

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. 1.

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NO. 41.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in 'your coat
I rede you tent it;
A chie! namang you taking notes,
And faith, he'll rent it!"

SATURDAY, DEC. 25, 1858.

OUR CHRISTMAS SPEECH.

Quite a numerous portion of the *hoi polloi*, the million, those great unwashed who compose the most extensive element of modern society, have mistaken our character,—actually in thought maligned us. Our exuberant generosity, our inexhaustible supply of good humour, however, enables us to overlook the shortcomings of the people in veneration and respect for ourselves. We did not deem it necessary to reveal the incognito of our nature where ignorance was bliss; but concealed it as well as the incognito of our person, the better to make our attacks on unguarded vice, and to encourage and animate the progress of virtue. But now that the day-break of Christmas is revealed, and the beams of the genial sun of festivity are dispersing the mists and fogs of disappointment and cares that hang like curtains round our heart, obscuring the fair features of that inner world, lighting up the dark caves of grief, and warming the damp soil of the heart into fruitfulness of joy and felicity, we wish to join in the hilarity of the hour; we wish to roll with the youngsters on the floor, to laugh, to dance, to sing, to kiss the maidens under the mistletoe, and to do anything else that is consistent with harmony and good nature. There you see,—we are not an old misanthropical Grumbler, unlikely to die of an enlargement of the heart. We are a young, jolly, good-natured individual, giving a hearty shake hands to Pater and Materfamilias, kissing the children, and doing the agreeable to the young ladies, with the most intense delight.

The only occasions on which we grumble are when those fussy politicians of ours bring themselves and the country into disgrace, or the Corporation Blowers expend too much "gas," or when the equanimity of our temper is rendered dubious by the foppish and insouciance of some pert puppy in pettop; but even then, bless you, our good humor is predominant, we seldom have recourse to the caustic or slashing style, but like Bottom—

"We aggravate our voice, so

That 'twill roar you as gently as any sucking-dove,
'I'll roar you an 'I were any nightingale."

This is our first Christmas with you. Our acquaintance has been a short and a merry one; but we trust that it will strengthen and lengthen, and that many, many years hence you will, with voices mellow with jollity, greet as we now, in all sincerity, greet you with—

"A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR."

THE LIE DIRECT.

At the recent majority nomination, Mr. Manning is reported to have given the following mild and gentlemanly reply to a statement made by Mr. Boulton:—

MR. MANNING.—"Boulton, I tell you that is a lie." (Laughter.)

There are three things observable in this reply which at once fix the attention. First, there is the "Bob Acre" style in which the sentence commences. "Boulton," &c. "Damn the mister," as Byron has it. There—there is the lie direct, if we recollect the order in which Shakspeare has set it down. And lastly, there is the approving laughter of the crowd. With regard to the first we shall not be critical. In our opinion it does not make the slightest difference whether a man says, "John Alexander Adolphus Highflyer, the statement which has just now passed the 'bulwark of your teeth' is a most confounded untruth;" or whether the offensive expression simply consists of "Highflyer, your a liar;" or, "I lie, you lie;" the name in the last instance being contracted for the sake of euphony, which greatly adds to the effect in such cases. As regards the giving of the lie at all, we believe that the old adage holds true—"show me your company, and I'll tell you what you are." The offender in this case is or was a member of the City Council, and therefore could not be expected to be a Chesterfield. The laughter which the well-bred remark excited does not speak much for the audience. We are told that we "must not throw pearls before swine," for reasons there and then sufficiently set forth. By contrary reasoning we may learn that filth may be cast before such unclean beasts, and in this case the swine seem to have appreciated it.

The Will for the Deed.

—Mr. Whittemore is reported in the *Leader* to have brought before the Board of Trade the hardship under which Post Office clerks at present labor in having to be present in their Post Office from 6 o'clock in the morning to 7 o'clock at night, and to have suggested that the Post Master General should be memorialized to mitigate their evil by limiting the hours of attendance from 6 o'clock to 8 o'clock! This would be applying a remedy with a vengeance. A man complains of the rack, and by way of lessening his misery, some kind friend proposes that he should be kept an hour longer on it every day! Well, we suppose Mr. Whittemore, did not mean it; or else the printer's devil has been playing the devil with the reporter's manuscript, or something or other has occurred to place his good intentions in such a ridiculous light; and so we forgive him. He is a right good fellow, and so is every one that exerts himself to make life sweeter to his neighbors. Sydney Smith is also a jolly good —. No, we won't say it until he manumits his clerks one hour earlier every evening.

LEND' NOT, AND SPEND NOT.

Ain—"Love not."

Spend not, spend not ye hapless sons of clay,
Hope's golden dreams would deck your path with flowers;
But dollar bills will fade and fade away,
Ere you have held them for a few short hours.

Spend not! lend not! your friend perchance may die,
My perils from this money spreading earth;
Trust nary creater 'neath the spangled sky,
But hug your cash, and learn to know its worth.

Spend not! spend not! the times you know may change,
And sickle fortune ceases to smile on you;
Things, Sir, have happened, quite a deal more strange,
So keep your cash, and let your cash keep you.

Spend not! spend not! oh warning vainly said,
These hard, hard times are not the years what was;
Who talks of saving o'er a single "rod,"
Must be to at least a racty—that's pos.

A Piece of his mind.

—The following interesting conversation took place at the City Council last Monday:—

"Alderman Moodie rose to speak.
"Alderman Brunel rose to a question of order.
Alderman Moodie had spoken before.
"Alderman Moodie persisted in speaking.
"The Mayor—Order, order, order.
"Alderman Moodie—I want to explain.
"The Mayor—You are out of order. Go on Alderman Brunel.
"Alderman Moodie—Alderman Brunel you are the greatest humbug in the Council, and I hope you will never be at this board again. (Laughter.)"

That is what we call pretty plain speaking, I imagine Alderman Moodie's noble bosom swelling with the desire to unburthen itself. The magnitude of his thoughts becoming too vast to be longer buttoned down under his pea jacket. He begs to be heard! He implores for time to explain himself. The Mayor, as stubborn as a female Mazeppa, refuses. Then the persecuted Bob breaks out into those pathetic words—"Brunel, you're a humbug!" Has any one in the company got a pocket-bankerchief? Well, no matter. It would be dangerous to expose a wipe, a member of Parliament being present: so the secret of our coat must do. Tears! 'Tis 127 years since we cried before!

More of it.

"—Mr. Sherwood is an honourable man."

—*Leader's* report.

Some time ago the *Colonist* called J. C. Morrison a modest man. We suppose that we shall have the *Globe* calling the Governor General a gentleman by and by.

NOTE.—The end of the world may be looked for immediately after the last event happens.—Ed. G.

Contradiction.

—There is no truth in the statement that the Governor General has taken up Tom Hyer's challenge to fight for the championship of the world, at \$20,000 a side.

CHRISTMAS.

Hail I to thee, merry Christmas,
Right jovialart thou,
With thy beaming smile of gladness
And thy holly-wreathed brow;
Ten thousand welcomes greet thee—
Ten thousand voices sing,
From palace and from cot, all hail I
Thou goodly Christmas King.

Hail I to thee, merry Christmas,
For eighteen centuries, ourin
Has sung with joy and gladness
Her tribute to thy birth:
Since first o'er Bethlehem's Valley
The clear angelic shout,
Of "highest glory unto God,
Good will to man," carry out.

Hail I to thee, merry Christmas,
At each returning tide
We hear those voices swelling—
That shout still by our side:
"Peace," on thy banner reareth,
Thy mission is "good will"
Ten thousand welcomes greet thee
Thou hoary Christmas still.

Brightly the yule log blazeth,
And sheds its ruddy light
On smiling faces gathered
To grace the Christmas night.

Hail I to thee, merry Christmas—
Hail to thy goodly cheer ;
Thou fairest of our golden days—
Thou monarch of the year.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

All honour to the Ontario Literary Society for bringing such a great man amongst us. Shades of public dinners and complimentary breakfasts where, were ye, that ye allowed Emerson to depart without visiting him? However, as they say that "eaten bread is soon forgotten," we will not scold any more on this score.

Of the man himself we could write a volume if we had the room and time. But as we have not, all we can say is, that he approached nearest to the perfect lecturer of any one we ever saw. Of his short-comings we will not say a word, dazzled, as we are, with the superior brilliancy of his talents. Who did not feel the desire strong upon him to become a genius as the lecturer expounded, "The Law of Success?" Nobody, we are sure, but a dull lump of clay, and those had no business to go there. Talking of dullness, reminds us of Mr. Giekie's insane attempt at popularity, in calling the lecturer to order in his own broad Scotch. If we were in the chair we should certainly have snubbed such impertinence. But it is comforting to know that the audience—that is the scissible portion of them—repudiated this man's abominable rudeness.

The Lossees.

—We cannot understand why two such doughty heroes as John Nickisson and William Petrie could not settle their little differences behind the scenes without going to the Police Court. Or, if they needs must fight, let them do it *a la* "Macbeth," or "Richard III."—three up and three down, and "damned be he who first cries hold, enough," &c. This would be far better than porambulating King Street enquiring at each saloon if "the old Beggar was there!"

MUNICIPAL ELECTION.

Wilson, Boulton, and Bowes, met at the City Hall on Monday last, to claim the suffrages of the people for the office of Mayor. What did they say? Wilson abused Boulton, Boulton abused Bowes, and Bowes abused Boulton and Wilson. What the people learned from this display is beyond our power of comprehension. In what manner Wilson showed his fitness for the civic chair, by proving that Boulton acted wrongly in the Chief of Police business, we cannot understand. How Mr. Boulton showed his qualification for the coveted office, by attacking Mr. Wilson's legal capacity, is a mystery which we cannot solve. Why Mr. Bowes should be Mayor, because he had assailed the conduct of Mr. Boulton, and the intentions of Mr. Wilson, we have yet to find out. We are puzzled to find out what object the candidates had in following such a line of conduct, and perhaps, to this day, we should not have got the right sow by the ear, if the subjoined correspondence had not fallen into our hands. We do not think it is necessary to state how we came by it; but we can vouch for its accuracy.

Toronto, Dec. 16, 1858.

—BOULTON, Esq. —

I always forget your confounded christian name when I want to say anything particular. But—sans ceremony, as the devil said when he came for the gauger—if you really mean to go to the polls, by the God of Law you shall have it strong and heavy. All you can say in reply will go for nothing.

Yours, in a hurry,

A. WILSON.

P. S.—Who the devil was the God of Law! Lex, I suppose.

A. W.

Toronto, Dec. 17, 1858.

ADAM WILSON, Esq.—

Sir,—The first man, Adam, was by far the greatest fool out. I can vouch that his namesake, Adam Wilson is by no means a chip of the old block. I mean to oppose you, and, by the blood of the Boultons, I shall go in. To show you that you have no chance, I may mention that I have already moved in the "truck" business, and every man in the city will vote for me.

Yours in indignation,

W. H. BOULTON.

—P. S.—I'll give you fifty cents and let you off the scorching if you retire in my favour.

W. B.

Toronto, Dec., 1858.

Messrs, BOULTON and WILSON,—

Brother Beggars—As neither of you have a ghost of a chance, now that you're in the field, you had better both retire. If not, I shall pull the Police about Boulton's ears, and the Esplanade about Wilson's. So take warning in time.

Yours truly,

J. G. BOWES.

P. S. Honor among thieves.

The Lie.

—A City Father's interpretation of L.L.B.: "Lio Liko Blazes." Melancholy, but true.

THE STATE TRIALS.

God help us! And are Canadian politics in such a demoralized condition, that honesty cannot be found either in the Bench above, or in the Court below, or in the people that are out of the Court. We do not believe it. The *Globe* may say what it likes—and more shame for it; we shall still cling to the belief that the purity of our Bench is as unscullied—that our Judges are as learned—that they are as honourable as any in the three kingdoms, or America to boot. What do the public generally care whether the Brown-Dorion Administration is knocked into an untimely cocked hat, or whether the Cartier-MacDonald Government is made a bloody pancake of. Plunder and personal ambition is all that either of them care about. But the public do care that the purity of the Bench shall be unspotted. Unspotted it is, and unspotted, we have no doubt, it will remain, and unspotted it is all our interests to keep it. Therefore, we protest against the rabid attack made upon it by the *Globe*. Use your reason, ye gentlemen that do the editorials in that paper; reason logically; put your heads under a pump when inclined to say anything rash; follow the example of the *Colonist*, and write nothing that is worth reading—but do not attempt to make us believe that we are worse than we really are. Do not degrade yourselves—do not asperse the Bench.

TELEGRAPH AT FAULT.

IMPORTANT INFORMATION.

The New York *Herald* understands that the Atlantic Telegraph is again at work, and that a despatch was received from Europe of which the word "Henley," was all that could be made out. Did not every one who heard the above information "smell a rat?" We did, and our surmises are now indisputable facts. The matter lies in a nut-shell.—Moved by the importunities of the *Globe*, the Colonial Secretary at once sent a dispatch by the Atlantic Telegraph, ordering the Governor General's recall. The line being out of repair, the tail of the dispatch, was altogether indistinct, and all that was legible was the word "Head," which the operator, who, we understand, is one of the "Family Compact," had the assurance to transform into "Henley"

This is another instance of the venality of the Governor, who we are sure is at the bottom of it. Such disgraceful trickery must not go unpunished. The Yorkville Cavalry should be at once called out to have him expelled—the hydra-headed monster. Hurrah for fun!

The Four Johns.

- Sugar-John (Wilson).
- Lemon-John (Ice Cream).
- Whiskey-John (not the Premier).
- Hot-water-John (J. G. Bowes).

Which being duly mixed together produce Punch—

That's THE GAUMBLER.

Scene in City Council.

- 1st. Father—You're a liar.
- 2nd. Father—You're another.
- 3rd. Father—The whole Council lies.
- 4th. Father—That's a stretcher.
- And so on—*ad libitum*.

I Dreamt that I Sat in the Council Hall.

Air from the Opera of "The Corporation Boys," sung by
J. G. Bowes.

I dreamt that I sat in the Council Hall,
And that Aldermen also were there,—
And of all those great guns and Councilmen small,
That I was the Olof and the Mayor;
I had influence too with the rich—could boast
Of the Police at my call—
But I also dreamt, which pleased me most,
Of another "Ten Thousand" haul;
Of another, of another, "Ten Thousand" haul.

I dreamt that of Cabinet seats I could choose,—
That Grills upon bended knee,
And with bribes no other man could refuse,
They pressed me their leader to be.

And I dreamt those cove of letters a host,
From Govan, my purpose to sound;
But I also dreamt which charmed me most—
That I got this "Ten Thousand pounds";
That I got this, that I got this, "Ten thousand pounds."

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO US ALL!

DEAR READER,—A merry Christmas to you! It is the first we ever wished you. It will not be the last. Nations may rise and fall, cataracts may run upwards, the stars may cease to shine, the *Colonist* may become readable, but THE GRUMBLER shall keep on the even tenor of its way; and if you could but live as long as we shall, dear friend, you would live to see land sold for a guinea an inch at the North Pole. But we are digressing. A Merry Christmas to you, as we said before! Perhaps you are sad. "The light of other days" may be stealing in upon your heart; and the music of by-gone years may be breaking upon your ear; and who knows but familiar faces may be crowding upon your memory. Well, let them. They are gone. Fill a bumper to their memory, and resolve to be merry. Remember that sage and remarkably true saying, that "friends will meet where mountains won't." So, be merry! "It will be all the same a hundred years hence." And you that have all your friends here, flourishing like goodly bay trees, rejoice. Gather round the festive board; pile up the presents for the little ones; pour out the wine, and lead off the dance. Banish all care; burn all your dunning letters, and kick all duns down stairs. Eat, drink, and "laugh and be fat,"—but beware of apoplexy.

And you, ladies—young ladies and venerable matrons—may you live to enjoy many happy returns of the season! May all young ladies over sweet sixteen be soon married to the men of their choice—which wish shows that we do not coincide with the libeller who said that no woman is come to her wickedness until she is twenty; and may all old ladies grow more worthy to live as they hasten to die, is the prayer of their

Sincere Friend,

GRUMBLER.

New Publications.

—We understand that T. D. McGee, Esq., is at present engaged writing a life of Geo. Brown.

William Lyon MacKenzie, Esq., is also busy, concocting a life of Cartier, from the time he was a rebel until the time he was at Windsor.

Our devil is as busy as a nailer, he tells us, tagging together a history of Pandemonium. The last publication is expected to sell like wild fire.

A CORPORATION BLOWER.

Alderman W. H. Boulton has been making himself ludicrous, so ludicrous indeed that the *Globe* has actually been able to say something funny in consequence. The motive for his strange gyrations is to be found in this, that he has at last awakened to the fact that his popularity is on the wane. The *veni vidi vici* style did not suit at the city election, and though Large William deigned to occupy the civic Chair for ten months, an ungrateful people far from unanimously recognizing the value of his services.

William Henry Boulton, twelve months ago, was the worshipped of our cod-fish aristocracy. The atmosphere around him was redolent with *eau de Cologne* and old Windsor. None of the *canaille* dare come within a mile and a quarter of his august presence; he is "hail fellow well met" with the lowest, hob-nobs with "cabbies," and dances hornpipes, for the edification of the carriers. He wishes too, to precipitate a crisis in the affairs of the city, in which he shall figure as the heroic preserver of the Queen of the West. In his search of this crisis he is indefatigable; seeks it in post-holes, in gull sewers, and, shall the word be spoken, in dung-carts also! With a face expressive of the utmost horror, his nostrils dilated, his bursute appendages exerted, his frame quivering with emotion, he rose in the Council Chamber. All saw a development was about to be made. Even Craig was averted into silence. With eloquent preamble, with protestations of sincerity, with asserations of veracity it came forth. After minute enquiry, and after diligent search, Archbishop Bill has found a Mayor's nest in the aforesaid dung cart. "Two dollars a load, Mr. Mayor, two dollars a load, sir, had been paid for the removal of night soil," he declared then, he would (for the benefit of the city of course!) have carted it away himself for a solitary quarter. The Council Chamber rang with acclamations; here indeed was a man who would expose fraud, here was the man alone worthy to occupy the Civic Chair.

It is said that Nero taxed a certain unmentionable article and smelt the money afterwards to ascertain if it were sweet. That was long ago, but who would have thought that we should see the like again; who would have thought that William Henry Boulton would have sought to manufacture capital from a heap of night-soil. "To what base uses may we come at last."

THE THEATRES.

We went into the Lyceum for five minutes on Wednesday evening, but as we have always had the greatest horror of such pieces as "Dred," we went home immediately, and read the evening *Colonist* by way of penance.

The City Theatre would seem to be doing a heavy business. We have not seen Mrs. Kellog, but understand that she has made quite a sensation already.

RECEIVED.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following Christmas presents:

A pair of slippers from Fanny with "Grumbler" worked on the toes. Much obliged. Shall devote our first leisure hour to ripping aforesaid expression out. We shall then swear to all enquirers that we got them from our cousin.

A cow and a calf from "a Country Friend." Very good. Sent the cow to the butcher's. Shut the calf up in the clothes' press for an experiment.— Found it did not succeed, as the animal had in the interim dined on our Christmas suit. Turned the calf out, and have not seen it since.

A pig from the Lord-knows-who. Sent it to the Editor of the *Colonist* with our compliments.

A challenge to pistols and coffee. Accepted it, and found that the rascally challenger would not come up to the scratch.

The reversion of an estate in the Isle of Sky, which we might enjoy somewhere about the year A. D. 4000—sold it for a yolk shilling and smoked the receipts.

The history of Humbugs. Sent it to Dr. Geike, with our compliments.

300 gallons of the best brandy. Invented six friends over night, and found that the morning that 299 gls. remained.

METROPOLITAN CHORAL SOCIETY.

Mons. Lazare at the head of his choristers, we are glad to learn, is bent on more conquests. It is a long time since we had a Concert, and the present is a time specially devoted to such amusements. Therefore, we predict a full house for Tuesday night. Of the Society we need not say anything. As it has the public on its side, it needs no puffing; and there is nothing in this world which we so cordially detest as puffs of any kind—except always those sold at the confectioners; and even those are not wholesome.

An Odd Charge.

—At the recent nomination for the Mayoralty, Mr. Boulton was charged with being in bed at nine o'clock on the 17th of March last. We are not aware that going to bed at nine o'clock, unless a man was in a state of what Sir Morgan O'Doherty calls "civilation"—in which case it would certainly be unpardonable at such an early hour in the evening—is such a very heinous crime. "Early to bed," &c., is one of the earliest maxims which we ever learned; and if there remains any doubt as to the worthlessness of the charge thus preferred against the worthy Alderman, we appeal to the ladies—the married ones—to say is nine o'clock too early for a husband to go to roost? of course, they will pronounce an unanimous No!

To our Friends,

—We are very sorry that we cannot divide ourselves into 999 parts in order that we might accept as many invitations to dinner on Christmas day. Therefore, we shall decline with many thanks all the kind invitations sent to us. The Governor General, we hope, will not be angry, but we can make no exceptions, even in his favor.

NURSERY RHYMES.

FOR VERY SMALL CHILDREN.

Hush a bye, Baby, taking his nap;
While Cartier's in, Baby gets pap;
When Brown returns, Cartier will fall—
Down will come Baby, pap, Cartier, and all,

What is the Ministry made of, made of,
What is the Ministry made of?
Quibble and quirk, shuffle and shirk;
That's what the Ministry's made of.

What are the Clear Grits made, made of,
What are the Clear Grits made of?
A longing for sweets and cabinet seats;
That's what the Clear Grits are made of.

Change places,
Right about face;
Off to Sir Edmund and swear,—
Take the oath,
Nothing loth;
Left about face as you were.

PHUN!

From the *Leader's* report, the trial of the men engaged in the outrage on the two females in Sayer Street, would appear to have been one of the most racy cases that ever came before His Worship, Mr. Gurnett. We shall present our readers with those portions of the evidence which caused the laughter of the audience; admonishing them, however, lest their mirth should was too outrageous, of the fate of the man who died laughing. The first remark that appears to have provoked mirth was the following humorous retort by one of the witnesses,—
Mary Hunt,—to the examining counsel:—

Mr. Boulton—Are you a very quiet person generally?

Witness—I am sometimes not very quiet. (Laughter.)

There's wit for you to tickle the unwashed, and cause the reporters to break their sides laughing. "Are you a quiet person?" asks the counsel. "Not always," responds the witness; and thereupon the whole Court goes into the most extravagant fits of laughter.

However, the phun waxes phast and phurious. The same witness is asked if there was a light in the room at the time she was assaulted. The following is her humorous response:—

"When Ross left the room, I opened the doors of the stove, so that I would know who would come next." (Laughter.)

We can fancy the audience again holding their sides with the laughing at such a droll and excessively comical reply.

But a new witness is brought upon the stage,—a rustic, but evidently a brilliant wit, by name John McCullam. He is asked to describe the chivalrous attack made on the unprotected females. Listen to his irresistible replies:—

"The room at once crowded up, and I thought there would never be an end to them. (Laughter.) Says I to myself, 'My end's come at last.'" (Laughter.)

Mark the phun that once more excites the laughter of the crowd. Just imagine the witness saying while the tears stood in the eyes of the audience with the throes of suppressed laughter, "Says I to

myself, 'My end is come at last.'" How rich! What mellow wit! But he out-McCullam's himself a few minutes afterwards, when he says:—

"I tried to protect her, and I got a kick in the shoulder, which no one would like to get."—
(Laughter.)

What a subject for a Christmas Pantomime. The house would be fairly carried away with mirth, at the sight of a man trying to protect a female from midnight ruffians, and being kicked in the shoulder for his pains. Here are a few more humorous filberts from the witty McCullam:—

Q.—Was it starlight?
A.—I didn't look up. (Laughter.)

Q.—Was there anything peculiar about the night?

A.—I didn't see anything new about it.—
(Laughter.)

Q.—Were you wet or dry that night?

A.—That's a question. (Laughter.)

There's a collection of witty repartees that would compare favourably with the best things of Hood or Douglas Jerrold. How refreshed the audience must have felt after the above flow of wit and humour, is sufficiently manifested by their repeated outburst of laughter. How the brilliancy of the wit must have dazzled the unfortunate reporter is evidenced by the faithfulness with which he reports it.

T. L. O. V. L. 0328.

Our big brother the *Globe* frequently treats us to advertisements abounding in enigmatical devices, and absurd combinations of letters headed as above. Of course he is well paid for making such an ass of himself, or he would not do it. The following is a sample which we propose to unravel for the information of outsiders:—

T. L. O. V. L. 0328.

Notice is hereby given that an R. M. of T.L.O.V.L will be held in the O. H.; Bunkum Alley, this evening.

By order,

S. TAKE-EM-IN,
G. S.

R. M. means Regular Mill; T. L. O. V. L., Tremendous Lot of Vulgar Loafers. The letters O. H., can mean no other than the Ogre's Haunt. G. S., attached to the name of the Secretary may be interpreted as Grand Scoundrel. It is too bad for these secret societies, so candid as they are among themselves in acknowledging their true character to attempt to blind the public by such paltry devices.

Truckulent Truckory.

—We cannot but admire the coolness with which Ald. Boulton has given notice of his motion, that in future no contractor of the Corporation, shall pay his men truckwise, instead of in the blunt. At any other time of the year, we should have voted the worthy Alderman philanthropic—but just now the motive is too apparent to allow of any mistake. However, we have a partiality to cool people. We should rather have our pocket picked in a gentlemanly off-handed manner, than have the lining of our coat torn by some awkward clown.

Novel use of the Atlantic Telegraph.

"Good currents were received through the Atlantic Telegraph on Saturday last."—*N. Y. Herald.*

—At Christmas times currents (currants) are not so bad; but under the circumstances we must be excused for wishing that we had some reasons (raisins) for such information.

Standing motto for City Council.

—No gentleman need offer himself as a candidate.

A Hint.

—Jones tells us that he received a gentle hint from his landlady the other day, to foot up his boarding bill. On enquiring what it was, we learned that *two forks* were placed before him at dinner. Which, said he, is the Dutch for "fork over."

TO MAKE A MERRY CHRISTMAS!

THE GRUMBLER, ever desirous of contributing his share towards the happiness and enjoyment of his readers, desires to assist them on this occasion in the selection of articles wherewith to celebrate CHRISTMAS and NEW YEARS.

Prominent among others whose mission it is to supply Groceries and Bon tons for the jovial season, we must mention the establishment of Mr. George Dostwick, on King near Yonge street—where the groceries of all climes may be found in profusion and at cheap rates. The windows are so positively tempting that we wonder how the legions of little archies who so constantly gaze upon the sweets so cunningly displayed therein, can resist breaking through and committing petty larceny. We are certain our friends will be no where better treated than at Mr. Dostwick's.

For something of the Confectionary kind, we would also recommend the establishment of Mr. Carter, on the North side of King near Bay street. He has just received some rarities and luxuries which we have had the pleasure of testing and which we can safely commend.

For pastry and confectionery we have often desired to direct attention to the excellent store of Mr. George Coleman, King street, west of Bay street, where may be found a thousand different tempting viands. No where can superior pastry be found, and no body is more deserving of a liberal share of patronage than Mr. Coleman.

The establishment of Mr. Webb on Yonge street is so familiarly known that any notice from us is hardly necessary.

For a serviceable and never-to-be-forgotten present for a gentleman friend, we cannot resist recommending the purchase of a Mercurian pipe from our excellent friend, Mr. Spooner, at the Terrapin Saloon, whose stock of pipes, and indeed of all things appertaining to the "soothing weed," is excellent and cheap.

Speaking of the "Terrapin," reminds us that this Establishment is still kept up in the most excellent style—nothing is wanting in point of comfort or respectability, and we think it favourably compares with any other establishment of the kind anywhere. A beautiful toned Piano has been placed in the parlour, which is excellently played for the delectation of guests.

THE GRUMBLER

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