

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. 2.—NO. 6.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1859.

WHOLE NO. 50.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats
I rede you teat it;
A chief's namang you takins notes,
And, faith, he'll preut it."

SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1859.

PROVINCIAL SPOUTING APPARATUS No. XII.

I. WONDERFUL PERSEVERANCE.

The periodical "vigil," as the *Globe* calls it, in which the opposition indulge every season, came off with great eclat last week. We marvel much at honorable gentlemen's wakefulness, and we should commend it highly but for one little drawback, that we cannot for the life of us see the utility of it. One would fancy that they were a lot of political Millerites, watching for the end of the world, or some other lucky interposition of Providence to get them out of an unhappy scrape. The only good achieved seems to have been the removal of Gowan, Daly, and Ferguson from the black books to the calendar of political saints. Reversing Othello's picture of Desdemona after her supposed infidelity, their names, which were "begrimed and black," are now "fresh as Dian's visage." Daly is a hero, Gowan well nigh a saint. And then the *Globe's* mode of puffing its advocates is so rich, so original. Mr. Stirton made a telling speech. Mr. Gowan made ministers tremble in their infatuated boots. Mr. Ferguson drove the nail up to the head. Mr. Holmes brought the blush up to Mr. Galt's self-complacent face. Everything was so well done, and then, to cap this elevated climax, Mr. Brown spoke "in spite of his long vigil," and of course, electrified everybody.

This is all very fine, but we cannot help thinking, and nobody can help his thoughts you know, that they had much better have been snoring euphoni-ously in bed, than yawning out soporific oratory to unconscious auditors. Such a course would have been much more creditable to all parties. If the opposition had no other crime to atone for, making a hero of the honorable humbug from Leeds and Grenville would stink them to political destruction.

II. THE LIQUOR LAW.

Where in the name of gin-slings and hot brandy is the great Prohibitory Liquor Law? We have had Mr. Simpson's and his four reports, and a few threaten- ing words from Mr. Cameron, but no bill. We are told that 132 000 people (more than the whole number of electors in Upper Canada) have petitioned for the bill; where is it? Why does not Simpson or Cameron move it at once? We are all being slowly exterminated by the infamous traffic; not a moment should be lost, and yet within ten days of the close of the session there is no Liquor Bill. Next

week, perhaps on Wednesday, the Coon will come in puffing and blowing like a virtuous porpoise, with his great compulsory reform, and talk with all the indignation of honesty about the abominable attempt to keep it out this session; and then retire to Lambton to tell his temperance friends how valiantly he battled in their cause. Is there not a precious amount of Yankee bunkum in all this? Is there any real earnestness in the House about it? Do not they all joke about the introduction of it as a necessary sham, an indispensable farce, which must be enacted to quiet silly people? We like an open manly advocacy of a measure, or an honest denunciation of it; and if there is anything honest or manly in this pretended support of an impracticable measure, we have yet to discover it. Every body knows that if a private ballot could be taken for the bill, twenty votes could not be obtained, hence the stupid farce which is gone through every session in this matter.

A Political Fahrrenheit.

The *Globe* in an article on the Seigniorial Tenure, tells us that "Mr. J. A. McDonald has reached the lowest point of degradation." If this were the first time this announcement had been made, we should be duly affected thereby. But when every reader of the *Globe* is aware that this is about the twentieth time this session, he has sounded that fearful abyss, we cease to be alarmed at the calamity. We are only surprised that he can be always getting down the awful steep without once coming up again! Is the bottom of the pit of degradation movable, and is the wretched man always on the descent, or has he ever relapsed again into dignity and virtue? If degradation is really a bottomless pit, let us know it; perhaps he will ultimately get through and come to the surface on the other side. The present unsatisfactory mode of gunging Ministerial delinquency must be amended. We should propose a degradation thermometer, which might be kept at the *Globe* observatory; but we are at a loss for a starting point; what is to be the zero?

Take political perdition as the point, let us have a daily register in political meteorology—50° Resignation; 30° Norfolk Sincerely heat; 20° Double Shame temperature; 10° Seigniorial Tenure point; 0° Bankruptcy; 0° Rotten eggs and burning in effigy.

Let the *Globe* think over this proposal.

On Dit.

— That the corporation have applied to Parliament for a loan of Mr. Ferguson, to mark the new eastern channel in the Island. The harbour commissioners have arrived at the conclusion that buoys are necessary for that purpose—and it being well known that Jim Ferguson is a proth of a boy.

PICHE'S SONG.

"Piche, give us a song."—*Sinard.*

The night has worn woarily by,
In clamour and shouting and laughter,
While Brown and his crew, have put on the saw,
Though the mischief knows what they are after.
Spouting and coting, shouting and noise,
And dozing the while night long;
Let us cheerily shake the dust from our eyes,
And Piche give us a song.

Gowan and Mowatt and Connor
Went give us a moment's peace:
And that odious Brown; oh! that he would sit down,
And his hateful clamour cease.
If he'd speak away to the crack o' doom
He'd never make night what's wrong;
We're firmly resolved the money to get,
So Piche, give us a song.

Wearily pass the hours away,
Smoking and shouting by turns;
Till my head rears round and my tongue is dry,
And my tin t'aty palao bucus.
My eye steres vacantly through the hall,
As it wanders the red desks among;
Then strike up a strain till the walls ring again,
Good Piche, give us a song.

Some mournful strain of hapless love,
Or a ballad in Incolous' praise,
Or the martial sound, let it echo round,
Of the good French Marsoullaine,
'There's Stilton up now; and Daly and Short,
Will be at it again ere long.
So while they are spouting their oft-told tale,
Great Piche give us a song.

Geographically Wrong.

— Thankful as we are to Mr. Ullman for the musical treat we have enjoyed in the visit of Formes and Laborde, we beg of him not to persist in annexing us to the U. States, without regard to our feelings. The advertisement to us, that in pursuance of his "grand scheme," (who ever knew a New York scheme that was not either "grand" or sublime) to send the principal artists "to every place in the Union," he has sent a troupe to Toronto. Now, as we have little prejudices in favor of British institutions, and against being confounded with the slave-hunting, law-despising freedom on the other side of the line, we beg that Mr. Ullman will relieve us from so distasteful an imputation. There was a time, when some gentlemen, in a moment of insanity, advocated annexation, but that was before the passing of the fugitive slave law, and before Washington became a bear garden; and so hateful is the idea now, that Messrs. Rose and Galt, two of the erring ones, have actually consented to pocket £1250 a year, to defend as loyal knight errants, the decision of royalty, against their own city as the seat of Government. Send us Formes as often as you like, Mr. Ullman, but do not, we implore you, subject us to the degrading imputation of being "a place of note in the Union."

EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF A BARRISTER

Ye Barrister goeth to serve ye Editor of yo GRUMBLER with yo subpoena; is searching for yo GRUMBLER office (someth ligh way and fallth into the hands of divers persons unknown and is maltreated.

Oh bless me, oh dear, what a terrible fright,
My nerves are so shaken I scarcely can write,
Though I feel that my heart is so bursting with spite,
That I know that it wouldn't exactly be right
To trouble myself with my prayers for to-night,
For the insults and blows I have borne to-day,
The mishaps and misfortunes which stood in my way
Were sufficient to drive any saint astray,
Much more an unfortunate lump of clay.

To-day when the clock was striking one,
When the Mechanics their mid-day meal had done,
From the Sheriff's T.D. paper procurer,
A subpoena to wit, to have secured
A party who shall nameless be,
As his name is at present unknown to me;
'Twas the GRUMBLER I sought,
The summons was bought
To summon him,
Up Nordheimer's stair,
At least seven pairs,
I rushed in haste;
Through lobbies and halls,
And holes in the walls,
I rambled and wrought;
But the room that I sought
I could find it not,
There was no 21.
Then I thought of Aladdin
And the wonderful lamp,
And the Palace the had one,
Caused to decamp.

How it flew through air at the word of command,
And took up nor lodgings on African sand;
And might not one now, though the age is more civil,
Carry on a small contraband trade with the devil.

May not this person
Be now releasing;
Some terrible rite of the old witch of Endor.
And taken his room
On the back of a broom,
And off to the devil to go on a leander.

And I pondered in fear,
For, soon exceedingly queer
Thoughts came up in my mind,
About this same Grumbler
Natural magic,
Cutting throats with a lumbric,
And other things tragic
Might it not be; Ah! what's that I see,
The magical letters O. V. D.
Yea, plain as the floor,
They were there on a door,
(Twas the centre of four)
In unobey red paint.
Then trembled each limb,
I tried humming a hymn,
Twas no go. I fell in a faint.
As I recovered,
I discoloured,
At least I thought I did, that voices were near,
I rose to my feet,
No very small feat,
Considering how I trembled with fear.

As they approached
By one 'twas broached,
The question of the Crisis; another carried it,
'Since it arrived
We've never thrived;

In fact, said he, the whole catooon has bursted.
But bless my stars, who's this hero come;
What, documents in his hand, eh?
The chap's a Philistine, by Jove
We'll water boys, his brandy.
Then water-jugs, and other mugs
Were put in requisition;
They drenched my clothes, and treaked my nose,
And spoilt my whole condition,
And one the magic words pronounced,

In tones that made me start;
He kicked, while he did yell at me,
Off, Vermont, Depart.
Quick as the words pronounced,
Out through the door I flew;
And now I'm out, I trust I'll meet
No more such devilish crew.

PATTER VS. CLATTER.

The action in this case was brought by Mr. Patter, an eminent lawyer,—who lived by his wits, against Mr. Clatter, the publisher of the *Windfall*,—a sheet addicted to plain speaking, and given to wit. The plaintiff sought to recover damages for a certain statement that appeared in the defendant's paper, to the effect, that he (plaintiff) was not a gentleman. Damages were laid at thousands of dollars. Plaintiff defended his own case. Messrs. Sneezer and Queezer appeared for defendant. Plaintiff opened the case in person.

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY, said he, you see before you an injured man. The defendant, some time ago, had the audacity to speak the truth in connection with my name. It may be true that I was a nuisance and a pest, and that I was told so by judges on the Bench, and judges off the Bench, and perhaps I believed it myself. May be, it is equally true, that all my public and professional actions have not been such as a gentleman and a professional man would like to own; but, nevertheless, I maintain that I am a British subject. Yes, gentlemen of the jury, I am a British subject. I pay the taxes, therefore I have a right to live, do what I like, and say what I like.

Look at me, gentlemen! Examine my countenance; I'm not handsome to be sure—but, gentlemen, I am an orphaning. I have no one to take my part but myself; and I come to you, gentlemen, trusting in your honor,—as you value your liberly, as you revere your wives and little ones, as you honor your grand uncles and great aunts, to see me righted. Give me a verdict, gentlemen, and may all good angels be about your beds this night.

After this feeling address, the jury shed tears, and asked leave to go out of court for a few minutes, which was granted. The first witness called was

James Liehard,—he deposed to the effect, that Patter was a gentleman, on the ground that he had given him a York shilling to say so.

Mr. Sneezer,—What's your definition of a gentleman?

Liehard—Vy, as Shakspeare says, "a gentleman is a cove not keeps a von horse shey."

Mr. Sneezer,—Does Mr. Patter keep a chaise?

Liehard—Vell yes, he keeps un—but it aint hisn.

Mr. Patter—Now, by the eternal

Judge—I'll commit you, Sir, if you dare to speak in that manner.

Mr. Patter—I'll not do so again, my lord.

John Fairface deposed—Defendant is a very bad man. He has an awkward knack of pitching into every one that does wrong.

Mr. Patter—Now, Sir, as you have a soul to be saved, and as you would wish to escape damnation—

Judge—Hold your tongue, Sir. You are a disgrace to your profession, and I will strip you of your gown.

The case for the Plaintiff ended, Mr. Queezer addressed the jury for the Defendant. His address was brief, and to the point:

GENTLEMEN—Go and consult your verdict.
Verdict for Defendant—in three minutes more.

ST. GEORGE'S DAY.

Englishmen are not naturally very demonstrative, but they yield to none in ardent attachment to the dear old land beyond the sea. And who has greater reason to be proud of his country than he of merry England? The Englishmen of Toronto propose to observe the day of England's patron saint by a choral service in the Cathedral Church of St. James. The chaplains of the Society will conduct the service, and the choir is to consist of Mr. Carter and over 100 vocalists. At the close of the service a collection will be taken in favour of the funds of the St. George's Society, which, owing to the many calls made upon them, are extremely low. We trust that apart from the mere curiosity, many may have to hear a full cathedral service, every honest Englishman or Englishman's son and daughter in Toronto will be there to show a real attachment to his or her country by a tangible offering to her destitute children. The service will commence at half-past three this afternoon.

To pass from this subject to another connected with the day, we cannot help expressing our surprise that though St. George's day is the anniversary of both the birth and death of the greatest man England ever produced, his name, so seldom invoked on that day or a toast drank to his memory. William Shakspeare was born on St. George's day, three hundred years ago, all but five, and he died on the 23rd April, 52 years afterwards.

If Burns has his centenary celebrations and Handel his, why do we every year forget the anniversary of his birth-day, whose words are on every lip, and whose fame fills the world. Let our English friends look to this matter.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

Does the Hon. Member mean to confound bailiffs and blessedness? Or, is his bill an insidious attempt to legislate away some of the horrors dispensed in another world by the Prince of Darkness? Does he by his bill give expression to a hitherto carefully concealed idea that some terrible fate awaits him hereafter? And, further, has he the audacity to ask the Upper House, by assenting to this measure, to express a similar fear. Out upon you, McNicken. It can't be did!

Legislating for Hereafter:

—We blush to say it, but we must express it as our decided opinion, that the hon. member for Wolland, is not well "posted up" in Theology, or, that if he is, he must be a very prince of knaves. Here is the contents of one of his little bills:—"Whereas, &c, be it therefore enacted that hereafter after all imprisonment for debt shall be abolished."

Utterly Unfounded.
—It is not true that the Bill introduced by the Attorney General "to amend the law relating to False Pretences" has a clause protecting his own government from its operation.

SIDNEY SMITH, HYS TRAVELS.

"I've ben to Akes to Chapel."—*Sidney Smith.*

You may talk of your Parks and your Bruce,
Your Livingstones, Pfliffors, and Cooks;
But I've travell'd a night more 'n them did,
And yet never writ any books.
I've seen Pompey's Pillar in Turkey,
The Proconsul Colonos as well,
Thopot whar Napoleon killed Casar,
And the ruins of Akes to Chapel.
I seen Shakespear's study in Venice,
Milton's grave at the top of the Alps,
The villa of Cato in Ireland,
And the Tower whar they keep Rossian scalps;
I dined with the Archduke of Matia,
Play'd poker with Bomba the Great,
Hunted deer in the forest of Etna,
And drunk at the pump of Aldgate.
I saw the wild Indians in Egypt,
Exit'ng raw blubber out of a whale,
And the Hotentots teaching Algebra
To children, both male and female,
I've seen the great Sultan of Poland,
The Shah of Australia; also,
And the Rhine from its source in the Highland,
To whar it runs into the Po.
I've saw the Mohomedan Cossacks,
In the pride of their wealth and their rank;
Supped buttermilk with the wild Arabs,
And clim'd to the top of Mount Blanc.
I've been to the village of Java,
In the cold plains of old Afrikee;
And now, honest gentlemen, I've arriv'd
Back to teach you in old Canadee.

PANDEMONIUM COUNCIL.

BY INFERNAL EXPRESS.

Great was the stir in Pandemonium, when the inhabitants of that region were acquainted by an extra of the *Brimstone Gazette* that the Ministry were about to resign on the Goose and Peg Top Question. All day long gentlemen bearing huge dispatches, carefully rolled up in their tails, might be seen hurrying from the Royal Palace to the Executive Council—from the Executive Council to the Parliament House, and from the Parliament House to the Terapia Saloon. Carriages drawn by fiery horses might be seen going at a devil of a pace, ever such slight obstacles as mountains and rivers. And devils of all sorts and sizes might be seen running about like dogs that lost their tails.

As the hour for the meeting of the House drew near, a dense crowd assembled in the passages leading to the galleries. The heat and crowd were tremendous. The police tried to preserve order in the ladies gallery, but without avail. Several devils lost their tails in the press, and the Chief of Police had his whiskers and moustaches sing'd off, owing to the heat of the atmosphere.

At midnight, precisely, the chair was taken by Hon. Mr. Pluto, who wore his tail in rather a dejected manner, and seemed more morose and pompous than usual.

The Ministry were all in their places. The opposition looked fiery red. The debate soon began and waxed warm.

GOOSE AND PEG TOP QUESTION.

Hon. John Rhadamanthus, who was neatly sing'd for the occasion, commenced by enquiring of the Princes and Potentates present whether they desired the question to be discussed on its merits or not.

Hon. Mr. Brown.—Certainly, sir. None of your confounded nonsense. But fire away.

Hon. John Rhadamanthus.—Hollo! Where do you hail from, sir.

Hon. Mr. Brown explained that he was one of a deputation from the Canadian Legislature, deputed to watch the important question before the House.

Hon. John A. Rhadamanthus.—Trot out your deputation. But stop! are they fire proof?

Hon. Mr. Brown had no doubt they were, and immediately introduced Speaker Smith, and Messrs. John Cameron, Hogan, Cartier, Gould, Gowan, J. A. McDonald, Morin, Sidney Smith, Connor, Dorion, McGe, and Piche.

The latter gentleman was turned out for laughing immediately upon entering the House. The robes and ruffles of Speaker Smith caught fire immediately in being ushered in, but his person was found to be fire-proof. J. S. Hogan's curls frizzed up like powder the moment he entered, and were all consumed except one curl, which, at the urgent request of Mrs. Proserpine, was sent to her to the gallery. The only other casualty worth mentioning is, that the Hon. Mr. Cartier's pocket handkerchief was instantly consumed the moment he took it out to blow his nose—upon which the House was immediately filled with perfume of "Old Windsor." An obliging devil, standing by, offered the hon. gentleman the use of his tail, which was indignantly refused. A stand up fight thereupon ensued, at which the obliging devil was considerably worsted, and Mr. Cartier's eye-brows were sing'd off. After order was restored,

Hon. Mr. Beelzebub, said that of late a most ridiculous fashion had crept into the country of his adoption—he alluded to the "Peg-top Institution." The "Goose question" was nearly allied to this institution—since none but geese wore peg tops.

A VOICE—Hear, hear.

Hon. Mr. Beelzebub heard some one say hear, hear; but would the impudent devil that made that disgusting remark hold his horses for a while until he got through, and then he might blaze away.

Mr. Connor, as one of the deputation, protested against any hon. gentleman being allowed to "blaze away." He came from a cold country, and the sudden change in the temperature did not agree with him as it was, without making it more hot.

The Hon. Peter Mammon returned to the question. Peg tops, in his opinion, rather became devils than otherwise—especially lame and deformed devils.

Mr. McGee remarked that that was a lame reason.

Hon. Edward Molock.—None of that, sir, remember where you are.

Mr. McGee had no doubt he was in bad company, when he stood so near a member of the Infernal Ministry.

Hon. Mr. Beelzebub, as a member of the opposition, wished to shake hands with the hon. member for Montreal for his first remark.

Mr. McGee wished to be excused. It was very hard—some of the hon. gentleman from Lower Acheron to wish to shake hands with him—but he was not a Shaker—in fact he was a Reformer.

Hon. Cerberus growled about this loss of time. The question was Peg tops. He had listened, with instruction to himself he hoped, to a debate on "hoops," in the Canadian Lower House.

Mr. Dorion insinuated that the term *Lower House*, as applied to the Legislative Assembly, was misapplied as long as the House, he had the honor then to address, existed.

Hon. Mr. Pluto explained that it was a misnomer. But as there was no lawyer in all the infernal regions when the statute was drawn, or since, the framing of the acts was faulty.

Dr. Connor would not stand by, and hear this. He begged to inform the Hon. Speaker, that he was a lawyer, and filled the office of Solicitor General for Upper Canada for forty-eight hours.

Hon. Rhadamanthus offered to make him Attorney General if he would stop below.

Dr. Connor would consider about it—as he had read somewhere that—

It was better to reign in hell than serve in heaven."

A long debate ensued on the question before the House, which resulted in the Ministry being defeated.

The result was received with great bellowing.

The following resolutions were then put and carried.

Resolved 1. That "Peg tops" are the most abominable, ugly, foolish fashion ever adopted.

2. That the use of "Peg tops" be prohibited in the Infernal Regions.

3. That those who wear "Peg tops" are geese.

4. That all geese found wearing "Peg tops" should be sing'd and imprisoned.

5. That the Canadian deputation be requested to publish these resolutions in Canadian papers.

6. That a committee of devils be appointed to wait on those persons in Canada—especially Toronto, who indulge in "Peg tops," and inform them that they are excessively foolish.

7. That the said committee be empowered to bring persons and papers—on their return to the Infernal Regions.

The House then adjourned, and the Canadian deputation were driven over to Canada, by way of the Hudson's Bay Territory.

Glaring favouritism.

—Somebody wants to know why it is that while the corporation have destroyed without remorse the posts and awnings of common mortals, they have permitted the sentry box which is stuck up on Wellington street, to stand as a sign before the Governor General's shop. One of our correspondents suggests that it is really a metaphorical advertisement, which being interpreted signifies "Shrievalties, Coronerships and Magistracies to be had here." Not being a Grit, we decidedly oppose the idea of its removal. We should be very sorry indeed, if our mercurial neighbours, the Yankees, should come over suddenly and take the Government House by surprise. For purposes of defence, therefore, the sentry box is necessary; we feel sure that if a Yankee filibuster spied it from afar he would give up all thoughts of Canadian invasion. We think the complaint altogether unnecessary. If it be true that "divinity doth hedge a King," we see no reason why one sentinel should not be allowed to environ a Governor General.

THE GALLANT NINETY-FIRST REGIMENT.

In the court, in the court,
In the court summoned,
All in the Division court,
Stood the brave regiment.
"Papa," was the judge's cry,
"We can't," they all reply,
Show us some reason why;
"None?" Thou to jail you tie;
Hence to the county jail,
Ninety-first regiment.

Suitors to right of them,
Suitors to left of them,
Suitors in front of them,
Waiting for judgment,
Dunned at with note and bill,
Firmly they stood it still;
And at the judge's will,
Went every one to jail—
Ninety-first regiment.

Fiercely the brave ones swear,
Trying each debt to square,
Golfing the tailors there,
Putting the tradesmen there
All in amazement.
Questions of how they live,
Questions of what they give,
Questions worse I believe,
Making men late to live,
Clumsily parried;
All of us was you know,
Down to the jail they go,
Ninety-first regiment.

Suitors to right of them,
Suitors to left of them,
Suitors behind them,
Entering judgment;
Starved off each note and bill,
They have not done ill,
Tho' at the judge's will,
Back walk they all to jail,
Ninety-first regiment.

PORTRAITS.

By a Blind Man in the Gallery.

We copy the following portraits from our contemporary the *Leader*. Their truthfulness needs no comment at one hand.

BROWN ON LEMIEUX.

(From the *Globe*, '57.)

Frens and Canadians there's that dirty swab of a fellow from Lower Canada—named Lemieux has been and robbed you out o' your cash. Up and pitch into the infernal son of a gun, and show the world that traitors of his kidney can't come it.

LEMIEUX ON BROWN.

FRIEND.—Now Lemieux, old cock, tell us what you think of Brown on this 21st of April, '59.

LEMIEUX.—Mon ami, I von dam rogue—non. He von dam rogue, and I—non—

FRIEND.—Yes, I understand. You are both rogues.

BROWN ON HOLTON.

(*Globe*, '56.)

A halter for Holton, should be the cry in Upper Canada.

HOLTON ON BROWN.

(April, '59.)

MR. HOLTON.—(To Friend, up, who asks him if he has any commands to Mr. Brown,) Yes—tell him to go to the devil.

BROWN ON BABY.

(From the *Globe*.)

Babys and bastinadoes—we say.

BABY ON BROWN.

(April, '59)

MR. BABY (to Tailor who shows him a Brown coat) Vy, vous scounrl, vous raskel. What for vous offrez me ze Brown coat. Here, take ze Brown coat to ze devil—to Misser Brown.

BROWN ON MORRIS.

(From the *Globe*, '56.)

A man that would rob a hen roost.

MR. MORRIS ON BROWN.

MR. MORRIS (to a friend)—Ask Mr. Brown to dinner to-morrow? See him hanged first.

MR. BROWN ON DRUMMOND.

(From the *Globe*, '57.)

A man who for the last twenty years has been trying to lose his character, and has not yet succeeded. Men of Canada, mark him—and if you get an opportunity lynch him.

MR. DRUMMOND ON MR. BROWN.

(April, '59.)

MR. DRUMMOND.—Yes, Br-Brown's an ass.

Atrocious Conduct at Sea.

—The *Globe Extra* of the 20th, gives us the following appalling item by the *Arabia*:

"The Ship Grey Oak from London for New York, had been abandoned at sea. Her crew had been packed up and taken to Liverpool by the city of Washington."

Shades of Mungo Park and Robinson Crusoe, pressore us! Cannibalism has at length found refuge in the American navy. "Packing" up a crew, we presume in barrels, well pickled in the briny ocean, for sale in the Liverpool market. The thought of it is awful, and were it not for the well recognized veracity of the *Globe*, we should hesitate to believe it. In cases such as the wreck of the *Medusa*, or of the *Kent* East Indiaman, we can hardly blame the poor mariners when they cast lots for one another's carcasses, but to think of the crew of a steamer making pickled pork of their fellow-mortals, is sickening in the extreme. We suppose the next thing we shall hear of will be quotations of the price of corned seamen in the Liverpool market, as we now read of salt beef. We sincerely trust that this *Grey Oak* story may turn out to be after all only a *Brown hoax*.

IMPORTANT NEWS.

It is rumoured that the Militia are about to be ordered out to arrest the rascals which the Lake has of late made upon our Island. Each soldier is to be served with an Armstrong gun and a bottle of brandy—so that portion of the on-my which may escape destruction at a long range, will be sure to be used up to qualify the brandy.

A new order of valor to be called the "Ontario Smash," will be instituted to reward those of the Militia who may happen to distinguish themselves in the expected engagement.

THE THEATRE.

The Lyceum will open on Monday next, with a drama new to this city, entitled "Marco Spada," which is said to be an excellent piece. Mr. and Mrs. Marlowe and Mr. Lee sustain the principal characters.

On Tuesday night, for the first time in Toronto, the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" will be produced with due regard to scenery, costume, &c. We hope the new management will liberally sustain it.

Force and Violence.

—Mr. Isaac Buchanan, in his evidence before the Southern Railway Committee, makes the following acute distinction in language:—

"I am sure that had he attempted to take ballots, he would have been put out by force, though not by violence."

Now, in our copy of Webster "violence" is defined to be "physical force," and "force" is said to be "unlawful violence," yet the keen acumen of the hon. member for Hamilton, is by no means at fault. We presume that force should be interpreted to mean kicking down stairs, while violence extends to pitching out of the window. The irreverent old gentleman who declined performing his devotions, was treated to the former, the propelling force being communicated by seizing him by the left leg, and hurling him down stairs. Mr. Elliot would have been the subject of this persuasive logic, had he persisted "in taking ballots;" as it is, we have no doubt he is as thankful as the culprits who were promised that they should be gently hung or decapitated with a due regard to elegance and taste.

Exceeding Pious.

—Whatever faults may be attributed to the Opposition, Ministerialists must admit that they are not carnal in their inclinations, seeing that for thirty-five hours they continued speaking against "time and sense."

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