

# THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. 1.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1858.

NO. 36.

## THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, NOV. 20, 1858.

### THE MAYORALTY.

What a mess Gowan makes of everything he has to do with. It seems a fatality with the man that he cannot engage in any movement without creating discussion and discord. Calling together a Conservative Convention, he has been engaged for six weeks in quarrelling with every member of it, till he has reduced it in number from forty to fourteen. Mr. Wilson was nominated by a radical Convention, but no sooner had he been so nominated, than he disclaimed any party tinge as far as the Mayoralty was concerned, yet this did not satisfy Mr. Gowan. He immediately set to work to find an opponent. Bowes was his own first love, and indeed in politics and morality they are Arcades ambo, but as he could not cram him down honest men's throats, the Convention pitched upon Mr. Crawford. This gentleman soon felt the awkward position he was in as Gowan's nominee, so on a plausible pretext, he withdrew. We wonder that Rice Lewis was not next tried, but they overlooked his services, and after a series of disgraceful scenes, during which every public man's name has been taken up, they fell back upon Mr. J. B. Robinson. A more humiliating position for the junior member for Toronto his worst enemy could not have placed him in. The nominee of O. R. Gowan, and the miserable Rump of the Conservative Convention. He was actually not then selected till overtures had been made to the so called Grit nominee, the man they had been denouncing for weeks. Mr. Wilson's virtue was assailed, and Gowan, whose own political coat has been dyed till it is thread bare and rotten, no doubt expected to purchase that gentleman's honour for a mess of mayoralty pottage. He was told that if he would only curse the Grits, though it might be his political destruction, he should get the Mayoralty. The answer was that in this contest he recognized no party, but that he was attached to the Liberal party still. This was not enough for the buckster, and he fell back on the facile Robinson. Why do not the respectable Conservatives throw off the yoke of this unprincipled man before he achieves the utter annihilation of the party? Whether Mr. Robinson will submit to the indignity we have yet to see; we do not believe it.

On Dit.

—That Sam Sherwood is to be a candidate for Alderman in St. George's Ward, and that a requisition is being circulated to the bull-dog to run on the same ticket as Councilman.

### MR. HOGAN AND THE COMING MAN.

The *Hamilton Spectator* has given a definite form to the flying rumours respecting Mr. John Macdonald's retirement from the Ministry. The great Moderate Chief is to leave the happy family as soon as the necessary arrangements can be completed. We have heroically made up our mind to bear the loss with as much fortitude as may be, but we must confess to an inquisitive desire to penetrate the mystery of the "necessary arrangements." Yes; we wish to know, and we ask again, who is the coming man? Who? Rumour has been busy with our old friend the Knight of the curls, and we certainly have several times lately observed him wending his way westward, and we thought we could discover a slightly—a very slightly—increased assumption of dignity in his manly port. Was it the consciousness of coming honours that swelled his modest bosom and gave vigour to his graceful step? In short, is he, Hogan, to be the inheritor of the departing Prophet's mantle? We do not believe it. His unconquerable modesty is too well known to permit us to entertain the idea for one moment.—What but a knowledge of his too, too lowly estimation of self, prevented Mr. Brown offering him a port-folio in the Brown-Dorion Administration? We are sure he would shrink from the responsibilities of office, and regretfully record our conviction that the member for Hogan, is not the coming man. Pity 'tis that excessive modesty should hinder the advancement of genuine integrity and priceless worth. We say and we do say that Mr. Hogan should strive to arrive at a juster appreciation of his own abilities as an orator and statesman. He should cultivate that moral courage which

"Before the world's astonished gaze,  
A priceless gem unfurls,  
And when detractors dare defame,  
A force defiance hurls."

Yes,

This should'st thou do, thou Knight of Grey,  
Thou Hogan of the curls.

However unsatisfactory then it may be to be kept on the tip toe of expectation, we cannot accept Mr. Hogan at present as a solution to the question—"Who is the coming man?"

### The New Press Reform.

I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of twenty to follow mine own teaching.—*Merchant of Venice*.

—As an earnest of what the Press would become if submitted to "clergymen, professors," &c., the *Colonist*, since its union with the *Atlas*, gives the following choice *morceaux*. Mr. Adam Wilson is guilty of "sheer hypocrisy;" Mr. Bright, the first debater in the House of Commons, and one of the first politicians, is "a quack;" Mr. McGee, or Mr. Brown, "the pet of Griffintown, the political bully;" Mr. Drummond "has forfeited all claim to respect," &c., &c. This is surely a reformation which even Molech would patronize; go if "magniloquent WE," who can doubt your "sense, sincerity, and honour."

### THE NEW RAILWAY.

"One Horse Shay."

Said Cartier to Galt,  
We must put a little salt  
On the British lion's caudal extremity to-day;  
And I think if we can only  
Fool the author of Zanoni,  
We shall gallop back to power on the new Railway.  
Said Galt to Cartier,  
You'd no'er have known the way,  
To keep the rabid Grits and demagogues at bay;  
You'd soon have lost your place,  
If I hadn't had the face  
To come to your assistance with the new Railway.  
Then in came Johnny Ross,  
And bowing to the boss,  
I think we've hit the right nail on the head, Cartier;  
The bait will soon be bitten  
By the gudgeon Bulwer Lytton,  
And we'll scatter all the Grits with the new Railway.  
To Downing Street let's make,  
And try our keenest chisel,  
And we'll keep the opposition far away from place  
and pay;  
And Brown and Dorion  
May go it e'er so strong;  
We'll run them off the track with the new Railway.

So they went to Bulwer Lytton,  
And they found the statesman sitting,  
With his legs upon the table smoking opium away;  
Says Cartier with a scrape,  
To the lord of rhye tape,  
We've come to have a gossip on the new Railway.  
He had hardly said a word,  
When says Bulwer, "It's absurd  
To send as an ambassador this *Parle: vous Français*.  
If you want to get my ear,  
Let some Englishman appear,  
And plainly tell the object of this new Railway."

Then said Galt, Sir Ned, I'm sure,  
We shall instantly secure  
Your full approbation of our errand of to-day;  
The nation's cash you'll pony,  
For the new Intercolonial  
At Halifax, Toronto, and Sarnia Railway.

When he thought he'd said enough,  
He expected no rebuff,  
He had plastered up his canvass in a snapping Gaitbird  
way.

When Sir Bulwer, with a dash,  
Curled up his rich moustache,  
And prepared to give his answer 'bout the new  
Railway:

Mr. Galt, it is no go,  
In my Secretary's bureau,  
You'll find the daily *Globe* fyled carefully away;  
Its cries you cannot muffle,  
I know all about the shuffie,  
So go at once to Halifax with your new Railway,

Then Ross and Galt looked glum,  
And Cartier kept mum,  
So they picked up their traps, made a bow and went  
away;

Sir Edward gave a wink,  
And as they went, they wept to think  
That the game was up with them and with their new  
Railway.

New Style of Metempsychosis.

—Turning the "Donkey" into a mare  
(Mayor).

ALARIO, OR THE TYRANT'S WELLS.

A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS.

The Plot taken from the New York Dragger.

DRAMATIS PERSONA, too numerous to mention.

ACT 1st.

SCENE—[The Shores of Sicily, the Mediterranean in the distance. TIME—Long, long ago.]

Alario—Once more upon those sunny shores I stand, Fair Sicily, thou bright and glorious land. Where shines the sun and whets the song bird's wing, Where winter's mild precede the budding Spring,— Home of my Father's! I long to see if I'm not Enraptured to behold the tints that paint Thy well remembered shores. Hero dwells my love, My ducky Rito smiling furle dove, My sweet Ianthe, peace! I fear heart be still, Don't flitter, flutter like a steam saw mill. She comes, she comes, I see her drawing near, Once more fond heart be still, my love is here. [Enter Ianthe, who as Alario is supposed to have been banished 12 years from Sicily, of course does not recognize him.]

Alario—Good morning, miss, fine day my pretty maid, Don't thou remember one who often played With thee, at ball and hop scotch, long ago? Who frequently at school would stily show Thee how to do thy sums, and the tricks of dice, When going home for payment steal a kiss?

Ianthe—[With charming eagerness.] I do! I do! Oh I knowest thou ought of him, My dear Alario! Speak! oh speak I declare With anxious longings. Speak! oh speak I declare Where is my long lost dear Alario, where?

Alario—Sweet one behold him, yes, behold him here, Come to my arms, my little ducky dear.

Ianthe—I come, I come. They embrace, and the scene changes.

SCENE 2nd.—[Palace of Pyrrho King of Sicily.]

King Pyrrho—Well, good Donatus, what's the news to day? Are traitors questioning my kingly sway? Are gritty chiefs and rebels with ire, Finding a hobby of rebel fire? Speak out, old codger, and where doubts are bred, Fly! presto! quick, and tumble off an head.

Donatus—[Prime favourite of King Pyrrho.] Most element air, the city's still as death, Of absentees I see sweet Ianthe's head!

King Pyrrho—Who's here? speak out! or faith I'll quickly deck My jewel chamber with your ugly neck. Who's here? what brat? by Jupiter, be quick, And save yourself from precious nasty luck.

Donatus—May, sire, I tremble, hark I heed down your ear, 'Tis wont do to let our rary waistcoats hear Alario's back, great Thingembobom's Son.

King Pyrrho—The gods be thanked, the young cub's arse is run; Quick, had him out where'er the racial rove, And bring him here, I'll tickle him by Jove. [Exit Donatus.]

SCENE 3rd—[Interior of a Cottage—Enter Alario, Ianthe and Bastius, her supposed Father.]

Ianthe—Oh! Pa, I've brought a friend home here to dinner, Bastius—Welcome my hearty—why—as I'm a sinner, 'Tis young Alario back, no yes! of course it is. I'm up to snuff, his fine old Father's phiz is pictured there. Welcome again my boy.

Alario—Dear Bastius, with undissembled joy, I greet you well, my sweet Ianthe's Pa! 'Tis dear to me as was my saluted Ma.

Ianthe—[aside]—How prettily he talks.

Alario—Yes, yes, my friend Ianthe and her Pa have forced me west My footstep hither, though perchance thro' lurks A speck of danger from those ugly Turks Who rule in Sicily; that bold usurper who My dear Pa killed, might raise a precious stew. If once he found me here, here Bastius.

Bastius—Nay, let him come, who cares an empty cuss For him or his? His race is almost run, I'll fix his vloger for him, my son.

Ianthe—Oh Pa! pray don't be rash, 't would make me cry If you or dear Alario thro', should die.

Bastius—Poace, pretty trembler, banish every fear— [Loud knocks at the door.] Ah, what! good Jupiter, what mischief's here, [He goes to the door.] Who's kicking up that most infernal row, Speak, sire, and keep that knocking easy now.

Captain of King Pyrrho's Guard, [from the outside.] Just open the doors and then you'll see old hero, We have a warrant from your King, your boss.

Ianthe—Oh Pa, don't let them in. Alario—'Tis no they seek, On me, the tyrant would his vengeance wreak, Ianthe ducky parent don't look so glum. Fearnothing, sweet, my life is yet worth 'nomo.' [The knocking is renewed.]

Ianthe—Oh dear! oh dear! my heart is sad and sore, Why don't they stop that knocking at the door,

Bastius—A truce to trembling, we must let them in, Though faith it seems to me a crying sin, To open the door without a single blow, Yet policy decrees it must be so. But dear Alario fear ye naught my ind, We'll smoko the false old tyrant soon becad. Go with them quietly, but mind you keep Your weather eye from dropping off to sleep. [He opens the door and the King's guard enter.]

Rustius—What seek ye? Captain of the Guard— One who arrived to day Upon the shores of Sicily the gay. His name, Alario.

Alario—Sir Captain, I am he. Captain of the Guard— How are you, sir? I guess you'll come with me Without a rumpus, Pyrrho seeks in sooth, With you an interview my pretty youth.

Ianthe—Hold me, I faint. Alario—Nay lovey, dvey, dear Love don't pray don't there's naught my life to fear, Come let me clasp thee to my faithful heart, One kiss, Ianthe, sweet, before we part.

[They embrace, Alario gently disengages himself from Ianthe, who falls fainting on a chair.] Alario—Tis bolter so, now Captain, I'm your man. Captain of the Guard—All right, my hearty.

Bastius—[to Alario in a whisper.] I've got a scrumptious plan Will not all right, go noble youth in peace. [They depart and Bastius shakes his fist at the Captain of the Guard, as the Curtain falls.]

ACT 2nd.

SCENE 1st—Room in the Palace—Pyrrho seated in state—Donatus standing near—Enter Captain of the Guard with Alario. King Pyrrho—[to Alario], What are your race and name? Alario—Both noble, most, and year's are not his don. King Pyrrho—Dog, darrest thou beard the lion in his don. Alario—Aye, or the monkey aping airs of men.

King Pyrrho—Ah! sayst thou so? my pretty dainty youth, We'll put your burning courage to the proof. But know thou reptile with the noisy bark, Thou bearest too well old Thingembobom's mark, To scape my vengeance, no, I'll glout each sense, With triumph o'er thy fall. Guards hear him hence, In deepest dungeon make the prey secure.

Alario—Tyrant, I scorn and spit on thee, my hero. [Exit Guard and Alario.] Pyrrho—My faith the cub has Thingembobom's pluck, I thank the Gods for standing me in luck. Quick, good Donatus, send three lusty men To skewer this chicken in his onsome den. Bid too my guards with swift and noiseless bound Sides all with whom the graceless cub was found.

Donatus—I go, dread sire, and ere one hour has run, The work shall be both well and surely done. [Exit Donatus, scene changes.]

SCENE 2nd.—[Alario in his dungeon.] Alario—I've brought myself into a pretty fizzle, And wro, there seems no chance to make a mizzle, I'm brought to bay, and likely done for too, Great Jupiter, my hopes are centred all in you, Look out my father's son and nurse my soul. To bear the worst this tyrant King can dole, Guard sweet Ianthe, soothe the troubled maid! When she shall learn, I'm food for fishes made, For fishes—phoo!—I'll kick up yet a strifo, For lovey, dvey, Ianthe, and life. But ah! I who comes?

[Enter three gigantic men with masks, each bearing a drawn sword.] Alario—What would you fellows? Three men in concert—Sir, prepare to die. Alario—That's pretty cool, but perhaps you'll toll'me why. 1st Man—Question us not. Three in Concert—Prepare, prepare to die. Alario—Not gentlemen, forsooth, that's all my eye, I must decidedly object to die. Yes, bang no if I'm quite so jolly green, Besides, loud here, your swords are perhaps not keen, Just let me try the edge, at I now the bit.

[Takes the sword from the hand of one of the unsuspecting executioners.] D'ye think this a fit weapon to be lit With oh! D'ye think it sharp enough, You out and out confounded stupid muff. Take that, and that.

Drives the sword with lightning speed into the body of the foremost man, fetches the second a regular sweeper round the neck, his hand tumbles on the floor, and so fierce is the blow, round the neck of the third, who is standing close to him, comes, is him cut through, and a second thrust completely finishes his business.

Alario—Ah, Vornin, dogs, I guess you're lit the dust, And faith this gently sword shall know no rust, Till vengeance dirlo has cooled my burning soul On him the great planner of the wleio. I'll riot in revenge, no more! dogs. My glowing hair till Pyrrho feeds the dogs.

Quick, let me leave this black infernal hole, And clasp once more Ianthe to my soul. [He leaves the danger, ascends a multitude of stairs, and at length, after many windings, arrives in the outer court of the Palace, unchallenged, (for of course it is supposed to be night now) but is there stopped by a wall about fifty feet high. Here he stays to sollicitize and take leave with—

Alario—Great Jupiter, his wall is mighty high, An awful leap, but help me and I'll try, Ianthe calls, life, vengeance, all demand The active use of either leg or hand. Hear me now, Jupiter, and gently toll. Down to my feet a mighty leaping hole.

[He gets anxiously about him, instead of the pole he had boasted will be perfect gradually going before his eyes a ladder of ropes, which fix itself to the summit of the wall. Of course Alario loses no time in climbing the ladder, and as he does so, gently hums a parodied version of the burden of a song well known to those days.]

Now Alario clothes By a ladder of ropes, Let old Pyrrho be langed for him.

SCENE 3rd—[A ruined Temple—Bastius surrounded with a band of conspirators.] Bastius—Friends, Patriots, be every sense an ear, Great Thingembobom's son is once more here. This morn I chased him from my native shores; Tomorrow ere we'll raise the wild alarms Of savage war, we'll strike the tyrant dead, And make a foot ball of his ugly head. Strike for Alario, Thingembobom's son, Till liberty for Sicily is nobly won. Strike for Ianthe, Thingembobom's niece, Till Sicily is filled with joy and peace.

Stalshenup—[one of the leaders of the conspirators.] Say, did I hear aright good Bastius. 'Ianthe, Thingembobom's niece,' may then the worse Shall Pyrrho fare, give physale to the dogs; We'll flick the rascal as they butcher dogs. Say is it not? is it not? is it not? is it not? A scion of the house of great Bohem?

Bastius—Tis so, believe me, but my bully boys, We've work to do, no dalliance with toys. Give on your swords, to-morrow lend the way, By that rare pore, not of our day. Straight from this temple to that darksome well, 'Neath Pyrrho's Palace, then, like dogs of hell, Your ladders plant quick, scale the damp cold wall, And then for liberty and vengeance call. Death to the tyrant, and to every cause, Know now Alario's in black Pyrrho's claws; Be swift, be sure, be faithful and discreet, And chop the tyrant into fine mince meat.

All—We will! we will! Bastius—Adieu dear friends, good bye, Resolve to be victorious or die. Exit all. Curtain falls.

ACT 3rd. SCENE 1st—Room in Pyrrho's Palace. Enter Donatus in haste. Donatus—Great heavens, dread sire, the prisoner has fled, Down in his den, my bully boys, to dead; Dend, all stark dead, great Jove himself could never Have killed the knaves more thoroughly or fair.

King Pyrrho—Escaped sayst thou, thou by great ocean's moss, Quick, bring his head to me or loose your own. Donatus—But sire!

King Pyrrho—Bat me no buts, be off I say, Order my guards to search all night and day, Until the whelp be found. Exit Donatus.

SCENE 2nd—Cottage of Bastius. Ianthe alone. Enter Bastius. Ianthe—Dear Pa, how long you've been, say, know you ought Of dear Alario? Have you closely sought His prison house?

Bastius—Fear not, my pretty poppet, That Tyrant Pyrrho soon will have to stop it if; We'll cook his gibes in double speedy time, And brown his lathers up in style most prime.

Ianthe—Thanks gentle Pa, but oh! good heavens what's that? 'Sire, don't you lose that awful rat, fat, fat? [Loud knocks at the door and summons too pan in the King's name.]

Bastius—Fear not, Ianthe, though I let them in, They'll have full soon another taste to slag, E'er should they pry me into some, never fear, Keep up your courage with a glass of beer, And then I'll ope the door. [Ianthe drinks and he opens the door, the guard stop in.]

Bastius—What would you friends? Capt. of the Guard—His Majesty an invitation sends, 'Respeaking, sir, your presence at the court, Yours and Ianthe's.

Bastius—Nay, you do but sport. Capt. of the Guard—I faith not so. Then Captains we obey

The King behest. Ianthe, dear, away, Put on your shawl and bonnet, and make haste. [They leave in the ordinary of the Captain of the guard.]

SCENE 3rd—[King's Palace—Pyrrho seated—Enter Donatus.] Donatus—Two prisoners are without, 'twas in their house Alario, sire, was found, wouldst have them come In your dread presence.

*Pyrrho*— Yes, of course, but first  
Prepare the well, we'll pound them into dust.

*Donatus*—This ready, sir.

*Pyrrho*—Then quickly bring them in.

Enter *Dustibus* and *lanthe*.

*Pyrrho*—Who are you there!

*Dustibus*—A lowly usson and his only child.

*Pyrrho*—Ah! ah! of course most lowly mook and mild,  
We'll try your coolness, you *Donatus*, say  
Is it prepared.

*Donatus*— Dread sire, it's all serene.

*Pyrrho*—Then touch the spring and open a new scene,  
For these most lowly subjects of my throne.

*Donatus* touches a spring, the floor opens beneath *lanthe* and  
*Dustibus*, who sink into the *TYRANT'S WELL*.

*Donatus*—So perish all your foes, dread mighty sire.

*Pyrrho*—*Donatus* you must be a shameless liar,  
To breathe out that, and let *Alaric* go!

*Donatus*—Conrage, my siege, I have him here also,  
The guards have found him.

*Pyrrho*— Haste and bring him in.

Fetch me my sword, I'll tickle himself.

Enter *Alaric*.

*Pyrrho*—So, sir, you killed my servants and broke loose  
From prison and perchance, Sir *Goose*,  
Thought you'd escape me.

*Alaric*— Perhaps I did, what then?

*Pyrrho*—Oh! I only this, I'll see you don't again;  
Bring in my guards, *Donatus*.

[Enter Guards.]

*Pyrrho* (to *Alaric*)— Now, sir, be pleased to kneel.  
(*Alaric* kneels in silence.)

[*Pyrrho* approaches him, and with one savage blow cuts off  
his head; the guards are then ordered to retire, and the head of  
*Alaric* is pitched into the well, followed by the body, but  
wonderful to relate, when they came together at the bottom of  
the well, the parts fitted so exactly that the fresh warm blood  
glued them together, and when *Dustibus* and *lanthe* who escap-  
ed unhurt, returned from a trip up the secret path which led  
from the well to the temple, *Alaric* is found breathing, and the  
application of a precious balsam by *Dustibus* makes him as right  
as a trivet.]

*SONG LAST*—A general fare up. The patriots secure by means  
of the tyrant's well as shown to the Palace. *Pyrrho* and  
*Donatus* are slain—*Alaric* is proclaimed King, and shortly after  
*lanthe* joins him as queen.

[Curtain falls.]

## OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

Right again! Are we not, "Your Worship." We said you knew nothing of order, and you don't. But it was too bad for Brunel and Boomer to laugh at you so loudly. Either of them might have been Mayor, and then,—we forbear to paint the awful consequences. Boomer knows no more than you, and Brunel's greater knowledge would have involved him in as inextricable confusion, as you do yourself and every one else, when giving an explanation. We beg to remind "Your Worship" that the following rules for the guidance of the Council are still in force, and should be applied, or no business will ever be transacted:

*First*—All motions must be written grammatically and spell correctly, or they cannot be submitted.

*N. B.*—Conserve-it-tight members of the Council are specially exempted from the above rule, as should it be enforced, they would be virtually disfranchised. The "it" in the above compound word, in accordance with Canadian custom, means "plunder."

*Second*—Not more than three members may speak together, except upon a question of order.

Councilmen *Ramsay*, *Craig*, and *J. E. Smith*, are specially exempted from this rule.

*Third*—No profane swearing allowed.

*Fourth*—No member allowed to stigmatize another as "respectable," as the truth is always to be spoken.

Exception in favor of *Alderman Carr*.

*Fifth*—No personal allusions to be made; except with respect to the Mayor's "weight," *Moodie's*

*jacket*, *Craig's* grammar, *Ardagh's* brogue, and *Carr's* family influence.

*Sixth*—The existence of the public to be ignored; except that portion of them who pursue the high and honorable callings of tavern keepers, carters, and election bullies.

There are many other rules, but we care not to burden "Your Worship's" mind with more at present.

*Notice of Motion*—*Coun. Fox* gives notice that he will, to-morrow, move that a fire-engine be kept ready at the City Hall, to cool any member who may be either intoxicated or infuriated.

## A SQUEAK ON NEWSPAPER REFORM.

Some day last week the respectable *Colonist* expired, and immediately thereupon "old double," which we must call the new *Atlas* and *Colonist*, was published in a new shape, with new type, and under a new editor, who, like another *Palladium*, has fallen from the skies, to secure our liberty as a people by teaching us all sorts of reform. His first essay was in a formidable-looking editorial, headed "newspaper reform," which, although not deficient in courage, we could not make up our mind to wade through. His second attempt was altogether a brilliant affair, and has, we understand, quite revolutionized the Press of the Province. We have it on very good authority that on reading it, the Editor of the *Globe* was so conscience-stricken that he put on a suit of sackcloth and sprinkled ashes brought expressly from the furnace by the devil of the establishment, over his wretched person. The editor of the *Leader*, we are told, no sooner perused it than he weeped and wailed and tore his beard out. The editors of the *Weeklies* and minor *Dailies* west of Toronto, it is said, have been plunged into the depths of dark despair. Several of them have gone hopelessly mad, and eaten up all the files of newspapers containing their own editorials. Scores of "saucy boys," who had had the audacity to meddle with pen and ink, are related to have swallowed arsenic on reading Wednesday's *Colonist*. Numbers of "felton-faced" wretches, "returned fugitives," "liars," and "triflers," who have hitherto stood high in the Fourth Estate, have gone, it is affirmed, into voluntary exile.

We would altogether fail were we to attempt to describe the sensation which was produced on the public by the publishing of the articles in question. The beauty of style, the elegance of diction, the massiveness of sentiment displayed by the writer, was the universal theme. "Who he could have been, were a question that puzzled the most profound thinkers. Some thought that *Lord Bury* was the person, others pointed out—the *Lord-knows-who*—as the proper individual. *John A. McDonald*, aided and abetted by the whole talent of the Ministry, was frequently set down as the source from whence such ideas could alone emanate; while again, it was confidently affirmed that *Lord Brougham* had written both articles at the request of the proprietor of the *Colonist*. However, there is no use in dwelling upon rumours, all of which cannot by any possibility turn out to be true; therefore, we will confine ourselves to stating, that from whatever pen those strictures on the Press have proceeded, they stamp the author as the first man in the country—a man

who will prove a superabundant blessing to his country, and of whom we should all be proud.

In conclusion, we must say, that in our own humble opinion, the new Editor of the *Colonist* is the gentleman who alone deserves the palm on this occasion. But the difficulty is to find out who this illustrious stranger is.

"Who was his father,  
Or who was his mother;  
Had he a sister,  
Or had he a brother?"

are questions easier asked than answered in this case. And as we think it a duty which we owe to the public, we shall, if not anticipated by the Editor himself, give the name of the greatest newspaper Reformer which the world ever saw; together with another notice of his productions, on the very next occasion on which he again does the subject of newspaper reform.

## THE BOW-LEG CORRESPONDENCE.

### IMPORTANT FOREIGN GOSSIP.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDER.)

LONDON, Nov. 4, 1858.

I met a man walking down the strand, having on a large surtout coat, cut in the *Tagliioni* style, into which his hands were thrust as far as his elbows. I could not see his waistcoat, by reason of his *Taglioni-cut* topcoat being buttoned over it, and therefore cannot affirm whether it was black, blue, or dun-ducky-mud color, or whether it was single or double breasted. His trousers were of excellent tweed, and as to his boots and hat—such covering a never adorned the extremities of human nature before or since.

I walked on very fast, and he walked on much faster.

I met another man. As to his dress, he was ragged—as to his physiognomy, it was bad—and as to his accent, it was a great deal "worse than an old tin kettle."

He walked on very fast, and I walked on much faster.

I met a third individual. Light and airy as any fairy. He was a gentleman. His clothes displayed neatness without primitiveness and elegance without "loudness."

We walked on at a temperate pace.

There were a great many shops on the strand and I went into one of them, and bought several cigars and lit one.

I walked on very musingly.

Several gin palaces stood open by the way side. I went in and liquored.

I walked away in a profound reverie.

I walked home, and wrote my usual bushel of news, which you will find above

Never mind the Morrow.

—At the last meeting of the *Conservative* Convention, a *Mr. Morrow* "pu'd the *Gowan* fine," so that the great *Ogle* felt decidedly ill at ease. Let us remind the Mayor-maker that "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," and that it will be better to let the *Morrow* alone next time.

Right, Mr. Leader.

—The new *Solon* of the *Colonist* must certainly be a superannuated parson. He has all that conceit and pomposity which the oracular and didactic style of the pulpit produce in weak men. He is evidently intent on making a journalistic revelation, and proving himself a second *John of Patmos*.

**Ye Courtship and Marriage of ye ATLAS and ye COLONIST.**

Atlas would a wooing go  
One dame Colonist,  
Though the lad was unc' slow,  
Still dame Colonist  
Flirted, smiled, and curtsied low,  
Till Sir Atlas made her oh!  
Fronsis in his boat to row,  
Poor dame Colonist.

Merry sang no marriage ball,  
When dame Colonist  
In the arms of Atlas fell,  
Poor dame Colonist.  
Oh! 'twas quite a fearful "cell,"  
Sounding solemnly the knell  
Of the stout yet aged belle;  
Poor dame Colonist.

Darkened is thy light which shone,  
Dear dame Colonist;  
Vanished is thy cheery tone,  
Poor dame Colonist;  
In its place a feeble moan,  
Ghastly laugh or hollow groan  
Speaks thee all forlorn and lone,  
Poor dame Colonist.

Atlas would a wooing go,  
One dame Colonist;  
And be won the lady, oh!  
Stout dame Colonist.  
But the bride is sinking low,  
Falling fast and dying slow,  
Pity her all men who know  
Poor dame Colonist.

**THE THEATRE.**

We thought that the gentle hint administered to Mr. Coyne last week would have restrained his very vulgar parody of the Irish character within bounds. But throughout the past week he has been, if any thing, more unlicensed than heretofore. As this is his last week here we shall not be very hard upon him, but simply pray that he may never come back again until he has learned two things—to understand the Irish character, and to behave himself before the people.

**Our Dear Friend, Mr. Morrison.**

In our own good natured way we have occasionally taken some liberties with Mr. Morrison's name, while he was the Editor and Proprietor of the *Colonist*. But we learn with regret that we shall not have another opportunity of doing so. We hope that there is no truth in the statement that his connection with the Press has ceased—for we cannot afford to lose a gentleman of his talents and honesty. But if it is true that his portly person will no more fill the editorial chair, while expressing our regret, we must also assure him of our undiminished regard, and of the good will of all who have had the pleasure of meeting him in his honorable public career.

**Information Wanted.**

Several correspondents want to know when a dinner to Mr. J.H. Cameron, announced by his new admirer, Capt. Moody and others of that kidney, is coming off. They complain, with what truth of course we know not, that they had engaged seats there and are famishing from natural and political hunger. We shall be happy to receive an explanation.

**GOWAN ON PHYSIOGNOMY.**

Ogle R. Gowan, Esq., M.F.P., has been delivering in various places, a lecture on Physiognomy, which our Photographic reporter has succeeded in transmitting to us, in what proclaims itself to be the correct form. He is in the present Report presumed to be addressing the public in an Orange Lodge. *Ladies, and Gentlemen, and Brethren:*

Ever has it been my firm conviction, that the human countenance reflects the character of its spiritual tenant—that the patturrin of a fayture, be it nose or eye, or mouth, affords a counterparrut of an intellectual Idiosinequasi, as Lavather terrums it. A purrominent or Romin nose is an unerrin kurriterion of a dhecidid temper. *Apropos* of thempers, my fifth cousin Martin Luther Gowin, had a wife that was a nayce of William the Thurrad, and had a Romin nose, and use't she to lade him a urrubulent life of it! So much for the Romin nose. Then there is the Graycian nose, which is the counterparrut of a callum and aerynye temperramint, aloiko unarruffed by the dire alarrums of war, or the storrams which defformm the wathers of dhomestic payce. For an instance of this, I need not go furruther than my brother Nassau C. Gowan, who was of the most ayquibill tempurrament of any of the Gowin rrace. I may say of him—[weeping]—"Alas poor Yorrick," that he has met with his revurrures in the political areyna, but his charruming hearrut was always as open as this dhrass waitcoat I wear, and the day after his defayt, he lent me two dollars to pay my passage to Toronto. So much for the Graycian. Now the pug or saub nose is a maue, sneaking, villainous nose, as the verrusatile Shakespeare says—  
"The man that hath no bridge upon his nose  
Is fit for threasin, stratagems and spells,  
Let no such nose be thrust."

The most notable example of a pug nose, is the purroboscis of D'Arcey McGee, and heaven furrubid that I should bear him illwill, for the crayture is below my contempt, but he is a man you oughten't to thrust with untold goold—[applause]—indeed, I wouldn't thrust him with the silver coins which your extraordinary liberality has showerrud into the lap of our *janither*, which you know is the latin for doorkayper. That I may koat Shakespeare again:

"So—much for D'Arcey, off wid his nose,"

and now we are come to the consideration of the general rules, to which the science conforrms.

**Vis: 1.**—If you see a face intirely good natured looking, like brother McDonald, or honest looking like brother Dempsey, with a nice Romin nose, like my colleague Carrutter, a nice well chisselled mouth, like Mr. Benjamin's, or a lofty marrrable brow such as the Gowin family has, and clear sparrukling eyes like the mimbres of the fair sex presint this night, you may forrum your verrudict of not guilty, that is, give a favourrable decision—[applause.] But if you see a crasy, sneaking face like D'Arcey McGee's, with a mouth like a wolf trap—[laughter]—or a einisher smirruk like Geo. Brown's—[loud cheers and laughter]—or a pumpkin head like old Foley's, then I warrun you, ladies and gentlemen, as you value your purrisonal and political pace, as you value your country, your hearruths and your homes, I exhorrut you, to koat again from Shakespeare's *Bridge of Sighs*:

"C-r-r-r-r have and let slip the dogs of war-r-r-r."

[Immense applause.]

**TOM FERGUSSON ON BROWN & CO.**

Tom will throw his head at them.—*King Lear.*

The delicate and sensitive, as well as erudite member for South Simcoe, has been favored with a dinner. When the rest of the political menagerie are being gorged, why should not the bear have his feeding time? "The weather was extremely unpropitious," the genius of Ballyblather was faithless to her liege, and Tom had to deliver his philippic in the absence of "many gentlemen," whom, according to the *Colonist's* informant, the weather alone prevented from attending to do homage to the sage of Simcoe. However, though "many gentlemen" were not there "most of the respectable inhabitants were,"—a sad reflection on the denizens of "Orangeville." "The room was handsomely decorated with Orange flags \* \* contributing to the festivity of the *joyous* occasion." "The choice products of the barnyard and the forest," (pigeons eggs and acorns) "with their appropriate liquors" (bad whiskey) "were discussed" (we hope not *ad nauseam*), by the company, The usual loyal toasts follow "after a meet (meet) preface." "Our Guest" comes next, and then up gets old bluster to "respond in a telling speech of two hours' length." We imagine it must have been extremely "telling," as an opiate in conjunction with the "appropriate liquors." The Governor General and Government are "supported and lauded" to the skies by the "broth of a boy," and the "traitorous conduct" of the Opposition pitched into, as only Tom can do it. "The character of the ex-Premier was painted in the darkest colours, laid on with no churish hand," (paw would be better). We should like to have seen this scrubbing-brush artist of the Donnybrook school daubing as only his clumsy hand can do, coarseness, bad grammar, and foul breath upon his political opponents. Who ought to despair of a free meal, when the craving of our fighting friend from Simcoe are satisfied? Who comes next? R. M. Allen, Bob Moodie, Harry Henry, or Sam Sherwood? Don't be too modest boys, assert your rights and claim your banquet; if the Government has its sole champion in Ferguson, why should not the Corporation put forward its in the shape of Allen or Henry. Sound the gong, and gorge the whole menagerie. A dinner to Tom Ferguson! O tempora! O mores!

**Dilatioriness Extraordinary.**

It has taken the Conservative convention exactly three weeks to say "Jack Robinson."

**BUSINESS NOTICE.**

In a former issue we took occasion briefly to notice the Jewellery Establishment of Mr. O'GORMAN, on Yonge St., and to speak in terms of praise of it and himself. We refer again to the matter with great pleasure, especially as the holiday season is fast approaching, and sweet-hearts, cousins, &c., will be on the look out for presents and gifts. If the reader desires good and cheap articles, with an excellent and discriminating taste to aid him or her in the selection, we cheerfully recommend Mr. O'G. to their notice, who, we are sure, will render himself and store very agreeable.

**THE GRUMBLER**

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