

# THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1858.

NO. 7.

## THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in n' your coats  
I trow you test it;  
A chiel's among you taking notes,  
And, faith, he'll prant it!"

SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1858.

### PROVINCIAL SPOUTING APPARATUS.—NO. VII.

During the past week the House has been engaged in brewing the small beer of legislation in the shape of Surrogate and water course bills. We are happy to see this little exhibition of industry after nearly three months' unmitigated sloth; the mental calibre of the house is better suited by petty law-tinkering, and we almost think that half a dozen City Councils fully equal to our Toronto Corporation might be made out of the honorable body.

#### I. LOTBINIERE AGAIN.

We record with becoming thankfulness the fact that we have seen almost the last of the Lotbiniere examination. O'Farrell's defence was quite characteristic; he did not attempt any contradiction of the damaging evidence given against him, but merely retorted upon his opponent in the *tu quoque* style. He tacitly admitted that he had gained his seat by fraud, but pleaded as a defence that Noel had mobbed one of the polling places. We certainly never heard of so notable an effort to transmogrify two blacks into a white before. We should like to know, now that the investigations are about over, what the government is going to do with Fellowes and O'Farrell; are they to be allowed to sit in the House in the face of frauds now proved to every body's satisfaction, or shall the indignant honesty of public opinion succeed in driving them back to their constituents? *Nous verrons.*

#### II. THE USURY LAWS.

A very fiery debate on the Government measure on this subject, took place on Tuesday night, ending in a nice little squabble between MacKenzie and Mr. Speaker. The latter gentleman has made himself quite famous for the neatest and most unexceptionable little dodges under the cover of order and precedent. This time, without any call from the House, which is usually waited for by the Chair, he took it into his sage head to summon the members to vote, when Lemieux was actually on his feet to move an amendment. The particular joke in this trick was, that Mr. Brown had been called away by an alarm of fire, so the noble Frontenac desired to take a vote forthwith in the Gré's absence. This procedure naturally caused a little breeze, and the dignified Speaker at length gave way. We earnestly admonish him to consider the dignity of his office, and not sit with a pen in his mouth like a skewered pullet, or continually splintering like a tobacco-chewing

Yankee, into that odious American spittoon: We have no desire to be severe, but we have actually heard the head of our Canadian Parliament, compared to the Mock Duke in the Honey Moon.

#### III. PARLIAMENTARY JOKING.

Ghastly attempts at the funny are sometimes made in the House; we do not think it proper that these should be lost. We give a sample.

By the Premier—"Like the soldier in the Gospel, he (Mowatt) came when he was told, and went when he was told. He would have made an excellent recruit for the 100th Regiment."

Mr. Mowatt's intended retort—"The Hon. Attorney General on the other hand, is very unlike the soldier, &c., for though Upper Canada has been bidding him to go for the last six months—"he goeth not." Very good for the Chancery bar.

Mr. Robinson made a very vigorous offer on behalf of his arrested friend Angus Morrison, who, he said, had been "looking after a sick man McDougall" in Oxford. If our memory serves us, we have some slight recollection that the late august Czar made a similar joke about Turkey; the coincidence is no doubt accidental, for no one could accuse Mr. Robinson of plagiarism, he is so perfectly original.

By-the-way, we have not heard McKenzie's joke about "O'Gimlet's finger post" this session, we suppose he is reserving it for poor Cayley when the Public Accounts come up. Mr. Hogan's joke also about Dissolving Views, which in justice certainly belongs to himself alone, has not been heard since his blushing maiden oration.

There are many other members who might emulate the fame of the late Joe Miller, if they would only read the funny column of the *N. Y. Ledger*, for a month or two; and by way of encouragement THE GRUMBLER offers a premium for the most barren joke of the session. Prize: An elegantly framed portrait of the Speaker, the prince of practical jokers, Messrs. Powell and Ferres stand an excellent chance in the competition.

#### A Wrinkle.

— Dr. Mackay told us in his last lecture that the national poet of Ireland had to be born yet. We must say that we are not the only distinguished individual in the world who labored under the delusion that Ireland had produced some very excellent poets before now, who by some unaccountable fatality had been looked upon as national poets; but we hasten to recant our opinion and to consign Goldsmith, Moore, Lover, Griffin, Carlton, Davis, Lever, and a host of such small fry to Orcus. We hope that the coming infant will soon make his appearance, and that the learned Doctor will lend his experience to make him increase to the proportions of a first-rate national poet. By the way *Lalla Rookh* is about to give way, in public opinion, to *Down the Mississippi*.

#### ENGLAND'S NECESSITY IS OUR OPPORTUNITY.

*Wrenched from a wicked old Song.*

As recruits in these times are not easily got,  
And the Crown Prince must have them—pray why should we not  
As the least, and we grant it, the worse we can do for blue-  
Ship off the Ministry body and bones to him.  
There's not in all Canada, we'd venture to swear,  
Any men we could half so conveniently spare;  
And though they've been helping the French for years past,  
We may make them of use to the nation at last,  
Nay, we do not see why the great Speaker himself,  
Should in times such as these, stay at home on the shelf,  
Though through narrow defiles he's not fitted to pass,  
Yet who could resist if he bore down *en masse*?  
And though oft at a fight he might frequently prove,  
Like our gallant policemen unable to move;  
Yet there's one thing in war of advantage unbounded,  
Which is, that he could not with ease be surrounded.

#### NEWSPAPER WANTS.

1. An editorial from the *Colonist*, in which the inequiphonous name of Brown is not mentioned twenty times.
2. An editorial from the *Leader*, from which one can gather the drift twelve lines before its termination, or even then.
3. An editorial from the *Globe*, in which any body but the senior member for Toronto gets credit for anything, or in which "corruption" and "peculation" do not occupy a prominent place.
4. An editorial of the *Message*, (if such a thing as an editorial in the paper can be found,) in which Sir F. Head and 1837, are not raked up for public edification. And
5. An editorial from the *Citizen*, without a smart rap at the "bloody Saxon."

#### Sabbath Desecration.

— Mr. Brown's attention is called to the fact that a small craft yclept the "Fire-fly," breaks the Sunday calm by sundry trips to the Peninsula and back, on the Sabbath. It might be well, before endeavoring to extract the beam from the Weland Canal, to look after the moat (mote) traversed by the Fire-fly.

#### "Hitting Him on the raw."

— We learn with surprise that some of our Western cotemporaries, who innocently copied some of our strictures on Rankin, have been prosecuted by the "monument" for libel. We can hardly imagine twelve honest jurymen returning a verdict in favor of the pirate who has set all law at defiance, and about whose misdeeds not half the truth has yet been told.

#### A Sight for a Father.

— Poor Ferres, (the man wot blushes,) had a spasmodic fit of independence on Dorion's Bill, relating to "Les Sœurs Grises"; he actively objected to the bill, but overcame by the effort, "treated resolution" by voting in its favor. He has been in bed ever since.

## RANKINIANA.

The trial of Townsend some interest raised,  
And the people of Canada seemed amazed  
That a Jury should act so—  
Malgré évidence de facts,  
And a verdict "not guilty" should give.  
But why should they be?  
When they daily may see  
That a still greater rascal may live  
Not only unbung,  
But mixing among  
Those waiting to be  
At the top of the tree.  
The first of his trials  
In eighteen fifty-six,  
Involved 25,000 we're told;  
And he would have succeeded  
In making this great hit,  
Did not Death his great rival unfold.  
His next trick was worse,  
It involved not the purse,  
But the life of a man,  
Whom, (so the tale ran)  
He wove up one night,  
In a decoy of a fright,  
At seeing him stand  
With some papers in hand,  
With the modest request  
He would do him belch,  
And his signature give  
If he wanted to live.  
And now by his foe,  
(A poor, impotent fool)  
Who, a contract to gild,  
Tried by "Légar-de-main";  
But, unused to the art,  
And not being smart,  
He was caught in the act,  
And his face soundly smacked.  
But what's to be done,  
Are such fellows to run  
Loose on society,  
And, for sake of variety,  
What their tricks should gain,  
By main force obtain.

But if I can not reach him, why he, being a tumbler,  
His manners must mend, and beware of THE GRABLES.

### The Theatre.

— Mr. and Mrs. Drew have been very successful this week. The former is imitable as an Irish actor, the best, we believe, who has yet appeared on the Toronto boards. Mrs. Mossop hardly sustains her former reputation, still her elocution is unexceptionable. We have much pleasure in welcoming back our old friends Mr. and Mrs. Marlowe, whose re-appearance will, we are sure, be highly acceptable to our theatrical readers.

### The Unkindest Cut

— The *Colonist* gives the following advice to its correspondents:

"During the Session of Parliament, correspondents must confine themselves to facts."

The *Colonist* is right. "Too much of one thing is good for nothing," therefore correspondents must mortify the spirit and forego telling lies until the Session is over, when it is to be presumed they may lie until they are black in the face. The reason of this injunction is, that as lying is now looked upon as the peculiar right of an M.P.P., it would injure the circulation of the paper if more than 27½ columns of lies were printed each day. What ought to be done.

— The city harbours a nest of incendiaries. Incendiaries are wholesale murderers, and as such deserve no mercy. Therefore any man who should see an incendiary attempting his bellish purpose should arrest him if possible, and if not, then shoot him as dead as a dog, with a decided preference for the last method as the surest way of securing justice. The police should receive orders to act in the manner, and then we would hear of no more villains slipping through their lazy fingers. Nor should we scruple to put in practice what we preach. We would blow an incendiary to the devil with as little remorse as we would experience in drinking our best friend's health.

## A NATIONAL SONG.

The requirements of a national song are good words and good music; it must, moreover, be chosen by the people, and not forced upon them. Such was "God save the Queen," "the Marseilles Hymn," and "Patrick's Day;" and as long as the world lasts, so long will those national songs be cherished. We were led to make these remarks by seeing that a national song had been cut and dried for our use, set to music for us, and recommended to be played by our new Canadian regiment as the national song of our country. Now we are fond of a joke, and, for that reason, we read the *Colonist* every day; but we cannot allow this joke to go any farther. The song is composed by a lady, and therefore we feel loathe to say a bad word of it, but duty before inclination: the song is unworthy of Canada, and the national song of Canada, by any amount of puffing, it never will be. Listen to the first lines:

"Let's sing success to Canada,  
And may she flourish long,  
And bear her name to many lands,  
With honour and renown."

The next refrain, which hopes that the son of Canada wherere he "roam," &c., is made of course to rhyme with "home." The chorus is a stunning sort of thing, filled with fifteen or sixteen "native homes," "our homes," "wide-spreading homes," "loved homes," &c., interspersed with declarations of war against tyrants and foreign yokes, and all that sort of thing. In the name of all that's wonderful was it ever seriously intended to palm off on us such a combination of words as our national song? And then the music: it is certainly good, but neither brilliant nor interesting. We would rather hear one line of the "Canadian Boat Song," than a thousand such songs as the above.

### Hail Columbia, Happy (?) Land.

— We observe that the anti-Lecompton victory, in Congress, has been celebrated in Kansas by illuminations, as a "triumph for freedom," in the "freest nation in all creation." There is only one other place where such a triumph could be celebrated just now, and though such vaunts of freedom are not made there, we think with more reason, we mean in Russia, at the abolition of Serfdom now proceeding. Extremes meet.

### Incendiarism Again.

— A report is gaining ground, that as soon as all the combustibilities of our city are destroyed, an attempt will be made to conflagrate the "Peninsula." Our "vigilant Chief of Police" has, moreover, appointed a patrol for the protection of the water-lots.

"I always told you so."—Mrs. Canule.

— On Thursday last, at about half-past four in the afternoon, a young lady, while walking on King-Street, imprudently approached too near to a "quondam flame," and set her crinoline on fire. She was instantly wrapped in a blaze which communicated itself to some ladies at her side, and would have extended along the whole length of the street, had not No. 2, Hook and Ladder Company promptly made its appearance, and, by tearing down several four-story crinolines, cut off the communication. Some of the fair sufferers were only slightly injured, but all agree in looking rather blasé.

## THE GREAT SECRET.

Several correspondents have sent us the true secrets by which Raroy tames wild horses. We print their experience:—

DEAR SIR,—Manago to knock the horse down, tie his four legs to a post, and then leather him with an iron crowbar as long as you are able. My word for it, he'll be as tame as a pet rabbit after that.  
Yours,  
STONDS.

MR. EDITOR,—Just you take your 'os down to that their Hesplesnade, blindfold 'im, put a rope round 'im, toss 'im hin and keep 'im there for six 'ours. 'E won't kick any von's brains out after that there.  
Yours, &c.,  
ROCKWOOD.

SIR,—The best way to cure an unmanageable horse, is to give him two ounces of strychnine. The other cures are all bosh.  
Yours, &c.,  
TOWZER.

PLEASE SIR,—Hoist the brute up by means of a windlass, and keep him suspended for twenty-four hours over a pan of lit sulphur. You may play with his hoofs afterwards.  
Yours, &c.,  
BRIMSTONE.

GENTLEMEN,—Send your horse to livery, and allow him to be driven by a fast man—say Sam Sherwood—for a week. He'll never run away after that as long as he lives.  
Yours, &c.,  
VOX.

DEAR SIR,—Introduce the animal into the strangers' gallery of the House, during an animated debate, and he will be quiet for ever after.  
Yours, &c.,  
STOKEN.

## TO SPECULATORS.

*A Fragment from Moore.*

Of all speculations the market holds forth,  
The best that we know for a lover of profit—  
Is to buy up friend Forsell at the price he is worth,  
And sell him at that which he sets on himself.

### A La Lanterne.

— We understand that his worship Judge Lynch, has arrived in the city, and taken up his quarters at the Rossin House. The reason of this distinguished visit is the prospect of a short assize on the incendiaries who may be caught during the next week; worthy gentlemen contemplating arson must not be surprised if a few feet of rope and a lamp post are administered to quiet their over-heated temperaments.

### The Fire Brigade.

— We have not the slightest intention of grumbling at the energetic and gallant body of men, whose services have unfortunately been so much in demand during the last four weeks. On the contrary, we do grumble most bitterly at the comparative want of appreciation shown for their inestimable services. When we consider that these self-denying men have worked almost uninterruptedly for three weeks with unflagging perseverance and sleepless vigilance, we should like very much to know why the Corporation has not given some special recognition of their extraordinary labours. We therefore urge strongly upon the City Fathers the evident propriety of voting a liberal bonus to the Brigade, under the unusual circumstances in which the city has been placed by the fearful incendiarism at present rampant in our midst.

**POOR PIGGY'S PROTEST.**

Upon a bright and sunny day,  
A pig was trotting on his way,  
Along back stims :  
A practice with the gentle creatures,  
To improve their very handsome features,  
And clean their gums.

While slowly trotting on the street,  
A porcine friend he chanced to meet,  
Who after sundry greetings,  
And answering kind, enquiring questions,  
He noticed, by his friend's long face  
That something direful had ta'en place ;  
"What ails my friend," he kindly said,  
"You look so like a porciner mad !"  
I'm grieved to see you in this plight,  
Your toilet seems neglected quite ;  
Come, cheer my friend ! for care a fig !  
Act like a man !—not like a pig."  
"Ah ! my friend," the other cried,  
(The tear was trembling in his eyes),  
"Your happy looks too plainly show,  
That 'Ignorance is bliss' with you.  
Have you not heard the dire message,  
Our quondam friends have on us made ?  
How with spleen and spite pronounce,  
Our heads they've taxed at fifteen pence ;  
If we venture for a walk,  
To see the fashions they talk !  
'Tis true ! but what I say to you  
'Is true, and pity 'tis, 'tis true !'  
I almost lose my self-respect,  
At th' ingratitude with which 'tis deck'd.  
Call them our friends they never were,  
I thought more highly of them far.  
They seem to forget our daily round,  
For all the effort to be found,  
What cash, in scavenging, we save,  
That they may have it all more to shave.  
Man's ingratitude to man ! by Jove !  
'Tis nought to man's ingratitude to pigs !"  
"You surprise me !" quoth his friend—" 'tis sad,  
But that you've told me I am glad.  
Last night in council we did meet,  
You took the place—near Stanley Street.  
The fact is, it came to our knowledge,  
That the members of the Civic College  
Would meet, for th' City's special boon,  
In future, in the afternoon ;  
Knowing our civic friends were kind,  
'And to our faults a little blind'  
We resolved upon a demonstration,  
To give them a porcelination,  
To attend the City Hall en masse,  
And grant our vitas as they'd pass ;  
But now, since we see thus smug,  
We'll raise our nose, and shake our tail,  
And by our actions, show that we,  
Canadian porkers, will be free !

**DID HIS MOTHER KNOW HE WAS OUT ?**

SANDWICH, APRIL, 1858.

To His Honor Judge Chacewell.

Having been appointed Recalling officer of the Amherstburg district, I beg respectfully to request your Worship to permit me to be examined early, as I have particular orders from my commanding officer, not to be absent more than twenty-four hours from my post (Amherstburg) in the present disturbed state of my neighbourhood.

R. DONALDSON, Major & Staff Officer

Did the veteran Staff Officer expect internal commotion or external attack? Had he been dealing in second sight and thus caught a glimpse of those three suspicious looking vessels hoisting no flags; or what the mischief did he mean by falling into such a nervous state of excitement about the "disturbed state of Amherstburg," which was to be saved from destruction only by his presence? Had Mr. Rankin hoisted the black flag and threatened to lay the country in ashes unless the inhabitants fell down and worshipped him? Or did the worthy Major mistake the time of the year and imagine that it was the first of April? We are at a loss to comprehend what this very heroic officer meant— if he meant anything more than mere bombast—which after all, we suspect, is the exact thing he did mean. But perhaps the Amherstburgians are a very quarrelsome race of men—and to prevent any further disturbances, we intend to send a couple of thousand GRUMBLANS to be distributed among them, which will more effectually put them in a good humour than a bushel of staff officers. But as to the commanding officer—ha! ha! ha! ha!

**CANADA INVADED!**

The following startling telegraph was published throughout Western Canada on Wednesday morning:—

Rivizet Du Lour, April 27.

"Two inward bound ships and one barque in sight. They have hoisted no flags and we cannot make out their names."

No sooner had the above extraordinary news reached the ears of watchful Canada, than she was thrown into the greatest consternation. A messenger, breathless and hatless, rushed to acquaint his Excellency, and finding that he had not yet risen forced his way frantically into his bed-room, where he saw two pairs of night-caps, but was prevented from telling his alarming story, by being immediately kicked down three pairs of stairs. Another messenger, spurred with desperation, from post to pillar, shouting "to arms, to arms, ye brave," until the sedentary militia turned out, and stood supporting their trembling knees with their muskets. Then was the valor of Feohan displayed. He waved aloft his sword, and swore by the good Saint Patrick, that the first cattif should polute the Canadian soil only by stepping over his body. The doughty Nickinson exclaimed "My soul's in arms and eager for the fray," as he led his devoted followers to the lake shore, in double quick time. "Let's liquor boys," said the undaunted Smith, as he led his little band of heroes into his own store, prior to the possibility of his leading them into another place, where the spirits are said to be more ardent than those he usually deals in. "Odds, fat, fee and brief," vociferated the immaculate Brooks, to his eager company, as he marched to meet the foemen, "we'll dust the jackets of the daring invaders." "May I be eternally — if I don't chaw their tarnation souls up," said the highfrown Campbell, as he cut down imaginary foes in the air with his sword, and gave the word to advance. The fiery Goodwin smelt war from afar, and galloped from company to company, encouraging, cursing, and entreating, until he was near having a fit of apoplexy.— The forces, carrying liquor for six days, were at length drawn up at a convenient spot, and lo! the vessels hoisting no flags appeared distinctly in each man's eye.\* Then the brave captains tugged vigorously at their brandy bottles and then at their swords. The hostile armament approached with a devil-may-care sort of an air, which was, however, all sham; and anchored in the offing. Now was the time; and with a cheer, the veteran militia sprang on board like the descent of a thousand of bricks. The conflict was short and bloody. The fleet was captured. The deed kicked overboard, and the vessels overhauled: when it turned out that they were loaded with—prize essays on the extinction of the wevil. Great was the disgust of the noble militia! Bitter the denunciations of the immaculate chiefs.

\* On an average calculation, a man can see to a distance of 15,000 "is his eye."

† To accomplish this feat, they must have been horse marines; besides their horses must have had very long legs.

**Doing Good by Stealth.**

— A modern instance afforded in Mc-Oleನ್ನigan's attempt to purloin the Southern Railway Contract.

**NORTH OXFORD.**

Mr. Brown, spurred into action by his "spicy contemporary," has really, contrary to general expectation, thrown up Oxford; but in so doing, we beg to take exception to the propriety of "throwing his physic to the dogs"—McDougall and Morrison. In the case of the former, it will be well remembered how disastrous was the Ralph and Cameron physic he swallowed in Wentworth; and again how bitter the nostrums forced upon him in Waterloo—which, in the latter case, during the Maine Law mania, would have terminated fatally but for the well timed antidotes in the shape of strong potations of brandy and water. In the present instance we forbode his falling a victim to an overdose of Representation by Population. Morrison, poor fellow, is used to physic, and has been a faithful dog to every Government that has existed since he dropped into Parliament; confidently and oft has he licked the hands of Hincks, Macnab, Cayley, Tacho, and Macdonald, and is now consistently trying to bolt the opposition physic, and lick the palms of the perplexed electors of North Oxford. The third man, we should say is the man for Galway, and in anticipation of his early taking a seat in the House, we publish his name as Howell, so that the Speaker may provide a peg to hang his hat and coat on, which will be necessary, if not despoiled of these appendages by his canine opponents.

**Juvenile Atrocity.**

— Incendiarism is spreading like a plague throughout the whole Province. The fever of the public mind is so high, that several young men of talent, belonging to Mr. Baillie's school, in London, C. W., were arrested on a slight suspicion of a conspiracy to "set the Thames on fire."

**Fire-Water and Gas.**

— An anti-combustion meeting was held at Moodie's tavern this week. Our friend Robert, "always prompt" (as the *Globe* says), in extending his hospitality, had our Ward meeting in our tavern, and the oratorical gas was inspired by our best fire-water, in our best Protestant style. The next meeting will be held on board the Fire Fly, where a bar will be erected for the occasion.

**To Poisoners and the Poisoned.**

— Professor Croft has lately left Canada with the intention of spending some months in England. Permit us to give the following advice to the married people of Toronto:

Dear Husbands,—Now is the time to poison your wives; for, while the Professor is away, no one is at hand to examine their viscera for traces of subtle poisoning agents.

Dear Wives,—If you have reason to think yourselves poisoned, insist on having your "cold corpses" sent to Dr. Sutherland at Montreal.

**The Agony is Over.**

— We hasten to inform our readers that Mr. Howland's *début* in the House, which has been threatening for two months, was made this week, and the Hon. Member "still lives." We must do him the justice, however, to say that his speech was marked by sound practical sense, and its brevity must have put many of the windy gas-retorts near him to the blush; we may expect some really useful legislation from him in the future.

## EASY LESSONS IN TWO SYLLABLES.

There was once a naughty little boy whose name was Master William Cayley. Now the boy's friends sent him to school at a large house called Parliament House; and he was a very artful boy; he managed to get one of the best places, where he had to look after the money. Now, Master Cayley was not at all a clever boy, but a very bad hand at keeping accounts; so a great many of the other boys said he had no business to be in such a good place, because he wasted the money and made so many mistakes in his sums. Indeed some of the boys used to say that he gave a good deal of the money away to the boys who sat near him, because they used to help him out of his scrapes. Now, of course, this was very wicked, for the money did not belong to Master Cayley, and he deserved a good whipping, if what they said was true, and a great many people believed it was.

There was one tall boy, in partic-u-lar, named Brown, who used to laugh at him and tease him, till Master Cayley got quite afraid, and, perhaps, would have run right away, if a smart boy called John A. Mac-don-ald, had not taken his part and talked to the boy Brown.

Now, once a year this boy Cayley had to make out a very large account to show all the other boys what he had been doing with the money; and it used to make his head ache very badly, because every year he spent more, and never could prove his sums pro-per-ly.

The last time we heard about master Cayley, was just when he had shown one of his big sums to the boys. Master Brown said it was worse than all the others; but we have not heard yet that he teased poor little master Cayley very much about it; perhaps we shall find out some day, and then we will tell something more about the naughty little boy Cayley.

### Spokes and Felloes.

Why through all the bustle  
'Bout the Lyon of Russel,  
Did McDonnald and train,  
To and him with might and main,  
Foff the Government bellows?  
Because all the spokes remain  
Scattered and loose, 'tis plain,  
Of the Government wheels without felloes.

(Felloes.)

### For the Lovers of Etymology.

— A youthful aspirant for Classical honours in the Toronto University, has been heard to express a serious apprehension that the approaching Examination will prove his *Examination*. "*Cur me querelis examinas tuis.*"  
The Latest.

— To take somewhat from the *grave* character of that column in which the births, deaths, and marriages are to be seen, the *Globe* has determined to intersperse those interesting scraps of information with business notices. Thus: the lamented Stiggins will yield up his ghost in one paragraph, and neatly embalmed between that melancholy event and the ever-to-be-weep-over-in-speechless-agony, demise of Scraggs, will be a smirking notice, setting forth that Jiles sells the best and smallest bonnets outside Paris. Between a birth and a marriage will be inserted a modest puff on the "Whole duty of man." Doctors, and such advertisements will in no case be admitted into this column, as it is feared the virtuous indignation of the type could not stand it.

## TROUBLESOME LETTER

FROM THOS. SIMKINS TO THE HON. SIDNEY SMITH, P. M. GENERAL.  
Cold Springs, near Cobourg, April, '58.

MY DEAR SIR—As I hev leasure now to rite to you considering as how I hev nothing to doo in my post as Pound Keeper, which yu got for mo befoor last electsin, I tok the privellig of rita to ax as how yur honor is gettin on. All us Northumbrians is lookin forward to the time when yu air to smash them trechrous ministers, only we is afraid yu might be tu vilent against them, considrin how yu picht into them at the hustins. All us Clere Grits han't let on tu nobody what yu ced last election about yer takin the mail bags jest in order to sack John A. Macdonnle and the rascally ministers. We ken kept a sekret that we ken, and we went and voted and woodn't hev anything to do with that air Grimshaw, who was afraid to spit out like a man and turn the ministry rite out as yure goin to du. It is actely said here yu was a Ministerialist and voted agin the great Grit Platform, but yer said on the huskins that the Organds and the Ministers too was liers and coodn't be trusted, and we was up to gammon this time. I supose Representation by Populashin will soon be past. O my wif Mrs. Simkins wil never ferget the grate joko yer made about Representation by Proppigashun.

Bridget our cook says yu air the nicest gentelman she evur sat I's on. She is also tellin Mrs. S. how u helped her to milk Rose our cow, and how yu put the kettle on in the mornin and so forth.

She is goin to toun sune and wood be mutch obliged if yu could get her a cooks place in some respektable family (an orange family preferred.)

I hope that yu will distingush yureself as Post mastur for practikel Ability just as Robert Spence did. Bi the bi he is made Collectur of Custims. I supose u forgot to tel me about it as u promised to do, otherwise I shoold had no objecshuns to be collector myself. Teraps yu lit the Guvverment do just as they liked about this in order tu put themselves to shaim. Will u be good enuff to send a letter to Mike Conklin, and I to Sam Donnelly, and I to Sandy McKi, wich is enclosed in this letter, as u air at the P. O. it will not trubble u.

Mi 6 brothers hev nuthin to du here and that they mite go to Toronto to see yu and get to be councilmen il they cood not git some honest way of livin befor spring.

I must sa good bi now, Yours truly  
THOMAS SIMKINS.

### Valuable Sympathy.

— The New York *Herald* of Tuesday last contains the following good joke:—"It must have been at the very moment that Great Britain was rejoicing at the unequivocal testimony she received of the sympathy of the United States in her desperate struggle to subdue and regain the 150 millions slaves she has in India," &c. This bit of fun can hardly be appreciated by any one who has not perused the columns of American papers during the mutiny. Take as a specimen of sympathy, the following from the *Tribune*, of last week: "The English seem to have exhibited all the ferocity of the Sepoys, and, in point of blood-thirstiness, to have very little to boast of by way of comparison." Sympathetic and doubtful Jonathan,

## Injury and Insult.

— The Hon. Legislative Councillors turning out the Hon. M. Viger from his seat in their chamber; and then expressing their regret at the great loss his presence will be to them.

"A nod is as good as a wink," &c,

— After Dr. Mackay had concluded his Lecture in London last week, the audience remained seated some five minutes, expecting that the usual vote of thanks would be moved by some of the gentlemen who occupied the platform, but in vain, until as the audience had commenced to go out, the Dr., with great good humour, and a sarcastic glance at the committee, said, "I dont know whether it is customary here to propose a vote of thanks, but, I should much like to return my sincere thanks to the audience, for their attention!" Upon which the Hon. Mr. G——, who evidently had not been making good use of his brains said, he was just going to propose a vote of thanks to the Lecturer. We need say no more,—an inclination of the cranium is equivalent to a twitching of the eye lids to an equino quadruped with an obscured vision.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MARCUS.—Will make use of your contribution in another number.

C. D. D.—We are un-able (Abel) to give you any information about Cain's wife.

OLD GROWLER—Many thanks. Esteem it no low merit to be classed among your friends.

TESTIS.—Your request will be attended to, if a gentle hint administered privately does produce an amendment.

D. K.—You should have been in time, and deserve the treatment you received. We agree with Annie that you should have followed her.

S. W. B.—Contains some good points, and we will probably make use of them. Let us hear from you again. We wish you success in your new enterprise.

MIRROR OF PARLIAMENT.—Too lengthy, on a worn out subject. We are sorry to have to exclude it, as it contains many good points. Let us hear from you again.

CIVIS.—Your strictures on Humphrey, Camp & Co. are ill-timed, as these contractors have again commenced operations on the esplanade. We have not yet learned the terms of the amended contract.

J. M.—The facts you refer to relative to the expense of our Chief of Police are important, and would have received our attention, but for their having been brought out by one of our city cotemporaries. We will digest the return sent us in the meantime.

BILLY BUTTON, MARKHAM.—We shall require your services as fighting editor as soon as Arthur Rankin returns to the city, and we discover our anonymous detractors. In the meantime we hope you are practising the "noble art" in the council over which you so worthily preside.

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