

# THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. 1.

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NO. 44.

## THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coat  
I reek you tent it;  
A chile's an'ang you taking notes,  
And, faith, he'll pent it."

SATURDAY, JAN. 15, 1859.

### THE REGENERATION OF THE PRESS.

When adversity impelled the *Colonist* and *Atlas* to plight their troband unite their fortunes, the reverend editor announced as the mission of *Old Double*, the complete purification and regeneration of the press. The task was Herculean, the Augean stable was filled with the accumulated filth of the wretched politics we are blessed with, but into it was turned the limpid stream of *Colonist* editorial, and all was to be right again. Some how or other the scheme has failed; the stable remains as dirty as ever, and the stream has issued forth no longer clear as before, but defiled most terribly by the muck it essayed to remove. The editorial pool was troubled, and the infirm and diseased journalist was invited to step in and be healed, but its waters are so turbid and offensive, that no one has ventured to defile even the sole of his foot in the putrid mess; and it is daily stirred, till the delicate nostrils of people are hastily stopped as they pass by it. Let us take a late example from this self-appointed purist. On Thursday last a leader dripped from the editorial filter for public amelioration, entitled "The Grumbler's Throw." Those of our readers who do not see the journal are invited to look at the efforts of this paragon of journalistic perfection. Its style is unique, its language chaste, its vocabulary rich, its charity broad and ample. Mr. Brown, who does not pay anything to the oiling of the creaking machine, has many a polite and gentlemanly epithet applied to him.

You have but to place the name of Disraeli or Derby for the plebian and gentle one of Brown, and you immediately recognize a series of heavy hits which might possibly have appeared in some English organ of Palmerston. We even doubt that with all its ability the *Times* could ever have reached the acme of perfection achieved by *Old Double*, and we can well fancy the envy which crodres the hearts of the Printing House Square coterie, when they cast their jaundiced eyes over the columns of their Canadian contemporary. Mr. Brown and his party and policy are "frantic," "ridiculous," "mad," "absurd," "outrageous," "reckless," "arbitrary," "impudent," "arrogant," "audacious," "insolent," "false," "hypocritical," "rampant demagogue," "baredfaced," "corrupt," "base," "greedy," "gluttonous," "pitiful," "bitter," "meanspirited," "de-

testable," "avaricious," "slanderer," "shameless," &c., &c.

This is what we call purifying with a vengeance; reformation in the highest sense of the word; no wonder that the editor offered to put his name to his exquisite productions, let it be attached to this philippic so that the matchless reformer's name may be passed down to the benisons of posterity. Yet even his mild and chivalrous attacks touch its sensitive conscience; it assures us that while "it is necessary to treat him with severity," it is "far from agreeable to ourselves."

If it does dabble in the puddle as a sow reverting to her first love, the mire, it lets us know that it felt very well when washed, and if it had its own way would undergo a fresh ablution. Yet it dabbles on day after day, defiling the luckless Brown, but bespattering itself still more. The whole dictionary of Billingsgate is exhausted; Webster and Johnson fail; the vocabulary of denunciation is beggared. "Faugh! we are sick of this man," quoth the purifier. So are we, as he has been belimed by *Old Double*. Who would'nt? Leave Brown alone a short time; retire, venerable but dotting granny to your chamber; your sickness is natural but not incurable. Casto roil, jalap, or salts, will do wonders. Your tongue is furred and clammy; your breath foul, and your stomach weak; reform your system of dietetics, and your infirmity may, in spite of the weakness of age, be overcome. Above all, don't expose yourself at your time of life, to unnecessary excitement; nervous irritability may be fatal; be calm and you may yet survive to a still greener old age. *Old Double* is "sick." Wont somebody send for the doctor?

### SQUARES—A WRINKLE.

Until last Thursday, we, like a great many others in Toronto, wore under the impression that there were no public Squares in Toronto. But on reading the dailies of that date, we discover to our astonishment that there are several squares in our city, the existence of which we had never dreamt of. First we are told there is "Victoria Square," then there is "Clarence Square" and "St. George's Square." "McGill Square" comes next; after which we are made acquainted with several other squares, some existing actually, others only in perspective,—and one "crescent." A stranger reading an account of these "squares" and one "crescent" might be induced to believe that Toronto was a city of beautiful squares—whereas the fact is there does not exist—except on paper—a single public square in the city; and as for the "crescent," it only exists in the imagination of the excited individuals who composed the late Public Works' Committee of our city.

### WHAT DOES HE MEAN?

The Session was approaching fast,  
When through "Old Double's" columns passed  
A query urged, and urged again,  
In seemingly most anxious volung,  
"What does he mean?"

"Old Double's" scribe was fiercely wild  
On, on the agony he pil'd,  
Till like a creaked tin kettle rung  
The burden of the song he sung  
"What does he mean?"

His brow was stern, his eyes beneath  
Flash'd out like scizzors from their sheath,  
As still he wrote, "Yes, tell me what,  
What does he mean by Rep. by Pop.,  
What does he mean?"

More wild the scribe's grey peepers glom'd,  
Stiff, straight, on end his hair had grown,  
As still he wrote with brow more stern,  
"George Brown, you knave, I want to learn,  
What do you mean?"

"Is Rep. by Pop. the thing it was?  
Speak out Sir Bruto and tell us pos.  
Or has it, like all things you own,  
This Rep. by Pop., a mourel grown?  
We want to know."

"Ah! ah! you start, your false cheeks blanch,  
Beware the gathering avalanche,  
Beware red Sir's ripening crop,  
You've sold the Grits on Rep. by Pop.,  
You have you knave."

"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,  
You've sold yourself to *monton's* "rod,"  
Think not to go unscathed Sir Knave,  
That Rep. by Pop. will prove your grave,  
That's what it will."

"Old Double's" scribe now sighed a sigh,  
A word will show the reason why,  
Were George Brown dead beyond a doubt,  
The scribe would have nothing to write about;  
Poor used up scribe.

### DR. RAE'S LECTURE.

Dr. Rae, the Arctic traveller who discovered the last traces we are ever likely to obtain of the ill-fated expedition of Sir John Franklin, will lecture in the Temperance Hall on Tuesday next, under the auspices of the Ontario Literary Society. The lecture will have special reference to the search for the lost explorers, and in addition to the interesting character of the subject, some of the relics found by the lecturer will be exhibited. No one is better qualified to impart information on this painfully interesting topic than Dr. Rae, who will speak from personal observation of Arctic travel. In addition, he is a resident of our sister city, Hamilton, and therefore entitled to the warmest support. We trust the Temperance Hall will be filled on the occasion.

# THE DISSOLUTION

A FARCE IN ONE ACT.

SCENE—The Rousin House.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—All the Ministerial members of parliament who consider their seats shaky and their re-election doubtful.

*Sidney Smith*—Well, it aint no use of taking on, I guess, Though sooth to say, we're in a taral mess. Northumbria frowns upon her faithful Smith; Her cruelty riles up my marrow's pith, My mall bags drop unwilling from my hand, And soon a hungry lawyer I shall stand To sweat and bleed the fiegges of the land. Goodness, tell me if you kin and will, How I'm to take this stomach-raking pill, And if you can't, why let the lawless trowsers That shiver, tremble, in the shilling breezes Of thirty years, days at which one sneezes, When e'en his breath upon his whiskers freezes. Give us a gim: du tell us if it's so, If I'm a gone coon, now I want to know, Let us to business, and if that air Your mind, let us put in the chair That *grows* with the wondrous locks of hair, Knight of the curling tongs, great Hogan there.

*Mr. Cartier*—Vat a sharp-a-boy yo master of yo post. He is his-self alone, parfito host. Von I vas at Windsor at ze Queen, She tell vat a big tall premier I vas been, And asked me with ze grace of royalty; Upon ze golden chair to sit a roo, So to return I show my grace, by gar, By putting Hogan in to fill zat chair. (Loud cheers, and the motion is carried.)

*Hogan* (taking the chair). I do say, gentlemen, you do me proud, And if for thanks our british time allowed, I should expatiate by rhetoric pearls, Which would equal equal save my radiant curls, In eulogy of you; but time is brief, I say, And as no dog should waste the little day, Which my dog is said to have, not said, At least for this time, on that special head.

*Rose*—Well let us then at once relate our woes, I may as well begin it, so here goes:— Within my heart a dark suspicion broods; That I've not long to touch the Public Works; Public opinion works at Montreal, And soon I shan't be the M. P. P. at all, This gentle flavor be plucked from the posy, For at this time my hopes are aught but rosy.

*Smith*—Same here, old boss, the time is coming on, When my brief rule of office shall be done; No more shall I or any of my kidney Sit in the cosy place, (alas poor Sidney,) No more make P. O. clerks bog in at seven, Whilst I lo slumbering till past eleven. 'Tis cruel to be treated as I've been Dri'n to Blackstone and to Coko again,

*Gowan*—Well now, hold on, young mall bags if you can, And answer me this question like a man, Why talk of dissolution? go it blind, I'll stick to you, whilst there's a cat to find, And when you're sure of my great education, Why care a button for the entire nation? Look at dear fighting Tom, broth of a boy, Would you deprive me of that only joy, Simcoe is faithless to my darling son, Dissolve the house and he's as good as done. [Fergusson blubbers.]

*Cartier*—That what you say, by gar, is vera true, But Ottawa cannot give way to you, Lo Queen's decision I am bound to keep, 'Cost what, ma fo!, it is one dreadful leep When I vas at Windsor—

*Robinson*—Now shut up, Windsor again, you old—, well by this cup Of tom and Jerry, which I've now in hand, This wretched blither I'll no longer stand. Another word of Windsor and I'm gone, And off before you say Jack Robinson.

*Playfair*—My christian friends, when I was in the wars, Before I left the army to make laws, I was a vallant man; a braver never Chopped beefsteak in aleas or tobacco cut For smoking, or made vallant war on thistles. Alas! my valour's gone, for tooth festakes, And all is gloom to me. Gone are the hopes, Which erst I cherished; gone the blissful times When I did all my deeds unto the House relate. Gone the cosy naps I had upon the desk, And the poetic speeches I have made, All gone into the gloom of past immensity.

*Hogan*—But why dissolve, dear Cartier, tell me why? Thou droop'st thy noble head and pip'st thine eye. Oh weep not Premier, you will, then here's A cambric handkerchief to dry thy tears. You need not cry and thus your fingers wrunch, You'll soon be comfortable on the bench. But as for me no hope remains from Grey, I'm taken in and done for, I do say. Oh it is cruel, by the mighty Turk, That I the curly haired Canadian Burke, Should be unshipped just when my hair is right, And every curl so stiffly curled and tight. My labour's futile; gone the cash I've spent In books, and useless those my friends have lent. Barke be confounded, Sheridan be hang'd, If I peruse a line again may I be—banged; And then, dear 'Manu!, for dressing hair," By which I used penumta to prepare. I'll tear thee up; nough's left me but the furies, For they won't even let me elude juries. (Bursts into a prooxysm of grief.)

*Morrison*—Can't anything be done; I'm blowed, you know, This dissolution scheme will never go, As sure as eggs are veritable yolk and white, I may at once bid parliament good night. 'People are getting cuter now, y'es sir; And it's no use to holler, "As you were." That's so, and I'm for hanging on to place, When we are sure to lose it the next race.

*Smith*—Well, then the only hope you have is this, Stick up for loyalty; you cannot mine, But shrink from it and by the Eastern mail, You air dissolved at once—Ala! you quail.

*Robinson*—And well we may. How can I dare to say, Upon the bustings that I gave away, Or sold Toronto to obtain my seat, And went for Ottawa. A pretty treat!

*Rose*—It is the cause my boy, it is the cause, Oh, name it not in Montreal, it is the cause; Yet I'll not vote myself, nor give a sound Which D'Arcy can bring up to tell against me, And break that brittle character of mine Than crockery, and darker than the ace of spades; And yet it must be did, if I'm undone, Yes, gentlemen, our minds are now made up. And you must deave to dregs the bitter cup.

Hogan drops fainting from the chair, three of his curls being irretrievably ruined. Cartier takes a drink, Rose lights his pipe, Morrison relieves himself by a slight exclamation, Playfair wakes up, and asks if the divulsion is coming on, while Bon jamic falls into the coal scuttle, from which he cannot extricate himself. Blue lights, thunder, &c., and the curtain falls.

We hear that the Grits are going to have a meeting on the same painful subject; our reporter will give full particulars next week.

## AMATEUR DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION.

We desire to call public attention to the next performance of this talented troupe of amateurs. The first performance was very creditable, and on the strength of their success on that occasion, they appeal to the public on behalf of the funds of the association. The performance will take place on Monday next in the Apollo Concert Rooms. The performance is well selected and includes a recitation of the "Fireman's Address." Let us bespeak for the amateurs a good reception.

## NEW LICENSE LAW.

The following memorandum we picked up on King Street yesterday. It is evidently the first draft of a new and stringent License Law by one of our newly-elected City Fathers. The promptness with which the gentleman has gone about the reform of so great an evil as the existing law, commands our respect, and the firmness, liberality, and justice of the new measure, our best wishes for its success.

MEM.

- None but Clear Grits to have Licenses for Saloons, Billiard Tables, Taverns, Inns, or any Houses of Public Entertainment—electors in the Ward of St. Bridget's promising me support at next election excepted.
- Lager Beer and Temperance Saloons to pay double license.
- One half of license fee to be appropriated to a fund for corporation jollifications on Queen's birthday.
- All first class Saloons to have one room set apart for accommodation of members of the Council, with drinks and Cigars gratis,
- All of second class, same accommodation for Policemen, cigars excepted.
- All houses to be closed before two o'clock, a.m., except on Council nights.
- All Saloons with side or rear entrances to have front doors closed on Sundays.
- Price of braudies, wines and cigars in first class—not more than four pence, beer and porter two-pence. Second class brandies, &c., three-pence; beer three coppers.
- All Saloons, &c., to provide, gratis, crackers and cheese, sandwiches, or mutton pies *ad libitum*, N. B. No cod fish or salted herrings allowed on the counter.
- Customers drunk over night in the house to have soda water in the morning, if required, gratis.
- Saloons with outlandish names to keep open house at least once a month.

## An Optical Delusion.

—Casting our eyes casually over the columns of the *Globe* the other day we were horrified to see the following paragraph:

"Should Providence bless the labours of the hangman during the year upon which we are entering, we may reasonably hope that the close of 1859 will witness the restoration of prosperity to the entire Province."

The nervous state of dumfounderment into which the above awful aspiration threw us may be more easily imagined than described. But happily a friend of ours happening to come in we showed him the paragraph, and asked him to read it aloud. He did so, and we were in no small degree relieved to hear him read "husbandman" for "hangman." The only manner in which we can account for the weakness of our vision is that we had been trying to take the whole of the enlarged *Leader* in at a glance a short time before.

Fire, Water, and Gas.

—McGue, Brown, and Hogan.

## THE DANGERS OF THE PRESS.

*Let children and fools  
Beware of edge tools.—Old Proverb.*

The News, yes, the news of the day,  
'Tis said gives a relish for dinner;  
To some it is true what they say,  
But *fout* *au contraire* to the sinner.

How his heart bleeds,  
When in dailies he reads  
Of some most unfortunate blunder;  
How vainly it pleads,  
That unwitting misdeeds  
May be saved from periodical thunder.

But no, the Press  
In mightiness  
Throws its lightning bolts about him;  
And Editors  
With whip and taw, and  
Metaphorically knout him.

There's the late Inspector Cayley  
Was stripped and knouted daily,  
Until fairly from whipping he yielded his place,  
And since then is unable to look Grits in the face,  
So deeply he dwells on this lasting disgrace.

But others there are  
More pitiable far,

Who handling themselves this newspaper tar,  
To darts and dells those whom they oppose  
Have dirtied their own 'stead of other folk's clothes,  
And the odor thereof taints their own nose;  
With a puogency greater than putocuity or rose;  
Though one might be naturally led to suppose  
That their learning and age would act as guide,  
And prevent their bright talents being thus misapplied.

But Heads of Schools  
Have been great fools,  
And sometimes violated rules of strict veracity  
With such a grace  
That men of place

Have almost abeked been at their audacity.  
One in particular, I have heard some allege,  
Was so exceedingly sharp he ran over the edge,  
And spoilt all his chances for what he was arter,  
By unskillfully falling in the hands of a Tartar.

So wise men beware,  
Of writing have care;  
And let the occasions be exceedingly rare.  
When you tell those strong stories that make peopletare  
Toll the truth boldly, and play your game fair,  
And you safely may trust your cause men will share.

### Startling Announcement.

—In the *Globe's* advertising columns we lately saw the following advertisement, which for a while inclined us to the belief that we were living in the dark ages, instead of in the noon-day glory of the nineteenth century:—

### NEW BOOKS:

THE PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.  
SHAKESPEARE AND THE BIBLE.

The Bible is often in jest, recommended as a new book;—but Shakespeare, never; and yet here are both books offered to the people of Canada, under the head of original publications. We would draw the attention of Dr. Ryerson to the fact. Surely the education of this generation must have been sadly neglected, when they never heard, until the other day, of such books as Shakespeare or the Bible.

## GREAT CAUCUS MEETING!

### TALL TALKING.

The Brown-Dorions Burning with Enthusiasm!

### GREAT FUN.

A special meeting of the members of the "Short Parliament" was held at the *Globe* office the other day, at which there was a full attendance. The following is a true account of the proceedings as furnished by our Special Reporter:—

Dr. Connor, Q. C., moved that Hon. G. Brown do take the chair.

Hon. Mr. Mowatt enquired where the hon. gentleman proposed said chair should be taken to?

Dr. Connor had a hearty contempt for such carrying on.

Hon. Mr. Mowatt insinuated that the hon. gentleman's motion was tantamount to a carrying off and not a carrying on of said chair.

Dr. Connor was a peaceable man, but he'd be blessed——

Hon. Mr. Brown objected to such Popish customs. No people blessed themselves but Papists and Musselmanns.

Hon. Mr. Foley hoped they were all men of muscle, which he understood was the same as Musselmen.

Hon. Mr. Morris pointed out that the understanding of his hon. friend was very weak.

Hon. Mr. Foley had no objection to prove the contrary by kicking his learned friend down stairs.

Hon. Mr. Morris already felt the kind intentions of his hon. friend, and would therefore take the will for the deed.

Mr. Laberge moved an amendment to the original motion to the effect that the hon. Mr. Brown do order in the champagne.

Hon. Mr. Foley.—However he might differ from his hon. friend on other momentous questions, heartily concurred with him in this. He begged to second the motion.—Carried.

Hon. Mr. Lemieux could not help remarking, in connection with this subject, that he had lived five and fifty years, during which, he flattered himself, he was nine and forty a close observer of things in general, and wine bottles in particular, and he could safely affirm that immediately after good champagne was unwired, the cork invariably disappeared from the bottle.

Hon. J. S. McDonald wished to shake hands with a gentleman who had displayed so much piety and learning.

Hon. Mr. Dorion reminded gentlemen that they were overlooking the serious business of the evening. He begged to move that a load of Count oysters be ordered in.

Hon. Mr. Holton thought it beneath the dignity of a minister of the Crown to count oysters. For his part he should throw any man out of the window who should presume to count his oysters!

Hon. Mr. Drummond's imagination led him back Mr. Speaker, to a dark and stormy night some one and twenty years ago, when the wind blew, and the snow snow, and the face of heaven was covered with——

Hon. Mr. Thibadeau.—Oysters!

Hon. Mr. Foley.—If this were true, would like to go to heaven immediately.

Hon. Mr. Brown reminded his hon. friend that as he was fond of "a fry" he had better go to the other place.

Hon. Mr. J. S. McDonald wished to direct attention to the fact that oysters invariably had two shells on—a piece of extravagance, for which he always set his face against the whole tribe on every fitting opportunity.—Motion carried.

Hon. Mr. Dorion would move that Messrs. Foley and Connor be appointed a Committee to keep sober in order that they might be in a fit state to see the Brown-Dorions home after a while.

Hon. Mr. Foley indignantly protested against being placed on the committee. The duty he owed to himself and his constituents imperatively required of him to decline the proposed honor.

Dr. Connor found it impossible to serve on the committee; but would beg to suggest in lieu of the committee, that if Mr. Drummond were carried in front of the homeward procession, the devil himself would be afraid to attack them.

Hon. Mr. Holton moved that cigars should be ordered before honorable gentlemen became speechless.—Carried.

Hon. Mr. Foley asked his hon. friend to oblige him greatly with a light.

Hon. Mr. Tibadeau thought it unparliamentary for one gentleman to tell another that he greatly lied.

Hon. Mr. Foley explained that he only asked a light.

Hon. Mr. Morris called Mr. Foley to order. The hon. gentleman ought to know very well without asking that he was tight.

Hon. Mr. Foley would like to know if he was going to stand that?

Hon. Mr. Brown considered he should not, but should instantly resume his seat.

Hon. Mr. Foley would be hanged if he'd resign his seat.

Hon. Mr. Mowatt suggested that there was a slight misunderstanding.

Hon. Mr. Foley's understandings had been alluded to before in contemptuous terms. He maintained again that they were not slight, and as a proof he begged to ask if any gentleman in the room could throw as great a calf as that—

Here the hon. gentleman put his boot on the table which being minus a leg, gave way, sending the owner of the foot, oysters and champagne down with a dismal crash, which effectually broke up the meeting.

## A TALE OF BLOOD.

All College Street was in a ruzs,  
A regular frantic fanning fuss,  
Cos why? a tale had wildly run,  
"Murder, foul murder, hav been done."  
From streets and lanes men wildly rush;  
Coats, shoes, toes, suffer in the crush.  
Who struck the blow? What murderous arm?  
Who saw the deed? Who gave th' alarm?  
Who is the victim? Where? they cry,  
With mouths agape and staring eye;  
Whilst others, with more active taste,  
For Coronor and Pollicoman haste.  
Fall soon the former nears the throng,  
By horse and sleigh, swift horse along,  
And straight demands he may be led  
To where the victim, stark and dead,  
Lies sleeping on his gory bed.  
In vain he asks, no forms obey,  
None offer now to lead the way,  
Till one old lady, shrill cries out,  
"Doctor, look here, beyond a doubt,  
This is the place, a ghastly tide  
Of warm red blood the snow has dyed."  
Quick to the spot they all repair;  
"The plain red blood had fallen there.  
The Coronor looked wondrous wise,  
Pulled down his mouth, turned up his eyes,  
"Yes! yes! 'twas here the victim fell,  
But where's the horse, can't no one tell!"  
A loud shrill laugh in quick reply  
Broke out—the laugher winked his eye—  
"Ah! ah! oh den, the murder's out,  
Is that's what all the row's about;  
An hour ago up slipped my toes,  
Down fell my face—I struck my nose,  
This is the spot, in spouting tide  
The warm red blood the white snow dyed;  
I cursed my luck, but little thought  
You, Mr. Coronor, would be brought  
To hold an inquest solemn and staid  
O'er the pool my nose had made."  
The Coronor turned him on his heel,  
With a stern and most indignant wheel;  
The crowd huzza'd, though all were "sold,"  
When the tale of blood was fully told.

## OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

We feel it incumbent upon ourself to take leave of our friends, the Corporation Blowers for last year. What a remarkable instance of the instability of fortune do they present! Twelve months ago what wonders were they going to accomplish! But now—the result.

The result? Last Monday night it was achieved; it consisted in the slaughtering of the innocents. There were some two or three hundred of them at the least; but the most promising of the cherubs we can alone notice. There was Capting Moodie's motion to reduce the salary of the Mayor from £500 to £25. Every father, they say, is proud of his own child. Bob is remarkably partial to his; at any rate he was to this one. He acknowledged the pater- nity, and hoped to be re-elected as a reward-

The scheme failed. Of the same worthy Alderman another notice of motions was also struck off. Formally, seriously, and earnestly he had announced his intention to introduce a bill for the suppression of houses of ill fame. Of course he didn't do it.

Then we come to Mr. Wm. Henry Boulton's buncombe motions. Such a regiment! Little Davy Read possesses a glib-tongue enough, but his throat grew sore, and his mouth parched before he got half way through the list. Large William did not attempt to discuss them; he coolly said he would let them lie over until next season, when if he has the chances he will again try to bamboozle the *canaille*.

Perhaps our readers may think that the rejected and retiring members, would have got into the Council again if they could. Never was there a more mistaken idea. The worthy gentlemen who have been rejected consider that a great benefit has been conferred upon them. They were willing, if a majority of their fellow citizens had ordained it, to sacrifice their private interests another long twelve month, for the public good; but are rejoiced at their deliverance. Had Craig chosen, he could have been carried in triumph to the City Hall, amid the cheers of admiring thousands. Had Lennox exercised his oratorical powers, the whole ward would have united to do him honour. Purdy might have been returned at the head of the poll; and, as for our esteemed friend, Davy Read, had he but thought fit to canvass, he could have annihilated the Brown-McGee alliance.

We congratulate the public upon being possessed of such a paper as *THE GRUMBLER*. With one exception, every member we have pitched into has been expelled. Councilmen, beware!

## THE LAST SHUFFLE.

We understand that at the instance of the Governor General, the celebrated Count de Montalembert is now on his way to Canada, with a large instalment of the new decimal coinage, amounting to \$100,000. The object of the Count's visit is to supersede Cartier in the lead of the Lower Canadian section of the ministry, that gentleman being about to retire to Windsor for the remainder of his life. J. A. McDonald is expected to be able to lead Upper Canada by the nose; but to render the success of this diabolical shuffle the more certain, the entire new instalment of Canadian coinage is to be placed at the disposal of both leaders for the purpose of buying up the members. Reformers of Canada are you going to stand that? Eh?

## An Earthquake.

—The *Globe* of Thursday last makes the novel and startling statement that "Montreal is moving." It leaves us, however, in a state of the most profound ignorance as to the destination of the city. It may be going to heaven. Perhaps it is moving in the opposite direction. We often hear that such and such a place is going to the very devil. Won't the *Globe* tell us where Montreal is moving to? The only surmise we can make in the matter is that Montreal is moving into the Lake to drown itself in disgust at the bare idea of being made the permanent seat of Government.

## THE THEATRE.

Benefit nights at the Lyceum rarely turn out to be completely successful. Sometimes there is a bad house, at other times a bad play, and often both together. The benefit of Mr. Leo on Wednesday evening was no exception to the general rule. The play selected for the occasion was "Night and Morning," adapted, or rather wrenched from the present Colonial Secretary's novel of that name; and, if we were to judge of the relative success of the author and the adapter, by what we saw on this occasion we should have no hesitation in dividing the honours—giving John Brougham the merit of creating five acts of the most profound "Night," and Sir Lytton the credit of the "Morning." The only two characters that could be tolerated were *Mrs. Beaufort* (Miss J. Lyon) and *Sarah* (Miss Glenn), and their parts did not last more than five minutes. As for *Fanny*—the character was excruciating. The personator, however, Mrs. Kellog, did the best that could be done for it. *Philip Beaufort*, (Mr. Lee) was correct as usual. Altogether we would prefer to read one page of the original novel, rather than witness twenty-five acts of John Brougham's so-called beautiful adaptation of it.

It was with pleasure we hailed the introduction of the farce, "Mr. and Mrs. Peter White," after the darkness of "Night," had evaporated. Mrs. Marlowe deserves a Cretan mark for the manner in which she acquitted herself as *Mrs. White*; Mr. Marlowe, as *Mr. White* was equally good—though we must say that both overdid their parts. "The Mock Minuet was a palpable failure.

Mr. G. Morris, scenic artists to the Lyceum, takes his benefit to-night. As his services are indispensable to the proper getting up of a good play, and as he has never been found wanting in his duty, his benefit should be well patronized.

## Now Appointment.

—Carrying out its usual policy of bestowing rewards on those only who deserve them, the present ministry have been pleased to dub R. M. Allen, Esq., a Queen's Counsel.

## Novel Crime.

—Under the head statistics of crime, the *Globe* classes five insane persons. This is the first time we ever saw insanity set down as a crime. By and by poverty will be a hanging matter, we suppose.

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