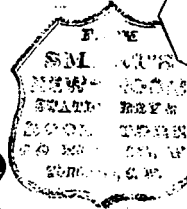


THE GRUMBLER.



VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1858.

NO. 18.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coat
I reek you trow it;
A chieft' among you talking notes,
And, faith, he'll rent it."

SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1858.

PROVINCIAL SPOUTING APPARATUS.—No. XVII.

I. LEGISLATIVE DONKEY RACE.

The career of the two great questions, Representation by Population and the Double Majority, reminds us of a donkey race; in which the former unfortunate animal has been defeated by coming to its goal (a decision) long before its rival. The Donkey, although ridden well by the Opposition, came in about as late as it possibly could. Mr. Cauchon has procured us the use of the animal for next session, having stabled him up for three legislative months. He will probably be in a fine, lively, kicking condition in his next race, and there will be no lack of candidates for the post of jockey.

The Double Majority donkey was brought on well by Mr. J. S. Macdonald, who lashed him so severely with a "want of confidence" whip, that the animal bounded nearly up to the goal. He is still hanging back, but will soon be obliged to show whether he will go-ahead or not, as the spectators have begun to show symptoms of great impatience, and are likely to buffet the man that taught the animal to be so obstinate.

II. PARLIAMENTARY FIRE ENGINES.

The junior member for Toronto has periodical fits of a peculiar legislative monomania, during which he fancies himself a patented, self-acting, self-working, politico-conservative fire engine, which has been suddenly brought to bear by his captain, John A., on some political conflagration, and forthwith issues a stream of eloquent dishwasher, sufficient, one would think, to drown forever the flame of opposition.

During the last week, the steam engine has been unusually active. Not only was it pumping away at the Friday night meeting, in a contest with the great Brown engine, (a machine of considerable power, but which occasionally spouts a few gallons muddy enough to have been drawn from the T.W.W. hydrants,) but having fallen into the hands of ill-disposed boys, it was dragged to the front of the Parliament House, and there set to work. Many of the members were much splattered. Mr. Cayley, who was speaking at the time, was half-choked, quite drenched, and very much begrimed.

To drop the allegory, Mr. Robinson spoke at three places on Friday evening: in the St. Lawrence Hall in front of the Parliament Buildings, and in the House. An interesting conflict occurred in the last mentioned place between the two representatives of Toronto. Both of course had had the victory at the

Indignation Meeting. The same contradictory statements were made which have since been rife out of doors. The reports of the Meeting have been mere parodies; the broad, inventive humour of which would do credit to the columns of THE GRUMBLER. We trust Mr. Mackenzie will place the editorial descriptions of the meeting in his scrap book, that fifty years hence they may be exhibited to a posterity which cannot but be more virtuous, as an example of a neap-tide ebb of truth and principle which has laid bare more slime and mud than has ever yet been exposed to view on the margin of our political horsepond.

Western Pluck.

—The Eggs of St. Mary's are "brave roaring blades," without a doubt—they laugh at their silly magistracy—bribe their constables—and grin immoderately at the frowns of the old maids. A few days ago they declared they would have a dance; their partners, nothing loth, dear creatures, said, without a simper, they should like it, which at once settled the matter. A commodious school-house, yet in the hands of the contractors, was the only eligible building for the purpose, and accordingly a committee, headed by the leading Esculapius of the place, waited on one of the Trustees to obtain consent, who, sensible man, rightly considered the demand reasonable, and a fitting inauguration of an institution designed to teach "the young ideas how to shoot." Notwithstanding the caution used by the committee, their scheme of happiness and love didn't run smooth, for on arrival at the school-house they encountered another of the Trustees, who, swollen to mammoth proportions in his assumption of authority, inexcusable even in the veriest pedagogue, and allied with a stupidity more than asinine, forbade occupation. "My h-eyes vat a go," was an almost universal exclamation—of course the ladies didn't join in—the Benedicts determined not to be foiled without a struggle, and conceiving their position desperate, nobly commenced an assault on such barriers as doors and windows, and being animated by the approving Beatrices, soon gained an entrance, and maintained possession long after the "stars had ceased to show their gentle light." THE GRUMBLER wasn't there to see, but being a bachelor, he can feelingly sympathise, and regrets his not being there, if it were only to fan the flushed cheeks of the excited donnas.

Alas too True.

A little stealing is a dangerous art,
But stealing largely is a noble art;
'Tis mean to rob a hen-roost or a lion,
But stealing millions makes us gentlemen.

—This sentiment is not at all apropos to the Babys, the Beatas, the Desbarats and Derbyshires, and the numerous brood of vampires who are pocketing their thousands, whilst the poor clerk is to have 10 per cent mulcted from his hard earnings of perhaps \$500 per annum.

THE COLONIST AND THE OPPOSITION.

It is now some seventeen days since the *Colonist* startled us out of our senses by asking "Whither are we Drifting?" and yet up to the present hour that journal has not declared whither, in the name of all that is miraculous, it is drifting? No one with the least spark of common sense—especially those who so laudably crack up its sincerity—can for a moment suppose that the *Colonist* is in rampant opposition to-day, that their late demi-god, John A. McDonald may be turned out, and George Brown, whose "fanatic insolence" and "revolutionary tactics" were crying to heaven a fortnight ago for vengeance, may be put in. No one who does not wish to be thought a candidate for Bedlam will affirm that the *Colonist* is one whit more tolerant this moment than it was twenty days ago, to the course pursued by a man whom it denounced as the greatest political curst that ever existed in our Province; or that, in the eleventh hour, its Editors have become wise and enlightened as to the true nature of a policy which they have again and again denounced as the vilest that it has ever entered into the heart of man to conceive. We are among those who attribute sincerity to the *Colonist*. But we insist that as there is a time and place for everything, so the hour has arrived for that journal to assert its position. Let the *Colonist* remember that the broad sheets which now take it under their paternal wings to day, and rebuke the intemperate wrath of an eastern ruffianly press, will be the first to denounce it to-morrow, and then we shall have personalities creeping in to lower and degrade the journalism of the Province. One great lesson, however, may be learned from the recent change in the *Colonist*—there is no man so good or sincere that we may entirely commit ourselves to give him undivided support; and there is no political enemy so black; but that we may reason with him mildly and kindly, and as one of *Nan's* father's says, like a father.

A Happy Family.

—At the laying of the Corner Stone of the Crystal Palace on Thursday, copies of the *Globe*, *Colonist*, *Atlas*, *Leader*, *Poker*, and *Grumbler* were entombed therein. We could not help fancying the sight that these strange elements would present a hundred years hence. Whether the *Colonist* would annihilate itself by repeated somersaults, or destroy itself by inevitable contact with the rough edge of the *Poker*; or whether the *Globe* would be squeezed to death by the ponderous arms of the *Atlas*, we cannot tell. Certain it is, however, the *Leader* will decay from its own inherent morbidity; while THE GRUMBLER, with the inflexibility of a Cato, will be preserved by the strength of its own vitality, to tell the yet unborn millions of the indignity committed by the people of the nineteenth century, in consigning it to such vile associations.

AIR—"Hidon Machine."

John A. McD., 'tis no wonder you frown,
Och hone! John A. McD!
Faith! he ruins your peace that same troublesome Brown,
Och hone! John A. McD.
How amazingly glum
Your sweet plin has become,
And your tongue's all but numb,
That once wagged so free,
And you shift in your chair,
As if pins were stuck there,
Och hone! John A. McD.

John A. McD., nory the Serjeon's near past,
Och hone! John A. McD!
And just whisp'r, my boy, it's your government's test,
Och hone! John A. McD.
It's no use that you bate
Your poor brain to debate,
To put off a defate,
That's as sure as can be:
So just make up your mind,
To resign be resigned,
Och hone! John A. McD.

John A. McD. when your power doth end,
Och hone! John A. McD!
You'll quick find that you've secretly a single good friend,
Och hone! John A. McD!
For though all the autout
To your side now belongs,
And Bill P.—he sings songs
For to keep you in gloom,
You'll soon see they're all here,
When you're studying nothing to give,
Och hone! John A. McD.

They tell me, you're dull, my dear John A. McD.
Och hone! John A. McD!
And faith I expect that it's duller you'll be,
Och hone! John A. McD!
Since you've followed the Coon,
That great temperance goose,
And declared you'd as soon
Take physic for tea,
As tangle in a drink,
When you and spirits may sink,
Och hone! John A. McD.

Then take my advice, darling John A. McD.,
Och hone! John A. McD,
Resign and advise Sir H. to take me,
Och hone! John A. McD.;
For I'll keep out the Grigs,
Give the Dougan all his,
And the place which I gits,
They shall ne'er lift from me;
And when you're in disgrace,
Sure I'll get you a place,
Och hone! John A. McD.

AUNT ADELAIDE'S ADVICE—No 1.

My Dear Luuv—

Your excellent mamma has paid me the compliment of asking my advice, in the present delicate position in which you are placed. But my dear child, although your Godmother and theoretically responsible for your peccadilloes to a certain age, I do not know all the workings of your innocent mind. Hence I cannot be so precise, as I would wish. I take it however, that if I deal in what your uncle calls first principles, I shall not fail much to convey my meaning.

Your mamma tells me that you have two suitors, and that you are undecided which to accept, altho' you care for one more than the other. Foolish people would tell you to follow the bent of your mind, and that is all very well as far as it goes. Not so, however, ought a young lady brought up as you have been to throw her chances away. In fact a woman has no business to possess, that aggregation of whims and fancies, delusions and dislikes known by the term feeling; and as you grow older you will perceive that those people succeed best in the world who shew that they have none of it. Gratitude, a sentiment of sympathy, a thought of the past, should just be like the figures that as a school girl (and an idle one you were dear Lucy) you put on a slate in your arithmetic—to be rubbed out at

once the moment they interfere with another calculation. And this happy simile—happy for me you know, because at my age, it is so hard to think—brings me back to the one principle which it is my object to instil into you, and that is, calculate your chance. Develop this idea to its fullest, and you have a succession of rules, which it is only necessary to observe to obtain success. No matter at what price; what you have to do, is the tangible hard matter of fact of pushing your interests, at the cost of every one else. Now it seems to me the dilemma in which you are in is easy of solution, for it is a dilemma not to know whom to accept, and whom to refuse. It is true that when in the course of human events, your dear papa ceases to be of humanity, and I am sure you wish that the day is far distant—you will have some little trifle; but that will not be enough for you and your wants. Hence some little prudent considerations should be cast as to the amount of your admirer's means. For after all, it is but a poor business to take a man who has to work and drudge,—who turns twice over a piece of gold before he gives it you—and who sighs in January and July over the bills of your milliner. It is true that the poor man may do his best, and in his devotion to you he may be untainted by vice, and cheerfully labor at his calling to place you in a respectable position. My dear, that is only what a man ought to do. What business have men with wives at all, unless they can sustain them properly? Luxuries are not within the reach of all, and I am sure that a wife like my dear little, good, unselfish, generous Lucy, is a luxury. I only hope that you have not gone so far to compromise yourself—and although there is some vulgar prejudice to the effect that however delicate or nice the position in which you may be, there is always means to get out of it, like a lady or gentleman, I would myself recommend that your prodor course is only to consult your own ideas, and your own mind, and leave every body in the lurch, putting a good face on the business, and keeping up your spirits by telling yourself how well you have acted. The interceding let me diligently enforce upon you, for I am certain that you will not hear it from anybody else.

I think dear Lucy that I have now made myself pretty well understood, for I leave it to your own good sense to make out my meaning,

And with love to your dear Mamma,
I am your affectionate Aunt and Godmother,
ADELAIDE ALICE BROWN.

St. George's Square,
Wednesday evening.

Parliament of Lawyers.

—Charles Lever, the Novelist, after describing how much principle is sapped, and how much truthfulness of character is sacrificed in the continual struggle between fiction and reality by those following the practice at the Bar in Great Britain, remarks:—"The Bar is the nursery of the Senate, and it would not be a very fanciful speculation were we to ascribe the laxity of purpose, the deficient earnestness and the insincerity of principle, we often deplore in our public men to this same legal training" Does not this apply with tenfold force to our numerous Canadian Barristers in the House of Assembl.

ADVICE TO THE PREMIER.

(Private and confidential.)

DEAR JACK—Don't imagine first of all that "though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here;" for our policy is pretty much like what the *Colanist*—you remember the animal—says your own is, that is "no policy." But bamboozling apart, as P. M. Smith says when you are mystifying him, don't you think that you have got into a precious mess. You can't stand against public opinion—Heaven save the mark—you know. You must do something. Do you remember how the man with the bald pate mentioned in classical history was killed? an eagle let a large crab fall upon his head, mistaking its shining surface for a stone. Has Cayley a thick head? If not, we know several fellows who would not care a — hem, not Parliamentary this time—pinch of snuff to let an inkstand or half-hundred weight, or something of that sort, accidentally fall upon his head from the reporters' gallery some night as he is slumbering, while George is denouncing the Budget. Never hollar!

Yours, till death,

GUMBLER.

P. S.—You don't suppose that Galt would do it for a consideration, eh?

"Down with the Orange, etc."

—On the evening of the 12th of July last, Mr. McGe'e was observed to enter the House with an Orange in his hand. The reporters who, oppressed by the dulness of the debate, had been leaning listlessly over their desks, became intensely excited, and expected, as a matter of course, that the howling Celt would project the obnoxious emblem at Brother Macdonald, or perhaps Brother Ferguson. But no. Our friend's humour was far too delicate and poignant for such a rough joke. In the midst of an epileptic convulsion of laughter, in which joined Mr. Speaker, members, irrespective of creeds and parties, spectators and reporters, Mr. McGe'e swallowed the fruit in two gulps. The bitter smile which immediately overspread his features, gave the House to understand that he had just enigmatised the watchword of the seventeenth of March—DOWN WITH THE ORANGE.

Loquacity.

—If there is anything more disagreeable than another to gentlemen of the long robe, it is the loquacity displayed by some of our Judges; of course we mean while sitting on the Bench.

The frequent complaints made of the annoyance occasioned by this fault, have called our attention to the fact. Lord Campbell in commenting on the rules laid down by Sir Matthew Hale for his own guidance while on the bench, says:—

"He (Lord C.) wishes there had been given a caution against *interrupting* Counsel and against loquacity on the Bench, with a repetition of Lord Bacon's maxim "a much speaking Judge is no well tuned cymbal"

We hope the Judges will take this to heart and act accordingly.

THE BUDGET.

BY D. V. NEWFELLOW.

O the long and dreary talking!
O this wild and useless talking!
Ever longer, longer, longer,
throw the speeches of the members;
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker,
Fall their stupid slow orations—
Fall upon our ears with harshness,
Strike them almost into deafness.

Hardly through the assembled wisdom
Could the Budget force a passage,
With its Excise and its Taxes
Grown so large and grown so heavy;
Vainly sought it through the wigwam,
Sought for members, but it found none
To excuse its spendthrift clauses—
Saw no opposition member
By exclaiming in the lobby
By the promise of a railroad,
Or some other piece of jobbing,
Vain, by reason of his weakness,
For its deep and dark corruptions.
O the Taxes and the Budget!
O the paying of the Taxes!
O the fearing of the Budget!
O the wailing of the people!
O the anguish of the country!

PUBLIC OPINION IN CANADA.

We should like very much to know what public opinion in Canada is. Recent changes in the political world would seem to indicate that it is the *Colonist*, for as long as that paper declared that the Government of Canada was all right, public opinion took the matter for granted. But the moment the *Colonist* hoisted a hostile ensign, and poured in shot and shell upon their late allies, that moment some dozen of little western prints who had hitherto pronounced the ministry *par excellence*, suddenly found out their mistake, and bewailed the error of their ways with much weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. And then the contrite confessions of these penitents are paraded in the proselyte journals; and it is solemnly given forth that Public Opinion is decidedly opposed to the present administration. Well, if that be public opinion, all we can say is, the Lord deliver us from public opinion. For it is more faithless than the gale; more fickle than the weather-cock, and more treacherous than the apples of Sodom.

East Wind.

—It has been a matter of serious speculation with many of our Quid nunes, whether if the wind of political favour were to blow from the other quarter, the vane of George Brown's eloquence would point in its present direction. It is somewhat of an anomaly, that while this gentleman is constantly heaving about to arrive at port, he seems so much opposed to take advantage of the Trade winds.

Another Conversation.

—Did any one observe how very lovingly a well known chemist and Captain Moody were walking along in the procession on Monday? A friend informs us that the chemist was trying to sell Bob some oil for the light-houses. Bob said he would give him the contract if he would completely turn his coat and go dead against the clear Grit Chief. It being such a slippery bargain, our informant was unable to catch the answer.

DEMI-OFFICIAL.

It is rumored in well-informed circles, that in consequence of the serious tax of time and labour imposed on Mr. Vaukoughnet in his capacity of Editor of the *Old Countryman*, Major Campbell will shortly assume the office of Minister of Agriculture—Mr. Vaukoughnet devoting himself exclusively to editorial work.

—The President of the Council is understood to have a volume nearly ready for the Press, illustrating the advantages of *guava*, as a manure for wheat crops and an antidote to the fly. Our agricultural friends should order copies in time.

—We have some authority to contradict the report that the Hon. Mr. Cartier has been appointed professor of Rhetoric in the University of Oxford. An effort, it is believed, was made some time ago to induce the honorable gentleman to accept a similar position in the Household of the Prince of Wales, subject to a medical reference as to the Prince's powers of physical endurance.

—The newspaper references, pointing to a certain attaché of the administration, as Mr. Cartier's successor, have too much *couleur de rose* to be considered reliable.

—The report that Sir Edmund Head has joined the tee-total Society, is utterly without foundation. His Excellency, on being urged by Mr. Malcolm Cameron to sign the pledge, pointed significantly to the Premier, who stood in the corner of the room; shook his head and observed that he had suffered quite enough from bad company already.

—It is well understood that His Excellency has expressed his inability to appreciate the jokes of his chief adviser, inasmuch as he has heard the better part of them so often before.

OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

The last sitting of these gentlemen was not conspicuous for anything, save perhaps a little more than ordinary loquacity—a sure result when anything is presented to the Blowers they have little conception of. Another scheme of corruption was introduced, and advanced a certain stage, well disguised under the name of the city of Toronto Water Works. To confirm our suspicions, we might point to Ald. Brunel's solicitude in the matter; for whenever expenditure is contemplated or involved, that worthy Blower manifests a degree of restlessness in all cases, to be interpreted as a design on the pockets of the citizens, for the benefit of his individual one. For the present, however, we cannot forbode his doing much harm, as the sense of the Blowers, we mean a majority of them, do not seem to favor any present action, further than the procurement of a charter; and consequently Ald. Brunel's recent speculations in Water Works cannot be turned to account during the currency of 1858, with the expiration of which his lease of office terminates, and will again have to undergo a renewal—a matter which probably the electors of St. George's Ward will "burke," and compel him to seek some other quarters wherein to do his "blowing." The Mayor urged strongly the "expediency" of getting a charter. It would be interesting to the citizens to have, we fancy, a list of Mr. Boulton's political and domestic "expedients," so rapidly do they increase.

Councillor Spruatt opposed the whole matter, and gave evidence of more sagacity than we were inclined to credit him, in so quickly "smelling the rat." Ald. Smith denounced the scheme as "booby," the precise meaning of which we are not aware, but is no doubt intelligible to his constituents. Councillor Purdy was in favor of Water Works, and well he might be, if compelled to drink the filthy licensed nostrums from his own fountains. Ald. Dunn favored the building of new works, and advocated the Charter, on the ground that the city were not bound to act upon it. Councillor Ardagh supported the Charter, but not the building of the Works. Ald. Carly would not add to the debt of the city. Councillor Upton repeated almost accurately what Councillor Ardagh said, and promises well to become a spouter. He laboured under the embarrassment of a look from his master, and at the conclusion of his speech, seemed to regret his effort, sinking back languidly in his seat, and turning his eyes upon Ald. Brunel with a despair, after the manner of a duck in a thunder storm. Councilman Gorrie could not understand the Blowers, neither, he ought to have said, the intention of the Bill. He is not remarkable for perspicuity, and nobody will be uncharitable enough to expect it. Councillors Griffith and Ewart did something that compelled a report of progress. What it was we cannot tell, but we advise their constituents to look well after them. Councillor Craig made an abortive effort to do something, by proposing a resolution to disallow fire engines to run on the side-walk, but before he got far, poor man, he found himself in a disagreeable mare's nest, as a law to that effect already existed.

WHERE WILL IT STOP?

We hear that one of the last orders issued from our Ministerial "Horse Guards," is a polite request to Government officials to abstain from attending Political Meetings, and to avoid all Political conversation at their offices. We do not pretend to know the precise penalty attached to the violation of the order. It may be dismissal, it may be imprisonment. The Ministry will only do itself an injustice by such a piece of imprudence. They had better turn out all the present officials, and set to work a regiment of automata, moved by electric agency, branching primarily from the Attorney General's office to the head's of Department,—and secondarily from the latter to the individual clerks. To make the machines life-like, let a steam Calliopes sort of piano be constructed, which will enable the Premier, by merely playing on a few notes, to produce the most loyal conversation throughout all the offices, at a sufficiently loud pitch to be heard in the street, and contribute to the edification of the citizens. Popular feeling would thus be worked upon gradually, as "constant dropping wears the stone," and great results may be expected to show themselves at the next election.

OUR POSITION.

The *Hamilton Spectator* accuses us of being a Clear Grit sheet. This we deny in the most solemn manner. We repeat again that we are neither Ministerialist or Clear Grit; and if we did savor of Gritism, all we can say is, that such great changes are happening in the political world all round us, that we hardly know where Ministerialism ends and Clear Gritism commences.

CAPTING BOB

Keu ye aught o' Capting Bob?
Igo and Ago.
Has John A. given him a job?
Iram corum dago.
Is he on a light-house tap?
Igo and Ago.
Supping at corruptions' jay?
Iram corum dago.
Has the Capting turned his sail?
Igo and Ago.
Or tugging Cayloy by his tail?
Iram corum dago.
Has he given Brown the log?
Igo and Ago.
And hoisted John A.'s well known rag.
Iram corum dago.
Is he mad w' drink and heat?
Igo and Ago.
And scarce can stand upon his feet?
Iram corum dago.
Has he his pistols and his sword?
Igo and Ago.
Has he thrown Brown o'er board?
Iram corum dago.
Is he feasting on a frog?
Igo and Ago.
With a glass o' smuggled grog?
Iram corum dago.
Is he dining on a Midge?
Igo and Ago.
With Phillip Van beneath a ledge?
Iram corum dago.
Aro Baby and our Capting ware,
Igo and Ago.
Drown'd beneath a fire-fly wave?
Iram corum dago.
Where'er he is, be't east or west,
Igo and Ago.
He is no bargain at the best.
Iram corum dago.

GREAT MEETING AT THE ST. LAWRENCE HALL

The Meeting which was held at the St. Lawrence Hall on Friday evening for the purpose of throwing the administration into fits, and giving the ministers particular panics, was the best specimen of a mob-gathering we ever graced with our presence. Long before the Mayor took the chair, we saw that a double-distilled row was brewing, so we borrowed a pencil from one of the reporters and wrote the following resolution out on Mr. Brown's shoulders, who kindly "bore a back for the occasion," intending to have it proposed and seconded right away:

"Resolved,—That all political parties are humbugs; all Governments, Junkum; and that this meeting, in consideration of the hot weather, dissolve itself into committee of the whole, to take the object for which it was called into consideration, and report thereon ten days after the era of the millennium."

But unfortunately one of Mr. Robinson's friends borrowed it from us, and we never saw it again. The first intimation of a disturbance was in the nomination of the Secretary. Some one was appointed in opposition to Mr. Jacques, but this latter gentleman being supported by a large body of firemen, his opponent became alarmed and left the field uncontested, whereupon Mr. Jacques mounted the platform, and was understood to say, amid much cheering, that "if he could see the critter who dar'd suppose him he'd claw his tarnation livers and lights up."

Order being visible in the distance, a short squat man with a remarkably disagreeable voice, who, we

understand, sells punch and peppermint in a pie-bald clogs, came forward, and after flourishing his handkerchief at the excited multitude, yelled out that he came to address the meeting in favor of the Government, and that of all the men in the country he was the only one whom they couldn't squelch by squalling. Here the indignation of the mob waxed very fierce, and the speaker seeing he had no chance of being heard, became enamoured of the contents of a suspicious-looking jug which his friend Captain Moodie handed to him. While enjoying its contents, the senior member for the city came forward, and under the impression that it was the Bothwellian savages who were kicking up these didoes, pantomimically insinuated that the venter of home-made brandy and black-balls should be heard. This so exasperated the junior member for our city that he sprang from his seat like a shuttlescock from a battle-dore, and capered wildly before the furious multitude, waving his hat, and, as the uproar was so awful that he could not be heard, no doubt confounding the senior member and the entire meeting to the lowest depths of black perdition.

The famous Capting Moodie next came forward, and having leaped on the table as lightly as if it were the quarter deck of the *Pire-fly*, he commenced to harangue the assemblage—denouncing his late friend, the senior member for the city, with as much spleen as if that gentleman had revised his Sabbatharian principles, and chartered a line of steamers to run to the Island every day—Sundays included. The meeting to a man here sent up such a series of yells, hootings, cheers, hisses and groans, that not a word could be heard; and there is no knowing how many cases of apoplexy would have occurred, if the rowdies had not made a rush on the platform, and overturned Bob and the table. Whatever was the intention of this movement, whether to lynch Brown or throw Robinson out of the window, it is impossible to say, but probably it was a little of both. However, after a brief struggle, in which that broth of a boy from South Simcoe, was observed to be as frisky as a perch in a pond, a glimmering of order was obtained—the rowdies were kicked off the platform, where they celebrated their defeat with the most dismal and direful howlings; and the senior member for the city, again came forward, and mounting the table, he launched forth into the wildest dumb show. There is no doubt he bellowed until he was black in the face; but what was his voice amid the raging of the roaring ruffians. The junior member was treated in the same manner, but it only seemed to rouse his ire the more, for he stood there wielding his arms in the most frantic manner, and with such good effect too that the member for Grey, who was within reach, received a rap on the top of the head that must have effectually broken his lorgan of self-esteem.

The uproar and confusion now grew so loud and furious, that the Mayor dissolved the meeting; and the rival members were led off by their respective ruffians. Baffled at the Hall, the senior member barrangued a crowd of little boys in the steps of the *Globe* office, which had such an effect on the unsophisticated portion of them, that they were thrown

into strong convulsions—like a nest of young sparrows at the sight of a hawk. The junior member left the field with music playing and colours flying, and marched straight for the House, intending, it is said, to execute a *coup d'etat*, which would have thrown those of Cromwell and Napoleon into the shade, but seeing the Canadian Rifles drawn up outside the Parliament Buildings, he changed his mind, thanked the l'hoys for the service they had rendered him, and entered the House, where the defeat of the Grits was consummately laughed at.

MOODIE AND BROWN.

We have received numerous letters this week from correspondents, whose ingenuity has hazarded conjectures as to the cause of Moodie's defection from the Grit Camp. Not being selfish in our nature, we give our readers the benefit of some of those suggestions:—

Lighthouse, Gibraltar Point.

MR. EDITOR,—Perhaps you'd like to know why Moodie left Brown. Do you give it up? Because he got some new light on the subject, and chose putting it up here, rather than under the Grit Bushel.

THE BOY AT THE NORE.

SUR,—Sure I know the raison why Moody went o'vir to the icimy; it was bekas because Brown was to conated to lade the Arrange procession on Berriman's white pony, on the Twilft.

BARNY McCrackarac.

CANNIE SIR,—I can gie you the reason in a crack; Moodie's no chiel, and no sae daft as to support sic a reegid, and reelegious Sabbatarcan, as you weel ken Geordy Broon to be.

RAP RAPPET.

MR. EDITOR,—Many body can see the reason rith' half a hyme. Moody is unbeknows the descendant of some great Dook (Ballmasquash hi think they calls it), hand 'evants to heaten the 'appy stato rith a great nobness of the Family compact. 'oorar for the haristocracy, down vith yer riff-raff.

JEAMES OF THE VEST HEND.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OMAR.—Certainly,—If his letter to you was written as you say, you have every right to claim the fulfilment of his promise; and however disagreeable it is to go to law, we should be glad to see him made an example of.

VERITAS.—We are glad you have noticed these grievances in an Institution in which you take so much interest. Complaints were once rife about the management of the U. C. C. Boarding House, but we had imagined that all foundation for them had ceased to exist. If, as you state, the ventilation of the Boy's Study is imperfect, and their meals are so inferior as to be repulsive, serious consequence will result both to their health and habits.

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