

THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1858.

PROVINCIAL SPOUTING APPARATUS.—No. V.

League on both your houses.—*ROMEO AND JULIET.*

We have hitherto devoted our attention entirely to the Lower House, for the simplest of all reasons, the Upper House has been kept in a state of uneasy indolence by the perverse sportiveness of their juniors. In future, however, we shall have a little to say of the Lords, albeit with that reverence which is due to their august character and growing usefulness. We certainly believe that the Legislative Council is a far more useful body than the Assembly. Legislation is more carefully managed, the fearful partizan spirit which prevails below, scarcely ruffles the serene air above; and as regards ability, we stake our credit for sagacity by expressing our honest opinion—that Messrs. De Blaquiere and Prince have more sense than the 130 put together.

We don't think that Mr. Vankoughnet is a very valuable acquisition; he cuts much the same figure as a pugilist in a scientific convention; he must be severe and caustic to an extent which in a small body like the Council, is extremely unnecessary and disagreeable; he seems to suffer from unpleasant reminiscences of judge and jury contests, and he evidently entertains the idea that as compared with the Kingston league, the Upper House is a terrible bore.

Passing to the Commons again, we must admit that some spasmodic attempts are being now made at legislation, but there is plenty of grumbling material in both Chambers still.

I. THE EXAMINATIONS AT THE BAR.

"Master Consable, you go not the way to examine."—*Black And Nothing.*

Of all tedious, unsatisfactory, fruitless and expensive schemes, commend us to an examination of witnesses at the bar of House; and yet as if to demonstrate the utter incapacity and disinclination for practical business, three days have been spent already in a procedure, which to all appearance, may be carried on for a month to come. Dorland and White and all the small guns on both sides, fire a little salute to their own legislative sagacity, by thrusting in an insignificant question now and then; Fellowes and O'Farrell exhibit their sweet tempers whenever a disagreeable query is propounded, while Patrick has positively become an Achilles in this petty business. We venture to say that in three hours a committee could have done much more satisfactorily what the House has wasted three days, at

an expens of £1500, or more in accomplishing. We have no desire to flatter gentlemen, but we can hardly restrain our admiration at the adroitness with which everything really practical is avoided by this honorable House.

II. LEGISLATIVE HUMOUR.

"They do but jest, poison in jest."—*Hamlet.*

We do love to see a taste for the ludicrous in common life, and we were never better satisfied than in hearing the following from the lips of Mr. Noel, one of the tortured at the bar:—

"Mr. O'Farrell said he would give me £100 if I would get him elected without contestation. I asked what he would do if there were a contest. Oh, he said, you can go to the wall before the time, having a watch set for the occasion. I said, do you mean to corrupt me? Oh, said he, I only said so for fun."

Fun was never employed to better purpose. The comical O'Farrell wanted to test Noel's probity, as Satan tried Job's, though of course with nobler intention; he did not like to employ any serious engine to ensnare the fallible Noel, so fun was the touchstone, and he was proved sterling metal. Happy O'Farrell to have such an incorruptible officer, and virtuous O'Farrell in thus striving to insure his incorruptibility. We have no doubt that the poll-books of Lotbiniere, which are the subject of so much unnecessary indignation, were merely developments of "fun" to gauge the virtue of the House in a similar manner: we fear, however, that their trial will hardly be so successful. Noel was proof against fun, but we fear the House is of too humorous a turn to take his absurd view of the matter. We have heard it rumoured that Mr. O'Farrell is about to collect and publish the posthumous writings of the late Joseph Miller of his funny memory.

III. THE RUSSELL ELECTION.

Nay, let me alone for swearing.—*Twelfth Night.*

Never in the history of legislation has a more disgraceful and humiliating picture of human depravity been exhibited than that displayed yesterday in the examination of Earl Belet at the bar of the House. This worthy earl, one of "nature's nobleman," his countrymen would doubtless call him, exhibits a wonderful facility for swearing and triking, and if only the moiety of his story be true, the sitting member is infinitely worse. He was visiting Canada on a hunting excursion, and at the request of Castleman, who appears to be as comical as O'Farrell, he was induced to remain too days to see the election, "as there might be some fun." The fun turned out to be a most ludicrous scheme for placing sufficient bogus votes on the poll-book, to insure the return of Mr. Fellowes. This was accordingly done, 46 legal voters exercising the franchise, and 600 Yankee names being placed on the list surreptitiously. The noble Earl says that all this was done at the instigation of Fellowes, and Castleman, and subsequently made an affidavit to that effect. When this instrument was read to the House, Fellowes read another from Bedell, solemnly declaring that he had been bribed by Loux, to perjure himself,

and had taken the first oath for money. Bedell now actually states at the bar of the House, that the second affidavit is a forgery. Can our readers imagine anything more shameful than this expose? Supposing even that the great swearer is a bad character, the poll-books give incontestible evidence that the frauds have been practised, and we appeal to the outraged moral sense of the community, if some exemplary lesson should not be lashed into these sporters with perjury and fraud. We are glad to see that the Government are unwilling to interpose their protection on behalf of the man who has been elected by these means, (we do not say knowingly, although appearances are fearfully against him,) and we feel assured that they will yet vindicate our elective institutions from the foul reproach which the Russell and Lotbiniere elections have cast upon them. If Mr. Fellowes has been deceived in the matter let him manfully resign his seat, and appeal to the county, but if he will not do so, let him be expelled with the contempt and obloquy he deserves.

IV. THE FRANKING SYSTEM.

Franked up to fattening.—*Richard III.*

Can anybody inform THE GRUMBLER why the postal department is charged annually with an enormous sum of money to defray the post office bills of the House and its officers?

We certainly have no objection to a moderate amount being expended in circulating documents for public information; but why should Jones, when he writes to enquire about the health of his grandmother, or Simkins, when he wants to dun a tardy debtor, charge the country with 3d. in each case?

We are informed that no small portion of the postal deficiency is caused by this system; that gentlemen are in the habit of mailing printed business notices, and correspondence about matters utterly foreign to the public interests, at the public cost. This is a matter in which both sides of the House are involved to a most enormous extent. We trust that some immaculate member of the House, say Mr. Mackenzie, will move for a return of the amount expended in this extravagant manner. We shall refer to this again, but, in the meantime, we beg to inform the people that under the pretence of giving them information, many thousands of pounds are squandered in a most reckless and improper manner. The whole amount is charged to the Post-office Department, and, in order to make up the deficiency thus caused, their free newspaper postage has been abolished and the odious and troublesome stamp system established.

General Playfair.

On the general movement, generally to be observed when General Playfair rises to speak in the House of Assembly:—

If Playfair, in vnr, as in Senate, is great,
He must be tremendous in flight,
For whenever he rises to join in debate,
He puts all the members to flight.

THE SONG OF THE SPOUT.

See *Hood's Song of the Shirt.*

With lips that are weary and worn,
Through changes incessantly rung,
Sit some six score spouters in solemn state,
Each plying, in turn, his tongue;
Talk! talk! talk!

In ignorant self conceit,
And voices of every kind of pitch,
From the gruff to Lorranger's squeak.

Talk! talk! talk!
When the sun smiles up aloof,
Talk! talk! talk!
Till the stars shine on the roof.
Stuff, and drivel, and gas,
Gas, and drivel, and stuff,
Till Thibaud wearily falls asleep,
And dreams they have talked enough.

Oh, men with households dear,
Thro' the taxes you have to pay,
'Tis not only time they're wasting there,
But dollars—two thousand a day.

Talk! talk! talk!
No theme is too wild or rash,
Still th' unruly member spouts away,
And its owner pockets the cash.

Talk! talk! talk!
From weary chime to chime,
Talk! talk! talk!
As th' brevity were a crime.

Gas, and drivel, and stuff,
Stuff, and drivel, and gas,
Till the heads of the fireless spouter/acle,
But never their tongues, alas!

Talk! talk! talk!
Their ardour never flags;
And what are the wages? six dollars a day
With a pull at the government buga.
Whist scattered both far and near,
Aro the weary hearis who feel,
In their lonely homes, the woe of want,
And the walk that costs a meal.

With lips that are weary and worn,
Thro' the changes incessantly rung,
Sit some six score spouters, in solemn state,
Each plying, in turn, his tongue.

Talk! talk! talk!
In ignorant self conceit,
With voices of every kind of pitch;
Would that the smart of a birchen switch,
Would raise the notes to a concert rich,
In the key of Lorranger's squeak.

Complimentary.

—The following was found underneath the Speakers chair one day last week, and is supposed to refer to the junior member for Toronto:—

Lord Tom Noddy's the son of an Earl,
His hair is straight, but his whiskers curl;
His Lordship's forehead is not very wide,
But there's a plenty of room for the brains inside.

Pawnbroker's Sale.

A large number of unredeemed pledges by various members of the present Parliament, will be sold on Saturday next, on the steps of Inspector General's office. As they are considerably damaged, great bargains may be expected. Mr. Sidney Smith's pledges will be sold without reserve to the lowest bidder.

WM. KASLEY, Auctioneer.

Coruscopianna of Powell-iana.

The gods, to please thee and torment thee,
Gave thee a both both rich and warm;
For now thou hast the horn of plenty,—
Alas! and plenty of the horn!

OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

Since we last commuaded with you, dear tax-payers, we have experienced much of domestic felicity, and drank deep of the cup of earthly happiness. Although rollicking in all the freedom of single blessedness, the Fates do at times kindly regard us, and our stern bachelorhood, for the nonce, gives place to a brief hour of paternal solicitude and fire-side chit-chat. Such changes we regard as the spice of life, and the readers of THE GRUMBLER must not complain if our veins are plethoric with the "milk of human kindness" after the inordinate draught. Permeated to the soul with the most genial feelings, is it expected of us to wax choleric at the stupidity of Ald. Dunn, who, whenever illuminated by an idea, pitches to his feet, swings his arms in the air, and so puts into motion the muscles of his face as to present a series of diornamic grimaces much more horrifying than Penistan's personation of Hamlet, when confronting the ghost of his father. Can we complain that Ald. Carr has sacrificed his devotion to the "indignant poor," for the more important post of henchman to the Carters, demanding only a greater capacity for whiskey and water. Would it be fair to expect Ald. Bugg to shake off his sloth and resist, on every occasion, the tendencies to sleep of his essentially lymphatic constitution. It would be unjust to tax Councillor Upton with a nobler ambition than that of being an automaton for the diversion of Ald. Brunel. Certainly nothing more is expected of Councillor Caruthers than that he should occasionally leave the dignity of his chair and pace the floor of the Council Hall, the better to display his well-defined *physique* to the admiring Jehus without the bar of the chamber. What could St. John's Ward more desire from their Clear Grit Alderman, than an occasional political thesis; or from their lesser light, J. E. Smith, the exhibition of his purely paradoxical humours. Who better able to point out the anomalies in the License Law than Ald. Ewart, if he could only overcome his maiden bashfulness, and "speak what he do know" from experience. No one can deny to Councillor Sprout a perfect right to "pop" his organ of twaddle on the Council on all and every occasion—for who does not know that persevering and pertinacious "popping" was the effectual instrument in "popping" him into the graces of the free and independent electors of the Ward of St. Andrew, and then irresistibly "popped" into the Council. What his ultimatum will be, we are not prepared to say; but we harbour a fear of his "popping" some day into the cells of an asylum. What can be more natural than that His Worship should indignantly repel the accusations made against him and his colleagues as license commissioners, of a neglect of the duties imposed on them, and of an utter want of fairness in the exercise of their functions. It is not expected that the Mayor, Police Magistrate and Recorder, with the multifarious duties imposed on them, and the pittance allowed them as salary, should descend from their official stools and frequent all the tap-rooms of the city in the suspected capacity of License Inspectors. No, Mr. Moodie, why do you not appoint a committee of the Council for that purpose, and bring into use some of the talent now obscured for want of being directed. Why not put Messrs. Pur-

dy, Lennox and Mitchell to such uses—they are professionals in the art of gunging, tapping, &c., and daily seasons their palates with the viands peculiar to Houses of Entertainment. We cannot allow our charitable feelings, however, to be influenced so far as not to point out the jugglery which seems to be practised by the Printing Committee. A severe wrangling occurred among those gentlemen in the matter of tenders for the Corporation Printing—one party contending for Maclear & Co., the other for Mrs. Clelland—totally ignoring the lowest tenders, made by Blackburn. We cannot account for the oversight—nor will we say it is intentional—but unless explanation be vouchsafed to the public, we promise the Printing Committee the special patronage of the columns of THE GRUMBLER.

Water.

Impromptu translation of "ἄριστον μεν βδωρ." Addressed to ladies who use cosmetics and washes:

Excuse me, fair ones, if I tell
A truth to every painted belle,
A truth your glass will ne'er disclose,
Though every man the secret knows—
Of all the washes in your store,
There's none so good as plain "βδωρ."

Mackenzie's Paste-Pot.

"And, finishing the scene, Mackenzie is at his post, with a paste-pot under his nose, and scraps and ink about him."—Col.

—Take care, my dear *Colonist*, how you provoke the wrath of the veteran of '37 by sneering at his scraps and paste. Perhaps those very scraps may be the last ministerial white (?) lies that have come from the *Colonist* Office, which lies will be filed away among other monstrosities of the press against your next "rattling." When that event occurs, out they will come, and you will wake up next morning and find yourself infamous.

The Broth of a Boy.

—If Mr. Ferguson, the learned and eloquent member from South Simcoe, aspires to the dignity of a chronic nuisance, we seriously advise him to pursue his present system of toadying to the Ministry, and never rising to his feet without the repetition of stale attacks upon Mr. Brown. The Hon. gentleman's maiden speech contained a furious philippic against the great "Bug Bear," and THE GRUMBLER has observed with something approaching to disgust, that his sole idea of statesmanship appears centered in a rehash of philippic No. 1, inseparably coupled with a definition of his own proud position as an *independent* member. THE GRUMBLER is no partisan, but an ardent admirer of common sense.

Summer Arrangements.

—We are authorized to state that, the Postmaster has made arrangements with a number of Apple-women, to keep on hand in and about the lobby of the Post Office, a full supply of Fruit and Peanuts during the coming summer. Consumers are requested to call at the P. O. before purchasing elsewhere.

Protection Wanted.

—We should like to see fair play fostered in Canada; it seems at present to be scarcely a native commodity, yet it might be introduced and protected with advantage. See the reception of Mr. Harvey at the Wednesday meeting, where it will be seen that it has escaped the sight of even the Protectionists.

POLICEMENS' MANUAL,

(Which is not generally known to be pasted inside every Constable's hat.)

While on duty, walk at a snail's pace; by this means you will be more liable to catch cold and rheumatism. This easy perambulation, moreover, will enable bad characters to calculate exactly when you will next come in sight, and thus you may avoid disagreeable collisions.

You are not required to soil your boots and character simultaneously by going down back streets or lanes, for by so doing you may see bad characters and be troubled to recognize them when brought before the city alcaid.

As reflection of any sort would tend to refine and weaken the physical force of the constable, you are strictly forbidden to think; keep your eyes and mouth wide open, as if in the practice of eternal vigilance.

If you should be out of the way when an alarm of fire is given, instantly rush into the street, cry "fire" frantically and then bolt off in the general chase; you are more likely to be in the way there than on your beat.

Should you wish to be suspended for a month, hint that constable Courtney does the Chief more service than he does the Chief's master, the public. The prescription has never been known to fail.

If you take a drunken fellow in charge who is a little merry and restive, be sure and apply the baton vigorously, there is no telling what we may be struck into the vulgar, by this energetic exercise of authority.

In short, if you are never in the way when you are wanted, and run against every one where you are not, if you see nobody in a mob and everybody with whom you have no concern, you will make a most efficient and trustworthy policeman.

IN A DILEMMA.

How happy could I be with either,
Were 't'other dear charmer away,—*Beggar's Opera.*

We will venture to say that the Double Majority question is not by any means the greatest difficulty with which our friend "John A" has to deal. In fact, as far as this is concerned, and Representation by Population, and sundry other questions, about which the Opposition are kicking up such an absurd rumpus, we are not in the least apprehensive. We rest in the full assurance that the Premier will, when the proper time arrives, have a way of his own for putting a final quietus to all such humbugging schemes. There is, however, another question which is attended with the greatest difficulty. In fact we understand that the Premier was, during the recess, heard to use very strong language in reference to it, calling it a "nuisance," &c. We allude to the appointment of Sheriff for Middlesex—three members of Parliament and supporters of the Government—viz, Macbeth, Carling and Talbot have each espoused the cause of a favorite candidate, and are alike importunate—of course but, one can succeed. How is the matter to be decided? John A would like to retain the trio—indeed he can ill afford to spare any adherents—yet how can he satisfy all and appoint only one Sheriff? Verily the position of Premier is "not a bed of roses."

A FUNNY FRACAS!

On Wednesday evening last, at a room in the Rossin House, there have been seen seated in various attitudes, the following gentlemen:—Mr. McLeod, M.P.P. for Essex, Mr. McClenighan, editor of the Woodstock Times, Mr W. L. Smart of Woodstock; and Mr. deBlaquiere, all of them officially connected with the Great Southern Railway. A question arose as to the existence of a certain contract for the construction of a portion of the road, understood to be in the possession of Mr. McLeod. Mr. McClenighan expressed his belief that no such contract existed, and desired to see the document produced. Mr. McLeod at once exhibited it, when Mr. McClenighan took it into his hand, and suddenly bolted from the room, through the corridor and down the stairs! McLeod and his friends of course gave chase,—overtook the thief, dragged him back to the room, forced the document from him, in a somewhat mutilated condition, and then gave him some very forcible and "striking" hints to leave the premises, which he did in a very short space of time!

The above is "a plain unvarnished tale" sworn to before the Police Magistrate yesterday, when Mr. McClenighan was charged with Larceny by Mr. McLeod, Col. Prince acting as Counsel for the latter. It is a pity that Mr. Arthur Rankin, who was the instigator of the foul deed, could not be made to suffer the merited punishment of such a dirty transaction. The defence set up was that Mr. McClenighan did not mean to steal the document, although not a particle of satisfaction was given as to what he did mean to do with it. The case was dismissed. THE GRUMBLER is disgusted.

THE FASHIONS.

If we were solemnly adjured to adduce the most conclusive proof that all sublunary affairs are unfixed, given to fluctuation, and prone to mutation—to cite such an instance as would form the apex to the pyramid of facts which have already been collected from all parts of this terrestrial sphere—to mention the fact which of all other facts carries with it the most weight—to proclaim the great principle of the uncertainty of all human events with such evidence as could not be gainsaid or denied—we should lay our hands on our hearts, and cause the scoffing spirits of all unbelievers throughout the world to quake, and their knees to shake in their unrighteous pumps by pointing—not to so insignificant a fact as that the solar system is ever revolving, or that the millions of suns and systems in the boundless expanse of space, are forever on the move, like a squirrel on a treadmill—but simply and unostentatiously to the Toronto fashions. There, any one who takes the trouble to look, may see innumerable changes every twenty-four hours: to-day, sunshine and crinoline—delightful cause and effect: to-morrow, rain and woollen wrapper—abominable relative, agreeing with villainous antecedent. But we can pursue this deplorable state of things no farther—so we lay down our melancholy pen in disgust until the weather clears up.

CITY SIGHTS.

MY DEAR GRUMBLER,—I intend, with your permission, to favour you with an account of the various permanent and transitory wonders of our City; which wonders I will endeavour to behold through the medium of a benignant but judicious philanthropy. Last night, I slipped away from the paternal roof, laying my younger brother under a strict injunction not to "let our mother know I was out," and sidled away to Sidaway's Saloon. Passing among a number of dirty figures, and paying twenty-five cents to a dirty-faced man, we found ourselves at about 9 o'clock in the midst of a crowd of sporting gentry, who resembled, very much, some of the figures in Hogarth's pictures of the Rakes Progress. Two young coveys, of a Sunday School age, but anything but Sunday School countenances, were hammering each other in an open space in the middle. The next set-to was between Tom and Jim. Jim was not steady on his pins, and flinched a little, but his mind was superior. Tom being quick to strike, gave him two or three good wh'rs for his nob, but Jim brushed up, and setting hard at Tom, gibbed him severely in a bloated tavern-keeper's lap, into which he had fallen.

The last set-to was between Johnny Lazarus and his brother Harry:

1st Round.—Both cautious; Johnny resolute; Harry confident and springy. J. taps H. on the hat-box, H. retorts hard on the wind-bags; J. stoops forward in a right and left bit, both being stopped, but gets it hard on his right whispering gallery.

2nd, 3rd, and 4th Rounds in same style, but being told to "wind up," they went at it as follows:—

II. a little blown, J. fresh; H. goes in hard, but is repulsed and driven to the edge of the ring, and gets his gridiron well bruised. He recovers and gives it in well about the potato-trap and snuff-box, but raising his hand too high, gets a bit on the bag-pipes. At it pell-mell, love-taps exchanged freely; they lock in an attitude, separate, make their bow and depart.

During the evening we saw among the crowd various acquaintances, Stationer's Clerks, young men in the Dry-Goods business, &c. The general aspect of the company was not select. There were hardly twenty clean visages in the whole audience of about two hundred. We left the pit under the profound conviction that there was not a greater nursery for vagabondism in the city—no better school for youth to learn the perfect points of a blackguard.

Yours,

OCELLUS.

Ex fume dero lucem.

[The last Epigram of the Clear Grit Chief.
Good GRUMBLER, now cease 'gainst my project to write,
And let me bamboozle the town,
Remember you can't wash the Blackamoor white,
Nor make the mau fair who is Brown.

"Consistency thou art a Jewel."

— Beautifully illustrated by Mr. Geo. Brown on Thursday, by giving "Notice of Inquiry of the Ministry, whether it is their intention to advise His Excellency to appoint a Solicitor General, and if so, when the vacancy will be filled?" This motion from Mr. Brown, who has been representing two constituencies ever since Parliament assembled, without a word of explanation, is impudence of the coolest kind.

STOICISM OF THE LEADER.

"Mr. Castelman, however, thought there were not enough, so we took the lights and lights, and polled a considerable number of votes that evening. (Sensation.)" &c., &c.—*House Thursday, 23th April.*

"Parliamentary proceedings yesterday were destitute of any general interest."—*Leader, same date.*

Destitute of interest, my dear *Leader*? You must have put your "blinkers" on in your last excursion through the political world. How could you pass without a solitary comment, that delightful scene in the polling booth, so graphically described in your own columns? Why, even your self and your Reporters could hardly have refrained from all of hysterical laughter, at the idea of a witness being "out of names," and with extraordinary fertility of resource, inventing more, when voters did not happen to come so frequently as to embarrass his inventive faculties. No wonder a sensation was created in the House! Great wonder that your font of type did not revolt into "pi," and refuse to print such damning evidence against their Ministerial friends.

"Pay no postage on letters addressed to me in Session. They come free under an unwise law."—*Attacott's Weekly Message.*

The skill of our wayward cotemporary in slyly inoculating the public with maxims of political wisdom, is beyond all praise. In the by-ways and hedges of puffs, advertisements, and business notices, he places in ambush little admonitory obliquities, which seize the mind in an unprepared state, and leave an indelible impression. His multifarious cause an involuntary shudder in the misdoer, and his pen's wag fearfully in the face of the religious or parliamentary chiseller. For the symbolically awful or the typographically persuasive, commend us above all others to the *Weekly Message*.

A Question.

—Is William the Lyon so much in love with his naughty pranks in '33, that he can't refrain from dragging them into notice on every imaginable opportunity?

His inexperienced head ran wild when it stood on young shoulders, and it would better become him to bury the memory of his madcap tricks now he has learned wisdom. We caution thee, gentle Willy, to forbear angering us with thy treasonable allusions.

What on earth's in the wind?

—Little Tom Daly, M.P.P. for Perth, erst while the most accommodating shadow of J. A. McDonald, actually veered round the other evening and threw himself into the arms of his rival, John Sandfield McDonald, and voted for his motion to prevent the Government from introducing any measure, whilst unsupported by an Upper Canada majority! We did not suppose honest Tom possessed courage enough to express an opinion of his own. How was it? Are Government "til-bits" becoming scarce?

Poetical Dictionary

"Heaven made him, and therefore let him pass for a man."—*Shakespeare.*

Vile Mr. Alley, member for Quebec.

"In fair, round belly, with good capon lined."—*Shakespeare.* Exemplified in Mr. Benjamin, member for North Hastings.

"Give me another horse; bind up my wounds."—*Shakespeare.*

Practically illustrated in the appointment of Mr. Meudell to the Collectorship at Belleville.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. C. S.—We will liberally pay for "good contributions," if we use them. Shall be happy to hear from you.

R. P. MARKHAM.—Thanks!—Will attend to your request in a future issue.

MARY.—Mr. Geo. Brown is not married, having never had time to make love. Between the cares of the *Globe*, his Bathwell estate and the corruptions of the Government, we fear there is little prospect of him becoming other than he is.

ENQUIRER.—We should advise you to call on the young lady and tell her all about the matter—it is the better plan to be candid.

FIREMAN.—There is a paper published in Boston devoted to the interests of Firemen. We are unaware of its name. You can order it through any of the news depots.

TRAVELLER.—All the trains on the Great Western Railroad, connect with the New York Central trains at the Bridge.

WINNER.—The best authority on such points is "Hoyle's Games," which can be had at any of the book stores.

JUSTICE.—States that Mr. Lesslie is not to blame for the crowd of beggars and apple-venders, which are such a nuisance in the post office. He has represented the matter to the police authorities on several occasions, but these gentlemen with characteristic indifference, think the subject beneath their attention—Oh for our hour of power!

TRUTH.—Too trifling to notice again.

READERS.—No doubt there is cause of complaint against the Division Court of this city. We suspect your charge, of its being an expensive law court, arises from the delay incidental to the immense amount of business now thrust upon it,—far exceeding what was originally contemplated and beyond its capacity to deal with satisfactorily; although we cannot but confess the progress of collection is in many cases tardy through the favoritism of those entrusted with that duty—in some cases collusively ending in the report of "No Effects."

MERCHANT.—The lodger-keeper you speak of at the Bank of Upper Canada had been mentioned by two or three correspondents, as practising very offensive airs through his wicket; we cannot say how much license is allowed to the individual by the Manager, but if the thing must be tolerated, we advise his removal to some post where his duties will be more simple—so as to afford him a chance for amendment.

FLORA.—We do not assume to interfere with matters of the character you speak of. Our mission is a corrective one, and directed against official delinquencies and public wrongs.

NORTH SIMCOE.—Angus Morrison is reported to have made several speeches in the House; his maiden effort being classed among his best—and described by the *Mirror* as "rising above an oration." We have never read them, and consequently cannot state his particular sentiments beyond that of a supporter of the Government.

A. B.—We must have your name and the proof of assertion, before we can use it. We should be glad to ventilate the matter. EQUITY DIVTS.

CORRESPONDENTS are informed that we take no unpaid letters out of the post office. Letters, business notices, &c., to receive attention, must reach us before Thursday noon.

J. B.—Brampton. We do not send our paper to any individual without first receiving the subscription. Neither you nor any one else need be alarmed that the paper will not last more than a year. Its success is beyond a doubt. You may remit for half-a-year if you see fit. Can take no notice of private matters.

BUSINESS NOTICE—51 EACH.

Somebody has said that he who causes two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before, is his country's benefactor. If this be true, what shall we term him who causes two cabbage to come forth, where nothing but weeds were seen, or how high shall we class him who seeks to beautify his home by adorning its surroundings with flowers, or he who does both—supplies his table with vegetable, and make his drawing-room fragrant with a bouquet from his own garden? We are not in the habit of trusting people, but such man who wants the GRUMBLER for a year and can't pay for it now, we shall send it to him, post paid. Do you desire to be numbered among this most honorable fraternity? If so, buy a spade and a rake, dig up your ground, and go to STAMERS, corner of Front street, and west Market Square, who will sell you cheap, all kinds of Seeds, from a tulip to pumpkin, and who will gladly give you his aid and advice in the good work.

Mr. Cornwall has written himself famous,—not with press and type, but by the aid of printers and devils, but by his own hand, that wonderful hand, that with a pencil can surpass the finest copper-plate. The reader need only examine specimens of his *CANE WRITING* to appreciate this assertion. As a Writer of visiting or wedding Cards, of artistic and elaborate beauty, Mr. Cornwall stands unrivalled, and we heartily commend him to the patronage of our Citizens. Mr. C. can be found in the Reading-room of the Res-ju House, any hour during the day.

Extravagance in ladies dress has always appeared to us a pardonable fault—next to the fact that it is partly their mission to beautify the earth, we esteem them to be the most severely tempted of the two sexes in the matter of attire. The variety of color, the difference of texture, the numerous designs,—in a word the wide range which female habiliments include, renders the liability of the ladies to err in the direction of extravagance greater than gentlemen, who are confined to the more staid and less showy articles of dress. Ladies do you not thank us for thus defending you? We are sure, however, we can merit your good will much more by directing your attention to the establishment of Mr. George Cox, King street, opposite the Cathedral, whose stock of Millinery, &c., is very fine.

THE LADIES—bless their dear souls—are the particular care of THE GRUMBLER on this occasion; because we have been admonished by the recent Spring rains to dolefully protect our soles from the consumptive tendencies of bad leather; and valuing the soles of the ladies beyond any estimate, we now urge on them, as a measure of prevention against the absurd practice of swallowing homeopathic snuff to relieve pulmonary affections, to visit the Boot and Shoe Establishment of Mr. Faulkner King Street, near the *Globe* office, whose special aim it has been and still is, to supply the gentle ones with a covering for the foot in all cases neat and fashionable, but having a due regard to substantiality. It is only necessary to add that the ladies' department is under the excellent supervision of Mrs. Faulkner.

Let a gentleman be never so well dressed,—his coat of the finest broadcloth,—his shirt of irreproachable linen,—his vest of the most delicate texture,—his unmentionables cut in the highest style of art,—his boots of patent leather,—let him be the *beau ideal* of a well-dressed man, his attire is incomplete, his appearance unfinished, his toilet faulty, unless his head is surmounted by a good hat—such a one as our friend COLMAN manufactures and sells at his establishment, King street, opposite the *Globe* office. We can cheerfully recommend him and his wares to our numerous readers.

Messrs. McCurry, Martin, & Shackleton, corner of Yonge and Adelaide Streets, (up stairs) have exhibited to us several specimens of BOOK BINDING, REFINING, &c., better than which could not be desired. Practical workmen themselves, perfectly understanding the various branches of the trade, and desirous of building up a good business, they make every effort to satisfy their patrons both as regards the description of their work, and the rates they charge.

THE GRUMBLER

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