

# THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES—VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1860.

NO. 9.

## THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1860.

### ARRIVAL OF THE JAPANESE EMBASSY. GREAT ENTHUSIASM.

THE AMERICAN EAGLE AGAIN TRIUMPHANT.

Correspondence of the New York Herald.

SANDY HOOK, 8th May, 1860.

The most illustrious the Ambassadors from Japan arrived at the Hook this morning in the Japanese steamer Scorr Kaudis-carry-marry-wurry. This long and anxiously expected event was announced to the citizens of our own great and progressive Republic by the booming of the guns of United States Frigate Bowhattan, which fired a salute of thirteen guns in honor of this unprecedented arrival. If ever there was an occasion when an American felt proud of his country—proud that he was an American citizen, it was when the Japanese Embassy were going ashore with the cannons of three American men of war thundering away—celebrating an event which no nation upon the face of the globe had been able to accomplish.

The grumbling Lion of haughty England and the double-jointed Vulture of France may alike become prostrate in the dust, before the mighty uncaged American bird, whose flights in the atmosphere of diplomacy take her out of sight of the benighted eyes of the falling and decaying despotisms of Europe.

It were a task worthy the quill of the immortal historian to chronicle this advent of the enlightened Japanese in our country—the only land on the face of this globe or any other, on which they have condescended to press their illustrious shoes. And we are bold to say, that this is an honor that they will not confer on any other.

The United States Frigate Jumper bearing its noble freight steamed up the Sound, with the Stars and Stripes on her jib-boom-poop, and the royal Japanese Ensign on her oft-gallant-spunker, amidst the deafening acclamations of the multitudes on shore, and the thundering sounds of the six-pounder at Fort Hamilton.

As the royal party neared the shore the enlivening harmonics of Hail Columbia and Yankee Doodle became audible, the Screechtown and Manhattan brass-bands having been specially engaged by the authorities constituted to give effect to the arrival.

The greatest delight was expressed by the principal members of the Embassy at the brilliancy of their reception. The music affording them much pleasure and astonishment.

Immediately on their arrival there a splendid lunch of Sandwiches and cold whisky was provided, to which ample justice was done by our own officials; the Japanese being an abstemious people ate very sparingly.

About two hundred tons of presents for the President have been brought by the Japanese, consisting chiefly we believe of fire-crackers, sky-rockets, wheels, and rope mats. These are carefully guarded by a detachment of Japanese soldiers, who never sleep but watch their treasure like the winkless dragon of Wantley.

[The dress and appearance of the illustrious Strangers will furnish us with an article for our next issue.]

### DOWN BY THE LONELY WELL.

Down by the lonely well,  
Whose waters, cool and clear,  
It's rippling bosom swell  
Brings back to me a tear:  
For once a gentle maiden  
In beauty there did dwell  
In that sweet, quiet valley,  
Down by the lonely well.

Too rare, too fair, a flower  
To bloom in beauty there:  
A wooing tongue came to thee,  
Thou listened to his prayer;  
He took thee from that valley  
A bruised flower, to dwell  
Away from those that loved thee,  
Down by the lonely well.

The herd and kine thou tended  
Wilt bleed full oft for thee.  
The happy days are ended  
That oft thou passed with me.  
No more in that sweet valley  
Does the gentle maiden dwell;  
She sleeps in death's cold slumber,  
Far from the lonely well.

### SUMMER AMUSEMENTS.

(AS PRACTISED BY THE BEST FAMILIES.)

No. I.—Cricket.

We are indebted to the spirited Editor of "Bell's Life in the College Avenue" for the following spirited sketch of the noble English game. We may observe that this is the first of a series of sporting articles which we flatter ourselves will knock the *N. Y. Clipper* into a boot-jack.

We give our correspondent's story in his own words:—

My name is Richard Rabble; my father, singular to relate bore the same name; my paternal grandfather was called the "agreeable Rabble," and his name, thank goodness, has been embelmed by that most amiable and worthless of men, Oliver Goldsmith. But as I am not going to give you an autobiography I will cut these family matters exceedingly short. The remainder of my remarks follow in the annexed extract from my diary:—

April 11th.—Did rise at 9.35 a. m., and after partaking of ham, eggs and coffee, and giving a parting salute to my pretty neighbor, did sally out. Finding the morning bracing and my new summer coat comfortable, did feel good generally, and consented to accompany sundry friends to the head of the College Avenue. After scouting a proposal of a springy friend, (one Budding-out by name) to march through the principle streets with shouldered bats and wickets, did pitch the latter and essay to play. Having ferretted a new copper from the ymost recesses of my new vest-pocket, did give it to ye muscular party. Ye muscular party did thereupon twirl ye new Canadian cent in the air, but as ye tosee did get two tails to ye one head of ye muscular toser, therefore ye cadaverous opponent achieved the victory.. The muscular did choose ye corpulent supposing him to be the best hitter; after divers selections, I, the descendant of "ye agreeable Rattle" was last taken in consequence of a threat to intercept the lager-beer then in transitu.

Being a temporary appendage to ye cadaverous party's side, and having the first innings, did lie by and utter satirical remarks in reference to the bowling of the corpulent and muscular creatures. Disnayed at seeing the defeat of my comrades, four of whom were caught out by the tall and highly favoured Budding-out did take ye bat to retrieve the lost fortunes of the side. After flourishing the bat gallantly did see the ball start from the hand of the muscular party; did strike there at and fainted away; all the city coroners came up in ten minutes, but seeing that the corpse exhibited signs of vitality, they retired to Caesar Howell, to toss up for the next body. (We have since been informed that Coroner Scott got it.—Eo G.) On coming to myself I was informed that the muscular party had made a row in my timber yard; or as my factious compeer with the grizzly gones explained it, knocked the bales off my wicket. This was the end of our innings. I may remark that the witty friend aforesaid is not merely a cricketer, but also an equestrian; and so great a creature is he in the sporting way, that he offers to bet 15 to 1 on his iron grey steed against Buccancer for the Derby.

Mr. Budding-out who made a "point" of catching my colleagues out, is also a versatile genius, he is a syndid leg hit for which he would have scored fifteen but for his laziness,—the long stop be'ng off for a drink. As it was he ran thrice and got tired: At this stage of the proceedings our cadaverous friend who was bowling got a bat from the ball and went down. Leaving him to weller in his sanguinary fluid, the rest retired to lunch; after which, your correspondent paired off and departed. The score up

to the end of the first innings we obtained from the umpires—

Brown c. Budding-out.....	0
Jones b. Corpulent.....	0
Robinson c. Budding-out b. Muscular....	0
Equestrian c. Budding-out.....	1
Smithers not out.....	0
Rattle b. Muscular.....	0
Byes 121, wides 1740.....	1861

1862

The other party were interrupted by the accident we have referred to, so we shall say nothing about it.

### I'M A BACHELOR JOLLY AND STOUT.

AS SUNG BY TOM OWKS, AT MR. GRUMBLER'S RE-UNION.

I'm a bachelor jolly and stout,  
I'm troubled with no earthly care;  
I have no one to knock me about,  
What a life, ha!—it suits to a hair.  
Ha! ha! wouldn't the married men stare,  
If they saw me at meals in my room,  
For I live on the faintest fare,  
And my servant is butler and groom.  
  
I've escaped from the nets of the fair,  
Tho' they've pestered me sorely through life,  
And I've kept pretty clear of the snare,  
Tho' they tried hard to get me a wife.  
No Sir-ee, tho' they gave me my pick  
Of the widows and knowing old maids;  
I replied, I'd as soon wed Old Nick,  
As any of these shrivelled, old blades.  
  
If I had n't kept out of their clutches,  
Yes, indeed, before this I'd have died.  
Ha! ha! ha! in fact 't was as much as  
I could do, when they ogled and stoged.  
Would it not be an anomaly,  
For me to be bothered and hurried;  
God, I'd have now a large family!  
By whom I'd be constantly worried.  
  
I'm the trustest of friends to myself,  
I may say that I always have been,  
My "intended" she's now on the shelf,  
And I'm happy, 'tis easily seen.  
For now 'tis my own lord-and-master  
And I've no one to order me round;  
I've no one to make me move faster  
Than I like, hence I'm jolly and sound.

(We wish it to be distinctly understood that we are not responsible for all the sentiments contained in this song. Our friend and boon companion, Tom Owks—Mrs. Grumbler is away in the country—is a notorious liar of that sex which we ourselves reverence, respect and love, and consequently a little indulgence must be extended to him; besides he was tired when he rose to sing it in obedience to an unanimous call. Ed. G.)

### JOKES THAT ARE NOT JOKES.

—It is no joke to bring a few friends home to have a good old time, and find your wife gone to visit her mother with the key of the cellar in her pocket.

—It is no joke to ask all the crowd to what they'll have, and find that you had left your cash in your other vest pocket.

—It is no joke when serenading your adorable Maria on that lovely moon light evening, to turn round and find that the family watch dog has broken his chain.

### RECEPTION OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Our clairvoyant reporter, who is possessed of the power of seeing into the "dim and misty" future, has supplied us with the following report of the manner in which His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales will be received in this city. The account, it will be perceived, is written in the past tense, as if the event had already transpired.

SONG I.—This is the reception scene at the railway station. Ald. Carr, with a choker of the most immaculate white and a face of the brightest roseate, (no allusion to an over-indulgence on the previous night), stands upon the platform of the Union Station in all the pomp and dignity of a mighty official. Simme Bujen-no Kanhi, first ambassador of the Japanese embassy to the President of the United States, couldn't "hold a candle" to him. (Here it may be necessary to state that on the day official information was received in this city of the visit of the Prince, Mayor Wilson was found drowned in a water barrel. All sorts of rumors were afloat in reference to how the dreadful calamity occurred, but to the present day it has not been satisfactorily explained). There stood Ald. Carr, however, in all the glory of his position, holding a roll of parchment in his hand of most unconscionable length. Around him thronged, with beating hearts and anxious countenances, the bright and shining stars of the City Council. Captain Moodie had donned the monkey jacket for the occasion, and it glided in all the beauty of an extra row of yellow buttons. A quid might be seen to move every now and again from the right cheek to the left, and from the left cheek to the right, and a slight salivation might be noticed for several feet around his dumphy person. It was currently reported that the worthy tar let fly a shot of the narcotic expectation at the Prince's eye on his approach to receive the address, but we believe there is no truth in the report; certainly we did not see anything of the sort, though we watched every movement of the dignified body with the greatest scrupulousness. Councillman Griffith looked as bland and an as stupidly good-natured as ever.

Ald. Sherwood had his bull-dog by his side, a circumstance which was near creating a duce of a fuss. The railroad constables persisted in declaring that on such an occasion, when the eldest son of Her Britannic Majesty was to be received with all the honors of the first city in Upper Canada, bull-dogs could not be permitted to occupy a place on the platform. Ald. Sherwood persisted in declaring that the dog was as respectable and inoffensive an animal as any other on the platform—a statement which we did not choose to contradict. Ald. John Smith occupied a prominent position at the right side of his ponderous figure-head and leader, with the word "Albion" prominently set forth on the front of his hat. Whether this word had an allusion to the land which gave him birth, or to the hotel of which he is known to be the proprietor we cannot say. To us it was quite as ambiguous an utterance as any of the Delphic oracle, though others appeared to see the matter more clearly. Ald. McMurrich was there too, but appeared as if he might as well be away, for he did nothing but look on good-naturally at everything that was passing; he appeared, in fact, to be in the most blissful state of ignorance of everything mundane, except the gold trimmings of the Prince's habiliments, which he seemed to eye with peculiar pleasure.

Councillman Higgins looked the personification of the consolidated statutes, 91st clause and all, and seemed as if he had a *capias* on the body of some one. Ald. Strachan also figured in the crowd, but as he has no more right to be in the Council than the dirtiest "devil" in our office, we do not regard him as worth any further notice. Ald. Sprout talked away in his usual blustering manner, and treated all round from a wagon load of the most sparkling ginger-pop which it is possible to conceive; the repast was made a little more substantial by a plentiful supply of Nasmith's best crackers, all of which were supplied on speculation; it being supposed that the Prince might be induced to indulge in these superior articles during his stay in the city. *En passant*, we may state that all the members of the Council were not as sober-minded as Ald. McMurrich; there were occasionally some desperate attempts at the manufacture of wit, at which Councillman Carruthers and Ardagh were pre-eminently happy. During one of these essays some one dared to impeach the cleanliness of the speculating representative of St. James' Ward, Ald. Fox; when Ald. Carty, good-naturedly, offered to supply, *gratis*, as much soap as would be necessary to produce the requisite state of purity on the external hide of his brother-member. However much we should like it, we cannot enter further into a description of the *personnel* of our civic dignitaries; the task might in any case, perhaps, be a work of supererogation, as they are already pretty well known.

At twenty-five minutes and a half past one, precisely, the Prince stepped from out a magnificent car expressly made by the Grand Trunk Company for his accommodation, followed by his entire retinue. Ald. Carr stepped forward and read the following address, which our reporter was given to understand was written by Ald. Moodie. This may account for the peculiarity of the style, which is neither that of Johnson nor of Cobbett; and of the orthography which is not that of Webster or Walker:—

"To is rile iness The prins of wales.

"**WELLS SIR**—we the Korporashun of this rile and glorius citee beg to appoche your rile persun on this hospishus okkashun.

"We are mitee glad, indeed, rile sir, to heer that your rile mother is in a state of blissful salubrity, and we see by the papers that she has taken to hoops.

"through you, mitee prince of Hengland, we return our sinserer thanks to your Rile mother that she has permitted you to visit this Part of er gloruous dominouns—"the brietest jem in the british crown"—as somebody says.

"On behalfe of this proude and butiful citee, we, the Korporashuns, hoffer you our congratulashuns on your safe hairline here. Here, rile sir, you will see sum of the most Tansidentantees (what a jaw-breaker for Bob!) butiful sites you ever seed. You will see hamong the rest, the prince's walk, called after you, which the groing generations of this present dny has planted.

"Agin, rile sir, hofferin U the hospitalitees of the citee, we visit you long life and success in all your hundertakings.

"and we remain, yourre miteenesses umble and obedient servants,

"THE KORPORASHUN OF TORONTO."

[This part of the ceremony has already extended to such a length that we find it necessary to postpone the remainder of the account of this important reception until next week.]

## THE YOUNG MAN'S SUPPLICATION TO THE PUBLICAN.

When other coxes and other crows  
Their rounds of liquor call  
In words so low you're left in doubt  
On whom the charge should fall.

There may perhaps at such a time  
Some trick be played on thee;  
If such there be, I but request  
You'll chink it not to me.

When loafers or fast youths shall alight  
The cocktails that you make,  
And term them wisby-washy stuff  
The thirst of pups to slake.

When hard up swells shall will my beer,  
And cash not hand to thee;  
In your despair I hope you'll not  
Then charge it up to me.

## THE YOUNG DRAGGED AWAY; OR THE SOLITARY SEA-SERPENT ISLANDERS.

BY CAPTAIN MAWRID.

CHAPTER IX.—THE CAVE OF THE VIANDS.

One morning early, about a week after their arrival on the island, Sandy, as his custom was, was sweeping the horizon with his telescope, when happening to look along the shore he discovered at a long distance what appeared to be a gigantic cave with a log lying before the entrance; but what riveted his attention was that he thought he could discern the figure of a man moving about near it. Mary said that it resembled the species pelicanus desert, (pelican of the wilderness,) but was silenced by being reminded that animals of that class did not smoke short clay pipes as the one in question was doing; so to save disputes, and having nothing else to do, their Kangaroos (they had caught four and trained them to go beautifully in single harness) were harnessed and driven over in the direction of the cave. By noon they were within a mile of it, and fastening their 'paltres' to a tree they moved cautiously forward, their amazement increasing at every step: what they had taken for a log was nothing less than the huge carcase of a Sea-serpent: passing this they entered a large cavern fitted up in the most gorgeous manner, and seemingly the dining room of the family of the deceased monster from a table in the centre of it, which was laid in a manner that excited their curiosity and admiration. The weapon of the sword fish acted as a substitute for a carving knife, and the forks and spoons were evidently fish bones, electro-plated with scales of the gold fish, by the agency of the galvanic-cell. In the middle of the table was a bread tray—a shell of some marine animal of the crustacea order, beautifully finished. One side of the room was occupied by the sideboard, on which stood an elegant service of clam shells and a large saddle of cold roasted whale. Of course there were no seats around the table, as the Sea-serpent does not belong to the seat-acea tribe. Sandy's thorough knowledge of natural history was triumphantly shown in this cave. Anthony happened to pick up a fragment of bone and wondered aloud what animal it had belonged to; Sandy, with half a glance at it said carelessly, "That is a slice out of the third rib on the left side of an extinct animal of the johanous asinus or common donkey kind." No wonder he was ad-

mired by all who knew him! Advancing through a small round hole in the wall, they emerged into a smaller cavern where a yet more extraordinary sight greeted them. Three large dry skins of rock bass were lying in a row along the side of the cave, on which were stretched as many young Serpents with strips of black crape around their tails, while in the middle of the room, by the dim light, they could discern a fourth being rocked in the cradle of the deep (i. e. a round shell) by a negro who had his back turned to them. Before they had advanced half a dozen steps the man turned round and saw them; the next moment he was on the ground kissing their feet and blubbering with joy.

"Great jingo!" shouted Anthony, "it's green Jake!"

CHAPTER X.—JONAH OUT JONAHED.

On the way back to the hut, (they were obliged to leave the cavern hastily, for fear of the elder branches of the family returning,) Jake gave them a short account of his adventures, and how he got there. It will be remembered that he was swallowed by the second Sea-serpent, a few hours after the abduction of the scow by the first one; being a devout negro, his first impression was that he was Jonah, but his good sense soon told him that this idea was, to say the least of it, improbable. His next impulse was to endeavor to get out of the Serpent's mouth, but on his attempting this, the brute began to hiccup so violently that he was glad to get back to his old (hind) quarters in the tail. He then began to back away at the sides of his prison, with a tobacco knife, which the Serpent at length put a stop to, by swallowing such a quantity of sea-water, that Jack was rendered insensible, and gave himself up for nearly dead. When he came to himself he was lying on the floor of the cavern in the centre of the family of Sea-serpents, who were seemingly debating as to his fate. The old one looked very stern, and anything but well, and would every now and then pat that part of his body, the inside of which Jake had been whittling, with his tail and would hiss in a ferocious manner: the young ones would then go down upon that part of their bodies which one might call their knees, and folding their tails before them in an attitude of supplication, would hiss in an extremely winning and deprecatory way. At length the old one, overcome by their entreaties, seemed to give a grumbling pardon, whereupon the youngsters bounced about the cavern in a most tomboyish way, and led by the eldest girl (who seemed from his description to be a most accomplished and amiable serpent) kissed Jake, an embrace which, taking into consideration the natural heat of their breath, he seemed to consider himself justified in calling a warm one. As they had now reached the hut and Jack looked sentimental whenever Miss Sea-serpent's name was mentioned, they did not press him farther upon this occasion, but left him to his reflections and some cold venison.

CHAPTER XI.—AS I GO ROLLING HOME.

One morning, about ten days after Jake's providential deliverance, he had gone out into the forest early to gather olives, the young Slogsses had just pushed away their final plates of molasses, and were sucking some taffy which Mary had made; while Paul was giving them the good and bad points of a new species of parasite, which he had discovered on one of the hairs on the calf of a bee's leg. Suddenly

the subject was dropped, and the taffy was allowed to drop from their nerveless mouths, as a collection of singularly frightful yells of the most appalling kind, rang through the room.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## INCENDIARISM AND THE POLICE.

As usual, *Old Double* is lashing herself into fury against persons who are almost as innocent as the immaculate Dame herself of the charges which she lays at their door. Under pretence of evincing a just indignation at the perpetrators of the incendiarism that is just now so rife, this excitable journal indulges in a violent outburst of pointed attack upon the whole police force of the city. We find the well-assumed dignity of the matron laid for once aside, when she screams in shrill interjections—"Where could the police be?" "What possible use are they?" and sternly adds, with an emphasis that undoubtedly will make the peccant peelers tremble in their boots, "these questions must be satisfactorily answered!"

Guardians of our lives and property! Protectors of our hearths and homes! Knights of the baton—tall and strong! advance! come forth! there is no choice for you now: humble yourselves to the earth, and come every one of you with your hands upon your hearts to answer the terrible summons of the offended one.

Mark the questions—you have in the first place *satisfactorily* to tell the exact localities in which you might have been found on the night of the fifth inst. Alas! the disclosure that will appear—those sly and emulently private drinks at the tavern, kept open beyond the legal hour, and the consequent quiet snooze, while you innocently dreamed that you were doing your duty. But, peelers, we wrong you; we for a moment forgot that it is required of you to answer *satisfactorily*, and we must candidly admit that we do not believe you to be so very wanting in proper respect for the feelings of the citizens as to disclose these awful facts; your own inventive brains, therefore, must suggest to you an answer that will be able to give satisfaction; of course we might do so, but it is not our desire to take away from you any of the credit to be derived from the invention of a skilful string of fabulous exploits.

Then comes the next enquiry—"What possible use are you?" At this most studied insult we see the fiery glow of honest indignation mantling the plump cheeks of the "charleys," their manly chests heave with emotion, and they scarcely deign to reply; at last, after solemn consultation they send forward the most eloquent of their number, who triumphantly recounts, in expressive language, as an instance of their use and prowess, the glorious capture of a disorderly news-boy, of full ten summers, by two of them from the midst of a dozen of his unlucky and seditious companions.

After this who could for an instant doubt the extraordinary usefulness of such a body? We are certain that even *Old Double* will deem so overwhelming convincing an explanation quite satisfactory.

## Nothing Like Leather.

—No person can have walked along King and Yonge Streets, without noticing the large number of boot and shoe stores that are springing into existence. Query—are they all on a good foot-ing.

### MODEST JUDGE CARON.

Mr. Justice Caron,  
Who's a modest man,  
Like a German baron,  
Seizes all he can.

From out the Upper Chamber,  
Went he as a Judge,  
Yet he tries to clamber  
Back, but none will budge,

To even make a motion,  
To relieve his doubt;  
For they've got a notion  
That he's better out.

Rejecting his petition  
In politest French,  
Because no politician  
Should be on the Bench.

## THEATRE ROYAL.



GRAND GALA NIGHT.

### NOTICE EXTRAORDINARY.

The manager of the C—p—r Opera Troupe begs to announce that Messrs. Brown, Foley and Connor, of the Parliamentary Opposition, have been engaged to sing the "laughing trio" on the occasion of the next Concert. He does not take it upon himself to guarantee that the aria will be *Martini's "Vadassia via de la qua;"* but as the three gentlemen have recently shaken hands in the most unaccountable manner, and sunk all petty differences—at least for the present—he has no doubt the trio will be executed by these three performers, *con amore*. No additional charge for reserved seats. Particulars will be made known on a future day.

[Mr. Grumbler begs to intimate that he will be present on the occasion, and, as the performance is a delicate one, he promises not to be hypercritical.]

### THE GREAT FIGHT FOR THE BELT.

Correspondence of the *New York Clipper*.

Mr. Editor,—

The great event has at length been decided. The American Eagle soars triumphant o'er the defeated and degraded, the much vaunted Lion of England. In spite of the persecutions and deceptions of Victoria, Queen of England, and her bloated and dissipated ministry; in spite of the hollow and base machinations of Palmerston, Russel, and others of the gang, the stars and stripes now wave o'er the boasted flag of Cressy and Poitiers, and the British Lion now lies like a cur in his kennel cowed down by the great and glorious American Eagle; and Heenan, an illustrious champion, the representative of all that is noble in manly grace, and of that glorious republic which was nurtured in the bosoms of patriots, and cemented with the blood of heroes; that is looked upon with envy and apprehension by all the priest-ridden and aristocracy crushed powers of tottering Europe, reclines in his bed of fame with the everlasting halo of fistic glory round his angelic brow. Let us not rest here, Mr. Editor, but in the event of Heenan not receiving the trophy of his prowess, let us insist on the recall of our Ambassador, the surrender of British Columbia and enthralled Canada, and that the sway of our great and liberal

institutions be extended from Terra del fuogo to Penotanguishene. Hoping this may suit your ideas believe me friend Frank,

Your's fraternally,  
RACE HALLEDAY POPKINS SMITH,  
Col. Washington Lavenders.

### RUMORS.

That Cap. Moodie is about to resign the command of the Fire Fly, and accept immediately the appointment as principal tenor in the Academy of Music, New York. His numerous friends will be happy to learn that his ascension with Steiner in the balloon has materially improved his upper notes.

That it is the intention of the Prince of Wales to become a candidate for initiation in the Sons of Malta, and that Mr. Wooton, of Caer Howel Hotel, with true characteristic British loyalty, has offered to put down five "*suverius*" to pay the "inshishashan" fee.

That a collection is to be taken up in the several churches at an early date for the purpose of forming a fund to provide, gratis, the poorer members with copies of the rules of the London Prize Ring, and that Dr. Ryerson has headed the subscription list with ten cents; he has also signified his intention of being present at a benefit for the Sayers fund when he will wind up with a set-to with Professor Spaulding.

That it has been discovered that the lowest tender for the removal of the Government to Quebec, last fall, was that of Mr. Kelly, the *spirited* cab proprietor of Toronto. Strange that the *Globe* has not found out this, the latest and most diabolical act of a rotten and corrupt Ministry. We believe Mr. Rose, the Commissioner of Public Works, tries to make it out that the sureties were not responsible parties.

### SOUTH SIMCOE ON THE FLOOR.

Jolly Tom Ferguson, representative-extraordinary in Parliament, of the Simcoe lambs, has either a queer opinion of the purchasability of his constituents or a very plain way of telling the government that they are not forking over the necessary. When the resolutions of the November Convention were up before the House the other day, our burly Irish orator declared that the people of Upper Canada were indignant at the manner in which they were being governed by Lower Canada. Mr. W. F. Powell rushed to his feet and denied the charge. Mr. Ferguson repeated his statement, remarking that if the people of Carleton were satisfied "they must be getting more from the public purse than he was aware of." The argument is plain. If Carleton is satisfied, it is because she gets the pap. If Simcoe is not, it is because she gets no pap. But pap is the thing to quiet opposition, give us more and we will be silent. Now, we must enter our protest against this sort of thing. Mr. Ferguson has no right to libel his constituents in the way he has done; and if he thinks that he is not well enough paid for his support of the Ministry, let him not declare it so unblushingly on the floor of Parliament. But the honorable gentleman has got a most unfortunate habit of "putting his foot" in everything he does, and perhaps after all he did not mean what he said. Parliamentary orators have a peculiar weakness in this respect.

### A Desperate Joke.

—Why are the opposition not *unit-ed*?  
Because they're at *sizes* and *sevens*.

### THE COOPER OPERA TROUPE.

During the week our citizens have had the pleasure of listening to the Cooper Opera Troupe at the Prince of Wales Theatre. Every night the house has been crowded with admiring audiences. This favorite company appears to grow more in favor with us every time they appear. We have not space to particularize the splendid acting and singing of Miss Milner, Mr. Cook, Mr. Bowler, Miss Payne and Miss Kemp, and the efficiency of the chorus under the leadership of Mr. Bruno; nor have we room to speak more fully of the delightful playing of Mr. Cooper on the violin, and Mr. Miller on the piano. Suffice it to say, that nothing is left us to be desired. Last night Miss Milner created quite a *furor* as *Lucrasta*. To-night we are to have "The Daughter of the Regiment," with the second act of "La Sonnambula," and on Monday "Der Freyschutz."

### THE NATIONALITY OF SAYEERS.

Important Communication.

Toronto, 10th May, 1860.

MISTER GRUMBLER.

I have heard a grate deal o' blowin as how Tom Seeyers is a hirishmun, and as all is pluck comes o' that bein the case, now on the contrary witch can be proved. I deny it—Tom Seeyers is no more a hirishmun than you be. *Tom is a bricklayer,* and was my mate four year, workin in the same yard, and I was the first man as put up the first foive soverins for Tom to foight fur, witch can be vouchsafed fur by them as knows, or if you loike you can rite to Bell's Life and I wont say nothin.

Yours & so farth,

TOM OOTIN.

### OH! ROBERT MOODIE.

The following paragraph appeared in the *Colonist* of the 8th inst:—

THE WHICH SCALES.

Aid, Moodie gave notice that he would move, that the Chamberlain be instructed to lay before the Council the amount received by the *weight scales* up to this date.

We should like to know whether this is a true copy of Bob's motion—if so, Bob is, undoubtedly, a man of genius—one well calculated to inquire into the most subtle mysteries and search out hidden truths. Bob has evidently discovered a marc's nest somewhere, and is determined to bring up every one and every thing, from the scalesman down to the scales, so as to get the desired information.

The Millennium coming at last.

—Those who remember the strenuous exertions made by Mr. B. French, (commonly known as "foul mouthed Barney") at the last East Middlesex Election, to have Mr. Blackburn, the then Reform Candidate, ridden on a rail in London Township, will be astonished at the turn affairs have lately taken. These two worthies now seem to have entirely buried the hatchet, and are Mr. Johnson's two warmest supporters in the present contest, working hand in hand for him, the one using his eloquence and the other his paper.

Was there ever a more thorough instance of the lion lying down with the lamb?

### THE GRUMBLER

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