

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1858.

NO. 6.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coat
I rede you test it;
A culet's among you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll peent it."

SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1858.

PROVINCIAL SPOUTING APPARATUS.—No. VI.

A piece of a debate on the Usury Laws, a last shivering for the Mirror of Parliament, and three or four days of the eternal bar examinations, are the items of business in the House for the last week. This latter folly, we perceive, Mr. Dufresno is desirous of prolonging by dragging in another election, which Mr. Galt, with commendable sense, desires to put a stop to the farce at once. The effect of these examinations on members is very remarkable. Many dissatisfied with the bar proper, tried an investigation of the other below; others formed themselves into coteries of chatting and laughing parties, while the rest composed themselves to peaceful slumbers in their chairs. The latter class we shall consider more particularly as

II. LEGISLATIVE DREAMERS.

For some must watch, while some must sleep,
Thus runs the world away.—*Hamlet*.

Of the twenty members who were present last week during the election examinations, not a few fell victims to its soothing and soporific influence.

Mr. Brown, lulled by the mellifluous tones of Noel and Castleman, yielded, like Samson in the lap of Delilah, to the bonds of Morpheus. He dreamed; and his sanguine brain roamed through pleasant paths of future power and greatness. He beheld the present Cabinet sinking into oblivion; Sandfield becoming practicable; Galt, honest; Gould, educated; Foley, sententious; Hogan sensible; and his dear heart laughed aloud as he took in hand the long-expected seals of office: but, as ill luck would have it, just as he was grasping the reins of his Pegasus, all vanished—his red desk re-appeared, and he found himself summoned back to stern reality and Lotbiniere by the irresistible voice of O'Farrell fighting for a question. Mackenzie, too, sank to sleep, but his dreams were of the past,—his companions, the mighty dead. Flitting over the Styx, his ardent imagination penetrated into the nether world, in the circle where radicals are roasted and rebels hold their chaotic court. Catiline and Gracchus, Cato and Wat Tyler shook his hands with their parched and weird fingers till Mac felt sure his arms were burnt up to the elbows. They seated him in their midst, on a throne made of the skulls of kings, and lined with written constitutions and bankrupt resolutions; they were about to crown him prince of demagogues and lord of the insensible, when a shudder passed through the agitator's

frame, and he awoke to find his paste-pot emptied into his lap, and his hand fiercely tugging at his flaxen wig.

We might record Cayley's dream, but it was such a jumble of dancing multiplication tables, ghosts of departed budgets, unappreciated Bibles and skeletons of trunk railways, that we forbear to trouble our readers with the particulars.

III. ARCADES AMBO.

Blockheads with reason wicked wits althor,
But fool with fool in barbarous civil war.—*Pope*.

Patrick and Fellowes are not the warmest friends imaginable, and they take every opportunity of proving the fact by a little wordy set-too during the Russell examination. Fellowes is alarmed lest Mr. Patrick should "engross all the vulgarity in the House;" we can console the unfrankulent gentleman by assuring him that his apprehensions are utterly groundless. We have no doubt that if hon. members were to take stock in that department, Messrs. Powell and Fellowes would not be found to be very grievously wronged in the distribution of the commodity; indeed, we feel sure that for their importance they have considerably more than their share. As for Mr. Patrick, we implore him to conceal his lack of ability under even a thin veil of modesty, and he may be comparatively secure from observation; and we counsel both gentlemen to reserve their little battles for some more suitable arena. Like a couple of bubbles floating over the surface of a mud puddle, they do very well while apart, but once let them come into collision, and a destructive collapse is inevitable.

IV. VANKOUVNER'S PERSPICUITY.

As clear as mud.—*Homor*.

We were not a little amused at the indignation with which his Bucolic majesty met the second attack of Mr. DeBlaquiere in regard to the Seat of Government question. "What," said the worthy functionary, "does the hon. gentleman mean to say that my former speech was mere evasion? Did I not clearly explain the Government policy to the satisfaction of the country? If I did not, I was unfortunate in the choice of language." You wrong yourself, noble Van, you were particularly fortunate in your language; of course, you intended to tell nothing, and you succeeded admirably. We have remarked your general good fortune in this respect, and we pay you a high compliment when we say that we never heard before such overwhelming torrents of words as you can put forth without any tangible meaning. The hon. gentleman appears to our critical eye singularly adroit in the exercise of his copious vocabulary (as Talleyrand desired words to be used) to conceal thoughts. If we had our way, Van should be forthwith transferred to the diplomatic service, in which, doubtless, he would shine among his peers. Mr. DeBlaquiere was quite unreasonable in attempting to filter the limpid solution which Van's elegant oratory pours upon the Council.

V. PARLIAMENTARY MUSIC.

Screech out! make a concert.—*Henry IV.*

In advance of all our contemporaries, we publish the following tempting programme of songs for an approaching Parliamentary entertainment:—

Mr. Vankougnot. . . . "When my old hat was new."
Mr. Ferguson. . . . "I was the boy for bowlicing them."
Mr. Robinson. . . . "If I had a donkey that would 'nt go."
Mr. Fellowes. . . . "Whisper what thou foolest."
Mr. J. A. McDonald. . . . "Fill high the flowing bowl."
Mr. Alton. "The night before Larry was stretched."
Mr. Galt. "Whistle and I'll come to my lad."
Mr. O'Farrell. "The Rat Catcher's Daughter."
Mr. M. Cameron. . . . "Do nights when we went coon-hunting."
Messrs. Brown and J. S. McDonald—Dust, "What are the wild
Knaves saying?"
Mr. McKenzio. "God save the Queen," with original
variations and reserations.

The Leader of the Orchestra, his Beautyship of Carleton, will attend to the instrumental part of this novel but impressive entertainment.

The Minister of Agriculture's Last.

—Sufficient for the Harvest is the *ter-civil*

Cricket vs. Gymnasium.

—The following production has been sent us by a "College Boy," who endeavours to show the futility of attempting to enforce "Penitentiary discipline" on young minds and bodies as a substitute for fresh air and unartificial motions:—

Since the Senate has been the bafe of our wicket,
And has "hog-stopped" forever our ball,
We'll straightway go into consumption and rickets,
And not into Gymnastics at all.

Amusements of the Day.

—We hear, on good authority, that the Senate of the Toronto University is about to establish a Tread-Mill in connection with the Gymnasium lately erected at the U. C. College. Each pupil will be required to take, each day, an hour's recreation in this machine. Offences of every description will be punished by additional periods of labour, proportioned to the character of the delinquency. We may hope that softened hearts and hardened muscles will be the final result of this innovation.

Agriculture.

—Mr. Cimon, Member from Charlevoix, is the parent of "An Act to amend the Act to amend the several Acts to remedy abuses prejudicial to Agriculture," which seeks to secure freedom of action for geese and other animals in their peregrinations on the beach of St. Paul's Bay, in the County of Charlevoix, as long as said geese, etc., confine themselves to that portion of it which lies below high-water mark. This frantic attempt to fertilize,—by the instrumentality of a dozen or so of ducks and geese—the domains of what has been called, *eyer* since the time of Homer, the "barren Ocean," is one of those imbecilities which are every day undermining the character and influence of the "present corrupt Government." We call upon Mr. McDougall, of North Oxford, (?) to testify to the absurdity of the project.

A THREE ACT TRAGEDY.

ACT I.

SCENE 1st.—Room in SWORN'S HOTEL.—Ranking and Morden in conversation.

Ranking.—Tush! Morden slay, I tell you sir, you're sold, The contract's mine, the original I hold In my possession, I obtained it man here that cursed fight in Essex first began, From trusly friends to and me in the strife, Who dares deny must answer with his life.

Morden, [indignantly].—Answer or not, sir, I can plainly see, That your'n an adept in rascality, You know McLeod a contract let before, Then why this insou'ble treachery? my more, I've uglier wrongs, whence came the Company's seal? Will I signed invezance that trick reveal? Your bogus board and bogus seal will prove A simply shallow, brainless, trickster's move, A thought too dangerous perhaps, but Pshaw! enough, I'll hear no more of this confounded stuff, McLeod still holds the contract, and I tell You that you know the fact by far too well.

Ranking.—I stoutly, sir, that it exists, deny, This but a myth, a baseless vulgar lie.

Morden, [moving to the door].—Lie, sir, or not, you're precious wrong and it vastly, yet, unlike a dream.

Exit Morden.

SCENE changes to another room in same Hotel.—Connor, Danbee and Salter drinking at a table.

Enter Ranking.—Well, brother scamps, it seems beyond a doubt, That foot McLeod did get a contract out The Company's Book though don't reveal the fact, And once desired to our contract stand intact; Who'll take the risk? it must be ours by means, Or fair or foul, so play your bully's schemes, Mount to the breach, and by some cunning cloak-Or falling that—a bold and desperate stroke, Obtain possession of the obnoxious deed, Connor, you play the villain well when richly fed, What say you?

Connor.—Willingly, most noble chief, I'd take the job in hand, but sir, in brief, My face precludes me from approaching near, All decent men 'Twere useless, sir, I fear.

Ranking.—Well, Danbee then, Danbee.—Though perhaps enough I've got, Of Jesuit smoothness, sir, I'd rather not.

Ranking.—Well then good Salter, Salter.—Sir, teach the young, And fear no business that affects the tongue, But this is serious as all plainly see, And amends too much of Captain Kidd for me.

Ranking.—McClennan, you surely won't give up, And lose the pickings for such squamous stuff.

Mr. Clinnifan.—Faith, Pat, not I, just mix the brandy men, And till me up, I'll face the devil then, Care on this squamousness and dainty white, The point of honour and of danger mine.

Ranking.—Bravo! bravo Mac, Hurrah! my bully boy, That's pluck by Jove! and once you can destroy McLeod's infernal contract, man, I swear, No paltry spoils shall be the bully's share, 'This job will cast completely in the shade, The thundering brilo Buchanan would have paid, King for more bravely, mix the lumbors right, And Mac shall venture on the deed to-night.

Curtain Falls.

ACT II.

SCENE 1st.—Room 176, ROSSIN HOUSE.—Morden, De Blaquiere, and Street, engaged in conversation.

Enter Smart.—Well ladies what's new? How wags the world to night?

Morden.—Has eight turned up that throws a clearer light On that arch villain Ranking's scowling trike.

Morden.—Why yes, by Jove, the moral strives to fix Fresh doubts upon the bare existence o' en, Of that first contract, so to rouse his espies To stir ere night the bare most the rogue is sore—I lashed him amply to the inmost core, The bully winced, but swore his cause would win, Through all—[knock at the door]—but who the deuce is that? Come in.

Enter to the astonishment of the party McClennan, ostensibly quite calm.

McClennan.—Oh, (blows you), making a confounded fuss. 'Bout some dang'd contract. I don't care (hic) cuss Who loars me speak (hic) my mind, so once for all, You can't produce it at the Company's (hic) call.

Enter McLeod.—Ho, ho! what's this, De Blaquiere.—Why Clennifan denies That we're the contract first lot out to W'ythes.

McLeod.—Well, that's a clever rick, what next will do? Some hundred times he saw and read it too, At my election. Clennifan, you're mad.

Clennifan.—Produce it (hic) sir, and I'll be very (hic) glad.

McLeod.—With all my heart (he produces it from an inner room) there, that parchment will tend, To undeceive you and your Ranking friend.

McClennan takes up the document, examines it, and approaches to W'ythes (hic) it seems all right, sir, (hic) that's a fac.

Smart aside to McLeod.—Look sharp, that rascal means to burn it, Mac.

McClennan [aside].—Well that cursed fire won't burn it quick enough.

To McLeod.—Why yes, it (hic) seems all right. I'm precious (hic) dry

Where, (hic) where's the bell, I think I'll wet (hic) my eye.

[He approaches the bell-rings close to the door.

Street to McLeod.—Look out thro', Mac, by heavens bu'll steal it, innu.

McClennan bolts: McLeod, De Blaquiere, Morden, Smart and Street start up in pursuit, catch him on the stairs and force him back into the room.

McLeod.—Ho! ho! you precious scamp so that's your game, A paltry thief! by Heaven's, all sense of shame Has left the master and his virtuous tool, (Unhand it, sir! You won't) well, into them, fool, The consequences, I hid his hand there tight, The stupid villain scums inclined to bite, Give up the deed, and end this useless fuss, 'Tis worse than madness, man, your struggling thus.

De Blaquiere.—I give him a lesson, Mac, will last for life, Just out his ribbed vest—here take my knife, McClennan (thoroughly abashed).—Oh! I don't, pray don't stir me, I'm no go—Here take the contract.

McLeod.—Mirzo, then, below, You brainless scoundrel, OH! no whitening airs, Or fish I head thee woe! kick you down the stairs. But stay! remember for this you scum from, You answer, sir, Now start, most paltry scamp!

McClennan slops at the rate of 20 miles an hour, tumbles down stairs, picks himself up and rushes into the street breathless and hatless.

SCENE 2nd.—Dark Lane in the rear of ROSSIN HOUSE. RANKING walking alone. Enter McCLENNAN, still running. He runs against RANKING in the dark.

Ranking.—Confound it! there, you might be careful, man.

McClennan.—Pshaw! shut your mouth.

Ranking.—Triumphed so soon? hand me the contract, do I, McClennan.—Curse on the contract; doubly curse on you. Just stay aside, or by the heavens on high, I'll bleed your carcass till the veins are dry.

Ranking.—How now, McClennan, why, what's amiss? Sir, have a care, my pride don't relish this.

McClennan.—Pride! you talk of pride, indeed, Sir Bravo, Who lack the courage to be sought but know, Take that, (he strikes him) and that, and that, and when you need A thief, next time why, do yourself the deed.

RANKING drops. McCLENNAN rushes off the Stage. Curtain falls.

ACT III.

SCENE.—Police Court.

CAD GURNETTO, Presiding Judge.—McCLENNAN at the Bar.—McLeod, Plaintiff.—His SUPREME HIGHNESS PRINCE COLONO, High Advocate for the Prosecution.—DIMINUTIVE HALLIMAN, Council for the Defence.

Prince Colono proceeds to address the Court: Most Learned Judge, this mutilated deed, Explains my reason, still most noble I need, In this my first appearance in a court Of this august and most tremendous sort, Beseech your gracious ear.

Cadi Gurnetto.—Most noble Prince, We deeply feel your (enormous pinch of snuff) condescension since, We're not before a Peer of your high state, Observed [another snuff] before us. Our attention's great.

Prince Colono—[smiling benignantly].—Simply most learned Judge, I state the case.

The prisoner there with most undebating face, My client sought, and did request to see A certain deed. With bland politeness, he Placed it before him, when 'th' ungrateful slave Sought first to burn, then to molest like a knave. He was detected in the very act, Pursued, brought back, My Lord, you bear the fact; And now we claim full justice at your hand, Convinced you are the justest judge in all the land.

Cadi Gurnetto, [majestically severe].—Don't flatter, sir, Diminutive Halliman. A good my Lord, submit The Plaintiff there, though sparkling o'er with wit, Has made no case against the prisoner here; My client's innocent—I'll prove it clear.

First, I maintain no cause has yet been shown To prove he wished to make the deed his own. True, from the room he took it, and did then Proceed down stairs, but don't your honour keen, He merely borrowed it, what earthly power Can say he meant to keep it for an hour?

Cadi Gurnetto.—Two, very true. You, Clennifan, declare, Was it to throw or borrow brought you there?

McClennan—I'll tell no lie, I meant to steal it, sir.

Diminutive Halliman.—My client, good my Lord, without demur, Is slightly touched about the figure band, His evidence of course ain't worth a red.

Cadi Gurnetto.—True, very true, we can't receive it here.

Prince Colono.—My Lord, my lord, the case is plainly clear,

He meant to steal, in fact did steal the deed, If evidence more clear, you still may need, Why, in such haste did he descend the stairs, Why mutilate the contract thus with tars, [holds it up.] Why cling to it, with kick and curse and groan, When the true owner sought to gain his own, 'Twas clearly theft, and so my lord demand Most rigorous justice at your lordship's hand.

Cadi Gurnetto.—Prince of Colono, you are not polite, Don't my demand, by Jove it ain't quite right. We shall deal with the case as most we please, And give our judgment when we've thought at ease.

[He retires with Carrus Aldorman to deliberate: and refresh exhausted nature with an inodorous medicine of old Port.]

Prince Colono to Diminutive Halliman and the rest of the 8 Hogs.

Well ladies come, what dy'o say? lets have a drink, I'll stand the treat, come on, come one, come all.

All.—Bravo! most noble Prince, we heed the call. [They depart mysteriously; are absent for the space of fifteen minutes, and appear particularly sparkling about the eyes on their return.]

Cadi Gurnetto re-enters, and delivers judgment in the following terms.

We have with our accustomed judgment weighed This knotty case, and duo importance laid On every point, and our decree is this, That we at once the prisoner dismiss. Cuss why? Although to nineteen-twenty-two here, His guilt, perchance no seen-between proved and clear, And though, in terms most unequivocal, He did confess it; still, methinks, we shall The ends of justice answer best, if we Proceed, at once to set the prisoner free. We have our doubts, 'tis true, and think the case Looks wrong against him, on its very face; Yes, very strong, but, still, he mis, you know, Have room to harm, and so we'll let him go.

The Curtain falls amidst loud and ironical cries of "O most worthy Judge! most just! most worthy Judge!"

CITY SIGHTS.

MY DEAR GRUMBLER.—Since I last communicated with you nothing of much importance has transpired within the area sanctified thrice a-day by the sound of the St. Lawrence Market Bell.

Last Sunday morning, as I was airing myself along the Esplanade, I heard a most unsabbatical sound of hammering issuing from one of the engine shops. I would have entered for the purpose of remonstrating with the workmen, if I had not been afraid of their asking me why I was not at Church.

The scow belonging to the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, whereon, last year, so many of the nautical or pseudo-nautical genus might have been seen airing themselves in the twilight of the long summer evenings, presents a sadly forlorn aspect. We trust, for the sake of our city, that its shabby and half-drunken condition is not emblematical of the prospects of the Club.

Propitiated by a complimentary ticket, I visited a band of Negro Minstrels, at Kurth's Lager Beer Saloon, on Adelaide Street. The most interesting part of the performance was a dialogue on "Recruiting," &c.

Bones.—"Well Sam, how was it you wasn't let stay in the recruits."

Sam.—"Well yer see the Doctor cum and looked at my heels, and they was so long that you couldn't tell whether I was marchin' backwards or forwards. So he, yer won't do for the army, but I'd visive yer to go and sell yer mouth to Parliament."

Bones.—"What was that for, Sam?"

Sam.—"Why, to swaller all the lies the Ministry was a tellin on!"

OCELLUS.

* Sam's mouth is immense.

A Dawning Genius.

—Young Canada should be proud of the mental vigor of Mr. J. B. Robinson's speech on the Usury Bill, which cannot be found in the American Encyclopedia, under the head—"Usury."

A FAREWELL.

RESPECTFULLY ADDRESSED TO MRS. D. MORRISON, LATE
MISS CHARLOTTE NICKINSON.

Farewell our fair and long tried friend; from all
Rogitously th' unvolucous accents fall,
Whiles from a thousand hearts vana wishes spring,
That life may smile and earth profusely fling
Its choicest blessings o'er thine onward way.
Thou gentle mistress of the grave and gay,
Since thy accomplished charms shall grace no more
The pleasing triumphs of the mimic floor;
Or more, must rapt and spell-bound listeners own
The simple magic of thy silvery tone,
No more its moving sadness melt to tears,
Its comic archness draw enraptured cheers.
No more thy wondrous art portray th' ideal,
With all the force and freshness of the real.
Though perhaps with selfish grief our wills revolt,
We must pronounce th' unwilling long farewell.
Farewell, our merry, gentle favourite may
Thy lot be cloudless and serenely gay;
Whilst in life's quiet path, the woman abides
With all the charms that grace our mimic abodes.
We will not murmur, though we lose a star,
Whose beams fall off have chased earth's clinging gloom afar.

RETIREMENT OF MISS NICKINSON.

Miss Nickinson appeared for the last time on our stage on Wednesday night. The characters she chose for the occasion were two of her best—*Lady Teazle*, and, to show how versatile are her talents, *Nan*, the Good for Nothing. We are unfeignedly sorry for the retirement of Miss Nickinson. She was an ornament to our stage—a peerless actress—*one whom we always looked upon as a dear pet, with whom it was impossible that we should ever get angry, and in whose cause we would venture anything.* She has been removed from our sight to adorn another sphere, and although other stars may rise and set, there will ever be a blank in the firmament in that spot where her sun went down in splendour, amid the regrets of all true lovers of the drama.

Considered merely as an actress, we have no hesitation in saying that Miss Nickinson is at the head of her profession: charming in all characters, unrivalled in many. In Scotch, Irish, English, and French she was equally at home. The entire *role* of female characters, from the *Fancy Gribbles* in roaring farce, up to the tender *Ophelia* was at her command. In all she was the mistress of our hearts to move us to tears or laughter. Her reception on Wednesday night was never equalled on our boards: the crowded audience put no bounds to their admiration and regret blended together, and the applause was deafening as the fair lady made her last bow and retired. However, we must not be too selfish; and indeed we are sure that so great is the esteem in which Miss Nickinson is held, that there is no one who would not willingly sacrifice his own taste to secure her happiness. Therefore we wish her joy, and resign her to another, after a lingering farewell.

We had intended to be very angry at Mr. Nickinson for something or other, but—oh, that's it—it was the manner in which he treated the public on Friday night week. However, let it slide this time. Next time such an occurrence occurs, we flatter ourselves we shall be angry in earnest.

A Practical Joke.

—The Speaker making Fellowes Chairman of the Committee on a Bill to detect frauds!

OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

We confess to not having honored this important body with so much of our presence as our duty to the over-taxed readers of *THE GRUMBLER* calls for, preferring rather the enchantment of a Lecture on "Poetry and Song," by the gifted Scotch Poet, to the disenchanting and ungifted squad who monopolize the Council Chamber.

For three successive nights has there been various Committees of the Whole on a Report of the Committee on Fire, Water and Gas; and again on Monday evening last was there another sitting, with the same result, a simple report of progress. We wish to inquire what is the object of so constant a repetition of this stale farce. If anything practical was accomplished, or even aimed at, we would allow a great latitude for the ignorance which enters so largely into the composition of the Blowers; but we are rather inclined to think there is a species of cunning mixed up with this Fire, Water and Gas concern to hood-wink the citizens into the belief that they really have a care for these vast interests. Why is it we are subjected to the monopoly of a Gas Company who inflicts on us, at will, an advance of five per cent. on rates always exorbitant? and a Water Company whose incapacity has been so repeatedly experienced and railed against as intolerable? Even so recent as Wednesday night last, three fine brick edifices on Church Street, with a large portion of their contents, were completely gutted and destroyed, entirely for want of an half-hour's supply of water; a fact alone sufficiently demonstrative of the humbug practiced upon us by this Water Company, whose annual pulls upon the City Treasury are sufficient to sustain a genuine and effective institution. We seriously admonish the Committee on Fire, Water and Gas to enlarge their optical spheres—remove the excrescences that now dim their mental vision—strive to comprehend and practically take up, some of the many excellent theories on Gas and Water supply extant; and receive the honorable testimony of a free press, and the grateful acknowledgements of a people grown surly by systematic imposition.

Councilman Carruthers, famous for his opposition to the Pound Law, opposed, also, a recommendation of the Board of Works to adopt flagging instead of planking for the side-walks, which effects a saving of more than ten per cent., on the score of economy! What kind of economy, pray, Mr. Carruthers, do you mean? Is it the kind you practiced as a Corporation jobber; or is it that domestic kind you so often boast of, which consists of unqualified admiration of swine? Doo tell.

The License Law, in its amended shape, was again brought forward, and made law, wanting only the City Solicitor's certificate of legality. The Bill is framed solely for the interests of that class so dominant in and out of the Council—we mean the Tavern-keepers. An indiscriminate tax of only \$40 is imposed on all vendors of spirituous liquors. Ald. Smith, and a few others, strongly opposed the measure, but their efforts were powerless against the corrupt interest, and we really wonder that he so far forgot his character as to sit with a body whose association is demoralizing to the virtuously disposed.

CHARLES MACKAY.

Dr. C. Mackay delivered two lectures in our city this week, which were every way worthy of the poet; for although the lecture did not tell us anything that we did not know before, yet what he said was clothed in such choice and musical language, that the lecture would have at once stamped him as a poet of the first water. We hope that the example set by the Doctor will not be lost on celebrities from the mother country, and that Canada will not in future be overlooked as it was in the days of the visit to our neighbours of the man Thackeray.

We understand that Charles Matthews has promised to pay our city a professional visit. If he comes he will receive a right royal welcome. If he disappoints us, it were better for him that he never was born.

Lost, Stolen, or Strayed,

—Twenty-one houses from the South side of King street, from between Geikie's No. 40, and Callaway's No. 61, which by some fatality have been thrown together. Information of their whereabouts will be thankfully received by the Mayor.

More Police "Perapianity."

—Our peace-loving blue-bottles, suffering a remorse from past inactivity, have betaken themselves to the lucrative practice of *arrest on suspicion*, with the right of *search*. Three of the bravos, last Sunday, mounted an innocent man named Kenny, and eased him of his possession of \$1.75. The Police Magistrate very considerably ordered them to make good the amount.

Canadians Beware.

—It appears from the Poll Book of the township of Cambridge, County of Russell, a remote and unsettled district on the Ottawa, that no less than 310 citizens of New York State recorded their votes in that township alone, during the late election. Now as the *Grumbler* is undoubtedly possessed of more discrimination than his cotemporaries, it was reserved for him to penetrate the mystery; and he graciously throws out a few hints for the public to digest. A Mr. Campbell lately mooted in the United States Senate, the magnificent idea of buying up the British North American Provinces. Of course our nasal cousins have long gloated over this pet project, but not being able to raise the wind sufficiently high to haul in Canada in a mass, they commenced operations by buying up every foot of ground in Cambridge Township. The result is as we have stated that 310 Yankee votes were lately recorded there. True, a prominent gentleman of the district, absurdly presumes to doubt the legitimacy of those votes; true, an enquiry into the matter has occupied the time of the House of Assembly for nearly a week, but then the tone of the Government, has considerably strengthened *THE GRUMBLER* in his theory. They clearly recognize Mr. Fellowes' Election as legitimate. And it is evident that the Government and *THE GRUMBLER* could not both be wrong.

The votes therefore were legitimate, Brother Jonathan is buying up Canada. By next Election, he will have secured the whole Ottawa district, and five Yankees will vote by the tens of thousands.

CHARLIES VS. CHALEY.

A DISTINCTION WITHOUT A DIFFERENCE.

In London, policemen, as Charlies are known,
And here, we should follow the rule,
For scarce a "blue bottle" we have, but has shown
Himself equal to Charley, our fool.
Yet Charley, poor fellow, must beg for his bread,
While the Charlies can *batten* on beef;
Then give him a *baton*, appoint him instead
Of Sam, the commander in chief.

A LEADER from the "LEADER," on PROTECTION.

And if the Devil come and roar for it, he shan't get it.—
Shakespeare amended.

Protection is a humbug; and those who advocate it, are as devoid of common sense as a tanned sole is of hair. This we take to be an incontrovertible fact, needing no proof. Let our readers turn their eyes but for one moment at the class of individuals who advocate, in the nineteenth century, this exploded theory—this resurrection of the darkest ages of the Goths and Vandals—this illegitimate offspring of non-inductive science, and he will see evidence to convince the most sceptical that Protection, as we said before, is a humbug. Look at Grimjaw, for instance, he goes in—to use a vulgar phrase—for Protection; but why does he ask for 30 additional per cents on the importation of honest men into the country? Why, because he is a lawyer. That accounts for the milk in Grimjaw's cocoa nut. Then Snipes wants 50 per cent. to be placed on the manufacture of babies—no, we are wrong—baby linen. Now who does not know that the manufacture of the aforesaid article—the linen, not the babies—affords profitable employment for the whole family of Snipeses at present cumbering the Canadian earth; and yet Snipes, forsooth, would lay up rivals of inconvenience for infantile posterity under the mask of Protection. Next, Smuggings, M.P.P. jumps like a cat on a rat at 30 per cent on beer; and this too, mind you, with the fact staring him in the countenance, that cramps and convulsions are likely to follow even moderate imbibications of *aqua vitae*—hear it, holy St. Crispin—furnished by our corporation, in return for a tax, the weight of which brings the "bare bodkin" ultimatum, into consideration; and the payment of which is enforced at a risk, which cause the hair of our mustachios to stand erect. And after all, what is the disinterested Smuggings? He is a brewer of vile ale, and abominable schemes. But we need not go on with the disgusting list. Tagrag is a Protectionist because, being a editor, he has nothing else to write about. Jinkins is a ditto, because being a clergyman, he is afraid that the importation of religious works might enable the people to see as far through a mill stone as himself. Catverry is persuaded of the advantages of the proposed scheme, because he wants to enjoy the entire remuneration flowing from the transformation of deceased ornaments of the feline species into appetizing sausages. Drench, is a doctor, and although at present doing a killing business, does not like foreign competition. We flatter ourselves that even the *Colonist* could not make as good a joke on an equally grave subject. That rough being a sailor, of course expects to make a fortune by smuggling the moment the measure becomes law. And to finish the list, Stubbs is the only man in the

country who is a protectionist from conviction.—But he, poor man, lost his wits years ago. Thus we have proved to the satisfaction, not only of ourselves, but also of the whole civilized world, that Protection is a humbug. *En passant*, as they say in France, Adam Smith—who, by the way, must not be confounded with the Speaker—was always opposed to Protection.

A LEADER from the COLONIST on PROTECTION.

All men are liars except us.—*Well-known fact.*

Adam Smith is a humbug; that is, he was, when on the upper crust of this earth in *propria persona*; but now that he is down among the deceased, far be it from us to leave the beaten track of respectable journalism to attack a quintessence of unsubstanciality—for such we take him now to be—therefore we will simply proceed to maintain the postulate we have assumed by such perspicacity of argument and cogent reasoning that our definitions shall bear the indelible impress of truth, and become the standard from which succeeding generations shall draw conclusive corollaries and found indubitable axioms. We do not mean to deny that the man Smith was clever: all men are clever—even Postmaster Smith is clever.—Heaven forgive us for saying so. But all his cleverness—the so-called political economist's, not bugs'—was of a pernicious order, and his doctrines have long since met a deserved fate in being kicked to unfathomable perdition. It is quite true that the anti-Protectionists—who, to speak plainly, are no better than a race of anti-Christ's—have slipshod statements ever on the tips of their tongues, and abound with disingenuous nonsense, so that it is a matter of wonder to all of us that they are not choked like the herd of pigs we read of; and, therefore, it is that we desire to put the public on their guard against their pseudo-arguments: let not the intelligence of our community be led as a calf to the shambles,—let not our readers be hood-winked,—let them keep their eyes skinned, as Homer says, and avoid being flattered by the non-flamboyant engenderations of misguided minds and disorganized animal systems.

With regard to the minor consideration of going into the merits of the rival systems, we will simply inquire—and we would certainly like to see the man who can contradict us—what did England do in the days before Cassirelaunus, in order to foster her trade and invigorate her juvenile commerce. The question admits of but one answer: She adopted Protection. It was her meat and drink,—that is when the stock of prisoners had given in. And why should not we do the same? As that great seion of the English pearrage immortalized himself by saying,—

"Let learning, law, and manners die,
But give us back our old nobiliti!"

Give us, then, Protection. For we have shown by incontrovertible arguments that it will be mother's milk to the country, to use a homely expression. Then, why hang fire? With Protection we shall be O. K. in a year; without it, we shall be y. O. in half that time. Those, however, who see a joke in what we advance, may enjoy it to their heart's content. To conclude, then, we have proved, in the most conclusive manner, that Adam Smith was a humbug.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- T. O. S.—"Too much of one thing," &c., &c. Try some other line.
- VERITAS, PEG-TOES, SKOOKS, AND P. B.—Too personal. How can you suppose we would be guilty of meddling with private affairs.
- SAMUEL—The bankrupt law as it now exists is a most ridiculous affair, affording protection for none but the rogue. It will probably be amended this session.
- ONE OF THE AFFLICTED.—Too long for this number, and indeed for any other. There are several good points which we may use. Shall be glad to hear from you again. Be brief, however.
- AMBERSTUNG.—Your paper never reached us,—have endeavored to get one but failed. Are not sufficiently acquainted with the facts to make a point of it. Should be glad to hear from you more fully.
- ANDY.—The best way to amuse the ladies would be to buy them a stereoscope at Maclear's, near the Post office. Another good plan would be to procure the MAGICIANS OWN BOOK at Thompson & Co's and learn the various tricks of slight of hand, with which you might astonish the fair maids. Your object is certainly commendable.
- AMICUS.—Dr. Mackay (pronounced Mackye), was born at Perth in 1812, and is therefore 46 years old. His first volume of poems was published in 1834. He has been connected with the London *Illustrated News* since 1850. His last production is fifteen verses, entitled "Down the Mississipp," to be had at all the News Depots.
- HUMBUG.—Referring to the fact that Dr. Ryerson, in the late discussion with Mr. Geekie, casts it up to the latter gentleman that he is a "Reverend dropped," says he has it on undoubted authority, that when the Rev. Superintendent of Schools was travelling in Europe, he had his passports written, and his baggage labeled, with the *Hon. Egerton Ryerson!* Is this true?
- FRANK.—You are only wasting time,—most precious time in your position. If you are over seventeen and as good a scholar as you represent, apprentice yourself immediately to some good trade, and stick to it until you have acquired a thorough knowledge of its branches. You can have no better school, and this practical kind of life will be the best thing to sharpen your intellect.
- FASHION.—The vertical stripes have become so common that they are now not much worn by the leaders of the *ton*. Two flounces, with a new style of four point waists (most odious countenances) are the novelties now announced. The tight jackets you refer to were exceedingly neat, but are not very generally worn, probably because a good figure only looks well in them. Take our word for it the bcnnets will grow bigger before the summer is over. Your enquiries are very pleasantly rendered, and we should like to hear from you again.
- CANADENSIS—Directs attention to the habitual violation of the Game Laws by the adventurous Nimrods in this vicinity, in shooting every thing in the shape of wild fowl at the present season of the year. The law provides for the punishment of such,—a fine not exceeding five pounds, and imprisonment in default. If one or two examples were made, the effect would be salutary, and we know of no better way than for C. himself, to institute proceedings against some well-known offender.

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