

THE GRUMBLER.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1859.

WHOLE NO. 73.

THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1859.

COLLEGE AVENUE.

The unsightly obstructions in the College Avenue are still standing, thanks to the forbearance of our citizens. Yesterday evening it was thought that a pleasant little bonfire would have been made of these gates. It was a cheering thought. Such a proceeding would have nobly vindicated the sovereign rights of the people in a matter which heavily pressed on each particular citizen's own toe. For our part we are unfeignedly sorry that ere this the gates have not been removed. Every moment they remain they insult us. They remind us of the brazen, impudent faces of the fellows who dared to set up their own puny wills, and their own dirty selfish motives against the unanimous voice of Toronto. We think we are right in saying that all those Councilmen and Aldermen who voted for the mutilation of the College Avenue, are actuated by the most unworthy motives; and even if their motives are good, now that they know that their constituents disapprove of their course, and that the wishes of every man, woman and child in Toronto are opposed to their course, it is their bounden duty to obey the public whose servants they are.

But what is the use in thus talking to men who are lost to all sense of honour and shame. Let the public look at the countenances of those Councilmen who have set themselves in array against them. There they will see the grossest ignorance, the most heathenish stupidity, and the most revolting symptoms of sensuality and idiotic cunning. Hear them talk! To say they speak ungrammatically, is to use a mild expression. One and all they are an uneducated crew. Many of them do not know how to write their own names, and the rest are only able to the production of an unintelligible scrawl, and this after the most laborious pains. And it is with such an ill-favored crew that Alderman Cameron has struck hands. We hope that his constituents will mark him, and if he dares to show his nose at the next election, that he will be driven from the polls with hooting and execration. Shall we stop to describe such a pigmy—such a weather-beaten mass of ignorance, as Alderman Dunn. He is without exception, the most ignorant and idiotic fellow that ever opened his mouth to swallow a potato. But for all that he is the Solon of the Council. He expresses the views of the opposition. Here they are: He says, that "the College Avenue ought to

be swept away altogether—that it is the resort of pick-pockets and loose characters." Is it worth while giving the maudlin old man the lie? He is a living disgrace to himself and his constituents.

Then there is Bagy—a gross, sensual, vulgar man, without an idea, except how to fill his pocket. To say that he is ignorant would be to convey but a poor idea of his want of the commonest education. But why go on with the catalogue of those councillors who voted for the mutilation of the fairest avenue on the continent of America. No respectable man would invite one of them to sit at meat with him, and if any one felt bound to do so, doubtless he would first count his spoons. Such are the Garrolls, the Lees, the Boxa's, the Lawlers, the Sproats. Every one knows the reason why that man McCleary votes for the spoliation of the avenue. In doing so he is only carrying out the jobbing, contemptible spirit which he has ever shown. Alderman O'Donohoe, who has risen to the position he at present disgraces, we won't say how, is also one of the loudest in advocating this piece of vandalism. But one might as well expect to see a white nigger, as to hear the genuine ring of honesty from one of Mr. O'Donohoe's action. An illiterate man himself, he seems to think his constituents are all on a level with his own ignorance.

We are ashamed to waste breath on such fellows. But we hope the public will mark them, and that not one who voted for this abominable infringement on the public rights will ever again be allowed to disgrace the Council Board. It may be inconvenient to call on them now to resign the trust they have so recreantly betrayed. We say it may be. Let the constituents take the subject into consideration; and if it is not, before another week is over, let every councilman who voted against the wishes of his constituents be called upon to resign.

In conclusion, we sincerely hope that no disgusting paling will be allowed to stand in the College Avenue. We should infinitely prefer that the obstructions should be removed simply by a vote of the council. But if the majority of the council have made up their minds to inflict the gates on us—to cut up the most beautiful Avenue in America, contrary to the declared wishes of the people—let our citizens—our respectable citizens—tear down the gates and make a bon-fire of them. We would also suggest an improvement on the modern practice of burning scoundrels in effigy, viz: burn them in reality. Hang them first, if you will, and then burn them afterwards.

THE "FREEMAN" ON PEACE.

The announcement of the cessation of hostilities between France and Austria would seem to have afflicted the *Freeman* with a religious diarrhoea. It thanks heaven in pious accents that peace has been restored. It is sure that the intelligence, will gladd

the hearts of all good Christians; it congratulates all good Catholics, that the the Pope is now secure on the throne of St. Peter; and winds up by stating that "Those who look to the reasons which induced the choice, based as they were on the unquestionable catholic zeal of the Austrian Emperor, and the strong religious feeling of Napoleon's counsellors and subjects will see fresh motives for rejoicing!"

In all the parade about Peace there is a great deal of humbug—but it is so easily seen through that it is not worth dwelling on. However, we should like to know what those "true reasons" are which led to the proclamation of Peace, and which the editor of the *Freeman* seems to think so very natural and so very satisfactory? Perhaps one of them might possibly be the invasion of England. Another might possibly be the capture of Canada. It is rather odd though to attribute the cessation of the war to the "unquestionable Catholic zeal of the Austrian Emperor, and to the strong religious feelings of Napoleon's counsellors. That is a view of the question which the editor of the *Freeman* can claim the honor of being the originator, and we may also add, the sole defender of.

While congratulating all good Christians on the Peace, the *Freeman* admits that there are some people in the world to whom the news "will sound as 'the death knell to their wicked hopes.'" It says:

"To the turbulent and fanatical the proclamation of peace sounds as the death knell of their wicked hopes. Exeter Hall mourns; Kossuth, Garibaldi and the other numberless cut-throats occupation's gone."

After all we do not think that the hope to see Italy free is such a wicked one, as to cause the *Freeman* to rejoice at its annihilation. Nor do we think that Garibaldi and Kossuth are cut-throats. The world may err in its judgment, but it has ever looked on a struggle for liberty as any thing but wicked, and on the champions of freedom as anything but cut-throats. The *Freeman*, however, views the matter in different light. The tyrant of Austria is, according to it, actuated by religious zeal; the perfidious Napoleon swayed by strong religious feeling; the brave Garibaldi is a cut-throat, and Kossuth a turbulent fanatic!

In conclusion, we congratulate the liberal-minded *Freeman* on its peculiar views as to the freedom of Europe, and beg to assure it that happily they are not shared by any one, deserving the name of a *Freeman* in the world.

A Model Councillor.

—His (Ald. Dunn's) views about the Avenue war, that it ought to be swept away. It was a place where nothing but pickpockets and such like were encouraged." [Up roar.]—*Globe*.

The beastly, stupid ignorance displayed by this man ought to make him abhorred of all sensible men. The very pickpockets will be disgusted with him, when they read the above idiotic expressions. We wish St. Patrick's ward joy of their worthy representatives.

COLLEGE AVENUE!

INTERFERENCE WITH THE PEOPLE'S RIGHTS.

INDIGNATION MEETING!

AN ENRAGED POPULACE DEMAND JUSTICE!

GREAT EXCITEMENT!

FENCE TORN DOWN!!!

RIOT—MILITIA CALLED OUT!

BUGG Tarred and Feathered—WIMAN rode on a Rail!!!!

At an early hour on Thursday evening last, an immense number of the citizens of Toronto assembled in the College Avenue, to express their disapproval of the course of their civic representatives, properly called the *déform* council, in destroying their only public place of pleasure. Our reporter speaks of the demonstration as one most vehement and unmistakeable in its character. The meeting was loud in its denunciation of the infringement of their rights, and the gross barbaric taste which counselled such heathenish spoliation.

Bob Moodie—we scorn the blarney of His Worship the Mayor in calling him Captain—honest Bob, who always turns up in the right place, where the rights of the mechanic and the poor man are being threatened, was found at his post, opposing with his powerful influence this diabolical attempt to enrich Messrs. Carroll, Bugg, and Cameron at the expense of our children's health and pleasure. Messrs. John Wilson and George Platt, came from their homes in the east end, to raise their voices in condemnation of the ruthless destruction of that Avenue which for the past thirty-five years they have been accustomed to look upon as the noblest ornament of Toronto.

It speaks well for the voters of St. John's ward, who principally composed the assemblage that they resorted to no lawlessness, trusting to that glorious British feeling of moral influence, they have for a while given their Hottentot civic parents time to chew the bitter cud of reflection of their misdeeds in this particular; but there are some, and we confess to a slight taint of the disorder, who wish heartily they had not been so self-denying, but proceeded at once to the demolition of the obnoxious piling, and made the councillors who voted for its erection, perform equestrian feats on the rails. Tar and feathers are said to be excellent adjuncts to this kind of horsemanship and might be judiciously recommended.

Look out Councillors—Snooks is about. Beware!

CHISELS vs. QUILLS or MAUL vs. MORRIS.

We cut the following chip from last Monday's *Globe*. It is a portion of a letter composed by John Maul, one of the stone cutters engaged on the University Buildings. The writer seeks to vindicate the reputation of Canadian stone-cutters in general—

"I believe that those workmen at the University entrusted with the finer portions of the work were capable of working from the drawings furnished by the Architects. The only exceptions of which I am aware were in sculpturing the grotesque figures which ornament portions of the edifice, where the Clerk of the Works to whose urbanity and good nature I have much pleasure in testifying, sat for whole days in the required attitudes, in order that the carvers employed on them should have the advantage of studying from a living model."

Well done, thou good and faithful servant, thou unparalleled paragon of a Clerk of the Works! Not content with exercising a vigilant superintendence over all departments of your charge, and keeping a strict watch over those ambitious, epistolary, scribbleracious stone-cutters, you condescend to spur the grovelling Pegasus of the University sculptors by suspending your precious organism from certain precarious "portions of the edifice," and enable their imagination to wing its flight back to the mediæval ages of architecture, by creating your limbs from their natural posture of dignified repose, into the goblin grimaces and diabolical contortions which form the essence of the "Veritable Grotesque." Now for the first time do we begin to understand the semi-developed feeling of recognition which the dragons and owls and lizards of the cave-troughs excited in our bosoms, when we gazed upon them first. The stone-cutters could not help copying to some extent the expression of this model, and involuntarily deserted their pencilled plans to trace the features of this good-natured Clerk of the Works. The kindly visage of Mr. Morris peeps forth in them all, and reptiles and fiends lose half their ugliness by seeming to claim his soul and mind as their animating principle. Mr. Maul was a fool to let the cat out of the bag. Everybody used to speak of the remarkably pleasing effect produced by the creatures of his chisel, but soon they will know that the charm lies not in the genius of the sculptor, but in the artistic idiosyncrasies of Mr. Morris's physique.

Virtuous Indignation.

—At the indignation meeting held in the College Avenue, for the purpose of denouncing the scoundrels who voted for the construction of a road across the beautiful College Avenue, Mr. Simon Nichol is amongst other things represented to have asked—

Was there a married man present who had not a child or a wife,—was there a single man who had not got a sweet heart?—[laughter]—and he would like to know if there was a place in the city where those men could take their wives, their children, or their sweethearts except the College Avenue? [No no.] He said publicly and independently that the Avenue was an ornament to the working man and to the mechanic, and they ought to go as one man and put such imposition down. [Loud cheers.]

Hear, hear, and good honest cheers for Mr. Simon Nichol we say. He may not have expressed himself

as nicely as a finished orator, but he spoke good wholesome truths. There is no place in the city, or out of it either, where our wives and our sweet-hearts can enjoy such a pleasant walk as in the College Avenue. And Mr. Nichol but spoke the sentiments of every man in the city when he said the Avenue was an ornament to "the working man and the mechanic, and they ought to go as one man to put down such imposition."

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

In the list of toasts proposed at the Dinner given to John Cameron, Esq., M.P.P., in Victoria, we find the following significant words:—

"The Governor General.

"The Band—'O Carry me 'long.'

"The Ministry.

"The Band—'Take me 'way Gallop.'"

What Clear Grit could have arranged the music more appropriately? What song could express more truthfully the present sentiments of the tired out representative of vicereignty? Well might he wish to be carried back to old Virginny's shore, after his long and wearisome term of uncongenial labour amongst a people whom he could not appreciate, and who never could appreciate a fine old English gentleman like him. Then the Ministry! They must have their praises echoed in the "Take me 'way Gallop.' Who is to take the Ministry away? Is it a messenger from above, or will the Province only get rid of them with the assistance of an individual with horns, who will call upon them in a tone of thunder, exhaling breath decidedly redolent of sulphur? or must we send the devil from THE GRUMBLER'S Office?

PUTTING ON AIRS.

We have been informed that three of Toronto's hopeful young law-clerks have lately been basking themselves in delicious sunshine in and about the classic regions of Niagara, passing themselves off as young noblemen [Heaven bless the mark!] recently arrived from England. Come out here to enjoy—aw the scenery—aw and have a crack at aw Buffalaw. We trust that their *Lordships* were not *be-zard* by attentions, nor their delicate and refined feelings shocked by the coarseness of un-ophisticated rustics in Niagara District. The odour of a vulgaw clod-hopper has been known frequently to endanger the delicate organization of a nobleman's nasal nerves, and therefore we hope nothing wanting the requisite amount of Patchouly or Jockey Club, was allowed to approach their persons.

People of more democratic views have expressed opinions rather different, trusting that the young bucks were made to pay handsomely for their *viduizant* honors, and well snubbed to boot.

Not wishing to be severe on their escapade, we withhold their names, but we advise their mammas and guardians to have a watchful eye over them in future and not allow them to go travelling to make fools of themselves, as everybody who has seen them here, knows they can do that well enough at home.

THE RISING OF ST. JOHN'S.

AIR.—*Shan Van Vocht.*

Oh! St. John's is up in arms,
Says the *Shan Van Vocht*;
St. John's is up in arms,
Says the *Shan Van Vocht*;
And the deuce will be to pay,
For they're eager for the fray,
And they'll tear that fence away,
Says the *Shan Van Vocht.*

CHORUS.

Oh! the deuce will be to pay,
For they're eager for the fray,
And they'll tear that fence away,
Says the *Shan Van Vocht.*

And where will St. John's boys go?
Says the *Shan Van Vocht*;
Where will St. John's boys go,
Says the *Shan Van Vocht.*

To the avenue they'll repair,
The boys they will be there,
Not a palling shall they spare
Says the *Shan Van Vocht.*

To the Avenue they'll repair,
Not a palling shall they spare,
And Bob Mooldie will be there,
Says the *Shan Van Vocht.*

Then what will policemen do,
Says the *Shan Van Vocht*;
What will policemen do,
Says the *Shan Van Vocht.*

What should policemen do,
The gallows hang-dog crew,
But make scarce their coats of blue,
Says the *Shan Van Vocht.*

What should policemen do,
The gallows hang-dog crew,
But make scarce their coats of blue,
Says the *Shan Van Vocht.*

And will they tear them down?
Says the *Shan Van Vocht*;
Will they tear them down,
Says the *Shan Van Vocht.*

Yes they'll tear the fences down,
That have made the place a pound,
And preserve the people's ground
Says the *Shan Van Vocht.*

Yes they'll tear the fences down,
For it ne'er shall be a pound,
But our children's pleasure ground,
Says the *Shan Van Vocht.*

A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.

Designed for an Italian Opera.

SCENE I.—*Sig. and Signa. Brown-o at breakfast in a drawing-room-o.*

Signa Brown-o—My dear-o this toast is very nice-o!
Sig. Brown-o—Thank you. (Takes a very large piece-o.)

Signa—Regarding those invitations to our ball-o I have sent one to young Jones-o.

Sig. (Indignantly)—The d—ahem! How dare—ahem! What did you do so for—eh? You know-o I hate the fellow-o! And he's too impertinently familiar with you-ee!

Signa. (With indignation)—Sir-ee-ee!

Sig. (Abashed)—Well, perhaps-o, I spoke too fast-o. But (warming up) to make a long story short-ee, Jones-o shan't come to the ball-ee!
[*Exit with emphasis.*]

Signa, (solo)—Was there ever such
A wretch-o! He's as
Jealous as a frog-o,
He hates me, that is
Flat-o! But I'll go home-o
To my mammy-o!
And plague him terrible-ee!
And then he shall see-ee!
What it is to tri-
Fle with a woman's
He art-ee-ee-oo-oo!

[*Exit in passionate tears.*]

SCENE II.—*A Garden. Signa Brown-o and young Jones-o discovered walking therein-oh!*

Young Jones-o (Vexed in spirit)—You don't say so-o! Not invite me to the ball-o!

Signa—Just so-o!

Jones-o—Why-o?

Signa—He's jealous-oo!

Jones-o—Ha! hee! hee! hee! Of me-o?

Signa—Yes-o!

Jones-o—The great foo—

I beg your pardon-o,
But it is rich-o! And I go-
ing to be married to
Your sister this day week-oh! Ho!

Signa—What's to be done-ee!

Jones-o—Sis'll be there-ee?

Signa—Yes-ee!

Jones-o—And that brute-o, with the moustache-o is to be there-o?

Signa—Yes-ee!

Jones-o—By Jove! I'll go-o! Invi-
tation or no-o! And I'll
Pull his nose-o,
If he dares to
Look at Sis-ee!

Signa—There'll be a row-ow

I clearly foresee-ee!

(Enter servant with peccillitium.*) The master is coming up the hillio!

Signa—What's to be done-o?

Jones-o—He'd better not find me here-o!

I'll get over the wallio
And go home-o.

[*Exit Jones-o over the wall-o.*]

Signa, (Solo)—I've a mind to tell him what

An ass he's made of himself-o,
In being jealous of me-ee,
But I'll punish him to-day-o.

And I'll make him con-
sent to Sis's marriage with
Jones's-oh. He's mad-o!

SCENE III.—*Dinner Table, Sig and Signa Jones-o at feed-o.*

Signa—Don't choke yourself, my dear-ee.

Sig—(With asperity.) I will if I like-o!

Signa—(Soothingly.) Have a potato-o?

Sig—I'll help myself, marm!

[*Enter Servant.*]

What the deuce, fellow, is up-ee?

Servant—Letter-sir-ee.

[*Exit servant.*]

* The Editor of the GARDNER hereby undertakes to give a bottle of the best champagne to any one who will furnish a correct definition of this word.

(*Sig. opens letter, and is thunder struck to find in it one which he had received from a pretty actress some time ago, and which he now supposes he must have dropped out of his pocket.*)

Signa, (Who had sent the letter)—What's the matter my love-o?

Sig (In confusion)—Oh nothing at all-o!

A matter of business. A

Tailor's bill. Confound the ras-

Cal for disturbing me-ee!

Signa—Writes like a lady, doesn't he-ee?

Sig. (colouring to the roots of his hair)—Not at all. Should say 'twas like an elephant-o?

Signa—Or a whale! eh?

Sig. (looking at watch)—Dear me, it's dreadful late. Must be off at once to town-o!

[*Exit Sig in violent haste.*]

Signa, (solo)—Very good-o.

(SCENE IV. 9.30 p.m. *Sig. Brown-o, pondering on the similarity between the address on the letter he received at dinner, with his wife's handwriting, nears his home despondingly, when suddenly he hears the perfidious Jones talking with his wife in the garden-o.*)

Sig—Zounds and the devil-o!

The wretch-o! The villain-o!

I'll blow his brains out-o!

(*Brown-o leaps over the garden wall-o.*)

Stand, O!

Jones-o, (with female form clinging to him, not recognizing Brown-o)—Who the deuce are you-o?

Brown-o—Monster-o!

Jones-o, (exceedingly puzzled)—Thank you, oh!

Brown-o—Philistine, O!

Jones-o—Much obliged, oh!

Brown-o—Dog-o!

Jones-o—Very complimentary to-night-o!

Brown-o, (bursting with bile)—And you, madam, false creature-o!

Jones-o, (indignantly)—Hold your tongue-ee,

Or I'll pitch you-ee

Into the ditch-ee.

Brown-o, (rushing at Jones-o)—Take this-ee!
(*Jones-o* anticipating Brown-o, knocks him down, and bundles him into a neighboring ditch-o!)

[*Enter Signa Brown-o.*]

Sig, Brown-o (out of ditch)—Helloh-o! Murder-o!

Signa—What's the matter-o!

Jones-o—I don't know-o! Some one

Attacked me, and I knocked

Him into the ditch-o!

Signa, (looking into the ditch-o)—My husband-o!

Jones-o—The devil-o!

Here's a pretty mess-o!

Signa, (helping Sig. out of ditch.)

You'd better come home-o,

You'll take cold-o!

Brown-o, (finding that he has made a fool of himself)—Yes-o!

Tell Jones-o to come in-o!

Jones-o goes in, and in a short time is seen to kiss Sisia, before the company-ee. Brown-o goes to bed-o, and resolves that he'll make a fool of himself no more, oh! And Signa Brown-o is never accused of jealousy again oh. Ho! Ho! Ho!

THE ISLAND.

DEAR GRUMBLER,—I am a bachelor, fond of good eating and drinking, and partial to exercise, when the heat of the weather is moderate. Swimming I am very fond of. I love to plunge into the sea; to sport about amongst the waves; to dive, to float; in short to do every thing that is possible to do when in the water. When I first came to Canada, that is to Toronto, I felt like a fish out of water. I had no sea to plunge into—no mountains to climb—no scenery to admire. But as I came out here with other objects than swimming, or roving abroad in search of the beautiful, I soon reconciled myself to my lot. I learned to see beauties in flat plains, and found a pleasing substitute for the strong salt waves of the sea, in the mild waters of Lake Ontario.

I became a frequent passenger on the *Fire Fly* bound for the Island. Last year we had nothing to complain of. The eastern part of the Island was set apart for those fond of aquatic recreation; and the western part of it was for the most part monopolized by pedestrians, male and female, or to speak more affectedly, ladies and gentlemen. The eastern portion of the Island is completely washed away—and now there is no place in which one can enjoy a swim, without running the risk of being caught in the act by half-a-dozen young ladies—I will call them ladies this time.

Now, Sir, it is not a very pleasant thing for a modest young gentleman like me to be placed in the awkward situation I have alluded to; and it is far more unpleasant still to be obliged to give up a pleasant and a healthy exercise. Therefore I come before the public to know what I am to do. To swim, or not to swim! That is the question. And for my part,—I say by all means, swim! Sink or swim is my motto. But at the same time I would not be churlish. I would divide the Island fairly between pedestrians and swimmers. If the pedestrians take the east—that is the swimmers, we will take the left. If they take the west we will be content with the east. But they, nor we, should not occupy the whole Island.

Before I close, I may as well tell you an idea I have on the subject of aquatics, and that is, that some place should be set apart for our females to wash themselves in. You think I speak queerly on the subject, Mr. Editor; but it's the truth. They must be as fond of the water as we are—of course they must. Every one who has visited a watering place on the sea-side knows that. And what a curious sight it is to see, from a distance, as I have seen, a couple of thousand women "dipping," as they call it, in the salt sea! bobbing around, and ducking up and down, like so many mermaids out on a jollification. Ah! Mr. Editor, it is that sort of exercise that makes the fine, healthy, fearless mothers. Why should we not have something of the same sort here. We cannot have the sea; but our females can have as much fresh water as they like. That is, they should be able to have. For Heaven knows there is enough of water. Why won't the ladies get together and form a club, to be called the "Mutual Dipping and Fresh Water Bathing notwithstanding what any fool says to the

contrary Society." A portion of the beautiful Humber Bay would just be the place for them.

However, I must return from the Humber Bay to the Island, and conclude by requesting that a partition of the Island be made as soon as possible, so that those who go over to enjoy a swim may be enabled to do so without any fear of having their nervous system deranged, say on the eastern portion of the Island, while those who merely want to sniff in the fresh air may do it at their leisure, say on the west portion of the Island. Hoping that my remarks will meet with your approbation,

I have the honour to remain,

Your obedient servant,

DICK DOCK.

DRESS COATS.

In a recent critique in the *Leader*, the critic professes himself shocked that the gentlemen present at the Opera did not wear dress coats; and suggests that in future they should do so out of respect to the ladies present. We quite agree with the suggestion. It is really very provoking to see the Val-jalism that reigns in the boxes on many occasions; Not only do the gentlemen not wear dress coats, but it is next to a miracle that they wear coats at all. They seem to hold in contempt the established custom of sitting down, and discover a decided leaning towards a reclining position,—their head at one of the seat, their feet at the other. Sometimes the position is varied, the gentleman preferring to hang his feet over the back of the next seat. Some eccentric gentlemen prefer sitting on the back of one seat and resting their feet on the back of the next.

Of course this is all a matter of taste. So also is the beastly habit of chewing tobacco, and quidding the loathsome compound over the floor; and also the vulgar habit of reading newspapers during the performances. But it is a taste that we think more honoured in the breach than in the observance. The secret of this unhealthy state of things is that the theatre is not patronized as it ought to be by the aggregate of our respectable citizens. And we almost despair of seeing them come forward to do so, until the theatre is renovated. If we had a new theatre,—at least, if the boxes in the present one were made comfortable,—there is no doubt that a more agreeable state of things would exist. The ladies would be present,—for the dear creatures dearly love to see and to be seen; and there would be no occasion for any one to complain of the ungallantry of the gentlemen in venturing into their presence in ought but the most unexceptionable dress coats.

While saying all this, let no one think we that go in enobiously for dress coats. Freize is the stuff we hang our faith on. But the right coat in the right place is a maxim that must be adhered to. The critic who made the suggestion in the first place, no doubt had in his mind the custom which obtains in the large cities outside Canada. He would have us assimilate our style to that which is observable in the large theatres of the Old Country. There can be no good objection why we should not. However there is this to say in extenuation of the dress-coat style not prevailing universally; and that is, that

whereas in large theatres there are the dress boxes and the dress boxes, besides two galleries and a pit, here we have only one row of boxes, into which the dress and the undress must squeeze themselves. It is not every gentleman who goes to the theatre that will worry himself into a dress coat, especially when the glass is ninety in the shade, and of course he is right. A gentleman is a gentleman no matter how he is dressed. But in these remarks we especially aim at a class of men,—we beg pardon, gentlemen,—who frequent the boxes, who, we are sure, will at once recognize their portraits without us being more specific. Some people may sneer at the dress coat suggestion, but every right-minded person must admit that if it is an error of judgment it is one on the right side.

COMPLIMENTARY PIC-NIC.

We understand it is the intention of the members of the Toronto Field Battery to give Lieut. Charles E. Holiwell a complimentary Pic-nic, previous to his departure for Quebec. Lieut. Holiwell has been a very energetic Officer of the active Militia Force, and his brothers in arms take this method of showing some tangible proof of their esteem and respect for himself and their appreciation of his services in connection with the corps. Deservedly popular as he is with the members of the Battery, he is equally esteemed and respected by all who have had the pleasure of his acquaintance, ourselves being among the number, and will leave Toronto with the best wishes of a large number of friends for his future welfare. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the pic-nic will be numerously attended, and that the viands and music will be everything that can be desired. The ladies, of course, will be well represented, to do honor to their favourite Count, and on Thursday, 11th inst., bright Sunnyside will resound with mirth and gladness.

Is it a joke?

"Extraordinary as the feat was, however, a still more astonishing one is yet to be performed. It was actually announced to the assemblage at the close of the performance this evening, that M. Blondin would cross again on the 17th instant; that he would walk across the rope, and then with a wheelbarrow, coil up the rope on which he walks and wheel it to the other side of the river."—*Spectator*.

—A reward of five shillings is hereby offered to any one who will undertake to decide whether the above is a joke or not? The *Spectator* is famous for stupid jokes, which inclines to the belief that on this occasion a joke is meant. If so, we advise the perpetrator to make another and then hang himself. The *Spectator* has now perpetrated its most stupid.

THE GRUMBLER

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