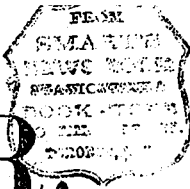


THE GRUMBLER.



VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1858.

NO. 15.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in n' your coats
I need you tuck it;
A chiel's among you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll peat it."

SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1858.

PROVINCIAL SPOUTING APPARATUS.—No. XIV.

During the past week the Legislature has been remarkably industrious. Whether this spasmodic exertion arose from the fact, that members were so invigorated by the Detroit excursion, that they felt bound to rush back frantically to business, or whether the hot weather in Toronto is making them apprehensive of hydrophobia from the snappings of the Attorney General East we can't say. Representation by Population, Separate Schools, the Seat of Government, and the immortal Public Accounts, have all received attention this week, and we hope soon to see the last of most of them.

I. GOWAN AT SCHOOL.

What foolish master taught you?—2 *Henry IV.*

One of the most puzzling phenomena of this the strangest of Parliamentary sessions, is the extraordinary alacrity with which the member for North Leeds rises to reply to Mr. McGee. No matter what may be the subject of the talented gentleman's speech, and all his speeches are worth the closest attention, Gowan immediately rises, like a dying duck in a thunder storm, to utter his feeble quack in reply. He surely cannot have sufficient self-conceit to suppose that he has either the brains or the voice of his opponent; his speeches always appear to us most like the screech of a penny whistle, after the rich tones of a Cathedral organ. We have, however, discovered it at last, and although it may not be saying much for our penetration, we never should have known it but for the hon. gentleman himself. The real secret of Gowan's presumption is his superior education; and as Mr. McGee seems to be a sort of night-mare or apparition to his opponents, Mr. Gowan is commissioned to take the sprite in hand, as Marcellus thrust forward a certain student when the ghost of Hamlet's paternal relation was taking his evening walk,—*"Thou art a scholar, speak to it, Horatio."*

Mr. Gowan prides himself on having obtained every office in the gift of the people, from School Trustees to M.P.P., and why had he got them?

He came to this country poor, he had no friend, and therefore it was neither wealth nor favour; what then could have raised him to his lofty eminence? Don't laugh, reader, according to the hon. member, it was his superior education. He came to this benighted Canada a perfect Hibernian Cadmus, with the alphabet in his head, and was instantly snatched at, as a sweet intellectual morsel, by the ignorant population. We should only like to know

the name of the dominie to whom the country owes the mental polish of this sage, his name should certainly be immortalized. It will be pretty clear to any one who has heard his illustrious pupil, that he deemed his mind too tender to be indoctrinated into the sublime mysteries of Lindley Murray; we don't think also, that he could have reached the history class, for he did not know the other day who founded Constantinople. The school certainly must have been a secular one, for the moral and religious training of the hon. gentleman must have been remarkably short. Altogether we like to hear this gentleman speak, the oftener he does so, the sooner will his pretensions be unmasked.

II. THE BUDGET.

I'll make bold with your money.—*Merry Wives.*

If any unhappy man ever worthy of the deepest commiseration, Mr. Cayley is that unfortunate individual. We have heard of people reposing and even fatening on the Treasury benches, but to fill the office of Inspector General for six months would attenuate even the Daniel Lambert from North Hastings. Mr. Brown may for aught we know be perfectly correct in the financial statements he makes, but we put it to his generosity, whether it is exactly the thing to worry poor Cayley to death like a fox in the chase. According to present appearances the discussion on this budget, which appears to be a second Pandora's box, will linger out for at least a month to come. The Committee on Public Accounts have made such a bewildering mess of every thing, that a plain man like ourself has not the remotest chance of understanding what they are all driving at. Railroads, and Debentures, and Tariffs, and Municipalities, and sums of money perfectly astounding in these hard times are mingled up in a perfectly financial chaos.

The mare's nests of the *Globe* are quite alarming; day after day are we frightened out of our wits by the stereotyped headings, "Further developments," "Ascending Corruption," and before we can muster the details of one case, Mr. Brown and his paper are a week ahead of us. We don't profess to be a great financial genius, but we should really like somebody to give us ignorant mortals some information as to the cause and ground of all this confounding pother.

III. THE SILENT MEMBERS.

Hobbi'dance, Prince of Dumbness.—*Lear.*

Happy is the man, in these talking times, who knows how to restrain his unruly member. We have often thought that a volume of the unspoken speeches in our parliament, would be far more instructive in their dumb eloquence than all the flat though frothy columns of the spoken. The greatest men in the House are always mute. Look at Mr. Wright; nature has stamped his lofty brow with the seal of genius; ever busy in diffusing useful knowledge by franking documents to his constituents. What an eloquent speech he could make on

the moral shortcomings of the government! What a noble exposure of the rascality of politics. We fancy we see his optics flashing terror around him, his noble voice ringing through those halls of corruption, till it struck terror even on the tipplers in the cavern below.

Why are we deprived of these sublime efforts? Simply because mediocrity rules the House, and Wright therefore prefers with unblushing loyalty, to obey the prince of dumbness. Let the merits of these silent men be recognized forthwith, and a mute government beformed. We think Mr. Wright would make an excellent Post Master General; Mr. Aikins might be Inspector General; Mr. Allan, Commissioner of Crown Lands; Mr. Clark, Provincial Secretary; Mr. LeBouillier, Attorney General East; and so on through the entire Cabinet. What an amount of trouble and vexation would thus be saved; Mr. Brown would have nobody to oppose, he might be the Mentor of the Cabinet, and a political millennium would immediately ensue. Try it, gentlemen, we warrant a perfect cure, on the first application of our panacea.

THE THEATRE.

On Thursday night the engagement of Mr. and Miss Sefton, commenced with "Dumb Boy of Manchester," and concluded with "He's not A-miss." In the former piece, the merits of Miss Amelia Sefton (The Dumb Boy), lying wholly in the effective representation of the most exciting passions of the mind by the most appropriate and striking dumb-show, we cannot bestow as much commendation on her as she has led us to believe she deserves.

Mr. John Sefton as *Prettyman*, showed himself to be an excellent comedian. His style is peculiar, free from all steaming and irresistible.

We congratulate Mrs. Marlowe in the decided improvement which she displayed as *Mrs. Prettyman*. The excellent taste, and the energy which she evinced throughout were very pleasing and not frequent applause. We understand that the celebrated Charles Mathews will appear on our boards in a few days.

Little minds and little measures.

—We are told that when worthy Ald. Smith, in the City Council, moved "that the money, paid by the Rev. Mr. Onions, for the use of the St. Lawrence Hall, at the late failure of Jadas Macca-bæus; be refunded," a row ensued, inasmuch that the motion had to be withdrawn. Of course we do not expect to cull roses in a quagmire, or pick up pearls from the gutter, but we thought it barely possible that those men whose end of life is to chisel and job, and cheat and lie, would have allowed such a notion as the above, to pass with acclamation—since, by so doing, they would have won golden opinions, without being obliged to sacrifice their propensities for plundering the public.

SONG.

TUNE—"West Middlesex is vacant, Dad."

Good master Macdonald, don't frown such a frown,
You'll ne'er get a sorrant mero, tisor, [town,
Should you search through the country, or look through the
Thau mo, Johnny Carling, the Bawean.

Though the stout that I brow, sir, you know bears the palm,
"Pon my word, sir, my faith to you's stouter;
You have knowed me a long time, you know what I am,
But you can't say you knows me a Strouzan.

The spouting and printing, I leave for that lad,
The uto Irish lad of our county;
He'll print ye a speech, long, short, good or bad,
And spout on all sides for a bounty.

But from me, dear Macdonald, here's stout that's not pale,
And beer you know none can surpass;
Come, whelp the hour, when Shrivvally Ale,
Shall be drunk to your health, in my GLASS.

THE POLITICAL PHANTOMS;
A TALE OF BLOOD AND THUNDER!

BY SYLVANUS COBB, SENIOR.

CHAPTER I.

THE NIGHT OF TERROR.

It was night on the dreary waste of Slobdowsky. The sun, false prophet, which, descending like a red hot cannon ball through the light snowy masses of fleecy clouds, sizzed sweet music to the sable goddess who was about to relieve his weary watch, gave sweet promise of a balcyon night. False prophet, we said, gentle reader, for, as if emulating the example of Doctor Harriet Hunt, the sable goddess aforesaid, seemed to prepare for scholastic duties by enveloping herself in a college gown of unmitigatedly black clouds. She appeared to be consuming the midnight oil without a wick, for ever and anon murky flashes of light flickered fearfully through the gloom. If our reader had been astronomically inclined, he would certainly have been disappointed, for not a single luminary was visible; no star winked through the ethereal canopy, and the wind howled hideously like all possessed, muttering amidst its sighs the word "Beware!" without condescending to indicate the person addressed, or the danger he was required to shun. If, laying aside his scientific spy-glass, our reader had made a proper use of his natural optics upon terra firma, he would have espied a band of crouching figures keeping warm a feeble fire of fagots, and sheltering it from the impending storm. Start not, they are neither celestials nor infernals, but a band of those roving and marauding Bohemians, vulgarly cyept gipsies. The tallest of them has a haggard look, betokening either intense care, or reckless dissipation; he is engaged in smashing an ugly-looking Hollands bottle, and hark! he mutters something about an "invisible spirit of wine," which the shrewdness of the reader will already have remarked, evinced a profound knowledge of the immortal and super-sensual bard of the river Avon. Another, with a bald head, guarded on each side with a fortification of stiff grey bristles is making sums in addition and subtraction with his fingers in the sand. The others sleep around these two with their tattered garments unwrapping their heads, so that until Morpheus breaks up his conference with them, we cannot determine who they are. At length,

Kalico, the arithmetical individual with the bald head, addresses his tall companion thus: "Muck-donell, fiery destiny is enmeshing us, what can we do to avert the dreadful wind-up? (denouement would have been better; but of course he was not a French scholar.) The bottle-smasher sighed, but only muttered something about "Brown;" we suppose he referred to the blackness of the superincumbent firmament; if so, we think black would have been more appropriate; the poor fellow was, however, probably afflicted with Daltonism, or colour blindness. Both sank despairingly on the sand, which alas! was as barren as the blasted soil of their hopes, on which their seared eye-balls dropped scalding offerings of a lachrymose nature, by way of manure. Again the wind weirdly whispered the ominous "beware;"—the lightning flashed so vividly that its forked shaft was visible in the glazed eye upturned by the oinophobian; the sea (which we should have mentioned; for it is an indispensable part of our machinery) foamed and effervesced like a gigantic Seidlitz powder, and a supernatural commotion boiled around this sublunary sphere like the aqueous fluid in a pot containing the Christmas pudding. We left the gipsies in a state of ocular fluidity, but the thundering *réveil* of the firmamental concave aroused them all. There was Smeech, apparently a Yankee pedlar, who carried a bundle of letters under his arm; Lozenger, a sort of broken down dancing master, bearing a number of tattered parchments with a royal seal upon them; Seeoot, with a chain of cat-fish round his neck, marked "bowtany;" Cartyea, who seemed to be a modern Proteus, for he changed from a gipsy to a terrier, and then to a hyena, and back again, but he had the same saw-sharpening voice all the time. The rest were supernumeraries; and formed the file of this awkward squad. But now, reader, prepare your hair for a sudden erection, if you have a respectable beaver on your cranium deposit it on the table. Amid the caterwaulings of the heavens, up from the sand, black as if they had come through the Downmanville coal, and with a stench of sulphur springs, arose a numerous band of frightful phantoms. "Ah!" said Kalico "those are our murdered bills." Whatever he meant by his Bills, it is evident the murdered innocents were by no means sweet Williams. The first wore the garb of a Jew, molten gold oozed from the rents in his scathed garments; his beard had been frizzled by the heat and he had a generally forlorn and crisp appearance. He spake in fearful fashion, "Pase men, pe sure I will visit you, yesh, you promised to lower the interest, and by Moshes, you shall do it, good pye, till do-morrow." He turned about, in a Jim Crow style, and on his back, in fiery characters, was written "Usury Bill;" he sank into the arenaceous soil like the American eagle into a war mania. The next was a Puritanical gentleman, a Roundhead whose gaping wounds, received from friend and foe, opened and closed in mockery at the gipsy throng. "Tonight, base and impious, I visited the Brutus of your gang, Brown, whose treacherous hand too ably seconded your assassinating digits; tremble, shrink, shiver, squirm, you are sentenced to work eternally in a canal boat on the roaring Erie, Sundays included." We turned, and his inscription read, "Sabbath Labour Bill," and down he dropped also,

to use a vulgar but expressive phrase, *kerflumux*. The tribe gathered round the third, and it was evident that they who were merely private persons, private bills, we suppose, were preparing to take their sandy dive. This third, ghostly, orator was covered with J O U's, and accommodation bills, and his chains clanked to the tune of the "Rogue's March," which the howling hurricane was incessantly performing. "I am the wretched bill to abolish imprisonment for debt; alia! you twist in serpentine convulsions, vile spifficators of innocence, shudder, for an awful doom awaits you." The whole crowd sank with a gurgling splurge which raised a sirocco over the sandy heath, and all was over but the fierce tempest which still played its unearthly symphony.

The morning dawned; the sun again shone as if its face had been anointed with Rowland's Macassar oil; the birds chirped gaily as ever, but there still lay the trembling gypsies, kicking upwards, as if they were making a bayonet charge against the azure sky.

For the continuation of this exciting story, see the *New York Dredger* of next week.

A SNOB FOR A SNOB.

MY DEAR GRUNDLER.

In my peregrinations through the famous city of Toronto, I have met with a strange unaccountable being, part Puppy and part Snob. He belongs to a Law Office, the discipline of which is relaxed by the hot weather, so far as to permit him to cultivate the grasses to some extent. It is his practice I understand to fall in love in the Spring, because he considers it good for his constitution, and because without the stimulus of the tender passion he is too indolent to attend to the trifling details of summer attire. But when he has bought on credit a summer coat at an extravagantly high price, say five pounds, he watches his opportunity, and just as his sweetheart issues from Flimsey and Flaw's Dry Goods store, displays himself triumphantly to her, and finding her opinion favourable, buys ten pair of gloves and about fifty silk neck-ties to harmonize with the said coat. By the time that he has sacrificed so much to *la belle passion*, his enthusiasm becomes uncontrollable. He visits King Street and sidles up to every fair acquaintance of his, and favours her with his company till she leaves the street or enters a Dry Goods store. But even the plate-glass portals of Biddle and Kettle, Meretric Brothers, or Hokeye Waker and Son, do not always afford a puppy-proof protection, (Mr. Grounzen if you are reading my letter to your wife skip the next sentence.) The atrocious cur once pursued a party of young ladies into Simper, Oabrage and Co's, and with a hideous leer offered to treat to HOOPS ALL ROUND!

The same young man has experimented to satiety on pegtops. He has found them unsuitable to his Belvidorian proportions, and lately called a meeting of young men of *ton* at his rooms, to deliberate on the expediency of using crinoline, or cane, steel, lead, copper, brass, bronze, tin, sheet-iron, porcelain, brick, hemp, composition or any other of the numberless varieties of hoops now in common use, to support and sustain the noble and classically

aesthetic outline of that description of unwhisperables. Now Mr. GRAMBLER, let me observe, that if this snob of ours had applied to Dr. Wilson of University College, Toronto, he would have learned that the soldiers of the commonwealth filled out their gigantic trunk-hose with a stuffing of bran. He might—but let us not hunt the subject to death.

The summer-coat above mentioned, although sanctioned by the approval of our friend's sweet-heart, presents a monstrously formidable exterior in respect to pockets. It does not like giant Blunderbuss present two, nor like the infernal Cerberus, three gaping mouths for the engulfing of stray articles, such as snuff boxes and pocket-handkerchiefs, nor like the Lernaean Hydra, before being decapitated by the son of Jove and Alomena, only nine, (?) but an innumerable number of apertures, yeelpot pockets. If the coat were not an ovescent tweed of summer, I should suppose that each pocket represented a particular day of the year of grace 1858. At any rate, I would recommend him to let all the superfluous pockets as Post Office boxes. He would be a formidable rival to the great Sidney Smith and his subordinates.

But the covering that tops the apex of our young snob really "caps the climax." Blue and green, red and white cross each other in bewildering complication. The peak projects like one of the late prohibited King Street awnings. The cloth of the cap has been drawn to the front evidently by hydraulic power. It is so tightly stretched that I always think, when I see him, of the little dog whose tail was curled so tight that he could not put his hind legs to the ground.

Ha! there he is, he is getting his deserts. A young lady has just cut him dead. One of his male acquaintances has pulled his nose in return for some piece of impertinence. There he is sneaking off and will make his appearance at his office for the first time to-day. I can now subscribe myself with much satisfaction.

Yours, very truly,
 SOLON SNOBOMASTRIX.

Grant.—In the Council the other night, some foolish Alderman, named Ewart, brought in a motion, that no circus be allowed to exhibit within the city this year. This motion was very properly repudiated by every sensible member, except that pink of morality and strict Sabbatarian, Alderman Moodie, who, in order, we suppose, to correct some person or persons of greater misconduct than he daily commits himself, gave vent to a great deal of cant and lies on the occasion.

Insolent Correspondence.

TORONTO, 21st June, '58.
 dear grumbler—Will you please put this in your paper and oblige yours, affectionately,

PETER FUNK.

(Dis)Respectfully dedicated to GEO. BROWN.
 Why is the Leader called the Leather Organ? Because it hides the sins of the ministry—does it's best to heal their wounds—waxes wroth when they are attacked—and seems determined to l(c)ather with its whole soul their opponents to the last.

P. S. if you don't put this in your paper, you may tell me why—because I might send you any more.
 P. F.

THE BUDGET

Scanned from the opening debate, with much of its actual coarse-ness carefully excluded.

Mr. Cayley—I, too, no reason, Mr. Speaker, why we should regard with half an anxious eye, or dread alarm our future prospects. None! Save from the poisonous streams which swiftly run through the land from that dark fountaine head, The venomed Globe. Industriously are spread Broadcast its fensidish lies [sensation] with foul intent.

Master to devil down, 'till establishment la be a monstrous and cantankerous lie.
 (Uproar and loud cries of order! order!)

Mr. Brown, to the Speaker, (slightly excited)—I ask you, sir, I ask this House, must I. Whilst that execrable old humbug there sees fit to rafe and blackgue of me, in meanness sit! No sir! 'Til see him hangod first.
 (Loud applause.)

Mr. Speaker—Sir! I do not intend that honoured gentleman will be more guarded in their language!

Mr. Brown—Does he mean to assert the Globe, or could it would be seen Aught but the truth to speak? The hedgehog vile! I'll smoke him yet. By heavens! each tricky wile, Each unwhomered job our Committee shall bare— We'll reach the great Ex-fal-um Railway down As interest to the state.
 That horrid bangle of the Railway case, Some treaty thousand of Debuterous flow— Puff by the Great Ex-fal-um Railway down As interest to the state.
 That two just bankrupt roads might cut a deal? What right 't' allow Jim Snooks and Snubs & Snipes, And all the catalogue of Snobs and Snipes, To plunder at their will the people's purse!

Mr. Cayley—(in a pucker)—That's false! a stinking slander, sir, or worse; I never did.

Ator. Gen. Cartier—Of course, just put it down, A dirty, stinking slander, done up Brown.

Mackenzie—Look out, old cock! The chances cease to say, You'll be 'done Brown' in many a day.

Mr. Brown—And then again that burning, black disgrace— That horrid bangle of the Railway case, Some treaty thousand of Debuterous flow— Puff by the Great Ex-fal-um Railway down As interest to the state.

Mr. Cayley, (vehemently)—That's false again.
Atty. Gen. Macdonald (aside to Cayley)—Sit down, you Jackson!

Mr. Brown—Sir, in very plain These shafts hit home. And then forthwith, sir, next On some absurd and miserable pretext, "The Globe his credit swamped," he's bound to swear!

When had he ought to loose except it were The doubtful one of being, sir, the most Confounded muff all Canada can boast.

(Loud cries of hear! hear! hear! hear! hear!)
Solic. Gen. Rose, (aside to Sidney Smith)—That racial Brown has hit the right nail there.

Sidney Smith—Hush! I mean, I tremble for the mail bags seem Slip—slipping from me like a fading dream.

Mr. Brown—He swears the Globe compelled him next to sell Debuterous at a loss; but will he tell, With all his 'done Brown' and grace, The date on which the sacrifice took place.

Mr. Cayley, (sneeringly)—No sir, I shan't.
Mr. Brown—Of course, his usual tricks, But by the blood of all the Browns I'll fix Him yet, and prove by witness to each man of sense, The cool deliberate humbug of the whole pretense.

(Volucrant applause.)
Mr. Cayley, (Frothing at the mouth)—'Tis false as h—ll, there's no such witness—nay, There's not one word of truth in all you say. You—your's the blackest villain 'neath the sun.

(Inconceivable uproar above which resounded from
Atty. Gen. Cartier—HEAR! HEAR!!

[and from]
Atty. Gen. Macdonald—A lying thrice convicted one.

The confusion having subsided,
Mr. Brown—The Attorney Generals, Mr. Speaker, may Find I can blackguard, sir, as well as they.

There's better posings to lose their mouths shut, or They'll find some knotty arguments in store. Books may be lying if they needs must prate, And that as munitions, small each empty crate.

(Tremendous cheers.)
Mr. MacKenzie, (to the Speaker)—My dear sir!

Mr. Speaker, (with freezing dignity)—ORDER! don't dear sir, me.

I'm Mr. Speaker!

Mr. Mackenzie—Yes, I know you be. But don't you think those claps had better leave Their shining, sir, until some other eve; I liked a row myself in the morning years.

And stuck to fun yebos folks were by the cars; You ken old '37 and Francis Head. But come, I'm tired now, let's home to bed.

(Tremendous applause.)
 Fortunately Mr. Mackenzie's resignation was shortly after acted upon, consequently the Attorney Generals still retain their original shapes, and Mr. Brown has escaped a couple of sessions for assault and battery, with damages laid at \$224 and 12¢ each, being the exact relative value of the frontpieces of the two learned lawyers.

THE DOLEFUL HISTORY OF YOUNG SNOOKS.

BEING A SUMMER DAY'S EXPERIENCE.

Young Snooks lay tumbling and tossing in his bed as if he was reclining on a pan of lit charcoal. Suddenly all the bells in the city rang out, and Snooks reeled out on the floor, under the impression that the entire city had entered into the realms of blazes. But he was mistaken, for it was only the glare of the horrid, scorching sun, which he saw, and the noise of the fire-bells which he heard. Satisfied with his discovery he indolently poured the contents of his water jug on the carpet and lay down on it, fancying himself amidst the luxuries of an eastern bath. Luckless wight, the moisture soaked through the floor and fell on the nose of his landlady—for the poor devil was only a boarder. The landlady stormed; Snooks, sensible of his error, apologised, saying he believed he had accidentally spilled a spoonful or so.

The breakfast bell rang, and Snooks went down and nearly gasped out his existence over a bowl of hot coffee. The sun was getting up hotter and hotter, and Snooks seeking the coolest corner of the room, took up the Globe. He glanced at the first column, and was thrown into a fresh heat to see in glaring capitals—"Corruption exposed by Brown," "Astounding revelations, dragged to light by Brown," "Bathershir on the Pillory," put there, no doubt, by Brown, &c. Perspiring at every pore he turned to the second column, here he saw "Canada called on to stand it no longer, by Brown." Frightful had Ministry," "George Brown, the saviour of the country," &c. Pictures of bowie-knives and revolvers floated across his brain, and the unfortunate young man turned his eyes to the parliamentary speeches. Here he saw column after column of nothing but "Brown, Brown, Brown, Brown, Brown," from top to bottom, mingled with bribery and corruption, and "you lie," and "don't lie." Snooks had just sufficient strength to conclude, in his own mind, that the hon. member from the Globe newspaper, was "a clever spouter, or an out-and-outer," and to pick up the Leader and Colonist and temper his heated brain, by a perusal of their cool impudence.

Snooks retreated to the Island to enjoy a mouthful of cool fresh air. He had scarcely landed when a ferocious bull-dog came ambling at his heels, and he, rendered nervous by the beast, lifted his boot and kicked the curious brute, whereupon his master, a more ferocious bull-dog still, stepped up to him and intimated that he must fight him right off—Snooks begged of him to keep cool. The human bull-dog swore dreadfully and made show of fight, but stumbled into the water as he made a lounge at Snooks. Satisfied that the luxury of cool fresh air was denied him, Snooks returned to the city and went to look at the girls, as he called them. He had just finished his forty-ninth tour up King st. under the broiling sun, and was about to sink to the earth from exhaustion, when two young ladies, of his acquaintance came up—"How was he?" "He thanked them, he was extremely well, and was about to pass on. No, he must accompany them." "He was not tired?" "Certainly not." And Snooks endeavored to walk erect, but he was con-

tinually treading on their light dresses and tearing them. He begged pardon, and ventured to suggest that the heat of the sun was too much for them. Not a bit of it—if he was not uncomfortable. Uncomfortable! he liked the heat, he said, and never was happier in all his life—except when he was blown up on the Mississippi last summer—(between his teeth.) The hundred and first time down the promenade was accomplished; and Snooks began to make up his mind for a brain fever or sun stroke, or something of that sort, when,—lucky thought—just remembered that moment that his uncle was dying—(he never had an uncle). He must instantly go and see him. And Snooks was instantly conveyed home in a cab, and at his own request let down into a spring well, where he yet remains luxuriating in the delightful prospect all round him.

OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

Amid all the rant, clap-trap and bunkum of our dotard Fathers at their last meeting, there transpired an event full of significance, and directly affecting our city's welfare—we refer to the resignation of Councillor Carruthers. No reason is officially assigned for this step, and we cannot even surmise the cause thereof. Indeed, it is none of our business to inquire whether he was "blown" out by that great moral lever THE GRAMBLER, or forced to withdraw through fear of being "snuffed" out by the "Pound" law exemplar from the Ward of St. Patrick. Carruthers has warm friends, nevertheless, and a full complement of admirers. He won, by his uniform deportment, the strongest sympathies of the Blowers, who found no difficulty in simmering down to the "melting" mood, in passing their eulogies on the retiring Jelu. Brunel's rigidity of features relaxed, it is said, for the first time since his ejection from Northern Railway management; Read was so choked in his utterance, as to render ineffectual his attempts at articulation; Purdy buried his war hatchet, and avowed his forgetfulness of past differences; Boomer essayed a tribute with characteristic rustiness; Upton looked unutterably eloquent during the whole scene; and even the mute unobtrusive Carty revealed the workings of his heart by several long-drawn sighs. Would that THE GRAMBLER were allowed to interpose his sentiments on the occasion; but it could not be. We now, with all modesty, submit the following lament:

"Poor Carruthers has gone—from noisy freed,
Who long was the Cartor's hack:
He led such a damnable life with the Blowers,
We don't think he'll wish to go back."

It is now made manifest, that Messrs. Ewart and Moodie are the quintessences of morality, and possess within themselves an aggregate of virtue that could not be collected either in the walls of Parliament, or in a Free Church Conventicle. Most righteously did Alderman Ewart come out with a resolution to prevent Circus Exhibitions within the City, rightly conceiving such things subversive of good taste and polished manners. He argued it as an interference with home institutions, and considered the daily equestrian exercises of himself and the Chief of Police were sufficient to satisfy a correct taste. Sam was the acknowledged leader of the "Ring," and no one could make a better display of

full-blooded beasts than he did, with the paltry sum of \$1500 a year, allowed him by the Blowers. Alderman Carr took up the same line of argument, and "indignantly" viewed the bringing of a lot of circus scamps into the city. Councillor Craig dissented, and looked upon Circuses in the City, as beneficial to the country. Councillor Upton believed in Circusses, and attributed his present acuteness to what he in times past had learned from them. Councillor Smith went in for fun. Alderman Moodie reprobated all Shows, as, it took away from the poor man, by diverting the shillings from his bar-room. Aldermen Read and Boomer took legal flights, and so bewildered the Mayor, that he *sans ceremonie* declared the whole proceedings out of order. Alderman Ewart gave notice of a motion to alter the law affecting Theatrical exhibitions, &c., which, if intended as a check to rational amusements, will inevitably fall heavily on himself and Alderman Moodie, they being as much under obligation to procure a license for their performances as our friend John Nickinson, or the proprietors of a respectable Circus.

Messrs. Purdy and Dunn got into a wrangle about butcher shops, and kept it up with so much pertinacity, that on an appeal to the chair, they discovered Mr. Mayor had fled, their colleagues ditto; the Clerk and his fat boy were snoring soundly, while the Chief of Police was prostrate in a corner, singing the air of "I'd be a butcher boy, or die."

THE TEMPERANCE DEBATE.

Our readers will remember that Mr. Mackenzie took it into his head last week to have the public expelled from the gallery; now the hon. member never does anything without an object, and after intense investigation for this hot weather, we succeeded in getting a report. But our readers must not tell the Government, because we might be hauled up to the bar of the House; this, therefore is strictly private and confidential. When the *profanum vulgus* had retired, Mr. MACKENZIE rose to a question of privilege. In 1837 when he was rusticated north of Toronto with a company of Galloway Hill Invincibles, he found it highly beneficial to take a temperance horn to keep up his flagging (flag?) courage. In fact, though now he was willing to vote for the Maine Law to satisfy public clamour, he thought upon his sincerity, that it was the first duty of the legislator to show a proper degree of jollity. He wished to know whether it was true that the Attorney General West had actually so far forgotten himself, as to sign the pledge, and whether that was not a gross breach of the privileges a member ought to enjoy?

Mr. McGEE would also like to know whether the hon. gentleman was really about to join a secret society, called the Sons of Temperance, and if he had promised to act as an itinerant spouter when parliament arose?

Mr. POWELL.—Not a bit of it, shut up.
Mr. J. A. McDONALD rose under feelings of great embarrassment to answer the question of the hon. gentleman opposite. He must candidly admit that the hon. member for Lambton had inveigled him into the step deprecated by the hon. gentleman, but in justice to his own good sense, he would say that owing to the exciting and stimulating influence of office, he understood it to be an application for a shrievalty. At the same time he certainly had committed a great many errors—

Mr. BROWN.—Crimes and knaveries, you mean.
Mr. McDONALD did not mean anything of the sort; he said errors and he meant errors; he therefore thought it better to sign the pledge to avoid them for the future.

Mr. FORBES.—Hear! hear!

Mr. LORANGER, (in a diseased barrel-organ tone of voice.)—The honorable member had better mind his own business, and follow the Attorney General's example.

Mr. McDONALD.—At the same time he only meant to keep it white in office, and he hoped Mr. Brown would soon defeat him, and then he should give them all a jolly blow out.

Mr. TALBOT.—Well, that's better than I thought.
Hon. Mr. CAMERON felt that his country would give him an office for this.

Mr. FERRIS.—You deserve a drubbing for spoiling a jolly good fellow.

Hon. Mr. CAMERON.—The hon. member for Broom had better sweep his own floor before raising the dust on his. The hon. member proceeded to dilate on the astonishing progress of "the cause." He said their organization was now so perfect that a spy system was established. At every college dinner, and even in the drawing rooms of hon. members, young sprouts of the temperance movement would be present behind every chair to measure the wine bottles when the drinking was over and report to the Temperance Hall meetings in a proper Parisian style.

Mr. FERGOUSON.—I'm blowed if I ever heard of such a thing before, why that's just like the Spanish Inquisition I read every Sunday about in Foxe's Book of Martyrs.

Mr. SPEAKER said that he might be not exactly in order in expressing his opinion, but as this was a secret Session, he thought he might be allowed to give vent to his bursting heart.

Mr. MACKENZIE.—I object; I have no desire to see the gentleman's auricles and ventricles violently dissevered, but I think it would only be a just punishment for his tyrannical, I repeat, Mr. Speaker tyrannical conduct.

Mr. GOWAN had abstained from Spenking for fully four minutes, a thing he had never been guilty of before; but as the honorable and disloyal member—(Order, order), well the loyal member, he had acted as he always did, and confounded his bad opinion of him. From a note he had received from the Hon. Speaker, he would intimate to the House that that gentleman intended to say that the blow struck by the Attorney General, would not have fallen so heavy upon him as an old friend (here Mr. Gowan wept piteously) if he had only excepted port wine from the pledge. (Sympathetic cries of Hear! Hear!) A great altercation then ensued between the Hon. gentleman and Mr. Cameron; about the fluid from Oporto, the latter acted in an extremely violent manner demonstrating the truth of the popular opinion—that temperance in drinking is often synonymous with intemperance in every thing else. The House broke up in confusion, and an attempt was made to carry the Attorney General down to the bar in triumph, but virtue was mighty and it did prevail.

BUSINESS NOTICES.—SI EACH.

We feel assured we deserve well of our readers in this hot weather, by advising them to take a trip on these splendid steamers, the *Northerner* and *New York*, leaving here at 5 p. m. spending a splendid evening and cool night on the boat, waking in time to see the magnificent scenery of the St. Lawrence, and giving yourself up for cool enjoyment the rest of the day. You leave Ogdensburg at noon, and get back to Toronto the next morning, after spending another delightful night on the boat. Mr. Shaver, the Agent in Toronto, will be glad to give every information respecting the charges—which are moderate.

We have great pleasure in directing the attention of our numerous lady friends to the Jewelry establishment of Mr. O'Gorman, on Yonge, near King Street. His is a perfect *bijou* of a shop, and contains every conceivable article in the line, from a silver thimble to a chronometer. Mr. O'G. can fit a wedding ring better than any man we know, and as he is a great favourite with the ladies, we know it is only necessary to direct attention to his establishment to secure for him a large trade,