

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. 1.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1856.

NO. 10.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coat
I tede you tede it;
A chiel's among you talking notes,
And, fath, he'll prent it."

SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1856.

PROVINCIAL SPOUTING APPARATUS.—No. X.

I. A STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.

The Hon. Col. Prince, with his usual sagacity, has introduced a measure which we are sure will meet, at least partially, the wishes of the people. If, argues the Colonel, the country can get on very well without a Solicitor-General for three months, it can very well dispense with him altogether; he therefore brings in a bill to abolish the office. He has our best wishes for his success, but we complain that he has not gone far enough. If this office is superfluous, so are many others; what is the use of a Provincial Secretary, for example, except to screech out nonsense occasionally in bad English? or a Postmaster-General, save to murder his mother tongue, and set all logic and rhetoric at defiance? The Colonel was right in saying that Mr. Harrison had discharged the duties of the office of Solicitor-General with great credit and ability, but so do the clerks in all the offices; but these dolls, who sit like jacks-in-the-box, do nothing for their country except spend its money. Nor are the Opposition a bit better, they only appear more virtuous because they are always accusers, nothing else. Why, then, not bring in a bill to abolish the whole Cabinet, yes, the whole House into the bargain? We see no reason against it.

II. VERY LIEB A WHALE.

The House spent a whole night, this week, in tinkering up a Fishery bill. We have had them talking for hours, very uselessly, on many occasions, but on this bill they frittered some eight hours away, when not more than two of the whole of them knew what they were talking about. We are not jesting, gentle reader, it is a sober, serious reality. No wonder Mr. Brown wanted a Committee of Inquiry into the Fisheries, for surely never was the game of legislation carried on more completely by chance. One wanted the bill because it would encourage the fisheries; another opposed it because it would not; one spouted for it because it was for free trade, another because it favored protection. Such a chaos of ignorance and presumption was never seen before. Mr. Mackenzie reviewed the matter in a right spirit; he did not pretend to know anything about it, so he treated the House to a humorous dissertation on the Scriptural position of fishing, and made some rather good hits. We like the old gentleman for one thing: he never pretends to know what he is really ignorant of, and the mass

of valuable information he does possess, is entitled to more influence than it generally exerts. The whole debate was one of the most foolish we ever had the misfortune to hear.

III. THE DOUBLE MAJORITY.

An elderly lady of considerable intelligence, who has outlived most of the foibles of her sex, asked us, the other day, to explain what was meant by the meant by the Double Majority question? She wanted to know if it did not mean that no person should be eligible to a seat in the House who had not attained the age of 42 years. We asked an explanation; the venerable matron (like every sensible woman, she has been married) replied that as 21 years usually constituted a single majority, a double majority must mean 42 years. Sage old dame! if this were the case, we should go in for a treble majority, for assuredly no man of sense would think of doing any good there till he was in his dotage. We, of course, explained the matter, and induced her to accompany us to the House on Wednesday night to hear the debate. She left the House, however, quite unedified. Mr. J. S. McDonald's speech of three hours put her to sleep, and Mr. Cauchon's gave her a fit of hysterics, and we had to carry her from the gallery, fully convinced that the whole question was a complete humbug. We make all allowances for the prejudices of age, but, after all, we don't think she was very far out of the way.

IV. NEW OFFICES WANTED.

In spite of the clamours Mr. Brown will be sure to raise at us for giving patronage to the Government, we must recommend what everybody will see are indispensable additions to the official staff of the House. For Instance:—

- A *Speech Guager*; not to be nominated by Mr. Foley, or Mr. J. S. McDonald.
- A *Grammatical Examiner*; not to be nominated by Mr. S. Smith, or Mr. Gould.
- A *Common Sense Guager*; not to be subject to the will of Mr. Ferguson.
- A *Master of Etiquette*; not to be appointed by Mr. Spenser.
- A *Joke Guager*; not to be dismissed by that glastly joker, Mr. Alley.
- A *Toast Master*; not to be nominated by the Hon. M. Cameron.
- A *General Remembrancer of Bad Votes, &c.*; not to be nominated by any Member of the House.

A Warning!

Toronto, Steenth May.

—MISTER REDDITON, SIR:—the Harticle in your last ishvo odded "Vigilants," and reflectin on ovr fawce, is onbearable; so take warnin by the in closed, and shut up in time.

Ceso, rood grumbler, rowthless raller,
Ceso to cut your jokes at we
Bravo Porticameoni on the jaller,
Allon,—who was once a paler,—
Soon shall take the shiao from thee!

A HOWRAGED BLEW BOTTLE.

A SOREY PICTURE.

"Three years ago William Lyon McKenzie was pictured in the page of the Toronto Globe, as an indel and a liar." * * * "He was represented before the people of Wellington and Waterloo, as one of the most despicable of Canadian politicians." * * * "The best part of the Gallery picture furnished some time ago by the Leader, was taken from the pages of the Message newspaper." * * * "But what is the condition of things to-day? We find that the member for Haldimand has been whipped into thorough submission by the Leader of the opposition."—See *Colonist* May 15th.

Certes people in glass houses should not throw stones. One year ago the *Colonist* pictured in its pages John A. MacDonaid, as a traitor to his principles and the country. One year ago it represented the present Ministry as the most despicable politicians Canada had ever been cursed with. If THE GRUMBLER were disposed to present its readers with a series of the most vehement and bitter denunciations of John A. & Co., verily he would search the *Colonist* of some time ago, for materials for the picture gallery. And further, to pursue our running commentary upon the text of our cotemporary,—what is the condition of things to-day? We find that the *Colonist* has been bought, not whipped, into a thoroughly subservient tool of the leader of the Ministry; that it has executed a complete political somersault. And yet it has the effrontery to lecture members of the Legislature on political inconsistency.

"Take off your Hat"

—An antiquated rule of the House of Commons, passed soon after Oliver Cromwell invented his patent clearing process, forbids any member passing down the House with either his hat or spurs on. The Hon. Mr. Sicotte, during his incumbency of the Speaker's chair, if compelled to enforce this rule in our House of Assembly, would quietly despatch a messenger with a polite intimation to the offending member to remove his *chapeau*. Mr. Spenser Smith, with his usual anxiety to render himself intensely disagreeable, prefers to bellow from his chair a thundering "take off your hat!" Mark the contrast, my masters, between a gentleman and a BEAR.

Evaporated.

—Sydney, the Postmaster, astonished the House the other evening by bolting through the side door at railroad speed, when the question was put on an amendment to Mr. Dorion's Bill to allow the Grey Nuns of Montreal, to sell their property and reinvest in real estate. Poor Sydney transformed his coat-tails into a temporary balloon, by his eagerness to shirk the difficulty of voting, either against his leader, or contrary to the well known wishes of his constituents. Rumour says that Quaker J. R. Clark, who hails from the neighbourhood of Sydney's county, took out his memorandum book and made a note for future use of the Postmaster General's flight.

Sydney! Sydney! Why did you go into bad company? Every one knows it is the first step to ruin.

THE APPLE DUMPLING.

Several very incorrect versions of the beautiful little poem entitled "The Apple Dumpling," recited by Dr. Mackay, at the close of his first lecture in Toronto, having been published—especially in the *Globe*, which that journal asserted with its usual chronicer, appeared "by permission," and in which by some strange perversity the title was altered to "The Primrose."—Dr. Mackay annoyed at the blundering of our cotemporary, has forwarded us the following copy in manuscript, convinced that at least THE GLOBE would know better than to mar the beauty of his thoughts, by incorrectly transmitting them to type:

"The common Apple Dumpling, so great a favorite with the youngsters in England, is unknown in Australia. Two years ago, it was reported in a newspaper of Melbourne, Australia, that an English one had been imported in a hermetically sealed case, and would be brought on shore from a ship in the harbour, to be exhibited in the city. The announcement excited a great sensation. Upwards of three thousand people turged out into the streets, and the pressure of the crowd was so great, that it was found necessary to call out the police to preserve order, and make a line through which the Dumpling might be escorted on shore. Upon this touching incident, the following poem is founded:—

It comes, it comes, ye people stand reverently aside—
It comes, the apple dumpling, in its covering safely tied;
Shower welcomes fair upon it—
Some poet weaves a conceit,
And give it love and homage from opulent eyes,
And smack your lips and taste it with a thousand sympathies.
It has crossed the stormy ocean a pilgrim on your shore,
As fresh as boiled last evening, and sweet as days of yore.
Stand back, for it is tender,
Though a precious deal too slender;
And a rude and boisterous scramble, well meant though it be,
Might endanger the proportion that's right belongs to me.
Oh the love that it awakens, and the smiles twin born with fears,
That 'twill vanish all too quickly like the dreams of other years,
When we were blithe and youthful,
Not particular to a mouthful;
Then to meet it and to greet it, nicely sugared, how we smiled,
As we gobbled up the platefuls with an eagerness quite wild.
How often in life's morning have we crept in on the sly,
To the old paternal larder, when the lark was in the sky;
Or close by cookey waited,
When for dinner hour belated,
Have we watched it hep and bubble like a fury in the pot,
Then halted it with the maid we loved, while the luscious
thing was hot.
How often in life's noon-tide, when our boys and girls were
young,
Have we watched them tuck it in, just as once we should have
done.

In that far-off land we sing—
Land of pudding and dumpling;
And perhaps for conscience sake cuffed one baby then another,
On their screaming for the portion just allotted to a brother.
Stand back, ye joyous people, ye shall see it every one;
Ye shall see it and perhaps taste what's left when I have done.
I shall smile on you secretly—
Don't believe I'm acting meanly,
If I leave you but a little, when I've scooped its hollow dome,
To satisfy your longings and your memories of home.

Fair Play for Playfair.

—It is not true that the Gallant Colonel cowardly deserted the cause of unprotected ladies, by shirking his vote on the Grey Nunnery Bill. Any one acquainted with the military history of the Hon. Member, as published by himself in his forcible speech on the Address, must be convinced that the Colonel is not the man to be frightened by women; and that his absence on this important occasion was quite accidental. It is said he was so deeply immersed at the time, in the Library, in his favourite study of Josephus and Tristram Shandy on the "Art of Fortification" that he did not hear the Speaker's bell.

Another Claim on the York Division.

—Charley giving the free use of the "Roman Buildings" to a charitable Bazaar.

OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

How shall we describe the last comedy enacted by these fun-dispensing amateurs? As rendered, it was unusually entertaining; not because of skill or tact on the part of the leaders, but owing to the fatuous discovery of some very curious humours in certain of the Blowers, generally supposed to be void of such elements. The play did not promise anything rare in its introductory stages, with such personifications as Fox, Purdy and Bruel. The latter is noisy, but miserably tame in himself; useful, however, in drawing out the peculiarities of others; and is as indispensable to the maintenance of Councillor Upton's mental vitality, as roast beef is to the nourishment of his physical, which latter, by the way; sufficiently indicates its being well provided for.

Passing over the preliminary Finance Report, we halt for awhile in the matter of Public Walks and Gardens, about which two reports were submitted. The one recommended the acquirement of certain grounds for a Park; the other recommended the acceptance of a proposal from Government to give fifty acres of the Garrison Reserve in lieu of two hundred which the city had a claim on, but which has for a length of time been in dispute, besides freeing the city from a bad speculation entered into last year, involving an item of £10,000. The proposal is a most liberal one for the city, and was so regarded by all the Blowers, save Carty, Craig and Carruthers. The capers of the last two gentlemen were very amusing, eliciting at times hearty applause from the gods in the gallery—the bulk of whom were Carters from the Ward of St. David. Craig was more than beside himself; his gyrations were truly wonderful; his speech, though much of it was compelled to travel the passages of his nasal organs, echoed melodiously through the Hall, while his fists forced into denunciatory action by the volition of his muscles, made it at times an exhibition that would give him a first position in Sidaway's sparring school, or Burgess and Redmond's singing troupe. His talents are not of the order to be valuable to the Council, however; and the only really useful purpose that he could be put to, would be to hire him out to some respectable farmer to fill the important office of scare-crow during the ensuing season. What say his constituents to this? Carruthers was versatile to a degree; he sat in that Council, he said, representing the Eastern end of the city, and would not consent to the creation of a Park at the Western end; nor would he give any encouragement to Industrial Exhibitions. He was determined to speak against time, in order to oppose, the Report, and would not be intimidated by the Mayor, or any gentleman around that Board. This worthy is a great curiosity; and would puzzle the closest observer of human nature. Intelligence he has none; he appears to be stuffed with all the depravities of fallen Adam, unregenerated by a single virtuous attribute. We incline to receive the creed of Pythagoras, and that the soul of some noxious animal has infused itself into the trunk of this nondescript of St. David. How long shall the excrescence be tolerated? Speak, ye wise men of the East. Mr. Carty, from

his association, we look upon with suspicion; he is a silent member, and gives little cause for grumbling, but we beseech him, if he values character, to be more circumspect—"A man is known by the company he keeps."

Still another, fire, water, and gas report, in which was embodied the most useful scheme yet submitted by that committee, namely, to connect the several Police Station's by telegraph to give early alarm of fire. The importance of the matter is too obvious to need argument; and, as might be expected, was summarily rejected by the blowers. Councillor Sproatt, with a vulgarity worthy of him, denounced it as a Yankee speculation. What does the creature mean? Are the gas committee Yankees; or is it intended to apply to the gentleman who gave the information to them. We presume the latter, and beg to inform Mr. Sproatt that Mr. Dwight made no offer of his services, but took great pains in supplying the information asked for by the chief of the fire brigade and the committee. Blow away, Mr. Sproatt, your ignorance may some day come to the market, and be bought up by Yankee speculators. Be wide-a-wake, we charge you.

Unpleasant Suggestion.

—Two Bye-Laws passed by the London City Council at the same time: one to command the killing of dogs running at large, and the other to regulate the making of sausages.

Warm Brandy

—Is supposed to be the cause of the contortions visible in the features of the Carlton Beauty Thursday evening, during the discussion on the Essex election.

Shocking.

—One of the "slaughtered innocents" sent us the following:—"How does the starting of a railway train express the name of a celebrated writer on natural law?" We, of course, could not think of applying our lofty genius to such an insignificant matter; but our devil who boasts a Yankee origin, immediately replied "Puff and orf." (Puffendorf.)

A Solemn Warning.

—A little incident, during the late storm on the lake, is pregnant with political admonition. The *Firefly* was towing a dredge westward, when the storm arose, but apprehending personal danger, its owner cut it adrift to shift for itself. Mr. Moodie has also been engaged in towing a great political dredge, which is constantly casting up mire and dirt in the parliamentary sphere; might it not be as well for Mr. Brown to look well to his sanctified security after this? He may be cast off some day to founder in a similar manner.

Not far Wrong.

—The Elora *Backwoodsman* after a very kind and favourable notice of THE GRAMBLER, remarked that Major Rankin was supposed to be its principal Editor. This will account for that gentleman's late proceedings. He first wrote the libellous articles himself, and then attempted to prosecute the papers which had been incautious enough to copy them. It is strange that the late member for Essex should value his reputation so little, as to prostitute it in this manner for the paltry damages of a libel suit.

ALDERMAN READ AND THE FIREMEN.

"The next clause recommended that a \$1,000 be spent in purchasing an annuity at six or seven years' date, for the benefit of the widow of Frederick Leppar, lately killed at a fire. Ald. Read opposed the motion."—*See Globe*

Hark, on the midnight silence,
The dread alarm bell peals;
See, see, yon red flames flashing,
The fire devil's haunt reveals.
Uproose them, from their slumbers,
Those gallant, fearless bands,
Hark! Firemen to the rescue,
Give way with heart and hands.

See how the fire king roars,
Wildly the bright flames soar;
Around the crackling windows,
His forked tongue hip and roar!
Hurrah! yon gallant fellow
Has reached the smoky roof;
His brave heart spurns the danger,
Heaven keep him danger proof.

But why that piercing shriek,
Which thrills upon the air?
'Tis the frantic wail of a Mother's woe,
Her child is perishing there.

Who dashed the flames aside?
Who mounted the burning stair?
A willing hand from that gallant band,
Who are prompt to do and dare.

See! see! he 'scapes unhurt—
In his haunt the fire fiend's braved,
And the labo is clasped in his strong right arm;
Hurrah! Thank God, he's saved.

Once more the scene is changed—
The fire king's wrath is spent,
To quench the spark of his flickering life,
Their energies are bent.

They work with heart and will,
Almost is the task complete—
When fly! fly! see the walls are tottering—yes,
Ye fearless bands retreat.

Tis too late, for senseless throes,
Lies the mangled form of one
Who gave his life in the thankless strife.
Fireman! 'twas nobly done.

But what says D. B. Read,
The Donkey's bottle-washer?
Will he clothe the orphan child,
And the widow cared for so?
Will he give his paltry vote for this?
I 'faith not he.

No but his serpent tongue,
Did its little boat to 'oppose
That righteous aid which the generous heart,
Would eagerly, anxiously seek to impart,
To draw the sting from the poisoned dart,
And soothe in part
The widow and orphan's woes.
Pass him round,
With disgust profound,
D. B. Read.

Literary Intelligence.

—In order to afford amusement to the numerous French supporters of the Government, who are required to be on hand at all times to vote down all useful measures, the Speaker has kindly ordered translations of the following English works into French—"Jack the Giant Killer," "Jack and the Bean Stalk," "Cinderella," "Blue Beard," &c. Not to be out done, the leading members of the opposition have subscribed a fund to purchase the following works, for the use of Messrs. Gould, Wright, Atkins, and other literary gentlemen—"The Bloody Darning Needle, or the Revengeful Bed Bug," and "The Snorting Sneezers, or the Murderous Magpie." It is thought that when these works are procured legislation will proceed.

The following article will appear in the *Globe* as soon as all the agony at present in hand is thoroughly worked off:—

ASTOUNDING AND ASPHYXIATING CORRUPTION!

Upper Canada Done, Dished, and Diddled!!

ELECTORS! MIND YOUR EYES!!!

Yesterday the finishing stroke was given to the withering work of corruption. The Speaker's Spittoon Bill was read a third time and passed in the very teeth of the overwhelming majority of 35 to 30 from Upper Canada. It was in vain that Mr. Brown asked a day to investigate the state of the old saliva-receptacle; it was in vain that Mr. J. S. McDonald protested against legislature being crammed down the throats of Upper Canadians: it was in vain that Mr. Foley objected to proceeding with the bill, as it had not been printed in French; it was in vain that Mr. Hogan expatiated on the evils of spitting in general, and of taxing Upper Canada to support the extravagance of a man who, "I do say" is heartily despised by nine hundred and ninety-nine thousandths of the people of Upper Canada: it was in vain that Dr. Connor put the question in all manner of inconceivable points of view, as a lawyer who had diddled more juries than all the rest of the House put together: it was all in vain and this abominable and impolitic measure was passed by the scores of ignorant Frenchmen who rushed up from the smoking-room, with the memory of their own spittoons fresh in their minds, to fasten this unmitigated insult on Upper Canada. This infamous procedure will excite the deepest indignation through the province, for if there is one thing on which the electors have more clearly expressed their opinions than another, it is against this impolitic and corrupt outlay of money in the multiplication of spittoons. But what are the well understood wishes of the people to these unwhung traitors—these vultures who fatten on the ruined carcass of their country? What do they care how the public money of the province is wasted on every possible pretext? Nothing, so long as they can keep the paltry pickings of office by the support of the hireling hounds from Lower Canada. Even Malcolm Cameron was aroused to a sense of duty at last, and it speaks volumes for him, that though he has sanctioned many dastardly outrages in Upper Canada, he was not prepared to swallow the spittoon. We may state that Mr. McDougall intended to make his debut on this important question, but the partizan tool who now occupies the Speaker's chair, perversely persisted in not catching his eye. The obnoxious features of this bill are patent to the simmering, boiling, we may say, volcanic feelings of the country. Not only does it provide for a new spittoon, without a single petition from the almost tax-demolished community, but it is not contented with a delf-article; that would be too economical for these miserable traitors; china, do not burst your boilers, indignant electors, veritable china is required. An officer, of course, will be created in consequence to negotiate the purchase of this atrocious article; another opening for the blasting and blighting patronage of this wretched coalition; besides this, the interests of Upper Canada are to be farther sacrificed by sending this lick-spittle to

Montreal or Quebec, to please our French masters by investing the funds of the province, of which Upper Canada pays two-thirds, in the crockery-warehouses of Montreal. Zounds! have we not Patton, and Jackson, and Mulholland in Toronto, who are fully equal to those French delinquents of Montreal? But enough, the country sickens at the nauseous nastiness of the traitorous ministry; but the halcyon days will soon dawn, which will inaugurate the reign of Brown and beneficence. We annex a list of some of the hardest Upper Canadian cases who have voted for this atrocious measure,—mark them, yeoman of North Fiddlesex, Squeamington and Screechville:—

DOWE-

SNOOKS!
STYLES!!! (Aha!)
PEGTOPS!!!
TOMKINS!!!
SCROUCHER.
SAWDER.
HON. Mr. MURKEY!!!!

LYRICS BY ALEXANDER MACLAUGHLIN.

Seldom has the honey in our composition been more predominant than after the perusal of the above Lyrics. Although grumbling is our peculiar province, we love to look forward to the time when Canada shall possess a literature commensurate with its material greatness. Friend Alexander's contribution to our present stock has forced us to waive our usual growl of discontent. We award him a smile of cordial approbation.

A New Platform.

—Some of the Gallic members of Legislature unsatisfied with the present state of affairs, have established a new political platform; we give the fundamental plank—"Not to pay our board." For further information apply to Mr. Thibaudan, or any of the gentlemen who shelter themselves under the privileges of the House when required to shell out their boarding bills.

Notice to Charity Committees.

—Mr. Romain, candidate for the Legislative council, begs to intimate to Charity Committees of whatever denomination, that he is prepared to offer the use of his building on King Street, for bazaars, lotteries, and other kindred shaving schemes, free of charge. He hopes that no person will attribute any other motive to him, than that of a most disinterested desire to become useful to his fellow-man.

To the Electors of East York.

—We are preparing a statement shortly to be submitted, setting forth in detail the various Parliamentary duties of Ames Wright, Esq. It is intended to shew how many times he crossed the Speaker's Chair—the number of visits to the bar—the quantity of stationery consumed—the extent of his official and private correspondence, including the number of manuscripts yet embryonic, or that have been consigned to oblivion in the waste-basket &c. The herculean labours of the hon. gentleman, when put into this tangible shape, will, it is supposed, silence for ever the diabolical noises, that rendered this constituency dangerous at the late election.—"Hurrah for Duggan."

A Photograph of the recently appointed batch of Magistrates and Coroners.

A REPLY TO AN INQUISITIVE BOY,

Pliant, unscrupulous tools, my boy,
Deaf to all precedent's rules, my boy;
Not quite up to par,
At the barristers bar,
But bars to truth, equity, schools, my boy.

Ignorant, impudent, rude, my boy,
With minds unformed and crude, my boy,
Doing justice—to prog,
Just judges of grog,
With prejudice deeply imbued, my boy.

Bullies vain of their power, my boy,
Though it last but an hour, by boy;
Sycophants mean,
As over were seen,
When to men in office they cower, my boy.

Boors whom wags can lark, my boy,
Just able to sign their mark, my boy,
Yet good with the pen,
As our Aldermen,
With brains as muddled and dark, my boy.

He said that justice holds scales, my boy,
For impartially weighing all tastes, my boy;
These justices wise,
Have scales—on their eyes,
So the beam hides the balance and falls, my boy.

Now for those Coroners great, my boy,
Who have gained appointments of late, my boy;
Ever in quest
Of some cordial post,
Who always elude his fate, my boy,

Vultures forever sigh, my boy,
To gorge on poor victims who die, my boy,
When spirit-ed souls,
Are made spirits by pole,
Off they fly in pursuit of five pounds, my boy.

Obstinate headed as mules, my boy,
On lifeless cats from our pools, my boy;
Let them summon twelve men,
To some groggery den,
And drink till they're drunk as fools, my boy.

Then magistrates "fools," farewell, my boys,
With our councilmen learn to spoll, my boys;
Of your virtues, one dose
Would poison a "Bowe,"
To the Devil we pitch you pell-moll, my boys.

A BARE CHANCE FOR RAREY.

The following is a communication from the Hon. John A. McDonald, which, through some mistake of the Post Office clerks, was put into our box, and as the idea it contains is a good one, we give it publicity.

'Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

DEAR RAREY,—Hoaring of your wonderful success in training or rather subduing vicious and unmanageable animals, I am led to address you on the subject. For some time I have had an animal in my stable, on Front street, named Brown. I believe he is of Scotch pedigree—measures some seventeen hands—is in prime condition—can travel a mile in two-forty, and is great at an Oxford-hurdle-race; but, and here's the rub—he is frightfully bankey. To break him, I (that is we) have used every means, challenges, sneers, oaths and ostlers not a few, but all to no purpose,—he still kicks. My last man Spence, seemed especially objectionable to him, as in January last the poor fellow received such injuries from him that he was unable to walk through Wentworth, and I have been reluctantly obliged to dispense with his services in that capacity. Since then I have commissioned a horse dealer and land jobber,

named Smith (whom you no doubt know) to keep a sharp look out on him, but he declares he can do nothing with the beast as he believes he is seriously troubled with grit in the stomach, which does and will baffle all schemes to remove; but the fact is, I believe, (I mention this to you privately) the fellow is a brainless humbug, and knows nothing about the matter, as the creature is even ten times worse under his treatment than before.

In this dilemma I have thought it advisable to confer with you on the subject, and hope you will suggest a speedy remedy, being anxious the beast should be so subdued and trained as to be driven in harness during the present session. An early and favourable answer is solicited.

I am, my dear fellow,
Yours, &c.,

J. A. McDONALD.

To J. R. Rarey, Esq., Wild-Horse Tamer, &c., at His Grace the Duke of Wellington's stables, London.

P. S.—Should you think, from the above description of the animal, and its disease, no cure can be effected, you are at liberty to swap with His Grace the Duke, Lord Palmerston, Earl Derby, or any other of those old muffs, at home there, whom you could trick a little. I am anxious to cure or get rid of the brute. Liberal compensation guaranteed if you do a smart business.

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

Where can this noble work be found—
Breathes he on Canadian grounds?
Falls his virtues to the sky,
Paint his form to every eye;
Mild and placid, soft in speech,
Scorning all who over-reach;
Rooting out the weeds of crime,
Teaching youth to value time,
Preaching from the pulpit high,
How to live and how to die;
Model-man of Model Schools,
Living up to virtue's rules.
Oh! the case to all is clear,
Honesty, thy form is here!
Read his virtues all who run,
Honest, Honest Ryerson,
Oh how large thy virtue sounds,
Worth full fifteen hundred pounds.

To Phrenologists.

—Dr. Ryerson is about to have his "bust" remodelled, to bring into bold relief the recent extraordinary development.

Satan Reproving Sin.

—Ald. Moodie introducing, in the Council, a bill for the suppression of houses of ill fame!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ST. JOHN'S WARD.—Too personal.

A YOUNG GRUMBLER.—Your article won't suit.

HENBERT, LONDON.—Your imitation of the productions of a great man, is odious, and cannot be entertained.

MANY ANN complains that some neighbors poisoned a valuable lap-dog, and wishes to know if she can punish the perpetrators of the murder. Of course, a legal remedy is open to her.

PUBLICOLA.—The reason why the taxes on Tea, &c., are so high, is to provide a credit side to Mr. Cayley's accounts, the debit side being so heavy, that of course revenue must be raised to equalize the balance sheet.

C. D.—Mentions the fact, Mr. Glover, M. P., has been sentenced in England to five months' imprisonment, for falsely stating that he possessed the property qualification of a member of Parliament, and wants to know what should be done to O'Farrell and Fellowes?

F. J. C. GUELFU—Complains that a prominent member of Parliament uses the franking privilege for the purpose of sending his dunning letters through the country. We have before expressed our opinion on this abuse, and think it calls for the interference of the Legislature.

P. O.—Thankful for small favors. You should have been more careful about the packing of your valuable presents; the decanter was broken on the way to our office. We regret that we have no official acquaintance with the gentleman for whom you intended it, you are, therefore, a little below snuff this time.

J. F. C.—We believe the Governor General is exempted from paying taxes. The reason why he does not visit the house more frequently, is, because it has been a British custom for royalty, and of course vice-royalty, to abstain from what might be deemed an attempt to overawe the members or shackle their deliberations.

PROMETHEUS.—It has been our unhappy lot in the short time since we were called into existence, to receive a vast amount of unmitigated trash in the shape of contributions, but your ten verses of doggerel surpasses anything that has yet presented itself. If you or others have anything to complain of, let us know the facts in plain prose, and the matter will be much more likely to receive attention.

S. S. states that while he and some other persons were in front of St. Lawrence Hall on Saturday night, waiting for friends who were at the concert, the redoubtable Chief of Police made his appearance, and in a tone and manner worthy of a Czar, ordered a subordinate to—"Clear off this mess!" meaning our correspondent and friends, who we know to be respectable persons. Such language is characteristic of the Chief—he is known to be a proficient in billingsgate, as well as in every kindred accomplishment of so refined a character.

BUSINESS NOTICES—\$1 EACH.

Has any body ever noticed how admirably THE GRUMBLER bills are posted on all the notable walls of the city? Nothing can exceed the artistic style with which our bill-poster handles his brush, and high art has a persevering student in this man. For the benefit of numerous advertisers, we give his name as GEO. WATSON, 74 Richmond street, East.

MR. CORNWELL, at the Rossin House, continues to astonish the visitors to that excellent hotel, with specimens of his card writing. Any person who requires visiting or wedding cards (and who does not want both) need only give Mr. C. a call, and they will be satisfied with his style of work and his charges therefor.

We can speak very confidently of Mr. CARNSON'S ability as a WATCH-MAKER, JEWELLER, &c. His shop,—King Street, West, has been refitted, and is now one of the most neat and convenient in the city. The stock is well selected, and includes everything required, from a shirt-stud to eight-day clock. We have peculiar pleasure in adding our unfeigned tribute to the urbanity and intelligence displayed by Mr. CARNSON in conducting his business. He deserves the especial thanks of the community for the Illuminated Clock, which is placed over his own door, for the use and convenience of the public.

THE GRUMBLER

Is published every Saturday morning, and is for sale at all the News Depots, on the Cars, by all the News Boys. No city subscriptions received, opportunity being afforded for its regular purchase. For the convenience of persons residing in the country, THE GRUMBLER will be regularly mailed, at ONE DOLLAR per annum. Address pre-paid "THE GRUMBLER," Toronto. Correspondents will oblige by not registering money letters, for reasons sufficiently obvious. Publishing Office, No. 21 Macosline Hall, (Northwiler's New Buildings,) Toronto Street.