

# THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. 1.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1856.

NO. 23.

## THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coat  
I rede you tene it;  
A chit's among you taking notes,  
And, fitch, he'll pent it."

SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1856.

### ELECTIONEERING MANNERS AND MORALS.

Before the present electoral contest in this city is brought to a close, we desire to enter our vehement protest against the extraordinary virulence and animosity which have marked every step of its progress. Can it be possible, that in this the freest country in the world, two gentlemen occupying a prominent place in politics cannot enter the lists together, without degrading the public morality, and brutalizing the public manners, to an extent which ought to make every true lover of our political constitution blush with shame and vexation? Where, except perhaps in Kansas or California, shall we discover such a reckless system of electioneering tactics?

Look at our daily papers, four noble exponents they are, of the public intelligence; can any apology be offered for the gross exaggerations and misrepresentations, not to say gross falsehoods which find a ready sale here every day at 1½d., a chapter? A meeting takes place to discuss the merits of one of the candidates, things may seem tolerably unassuming to an impartial by-stander, but on looking into the journals of next morning, one paper has it, "Entire discomfiture of Cameron," while the friends of that gentleman blaze forth with "Signal defeat of the Brownites." Now, what conclusion must any man of common sense, (as Gowen has it) come to? That one or both of the parties have sat down deliberately to write a tissue of the grossest and most unmitigated untruths.

We cannot afford to mince this matter; it is a terrible fact that we have in this city papers which you cannot believe, whose publishers steadfastly persist in retailing what they know to be untrue, and whose political columns ought to be headed, "Credulous reader beware! Here follow the lies of to-day." We do not think there is a country in the world, not even the United States, where such an unblushing practice is resorted to. We are willing to make all due allowance for political stratagems, even for untruthful squibs and placards; but for a talented daily press like ours to resort to tricking so barefaced is monstrous. Turning from the press to the people we have a similar complaint. Neither of the candidates is permitted to hold a meeting to expound the grounds on which he appears before them, without resort being had to the most atrocious blackguardism (we can use no milder term) to assist the papers in their daily issue of untruth. Look at the language used on any occasion, the profanity which is becoming

intermingled with our political contests, and gradually superseding free discussion and honest British fair play. At the nomination yesterday, not a word was heard from either of the candidates, let the papers misrepresent as they please, from first to last it was a senseless and unmeaning prolongation of cheers and yells, which, however suitable for the inmates of a Zoological Garden or a Lunatic Asylum, ought to be despised by freemen exercising a privilege so important and responsible as the franchise. Let us have no more of this; put away the weapons of the tiger and the savage, and let the free voice and votes of an intelligent people decide the dispute between Cameron and Brown.

### CAMERON AND THE DUTCHMEN.

At a late meeting of the Teutonic electors of the city, Mr. Cameron delivered an oration which would have made the learned Blacksmith's mouth water, if that distinguished scholar had had the good fortune to hear the German gutturals "come mended from the" throat of our Conservative candidate.

Herr Kunstmeistergeschreiben Splittern Von Whund Udelsburg, the German reporter for THE GRUMBLER, has given us a verbatim version of the speech.

At 7 o'clock, P. M., a crowd of Germans were assembled at Kurth's Lager Bier Saloon. Herr Heinrich Groszputze, in the Chair. Ald. Moodie introduced Mr. Cameron with the following words: Herren Deutschen freien Electoren Donner und Blitzen Cameron Conservative (aside, what is the devil am I to do.)

CAMERON—Order another Lager. MOODIE.—Geben Sie Lager (the infernal Swipes makes me sick.) (Loud cheers.) Der recht man im rechten Spotten. Zu den Teufel mit Brown.

Mr. CAMERON then rose and said, FREIEN AND INDEPENDENTEN.—Lieben Sie Lager Soviel liebe ich die Canada. (To a small boy.) Bringen Sie Lager. (Bring on another Lager all round, you son of a sea-cook; why don't you learn German.) Soviel liebe ich die Deutschen. Ich have heard Brown say "Damn the Dutch." Welches est ubergesetzt, verdammt seyn die Deutschen. Ventrebleu! au diable mit Brown. Es ist ein hypocriten. Es ist Papisten. If you elect me—wenn sie mich wahlen fur Toronto, Ich werde die Lager cheap machen. You shall get drunk (Schub, what's the German for drunk?)—betrunken for nothing. Still da! if you nicht keep stillschweigen ich will sie knocken in kockthatten wenn sie were Sir Edmund Head oder der teufel himself. Drei cheeren fur Cameron. Drei groanen fur Brown. Bring on another Lager.

Here the meeting became uproarious, and cramming Cameron into a large Lager beer cask, rolled him in triumph to his own residence, singing all the way—"Das Vaterland."

### HORRID.

A correspondent, a disgusting old bachelor, of course, sends us the following. Could we discover his whereabouts, he may rely upon it we would hand him over to the tender mercies of the gentle fair he affects so abominably to despise:—

Who would have a wife to plague one's life  
With endless jars and seas of strife?  
Not I, for I love my ass too well,  
And liberty's far too sweet to sell  
For ringlets of gold, or bright blue eyes,  
A merry laugh, or a maiden's sighs.  
Not I, for I rule with lordly sway  
Myself and home; I'm sad or I'm gay  
As the humour suits; I've none to please,  
None to oppose what my will decrees.  
Free as the air, ah! I stoop to sigh,  
To flatter and see? I indeed not I.  
Free as the air, ah! I bend the knee?  
Humour each whim that a maiden's gloe  
Sees fit to impose? I indeed not I.  
I hate the flattery, ah! the sigh,  
I scorn to be bound by a silvery tone,  
I'm free! I'm free! my heart is my own.  
Away with the rievless priest-bound chain,  
I like it not; as a Prince I reign,  
And gaily woo, with frolicsome pride,  
Liberty sweet as my only bride.

### Money Market.

—Stocks (Stokes) firm.—Globe.

### What's to be done with the surplus?

The *Colonist* asks what is to be done with the surplus which remained after the cost of the torch-light procession, and other things was deducted from the extravagant sum—£100 0s. 0d.—which our Corporation in a fit of suicidal liberality, voted for the due celebration of Thursday last? We believe we are correct in stating that the balance will be applied to the foundation of an Anti-liberal-spending-of-funds, when-the-public-want-to-enjoy-themselves Society of which the members of the present Corporation will be the directors.

### Stupendous Undertaking.

—In this age of wonderful bridges and cables, when the scales which for 6000 years crabb-ed and confined the mental vision, are scaling the walls of reason, and

— "Like the Arabs  
Silently stealing away,"

we are prepared to believe anything—even that a railroad to the Moon is quite practicable. But when an undertaking of the magnitude of that which we are going to announce is spoken of as of a thing already accomplished, we may well believe that the dissolution of that antiquated temple Terra is at hand. To shorten the suspense of our readers we will at once state that an attempt will be made by men of all shades of political creeds, to connect Toronto, by submarine telegraph, with the Island. We would not have dared to make this announcement so abruptly, if the dog-days were not passed.

## THE GALLANT HIGHLANDER.

(AFTER TENNYSON.)

We are informed that during the night the *Zimmerman* was detained at Niagara, after the Mechanic's Institute excursion, the Highland Company of this city occupied all the berths in the Ladies' Saloon, leaving the women and children to make the best of it on the floor of the cabin and deck.

Into bed, into bed,  
Into beds quitted,  
In all the berths below  
Went the short-kilted.  
Strip, was the sergeant's cry,  
They stay not to ask him why,  
They pause not to make reply,  
But quickly the gallants fly  
Into the berths below  
Noble short-kilted.

Women to right of them,  
Women to left of them,  
Women around them,

On the floor gathered,  
Imploing with look and sigh,  
Some where to place to lie,  
But vain their to-recting cry  
Into the berths below

Roll the cross-gartered.

Weak lay the women there,  
Chilled by the evening air,  
Seeing the gallants there  
Sinking to slumber, while

Others appalled,  
But firmly their purpose keep,  
Though all the women weep,  
Fiercely they rush to sleep  
Tired and jaded !  
They snored till the morning light,  
Gallant Scotch plaided.

Honor the Highland men,  
Long be it said of them,  
Yea when our boys are men,  
How bravely they acted.

## THE NOMINATION.

The reader is assured that all these accounts are equally true—First version: The most triumphant and overwhelming success ever gained at a nomination, fell to the lot of Mr. George Brown, yesterday. A vast assemblage of three thousand intelligent electors, eager to exercise their constitutional rights, crowded about the west side of the city hall, Mr. Cameron brought down from his Committee Rooms about 100 of the worst-looking loafers it has ever been our lot to see. Mr. Brown was proposed and seconded amidst deafening applause, but the appearance of one Medcalf to propose the Government candidate, was the signal for universal disapprobation which prevented our reporter from catching his remarks. Mr. Brown came forward amidst the most prolonged applause and waving of hats and was heard in an eloquent speech which we insert in another column. The two or three dozen blackguards below made a feeble attempt to drown the people's man, but without success; and at the conclusion of Mr. Brown's speech, the applause was absolutely overwhelming. Mr. Cameron's appearance was the signal for another volley of hisses, in the midst of which he gave way. The Sheriff then asked for a show of hands, when 50 to 1 were given to Mr. Brown, who then retired at the head of an imposing procession, which reached from the market to the *Globe* Office.—*Globe*.

Second version—The nomination came off yesterday; about 1,500 people assembled in obedience to the proclamation. The candidates were proposed and seconded amidst great noise, but when Mr. Brown came forward to address the meeting, the groans were so tremendous that even his brazen face grew pallid with fear, and after stammering something we could not catch, he swooned in the arms of his proposer. Mr. Cameron then presented himself and was very well received, except by a score or two of noisy people, whose rodyinsu is worthy their master. His speech told wonderfully and was listened to with awe even by the other party. The sheriff called for a show of hands, when we are sure two to one were for Cameron, but as the sun was shining in Mr. Jarvis' eye at the time, we believe he did not see the whole assemblage and so decided for Brown.—*Atlas*

Third version—Yesterday the nomination for a member in place of Mr. Brown, was held on Front street. Very little interest was taken in it, and its results are therefore unimportant whichever way it might have gone. To our polished feelings and distinguished sensibilities, the crowd were very offensive, and the near proximity of the Fish Market so added to our discomfort that we retired to Lyman's for a supply of Frangipanni. We understand that no body was heard at the meeting, and that a small majority were for Mr. Brown. *N'importe*, as we used to say in Paris, it does not make the slightest difference, Cameron is quite safe and to have 1500 majority in despite of this packed affair at the nomination—*Leader*.

## TALES, SKETCHES, AND LYRICS.

We must apologize to the talented author of the interesting work bearing the above title, for deferring so long the brief notice it is in our power to give it. The Rev. R. J. MacGeorge, its author, has been long and widely known as the genial editor of the *Streetsville Review*, in whose columns, for many years, the only touches of Canadian humour, were to be found. The work is filled with short stories and lyrics, sacred and secular, written with the well known piquancy and dry humour for which Solomon is famous. It is a debt which the people of Canada owe to Mr. MacGeorge for his prolonged labours in the editorial chair to give this his first work a hearty reception and a heavy sale.

### The Charivari.

—We are happy to welcome the appearance of a witty little periodical bearing the name of the "Charivari." We trust that its first effort which is a most creditable one has not exhausted its infant energies, and that the brilliancy of the first number is not merely "a lighting up before death"; the continued existence of the young Hercules will be a valuable accession to Canadian Literature.

### A Joke from the *Globe*.

—In a magnificent account of the discomfiture of "the Captive," the *Globe*, by a typographical error, omitted an "n" and thus made a splendid joke—" *Sic transit gloria mundi!*" (*Moodie!*)

## THE LEADER AND THE CELEBRATION.

We were greatly amused by the glowing account which the *Leader* published, of the Atlantic Telegraph celebration. The first thing which struck the Editor as worthy of remark, was the "beautiful, sun" which shone upon the occasion; further on he tells us that white is "emblematic of purity and innocence," and after perpetrating this startling piece of information, he goes on to announce, in a melo-dramatic manner, that two innocent cherubims held a flag daintily in their "finger-ends." This delicate pencilling seems to have given the Editor an idea of what he could do, for immediately afterwards describes the artillery as being "ready, prepared" to fire the salute, and upon this event coming off, he compliments "the artilleryists" on their promptness.

But it is when he alludes to the torch light-procession that he dazzles us. The bon-fires, he tells us, "appeared a perfect flame from end to end." The flames "parted off in the wind in tongues of crimson light," and presented "a fine appearance dancing on the adjacent buildings." After proceeding in this excruciating style for a short time, the Editor winds up by a libel on the fair sex, which is as vulgar as it is untrue. He likens them to a "pilo of millinery in the shape of woman!" This is the last classical allusion which we have the heart to quote from this magnificent description.

### Served him right.

—Tom Fergusson, the "broth" of South Simcoe, has recently become incorporated with the Gowan family, and has proved himself a remarkable adept in the piratical tendencies of the illustrious head. His brother-in-law, Naesau, contested the North Wellington seat a few days ago, but was left free to wade in his accustomed mud. Tom took a polling-place in charge and managed for some time, by his system of organized ruffianism to carry things just as he wanted, every one who didn't say Gowan, had to keep a respectable distance from his "lambs," whom he had gathered about him ready at command to administer to the Allan intruders, any quantity of Tipperary knock-downs. Tom retired from the scene with great glee, armed with a gun, and arriving at another of the polling-places, found himself among Allan men, with whom, instead of being judiciously silent, he commenced a squabble, and even attempted twice to fire his destructive weapon into the crowd. This was too much for human patience, and accordingly he was set upon, and only saved from getting his deserts by the interference of some of his fellow-members. As it was he got well polished off, what he most wanted, and probably will not again trouble the electors in that part of the country.

### Alliterations.

—Alliterations now are all the rage. The *Globe* has sent us two remarkably bright ones, "Brown, Baldwin, and the British Constitution," "Cameron, Charley (Romsin,) and Canadian Literature." We beg to append an original one, the best of the season—"Tully and the Tallygraph." Also, one to apply to all parties—"Lies, Liquor, and Legislators."

## TO MICHAEL O'FLYNN IN OLD IRELAND.

Oh, 'twas Michael dear, if you'd been here  
To see the hubbub and the great uproar  
About that cable, because 'twas able  
To walk across the ray from shore to shore;  
'Twas most amazing, big bonfires blazing,  
And crackling up fornaist almost every door.

The bells was ringin, and the people singin  
God save Victoria our Royal Queen;  
And then the cheerin burst in their hearts—  
Och, sure before the likes was never seen.

There was buzzin and burraun  
By the clerics all throughout the town;  
And there was moonshin, with great gloatin  
For J. H. Cameron and for Goordie Brown.

But it's past thinkin, the awful drinkin  
In every gin-shop, tavern, and bar-room;  
And of Lager 'twould make you stagger  
To think how 'twould the Jarmies did consume.

Och, 'twas provokin, and well nigh chokin,  
The bawdy smokin there was laikin,  
Ould milo chays and Principays,  
And blackcock meersbaums of little boys.

Och, I'd be botherd and comp'ly amothered,  
And well nigh hilt to tell about one half  
The fun and pleasure that without measure  
Was in Toronto about the Telegraph.

## THE CATHOLIC TRIBUNE,

Is one of the most able little papers we have seen for a long time. Its language is, however a little too mild for these violent times, and ought to have more fire to take just now. For instance, the following *morceau* is too weak to impress the stolid populace: "Aye, Catholics, for the present, be it the name of Orangeism or Devil, (why devil?) the war cry is Cameron." Now not to speak of the evident weakness of the language used, the idea is not very clear; it is evidently absurd to confound the names of Devil and Cameron together, when we know that they have recently engaged in mortal combat. One of our staff is desirous to assist in a good fire-eating paper, and if the following sample will answer, he will go to the *Tribune* instanter:—

### THE INFAMY OF BROWN.

"This besotted wretch whose slimy and perjurerd carcass still drags its fiendish length on the earth has dared to lift his sulphury eyes to us for assistance. Curse, soul, deep and blasting, wither his pernicious and heaven-forsaken heart; let every Catholic crunch his catliff and audacious hopes beneath the revengful heel of patriotism and honour. The goats wink, the cows laugh, and the dark musquitos hiss foul reproaches at the traitorous, base and white livered things who counsel silence or submission. Catliff wretches, false Judases, who without the paltry price of perjury and apostasy barter their votes to this ribald blasphemous Brown. The fiends whisper congratulations at the craven, dastards; let them rip to the doon to which their infamous pandering will consign them: And the vile McGee, once a bright luminary in whose rays we had basked, has foully deserted us; two thousand five hundred curses await him; hiss with your fists and double your teeth at the atrocious renegade and vote for any body, everybody but the sickening, spiteful, venomous toad who belches with the infamy of perdition his ghastly lies to botry us. (We think that will do, eh?)

## AUNT ADELAIDE'S ADVICE.

### CONCLUSION.

My DEAR NIECE,—So after all my advice, you are determined to follow your own way; and yet you tell me that you are sorry to give me pain. Of course, it is very well on your part to remember what you call my devotion to you, and to say how grateful you are to me. But it is not words I want Lucy. It is deeds; acts, child, by which you will rise to distinction, become admired, and beloved, give large parties, and keep your carriage. This is what it is to be distinguished; not, as you say, to fulfil the duties of your station with dignity, to treat your neighbor with forbearance; to be kindly, genial, and feeling. What can this young man be, who has exercised this spell over you? Why, girl, he has changed your nature. Your cousin Emily tells me, that you have become the dullest of companions, and that you will not even smile at gossip; you who used to know everything about everybody. Do you intend, Lucy, to be different to others? I think it hardly kind to your old Aunt to say that you dislike scandal. Who asked you to like it indeed? It is quite a new thing for young ladies to invent terms; and to call a mere casual consideration of your acquaintance by the term scandal, is not what I expected from you. Indeed, are not these amiable and delightful discussions, the very life and charm of our society.

That you should really be engaged Lucy and not only against my wishes, but contrary to all my hopes. You say that your wants are small; that you will be happy in your new home, for if humble, it will be lightened by affection and cheered by sympathy; that refinement will supply the plea of luxury, and a love of literature will people its solitude. My dear child you are marrying a poor man whom nobody knows—whom your fashionable friends cannot acknowledge, however much they might wish to do so for my sake. You merely cheat yourself when you say that no one need fear who has health, education, good principles, and good habits, for these form a fortune which nothing can destroy. A pretty picture, forsooth, on the stage. But in real life it is a coin not current. I know very well that all I write will be thrown away, indeed, from all I learn, you care little about your old aunt. Well, child, she will trouble you no more. She has been to you, so far as she could, a very true dotting god-mother, knowing your faults and your shortcomings; yet pardoning them, and loving you even for them. The old woman is now in the winter of her existence, and she turned to you, as her favorite niece, to throw some sunshine on her slinking life, and although you cry and vow how you love me, and endeavour to soothe me, and say how anxious you are to make me happy—and tell me that you must do what you think right—yet you will not follow my advice but deliberately throw yourself away on some *vaut rien*, for the childish reason that you love him.

Well, I will not part in anger with you, Lucy—and though you have pained my old heart, I will forgive you, although as Shakespeare says (the writer of whom I spoke the other day, the author of Hamlet), "it is a greater grief to bear love's wrong than hate's known injury." So if we are to meet

no more, let it be so ruled in peace. God bless thee, Lucy, think sometimes of thy old aunt, and all as you have behaved, my last wish is that you may never regret, that you did not follow her advice.

Your still dotting god-mother,

ADELAIDE.

St. George's Square,  
Toronto, Aug. 13.

## THE ELECTRIC CABLE.

The first act of the great drama which is to revolutionize the world, is concluded, and the plaudits of its inhabitants have not yet died away. The thunder of guns from the English shores; the shout of twenty millions of people who follow the stars and stripes—the rejoicings of the British Provinces from Trinity Bay to Windsor, still rend the Heavens. But their excitement will soon pass away, and the magnitude of this undertaking pale before the completion of enterprizes, as far removed from the laying of the electric cable as the speed of thought is superior to ordinary locomotion. Who will deny that in the present generation, we will not be able to go home, and, when in the humour, enjoy a little quiet chat with our friend J in England, or our cousin in the capital of Russia, or our brother in the heart of Switzerland;—as Hamlet says "it is easier than lying." All that will have to be done is to lay down a grand trunk cable round the world, with branches into every city and village, and sub-branches leading into every house, after the manner of our present gas-pipes. Let us suppose this project wrought out. The days work being done, we would go home, take off our coat, pull off our boots, loose our straps and collar, and collar and strap all loose thoughts. Our grog being mixed and our cigar lit, we would hail our friend in England, thus:—

"Hallo, Bob, are you gone to roost yet?" (and if Bob were at home, he would respond:

"Yes, old fellow! How goes it."

"It's dreadful hot, here," we would reply.

"Will you drink?"

"Will a duck swim?"

"Well, here's fortune!"

"Here's luck!"

After drinking each others health, and shaking hands pantomimically, we would get quite communicative.

"What's the news?" we would say to Bob.

"Pigs are looking up," he would reply.

"Bothor the pigs. How's our sweet friend Mary —?" (She lives in Ireland.)

"Ask herself, for I'm going out. Good bye!"

Bob being gone, perhaps we would have courage enough to open a conversation with Miss Mary So after giving the secret signal which she alone could answer, we would say:

"How are you this evening, Miss —?"

"Oh! quite well, but don't tease me to-night, for I'm going to the ball with the nicest young man I ever saw!"

Immediately in the receipt of this, we would, of course, become dancing mad, after breaking all the moveable furniture, perhaps pick a quarrel with a rascal in Germany who owed us three years subscription, and promised to procure him, with the full rigor of the law the moment that we could spare ten minutes to pay him a visit.

## THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

"All doubts are past, the glorious work is done."

At length the earth may raise  
A shout triumphant, as from zone to zone,  
The welcome tidings spread;  
All doubts are past, the glorious work is done.  
Sea, from thine ancient depths,  
Peel forth a grand and organ-like refrain,  
Slaves on thy bosom rest,  
Instant with life the mystic, thought-bound chain.  
A world's chief wonder, shedding a sublime,  
A glorious halo o'er the hoar old age of time.

Stand forth, oh! passing year,  
Glorious shall be thy monumental crown,  
Fadeface as earth itself,  
The sounding tongue of fame shall carry down,  
Thy glowing epitaph.  
And write upon the annals of all time,  
How 'twas thy summer bloom  
First smiled upon this mystery sublime,  
'Fore which imagination's wildest stretches pale,  
Hail! glorious year, oh! wondrous birth-year hail!

Rejoice and yet rejoice  
Ye people of this world: laden earth,  
Perchance too in a loftier sphere  
Belongs ethereal may join to hail the birth  
Of this conception vast.  
Perchance they realize his power for good,  
And scan with earnest gaze  
Its mission binding in firm Brotherhood,—  
Whispering to God be praise, to earth good will  
and peace.

## THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CELEBRATION.

The celebration on Thursday was the flattest thing of the kind we ever saw, and altogether unworthy of Toronto. The fore part of the day was dreadfully dull. There were no decorations in any of the streets worth turning round to look at. The few moping flags that were suspended, like condemned criminals, in a few streets, instead of inspiring joy, damped our spirit as much as if they had been so many winding sheets. The sullen and solitary notes of the Towa-hall bell, so far from intoxicating us with joy, reminded us strongly of the death-knell.

In the afternoon we had the firemen's procession, which was very good; and then came the salute of one hundred guns, which was very bad. In fact, we never remember to have heard one hundred more melancholy reports in all our life: they seemed all to be reports of dreadful accidents, suicides and murders, instead of the report of the marriage of two worlds.

The torch-light procession in the evening was as good as could be expected from the stingy sum doled out for the celebration. There were no fireworks. The illumination might be set down as a mere hallucination of the imagination. There was a great jam in the streets; but the times are so hard that one pick-pocket in a fit of the blues at his repeated failures, was heard to vow that he would turn an honest man in order to spite the police. In fact, as we said before, the celebration was a failure.

Why not do things as they do on the other side? There, every little village spends as many pounds on such occasions, as we do dollars; while in the larger cities, so enthusiastic are they that not content with spending \$100,000 or so in getting up illuminations and all that sort of things, they make no bones about burning down a City Hall or two.

## OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

The Corporation of Toronto has become a myth; we hear and see a fragment of it occasionally, but their official existence is seriously doubted.

Mr. Bugg has deserted his bed in the Council Chamber, and domiciles much nearer at home, taking every opportunity to inflict his poisonous bites on the Cameron-disposed of St. John's Ward. Whenever allowed, he presides at Mr. Brown's meetings, and joins his fascinating strains with the musical orgies of those that compose them. Mr. Griffith, though scarce yet emerged from the tenderness of youth, displays a madness in his enthusiasm for Brown, and have made nightly harangues, for two weeks past, to the Loyal Orange "Virgins," on behalf of his virginal exemplar, but with wengre success. Moodie rushes through the streets by day, the picture of a used-up man, without ever a "Fire-fly" to illuminate his tortuous footsteps. At night his humour is excellent, and can be seen at the Dutch saloons, proclaiming in favor of Cameron, the Constitution and Lager Beer, exemplifying his fondness for the latter by opening wide the portals of his gullet, and forcing the tractable liquor down its steep with an impetuosity, in a diminutive way, more appalling than the Falls of Niagara, followed by a shout of "come along, boys—drink—I want you all to drink—I'll pay for it"—which invitation invariably takes, and is responded to by a rush of as enthusiastic swillers as we meet at the bar of the Parliament House, or at the festive board of an aristocratic *d'jeuner*—with perhaps a greater diversion of character, as in these cases are combined, in common love, the loquacious Darkey and jubbering Unclelander. Brunel has laid his jobs on the shelf, to rest during the existence of the Brown-Cameron jubilee, and is busy declaring himself a sympathizer of the *Globe* school, seeing the wind blows strong from that quarter in the Ward of St. George. His policy is strikingly smurky, and since the Catholics are no longer Dogans, he can now afford to announce his politics, and vote according to interest. Upton looks harassed and thin from the prevalent excitement, and is seriously revolving the necessity of his retiring from public life, strongly urged upon him by his medical adviser, Dr. Tumbleby; if he so decide, we will console him with a panegyric. Purdy claims to be a remnant of the old "family compact," and goes in for Cameron the "whole hog." He keeps the petty cash disbursements for the local division of St. Patrick's, and has already a formidable item to the debit of Mr. Cameron's election fund, otherwise, Rectories' account. Boomer is in the same service, but is no hand in the business of wheedling votes. The Mayor hops about the city with more alacrity than his official duties call for, most generally escorted by his affectionate Donkey. The animal association lead us to suppose His Worship desires us to write him "down an ass," which we cordially do, until otherwise instructed.

### Latest Appointment.

—Alderman George Boomer to be bully and fighting man at election meetings *vice* Bob Moody cashiered.

## THE THEATRE.

In accordance with the dictates of that chivalrous generosity which floats uppermost in our aristocratic and eminently literary community, breathing through it a desire to recognize and encourage rising genius, the Royal Lyceum was miserably attended during the late performances of Miss Avonia Jones, a young lady possessed of more genius, combined with youth and beauty, than we meet with in the every-day sun of stars. But, although a selfish class, acting with their usual good sense, have not manifested that kindly feeling and love of art, which are the characteristics of older societies, where the drama holds a recognized position, and its patrons are accounted the leaders of taste and fashion, we can assure Miss Jones that her future progress will be anxiously watched, and her every step towards perfection noted by those who have had the good fortune to witness the dawning and rapid growth of her talent since her first appearance on our boards. Nor has Miss Jones lost anything by lacking a patronage which, in any other city would have been a tribute of value, for it seems to us that we are yet, as a community, so rude in taste, that talent, to be appreciated amongst us, must don the clowns cap and bells; and indeed a late occasion shows that we cannot even understand refined comedy, but show our good taste by revelling in anything approaching to the burlesque.

With regard to Miss Jones, we can say that she is an actress of the first water. Her *physique* is admirably suited to the line of character which she has adopted. Her voice is as clear as the note of a bell; and her conception of such pieces as we have seen her in, ranging from *Parthenia to Juliana* is just. It struck us that at times her elocution was strained, and her action rather stiffly put on; but attention shall remove these spots on the sun. We trust that we will soon see Miss Jones attain that position amongst dramatic celebrities towards which her first advance has been so rapid and brilliant.

The benefit of Miss Jones is announced for to-night.

## BUSINESS NOTICES.

We are happy to recommend to the public, Parson's Coat Oil Lamps, which our own experience compels us to consider the cheapest and one of the most commodious instruments of illumination ever invented. Their combustibility can be so arranged as to expel a coal worth one or a shilling worth a week, as the funds of the purchaser may require. Go, beloved public, and look for yourselves at Parson Bros. establishment, in Front st., where every variety of the animal may be seen.

—We can supply all the back numbers of the GRUMBLER with the exception of Nos. 1 and 10. We never fulfil an order except it is accompanied by the cash; nor do we take any letter out of the post office unless it is pre-paid.

## THE GRUMBLER

is published every Saturday morning, and is for sale at all the News Depots, on the Cars, by all the News Boys. No city subscriptions received, opportunity being afforded for its regular purchase. For the convenience of persons residing in the country, THE GRUMBLER will be regularly mailed, at ONE DOLLAR per annum. Address pre-paid "THE GRUMBLER," Toronto. Correspondents will oblige by not registering money letters for reasons sufficiently obvious. Publishing Office, No 21 Masonic Hall, (Northbeimor's New Buildings), Toronto St oct.