

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1858.

NO. 3.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coat
I telt ye ten't it;
A child's a'nae'ming ye t'aking notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it."

SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1858.

PROVINCIAL SPOOTING APPARATUS.—No. III.

Having in our last number briefly reviewed the extremely unsatisfactory *debut* of the new House of Assembly, we purpose devoting the present article to the consideration of a few matters which may serve to keep the honorable body in public remembrance during the recess:

I. PARLIAMENTARY MUSIC.—Some sage observer of human nature has very truly remarked the tendency in greatness to acquire the simplicity and waywardness of childhood; and if anything were wanting to establish the wisdom of the observation, our assembled sagacity is a case in point. When a child is crossed, he frets; when he is bored, he fumes; when he hears unpleasant things, he frants; and so in like manner with commendable childishness, do the more eminent members of the House frankly display their little feelings. No sooner is Mr. Mackenzie on his legs than the harmonious sounds begin; barking puppies and penny whistles are brought into requisition; the desk-lids flap in measured cadence, and Mr. Speaker after smirking pleasantly with his face buried in the rules of the House, joins his former pupils with vociferous cries of "Order," which at any rate serve to swell the jovial chorus. Can anything be more innocently juvenile than this? and how it relieves the tedium of ministerial life, and lights up with an invigorating flush, the jaded countenance of the leader of the House, besides affording intense merriment to the wearied occupants of the gallery. We have observed that the north-western section of the House has reduced the matter to a most consummate art; but as Mr. M. Cameron and some others are not yet adepts, we would suggest that the band-master of the Rifles, attend for half an hour daily to perfect the tyroes in this elegant orchestral accomplishment.

II. ACCOMMODATION FOR THE PUBLIC.—"We'll withdraw into the gallery."—*Pericles.*

The cool and supercilious manner in which the public who visit the House are treated, is perfectly refreshing. Not satisfied with cooping them up in the narrowest possible space, they have now invented a most exquisite system of torture for all who pass the hallowed precincts. Take first, the Public Gallery. Instead of opening the doors half an hour before the Speaker takes his chair, the mob is allowed to collect about the door till some time after the House is called to order, and then up they rush

in the most approved confusion and at imminent risk of bodily injury. Then look at the other gallery; after dancing attendance below for half-an-hour to procure a ticket, the visitor goes to the upper door, finds a crowd desiring admittance like himself, and is then subjected to half an hour's pressure from the crowd behind him, and the rude repulsion of the Carberus who stands before him at the door. If a gentleman escorts a lady to the gallery, he has the pleasure of seeing her dress disarranged in penetrating the crowd—himself pushed back with the rest of the male cattle, and his partner projected along through the door like a pea from a pop-gun. We would advise Mr. Speaker to give a little of his attention to this matter as soon as he has rejected all the election petitions which do not suit him, or THE GRUMBLER will most assuredly trouble his halcyon dreams.

III. THE BUSINESS OF THE SESSION.—"O my prophetic soul."—*Hamlet.*

The public will naturally desire to have some idea of the measures which will be brought before the House after the recess. Being gifted with second sight, we give some of the most important:

Mr. ALEXIS MORRISON—A Bill to render Profane Swearing a penal offence.

Mr. GALT—A Bill to expedite the elevation of A. T. Galt, Esq., to the office of Inspector General.

Mr. ABBEY—A Resolution instructing the Clerk to procure an opera-glass for each member of the House, the same to be charged to the Contingent Fund.

Mr. MACKENZIE—A Bill to make the offices of Street Sweeper and Police-Constable elective. Also, an address to his Excellency for a return of the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites, since the year 1500, B. C.

Mr. HOWLAND—An Amendment to the Rules of the House, so as to require a month's notice before the introduction of any motion, to enable the member for West York to prepare his oration thereon.

Mr. CAYLEY—An Act to disfranchise the Counties of Huron and Bruce. Also, a Bill to abolish the Budget.

Mr. SIDNEY SMITH—A Bill to Prohibit the Publication of the Division Lists in West Northumberland.

Mr. WRIGHT—A Resolution to summon the reporter of the *Leader*, to the bar of the House, for misrepresenting his remarks on the Double-Majority Question.

Mr. BUGHANAN—A Resolution to appoint himself and the Inspector General. A committee to revise and reconstruct the Science of Political Economy.

Mr. LED-UTILLIER, (member for Gaspé)—A Bill to render the taking of Cod Liver Oil compulsory in certain cases.

IV. A NEW PROGRAMME.—"The best bill of the Season."—*John Nickinson,*

As the present scheme of the published Notices of Motion seems to serve no other end than that of obscurity, we humbly submit that the Clerk should confer with the lessee of the Lyceum, with a view of drawing out a programme of performance daily. Take the following for example:

THEATRE ROYAL, FRONT STREET.

Lessee and Paymaster, JOHN CANADA.
Manager, HENRY SMITH.
Leader of the Orchestra, W. F. POWELL.
Re-engagement for a very short period of the Versatile Actor and Acrobat, Mr. J. A. McDONALD.

Performances to commence with the Serio-Comedy of the RUSSELL ELECTION, OR FORGERY TRIUMPHANT!!!

Sam Sharper, Mr. FELLOWES.
Will Wideawake, Mr. J. A. McDONALD.

To be followed by the laughable interlude of HABERDASHERY, OR THE MERCER OF NORFOLK, A TALE OF SHIREVALLY.

Garrulous Griffin, Mr. FOLEY. ♀
Slippery Smooth, Mr. McDONALD.

The whole to conclude with the screaming farce of REPRESENTATION BY POPULATION, OR *W'D* DONT YOU WISH YOU MAY GET IT?

Admission by ticket; Gentlemen not admitted till half an hour after the performance has commenced.
N. B. No checks given at the door.

The Rejected of Wentworth.

—"Robert Spence, of Dundas, Esquire, gentleman, to be Collector for the port of Toronto, vice Meudell, cashiered."—See the next *Canada Gazette.*

When cruel Wentworth stoops to folly,
And lets a Notman win the day,
What charm can make poor Robert jolly,
What art can wash defeat away?

The only art his loss to another—
His office and his hundreds twelve,
Is to enrich him with another,—
In other words it is—to shelve.

The Perspicacity of the Police.

—We were somewhat dumb-founded at Mr. Gurnett's animated versions at the Lennox examination on what he called the "perspicacity of the police." Consulting our big Webster, we discovered that perspicacity meant transparency or clearness; and we certainly concur with our Magisterial Mat-prop that the police display wonderful perspicacity, being often so transparent as to be imperceptible to sight when most required. It is from this quality they have derived the name of "Invisible Blues."

No Misnomer.

—The hon. Commissioner for Public Works has been so grievously harrassed by the responsibility involved in the representation of 15,000 voters, that he is fast losing the strength derived from the fat office he holds, and will soon be Alley (all lean) both by name and nature. We understand that Mr. Daly (daily) also is become weakly (weekly) from the insecurity of his seat.

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS,

AS LATELY PERFORMED AT THE TORONTO POLITICAL THEATRE.

ACT I.

SCENE—A Room in the Globe Office—Enter Compositor's Pressman, Devils, &c. &c.—Time April, 1846.

Buchanan—Lads, have ye seen the Boss this morning's morn; Strange as his honoured phiz adorn. As late I met him I did marvel much, For with a most unvoiced comic touch, He punched me in the ribs, and laughing, said—'Brav'd Buchanan, ye're a grand old man; I, wondering, would he question him; but he laugh'd on as lost in pleasing reverie.'

Cartonius—Says I can't not guess the cause of this most strange? Yes, good Buchanan, this most startling change? I, too, met Grilly George, and what d'ye think? He spoke no word but wink'd an wicked wink—'An unc' wink which just enough revealed To show some monstrous strangeness was concealed. I fear no mischief, to dreams of greatness led, How long deferred has turn'd his reverend head.'

Devil—With charges strict to drink his health, the Boss To no this morn a Yorker, Sir, did toss.

All—Strange, most wonderful strange.

Enter HAINEMAN in haste.

Lads, lads, most noble lads, I've news to tell, Shall shake the earth, and our big "Globe" as well: Macedonid's gang, who long sat cheek by jaw, Yeating with rank noise and din, and with foul, Last eve resigned, and our Bothwellin Lord Is summoned hence to bear the Premier's sword. A huge despatch Sir Edmund has sent down, Come cheer, lads, cheer—three cheers for Premier Gordon. We'll teach the sneaking Colonist, I vow, That we're to the Government Organ now; We'll roar the Leader of his bet no pap, And teach a lesson to that beastly chap. So, so, Lads cheer! and the celices far— Fortune has smiled on us.

Hurray! Hurray!

ACT II.

SCENE—Editor's Sanctum, GLOBE OFFICE.

Mr. Brown—Scarl'd alone at a table, on which a dispatch is spread.

And is it so? have I then reaped at length The rich reward of all my scheming strength? Say, do I clutch the coin, thou long prize for? Ye Gods! I do; for there the summons lies. He still my leaping brain—be cool and still, I'll rule this kind; I'll reign! by heaven! I will. Ye gods, do thy work—Brain, weave the scattered links, That sum's begun, my play shall out-Hinck's Hincks. But stay, who comes (enter Gordonus) ah! good Gordonus, thou, Say, am I calm? How looks my lofty brow?

Gordonus—An ever, good, my brother—firm and clear— Most fit to rule each Grit and Moderato here.

Brown—Ah! gentle Gordon, flatter not, but say, Come forward, Conquer, their respects to pay. Hast telegraphed for Notman, Foley, Christie, Wallbridge and Hartman, Short and Hogan misty?

Gordonus—All, brother sweet, your high behest attend. At One to-day their way die phalar wand.

Brown—Thanks, Gordon stay, the hitman, I declare, With use to good Sir Edmund shall repair; And admiration of our banded wit Will make this head an out-and-out Clear Grit. Meaning, I go my Sunday-night for bed, And cool my courage with a demijohn. At One we start, and when eve shades the town, Torch light processions shall grace Tremor Brown.

Exit both.

ACT III.

SCENE—Room in Government House—Sir Edmund Head en gaged on a second Edition of "Shall and Will."

Enter Page—Your Excellency, some goutleous without An audacious crave.

Sir Edmund—Who are the rabble rout?

Page—All strangers, Sir—the tallest babe me say— He, by appointment waiteth here to-day.

Sir Edmund—Admit them.

Enter Brown, Foley, Notman, Wallbridge, &c. &c. &c.

Mr. Brown—[bowing low]—Your Excellency, I with my friends attend;

Command us, Sir, our aid we gladly lend In this great crisis of our country's weal— I, Sir, the honor, most devout, feel, And our love conferred upon the Clear Grit cause, In sending thus for me to frame our Country's laws.

Sir Edmund—[amazed]—I send for you, why Mr. Brown, you dream.

And this "great crisis" Heavens! man, what d'ye mean? **Mr. Brown**—I ha! I see your Excellency's inclined To be telegraphed for to-day's mind.

Sir Edmund—Faculous, sir! A trace to jesting—say, Whence came the honor of this call to-day?

Mr. Brown—[apologetically]—Why, good your Excellency should know full well; At your request I came; scarce need I tell, [opens despatch] Since this dispatch from you, Sir, reached my hands, I've anxious been, to wait your high command. "Macedonid has resigned," thus much you say, And then command—"my presence here to-day, To form a Clear Grit Cabinet, pure and just. Who seek their country's good, not selfish dust." My friends are here,—no scorn official picking, But burn to give the Moderate souls a kicking.

Sir Edmund—[startling up]—A Clear Grit Cabinet! Brown your're raging mad! My poor dear John resigned! He ain't beyond!

Chorus of Foley, Wallbridge, Mowatt, Connor, &c. &c.—O Heavens! we're sold!

Mr. Brown—[Excitedly]—How, not resigned? Your Excellency is a clear trilling, or most sorry wit. Pray, sir, explain, make this bad acting clear.—'Twas your own summons brought the Grit chiefs here. [Hands him the despatch.] Read, sir, and then do say if you can!

Sir Edmund—[astonished]—Why, bless my soul, I never saw this, man, And swear by all that's sacred, good, and true, I never despatched this strange dispatch to you.

Mr. Brown—[in a coaxing tone]—Come, come, Sir Edmund, and this funny scene. My friends are boiling over with spleen. We're all prepared,—our course is straight and clear— When shall our new Gazette'd ranks appear?

Sir Edmund—[with dignity]—I have already, Mr. Brown, declared I can't not that dispatch; who can have dared, [A sudden thought strikes him.] I know not; 'tis mysterious most.—But stay! When did it reach you?

Mr. Brown—Sir, this very day.

Sir Edmund—Oh I see, then—I see it all at length: He calm, Sir, calm—this blood needs all your strength, Some with me has been your best side aide; This is the FIRST OF APRIL. Do you take?

Mr. Brown—[frantically]—Oh, heavens! it is, it is,—have I then been A puppet made—the sport of Moderate spleen? I, the great Clear Grit Chief? Ch! I could dash myself to atoms, and in one wild crash lie low in the dust.

I've laboured for!—worked hard—strained nerve and eye: My thought "twas mine, and oh, ye gods! I'm sold— The spirit of my friends has been my side aide [he starts up.] It ain't not be—I'll not thus meekly stand: To arms, to arms! I'll desolate the land; Blood shall be spilled, I swear by all that's just, Till every Moderate ear has tickled the dust. Ages shall rue, in a most bitter school, That I was made a long-cher'd April Fool.

Exit Brown, accompanied by

CHRISTIE, NOTMAN, CONNOR, &c. &c., all frantically shouting "To Arms!" "To Arms!"

Wanted—A Solicitor General West.

—He must be a sharp whipper-in, with a heavy voice and light conscience; if a performer on the Jew's harp and an adept in desk-flapping, so much the better. Legal attainments unnecessary, as the business of the office is usually left to the clerks. Oratory, also, is no object; as sufficient talking is done by the Solicitor and Attorney Generals East, the rose and thorn of the Administration. Wages liberal, with the usual pickings; and the Speakership in reversion if the servant is sufficiently violent as a partizan, and expert in giving the lie to troublesome members. An Ottawa man preferred, and no impertinent questions will be asked about the poll-books after re-election. For further particulars, apply to premier McDonald or Chief Butler Powell, who will examine the pulmonary and potatory qualifications of the applicants. N.B. No honest man need apply.

Singular Devotion to High Art.

—Mr. Ruskin would certainly have been jubilant, had he beheld the junior Member for Toronto evincing so much interest in the Fine Arts, the other week; he actually exhibited an accurate likeness of himself to the æsthetic admiration of the entire House of Assembly.

OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

Emphatically THE GRUBBLER would doff his coat, and swear never more to do penance so trying to the outer and inner man as is implied in the very attendance upon the palavers of the city broomsticks, were it not that the interests of our ten thousand and two readers require the sacrifice.

Weekly our refined ears are pained with the most defiant outrage upon poor old Lindley Murray's first rule, that "A verb should agree," &c. &c.; and with the escape of any amount of sheer driveling of which even the young Canada Debating Club would be ashamed. With a few exceptions, we assert that the composition of the Council is a blot upon the city. Why do not better men offer? Is it that they fear being disgraced by their associates?

Still, in sober earnest, we must confess that an important measure engaged the attention of our Syntax-defying fathers on Monday last. We allude to a Bill to amend the law relating to the Board of Health. THE GRUBBLER will not deny that it contains some good features, and if the few sensible men in the Council will exert themselves to carry the new Bill into effect, this one act shall, in our eyes, cover a multitude of sins.

The sapient Committee on Wharves and Harbours reported that Humphrey, Scamp & Co., are unable to fulfil the Esplanade contract; and recommend advertising for new tenders. Rich, rather! what becomes of the securities? In connection with this matter, a sprightly but not bendless youth, Councillor Griffith, got up a pretty little scene with the Mayor, in which the retort courteous was bandied in the most approved and edifying style. The dogged obstinacy of "It can!" "It can't!" "It will!" "It won't!" told particularly well. We recommend the modest Councillor to introduce this style of debate upon every fitting opportunity. Its dignity of course is understood by all.

Poor old Councillor Craig still shines in all the vigour of his native, untaught eloquence. Witness a specimen—

Councillor Craig is referring to a precedent of a former Council.

Alderman Bugg meekly insinuates that Councillor Craig had not a seat at the Board at that time.

Councillor Craig. (Fiercely.) That's none of your business. I've bin 'ere as long as you be, and you order know better manners than to interrupt a gentleman when he's talking!

Alderman Bugg. (Confusedly.) Gentleman, indeed!

We draw a veil over the attempted effrontery of Alderman Bugg, and hide his blushes. Happily for him, and most unhappily for our good friend Farmer Helliwell, at about this juncture the fire alarm sounded, when each member of the Council started to his feet with school-boy alacrity, and but for the exertions of the worthy Mayor, would have fled the Council chamber helter-skelter.

A large, over-grown boy, with some hair on his face, acting as under-strapper to the Clerk at the Council meetings, deserves mention because of his assurance, and its inseparable attendant, impudence. Strong evidence of the latter came within our vision; a bare mention of which we hope will suffice to curb the aphid tricks of this semi-official strutter.

THE FASHIONS.

Nobody expects that one, in our condition,—seeing that we are not a haberdasher's assistant—could be intimately acquainted with the mysteries of female attire. But, at the same time, we don't feel inclined to call in question our judgment in discerning a tastefully dressed lady, amid ten thousand, no matter how expensively dressed the rest might be. Therefore, picking up the gauntlet which we before threw down, in this matter, and carefully placing it in a band-box, for use next winter, we herewith constitute ourselves the Grand Censor of Fashions, and proceed to review the present mode of female attire.

Here, again, we find reason to deplore our condition, for we do not know which of the extremities of female attire we ought to commence with. However, let us begin with the boots, which latterly seem to have become jealous of the retrograde movement practiced by the bonnets, and to have contracted themselves to the smallest possible size. Of course, there is nothing so nice as a neat foot, but then there is nothing so trying to a sweet temper as a corn; so we hope that care will be taken to preserve the latter, even at the expense of the former. Then we come to the charming red petticoat, and we cannot help repeating for the hundred and third time since we saw the reality—

"Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they feared the light!
And oh! she dances such a way,
No sun upon an Easter day,
Is half so fine a sight."

We did not intend to repeat the last triplet, but we could not help it. Alas! the red petticoat is among the things that were a fortnight ago, and we have now to turn to the sad reality of all-sorts-of-queer-stuffs, and heaven-knows-how-many-patterned silks. There they go, gleaming and flashing up and down King-Street, between the hours of three and five in the afternoon, till our editorial head is half-crazed with the vain endeavor to determine what is the prevailing fashion. After hours of patient promenading, however, we have found out that the flounces have left town, and that vertical stripes—we hope we will be understood—now adorn the spring dresses of our belles. As to the prevailing color, we could not determine; but, if our eyes did not deceive us, owing to the abominable dust, the tints were borrowed from the sky. There were also numerous dark-colored dresses abroad, which went sailing down the promenade like summer clouds, amid the azure silks. Hoops still hold their sway, and we are glad to see it, for we are not alone in thinking that they give additional grace and dignity to the motions of the sex, leaving altogether out of the question the comfort to the wearer; obviating, as they do, the heavy load of under-clothing which hitherto weighed down many delicate forms.

The bonnets are, if anything, smaller than ever. Indeed, ladies seem to consider bonnets "too much of a good thing," and we won't contradict them in this or anything else. In a short time they will verge into the other extreme, when we shall see nothing but immense round-about platters of hats; and then we shall have cause to grumble in earnest, especially so, if they are trimmed with heavy lace,

the effects of which, to the wearer, is a danger of injured optics; and to the disconsolate beholder, the hiding of all beauty. The "Dio Vernon" style—those neat, rakish, quizzing hats are, we are glad to see, becoming popular.

On the whole, the greatest harmony exists in the disposition of colour. Indeed, the chief danger to taste, to be apprehended now, seems to lie in a desire for sameness of color; which is carried, even as it is, too far,—for yesterday we saw a lady whose boots, dress, bonnet, and parasol were all of a color, and that was green; we could not help remarking that "it was good for sore eyes to see her."

We intended to review the masculine fashions,—or, rather, follies,—at some length, but as we have something more important to do, we shall content ourselves with briefly noticing that "peg-top" trousers, as they are called, are somewhat in vogue—especially among those whose understandings are not of the most perfect order. Villainous many-colored monkey-caps are also worn by a class, and these, with stragulation collars, glaring ties, short-cut coats, and impertinent, silly visages, complete the picture of our Toronto jackeens, both of home and foreign growth. Several gentlemen have donned light-colored frieze, bag-shaped coats, which look well.

A FRAGMENT.

NORTH OXFORD SPARE MCD.

North Oxford spare McD,
Cloud not his lofty brow;
Rejected thrice was he,
Have pity on him now.

For Perth he tried his hand,
But that was not the spot;
For Oxford let him stand,
Aye, quatelets him not.

Proper Appointment.

—We have been given to understand that the first act of the new Colonial Secretary has been the appointment of Mr. W. F. Powell to the governorship of the Scilly (silly?) Islands.

Atrocious.

—The following beggarly attempt at the facetious was inserted beneath our office door:

Why is Bob Moody unlucky in not getting the Admiralship of the fisheries? Because fortune (Fortin) stands in his way."

Another Job.

—The present corrupt government is actually contemplating the construction of a huge viaduct from Toronto to Newmarket, over the slough formerly known as Yonge Street; the latter is to be given to Mr. Beaty for a mammoth pig-sty, he being about to enter largely into the pork business. We are informed that it is in an excellent state of preservation, for this new speculation.

A Wrinkle for Dr. Ryerson.

"I can read my prayer book, but no other book, nor my newspaper."—Dennis' Sheridan on the *Sheddy Inquirer*.

—We trust that the chief Superintendent will search out the tutors of this exemplaryHibernian immediately. What a power of mischief might be prevented in this harassed province by training the youth in so blissful an ignorance of such literary snares as cover the shelves of an education depository, and the table of the Exchange News Room.

WHAT'S IN THEWIND?

The following very significant letter from J. S. McDonald, supposed to have been dropped by the member for North York, has been sent to THE GRUMBLER:—

CORNWALL, March 28.

MY DEAR HARTMAN,—I arrived safely at Cornwall, and have succeeded in securing their joints firmly to my—I should say—our tail. Cook, Mattice, and my testy brother, will go in strong as soon as the thing is done. Donald does not like to desert Brown openly; but once our cabinet is formed, Brown may gnash his teeth as he likes. I was glad to see you so fierce against Brown at the caucus. Sicotte says, he will give you the Post Office. I am to have the Attorney Generalship. Connor consents to be Solicitor, but it was on the understanding that he should be promoted as soon as possible. We must secure him to fight Brown. The "Old Whitehead" owes him a grudge for being driven from North Oxford, and will be worth a dozen Spences to talk him down. That dodge about North Oxford was a failure; but I hope its not ominous. If we had got McKinnon or Perry nominated, we should have had one vote more; but what do you think of McDougall? Wont he give Brown up as soon as things are settled down a little? You have influence with him—sound him, Port Dover will secure White without an office. Aikins seemed all right at the caucus—do you think we can rely on him? Sicotte telegraphs me from Montreal "all right." This means, that Dorion consents—Cartier going on the Bench.

My dear Joseph, wont Brown be astonished when he wakes up one of these fine mornings, and finds that John A. is out and he not in? How the *Globe* will thunder about party treachery and shirking Rep. by Pop., and all the other nonsense of the No Popery platform. But never mind we can stand it for four years—if we live as long; and if we don't, why we'll enjoy the good things while they are going. I was glad to observe that all the Clear Grits at the caucus agreed in one thing—that it was too bad to be kept from office by Brown and allow the Tories to carry off all the spoil. If John A. can be got out of the way by a judgeship and a man of the right stamp returned in his place, we shall have smooth sailing with a U. C. majority of ten or twelve at the lowest.

I am glad to hear you are better; our day is at hand—as Shakespeare says, "There is a tide in the affairs of men which if taken at the flood leads on to fortune." But I forgot you are more in the habit of reading the Bible than Shakespeare, and to show you that I read that Book too (Douay version) let me remind you "Now is the accepted time—Now is the day" to secure office.

Yours faithfully,

J. SANDFIELD McDONALD.

Jos. HARTMAN M. P.

Aurora.

The extraordinary manner in which the *Leader* of Thursday and the *Catholic Citizen* of this week puff and praise John S. indicates the genuineness of the above letter.

Growing "Small by degrees and beautifully less."

—Brown's chance of the Premiership.

TRIALS OF OFFICE.

LETTER FROM HON. WILLIAM CAYLEY, ESQ., M.P.P., TO J. LOHN McDUGAL, ESQ.

FRIDAY, April 2nd, 1858.

MY DEAR LOHN—Let me congratulate you on your good fortune in having given up your seat in Parliament, even without the consideration which the Government, already impoverished by the defraying of my election expenses, has been obliged to deny you. I am spending to-day (Good-Friday) in groaning over my accounts. I am obliged to balance my accounts by such expressions as "sundries," to disappoint impertinent eyes; but I fear that George Brown will flay me alive for anything that doesn't agree with his low, *shoppy* ideas. The House is a terrible bear-garden. It won't let things go on in a quiet, ministerial, gentlemanly sort of way. I could endure to see Brown sit over by me and stare me in the face, as Powell did to McGee, or interrupt me as the premier does with everybody, (as far as his penny whistle will allow him), but I can't stand their "wanting to know," "wanting to know," all the time what has been done with a hundred pounds here, and a hundred pounds there, as if they expected our salaries to keep us in pocket money. I have had no rest at all since I took my seat. I found, when I entered the Assembly, a bed of hot coals ready prepared for me by that scoundrel McGee; and even the ministerial hacks smiled, as if they were thinking more of my bibles in Huron and Bruce, than of my immense majority in Renfrew. Since then the pot has been kept boiling. When he is exhausted, Hogan takes up the refrain. Then Foley goes on floundering by the hour. It may be well enough to flounder when you have to tell ministerial white lies, but it is unpardonable in Opposition. Why even I could be silent if I were castigating our grand Turk Macdonald, exposing the Quebec election frauds, or even dragging to light the enormities of my own budget. When Brown refuses to prompt Foley any more, up jumps Connor, that "Polar Bear," and after uttering a few snarls, subsides. He resembles very much the picture of the bear in the geography I am studying to get up a knowledge of the Hudson's Bay Territory, which some servants of the company are endeavouring to take for the sake of its fur, but which seems very likely to slip out of their hands, (the bear I mean.) We have had a great deal of trouble lately about the Collectorship of Customs, for which 3,463 applications have been made. I agree perfectly with the sentiments of the junior member for Toronto as thus vigorously expressed: "What do the ungrateful scoundrels want more than they have had. Haven't they been feasting and rioting on the Government funds all over the Province? I've had as much as I could do for the last month, in getting situations in the police force for those fellows that blocked the polls for me at St. Patrick's ward. It's an infernal sham, that it is." I must now bid you farewell.

Believe me,

Your attached Friend,
W. CAYLEY.

P. S. I am working the Renfrew idea quietly. I think we can manage to get the Government there if all goes well.

MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

"Hon. Mr. VANROBESSE moved, seconded by Hon. Mr. de Blaquiere, that an address of congratulation be presented to Her Majesty on the happy nuptials of Her Royal Highness the Princess Royal to Prince Frederick William of Prussia."

Some four weeks ago the secondor of the above resolution in moving a similar address, expressed his surprise that no mention of the marriage had been made in the speech from the throne. The Minister of Agriculture immediately assured his bon-friend, that as no official information of the event having been received—such information, however, being momentarily expected—the Government could take no cognizance of the event just then; and the motion was accordingly snubbed. Now, by the silence of this same Faunus on this occasion, we are of course led to believe that the expected dispatch has not yet been received, and therefore he must be as ignorant of the marriage now as when he pooh-poohed the former motion of the Hon. M. de Blaquiere. Why then did he oppose the motion three weeks ago, and why is M. de Blaquiere the secondor of this motion? As it is, the address is a very patched-up piece of business; and it is to ward off, to a certain extent, Her Majesty's just indignation at this poor compliment, that we hasten to present our compliments, and to assure Her Majesty that not even Frederick William himself holds our pretty little cousin, or her illustrious mother, in such esteem as we do. We do not think that any apology is needed for not having presented our congratulations a month ago, as her Majesty on reflection cannot fail to perceive that there are valid reasons for our silence. THE GRUMBLER sends his congratulations by a special envoy, authorized to take precedence of any delegates from the "nubile Faunus."

Literary Taste.

—The Parliament votes to establish a mirror of its own senseless talking, and leaves Mr. Rogers' admirable History of Canada unfinished and neglected.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENTS.

INQUIRER.—There is a law requiring the Cabmen to remain on their seats, instead of obstructing the sidewalks, and annoying pedestrians, which the Police ought to enforce, instead of indulging, as they now do, in gossip with the Jehus. It is too much to expect our Chief of Police to attend to such trifling matters, when so absorbed in the weightier duties of horse-racing, dog-fighting, &c.

LYNX-EYE.—Complains of rudeness displayed by the Model School pupils in shouting opprobrious epithets at the Roman Catholic Clergy and Sisters of Charity, as they pass. Such conduct is disgraceful, and the offenders should be immediately transferred to Dr. Birch's department, and dealt in the "good old fashioned style."

RECTOR, J. S. AND OTHERS.—The *Young Canada Debating Club*, we are aware, held a Soiree, the proceeds of which, it was announced, were to be given to the "Indian Relief Fund." We have not heard that such funds, which must be considerable, have been handed over, and the matter certainly requires clearing up.

DONNS.—Is too lengthy on this worn-out subject, on which we have already several articles in type. Shall be happy to continue acquaintance.

STONY.—There is no point in your communication. Our remark on Law Students forcibly applies in a number of cases: if you think the cup don't fit, discard it.

JONATHAN, LONDON.—Carling, your member, has been doing *nothing*, and is still sticking to it. Mr. Talbot made rather an ingenious splutter at the commencement of the Session, but has since been pretty quiet. We shall be glad to hear from you again, but "as you love us" don't attempt punning. "How much it cost to move the address, and what did it *teigh*?" is despicable.

LOWER ST. LAWRENCE MARKET.—We acknowledge your petition to THE GRUMBLER, and regret that the high character of our sheet is such as to preclude us from exposing thoroughly such an abandonment of decency, by one whose general "per-spiciousity" and official position should admonish him to act circumspectly. We would consign such men

"To the mountains, and the barbarous caves,
Where manners never were preached."

X. Y. Z.—Complains of the Fire Companies running their Engines on the side-walks, to the danger of citizens. "Necessity knows no law," and in certain seasons it is hardly reasonable to expect the Firemen to drag their Engines through the slough of our neglected streets; yet more caution could be exercised with equal efficiency.

The Central Passenger Station, we believe, is not yet permanently fixed. The probable site is opposite the Parliament Buildings, on the Esplanade. It will not be commenced this year.

BUSINESS NOTICES—\$1 EACH.

The advent of Spring necessitates a change of apparel, and it is important to know where good things can be had cheap these hard times. The hat, being an essential, we can recommend our numerous readers to the establishment of Collins, King street, West, who manufactures and professes to sell hats, at prices many per cent below the usual rate.

THE "CITY STEAM PRESS," 63 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.—The mention of "BLACKBURN," forbids our juvenile pen to attempt on him a critical review; but we feel bold to say, the name was never more glorious, nor more scintillated with more brilliancy, and certainly never had an association in Canadian history so famous, as its present one with the "art divinity." Who, that have conciliated the powerful "lever" of the "CITY STEAM PRESS," but have experienced its potency? It is, *par excellence*, the institution of Canada—out-rivaling all others for completeness of material, and facility of execution. The prestige of the establishment is founded on its carrying off all the Prizes at the Provincial Exhibitions for three successive years—the period of its establishment; and we speak professionally when we say, that nowhere in Canada—nay, even the Continent—has the Typographical Art been brought to such a point of excellence, as at Blackburn's "City Steam Press." Is it a fastidious Card, then it can be done equal to any Copper-plate; if a Circular, no transcribing process known can excel it; is it a display Bill, then we say he can furnish designs more magnificent than anywhere else attempted; while for Plans of Town and Village Lots, his execution is more scrupulous than any lithographic process. By careful management, and skilful artisans, Books, Magazines, Pamphlets, Law Reports, By-Laws, &c., are put into form with such accuracy and regularity, one of the great secrets of the popularity of the concern. We love excellence, and our readers will readily subscribe to our opinion, that the "City Steam Press" will

"Long flourish, and never decay."

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