

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. 1.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1859.

NO. 43.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in 'our coats
I rede you tent it;
A chief namang 'you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll pent it."

SATURDAY, JAN. 8, 1859.

THE MEETING OF PARLIAMENT.

The organs and an extra Gazette have informed us that Parliament is to meet on the 29th instant. The Provincial Spouting Apparatus will be in full blast three weeks from the date of this issue; and THE GRUMBLER is beginning to set his house in order for the business of the Session—and such a Session as it is going to be. Only think of all the indignation which has been bottled up for nearly six months being poured out at once. Messrs. Foley and Connor and Drummond, have had to be tied down several times over at great risk of explosion, and when the corks are let fly, what a spill there will be to be sure.

Mr. Brown has about two tons of heavy thunder ready, and as to Sandfield Macdonald what will befall him when he once gets possession of the floor, who can tell? Mr. McGee, we believe, has polished up a most withering philippic; he has practised it till he has almost frightened himself with its terrors, and when poor John A. feels it, we are bursting with pardonable curiosity to be informed what will become of him? And then there is the host of smaller and calmer spirits preparing for their little fizzle on the address, the turbid Short, the limpid Mowat, the ice-creamy McDougall, the sparkling McKellar, and all the other pinks of Griticism. Where will Hogan stand, that bright exhalation of an Irish bog, that will o' the wisp of the Parliamentary marsh, flitting from side to side, easy to get, hard to keep, and only gas and vapour when you have him? We long to see if the immortal hair is still crisp and curly as ever, or if it has lost its primeval glory and become straightened by adversity. And then there's the Chevalier Cartier, how does the man look since he has taken ten' at Windsor? Has his voice become sweeter and his manner less crabbed? Where is our jolly old friend from Hastings, the comfortable fleshy old Israelite, Mr. Benjamin? we trust that no untoward event has reduced his majestic corporosity. Then there is the genial countenance of Col. Price; we trust he will bring his mirchful and contented disposition to the business of the Session, unimpaired by the chilly air and bad beer of the county of Essex. Above all how is the great first commoner, Mr. Speaker himself, with the new robes and the powdered wig, and the knee—what's their names—and the silver buckles? How we long to see them again, and hear the sonorous "Order," as Mr. Sergeant, that easy, good-looking official du-

posits "that bauble" on the table. Altogether we are on the tip-toe of expectation in view of the approaching event. The only point on which we have been satisfied, is the present condition and future prospects Mr. McGould. Our readers will be happy to hear that he has been studying composition. As will be seen from the annexed letter to his constituents, his progress is "prodigious." He is endeavouring to graft the style of Bulwer on that of Carlyle with every prospect of success.

ZANONTOWN, January 6th.

Children of life and Pupils of The immensities:—

When homerr the seripic And cherabimic barde
Of mesopotamier was ritin the Pilgrim's progress
he was At a los for his ideers; the grate Hifalutalities
for-ooked him and the Muses, those sacred
and Holy artifakers of ararat Come up to the rescoo.
the grate goddess of The sublime left the weeryome-
nesses of the ridickerlus and worshipped the eter-
nal silenes. So i in the Humbel persoot of the
Legislativities was a sittin under a pine stump On
the ridges an got a grate Inspiration from the Su-
pernatural nymphs of the grooves And quernalities.
Dum sleepari sub roughissimo stumpo dreamai ut
sanctae; womlinc musu cum garlandis barki slip-
peryelomoru mo crownuebastar as Vergil says in
his grate Epic of Farce-alia. So I riz up from my
Somnialities like a grate Bulwer or a Canadian
carlille wich I hav hon sence then.

Wen the Nex session of parliment wich is
an the 29th Of this month, sheds its bairnful In-
fluence on the butyfulness of my Leggislativ wis-
enesses, Oave wich is the Greek for keep yer Eye
skinned old hoss, for I shal startle the barnicles of
Official redtapicality.

I expect to be at my Post in primeril and Prist-
ian splendor; Hand i expect to Bee the noo primer-
eer.—i am bein edycated for a trip to Winsor nex
year; fir I don't see wy Carther shud av awl the
festial Hospitalnesses of the royl majesty of England.
Dr. McKawl as ben a twisting the Ontarier Times
into Greek for me and Hears we rede wich I doo wich
great Sooblimity and Kurectness. Ho says wen he
taut Horace his letters ho was not half as sharp as
I be. Good bye, till I rite agen. Wen u cum to
town arretez vous chez the Rozin house and I shall
be tray sipy procurer des tockets pour la gallery de
la House.

O riveller.

Yours in the educabilities,

JOSPH DE GOLD.

Prins of Ontarier.

Important Messuro.

— We understand that Inspector General Galt, intends to bring in a bill next Session, for the purchase of the Island of Cuba. With a view to raise the wind, it is proposed to sell the Island opposite Toronto to the American Government.

SHADES OF RUIN.

Air—ISLAND OF BEAUTY.

Composed by John A. Macdonald and sung by him in concert with Cartier and Galt.—Smith playing an accompaniment on the Banjo.

Shades of ruin, close not o'er us,
Leave our tottering bark awhile,
Hang it, can't you cease to bore us
With your grim and ghastly smiles.
Now our fancles can disceor,
Nought save ruin dars; and fell;
Hence I avauit I fakes to hover,
Shades of ruin—go to h—!

[Spoken]—Cartier—Ah! ah! you have rhyme, that vara good, Mac; it is von tree bios expressi-on; I wish vara much do Grits all go after do ruin.

Smith—Shut up, old Winslor! Mac! you go ahead.

Soon the Grits will in their places,
Grit to see our wretched plight,
And we must with 'em thenot laers,
Bid to clissellin—"good night";
"Throug the miste that float around us,
Loudly sounds a warping bell—
"Mac and Cartier" thus it warns us,
"Bid to place and pay farewell."

[Spoken]—Smith—Never mind what that there bell 'ee, old hoss! I guess we're worth twenty dead uns yet. Can't old Winslor fork out wery scheme to get us out of this here hobble? guess so, old boy.

Cartier—By gar! out, Mislaro Smeeth, I have von, vat you call it? vara bios scheme, von grand policy. I have talk to de Queen at Winslor, and I have talk to lo Governor and we make Ottawa our policy.

Smith—You don't say so! I guess 'tain't worth much.

Cartier—'m opposed, to thint thay, guess don't want no more 'lections, old hoss, 'lect me to stay at home next time, 'twon't do, losh! I push on Mac.

The following verse was sung with deep feeling by the embout vocalists:—

Shades of ruin, must we mirzle,
Fall beneath thy throat'ings fall,
Leave the pap, the pay the elusest,
Did to office long farewell?

[Spoken]—Smith—Guess arter all that that's the right tune; can't stand no more 'lections, lad old Winslor go to blazes 'fore I 'gree to that. 'm off, Mac, bye, bye, Cartier, botter give the Grits a chance old un. [Exit Smith.] Cartier is very much disgusted, Macdonald falls asleep and Galt curses the day he made a fool of himself by joining the gang.

Scotchmen Awake!

— Why blow me if the rascally Caledonians aint asleep agnia, we thought that the slogan above was sounded with such rehemence in their ears at the last two elections that they would not be able to nod again, but it appears they have fallen once more into drowsiness and needs rousing. We can only account for this persistent somnoleny by attributing it to the soothing sounds of the Caledonian cremona, and the absence of awakening mile stones. But the solitary individual who keeps watch and word—why is he awake? Who is he that like the sword Excalibar cannot sink in drowsiness, but rises at the approach of danger to give the slogan Scotchman awake? What a fine hero he would make. What a thrilling and terrific narrative may be made out of the "Solitary Sentinel or the Sleeping Scotchmen." The Ledger would give thousands for it—where are our native authors bring them forth?

MOODIE BOB'S LAMENT.

"Oh how full of blairs is this working day world."—*All's well that ends well.*

Farewell, a long farewell,
 Woud I have served so well,
 Electors of St. John's,
 Ye'd break a heart of stone,
 Aint I full often play'd
 The bully in your shade?
 Aint I, now by the powers
 Spoil'd for long, long hours
 And now you turn and say my services are vain,
 I shan't be Alderman or Councilman again.

Farewell thd times what was,
 My heart is breaking now
 They've so ungrateful been;
 It's tight down jolly men
 To save Bob Moody so.
 Tears! can't you stay and flow
 In bitter torrents, oh!
 For poor Gah Moody's woe?
 Aint there no fond heart what's going to deplore,
 I shan't be Alderman or Councilman no more.

No more! no more! my eyes!
 What gloomy visions rise?
 Deep from my wounded heart
 What bursting sighs do start?
 Oh! no, how sad a doom!
 In that there Council room
 Bob Moody must be mum
 And always stay "to hum"

To mourn, to sigh, to weep and to deplore
 He can't be Alderman nor Councilman no more.

GREAT EVENTS OF 1858.

(From the *Globe*.)

Another link has been added to the chain of time. Once more we are called upon to note the principal events of the dying year, and to anticipate as best we may the incidents of the future. In doing so it is needless to say that we shall note those events only which bear in an immediate manner on the fate of the world at large, and of Canada in particular—Such trivial events as the wars in India or China, must, together with all allusions to the Mortara case, remain buried in oblivion;—while the far more important ones, such as the date of the death of the Short Parliament and the hour at which Mr. Brown's corns were last paired, will, we trust, be all found duly chronicled below. And if posterity in scanning over the events of the past year do not duly appreciate the excruciating agonies the country has passed through, and the disinterested and noble sacrifices made by the Canadian opposition in general and Hon. George Brown, Esq., M.P.P., in particular to resuscitate it, then we say posterity will be devilish stupid indeed. The following are the events we alluded to:

JANUARY.

1. The *Globe* of this morning was published at a quarter past eight—exactly two minutes and forty-eight seconds later than usual.
2. The *Globe* of to-day contains news of a malicious attempt made to pick the eye-tooth out of a middle-aged orphan who was found helplessly asleep on the brink of Mount Vesuvius. It is needless to add that the thief was a friend of Governor Head's.
4. The *Globe* of to-day gave the corruptionists some pretty hard licks.

4. Mr. Brown had tripe for dinner.
6. Mr. Brown looked nothing the worse for it.
7. The opposition ministry were invited to a public dinner at Ballywhack.
8. The opposition accepted the invitation.
9. Mr. Foley was tight.
11. Mr. J. S. Hogan lost his character.
12. Mr. Moonshine, opposition member for Nowhere in particular, made a great speech to his constituents on the conduct of the Governor General. The audience were roused to such a pitch of indignation that the worthy member fearful of the immediate consequences, pulled out a file of the *Colonist*, and read therefrom until the meeting was effectually dispersed.
13. The *Globe* of to-day in a slashing editorial proved conclusively that the two greatest men in the world were Capting Moodie and Hon. George Brown.
14. Mr. Brown having been told that smoking was good for corns, smoked two cigars and a half.
15. Mr. Brown felt as if he had been cornered the night before, and gave up the nasty practice.
16. Rumors that the Governor General was recalled. Great excitement.
- 17 to 31. The opposition flourishing Mr. Brown, had tea and toast, and toast and tea alternately for breakfast, each morning.

FEBRUARY.

1. Rumours that John A. Macdonald had taken arsenic.
2. Said rumour unfortunately turned out to be false.
3. Fight between two individuals, aged respectively 6 and 7 years, opposite *Globe* office.
- 4 to 7. Mr. Brown looking well.
- 7 to 24. The *Globe* office a standing fact.
25. Governor General opened Parliament.

MARCH.

1. Ministry stole a march on the opposition.
2. Debate on the Address sustained by the opposition in a brilliant manner.
3. The price of butter fell a cent and a half in the cwt.
- 4 to 31. Nothing of importance—except that the opposition prospered, and Mr. Brown had taken to coffee for tea instead of tea for tea.

APRIL.

1. Russell election frauds. Mr. Smoke, member for the Lordknowwhere, denounced the corruptionists.
- 2 to 20. Mr. Foley and the Premier tight.

MAY.

1. Grand Concert at the Apollo saloon.
- 2 to 10. Ladies' bonnets contracting in size.
- 10 to 31. Ladies' hoops expanding.

JUNE.

1. Jim Brown hanged at Kootsville. N. B.—No relation of Mr. Geo. Brown's.
- 2 to 30. Great excitement. Gold discovered on the Island.

JULY.

The King of the Sandwich Islands suffering from a severe fit of the cholera.

AUGUST.

- 1 to 4. Fierce debate. Opposition victorious.—

Ministry resigned. Mr. Brown sent for. Toronto a blaze of glory. Unheard of rejoicings all over the world.

4 to 31. Public meetings all over Canada. Mr. Brown lauded to the skies. The Governor General burned in effigy. The Brown-Dorion administration tight every night.

SEPTEMBER.

1 to 10. The Brown-Dorion administration fed all over the country.

11. John A. McDohald commenced to drink lemonade.

OCTOBER TO DECEMBER.

Nothing of importance—except that Hon. Mr. Brown and the opposition enjoyed excellent health.

THE GOVERNOR GENERAL'S SPEECH.

The following copy of the speech to be delivered by the Governor General at the opening of Parliament on the 29th inst., was surreptitiously taken from His Excellency's private cabinet, and forwarded to us for publication by the Hon. Mr. ———

Gentlemen of the Legislative Council and Blackguards of the House of Assembly.

It is my misfortune to meet you after another year; and as it is in all probability the last occasion on which I shall be plagued with your presence, I hope you will excuse me if I depart somewhat from the usual etiquette observed on occasions like the present.

In the first place, then, there are measures which I sincerely hope you will at once proceed to consider without making fools of yourselves, by prating for a month on the Address; and foremost amongst those, is a bill to bestow a pension of £2000 a year on the proprietors of the *Globe*, for the handsome manner in which they spoke of me during the session.

In the next place, I should wish to see Lord Bury's idea of a Canadian Peerage carried out, and I shall use all my influence with the Home Government to that effect. It is needless to say, gentlemen, that my principal object in doing so, is to reward my dear friends, Dr. Connor, George Brown, and other gentlemen, for the services they have of late done Canada in general, and me in particular.

My confidential advisers have urged upon me the necessity of including Mr. Robert Moodie in the catalogue, but I shall leave that an open question.

Gentlemen of the Legislative Council.

You have not got a great deal to do this session except talk, and I sincerely hope that you will not be found wanting in the discharge of your duty. The country is well enough. The crops, to be sure, are not as good as usual—but that is an affair for pebbians, not for you.

Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly.

I have been a long time in Canada, and I can safely say that you never passed any measure without duly considering it—but now that Mackenzie is out of the House, you will have a chance of getting along a little better. However, on second thought, it does not matter whether you take a day or a month in the passing of a bill, since it has always to be amended the year following.

Gentlemen of the Legislative Council and Assembly.

Go to the dev— Ahom! Go to dinner.

THE ROSE OF LAST SUMMER;

A CABINET SONG.

'Tis the Rose of last summer we look too alone,
To make up our number, now Siotie has gone;
No other would aid us, no other came nigh,
Though to aid much more welcome we're long had an eye.
Siotie left us poor lone ones to pine on our pins,
And we richly deserved to be left for our sins;
But the Rose has stuck closer though Siotie has fled,
Would the Rose of last summer had nuzzled instead.

Soon, soon must we follow—thus cabinets decay,
The last Rose won't save us from fading away,
They will scatter us soon like Rose leaves o'er a bed,
And the last Rose will with us be withered and dead.

BOOK NOTICES.

CANADIAN HOMER, OR THE MYSTERY SOLVED.—A Christmas Tale. By Maple Knot. Montreal, John Lovell.

We have not noticed this work, because we were rather prepossessed in its favour, and desired to give it a careful perusal before expressing our opinion on its merits. The announcement of a Canadian Christmas Tale by a Canadian author, was extremely gratifying and we expected when we took it up to find the good, genial spirit of Dickens's infused through its pages. We never were more disappointed; a greater humbug was never palmed off upon an intelligent people. Without plot, without taste, without talent, this book has nothing to recommend it to the reader. It is exactly what our contemporary, the *Leader* has described, it a miserable attempt to preach a dry political theory to the people under a fine name, and in a purchasable shape. With regard to the protective policy we say nothing; it is not our business to do so; but we do solemnly protest against the cruel deception, the barefaced imposition of this prosy fiction. If we are to believe this Jeremiad, all things are in union in this province, an Exodus is going on in the United States, the Canaan where alone the unprotected Canadian can get shelter and rest. It is an Elysium, Canada a Pandemonium; and all for want of protection. The poor clad in rags are represented as preaching protection; the workman clamorous that "foreigners are taking the bread out of his mouth;" the girl clad in rags, but of course a Venus in beauty, grumbles that 25 per cent duty is not placed on boots and shoes, and rushe. to prostitution a willing martyr on the bloody altar of free trade; the boy sets fire to a house because india rubber goods are admitted from abroad, and talks of "suicidal legislation" and bad tariffs. The dry goods importer is of course a base wretch; the free trade editor a regular scoundrel. The only philanthropists who drop their coppers in the beggar's, hat are portly and easy going protectionists. Sundry debates are carried on, in which conversational speeches fill pages of the driest fustian and bombast that were ever written. The whole dreary homily of 136 pages is perfectly stupid and insipid. We can only pity the man who can sit down while his neighbours are preparing for the Christmas festivities, and pen so tasteless and worthless an imposition upon their pockets as this; we trust few of our readers have been so gullible as to purchase this wretched outburst of discontent. It is untrue in fact, it is valueless as fiction, while as a Christmas tale it is high treason to the joyful time it pretends to celebrate.

THE NEW LEADER BUILDINGS.

(From the *Leader*.)

The new *Leader* buildings may be said to be the largest in the world. We say, *may* be said to be the largest, and we say it again boldly and without fear of contradiction. They have been erected at a cost which exceeds belief, and therefore we will not tax the credulity of our readers by informing them what the sum total is. There are several compartments in our new buildings—such as the composing room, the room for the compositors and the room in which the newspaper is "set up," to use a technical term. There is also a reporters' room, and a room set apart for the reporters to transcribe their short-hand notes in. Besides all these, there is an editor's room, and also a room for the editor. In the basement is a room of incalculable length, in which engines of incredible power print off papers of unrivalled size.

At the tip top of the buildings the roof is situated and the foundation, if closely sought for, will be found below the basement. Four walls, of immense thickness, surround the building. Windows for the accommodation of those who have eye-sight have been placed in the sides of the walls; and due attention has been paid to provide suitable accommodation for the infirmities of human nature.

The number of hands employed in the establishment is truly astonishing. The composing room, if necessary, could accommodate a couple of hundred thousand, and the room where the type for the newspaper is "set up" could accommodate an equal number. As it is however less than half that number are employed. The other rooms are all proportionably full. The editor's rooms are always chuck full, and the doors of the reporters' rooms had to be taken off their hinges to allow free ingress and egress to the talented regiment of gentlemen who compose the *Leader's* corps. In conclusion, we must say that our grateful thanks are due to all those who had the honor of aiding in the raising of this wonderful architectural beauty. Jas. Malowny, the gentleman who carried the bricks, showed himself skilled in the mysteries of his science. Patrick MacWhackgan, whose industrious hammer was never idle, is worthy of all the honours which a grateful country could bestow upon him. We could continue the list till dooms-day, but time forbids; so, with these few and imperfect remarks, we must close our description of what may be called the greatest printing establishment above ground.

Great Blow-out.

—The worthy Councilmen elect for St. George's Ward gave a great entertainment at the close of the election on Tuesday last. The junior councilman, Mr. Finch, Premium Clothier, &c., provided a good supply of *goose* and all the last year's *cabbage* as his share of the feast. Mr. Pell contented himself with being *carver* for the occasion, and his fascinating deportment in that capacity *glided* over his other deficiencies. Altogether the *picture* was sublime, and though they had a tailor amongst them, we are happy to say that none of them was *served up* on the joyful occasion.

THE NEW COUNCIL.

LAWYERS EXTERMINATED.

Mowatt and Doomer and Ilary are gone,
From the Council board at a swoop,
Printers and Tailors, and Joiners now,
A guard o'er the city keep.

Not a lawyer's found in the motley crowd,
Not a barrister young or hoary,
Save Monsieur the Mayor who stands alone,
In the pride of his legal glory.

THE NEW COUNCIL,

We are glad to see that the electors have taken our advice in the choosing of candidates for the offices of Mayor, Aldermen, and Councilmen; for although all those elected are not immaculate, yet on the whole the "ins" seem to be a more respectable lot than the "outs." However there is much truth in the saying that "We must not reckon our chickens before they are hatched;" therefore we will not speak all our mind now, as we fear we should have occasion to change it, next week perhaps. Of course we are not among those who place any reliance on the many promises made by the candidates prior to their election. We should as soon think of believing Marryatt's famous *Sau* Captain who died lying; if he could be brought before us, as in the least of the many promises made by a candidate to tickle the electors. But nevertheless there is still great room for the new Council to immortalize their year of office. We hope that none of our city fathers will take offence at our plain speaking. It is a weakness we have, and for the life of us we cannot get over it. The habit of promising is not confined to candidates for civic honors. All candidates do so—and we even hear old women say that so and so is a *promising* candidate for the gallows, not that we mean that any of our late candidates will attain to such an unenviable height above the "upper ten." But we mean to affirm our disbelief in all promises. "Promises, like pie-crusta, they say were made to be broken," and this is true also of the man who "promises and vows three things in our name," before we have a clear perception of what our name is.

In conclusion we must say that it gives us great pleasure to know that Adam Wilson, the new Mayor, has repudiated the attempt which has been made to make the late contest a party one. The figures show that it was not a party contest; and the longer politics are kept out of such matters the better. It is truly ridiculous to hear journalists pretending to common sense talking of the result of these elections as a mortal wound to Sir Edmund Head, and congratulating themselves that now the Governor General must respect public opinion or be forever lost. The public never thought of the Governor General in the matter, and it is excessively stupid for any one to say so.

An Old Proverb at Fault.

Married by the Rev. James Smith, at the Parish Church, Barrow, Miss Julia Goodwin, fourth daughter of Mr. Richard Goodwin, of Stukely, to Mr. William Dean, Farmer, of Hinton Mills.

—We shall begin to lose our faith in Proverbs, and not without reason, for a very ancient one tells us that "Good wine (Goodwin) needs no Bush." The happy couple evidently quarrelled with the proverb, and we dare say they were right.

THE SPEAKER'S ROBES OF OFFICE.

BY OUR OWN PENNY-A-RHYME.—N. D.—METRE, NOT CONSIDERED.

I'll sing you a nice new song, with something about a pair :
Not the fine old English gentleman's, but another not so great,
That belonged to a grand old Speaker, considerably irate ;
And given very much to pulling ugly girls up straight.

When they pitched into Maisters, which, of course, they
had no right.

Now this fine man's attention was not given to pikes and bows ;
No such antiquated tom-foolery is his grave mind averse—
But 'twas occupied with great reflections upon becoming
clothes ;

So that one hot day—being a stout man—be appeared in silken
hose,

And very much astonished the visitors to the House.

But what most impressed this sleepy man of set,
Was the uncommon bad appearance beneath his three-cock'd
hat ;—

Of the very tight habiliments which unceasingly begat ;
And sometimes Members laughed at them, as in his chair he
sat ;

Which was very wicked of them and not by no means
right.

Now he thought how very nice 'twould be, that awkward suit to
change

For robes of splendid foldings, which all day he could arrange,
And a fine full-bottomed, powdered wig, to complete the grand
melange ;

The Grits would bow unto his dignity in a suit so rich and
change ;

Which now, confounded rascals, they didn't do at all.

So he sent a carte-blanc order to a draper of renown—
The chiefest of the drapers, who have big shops in London
town,

For a Speaker's Robes of Office—a silk and velvet gown,
With breech and hose and wig to suit, for which the cash was
down,

Or would be very soon.

But a very sore mischance to this Speaker did befall—
The draper never measured for a man so stout and tall ;
In fact, the truth to tell, he no measure took at all ;

So when the robes arrived, they were a precious sight too small
For this great leavy Speaker, of whom I've just now
sung.

THE THEATRE.

During the past week theatricals have neither
lost nor gained. The pieces brought forward do not
call for any comment ; and the acting, on the
whole, has been extremely passable. Mrs. Marlowe
is improving. Her vivacity is at times excessive—
leading her to hurry over some of the chief points
in the piece. For instance, in "Aggravating Sam,"
where she discovers her runaway husband *Peregrine
Popplewig* (Mr. Thompson) hiding in the water-bar-
rel—which, we take it, is the great catastrophe of
the piece,—instead of pausing to give due effect to
the discovery, and thus fastening the attention of
the audience, she merely tripped across the stage
in the most common-place manner, and led the un-
fortunate *Popplewig* out by the ear. Something a
la Lady Macbeth would have been the thing there.

Mr. Marlowe, as *Sam*, was good. The other char-
acters were well played.

We were glad to see that the Manager had ten-
dered a benefit to the Misses Lyons. These young
ladies have improved vastly since we first saw them
at the Lyceum. They are always well up in their
parts, and perform them with taste and discrimina-
tion.

YE OLD DOUBLE DOSTH YE CRITIQUE.

We were very much amused at *Old Double* yes-
terday. One of the staff of the wonderful old sheet
went to the Metropolitan Choral Society's Concert
on Thursday, and came back discontented and
miserous. The audience was small, the orchestra
miserable, the solo parts almost worse, and the
whole concert despicably poor. We had not the
pleasure of being there, but we are assured that the
entertainment was really excellent, and that the
only reason for the *Colonist's* discontent was a hint
received from a disappointed professional who vents
his woes through *Old Double's* hoarse and husky
throat. Mr. Humphreys was not in voice and sang
"worse than an old tin kettle," as *Jem Bags* says.
"Excelsior" was well sung by Mr. Briscoe, but the
piece was bad. Miss Searle sang a good piece well,
but didn't please the critique because she wouldn't
go through it again, but had the good taste to sub-
stitute another ; and so on.

Now don't be so pervers, dear old lady, don't be
so cruel to the poor musicians ; they do their best
in their own line—would to conscience you could
say the same of yourself. Tune up your own burdy
gurdy, melodious grinder, and then we shall be pre-
pared to value your next attempt at nonsensical
criticism. In the meantime, do keep yourself in a
salutary state of coolness and equanimity, and when
next you attempt the critic, get in a good temper
before you go, even if it costs you a yorke to get
one at the Terrapin, and then you will not talk
quite so nonsensically.

THE NEW POLICE.

The following is a specimen of the examination
of candidates for the Police Force under the new
regulation, furnished by our own reporter, who, we
regret to say, has had a severe ear-ache for some
days past from a cold he got while listening at the
key-hole.

[Enter burly candidate.]

1st EXAMINER.—Are you aware of the nature of
an oath ?

CANDIDATE.—No.

1st Ex.—So far so good. Are your parents
alive ?

CAN.—I'm an orphan.

[Sympathetic shudder among the board.]

2nd Ex.—Are you a peaceable man ?

CAN.—[Indignantly] I'm not a piece of a man.

[Examiners smile benignly.]

1st Ex.—Are you fond of drink ?

CAN.—When I'm thirsty.

2nd Ex.—Quite right. Now what would you do
if you saw a row at the end of the street.

CAN.—I'd go for assistance.

1st Ex.—Right. When would you come back ?

CAN.—Next day.

2nd Ex.—Perfectly right. But if you had to ar-
rest a man how would you go about it ?

CAN.—I don't know.

1st Ex.—It makes no difference. Have you got
a character ?

CAN.—Yes, I have one somewhere here, (feeling
in his pocket). No, I have lost it.

BOTH EX.—So much the better.

Exit candidate to be sworn in.

ON DIT.

That Mr. Cartier has pledged himself to his col-
leagues not to Windsoor more than twice a week in
Hous during the season.

That Mr. Brown has three fifteen hour speeches
ready to deliver during the debate on the address.

That Mr. Hogan has cut his hair all off and will
appear in a full bottomed wig.

That Mr. Gould will speak entirely in French
next session.

That Mr. Speaker's robes are so moth-eaten as to
be unavailable on the twenty-ninth.

That Mr. Wright is not going to speak at all next
session.

That Mr. Sandfield Macdonald will appear in
Highland costume at the next levee.

That Mr. Ferguson is to be appointed ambassador
to the Blackfoot Indians, with instructions to come
home scalped.

That Mr. Ferris will leave his manners at home
on coming to Toronto.

That Mr. Playfair has resigned his seat to go on
a mission to instruct the Japanese in military tac-
tics.

That Mr. M. Cameron has conquered his bashful-
ness, and is warranted by his trainers not to blush
more than once a month.

That Mr. O. R. Govan will recite his lecture on
"Physiognomy," and give lessons therein to the
Administration, noting their points, and reporting to
the *Globe*.

New Appointments.

—We have it from the most reliable source,
that His Excellency the Governor General has been
appointed British minister at Washington. We
need not remind our readers that this appointment
is only a cloak to cover his recall in obedience to
the just demands of the Canadian people.

BUSINESS NOTICE.

Those of our city readers who wish to improve the present
excellent stitching, should not fail to pay a visit to the excel-
lent Livery Establishment of Mr. DUTCHES, corner of Scott and
Colborne Streets, whose stock of horse, collars, robes, and all
the necessary appurtenances for a comfortable drive, are unparal-
leled. His charges are moderate, and no one will be found
more obliging or deserving of public patronage.

We have to direct attention to the excellent Grocery Estab-
lishment of Mr. ROBERT LAWSON, Yonge Street, opposite Stuter
Street. We are confident that our friends in that locality need
only pay Mr. Lawson a visit to convince them that his wares
are of the best quality ; his prices moderate, and his desire to
please his patrons is only equalled by his experience and
knowledge of his business.

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