

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES—VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1860.

NO. 4.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats
I redo you tent it;
A chief's among you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prant it.

SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1860.

THE FASHIONS.

Simplex Munditia.
NEAT BUT NOT GAUDY.

As the subject of "Fashions" is one in which all the ladies are, more or less, interested, we, according to promise, continue our enquiries, trusting that our remarks may not be found wholly devoid of instruction.

It may appear strange to some, that contradictory judgments are passed on the beauty of successive fashions of dress; that fashions, which have "gone out," should be regarded as ugly and absurd; that the now-prevailing-fashion should be looked upon, by many, as intrinsically elegant; and that the colors and materials generally considered beautiful, while fashionable, soon lose their hold on our affections when the fashion has passed away. When we consider, however, that "all the beauty of material objects depends on the associations that may have connected them with the ordinary affections or emotions of our nature," we can easily understand the seeming inconsistency, and explain how the beauty disappears, when the associations which once exalted it have been reversed. As each one has his own idea of beauty, we, therefore, without being considered as intruding, may be allowed to express our opinion as to the prevailing fashions.

It has been said that woman is "an animal that delights in finery." The experience of ages has confirmed us in this belief, and proved the truthfulness of the assertion. After all, it has its advantages. Any object we love, we desire to look well and we do not care how it may be effected—whether by the use of ornament or not. We are never more pleased with our soul-affinity, than when she is the object of admiration. The question then arises how is this best accomplished, as far as dress is concerned? We should answer, by tempering this desire for finery with a refined taste, so that a little discrimination may be exercised; not only in the choice of colors, but also in their tasteful blending. Our sense of beauty is shocked by a display of glaring colors without any harmonious arrangement. Hence, care should be taken to suit the color of the dress to the complexion of the face. A red striped silk has been recommended to the pale complexion; dark, to the fair, and so on. A little more attention to this would add immensely to female attractions.

Nothing characterizes the present day more than the astonishing progress made by the female sex to-

wards a perfect equality with that sex which was formerly considered to be their lords-and-masters. This advance has been slow but sure. It is a triumph over prejudices attributable, in no slight degree, to that spirit of independence which is gaining ground in the world. Soon, very soon, both sexes will stand on a perfectly equal footing—in fact they do so already, to a great extent, as the ladies wear long boots; and high-heeled boots differing only from those of men in their size. Already the softer sex have donned some very useful parts of male attire, which were formerly considered essentially pertaining to the men.

The law allows married females to stand in their husband's shoes sometimes, but this does not seem to suit, as they have coolly appropriated their better-half's sack-coats, hats and vests. Every day fair damsels and grey-haired matrons appear in our streets, promanaging in all the glory incident to the possessor of a hat and sack-coat with pockets in it. Yes—even with pockets. The vest has been given up willingly, the cloak also; but now they wish to take the coat into the bargain. High-heeled boots have long since ceased to be a novelty; hats and cockades reign supreme. The wall of partition has been broken down, and the ladies are now, and have been for some time, rushing in, plundering, and then retiring with their hands full of spoils in the shape of gentlemen's attire. Soon there will be no difference in outward appearance between the sexes.—By the way the gentlemen have now commenced to part their hair in the middle of their heads, and wrap themselves in shawls.—One sex as well as the other wear hats, cloaks, coats, shawls, high-heeled boots and silk stockings—we beg pardon—neck-ties. But after all, what do we care? What does it amount to. The world is coming to an end. Lot the ladies dress as they have a mind, so long as they dress tastefully, and we may add—not too expensively, remembering that "beauty unadorned is adorned the most." The only rule by which ladies seem to be guided in the length of their dresses is, "if one have pretty feet, short dresses suit best, and vice versa."

Silks of all colors are again much sought after, or we should say generally worn: the prettiest we see are those which are flounced, or have a double skirt. Bonnets are still contending with hats, but are being gradually driven not only out of the market, but also out of the streets. However it may end, we can only say, if the streets continue in their present dusty state—*pulma non sine pulvere*. We prefer the rakish little hat, although we dislike too much veil as it hides the ladies' countenances. Parasols are still carried, and ever will be—as they are found to be very convenient for their holders to look under, while they at the same time screen the gazer. Bonnets are trimmed (for all we know to the contrary: we judge from appearances) with velvet, ribbons, pieces of straw, and artificial flowers. Little muffs are seen every where. We cannot say, which kind of crinoline

answers best, for we do not profess ever to have seen any. We always shut our Editorial eyes when we see—we should say—are told that a hoop skirt dangles in the shop windows near to us, so we cannot express an opinion. The ladies will appreciate our modesty, as all Editors are modest, and we, of the *Grumbler* of course, are troubled with that amiable weakness. Consider dear readers, that we have fainted.

LAGER-BEER.

BY A DUTCH ADMIRER OF THE BEVERAGE.

De Lager-beer is vera nice,
As nice as I can be;
I likes it 'cause de little mice
Will drink it, just like me.

I likes it, and I've always said,
—And die vat Dutchmen say,—
It never goes up to von's head,
But stays de right way.

I likes it 'cause it's vera light
And cool and frisky too;
It never wants to make von fight,
Vich your bad viskies do.

O Lager-beer, fine Lager-beer,
I likes it vera much;
I likes it, 'cause it's Lager-beer,
I likes it, 'cause it's Dutch.

I. S.—Mit fritsels it goes vera one,
Mit cheese it's got also;
And I will always call it "mine
Goot drink," vlie here below.

A FIGURE OF SPEECH.

That modest but somewhat Quixotic gentleman, the Hon. M. Cameron, does not very often try the brilliant. His oratory is of the asthmatic and puffy kind common to men of his size and weight. We see, however, that in last attempt at Maine Law gammon, his Rosinante has carried him off completely. He respectfully asks of a suffering country whether the brewers, distillers, &c., "have not got enough of our blood?" That's pretty good for a man who weighs about 250 pounds when his hair's cut. Whoever has been put to the sanguinary abstraction alluded to, it clearly is not the "coon," indeed we think it would be as well if some amiable brewer would have the Hon. gentleman cupped down to moderate proportions. The pronoun "our" is clearly as much out of place as the bosh in the context. Do try, there's a good Coon, and preserve your wrath for some more practical purpose. However much "they" may have had our blood, one thing is clear that we had more than enough of your nonsense.

The Very Latest.

—*Vanity Fair* says that the latest news from Italy is Napoleon's advice to the Pope—"Keep your seat." We, the *Grumbler*, have a still later despatch, informing us of the Pope's reply—"Pretty hard work, as I'm sitting on bayonets."

THEATRE FRANCAIS.

This Theatre, owing to the appropriate day selected for the opening, and to your encouraging notice, was crowded to excess; it was tastefully decorated with trophies of 1837, among which we particularly noticed, the bludgeon with which Weir was struck the first blow, the tumbler out of which a certain great man drank, on the night of the 21st of November, 1837, the soul stirring toast, "a speedy deliverance of our Country from the bloody tyranny of England,"* and one of the Kamouraskian guns. The prologue was admirably given by the Ballet-master dressed a la jég-top with a Benjamito gossamer, the concluding stanza:—

"Though ready still to sell myself
From conscious hintings free,
With anxious hand to seize on self,
They find no place for me,"

Was most feelingly delivered, and the effect was greatly enhanced by the echo from the prompter's box.

"They did for me."

The whole company then sang the following Canadian anthem, assisted by a splendid orchestra of bull-frogs, tree-toads and rattle-snakes, under the able direction of a late secretary, whose proficiency in the bull-frog line, has often been the admiration of the House of Assembly.

Ain,—*"God save the Queen."*

God save great Nap the third,
France's ill-omened bird;
Long be his death deferred,
God save great Nap.

Grant him long years to reign,
That he may blind the chials
Of tyranny on France again.
God save great Nap.

May he our master be
Us from false Albion free,
Then will we shout with glee,
God save great Nap.

Confound those Saxon brutes;
Lop them off branch and roots,
Them naught but freedom suits.
God save great Nap.

We, the inferior race,
Hold with them hollow peace,
But wait till we march
Under great Nap.

This was received with thunders of applause, amid which the *bas-ses* of *les Moutons* predominated.

Chang and Eng next appeared, the bond which united them being "similarity of opinion"—*"the cap-pelle"*—go it ye cripples.

O.—Friend of my soul! my tender breast

Longs, in thy arms, to be impress'd;

E.—And my big heart swells with delight,

When'er my Johnny comes in sight;

O.—But when I think of by-gone years,

My mind is full of anxious fears.

E.—What if I once a rebel was,

You now contend for the same cause;

O.—How dearly I have bought thy love;

Lost honor, truth, and friendship prove.

E.—What's friendship, honor, truth to me?

All these I spurn when I hold thee.

O.—Stern clear-grit phantoms haunt my dreams,

And that we're doomed it often seems.

E.—Curse the clear grits! be firm and still,

And hold our own, we shall and still.

O.—May all the party quickly sink—

But come, dear Cartier, let us drink.

The liquor incontinently; after which they dance a minuet, Chang as a drunken sailor, and Eng as a monkey from the Zoological gardens—both to the life.

This was followed by several feats on the tight rope; after which came a parody of the play scene in Hamlet, representing the present Attorney General prosecuting Messrs. Galt, Rose and Halton for treason, the Judges being Sir L. H. Lafontaine and Mr. A. N. Morin; and the chief witness Sir E. P. Taché.

The glee of the audience was somewhat damped, when the ghost of Deceigne appeared in the witness box. Here was a capital scene, acted to perfection; at royal table, one of the guests had somehow got a spot of blood on his hands, which he endeavored to wipe out with a finger napkin which bore the year of Her Majesty's accession, but, with all his twistings, burnings and grimaces, he only succeeded in erasing the Royal cypher, and electrified the audience by his passionate speech,—

"Out damned spot."

Next came Mr. McGee with a volunteer song,—

I sing the Pope, that good old soul,
Whose willing slaves we soon shall be,
For he's the lad can drain a bowl,
Can crack a joke, be frank and free.

More power to his elbow.

Oh! how I long to see the day
When heretics shall not be seen,
When all men shall the Pope obey,
And wear his livery of green.

More power to his elbow.

All Orange brutes my heart detests,
I've wrong'd them from my very youth,
They'll not obey the Pope's behests;
I hate them for their very truth.

Less power to their elbow.

I've spouled treason by the hour,
(But thought it best to run away),
E'en yet I'll see the Pope in power
And then the vampire's part I'll play.

More power to my elbow.

After this Van gave us a recitative,—

"I've twisted and turned with parties about,
I only hate one, that's the party that's out;
The Clear Grits I'll join if they only have place,
In turning one's coat there is now no disgrace.
I'd worship the rods as I now do the French
If through them I could only get safe on the bench;
A bright ray of hope on my vision doth break
And I hope to succeed Mr. Chancellor Blake.
Mr. Galt appeared with a pair of

"GLORIFICATION SPECTACLES,"

Through which he saw the rising generation worshipping at the shrine of 2½ per cent backward.

The other songs and a description of the various tricks next week.

On Dit.

—We understand that the City Council intend sending one of Mr. Cotton's celebrated dredges down to Prescott, for the purpose of dredging the river opposite the old windmill for one of the cannon balls handled by Bob Moodie at the battle of "Prescott." As the worthy Alderman has rendered himself famous in many battles, the Conservative gentlemen of the Council are desirous of paying him a great compliment, and giving one of the party a "job" at the same time. Should they succeed in the search, we presume they will present it to the junior member for Toronto, in commemoration of his great speech on Mr. Foley's want-of-confidence motion.

THE PROGRESS OF THE CONSPIRACY.

The Victoria College conspirators, indefatigable and unscrupulous as they are, are not making much head-way. They have got a Committee of the House, and, with that exemplary Christian, the Rev. Casual Advantages, at their head, are effecting just as much as slanderous statements, false figures and unlimited exaggeration can do, and we fear that will prove very little. The *Guardian* has got a new argument. Rev. Professor Hincks is avowedly a Unitarian, all who know him can bear testimony to his nobilitative piety and consistent demeanor; and whatever we may think of his theory of religion, we are inclined to think that most people will have little difficulty in preferring his Christian practice to that of the *Guardian* and its abettors. *En passant* we may remark that Professor Hincks is not a doctor, although a Fellow of the Linnean Society, as well as a man of thorough scientific attainments in his branch of learning. British universities are more chary of conferring titles of distinction than the American school after which Victoria College is modelled; and although Professor Hincks is extremely deserving of a new degree, we fancy that he will not seek it of those who degrade the old distinctions of learning and canonize mediocrity. Now for the *Guardian's* argument. Professor Hincks may have a promising student; The student may become a friend of the Professor; A magazine may "quite casually" be upon the Professor's table; the student may take it up; the Professor may point to an article not cut and ground in the Cobourg mill; the student may, on the recommendation of the Professor read it, and he may discuss it with his teacher; and may be very much injured thereby. Ergo, national education unless sectarian is baneful. Now, let us put the case, otherwise. Victoria College is a very orthodox, if not a very efficient institution; it teaches the Simon Pure in the shape of religion as duly approved by the denomination. Now there may be a Professor of immoral habits even in his sacred precincts; he may find a lively young man in the College; he may train him privately in the way he should not go; the youth may emulate the example of his pious professor and become a profligate; he may leave his father's house tolerably respectable and return with seven devils worse than himself, &c. Ergo, sectarian teaching is immoral. This may seem rather singular logic; it is so, but we got it where the *Guardian* gets its reasoning, from the pure fountain-head of Victoria College. The fact of the matter is, that with all their demure manners and glib cant, they are nothing but exaggerated types of the Jesuit as they themselves paint him. Protesting with one breath that they are non-sectarian; and in other containing non-sectarianism. Without one sound plea, with nothing but the cry of the horse-leech's daughter; it is "Give, give," but never to be satisfied. Let them answer the question fairly, like men who know what truth and ingenuousness are; are they in favour of religious endowments, whether for churches, colleges or schools? If not, they have no business to make the demand they are now making, for Victoria College on their own showing is both religious and denominational. If they are, their agitation is worse than useless, because the Canadian people have pronounced a final and irrevocable divorce between state and sect; and terminated a most protracted struggle, by solemnly and for ever declaring that henceforth no denomination shall appropriate to itself, monies or lands, which belong of right to the entire community.

TO

I.

Blushes, as soft as those of morn,
Gilds o'er her fair young face;
The trembling lilia, still more, adorn
Their charming resting place.
A hue reflected from the skies
Reclines upon her cheek;
Her lovely, roush, sun-lit eyes
In winning accents speak.

II.

She's wild and beautiful and proud
And free—yes, free as air;
She stands alone amid the crowd,
The fairest of the fair.
And yet there's something in my breast
Which makes me hope on still,
It gives me now, alas, no rest,
I fear it never will.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN;

OR THE HISTORY OF THE BROWN-DORION CABINET.

BY A CLEAR GRIT, ESQ., M.A.

History affords numerous examples of the destiny-controlling power of a decisive mind. The current of progress by the effect of one-man power has been checked, and the advancing tendencies of nations have been put back for centuries.

It is unnecessary to cite instances. To a Canadian people the recent act of despotism of a vice-ruler stands too prominently forward as a monument of tyrannical will, to require the finger post of example to point the public gaze. The glorious sun of political freedom which was just about pouring out its fertilizing rays on a country too long in the blighting shade of corruption, has stood still at the command of an irreverent Joshua, "and as the potent rod of Amram's son, up called a pitchy cloud of locusts warping on the eastern wind," so has uprisen, by command, a mist of iniquity which has overshadowed his radiant light but for this—"I were not a whit too curious to speculate" upon what might have been. The grits got dissolution, and with that dissolution came the ousting of conservatives, renegade reformers, Hincksites and all those who hung about the skirts of power—the parasites who fed on patronage. The Robinsons, Daly's, the Gowan, the Fergusons, the Benjamins no more were seen in the Senatorial halls. With a general election came the retributive broom that swept them at once from place and power. True, Lower Canada sent its corruptionists, and John A. and a few more Upper Canadians managed by tricks and bribery to secure seats, but the government under the premier Brown returned with a large majority. The great evils under which the country labored were at once "grappled with," and choked to death in the struggle, and the Session closed after securing that greatest of all political boons, *Representation by Population*.

By this Act Upper Canada was given two representatives for every one from Lower Canada, and the vexed questions of Lower Canadian domination and the double majority for ever set at rest. The conservative party was however by a powerful combination fraudulent returns and rioting at the polls enabled to return a large number of its adherents; this perhaps was more than compensated for by the removal of the notorious Tom Ferguson who met his death at an election riot of his own instigation.

Desperate efforts were made by the Opposition aided by the Governor General who was ever on the

north side of friendly, to overthrow the Cabinet, but the Premier by the influence—the success of his government gained him at home, had his Excellency recalled, and thus defeated the projects of his enemies.

The Right Hon. Mr. Gladstone succeeded to the vice-royalty, but his well known propensity for dabbling in accounts rendered him too meddlesome, and he was speedily supplanted by a more plastic ruler. Everything did not move smoothly yet—backed by the malcontents Messrs. Rose and Galt once more set on foot their old annexation movement, as far as these gentlemen and a few of their prominent followers were concerned, they gained their end, the government expatriated them and they they are now enjoying the boasted liberty of the United States they so much adored.

With the year 1861 was completed the removal from place, of the entire list of corruptionists officials, and the Family Compact groaned its last on the dismissal of Chief Justice Robinson; none but sound Grits who represented the well understood wishes of the people, received the smallest modicum of patronage. Despoiled of power and plunder the factionists in desperation flew to arms, the standard of rebellion fluttered in the breeze, but the grino in the cabinet guided the country in prosperity's highway, was likewise all powerful in the fields, and General George Brown at the head of his loyal militia vanquished the rebels in one short but glorious campaign. John A. Macdonald the leader was slain in battle by the hand of the General; Geo. E. Cartier, Sidney Smith, Yankoughnet, and Bob Moodie dragged out their days in a Reformatory Institution. At the conclusion of the rebellion General Brown was unanimously—The conclusion of this history can be had in 2 Octavo vols., at the *Grumbler* Office.

THE PRINCE'S VISIT.

Old Double is verily getting excited. The announcement that we are going to have a visit from Royalty has dreadfully agitated the dear old creature's nerves, and loyally oozes from every pore in her old body. The old dame, after taking a long, refreshing sleep over the matter, has got an idea which she hesitatingly gives to the public. She is afraid Royalty will see us as we are, and thinks it would be expedient to allow only the best side of affairs to be seen. In shrill tones she cries—"Don't, for goodness sake, let His Highness see any ugly old vacant lots, shattered buildings and unbecomingly cess pools; let us put up high fences, so that no one can see over them; let us burn down the old Wellington Hotel, (the property of Mr. Howland, M. P., Clear Grit), and put up a board fence to hide the ruins; let us forbid the Prince going into back lanes and allow him to walk only on King and Yonge Streets."

No one but an old woman would have thought of such a thing in this day of enlightenment. The City Council should at once take the matter up, and not let it down, till the whole of what is so earnestly suggested be taken into careful consideration. In order to make everything perfect, we would suggest, that every one be compelled to wear peg-top trousers and Mandarin caps, with short-tailed coats and *manus* colored kid gloves. Then people would look alike. No poorly dressed persons would be allowed to appear in the streets, unless they desire to get locked up in jail. A suitable costume for City Councillors would be Policemen's cast-off dresses, then they and the

Police would look, as civic authorities should look, uniform. Beggars should be locked in jail, at least three weeks before the Prince's visit, following the example set by the Bailiffs when one of the Georges went to Edinburgh.

We recommend to our worthy Councillors the suggestions of *Old Double* and leave our suggestions to recommend themselves.

AT IT AGAIN.

Mr. Rowland Burr is a great creature. There has scarcely been a single election within a reasonable distance from Toronto, to which this Burr has not stuck till even his own sanguine mind dissolved into despair. He has just turned up again as a candidate for a seat in the Legislative Council, as the representative of the St. Clair Division. An address appears in the *Globe* of Thursday, giving an exposition of his views on political questions. We hardly think that it is worth while to trouble our readers with a synopsis of it; but there are two or three points too ludicrous to be passed over in silence. Mr. Burr says, "I will hold myself ready to resign my position whenever I cannot conscientiously do so." Now, if he knew what he was talking about, that would be the very time to hold on. Burr, however, is ready to resign his seat not when he feels he ought to do it, but only when his conscience whispers don't, Burr, don't! A more singular man in his way we never heard of. Burr is against taxation but he is in favor of paying off the present debt; and yet he thinks taxation utterly useless for this purpose, and is also opposed to borrowing money. In short, the debt must be paid off; but neither direct nor indirect taxation is of any use to effect it. Will Burr immediately communicate with the Inspector General? he will be sure to hear of something to his advantage. But Burr is not selfish, he tells his plan: Annex the Red River territory, and all your debts will disappear. Should an inquisitive reader ask why? Ans.—Because there is room enough for 40 millions. Of course, a crazy man, like Burr, must be a disciple of the Coon on the Maine Law question; birds of a feather, &c. Mr. Burr, as if to lay the coping stone to the great political structure he is about to rear, will do his best to secure "good laws for unborn generations." Now, although unborn generations will doubtless be abundantly grateful to their predestined benefactor, we hardly think Mr. Burr is acting fairly in denying to his contemporaries the full benefit of his gigantic genius. Let us trust that the tree of Time will yield future Burrs to stick to the cloak of posterity, if not with Rowland's genius, yet with all his zeal for themselves and the Georgian Bay Canal. Burr, Burr, stick at home; whatever your business may be, resume it; pray don't make a periodical donkey of yourself in these electoral contests. At your time of life you ought to know better.

Graphic.

—A correspondent of *The Leader* thus describes a strange occurrence. "Jared Kilborn happened to catch a spark of constitutional electricity; (we wonder did it shock him), for he grew eloquent in the cause of Reform in an instant." (A case of spontaneous combustion).

We should like to secure the services of this eloquent correspondent.

A LAMENT.

I knew, I felt it would not last;
'Twas new, 'twas splendid, but 'tis past!

Oh! ever thus from childhood's hour,
My gloves and hats have gone astray;
The constant thieving turns me sour,
And makes me sadder day by day.

I never sported a new hat,
To glad me with its silky gloss,
But ere "my heaver easter" sat,
I mourned it too untimely loss.

My silk umbrellas never stay,
My handkerchiefs I ne'er retain,
My new masno gloves no light and gay
Will never charm the fair again.

So all things earthly glide away,—
The collar, neck-tie, pipe and book;
I'll now espouse the common way
And buy no more while I can hoo!

PRETTY NEAR THE TRUTH.

The *Colonist* of Thursday has for once stumbled upon a fact. Hear hear:—

"The opposition * * * would welcome the Esther of Evil himself as an ally, had they not already engaged his diabolical highness, (here cometh in ye laugh, Ed. G.) to fill the distinguished position of drill sergeant to this unscrupulous faction; * * * and are not likely to make many bones about gulping down an old fashioned Tory like ourselves."

True for you, *Old Double*, after securing the devil, there would be little use in "making many bones" about you; you rather follow as a natural corollary to the old gentleman like a gin-cocktail after a heavy spree on the principle, "*similia similibus curantur*." Still, as you justly observe, they could only stomach you when "their fortunes are at the lowest ebb," like *assafoetida* you become useful by the disgust you excite. Hurrah for *Old Double*, Devil and Co., out-fitters to wandering and impoverished Clear-Grits.

A ROARER.

The *Globe* says that the whistle of the New "Iron Rolling Works" can be heard fifteen miles off. Now, however, disagreeable this may be to a next door neighbour, we can see many advantages in this loud machine shop. If placed near many a church we know of, it would do much to advance the cause of religion by occasionally arousing sleepy worshippers; dull sermons would thus become extraordinarily impressive, and a mediocre preacher might become suddenly serviceable. Place a similar whistle in the neighborhood of the Parliament Buildings and what a power of good it would effect. Refractory and garrulous members would be silenced by its steatorian note and absent members might be warned away when Gowan, Turcotte, or any other parliamentary boro was on his feet. Let it be tried.

A Ministerial Boniface.

—Will some one answer us the following questions?

Who is the real occupant of the Albion Hotel, Toronto? Is it Alderman John Smith? If so, by what right does he sit at the Council Board? If he, a magistrate, can evade the law, why may not every innkeeper in the city? Is such a man fit to adjudicate upon the bench, and administer the law he himself successfully violates? Is there no way of purging the Council of this worthy disciple of the Double Shufflers.

A Pointed Moral.

In Borrow's *Romany Rye* we find the following words put into the mouth of a professional rat-catcher:—

"When you see the rats pouring out of their holes, and running up my hands and arms, it's not after me they come, but after the oils I carries about me they come; and who subsequently, spoke in the most enthusiastic manner of his trade, saying that it was the best trade in the world, and most diverting and that it was likely to last forever; for, whereas all other kinds of vermin were fast disappearing from England, rats were every day becoming more abundant."

Could the witty and eccentric Lavengro have had our Canadian Parliament in his eye when he wrote thus; we give it as our decided opinion, that the members for West Middlesex, Essex, Leeds and Grenville, and the junior member for Toronto, should bring an action for damages; they are sure to recover on the maxim that "the greater the truth the greater the libel." On second thoughts, perhaps, they had better wait till the ministerial rat-catcher goes to the bench, deserting the locality most prolific in rats, particularly of the *Sabbath dancing* species, commonly known as the Playfairs.

A New Order.

—*Old Double* refers to the new Orders thriving in the neighboring Republic, and says that the I. O. D. M. and I. O. S. M. divided popular favor.

We think that not only on this, but also on the other side, the Independent Order of I. O. U. has the largest number of admirers and supporters.

In order to gain admission to this mysterious order, the candidate must be able to shew that the I. O. U's. are in the hands of other parties; if he can shew that thirty are in the hands of one individual, he will be admitted. The greater number one has out, the higher will be his standing.

Sly.

—Mr. Brown tendering his resignation as Leader of the opposition, when he knew it would not, or rather dare not be accepted.

The *Dumfries Reformer* says, Mr. Foley is standing on the brink of a precipice, because he, at the late opposition caucus (when the question of "the Leadership" was brought up) put on his hat and walked out. From this we would imagine that Mr. Foley intends to walk into "the Leadership" some time or other.

Dietetics.

—An Englishman delights in roast-beef; an Irishman, potatoes; a Scotchman, in porridge; but a Yankee's pride is in his *patty* (*Fatti*.)

The Great Fight.

—The colors which Sayers and Heenan will wear after the fight are *black* and *blue*.

Insinuating.

—Gunning Lawyer Bell of Toronto has recently presented a silver cup to an Agricultural Society in Kings electoral Division.

Ominous.

We cannot say what object he had in view; but we have heard his name mentioned among the candidates for the honor of representing that Division in the Upper House. To say the least, it looks suspicious.

By our "Devil."

—Who's "the coming man?"
The Prince of Wales.

The Italian Question.

—The King of Sardinia thinks that he is not afraid of a bull's-eye, so the Pope, merely for the purpose of scaring him, intends to lift the lash.

Spirited.

—The Attorney General West says that the Hon. J. S. Macdonald's wit is on a level with his independence.

We suppose that the only way to test it, would be by a *spirit-level*.

Strange.

—Some one has introduced a Bill into the Canadian Legislature, "for quieting titles to real estate in U. O.

We wonder did those titles *call* loudly for Legislative interference.

Evident.

—What kind of stock may a haberdasher keep constantly "on his hands" without loss?
Gloves of course.

Oratorical.

—When does a speaker become warm on his subject?

After he gets hauled over the coals.

A Hint for Finch.

—The tailor who measures his customers with his eye, says that he never fails to give them *fits*.

Hard Work.

—Filing a *plea* down, so as to leave the truth alone remaining. Law Students assure us that they find the same trouble with *declarations*.

A Statement.

—You're in a bad *State*—as the New-Yorker said to the Virginian.

Spells.

—What does Mr. Wilson get by going into Opposition?

Plenty of abuse, and no more Government \$3,000 law-suits.

Anti-Professional.

—A sarcastic storekeeper says, that Members of Parliament make most money while sitting; Lawyers, while lying; and Doctors, when they become men of standing.

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