

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1858.

NO. 11.

THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1858.

PROVINCIAL SPOUTING APPARATUS.—No. XI.

I. A QUESTION OF VERACITY.

The Hon. Mr. Loranger made a foolish braggadocio speech in French last week, and was naturally astonished at seeing it rendered in English, for Upper Canadians next day. He, therefore, rose to a question of privilege, and backed out in a very shabby way, by denying the correctness of the report. We are assured, however, that several French members were perfectly persuaded of its substantial truth; and even if this evidence were wanting, the straightforward statement of Mr. Penny carries truth on the face of it. The Provincial Secretary asked why his word was not to be taken in preference to the reporter's? Perhaps the hon. gentleman was once to school, and will recollect a Roman maxim, endorsed by Cicero,—that when conflicting statements were made in a court of law, the judges should enquire *qui bono*, for whose benefit it was to commit the crime; now, who was interested in this matter, Mr. Loranger or the reporter? The answer to this will supply the solution to the query. Mr. Loranger, like Mr. Speaker, seems bent on flinging indignity on these faithful servants of the public, who weary themselves out in the unappreciated task of writing in good plain English, the silly, ungrammatical twaddle of the House. What, in the name of common sense, would they do without them? Commit suicide in their own defence we suppose.

II. A NEW LIGHT.

The hon. pomposity who represents the County of Shefford, has made an important discovery, which does credit to his self-sufficiency. "He (Mr. Drummond) believed that the day would come when posterity would look upon our reverence for trial by jury, as we regard our ancestors' attachment to trial by ordeal." Who says Drummond is presumptuous? It may be perfectly true that the institution he reviles has been the admiration of the English race ever since Alfred; it may be true that every writer on the laws of England, has lauded it as the palladium of British liberty; it has been reserved for the great Drummond to detect their error, and place this absurd institution in its proper position. Hide your diminished heads, shades of Coke, Blackstone, Burke, Erskine and McIntosh, you are but a herd of empty enthusiasts; and bow in shame before the mighty luminary of Shefford. You never heard of him? It may be true, and more's the pity; a great prophet is always treated Cassandra fashion

in his own country; posterity will look back with amazement on the heartless manner in which this modest, unassuming genius has been suffered to pine away, unnoticed by the crowd, and un-nourished by the sweets of place and power. It's the way of the world.

III. SPEAKING AGAINST TIME.

One of those little freaks which our legislature is in the habit of practising, at least once every session, was indulged in on Tuesday night. The Opposition feeling aggrieved at a motion of the Attorney General's, came to the sage conclusion of speaking all night; so the House sat from 7½ p.m. on Tuesday, till 6 p.m. on Wednesday,—22½ hours without adjournment. An immense amount of unmitigated nonsense was talked, and an exceedingly foul atmosphere generated, but beyond this no advantage was gained. At about 4 a.m. an enlivening concert came off which displayed to great advantage the vocal powers of some of the members; we missed, however, the contralto of Mr. Loranger, and the basso profundo of Mr. Fergusson, which were very much required. At about nine a.m. what remained of the honorable House, was in a very dilapidated condition.—Mr. MacKenzie was of course perfectly himself, and relieved the proceedings very creditably; Mr. J. A. McDonald looked like—we suppose it would be libelous to say it,—well, he looked extremely done up; Mr. Cartier resembled a half-drowned rat; but Mr. Speaker's physical powers, which are exceedingly well developed, sustained him through it all. At about one o'clock, Mr. Galt relieved the Speaker, and we really pitied the hon. gentleman, whose efforts to please everybody were of course vain. Mr. Speaker's decisions, in which May was completely burked (Bourked?) were appealed against twice, and when collected, as they doubtless will be, when the country is relieved of his services, will form a noble appendix to Story on Conflicting Laws.

IV. DESCENT OF THE PIRATE.

The brazen gentleman from North Leeds made his appearance on Tuesday evening, at the head of a band of music, and entered the House in a sort of Cromwellian style, a perfect counterpart to the Athenian Cleon. A more consummate demagogue never passed the threshold of any Legislative body; we verily believe that his vanity is so strong, and his conscience so weak, that he would commit any offence, if he could only gain the cheers of six empty fools. He has already intruded himself on the House six times since he took his seat, and if he goes on at this rate, the House will have as great contempt for him as we have before the end of next week. We must not forget, however, that a glib tongue and a plentiful lack of principle and modesty, are the only passports to success in this Canada; and, therefore, we should not be surprised to see Gowan in the Government before the end of the Session.

Foggysim gone mad.

—The Hon. Mr. Laterriere opposed the McLean Divorce Bill because it was written "whom God hath joined let no man put asunder;" so we suppose the injured husband is to be bound to his faithless spouse for life, because she had no right to break the compact. Doubtless, the hon. member will repeal the laws against thieving, because it is written "Thou shalt not steal."

Alarming Insurrection.

—The watch-makers of this city hearing that Her Majesty's loyal opposition were "speaking against time," deeming their craft to be in danger immediately rebelled; but were appeased on being informed that no reflections on clocks or watches were intended.

Horrible.

—The Hon. Mr. Vankoughnet, in his wishy-washy reply to the admirable speech of Col. Prince on Tuesday last, accused his opponent of wishing "to do away with" the Solicitor General, the Minister of Agricultural, and all the Cabinet. What a horrible idea! We wonder whether the Colonel intends to poison them or cut their innocent throats at midnight in the Rossin House; will not the orate Vankoughnet give us some idea of his *modus operandi* in this sanguinary design? We are told that the weevilophobic meant the offices of these worthies and not their sacred persons; but this cannot be, for Vankoughnet always says what he means, and sometimes a great deal more.

Inducements to Incendiaries.

—The City Fire Coroner will give one dollar reward to any careless servant girl, or other party, who will deposit live coals in any barrel, or any wood-shed or other wooden building, so as to cause such barrel, &c., to take fire; provided, always, that a reasonable excuse be afforded for holding an inquest on such barrel, wood-shed, or other wooden building so set on fire.

A like reward will be given to any one who may succeed in setting any flue or chimney in a blaze, so that an inquest be held to inquire into the cause of such flue or chimney so blazing as aforesaid.

The Fire Coroner will also give a reward of one dollar to any night-watch, policeman, or other party, who shall make holes in any of the gas pipes, leading to the street lamps, and ignite the gas as it makes it escape, so that the lamp-post be scorched or burned, or in any way injured by such fire, upon their giving him immediate notice thereof.

The Fire Coroner, to show his estimation of the jurors who sit on such inquests on such barrel, or on such woodshed, or other wooden building, or on such chimney or lamp-post will at each such inquest, give fifty cents to be spent in liquor by such jury, and will take a drink himself.

ANOTHER PEN AND INK SKETCH.

Copied from nature, between the hours of 4 and 6 o'clock, on Wednesday morning last.

(Mr. Foley has the floor.)

"I think, Mr. Speaker, the case is clear."
 (Question 1 question 1 hear him 1 hear 1)
 "And more, Mr. Speaker, I now proceed,
 From a British precedent to read,
 Will prove our position exactly true."
 (Bow 1 wow 1 wow 1 Cooek-a-doodle-doo 1
 Cick, clack, Oil McTickeen, awak,
 And his "butter" president shake,
 Order 1 order 1 look out for a song,
 Pickle and Daly are going it strong;
 And the Speaker stares in a stupid maze,
 As the old wall rings with the Marquis;
 Whilst Morrison perhaps disinclined for a sing,
 Orders in excellent style the "Highland fling,
 Ha ha 1 Hurrah 1 bang, whistle and crash 1
 What a comical, jiffy, and flakey shake!"
 "Mr. Speaker I really must protest!"
 (Spoke 1 spoke 1 shouts Powell above the rest,
 We're tired of you, let another try,
 Question 1 question 1 that's all my eye.)
 "Mr. Speaker, I really must declare,
 Spite the bobbly Members are making there,
 That I won't sit down, let them about away,
 Till I've claimed my right, and said my say."
 "Once more such "roastings" 'gont renew
 His exquiste cock-a-doodle-doo."
 And low-rows 1 rapid as "Thalberg's notes,
 Pour thick from genuine puppy throat."
 Question 1 Question 1 Cickley cack 1
 Flap 1 go the deels, with a noize whack,
 Whilst Daly's voice rings loud and free,
 "March on to death or victory."
 And Angus, his neighbour, shouts with a will,
 To the Carletons, "A B 1 B 1" with him, Bill 1
 Order 1 Order 1 Question 1 Read 1
 Let the learned gentlemen proceed 1
 Go on 1 Bow-wow 1 Cick 1 clack 1 John A.
 Waked up from his snooze, in a dreamy way
 Gives, "A jolly comical story you 1
 Jolly 1 what jolly, respectable fun,
 Brown's asleep, in the land of dreams,
 And Cartier forgot all his blundering schemes;
 Skotte nook, and Loxager grins,
 Poor Spynge ponders his numberless fua,
 The Speaker, roused by the scene, at length
 Shouts order 1 ORDER 1 with all his strength,
 And the manouses mob for a season toes
 Their rons to the winds, and how to the boss;
 And Foley, with patient zond, takes heart
 And boldly prepares for another start).
 "Mr. Speaker, once more I now proceed
 To quote—" (Hear, HEAR 1 spoke, SPOKE 1 read,
 READ 1

Order and question, shouts poll mell,
 Who's the biggest ass 1 word hard to tell;
 Splutter and fury, scripping of toes
 Spunking of chairs, thus the music flows,
 With sleeping, squealing, crowing and barking,
 With singing, shouting, groaning and larking,
 This noisy crew passed the hours away,
 'Till the dawn of night and the duss of day.
 Hip 1 hip 1 hurrah 1 in what other school
 Would Tus GAVARDLER find such a hoop of fools.)

* See Chorus of Marseilles Hymn.

Inquest—Horrible if True.

—A brindled Cow, the property of Alderman Ritchey, tortured by the unaccustomed confinement necessitated by the new Pound Law, made her escape through the roof of the new cow house, and causing great consternation in the vicinity, by her ferocious bellowings. Several unavailing attempts were made to secure her; when a special constable, discharging his duty, by running away from the scene of confusion, caught the eye of the infuriated animal, which for long continuance on dry fodder, had a ravenous longing for green food, and accordingly rushed at the unfortunate man—seized him by the head, which, tasting strongly of cabbage, she swallowed him on the spot—satisfied with this freak it being milking hour, she returned home; but strange to say the only results of this process was a copious discharge of brass buttons, blue cloth, a white liver, and a baton. The latter has been presented to the City Council by Coroner Duggan, who held an inquest at George Platt's Hotel on the victim's remains, consisting of his toe nails, and boot heels—the verdict returned was death from brutality.—*Toronto Globe.*

ORDER! ORDER!! ORDER!!!

The report is bruited abroad that the Ministry are about purchasing a Large Bull Dog for the purpose of presenting it to the Speaker of the House. The ferocious animal is designed to assist the Speaker in preserving, by physical means, that dominion over the House, which his character is not adapted for maintaining by the moral force of dignity and urbanity combined. The previous training of the brute has been so perfect that he will allow no one to approach the Speaker's chair while his master is asleep; and what will be a still greater convenience for the successor of M. Skotte, the Dog can utter sounds so like the order 1 order! ORDER!!! we are now accustomed to hear, that neither members nor strangers will discern the occasional oblivionness of our Parliamentary Chesterfield. The physical resemblance of the irrational to the rational (?) animal is so minute, that the latter would on any emergency be represented to no disadvantage by the former. The contract for the erection of the Kennel will be given to Mr. Baby; and both the Dog and his habitation will be presented to "Mr. Speaker," at his retirement, as it is hardly anticipated that any of his successors in office, will stand in need of such an auxiliary. May we not conclude by hoping that the Bull-dog will not mistake his master for one of his own species; for, however entertaining a Dog-fight might be at the moment to the more mischievous members, such a proceeding would be too liable to destroy the favourable impression which the recent conduct of the latter gentleman has made upon the House and upon the Province.

Introduction of a Smut(ty) Machine into the House of Assembly.

—On Tuesday evening last, Oglio R. Gowan, the newly elected member for North Leeds, took his seat. His speech on the occasion was the filthiest we ever heard, even from him.

Geordies Ingratitude; or Bob's Reward.

—The Senior Member for the whole city, who owes his seat to the heroic conduct of the Senior Alderman for the most important Ward thereof, desirous of showing his gratitude to the gallant Nelson of our Bay, the worthy Captain of the steamboat "Fire-Fly," for his generous support during the late election contest, has introduced a Bill to prevent the "Fire-Fly" from running on Sundays. Bob complains that this *coup de pied de pars cheval brun* (kick from, or on the part of, the brown horse) will do him up Brown, and says man's ingratitude to man, makes countless thousands mourn.

Carling and Talbot.

—It is positively amusing to observe the anxiety with which the son of St. Patrick from East Middlesex, rushes to the rescue, when his big brother from London gets into a scrape in the House. This was particularly observable during the memorable concert in the Parliamentary Buildings on Wednesday morning. Surely Carling can take care of himself. He's big enough to form a passable counterpart to "Dignity," in a well-known Picture; and what a capital "Impudence" little Talbot does make. Can't you hear the bark?

MUSEUM.

The nucleus of this great desideratum has at length been formed by the proprietor of THE GRUMBLER, who has at vast expense and research, collected the following curiosities, which are attracting nightly thousands of astonished spectators to the place of exhibition, St. Lawrence Hall.

No. 1. ASTRONOMICAL CASE.

Firkin of butter, made from the skimmings of the Milky Way. Pot of pomatum, manufactured from the grease of Ursa Major. Gutta-percha tube, reaching to the Realms of Space; by applying the ear to it the music of the Spheres distinctly audible; resembles Parliamentary organ grinding. Buckle of Orion's belt. Ring of Saturn, on which is engraved the City Arms; presented by Jupiter Ammon, Esq.

No. 2. MARINE.

Barrel of Sprats, caught in the Sea of Life. Phial of Foam, from the Tide that "leads to fortune." Jib of the Firefly torn to ribbons in a Gale of Adversity. Flake of the Anchor of Hope, formed in the Haven of Rest. Volume of THE GRUMBLER, bound in leather made from the skin of the great Sea Serpent, tanned on the premises.

No. 3. ANATOMICAL AND CHEMICAL.

A finger of the Right Hand of Fellowship. Pupil of the Eye of Envy, preserved in spirits of hatred. Drops of blood extracted from a Vein of Humour in the cranium of Mr. Ferris, M.P.P. Feather from the Wing of Fancy, moulded in a flutter of J. S. Hogan, Esq., M.P.P. Three drachms of the Elixir of Life. Distilled drops from the springs of Helicon.

No. 4. AGRICULTURAL.

Barrel of flour, ground from the Seeds of Discord. Cheese, made from the Milk of Human Kindness: both presented by the Hon. P. Vankoughnet.

No. 5. MISCELLANEOUS.

Milestone, from the Road to Ruin; presented by the Hon. W. Cayley. A wrinkle from the Brow of Care. Whet-stone of the Scythe of Time; this specimen much worn. Link from the Chain of Tyranny recently broken in Russia. Spoke from the Wheel of Persecution presented by Father Bruyer. Large fragment of the Mirror of Truth, picked up in St. Sylvester; presented by Mr. J. O'Farroll.

At the refreshment table (in charge of W. F. Powell, Esq., M.P.P.), visitors are supplied with pickings from the Bone of Contention; slices from the Tongue of Slander, and pint pots of Ambrosial Nectar, for the trifling charge of 12½ cents.

ORCHESTRA.

T. D. Arcey McGee, Esq., will perform the exquisite Irish air "Sprig of Shillelagh," on the Trumpet of Fame; assisted by George Brown, Esq., M. P. P., who will blow some prodigious blasts through the Horn of Plenty.

The Hall will be brilliantly illuminated with the blaze of Genius and the torch of Hymen. Comfortably heated with the warmth of Friendship, and festooned with evergreens from the wreaths of Fame, Admission, 25 cents. Juveniles, under sixty, half price if accompanied by their mothers. Infants (or Volunteers) in arms, not admitted. Young ladies without bows (beaux) attached to their persons, gratis.

N. B.—Visitors are respectfully requested not to handle the specimens.

IN MEMORY.

Respectfully dedicated to the Relatives and numerous Friends of
HENRY BONAERTS and HENRY SHAWWOOD, who were accidentally drowned in Toronto Bay, on Friday, 21st. inst.

In the ruddy bloom of life,
In the rich full glow of health,
When the young heart danced with a thousand hopes
Of the future's golden wealth,
They were called away by the unsoon hand
To the silent depths of the silent land.
Tears for the early dead!
For the suddenly called away,
Let the solemn flow of the mourner's grief
This earnest tribute pay;
Yes, mingle them there with the ruthless ware,
Whose silent depths formed their silent grave.
Tears for the early dead!
For the severed ties which bound
Their fresh young hearts to the dream of life,
And the gleam of its mingled round,
Hush'd is the pulse, the heart-beats stand
In the silent depths of the silent land.
Tears for the early dead!
Rear no monumental stone;
Let the weeping mourners' heart prepare
A sculpture of its own
That may still in undimmed freshness stand,
Though the loved ones sleep in the silent land.

To Carpenters and Mechanics, &c.

— Contracts will be issued for the following articles:—A gigantic Barber's Pole for the Receiver General's office, with an inscription in Brass Letters: "Shaving done here on favorable terms, and according to the celebrated Andersonian method." Also, a Stove for the Inspector General's Office, with the inscription, "Cooking done here at a cheap rate per job. Special care given to the preparation of Sops." For the Office of the Commissioner of Public Works, a Leathern Spoon and a Cradle, each with the following words inscribed: "Baby's taken care of here." And lastly, for the Postmaster General's Office, a Man of Shaw, and a small sign-board, with the following words painted thereon,— "Coats turned here for a consideration."

New Musical Instrument.

— Mr. McMicken from Welland, has immortalized himself by the discovery of a new Parliamentary musical instrument. It is called the "Letter Clip," and its sharp "click" forms an agreeable variety to the old "toe scraper" and "desk flap." It became positively necessary for the Honourable Inventor to do something as an equivalent for his six dollars a day, his only other claim upon the public purse being the fact, of his having made one speech during the time he has held a seat in the House, and that, perhaps, the most stupid ever uttered there.

In connexion with the "Letter Clip," we may here observe, that the Attorney General West, in order to add a still more agreeable variety to the performance on Wednesday morning last, struck up, about 3 o'clock, a few staves of one of his favorite songs. Owing, however, to peculiar circumstances, the Hon gentleman's voice was thicker than usual. Perhaps he had a cold.

Other of the Hon. Gentleman's supporters, taking their cue from their leader, transformed themselves into temporary roosters, and the clear shrillness of their "Cock a doodle, doo's," might have struck a jealous cord in the gizzard of the most accomplished Shanghai.

THE GLOBE ON GEORGE BROWN.

"Mr Brown was roused to give the Ministry a dressing, under which they shrank like spaniels, and which they are not likely to forget for some time.

We have not the least objection to Mr. Brown or any other man dressing the Ministry, like Paddy from Cork, which the song tells us was with his inexpressibles buttoned behind, or basting them with a crowbar, or disbing them up in Soyer's latest style, or even half dressing them, or undressing them. But we could suggest to George Brown, that it is not for him to say that he is a tremendous dresser, or indeed even a clothes' press, or a cupboard, which we believe is a species of dresser: no one is fool enough to believe what a man says in his own praise. Therefore the next time our senior member is roused to dress a collapsing Ministry, we hope he will leave his achievements to be duly chronicled by contemporaries. It will look more modest.

Again the *Globe* characterizes Mr. Brown's remarks as—

"The utterly unanswerable speech of the senior member for Toronto—causing wonder!"

What were the wonders this unanswerable speech caused? The sky did not fall; Mr. J. S. MacDonal did not become tractable; Mr. McKenzie did not forget to wander for the twentieth time in one debate from Gaspe to Jordan; the Speaker did not relent and bestow suitable accommodation on the reporters; Mr. Gould, it is true, made a contemptibly illiterate speech, but the only wonder in that was that his party allowed him to do so. In fact no wonder happened that we are aware of—if we except the coolness of the following:—

"The Opposition felt bound to let the Ministry carry their resolution."

The plain English of the case is, that the Opposition, as in duty bound, did all they could to keep the Ministry from passing their resolution; and certainly the obligation displayed by the Opposition bears a strong resemblance to the gentle hint a gentleman once got to go about his business. He was, in point of fact, only kicked down stairs.

In another place the *Globe* says:—

"The deepest indignation, and the most intense excitement pervails throughout the whole of Upper Canada, with reference to the recent proceedings in Parliament."

All we can say to this, is, that the Western Canadians, if the *Globe* is to be believed, have a remarkably noiseless method of displaying their "deepest indignation;" only second, however, to the silent manner in which they manifest their "intense excitement."

Threatening Letter.

— We are informed that a letter has been received by a member of the House of Assembly, threatening to expose some real or fancied piccadillo in THE GLOBE, unless some hush-money were given immediately. We have only to say, that we have never descended to such a contemptible action and if we discover who the parties are who levying blackmail in our name, their vile and dastardly conduct shall not go unpunished.

We trust that any gentleman receiving such letters as this will immediately forward them to our office, so that we may take the steps necessary to thwart the designs of the writer.

Mr. Charles Romain's anxiety to write Honorable illustrated.

Two soldiers, one a guard of France,
And one who bore a hiring lance,
Were throwing dice.
The glory of the Frenchman's nation
Afforded food for conversation,
When, in a trice,
Frog-eater, of his country raving,
Turned to the Swiss in deep disdain,
And thus did say,—
"For honour weeings in war,
White you, poor Swiss, your guiding star
Is simply pay."
"Quite true indeed," the Swiss replied,
His eye on fire with patriot pride—
"It's all a game,
We having honour, fight for tin,
You having none, must fight to win
The empty name."

New Charley need we try to show
Your thirst for honour's propos.

A Joke from Powell.

—The hon. member for Carleton is a merry wag. He wanted to know the other day if Dr. Connor, in referring to the talent on the opposition side of the house, included the ministerialists who sit there. The joke will be seen if our readers consider that Messrs. Powell, Fellowes, and Robinson are the most talented of these gentlemen.

That Bear.

—The sore-headed animal, usually chained to a chair at the east end of the House of Assembly, is becoming exceedingly vicious. His growls on Thursday night considerably disturbed the happy family, who are in the habit of meeting there. Little Cauchon, one of his keepers attempted to scold him into good behaviour, but we fear he will have to resort to the hard knocks he threatens, before Bruin Smith learns to forsake his vicious habits.

Another Old Woman.

—We told our readers last week that an elderly female friend of our acquaintance was unable to comprehend the meaning of the double majority. Mr. Gowan expressed the same ignorance ten minutes after he had taken his seat. The conclusion is obvious.

The City Fathers in Search of a Home.

—At a recent meeting of the City Corporation, it was unanimously resolved, that the members of that once respectable body, range the suburbs in quest of a suitable site on which to erect a gaol. The citizens think that one of those floating islands in the Marsh would be the best place they could locate upon.

Representation by Population Secured.

—Mr. George Brown has availed himself of the services of a well-known parliamentary agent, Mr. W. Sladden, to aid him in bringing this great question to a successful issue. From Mr. W. Sladden's position and influence with the Government, combined with his eminent abilities as the people's advocate, it is certain the principle at last will be conceded.

Good.
—Mr. McMicken's declaration, that there were no Asses in the County of Welland, and McKellar's query, as to whether the last left there when he came to Toronto. Pretty well after being up all night.

OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

Good citizens, imagine the Fathers dealing with our Educational interests, and testing the merits of our School system by the same standard as the License law, the Pound law, &c! And can you stretch your fancy so far as to believe that they have really and truly constitute themselves a Board of School Masters? Whether you can or not, such is the verity, we never jest. But w at is it leads on this interference with a foreign prerogative? who is it prominently among the Blowers, courageously dons the educational mantle and seeks to become a second Byerson: who, we ask, is it, that puts forward resolutions in the Council affirming the inefficiency of the Board, declaring them to be extravagant (correctly we presume) and incapable of judiciously applying the city funds; who, among these twenty-eight patriarchs should it be—who—who? Shall we unveil modesty—shall we herald this modern Titus, and crown him with the delights of the metropolitan population? We are sensitive to a degree—but duty urges us—it is in truth—indeed it is—none other than the humble representative from the Ward of St. George—the diffident Ald. Brunel. And who more consistently could impeach incapacity, short-sightedness, and reckless extravagance than this worthy gentleman? Who better able to detect the vulnerable points in official management? Who more careful of important trusts, or more disinterestedness in guarding them than ald. Brunel? It cannot be forgotten that the pioneer Railroad of Western Canada—the Northern—obtained its immense credit by alderman Brunel's connection with it. It is entirely due to his grasp of intellect and energy of mind that large tracts of land on the borders of Lake Simcoe were reclaimed from the dominion of frogs, and made the seat of busy industry: and where once no monuments existed save the most dismal pines, may now be seen the pretty camp of the Indian, the rustic tavern, and many other residences of incipient civilization, which to day would have remained a waste but for the engineering skill of Ald. Brunel, and his close connection with the railway exchequer. As manager and contractor he developed all the great permanent interests of the Northern road; and in evidence of the estimation in which he was held by the Directors of the concern, we refer to the very handsome bonus they offered him (but refused) on his resignation; a step we believe induced wholly by a patriotic desire to serve his fellow-citizens in the Council Chamber. How philanthropic the mission he has chosen—how great his popularity in store for him. But who are his co-adjutors in this Educational work? Of course he has Upton—aye, and Spratt, too; besides Mitchell, Purdy, Wilcocks, Prettie, Fox, Oarty, Craig, Strachan, Gorrie, Griffith, Caruthers, and Boomer. A strong array of talent, truly. We can safely predict that the intricacies of popular education will be clearly evolved from gentlemen so deeply versed in the instructive art. We agree to give them a trial, and have every confidence, that with such a director as Ald. Brunel, a system will be hit upon to build schools, provide teachers, and supply the necessary books, maps, &c., not only without any cost to the city, but so as eventually to be a source of revenue. Away at once with that utterly imbecile corporation, the Board of School Trustees, and save the money now squandered by them without the control of the constituted guardians.

"Put 'em down Bill."

— This formed the burden of Angus Morrison's eloquence and impertinence, during the late 26 hours sitting. Of course this elegant phrase was invariably addressed to his bosom friend, the model man from Carleton, who did evince an excessive anxiety to "Put 'em down." A twenty-six hour sitting may do good occasionally, even if it only serves to bring out little Angus' peculiarities. We were edified to witness the zest with which he called upon a bigger bully, to perform what he hadn't the courage to attempt himself.

Science defeated!

— Such is the note of triumph which is at present given by a portion of the Canadian press.—Coal was reported to be discovered at Bowmanville and geology was baffled. If this were the case, we could not join in the exultation; we can see little ground for it in the fact that one century's patient investigation is vain, and that the horologe of science has been put back an age. Yet so it is, ignorance is more popular than knowledge, and if an hitch can be found in any branch of science, a fiendish yell of triumph is instantly raised. The fools, however, were a little premature, and the whole thing is a mare's nest, no coal has been found and science still lives. Let the lesson not be lost on these *gobemouches*; the conclusions of geology are not the hasty theories of a moment, they are founded on careful and anxious investigation, and are not to be overthrown by the attacks of self-sufficient ignorance.

L'Amende Honorable.

— An item appeared in our last issue, which by implication reflected on the character of Mr. Thibaudeau. That gentleman writes to us, denying the truth of the insinuation conveyed in our article; his statement, moreover, is confirmed by an honorable member from Upper Canada. In extenuation of our fault, we have only to say that we received the information from what we deemed a reliable source; we are fully convinced, however, that our informant was in error, and we therefore tender Mr. Thibaudeau our sincerest apology. We do this more especially as the Hon. member is comparatively a stranger in Toronto, and his character is thus more easily maligned by slanderous statements. It has been our constant endeavour, while lashing real offenders with all severity, to abstain from false and malicious attacks, and we shall always be happy to withdraw any injurious statement of this character when our attention is called to it. Profanity.

— How could the mild and unassuming Walbridge, from South Hastings, deliver himself of the following doggerel during his speech on the "Previous Question."

"I don't think this question
A thing rich or rare,
But the wonder is,
How the devil it got there."

Our classic ears are pained, and our sense of propriety outraged. No wonder that Tom Daly called him to order, and requested to know "whether he was a Quaker;" or whether he was standing on his head or his feet while addressing the House in that style. Even Tom himself was shocked.

A Correction.

—The Barrie "Spirit of the Age" assures us that there were but two Orangemen on the Jury who tried Coulter in the "Angus Murder case," that two of the others were Roman Catholics, and the rest members of neither one or other of these opposing elements. We make the correction with pleasure, but would remark that we received the information which led to our strictures, from a source that left us no room to doubt its correctness.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NORMAL—We want something more reliable than your rare assertion, that R. was guilty of the dereliction of duty to you mention.

NOT A QUERY—Who is to be believed?—A sober reporter who is a gentleman, or a "light" member who was supposed to be an honorable gentleman?—Apply at the Office of the Provincial Secretary.

AN UNPAID PERFORMER asks if the proceeds of the last Oratorio have yet been given to any charitable institution, as was the avowed intention before the performance? We have seen no announcement relating thereto.

PRESS—A Catholic correspondent writes to us complaining bitterly of the course pursued by the two self-styled Catholic organs of this city—the "Catholic Citizen" and "Mirror." He says, "they are a disgrace to their country, a scandal to their creed, and fit eulogists of the government they toady to. If all our correspondent alleges be true, (not being one of "the faithful" ourselves we don't very well know) the editors of those papers ought to be summarily dealt with, by being tied together in a "black kno" and pitched in to purgatory.

LEONARD justly complains of the number of young men that congregate at the corner of Yonge and Queen Sts., every Sunday night, and who, by their remarks and conduct render themselves disgustingly disagreeable to respectable citizens returning from the various places of worship. We hope that by directing the attention of the Chief of Police to the nuisance, will cause an amendment. Should it not, we shall have again to speak severely of the police arrangements, which we would be sorry to do, having since a desire evinced by the authorities to improve since we began to direct attention to them.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

THE GRUMBLER has pleasure in directing the attention of the public, to the excellent accommodation at the New Terrapin Saloon, King Street. Every thing that will please the fancy of the most fastidious, or tickle the palate of the greatest epicurean can be procured at this establishment, which unquestionably, is the best of the great number of saloons in the city. Messrs. GARLAND & McCORMY by their attention and enterprise, really merit abundant support.

It is again our pleasant duty to direct the attention of the public to the astonishing feats of penmanship that are performed by that prince of penmen Mr. CORNWELL at the Rossin House. It needs only an examination of his specimens, to convince the beholder of the singularly delicate power and excellent taste of Mr. C. and we hope all in want of Cards, Album writing, or desirous of learning how to handle the pen will give him a call. Our word for it they will be satisfied with their work.

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 Masonic Hall, (Nordheim's New Buildings), Toronto-Mt. St. Asont.