

THE GRUMBLER.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1859.

WHOLE NO. 60.

THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1859.

PROVINCIAL SPOUTING APPARATUS No. XIV.

I. THE UPPER HOUSE.

The courage of the Legislative Council emulating the valour of one Robert Acres, has oozed out at the dignified tips of their lordly digits. After a huge display of patriotism and a loud shout for consistency, the leek has been swallowed, the country is saved and VanKoughnet may buy a new hat. In vain did Christie shake his agricultural finger, bootlessly Patton dropped a tardy tear to the memory of the Brown-Dorion cabinet which fell by his hands, and Alexander to no purpose raved. The fiat had gone forth *route qui coute*, they were to go to Quebec. It is really too bad to think of the treatment the Lords have received from the hands of the government. No wonder that the old ladies were tetchy and peevish. We are not surpris'd that even the ordinarily placid and amiable spirit of the Hon. Mr. Ferrie was a little ruffled at the base usage the House had received. And wasn't it a horrid shame to bring in absent members to vote? What right have any to vote, but members of the opposition? Strictly speaking, the ministry and their adherents should have left the house, and given a clear field to their opponents. The iniquity of their conduct, as the *Globe* says, is most flagrant. We were sorry to see our old friend the Colonel whom the exigencies of the time drove from a sick bed, looking so unwell; we trust that he is rapidly recovering from his serious illness. Well the game is up; the glory of Toronto is departed, at least it will in July, and in spite of every exertion, Quebec will be the seat of Canadian government. Everything has been done to avert the catastrophe, but John A. more inexorable than the Parca, has baffled every attack.

Though Brown and Dorion have done their spite,
And the *Globe's* thunders rattled for the right;
Though Patton, Allan, Christie all cried "no!"
John A. has said it, and it must be so.

II. THE PROROGATION.

Precisely at four or within half an hour of that time His Excellency the Governor General attended by a most dazzling suite entered the Legislative council. The people in the guise of a few hundred pretty ladies awaited the dismissal of their representatives. The Speaker commands the commons who come tumbling in. Mr. Speaker Smith sails after them like a frigate towed into harbour. Placid was his face though his shirt was ruffled, and calmly stood he there amongst the

sea of spouters. After waiting for an hour and listening to one drone reading the titles of bills, and a still heavier drone assenting to them, like a stupid school-boy taking a sly glance at his unlearned lesson, "Au nomme de sa M-jeste," and so on till we were fairly sick. Then the manly voice of Mr-Speaker announced the passage of the supplies, and the Governor General delivered a speech somewhat as follows:

Honourable Gentlemen, &c.

Notwithstanding the insane attempts of the Opposition to keep me from my fishing excursions when the trout are biting splendidly, I am very glad to get rid of you so early.

Mr. Brown tried to sharpen his wits by keeping you awake all night, hoping that my ministers might be caught napping; allow me to observe that it is a comparatively difficult task to detect a weasel in a state of somnolency.

You have put yourselves to a great deal of trouble in preparing an awful batch of bills, as if it were at all necessary to work when you meet. Why don't you take it easy as I do?

Gentlemen of the Assembly.

You have been a little niggardly with your money this time, but being thankful for small mercies, I am obliged to you. Always remember that money voting is the great business of legislation. You may talk what buncombe you please, only put money in your purse.

Honorable Gentlemen, &c.

You are now at liberty to go about your business. I shall have nine months' peace at any rate. Gentlemen, adquatulate.

III. VALEDICTORY.

Ye sacred nine, who left, in years of ill,
Parnassus' peak, to roost on Gallows' hill,
Who, when Time's engine squirted out the fire
Of Grecian genius, transferred the lyre,
To where 'tween shiny buns, the gorgeous Don,
With tuneful murmur glides in pleasure on,—
Inspire my song; sad straits befit the time,
Hence, glittering joys; sorrow, attend my rhyme.
I sing farewell to city glories now,
To John A. and to fate we e'en must bow.
Never again shall echo through thy walls,
B-starred Toronto, legislative bawls;
No more shall outraged decency complain
Of surly Smith's brutality again;
No more shall Cartier's bark offend the ear,
Or silly Sidney's ignorance appear;
No more shall Brown his Gritish yell upraise,
Or Gowan blow the trumpet of self praise;
And thou, my Playfair, dearest of them all,
Thou pious dancer at the Sunday ball,
Where on Ontario's banks you went it strong,
Where the wild engine shrieks its deafening song,
Where naughty boys sport heedlessly at taw,
And bathe in day-light spite police or law;
There as the Sabbath calm comes round again
No more shalt sip dear Cartier's champagne,
Gaze wistfully as beauty's glistening eye
Scans thy little figure as thou pass'est by;
No more shalt tread the mazes of the dance
With those enchanting nymphs of Nouvelle France.

Or sigh and whisper love with youthful grace,
When her dear ringlets dangle o'er thy face.
Farewell, my Playfair, back to old Laarak,
And teach the country bumpkins how to spark.
Hope for a season leaves us to our woes
And beauty shrieks, as noble Playfair goes.
So all forsake us; Gowan, Short and Brown
Abandon ruthlessly our hapless town;
Patrick and Gould, and even dear Dufreane
Will never deign to gaze on us again;
Farewell! stay not to gaze upon the wreck,
Pack up, vamoose, and hide you in Quebec,
Perchance the Golden Lion soon may die,
And the old King in helpless ruin lie.
Perhaps, inhuman ones, the day may come
When "lemon-ice" and "muffins" shall be dumb;
Perhaps Division Courts may pass away
When you have left no debts behind to pay;
The ninety-first lose all its new recruits,
When we miss you, dear spouters, in our suits.
Farewell! farewell! oh how you lacerate us
By taking off the "Spouting Apparatus."

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

When the following manifestations appear, people will not be far wrong in predicting that summer is near at hand:

The disappearance of fur coats, hats, and gauntlets, from the outside of pedestrians.

The perpetual remarks of knowing ones that "It's a warm day."

The voice of the "lemon and ice cream" man heard in our streets.

The extent to which heads of families are called for "spring dresses, bonnets," &c.

The magnitude to which crinoline suddenly extends.

The call for those grateful beverages, "mist julips" and "cherry cobblers."

The opportunity afforded to witty young rascals to enquire of every second individual in the street, "Who stole the donkey?"

The prorogation of Parliament.

The disappearance of doors from cabs for the purpose of ventilation.

The absence of ice from the Bay.

The number of suspicious-looking dogs that come smelling round one in the streets.

Deaths from hydrophobia.

The entire absence from newspapers of accounts of "several persons frozen to death."

The facility with which one falls in love.

The warmth with which one is loved in return.

The insane haste which people display to get married.

The pointless style in which all newspaper articles—except those in THE GRUMBLER, are written.

The absence of the watering-cart from our streets.

The mild apostrophies to which the dust is treated by promenaders.

The appearance of straw hats and light coats in the streets.

YE HAIDEN TO YE LOVYER.

You've told how you love me, dear Edward,
How my imago is shrouded in your breast,
That never, till loved in return, dear,
Can your languishing bosom have rest.

I could live in the light of your eyes, Ned,
And lavish my love without stint,
But whenever you ogle in church, Ned
I cannot but see that you squint.

I could flite spell-bound to your self, Ned,
To the soft witching tale that you mutter;
But that soft of your feelings unfold, Ned,
'Tis provoking to hear how you stuttor.

I could pillow my head near your heart, Ned,
And press your fond lips in a kiss;
But when'er you approach me in love,
That cigar savour spoils all my bliss.

How happy I'd live in a cot, Ned,
With thee whom I love by my side;
But you'd drink twice or thrice over my, Ned,
And that I could never abide.

In short I could madly adore, Ned,
And cherish for better for worse;
But I know you're so hopelessly bad, Ned,
I should only be wedding a curse.

RIDDLE ME RIGHT.

We find the following very incomprehensible sentence in a leading article in *Old Double*, advocating Capital Punishment:

"A thousand times better would it be to abate threatened punishment, and then uniformly administer them, than to keep them up in word, and confine to a failure to convict or execute."

It is very extraordinary that *Old Double* will persist in dealing out such wholesa'ol nonsense to the public. Who is the *them*, the Editor prefers so infinitely better to *administer*? People's effects and sometimes their defects are at times said to be administered but administering the people themselves, as if they were so many doses of salts, is not usually contemplated by the sane of this earth. Again, we should like to know what process is meant by keeping these same unfortunate "*them*, up in word?" And how "keeping them in word," is a thousand times better than "uniformly administering them." If it would not be taxing the Editor too much, we should also enquire what he was driving after, the statement that the abatement of *threatened* punishment, was to be preferred to a *convivance* to a *failure* to convict or execute? Does the Editor mean that it would be better to declare murder a crime punishable only by an invitation from the Sheriff to dinner and the doxology, than that some criminals should fail to be convicted or executed? Not, that we think, as the Editor seems to do, that it is possible to execute a criminal in our country without first convicting him! We leave the whole matter in the obscurity we found it. We have turned the unfortunate sentence into every possible shape, but can make nothing of it.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY,

TWENTY TAILORS. Apply to,
Mr. Coun. FRENCH.
Toronto, April 28, 1850.

The above advertisement appeared in the *Globe* the morning after the announcement of another breach in the Island.

FLUNKKEYISM.

The correspondent of the *New York Times* lets the world know that he had the "honor of dining with Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, at his magnificent mansion, No. 1 Park Lane, Piccadilly."

Mark how the fellow parades the baronet's name in full; and how he dwells with infinite satisfaction on the "magnificent mansion, No. 1 Park Lane, Piccadilly," in which he had the honor of dining with a live baronet! One would pardon such a display of weakness in a silly footman or a powder-monkey; but in a correspondent of a leading *New York* paper it is simply nauseating.

Again the enraptured correspondent says:

"That of all living authors of England, Sir Edward was the one I most wished to see."

From the manner in which our correspondent opens his letter, we can easily imagine this intense desire to see our Colonial Secretary across simply from the fact that he had a handle to his name. But our correspondent is determined that if Sir Edward is open to flattery, he shall get enough of it, for further on, in commencing a short account of his career, he says:

"E. L. Bulwer was born a poet and a politician in the year 1803."

With all due respect to our Colonial Secretary, and with all possible veneration for the wisdom of our correspondent, we beg to differ from this last assertion. E. L. Bulwer, like most children, was born a scrubby, mishapen, squawling brat—with about as much of the poet and the politician about him as there is in the Man in the Moon.

Again the *New York* correspondent after reviewing Sir Edward's works, from his thrashiest firstling to his maturest production, comes back to the dinner party. He cannot get it out of his head. It consisted, he informs us, of "fifteen persons"—he took the trouble, it seems, to count them—"mostly nobleman and members of Parliament." Real live noblemen and members of Parliament—and fifteen of them too! What would the Americans say to that?

The viands and wines do not escape notice. They are all of the "choicest quality." The very ornaments on the table are bedaubed with elaborate praise by this flunkey of a correspondent. "The service was of gold and silver," &c.

But this curious specimen of an American correspondent does not stop here. The very servants that attended the Baronet's table, are the subjects of his adulatory pen. He says:

"And the servants in small clothes, white cravats and powdered hair, looked like the *dramatis persone* in the "School for Scandal."

It is wonderful what pains this correspondent takes to show that he never was in good society until fortune procured him an invitation to the baronet's dinner party. His allusion to the servants, is very touching, and in our opinion could have come from nose but a brother chip. We cannot follow this flunkey correspondent any farther.

Counterfeiting.

—We understand that P. M. Vankoughnet and D. B. Read, two of her Majesty's chosen counsel, have been arrested to answer the charge of issuing counterfeit and spurious coin (Coyne.)

TO MARRY OR NOT TO MARRY?

[Thoughts suggested by an old bachelor on hearing that the McClean Divorce Bill was reserved for the Royal consideration.]

Yes, that is the Kes-ti-on, as the French members say. For whether it is nobler to live a life of single blessedness—to be untrammelled in our desires, to be able to wink at a pretty girl and get gloriously drunk when in the vein for it—or to be tied to the petticoat—we beg the acres pardon, but rumour says that they positively do effect such articles of attire—the petticoat, we were saying, of a female wife. To marry! to sleep! And in that sleep—well, no matter. Perchance to lie³ awake, and be scolded like the very deuce. To have one's hair pulled! Aye there's the rub. For what individual male creature is there in the world that would stand such things we should like to know.

Then, to come home late from the club, slightly fuddled maybe, and shew laudable anxiety in looking for the lost night-key. To exercise one's inventive genius in extemporising a night-key out of a pipe-shank. To sweat and groan with inward anguish least our beloved spouse should hear the row. And lastly, to endure the desperate desperation of discovering that it was "no go."

To sit down disconsolately on the cold door-step, and perhaps be arrested by a villainous crusher. Forbid it Sooks! To break the windows; and hit my wife Betsey with a piece of brick; No. To ring the bell! Yes, that's it. And now here goes for a jolly row.

But hold hard! Suppose Betsey was false to me. What then? Kill her. No. Kill him! Ha! ha! Yes! No! I was never apprenticed to the butchering business. Well, what's to be done? Get a divorce! Lucky thought. But stop. Who's to pay that respectable member of society known as the piper. And when that individual was paid, what assurance have I that a divorce will ever be granted to soothe my unutterable affliction. Clearly none!

To commit suicide, then! Yes, and be refused Christian burial. 'Twouldn't be decent. To go away to some lonely isle, in some distant water. And in that lonely isle, surrounded by that distant water to marry a squaw. To populate that lonely isle with young squaws! To involve the minds of the young cannibals with a holy horror of the British constitution, which refuses to grant a fellow a divorce when he should have it. To marry several squaws! To raise an army of young cannibals, and with that army to join D'Arcy McGee and his three hundred thousand men—who plowed the waves no more—and capture Canada. Yes, I'm resolved. So look out for squaws, Betsey.

A Warning.

"When lovely women" &c.

When pettifoggers stoop to folly,
And learn too late it will not pay,
What trick will save them from dishonour,
What art will wipe their shame away?

The only way to screen their madness
And still the people's laugh to boot,
The only art to save from censure
Is, when you're libelled, to non-suit.

ALLEN VS. GRUMBLER.

We have no intention of triumphing over the miserable failure of the outraged barrister whose name has unworthily occupied a little public curiosity during the past fortnight. We are sure that we can well afford to be magnanimous towards so wretched an opponent. We never had any fears for the result of the foolish action which Mr. Allen chose to bring against our publishers; we felt sure that the miserable character of the plaintiff, and the high position we occupy in public opinion, would secure a prompt verdict in our favour. We were happy to see that the pitiable creature had sagaciously enough to appreciate his position and modestly enough to shrink out of court under the less ignominious cover of a non-suit. Day after day our counsel waited patiently for the unequal contest, and it was with no little mortification that they and we were finally disappointed. Mr. Allen has elected to pay the piper, and we only wait with patience for the next suit and a renewal of the contest.

We can only again acknowledge the generous sympathy extended to us by so many of our fellow citizens; defeat by a man so thoroughly despised would hardly have been a misfortune. We desire also to thank cordially the Sheriff for the courtesy shown our publisher in matters specially under his control; and last, but by no means least, of all, we owe many thanks to our counsel, Messrs. Cameron and Eccles, for the prompt and ready manner in which they espoused our cause. We were perfectly aware that entering the lists with so petty a member of the profession was no small sacrifice for gentlemen who hold deservedly so prominent a place in the legal circle, and it was gratifying to us to find that some gentleman had consented to bespatter his garments in Allen's cause.

To Mr. Cameron we are particularly indebted, for that notwithstanding the frequent and perhaps often unwarrantable use we have made of his name and reputation he came so promptly to our aid. Finally we may recall to the plaintiff's recollection a few lines published when we were first threatened with his ire:

Oh Allen spare the GRUMBLER,
Pray don't be wroth now,
You might perhaps burn your fingers, dear,
By kicking up a row.
Pray stay your indignation
Be wise, man, wish you may;
You'd look no foolish, wouldn't you?
When called the costs to pay.

Our advice was unneeded, our intreaties were doubtless construed into pleas for mercy, and Allen is well singed for his trouble.

Upper Canada College.

—We took occasion the other day to call the attention of the proper authorities to the miserable state of the College play ground. We did hear that the nuisance had been abated, and that the ground had been properly sodded. We took the trouble to view the place yesterday, and we find that though some renovation has been effected, the work is done in a very slovenly and imperfect manner. Now we earnestly entreat the College people to look into this matter. It is really of great importance to the pupils of that excellent institution, and we hope that we shall have no occasion to mention the matter again.

THE THEATRE.

Now that the legislative bear gardens are closed, our fair friends will no doubt turn with a hearty zest to the light and elegant amusements of the drama. We sincerely commiserate those of them who were not present at the performance of Goldsmith's inimitable comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer," on Wednesday night last. The piece was well cast. Mr. Marlowe, as the strange compound of bashfulness and impudence, known in the piece as Mr. Marlow, gave us an excellent specimen of what is styled genteel comedy—somewhat extravagant, but exceedingly rich. And Miss Charlotte Thompson, the star of the evening, as the heroine of the piece soon conquered the audience by the correct and dashing style in which she rattled through her part. From what we have seen of this young lady, we have nothing but kind words to utter. Nature has endowed her with a most enchanting *physique*, her voice and manner are remarkably fascinating, her intonation correct, and her whole acting extremely bewitching. We only pity the poor benighted creatures who have not visited the Theatre this week, and unless Mr. Marlowe will for our sake renew the engagement, they will have missed the best actress who has appeared on the Toronto boards for many months; indeed, we doubt if a better ever favoured us with a visit.

Miss Thompson seems thoroughly understand the text, as is shown by the vivacious and arch manner in which she strikes out telling passages. Mr. Thompson's *Tony* was not strictly after the text—though it drew down applause. Mrs. Hill was what we expected from a lady of her experience, while Mr. O. Hill proved himself equal to his character. Mr. Herbert's comedy *role* is worthy of admiration. On Thursday, *Ingomar* was performed with great success. Miss Thomson's *Parthena* was extremely pleasing. We should fail to do justice, if we did not notice in terms of the highest commendation, Mr. G. Simcoe Lee's *Ingomar*. Always a correct and pleasing actor, he certainly never appeared to or more advantage; the part could scarcely have been rendered in a better style. To-night, we believe, Miss Thompson's benefit will take place, let us have a bumper house for the credit of the city.

Reward of Merit.

Since the fall of Bob Moodie, who lately was boer,
For a leader the mob have been quite at a loss,
But we learn with delight that the vacancy's brief—
George Platt's been appointed Commander-in-Chief.

Rumours.

—It is rumoured that John A. McDonald is about to take holy orders, with a view to succeed John Toronto.

It is rumoured that Ogle R. Gowan has become an honest man.

On dit that the Governor General is about to resign, and that W. L. Mackenzie is to be appointed in his place.

That the seat of Government to be permanently established at Moss Park.

That J. S. Hogan, M.P.P., wears a wig.

That the members of the city council are about to propose some common-sense measure.

That R. M. Allen is not mad.

That Mr. Alexander, of the Upper House, is a lineal descendant of Alexander the Great.

WHAT LADIES SHOULD NOT DO!

- Encourage gentlemen to make fools of themselves.
- Criticise their neighbours' dresses.
- Beckbite.
- Dress in loud colours.
- Dress to look young.
- Deny their ages.
- Spend more than three hours dressing; or more than six hours in the day shopping.
- Read the best authors more than ten minutes in the week.
- Dance and sing only with and for boobies and blockheads.
- Forget to be charitable.
- Fall asleep in church.
- Think too highly of themselves.
- Be proud.
- Be over wise.
- Be the victims of flattery.
- Flirt more than six times a week.
- Look too fascinating.
- Have too many lovers.
- Forget to read THE GRUMBLER.

THINGS THAT GENTLEMEN SHOULD NOT DO.

- Neglect to pay their tailors' bill.
- Smoke cigars on King street between the hours of three and six.
- Wear pug-tops.
- Keep their hats on in the boxes of the theatre when ladies are sitting before them.
- Make asses of themselves.
- Lie or swear.
- Pick pockets.
- Retail vulgar stories.
- Misbehave themselves at the dinner-table even although ladies should happen not to be present.
- Laugh too loud.
- Stare any female out of countenance.
- Read the *Colonist*.

PENNY WISE & c:

We see by a report in the dailies that our City Fathers persist in carrying out their intention of being "penny wise and pound foolish." On Monday night, a sensible member, we forget what his name is, enquired of the Chairman of the Board of Works, if any steps had been taken to clear the filth out of the back streets of our city. The enquirer rightly stated, that the hot weather was about to set in, and cleanliness was absolutely necessary to preserve the health of the city.

What do our readers think was the answer of the Chairman of the Board of Works. "The Committee," he said, "had taken no steps to effect the object of the enquiry." The Committee, he showed, had in their sublimated wisdom arrived at the conclusion that economy was requisite, and, therefore, they had given no orders to have the health of the city attended to.

The answer is so excessively absurd that no one would have expected to hear it—even in our corporation. But such is the melancholy fact. For the sake of the slight expense which would be requisite to clean our back streets of filth and dirt, and which would at the same time give employment to labouring men—the plague, perhaps, is to be engendered in the very midst of our population. Out upon such insane policy.

GRAND DEMONSTRATION.

NOW TORONTO DISCUSSES "PUBLIC AFFAIRS."

On Tuesday last, pursuant to a requisition to the Mayor, a meeting was held to consider "the present critical condition of public affairs." The opening proceeding was a series of shrill whistlings from sundry little boys. At about eight a wild and good tempered gentleman Gorrie, by name, took the chair; a Mr. Sellar the chairman's Echo was elected secretary, at any rate he was modest enough to take the place.

A philosophical gentleman named Platt, whose brains seem to have been accidentally placed in the abdominal, instead of the cerebral region, began the row.

Mr. Platt—Boys, let's go home—(Grunt).—I move we (grunt) adjourn.

Cries of "Carried" from several small boys, "lost," from others, "Bah," "hoo," "yah," from other intelligent political sages.

At length Mr. Sheppard who seemed to care very little for the orchestra below, commenced as follows:

Sheppard—Gentlemen (Mr. Coyne—yaw,boo,ah!) Gentlemen (Mr. D. B. Read, Q. C., ah! yoo! bah!) I move a resol—(go home—ass! yah!) union to sustain the noble stand of the Upper House in resisting the infamous machinations of a corrupt government. (Loud cheers; after which Mr. Coyne treated the audience to the song of "All round my hat," in connection with the hat he mentioned Mr. Vankoughnet.)

Platt (aside)—Boys, we'd better go; they've got the meeting.

Coyne—Oh no, the *Colonist* will not be able to get up lies enough if we don't stay and yell. Bentley it's your turn next.

Mr. D. B. Read next mounted the rostrum, to drangle his newly got silk gown in the mire. He protested that the Governments were awfully corrupt, and he could denounce them, (Cries of 'SIO a day' "Silk gowns") but he would not do so (Yah! booh! hurrah!) because Brown is doing so. If Brown told me to go to church I wouldn't do it. (Yool aw! pooh! and cheers.)

This went on for about half an hour, and then Mr. Manning attempted to speak with tolerable success. Then R. P. Crooks tried it, but in vain, and the Chairman rose to put the resolution; some declared it carried, others wanted to know what was going on, and amidst the row the orchestra near the platform attempted, without success, to seize the chairman.

Mr. Gowan made a fool of himself, Mr. Coyne made a greater, there was a general row, and the meeting broke up. Now we put it to the sensible portion of our citizens, is this state of things to continue. The chairman correctly said that the whole of the meeting, with the exception of twenty or thirty were prepared to listen to what might be said by the speakers, yet these off-scourings of taverns and law-offices were permitted to make a bear-garden of a meeting called to take into consideration "public affairs." We care very little for the cess-pot of Canadian politics, but we do earnestly ask if this insane system we have got into in Toronto is to be perpetuated. Why even in the

United States, men can meet and talk as much nonsense as they like without interruption and papers in the opposition interest gave a fair report of its proceedings; shall Toronto be behind Yankee's in civilization, and a score or two of noisy and blotted men, prevent all discussion? And this merely to enable OLD DOUBTLE to insert a report which an eye witness we know and they know to be false from beginning to end. Leaving the loafers to the oblivion they deserve—what shall we say of the Queen's counsel and the noisy shouter from Vankoughnet's who pretend to some education, and yet head a herd of infatuated unreasoning creatures to disturb a meeting? By all means, if we are to be accounted reasonable creatures let us meet and talk as men not howl like tigers.

THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL.

Weep for the Legislative Council! Shed tears of poignant sorrow over the fate of those gallant and gray Councilors who, to the number of a score and three, resolved that they would not go to Quebec; but who, alas for their good intentions, "reckoned without their host."

Like Tara's Hall, the Council chamber is now deserted. Its glory has gone to Quebec. No more in that sacred chamber shall be heard the voice of a Campbell,—not a boast, but a man,—denouncing the peccadilloes of an erring ministry; yet holding, very properly, to the doctrine that the devil we know is a far more agreeable person to honour with our confidence than the devil whose acquaintance we have not the honour of knowing.

No more shall that Paganino, Alexander, harp on his one string about expense, extravagance, and ruination, until the watchful reporter fell asleep and dreamed of expense in his dreams.

No more shall the Pythian oracle, Vankoughnet, exhibit his imperturbable Dutch physiognomy in his usual place, and vex poor Alexander, and hon. gentlemen generally, by answers worthy of the oracle which so obligingly informed the great Alexander that "you the Persians shall conquer."

No more shall the aged yet fiery Ferris fume and fret at the length and emptiness of hon. gentlemen's speeches. Ferguson shall not again, in that chamber, tuck his hands under his coat tails, and wistfully take his Maker's name to witness, that swearing was an exceedingly impious and reprehensible proceeding. DeBlaquiere, again, shall not stand on the floor of the House and his own dignity at the same time.

They are all gone,—Desaulles with his dirty-looking moustache; Allan, with his forbidding look; Hamilton, of the jolly countenance; the long Pole, and all. They are all lost to Toronto for ever; and peace and quietness reign in their stead.

Questionable.

—We understand that the following questions will be debated at one of our debating Societies next week:

"Is the beating of a bailiff to within an inch of his life a pardonable offence, or an exalted virtue?"

"Is it murder to kill a policeman?"

The public are respectfully invited to hang themselves.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT.

By a singular and unpardonable oversight, not one of the daily papers of Toronto, have expressed an opinion on the address, which both houses of parliament passed the other day, inviting her Majesty to visit Canada. It was the last act of the session—the last legislative act that perhaps ever will be consummated in Toronto—its importance cannot be over rated: and yet the great exponents of public opinion contrived to overlook it. And it is left for Mr. GAUMBLER to take off his hat and cheer wildly and frantically, that the Queen is coming to Canada. For of course she will come.

Hurrah, boys! one cheer more!

Such bon-fires and rejoicings, and illuminations and torch-light-processions, and getting drunk and beating the police, as we should have, in honor of Her Majesty's name. From Gaspé to Sandwich, the land would ring with acclamations. From the States to the North Pole, we should be beside ourselves with joy. Hurrah for the Queen, again.

SCOTTISH ENTERTAINMENT.

We honoured Mr. Crawford's Scottish entertainment with our presence, and were greatly pleased with part of it; we mean the first part. The singing of several of the songs was good, and peculiarly musical to Scotch ears. The various views of Scottish scenery—such as Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond—were also good, as was also the view of Edinburgh.

But as for the "Ootter's Saturday night," we cannot imagine how any one could experience pleasure in viewing the same chuckle-headed peasant, the same ramrod of a wife, the identical leg-of-mutton slumped baby, and the other "fixins" in half a dozen postures. As for our part, we thought the first view of the cotter, his wife and family enough of a good thing.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

That pioneer of the Ready Cloth Movement, LAWSON, has opened a store on King Street, where all people may go through that necessary process of seeing the "Elephant." We say it advisedly, and we say it truthfully, that Mr. Lawson will sell good goods, and those at as cheap rates as they can be purchased anywhere else. Give him a call.

Practise travelling Westward will find Mr. Arnold's Ticket Agency, Corner of Front and Scott Streets, a most reliable office, where Tickets to every point, by the best lines of travel can be obtained. Mr. Arnold is happy at all times to afford information, and we can recommend him to the public. Mr. A. is also agent for the "Zimmerman" and N. Y. Central Railroad.

We have pleasure in recommending to the attention of our readers to the Jewellery Establishment of Mr. SAGGORN Church Street, a few doors below King Street. We are persuaded that Mr. S. possesses a profound knowledge of the mysteries of watchmaking, and we are confident he will richly merit a liberal patronage.

THE GRUMBLER

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