

# THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.]

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1863.

[VOL. I.—No. 6.

## THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats,  
I rade you tent it;  
A chiel's auning you takin' potes,  
And, faith, he'll preat it."

SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1863.

Mr Edmund Head and the Greek Throne.

What silent still? and silent all  
Ah no!—the voices of the dead  
Sound like a distant torrent's fall  
And anew, Let one living Head  
But one arise."—Don Juan.

Illustrious Edmund, skilled in "shall and will,"  
A Grecian niche, perhaps, you yet may fill;  
Your friend, the GRUMBLER, with the world awaits  
The ultimate decision of the Fates.  
As wonders, people say, will never cease,  
Who knows but Edmund may be Head of Greece.  
Their omega and alpha then would be,  
In English characters, a K. C. B.

We can't conceive what palpable objection  
The four great Powers would have to your election.  
For surely one who's governed wild Canadians  
Could hold in check the grittiest Areadians.  
Who can deny that Canada's a school  
Where embryo kings might fit themselves to rule?  
Here, hydra-headed faction rears its crest,  
And "questions" agitate the public breast;  
Here, keen Ambition mounts the hobby horse,  
And gallops up and down the public course—  
Slides down competitors with savage glee,  
And o'er their prostrate forms relentlessly  
Speeds onward in pursuit of power and place,  
O'er leaping "plutocrats" in its headlong race.  
Ahead, her blood-hounds, Bigamy and Cant,  
(A well-matched couple) snuff, growl, and rant,  
And sleuth-hound editors make sumptuous meals  
Of nimble-footed rivals' calves and heels—  
All must confess that no one but a fool  
Could fail to learn in such a trying school.

When their advantages are better known,  
We'll have more graduates ready for a throne;  
If nations only send in their petitions,  
We'll spare them any of our politicians.  
Who knows, the dumb Egyptian sphinx  
May clear its pipes to welcome Francis Hincks;  
Perhaps some savage tribe across the sea  
May take a liking to our friend McGee;  
Or should the fierce Algerians need a Dey,  
They're very welcome to our sly John A.  
If, too, the sandalled Persians need a Khan,  
Why Foley, there, would be their very man.  
Mighty we could accommodate the Tartars  
With one on whom to hang their stars and garters.  
The success, if they have a vacant crown,  
May find an Emperor in George Drown.

We see you, Edmund (in imagination),  
Already ruler of the whole Greek nation,  
And fancy what a tyrant you would make.  
And how your subjects would (poor devils) shake;  
We see the Greek Clerg Brits upon their knees,  
Their bowels troubled by your stern decrees.  
And vainly strive to make you understand  
That dark corruption permeates the land.  
Unlucky Head that never learnt to speak  
In good Romance, that is modern Greek.  
Alas I it true, though on the softest down,  
Uneasy lies the Head that wears a crown.

## Speeches of the Defeated Candidates for the Mayoralty.

Messrs. Sherwood, Henderson and Boulton, have kindly furnished us with the speeches which they intended to deliver at the Hall on Wednesday night. Mr. Henderson's is as follows:—

Gentlemen—Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, on this auspicious occasion I feel proud to have the honor of saying to you, that I feel proud; yes, gentlemen, pread's the word. And gentlemen, I can confidently say, without fear of contradiction, that had I been the only candidate for your votes, yes votes is the word; I feel confident I say, that I would have been elected without opposition, in fact, I may say, without fear of contradiction, I would have been unanimously elected. As I said in the beginning, gentlemen, I am unaccustomed to public speaking, and consequently I will not detain you on this auspicious occasion, but give place to my friend Mr. Sherwood, who I am proud to say, is next to me on the list.

Mr. Sherwood said,

Gentlemen—You have been pleased to elect me to stay at home, and I bow with all due resignation to your choice; if you had elected me I would have raised the city to an elevation of prosperity and power never before dreamed of. But, gentlemen, as you couldn't see it in that light, I feel sorry for you; if you had elected me I would have raised the breed of bull-pups and game-cocks, so that you would be the admiration of all mankind. But gentlemen, as you couldn't see it in that light, I feel sorry for you. In conclusion I may say, that I congratulate myself at being relieved from the onerous duties of the Mayoralty, which it is well known I never desired. (Applause.)

Mr. Boulton:

Gentlemen—This is the proudest moment of my life, after a contest in which a corrupt Mayor and a still more extravagant Corporation have exerted all their energies, squandered all the city funds, with which they have purchased the assistance of all the powers of darkness, together with the support of all the low and mean of this city. I say, notwithstanding all these agencies which have been at work against me, I feel proud to say that there are only three candidates above me; yes, gentlemen, and had there not been a conspiracy to prevent my voters who live on the Island, (and it is well known the vast majority of them live there,) had not these, I say, been prevented from coming to my aid, by the Mayor and Corporation buying up all the boats

on Lake Ontario, (and to shew you their attachment to me, gentlemen, I have but to assure you that 2,000 started in a body to swim over, but when they came in reach of Yonge Street wharf they were so exhausted that they immediately turned round and swam back again,) I would have been elected by an overwhelming majority.

At this point the crowd became so moved by Mr. B.'s eloquence, and swaying to and fro Mr. B. was seen suddenly to rush from the platform as though flying from his creditors; the crowd were so pleased at Mr. B.'s agility that they requested him to do it again; Mr. B. refused, but the crowd would not be denied, and consequently Mr. B. was so moved by their entreaty that he performed the feat again. Again the crowd requested, again Mr. B. denied, again was he moved to compliance; this comedy was completed in 6 acts, when Mr. B. seeing that it was to prevent his speaking delivered himself to the following effect: Gentlemen, it is useless for you to fancy that you stifle freedom of speech, in my case at least, by the use of violence, for I can assure you that my name, my religion, my politics, and my motto especially when pursued by my creditors, has ever been *Bill Boulton*. After this grand performance Mr. B. made a strategic movement and was lost to sight and memory dear, and the meeting broke up in confusion.

## The Showman and his Bell.

—A Showman without his Bell is like a Jews harp without a tongue, and accordingly when the Showman who lately contested the Mayoralty went on his rounds he picked up a Bell in St. Andrew's Ward. But that Bell gave forth an uncertain sound, and told a tale far from flattering about the gyrations of the political mountebank who was soliciting the suffrages of the people. A word of advice to W. H. B.—The next time you take the stump, give Bills big and little a clear berth; they are apt to make too much noise with their tongues, and do certainly more harm than good.

## Slavery in Canada.

—Notwithstanding the *Globe's* declaration of universal freedom in Canada, we can assure the foreign public, that Irish Canadians can be bought in the streets of Toronto at the small sum of five cents a piece.

## Not True.

—That Bishop Lynch, at the late Concert and Ball in aid of the House of Providence, danced a polka and sung a comic song, for which he has been divorced from the Church—not to marry again.

### STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENT.

We were somewhat astounded as the announcement made by the *Leader* that a coalition had been effected between the Hon. George Brown and the leaders of the Conservative party. As in duty bound we made some inquiries into the truth of the statement, and our readers will doubtless be surprised to find that it is too true. Mr. Brown returned from his Transatlantic tour considerably mollified in his political feelings and his first step was to summon to the *Globe* office the officers of the Conservative Association and some of the leading members of the party from the country. We are only able to give a copy of the resolutions, but next week we hope to give a full report of the meeting on motion of Mr. Brown. Mr. Robert Moodie took the chair and Mr. Canavan was appointed Secretary.

Moved by the Hon. George Brown, seconded by Hon. J. H. Cameron, That it is only desirable that we should be in office. Carried nem. con.

Moved by Ogle R. Gowan, seconded by Hon. Killaly, That the present government have forfeited the confidence of the country by cruelly dismissing many valuable officers. Carried.

Moved by J. A. McDonald, seconded by Tom Ferguson, That the penitence evinced by the Hon. Geo. Brown be received by this meeting and that he receive full absolution for all the obloquy he has heaped upon us. Carried.

Moved by Mr. McMurrich, seconded by Tom Daley, That as office is our object, office is our platform and Rep. by Pop. the popular cry. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Reesor, seconded by Dr. Clarke, That a committee to watch churches be appointed to consist of Messrs Brown, McDonald, McMurrich, Daley, Cameron, Robinson, McKellar, and Carder with power to add to their numbers. Carried.

The meeting then adjourned.

### Signs of Repentance.

—Our readers may recollect that some time ago the wholesale grocers of the city, following the laudable example set them by the banks, resolved to close their places of business at 1 p. m. on Saturdays, in order to allow their clerks an afternoon's leisure for drill and recreation. The arrangement was duly announced to the public, and was adhered to for some time. One or two, however, broke this agreement, and the rest appear to have followed their example. We are informed that there is some prospect, that the very desirable boon will be again yielded to the young men. We hope this is the case. The business transacted is not large and no banking can be done after that hour. The advantage of one afternoon's amusement and exercise to the clerks is unquestionable, and we fancy that their employers would reap the benefit of it in increased alacrity and attention to business during the rest of the week. We are sure the matter has only to be mentioned to commend itself to the good sense and kind feeling of the merchants.

### THANKS FOR NOTHING.

Almost daily we read advertisements similar to the following in one or other of our daily newspapers:—

#### CARD OF THANKS.

Toronto, January 3d, 1863.

P. M. Skinfint, Esq.,  
Dear Sir,—I beg to offer you my most sincere thanks for the very prompt and liberal manner in which you have settled my claims upon the Vesuvius and Grand Diddlesex Fire and Life Insurance Company, for the damage resulting to my premises by the fire of the 26th ultimo.

Yours gratefully,  
SIMON SIMPLETON.

We cannot understand the drift of such advertisements. Is it possible that Insurance Companies so seldom fulfil their contracts, that when a lucky policy-holder receives the money they have agreed to pay, he feels bound to hold up the remarkable exception to the admiration of mankind? Or is it that the insured, not thinking themselves entitled to the insurance money, feel overjoyed that they are well out of a scrape, and in the exuberance of their spirits rush to pen these cards of thanks? If our private business dealings with the Insurance company require public notice in the press, why should not the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker be equally grateful, and give the public the information that we have had our bills receipted and that all old scores are wiped off? Fancy the following in the daily *Globe*:—

January 3d, 1863.

Pater Familias, Esq.,

Our best thanks are due to you for the prompt settlement of our account for your Christmas meat, consisting of a roast of beef, two pounds of suet, six kidneys, and a bullock's pluck for the dog.

Yours thankfully,  
MARROWBONE & CLEAVER.

Josiah Smallpans,

Dear Sir,—I feel it my duty to announce in this public manner that the overcoat you purchased from me last November has been paid for in a manner unprecedented in the business to which I have the honor to belong; and I am exceedingly obliged for your public declaration that there is no well-dressed man in the city who does not deal with,

Yours truly,  
SAM SNIP,  
Merchant Tailor, &c., &c.

Tobias Tickleton,

Dear Sir,—I beg to thank you sincerely for the very handsome manner in which you liquidated my little bill for general repairs in my walk of life. Having soled and half soled you for the last year, I am very thankful that you have not sold me. Hoping for a continuance of your patronage and that of a discerning public,

I am, Sir,  
Yours truly,  
SOLOMON LARSTONE.

If we are obliged to thank Insurance Agents for paying what they owe us, why should not we in turn receive thanks for paying our debts. If the payment of debts is such a rarity amongst us, we insist upon it that one debtor ought to be

lauded as well as another. There is no fair play in making fish of the Mount Hecla Insurance Company and flesh of poor plain John Jones, who is equally punctual in meeting his liabilities.

### ALL ABOUT ANOTHER GREAT BATTLE.

GREAT SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS—NOBODY HURT ON OUR SIDE.

To General Public, Commander-in-Chief.

I have the honour to announce that a very severe battle was fought in the City of Toronto at the beginning of this week, which raged during the whole of Monday till dark and was resumed on Wednesday and continued during the entire day. It ended in the complete success of the Ins and the total discomfiture of the Outs. Great havoc was made in the forces of the enemy in the superior skill of our sharpshooters. It has long been evident from the irregular skirmishing of General Bill Boulton that the rebels meditated an attack upon our intrenchments and our troops were in good spirits and fully prepared for the onslaught.

I have great satisfaction in stating that we gained a glorious victory without the loss of a man; in fact there was "nobody hurt." The attack commenced on our centre commanded by Major General Bowes, the rebels being led by General Bill Boulton who was mortally wounded at the very commencement of the fight. I believe he survived till Wednesday evening when he sank under the severe injuries he received and was buried with military honours at the foot of the platform in the St. Lawrence Hall. General Henderson was severely wounded and is not expected to recover. General Sherwood was wounded, but it is supposed he will get over it. The enemy also lost 13 subordinate officers of the Commissariat department after a severe struggle was captured by Colonel Sterling and carried into camp in a bread basket. A desperate hand to hand fight took place between the gallant Carr and the rebel Lieutenant Mulvey but the latter was finally extinguished. Carr was slightly wounded.

The rebel regiments of McDonald, McBride, Cayley and Boulton "skedaddled" at an early period of the struggle, and Gowan showed only a feeble resistance. McNabb who, I believe, is an officer of considerable gallantry, fought with honour, but the superior force of the Ins gave him little chance. He fell at the head of his regiment, the 251st St. James' rebel regiment. Fort St. George was not attacked by the enemy, they doubtless considering it impregnable. Col. Higgins of the Bailiff's Own Royal Combustibles, threatens to renew the fight on the extreme east, but no apprehensions are entertained, as he is too old, and incapable to bring on his army. Our army is entirely secure and the happy result of the late battle has made them quite saucy.

Yours, &c.,  
THE GRUMBLER,  
Commander of the Army of the Public.

In an article with the above caption, the *Irish Canadian* bewails the absence of a Celtic nomenclature in Canada. England and Scotland, it shows by a tabular list, have given names to the majority of the Counties of Upper Canada, whilst poor Ireland is not favored with the christening of a single one.

It then calls on Mr. McGee, "as the chief guardian of our interests in Canada—the champion of our honor and our claims on posterity," to "give the matter his attention," and as we suppose have the wrong righted, by re-baptizing our counties, cities, towns and villages, with high-sounding Celtic appellations. Now, we trust Mr. McGee, like a sensible man as he is, will do nothing of the kind, that he will be a little less jealously national than the *Irish Canadian*, and give us new names for a new country. We know what associations cling around the old names and the old places beyond the sea, but the beautifully romantic legend of its celebrated wedding which lingers dearly in our memory should not induce us to change Toronto to Ballyporeen, nor should the sweet euphony of the Celtic name make us prefer Bally-slough-gutthery to Ontario. Many indeed, are the pretty names on Ireland's map, and our eye resting on it now can observe soft Ballinamuck, Newtownlinnavaddy, and the quaint Lavleglish, Killballihone, Ballymagurry, and a host of others, but we would not wish to see them transferred to our rough Canadian villages. We have a new world, new homes, new thoughts, and should have new names, and no mimicry of old things, as in our London the little, with its ridiculous Westminster bridge, and puny Thames. Everything should have a name and a fame of its own, and not be dependent on imitation for notice.

#### A Luscious Strawberry Smothered in Cream.

"As we write our window is open, and we look out upon a scene such as the lover courted when he rapturously invited his 'lady love' to meet him alone, that he might 'tell thee a tale,' of old told but none the less entrancing because old. Such scenes 'by moon light alone,' are, as far as our experience and observation go, very common, but such weather as we have had recently is not often seen at this season of the year, when ice and snow should be in abundance."

The above specimen of "splendiferous" writing appeared in the *Leader* of Wednesday, and gives every indication that the writer must have been "moon-struck." But he caps the climax when he says "such scenes 'by moon light alone,' are, as far as our experience and observation go, very common." Has the writer been out so often by moon light with his lady love that it has become a "very common" affair? "Familiarity," certainly, "breeds contempt," and such must have been the "experience" of the writer in the *Leader* when out walking with his Betsy Jane. He certainly deserves the "mitten," and ought to receive it without loss of time.

The following new books are announced as nearly ready:—

**LES MISÉRABLES**, by Victor Hugo—Part 6, "Bill Boulton." The illustrious Frenchman has kindly consented to write an additional part to his great work on the above unfortunate subject.

**HONESTY THE WORST POLICY**—A novel by John Nasmith, with notes by Charles McLennan. Printed at the *Globe* office.

**THE LIFE AND TIMES OF PAT CONLIN**, an autobiography, with copious extracts from his speeches, and a full account of his political career while Councilman for St. Andrew's Ward.

**THE LAW OF DEBTOR AND CREDITOR**, a handy book for popular use, by W. H. Boulton. The author requests us to state that having failed in his desire for a public situation, he will in future devote himself entirely to literary pursuits. The same able writer announces "Pandora's Box," a work of fiction, and "Popular Ingratitude," a romantic poem in six cantos.

**THE FEAST OF THE EPIPHANY**, a devotional work by Sted. B. Campbell, returning officer for St. James' Ward, giving the opinions of Augustine, Chrysostom, Jerome, &c., on the subject. From the author's well-known theological talents, an able work may be anticipated. (N. B.—No connection with Bishop Colenso.)

**NEGRO ON THE BRAIN**, a medical treatise for general reading, with a full description of the symptoms, and an infallible recipe for its cure by Rev. Dr. Robinson, Kentucky, at present physician in ordinary to the *Globe* newspaper. Annotated by the Rev. Dr. Willis.

#### Ye storie of ye Cow and ye Milkors.

In ye ancient capital lived a mau George Cary, wight and he lived by ye pap drained from ye government cow, one which he sucked with an instrument known as ye organ Mercury. And behold, there were two wights well high starved, who did desire sustenance from ye teats, the one was a Sheppard who stayed from his fold, but he was no sheppard for all that; the other did charcoal Black-burning. And they did impurtune ye wight Cary with many promises and professions, so that he did loan unto them ye organ. And furthermore, did they strive to drain the teats, but they were bunglers, and did sore distress ye cow and draw the nourishment therefrom, and did leave none for ye owner of ye organ. Then waxed he wroth and drove forth the pair, and took ye organ from them so that they were in want. Now so much with their bungling did they distress ye animal that she no more gave the pap until one astute man, Foote was he light—although his height was more than a foot, being a tall man—did apply to the teats a costly mucleage from Canton which did suit unto a T, and the milk ran forth and he was much refreshed thereby. But the other wights did famish for lack thereby,

**MORALE.**—Let every man do his own milking and deal gently with ye teats which giveth out ye pap.

Some evening next week a grand concert will take place in Mr. Henry Beverley's Concert Hall, Bay Street, at which several distinguished amateurs will appear. The evening of the concert will be duly announced; the balance of the performers are awaiting the recovery of Mr. W. H. Boulton, who, we regret to hear, is seriously indisposed. The programme is as follows:—

*Overture*, to be played by Mr. Bowes' organ, the *Leader*.

*Opening Chorus*, "All is lost now," by the defeated candidates at the late election.

"Am I not fondly thine own," by Mr. Bowes. *Champion Jig*, by Mr. P. H. Medcalf.

"Pity the sorrows of a poor old man," by Mr. W. Higgins.

"Pop goes the wassel," by Mr. W. H. Boulton.

"Cheer up Sam," by Mr. Sherwood. "Thou hast learned to love another," by Mr. Nasmith.

"The jolly little fat man," by Mr. Baxter, with a crutch accompaniment.

"I'll gang nae mair to yon town," by Mr. W. Higgensou.

"A riding on the railroad," by Mr. Carr, accompanied by Mr. Eastou.

"I am not mad," (by special request) by Mr. W. H. Boulton.

"Willie brewed a peck o' maut," by Alderman Wallace.

"Erin's Lament," by Mr. Mulvey. "Lord Dundreary," a recitation with all the original hisps, by Mr. J. E. Smith.

"The power of Love," by the Alderman from St. James.

#### The West End Skating Pond.

—Mr. *Grumbler* tenders his thanks to Messrs. Riley & May, proprietors of the West End Skating Pond, for the present of a family season ticket. Mr. *Grumbler* has purchased skates for all the members of his family and they intend to turn out *en masse* on Saturday afternoon. Mr. *Grumbler* is well aware that many young ladies have had animated discussions relative to his personal appearance, and he begs to inform all interested persons that he will visit the pond on the day above mentioned, between the hours of two and four o'clock. He will wear a white hat, one of Finch's best over-coats and striped "unmentionables." Messrs. Riley & May have made a special arrangement with the "clerk of the weather" for good ice, and the ladies will be certain to see the Union Jack hoisted, and the red light burning opposite the Revere House. Mr. *Grumbler* was pleased to observe that the "West End" was the only pond on which there was good ice yesterday. He heartily wishes this fashionable pond every success, and hopes it will be covered with "good ice" during the season.

#### Shakespeare Illustrated.

The glass of fashion—the looking-glass. The mould of form—uni-form.

**LOST!**

During the contest for the Mayoralty, the following articles:

Mr. Boulton's election, also his veracity, the latter a good deal damaged and of small value.

Mr. Sherwood's election, and his confidence in his friends.

Mr. Henderson's election and his temper; the latter it is confidently hoped, will be restored, as it is of no value to any one but the owner.

The honesty of a number of electors in St. Patrick's Ward, said to have been picked up by Mr. Jno. Carr, and to be now in his possession.

The sobriety of three canvassers, whilst treating the friends of their candidate. The votes of several householders, lost through inadvertence (or something else) of the Clerk and his assistants.

Alderman Sproatt's civility, a very interesting article; quite a curiosity, and so small as to be scarcely discernible with the naked eye.

Opportunities for rowding; these were lost by the small opposition in the various wards, and are not much regretted.

The unity of the Grit party; this was lost in St. James' Ward, at the polling booth. It was an article of great value and much esteemed by many from old associations. Corruption in the body politic was said to be healed by its application. It had other curative and talismanic properties, amongst which the power of exorcising the ghost of Conservatism was prominent. Diligent search is being made for it.

The GRUMBLER'S patience.

Any person returning the above, or any of them to the GRUMBLER office, will be handsomely rewarded.

**Getting off cheap.**

The *Leader* in giving an account of the procession of the Mayor elect to the St. Lawrence Hall, says:—"In front of the office of the *Leader* the Mayor elect raised his hat in acknowledgment of the valuable services in his behalf, of this journal." Why this was certainly "getting off cheap" with a vengeance; but the *Leader* must be beginning to hold its "valuable services" cheap, when a receipt in full is given in return for the Mayor elect raising his hat. Verily the elevation of His Worship's *chapeau* is about as valuable as the *smile* of a certain premier was to the "learned" Superintendent of Education, a few years ago. But the Mayor dealt an unkind cut to the *Leader*, when he said in the St. Lawrence Hall—"Had this contest been placed upon a political basis, I have no doubt that I would have been defeated." John G. is shrewd, and if he finds that he can have the "valuable services" of the *Leader* for such a trifle, he will doubtless buy one of the "hats that are hats," and doff it every time he passes and repasses the foot of Toronto Street.

**The End of Bill.**

A correspondent asks us what we think of the destiny of Bill Boulton. We think he will be *Bowes*-strung.

**THE ROYAL LYCEUM.**

Last week we devoted so much space to the charming performances of the Ravel Troupe that our little chit chat has been completely used up, and our ten thousand and one readers, among whom we count many theatrical friends, will therefore excuse this want of *pubulum* in a theatrical line. Fortunately, nothing of peculiar interest has invited remark, except perhaps thin houses for the last week; and yet we cannot say that the Ravels have fallen off in their performances. The beautiful little M'lle Dupree is as pleasing as ever in her fancy dances, and the *hot polloi* are doubly careful in giving an encore every evening. M'lle Marietta Zanfretta and her brother Alexandro bring down the house as usual with their feats on the tight rope. The "line" in the programme, however, is the *viola solo* of M. Aug. Muller. His selections, from some of the operas, although rather lengthy, are very effective. The pantomimes of the Troupe are all carefully got up and put on the stage, and fully merit the applause bestowed nightly on them. "Vol au Vent," "The Coopers," and "The Milliners" are the principal pantomimes played during this engagement. In the latter, as in most pantomimes, there is plenty of fun and love making, and the various characters are all well sustained. M'lle Josie Dupree is quite at home in the part of Baptiste. The part of Susanna is sustained by M'lle Zanfretta, who, in conjunction with an agreeable manner and prepossessing appearance, possesses vocal talents of a high order. One of the best filled boxes that has been in the Lyceum for years greeted this lady on the occasion of her benefit last week. The remaining characters are well filled, and reflect great credit on the members of the Troupe. To-night finishes the Ravel engagement. The Spectacular Drama of Paris and London will be presented to the public next Monday evening.

**The Two Figurative Voters.**

It has always been considered a bad speculation "to carry coals to Newcastle," but Mr. W. H. Boulton must now be of opinion that it is equally unprofitable to prate about figures in St. George's Ward, "where merchants most do congregate." It is quite evident the solid men of Yonge Street did not take for gospel the contents of Pandora's box, and only "two umbrellas which had gone astray," went to the polls and voted for W. H. B. in the wealthiest ward of the city. All honour to the men of St. George, say we.

**The Little Dickey Bird.**

The little Dickey-bird of St. Patrick's Ward, chirrupped shrilly in the St. Lawrence Hall on Wednesday afternoon, when he saw the mob had ousted Orange Billy. It piped its little tune about the manner in which it had exposed the nakedness of the figures brought forth from Pandora's box on New Year's day in front of St. Lawrence Ward, but that tune is now "played out." The little Dickey-bird must learn another.

**ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

**T.H.**—Hardly up to the mark. Try again. D. B., Toronto.—Declined with thanks, but we shall be happy to hear from you again.

**N. C.**—The letter accompanying your communication, you will observe, we have attended to, by leaving your poem out. It is a rule, from which we cannot deviate, that contributors must permit us to use their communications, and alter or reject them as we think proper. We have the public to please and not N. C. The poem was too long and too carelessly written, and the subject too trite for our columns.

**Mr. J. G. B.**—We are exceedingly obliged to you for the offer of \$100 for services during the Mayoralty contest, but we are not open to corruption; at least, as Junius says of himself, "we are above a common bribe."

**A Very Untimely Bird.**

In one of our exchanges we read that "Hon Mr. Foley paid a flying visit to our town yesterday." We trust the hon. gentleman alighted in safety after his flight, and that his wings were uninjured by his novel voyage in the air.

We are not informed whether he got *high*, but we would submit that a man of his proportions should be careful. If the Post-master General has not got rusty in his mythology he may remember that one Icarus tried that game once and fell into the sea. *Cave.*

**Nasmith Done Brown.**

When all St. James' votes were polled, And "honest John" stood in the cold, From glory's dream, so rudely waked, "Alas!" he cried, "my bread is baked."

**Effervescent.**

A correspondent says that it is astonishing that Alderman Sproatt is returned without opposition. Does he not know that he is renowned for his *Ginger Popularity*?

**Knotty.**

The result of the late election for Mayor, has proved that the interests of the citizens are bound up with *Bowes*, not likely to be soon loosened.

**BUSINESS NOTICE.**

Mr. C. A. BACKUS, of Toronto Street, is having a busy time disposing of any amount of Christiana and New Year Story Books, Photographic Albums, superior Stationery, English, American and Canadian Papers and Periodicals, together with a host of other articles too numerous to mention.

Mr. Backus supplies the Canadian edition of the Illustrated London News, at the very low rate of \$7.50 per an.

**THE GRUMBLER**

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