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THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1853.

NO. 1.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in n' your coat,
I tede you tede it;
A chief's naming you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll tede it."

SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1853.

INTRODUCTION.

DEAR READER.—Our birth, you will say, is obscure, our parentage unknown, and our size small! Well, be it so. It may be true that we have been born, like many other gigantic undertakings, nobody-knows-where; that we are a little foundling, as helpless as Moses drifting in his cradle down the Nile; and that, being an infant; we are rather dwarfish. But, nevertheless, there is much excellent speech in us, by which we hope to make a name and a habitation for ourselves; and notwithstanding our age and youth, we doubt not that, after the manner of Hercules, we could—if the occasion would only offer—strangle obnoxious serpents in the absence of our gossiping nurse.

However, without giving more than a general reason as to the why and the wherefore we have presumed to be born at all, let us briefly state, what we intend to accomplish, now that we feel the thrill of life within us. And, first of all, hear us aver that, in the every-day meaning of those terms, we are neither Whig nor Tory, Conservative nor Radical, Clear Grit nor Doughface, Protestant, nor Catholic, Infidel nor Musselman, Jew, Jumper, Buddhist nor Brahmin. In fact, we flatter ourselves, we are a respectable hybrid; and if nature has but endowed us with a just conception of right and wrong and the sublime and the ridiculous, it shall be our delight to trace the characters of good men and their deeds with the milk of human kindness, and to draw the characters of bad men and their works, with a pon of iron, dipped in gall.

If any newspaper shall light the brand of religious discord we will, as we hope for happiness, place such a print in a more uncomfortable situation than was his, who first stole the fire from its ethereal home. If another journal, with leathern conscience, continues to make no more of a lie than a hungry man would of a beefsteak, we will let the people know—after making due enquiry—that the brimstones of Pandemonium would cry out against its most modest inuendoes. If a third paper will uphold iniquity by means of fine writing, and wash down diabolical schemes by parabolical statements, we shall wring the mask from the traitor's face and cuff him to the pillory. Nor will we stop here. Everything public shall be our care. Public men, public societies, institutions, corporations and parliaments,

public benefactors and defaulters, will all pass under our observation. Let it appear that the Governor General knows how many bottles of wine are in his cellar, or that a general green grocer was present at a levee, and we will admonish the one for an infraction of dignity, and chastise the other for his absurd ambition. Let an honorable member of parliament persist in boring the house by long speeches, or by the perpetration of words for the silly part of the ladies' gallery, and we will feel it incumbent on us to work a cure for him in one week. Patriots, and those ambitious of legislative honour, may be sure that we have an eye to them, and that if they attempt any thing half so mean as to make speeches at charity gatherings, in order to acquire that popularity which should flow from merit, they will meet with no more gentle treatment, than did the bird with the borrowed feathers. Nor will we overlook the members of our corporation. It will be a pity indeed if their good deeds are not as publicly known as we intend to make their bad grammar, and chiselling.

We intend to visit the theatre also. Not, however, to criticise so much as to encourage. It is a tender young plant, owing very little to its legitimate parent—the public. We will therefore take the young tyro, by the hand, and see what we can do towards increasing its stature, intimating at the same time that we are apt to be choleric at an obstinate disposition. And then, we must devote a little attention to the military and militia. We had rather not see the airs these people give themselves at times, and to remedy the evil we propose to ourselves to keep the young rascals in check.

Shall we say that the fashions will come under our care? But we mean to deal tenderly with red petticoats, and to allow not a little extravagance in the matter of bonnets and boots, and loops and hoops; for we believe that the wearers of these articles are, after all, the best judges of their becomingness. And as to the political position of the sex,—being among those who do not desire a highly intellectual woman for our wife—we will endeavour to sustain the dear creatures as they are, rather than indulge in a wish to see them rendered really unhappy by endeavoring after imaginary excellence.

Thus have we defined our position, and we shall have done, when we put it on record, that to be an impartial judge of all sects and creeds—to be a conservative when our rights are in danger—and a reformer when reformation is needed—to be a radical when upholding right, and a Clear Grit when denouncing wrong—to be the champion of weakness and the friend of virtue—to be all this, and much more that is commendable, is the object of this journal. And if we depart from it to the right hand or to the left to do evil, may we become curled paper to light pipes withal, and to all intents and purposes be eternally consumed. But, if we maintain the

course which we have marked out, with integrity and zeal, then, dear reader, we confidently ask for, and so far forget our position as to demand your support.

Before concluding, allow us to say, that as we are naturally very bashful, we think it unnecessary that our name should be known, for we feel assured that in the event of ourselves being officially acquainted with everybody else, we should be bored to death by having greatness thrust upon us. Therefore we will remain hid in the fullness of our own insignificance; and, although no cynic, retire under the shadow of our tub.

OUR MISSION.

TO OUR TRUSTY AND WELL-DELOVED FRIEND, THE PUBLIC, GREETING:—

To chase dark shadows when the brow is clouded,
To cheer the heart with "hard times" gloom eudrowned,
To mingle smiles of cheerful merriment,
To wield a scourge, though void of harsh intent,
To stormy frown on snobbish insolence,
To aid the cause of orphaned innocence,
To mingle wit in a proportion due,
With wisdom sage and moralizing true,
To laugh at follies innocently strange,
To frown on follies brought within our range,
To probe conceit, and dull pretence unmask,
To praise, where due, shall be our willing task:
And last, not least, to prove an ever-ready wiser
In aint to make our friend, the "Public," wiser.

Of our Toronto Post Office

— We have not much to complain. One feature in its economy, however, has often occurred to us as singular—it is, the encouragement given to small-retailers and mendicants about the entrances, passages, and waiting-room of that establishment. The thoroughfares, at times, are completely blocked. As business men, we feel it to be a nuisance that ought to be abated; but our tender sympathies for the ladies, compel us to demand a becoming recognition of their crinoline by public servants. With this object, we beg to submit the following brace of queries: Are the apple-women to be recognized as part of the official staff of the Department? If not, are they established by the Post Master himself, on the basis of commission, or half-profits? Suspension.

— We regret to learn that several washer-women have failed in consequence of the Red Petticoat movement. Irreproachable white is no longer in vogue.

Novel Exhibition.

— The disgorging of the Ten Thousand Pounds by Mr. Bowes. Will the Governor of the Windward Islands help him? Having got the simple Christian into a scrape, he ought to help him out of it. Let it at least be said—

"Regrets as they were, themselves they would not rob—
'Twas in the heart some virtuous always loaves—
And, though they'd thanked the public for a job,
They, amongst themselves, were honorable thieves!"

THE PROVINCIAL SPOUTING APPARATUS.

Of all the organs a man has, there is none held in account, if it would appear, but the tongue he uses in talking. Every where your proof-sheet is to be a well-fixed volley of talk.—CARLYLE.

Three weeks have elapsed since his Excellency delivered his gracious and enlightening speech to the two Houses of Parliament, and how many pages have been formed of the Statutes of 20 Vic.? None my masters, not a single line; nothing but spouting of the most gaseous description, spouting for three mortal weeks, and you, John Canada, have to pay the most exorbitant and extravagant of pipers.—Look at the debate on the Address; nearly 40 members, more than a fourth of the whole House, “delivered their sentiments,” as the stereotyped-phrase runs; their sentiments, forsooth, not a fourth part of them ever had a sentiment honestly come by. THE GRUMBLER is free to confess that he only heard four respectable speeches, those of Messrs. McGee, Brown, M. Cameron and Sicotte; and why on earth the rest of the droues did not hold their peace, if they have any in their composition, and finish the debate in one night, he cannot imagine. Night after night he has wearied his eyesight, and soured his naturally genial temper, till the small hours of the morning, in the vain endeavour to extract a grain of wheat from such a Levithian cargo of chaff, while Mrs. GRUMBLER, who is a perfect cherub on all proper occasions, has cast a look of reproach as he stealthily crept with fevered brain and sadly accusing conscience into his dormitory. As a simple act of penitential atonement, THE GRUMBLER interposes his veto upon any repetition of this unseemly gabbling, and if the sensible portion of the House will only keep silence for a short time, the rest will become mute as mice from sheer mental inanition. It is really monstrous to hear such men as Ferguson, Playfair, Pope, Shori, Billingham and Hogus, flinging backward and forward such accusations, as the raising of a “No Popery” cry, and other themes of that sort, which may, perhaps, occupy a stray paragraph in a daily paper, in a season of drought, but have nothing whatever to do with their legislative duties; and the head of the Government, too, in announcing his policy to a new Parliament, fills half his speech with a re-echo of this same folly. Has Parliamentary debating become merely a skillful game at shuttlecock, in which the public interest is driven from one side of the house to the other, by these legislative bauldoores? Surely the Public money might be put to some more profitable use than in supporting this clumsy and well-nigh talentless debating society; and if the public in future does not mark with its displeasure, these wilful wasters of time and specie, it shall not be the fault of THE GRUMBLER.

Besides interminable spouters, we have not a few mannerless bores, who, without anything in their own knowledge-boxes, shout and carp, and laugh at every body else; we shall publish a black list of these gentlemen before long. We have also those who sneak through the folding doors, when a division approaches, to avoid the censure of their constituents; to them also we shall pay our respects in due time; we could not, however, let our first number leap into existence, without seriously protesting against the tendency to unnecessary spouting, which the present Parliament has shown during its brief

existence. Some members may have been at great pains in getting up their nomination speeches, but we see no reason why the paste and scissors effusions on the stump, should be inflicted upon the House at so fearful a cost to the people in these hardest of hard times.

The Indian Herb Doctor

—Has gladdened the hearts of our citizens by his re-appearance amongst them. The Doctor having just returned from Montreal, was seen perambulating *incog.* at an early hour on St. Patrick's Day, in the morning. The disguise was not effectual, however—the greetings and salutations from his professional compeers of the bar-room, and Saloons were loud and hearty; whilst a numerous body of cab-men, barbers, bar-maids and tailors nodded a recognition to this skillful disciple of Esculapius. Our ubiquitous friend knows well what a charming panacea “metropolitan” life is for the *ammi* which Montreal society engenders; besides the consideration of the additional scope which the sitting of the legislature will afford for the practice of this healing art. Members of Parliament are known not to be exempt from certain frailties.

St. Patrick,

—If he ever reads the Canadian newspapers, must feel vastly obliged for the honor done him by the St. Patrick's Society. Every thing good from prayers to whiskey punch was offered to him without stint on Wednesday. Thousands of Irishmen, for his sake, cheerfully endured the agony of a four hour's walk through unfathomable mud. This, for strong men with thick boots, might be pastime, but it seems to us that common humanity as well as common sense, should have forbidden the presence of so many young children in the mud, at the tail of the procession. We look on all processions as foolish— from marriages down to funerals—but we cannot endure to see children just out of their swaddling clothes taught to ape the part of silly men before the public. We intended to have been present at the Meeting held in the St. Lawrence Hall, but after forcing our way up stairs, and enduring the weight of heavy villains on our toes, and being flattened by falling bodies, and bothered by an infernal din, we came away, and, meeting with a friend, went and liquored.

Our Name.

—The name which we have chosen may be taken as an indication of our humor. Every body has a right to grumble. It has been called an Englishman's peculiar privilege. We think it a duty. We are in fact disposed to make a *business* of it, not only on our own account, but we will echo every growl that reaches our ears. In short we hope to become an *Institution* in which an ill treated and grumbling community will find one concentrated voice to grumble for all.

Unmitigated Audacity.

—The honorable and loquacious member for Peel, J. C. Atkins, actually had the outrageous audacity to move, on Monday last, an amendment censuring the composition of the Election Committee as appointed by the Speaker. We put it to the honorable member for Peel, whether he had not better learn that there is *sometimes* a merit in silence.

THE CITY COUNCIL.

We would recommend the City Council instead of meeting once or twice a week, as they now do, to meet every night—not that this would be any particular benefit to the Property owners of Toronto by any means,—it strikes us that the oftener the meetings the worse for them,—however that is of course a secondary consideration. The reason we are in favor of nightly meetings is because they afford an innocent and cheap amusement for two very important classes in our community, viz., the Carters and Wood-sawyers. We never saw more appreciative audiences than those which assemble at the City Hall. There seems to be a perfect sympathy between the audience and the Aldermen. Every joke tells and every witticism, no matter how old, is applauded. As a specimen of the useful character of the proceedings, the following are instances: Last Monday night this august body amused their audience for two mortal hours discussing a motion to dispense with the York and Berkley Streets Police Stations. After a hard fight the motion was carried, when the victorious party retired for a short time to recruit their exhausted energies by drinks all round. While thus engaged the Eastern men, who had remained behind, took advantage of the absences and actually reversed the vote! Thus the result of the two hours deliberations was to leave things in their original position.

After accomplishing this laborious undertaking, the members had to deal with

A Shabby Transaction.

—A claim was presented to the Council on behalf of John Beverley Robinson, Esq., M.P.P., for the enormous sum of Forty-Eight Pounds, four shillings and Six pence, alleged to have been paid by him during his Mayoralty in 1856, to forward distressed emigrants to their destination. What next? The salary of the Mayor is £500 a year, which the Council take great pains to impress on him must be all paid out in charity, deeming that the honor of being Chief Magistrate of a city like Toronto, is sufficient compensation for the labors of the office, and should he spend a few pounds over and above his salary, was there ever such a proposition heard as to repay him the petty amount. Had the claim been presented by any other person, than Mr. Alderman D. B. Read, the friend and “Great Conservative,” brother of John Beverley, we might have thought that the proposal emanated from the good feeling of some disinterested member of the Council, but coming from the source it does, two years after the act was performed and the credit and gratitude attendant thereon appropriated by Mr. Robinson, we cannot but regard it as shabby in the extreme.

But the Council should have acted in a different manner than they did in rejecting the claim. When Mr. B. had so far humiliated himself to ask for the amount, they should have paid it in full with the interest. The precedent wouldn't have been at all dangerous, for no other person who ever has or ever will occupy the Mayor's chair, would think of presenting such a claim.

—“Write me down an Ass”—*Shakespeare.*

—For literal application, see John Beverley's speech in the House last week.

LETTER FROM JOSEPH GOULD, M.P.P.

TO ARTHUR R-N-K-N, PENAL SETTLEMENT, AUSTRALIA.
 ROSSIN HOUSE, Feb. 30, 1862.

DEAR ARTHUR,

I suppose that in yare pakuliar situation you do not here mutch noos. O since that time in 1838 when you took your first pleasure trip at the expense of the Government how mutch has been going on in these 4 cars. Canady has bekum Independent. In June, 1858, T. D'Arsey McGee and Geo. Brown were in pour. Kapten Moody was riled with Brown, bekaus he would not put him (Moody) in for North Oxford, and raised a Revilition, with Dempsey and the Orange Party, and Mr. Stokes the Lemon Ice cream negro. So the great man Moodie bekum Gavnor, wile Mr. Stokes bekaime Primeer, and spekes fine, mutch better to my i than J. A. McDonnelle, or Brown, or any of them former primeers. All those persons that used to hold their heads so hi are' down now, all the Gabmen, and Carters, and domestics made a grand riso and took all the houses and furniture, and rains of Government. Mason Yellows Revilition was 0 to this. All those who were gentily and could spel wel his Excellency, Mr. Moody said should be cast down, but when he turned all the others out of the House, he forgot me, and then he said as I was edicated he would make me Queen's Printer, *viz* Derbishire and Desbarats who are rejected to be Corporation Fiders. I saw Mr. Boughs lately, he is one of the Tipstaffs of our new Bankrupt Court, and as the 91 claws is a grabin at his purse strings, he is compelled to pay \$3 per mo. out of his wages, till he pays up the £10,000. He seems to like the neighborhood.

Robert Spence has taken up the okshioneering business and has succeeded Malichi O'Donohue but even now he is not half so noysy as when he was in Parliament. We had a grand Cricket Match the other day on the Toronto Cricket Grounds, and subsikently a lunch in Mr. J. Beverly Robison's saloon which is just by. You may ax how he kaue to sitch a thing when the Old Man was there to stop him. He was let remain in Parliament by his Excellency, and sez he "let him keep hisself off ducksbootin and sitch like." Wel the first speech he made was about Cricket and ducksbootin, "Wel" sez Bob (his Excellency, I mean,) "just resign yourse sete Robbison or ill darken your daylights." Wel, Robbison, howsome a bit of a bull dog, backed out and resigned, and hung about the Cricket Ground to improve his British Vigour, till at last his father (who by the way lives like a country gentleman having been kicked out of the Chief Justiceship to make way for Neil Camron Macintire) bought him the Saloon, where generally you may see him any day setting within the Bar with his hat on and his knees up as he used to do in the House.

Praps you may want to know what became of the Gavnor. Wel soon after Bob (his Excellency I mean) overthru him, he got the Sichwasheen of teacher of English Grammar at the Normal School, where he makes them perfik in Shall and Will; and tho' his Pupils say Wont sometimes, when he says Shall, he gets on tolrubble. Mr. Henry Smyth is French teacher in U. C. College, he got wopped the other day by the majority of the boys who said he didn't behave fair. They all wonder why sitch a man was made a Speaker, but I think he served

them well who put him there. Mr. Kayley is tax collector, and some difficulty has arose about his accounts. J. A. Macdonnie is wholesale ag't for the Grumbler, witch is a good paper having made the fortin of its interprising conductors. Crittic Geordie is at Bothwel, where he attending a muley saw, the only Grity part about him now is his nails and knuckles. His excellency Bob never forgave him his neglect in not giving him Oxford, and the Globe has been given to Mr. Primeer Stokes, Lemon John that was. I will rite again, keep on your good conduct and you may return before your time is up

Yours till deeth,
 JOS. GOULD.

FALSE REPORTS!

Being anxious to disabuse the public mind of any scandalous and malicious reports, we proceed to cor tradict some of the most unfounded.

It is not true that Mr. W. F. Powell has joined the Sons of Temperance, and has pledged himself to vote for the Maine Law.

It is not true that Mr. Gould was recently caught attempting suicide from mental depression brought on by excessive application to Murray's Grammar.

It is not true that the Post-Master General has taken his illustrious namesake, the Rev. Sydney Smith, as his political and oratorical exemplar: the hon. gentleman prefers patronizing native talent.

It is not true that Mr. Robison is about to publish a work entitled—"The Legislator's best qualifications, an Essay on Cricket, Duck Shooting, &c," much less one on the "Nature and Habits of the Bull-Dog."

It is untrue that the Hon. Malcolm Cameron ever read Burke's speech to the electors of Bristol, and stole from it his dissertation on the duties of a Representative.

It is not true that Dr. Connor fainted after his attack on Mr. Speaker's decision on Monday night last.

It is not true that Col. Playfair took any part in the storming of Seringapatam.

It is not true that Mr. Hogan disciplines himself for Parliamentary debating, by opium-eating and the study of Faust and Festus.

It is not true that Mr. Patrick was detected repeating Macbeth's soliloquy to a latch-key previous to his great Shakspearian quotation in the debate on the Address.

It is not true that Mr. Foley has been generally accused of excessive silence—Mr. Galt of independence—Mr. Ferres of modesty—Mr. Pope of common sense—Mr. McKenzie of practicability—Mr. Cayley of financial talent—Mr. Angus Morrison of conscience—Mr. Church of loquacity,—or Mr. Speaker of impartiality.

It is not true as has been asserted by several rampant Clear Grits, that the Hon. Inspector General, pledged both himself and his Colleagues to fix the seat of Government at the Village of Renfrow.

The Donkey Brays.

—The want of oxygen was so apparent in the House of Assembly last week, that the Donkey made several spasmodic efforts to bray, which had the effect of retarding the debate on the Address for fully fifteen minutes.

A MODEL M.P.P.

To sacred nine, whose glowing inspirations
 Wake plodding souls to nice discriminations,
 And theme most high, THE GAUZEY SOCKS YOUR AID,
 Whisks to a model M. P. P. parade.
 Behold him, then, with graceful ease reclined,
 The pure, severe, unobnoxious of mind,
 Twirling with dexterity (such his pet moustaehc)
 (Fo' deus the act unastuteasun-like wore rash),
 Eyeing the galleries with a vulgar stare,
 Of course that gives the model member "an air."
 Strutting, anon, the floor with measured pace,
 Ho'z grand, low large, what elegance and grace.
 Then comes a change, he understands it fully,
 Just gets the wink and lestes to play the bully,
 With sheer impertinence and puppy bark;
 But aims too high, and oversteps the mark—
 Gets somnily snub'd, but pockets the affront,
 Content—y'ea quite content—to bear the brunt,
 If but rewarded with his "leader's" smile,
 And—*and!*—(oh! matchless purity,) his pay the while.
 Be lushed each breath, the model member speaks,
 And plays with sense and truth astounding feaks,
 "Sir! Mr. Speaker—I at once declare
 Unbounded confidence in members over there;
 I shall support them, be they wrong or right,
 And vote down Brown & Co's fanatic spite."
 Oh! wonderful logic, worthy sure to be
 Propounded by a Model M. P. P.
 Oh! I decuss sublime of generous "Mountain Dew,"
 Of "Can do Vin," and "Bottled Porter," too.
 Say ye, pure spirits, is your kindly aid,
 Invoked to swell his senseless dull tirade;
 Ye liquid genit lead ye, ye so ill,
 His strange impertinence of would be wit,
 Art deaf? art dumb? or would the bold avowal
 Not suit exactly model member 1—1.
 I charge you then, begone to *Haine* or *Thibet*,
 And let our Model M. P. P. exhibit,
 Of ample sense a slightly less deficit; for
 THE GAUZEY SOCKS means to make him General West Solicitor.

WHERE WILL THEY STOP?

A party man stabbed an Irish Catholic on Wednesday. It is said that another insulted a Priest on the highway. On the same night an armed band of Orangemen attacked the Hotel in which the Irish Catholics were dining together, smashed the windows with brickbats and stones, and fired shots in at the windows. The patched windows of the Roman Catholic Cathedral attest the intemperate zeal of Orangemen on a former occasion. We turn away with loathing and horror from the picture, and strive to forget that the Capital City of Western Canada harbours such scoundrels. In Heaven's name let us have no more such scenes. Let Orange as well as Roman Catholic processions be put down by law, and let Mr. Brown, and men of his stamp, forbear to bar the gate of Heaven against their own entrance, by raising a religious hue and cry.

Parliamentary Etiquette

—Has been presented with a new phase by the present Moderate Government. At the suggestion of Bishop Charbonnell, the leader has instructed his subordinate supporters, to preface the titles of the various members of the Government, with Brother, in deference to the Orange element in the Cabinet. The "broth of a boy," sent from South Simcoe, practised it the other evening, much to the satisfaction of Bros. Sidney Smith, Cartier, and Alley, and several of the Catholic Clergy in the gallery. An invitation has been extended and accepted by the Government, *en masse*, to attend St. Michael's next Sabbath, for the purpose of chanting "We're a jolly band of Brothers, &c."

"I tell you, friends, most charitable care have the Patricians for you."—*Coriolanus*.

In this Canada, where we make and unmake Peers every eight years, the words of Menenius Agrippa may justly be attributed to expectant Patricians, whose care for the plebeians is equally charitable and disinterested. Can a sublimer spectacle be presented to an admiring people than the patriotic and persevering efforts of an ex-Sheriff and an ex-Alderman to alleviate the miseries and enhance the felicity of the York Division. Let no cynic attribute sinister intentions to these worthy gentlemen—since, at a period so far antecedent to the Election—September next—no Lower House patriot would ever think of voting according to the wishes of his constituents for at least three months to come. The GRUMBLER will anxiously and impartially chronicle these labors of love; in the meantime, we recommend that the City Clerk open an account of the boundless charities of each of these worthies, and the Mayor cause two pulpits to be placed in the St. Lawrence Hall, from which the candidates for Legislative honours may, at all charitable and political gatherings, give the first opinion, like the Consuls elect of Rome, before installation. If Mr. Jarvis would only erect an imposing pile of buildings in place of the ligneous tenements that were formerly opposite the "Romain Buildings," he would decidedly have the advantage. Mr. Romain must cultivate a moustache, wear an eye-glass, and give himself a more imposing appearance generally,—besides, Mr. Jarvis has certainly the last claim on public gratitude,—it is only a week or two since he in the noblest manner petitioned for a fire escape. Call a meeting, Charley, if your own imagination fail, (which so long a silence would seem to indicate) you shall have any number of importunate grumblers whose wants you may relieve; we could, ourselves, suggest a thousand ways in which your patriotic ebullitions may peaceably simmer down. Besides this, advertising media might be turned to better advantage: Messrs. Hutchison and Walker would easily consent to an arrangement by which the watchword of the Dry Goods trade might be "Vote for the Old King and W. B. Jarvis," and "Support the Wooden Lion and C. E. Romain."

In pure and simple soul THE GRUMBLER suggests these expedients, and if, after all, Jarvis kills Romain, or he Jarvis, or each do kill the other, and let some one else slip in, we, at any rate, shall rest in the calm and quiet assurance of duty fulfilled.

"Let him roar again."

—THE GRUMBLER was agreeably disappointed on hearing the virgin oration of the hon. the lay member for Montreal. Instead of the tall, fiercely moustached, fire-eating Hibernian, with a beautiful brogue, and a savage Saxon-defying oratory, à la Danton, we encountered a quite, harmless and albeit eloquent little fellow—in short, a "howling Celt," like Nick Bottom the weaver who offered to "roar you as gently as any sucking dove; as 'twere any nightingale," and we are disposed to echo the words put into the Duke's mouth by Nicholas—"Let him roar again, let him roar again."

As we are THE GRUMBLER, we have a perfect right to grumble at everything, and we intend to exercise that right; but if, unfortunately, the time should ever come when we have everything that we have grumbled for, and every grievance that we have grumbled against has been removed, why then we'll grumble at not having anything to grumble about.

Now, some of our numerous grievances at this time are, the numbers of dogs, doctors and policemen in this good city of Toronto, and the continual quarrellings in which these respectable classes are engaged. In our streets and our markets, the dogs frequently meet in fearful conflict; in our saloons and station-houses, the police indulge in bickerings and conspiracies; while the doctors, the gentlemen *par excellence*, assail each other in the theatre and wards of our General Hospital. All three are abominable nuisances, and require treatment at our hands; but the doctors only are our especial patients on this occasion.

It is a strange circumstance, and one that is rather significant, that we have one policeman for each doctor in the city; and it is curious, that when the doctors have but little practice, the police sleep on their arms, and the undertakers look more gloomy than their waving plumes. But it is stranger still that some doctors, who are supposed to visit and prescribe for the patients in our General Hospital every day, should their condition require, absent themselves for months together from the Institution, and then, upon resuming their duties, undertake to exclude from the wards by force those of their brethren who should presume to apply "professional abuse" towards them for their negligence and cruelty. And it is stranger than ever, that the guardians of the Charity, knowing this gross dereliction of duty—and knowing too, that patients have been taken into the Hospital under the care of one of the *honourable* gentlemen of the staff, should pine there for weeks and die, and be buried or dissected, without having been once visited or prescribed for by the doctor whose patients they were. Is it any wonder that we grumble when no medical man can be found who will perform the duties faithfully, and not claim the honor of being one of the Hospital surgeons, at the same time that he is neglecting his patients for three months together. But we understand that we are not the only grumblers about Hospital matters. It is said a certain oily old gent has grumbled on several occasions this winter, because a medical school not many miles from Yorkville, has not been able to obtain a sufficiency of subjects from the Hospital for dissection, and is now grumbling because the Trustees will not allow the patients to be turned over to the tender mercies of these students, in order to supply the deficiency. Certainly, the Trustees are very disobliging, and the medical officers generally are not so accommodating as they might be.

Hang the doctors, say we! for if the patients in the Hospital could get along for three months without their services, surely they can dispense with them altogether; and if the sick in the Institution can do without the doctors entirely, why those out of it can do the same. Seventeen policemen have just been *suspended*: the doctors are in excess; a like number should be also "strung up."

The "broad Protestant" having chosen to represent Toronto, paid a visit to North Oxford on Saturday night last, to see about a candidate to represent that constituency. A private caucus was held, to see what Mr. Brown had to say; which our reporter attended. His exhortation was something after the following order:

"My brethren we have been awfully taken in with our new Clear Grit orators. We felt sure that we could talk the Government out of office and ourselves in almost immediately, but we begin to see our mistake, we have entirely overdone it. There's Hogan, it takes three or four of our best men to watch him and undo what he does wrong. If we had one or two more like him, we should all be roved up Salt River within forty-eight hours. No, we must try and get a man that can't talk either in or out of the House. If there is a man to be found quiet and tractable, that's the man we want—something like Grimshaw, and we must look sharp about it!"

This speech, apart from jesting the spirit of which Brown certainly did express, as well as the peculiar pains he took during the late general election, shows it to be his policy to have none but the most tractable and easily-led-by-the-nose members in the House. William McDougall, Mr. McKinnon, formerly editor of the *Hamilton Banner*, and Gordon Brown, all aspire to be named the Clear Grit candidate, but it appears a difficult matter to settle which of them shall stand. The first named, is probably too independent to suit Brown, and objection is taken to the second on account of his delicate health, and his inability to qualify; and the third, while professing indifference, is really dying to be brought forward. Ridiculous as it may appear, Capt. Moodie actually received a requisition from a number of the electors, asking him to stand, and unless dissuaded from it by George Brown himself, will certainly do so. He tells his friends in the city that he's bound to be an M. P. P.

There are also some sixteen local men named to run on the liberal ticket, while Mr. Spence, late Post Master General, is mentioned as the Ministerial candidate. A Reform Convention meets in Woodstock to-day, to make a selection.

Answers to Correspondents.

—It is our intention to make the answers of questions submitted by correspondents, a prominent feature in our paper. Much information and amusement may be elicited by this means, and we anticipate a large number of queries.

We should also be happy to have suggestions and articles sent us. Any thing of a public nature requiring ventilation, we should be glad to hear of. Address "THE GRUMBLER," Toronto. No letters taken out of the Post Office unless prepaid.

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