

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.]

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1863.

[VOL. I.—No. 5.]

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coat,
I rede you tent it;
A chiel's amang you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it."

SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1863.

SANTA CLAUS AND THE GRUMBLER.

ARGUMENT.—Editor in a doze—Visit from Santa Claus—The effect on his mind and body of the rain on Christmas Eve—Santa about to make an affidavit when prevented by the GRUMBLER—Good humor produced by perusing the same—Change of purpose—Valedictory.

Alone in the Sanctum an editor lay
Half asleep, half awake, in a doze,
When suddenly startled, he saw with dismay
Aged Santa Claus thrust in his nose.

His clothes wore all muddy and dripping with rain—
Not at all like the Santa of yore :—
As sooned as if something had gone 'gainst his grain
He so nervously shut-to the door.

Advancing on tip toe, he threw down his toys
With a countenance red as a beet,
Then moving the table without any noise,
Quickly flung himself into a seat.

"What devilish weather this is," said the fellow;
"Such a Christmas I fail to remember.
The clerk of the weather has surely got mellow,
And forgets it's the month of December.

"By Jove, it's too bad that a Christmas should pass
Thus, without either frost, ice, or snow,
And rain should pour down as it has—by the Mass,
Now I'll swear here's the best place I'll go."

He looked round the table for something to swear on,
But found none but four of the GRUMBLER;
And struck with the title, he laughed like—old Charon,
Then read every line, the old mumbler.

Thinking no one was listening he started to laugh,
And ha-ha'd for some time like an elf,
Then kicked up his heels like a one-year old calf,
And old Santa again was himself.

"Well, well, after all I'll distribute my toys,
And my hat is not omitted of taws;
Good humor is pleasant, so now for the boys,"
Were the last words of old Santa Claus.

Laudable Economy.

—We learn that, in the present awkward position of his finances, the President of the Northern States has dispensed with his chief tailor, and assumed himself a very pretending bit of Lincoln green—a color worn by all the members of his cabinet since their inauguration.

CREEDS.—The spiritual politics of the bitterest utriusque during an election at which the poll never closed.

EPISTLES TO WOMEN.

BY BENEDICT.

"Tout est permis au profit des belles."
BRANTOME.
"Varium et mutabile semper femina."
JUVENAL.
NO. II.

DEAR GIRLS,—MONTAIGNE, in one of his garulous but sprightly essays, observes that women are remarkable for what he calls *l'esprit premissantier*, which enables them to pounce down on an idea, like the lion upon his prey—*at the first bound*. I shall, therefore, be justified in assuming that the great fundamental truths, expounded in my previous epistle, have sufficed to convince you how much your success in life depends on their faithful observance in theory and practice. In barbarous Africa men *buy* their wives; here, and in other enlightened countries, the women *sell* themselves. For this reason, it becomes therefore all important that you, dear girls, should early be instructed in those little feminine arts which (whether they result in a matrimonial sale or not) will do much to sharpen your wits, without in the least softening the things you call your hearts.

I shall now, dear girls, resume the thread of my argument where it was cut short by the printer last week. You will, of course, remember that I advised you to treat your poor suitors circumspectly and with an eye to all possible contingencies—making use of them, either to quicken the assiduities of the rich, or, in case of accident, accepting one of them as a *dernier resort*. Nothing can, indeed, justify a young girl in losing a single chance, and there is a Spanish proverb, whose worldly wisdom I cannot recommend too highly for your consideration, which says :—"If you have a donkey, don't kick him, but ride him!" Now, whatever you do, keep it in mind that suitors, like donkeys, will prove themselves far more serviceable to you when treated in the latter than in the former fashion. Above all things, however, be cautious never to give offence so as, perhaps, to turn an admirer into an enemy. Byron pretends that hell has no fury like a "woman scorned," but, believe me, she is a very lamb in comparison with a slighted bean. We Lords of Creation, are terribly sensitive in this respect. Though I, Benedict, might chose to trifle, flirt, and jilt Penelope, if she should venture to treat me in that way—Zounds! I would immediately sit down and write ten volumes of abuse against woman-kind.

But I am digressing. Let us return to the main point.

If a woman has once fully determined upon having a certain man, she must spare no pains to succeed in her designs, and may go any lengths.

Should the doomed man have a family, she should immediately become intimate with all its members. To the sisters, she may hint of a brother or cousin in Australia, enormously rich, who is likely to marry any one recommended by her, the moment he returns. She should also speak of the many gay parties she intends to give, knowing that gratitude is "a keen appreciation of favors yet to come." To the father and uncles she must do the amiable, and lavish upon them those daughter and niece-like attentions so agreeable to the aged; though, in bestowing these caresses, it will behoove her to be rather cautious, or she may arouse the jealousy of their own females, who often consider such conduct as a "poaching on their domestic preserves."

The family circle offers indeed the greatest advantages to a clever girl, and none but a fool will neglect them. Where else can she talk so innocently and unsuspectingly at him? For instance, she can speak of Mr. Croesus's pointed attentions, and say, shaking her dear little curls, that she will never, never, marry one old enough to be her father, though her parents should insist ever so much on it. She may also allude with a little blush to the existence of a foolish, half-cousinly attachment, for nothing is so apt to enhance the value of a girl in the eyes of foolish young fellows as a suspicion that she belongs to somebody else already. In fact, I have known this course eminently successful in some very desperate cases where it always brought about that consummation most devoutly to be wished for—A PROPOSAL. This *coupe de femme* once happily accomplished, a woman needs no longer be so particular; the fish is hooked—and that was all she cared for.

Affectionately and paternally,
BENEDICT.

Funny.

—The Honourable George Brown—from his towering stature, perhaps—has just been nicknamed *Nelson's monument*. We are happy to learn, however, that on the occasion of this *soubriquet*—more fortunate than the hero of the Nile—his eye was not put out. Notwithstanding all this, he appears, so strangely, to be in his second childhood; for although prone proverbially to ride a high hobby in parliament, and study the most abstruse political writers, it is said that he has some notion of soon ordering a rocking-horse and a copy of Old Mother Hubbard!

Accommodation for the Legislature.

—Should it be decided to make Toronto the Seat of Government, we would suggest that the new Jail and House of Refuge be fitted up for the accommodation of the Members. The old convent would make a suitable residence for Lord Mon(c)k.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

Old Sixty-Two and I
Sat up on New Year's Eve,
He insured off good-bye,
But found it hard to leave.
"Farewell, old year," said I,
"It's time you bade adieu,
You're old enough to die—
Exactly sixty-two.
Your predecessors died
Before they reached your age,
And they were satisfied,
Let that your grief assuage."
The fellow bravely shook
My hand as thus I spoke,
Then gave one long, last look,
And disappeared in smoke.

Just then a hasty knock
Upon the office door,
Gave every nerve a shock
And joggled every pore—
('Twas just twelve by the clock).
The door creaked on its hinge,
And then I saw—a frock,
At least I saw some fringe.
"Who's there," I tried to say;
"Who come's this time of night?
It's not yet New Year's day—
Come forward to the light."
The screen was pushed aside,
"My stars what do I see!
All blushing like a bride!
By Jove it's SIXTY-THREE!"

MR. BILL BOULTON.

There is something irresistibly comic in the course pursued by this erratic individual. He seems determined to try how far brazen impudence can carry a man. Nominating himself for Mayor, he has obviated the necessity of any popular election by quietly selecting the aldermen and councilmen for the several wards of his own motion, without consulting the persons he named or the electors for whom they are to serve. The miserable trickster seems to think that by gathering two or three hundred people in Mr. Grand's Riding School he can control or influence the citizens of Toronto in their choice of representatives at the Council-board. Even had the meeting fairly ratified "the ticket" Mr. Boulton submitted, what right had they to tell the inhabitants of any ward other than the one in which they resided, who were fit men to sit for them in the Council? What possible right could a denizen of St. Patrick's ward have to nominate an alderman for St. David's? yet this sapient gentleman thought it perfectly right and acted accordingly, and whom did he nominate? Among them were five members of the legislature, who could not possibly be present during at least three months of the coming year, and one actually the returning officer of the ward for which he was nominated. What right had Mr. Bill to use the respected name of Hon. Mr. Allan without the slightest authorization, and, more than that, threaten him with a fine of \$80, unless he was willing to serve at the whim of such a well-known schemer, as he is known to be.

Then Mr. Bill Boulton is very vociferous in reference to "the poor mechanic" and the "honest working man." We thought that that dodge was almost out of date. Dependent upon it, Mr. Bill, that the "poor mechanic" is not by any means the fool

you take him to be; he has sense enough to see that you and kindred humbugs care nothing for his interests till his votes are required, and that when they are secured you care little for the "poor working man."

It is all very well to cook and falsify the city accounts, and confuse the minds of the people with figures which, if correct, would not prove what is desired to be shown. This friend of the mechanic seems to think that the "poor honest working man," as he calls him, is a machine to be wound up as occasion requires, and when done with to be discarded as so much useless lumber. Mr. Boulton's interest in the people is somewhat spasmodic; it springs up invariably on the eve of an election, and singularly enough Mr. Boulton's charity blushes unseen until he is the candidate for an office. If Mr. Boulton did not desire the Mayoralty, who would hear of the wickedness of Mr. Bowes and the Corporation?

If he were not an office-seeker would he be the financial reformer? No, unless perhaps, he has learned the latter character from the due necessities of his own private situation.

He has lived in Toronto long enough to be known, and he is known as the wildest and most unscrupulous man who has ever entered into public life in Canada. If the stouter expression of his fox-like countenance were not a sufficient certificate of character, the miserable tricks to which he has always resorted to, to gain his ends, would be sufficient to condemn him. There is little fear that the citizens of Toronto will be induced to place him at the head of their affairs. The other gentlemen, who have appeared for election are honest men, but in Mr. William Henry Boulton we have a candidate for whom those may vote who desire cunning without ability, plausibility without truth, and knavery without shame.

An M.P.P. Decidedly out of Place.

—The GRENIMER has always had the highest respect for the hon. member for North Ontario, but his late exhibition as ring-master to that vain mountebank, W. H. B., at the meeting of the Riding Academy, has placed him at a discount in our estimation. The hon. gentleman is at liberty to do all he can against John G.'s election, but he should eschew "indignation" meetings for the future. They do not reflect credit on those who get them up or those who take part in them, if the late meeting is to be taken as a specimen.

The Price of a Gentlemanly (?) Encounter.

—His Worship the Police Magistrate has fixed the price of one gentleman (?) striking another on the nose, and giving a specimen of a fistie encounter before the "free and independent," at the low figure of one dollar and costs. Election rowdies take notice. Blackguards who fight on the streets are generally fined five dollars with costs. Who, after this, will say "justice is blind.?"

"Striking" Intelligence.

—The *Globe's* account of the "mill" between Alec Manning the champion of the "heavy" and Bill Boulton the Toronto chicken, at Grand's Riding School.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

FIGHT FOR \$50,000 ASIDE.

(Not Reported for the "Clipper.")

An interesting little turn up came off on Monday night last at Grand's Riding Academy in this city, between Alec, the "Toronto Chicken, and "Bill" with the Magenta nob, both of whom are well-known characters, having last appeared in public at the bar of the Police Court. These two "pugs" have been itching for a "mill" for some time past, they therefore sought to vent their pent up feelings in a regular P.R. manner. It appears that on this occasion the word "Jin" had been used by Bill, which caused Alec's blood to boil to such an extent that he in an instant led off with his right duke, catching "Bill" on the left listener; and here, to the credit of Bill he said, although he had in his hand a tumbler of brandy, disdaining to use it on such a man as the "Chicken," he threw it on the floor like "Roderick Dhu when on the field his targe he threw," and countering the "Chicken" at the same time on the smeller with his left daddle, vainly endeavored to stop the mad rush with which he was heaving down on him. The "Chicken," although all abroad from the hard manner in which he had been hit, immediately got into position, and for a few minutes a capital display of science took place, and the excitement was so great that you might have heard an Armstrong gun fire, and the silence was so still that the ball might have been heard drop. It was hit, stop, and get away for a minute, when the "Chicken" succeeded in landing a hot 'un on Magenta's right optic which led to a clse, and now such wrestling, such wriggling, such twisting for the fall; had a bottle of pale brandy been bet on the result, neither man could have exerted himself more—

They tug; they strain: down down they go
The "Chick" on top, Red Bill below.

and Bill's head coming in contact with the ropes the ring constables, under the command of Capt. Prince thought it time to interfere, accordingly they stepped in and separated them.

They only damaged the "Chicken" sustained was the loss of nine hairs from his left whisker and three from his moustache, while Bill had his left globe smoked, his kissing traps slightly out of shape and his nose looked like a boiled beet.

REMARKS.—The "Chicken" although this is his first appearance in the P. R. has shown himself possessed of first rate milling qualities, and a cover of his own weight might prove a troublesome customer. As for Bill we would advise him to retire and leave the Ring to better men for he rarely does not possess the stamina for a first class pugilist.

Put Manning Out.

—Why does this prince (no allusion to the captain) of chisels attach himself like the old man of the sea to candidates for the Mayoralty. Mayor Hutchinson suffered sufficiently from his fatal embrace, and we would advise Mayor Bowes to "shake off the vicep." *Vox populi est vox dei* —"put Manning out."

TERRY FINNEGAN'S LETTER.

To the Hon. Mr. McGee, down at Quebec, Member of Parliament, or elsewhere, President of the Council:

STANLEY STURRETT, 2nd Jan., 1862.

Have it here me darlin! Give me a twist of your mithogou! The same to you, and minny of thim! He the powers of powther, but it's glad I am to meet you on the threshold of another year wid the mayflowers growin in the distance for you, although you may not be able to scatter minny of thim among the ministerial benches; barrin in the beautiful thropes and figgers that are forever rushin in sunlit strathams from that eloquent smush of yours. But, me bouchal, what makes me gladder thin this, is, the pinsin intilligence that yez all have been lately takin lessons, from the celebrated Ravels, on the tight rope; and that Foley and Macdougall became, in the course of a few moments, so expert at what is called the great Rep. by Pop. fate, that both of thim, to the great amusement of Misher Carther and John A., were able to turn a summerset completely out of sight. Foly, from his diminutius, I believe, was seen for a minnet or so in the air; but Macdougall disappeared with the rapidity of the Sepoys that were shot here, th' other night, from the mouths of four relentless cannon on canvas in the Diorama of India exhibited at St. Lawrence Hall.

Nothin I know will please you more thin to here that I dined wid Foley a few erenins ago at the Queen's. The divil a bit, but that's a funny fella at a political speech. What d'ye think, but he brought a charge against George Brown of bein the inimy of the poor of this city, in consequence of his makin wood and foddler scarce through the great torch light procession. Blur alive! shure he might have seen, that all the straw, at laste, that was used on the occasion, would make against the *Globe* too, supposin an odd cow was deprived of a wisp atself. I didn't think much of it; although whin thanks were returned for the ladies, I was in raptures with his improvement on a certain chorus. Ah! Mike Foley! Mike Foley! will you never quit wid your jokin?

We are all anxiously waitin for the meetin of the House, becin curious to see the new ministhry in their places. Be me sowkins, it's well for you that you're not Misher Howland with the job he has afore him. Clever and all as he may be, that's the boy that will have to toe the mark, and go through Gough and Vosther too. Hups yer sow! ye Paddy from Paddy I cant, but Paddy from Tady, and Dinis remains, the back of the doore to the wall, a caste in the fire multiply by the ashes, and what's yer answer? Begorra, in its generosity, that's the very question that the financial state of the Province puts to him at this blessed moment. God grant that he may be able to answer it, for it would be a puzzler for Babbage's Calculatin Machiao.

I'm rather wake in the head, stiff in the elbow and cramped in the little finger, after Christmas; so that you needn't expect much from me till the next time. Well, never mind, atick, I'm none of your cool, consciencious fellas that are forever

lappin up lake Ontario like Jack Doolin's horse. Far from it. Sich claps have never anything about them either mentally or physically but fiddler's change. Give me always a fistful of somethin or other, supposin it's only a noggin of buttermilk or a lofted cup. I got your last, safe and sound, and would advise you not to thry and balance on your other leg too soon, but keep at the summersets.

Your loving cousin,

TERRY FINNEGAN.

THE MAN WITH THE WHITE HAT.

A person in the crowd with a white hat, said to be a carter, was particularly violent in his gesticulations, and at last, speaking of Mr. Manning, reiterated several times, "He's a liar."—*Globe*.

Who is the man with the white hat? That's what's the matter. This species of the *genus* beaver seems to have been productive of no little mischief in the world. The wearer of this particular castor cannot, we trust, be the same guilty man who is traditionally accused of feloniously stealing the donkey. By the bye, whose donkey was that, and was the criminal ever brought to condign punishment? Perhaps Mr. Manning's white hat man can inform us; the whole subject is enshrouded in mystery. On the whole, we think he must be the identical Simon Pure, for we are told that he is a carter, and it is more than probable that the poor animal so wrongfully purloined is still doing duty in the city under the supervision of the very man himself. But why was he so irascible and abusive? He was as hot-headed as Bill Boulton himself. Is there anything in white hats which inflames the brain? Of course there is. For "why does a miller wear a white hat?" Are we not on good authority informed that it is "to keep his head warm."

Civil Service Corps.

We have been just apprised of the fact, that the employes of the Toronto Custom House, have now become so inbaptuated to military tactics and terms, that both are used unconsciously during office hours and to the utter astonishment of strangers visiting the locality on business. In the Long Room, every gentleman stands at his desk as erect as if he were fresh in splints from the hands of a Chirurgoon; while in an adjoining apartment the martial tread of the ferocious Collector, has become absolutely terrific. "Eyes right," "Dress," &c., &c., are so rife through the day; that one bitter official has actually contracted a sort of squint, and looks along the irregular crowd, occasionally outside the counter, with the most unfeigned disgust; while the fact of military salutes obtaining every moment, is clearly recognizable about four o'clock on the os frontis of every individual from its coming into such frequent contact with the inky fore-finger of his right hand. Surely the Commissioners who are now inspecting this Post will look into the affair, and restore the office to its former easy habits.

QUERY FOR THE EDITOR OF THE "LEADER."—Were the citizens who were "struck" on New Year's day with the fine appearance of the Mechanics' Battalion hurt much?

NEW YEAR'S CALLS.

In the exercise of our duty as a public censor we have to take Society to task for again countenancing that most absurd of absurd customs, known as New Year's calls. Originally the custom may have been useful, but its usefulness has been diminished, and its worst features alone remain. We might sum up shortly its present characteristics thus: strong coffee and weak raspberry vinegar, bad sherry and worse port, spruced dressed young men and critical young women. However, let this pass. But—and here we come to the faith of the matter—this custom prevents young ladies and gentlemen from enjoying themselves in a healthy manner on a holiday. Instead of taking a sleigh ride, a skate, or nice walk, (weather permitting), the maidens inurne themselves in the nicely darkened drawing-room, and, from morning till night dispense "the compliments of the season," and homeopathic doses of solids (?) and liquids. Instead of enjoying much needed outdoor exercise, the young gents dance from house to house (vying with each other as to the number of calls) and eat and drink "here a little and there a little" until, at night-fall, they sink with exhaustion or something else, and retire to pass an unquiet night.

We don't wish to refer to the practice of bringing one's "friends," but a lady correspondent informs us that she has thus been thrown into company with persons whose acquaintance she by no means prized. Taking all together we are justified in asking that the custom of "calling" (as it has existed) should be allowed to drop.

LECTURE.

The well-known popular lecturer, Mr. T. B. Connolly, intends, at the request of many friends, to deliver a lecture on Poetry and the Drama, Thursday evening next, in the Lecture Room of the Mechanics' Institute. The lecture will be followed by Readings and Recitation from Shakespeare, Moore, Byron, Burns, Hood, &c.

Paying him back in his own coin.

—W. H. Boulton has been making for the past two weeks charges of "profligate and corrupt waste of the public money," against all and sundry members of the corporation. He has also been trying to make out that every man who has ever had a seat at the Council board was a scoundrel, but has at length met his match. The little Dickey-bird, who is a member of the present corporation for St. Patrick's Ward, took him to task rather sharply, at the meeting in front of St. Patrick's Market on New Year's day. He showed that W. H. Boulton, the would-be immaculate, had drawn as Mayor \$1,680 in 1858 of salary, not a cent of which found its way into the pockets of the poor; that during the term of his Mayoralty over \$500 were paid for calls, and that "refreshments" were the order of the day. This was paying Billy back in his own coin with a vengeance, and the "free and independent" of St. Patrick's cheered accordingly.

Poaching.

—The nest Mr. Bill Boulton cannot get—The Mayor's (mare's) nest.

CHAMPAGNE.

We are glad to see that our City Fathers have a proper regard for the good things of this life and a due regard for the rotundity of their valuable persons. We know the tremendous sacrifices of tissue occasioned by the exhausting labors of "our devoted, humble and obedient servants." We freely confess the necessity for stimulants to increase their powers of endurance when sitting in Council or in Committee. No more man unsustained by artificial means could sit among them for an hour without being weakened bodily, disordered mentally and debased spiritually. Their language is so refined, their demeanor is so polite, their treatment of each other is so gentlemanly, that the atmosphere of the Council Chamber is positively oppressive. Taking all these into consideration every one will agree with us in saying that refreshments of some kind are of great service. We do not object to refreshments, but we do grumble that a delicious beverage like champagne should be wasted upon a collection of persons whose imaginations never soar higher than whiskey unless when the City pays for the treat. Nectar and ambrosia is the food of the gods; champagne is for those who can pay for it; but whiskey—common whiskey is essentially the fittest, the cheapest and most suitable for our corporation sponges. We do not object to a basket of champagne being thrown to them once a year for the novelty of the thing; but, we must protest against its being indulged in so often at the expense of the citizens. It is a luxury to be enjoyed only on rare occasions, more especially by persons whose minds are intoxicated at the very thought of it. "The glorious vintage of Champagne" is too costly to be wasted in this way.

Out of the Frying-Pan into the Fire.

—It has been customary for people in difficulties heretofore to get "out of the frying-pan into the fire;" but the Yankees, who believe in reversing the order of things, have, according to the telegraphic intelligence, got "out of the fire (at Fredericksburg) into (the) Frying Pan." When they will get back into the fire is a question yet to be solved, as they are not much in favor of allowing General Lee or "Stonewall" Jackson "to cook their goose."

The Modern Proteus.

—Protestant Billy, the candidate for the Mayoralty, has without doubt, mistaken his vocation. He ought to be in the ring. As a pantomimist he stands unrivalled. His grimaces are only equalled by his effrontery, and for making the great unwashed roar his equal has not been seen since Grimaldi passed away. At a public meeting he is not only useful but highly ornamental. His whiskers are unapproachable, and if the occasion requires, he can officiate as chairman, secretary, orator and general resolution proposer and seconder. The rate-payers of Toronto should not again consign this "modern Proteus" to oblivion. We shall never look upon his like again, but it is to be feared that if he gets into the Mayor's chair, "ducks and drakes" will be made of the Corporation finances.

MAYORALTY RACES.

LATEST "TIPS" FROM TRAINING QUARTERS.

1.—The Irish Thorough-Bred *Mayor, Jno. G. Bows*, aged. Is in excellent condition, and is very creditable to the Corporation "Crib." Having made such good time at the previous Mayoralty Races, his backers anticipate a good haul if he wins this race. His colors are pea-green tinged slightly with orange. The notorious Alec Manning will be his jockey. Betting even.

2.—The Clear Grit pony *Wm. Henderson*, 5 years. Never having been entered for hurdle races, "sports" shake their heads significantly, and think that unless he is well handled he will shy at the poll. The jockey selected is Gordon Brown. We can't approve of this choice, as on several former occasions this rider has been thrown. Betting 3 to 2 against. Colors tartan.

3.—The old chestnut *Orange Billy*, aged. This animal is subject to very severe training, yet being a "blood" horse, he stands it well. Colors orange, jockey Matt Cameron. This jockey, it may be remarked, won the North Ontario Plate and his reputation has kept betting slightly in favor of Billy. In answer to numerous correspondents we beg to say that the fastest time ever made by Billy was in his celebrated 3,000 heat on the road to Europe. Betting 3 to 2.

4.—The *Registry Pony, Sam*, 3 years old, lively and mettlesome. Has made good time at private trials. His backers think he will fully sustain the reputation he won at former civic races. Jockey Capt. Prince, colors orange and green. The races commence on Monday morning at the City Race Course.

The Glorious Twenty-Eight.

—Now and then an individual has greatness thrust upon him, but it is not often that twenty-eight specimens of the genus *homo* wake on the same morning and find themselves famous. The feelings of the twenty-eight gentlemen nominated at the Riding Academy meeting, may be better imagined than described, when they read their names in the *Globe* of the following morning, and found they were to be Aldermen and Councilmen—willy nilly!

Tompering Justice with Mercy.

—The Police Magistrate with that kindly feeling which characterizes all his actions, set at liberty ten individuals who had imbibed too much while making New Year calls. Some of them were old offenders, but his worship thought, doubtless, they ought to have the privilege of taking an extra drop on the first day of the year, and also took into consideration the vast amount of doubtful liquor dispensed that day.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. T., St. MARK'S.—Money received and articles forwarded. Thanks.

J. VERBANT.—We can give you no information about the present whereabouts of John Brown's soul, but you can rest on the assurance that it is still marching on.

MAJINER.—The Harbour Commission is a very old and honorable society, which confines its operations to scientific investigations of the rise and fall of sea level in the Bay, and the diffusion of knowledge of the same to sea-faring men.

THE ROYAL LYCEUM.

The invasion of the Lyceum during the past week by Mrs. English's Ravel Troupe has brought thunders of applause from appreciative audiences, and we trust a golden shower to manager Linden, who, we must say, has hit the mark just in the nick of time; for the Christmas and New Year holidays must have their fun, never mind from what source it comes. We had fairly made up our mind to give the worthy manager the full swing of our pen for playing miserable stock pieces to still more wretched houses, with a prospect of nothing better to follow, when the engagement of the far-famed Ravels awoke us from our reverie. But we are off the track—proceed. First on the "programme" comes M'lo Zanfretta and her brother Alexandre, both of whom in their evolutions on the tight rope are truly astonishing. M'lo performs with a grace and beauty seldom found among acrobatic artistes. M'lo Josie Dupree, the beautiful little *danseuse*, has created quite a sensation, and brings down the house on every occasion. The operatic duets of Signorina Zanoni and Sig. Montanari were without exception the best we have seen for a long time, although the remembrance of Patti and Mario makes us think of something better. M'lo Zanoni has a voice of superb quality, which seems to issue forth with scarcely any effort, especially in the selections from the "Barber of Seville;" and M. Muller's solos on the violin were excellent, the Hymn of the Sicilian Vespers particularly so. The Flying Globes by Francois Siegrist, and Sig. Cappolo the Courtionist, called forth an extra share of applause. The music by the orchestra was nicely performed under the leadership of M. Muller of the troupe, who presided at the piano-forte. The talented artist of the Lyceum, Mr. Geo. Evans, is busily engaged in producing the new spectacular piece, Paris and London.

FINANCIAL.

The latest plan to raise the wind, is certainly unique in kind: Don't forge a draft, you'll risk your neck, But quietly post-date your cheque.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

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THE GRUMBLER

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