

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. 1.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1856.

NO. 19.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats
I rede you tent it;
A chieft'namang you taking noce,
And, faith, he'll pent it."

SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1856.

PROVINCIAL SPOUTING APPARATUS.—No. XVIII.

The game of politics in this Province is rapidly losing its last claim to the respect and consideration of honest men. No matter to which side of the House our reader plus his political faith, no matter with what partiality he views a particular set of men or a favorite system of policy, he must admit that there is a hollowness and an insincerity pervading the political atmosphere of Canada, which are the unmistakable concomitants of rottenness and decay. Week after week for almost six months, has the battle for office been maintained with unflagging energy and eagerness; and here they are still fighting over the old grievance (Upper versus Lower Canada), as if the prosperity and future greatness of Her Majesty's noblest Colony depended on sowing the seeds of discord and sectional strife, to the lasting and incalculable injury of this country. We are aware that it is the fashion of the belligerents to cast the reproach at their opponents; we are glad to know that both parties are ashamed of it and endeavour to cast off the serious responsibility they incur, but in the calm and independent view which our position enables us to take, we can relieve neither of its share in the odium which ought to attach to a political warfare which is reflecting deep discredit upon our Provincial escutcheon. Let us glance at one or two of the discussions which have amused our Legislature during the past week.

I. NON-CONFIDENCE IN THE ADMINISTRATION.

Who's in or out, who moves the grand machine,
Nor stuns my curiosity nor spleen.—*Churchill.*

What interest do the people of this Province feel in the question, all-absorbing apparently to the legislature, whether McDonald or Brown is to occupy the first place in the treasury? They are demanding something like sound and comprehensive commercial legislation; they anxiously look for amendments in the usury laws, the bankruptcy laws, the electoral system, &c., and yet instead of such sound wholesome political bread as this, their parliamentary popas have been for six months offering a most unpromising stone. Mr. J. S. McDonald moved a vote of non-confidence in the Government; he knew very well what the result would be; and yet he must repeat again the old arguments which the country has had ringing in its ears for half a year, to show cause why the two McDonalds should change places in the House. Is this question of

such grave importance just now? We don't think it matters a straw, unless some great and radical change is made in the statesmanship of them both. Nor do we lay all the blame at the door of the opposition; they are naturally in a posture of attack, and their errors are thus more palpable than those of the ministry; we accuse both parties with placing office and honour and paltry pelf before the welfare and greatness of the country they pretend to serve.

The only remedy we know is a recurrence to the self-denying ordinance of the Long Parliament of England and the Constituent Assembly of France. Let there be a clean sweep of the present men, and let us ascertain whether the country cannot send to the Legislative halls, a set of men uncorrupted by the errors and forewarned by the sad example of the present House of Assembly.

II. DOUBLE MAJORITY.

The other political donkey has given out in the race. Like Mr. Ten Broeck's horses on the English turf, these constitutional hacks appear at every race, and like them, always to be beaten most comendably. One of the jockeys in this last race (Mr. Langevin), was thrown from his Rosinante, without, however, receiving much injury. Mr. Thibaudeau, with true Quixotic daring, kept his seat till the animal failed him a considerable distance (22 lengths) from the winning post. Mr. Sancho Panza Cauchon adhered to his leader's fortunes till the last, but seemed a little blown after the race was over. It rather puzzled us to tell what Mr. Brown was trying to drive at, for after betting 2 to 1 on the Thibaudeau hobby-horse, he was found at last exulting at its failure; we are almost afraid he has been playing double at the Tattersall's of Front street, at the expense of his French friend. We regret to learn that Mr. J. S. McDonald lost a great deal of capital (political) in backing the Canadian Prioresse, and feels considerably disappointed. This celebrated steed will make only one more appearance in the Toronto races, but its enterprising proprietor says he will run the loss at the Ottawa sweep-stakes, till he makes his money out of him. We offer 200 to 1 against Double-Majority; 300 to 1 against Federal Union, and 50 to 1 against Representation by Population. Who will take us up?

III. TALL TALKING.

Who knows himself a braggart,
Let him fear this; for it will come to pass
That every braggart shall be found an ass.

All well that ends well.

Mr. Ferguson is a great man, and the world doesn't know it. On Wednesday night, the hon. broth of a boy was determined to make a bold stroke to attain his natural position. He was the champion of Upper Canada, out-Browning Brown himself in his vehement denunciation of the "cursed institutions" of catholicism. He stood up boldly

and manfully, as the *Globe* would say, for Upper Canadian rights against Gallic supremacy, and boasted of how much he has done this session to torment the enemy. We were quite surprised at seeing the hon. gentleman's speech; we thought it must have been a trick of the *Globe*; but no, it was the real Simon Pure himself with his beautiful brogue, intensely intellectual countenance, and softly tripping vocables, standing on the borders of the government benches, a political Aaron, bringing the consor of defiance between the officially living and dead. The great Isaac, of Hamilton, sat on his left, the severely spectacled Cameron on his right, and the great North West lay behind and around him, and there he stood staying the plague of opposition with his boastful and almost elegant outbursts of elegance. Take it coolly, dear Jim; the world has few spirits like you in these degenerate days, and what would become of Upper Canada if she were deprived of her bowdlest defender and most illustrious political ornament. Bide your time, and you may yet make your little mark in your country's annals.

Information Wanted.

—George L. Allen, our Toronto Turnkey, is about to run for the constituency of North Wellington. Has he or has he not, according to rule and custom, resigned the respectable office which providence, with views of its own no doubt, once allowed to fall into his hands? If he has, we are satisfied with the legality of his running. Of course McHenry will be his successor, and by the time that Parliament becomes a little less respectable, will throw up the keys, and perhaps grasp the Premier's goals as a compensation. Of course the following announcement will appear in the *Canada Gazette*, under the head of appointments to office: To be Governor of Toronto Jail by purchase, R. J. McHenry Esq., of Cayuga.

Unintentional Compliment.

—In a late powerfully written article of the *Colonist*, we noticed a very chaste allusion to Mr. Benjamin, the member for Hastings. The statement that Mr. Benjamin was a "lineal descendant of the thief on the cross" conveys a delicate compliment to the antiquity of the hon. gentleman's family, a compliment especially gratifying in this wooden country of ours. But the editor of the *Colonist* seems to have forgotten that there were two thieves at the Crucifixion. We suppose from the context of said editorial that the unrepentant thief was the gentleman referred to. If so, Mr. Benjamin could hardly have been made to go farther and fare worse, in his search after an ancestor. But these genealogical discoverers ought to be made to bear the expense of certain appropriate alterations in the honourable gentleman's escutcheon, which their well meaning investigations have rendered necessary.

OGLE AND HIS NASSAU.

There was a fine scholar in Toronto did dwell,
He had a tall son, once a clerical swell;
His name it was Nassau, some thirty years old,
With plenty of brass, but little of gold.

As Nassau was whirling his thumb one day
His patient came to him, and thus to him did say:
"Come, come, dearest Nassau, and get up an address,
For I've got you a county to gammon, I guess.

"O part me, dear patient!" young Nassau replied
To follow advice he will incline;
I'll turn off an address far quicker than light,
Though like you good English you know I can write.

The address was hatched up with uncommon strong fibs,
Some dated newspapers were crummed full of squibs,
And Nassau went home devoutly to pray
For a red-embossed seal and six dollars a day.

The convention soon set for which Nassau had wished,
But poor fellow, alas! he found himself ditched,
For the voters ungratefully pitched on another,
And rejected at once their "dear Orange Brother."

"O Nassau, deni Nass," the patient then cries,
His voice thick with brogue, and his breast full of sighs,
"Pray, give up all thought of your sitting in year,
Or you'll be sent home with a flea in your ear."

"I won't you vulgarian," the young man replied,
"And if you're resolved not to stick to my side"
"It's Papsi'll turn, cry 'Down with King Bill,'
And wear a green neck-tie, and disown you—I will."

Much more he'd have said, but with a horrible crash,
The head of the barrel he spoke on went smash,
And in air he was shrouded from the head to the feet,
And only feathers were wanted to make him complete.

AUNT ADELAIDE'S ADVICE—No. II.

MY DEAREST NIECE,—I quite admit the difficulty of your position, but I cannot flatter you on the way you have played d your cards. Surely you must see, that what immediately you have to think of, is yourself; and that the moment you lose sight of this admirable maxim, that moment you are in danger of doing something foolish. Therefore, my dear Lucy, never be carried away by feeling, for it only leads to mischief. I recollect, when a girl, reading a book which was very fashionable (or certainly I should not have read it) in those days—"The Sorrows of Werter," and it beautifully furnishes me an example of how you should act. Werter, you know, is a foolish young man, who falls in love with Lotty (why I could never well understand) and one night he determined to see her no more because she was engaged to some body else; so after a great deal of talking, he bursts out into a rhapody, saying that they would again meet—again—"Oh yes," says Lotte, as calmly as Mr. Mathews, who made me laugh so last night in one of his farces—"Oh yes, to-morrow." "I felt that word to-morrow," says the poor gentleman. Now the anecdote is not worth much, and perhaps some people may call it stupid, but it suits my purpose to explain to you how I wish you to act, for whenever one of your admirers becomes unduly sentimental, unless you intend accepting him, just follow this young lady's example.

But it may happen that you may desire to encourage him, which of course you would not do, unless you were so told. Then you cannot have too much

devotion, excepting that you ought always to think that you may perchance quarrel with him.

Oh, my dear Lucy, this a strange world, and one cannot be too cautious. I recollect before I knew your uncle, I had an affair myself, with—well it does not matter who. But he wanted me to read, and begged of me to cultivate my mind, and tried as he said to elevate me. They were not bad days those, although he was very exacting, and often quarrelled with me, but he was after all very good, and I think now, old woman as I am, that he loved me better than anything in the world. Perhaps, now, I think I might have been happier, if I had listened to what he said, although your uncle is a very good man. Ah me, we read French together, and I never can forget what Baron Grinnon says. *Tant il est vrai que ce que nous appelons la société est ce qu'il y a de plus léger, de plus ingrat et de plus frivole au monde.* But my idea after all has ever been that the best way of dealing with it, is to be as insincere as the rest of the world.—Use your friends, Lucy dear, for if not, they will make use of you. I am sure that you perceive how careless all your acquaintances are, except when their own interest is in question. So start with the great point, that all feeling is thrown away unless it is judiciously displayed for a purpose. As to truth, why it is not of much use, at least one would so judge by our public men, whom your uncle describes as worse than I can put to paper. I am afraid dearest Lucy, you will say this is a very rambling letter, but old people are allowed to gossip, but I am not in good spirits, for you know how I love you as my niece and god daughter. And your dear Mamma tells me that yesterday she caught you crying. Now, I am very sorry to hear this, and I hope you will not be guilty of the fault again, and I am sure you need not cry if you will do as I tell you—and that is to care for nobody but yourself—and never to hesitate wounding other peoples' feelings, when your own severity exacts it.

Adieu, my dear love,

ADELAIDE ALICE BROWN.

St. George's Square,
Thursday Evening.

Wood Contract.

From the intense indignation expressed in and out of the House relative to the so-called Hogan McGuffey wood contract, we would think that the history of the present Canadian Parliament contained no such interesting event as the expelling of a Lower Canadian member for his delicate attentions to a returning officer; or the moral conviction of another of wholesale plagiarism from a Yankee dictionary on the occasion of his election; or that a third member had not been sent back to his constituents for his very equivocal hospitality on a similar occasion. Surely, in view of these trifling peccadilloes, so simple and common-place a transaction as a wood contract—even though it is alleged that the Grand Trunk were to receive therefore the most unvariable of all props, newspaper support, ought to be allowed to slumber in its own insignificance. Sancho Panza would say of these contracts, "the more you stir them, the more they stink."

THE THEATRE.

Although we do not desire closely to analyse an actor's idiosyncrasy, yet it may be said that whoever can take part in a badly-acted piece in which he is supposed to excel, assisting as it were at the murder of his own fame, without exhibiting the least emotion, may be said to be a model of forbearance. Therefore in addition to the laurels which already crown Charles Mathews, as our greatest light comedian, we put into his palm the palm of patience, which he has truly earned since his appearance at our boards. We by no means anticipate that every comedian should be a Mathews any more than we took to see a Macready in a scene-dancer. Nor, indeed, are we so unreasonable as to expect that our stock company should depart from their usual practice, and learn their parts, because a great actor is to throw their merits into the shade—as, very probably, there are many who think that the genius of a great man shines most under difficulties. And is it not usually a celebrated actor is said to be supported in the character he appears in, there is Mr. Posiui, for instance, who, whatever criticism may exist, is always of a different opinion, as we may adduce from the manner in which he did *Sir Alvin Ketcher*. Instead of sustaining Mr. Mathews in his masterpiece of *Sir Charles Coldstream*, he beautifully contrived that the contempt which should fall upon the character, if we played, should go to the actor: and here we may remark that baronets are usually supposed to be dressed like gentlemen, and, however affected in their style to speak like men, not monkeys. Another thing is that although we are quite aware that *Hamlet's* ghost is, by courtesy, invisible to his Queen, yet this rule does not hold good in comedy. Therefore, when "As Dool as a Curmudgeon" is next produced, we advise *Barkins* junior, to betake himself behind the door, or to go and hang himself, sooner than spoil the deliciously cool interview between *Mr. Plumper* (Mr. Mathews) and *Barkins*, senior (Mr. Petrie), as his absence will obviate the very awkward action used in trying to discover him. We missed Mr. Marlowe several times during the engagement, as, on a former occasion, he acquitted himself most creditably even beside Mr. Mathews. Mrs. Marlowe was quite at home as *Mary* in "used up." Mrs. Biddle's *Lady Clutterbuck* was to the point. Miss J. Lyons is good looking. Will she allow us to beg of her to add to her attractions a little animation?

Pugh!

For some time past the *Globe* has been filled with nothing but astounding revelations about Baby Jobs. In the House, Mr. Brown is so afraid of their being forgotten that he is always bringing them on the carpet. If he cannot treat us to something more odorous, he deserves to be treated as they do ill-mannered little kittens.

Commendable.

The member for East York has suddenly become impressed with the opinion that something more than a Clear Grit vote is demanded of him at a crisis like the present, and has accordingly avowed his intention of advancing his education at the close of the Session, by spending a term at a Dumb Asylum.

STANZAS.

Composed in allusion to an affecting scene which occurred at the late electoral convention in West Middlesex.

AIR—"Old Obadiah said to Young Obadiah."

Old Oglo R. said to young Nassau C.,
Nassau C., Nassau C., Nassau C.,
And young Nassau C., said to Old Oglo R.,
Oglo R., Oglo R., Oglo R., Oglo R.

THE DEFEAT.

AFTER HOOD.

The Ministry's defeated;
Advisers of the Crown,
Upon the tonnage duties,
Have been done by Brown.

No more dainty jobs
For the Baby chap;
The country's growing tired
Paying for his pap.

On the Treasury benches,
Members as they sit,
Let them only tenants,
With notices to quit.

Some of easy temper,
Sing by turns and laugh,
Yowell within the tavern,
Drinking half and half.

Th' ill-temper'd sort,
Drew heavy on the purse;
But the new one coming,
May perhaps be worse.

OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

At the last formal gathering of the Fathers, the material of discussion was fire, water and gas—each of which elements were visibly active on their physical compositions. It is superlatively funny, and more than compensating to the citizens, to witness occasionally the gas inflated blowers, although we are bound to admit many of them on all occasions, are little other than sublimated gas machines, or excretory nitrogenized substances.

Councillor Fox seems to have awakened to a necessity for a more general supply of hydrogen, by proposing an alteration in the nuisance law, to permit bathing before seven in the morning, and after that hour in the evening. Not an objectionable move, certainly—but pray, Mr. Fox, what excuse do you offer for *fozing* until the season has so far advanced as to render your amendment abortive for present good. If in your own person you suffer from an accumulation of unappreciable gases, do not be silly enough to suppose the people are alike afflicted, and require your intervention in the council. By no means. Presuming the best intentions however, THE GRUMBLES, in a reciprocal spirit, offers you a panacea, which, for its simplicity, will act on a command itself. Procure a large hog'shead, (if you haven't one already) fill it with water, and set it in an unoccupied corner of your shanty; sprinkle yourself moderately with some disinfecting agent, say chlorine, tumble into the hog'shead aforesaid, brains foremost, and allow yourself to steep for a week. At the end of that time, you will find yourself insensible to all material nuisances, and the Ward of St. James will have another cause to rejoice over the wisdom and devotion of their Fox,

who, by such an act, would demonstrate his fidelity to the interests committed to him.

Another very gaseous individual in the list of Blowers, is Purdy, who, when at the Council board, is in momentary danger of spontaneous combustion. We cannot say what there is in the atmosphere of St. Patrick's Ward to generate such a dangerous excess of carbonic acid in the unfortunate body of Purdy; perhaps his own tap-room may be reeking with elements foul enough to produce such a chemical phenomenon—be that as it may, the danger we hinted at is imminent, and we only do a duty in insisting that he be immediately sprinkled with a sufficient quantity of lime to absorb the inflammable gas, and spare the citizens the expense of a horrible catastrophe.

The Mayor is equally obnoxious to the gassy disorder. He probably emits more gas than any other three of the Blowers, when not under restraint. To him we would apply the homœopathic principle—"like cures like"—and shut him up for a week in glorious solitude, where he would be compelled to test the purity of his own oxygen.

Bugg, Sproatt, Dunn, Ramsay and Carty, are each disproportionately compounded, and of little service except in illustrating the subordinate elements of gas. They should all be boiled down together, from which might be extracted a valuable quantity of gelatin, and by a process converted into glue. A market is near at hand in the person of Mr. Lamb, who is in the position to give perpetuity to these gentlemen, that we could not warrant by any other means. The remainder of the Blowers we will prescribe for on a future occasion.

From the Globe.

DEFEAT OF THE GOVERNMENT BY AN OVERWHELMING MAJORITY!

Last night the career of the Government was suddenly brought to a close by an adverse vote on the tonnage dues, the Opposition being triumphant by an overwhelming majority of two. We understand that the Governor General was aroused from his midnight slumbers, and the gratifying intelligence related to him, which he no sooner heard than he sent for Mr. George Brown, and implored him to save the country and form another administration. Mr. Brown firmly refused at first; but seeing the distress of the aged Governor, his heart relented and he gave his unwilling consent. The Hon. Mr. Foley will assist the Hon. Mr. Brown in juggling together the new Government. *En passant* we may remark, that the lungs of the senior member are so much affected by the arduous exertion of shouting at the late meeting that he has determined at the next election, which will take place as soon as possible, to stand for Gaspe.

Daren't.

—We beg to correct an injurious rumour lately prevalent that the Governor General is about to run for Haldimand in opposition to Mr. McKenzie, that gentleman having followed the example of Messrs. Robinson and Gowan, and boldly dared the Viceroi to an electoral combat. Mr. McKenzie knows too well that the Governor would refuse to accept such a challenge, for more than one reason.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

The contest between Nassau Gowan and Wilkinson, to come off in West Middlesex, is likely to be broken off. Nassau having been considerably damaged in an outside turn up with some Grits at the fight between little Mac and Sandy McKinnon in Haldimand, his friends are shy of backing him against Wilky, who has been for some time in training under Long George, and said to be in excellent condition.

Should Gowan not come to the scratch, it is expected Wilky will be matched against A. P. Macdonald, well known to the fancy for his heavy jobbing hits.

A Challenge.

—The following challenge from the Ogler has been sent us for publication:

To the Editor, &c.—Sir, As my name has been very freely and unjustly made use of concerning some recent fighting matters, and a great deal has been said by certain parties about my backers in the fight with Gritty Smith, having been sold, betrayed, &c. I beg to state that if any one of the party means fight and not chaff, let him step forward and deposit forfeit money in the hands of Harry Smith, Bar-keeper of the National Saloon, Front street, Toronto, and I will meet him in a fair and manly hand to hand encounter at any time or in any place he may choose. Let courage and science settle the affair.

This challenge will be open until the 20th, and if not then accepted, I trust the Public will hear no more of "forfeited stakes," and "betrayed backers."

Yours,

OGLER GOWN.

This looks like sport.—Ed

Matrimonial Gossip

—If any of our readers wish to be acquainted with the number and all other particulars of the marriages which are to take place within the next year, we say,—locate yourself near a group of young ladies in St. James' Cathedral when the nuptial knot is being tied, your inmost curiosity will be sated. The colour of the lady's eyes, value of her dress, correctness of her demeanor, amount of her pin money, and her precise age—all these secrets may be yours, should you but observe this direction. The number of marriages to come off in the next year, with the residences, ages and tempers of the respective votaries of Hymen, may be ascertained at the same time and in the same way, by the exercise of a little patience. Should this receipt fail, we will guarantee to compensate the luckless experimenter by presenting him with fifty shares of the Georgian Bay Canal, which is to be completed by Rowland Barr, when elected to a seat in the Legislative Council, which, we understand, will be sometime after Lib's Eve.

Educational.

—Mr. Thibaudeau, at the request of the member for Waterloo, has kindly consented to give Mr. Ferguson, of South Simcoe, a few lessons on the grammatical use of the English Language. There is no fear of Mr. Thibaudeau's getting out of his depth as the lessons will have to be extremely elementary, not "strong meat," but "milk for babes."

GEORGIAN BAY CANAL.

Latterly a most notable project has been ventilated. The citizens of Toronto want the Georgian Bay Canal; but they have, with their accustomed promptitude, eschewed taking any active measures to get it. Such proceedings would be most indignant in their eyes. Accordingly for many summers past, our representatives seem to be labouring under the impression that this canal will, like Aladdin's Palace, be the work of a night. Many nights, have however, darkened our hemisphere, and yet neither dignity nor magic have done aught towards cancelling the district between the Georgian Bay and the Bay of the Humber. But now the auspicious moment has arrived, Mr. Rowland Durr, in a fit of philanthropy, has offered to build the Georgian Bay Canal, in return for which all he asks is that he should be made the Hon. Mr. Burr, M. P. for the remainder of his imaginative life; for the poor gentleman really seems to live in a speculative world of his own, from whence he views subliminary undertakings in a light denied to ordinary mortality. But the would be honorable gentleman only promises to "complete it."

Till now, we were unaware he had ever commenced it. We have, however, been so immersed in looking after what is now called "Parliamentary business," that, in common with all the members of the Assembly, we had latterly lost sight of the affairs of the country altogether. But, as a man of Mr. Burr's aspirations affirms that he will "complete" the canal, we take it that he has made a beginning. Jarvis and Romain, are not you chances completely washed away? How can you attempt to stem the torrent? A whole canal—and such a canal too is let loose on you! Kissing babies, ogling the parents, pharisaical almonies, and declaring for the abolition of taxes, won't do this time. You must go in for a canal or railway at least.

A Step in the right direction.

—We are glad to see that the hon. gentlemen of the House have, in the eleventh hour, discovered that an encounter of wit is more suitable, to their position, when they fall foul of each other than the usual practice of calling vulgar names. The following is a beginning; and judging from its merits, we imagine that if the practice is persevered in, we shall soon have a new race of Sydney Smiths:

Mr. Powell did not want any connection with the junior member for Montreal, (Mr. McGee), an individual who travelled all over the *Globe* [mark the hit], and in a few months would, perhaps, be at Fraser River.

Mr. McGee replied in poetry:—

"And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return."

Mr. Powell (who felt conscience stricken at the allusion) suggested that the hon. member meant the blackest nigger.

This sarcasm is put to the purpose, inasmuch as the junior member for Montreal is said to be a loyal descendant of the first king of Algiers—(All jeers)—which also accounts for the *penchant* displayed by that hon. gentleman for quizzing the House,

What's in the Wind?

—The following rather important letter was picked up in the bar-room of the House of Assembly, on Thursday night:

[PRIVATE.]
GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

Toronto, Thursday Morning,
July 14, 1858.]

MY DEAR MR. McDONALD:

I have just read the article in this morning's *Colonist*, headed "The Personal of the Government and The Political Necessities of the Times." Also Mr. J. S. Macdonald's motion of non-confidence in the present Ministry.

I lose not a moment in conveying to you the anxious desire I entertain for the immediate and complete dissolution of your Government. For the accomplishing of so desirable an object, I beg to express my wish that you will not personally defend the policy of the past four months, nor allow any other minister or friend to do so. I conceive the less said the better!

Please call upon me this afternoon after the meeting of the Council.

Faithfully yours,

E. H.

P. S. Sir A—agrees with me in toto respecting my opposition to another patch-up! and says I ought not to sanction such another effort, which I may say, respectfully, I am fully prepared to prevent.

E. H.

We called upon the Premier on Friday morning and found him discussing a bottle of Plantagenet Water. As soon as we showed him the above epistle, he wrote the following answer with his usual rapidity:—

"Dear Sir E.—I don't care a snap for you or for the *Colonist*. You know very well you can't get a better Premier. If you say any more on the subject, I'll get the "thief on the cross" to write an article in the *Atlas* that will blow you and your Government sky high.

"Yours,

J. McD.

DEAR GRUMBLER,—I have a grievance which has long bored me. No doubt you can assist in having it removed. You have seen in your promenades several square pieces of iron inserted in the sidewalk, bearing the singular and unintelligible initials T. W. W.—by-the-bye, Henry Sparks, one of us, a devilish, witty fellow, says they stand for Toes We Whack. Well, I am a fashionable young man; I wear those particular boots sometimes, by vulgar people, styled "stabbs." I am unfortunate enough to come into collision with these irons day after day—for in nine cases out of ten, they have an elevation on one side made to "trip up the light fantastic too"—my toes are injured, my boots soiled, if not cut, and my entire person disarranged by being thrown precipitately forward with my nose frequently in dangerous proximity to the side walk.

Yours in agony,

T. F. P. WYTHEINGHAM SPOON.

Alas! for North Wellington.

—Who could it be supposed, of all the shiftless, brainless, conceited, poverty-stricken loungers that abound in this Canada, has ventured to set himself up for Parliamentary honors, now the gift of this constituency. We blush to name him—we offend our virtuous columns by parading such a man in this connection; our ears almost refuse to lend themselves to the fact, that it is the Toronto Gaoler. *O tempora! Omnes!* a man with scarce mental capacity sufficient to swing a policeman's baton—aspiring to become a member of Parliament. North Wellington sufficiently expiated its folly in having their late representative unseated; but to have Geo. L. Allen, one of the most useless of the Corporation Barnacles, sent among them, is the "unkindest cut of all."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HARD ROAD TO TRAVEL—Must be doting. What does he mean by us "been incarcerated by Act or parliament?"

SKUNE'S Proposition stinks in our nostrils.

D. M. C. B's—Communication arrived too late.

A TAX PAYER'S—Letter is too long to peruse this hot weather. If he would in future say all he has to say in ten words we should give him due attention.

CROCKET—We entirely agree with you as to the expediency of persuading ladies to attend your public matches. The presence of the fair sex always contributes to excite emulation among the players, and to enhance the good humour and cheerfulness of everybody.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Captain Perry of the Steamer *Baumansville*, intends having a moonlight excursion on the Lake on Monday night, which promises to be a most pleasant affair. Inasmuch as the sale of tickets are confined to the worthy Captain and his agent Mr. G. H. Wyatt, none but respectable persons will be of the party. An excellent band will discourse music, and dancing and singing are expected to form the principal enjoyments of the evening, not forgetting, however, a good supper which is to be provided. We hope the party will be a decided success.

Kindlier than usual were the destinies of that sultry day which sent us to the cool soda fountain of Simpson and Dunspeugh, 44 King Street East. Accustomed as we are to soda-water libbling, and experienced in many frothy disappointments when we have looked into bubbling goblets, and found nothing really worth drinking, our judal palate was once more tickled by the brimming glass of the desired beverage, which a retainer of the above mentioned firm politely handed to us. We departed cooler and wiser men.

Anxious to keep before the people the most rational means of enjoyment, yielding at the same time to the necessities of the times, we can assure much comfort in a visit to Lake Simcoe, where there is constantly plying to the various ports a commodious steamer, well found in all that can promote comfort.

THE GRUMBLER

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