

# THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.]

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1863.

[VOL. I.—No. 19.]

## THE GRUMBLER

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## THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats,  
I redo you tont it;  
A chiel's amang you talking notes,  
And, faith, he'll pront it."

SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1863.

### On Mr. McGee's Great Separate School Speech.

Och, Mr. McGee, how can sich things be true,  
Och hone! Mr. McGee;  
Faith, he likes thin I never expioted from you,  
Och hone! Mr. McGee.  
Loh Orange boys all by themselves go to school,  
Let the priests of all Catholic teaching have rule,  
In separate hatrel each party you'd rare,  
And so you'd make verry fine min, you declare.  
Faith, it seems thin to me,  
Dear Mr. McGee,  
That instid of fine min, it's fine rows you'd soon see,  
When your thorough-bred dogs chanced together to be.  
Och hone! Mr. McGee.  
Dat thin, sure, to all thure's a good and bad side,  
Thure for you, Mr. McGee,  
And perhaps of your manin I'm keepin quite wide,  
Is it so, Mr. McGee?  
May be, here you persave we're too peaceable quite;  
No rows nor no riots, by day or by night;  
No factions, no fightins, no murderous—his plain  
We're bloo-mouldy for want of more batins, you mane.  
If there you'd be,  
Och hone! Mr. McGee,  
The divil a no you'll hear from me;  
Let you and me commence, do you see—  
Look at that nato slip of a blukthorn three—  
Now, thrad on the tail of my coat, McGee,  
Hutroo, Mr. McGee.

### Honest, at any Rate.

—The *Globe* says that by passing their new Representation Bill the Ministry will take away "the most striking argument" for Rep. by Pop. Is it not a pity that one single inch of ground should be taken from under the agitator's feet? By the way, what would become of the *Globe* if Rep. by Pop. were granted? Othello's occupation would be gone entirely. That would never do.

### Too Barron.

—Mr. George Brown is promising himself a great amount of political capital out of his intended attacks on the Premier. We think he will be disappointed; he is not likely to reap a large crop of popularity out of a *Sand-field*.

### Roman Catholics on the Rampage.

The old St. Lawrence Hall has contained many a gay and festive party within its walls. Political and religious gatherings there have been by the hundred, and the roar of *vox populi* has made the rafters of the roof to ring again. But never did its frescoed ceiling cover a "larder" crowd than that which assembled at the meeting on the Separate School question, on Tuesday night. The doors were kept closed on the clamorous crowd till a quarter past seven, and when opened, "in the angry legion sallied," and the hall was literally crowded to suffocation point in five minutes. The Roman Catholic Irishmen, all in their glory, were there by the hundred, with "sprigs of shillelah" and took up the front seats, declaring that "be japers, the Orangemen could go behind or beyant if they liked." To keep themselves in amusement they thundered applause on the floor, while Mickey shouted to Pat, and Terrence told Tim to keep them Orange fellows in the back ground. When the Mayor came in he smirked and smiled and blandly took the chair. The great unwashed kept quiet while His Worship told them he was in favour of Separate Schools, but he had conveniently not read Mr. Scott's Bill, although he appeared to know all about it. The "faithful" in the foreground, acting under the generalship of Mr. Auctioneer O'Donohoe, cheered the cute John G., and looked as if they would have liked to knock down any one who said *nilly* to his remarks. But every thing has an end and so had the Mayor's speech, and he called for resolutions from those who had memorialised him to call the meeting. This was the tocus; in an instant it seemed as if Pandemonium were let loose, the demons in front, at right and left, and in rear, cheered, hissed, growled, groaned, and made night hideous generally. The names of two very respectable clergymen were announced as the mover and seconder of the first resolution, but they, to the credit of the cloth, were *non est*. These men of peace, one advanced in years, dared not, in the principal city of Upper Canada, to enter a public hall, and speak on a public question without the fear of brutal maltreatment. They did right to stay away, although it is humbling to Toronto as a city, that they were obliged to. What would have been our rejoicing if such a scene had been enacted in Rochester or Buffalo? The ball was set in motion by Nassau G. Gowan getting up to move the 1st resolution, but the confusion was ten times worse confounded, and his speech sounded something like the following:—"All present," he said, ("Go to the D—!,") "have one common object," ("that ain't true,") "the welfare of" ("the Pope, three cheers for himbhoy"

and great confusion.) "They ought to," ("throw your stick at his head, Dinis.") "If he was not allowed to" ("give him a dhrink, he's getting dry,") speak, they would not allow the others to speak." (Great confusion, a rush of policemen, shillelah's brandished, and general uproar,) amid which the speaker sat down.

The Mayor—"I will" ("sit down darling Mr. Bowes,") "adjourn the meeting. (Uproar and cries of "don't you do it.")

Chas. Robertson tried to administer a sedative to the "faithful," but it was no go. Fifty gallons of Mother Winslow's soothing syrup would not have had the slightest effect. They came to break up the meeting and did it effectually. What with rank treason from the Priests and Mike Murphy on St. Patrick's day, and the wrecking and breaking up of the meeting on Tuesday, Torontonians, at least the Protestant portion of them, had better emigrate to Vicksburg, or go "on to Richmond" at once.

### BREAKFASTING OFF HORRORS.

Our staid contemporary, the *Leader*, commences a long wire-drawn account of the investigation before the Police Magistrate of the unfortunate woman who fired the revolver at another woman on Gerrard Street, by a Pharisaiical prayer thanking the Supreme Being that we Canadians are not as other people, and more especially those horrid and bifurcated pagans, the Northern Yankees. These aforesaid Yankees, the writer goes on to say, are never pleased unless their matutinal meal, vulgarly called breakfast, is spiced with a tale of "Love and Murder," in their favourite morning journal. But it is the old story of the *Leader* the "mote and the beam," and it is really amusing to see our contemporary lecturing our neighbours across the lines, on their taste for the horrible, and at the same time serving up to his hearers two and a-half columns of scandal relative to the above affair introduced with no less than four "sensational" headings. Every scrap of information that could be collected about the young woman who fired the shot, was eagerly seized upon. Special reporters were, it is said, sent out in all directions to hunt up news, and then the mass, a few grains of wheat amid a great deal of chaff, was spiced and cayenned to suit the taste of the readers of the *Leader*, at their "matutinal meal" on Monday morning. The writer knew that all about the affair would be greedily swallowed, and therefore, like all "cute caterers, made the dish as palatable and "toothsome" as possible to the public taste. It is true, and it is to be regretted that this taste is a depraved one, but it is hardly fair in us to set ourselves so high above our neighbours, the Yankees, while it does exist.

## DR. EYERSON ON PURE DOCTRINE.

There are some persons who, like a lively insect that must not be referred to in polite society, can never remain quiet, and among these may be reckoned the Rev. Superintendent of Education. He is like a high pressure steam boiler, always ready to burst unless he can be provided with a safety valve in the shape of a rostrum at a meeting, or the columns of a newspaper through which he can blow off. He seeks to overthrow the School System of Upper Canada, which he says he perfected at the top of a mountain in Switzerland. The Rev. Egerton used to be proud of the ranting which has now grown to be a full sized healthy chicken; but in order to please Bishop Lynch and to further the interests of another "sucking dove," he is ready to say—"Perish the school system; but sustain Victoria College." By supporting Separate Schools, he gains in return the help of His Lordship for the furtherance of Séctarian Colleges. On this question the "learned" Superintendent and the Editor of the *Globe* have had many a tilt, and he loses no opportunity of firing a shot whenever he can at the big daily. The other night, instead of being in the St. Lawrence Hall, standing forth in behalf of his school system, he was quietly ensconced on a platform at a tea-meeting in one of the Wesleyan Churches. Being asked to give his "experience," he arose and treated the audience to an account of "What a good boy I have been since I was 14 years of age." Speaking of Toronto, he took a fling at the *Globe*, by telling the audience that a little Methodist Church had stood at one time on the lot now occupied by the *Globe* office, and that at that time purer doctrine was expounded in the little building than now emanated from the premises. The *Globe* in noticing the speech says the remark was received with "applause drowned by hisses." Egerton must be careful; it appears that even his brethren, the Wesleyans, will not allow him to abuse the *Globe*.

## A TORONTO GRIEVANCE.

The GRUMBLER is an ardent admirer of the fair sex, but like all ardent admirers, is naturally jealous, and J. G. B. is the cause. What right has a Gray Mayor to be selected by the young ladies "to do the honours," as the *Globe* has it, on all occasions "for the young ladies." Can no young gent, with his hair parted down the middle, fashionable peg top, pea jacket, and pork pie hat, be found to muster courage to make a speech for the ladies? The GRUMBLER knows the Mayor has a "persuading" tongue that would coax a hen off her nest, but he would not take the eggs; and as he smiles so blandly on the young ladies, and looks so cunningly through the meshes of their veils, the secret leaks out, and they all declare that His Worship is just the man to do the "blarney" in presenting the prizes to the fair skaters at the "Victoria," or hand the gold-headed cane to that gallant Scotchman and Master of Ceremonies, Sandy McPherson, on behalf of the pretty girls of the Toronto Skating Ring, who subscribed it out of their pin-money. May their purses always be replenished by Pa

without a grumble. But the GRUMBLER is weary from the grievance. Come forth, oh young man with silver-tongued oratory and glossy ringlets, and topple the Gray Mayor from the pedestal.

## A FRIENDLY CALL.

Mr. Grumbler viewed the street through the window of his magnificent but unknown and undiscoverable establishment, and perceived an individual of unusual appearance advancing rapidly towards him. Unusual, but unforgotten, for with his usual acuteness, Mr. Grumbler at once recognized in the swallow-tail, the striped pants, the straps, the high collar, the old style beaver, the big seals and chain, and the astute yet jovial countenance of his old friend Mr. Samuel Slick, who, in his usual easy manner sprung through the window, laid down his umbrella, shook hands with Mr. G., mixed himself a glass of brandy and water, and was sitting in front of the fire with his heels on the mantelpiece, within 23 seconds by Mr. G.'s chronometer.

"My dear Mr. Slick," said that gentleman, "I am delighted at this opportunity of reliable intelligence from your side of the lakes."

"Wall," replied Mr. S., "no soft sawder; that's my line, I know its vally. As to our universal nation, I must say they air in a most considerable teetotal eyelastin fix, which fix a certain clockmaker professed years ago.

"For the sake of your nation, I regret your opinion," said Mr. G., "as it is likely to be correct."

"Sawder agin," said the clockmaker. "But look here, the okeaked North has subdued the larnal rebellious cusses twenty times, but I calculate the power of man is limited, and he can't change the natur of things. Our enlightened citizens air allowed to be the bravest men on the face of the airth, and they have fit enough in this war to lick sixteen Europes', Asias' and Afrikers, and all the Southerners into the bargain, but at every point they cum to a dead hitch, on account of one of their own peculiar superiorities."

"Is it possible?" said his auditor.

"Sarten," said Mr. S. "Look here now, is one of our free men to enter an army to resign all freedom? Is any officer in creation to steal his birchbright, to deprive him of his individual will, to tell him that he shall no longer whittle sticks, drink rum, read papers, chew and smoke, when and where he likes; to order him through rivers, over plains, ker-slush through swamps; to tell him how to fight, when to fight, whar to fight, and when he has fit to tell him to do it agin? Is all this to be endured by free citizens? No, sir, it has not been endured, and never will be."

"I doubt, Mr. Slick," said his host, "that the reverses of your army are owing to the insubordination of which you speak."

"So I think," said the clockmaker. "I am considering now on it. I calculate I made this tour to consider it, and when I determine, I shall call. Good-by, old boss."

The clockmaker vanished.

## The Military Goose and the Ecclesiastical Gander.

The Commander of the Forces has had some experience of being besieged and half starved out, and naturally concluding that the cockneys of "London the less" required the presence of the troops to keep them alive, he coolly told them that unless they were ready to eat "humble pie," and apologise for their "Cornish" Mayor "Dowling" out the Major of the 63rd, that the troops would be marched elsewhere. The "Hero of Kara" and the Vestrymen of St. George's, Kingston, play the same game, the starving out plan—the shoulder-hit through the pockets. Sir Fenwick operates on the Londoners, and succeeds in bringing them down to their marrow bones in a twinkling; and forthwith the Vestry try the same dodge, and cut the Rector off with a shilling. What will be the measure of their success, remains to be seen; but what is sauce for the military goose should also be sauce for the ecclesiastical gander. Dr. Lauder, however, may be of tougher material than Hon. Mr. Goodhue and his two or three score of scared cockneys, and turn his own organ blower and pew opener to the baker's dozen who still adhere to St. George's and its Rector, and bow their necks down to the Bishop in the troubled "See of Ontario." We cannot, however, congratulate the hero of Kara on his victory, nor pity the Londoners on their defeat. Had a little more of the British spirit been infused among them, and had they told Sir Fenwick that they were sorry for what had occurred, but that after his impertinent and unmilitary letter no apology would be given, and that he might march his troops to Sandwich or Gaspe if he liked, they would have saved their own reputation, and taught the Nova Scotian commander a lesson that might have been useful to him in after-life. But what can be expected of a city of cockneys, and bogus ones at that.

## Skating Extraordinary—Outrageous Jobbery.

The quiet, unsuspecting citizens of Toronto are under the impression that the astute John G., Mayor of the city, leaves his comfortable fireside to take part in skating carnivals out of pure good nature, or *pro bono publico*. THE GRUMBLER pities such verdant specimens of humanity, and would gladly leave them to the enjoyment of their innocent "speculation," and not disturb the quietness of their dream. But he feels he has public as well as private duties to perform, and he therefore informs the citizens that all this seeming good nature of the Mayor is only the cloak for a deep laid scheme on the rights, liberties, and pockets of the citizens, old and young, lame and lazy. It is reported in dark and mysterious circles that His Worship, "the father of chisellers," A. M.—n—g, the "prentice John G.—ty, and our facetious contemporary of the *Padlock*, have all laid their heads together to perpetrate one grand and magnificent job. When the frost sets in next Winter, M.—n—g and his "prentice will go to work and put gates at the junctions of the principal streets, the streets will be flooded, and all who come out on business and pleasur will require to skate along Josey. It has been given out that the building next the *Padlock* is for the reception of "Birmingham ware." Another delusion of the enemy, for "Birmingham Ware" read "Skates." The Mayor has an interest in both contracts. Rate payers of Toronto do your duty at next election, and effectually stop this "outrageous jobbery."

## Concerts in General and Two in Particular.

We have, hitherto, been most indulgent in our criticisms, rather declining to name at all, than find fault with persons who, out of good nature, volunteer on different occasions, and do their best to entertain us; but we are a critical Grumbler, a just Grumbler, and the time has come to put a stop (if we can,) to the system of dragging people out from their firesides and social circles to listen to what is announced as a concert, but what we conceive to be an imposition on the public, to afford Miss Jones, Mr. Smith, or Mrs. Brown, the gratification of exercising their musical (?) talents—but more of this anon. A few nights ago we went to a concert, which was announced by posters the size of a house, as “a grand instrumental and vocal concert,” and as such an announcement would lead one to suppose, we naturally expected to hear instrumental (such as violin, flute, violoncello, and piano-forte,) solos, as well as vocal music. Instead of which we had the express gratification of hearing one singer during the whole evening, and a pianist, who, as such, would have disgraced the commonest “lager beer” saloon. This individual was announced in the programme as “Thalberg’s favourite pupil,” and indulged us with a very harmless rendition of the “Java March,” or some such march from a little school book called “piano without a master.” It is well for poor Thalberg that his reputation is made. This “Java March” which the programme informed us would be splendid, formed the whole of the announced “instrumental” music of one part of the concert, and a second edition, worse than the first, was the “instrumental” feature of the second part. Much as we were pleased with the “Black Swan’s” extraordinary voice, the whole evening’s entertainment at the above named concert was spoilt by the monotony of hearing her sing ten or twelve songs, one after the other. We were, however, fortunate in only hearing “Thalberg’s favourite pupil” twice during the evening, which was twice too often. “Though last, not least in our dear love” of grumbling, we have been endeavouring to make up our minds which was the worst—the music, or the addresses at the last “Reunion;” but we have not yet succeeded. Surely, Mr. Farley, Professor Siddons, and Miss Agnes Cameron, would have been a host in themselves to entertain an audience, without all the ridiculous attempts we were witness to—but the persons who get up these things, appear to think that the public require quantity not quality,—thus an entertainment which might have been good, becomes a most ridiculous and childish affair—you expect to hear the persons on the platform, like children at play, get up and say—“There, now it’s my turn—now I ought to sing, Glory Hallelujah!—and then you ought to get up and say—what do you think of Ten?” which latter interesting subject was the principle feature of one of the addresses of the evening. We subjoin the programme of a Concert, THE GRUMBLER means to give—some of those days.

### GRUMBLER’S HALL.

A Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert will

be given at the above Hall, on which occasion all the best and most celebrated vocalists and instrumentalists who can be procured for—nothing—will have the honor of assisting. The fascinating Cantatrice and Prima Donna,

MISS JONES,

from the “Opera Dramatico Bumbastico,”—Milan, Naples, Van-demon’s Land, and Dixie Land, &c., will sing some of her best Cantatas, Cavatinas, and Chansonnettes, and will perfectly cleorify the audience with her new “Fandango Fantastico Voco!!!”

Dr. Murdero Musico, (Master Willie Smith’s favourite pupil,) will play some of his favourite gamuts, and lessons on counting time—also his Chef Doevre, “In my cottage near a wood,” (with gigantic variations,) during which the audience are requested not to applaud, as it causes interruption.

### PROGRAMME—PART FIRST.

1. Grand Fantasic Fantastique (“splendid”), entitled “Oh dear what can the matter be,” &c., by Dr. Murdero Musico; 2. Song, Miss Jones; 3. Song, Miss Jones; 4. Song, Miss Jones; 5. Song (by desire), Miss Jones; 6. Song (by request), Miss Jones.

### AN INTERMISSION OF ONE HOUR—PART SECOND.

1. Grand Sonata Nigmarola (piano), entitled “Then away with melancholy,” by Dr. Murdero Musico, who for the encore will respond with Beethoven’s “College hornpipe,” M. S.; 2. Song, Miss Jones; 3. Song, Miss Jones; 4. Song (by command of H. M. the Queen), Miss Jones; 5. Song, Miss Jones.

An entirely new version of “God Save the Queen” will conclude the programme, in which the audience are requested to join, as the Dr. is not very conversant with the air, words, or time of the N. Anthem.

N. B.—THE GRUMBLER will be present to see that the race between the accompanist and singers is carried on with the utmost fairness, it being generally the accompanist’s evident desire to get to the finale or “winning post” first.

Due notice will be given when the above “grand” concert comes off. In the meantime all subscribers to the GRUMBLER will be entitled to a free ticket—on paying 50 cents for same.

### GRIEVANCES.

Every man has his grievances, and every man if so disposed, has a right to make his grievances known—which is a grievance in itself. We shall make our grievances known, at least a few of them, for we are not so wanting in commiseration for our fellow-beings, as to thrust our whole burthen on them. Passing over the universal and orthodox grievances so ably catalogued by Hamlet:

• “The whips and scorns of time,  
The oppressor’s wrong, the proud man’s contumely,  
The pangs of despised love, the law’s delay,  
The insolence of office, and the spurns  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes!”

Let us enumerate a few ever changing but ever recurring grievances with which we are afflicted.

Amongst the chiefest is the American war, with its endless, pointless and truthless telegrams, its records of expeditions, skirmishes, glorious encounters, and victories about to be, filling up every available column of our daily papers, and giving us an unhealthy literary appetite only to be appeased by well-seasoned lies and gross fabrications, such as the capture of Charleston, “from secession sources,” or the evacuation of

Richmond, “by a gentleman of eminent position just from the South.”

The lengthy reports of Parliamentary proceedings are a grievance, inasmuch as they occupy the place of much more interesting matter; so are the “Chronicles of Carlingford,” published in the *Globe*, for the same reason.

The tortuous articles in the *Leader* which try to prove that Separate Schools are baneful, but that the extension of their privileges is highly judicious, these are grievances nonsensical and illogical, but very like the *Leader*.

It is a grievance, and a great one too, to know that there are so many Mac Sycophants in Western Canada, that enough could be got in the City of London alone, to present an address to the military, after being lied and insulted by General Williams and publicly branded by him as a people “who are so constituted by nature, that they are without any sense or knowledge of right or wrong, of honour or justice, until it reaches their sense or understanding through their pockets.”

It is a grievance to be unable to attend a public meeting and express your views on a public question, without a fearful and not a causeless dread that your head may be broken to facilitate your utterance. And it is more particularly a grievance that that very feeling gives the lie to the boasted freedom of speech of which we sometimes prate.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

MY DEAR MR. GRUMBLER.—I want so much to say a few words about this *shocking, dreadful, horrible*, affair on Gerrard Street. Poor Mr. Dame, I am sure he is innocent, and the ferocious female, who I, myself, saw out of our window, pulling his poor whiskers in the most cruel manner, I hope will be prevented from future wickedness. But it affects us Canadian young ladies seriously, Mr. Grumbler. There are so many charming young gentlemen with such moustaches coming here now from the States; people spitefully say that they come from fear of having to fight, but I know their courage is undoubted, and they only come here from a most praiseworthy dislike of killing their countrymen—I have heard several of them declare it in such a manner, it was impossible to disbelieve them. Now only suppose, Mr. Editor, that one was to enter into—I mean to form an—to contract a—that is, to fall in—to get married to one of these delightful gentlemen, and was living comfortably—just think of the horror of being at any moment confronted by a terrible woman with a revolver, or a forty-pounder, or an iron-clad, or some of those dreadful war things in her hand. I should die of fright. I could never arm myself like the other dreadful woman did. I believe those Yankee women are made fiercer than the men. Now, my dear sir, you have great influence, and know all the magistrates and constables and members of Parliament; could you not—will you not, there’s a dear, make them pass a law that *everybody* coming here shall bring a certificate from the President that he is not married, and avert this *dreadful* uncertainty?

Yours ever,

LETITIA BRIGHT-EYES.

Elm Street, Wednesday.

### An Incident of the Police Court.

In a case lately tried before Mr. GRUMBLEY, who sometimes condescends to act as Police Magistrate, a witness who called himself William Macdougall was brought to prove a certain point. The counsel for the opposite side at once objected to his evidence being received, on account of his well-known disregard for truth.

**THE MAGISTRATE**—Can you prove this to be the case?

**THE COUNSEL** said that not for a moment supposing that such a witness would venture to present himself in court, he was not prepared with witnesses, but the facts were so well known that he could give his own evidence. He then entered the witness box, and, being sworn, deposed—That he had heard the said William Macdougall make several promises in relation to different subjects, on different occasions, in the most solemn manner, in private and public, to hundreds of persons, which promises he had afterwards deliberately and knowingly broken, for the sake, to the best of witness's knowledge, of sundry bribes.

This evidence produced a sensation in court, and the Magistrate directed Macdougall to be called, and inquired whether he was aware of the nature of an oath?

**WITNESS** said he was. Had been educated for the Bar. Had the honor of being an M. P. and a Minister of the Crown. Confessed that he had told untruths on the occasions sworn to by the last witness, but considered that he only spoke in a Parliamentary sense, and that truth was not expected on those occasions.

**THE MAGISTRATE** said that in the whole course of his professional career he had heard nothing so disgraceful. If the witness really occupied the honorable position of which he spoke (which statement, with any other statement he might make, Mr. GRUMBLEY said, from his character proved in evidence before this court, was of very doubtful veracity), if he really occupied those positions, the Magistrate hoped, for the honour of the country, such occupation would be of very short duration. He would ask the witness whether he was aware of the future destination of false witnesses?

**THE WITNESS** replied that he was.

**THE MAGISTRATE**—Do you consider Parliamentary untruths likely to lead the utterers thereof to a similar destination?

**THE WITNESS** replied that he did not.

**THE MAGISTRATE**—Take care you do not find yourself mistaken. In the meantime I refuse to hear your evidence, and order you to leave the court. Constable, turn him out.

The witness was ejected amid the hisses of the spectators, and the case proceeded.

### Wonders will Never Cease.

Nassau C. Gowan moving a vote of thanks, and an Orange Lodge unanimously passing the same, to the *Globe* for its efforts on the Separate School question. It is said that in a short time the Hon. George will mount the high Protestant horse, and Captain Moodie has been engaged to steer the Clear Grit scow.

### ROYAL LYCEUM.

During the week the localised adaption entitled "Toronto by Daylight and Darkness," has been running to fair houses. The comedies of Messrs. Linden and Thompson, as "Diu. . . . . " and "Rotary Press," respectively, created roars of laughter, and mainly contribute to the success of a piece composed of very flimsy materials. Mrs. Rainford as "Mrs. Gabbletongue," pleases us much better than in any former character in which we have seen her.

We understand that Mr. Williamson, a pleasing and deserving young member of the Company, takes a benefit on Monday evening next. The bill is an attractive one, and will draw well. For the first piece we have "The Three Jack Shepphards," in which Messrs. Chas. Warwick and St. Maur, and the popular young amateur, Mr. Frank Wright, take prominent characters. The fourth act of the "Lady of the Lake" will then be given, and the performance will conclude with the roaring pantomime of "The Miller and his Men." In the latter, the following old faces with new names will appear—M. Henrique de Linden, Sig. Dennis de Thompson, M. Carlo Dalryne, M. Jacques de Mathews, and last, but not least, M'le Kosini la France. During the evening, Miss Wright and Mr. Daly will sing a comic duet. Miss France and Mr. Williamson will dance a double Irish jig, and a clog dance by that artistic dancer, Mr. John Coady.

### Pretty Rich.

The City Council passed a by-law last Monday night for the measurement of cord wood. It provides for the appointment by the Council of "one or more discreet persons," as Inspectors. How can the Corporation expect their officials to be discreet, when the majority of them have not reached "the years of discretion" themselves?

### SPECIAL EDITORIAL NOTICES.

FOR BOOKS, STATIONERY and PERIODICALS, the Cheapest and Best establishment in Toronto, is that of friend C. A. Buckas, near the Post Office, Toronto St.

Local Agents wanted in every town in Canada, to sell a new invention just patented, and which affords a large profit. Address, with stamp, for particulars to Thos. Brookes, Box 659, P. O. Toronto.

It is again our pleasant duty to call the attention of the public to the Terrapin Saloon. It has become one of our "institutions," as the extensive patronage the public have bestowed on it will show. As this is the last month that one can enjoy a plate of superior oysters, we advise them to try those at the Terrapin. Dinner (25 cts.) is on the table at noon every day, although it can be served up in three seconds notice at any hour. Try them, say we.

Our friend Warner has, as we have said, "tood the mark," by securing for his Concert Room, Yonge Street, fresh music and other talent. In addition to his present great attraction of the Newton Family, he has engaged the talented Miss Nellie Corio, who is an *Artiste*, having gained herself much reputation in tours through the Eastern States; also her brother, Willie Corio, "The Infant Drummer," only four years old, a perfect wonder of a boy. Go and see them, by all means.

All who enjoy the flavor of a good cigar (and who does not?) should not fail to give a call at the cosy little shop

of C. Bender, 65 King Street West, near Bay, where their tastes can be amply gratified. "Charlie," as he is familiarly called, is an obliging and attentive salesman, and has on hand a carefully selected stock of foreign and domestic Cigars, Tobaccos, Moorschaum and Fancy pipes. Don't forget the address, and call, if you wish to "putt full care away."

Our readers attention is called to the fact that E. R. Hall & Co. are the news agents to buy of, for more reasons than one. They are always ahead of time with English and American papers and Periodicals. Everything that energy, perseverance, and an obliging and gentlemanly demeanor can effect, is accomplished by this enterprising firm, under the excellent management of E. R. H. himself. Remember and give them a call at their store, 35 King Street West.

Do you like a good chop, kind reader? Of course you do, and so do we ("or any man," we were about to say,) and determining to have one, stepped into Fred Adderley's Chop House, 101 King Street West, at the entrance to the Royal Lyceum, and stated our desire. The spirited proprietor, who specially placed under our nose one that would have been the envy of a hermit. After topping off with a glass of his fine ale, we inwardly came to the conclusion of calling again, and have done so several times since, a proceeding which we strongly desire all our readers to follow.

JUST RECEIVED direct from GEORGE NEW BOLD the celebrated print publisher, of 203 and 21 Strand, London, England, life like photographs of TOM SAYERS, JOHN C. HEENAN, JEM MACE, TOM KING, JOE GOSS, JEM DILLON, JEM VARD HARRY BRUNTON, JACK McDONALD, BOB TRAVERS, ALEC KEENE, NAT LANGHAM as every other Pugilist in England. All the above are full size, in private dress and Fighting attitude, framed and unframed. Specimens may be seen at E. R. HALLS' and C. A. BUCKAS' NEWS DEPOT, TORONTO.

A bachelor friend, who occasionally contributes to the columns of the GRUMBLEY, informs us that he visited the home of a "happy family" the other evening, and was highly delighted with the "crowing" of the little chattering of the household, as it loped up and down in its proud mother's arms. But after a time the "set of dutiful petticoats" became restless, and refused to be comforted. His tired mother was no longer able to toss it up and down, and "wee toot!" came to grief while large tears coursed down its cheeks. Now all this might have been obviated, the child kept smiling and crowing, the mother allowed her proper rest, had *patet familiae* only had the forethought to visit Mr. Tasker's store, King Street East, and purchased one of Mrs. Tanner's newly invented "Baby Jumpers." The are unique, and answer the purpose for which they are intended admirably. Mothers of Toronto, go and inspect them.

The quantity of brass sufficient to sustain the equilibrium of a newspaper man was the burden of our deliberations, a day or two ago, on reaching the establishment of Mr. George Harding, Plumber and Brass Finisher, King Street (Poll's old stand), and having a "pneumatic" for mechanism, we dropped in to see the proprietor, who received us kindly, and proceeded to exhibit for our inspection his very extensive stock of the Fitting, Patent Beer Pumps, and Bathing apparatus, &c., all of which tend to make his show room one of the handsomest in the line, and which are of a very superior description, both as regards use and workmanship. Since Mr. Harding's removal to the South side of King Street, his establishment has been increased by the addition of a large workshop in the rear of his premises, in which a corresponding increased business in brass founding and finishing is being done by steam power. For our observations, we feel justified in recommending Mr. H. as a gas fitter and brass founder to our grumbley friends, and are confident that whatever orders he is favored with will be attended to with punctuality, in a manner to reflect credit on himself and the extensive establishment which he controls.