

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. 1.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1858.

NO. 35.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coat
I rade you tent it;
A chief's amung you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll pent it."

SATURDAY, NOV. 13, 1858.

AUCTIONS.

We are not, as a general thing, fond of attending auction sales, either to gaze idly on, or for the purpose of buying; but, being about to experience a domestic revolution in our present state of celibacy, in fact being on the point of taking unto us a partner for life, we have directed our attention to the numerous sales of furniture which are every day taking place in the city. On a certain day in the year '58, we found ourselves amongst a crowd of bidders at the sale of a most miscellaneous and varied stock of furniture. The auctioneer, Mr. Sleepy-hollow, was the presiding genius. As soon as we had time to look about us we detected Mr. Brown bidding most recklessly for various articles of furniture which we were certainly inclined to think entirely useless to an old bachelor like him. His ingenious countenance flushed deeply as we approached, and he stammered out that he was merely bidding for a friend.

Presently Mr. Sleepy-hollow produced the picture of a Saint, whose name we don't exactly recollect. Mr. Sleepy-hollow urged vociferously the claims of the Saint to respect, crying out, "There's a picture of Saint ———, better bid quickly, there are not many more of us left on earth now-a-days." Mr. Brown, who had not yet recovered from the guilty confusion into which our arrival had thrown him, bid very highly for it, thinking it was a portrait of "the pious and immortal" crossing the Boyne. It was knocked down to him, much to his subsequent dismay, at three-and-ninence. Just as Mr. Brown was in the deepest pitch of his quondary what should we hear but the cheery ringing voice of our Hibernian friend, D'Arcy McGee: "Bad luck to ye, George, my boy," says he, "what is't yer after buyin'?" "I've just got this thing by mistake, it's very nice, but I don't want it now."

"Well, I'm just like a pig in a poke," says D'Arcy, "I've got a lithograph of that confounded Protestant Bully, when I intended to get Saint Erasmus. Why you've got the old man there, will you make a swap."

"With all my heart, McGee, but my frame is better than yours and its a very bonnie Saint, and I've got a statue of King William in my hay-loft, so that I'm no in need of another. But give me sixpence in, and it's a bargain."

So the bargain was concluded, seemingly to the satisfaction of both parties. Among the entertainments that the sale of that day afforded were the

gestures and conversation of the illustrious R. M. Todd, and Madame Shang, of second hand ware memory. The latter individual, and Mr. Sleepy-hollow varied the monotony of the sale by recalling the performances of their juvenile days, when the world was to them still fresh and gay. "Yes ma'am," he said, as he exposed a magnificent Brussels carpet to view, "that's the sort of carpet we used to dance on when we were young;" whereat M^{rs}. Shang would chuckle, and bid two shillings a yard higher, to the infinite discomfiture of small dealers and gentlefolks.

Mr. Todd happened to come late, and his tardiness excited anxiety among second-hand dealers, who felt themselves in need of his controlling genius. "Where's Todd," say they anxiously. At last silence grows over the room, like ice over a mill-pond, as Mr. Todd stalks in. Even Mr. Sleepy-hollow's riuilet of talk ceases to flow, in order to give opportunity for a nod and a wink, and a how are ye Todd? We confess we never liked the fellow, and prejudice was confirmed on the spot; for, just as we were on the point of having a magnificent French bedstead knocked down to us for a song, we heard our autocrat cry out, "I guess I'll lay three dollars on to that." Darting on the rascal a look of profound contempt we rushed from the place and bought no more that day.

BROWN SPIFICATED.

During the last week or two an atrocious attempt has been made to get a final riddance of the great Grit by means of a 25c. portrait. The elongated phiz whose perennial smirk has maintained summer all the political year round, is puckered and wrinkled up as if by colic or cholera morbus, or as it might have been taken by an employe of J. A. McDonald after the receipt of the Governor's bombshell. Some meaning must be at the bottom of this; does the Leader, or do the Siamese twins (*Colonist* and *Atlas*) know anything about this horrid conspiracy? If they and their party designed this terrible outrage, we implore them to stop it at once. Call him "Onontio" and we shall be mum; clip No-Popery cries from old *Globes*, and we shall not shudder, but by all the pap you have ever sipped we adjure you don't, oh don't take his portrait.

We do not refer to the excellent lithograph portrait of Mr. Brown which has just been issued by Messrs. Wiman & Co.

Wanted a Candidate for Mayor,

—By the Conservative Convention. Must produce satisfactory references from Sam Sherwood. Principles no object to the Convention, but a premium given for the services of the most plausible fibber. Apply to Gowan, Platt & Co., Charwomen and Manglers, Nelson Street.

THAT AUCTION BELL.

PICKED UP NEAR THE CITY HALL, SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY POLICEMAN 2001, AND TO REFER TO THE CRACKED UTENSIL USED AT O'DONOHUE'S AUCTION ROOMS.

That auction bell, that auction bell,
How many a time I've cursed it well,
As born on the air its queer crack'd chime,
Summons the folk at evening time.

When will its noisy jingling cease,
Leaving the Peolers all in peace?
Oh I'll seek a grave where the fishes dwell
If I can't stop the din of that auction bell.

But then, ah me! if I were gone,
That cursed peal would still ring on;
I'd fire, but 'shall be, with a purpose fell,
To stick in the bay that auction bell.

"AGGRAVATING SAM."

Sam Sherwood what'r you 'bout? Samuel, my boy, take care on yerself. The Philistines are upon you. Being Chief makes you a most horribly aggravating fellow. Position endangers you. Remember the fate of the "Chief" baker in Pharaoh's time, and many another unlucky Chief before and since. The fact is, many terrifically-kind persons have resolved to bake your head for you; as they have been brewing a storm for your office long since. You've aggravated the Mayor, because he's the fastest man in all creation. And yet you rushed into print! Oh why did you do it, Sam? Why didn't you ask the Mayor's leave before you printed your woes? He would'nt have granted it, of course; but, then, he'd have been happy, though you were wiser. And where's the odds so long as he's happy? The second horn of your difficulty is, that you aggravated Garnett. Now Garnett is a magistrate of talent and renown—a very gorgon to pick-pockets, heavy villains and knaves of every stamp. Fast and loose should not be played with his dignity. Of course he would not want you to consult him on all occasions as you would a "Bonny's Oraclem"—or a demi-god—but, undoubtedly you'd be most ungodly if you didn't. And you certainly didn't; but on the contrary, you upset his dignity as if it had been impudence itself. Others have also been aggravated by you. The hungry aspirants to your chieftancy, have been disgusted with you long since. And then plottings have availed the tide of aggravation, which now gathers round you. What a web of discord the fates are weaving for you. The ex-Mayor—vulgarily denominated "Davy," would not even take your arm now; being impressed with the conviction you are supported by a "bull-head."—"All's lost!" Yet a little time and you may nevermore run the risk of getting rid of an eye, leg, or arm, or perhaps your valuable life, by capturing murderers or robbers. It is quite possible your grey hairs may descend with honor to the grave; and, in a future edition of "causes celebres, among the catalogue of remarkable cases," Coroner Hallowell will demonstrate how you did it.

ALFRED AND ISABEL.

One cosy eve, in a cosy room,
(To know where, don't insist.)
Papa, Mama, sweet Isabel
And I sat playing whist.

Not my Papa, but sweet Isabel's,
Nor my Mama, though I
Have often wished they might be so
To Isabel on the sly.

We sat, we four, in the cosy room,
Isabel opposite me;
Papa and Mama, with the table between,
Were also vis-a-vis.

Dear Isabel charmed my very soul,
She looked and smiled so sweet,
I'd have pressed her hand but Papa was there,
So I merely pressed her feet.

Loro filled my heart and I silently sat
In a bright and blissful dream,
When oh! good heavens, with a hasty start
Dear Isabel screamed a scream.

A piteous scream, 'twas uproar all,
In that bright and cosy room,
It thrilled my heart with a fear as dread
As the sounding trump of doom.

It thrilled my heart, for fair Isabel
Sank fainting on the chair,
Her eyes were closed and her bosom heaved
As though deadly pain were there.

Salts, sal volatile, cologne,
Cold water, all were tried;
At length, with many a piteous sigh,
Dear Isabel revived.

She slowly op'd her large blue eyes,
She slowly glanced around;
Papa, Mama, I, questioned her
With interest profound.

"What was it, darling, are you ill?
Our hearts with grief are torn;"
"Oh no! 'twas only naughty Alf,
He trod upon my corn!"

GRAND GAOL BALL!

It is said that our benevolent Turnkey, Charles Allan, has given his sanction to a grand entertainment, to take place in his Boarding House, the object of which is, to show the salutary effects of prison discipline on the appearance and demeanor of his unfortunate but interesting lodgers. Invitations have been issued to the members of the Corporation, to our leading criminal lawyers, to the Judges, and to many other citizens of Toronto. We understand that it was at first proposed to make a musical party of the thing, but many of the "birds" voted musical parties a "boro." It was therefore determined that the entertainment should commence with a concert, in which only prisoners should perform, and that a dance should follow for the amusement of the young people. There was at first considerable difficulty about the choice of a patron; but, when the matter was put to the vote, Dr. Tumbleby distanced all other nominees by a large majority. The Benicia Boy, and three Lazaie, will be present. The lately indicted members of the Cartier-McDonald Government will be invited, if their trial results unfavourably, but otherwise not.

The prisoners are expected to bear the entire expense of the entertainment, as they have every opportunity of reaping a rich harvest by picking pockets.

OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

Two meetings have our City Blowers had this week; upon their wisdom not upon their defects would we now comment.

Who so fit to preside over them as the walking Gentleman who takes the part of—Clown—little Davy Read; to wit? He is just the man for the place. A stranger to order; of which he knows no more than a cow does of mathematics; he will be the joy of the Craig's, the Ramsay's, and the Purdy's. Three or four orators may speak together; Davy will not care; rather indeed will he join in the fun.

Perched on the mahogany, he looks as dignified as a frog on a chopping block; or so he would look if he could be but seen. No small difficulty is anticipated from this defect, to mitigate which, as much as possible, we hear it is the intention of Alderman 'Boomer, (who, self-denying man, is so happy at Davy's success,) to supply each Blower with an opera glass. Mr. Ashfield, too, has promised the loan of a speaking trumpet; so that "His Worship" may make himself heard, when Alderman Carr is pitching into Alderman Boulton. It will be a fitting emblem also of the Mayor's office as head man among the Blowers.

We have one serious objection to Mr. Read; it is perfectly impossible for him to fill the chair. The idea that he can fill it with dignity, is quite as absurd. We need not point out the reason, it must be apparent even to the understanding of Councillor Craig. In all kindness to our little friend, we would suggest to him the propriety of doing something to increase his size." He has before him Councillor Sprout; what a fine looking man he is!

"As round as an apple,
As plump as a pear,"

and all through drinking "pop." Suppose Davy were to order in a few dozen. Nauseous it would be at first, no doubt, but a little practice would accustom him to it. We beg leave also, to suggest to "His Worship," that an application to Mr. Fleming, the Nursery Garden Man, would be productive of good results. A layer of some nutritive substance placed in his boots; such as is used for the raising of pumpkins, for instance; might make him grow an inch or two. We leave these suggestions for his serious consideration.

One word as to poor Ald. Moodie; he is nearly heart-broken. When D. B. Read was elected Mayor, "Bob" shrivelled-up. His monkey jacket now reaches down to his heels, and henceforth, when he speaks, he will have to stand on a chair. Ald. Boomer helped him from the Council Chamber, proving once more that "a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind,"—ahem!

We cannot close without first informing our readers that we have discovered the subject upon which Coun. Lennox is employing his giant intellect. The enormous consumption of gas in the Chamber has arrested his attention. Night after night has he sat during the whole year trying to count the number of jets in the chandelier. He gets as high as ten by the aid of his fingers, farther he has not been able to make his calculations. Coun. Purdy tells him the next number is fifteen, but Lennox is not to be gammoned; he says everybody knows that Purdy's a goose.

THE BROWN-DOEION DINNER.

There is something exceedingly ludicrous in a number of rational politicians travelling hundreds of miles for the sole purpose of gormandizing, retailing stale platitudes, and drinking dropical toasts in cold water. We wonder that the last feature, especially in this affair, did not throw a damper over the whole affair. How, for instance, could the late Solicitor General West be sufficiently inflated, or the wit of Mr. McGee fitly inspired, when the sparkling cup was banished from the board. Mr. Foley was nowhere among the orators, and he has informed us, that he has been suffering ever since from incipient cholera and water on the brain, caused by about a gallon and a half of water consumed on that occasion. The only advantage was, that Mr. Brown was a little more inflated than usual, and Mr. Drummond a trifle more pompous. Mr. Bernard Devlin's humor was in the right vein; and his flights of fancy were so exalted, that we cannot but think he owed his inspiration to something more potent than the malt liquor of our first parents. We did not wade through the dreary columns of vapid eloquence which filled the *Globe* of Tuesday and Wednesday, and we ask our contemporary if he thinks he is acting fairly to constant readers, by giving us such stale matter, and yet calling his journal a newspaper. We have received a number of letters of apology for non-attendance at this dinner, which were suppressed. Mr. Cauchon says that he would come, but he is just recovering from the Brown jaundice, and is indisposed. Mr. Robert Moodie "seen enuf of Brown which is not now my leader, so I cant come of which I regret to be yours &c."

Mr. Gould's is as follows:—

CHIP AWL, Chipvil.

DEER BRISTLEOE.—Wud lik to be present to homologate my denunciations of the corruptoral government which is bad and vile, but lave got to attend the piscatorial instructshuns of a grate lexicographical intooitioner wich gives me dietribeson grammair and inglish classification. You will se I ave some big words, and I an now learnin' french, wich is the finest of the ded languishes.

Bone matting, ma cherry Bristleoe,

Votel afeschinate amy,
JOSEPH GOULD.

P. S. O refire!

THE LONDON PROTOTYPE.

Last week we administered to the London *Prototype* a little wholesome castigation; and he in return, has furnished us with a fund of amusement in the shape of two-thirds of a column of mingled threats and abuse.

Admirably well does the *Prototype* enact the role of the trounced schoolboy. Very droll is the admixture of whimpering and threats. But seriously, will the *Prototype* spare us? It would be too dreadful, to bear the brunt of that terrible pulling-to-pieces process he threatens to undertake. Perhaps, however, its only a "joke;" another of those exquisitely jocular effusions which are so largely increasing the *Prototype's* subscription list. If so, we beg of it not to continue the series, or we shall indeed be compelled to sigh for our departed glories, and to mourn that "Othello's occupation's gone."

THE OLD KING'S CART;

"OR, 'TIS THE READY MONEY DOES IT."

"'Tis the ready money does it,"
 What means this saying smart,
 Said a friend of mine who twigg'd it
 On what som'd a baker's cart;
 He also said he spied it
 On hand bill'd through the town,
 Decorat'd with "cassidors,"
 And a King who look'd a clown.

I said, perhaps its meaning
 May seem mystical to you,
 So I'll give you a slight wrinkle
 What the good for cash will do:
 Two tailors who were partners
 For a series of long years,
 Now cut each other fiercely
 With hand tiles keen as shears.

Each thought because he wielded
 A red hot goose with skill,
 He could not the town on fire
 With his *relatives* grey quill;
 For many weeks their folly
 To the school-boys was delight;
 For they call'd each other "huabugs,"
 And both of them are right.

Soon their tempers became sour'd,
 And they bullied the young men
 Whom cruel fate had driv'n
 To the King's or Lion's den;
 Both went frantic in attempting
 The city to surprise,
 And both were laid which one
 Could tell the biggest lies.

The tone of morals lowered,
 Others followed quickly after,
 And a braying scholar of the King's
 Gave the "Trado" some hearty laughter;
 He received of gloves a gross of pairs,
 And tried the folks to cozen,
 By a placard magnifying them
 To just 500 dozen.

"But this grey horse with the bread cart,
 Why does it trot round so?"
 "O," said I, "the bread that's brought there
 Too often turns out dough."
 He replied, "You're quite mistaken,
 For I went there once in fun;
 They found I was a raw one,
 And they sent me home well done."

"Not a bad hit for a green un,"
 I stated in reply,
 "But when you wish to purchase
 Some decent house just try;
 For bread carts and grey horses
 Must be kept up from the till,
 And the buyers pay the piper
 When they come to foot the bill."

A Candidate Overlooked.

The Conservative Convention have overlooked a very eligible candidate for Mayor, who would accept with avidity and hang on like grim death to the last. We are sure he would do nearly as well as Bowes; his name is,—John Duggan. Shakespearian.

A Police Magistrate's Soliloquy & la Fallstaff:

"An I be not ashamed of our tipstaffs, I'm a soug'd Gurnett."

Found at last.

Mr. Alderman Read after considerable exploration has at length succeeded in getting the redoubtable mare's (Mayor's) nest.

A Braze of Queries.

Have comets tails?—Monday's Atlas.
 Have asses eyes?—Saturday's Grumbler.

THE BOW-LEG CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON, Nov. 1, 1858.

Here I am at last in the great city of London. I had always heard a great deal about it—but certainly I think it is generally spoken of in a very exaggerate strain. There is no denying that it is very large—much too large, I think, to be able to give a good account of itself. Why people will build large cities, is one of the mysteries which I suppose will never be satisfactorily accounted for. The chief institutions in this place as far as I have yet seen, are the pick-pockets' and the police—the latter of which may be said in the words of the poet: "to grow upon the thing, on which it feeds." There are innumerable societies established for the purpose of taking care of little orphans—and judging from the number of inmates in each of them, several thousands of the children in this city must be born without fathers or mothers. This is a very curious phenomenon, and I should not wonder if the climate had something to do with it.

Passing over a great deal of interesting gossip, I must come to important matters connected with Canada. Yesterday I had a long interview with the Colonial Secretary, at which Ross, Cartier and Galt, were also present. Several noble lords and members of the House of Commons, which by the way is built on the margin of the Thames, were in the room at the same time. Sir E. B. Lytton is a very ordinary, I might say ugly man, not unlike Mr. Samuel Sherwood, the Chief of Police. When I was ushered into the room, he was engaged in a game of chuck-farthing with Cartier, and judging by the outlandish noise they were making, the latter was not playing fair. As soon as I was introduced to him, he said—

"Where do you hail from?"
 "I beg your pardon, sir," says I, for I only heard the word *hail*, and I thought he had asked me to sing "Hail Columbia."

"Where did you tumble from?" he repeated, quite sharpe.

"Oh! I come from Toronto," I replied.
 "Where's Toronto, Forkings?" asked the Secretary of a lord of that name.

"When I was going to school, it was an Island in the South Sea, but probably it has grown to be a continent since," answered his lordship.

I was going to correct this blunder, when a little bell was rung and those present took their seats round a long table, the Secretary taking the chair. A great deal of conversation ensued on the weather and politics, and the best method to preserve herrings, after which a railroad accident that had occurred in Lapland, was freely discussed.

"By the way," says Galt to the Secretary, "talking of railroads, reminds me of your promise to fork over the blunt—those were the words he used—for the construction of our International Railroad."
 "Did I promise?" says the Secretary.

"Why, you were rather cautious—but a nod is as good as a wink for a blind horse, you know," Galt replied.

"I was not aware that you were blind, and besides you have mistaken your species," was the sly reply.

Galt was rather taken aback at this, but Cartier came to the rescue—

"Nous serons tout obscur si vous jetez aucun plus poudre dans nos yeux," says he in a coaxing voice.

"Vous-allez au diable pour un bas Francois aborigine," replied Sir Edward, evidently annoyed that Cartier was the best French scholar.

"J'espere que Monsieur le Secretaire pour le Colonies dehors il rendra le beau chose, et que il transmettra son nom a la posterite comme un regulier cheval a l'construction de ye balustrade route," responded Cartier, not at all abashed by the Secretary's cruel insinuation.

"Regardez ici, Monsieur, quelconque votre infernal nome il est! j'ai un grand esprit pour au pitche vous sans le window, pour votre presumptueux flataire," was the only response made by the infuriated Secretary, as he abruptly rose from the council board.

"Regardez, vous Monsieur," he continued, as he crossed the room with rapid strides. "Vous ne pensez pas que je suis autant une grande goste que penser tout que vous recitez! Je liras Le Mond, Monsieur, cette un tres grand nouvelle papier qu'il publie some place dans votre exzerable patrie. Et Le Mond nouvelle papier il recitez que vous et votre horriblement ministere ils serait kickevou'd dans le fond de Rouge mer."

After this explosion, the Canadian ministers looked blue enough. I knew at once that their game was up, so I went over and assured Sir Edward that that he was a regular brick; and after advising him that Canada would call him for ever after *pater patriae*, I took my leave. Sometime after, on passing Waterloo bridge, I saw Galt, Cartier and Rose, standing on it, gazing intently into the river. If they should commit suicide, I will open this letter to tell you.

* Our correspondent evidently means railroads,
 † The Globe newspaper, we suppose.

THE OPERA.

The *furor* which the opera created strengthens the idea that Toronto can support a first-rate theatre. The Lyceum did very well for a beginning, but it is manifestly too small when the *elite* of our fashionable and aristocratic community are obliged to descend to the inhabitants of the lower regions in the pit, or to ascend to the gods in the gallery, in order to hear an Opera. The performance was no doubt worth the sacrifice; and it is comforting to our manager to know, that while he is negotiating for the erection of that quintessence of all theatres, a front view of which may be already had on paper, all he has to do to have a repetition of this week's crowded houses, is to bring another good company here. In the meantime our stock company must not be overlooked. Our rich and fashionable patrons should not stop away from the Theatre until another Opera Troupe is present. The theatre, such as it is, should be made a fashionable rendezvous as it is in all fashionable cities, and then we would have a better theatre and better acting than we can ever hope for as long as Mr. Nickinson is left to struggle against weeks of beggarly empty benches, and then soundly rated because he does not advance the money to build a new theatre. Of course we know that our manager is not infallible, and we never forget to tell him so when there is any occasion—but we also know that he does not receive that general support which he deserves, from such an audience as was present on Thursday night.

We perceive by the bills that Mr. Coyne is re-engaged. We cannot say that he is a favourite of ours—he is too unrefined for our delicate nerves. Miss Marian plays with her brother.

CONSERVATIVE CONVENTION.

(Continued.)

ACT 4TH AND PERHAPS THE LAST.

“A week is supposed to intervene between Acts 3 and 4. Scene continues the same. Sam Platt still on the Brookstick.

Sam Platt—Order! thro’ gents, to business, how I what now? Wont you, confound you, stay that jolly row? You Mitchell and you Ogling Rogue, be quiet, I can’t allow this most unseemly riot; Thore, thore, that’s better now my bully moon, Shall we allow those tell-tale scoundrels in, I mean those fellows who report to all, Tho’ nag on which your further choices may fall. I think ’twill perhaps be best to keep them out, As we don’t know what just to be about.

Captng Moodie Bob—I’m posed to that, cos why? this here’s the hint, I want to see my speech done up in print, I guess as how we’ll choose a nag to wop The Clear Grit Mayor, so let the rascals stop.

Ogling Rogue Gowan—Yes, let ’em stop, except that Gravel man.

But point him him out if any bully can, By Jabers, but I’d go a tidy stretch To pamper well that basely slanderous wretch; Tho’ scoundrel said, confound him, Mitchell kicked me; That Parson stops to smother me soon kicked me. ’Twas all a lie, I’m ran enough to breed A storm, will ebbler them and perhaps him too.

Mr. Ventriologist Grumbler, (throwing the sound into the mouth of Sam Platt.) Ah! ah! old codger, so you felt the thrust:

Ogling Rogue Gowan—Who spoke? You Platt, hold, hold me as I’ll last. Are you the GRUMBLER?

Mr. Ventriologist Grumbler, (this time speaking through Bully Mitchell.) No, I guess he ain’t, But I am though, I’ve wish me, Sir, to jinit Another scene.

Ogling Rogue Gowan—You—you—you ass you couldn’t if you tried. *Mr. Ventriologist Grumbler*, [using Captng Moodie Bob as his mouthpiece.] Of course he couldn’t, you might a knowed he lied, I knows the man, but hang me if I split, Cos why? I likes him, though he gives me fits.

Ogling Rogue Gowan, (seizing Moodie by the throat.) Speak!—speak! I want, speak, I’ll know before we part, Or tear the secret from your coward heart.

Captng Moodie Bob—What ails you, Gowan, are you turned stark mad? I never op’d my lips, I swear behind.

Ogling Rogue Gowan, [awfully excited.] You did! you did! I tell you, Sir, you lie; Quick! point him out, I’ll thrash him if I die.

Mr. Ventriologist Grumbler, [this time from the gas burner.] Sir Ogling Rogue, I’m at your service here, But pray don’t burn your fingers, there’s a dear.

Sir Ogling Rogue, [in a terrible perspiration.] Hold! I let me clutch thro’ them.

Mr. Ventriologist Grumbler, (throwing the sound behind Gowan.) Come on Macduff,

And hangd be to who first cries hold I enough. *Ogling Rogue Gowan*, (turns fiercely round and sees no one near but Dr. Jones, whose excessively mild features wear a most bewildered look.)

You, Jones! good heavens! but no it cannot be, What wretched’n this? Who’s poking fun at me?

Mr. Ventriologist Grumbler (throwing a whisper close to his ear.) I am, of course.

Ogling Rogue Gowan, (with a tremendous scize, using up Dusty Will’s Son, who stood nearest.) Ah! ah! I have you now.

Dusty Will’s Son, (throwing Gowan from him so fiercely that he fell heavily on the floor.) Stand as you like, would you breed a row?

Mr. Ventriologist Grumbler, (slowly chaunting as from the ceiling.)

Down, down, ho fell as should fall the false hearted, Tho’ Ogling Rogue’s glory, for aye has departed.

Gowan swoon’s, the Meeting is thrown into uproarious confusion, the Curtain falls and THE GRUMBLER departs in peace to the retirement of his sanctum.

New Publication:
“DUFOONERY WITHOUT A MASTER.”
Warranted to impart a thorough knowledge of the art in three lessons. Respectfully dedicated to Ogie R. Gowan, M.P.P., by Mr. Councilman Purdy

NEW PUBLICATION

THE HARSHIP OF BOB MOODY by H. W. WRONGFELLOW.—Toronto, A. H. Armour & Co.—A. D. 1900.

The name of this poet is sufficient to awaken attention, and every heart that is susceptible of poetic sympathy, will read with fervid enthusiasm the exquisite volume he has sent forth. We are pleased too that the theme is Canadian. That the political struggles of our country’s history, are receiving, a need of attention from the writers of the present time. The subject is of national interest, and its treatment by the Poet is marked with a true conception of its native character and importance.

The Hero of the Poem, Captng Bob. Moody, is supposed to have been a descendant of the old Moody’s, and held a very prominent position in electioneering circles; at several times he did the State some service, once in defending the Clear Grit Brown against Compactism, and again in dredging cesspools of the Esplanade.

The tradition goes that whilst in high municipal office, the seat of the Mayor became vacant, and Bob aspired to its possession; he employed the services of his friend Read Davy to canvass for him, but the ambassador basely pressed his own claim, instead of his friend’s, and obtained for himself the much coveted Mayoralty.

The sturdy Captain however, solaced himself with a fat contract of “Tugging,” and forgot the baseness of his rival.

There is an originality and quaintness in the verse, that mark it as a vigorous effort of genius, the following description of the Hero, is quite Homeric.— In the old Orange days, in Toronto the Town of the Tories, To and fro in the Chamber of Council and Justice, And in jacket and pants, and boots of very coarse leather, Strode with a naval air, Bob Moodie, the Firely’s Captain. About half sloyed he seemed, with his arms akimbo and grinning, Short of stature he was, but square built and bull-dogish, Broad in the shoulders, deep chested, with hands hard and sinews like iron, Brown as a nut was his face, and his rugged beard and sable hair,

Cropped quite glossily, looked like to stubble fields in dear November; Near him was seated Read Davy, his friend and St. Patrick’s Alderman, Winking with a familiar leer, at the circle of Corporation Blowers.

What beautiful simplicity combined with tender and earnest feeling is in the Captain’s tale of his longing and love, when he sends Davy on the shoeless errand?

Long have I wished to be Mayor, but never dared to reveal it, Being a coward in this, though valiant enough in a rumput. Go to the oldest Aldermen, the Councilmen also of Toronto, Say that rough old Bob Moody, a man who don’t blow of his actious,

Offers to take the Mayorship, and the pay for the balance of the Season,— Not in them words you know, but that precisely is my meaning.

I am a makor of rows, and not a makor of speeches, You, who was bred a lawyer, can say it in tip-top language, Such as you hear in Courts, in the pleadings for damages of women,

Who have been slipped up, and fooled by giving ear unto hard cases.

We regret that our limited space prevents us giving more copious extracts from this beautiful poem. Our advice is that every reader immediately procure for himself a copy of a work which, for natural

lifelike portraiture and dramatic genius, is unexcelled by any living author. One more extract— The Captain’s entrance to the Conservative Convention during the trial of the Reporter—and we finish:

Meanwhile the burly Captain stalked wrathful to the Convention, Found it already disordered, nearly all drunk and kicking up shins; Men of middle size, cadaverous, thin and sallow looked they; Only one of them was fat, and he was like a brandy punchon, Small ouds—wide centre—the excellent mine boat of the Albion; ’Twas said that he kept three farms, to grow the wheat for his great feeding, So say the Chroniclers of old, and you must of course believe them, Near them there stood a reporter, poor devil! quite a fish out of water; While on the table before him, was lying unopened, his notebook. This Bob Moody beheld as he entered, and heard them debating, How ’twere best to treat, an audacious Clear Grit reporter; Talking of this and that, of kicking, ducking, and of lynching, One voice alone for swipes, it was that of fancy Drummond, Who judged ’twere wise and well to make him drunk and then convert him, And not expel the heathen, with unchristian-like behavior.

Atrocious.
—Why was the Montreal demonstration a diabolical affair? Because they had a Burn Hard Devil in (Bernard Devlin) at it.

Good and Bad News.
—Quite a number of our country friends have taken the hint contained in our last, and have paid up promptly. We have yet, however, to hear from a number who are indebted to us, to whom we give another week’s grace. If they fail to appreciate this leniency of our part, we shall be compelled to let the world know our troubles, and to whom we may attribute them.

BUSINESS NOTICE.

Eating and drinking are among the commonest circumstances of life, and a man who eats a good dinner may be prepared for any event. To enable our friends and fellow citizens to provide themselves with the means of battling against the ills of life, we recommend a visit to the New Store of Wm. DAVIES, Yonge St. opposite Louisa St., where may be found the choicest selections of Butter, Cheese, Fresh and Cured Meats, &c., &c. We gladly testify to the upbarny and intelligence of Mr. Davis, and can heartily recommend him to the patronage of our readers.

One of the peculiar ornaments of the human race is a beautiful head of hair, which it is the duty of every mortal to preserve and beautify. One of the best means of accomplishing this object is the use of the Castilian Hair Invigorator, which is sold for promoting the growth of the hair, giving it a smooth and glossy appearance, and for removing dandruff.— From its use among so many respectable families, we are confident it cannot be classed among the common nostrums of the day; but it really possesses the properties and virtues for which it is recommended. For sale by all Druggists, especially by S. F. UQUHART, Yonge St., where all kinds of Perfumery, Drugs, &c., can be had at all times.

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