Prince, are dying for "a lark." DeBlaquiere's silver tongue is beginning to have a brassy ring in it, especially about the middle of his long speeches, which an ancient honorable gentleman, with a great deal of energy and questionable taste, lately characterized, to his neighbor in a confidential whisper, as the "—est nonsense he ever heard." It was one of those eternal speeches which so upset the gallant French knight Tache that in replying to it he professed his remarks by observing that "from what he had heard from the Hon. gentleman on the other side of the House's mouth he would oppose the motion. The position of the Hon. gentleman alluded to so

puzzled the Hon. Mr. Allan that he grew purple in the face and made his speech of the session, brief but eloquent. It was simply the word "question?"

Public attention here is divided between the expected visit of the Royal Boy and the probable fate, by this time, of that other notable if not noble Boy, surnamed Benicia. Bets are freely laid for and against the youth of muscle. Adolphus magnificently wagers his cool thousand to one that the Boy will knock particular something or other, which it is needless to mention, out of the unfortunate ex-bricklayer. While juvenile Jones lays his modest "hat," or "oysters for the crowd, swipes included," on Sayers, who, he facetiously assures his pals, is a *doer* as well as a *sayer*. Upon the perpetration of this the young rascal is mulcted in "horns all round," he bleeds good naturedly, knowing he deserves it, merely observing, with characteristic infatuation, that if rams had such "horns" he'd go to grass and form a Nobechnadnezarite club. Upon being very properly corrected for his levity, he turns it off by remarking that he meant to say that he'd at once become a marine if the new steam rams were furnished with such frontal developments. I trust that it is needless to point out to the judicious reader that what's-his-name was fibbing, for there is not the slightest connection between steam rams and graniferous rams.

MR. GALT'S FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

QUEBEC, APRIL 20, 1860,
HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY.

MY DEAR MR. GRUMBLER—

Yes, I'm the most specious of schemers,
I'm stout and I'm jolly to boot;
I tinkle the ears of the dreamers,
With airs from the treasury flute.

I've brought in of bills a great number,
Which taste like the alcest of pills;
Tho' they cause a great many to slumber,
Yet suit constitutional ills.

That's when softened by eloquent speeches
And swallowed each one at a bite—
There is nothing like Government Leeches,
They cure or they kill one out-right.

I ask with the smoothest of faces,
For funds from the government chest:
In spite, yet, of all their grimaces,
They always obey my behest.

I've a scheme for securing the issue
Of paper—a thing we all dread—
To prevent banks from coining a tissue
Of falsehoods, to issue instead.

We all can see through tissue-paper—
The issue of most of our banks—
I'll yet make the bankers all enper,
I'll teach them to cut up such papers.

My schemes are too many to mention,
And p'raps they are not without fault;
I pray you, to them draw attention
And show what a treasure is Galt.

Yours, sincerely,
A. T. GALT.

AN ANSWER TO FOLEY'S LETTER.

MY DEAR MR. GRUMBLER,—

As the *Leader* refused to publish the enclosed article, I send it to you trustin and relyin on yur well nown imparshiality to print it in yur neckst ishluo.

Your cinsere admirer,
Jos. Gould, M.P.P.

N.B.—I have been studyin Latin lately.

FOLEY'S MAYNESTOE.

We ware mutch surprized at the recent manyfestoe of Mr. Foley. Who wood think, that a person of his Perspikasty and good cense wood rite, mutch less publish, such a kompond of noncense and abuce—Well it does beete all.—It is recaly loodikrus—The dokument was untirely unkalfor. It clearly shoes that Mr. Foley was always a wislin and a tryin to get himself into the "cheaf ceet at the Siannygog" (Pleeze be shure to put cotashun marks in hear) and that he has been "playin possum" all the time, cause he was wishin to cause a split in Her Magesty's Opisishun. Now, we ask what induced Mr. Foley to akt in this strange kind of stile? Yes—this is the vitel question—To it we repli, JELUSSI!!! He was jeluss of Mr. Brown's posishun as Leeder.

Having proved this point we now prosed to inkwirc—why did not all the other members of the Opisishun tri the same game. Why did not the Goulds, the Aikenses &c. konspire to overthrow there leeder. To this we repli. These nobel men had the good of the Kuntry at hart; In the words of the immortal bard "they loved there Kuntry for their Kuntry's good." (Hers put in cotashun marks again.) The knosequence was they did not never konspire to dethron Mr. Brown. They new that he oaned the *Globe*; that he could do the Opisishun much harm if he wasnt treeted rite; They new that his paper sirkulated all over U. Kanada, and had great influens. Therefore it would not do to make Mr. Brown angry by any Humbagin, else he'd be down upon them and damage them konciderabel.

So these true and loyel men supported Mr. Brown and Never tryd to trip him up nor nothing, in debate or otherwise, as afoured. They never at unproper times urgd There klames to the front rank in the Opisishun, but having always in there minds I's the kase of "Sininatus the Romon" they exclaimed "nonequam." (Pleeze ce that this word is korrekty spelt as it is Latin.)

Why did not Mr. Foley take eggssample by these, and remane true to his kulors? Why did he split our grate and glorious party! We again say he was JELUSS—KUNSED JELUSSI.

A Ludicrous Situation.

—Mr. Sanborn, of Boston, in his letter lately published in the *N. Y. Tribune*, says, that at the time when the recent attempt to kidnap him was made, he was "sitting in his slippers," &c.

It would appear from this that he must have been tight, or at least in a tight place.

BILLS YET TO BE INTRODUCED.

1. To encourage the growth of moustaches, imperials, goatees and whiskers!
Mr. McLeod.
2. To make the wearing of peg-top trousers a breach of the peace.
Atty. Gen. Macdonald.
3. To place bank-clerks on the civil list.
Mr. A. T. Galt.
4. To incorporate the Ancient and Honourable Society of Loafers.
Mr. W. F. Powell.
5. To amend the law, at present in force, relating to weights and measures.
Mr. Benjamin.
6. To ascertain the different kinds of seeds best suited to the atmosphere of Toronto.
Mr. Vankoughnet.

These are all in course of preparation.

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

BY CAPTAIN MAIN REID.

CHAPTER I—THE HAPPY HOME.

On the secluded summit of one of those calcareous cliffs, which form the eastern boundary of the State of New York, and which are washed by the blue waves of the Atlantic, stood the elegant residence of Captain Ouvier Slogs—a wealthy and retired cheesemonger of the city of Jersey, and one of the most finished naturalists his own or perhaps any other age ever saw. His amiable and accomplished spouse, Mary Ann Slogs, had borne him four lovely children: Paul aged twelve, Anthony aged ten, Mary aged eight, and Alexander aged four, at the time of the events about to be narrated; the amiability of whose dispositions was only equalled by the retentiveness of their memories, for despite their tender age, they each could tell you the name of every animal and plant, both before and since the Flood, in any language you could think of from Sanscrit to Sioux. Alexander (or Sandy), the youngest, was however, distinguished, even above his gifted brothers and sister, for his early application to the study of animal life, as the following example will show:—When only three weeks old he was discovered by his fond father, at two o'clock, A. M., sitting up in his cradle with the night taper in his hand peering intently at some small black animals on his pillow. "What are you doing my dear boy?" said the affectionate parent kindly. "I am only watching the proceedings of these fine specimens of the 'cimetæriæ,' answered the baby ontologist;" there they have gone into their crack, and here comes my mother, whom I may style a biped mammalia, to put me to sleep. Was Captain Slogs wrong in prophesying a brilliant future for such a child as this? He would not have deserved the name of a father had he not done so!

Captain Slogs was accustomed, at least once a year, to make an excursion by water along the neighbouring Atlantic coast, as well to enjoy some of the finest duck-shooting in the world as to obtain new specimens of the animal and vegetable life, so abundant in the trackless forests of those parts; and it was on the eve of one of these that our tale com-

mences. On this occasion, however, he had determined, contrary to his usual custom, to take his children with him, and in order to add to their comfort in the wild and rank Florida lagoon, to which he proposed going, he had procured, from the carpenter of the neighbouring city of Clamville, a wooden hut, which could be taken to pieces and put together again in an incredibly short space of time, by merely touching a concealed spring. This was packed into his beautiful little clipper built, fast sailing scow, the "Centipede," together with a year's provisions, some books and a small cannon, (for, with a praiseworthy caution, Captain Slogs would never go half a mile from land without thinking attentively of the possibility of his being driven upon one of those desert islands, which he had remarked were very abundant, and providing against such a calamity as much as lay in his power.)

CHAPTER II—SCALY.

Having seen these precautionary measures attended to, Captain Slogs bid an affectionate adieu to his amiable spouse, and went down to the beach, whither, with the eagerness attending their tender years, his children had preceded him, and were already seated in the Centipede. Just as he was about to unfasten the iron chain which confined his gallant "flatbottom" to the shore, he remembered that he had left his pocket-handkerchief on the breakfast table, and announced his intention of going back for it. "Oh, never mind, papa, I will let you have mine," cried little Sandy, with noble self-denial, pulling out a diminutive red cotton one with a spirited lion in blue in the centre of it. The fond father's eye glistened with emotion at this fresh instance of affection from his noble boy, but he declined the offer. "Nay, Sandy! nay, my child, you have a cold yourself, and you forget that your handkerchief is full of choice specimens of the "piscarius vormes" which you selected yesterday for bait; be patient, my children, and I will return within five minutes," saying which he hurried towards the house. Alas! had the wretched father known what was coming he would have accepted his son's offer, or done without a pocket-handkerchief for once in his life, for scarce had he disappeared over the calcareous top of the hill, when a Sea-serpent of the largest size suddenly appeared from beneath the smooth bosom of the ocean, snapped up the boat chain in his teeth and dragged the infant prodigies to sea at the rate of about two hundred miles an hour!!! When Captain Slogs returned to the spot he had left so unsuspectingly only four minutes and fifty-nine seconds before, all he could see of his beloved children was the end of the Sea-serpent's tail glistening in the morning sun and already twelve miles distant. Captain Slogs dashed his clean pocket-handkerchief to the ground and cursed the day he was born.

CHAPTER III—SCALIER STILL.

To say that the young naturalists were not rather uneasy at the unexpected phase their excursion had taken, would be untrue. But it was no selfish dread of the danger to themselves that made them so! Not their only anxiety was a fear that their parents would be alarmed at their rapid and mysterious dis- they had lost sight of this they began arguing appearance, and when, with the usual levity of youth, about the "genus" of the Serpent, their gentlemanly conductor, (who, they remarked, had not as yet asked them for their fare.) At length Sandy, who had taken

no part in the discussion, being indeed engaged in the discussion of a sweet specimen of the "bovis lumen" or common bull's eye, was asked for his opinion on the subject, which, having first wiped his mouth with a clean corner of his pinafore, he gave with a calm dignity, which carried conviction to all, in the following words. "This animal has, by some naturalists been thought to belong to the cetacea order, because, they say, 'it is so very like a whale,' but I would prefer to class it as one of the tribe of 'trabes anguiformis,' or Great American Sawlawg, to which it certainly bears a striking resemblance at a distance; it has 233 small black rings on its stomach and one round its tail, and is a native of the American Hemisphere, never having been met with in the waters of the old world: its mode of preparing its prey is peculiarly interesting, and in some respects resembles that of man. Having first fascinated its victim by the power of its eye, it leisurely lubricates it with its saliva, (in other words, spits it), and finally does it to a turn with its hot breath." As I have before stated this decision of Sandy's carried conviction with it, but at the same time rather frightened the others, for they could not help thinking that it was possible the Serpent might take it into his head to dish one of them in the manner Sandy has described, a fate which, however important and interesting it might be to naturalists in general, would be in the highest degree unpleasant to the individual victim. So in order to raise their spirits, Mary began to sing one of those descriptions of animal life which her father had taught her in happier days, beginning "let dogs delight to bark and bite," which she continued until overcome by the heat of the day, and the rapid rate at which they were travelling, they all sank into the sweet sleep of childhood.

Scarcely had their deep and regular breathing announced this interesting fact, than the hideous monster raised his crested head above the surface of the sea, gloated over their unconscious forms for a moment to see which was the fattest, and immediately began to lick Anthony's Wellington boots!

[To be continued]

Discontented Workman.

—The man who was labouring in spirit has struck for higher wages.

Information at last.

—Our London correspondent informs us that the Queen intended to have raised Speaker Smith to the Peerage by the title of Baron Smitherens of Penetentiary Park, Kingston, C.W., but on his objecting to the wording of the title the Duke of Newcastle advised her Majesty to let the uncourtous Canadian take his departure for his native wilds, untitled and unhonored. Mr. Smith at once withdrew his objections; but alas! it was too late. The Colonial office refused to have any further correspondence with him, and he set out for Canada disappointed and grieved in spirit. This accounts for his forlorn look and emaciated appearance.

The Latest Invention.

—We have seen an advertisement in a Montreal paper drawing attention to a new kind of soles called "metallic soles." We have heard of "hearts of stone," "hearts of oak," "steeled hearts," and "elastic consciences," but never till now have we heard of "metallic souls." Verily, this is an age of progress.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF DR. RYERSON.

When Pharaoh Necho, King of Egypt was burned out of his country villa, on the banks of the Hoangho, one paper alone escaped the devouring element. It was a small sheet of Bath post containing a mysterious prophecy from the oracle at Delphi, couched according to Herodotus in the following language:—"When Edgy appears, be up to snuff; he's a cute 'un." The ancient philosophers, especially Plato, spent many an anxious night, and prodigally expended many thousand feet of the Athenian Gas and Water Company's illuminating power in the attempt to expound this alarming announcement, but in vain. This first allusion to my illustrious, though humble name will, I flatter myself, be of great interest to the readers of your valuable sheet. [But still more remarkable to say in the reign of Edward III. of England, two flaming letters glared one dark November night across the murky fog of London; "E. R." were the mystic symbols. Vulgar people and sycophantic courtiers interpreted them "Edward Rex;" posterity, the (Edipus of all historic riddles, has deciphered "Egerton Ryerson." I was born of Jewish parents in Houndsditch. The event was not altogether unexpected, if I may give credence to my immediate progenitors; but to the best of my recollection I did not, at the time, feel any particular interest in what imparted so much joy to them. I may remark, *en passant*, that my father was descended from one of the best families; his thirty first ancestor was a posthumous son of Shylock by a sister of Launcelot Gobbo. This circumstance will perhaps account for my attachment to "filthy lucre." The first word I uttered to the wet nurse is said to have been "give;" the second was "take;" and I think I may safely appeal to my bitterest foe whether I have not improved upon the precocious utterances of infancy by shouting the first and acting upon the second ever since. The first castigation I remember receiving across the knees of my paternal relative was for corresponding with a celebrated Etionian in *Bell's Life* on the subject of fobbling marbles; a practice which I considered justifiable on the grounds of expediency, and American practice. I would republish the whole thirty-five letters in your columns, but I suppose that your space is limited.

At the age of four I was sent to a ragged school in Field Lane where I received a moral training, the effects of which will I trust, never be effaced. The teacher, a Mr. Stobbington, strongly inculcated the sound maxim that no man should hesitate to "nobble" (to use his classical expression) whatever he can grab. He is now suffering a cruel imprisonment in Botany Bay for availing himself of the funds entrusted to him; but though he has fallen a martyr to his moral principles, I trust I shall ever respect his character and humbly emulate his career. "Casual advantages" is no reproach in my eyes.

After completing my studies in Mavor's spelling book, I was bound apprentice to a barber, but not being then so expert at shaving, as I have since become, I was soon sent about my business. After trying several other trades in which my success was equally discouraging, I resolved to try in the Church. I will not say that my education or moral proclivities were the best qualifications for the cloth, yet I flatter myself that like charity it can shroud a vast multitude of peccadilloes. I soon found however, that convenient as the title is as a cloak to trickery, it

required the performance of duties which I was not competent to perform. I therefore began the epistolary business with a view of insinuating myself into the favour of the great. Slipping over to America, I found an ample field for my unscrupulous pen; I saw that hypocrisy was at a premium and roguery entitled smartness. And well have I crawled and scrawled over it. My profession forbids my engaging in the profane habit of betting, but if I could, I would lay a heavy wager with Mr. Brown or any of my other defamers that there never has been a bad cause which I have not endeavored to plaster up with my interminable foolscap. Find me a tyrannical or unconstitutional ruler that I have not been on hand with my sophistries.

I have contended for separate schools and I have struggled against them. I have contemned sectarian education, and I have struggled to foist it on the community. I have aided in framing the curriculum, increasing the expenditure and establishing the building of the Toronto University, and I am now doing my best to destroy it. My letters, (which I purpose publishing in forty octavo volumes) fill a good sized garret, and if you will do me the favor to inspect them, you will see that I have spent a life-time in alternately propping up and razing every institution with which I have come in contact; and yet so adroit have been my tactics that I have always contrived to be in the wrong. Give me a good cause and I advocate it till it is irretrievably lost; show me a bad one, and, still more in my element, I will daub it into respectability. In short, from the time that Legion trounced Leonidas till Brown lashed me in the University Committee, I have been a consistent schemer, trickster and sycophant. If your readers like the picture I will hand down to posterity, in a more extended form, my autobiography at present adieu.

E. RYERSON.

SUPPLEMENTARY ESTIMATES.

Through the kindness of the Inspector General, we are enabled to lay before our readers the supplementary estimates, which will be submitted to Parliament in a few days. The Government organs, especially *The Leader*, will doubtless endeavour to discredit our statement, but [the public may rely upon it that if there be any truth in Galt, it is correct:—

Aid to Ald. Carr to establish a yacht club on the ditches on the Toronto esplanade.....	\$1000 00
Aid to J. A. McDonald to secure the services of an eminent oculist to repair his moral vision	50 00
Aid to Barney French to purchase shille-lags and whiskey for the East Middlesex election.....	250 00
Aid to Bob Moodie to enlarge the Fire-fly.	500 00
Aid to Sidney Smith to mend his broken English.....	1 50
Aid to Oglo R. Gowan for establishing a Jesuit College in Nassau Street, Toronto.	1000 00
Aid to T. D'Arcy McGee to pay his initiation fee in L. O. Lodge No. 301.....	10 00
Aid to Dr. Ryerson to pay his passage as a missionary to the Tahitians.....	500 00
Aid to W. L. McKenzie to secure the stoppage of the "Message".....	500 00
Aid to Mr. Allyn to bring over his European voters.....	3000 00

YOU ASK IF I'M IN LOVE, ANNIE.

You ask if I'm in love, Annie,
—Your question's but to try,
For whom I love you know, Annie,
You've read it in mine eye.

You ask if I'm in love, Annie,
You know it all the while;
What proves you know full well, Annie,
Is that bowitching smile.

You ask if I'm in love, Annie,
You need not ask your heart;
'Twill speak more plain than words, Annie,
—Just try before we part.

You ask if I'm in love, Annie,
And then you laugh and pout;
As if you'd like to find, Annie,
Some cause may I love to doubt.

Ah, yes, I am in love, Annie,
And here I now confess
A man's first, deepest love, Annie,
For her whose hand I press.

QUEBEC ELECTION.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

QUEBEC, April 17, 1860.

A few weeks more and we shall be in the midst of another election contest. The Ministry are in the greatest state of indignation with the Carleton Beauty, and it is currently reported that Allyn sent him a polite note requesting him to appoint his seconds, and prepare for a brush on the Commons; but Powell distinctly declined having anything to do in such an engagement. All the old members are in the field again. Allyn is limping about from house to house, smoking dirty little pipes, and drinking *à vie* with the *montous*. He's going to run for the lower town, where all the roughs take up their habitation. Should he be defeated the beautiful slipper which has done him so much service, off and on, during the past few years, will be sent to Mr. Nettle to be converted into a miniature ovarium. Some unscrupulous wags may be inclined to infer from this that Allyn is rather *fishy*, and that the slipper will thus be placed to its natural use. The remark, however, is only true in so far as refers to the 'little Milesian's propensity to *fish* for office. Dubord, in anticipation of the great event, is stamping the middle-class electors, and denouncing the Government in no measured terms. The greatest activity prevails in his ship-building yards, and 500 hands have already been added to the staff. Simard is doing the business quietly among the upper class.

It is not likely that there will be as many votes cast for the different candidates this time as at the last struggle; but I have it on good authority that the Queen, Napoleon and Punch will cast their votes now, as before, for the Ministerialists. A special courier is in town from the Queen, requesting that the election should be postponed until the arrival of the Prince of Wales in this country, who will act as proxy for Her Majesty. Napoleon intends sending the Duke of Malakoff to express his attachment for *Bas Canada* and to record his vote in favor of Cartier's followers. Napoleon wrote to Cauchon first requesting him to act on his behalf, but having specified that gentleman's name *Cauchon*, he distinctly declined the honor. Punch, it is said, will request the editor of *The Grumbler*, who is incomparably the cleverest politician in Canada to act proxy for him; but should Mr. Punch desire to cast his vote with the Corruptionists, I question if he will receive any aid from you. Palmerston, it is reported, will give authority to John Ross, who is now in England, to throw his vote and influence with the John A. Cartier crew. I shall send you more anon as the election progresses.

Yours,
ARGUS.

LETTER FROM THE POSTMASTER GENERAL.

The Hon. Sidney Smith, our erudite and scholarly Postmaster General lost no time after his arrival in England, in communicating to us the nature of his visit to the old country, and those little incidents of his voyage across the Atlantic, which must be always of interest to persons who study the lives of great men. The letter is in advance of the Canadian and Cunard mails; but our arrangements with the old world are of the most complete nature, displaying an amount of enterprise and energy which is not often witnessed, even in these days of the "iron horse" and magnetic telegraphs. But we must not keep our readers in suspense. Here is the communication of our learned and honorable correspondent, *verbatim et literatim* :—

MORLEY'S HOTEL,
London, April 19, 1860.

MY DEAR MR. GRUMBLER.—According to promise I forward you, at the earliest moment, a brief account of my voyage and the nature of my visit to this country. But of the latter first.

I see some of the papers are publishing most extraordinary statements in reference to my sudden departure from the seat of Government, but they are all wrong, and I authorize you to make the announcement. The "pride of Cobourg" has other fish to fry. You know Elgin is gone to China; he had charge of the British mail bags, and I don't know that he showed any particular genius in that line. Now, hearing that Palmerston was about to resign his seat for Tiverton and knowing that there is no man living so well adapted for the post office business as myself, I thought I might get into Elgin's place in that department, with a seat in the House of Commons for Pam's little borough. Sam Slick has promised me his influence, and this evening I am going to drop a line to D'Israeli requesting him to do something for me in the Conservative interest. That's the ticket for me here. "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet," as the immortal bard says. Tell John A. and Cartier that they may scheme now as long as they like and give their musty old bags in charge of some one else, as they thought to do before. Sid is off for higher game.

We had a jolly time coming across in the "Kangaroo," and I was a big man among the fellows there. Didn't I spout at our meetings. They all thought that Allan's subisidy was increased by my great influence in the Cabinet. Hal-ha-ha—what a silly lot of fools they were, to be sure; and didn't they cheer, hollar and hollar again, until the old timbers shook I didn't let on a bit, but accepted the compliments in the most dignified manner imaginable, and poured down the brandy, *comme il faut*. (I learned that when I was in Paris with Griffin.) We hadn't any books or papers aboard. We had three numbers of *The Grumbler*, which were read with the greatest avidity. A lot of the chaps used to sit round in a circle, when I would stand up on the table and read it out to them aloud. I tell you it did cause an excitement. There's a good fellow now; don't be too hard on me. Between you and me, I have an eye out for a Knighthood, and it might injure my prospects if you were to say anything. Good bye for the present, and believe me to remain,

Your dearest friend,

SIDNEY SMITH.

Sporting Intelligence.

Sporting men have expressed serious doubts as to whether the "chicken" is game.

RATHER SUSPICIOUS.

A city auctioneer announces in a placard that he will offer for sale a quantity of "household furniture, plate, books," &c., "the property of a lady (removed for convenience of sale.)" Now, we humbly submit to the County Attorney, whether some enquiry ought not at once to be made into the matter. It is possible that this lady may be a person of color, and if it be really the fact that she has been "removed" to be converted into a chattel, the law-officers of the Crown should see to it. We have had, for some time, our suspicions that a contraband slavery traffic was being carried on in Canada, but we certainly never expected to see it conducted in this shameless manner. Supposing it to be true that the lady in question has been "removed for convenience of sale," we can imagine no excuse for Mr. Portas announcing it so openly. We solemnly invoke the strong arm of the law to give the practice a knock down blow at once.

We have another theory to account for this strange advertisement. It may be that the "sale" is not of the lady but of the goods and that owing to her bad temper she has been removed in order that the sale of goods may be more conveniently and quietly conducted. If she really is a Xantippe of this sort, we consider this measure of precaution to be highly proper, at the same time we do think that the phraseology should have been clearer. The public have a right to know whether this unprotected female has been removed to be sold, or whether, on the other hand, she has been merely put under restraint to protect bidders from her violent temper. Let us understand the matter at once.

THE POLICE.

Why cannot the City Council leave the Police force alone? Why cannot *The Leader* and *Colonist* leave the police alone? Why are they continually directing attention to what they are pleased to call "the inefficiency of the force." They allow no opportunity to pass for misrepresenting the Mayor and his brother Commissioners. Now, the City Council desire the management of the force to be taken out of the hands of those appointed by law as Police Commissioners. They wish to again give the Council the power of filling the force with their creatures. They wish, in fact, to reduce it to its old standard; to get back their former power; to impair its efficiency by rendering it a mere receptacle for political partizans. Every one can see what their movements mean and the object they have in view. We are surprised that any newspaper could be found to support them in their scheming. What we wish, however, more particularly to draw attention to, is the constant abuse which some journals pour upon the force. It does no good, and does a great deal of harm. It brings the force into contempt, and no body of men could be expected to discharge the thankless yet arduous duties of policemen efficiently, under a constant fire of ridicule. We think a change in this particular is desirable.

By a Law Student.

—How may a word which is foreign to the subject be naturalized?

Nautical.

—When is a horse like a sunken ship?
When he's *founded*.

THE PRINCE'S WALK.

Yes, we have actually a Prince's walk in the city. And why shouldn't we? For our part we see no objection, if it can be made at all appropriate to the name which has been given to it. But look at the fact. Ald. Carr, who seems inclined to run into anything and everything by which he can best make a fool of himself, and a few others, among whom are very respectable and respected citizens plant a few trees on Front street, and nothing will please them if they do not call it "The Prince's walk." No doubt they supposed the Prince would be highly flattered with the intended compliment. Perhaps he will, though we must say we can see no reason why he should be. Flattered at what? a few shrubs and a walk with his name to it! Bah!

We suspect the whole secret of the matter is that Mr. Fleming found time passing rather heavily on his hands, and in the absence of some more profitable engagement, went into harness with Ald. Carr. What a powerful team they are! Haven't we more parks and walks now than we can attend to? Some ten or twelve pieces of ground in the city, are dignified with these titles, and not one of them, except the College Avenue, is known by a fifteenth part of the citizens. But if the Prince's walk is going to be something grand, why by all means go at it. Give us a decent walk, and we shall offer no objection.

ST. GEORGES DAY.

The anniversary of England's patron saint and of the birthday of Shakspeare occurs on Monday next. The St. George's Society have resolved not to have their accustomed dinner, but to celebrate the national day by two sacred services in the Cathedral of St. James. Full choral service will be performed in the morning at eleven and in the evening at seven. Mr. Carter, the able organist of the Cathedral, has taken great pains in training a large and efficient choir of singers. Among the pieces selected we perceive Handel's Coronation Anthem and Hallelujah Chorus, besides selections from Rossini and Mendelssohn. Collections will be taken up in aid of the charitable funds of the Society. We trust that the citizens of Toronto will aid by their presence and contributions the laudable objects of this charity. The committee have, in our humble judgment, done justly in substituting these choral services for the usual dinner; and we hope that their funds will be greatly augmented by the liberality of the public.

Ferguson's Lambs.

—A correspondent asks us how the Member for South Simcoe manages to hoodwink his constituents? We cannot tell him, unless it is by pulling *lamb's* wool over their eyes.

"The Wrangler."

—We have received the prospectus of a new humerous paper, to be published at Brighton, C. W. It is to be known as *The Wrangler*. The first number will be issued on Friday next, the 27th April. The prospectus promises well, and we hope that the Publishers will meet with every success.

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