

# THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. 2.—NO. 14.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1859.

WHOLE NO. 66

## THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1859.

### A PENNY-A-LINER IN DISTRESS.

Our contemporary the *Leader* groweth contumacious space. Not contented with demolishing the Austrians, George Brown, Adam Hope, Barthe, and other celebrities, he has actually fallen foul of our City Police. The Commissioners had the impudence to enquire into the police organization of other cities; (the Mayor had the effrontery to strive to obtain efficient officers and sober and intelligent men; the Chief had actually been base enough to hold a commission in Her Majesty's army; the Deputy Chief's offence is not directly stated, but we presume he was amenable to censure for venturing to have a tall, handsome exterior and gentlemanly manners: and all this without consulting the *Leader* in the matter. But as if to fill up the cup of constabular iniquity, the penny-a-liner's occupation was completely destroyed. "No information was to be given to the press!" Any policeman who crossed the "general order" might tremble in his boots, and if destitute of those expensive equipments, he was to be permitted to shudder in his shoes, or shiver in his slippers.

And if in the evil hour of temptation the eager emissary of the 8,357 newspaper, was seen in close confab. with No. 33, or any other vigilant and efficient officer, that moment No. 23 was to be unanimously invited to "pick up his traps" and remove. The iniquity of this Police regulation will be better understood when our readers reflect that the penny-a-liners have nothing to do now-a-days. The *Leader* buildings have been described till we have earnestly wished for their premature destruction; every shanty erected within a circle of five miles of the *Leader* office has been most graphically delineated; no one is murdered or poisoned by the doctors, and therefore the Coroners afford no palpium; what is to be done? As our dear valetudinarian contemporary says, "petit larceny, shop-lifting, and robberies," brought in a rich harvest to the penny-a-liner; and if, by the extraordinary publicity given to the discovery of crime, the criminal had ample time to escape the hands of justice, what matter? Every-body was informed and the reporter fished up his daily quota of items. Naughty Mayor Wilson, wicked Captain Prince, terrible good-looking, gigantic Deputy Chief, how dare you venture to judge what should be communicated to the public and what withheld? When, "as an evidence of public approval of the independence (!) of the

*Leader*, 8,357 new subscribers," as we are told in every extra, "have been added to the glorious list," why, why deny the smallest item of criminal information to so important a journal? We perfectly concur with our great contemporary that until "wisecracs" come to their senses, until every shoe that is stolen, is sent to "our office" for inspection, until they are duly warned to abscond, by timely notice in the press, and until the city items of "our journal" assume their wonted proportions, no public matters should receive a notice, save "in our advertising columns, at four-pence a line." We would suggest to our contemporary a "Thieves' Agency," by means of which, on payment of fourpence per line, timely notice might be given to any delinquent to escape from the claws of the vicious constabulary. If a number of the unattached and anxious-for-work members of the *Leader* corps were enrolled as an army of observation on Capt. Prince and his exceedingly vigilant police force, it might look well. By this means a sort of "Black Mail," as *Old Double* would say, might be established, and thieves could have the first hint of the discovery of their crimes; while at the same time money would fly into the proprietor's coffers, and the penny-a-liners would be forever out of grief.

### NOTHING TO WRITE ABOUT.

Is the world growing wiser? Will nobody make a fool of himself? We have had pleasant words with some modern Harlequins, who seem to be sent into the world for the sole purpose of supporting comic newspapers in an involuntary sort of way. But these "master spirits" of absurdity have by our means become "rectified spirits," and we have nothing further to do with them. Moody, Allen and others have departed from the stage, and we are at a loss for a butt. Will somebody oblige us by going mad? If nobody becomes insane by next July, we intend to inculcate with canine virus a score of large white bulldogs with pink eyes, and send them raging through King street, and if, after that, we do not become witty, we'll hang our harp on a willow tree.

Certainly Not.

—*Old Double* commences a leading article on the war as follows:—

"We have more than once spoken of Austria's misgovernment of her Italian States. It is not thence to be inferred that the success of France and Sardinia in the present war is desirable."

Certainly not! no one, with any pretensions to common sense, would infer the desirability of a French triumph in Italy, because *Old Double*, "more than once spok of Austria's misgovernment."

### THE LAST HOPE.

ADAM HOPE TO HON. GEORGE BROWN.

LONDON, June 16th, 1859.

DEAR SIR:—

I understand that, notwithstanding my very earnest appeal to you last week, you purpose writing another of your horrid long letters to me. Now, Sir, don't do it. If you do I'll be hanged if I read a word of it. I'll burn every copy of the *Globe* that I can lay my hands on, and I won't say that I won't bribe Sidney Smith to burn the London mail bags, in which—if you do write—your horrid dose will be conveyed to this peaceable city.

I don't object to sails or jilap! or even a protest-ed note. But your letter is worse than all these. Think of my credit! Think what the firm will say to it! It was only the other day that I went on my knees to my younger brother and asked him to father the responsibility of receiving your letters. But, although Charley fathered many responsibilities before now, he positively refused to be the sponsor of this one. So you see that my last hope was extinguished.

As a last resource, I beg to offer you the advertising of our house at any price a line you like, so that I receive no more letters from you. I object even to receive a letter containing your account, so I send you a check before hand. Advertise my putty and hardware as often as you like, and, confound it, let's hear no more from you.

In conclusion, I give you solemn warning not to trifle with the wishes of a man whom nervousness may any day drive to the perpetration of the most diabolical misdeeds, to use a mild expression.

Hoping to hear that you have turned Mormon, and gone on a mission to Salt Lake,

I remain,

Your obdt. servt.,

ADAM HOPE.

### WHITHER ARE WE DRIFTING?

Canada will soon regain its primitive wildness. The time is fast approaching when a solitary aborigine shall wash his solitary net in Toronto Bay. The cause of this great change will not be the repeal of the union, or the introduction of a written constitution,—for we shall never be cursed with either the one or the other. But the change will be wrought by nature. Already the change has commenced. The blighting frost has used up our spring crops. We need not expect any summer this year. Next year, rewards will be issued for the recovery of autumn and winter. Next year chaos will have come again. Those who remain in the country will become barbarians, and live on horse flesh. Land on King street will be sold for a York shilling an acre, and the *Grumbler* will be the only existing paper in the Province.

## A THOUSAND YEARS TO COME.

Oh! won't they have a glorious time, I mean that generation That in a thousand years from now inhabit this creation; Just fancy all the curious things will then have been invented, Tho' very thought of which just now makes me quite disconcerted; Slow steam will then have passed away and lightning be the power

To carry people through the air a thousand miles an hour— Excursion trains will hourly leave to visit other spheres— By Jove! they'll have a rousing time in just a thousand years, The Queen of Night, that o'er our heads with silvery brightness hovers,

Will have for guests a countless host of this world's moonstruck lovers,

And, *entre nous*, which, you're aware, translated means between us,

There'll be a devil of a crowd ascending up to Venus; And she gives her sweetest smiles to mortals swift advancing, Apollo tunes his fiddle up, in case there may be dancing, Should jovial Bacchus still survive, and last in the horrors; He'll find enough to drink his health and wish him 'happy morrows.

Young men, who think the blacksmith trade is plenty good enough,

By taking Vulcan for a boss will soon be up to snuff. The Russians, when warm weather comes, will venerate to those stars,

Which are really most appropriate for subjects of the Czars; I mean that group astronomers, with telescope, declare To be the very counterpart of the northern gizzly bear. And should hot-headed youths fall out, they'll settle paltry jars; By taking coffee here below and pistols up in Mars.

Discoveries will have progressed to such a vast degree, That 'Kohinoors' will be as cheap as pebbles in the sea. Don't talk about the "Armstrong gun," although its maker's knightier,

The nation that will use it then may well be thought benighted Their guns will be of such a size, and carry such a distance, The hardest substances on earth will offer no resistance. Should Canada get in a row with her antipodes, I've reference to those funny chaps the opium-dried Chinese, They'll stick their muskets in the ground, about the proper angle, And send their bullets through the earth the poor pigstails to mangle;

And if there not killed outright, 'twill leave their *understanding* So much affected that their friends in Bethan soon will find them.

And then their horses for the turf, whose speed there is no knowing,

But rest assured our fastest nags they'll deem too slow for plow- ing;

The breeds will then be so improved that, as anro as you're alive, Their slowest coms will "do" their mile in just "two thirty-five." But I must close this lengthy "pome," of half a hundred lines,

By briefly giving my idea of future orinolines: They'll be an acre round, and rigged with an arrangement

So the fair can take in fifty yards without the least derangement. Suppose, for instance, that a maid was out one evening shopping And found the carter across the way upon her silk dress drooping; Why all the beauty 'd have to do would be to pull a tassel,

When, " presto," hoops are quickly furled, like sails upon a vessel.

## TO-BACCO OR NOT TO-BACCO.

"It was resolved, that in the annual examinations of candidates for the military, it shall be the duty of the chairman of districts to include the disciplinary question: 'Do you take tobacco, &c.?' and that a distinct answer in the negative shall be required in every case, as a condition of continuance on trial from year to year."

So the Wesleyan Conference has commenced a crusade against the time honored "Indian weed." A second Reformation is imminent. All the venerable associations that shroud the forms of our most eminent divines in clouds of tobacco smoke, and tickle the nose of Memory with the ever-fresh fragrance of their princival pipes,—a fragrance as perpetual as their fame, as fresh as the laurels which still crown their honest brows; all these) are to vanish before the charge of these

ecclesiastical Vandals. Who passed the resolution. Was no honest old smoker there, to raise his voice against this iron decree? Could it be possible that any weather-braten old churchman smoked his four or five pipes over the resolution the night before, smoked the same number over it in the morning, came to the synod, smelling villainously of tobacco, and proposed the resolution so hostile to the vegetable which had been the solace of his manhood and old age? Let fancy buckle on a pair of bats' wings, and lead us through all the blackest and gloomiest caverns of her realm, while we attempt to conceive this scene of treachery and ingratitude! He rises in his place, takes off his hat, and looks towards the President, drawing an immense snuff-box from his pocket, as if by way of ammunition for a protracted siege.

"Mr. President,

I rise with deep solicitude to propose a resolution which may meet with great opposition, inasmuch as its enlightened spirit is considerably in advance of the age—(huge pinch of snuff.) But I am ready to incur any trials in a good cause—(snuff again.) The youths of this country are, I regret to say, early indoctrinated into the repulsive habit of smoking, which is a practice very, very, injurious to the mind, morals and physical constitution.—(snuff again.)"

It was almost a questionable matter whether tea and coffee are not deleterious to humanity. But when we pass to other more exciting stimulants, I think we can have but little doubt (spills snuff over Rev. X.Y.Z.'s cravat) as to their disastrous effects. I am sure we are unanimous in declaring that the use of tobacco (snuffs again) in any shape is detestable, (reads resolution, and hands to the President a copy, smelling most villainously of tobacco.)

This is doubtless the sort of scene enacted in the Conference. But seriously speaking, before so decided a step was taken, the statistics of the subject should have been compiled. Somebody should have moved for a return of the names and ages of all those divines who are in the habit of smoking or snuffing, or both. Reliable coloured photographs should have been procured in order that the authorities might notice the effect on the complexion and expression of face, and, more especially on the whites of the eyes. No doubt, on these statistics, action will be taken in a direction unfavourable to the tobacco cause. But let us suggest a judicious way of softening the hardships accompanying the reform. The victims must not be taken by surprise. Supposing that young men learn to smoke and snuff at the average age of seven years, indulgence must be granted to all those who have attained the age of ten years, for three years will have sufficed to rivet the habit fast. Let notice be given that after June 1st, 1868, no smokers or snuffers will be admitted into the Church. All those who have already contracted a steady habit of smoking and snuffing, will thus have due allowance made for them. We are against all interference with the old and well-known consumers of tobacco. But as the reform will not stop at its present stage, we put forward a humane and well digested project,

which is sure to put an end at last to all clerical consumption of tobacco.

A tobacco depot is to be established, and placed under the control of the authorities. All clergymen already belonging to the church are required to purchase their tobacco there, and at no other place. A certain allowance is to be adjudged to each, in proportion to the amount of his ordinary consumption. The tobacco of the first years' instalment is to be pure; in the second year, a small proportion of cabbage-leaf is to be mixed with what is smoked, and this proportion is to be gradually increased till the consumer become indifferent to his favourite dissipation. Horse radish and ginger might be effectually mingled with the chewing tobacco, and cayenne pepper with the snuff, according to the same rule. Allowances may be made for ministers who are colouring large meerschaums, the amount being in proportion to the darkness of the stain. Chibouques and hookahs should also meet with indulgence. These are the only suggestions we have to offer, but if they are acted upon, they will show themselves sound.

## OUR PARK.

The College Avenue is the only place of public recreation which exists for the people of Toronto, and yet it is whispered that the hand of the despoiler is stretched over that pleasant place, and that aldermen and councilmen in human shape exist, who have it in contemplation to cut it up—to make roads through it—to deflower its beauties, and mangle its fair form. Can such beings exist? Can such undiluted villainy enter into the heart of mau? Can such heinous crimes be brewing, and the sun not instantly give notice of its intention to cease shining on Toronto, at least?

There was a time when the concoctors of such vile crimes would be mildly burned at the stake, or amicably broken on the wheel. Crimes there have been that have subjected the perpetrator to the inconvenience of standing up to his chin in water, while being consumed with thirst. Malefactors have before now been hung with their heads downwards, burned to death in oiled sheets, or rolled down mountains in barrels lined with nails instead of down. But all these were innocent compared with the man who could make a sledge road across the College Avenue.

To understand how our Park—our only Park—is appreciated, it is only necessary to go to the University grounds when the band of the Canadian Rifle is making the old woods echo with sweet music. At such a time, the youth and beauty, together with the age and deformity of our city may be seen playing themselves, to the best of their abilities. Long may the band continue to play, and long may the College Avenue last in its maiden loveliness to cheer the hearts of our citizen. And dreadful be the death of that councilman or alderman, as the case may be, who wags his tongue to injure our fair avenue.

### SCREAM! SCREAM! SCREAM!

Poor Stiggius is decidedly benepicked. Listen to one of his pathetic effusions, as he perambulates the bedroom with a juvenile Stiggius in his arms who refuses to be comforted:—

Scream, scream, scream,  
Till your black in the face, lady,  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
Some threat that would frighten thee.

Oh! woe that your mother's asleep  
And there's only one shrill voice to scold;  
Oh! woe that she's snoring loud,  
Though I shiver and shake in the cold.

And the weary night goes on,  
As the longest and darkest will;  
But oh! for one hour of good sound sleep,  
With this little rascal still.

Scream, scream, scream,  
Till your black in the face, lady,  
For the peaceful dreams of the nights that are past  
Will never come back to me.

### AN ESSAY ON ETIQUETTE.

BY A FASHIONABLE MAN.

The most trying period in the life of a man of fashion—except when trying on a new pair of boots—is to be seated at a strange table, in the midst of a bevy of young ladies. If he is blessed with a flow of small talk he may get on very well, but if his forte does not lie that way he is in a truly pitiable position. It is to relieve such an one from the embarrassment of being set down as very stupid, as he is sure to be if he says nothing, that we indite the following hints:—

If any of the company is blessed with that vegetable sort of hair known as carrotty, our hero at once has a topic for some five or six minutes conversation. He can dissipate on the fact that red-hair people are always hot-tempered, and in some countries are thought to have an evil eye. If he has ever heard of a red-haired person having been hung he can adduce the fact to support the popular prejudice. If posted up in natural history he can allude to the morbid shyness with which turkey cocks and bulls regard the colour red. And finally, if at all facetious, he can wind up by enquiring why *Tus Gnummles* is like a boiled crab? The answer to which will come pat to the purpose and cause an intense sensation.

Next our hero would do well to observe if any person in the room squints. If so, he can dilate on the odd appearance odd eyes give to an otherwise odd countenance, and retail amusing anecdotes of squinting people. An enquiry might also be ventured as to how far it would be safe to trust any person that had crooked eyes?

A stammerer would be a capital subject—especially if our hero was a good mimic. However, it should be borne in mind that people afflicted with an impediment in their speech are often very passionate, and caution would be required that the subject did not overhear himself being taken off. An unfortunate occurrence came within the writer's knowledge of a stutterer, who, hearing himself being taken off in company, took the mimic off with a

cut glass decanter. The poor mimic would have preferred, no doubt, to be cut off with a shilling; but he was not the first victim of the bottle.

The colour of eyes and the beauty of a perfect row of teeth of dazzling whiteness, would make excellent topics to fall back upon, if any one present was suspected to have false teeth; or if there were a pair of weak, expressionless eyes in the company. A story about some one who had a pair of eyes "like two burnt holes in a blanket," would tell admirably in such a case.

Wigs should not be lost sight of. They may be dwelt on at great length. If any lady in the room had a weakness that way, her opinion on false hair should be asked by all means; and if there is a parson in the company he should be taken to witness that no one going to the grave with a "lie on their heads" could have the smallest chance of salvation. This sally will produce another unmitigable sensation.

When all these topics have been exhausted, and our hero is in that position figuratively described as being "run dry," there are yet a thousand ways, in which he may maintain an almost endless conversation. Every course will afford him food for conversation as well as food for consumption.

To begin with the fish. If it be cod, he may offer to bet a pair of gloves with any lady at the table that it was caught not more than three years ago, and that after all it was a *flat fish* to allow itself to be caught at all. The latter remark will be received well, although not altogether original. If fried soles are the order of the day, and that a Catholic Bishop is at table, an excellent opportunity will present itself to make a forcible and pleasant allusion to purgatory. If our hero is dining with a snob, he will probably be treated to a piece of a whale; when the conversation will naturally turn on the story of "Jonah in the whale's belly." If any one present is named Jonas, a good opportunity to quiz him in a delicate manner will be presented.

The roast beef should not be allowed to depart in peace. "How many saw logs did the animal draw in its life time?" would puzzle the greatest mathematician present. It might also be surmised that the *bull* yielding the beef must have been Irish, because of its toughness. The ages of the fowl might also form a matter to converse on. If geese garnish the table, information can be sought as to whether they were the identical ones that saved the capitol. The *carving* of turkeys may be denominated a *fowl* proceeding, and totally at variance with the respect due to age, and the sauce the *gilding* of the pill. The carver may be wittily denominated the Czar.

To one of a fertile imagination a thousand other topics, equally elegant and appropriate, will present themselves. As a last resource he can allude to the uniform stupidity of our *weekly* contemporary.

### A new feature in Phonography.

—A New York house advertises Spurgeon's Sermons, "phonographically reported, revised and corrected by himself!" We should like to see Spurgeon phonographically reporting his own sermon!

### RYERSON AND THE UNIVERSITY.

When, in the name of goodness, will the restless Ryerson stop getting into hot water? Not content with having engaged in contest with every public man in Canada, and having written as many newspaper columns as there are hairs in his head, he next broaches a quarrel with the Toronto University. He cannot enter into the national spirit which dictates its non-sectarian constitution, he cannot understand the necessity of preserving it from the strife of religious controversy, he does not foresee the scrambling after the leaves and fishes that would take place, if anything like a partition of the endowment were attempted. But because he has exhausted every other polemical topic within his range, he next seeks to disturb the newly-found tranquillity and prosperity of the University. But he has aiders and abettors in these proceedings, the mere mention of whose names ought to put the Senate and the Government to shame. Among the Examiners at the University we find one who, a few weeks after getting his Examiner's fee, plans with this turbulent Moss-trooper, Ryerson, a raid upon the fat property of the University. What did the Government intend to the University when they placed in the Senate men who in the times of early adversity bartered their standing in their *alma mater* for a degree in the rival Institution, because rising brilliancy of the latter seemed for the moment to cast a brighter light upon its alumni than the one to which they owed their scholastic training. What did the Government mean by placing in the not very numerous ranks of the Senate a lost political star, whose aspect is known to be anything benign to the University? Shame on it! Are there not men of old King's College who have always shown a disinterested and sincere regard for the fortunes of the University,

*Nuper sollicitum quoniam mihi fastidium;*

but whose serene hopes now give rise to joyous sympathy, rather than to any gloomy, though praiseworthy anxiety. For Heaven's sake, let not the University, in addition to its late abundant tribulations, suffer the additional misfortune of having for sentinels over its fold a pack of ravening wolves in sheep's clothing.

### Malice beyond the Grave.

"DIED—In Cobourg, on the 9th instant, from apoplexy, Wm. Henry King, Esquire, Toxicologist, aged 26 years."—*Port Hope Atlas*, June 10.

Who penned those lines? Why did the editor or proprietor of the *Port Hope Atlas* publish them? We can scarcely believe that the editor knew of their publication. There is something so unnatural—so contrary, we will not say to honor and manhood, but to human nature, contained in them that we did not think the most malignant wretch on earth could have forced himself to indite them. Why not let the dead rest? Is there to be no respect or pity for the living? It was a heartless and unbecoming act to pen those lines. It was a cruel and a wicked thing to publish them.

## COOPER'S ENGLISH OPERA TROUPE.

The musical public of Toronto have not been backward in showing their appreciation of the rich treat that Mr. Marlowe provided for them this week. Notwithstanding the financial pressure of these hardest of hard times, the audiences have constantly increased till on Thursday the house was crowded to its utmost capacity. We were much pleased to witness the hearty welcome which greeted Miss Annie Milner on her re-appearance amongst us. Apart altogether from the sweetness and gracefulness of her singing, and the versatility of her acting, there are a pleasing and attractive manner and appearance which make their way into your good feelings and wishes whether you will or not. The ease and power with which she assumes every character, from the raging *Norma* to the coquettish *Adina*, is beyond all praise. We trust that whenever she visits Toronto she will meet that cordial reception to which so talented and pleasing an English *artiste* is entitled from a British Canadian audience. Mr. Rudolphsen, another old acquaintance, we were happy to see again on our boards. Mr. Bowler and Mr. Cook left nothing to be desired in their respective parts.

The engagement of the troupe was a fortunate hit for Mr. Marlowe. The houses each night were enough to make any young manager's mouth water. The stock company have, during this vacation, a chance to read up their old parts, so that when we have the pleasure of seeing them once more upon the boards our gratitude may know no bounds.

The Opera troupe, we understand, will be re-engaged. Therefore we may look for another week of crowded houses. It is quite wonderful what an effective orchestra Messrs. Cooper and Hoffman make. And as the custom of calling the performers before the curtain at the end of every act is now established, we would put in a good word to the pit for the two gentlemen we have mentioned. The audience should learn to have a little discrimination. What would the Opera be without the music?

*From the Globe.*

## WHITHER ARE WE SHIFTING?

Ministerial prints are like mile-stones. They indicate how far we are on the road, but never aid us one step on the journey. The *Globe* does both. A faithful and unwavering index to the truth, it macadamizes the path of progress, and harnessed in the trappings of integrity, drags the car of politics safely into the lively-stable of security. "Every dog," said the poet, "has his day." Responsible government though not strictly of the canine species, has certainly had a prolonged one. Yet, if we are to trust the recreant *Times*, or the time-serving *Free Press*, we should lengthen out its wretched twilight by the rash-light of expediency.

We have tried everything; Rep. by pop. is in the expressive, but effete vernacular of the sixteenth century, "used up." Like a faithful shepherd, we have watched the flock. We have found at length, after all our care, a great cry, but a decidedly inadequate modicum of wool. "Whither

are we shifting?" We ask not in the spirit of senseless curiosity. We have higher aims to serve, nobler purposes to impel us. We have strained every string on the cogit of the political fiddle; we have sounded every hollow in the loathsome murky quagmire of Canadian Government, and we can tell of but one cure to our political ills, one averter of the threatened social phthisis; it is a universal panacea,—a written constitution. When we said pop. by pop. we meant a written constitution, for we never shift. Consistency has ever been the bull's eye of our journalistic target, though cabinets and coalitions pass away like porridge at the breakfast table, we shall ever remain steadfast. Thither we are shifting, to this we must come. Let us prepare for it, for come it will. No wretched traitor to the cause shall impede our destiny, &c. &c.

## The Mayor of Montreal.

—By the Montreal papers it appears that the Mayor of Montreal is a disgrace, not only to his office, but to himself. For a man who could degrade the office of the first civic magistrate of a large city, by making a speech to the mob who infest the galleries, and this speech made up of the silliest trash imaginable, can be no man at all, but a madman, whom his friends ought in pity to take charge of. Perhaps the Mayor of Montreal was only drunk when he made such an exhibition of himself. However it was, we at a distance can only look upon the whole city council proceedings with contempt. Montreal should do better than return madmen for mayors.

## A new simile.

—The following extraordinary occurrence, according to the *Leader*, took place one day in the past week:

"Then the leaden clouds were washed away, and the sun shone out strongly for a few hours."

Following out this new style, we should have gentle zephyrs blowing a hurricane, cooling whirlwinds, summer clouds black and lowering, and the order of nature generally turned upside down.

## BY GRUMLER TELEGRAPH!

*The York Field Battery ordered to the seat of War.*

COUNT HALLIWELL, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

PROMOTION OF MAJOR GENERAL CULL.

Captain Paterson and Sergeant Gray Suspended.

## BUSINESS NOTICES.

We desire to call special attention to the arrival at Mr. Seals' S. LOOK, King street West, of a large supply of Base's Ale, imported direct from Burton-upon-Trent. Mr. Seals, at considerable trouble and additional expense, has imported this splendid Ale from the brewery, and our readers may depend upon its genuineness. As a summer beverage Base's Ale is very excellent; it is light, mild and harmless, and if those of our younger readers who indulge in the exhilarating cup would forewear, especially in the summer the stuff sold as Brandy, Gin and Whisky, and substitute a good glass of Seals' Ale, we should not hear so many complaints about drunkenness in Toronto. To our fellow-cricketers we need not recommend Mr. Seals, to others we say give him a call.

We have the greatest pleasure in recommending to the public the excellent assortment of all the luxuries derived from the growth and elaborate manufacture of good tobacco which are to be met with in the Divan of Mr. Dasseaur. Any body who desires to cheer his moonlight walks with a "sweet cigar," or to shed the very quintessence of fragrant comfort through his back parlour by the instrumentality of a pipe—full of splendid tobacco, or, lastly, who desires to tickle his olfactorics and clear his brain with a pinch of the best snuff, he should without delay seek the above mentioned place, where he will infallibly meet with full satisfaction.

Not very long ago our attention was drawn to a portion of the Romah buildings which had suddenly assumed an unusually attractive appearance, and that, too, all along of Mr. Tilley's Ice Cream Saloon. The display of all the bountiful and judicious gifts of prudent nature quite eclipsed the more terrestrial attractions of neighbouring Saloons, and we have for some time been a habitue of Mr. Tilley's Establishment, where, at a trifling expense, we have feasted upon Ice Creams, Soda Water, Oranges, cakes, candies, and count ces other delicacies. Go, good public! and enjoy yourselves, as we have done.

In these days of misfortune how many poor fellows come under the hammer. Estates, stock, furniture are remorselessly knocked down to the highest bidder. The distress which enshrouds the Province, and invades the happiness of households where misery never peeped before, is sad indeed; but it may have a bright feature. Whether choice or necessity impels a sale, the greatest luxury is that of being hammered by a good auctioneer. The legitimate successors of Geo. Robinson, in Toronto Messrs. WAREFIELD, COATE & Co., are so well known to our citizens, that we need scarcely bespatter them with praises. All we desire to tell our readers, is,—their warehouses have assumed their spring garb; and that whether they have recourse to them as vendors or purchasers, Messrs. W. & D. will not merely do them justice, but with a mark peculiarly their own, will satisfy the vendor that the biggest price has been made, and the purchaser that real bargains are to be got at no other mart. We are glad to see that Mr. Wakefield, Jr., has mounted the rostrum and bids fair to rival our old friend at the head of the arm.

## THE GRUMBLER

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