

THE GRUMBLER.

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NO. 12.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coat
I see you tent it;
A chiel's among ye takin' notes,
And, faith, he'll print it."

SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1858.

THE GOOSE QUESTION.

The following debate was unavoidably crowded out of the dailies:—

A call of the House having been made in order to discuss the important Goose Bill, the members were all in their places, and the galleries were of course crowded by ladies.

Mr. BROWN opened the discussion by moving the second reading of the Bill to make the killing of Geese high treason, and therefore punishable by death. If his motion were carried, he would refer it to a special committee composed of J. B. Robinson, Hogan, Loranger, McKenzie, Cauchon, and the mover. He did not intend to make any remarks at present, (hear, hear,) but he would claim his privilege by-and-by. (Sensation.)

Mr. O. R. GOWAN seconded the motion as being an independent member, and not caring a damn—he begged pardon—a pin for any party, especially the Ministry, who were a damned—no, he was really sorry to forget himself—an unprecedentedly stingy lot of gallow's birds.

Hon. Mr. LORANGER opined that the member for Leeds and Grenville was tight.

Mr. GOWAN.—Look at me, sir! Do I look like a tight man?

Mr. HOGAN.—Hon. gentleman should not be personal. I, myself, eschew such things. But I do say that, besides being a man who could never be bought or sold, I'm some pumpkins as regards talent—as every one who has read my Essay on Canada is well aware; yet—

Mr. TALBOT.—Question.

Mr. MCGEE.—The hon. member for Middlesex had better go on with the composition of his own speech, on which I suppose he is again engaged.

Mr. TALBOT.—Hold your tongue, you vi a reprobate.

Mr. HOGAN.—As I said before—(A voice, shut up.)

Mr. AIKINS would like to know what was before the chair.

Mr. POWELL.—The mace is. (Roars of laughter.)

Mr. MACKENZIE.—When I was a young fellow, Mr. Speaker,—that is when you were in the Penitentiary—

THE SPEAKER.—Order.

Mr. MACKENZIE.—I don't mean anything personal.

Mr. CAUCHON.—The hon. member for Haldimand is in order.

THE SPEAKER.—He's not.

Mr. CAUCHON.—I say he is. (Chair, chair.) I don't care two shakes of a dead lamb's tail for the chair. (Creaking of desks, and cheers and groans.) I say it's unjust! (Uproar.) It's monstrous! (Awful row.) It's frightful! (Deafening hullabaloo.)

The SPEAKER rises and gesticulates until he is black in the face, but is not heard. Silence being restored at length,

Mr. DALY reminded the house that the member for the Lord knows where—he meant Mr. Foley—had opposed the motion on a former occasion, and he felt convinced, from the sinister expression of his countenance, that he would vote for it now.

Mr. MACDOUGALL begged to inform the last speaker that seeing he was returned to his seat by bribery and corruption, he had no right to make impertinent observations. He considered his hon. friend a pitiful, sneaking bound.

Mr. DALY was obliged to the member for North Oxford for his candor, but he thanked his stars he was not such a hulking, lying, contemptible spaniel. as —

Mr. BROWN.—Mr. Speaker, why the deuce don't you keep order?

Mr. CAUCHON.—He's asleep.

THE SPEAKER.—(Waking up).—It's false, you French villain! What's the row?

Mr. GOWAN.—I'll be hanged—

Hon. Mr. ALLEYN.—No doubt of it.

Mr. FOLEY.—The Government promised to bring in such a measure as this long ago, but they shirked the responsibility as they do all responsibility—except that of overdrawing their salaries.

Hon. Mr. SMITH.—Merciful power! What do I hear? I feel, Mr. Speaker, actuated by the eloquence of that great Spartan who flourished before the flood—I mean Mr. William (usually called Billy) Pitt; and like him I am determined to stand no shilly-shallying; but to face my enemies as Noah faced the lions in the den, with which every reader of Macaulay is familiar.

Hon. J. A. MACDONALD.—(Aside)—Don't be making an infernal fool of yourself, Smith. I'll be hanged if I keep you any longer.

Mr. HOGAN.—I persist in saying that there is no use in trying to get rid of the Goose Question by a side wind. As to what fell from the Post-Master General, I have only to remark that it is clear he never read my Essay—

Mr. BROWN.—Burn yourself and your Essay!—(cries of spoke, spoke!)

Mr. TALBOT.—I wish to remind the junior Member for Montreal, before I forget it, that he's small potatoes.

Mr. MCGEE.—If the Member for Middlesex were not beneath contempt, I'd knock the spots off him, before he could say Jack Robinson. (Mr. T. and Mr. G. go out and fight nine rounds, when the Division Bell is rung, at which they separate and return to vote.)

The motion for the second reading of the Goose Question having been put from the Chair, the House divided, when the numbers were found to be—yeas, 07; nays, 00; consequently the motion was zxdwack svrgnd qtmuagf. The result of the division will no doubt give universal satisfaction!

PLAYFAIR.

Playfair was a Colonel,
As bold as bold could be,
Playfair was a statesman,
The worst you ever see,
Playfair was a turncoat,
Who hugged the great John A.
Playfair gulled the Lanarkites,
But there'll be the De'il to pay;

For they'll turn him out, kick him out, o'er the stones,
Like the gray headed pauper whom nobody owns.

On Show

—At Fitzgerald's Rooms, King St. West, an excellent photograph of one of the *Fellows* who ranks highest in the list of Parliamentary Criminals. Persons desirous of seeing the original will find him any evening at the Legislative Assembly, in the neighborhood of the Carleton beauty.

Not a Contradiction.

A policeman in giving evidence at the late assizes stated on oath that the police force of Toronto, was not trained as to their duties. Subsequently he sent a note to the daily papers, saying that his evidence was incorrectly reported, and that the police were trained regularly. The latter statement we believe to be correct. As all we meet are in the blues, we think that most of the force must be on the train every day.

Wanted.

"A Gentleman of Conservative Politics to join the Proprietor of this Paper, and take an active share in its management. The *Toronto Times* has an excellent advertising connection, a good circulation in the Provinces, and a rapidly increasing demand at home for the English Edition, into which Advertisements of Farms to be Let or Sold will be inserted at a reduced price.

We described the above paragraph in the last "supplemental" sheet of the *Old Countryman*. The Editor of THE GRUMBLER desires to patronize with the Editor of the *Times*, as we claim to be both a "scholar and GENTLEMAN," and for that purpose respectfully solicit a conference at our office, Masonic Hall, where we could no doubt agree upon a fusion of principles and interests.

A Fierce Joker.

Col. Duggan, in a very angry note, informs us that he is not the Fire Coroner. He swears that he never yet held an inquest upon old burnt ash barrels; but he confesses that he has often *sat over the remains* of the whiskey barrel till he couldn't tell St. Patrick from a bull-frog, nor the Governor General from a mud turtle. From the threatening language of the Colonel's letter, we should have set him down as a Turk, did we not know him to be a Dutchman.

BROWN'S LAMENT.

SEE BROWN'S "NUMBER ONE."

It's very hard and so it is,
This burning black disgrace,
By some strange haps those stupid class
Still stuck within their place;
Sure luck goes calling here and there—
Goes running up and down;
But though I've sought it long enough,
It won't seek Mister Brown.

I'm sick of all the mongrel pack,
Of Smith that horrid bore,
I'd like to kick him mells and bags,
Just slick across the floor.
There's Carlier, too, a number two,
Should quickly follow down;
And Cayloy with his shining pate
Make room for Mister Brown.

Scotte, I hear, 'tis very clear,
Ain't easy in his mind,
I've tried to show him right from wrong,
But, Pahaw! the fellow's blind;
Leranger with his monkey tricks,
Deserves my harshest frown;
But smash the crew, with all I do,
They won't give place to Brown.

'Tis hard with good men at my back,
I can't just have a try;
Conner the bear, and Foley there
Wouldn't feel the least bit shy.
Oh I could I get across the way,
I'd make the Moderates frown;
But, la! if it seems luck lingers long,
'Fore reaching Mister Brown.

For sure I often work quite hard,
To clear myself a way;
And what a comfort 'tis to think—
There yet may come a day
When all the men about the House
Shall see me wear the crown;
Aid folks in wondering whisper say,
There I there I that's Premier Brown.

There must be hope! 'tis very plain
Macdonald's in a fix;
His crooked schemes some day must fall,
Before our vigorous kicks.
I'm sure he's often looked of late,
About the mouth quite down;
There must, there is, I'm sure there is
A chance for Mister Brown.

They thought they'd catch'd in Mister Rose,
A bright and shining light;
But, la! he ain't a Chatham yet,
Nor yet a Russell quite.
The man's soon whacked, they loudly cracked,
He might prance wear a gown
And plead in court; but sure he's not
A match for Mister Brown.

But still it's hard, and so it is,
This burning black disgrace,
To see those chaps by strangest haps,
Still clinging to their place;
I'm sure sometimes it makes me think
While hangering for renown;
There is "Nao luck about the House"
In store for Mister Brown.

The Two Independents.

—W. Macdougall, Esq., M. P. P., for North Oxford, took occasion, upon making his maiden speech in the House, to say he was entirely independent of George Brown. And Ogle R. (in plain English, the *ogling rogue*), the very night he took his seat for Leeds, declared that he was independent of the present ministry. We are better off than we thought we were, now that we know we have two independent men in the House. But—Who would have thought it?

OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

We had hoped to be able to record some evidence of improvement in the manners of our awkward Councillors, but the potency of the *brute* element in some of the members will naturally disturb the harmlessly disposed, and cause frequent ebullitions of polite breeding; it is therefore folly on our part to harbour such expectations.

The position of Humphrey, Camp & Co., was brought up at the last meeting, as it has been at every meeting for the last three months. It is now very apparent these gentlemen are shrewd tacticians and play a game far above the comprehension of most of the Blowers. A few are, it is more than probable, directly interested in the schemes of Humphrey, Camp & Co., and have collusively aided in fastening the difficulties and perplexities of this Esplanade question upon the city. Its inception was the signal for unusual activity with all classes of jokers; in many cases, seats at the Council Board were obtained by them, with a view to encompass their design in this very matter; official position lent itself to the perpetration of a contract which gave, if not a direct, at least a collateral interest to them. The citizens, to be sure, have at various times taken the alarm, and demanded investigation, but with a result as fruitless as Saul's search after the lost asses. The game of the chissellers has been successful throughout; and, notwithstanding the abandonment of their contract, and the flight of the principals from the country, a more *ruse* to get their creditors to sign a bond of release, obtaining which, they again come back, resume work, and act entirely independent of the authority of the council. Their audacity excites our admiration, and challenge comparison with anything of the Rip Van Winkle character. We would suggest on the part of our citizens, more acute observation, and endeavor to fathom the undercurrent of some of their representatives. We do not impugn the usefulness of any single one of them in some capacity or other; but, we think, nevertheless, a lynx-eyed scrutiny over the Blowers would redound to the general advantage. Brunel's antecedents admirably fits him for dabbling; Boomer has a reputation for curious legal complications; and a number of the lesser fry are ever ready to be made use of for a consideration.

A very good suggestion was thrown out, to purchase a piece of land, ten feet in width, to make uniform the Post Office Lane to Colborne street. It is a prominent thoroughfare, and the leading avenue from King street to the Merchants' Exchange. Mr. James Beatty, the proprietor of the required land, generously offers to sacrifice for the public good. The matter got the go-by, for the reason, we suppose, of its bring urgently needed. On a still higher ground we advocate the purchase, it is to give an opportunity to Mr. Beatty, who never yet made a sacrifice for anybody's good, to prove his beneficence. Councillor Oraig is entitled to a compliment from us for stepping out of his ordinary ludicrous position in this matter.

The spirit of Carruthers was nervously buoyant during the whole evening, terminating at last in a complete overflow. His victim was a kindred spirit from St. Patrick's. For a season it was Carruthers vs. Purdy. The former insisted on "scissoring" the latter, while the latter threatened a "pasturing" of the former. Purdy's pluck appeared equal to Carruthers, and gave due notice to his intention to demand reparation.

OPINI

ESS ON THE DR. RYERSON CASE.

"Dr. Ryerson has been appointed visiting Chaplain to the criminals confined for embezzlement in the Provincial Penitentiary. It is hoped that the precepts and *example* of the Rev. Dr. will be productive of beneficial results. Some persons, have suggested that his permanent residence in the building would be of advantage to society. We think the idea worthy of consideration."—*Colonist*.

"A Dispute" is now raging between Mr. Anderson late D. R. General and Dr. Ryerson, with regard to the copyright of the Back Interest Tables lately published by the former gent: D. R. informs us that he was the first official who developed the the system practically, having received £1375 from the Bank of U. C. for the work, which is now in press, and will shortly be issued, under the title of *Pocket Interest Calculator*. We recommend the the perusal of all self-interested individuals."—*Globe*.

"Dr. Oadwell is about to attempt a very delicate ophthalmic operation for the purpose of straightening the moral vision of the Rev. Dr. Ryerson, now distorted to such an extent that his oldest friends have difficulty in recognising him."—*Leader*.

The Greatest "Sell" of the Season.

The public will regret to learn that the excellent and efficient Water Works which have hitherto supplied the City with purest and most limpid *aqua vitæ*, have been sold by Mr. Fruiiss; (whose name so aptly expresses the place where the righteous indignation of the citizens have long ago consigned him,) to that most righteous, honorable, and patriotic corporation,—the Metropolitan Water Works Company composed of Messrs Beatty, Ca-preol, Killaly, and others of a like kidney. The transaction has been further enhanced to the public by the purchase of Aid. Brunel; who, we understand, will soon make a proposition in the Council to buy out, with a large advance on the original cost, the said enterprising Metropolitan Company. Fight it out.

Two hot headed Irishmen, Darcy McGee and Marcus Talbot have entertained the public during the past week with a piece of paper war. Now as the genius of Irishmen delights in the smell of blood, we humbly suggest that they are placing themselves in a false position. Why not resort to pistols, or better still, to the good old fashioned "Shillalegh," and fight it out. Dame Hiibernia would look on with a smile of approval, and decorate the Victor's brow with a wreath of Sham-rocks. We of Tam GAMBLER would add our mite in the shape of a triumphal ode, bound in *calfs*, as most congenial with the figure head of the combatants.

Extraordinary Escape.

That much persecuted and injured individual, with the euphonious cognomen of George Byron Lyon Fellowes, has escaped expulsion from the House for high crimes and misdemeanors, by an overwhelming majority of One. The Hon. gentleman has every reason to congratulate himself on the high estimation in which he is held by the people. His escape is second only to that of the man who missed hanging by the breaking of the rope.

THE THEATRE.

Several weeks having elapsed since we paid a visit to the Lyceum, we were induced to go to see our old friends Mr. and Mrs. Pauncefort, with whom we had often before beguiled many a tedious hour, and whom we hope to see again before we die. We were sorry to observe that the house was not as well filled as it should have been; but we suppose that our fair friends endorse Mr. Mackenzie's opinion, that the infliction of a debate is atonement sufficient for any crime short of a breach of promise. Still we are sure the dear creatures are not so bad, but that they might occasionally in the week convert the boxes of the Lyceum into a garden of roses by their presence. But we are digressing. As regards Mr. and Mrs. Pauncefort, we have no reason to change the high opinion which we had formed of them before now. We thought indeed that Mrs. Pauncefort was rather conventional as Mrs. Sternhold, and that Mr. Pauncefort's *John Midway* was in some points too elaborate, but as these blemishes were seldom observable we will not dwell on them. Their favorite characters in "Pauline," "The Green Bushes," and other pieces were warmly applauded; but we missed their usual Shaksperian representations.

We notice with pleasure an improvement in Mrs. Marlow's style of rendering *Mrs. Midway*—an unimportant character, but still sufficient to justify our remarks. She is, however, deficient in an important particular—she exhibits scarcely any genuine feelings; and the little emotion which she at times displays is so unskillfully counterfeited that the deception is disagreeably apparent. She will also excuse us saying that her pronunciation, instead of being hurried and falling flat on the ear, should be measured and distinct, and that all the words should be well emphasized. We hope Mrs. Marlow will not be angry with us; we write with the best intention, and nothing will give us greater pleasure than to chronicle the good effect which a dash of fire and energy would have when set off by her fine *physique*.

We have seen Mr. Marlow once or twice lately, and willingly accord to him credit for the dashing and gentlemanly style in which he throws off his part—but we are always ready to laugh at his most serious character, when he relapses into the old *Amindab Steele* style of delivery.

Mr. Cook's *Captain Hawkley* shows that he is improving in style; which would, no doubt, be still more observable if he were not so loath to renounce a ridiculous habit of giggling too much when merry, and "tearing a passion to rags" when angry.

Last of all comes Mr. *Petrie*, whose exuberant fancy is ever leading him to spoil what he has finished to a nicety, and this, too, in such a fashion that we are forced to laugh when disposed to be seriously angry at his impertinence. His *Mr. Potter* was too extravagant. By-the-way, as the character of *Longford* and *Markham* cannot be cut out of the comedy, we would suggest to the manager to clothe those fellows in any old theatrical suit convenient, sooner than send them in to play their part in a drawing room in the attire, and with the manners of under-grooms.

A want of punctuality has been and is the besetting sin of the manager. For no earthly good reason

he has changed the hours of ringing up the curtain, from half-past seven to eight o'clock; consequently the performance, what with a late start and a long delay between the acts, is never concluded at an hour proportionate to its character. We will insist on a reformation.

COL. PRINCE ON NIGGERS.

The gallant Colonel, it seems, can stand anything but a colored individual. The sight of a Blackamoor as effectually brings him to a stand still as the serpent of old did the Roman legions. Nay, he grows furious at the bare idea of a negro; and his hatred for the class is so strong, that we doubt if he would enter the Kingdom of Heaven cheek and jowl with a nigger, if he had the option. He won't allow that they are human; he calls them "these animals," and says, that they are a "terrible nuisance," and further, that they are "useless, worthless, thiefless," and in fact little better than orang-outang. *Vagabonds* is the mildest expression he has for them. His opinion of what would be good for them is in keeping with his sentiments. He says, that they were "born, intended for slavery, and that they are fit for nothing else." At last we have finished Col. Prince's definition of a negro, and we are pained that he would have committed himself so far. If the Colonel has been faithfully reported, he has given utterance to statements more black than the hue of the duskiest skin, and more anti-liberal, anti-Christian, and anti-everything pertaining to a member of the Legislative Council, than it could have entered into the breast of man to devise, or that the tongue of man could utter.

The occasion which gave rise to the above original remarks was a rider to the Emigration Bill by the Colonel, that negroes should be taxed on landing here; which rider was very properly kicked out.

A Capital Suggestion—Old Moss.

The following Letter was sent to us:—
 — Spose that ere Korporation uv urs vere to be hactuated by unkimmin fine feelin', and to take up the civiltion hon hour biland; hand 'spose that they vere all blowed away, and stowed away at the bottom of the lake—I'm blowd if they wouldn't make themselves 'himortal. They would be kounted decendants of that ere feller Kurtus; ho I've been led to hunderstand, was a Roman Councillor.
 Yours till ve meet.

A PATRIOT.

The Road to Ruin.

— The Grand Trunk Railway.

Looking Out for No. One.

— Mr. McDougall has introduced a Bill to dispense with property qualification, it is said, with a view of providing for his own case at the next election.

Wanted a Dandy.

Look here, look there, look round the House,
 Look north, look south and west,
 Wanted a dandy and a top,
 Who'll fill the role up best?
 Wanted a dainty, shallow fop,
 Just fit to hold a fan,
 Come pick and choose, there, there, that's him,
 Lorange is the man.

Extremes Meet.

— Messrs. Benjamin and Alley, — the Thick and Thin supporters of the Government. Messrs. Brown and Mackenzie, — the Long and the Short of the Opposition.

An Unfinished Illustration.

— That singular abortion from Quebec, the Commissioner of Public Works, attempted another ghastly joke, in replying to a forcible speech of Dr. Connor on the Russell election frauds. He quoted a *mal-apropos* expression from "Shylock," by being prompted, but forgot to mention that he, like Antonio, "was the tainted wether of the flock, meetest for expulsion." Meanness.

— The Beauty from Carleton, is progressing in the development of his varied accomplishments. Not content with acting as John A's whipper in and go between, he has taken upon himself the duty of Ministerialist spy in general. His new character accords so well with the *Honorable Gentleman's* antecedent course that we confess we cannot utter even a tiny ejaculation of surprise. "Excellent well, and 'as to the manner born" he hovers near when the Opposition Members do congregate, and bloated with consciousness of his importance speedily conveys the information gained by eavesdropping to his Leader. Poor fellow! we pity him. Contempt is too valuable a commodity to bestow on the likes of Billy the battle-washer.

Treason Punished—Patriotism Rewarded.

— We announce with infinite pleasure that Mr. Hinck's late Governor of the Windward Isles, who chiselled the City of Toronto out of a larger amount in one week, than Mr. G. Brown gets from the Great Western Railway Co., for a whole year's independent support, has been sent to *leeward*, for his complicity in the ten thousand pounds matter. And we publish the glorious news with pleasure *ad infinitum*, that Geo. Brown Esq., the talented and wordy leader of the loyal opposition, is to be sent to *windward* as soon as the Session closes, to renew the capacity of his lungs. We believe that justice has been thus tardy in consequence of the Palmerston administration; advised thereto by Mr. Leatherman, preventing the *Globe's* being seen by Royal eye. — *Globe*.

Col Playfair's Expose.

— Col. Playfair informs us that his voting for the Grey Nuss Bill was altogether a mistake. He asserts that he was asleep during the debate, and dreamt that Baron de Rottenburg, Adjutant-General of Militia, had been drummed out of the service, and that he was about being installed in his place by act of Parliament, when he was awaked by the bell calling members to their places, looking up, and seeing his friend John A and his colleagues on one side, he naturally concluded they were all voting for his appointment; and cursing Brown and all other obstructives, he joined the yeas. He says that when he had got his eyes fairly open, and found that, instead of voting for the promotion of a gallant soldier, he had given his yes for the advancement of a pack of old women, he almost made up his mind to desert to the opposition.

O never desert your party, man,
 Whatever cause they may give,
 Always stick close to your friend John A.,
 And in time he'll well kick thee.

RANKIN AND McLEOD.

The following twenty-eight lines of an attempt at what some call poetry, was sent us by an M.P.P., and is inserted for two reasons; first, that it may contain a hint at the truth, and secondly, to give an opportunity to the writer of it to boast that he has written for the GRUMBLER:—

THE REASON WHY THE ESSEX ELECTION IS NOT CLEARED UP.

Now 'o'th', I now pray, cried great John A.,
Don't mention Rankin's name,
McLeod shall sit, confound his votes,
Though false, 'tis all the same.
McLeod is soft, and easily
I turn him round and round,
But Rankin's obstinate, you see,
And far from being sound;
I'll keep him out, and put him off,
'Till stand by Essex Mac,
For if that Rankin sits again,
He'll join John Sandford's pack;
And if he does and helps to thrust
Me from my jolly berth,
My heart, my heart, will surely burst,
And I shall quit the earth.
I love my power, I love my place,
And while I live I'll try
To keep myself in Government,
And when I can't, I'll die.

COAL! COAL!! COAL!!!

TREMENDOUS EXCITEMENT! BOWMANVILLE GONE TO BLAZES!!

Sir Wm. Logan and all the Geologists in the country
blown up!

ASTOUNDING DEVELOPMENTS!

SPECIAL TELEGRAPH TO THE GRUMBLER.

Are we alive or dead while we write? Will any one body bite our finger, or run a pin up to the head into our editorial right hand? Odds bodkins, what is man, or woman either, letting alone the children? Events have happened within the last quarter of an hour which will shake the world to its centre, and scatter the stars from the high firmament as our Biddy does the younkers with the broom-stick.

At half-past nine o'clock last night a deputation of Geologists, comprising Sir W. Logan, Prof. Chapman, and a host of others, assembled at the Bowmanville coal mines. The bore was enlarged an inch and a-half, making the entire width four and a-half inches; and amid the breathless excitement of the Bowmanvillain population, the entire body of Geologists descended into that infernal pit. Scarcely had the tip of the last Geologist's nose sunk to a level with *terra firma*, which in future we will call *terra blazes*, when—but our pen reels, and our head refuses to move!—an explosion was heard louder than ten thousand quakes, and the whole body of scientific stonemasons were blown into the elements. Flames issued out of the aperture—which, by the way, suddenly opened to a width of six miles—and consumed every mother's son of those present!

The scene in the town of Bowmanville bangs Bannacher, and he, as our readers know, bangs the devil! The fire companies turned out in a twinkling, and rushed to the scene of the conflagration; but, alas! they were all consumed in less than no time! While we write the town is burning like mad! Where it will end we don't know. The list of killed and wounded will be published in an extra.

THE GOOSE QUESTION.

Several members are anxious as to the fate of this important matter. Mr. Sir on has, we understand, brought in a bill which allows all "geese, ducks, and wild geese, to go at large as far up as high water mark without the permission of anybody." Mr. Mattice has given notice to amend said bill by the introduction of a clause to provide the said poultry with leggings in case it should raise. Mr. Mackenzie last night advocated the bill in an original speech, in which he stated that "ever since the geese took Rome"—But here he was interrupted by such a burst of unruly laughter that the honorable gentlemen sat down and said no more that night.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ARGUS—It is evident, was not minding his devotions at the Cathedral, last Sunday evening.

IMPUDENCE—Says that Foley aspires to the Attorney Generalship. We say: You don't say so!

H. G.—We regret to have to disoblige you, but the matter is of too private a nature for us to interfere with.

HOOPS.—We like the suggestion. It would be comical to see the Highland company with hoops in their petticoats.

SWANSON—If Mr. Powell has sprained his ankle by jumping at a conclusion, we advise you to set it with the *keenness* of your wit.

INFLUENCE WANTED.—The Government will commit a sad mistake if they don't bestow the situation on you. You are so bright!

ROGER VAN DYCK—Has succeeded in making such amiable bad puns, that we think him a fit candidate for the Attorney Generalship.

LONDON.—We have nothing to do with the fast man, who keeps the fast horses. You must have been tight when you wrote us. Confess now!

DEN'S THEOLOGY.—If you were a servant, the probabilities are that your master's property would not be safe in your keeping. Remember all about the beam, &c.

THE NAMELESS INDIVIDUAL.—Who sent us Government Policy, ought to know—if he has got any brains—that to take care of No. 1 is both right and proper.

T. C. S. displays a laudable motives in defending Dr. Ryerson; but we imagine that it will take more than his well written verses to confirm the public that black is white. However, you are a good fellow.

NORMAL SCHOOL.—As we neither know you nor the pupils you hint at, please do not bother us any more in the matter. You are not the first person whose impertinence led them to misanderstand our position.

OPINIONS, &c.—We beg to intimate to the writer that his opinions bear no sort of analogy to those expressed by the Press of Toronto—now the greatest Press in the world, the GRUMBLER having given a tone to it.

A SUB (London)—Of course we can take no notice of the private transaction of any member. But we shall keep our eyes skinned to their public actions. At the same time, you may be sure that we feel immensely flattered by your appreciation of our efforts.

SOMEbody writing to us from the Lord-knows-where, says that a raffle took place at Woodstock, for the Striverly of Middicex, and that people answering the names of Frank Cornish, Bill Glass, and Poor Deedes—a queer name, we think—were the throwers. Our correspondent further says, that Deedes was victorious. We say: Who the duce are all those individuals?

FIVE YOUNG CANADIANS.—We wish that we had five hands that we could shake hands with you all together. You are regular bricks. If we are not present at your merry party—of course you won't expect us. Eh!

OLD GRUMBLER.—You should remember that the *Colonist* seldom or ever ventures on a joke of late; and as for the *Globe*, there's not a pony-weight of wit in the whole establishment—therefore anything they may have perpetrated in regard to the fellow Townsend may be overlooked.

OBSERVER.—The law which prohibits men from leaving their cabs is in force. However, if they do not obstruct the side-walk in standing on it, there is no harm in their singing nigger songs; and we have no doubt that the policemen are kept from mischief if the melody is such as to attract their presence.

GRUMBLING SALLY enquires whether the gentleman who advertises for a wife in the *Leader* and *Colonist* has met with success; and appears to imply that she discovers in the *inegy* of the advertiser, one who has made her overtures in common with a great many other ladies. We of course know nothing of the matter, but trust the lucky individual, whoever he may be, may be fortunate in his present attempt, failing in which, we would advise him to procure the assistance of Mrs. French, the Clairvoyant. What say you, Sally?

BUSINESS NOTICES.—\$1 EACH.

MR. JOHN COOMBS, Druggist, corner of Yonge and Richmond Streets, has added another to the many attractions of his shop, by the introduction of a new machine for the manufacture of the purest and best Soda Water we have ever tasted. It would be useless to describe minutely the apparatus, and we have only to direct our thirty readers—and they are legion—to Mr. COOMBS'S establishment, where they will be so cheerfully and refreshingly that they will feel indebted to us for directing them thither.

John McFullin, Auctioneer, &c., has announced his intention of holding an extensive Sale of Books and Stationery on several Evenings, commencing on June 3rd, in the Leader Buildings corner of King Street and the Old Post Office. The stock offered comprises a very large and rare selection of works on almost every subject. Our readers should not fail to give Mr. McFullin a call. For the convenience of purchasers private bargains may be made during the day.

There are few things in this world more agreeable than a good song and a good glass of ale. They help to obliterate the cares of the day, and give us a zest for the labour of to-morrow. Both of these, may be had at KURR'S SALOON, opposite the Court-House. The Concert-Room, we understand, is nicely decorated, and the concerts will come off every Monday and Saturday evening. As a general thing we are opposed to saloons; but at the same time, when well conducted, (as we have no reason to doubt Kurri's saloon will be, it will be quite a pleasure to spend an hour there.

Which of the permanent city attractions possessing sterling merits can compare with the musical shades of the AROLO, 40 King St. West? If the opinion of THE GRUMBLER is worth anything, we will undertake to say that more real enjoyment can be here obtained by the disbursement of a simple 12¢ than can anywhere else be obtained in H. Province. The Concert Room is a model in itself, provided with talented artists, and the most refined music. The simple fee before mentioned secures a ticket, which not only entitles the holder to the music, but also to a glass and a cigar, when he can indulge himself in delicious ease, alternating his movements between the dying away of the sweet perfume of his cigar, with a quaff at the flowing bowl. SROTT, the Proprietor, is a model of courtesy.

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