

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES—VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1860.

NO. 3.

THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1860.

GRUMBLES FROM QUEBEC.

To an Enlightened Public.—

As patriotism is the last resource of a scoundrel—so a government office seems to be the last resource of a ruined man. It matters not whether a good man or a bad man—whether he ruined himself, or was obligingly ruined by others, he lays himself down at the feet of ministers, fawns, wheedles, lies, flatters with forty-thousand devil-power. And for what? That he may become the servant of an ass, the drudge of a dunderhead, the scrivener of a block-head clerkocracy—doing dogs' work for dogs' wages.

Aspiring after such a noble prize Quebec contains a noble army of martyrs, who cry "give, give" with more than ordinary avidity, and "grab, grab" all they can get with more than swell-mobsmen eagerness. But why quarrel with them. They must make their bread and butter at somebody's expense. Why not at the expense of the disgusting public?

Everybody preys on the public from the youngest novice in the appropriating-other-people's-handkerchiefs-to-one's-own-use fraternity to the oldest member of that taking-money-out-of-other-people's-pockets-in-a-legal-way Society. Talking of lawyers reminds me that there is no animal in the world so easily spoiled on entering Parliament as a member of the legal profession. No sooner is he seated in the House than he commences to amend, repeal, and generally disfigure all existing laws from the Ten Commandments downwards. He's a crotchety creature and is continually "flaring up." He attacks the giants of the House with more than canine audacity. He is whipped with more than school room severity. But our lawyers are not alone in this peculiarity to plunge head-foremost into the hissing Maelstrom of debate. There are our village dung-hill cocks who flap their dull wings and pipe their weak foundrelty to empty benches and a dismayed gallery. What punishment would suffice to atone for their vile nonsense, stale facetiousness, feeble denunciations, foolish adjurations and idiotic conjurations.

However the session will not last much longer. The month is up, and now Hon. gentlemen are sure of their £150, and no doubt they are yearning to stretch their feet once more under their own mahogany. And indeed I do not think they will be much missed here except by Messrs Bilton and Banaley the Barber, not that the members have become very cleanly in their habits, or over and above generous in the way of sweetmeats. But the air of Quebec has the peculiar effect of shaking one's nerves, especially in the mornings, producing a desire for a bath and soda water.

A Mere Rumor.

—Some say that the H. R. H. the Prince of Wales will bring out with him a limited number of (K)night-caps. A Power of Attorney will doubtless be given to him by Her Majesty, to fit them on deserving Canadians, in her name.

N. B.—We prefer calling them (K)night-caps, though some term them (K)night-hoods. The old name is the better one.



T. D'Arcy McGee, in full dress as General of the 300,000 Irishmen.

D'ARCY MCGEE.

I.

Than the sweetest, thou art sweeter—

D'Arcy McGee.

Than the wisest, thou'rt discreeter—

D'Arcy McGee.

For love hath thy career been noted;

Concord and peace hast thou promoted,

Ever to union's cause devoted—

D'Arcy McGee.

II.

Hast thou made no brother weaker?

D'Arcy McGee.

Hast thou left alone the Spenser's?

D'Arcy McGee.

How many in thy snares entrapp'd thee?

Hast Sydney Smith, poor wren, escap'd thee?

In charity thy speeches shap'd thee—

D'Arcy McGee.

III.

Oh! take in time a waralog,

D'Arcy McGee.

To Virtue's path returning,

D'Arcy McGee.

Quit then the ranks of an unequal war,

Put not repentance off to hour afar;

If thou must shine be not a wayward star,

D'Arcy McGee.

THE FASHIONS.

Spring has come bringing with it bright skies and pleasant sunshine and the usual display of new dresses, new bonnets, and gay ribbons. Its approach is not by any means unknown to the gentlemen either, for they appear in fancy coats, fashionable trousers and killing caps and hats. We shall first notice the effect produced on the ladies attire. Those graceful jaunty little hats still retain their place in the ladies' affections, and as formerly, *lead* the list. We, if we know our own feelings, adore them, and are ready to kiss every pretty young lady that wears one. If any lady choose to take this up, she will find us by calling at our rooms, 21 Northcimer's Buildings, Toronto. Ladies in the country may communicate by letter propaid.

As we were observing, whenever we see a pretty young lady with a hat sitting jauntily on her head, our editorial heart expands and we find it hard to restrain our feelings. But when in addition we catch a glimpse of a pretty young lady with a pretty hat, covering beautiful hair, gracefully hung in a pretty fishing net, we have to dart round the nearest corner till the fair one has passed.

Hoops—ah—yes—hem!—bless our heart—no were nearly forgetting Dame-fashions-wickerwork. Hoops—hem! Crinolines, we should say, is nearly as large as ever—hem! but its an old subject. There is no use talking when the ladies take a notion into their heads nothing can get it out. There is, absolutely, no use saying anything about it.

As to the other parts of a lady's spring attire we cannot speak advisedly as we are not a lady. If we were, we should be able to give a great deal of useful information. As it is, and as these are hard times, we can only advise the ladies to make up their old dresses anew. Rip, cut, tear, mangle; line, patch, and piece; darn, knit and baste; turn in, turn out, roll and unfold; in fact do anything and every to save expense.

As we observed before, if we were a lady, we should speak of the latest style of caps, the latest striped silk, the most generally-sought-after style of *moire antique*; the most popular kinds of poplin, muslin and dolaine. We are compelled to defer any notice of this till we secure the services of a "fashionable Editor"; we being sadly out of fashion cannot tell what would be most likely to interest.

The gentlemen—what in the world do they intend making of themselves? Look at the first aristocratic snob you meet, take a general look at him, look at him closely. What an object he is! His trousers, tight at the bottoms, got gradually, terrifically wide. His coat has sleeves which widen in the same manner from the cuff up. On his head he wears what bears a near resemblance to an inverted sauceman without the handle. This is intended to cover the head, but it exposes the ears in too unmistakable a way not to explain the reason of its invention. The hands of the exquisite are generally enveloped in the most delicately tinted *mauve* kid gloves which were put on in the morning, and are not taken off until night.

We shall return to the subject at another time as it is very interesting and by no means uninteresting.

Horrible Cruelty.

—Harry Henry sentenced to read Isaac Buchanan's address to the Electors of Hamilton, in favour of Protection.

THEATRE



FRANCAIS,

QUEBEC.

Stage Manager.....Sir _____
 Wire-puller of the Puppets....Sir E. P. TACHE.
 Master of the Ballet.....Mr. G. BENJAMIN.
 Prompter.....Mr. W. CAYLEY.
 Call-boy.....Mr. C. DUNKIN.
 Scene-shifters, Messengers, Lamp-trimmers, Servants
 and Money-takers....."THE INFERIOR RACE."

ON SUNDAY, THE 1st OF APRIL, 1860,
 (BEING ALL-FOOLS' DAY),

The Servants of Napoleon the III. will perform the
 Operatic Pantomime of

TREASON TRIUMPHANT,
 OR
THE TABLES TURNED.

"*Chang and Eng*," (Political Twins, afterwards Ballet
 Girls).....Messrs. MACDONALD & CARTIER.
 "*Chops*," (the Political Adjutant Bird, afterwards 1st
 Clown).....Mr. J. ROSS.
 "*Mynheer Vancopperbottom*," (the Weevil Killer, after-
 wards Ring-master).....Mr. VANKOUGHNET.
 "*Fusbos*," (the Money Changer, afterwards Panta-
 los).....Mr. GALT.
 "*Gentleman George*," (a Renovator of Turned Coats)
 Mr. SHERWOOD.
 "*Bags*," (the Postman; 2nd Character—an Orange
 Hawker, afterwards Bull).....Mr. SEITH.
 "*Twist'em*," (an Attorney in the Courts of Conscience,
 afterwards Paddy Whack, the celebrated Acrobat,
 better known as the modern Antæus) Mr. ALLEYN.
 "*Annexation Jack*," (the Hod-man, afterwards Jeremy
 Didler).....Mr. ROSE.
 "*Narcissus C. Beau*," (afterwards the Learned Pig)
 Mr. BELLEAU.
 "*Mantilini*," (the Mangle-turner, afterwards Colum-
 bine).....Mr. MORIN.
 N.B.—Mr. M. kindly took this part on the shortest
 notice, the original cast being absent on a tour of in-
 spection.
 "*Fanciful Joe*," (who having a fundamental deficiency
 can't take a seat).....Mr. J. C. MONROSE.

The 1st Act is laid in 1837, in which will be in-
 troduced views of St. Charles, St. Denis, St. Eustache
 and St. Thomas, representing the merciful slaughter
 of Mr. Weir and the defeat of the 85th by the gallant
 Kamouraskins. The drop scene of this Act is a
 "skeleton sketch" of the exterior of Montreal Jail.

2nd Act, 1849.—Burning the Parliament House;
 showers of real eggs. The tom-fool procession of the
 bloody and brutal Tories going to England to de-
 mand the instant recall of the "rebel Elgin." In this
 Act will be introduced the spy system, the several
 parts by real live pimps, traitors and lick-spittles.
 Drop represents Sir A. N. McNab moving a soft-sop
 address to the "rebel Earl!!!"

3rd Act, 1854-1860.—The coalition beauties; Les
 Moutons triumphant; grand tableau—Chang and Eng
 fall into each other's arms, and curtain, representing
 a ruined and bankrupt country, drops as outraged
 and betrayed Upper Canada raises her red right hand
 and calls for vengeance.

In the course of the piece several singular trans-
 formations will take place:

"Chang" will exhibit his wonderful feat of remain-
 ing five years "steeped to the lips in corruption."
 "Eng" will dance his famous light-heeled Jig—
 "Come Haste from the Gallows."

"Chops" will do his Protean trick of all characters
 at once and none at all, all the time.

"Vancop" will throw a sommersault over a wheat
 field and banish all the vermin, he will eat his-own
 words (to show the benefit of light food) and draw
 them out in a never ending string of promises.

"Fusbos,"—a new way to pay old debts, by borrow-
 ing a guinea to pay a shilling.

"Gentleman George"—Bacchus leaving Ariadne
 in the Dismal Swamp.

"Bags," as a newly initiated Orangeman, will ex-
 hibit the full value of a Protestant oath.

"Twist'em" will produce the Quebec poll-books as
 the greatest monument of infamy, to be kept in a brass
 case, Mr. _____ furnishes the brass.

"Annexation Jack" will appear in his convertible
 party dress one half being the American stripes and
 the other the British cross.

"Narcissus" will amuse the audience by his at-
 tempts to speak English like a native and will sing
 his comic song:

"A bumballid' there was and he lived in Quebec,
 And most people hoped he'd some day break his neck,
 But he crawled, and he fawned, and he rose by degrees,
 And now he's a Peer, in his chair, at his ease."

"Mantilini." Mr. M. not being a professional tric-
 ster, it was intended that this character should
 represent Achilles wounded in the heel.

"Fanciful Joe"—The Hindoo trick of sitting on
 nothing, or no inconvenience from not having a
 chair.

GEM OF THE EVENING,

(BY THE WHOLE COMPANY.)

The Double Shuffle, or False Swearing not Perjury!

They will also show in how short a time a coun-
 try can be reduced, by fraud, treachery and incompetence,
 from peace, happiness and prosperity to discord, dis-
 content and degradation.

"ROBINSON ON KNIGHTHOOD"

12vo's Edition, Published by Smith, Quebec, 1860.

This is a very useful though *small* work on modern
 chivalry, and gives the reader an excellent and ac-
 curate notion of the rules which should govern legiti-
 mate ambition, and by regard to which disappoint-
 ment in sublunary honours may be averted. We have
 not had time to wade through those interesting por-
 tions of it referring to the historic names of the Smiths,
 Browns, Joneses and the English Howards, but judg-
 ing from the copious notes in our contemporary "*The
 Mirror of Parliament*," we can cordially recommend
 it to the perusal of young men proposing to enter
 public life, as illustrating for their guidance the
 simple nobility of the statesman, and the unselfish
 and proud patriotism of the Public Servant.

An Agreeable Surprise.

—We were perfectly astounded with a late
 number of *Globe*. We read it over attentively and
 did not find a single allusion to the senior member
 for Toronto.

A CAT-ASTROPHE.

(Air:—*The Harp that once, &c.*)

The Cat that once through Jerry's Halls
 Her feline music shed,
 Now hangs quite mute in Jerry's stalls
 Because its life has fled.
 Sweet sleep that once in days ago
 Swept through my chamber door,
 Returns again and lingers on,
 Unbroken as before.

No more do cats and kittens fight
 Or howl their midnight songs,
 No noses ever break the night
 That speak of cat-ish wrongs.
 And now, I very seldom wake
 When once asleep in bed,
 Till morning's light begins to break,
 For that old cat is dead.

[This must have been the ninth hanging of the old cat, else
 she may be living yet—Ed. G.]

PUBLIC NUANCES.

Our attention has been frequently directed to
 large pool of stagnant water immediately in front of
 the Newbigging house, in this city. Several theories
 are afloat about this pool, one is that Bob Moodie pur-
 poses to supersede the cabmen by running a flat boat,
 at two cents per drive, between the wharves; another
 that an *Eau de Cologne* manufactory is being estab-
 lished there to supply an agreeable scent for sprink-
 ling the streets during the Princes' visit; others say
 that the Hospital is getting empty and that means
 are thus taken to replenish it. Whichever theory is
 the correct one, we have no preferences for a different
 state of things. Let a committee, or rather the whole
 Council, for they are good for nothing else, tuck up
 their unwhisperables and bail it out. It would im-
 prove the health of the city and keep them out of
 mischief. Come, Mr. President Carr, set the ex-
 ample.

EXTRAORDINARY.

It is with shame and confusion we have to state
 that the air of Quebec has had a most damaging
 effect on Mr. Brown's "broad Protestant principles."
 Once the dauntless champion of Orangemen and in-
 veterate foe of everything pertaining to the Vatican
 and its world-spread emissaries, he now condescends
 to meet in caucus in a Catholic institute in Quebec.
 The exigencies of the party we doubt not, are great;
 its sorrows and afflictions are enough to drive it to
 distraction; but who could have imagined that these
 dejected souls would seek consolation in their days of
 trial in a Catholic institute? but so it is, and with
 burning shame we confess it.

On dit, that this is merely a ruse of Mr. Brown's to
 gain over Lower Canada support.

Wanted Immediately.

—A constituency for the Attorney General
 West. A rotten borough preferred; indeed no inde-
 pendent county need apply. The subscriber regrets
 that as he was summarily turned away from his last
 two places, he cannot bring any certificates of good
 character or political reliability; he begs, however,
 to refer anxious electors to a file of the *Globe* for the
 past twelve years, as the best character he is able to
 procure.

J. C. MONROSE.

P. S.—Letters left at the *Grumbler* Office will be
 duly attended to.

NEWSPAPER NEWS OR THE STRICKEN HEART.

A STORY OF FASHIONABLE LIFE IN NEW YORK.

BY WASHINGTON H. DUDS,

The talented author of "Tullamow, or the Bloody Reptile."

[Continued from our last.]

[In concluding our last chapter we left the learned Judge and the Merchant Prince (seated on a white satin couch in conversation,) the Merchant Prince demanding what was meant by the singular remark that had reference evidently to the Hon. Jefferson F. Kidoodle.]

"I thought you *was* posted up," said the Judge, "or I would not have mentioned it. My duty forbids my adding another word except to assure you in confidence, that Kidoodle is to-night a beggar, and will to-morrow be a prisoner."

"And he dares dance with my child," almost yelled the Merchant, "my only darling, all that is left to me of her sainted mother, except \$3,000,000, her dowry," and with lurid light gleaming from his aged eyes, he dashed down a costly chrysal vase, filled with expensive exotics, and hurried back to the gorgeous *salon*. The Polka had ceased, and Euphemia half reclined upon the manly shoulder of the Honorable Jefferson F. Kidoodle, panting with exertion.

"Quit that and follow me, E'boy," hissed, rather than said, the old man close at the side of Jefferson F. Now the Merchant Prince had not intended Euphemia to hear him, but as our great and immortal poet, Quincy H. Spottle of Boston, Mass. expresses it—

"A lover's ear will gaze an eagle mute."

the rich blood mantled over her lovely countenance, and she pressed the hand of her companion in speechless terror. There was no mistaking the scowl on that old man's face, Jefferson F. hesitated, and the next moment Euphemia's overwrought emotions mastered her. Unable to speak, she suddenly sung out with the full ringing note of the dying swan:—

Boston is a pretty town,
And so is Philadelphia,
You shall have a sugar plum,
And I'll have one my selfy.

And with a few incoherent words, such as Washington! Liberty! my country's banner! showing what is ever at the heart of a true American girl, even in the hour of agony, she dropped upon the embroidered carpet.

Jefferson F. Kidoodle dashed himself down beside her with a wild cry of horror, which struck deep, even to the soul of the Judge. Did he remember how years before, in the trackless forest marches of the Susquahanna, the golden haired girl—but why speak of memories?

The Merchant Prince, roused to now frenzy, seized the elegantly cut collar of Jefferson F's well fitting coat, and sought to drag him from Euphemia. The young man looked up with a tiger-like glare, and the glittering bowie-knife leapt from his bosom. In an instant he regarded the Merchant Prince as if about to annihilate him. The next moment, instinct taught him who was his foe, and with a panther-like bound he sprang towards the Judge, and dashed the knife full upon his heart; a shriek of horror burst from all, followed by a cry of wild surprise, as the well-tempered blade of American manufacture fell into a thousand splinters.

The Judge drew a revolver.

Jefferson F. Kidoodle felt he was doomed, but his eyelid did not quiver—his cheek did not pale, he confronted his stern enemy with an eye as stern as his own. "Down with him Judge," shrieked the remorseless Merchant Prince, "shant!" replied the Judge; "I only did it to try him, trying people is my vocation, you know," "he could not hurt me, will the ladies turn away their beautiful heads for a moment."

Every fair eye was veiled by a delicate gossamer kerchief, as the Judge, for a moment unbuttoning his vest, shewed a polished steel cuirass below it.

Buttoning himself up again, he raised the fainting Euphemia from the ground, and as she opened her lovely eyes, he placed her in the arms of the Honorable Jefferson F. Kidoodle.

"In the name of the Glorious Republic, whose servant I am," he said solemnly, "I pronounce you man and wife, and if you say a word old man I'll send you to the Tombs. Jefferson F. Kidoodle is rich and virtuous, I am his father, which accounts for it."

The Kidoodles inhabit the handsomest house in New York, and are two of the most distinguished among our upper ten.

CANADIAN ZOOLOGY.

The *Globe* suggests that a very agreeable way of entertaining the Prince of Wales on his arrival here would be to show him all the animals of the country. As there would be some difficulty in carrying out the suggestions of the *Globe*, because, in the first place, there are many animals at large of rather a wild disposition, which it would not be easy to trap on so short a notice, and in the second place, because there are serious doubts whether the exhibition of such animals would be of interest to the Heir Apparent, there are reasons to question whether the suggestion would be carried out in its entirety. We think, however, a selection might be made which would be creditable to a young country like this, and be pleasing to the lover of Zoology, such as His Royal Highness is. We beg leave to submit the following:—

A Political Monkey.....Mr. J. B. Robinson.
A semi-tamed Hyena....Hon. George Brown.
An amiable Giraffe.....Hon. J. S. Macdonald.
A snapping Terrier.....Hon. M. Cartier.
A Parliamentary Bull-dog, Mr. Speaker Smith.
A Gallic Weasel.....Hon. M. Dorion.
A Polar Bear.....Dr. Connor.
A slippery Coon.....Hon. M. Cameron.
A Lower Canadian Sucker, M. Dufresne.
A Kingstom Lizard (lean
and long.....Hon. J. A. McDonald.
An Orange Chameleon.... Mr. O. R. Gowan.
The Simcoe Ram..... Mr. T. Ferguson.
The Durham Bull..... Hon. A. Ferguson.
The Toronto Magpie..... Mr. A. Wilson.
The French Cockatoo..... Hon. T. J. Loranger.

In addition to the above a number of curious specimens in the Toronto Civic menagerie at the City Hall, will be exhibited to the Prince. It is said they belong to the tamer order of reptiles. Naturalists, however, have not yet been able to classify and label them. Our readers will hear of them again.

On Dit.

—That H. R. H. the Prince of Wales in consideration of Bob Moodie's eminent services in setting the forlorn Island opposite this city, intends to raise him to the Peerage. His title will be "Baron Peninsula." The author desires us to claim a reward for making a joke on such a barren subject.

LIZZIE.

I.

Oh! have you seen my lawn,
As romping the glades by
Adown the grassy lawn
With laughter-dashing eye.
Her small and pretty feet
Peep forth beneath her dress,
And hardly seem to meet
The green sward that they press.

II.

Her hair streams on the breeze
In careless sportive play;
As dashing through the trees
She seeks some secret way
That leads to fairy hovers
Amid the silent grove,
Where grow the sweetest flowers
For her whom all things love.

III.

Her merry laugh rings out,
At times, with childlike glee.
When caught she tries to pout
And look up angrily.
That spirit, so wild and free,
So loving and so true,
Is everything to me,
Though naught, perhaps, to you.

The Padlock.

—A witty wicked wag asserts that our esteemed friend of "The Padlock" has become so accustomed to be amiably useful at all public meetings of his fellow-citizens, that on awaking from his slumbers at the close of a recent sermon, he (by mere force of habit,) was about to address the congregation and move "That the Report of our excellent Chairman be adopted!"

THAT HOMESPUN.

Rev. Dr. Ryerson having returned from his late educational tour through the Province, has doffed the homespun suit which encased his portly person during his wanderings; and, being desirous of giving the public an opportunity of seeing the aforesaid developments will place the same on exhibition in the picture gallery of the Normal School, where it can be seen every day, (Sundays excepted,) from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. The articles are warranted home-manufacture, for which the Doctor has a great partiality even in the matter of school books, globes, maps, &c. &c. Orders for the latter may be left with Mr. Hodgins.

How to do it.

—An incorrigible dog-fighter says the only way to kill "joint authority" is to set the French terrier at him. We anxiously await the result of the fight, should "joint authority" ever again appear in the pit—we beg pardon—the Legislative Halls. In case the fellow should meet with his death in this way we beg to suggest that the remains be sent to Professor Croft, who, after making an examination of the component parts of the defunct hero, would be able to throw some light on the nature of his composition. At present there is a considerable deal of darkness on the matter.

"How shall we receive the Prince?"

—The Montrealers are determined to make a row of themselves.

A WORD TO THE UN-WISE.

To Ald. Carr, President, &c.,—

MOST PUSSANT DIGNITARY.—You are an honor to the body over which you preside. To say nothing of the immaculate ebokor or the unspotted handkerchief you boast, your delicate *personnel* and unimpeachable grammar admirably adapt you for your present position. Were you a whit more polished or a bit more learned than you are, you would be unfit for the presidency of the Toronto City Council. A disciple of Chestorfield would be shocked by the frequent employment of the "ho" in your Corporation; you have just that negative degree of delicacy which admits of hearing decency outraged without moving a muscle. Had you been a very ardent disciple of Lindley Murray, your nerves might frequently have been perturbed, but as it is the Queen's English is massaged within your hearing without causing you one shudder of disgust. The *gentleman*, whose place you are at present warming, is insulted weekly by the grossest and most senseless men who ever disgraced the civic board; and yet his warning-pan swelters in its place without one hiss of dissatisfaction or remonstrance. The Mayor may possibly vince under the degrading proposal to make him a petty poor-house steward. Ho may not relish the idea of being challenged by such contemptible cronies as Moodie, Fox or Strachan, to give an account of the wretched \$1,000 voted to him, but carefully begged by you. To yourself, however, these considerations have not presented themselves. You seem to be perfectly willing to act as the doler out of pounds of butter and pecks of potatoes, and furnish Councilman Conlin an account of the price you paid and the political soundness of the storekeeper from whom you purchased them. If the Mayor is merely the charitable trustee of the Corporation, he is surely accountable for the trust; and though you may not be over nice, I can fancy that *he* will not reish being made responsible for his thankless stewardship to such a set of beings as our present Corporation. Had you a spark of honorable feeling, you would not have sat silent under the contemptible insult offered to the first elected Chief Magistrate of the city. What business is it of yours that Mr. Wilson is a Clear Grit? you were once one yourself. It is not so long since you found your way to the *Globe* office and screamed lustily for Brown. If you have found *material* reasons for the summer-sault you have taken; why wreak your masters' vengeance on an honest, unbribed member of Parliament?

The people of Toronto chose him as their representative when they knew he was a candidate for Parliamentary honors; they gave him a large majority over your nominee; what right have you or the tavern-keeping Alderman, John Smith, to do with his politics? Had you not better mind your own business? Let me give a little advice to yourself and your motley crew:—Try and get a respectable common school teacher to mend your grammar, and some monosyllabic word on etiquette to do the same service for your manners. Learn to purify your language; you will never be mistaken for gentlemen so long as "ho," "fool," "falschood," &c., form the staple of your discussions. Don't be vindictive to the old servants of the Corporation. The Mayor is above your wretched spite; Mr. Garnett and the present efficient police force are unfortunately at your mercy. Use your power more kindly than a brood of tigers would. Don't abuse men who have no power to defend themselves; consider that the Deputy Chief has human feeling as well as stalwart arms, and the excitement of the one, when the safety-valve of speech is closed, may lead to the exertion of the others. A bore all don't drink a Mayor's champagne and make the air ring with reluctant *alieu*, and abuse him next week when he is five hundred miles away. Mend your ways, or you have of yet heard only a bit of the mind of

THE GRUMBLER.

PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.

As a specimen of what our Legislators are doing for their salary we give a true report of one day's proceedings.

We do not deem it fair in the daily papers to garble and mis-report the discussions in the Assembly. The fact is that they are doing nothing but postpone and procrastinate, and the country ought to know it.

(Our own Telegraphic Despatches, 3½ accounts in advance of the *Globe*.)

QUEBEC, March 29.

The House piled in at about 3.

The Speaker after brushing his wig, adjusting his queue, and piling on agony with a paint brush, patted his bull-dog and took his seat in the House.

Hon. Mr. CAMERON presented a dirty half sheet of fools cap from Snotville in favor of "konstitooshumal changes, and sum joint authority." (Mr. Brown) exultingly "Aha! and still they come.

Mr. J. A. McDONALD moved the second reading of the Anti-peg-top and general snobbing abolition Bill.

Mr. Brown denounced this hasty Legislation. Several of his constituents had prepared petitions against the bill, and he that day received a telegraph from the Duke of McIntyre urging delay. Desider the last fashions were not yet laid on the table.

Mr. J. A. McDONALD.—Well, postpone.

Mr. FOLEY desired to introduce a Bill to facilitate the consumption of lager beer and to abolish expectation.

Mr. CARTER, (in a saw-sharpening tone), it is well known—that the Honorable Member—represents a Dutch constituency—and of course he desires to aid the brewers of the liquor—he have referre to, but I am in no hurry—I had not any lager—ven I was in de Windsor—and I must see—if de Prince of Wales will drink it. I will write to Newcastle, and in de meantime the Bill must be put off.

Mr. J. A. McDONALD had no objection to the other object of the bill; any one who saw the state of the other side of the House after a debate, would see its propriety.

Mr. WILSON said something cutting, but we did not catch it.

PROCRASTINATED.

Mr. SIDNEY SMITH, moved for a committee to investigate the systems of ballooning at present in vogue with a view to a new system of mail service. Mr. Robinson said he had several communications from Bob Moodie, the Charles Green of America and he desired some delay. As soon as Moodie was prepared to give him an opinion, he would vote for this measure.

SHOVED OFF.

Mr. GOWAN said the measure he was about to introduce would commend itself to the good sense of the country. (He always says that Ed. G.) He begged to move the first reading of the Anti-Washing Board and general laundry regulation bill.

Mr. GALT said he hoped that his honorable friend would consent to a postponement. This was a matter which might refer to the revenue, indeed he was not sure but it might interfere with the domestic economy of His Excellency; he certainly thought he had seen the Vice-regal Biddy stooping over one of the very articles his hon. friend desired to abolish. He himself would shortly introduce a bill for the management of Biddies and other birds of prey, and the Hon. gentlemen would find that he had not over looked soft-soap.

SUBVISED.

The House then went into the usual convention

and joint authority discussion, where they let fly all their superfluous talk. During this useless debate, our reporter fell asleep and the House adjourned and left him snoring in the gallery,

AD BACCHUM.

Quo ma Bacche, rapis tui.—HORACE.

Oh! Bacchus, you jolly old coon,
Whither now do you want me to go.
I really think I shall soon
Tumble over and lie in the snow.

Who placed these hanged lamp-posts so near,
Gleaming out at the fellows that pass,
They think that I've taken some beer,
Well—perhaps—I have had—just a glass.

These lamp-posts they run against me;
All the curb-stones are out of their place.
I'd like now to start up a glee,
But my hat will fall over my face.

I'd sing now what never was sung,
Something new, by the way, in this town.
Oh! I wish that my lyre was strung,
And I'd soon let you have a break-down.

But, Bacchus, as long as I'm here,
Be assured that I'll stick to your side.
I'll never surrender my beer
'Till I've lost both my money and pride.

A Nice Point.

—We wonder would the courts hold that "pointed remarks" come within the meaning of "deadly weapons," as described in Col. Prince's late Act.

Retaliation.

—Mr. Atkins intends moving an amendment to Mr. Brown's Sunday-labor Bill, in order to retaliate on Col. Playfair, to the effect that an exceedingly heavy fine be imposed for dancing and ball-going on Sunday. Magistrates to have summary jurisdiction in the matter.

We hope that evasion or equivocation will not be able to defeat the object of this amendment.

Advice.

—We think that a resolution should be at once passed in the Toronto City Council to this effect; "That Alderman Bob Moodie, and Jim Smith, and Councilman Baxter, and Conlin, be a Committee to wait on the Prince of Wales, and present an address to him in the name of the Citizens. Also if necessary to shew H. R. H. and suite through our Institutions of learning, such as the University, &c.

BUSINESS NOTICE.

It is hardly necessary to state that the proprietors of the Terrapin Restaurant, MESSRS. CARLISLE AND MCCOMBY, continue their efforts in catering for the public taste. They have at present a large supply of the best shell oysters, prairie fowl, and all the other delicacies of the season. Lunch is served daily from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m., in the best style and at the most reasonable rates. Their liquors are also of the choicest description, and any one who desires a quiet evening meal, and a good glass of beer, will be sure to find it at the Terrapin. Mr. Spooner, who occupies the cigar store in the Terrapin supplies the best pipes, cigars and tobacco, and will fully satisfy any who may patronize him: The whole establishment is a credit to Toronto, as well as to the proprietors.

THE GRUMBLER.

Is published every Saturday Morning, at No. 21, Masonic Hall, North-church's Buildings, Toronto Street. Copies may be had at all the News Depots. Subscription, \$1; Single copies, 5 cents. Persons enclosing their cards and \$1 will be favored with a special notice. Communications addressed "The Grumbler Office, Box 1054," will reach the Publishers.