

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. 1.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1853.

NO. 8.

THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1853.

PROVINCIAL SPOUTING APPARATUS.—No. VIII.

I. THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE WEEK.

It would be a very vain and barren task to follow the meanderings of legislation during the past week; suffice it to say that the sole business transacted is the second reading of the terrible Usury Bill, which was carried after another dreary debate. A little tinkering at the Legislative Council was attempted by Mr. Dorion, but of course unsuccessfully. The Orange Incorporation Bill was kicked out very unceremoniously after a first reading, on motion of Mr. Cauchon. We may just state as an evidence of the garrulous character of the House that 40 members (nearly half of the House then present) had their say upon the matter; of course the shamrock of Montreal made a little opposition; Mr. Brown and Mr. Robinson vied with one another in their zeal for the society; and we understand that Bob Moodie, on hearing them, expressed his decided opinion that he could have made "a bethler fish nor the pair on 'em" at it. Sidney Smith, the Dry-as-dust of the House, made a fearful onslaught on the opposition; brother Fergusson made himself as ridiculous as usual, and any number of little Frenchmen quaked with fear at the prospect of having Orangeism recognized by the Legislature. Altogether it was the driest and most wretched debate of the driest and most wretched of sessions.

II. PARLIAMENTARY SPORT.

A little scene which by some strange fatality escaped the attention of our vigilant contemporaries, occurred on Friday night. The house had adjourned for five minutes; the dignified Smith had just left his chair, and was retiring when some jolly boy buried a paper shot at him. All regardless—the Speaker followed the mace, and then the little boys commenced the fun; all the spare copies of the Postmaster's Jury Bill were driven from one side to the other; clear grit saluted tory and vice versa, and the sage head of the senior member for Toronto was ruthlessly assailed on the flank. Not contented with this, many of the members actually threw up their seats (we mean the cushions thereof) and the scene was amusing and instructive in the extreme, when an unlucky shot struck the chandelier, knocking off some of the pendants, and then the boys were as quiet as ever, as schoolmaster Smith came back and took his seat. The strangers were ordered to withdraw, and we suppose some little dust was

raised about the matter, but bless you, boys will be boys, and it is extremely puritanical to deny them their little amusements.

III. THE LION LYING DOWN TO THE LAMB.

A strange concourse of dissimilar atoms were ranged together on Wednesday night on the Orange Bill. On the one side we had Brown and Macdonald fraternizing for the first time, Hogan and Playfair, Fergusson and Nowat, Talbot and Connor. On the other, Mackenzie embracing Roblin, Dorion and Turcotte, Fellowes and Foley, and so on. We were very much surprised that the *Globe* had no announcement of the "great defeat of the Government" next morning; but we found that the great Grit was defeated too. Mr. Cauchon, whose political nose smells official carrion at any distance, called the attention of the House to the fact immediately, and, we understand, prepared the following list of a new Cabinet instanter:—

THE NEW ANTI-ORANGE CABINET.

Premier.....	Mr. Cauchon.
Attorney-General East.....	Mr. Chapais.
do. do. West.....	Mr. Foley.
Solicitor-General East.....	Mr. Dunkin.
do. do. West.....	Mr. Notuan.
Inspector General.....	Wm. L. Mackenzie.
Receiver General.....	Mr. McGee.
Commissioner of Public Works.....	Mr. Fellowes.
Provincial Secretary.....	Mr. Roblin.

Not to be outdone, Mr. Fergusson had a rival arrangement out immediately, and organized

THE ORANGE CABINET:

Premier.....	Brother Fergusson.
Attorney-General East.....	Brother Baby.
do. do. West.....	Brother Gould.
Solicitor-General East.....	Brother Simard.
do. do. West.....	Brother Connor.
Inspector-General.....	Brother Brown.
Receiver-General.....	Brother Benjamin.
Commissioner of Public Works.....	Brother Powell.
Provincial Secretary.....	Brother Hogaa.

IV. A VALEDICTORY FOR O'FARRELL.

Sweets to the sweet, farewell.—*Hamlet*.

We are very much afraid that the country is in great danger of losing that bright particular star of the legislation firmament, O'Farrell. The evidence of Dr. Reid, by which it appears that the "janius" tried to have a dose of poison administered to poor Cote, the Deputy Returning Officer at St. Sylvester, to render him incapable of performing his duty; and further attempted by a bribe of £50 to induce the witness to assist in making away with the poll-books at Toronto during the Easter recess, has settled his business. We feel the terrible importance of the occasion, and thus bid him farewell:

Sweet flower of Lothianic,
The GRUMBLER greeteth you,
And bids the moment with delight,
When he can bid adieu (dow?)
Dear blossom of the wilderness,
"Tis early May,
And yet your little stem is broke,
And you must stalk away.

Tis true you've played some naughty tricks,
To fill our eyes with dirt,
By stuffing poll-books with bad notes,
Polluted as thou wert.
But yet, unlike that Russell coon,
You scorned the Yankee fellows,
And nobly rang a native bell,
And puffed Canadian bellows.
In favour of protection,
With Cayley you are found
To give forth no uncertain note,
A new *Sylvestre Sound*.
With antimony next you tried
If Bech has told no crammer,
To cook poor Cotes' harmless geese,
And prove a second *Palmer*.
To steal the poll-books and thus give
Toronto an astonder,
You then plied your artillery,
You, precious 50-pounder.
But all in vain, your Easter game,
Went answer in the West.
Your arms are powerless here, my boy,
To trim your fallen crest.
Then fare thee well, O'Farrell,
We mourn to leave thee so,
But valily wedded to thy seat,
Now banished you must go.

Query.—Ought the unfortunate young man Cummings to be sent to the Penitentiary for being the too pliant tool of clever swindlers? We should like to know whether he or Anderson are the most guilty?

Sabbath Alliance.

—We understand that Mr. Brown's trusty and particular friend, Mr. Robert Moody, Captain of the *Fire Fly*, has been appointed chairman of the committee of the Sabbath Alliance.

A Canadian Sepoy.

—In McKenzie's Weekly Typographical Eccentricity, called the Message, we find the following which might have adorned one of Nena Sabib's proclamations—"Suppose the Hindostanee powerful enough and covetous enough to conquer Washington, London, or Toronto, and take possession for their benefit of what did not belong to them, would there be no combination for freedom?" Freedom, quoth my dear Lyon, you had better be cautious how you pen such stuff in the good city of Toronto; you may send as much as you like of it to your bosom friend, the *N. Y. Tribune* but it is unendurable in this free country, we promise you.

Hard to Please.

—The *Colonist* one day gloried in the fact that Mr. Brown had been obliged to go up to Oxford to insure McDougall's election, and the next, pitches into him for sneaking on the Usury veto. Venerated grandmamma, you are surely very unreasonable unless Mr. Brown is long enough to have his head in Woodstock, and his heels in the House at the same time, in which case you might complain. We like to see the member for Toronto toasted occasionally, but we hardly believe in having him attached to a roasting jack and done on both sides at once.

DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD.

NOT BY PENELON.

Dialogue between the spirits of two departed Indians, who, several centuries ago, "fought, fit, and died" among their aboriginal brethren. One of them having absented himself on parole from the shores of the Stix, for the purpose of visiting Toronto, and having just returned home after a week's stay in that city, relates his experience to his shadowy acquaintances.

HIAWATHA.—Iagoo, you're soon back. You're shivering, Iagoo!

IAGOO.—I should rather think so after being burnt out three times in Toronto, and coming down to this place all of a sudden. I would have made a longer stay, but, as Cassidy says, it was "hot as blazes;" so I thought that *ceteris paribus* a steady climate was the best.

HIAW.—Well, I suppose that you had something to amuse you for a short time at any rate.

IAG.—O yes, I was in the great Council Chamber, and at the Governor's house, the house of the Great Shalananil. There are three Chambers of Council—one under ground, where the pale faces smoke the pipe of wisdom, and swallow the fire-water. This is the most numerous of the three. In the second is worshipped the evil spirit, "Miching Malicho," whose image is at the east end of the Chamber, and the pale faces have artfully enchanted it, so that it uncrosses its legs and crosses them every five minutes. Then one of the pale-faces stands up, and nods his head, and waves his hands, and utters prayers to "Miching Malicho," and his brethren make music from red boxes, and make fetish noises to please the idol, which smiles when the noise is loudest. In the third Chamber, called the Upper Chamber, sit a number of devotees, who have vowed to sit without moving or doing anything for eight years.

HIAW.—How do the pale-faces treat their squaws? I am told that they let them live without working.

IAG.—By no means. When the warrior goes forth with his squaw, he makes her bear his wigwam along. The wigwam is of many colours and is stretched upon basket-work, and I suppose, when rain comes on, the warrior and his squaw retire beneath its shelter.

HIAW.—Indeed. Why, my Minnehaha would never have condescended to such a thing. There's the gong sounding for supper. Let us go.

Advice.—Mr. Rankin should ponder over the verdict in *Beatty vs. Anderson* before he proceeds to prosecute any newspaper for copying from another. The revelations brought out against Mr. Anderson are enough to make a sensitive man commit suicide.

No Quorum.

—Our precious legislators who have been in session now for over fourteen weeks, and passed one paltry measure, an amendment to a former act, were compelled to adjourn on Thursday evening because a quorum was not present when the Speaker took the chair. Cool, rather. Only, think, my Masters, fourteen weeks of spouting at the rate of \$2,000 a day, and the real work of the session before them yet. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." All spouting and no work bring upon some one hundred and thirty M.P.'s the richly-merited contempt of all sensible men. Fough! no quorum forsooth! they can't even spout now for their money.

A LEGEND OF TORONTO.

A DEED OF BLACKNESS CONFESSED BY THE PENETRATOR.

Some scamps had the audacity a few months since, to paint a Gigantic Fallock on the private residence of our respected fellow citizen, R. Lewis, Esq., and a correspondent residing at Niagara Falls, has sent us the following ballad, found in an old black bottle on Table Rock, from which it is surmised the unfortunate Giles in a fit of remorse cast himself. "The corpus" has not been found as yet:—

The night was dark and gloomy,
The soaking rain came down;
With Mr. Morpheus slumbered,
The good folks of the town.

When from an open door way,
Three gloomy figures stalk
In silence deep and rallery,
They take their midnight walk.

The flickering lamps uncertain,
Show each face in naked in craze;
Long cloaks conceal their weapons,
And hide their ruffian shape.

Past doorways in which slumber
The Charities on their post;
They glide with careless motion,
As free as churchyard ghost.

'Till they reached the stately shadow
Of *Le domino* the pale,
Whose kindly turret glisten
In Italian villa style.

Then paused beneath the building,
These shrouded figures three,
And quickly raised a scaffold
Most wondrous to see.

Giles climbed the lofty structure,
As a "brave" to the breach might rush,
And said in a hollow whisper,
"Hand up that pot and brush."

His brazen brow was lifted,
No sign of fear was there;
He plied his brush unflinching,
And looked quite devil may care.

For hours he toiled unwearyed,
In a dreadful voice they roared,
Awake! Awake! friend Lewis,
"Your padlock is restored."

"Then devil take the hindmost!"
They shout as they run away
To wash their hands bespotted,
In the waters of the bay.

When with hairs all upward bristling,
Scrooges swore 'twas the very spot
Where the genuine old padlock
Is slowly going to rot.

Each listened to the splashing
Of the waves in their measured roll;
And Giles swore he heard them dashing
In and out the old key hole.

On moonlight nights, tis certain,
His ghost is seen to walk;
But though spoken by by numbers,
It was never heard to talk.

Here the doleful ballad ended, but the following verses scrawled on the table rock itself, may possibly have some connection with the untimely fate of Giles.

Away! away! you monster,
I'm wild, I'm mad, I rave,
Thou awful goblin padlock,
Thou hast chased me to my grave.

Significant.

—The *Colonist*, the day after the trial of *Beatty vs. Anderson* had not one word of editorial on the subject.

Not in

—Mr Rankin called at our office, No. 21 Masonic Hall on Thursday last, when we most unfortunately happened to be out. What could he have wanted?

A Crumb.

—The *Oshawa Vindicator* lately contained the announcement of the marriage of Mr. John Patterson to Miss A. Crumb. Bachelor John must have experienced a very microscopic amount of hunger for the enjoyment of matrimonial felicity when his longings were satisfied with the possession of a Crumb.

DR. WIDMER.

Another of the ancient and honourable gentlemen, who compose the Legislative Councilors of Canada, has been taken from us. Every year we miss more than one venerable form from that chamber, and in a few years, we fear, that the last of the old *regime* will have descended to the grave, carrying with him the remaining vestige of the old constitution of Canada. We are sorry for the loss of Dr. Widmer, whose failings were few and easily forgiven, and whose merits we hope will last long after his bones have crumbled to ashes.

Foreign Correspondence.

—In view of the increasing importance of THE GRUNTLER, we have engaged a special correspondent to make a complete tour over the whole world. Before visiting Timbuctoo and other "firing" parts, Canada will come in for a share of his attention. He is at present on the *Fire Fly*, on his way to the Peninsula, of which a full and complete report may soon be expected.

A Great Want supplied.

—With an eye to the comfort of his patrons, our good friend, Manager Nickinson, is about to erect an enlarged seat in the Theatre for the loyal member for Hastings, Mr. Benjamin, whose growing rotundity and diminutive pedal extremities make it a physical impossibility for him to laugh while seated in one of the ordinary seats.

What's his Conscience?

—The little ferretty Cartier actually declared on his honour that he did not know that a single member of the Government belonged to the Orange Body; and this, too, after Ferguson's "six and brethren," and McDonald and Smith's admissions of their membership. Who is keeper of the ministerial conscience? and why isn't he brought up for embezzlement?

The Great Unprejudiced.

—In a speech on the Orange Bill, Mr. Cauchon made the following remark: "For his own part he was free from prejudices, as there was only one man of British origin in his country." Here is the secret of all our little difficulties and troubles, the presence of so many of the troublesome and factious British race. It is clear that the only way to make Canada a happy and contented country is by facilitating the immigration of the unrevolutionary Parisian population; turn the noisy John Bull out, and people the country with French frogs. Who can the unhappy Britisher be whose solitary state preserves the peace in Montmorency? Is his name Smith or Jones? Poor fellow, we pity him, he must be a sort of Robinson Crusoe cast away on a frog swamp; how in the world can he live there, and what does he do for a living? We trust that a special committee will be at once appointed to enquire into the condition of the British population in this country, with a view to their organization into a regiment of militia. A school might be opened also for his education, and a wife exported from the glutted matrimonial market in Toronto, to comfort and bless his present solitary condition. "Britons to the rescue."

OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

We yielded our usual column last week to the touching wails of "Poor Piggy's Protest," and in doing so, we hope to receive a becoming tribute from our lovite, *The Old Countryman*, whose issues of late have been rendered *funny* by artistical embellishments, adumbrative of the sentiment expressed in the aforesaid "protest."

The last weekly gathering of the Blowers was formidable in numbers; but in scrutinizing the names of those recorded as present, we are severely puzzled to know whether there are animated bodies corresponding to all the names given; or whether they are slipped in to give additional force to the imbecility of the city managers. We are mystified with the name of Lennox—who in the world is he—what has he done—and how happens it he got to be a common Councilman? Again, there is Wilcocks, who, we ascertained, was sent to the Corporation stool by the Ward of St. Andrew. He evidently don't know what he is there for; and scarcely seems to possess instinct enough to accept an invitation to "liquor." Then there is Prettie, too, figuring in the list of attendants—and a pretty piece of machinery we are bound to believe he must be—remarkably unobtrusive, and likely to be as pretty at the close of his term of office, as when he entered it. Here then, is a trio, sifted from the Corporation rubbish, to whom, for the sake of putting to use, we will assign the position of bottle-holders to Messrs. Craig, Purdy and Carruthers; the six to constitute a Standing Committee to watch the pig interest, and report to the Council at proper intervals the steps necessary to be taken to insure the perpetuation of this invaluable city attraction.

Quite an amount of by-play was observable at the last two performances of the Blowers—calling into action some of the supernumerary force. Indeed, this class are very acceptable in the Corporation Chamber, and serve the purpose of an orchestra at a theatre, or a life and drum in an Orange procession. What use, for example, could be made of Councillor Sproatt, if he was not occasionally assigned a solo on his melodious clarinet, and allowed to blow off the effervescence engendered by constitutional ferment, and play fantastic airs on the mal-practices of the City Engineer, about whose qualifications he is as capable of judging, as the members of the padlock firm are of uttering truth. Councillor Upton is a good figure, and might at times entertain the audience with statuary exhibitions, *a la* Notter, to make up for the paucity of his mental organization. Mr. Ald. Dunn evinced fearful obstinacy, and pricked up his ears in a manner to lead ignorant persons to suppose he occupies a stall contiguous to the junior member for Toronto. Pathos is undoubtedly the feature in Councillor Purdy; the silly hold absolute sway over Councillor Smith; superlative stupidity will ever obtain the dominion of Ald. Carr; the utopian continually haunts Ald. Brunel; inordinate vanity mars the undeveloped cranium of Ald. Read; while mere animal instinct may be said to fill up the void of Councilman Carruthers's unfurnished brain. Others there are upon whom we shall have to pass judgment; we shall watch them closely, and deal with the strictest impartiality.

Among various items of business, a proposition was discussed for the gradual disgorgement by Bowes of the Ten Thousand. Our Canadian Titmouse proposes security on real estate for the judgment and costs, for the present, in consequence of the general money depression. We think the Blowers ought to deal leniently with one whose wit was made subservient to the schemes of a wittier; and while Titmouse is heartily despised, and could not be entrusted with a tax-collectorship by his fellow-citizen, the managing swindler in the concern, the Snap-ping hyena is basking in imperial smiles, and pompously arrayed in the robes of Vice-royalty.

A new licensing system has been added to the city ordinances, containing more immoral features than any that has yet emanated from the City Corporation. Toronto is fast becoming a Sodom of iniquity; every second house is being transformed into a groggery. The windows of our best edifices are hideous with long-necked bottles and half-decayed edibles. The future, under the full exercise of this license law, is pregnant with giant evils; and unless a strong arm is interposed in our behalf, we cannot be surprised at a fate as summary as that visited upon the City of the Plains.

An Affair of Honour.

—We understand that the broth of a b'hey from North Simcoe, Brother Ferguson, took Cauchon's motion for the six months' hoist to the Orange Incorporation Bill, as a personal insult to himself. A hostile meeting is to take place this evening on the Fair Green, at fifty-five and three quarter minutes past 7 o'clock. Brother Ferguson has secured Mr. George Brown as his second, and Mons. Cauchon will be attended on the ground by T. D'Arcy McGee, Esq.

Parish of St. Sylvester.

—This famous parish, the scene of the Corrigan murder, and in later times of O'Farrell's extravagancies, must be a natural curiosity, enchanted ground rivaling Dunyan's famous dream land. Unquestionably there must be some queer work there which petrify the old fashioned notions of right and wrong. O'Farrell has treated us to so many wondrous revelations lately that we feel as though our credulity was being imposed on, and shall be tempted to place the existence of St. Sylvester in the category of myths, or else come to the conclusion that Captain Beelzebub has made it his head quarters upon terra firma.

An Exquisite Critic.

—The learned and refined individual who reviews for the *Colonist*, enlightens the weak understanding of his readers, on the subject of the new national song. "It is in 'G' he says—which must by no means be understood to stand for 'goose.' The theme is well conceived, and accompanied; he goes on to say, and when the passages modulate into 'D'—which again does not mean 'Dunce' they repose in the dominant—because we suppose D stands for dominant. And in this entrancing state he continues, they contrast *superbly* with the learning of the succeeding four bars. We give it up! It is a mile too high for our comprehension! But we suppose it is another of the *Colonist's* jokes.

A PEN AND INK SKETCH

OF A SCENE IN THE HOUSE A FEW NIGHTS AGO.

[The Grumbler pledges his veracity to the substantial correctness of the outlines.]

"I move Mr. Speaker this House adjourn."
Cries of No! No! Yes! Yes! Go on! I turn.
Uproar and confusion. Yes and Nay.
'Call the members in, Sergeant dear, if you please.'
Order! Ayes will say aye, and Noes say no!
'The motion's lost! Let the spouting flow.'

"I move Mr. Speaker that for the space
Of five minutes you leave your usual place."
Carried! The Speaker in solemn state
Leaves the Chair, when the top of his empty pate
Is nearly struck by a paper ball—
Plunged by P—w—ll, the darndest brute of all.
Now the fun begins; from east to west,
They pelt each other with school-boy zest.
Golly, how ailsk these Statesmen sage,
In the dignified paper war engage.

Slap, goes a stunner in Price's eye,
And Patrick mows, vigorously, for aye.
Whist! little O'berg, enjoys the fun,
And Pappacua shouts in French 'well done.'
Like ball they rattle, west, north and south,
Dah, goes a crammer in Notman's mouth.
Missing thought barely for the nonce,
The top of the Clear Gift Chiefman's sconce.
Hoy ho! more lost and furious still—
Slap! I dash I go the seats of the chairs with a will.

Crash! Bang! I tell me, isn't it fun
To see elderly gentles; from east to west,
In their juvenile frolics the hog satire,
And smask and crash to their learis desire.
Now the famous orthographic Gould,
Takes the floor and avers he's not to be fool'd.
Swing go the cautious against his hide,
But bravely they bravely for the nonce.
He catches them, hurst them left and right,
Bang! I thro's a winder for Hallow's White,
Slap! I dash I now the climax is near,
Crash! I goes the crystal chandelier.

See the sparkling pendants at the floor,
Poor Gould votes the sad mishap a bore.
Fields up like a guilty dog his feet,
And slinks away softly to his seat.
Whist the galleries lost in wonder sit,
Deeming the scene for the place most fit.
Order! Sir! Speaker takes the chair,
Mr. Brown on his legs with a robust air;
Begs he will notice the fact more rare,
That strangers are up in the gallery there.
The mumble illes—Mr. Seagraves clear
The rabble out, and he quick to hear.
A uod's like a wink to a sightless horse,
So the rabble abscquatinate sick of course.

The last one has left, slat closely the door,
That Brown may his vials of wrath outpour.
'Mr. Speaker, I tell these claps stop to their face,
I deem their proceedings a perfect disgrace.
The've lost all respect for themselves and for you, sir,
And I'm sure you'll agree with me quite; if you know, sir,
Not content with leaving you person august,
They've mised since you've left a most infamous dust.
They crashed and they swashed without favour or fear,
Till they smashed our big, beautiful glass chandelier!
I vow, sir, I'll leave, sir, this house like a 'Pop,'
If these here proceedings are not made to stop.
What the public will say to these smashes of glass,
I know not except they vote each one an 'Ass.'
And worst, sir, our Premier most wondrously sage,
Saw it all without working himself in a rage.
I blush for him, sir, blush for them all,
For our dignity yielded in this inroad pal!

And will but repent again ere I sit down,
That their conduct demands, sir, your distasteful frown."
The Grillo subsided, relieved from the weight
Of the indignation the thrust'd in pate
And 'Tis GRUMBLES but adds that he gained a wee nook
In our favour that night for the stand that he took.

The Theatre.

—The critics as well as the public seem to be somewhat divided on Miss Heron's merits, and to set the matter at rest, we proclaim that Miss Heron is an actress, powerful and original, whose capability for the delineation of the most trying scenes have seldom been surpassed on our boards. Her rendition of *Camille* displayed great histrionic talent and personal feeling, which at once won on the audience, and left an impression that will long be remembered. In the early part of the week "Dick Turpin" was produced to the great disgust of all sensible play-goers. We would recommend Mr. Biddles not to incur the expense of hiring an ass for the next representation of this piece, since he can play that distinguished part himself to the greatest advantage.

THE GREAT LIBEL CASE.

Perceiving by the published reports of Beaty as Anderson, that the most interesting features of the case had not been given, and that many extraordinary and unusual events which took place during the course of the trial, had been passed over in silence, we proceed to lay before our readers facts, for the truth of which we hold ourselves accountable. For a mere report of the proceedings, we refer to the *Leader*. In the first place then, the court house presented an unusual appearance, the walls being entirely covered with leading articles from the *Leader*, *Montreal Commercial Advertiser*, and a dozen other papers, around which were crowds of anxious people trying in vain to find out what article contained the alleged libel. But whether it was that they were all so libellous or that the perceptive faculties of the motley crew were dimmed by the atmosphere of the Court House, we could not determine.

When his lordship had taken his seat on the bench, Mr M. C. Cameron elevated his voice and imperial at the same time, and opened the case by reading thirty six leading articles from the *Leader* irrespective of columns of Mr Anderson's burning retorts, and yards of blighting answer thereto, and on concluding, finding that not one of the immense crowd present was awake, except his lordship—who had a tip staff employed poking him in the ribs with his wand every five minutes—he set the erior to work to arouse the court, and this being accomplished, Mr. Eccles took off his coat and addressed the jury for six hours on behalf of the defendant, during which he fought Anderson three rounds, and would have pummelled him if his lordship had not requested them to postpone the remainder until tomorrow, when they could finish it on the Island.

The witnesses were then mutilated to the great amusement of all present, who, seeing his lordship laugh more than once, commenced to get uproarious, and finally on the York roads being hurled at Beaty's head, they commenced to cheer. Whereupon the Sheriff ordered the galleries to be cleared, and set the example by cutting down one of Beaty's witnesses, and running another through the body, for which he was severely pitched into by junior counsellor Beaty. After the *melee* was over, Mr. McKenzie, M.P.F., was placed in the witness box, and asked to state what he knew concerning the libel, upon which he went into a minute history of Canadian governments since the time of the deluge, showing that the first one was infernally corrupt, and that the succeeding ones had been getting worse ever since in the proportion of 1000 to 1. After perpetrating about sixteen thousand libels on the dead and living, Mac lauded the greatest rebellion that ever was known: that of '37, and adjusting his wig on the back of his head commenced to read volumes of the *Messenger*, when he was at last forcibly ejected from the witness box. The cross-examination of this witness was not attempted.

The late premier Tache was tortured by Mr Eccles for what seemed ages to the great delight of the editor of the *Globe* who had instinctively taken up his position in the criminal dock with Foley, White, Wallbridge, and a dozen other Grits on each side of him. His examination being concluded, the un-

lucky colonel rushed away distracted without his hat, and has not been since heard of. The Hon. A. McDonald entering the Court about this time, attempted to enter into the seats reserved for the gentlemen of the bar, but was assaulted by one of the bailiffs, who belabored his shoulders with his staff, telling him that loafers were not allowed to go in there. It would have been worse for the Premier if the Editor of the *Leader* and old Beaty had not rushed to his aid, and dragged him in, looking very red about the nose.

Mr. Wilson wound up the case for the defendant in a speech of unconscionable length, which had the effect of doubling up Anderson into ten thousand contortions that were agonizing to behold. Mr. J. H. Cameron got up for the plaintiff, and having adjusted his eye-glass blow the entire Press, and the *Leader* in particular, to blazes. The Court House becoming too hot to breath in after this, was deserted and his lordship interrupted himself in the middle of a six weeks' charge on finding that the jury and bailiffs were fast asleep, therefore locking up the Court House he put the keys in his pocket, and rolled home leaving the jury to sleep over their verdict. On waking the jury found the verdict they had intended to give eight hours before—*not guilty*, and were sent about their business.

FIREMAN'S MANUAL.

The following is an extract from a Fireman's Journal picked up in the track of one of the fire-engines shortly after the breaking out of one of the late fires:—

Monday—Got up at six—went to help to clean engine—cleaned up boots and helmet—breakfasted at eight—went to see No. Three—worked till twelve—Dined at one—went to see engine—saw some of our boys—had Lager Beer—worked till six—had tea—practised dressing in 80 seconds—walked about with our fellows—went round to see engine—repaired cylinder a little—alarm of fire at ten—had engines out in ten seconds—fro out at eleven—another false alarm—put it out in half an hour—went to bed at twelve—alarm at one—beyond city limits—went to bed again—alarm at three—put it out about half-past five—went to bed.

Tuesday—Got up at six—went to see engine—met with some of No. Four and seeing that they were inclined to boast, took them down a peg or two: General row ensued, during which I was knocked down by a blow from a trumpet and carried home insensible.

Wednesday—Ditto ditto. In the night was knocked down and run over by engine, but as I was excited did not mind it.

Thursday and Friday same—with exception that I was drunk half the time.

Practice makes Perfect.

—We are glad to learn that Mr Gould has very much improved in his orthography and chirography. The assiduity with which he drives the quill during the session is very commendable. One would imagine by the efforts which he makes and the expression of his highly intellectual phiz he was bringing forth a "poetic" expressive of the delights of Parliamentary honors.

Another unkind Cut.

—The *Colonist* suggests that editors and reporters and animals of that class should be exempted from being on juries. The reason, of course is, that as jury-men are all expected to be conscientious individuals, the ends of justice would not be served by the presence of such persons on a jury. If the editor of the *Colonist* is not expunged from the press association after that, why—he ought—that's all.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. McD.—We fully appreciate your rich vein of humour, but the subject is rather trite, and we must have something good on such a theme to warrant insertion.

AN AMERICAN ADVERTISER.—Of course THE GRUMBLER has the largest circulation in the Province; the next, we believe, is the *Globe*. We charge \$1 for a notice not exceeding 10 lines—cash in advance.

SHAKESPEARE.—Every Shaksperian critic from Rome to Collier, has some original ideas on the orthography of our great poet's name. We are unable to decide, but the spelling we adopt is taken from a deed signed by the poet, of which a *fac simile* may be found on the *Archæologia Britannica*.

HYMEN.—It is so long since we were tied up in matrimony, and on the "ould sod," too, that we know little of the manners and customs of this country in that matter. Mr. Mercer, corner of Bay and Wellington Streets, will sell you a license; for any information regarding the fees in the Church of England, you should apply to the *Echo*.

LONG JOHN.—There are many ways of getting to New Orleans; as, however, you wish to know the shortest, we suggest a baloon. If, however, you desire to see the world properly, we would recommend a passage in the Canadian line to Liverpool, thence you can be transported to Shanghai, from which you can have a through ticket to the Crescent City.

A JUNON informs us that a poor man has been confined in the Toronto jail for the last 7 months, for a tavern debt of £15. He was incarcerated on the affidavit of the landlord that he was about to absquatulate, when really he had't a cent in his pocket to carry him a mile. We trust that an amendment in the law will soon be made to relieve such unfortunate debtors.

ANTI-CHARLATAN wants to know who the Jas. A. Davidson is, whose foolish ribaldry and pretentious piety fills so much in Provincial papers. We believe he makes no secret of the fact that he has been an extremely hard case, and his present occupation is to exhibit his old sores to every passer by. We agree with our correspondent, that such advocacy of temperance and religion will only injure the good objects it pretends to advance.

OPENING OF NAVIGATION.

The travelling public will be glad to learn that the American Express line of Steamers will commence running between here and Ogdonsburgh about the 1st of June. The line is composed of the *New York and Northern*, two of the finest and most importantly finished of the Lake Craft. They will connect at Ogdonsburgh with the River Boats for Montreal, Quebec, &c., and also with the Northern Railway for Ogdonsburgh, New York, &c. For a pleasure trip of a couple of days, we know of nothing more delightful than to take passage on one of these magnificent vessels for Ogdonsburgh and back. We can speak in high terms of the courtesy and kindness of the various offices of both boats.

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