

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1858.

NO. 13.

THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1858.

PROVINCIAL SPOUTING APPARATUS.—No. XII.

We are sure our readers would not thank us, if we troubled them with any sketch of the interminable and fruitless discussions on the Norfolk Shrievally, or the everlasting Representation question, much less the mare's nests discovered by the Committee of Public Accounts; we shall therefore allow them to slumber in the daily sepulchres where they are laid out for public edification.

I. A SILLY TRICK.

The Hon. J. S. McDonald is an extremely imprudent man; not only does he occupy at least one-fourth of the time of the House without any consideration for the public interest, carping, snapping, and cavilling unceasingly, but he must fall foul of the press. The *Colonist* was the object of his Cornish vengeance. It appears that a report of a Committee was given to the paper for publication, and with a proper zeal to afford the public a full statement of its own side of the question, the report was published. Mr. McDonald of course was immediately in arms, and with that forcible feebleness which characterizes him, moved that the writer be called to the bar to account for his atrocious conduct. Now the *Colonist* is not without its faults, we believe it has a full share of them; but there can be no question about it, that Mr. Sheppard is one of the most able and intelligent men in the editorial profession, and that, under his care, an elevated tone has been given to that paper which we look for in vain in many other equally pretentious journals. Did it then never strike Sandfield that he might possibly run the risk of making himself ridiculous by this absurd and unnecessary motion? Not a bit of it; seven hours must be wasted in discussion; Hansard was ransacked to find some thing which could be tortured into a precedent, and after all he succeeded in getting only one member to put the fool's cap on with him, and even that support we are sure was only the result of Mr. Rymal's generous disposition. Socrates was once a rash and passionate man like Sandfield; but he was a much wiser man, and therefore when he felt passion rising, he held his tongue till its power was spent. What a power of expense and vexation it would save the House, if the legislator would follow the example of the son of Sophroniscus.

II. A FILL FOR THE FIRATS.

—Mr. Ogle R. Gowan has at last got a seat in the House, and he is determined that every body

shall know it. Every night, upon every question, in season and out of season, Ogle catches the Speaker's eye and adds nothing to the knowledge of the House, except the idea of his own independence, which we suppose he fished out of the troubled waters of Huron. The fellow has a fluent tongue enough; but no thanks to him for it, he owes it to his country, and it is a pity that when old Ireland was so lavish in this respect; she did not bestow a little more sense to back it, and a little less vanity to spoil it. For one mortal hour did he dilate on the inconsistencies of every body but himself on the representation question. He went back to the *ter-rums* (terms?) of the union, talked of the precedents Mr. Cartier had *coated* (quoted we suppose) and after proving that every body who had supported the motion was wrong, and every one who opposed it not right, wound up by declaring that he would vote for it. Fox was not far wrong when he declared that an independent man (that's what Gowan calls himself) is one who can never be depended upon. A more consummate political quack than this new importation we never heard or read of before.

III. A PUBLIC BENEFACTOR.

—Mr. Moodie is a man after our own heart; with admirable foresight of the result of the feverish state of the House, the captain invited them to take a cool trip on Thursday last on the *Fire-fly*. The weather was unfortunately bad on that day and the trip was, we presume, deferred to a more suitable occasion. What an amount of fraternal feeling will be then exhibited; Brown and McDonald puffing a quiet calumet of peace together; Sandfield and Sydney Smith clinking glasses to one another's health; Speaker Smith growing civil, Hogan descending from his ethereal sublimity to discuss with Loranger the wonders of nature; and above all the skipper initiating McGee into the art of navigation. We trust Mr. Moodie has no trap-door at the bottom of his boat, to repeat the republican baptism of the Loire to the destruction of the Gallic representatives; such a result would be awful. Supposing, too, that the *Fire-fly* stuck in the middle of the breach, and the assembled wisdom were detained on the sand for a month! We tremble to think of the dangers they are incurring in trusting themselves thus to this frail vessel. They seem, however, to be perfectly easy on the subject, most of them being destined for another fate, run no risk of being drowned. There is to be a grand entertainment on the boat; of course M. P. P.'s cannot go anywhere without speechifying. Mr. Brown is to propose the health of Pius IX., and Mr. McGee the everlasting existence of the Orange Society. Mr. Speaker Smith will fill the chair, but he has promised to leave his bad manners in his Speaker's robes. Messrs. Piche and the Premier will sing a duet, and Mr. Ferguson is to dance an Irish jig, followed by a Highland fling by Mr. Mackenzie. On landing at the Island, a great frog-hunt is to take place among

the Gallic members. Mr. McDougall having promised to give all the old *Agriculturists* to the Jean Baptists who catches the largest and most luscious bull-frog. The whole to conclude with a grand swimming-match between Mr. Brown and J. A. McDonald, the winner to have the loaves and fishes. Mr. Sicotte will in the meantime investigate the state of the minnow fisheries and report in the afternoon. Other sports, also, are contemplated; including the manly art of self-defence, Followes putting on the gloves with Patrick, and a cricket match with Mr. J. B. Robinson as a wicket keeper. This over, the House will have a frog supper, and return to their duties in a cool and quiet spirit of mutual forgiveness and good feeling.

Should you ask me.

Should you ask me who's that barbarous,
Who's that loud and vulgar talker,
I should answer, I should tell you,
He's the great Postmaster Sydney—
Sydney Smith, the vile corruptor
Of the tongue his mother taught him—
Sydney Smith, the man what norer
"Said not nothing of the kind!"—
Sydney Smith, the treasury bencher,
Sydney Smith, the bought and sold one,
He's the loud and vulgar talker,
He's the base-faced turn-abouter,
He's the "sland" and then "deliver"—
Fanny, ain't it! did you ever?

What are we coming to?

—According to the *Globe*, the Government are a "fearful pack of ruffians." About three weeks ago they "capped the climax,"—an elevation "truly awful. But a week ago" they appeared to have descended this dizzy height, and then had "attained another degree in the scale of infamy, which they are descending." It is some consolation to see that they have taken the down train to return at last to their starting place. Next, they had finally "filled up the cup of infamy." What a horribly dissipated set they must be; we don't know how often within the last three months they have filled this flowing bowl; pray, who quaffs it? Is it that which is making Mr. Brown so unruly? If so, let the Maine Law be passed at once, and include "infamy" among the intoxicating liquors. A day or two ago, something occurred which made the *Globe* remark that "if anything more were wanting to lower the Government in public estimation," they would certainly be finally done for now. What more can the *Globe* want? If they have "capped the climax," and gone down all the rounds of the ladder of infamy again, and filled the maddening cup of infamy we can't tell how often, surely that is quite sufficient, and the *Globe* may rest on its oars for a while and wipe its perspiring brow in peace.

Shameful.

—A very wicked correspondent sends us the following:—"Why is our Parliament like an old maid? Because it has no Bowes. (beaux)."

A SOP FOR SANDFIELD.

"Flow Gently, Sweet Afton."

Blow gently, sweet Sandfield, the rest of thy days,
Blow gently, I'll sing thee a song of despair;
Mackenzie can't sleep for thy querulous scream,
Blow gently, sweet Sandfield, disturb not his dream.

To Stockholders, whose voices resound through the House,
Ye wild-chiselling members, the "Press" don't arouse;
Thou grey-crested terror, thy yelping forenoon,
I charge thee disturb not the *Colonist* there.

How lofty, sweet Sandfield, thy labouring stammer,
How marked with wild gesture, and ignorant clamour,
When nightly thou wanderest as midnight comes nigh,
With a dull fishy glare in thy oystery eye.

How pleasant thy ranks of Grit members below,
Where wild at corruption the Grit chieftains blow;
Where oft as the galleon sheds its bright ray,
The Canadian Burke says, "I say and do say."

Thy muddy speech, Sandfield, how darkly it glides,
Defiling the sanctuary where Sheppard presides;
But do you not think it is going too far?
To summon the *Colonist* up to the bar?

THE FLOWER SHOW.

Who is it says that every rose has a thorn?
Well, no matter. The fact remains the same,
whether the rose be red or white, or a charming
girl of sweet seventeen. On Thursday evening we
went to the Flower Show, little dreaming what was
in store for us. The room was crowded. The music
was execrating if not enchanting. We stopped to
admire a beautiful flower, and were soon surrounded
by a dozen equally enthusiastic ladies. We blushed,
and endeavoured to make our escape. Horror of horrors!
we could not move. Hoops behind and on each side
of us,—the flowers before us! We endeavoured to
edge out of our terrible position but had to abandon
the attempt in despair. A crush came; our soul was
in agony, and our shins! Oh, good gracious! our
shins! The pressure increased! A little more, we
soliloquized in desperation, and our goose shall
be cooked for ever and ever, amen. We used frantic
efforts to avoid being precipitated on the flower-bed,
or into the arms of the surrounding ladies. "There
are but two chances to escape," we said, in the
bitterness of our soul, either by ascending or
descending. Yes, we would attempt it! No, we
wouldn't. We couldn't; we'll be hanged if we
could. Our strength was fast failing. We clung
wildly, as we thought, to the branch of a poplar
tree. Heavens! it was a lady we had clasped in
our desperate embrace! Oh! ye bright, particular
stars, what screaming and rushing. How our
understandings were assaulted by vicious hoops!
Pale, and gasping for breath, we reeled out of
the concourse, now stumbling over those—but we
will be calm!—those hoops! falling through
seas of crinoline, suddenly brought to anchor by
entangling hoops, parasols, and endless drapery,
until we reached the door. To rush frantically
down stairs, yociferate for all the cabs within hearing,
sing ourselves into the first which came, and record
numerous awful vows that we'd never go to a Flower
Show again in the whole course of our natural
existence, until hoops were consigned to—were
we afraid we did it this time!—was the work of a
moment. The next moment our cab upset, and we
understand that we were carried home insensible.
Serving us right.

We have been requested by the Committee to
publish the following Proclamation:

ANARCHY AND CONFUSION!
Outrageous Interference with the Rights of the
People!!!!

CITIZENS, TO ARMS!!!!

Citizens of Toronto: After having been allowed to
remain for years in a state of dignified repose, our
tyrant rulers, in the exercise of an overbearing
and insolent authority have demolished the Signs
and Awnings which graced our streets!!

Men of Toronto: Shall this outrage upon our lib-
erties be stood by? Shall our dearest rights, and
those of our children, be trampled in the dust?
King-Street and Yonge-Street to the rescue! Your
interests are involved!! How shall Walker remain
famous if the Golden Lion is ruthlessly compelled
to Walk? How shall Hats that are Hats be known
from Hats that are not Hats, if we submit to this
tyranny? Even the great *Globe* itself will be di-
vested of half its splendour, if we permit this wan-
ton and barbarous usurpation to pass unchecked!

Men of Toronto: We repeat, will you submit to
this outrage? Full well we know the British pluck
that slumbers in your bosoms! Even now we
think we hear an indignant and gigantic NEVER!!
bursting from your thousand throats. Rise, then,
in your might, and remember *Vox populi, vox Dei*:
The voice of the people is the voice of God.

We, the undersigned, have been appointed a Vigi-
lance Committee, and we call upon you to aid us in
the defence of our rights; and, if needs be, to seal
your love of liberty and hatred of tyrants with
your blood.

GEORGE BROWNE!!!!
GEORGE KOLEMAN!!!
ROBERT WALKER!!!

A slight misunderstanding.

—We understand that the reason John
Sandfield thought to summon G. Sheppard, Esq.,
Ed. Col., to the bar of the House, was as follows:—
Sandfield met Sheppard in the lobby—

"Sheppard, you dog, how the devil did you get
that infernal report?" says he.

"Don't call me a dog, sir," says Sheppard.

"Oh! that makes no matter in the world," says
John S. "Let's go down to the bar and lickor."

"I'd see you crammed, rammed and jammed into
a place which it wouldn't be polite to mention, first,"
responded George

"You don't," says so," answers Jack. "But if you
don't come to the infernal bar," says he, "by the
blood of Macs, you shall appear at the supernal
one." And so Mac's blood being up, he went and
made a fool of himself.

True, upon our soul.

Circumstances alter Cases.

—The other day the *Leader* was extremely
surprised at the motion that the innocent Fellowes
should be expelled from the House; it was perfectly
unprecedented (what a fearful word that is on a bad
side), and the fraudulent member was retained in
his seat. But when the Essex election is discussed,
and a railway chiseller wants a seat, "it becomes a
subject for consideration, whether the seat of Mc-
Leod should not be declared vacant." Where's the
difference between the cases?

JUDAS MACCABEUS.

This Oratorio was announced under the patron-
age of the Bench, the Ministry, the so-called aris-
tocracy, and a dozen other prominent names. But
scarce a single patron was present at the perform-
ance on Tuesday evening. This is as it should be.
If the patronage was solicited, the slight was de-
served. If bestowed unsolicited, the neglect shows
how heartless and contemptible are those whose
patronage was thought indispensable to the perform-
ance. The public are the only patrons, in our opin-
ion, whose patronage and presence should be solic-
ited, and in order to secure that, let the programme
be good, the price of admission placed under ban
by no humbugging or jugglery, and we will any day
insure a full attendance of enthusiastic admirers.
We do not intend to criticise the performance in
any particular, but, considering all things, it was
the best got-up Oratorio of the season, and we hope
that the Rev. Mr. Onions—seeing that he is so wor-
thy to hold the baton—will still further, deserve our
thanks by continuing his exertions.

The Oratorio will be repeated to night. Those
who have not heard it should not miss this oppor-
tunity.

A Glass too much.

—Mr. Carling, the hale (alo?) member for
the thriving city of London, is making desperate
efforts to secure the shrievalty of Middlesex to a
man whose very name is suggestive of the hon-
ourable member's beery occupation, Mr. Glass. We
trust the mischief this gentleman is brewing, may
not prove a glass too much for the government, the
Premier especially, who is a teetotaler. The aspi-
ring Talbot, on the other hand, though he utterly
repudiates the glass, has no objection to a man who
is always Cornish.

Dr. Ryerson Vindicated.

—Blackstone says that "Occupancy is the
taking possession of those things [as interest on
public money] which before belonged to nobody."
And, again, "But when once it was agreed that ev-
erything capable of ownership should have an owner,
natural reason suggested that he who could first
declare his intention of appropriating anything to
his own use, [as the Doctor did], and, in conse-
quence of such intention, actually took it into his
possession, [here, again, the Doctor carried out the
law], should thereby gain the absolute property of
it."—Vol. II. Cap. XVI. 258.

Our Whereabouts.

—As many thousands of our admirers
have experienced difficulty in making out our
whereabouts, and desire particular and precise in-
formation as to where we may at all times be seen,
we feel it necessary to be more explicit, if possible,
than we have hitherto been as to our location.
Our office is 21 Nordheimer's Buildings, Toronto
Street, as stated in all our issues, where we may be
seen, talked to, and shaken hands with at all hours.
We make it a point to be punctual; we are never
absent, unless on Council days, and in cases of state
emergency, when we may be seen either at the Ex-
ecutive Council Chamber, or in Sir Edmund's
private study. But should our friends not be able
to see us (and nothing but their own blindness will
prevent them) at any of those places, why then they
must look for us somewhere else.

YANKEE DANDER.

When a Yankee makes a fool of himself he must always be a great fool; nothing in the ordinary commonplace style of stupidity will suit him. Sometimes he is clamouring after a great patriot, at others, nearly crazy in devotion to a famous singer or a renowned refugee; at others again he hunts up a great murder, or spends no end of expense on the filthy details of a swill-dairy; then he gets religious or speculative, and of course he must have his bottle-war mania when all these sources of excitement are exhausted. Some vigilant British cruisers are determined to stop the scandalous and inhuman traffic which, under the cover of the flag of liberty, (?) drags out the poor African to fill up the failing r.arket in human flesh and blood. They have, as might have been expected, mistaken vessels and boarded those engaged in a legitimate trade; Yankee blood boils immediately (like ether it does so at a very low temperature), and a naval war is demanded as one of those events by which an inscrutable providence is working out the destiny of this great Republic." Providence aiding the enemies of humanity, think of that, and then understand the piety of the land of swill-milk, vigilance committees and wooden nutmegs. Why don't you tremble, John Bull, at the fearful swagger of Jonathan? Don't you see the energy of the Committee on Foreign affairs, the indignation of Cass and the Senate, and the vehement appeals of the N. Y. Herald? John, however, is perfectly insensible to this bunkum, he knows that these fits will come upon his ill-fated off-spring occasionally, and that if the braggarts dared to start their puny armada against British commerce, "the quarrel just" could never fail England. Go on, Jonathan, you won't frighten a single member of our volunteer militia, and as for our sturdy old parent, he cares less for your buzzing than for that of a respectable hornet.

The N. Y. Herald seems fully to understand the nature of the folly, for it announces that "the war fever is abated;" we hope it will prove a warning to the fast young Jonathan, and that he will not again heat his blood by too high living.

Dear Murray—

—As Byron and you say, d—d the Mister. Between you and I, old chap, you were perfectly in the right when you characterized what fell from that fellow Simpson—who doesn't know B from a Bull's foot—as the d—st nonsense that ever was heard. But consider, like a good soul, that he never says anything else; and further, that if you call all that passes in the Legislative Chamber by its proper name, you will have to invent a new swearing dictionary. Therefore, old cock—excuse the familiarity—don't swear any more, even if all the Simpsons in the house should persist in talking "d—d nonsense" from morning to night.

Your watchful friend,

GRUMBLER.

Distance lends enchantment to the view.

—Verified by Col. Prince calling "his dear country-woman," Florence Nightingale, a beautiful girl. It will be a pity if she does not return the compliment to her dear country lad—Col. Prince. The Prince is only turned sixty!

THE THEATRE.

The performance at the Lyceum on Monday evening last, was marred by a series of blunders, which would have been unpardonable even in a penny show. The drop-scene was let down in the middle of the act, and when the act was concluded, was, by way of atonement, not let down at all. The scenes were shifted at the wrong time, and when the right time came, the wrong scenes were moved. The actors did not come in at the proper moment, and those on the stage were left completely unsupported. A duel had to be fought, but the pistols would not go off, consequently the man who should have been bulletted, after waiting very complacently for the expected report, had at last to lie down and kick up his heels without being shot at all. A mob was to shout enthusiastically behind the scenes, but the mob would not do anything of the sort, even although we could hear the principal performer begging of them to do so. But we have no heart to finish the catalogue of wilful blunders, which rendered a miserable failure the last appearance of such artistes as Mr. and Mrs. Pauncefort. We want redress. The fault lies at the door of the stage-manager, and him alone; and we put it to Mr. Nickinson or Mr. Petrie, who, we understand, manages stage matters, whether it is for the good of the theatre to have a repetition of such disgraceful conduct.

While we are angry, we must also be just. The delay, which we complained of last week, has been in a great measure obviated; and we believe we owe this to Mr. Petrie's management. We hope that, if it is in his province, he will also work a thorough reformation in the matters which it is our painful duty to bring before the public.

Mr. Davidge, in common with most of the first-rate artistes, who visit us, has to complain of the beggarly houses which greet him night after night. To speak in praise of Mr. Davidge, would be as superfluous as to paint the lily, and the reception which he has met with shows too clearly the want of taste which exists in every part of the community, except among our friends in the pit.

The Slaughter of the Sciences.

—We verily believe it is the "manifest destiny" of this Canada to be the executioner of the whole circle of the sciences. Great progress has already been made, and while we give the present state of the butchery, we implore all the ignorant and self-sufficient to go on with their work.

GEOLORY.—This met a violent death at Bowmanville, where they found coal in strata which existed before the vegetables grew out of which coal is formed.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.—Has been strangled by Mr. Isaac Buchanan, who has satisfactorily proved Adam Smith, Ricardo, and J. S. Mill to be humbugs.

OFFICES.—Mr. Brett, of the County of Peel, has done his business, in spite of Newton and Brewster. See *Colonist*, this week.

ETHICS.—The obligations of morality utterly destroyed by the present Parliament, in favour of Hobbes's system of match and keep.

NATURAL HISTORY.—Since the failure of the weevil essay, has been suffering from slow poisoning, and the rest of the sciences are following fast, and the paradise of fools will soon be perfected.

OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS

Have given no account of themselves this week, giving rise, of course, to the gravest apprehensions. Whether they are seized with disgust, disease, or *ennui*, we know not. They were reported to us in jolly humor on board the *Fire-fly* on Saturday, making straight for the "Slough of Despond" at the Eastern end of the Bay. We hope Purdy and Carruthers was not guilty of a violation of the respect due the hospitable and gallant Captain Moodie by putting into execution the threats they officially indulged in at a recent meeting of the Blowers. We have too much confidence in the dignity of our Aldermanic gentry to entertain a thought that they would countenance the spectacle of a free fight, even if it were without the "limits." What have they done with themselves? is a question in the mouth of every citizen. Cannot our vigilant Sam relieve the suspense? What excuse has the City Clerk for not advertising them? All appears involved in strange mystery—there is something rotten in the civic state. At this moment, Thursday, five o'clock, a messenger entered, announcing that the Council were in full blast, and that the Blowers were displaying more than their wonted vivacity. We felt somewhat chop-fallen at the intelligence, as at once dissipating a most pleasing hallucination.

THE ORGAN QUESTION.

A reverend logician, named Alexander Kennedy, moved the following amendment during the sitting of the Presbyterian Synod:—

"Whereas instruments of music are not essential to public worship, and whereas, their employment is deemed a serious impropriety by some people, therefore this Synod feels bound to disallow instrumental music."

We don't desire to canvass the propriety or impropriety of this opinion so far removed from his who sung off—

"Storied widows, richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light;
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced choir below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As any, with sweetnotes, through mine ear,
Disperse me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes."

But we simply mean to ask how many are embraced in that ambiguous "some"? Because it is contrary to the law of nature to expect that because some people are born without any music in their souls, the remainder should wear wool in their ears.

La Concordo parafite.

—We are happy to be able to announce, upon authority of the gentlemen themselves, that all personal differences between the senior Member for Toronto and the Hon. the Attorney General West have been amicably arranged. It is perfectly understood between the parties that anything the Attorney General may have said about Brown's Penitentiary schemings, his Scotch antecedents, and "all his other reputed weaknesses, is disavowed on the part of him, the Attorney General; while Brown agrees on his part to retract all he has said anent Macdonald's Hamilton debenture shave, and his selling the public offices, robbing the country, and betraying his friends. We believe the Hon. Dr. Rolph, from his experience in such matters, acted as the bearer of the flag of truce, and managed matters so adroitly that both parties think they have sold each other. For his success the venerable Doctor has been rewarded with a seat on the floor of the House, at the right hand of the Speaker, where he may be seen every night the House sits—a *chiselling*.

We are in the midst of an awful crisis; the *Globe* office vaults are now replenished with ammunition. The Orange Society meets hourly to discuss the best method of opening the campaign; and a French gentleman who escaped from Cayenne is specially retained to superintend the construction of barricades in the city. We warn the Government to have an eye on the militia. Captain Smith has been closeted for hours with General Brown, and the fidelity of the Highland regiment is more than doubtful. The *Globe* has given them a fair warning that insurrection is impending, and if they pass their time in careless security it is not our fault.

Already an assassin has been assigned to each minister, and the *coup de main* will soon be struck. Mr. Brown tried to spare the Premier's life on condition that he should be condemned to the swamps of Bothwell, but Moodie was inexorable. The revolutionary army is to be commanded by General Brown in person; Moodie to be Commodore of the fleet (a flotilla of scows equipped with pop-guns). The Custom House is to be turned into a fort, poor Spence, having been previously spificated by flaxen suspension. Lemon John has collected a coloured regiment, the command of which is to be given to the Hon. Col. Prince in consideration of his kind appreciation of their merits. When the victory is gained the miscreants will be punished. Mr. Robinson is to be condemned to play cricket all his life without getting an innings. Sidney Smith, if he escapes the Gri Orasini, is to spend the remainder of his days in reading his own speeches, and correcting them till they are perfect. Mr. Speaker is to be apprenticed to Smith the butcher, acting in the double capacity of slaughterer and bull-dog. Mr. Benjamin is to run twenty miles a day in four hours, till he weighs only 120 pounds. These and many other punishments have been arranged by the Vigilance Committee. Mr. Moodie was commissioned to draw up a Declaration of Independence, and was writing as we subjoin:—

"Whereas all boys are created free and equal, especially the Grits, and no one has any call to forbid them life, habits, and the pursuit of pap, any way whatsoever, wo, in the!"—Here Brown stopped him with the objection that it wasn't scriptural, and that a solemn religious crusade ought to begin in a proper Roundhead style, "To your tents, O Israel;" and pointed out that allusions to Cardinal Beaton and the Inquisition were indispensable in the preamble. The document is therefore still unwritten; but we hear that Rev. Mr. Climie is to draw it up in good Cromwellian style, and when finished, we shall present it to our readers.

Ferros.

Ferres is minus a leg,
At least one of teeth, blood and bone;
Ferres is minus a head,
With more sense than a model of stone.
Ferros, if not quite a maff,
Belongs to the nincompoop school,
Which Johnson deduced to be worse
Nine times or'than the vilest fool.

Cartier.

Sleeping, snapping, snoring,
"Blaring, ferret,"
"You ought to know," "and you should know,"
That "I won't go the Irish hog"
Grapes may be sour, and Montreal
Thought Carter the fact to his cost,
Perhaps he's yet to learn when he larks so loud,
"He dignifies himself the most."

"Richardson," says Budden, "I bet you \$2 you can't show me \$100 in half an hour!" "Done, and done enough between two thieves," says Richardson. Away went Richardson to get the money, and away went Budden to keep out of the way for three quarters of an hour. Richardson, in addition to being laughed at, lost his money and temper—for he never had any brains—and, in revenge, summoned the other. Mr. Gurnett, whom we always thought a wise man until now, "reprobated the trick," spoke of sending the ingenious Budden to break stones for a month, misapplied a bye-law of the City Council, made himself generally ridiculous, and sent the prisoner to take his trial for fraud at the Recorder's Court.—[Incident from the *Globe*.] Comment on the above is needless. It is quite clear that the case has not the remotest bearing of "fraud," and as to the "trick," the contemptible fellow who brought it up ought to be ducked in a horse-pond.

Ecco Signum.

—When will the blighting influence of party feeling cease to invade the domestic hearth, the sanctuaries of home affection, and the sacred rights of private property? Sometime last week, while rancour and animosity were still sustained at the highest point of ebullition, by the developments of election flagitiousness, made by the vigilant Senior member for Toronto, what did Mr. Fellowes, the Speaker of the House, and the Attorney General West do, but after having insidiously reduced the Mayor of the city to a beastly state of intoxication and brought in Mr. Rankin in the character of Satan, to work upon the disordered imagination of their victim, extort from him an order for the removal of the projecting sign in front of the *Globe* office! Armed with axes, the four conspirators took the *Globe* office by storm, and proceeded to demolish the venerable sign. In vain did Mr. Brown implore them to spare the darling ornament of his establishment! In vain did he rush to Terauley street for Mr. Moody. Mr. Moody could not stir till he had marshalled his Orange forces; and by the time he arrived at the *Globe* office, with colours flying, and the band playing the "Protestant Boys," the ruffians had pocketed the chips and disappeared round the corner.

Sherwood! Spare the Clock.

—We are glad to see that the by-law regarding signs and awnings has at length been carried into execution. We desire, however, to suggest to the Corporation, the propriety of sparing the public clock which Mr. Carnegie's public spirit has placed at the disposal of the community. It would be a great loss to the public, especially in the evening, if this were removed under the by-law. If the Council is prepared to place an illuminated clock in a central position, all very good; but we put it to them, if they will serve the public interests by removing this one, which is a real benefit, and causes no inconvenience.

Blood will Tell.

—The Hon. M. Cameron, in a late debate in Parliament, proclaimed that there was no Anglo-Saxon blood in his veins. A wag from the opposition benches suggested the probability of the hon. gentleman's title descending through the royal African branch of his family.

STAPPA.—We fail to appreciate your points. W. R. C.—Is nonsensical. A Plum is beyond our comprehension.

A FRIEND.—Your production is of too trifling a character for insertion.

UNCLE TOM.—We thank you for your compliments but cannot grant a personal interview.

SENEX.—Must excuse the rejection of his communication; the point aimed at is too obscure.

C. D.—We sympathise with the object of your communication, and will give it attention in an early issue.

OBSERVER must be excessively stupid to send us three large pages on a matter that we have already dealt with. Seek some other medium for your scrawls. We can't afford time to read it.

OBSERVER.—Eels, like men, although repugnant to being skinned, are nevertheless capable of sustaining their vitality after such an infliction. Possibly you may live long enough to illustrate it to your own satisfaction.

JOHN D.—The case you mention to us is we are inclined to think one of official delinquency. The keeper of the weigh-house had weighed two cattle for our correspondent, giving the usual certificate therefor; not being satisfied with it, however, he sent the cattle with another party to get re-weighed, when the second certificate showed a difference of nearly 10 cwt. The official on being shown the discrepancy, of course, got into a blaze, as all men of Straw do, when made aware of their short-comings. Perhaps he will get over his stupidity.

BUSINESS NOTICES.—\$1 EACH.

Luckily, in our City of Toronto, we are not driven to the desperation of a Richard, who vainly cried—"A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse," for that convenience is always at hand at MITCHELL'S LEVRY STABLES, in rear of the great "Apollo." Mr. MITCHELL has as choice a selection of no less steeds as ever pranced in military pomp, or manoeuvred at royal tournament, or coursed to the spurs of a knight errant. The GRUMBLER has selected from his stalls when officially called to inspect Mr. Beaty's roads, and can testify to their being trailed in a manner that leaves nothing to be desired in Rarey's system. Easy and fashionable vehicles he has, too, in abundance; and a beautiful and commodious "hack" suitable for the conveyance of families to their distant city or country friends.

The Rossin House is the special resort of the great men of the times. Some may be aware, but everybody should know, that Mr. CORNWELL, the accomplished CARO WHITE, is a guest in that establishment; and if no other attraction existed there than the beautiful display of PEARLSHIP executed by Mr. Cornwell, it is sufficient to command the admiration of all lovers of art. Visiting cards of every description are executed with a chasteness and elegance that cannot be attained by a merely mechanical process. His terms are less than moderate.

The GRUMBLER has ceased to grumble at Railway travelling since taking a trip in RUTMAN'S VENTILATED CAR. With his system in operation, Railway carriages are no longer hot air boxes filled with dust, and all kinds of abominable smells, but sea-side balconies, sweet and clean, invigorating with a cool breeze, bracing air. Success to him! Our best wishes for the success of his laudable enterprise.

By all means we advise everybody to embrace the opportunity afforded by the presence in this city of J. McMILLAN, with a large and varied stock of choice Books, which are being sold for a mere nominal price at Auction, held nightly at the Leather, we beg pardon, we mean *Leader Buildings*, opposite Toronto St. The trade can take the hint also.

THE GRUMBLER

Is published every Saturday morning, and is for sale at all the News Dealers, on the Car, by all the News Boys. No city subscription received; opportunity being afforded for its regular purchase. For the convenience of persons residing in the country, THE GRUMBLER will be regularly mailed, at ONE DOLLAR per annum. Address prepaid "THE GRUMBLER," Toronto. Correspondents will oblige by not registering money letters, for reasons sufficiently obvious. Publishing Office, No. 21 Masonic Hall, (Northwester's New Buildings), Toronto Street.