

# THE GRUMBLER.

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NO. 28.

## THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1858.

### EDITORIAL FOLLIES.

It is extremely amusing to watch the desperate anxiety manifested by a certain class of journalists about the antecedents and present movements of those two bugbears to ministerial quietude, Brown and McGee.

The *Leader* and *Colonist*, with a petty malice which is far beneath them, endeavour to stir the gall of the ex-Premier by calling his Government the "McGee Cabinet" or the "Foley Administration," and even his newspaper "Mr. McGee's secular organ." Now, as a joke on one or even several occasions, this would do very well; but constantly repeated day after day the most cleverly-pointed joke will lose its force. Imagine the *Times* calling the Derby administration the Gibson or Roebuck cabinet because those radicals aided in ousting Palmerston or the Pakington government out of sheer spite to the Premier, and repeating the stupid satire day after day, and how long would it hold its old supremacy among the English press.

Having by this means done much to build up Mr. McGee's enviable popularity, they begin to rake up all sorts of charges against that gentleman, the old story told at his election is again put forth. Mere common sense might teach the *Leader* and its pupil in this matter the *Colonist*, that what had no effect at Montreal when McGee was a stranger, will do very little now his talents are fully appreciated and that the very best way of making a popular idol of him is to go on as they have commenced. They have done this in Mr. Brown's case by their constant abuse, and so it will be with McGee.

The *Colonist* next twisted a very clever and interesting lecture which had no bearing of party politics at all into a Grit demonstration. We can safely affirm that so far from there being any foundation for that absurd criticism, it was untrue in every single particular. These journals should learn that abuse, misrepresentation and falsehood are the worst means of demolishing a political opponent.

### Romain and Literature.

—Mr. Romain says that as Shakspeare, or at least Coriolanus, is becoming an authority with the *Colonist*, he cant see why it opposes him for gaming, inasmuch as the bard represents the loveliest monarch of the most dazzling Oriental court addressing her companions thus,—

"Let us to billiards."

What is fitting for a Queen cannot be *infra dig.* in a Legislative Councillor.

### THE TELEGRAPHIC STOPPAGE.

(We are not responsible for the opinions of Correspondents.)

DEAR GRUMBLER,—I think there has been a message petitioning for the recall of Sir Edmund Head, and the disloyal syllables have caused a kink in the rope.

WM. CATLEY.

DEAR GRUMBLER,—There has been a message sent to upraid Sir Edmund, and instead of doing that, it has upbraided (abraded) the cable.

T. D. MCGEE.

DEAR GRUMBLER,—I'm sure that the old sea-sarpint has been sharpenin his teeth on the cable, and next time he touches it he'll have it bit through. I advice yer to put a good strong Limerick on the end on't and bait it with one o' yer loose fish a' out town, and ye'll be able to haul him ashore high and dry in no time.

SAM SPERMOIL.

MR. GRUMBLER,—I tell yer what it is, if I go in for the York Division, I'll fix that cable for yers by a way of my own, or make yer a new one. I bet yer the west end of the Romain Buildings on it.

CHAS. ED. ROMAIN.

DEAR GRUMBLER—SIR—I can explain how this stoppage. The whole thing is an infernal swindle got up by Cyrus W. Field and his crew for the purpose of being knighted, and in order to get their troublesome Telegraph Stock off their hands.

TOM TITTER.

MR. GRUMBLER,—I know what's the matter with the cable, and if I don't know I can find out. I've got an office for the detection of murder, theft, and arsen; and if its fish, flesh, or fowl, that's gone and been and hurt the cable, I'll fix their flints.

SAM SHARPER.

Detective Office.

### Moustaches.

I hate moustaches; so much hair  
Makes every man look like a bear!  
But Fanny, who no thought can fetter,  
Blurts out "the more like bears the better,"  
Because, (her pretty shoulders shrugging,)  
Bears are such glorious chaps at hugging."

### An Unfortunate County.

—An official report informs us that the wheat crop in Russell was badly affected with "rust." Unfortunately this is not the only infliction of "rust" under which the men of Russell labour, for everybody knows, (thanks to the Legislative Assembly) that the machinery of representation is in an abominably *rusty* state in that county, and is likely to remain so, until it gets rid of the *Fellows* at present in charge of it. Apropos of *Fellows*, old Alexander Pope said,

"Worth makes the man, the want of it the Fellow(es)."

We wonder whether he had a prophetic eye upon the honorable (!) member for the county of Russell.

### A COUNTRY COTTAGE.

Friend Solomon says of the following verses, that "they give a pretty peep of a country cottage, and the praise-worthy certainty of the last line makes a homely but not inapt termination:"—

The stream ripples bright by my cottage ;  
The sunshine is bright on the stream ;  
And the wee pebbly stones, in the sunshine,  
Like the diamonds, sparkle and gleam,  
There are hazel trees kissing the water.  
And plumes of the fair meadow sweet ;  
And down by the hazel sits Jeannie,  
And dabbles her little white feet.

The robin peeps in at my door way ;  
The linnet looks down from the tree ;  
And here pillowed up in his cradle,  
Wee Sandy sits smiling at me.  
My milk-pails stand bright in the corner,  
My tins are all bright on the shelf.  
And the white supper, cloth on my table  
Is clean, for I washed it myself.

Now of course our Streetsville friend may, during his quiet rambles in Peel, have met with a smiling wigwam or two which with the assistance of a little *colour de rose*, might realize the above sketch pretty accurately; but as we prefer to write of things in their more general aspect, we append our sketch of a Country Cottage, and leave it to our readers to judge which version is most pregnant with reality.

The puddles stand thick by my cottage,  
In the sunshine they fizzle and steam,  
And the wee, quacking ducks in the puddles  
Like dirty black crows ever seem ;  
Young urchins are splashing the water,  
Which reeketh with odours not sweet,  
And good gracious, there, Sal, my own daughter,  
Sits dabbling her two dirty feet.

The piggie peeps in at the door way,  
The hens stand all staring at me,  
And there, tossing o'er in his cradle,  
Wee Sandy roars out for his tea.  
The plates are unwashed in the corner,  
The dirty cups stand on the shelf ;  
But no matter, I'll wash them next Sunday,  
When the time comes for *washing myself*.

### To Doctors and Vendors of Patent Medicines.

—The attention of the faculty is directed to a new disease which is playing terrible havoc among our Toronto editors. Its symptoms may be detected in any issue of the *Leader*, and apparently the editor of the *Colonist* has contracted the malady by contagion. It has been called McGeeophobia, and is extremely violent while the fit is on, filling the brain with groundless hallucinations, and numbing the intellect in an alarming manner. The distemper was brought on by swallowing large doses of the American Celt, and taking a little too much Shakspeare an evening or two before. The Corporation of Toronto will pay liberally for the arrest of the distemper, which is getting quite troublesome. Hydropathists preferred, and no bleeding allowed, as the patient cannot afford it.

## OCHONE! OH DEAR!

The following lines in manuscript, were picked up a little below the St. Lawrence Hall; from internal evidence we firmly believe them to be the production of the Editor of the *Leader*:

Ochone! oh dear! what the durs can all me,  
That I quiver and quake at that fellow McGee,  
That I feel like a criminal suing for mercy,  
Whoever I hear but a whisp'er of D'Arcy?  
I ain't cut his throat and I ain't picked his pocket,  
Nor knocked nary eye of his out of its socket.  
I ain't writ so bad of him, yet, as of Brown,  
But thunder and turf, oh I he shall be writ down.  
What business has any old Paddy McGee,  
To come here and get himself made an M. P.,  
To be fomented and flattered, confound him I willst I,  
But plain "Editor" still, in my sanctum must sit.  
I'm quite as good looking as he is, by jingo!  
And can spout a more high sounding, sonorous jingo.  
I ain't never yet been no rebel like he,  
(Take that you old rascally Dogan McGee.)  
I ain't and I won't—but by thunder I'll make  
If I can—the Brown-Dorion nincompoop quake,  
I'll rake up the fyles of the *Cell* and the *Nation*,  
And breed a real burning hot, high inflammation.  
I'll mount on my stool with my arms a la Nap,  
And dictate such gall as I no'er did for pap.  
My scribbles shall be startled with lury and fire,  
As I daub this McGee with his black hearted mire,  
Jack Mitchell once patriot, now dealer in sigger,  
With O'Brien the cabbage-ground hero shall figure.  
And the burden of each morning's *Leader* must be—  
Gavan Duffy, O'Brien and Darcy McGee.  
Be hang'd to a delicate sense of propriety,  
By fair means or foul he shall gain notoriety.  
I'll rake every scrap up, no matter from where,  
Can make D'Arcy feel sore, for in fighting all's fair.  
I'll teach him confound him to poke in his nose,  
And stand in the place made for better roost's toes,  
I'll bound him, I'll scratch him, od rabbit the man,  
By jingo I'll bust him to death if I can.

We are the more confirmed in our belief that the above lines should be affiliated to the Editor of the *Leader*, from a cursory glance over the last four issues of that veracious sheet. We find that they contain no less than seven editorials dedicated to Mr. McGee, that his name is mentioned in the first lines of twenty-seven paragraphs, and is repeated in the whole no less than fifty-seven times.

## DIARY OF A MONKEY.

Most of our city readers may have noticed at our street corners a man with an organ, attached, by a long string, to a rakish looking monkey, who among other peculiarities, was attired somewhat unfashionably, and had, for a monkey, rather a long tail. To the casual observer this gentleman might not appear to merit any distinction; but from personal acquaintance we can assure our friends that he is a very clever fellow; and has already achieved the feat of writing his own autobiography. We have been favored with a sight of his diary, and take the liberty of publishing a few extracts:—

*Sunday*—Had a desire to go to church to see the girls, but was so much afflicted with *enmui*, that I gave up the idea, and stayed at home to crack nuts and sleep.

*Two p. m.*—Horrid bad dinner. *Mem.*—To steel enough over Saturday to make up for deficiencies on Sunday.

*Five p. m.*—Hung for one hour from the kitchen rafters, in order that I might enjoy a little quiet meditation.

*Six p. m.*—Had the curiosity to measure my tail

and found that I had stretched it the thickness of a nutshell.

*Monday a. m.*—Showed myself in my most captivating attitude to half the ladies in St. George's Square, but without success.

*An hour later.*—Tired and hungry, and glad to partake of a cold lunch from an ill-favored old maid. *Mem.*—Wonder how old the bread and butter was? Six weeks at least.

*Four o'clock.*—Stood at the corner of King and Yonge streets to see the ladies. Day blustery and ladies' ankles distinctly visible. Rather flattered myself that I made an impression on the belles.

*½ Half-past four.*—Was the admired of all admirers. But unfortunately received a severe kick from a long fellow with a spy glass who did not see me, which put me out of sorts for the remainder of the day.

*Tuesday.*—On analyzing the receipts of the day found one-half spurious coin. *Mem.*—Got the greater part from fashionable-looking houses.

*Wednesday.*—Lunched opposite to a boarding-house; but fared badly, as the butter and cheese were abominable. *Mem.*—To keep house as soon as my musical partner is dead.

*Thursday.*—Had a narrow escape from being choked by the straining of my own neckcloth. *Mem.*—To introduce a new fashion to supersede the dog-collars.

*Friday.*—Musical partner rather bad tempered, consequently got more kicks than half-pence. Afternoon wet; therefore went home, and read the newspapers. *Mem.*—Toronto dailies exceedingly stupid.

*Saturday.*—Discovered several relations and friends among the Torontonians—but on claiming acquaintance was decidedly cut—although the family likeness was undeniable. *Mem.*—To have a serious conversation with musical partner on the duties of the married state.

## Pitching Latin at them.

—A student who supports Romain quotes Horace as an authority for the so called rowdies who attempt to crowd Mr. Allan's meetings. He thinks the Grit is perfectly justified in taking any step "quo ne per vacuum ROMAN incurreret hostis," (which he interprets, "that no moderate foe may come the double over Charlie through any unguarded loop hole.")

## Single Speech Allan.

—We have observed that Mr. Allan invariably delivered the same speech on every occasion in which he addressed the electors in the different Villages in the Township through which he passed. Perhaps he thought that a good thing could not be repeated too often, or it may be that the singleness of his heart prompted him to stick to the old trick. But there is a charm in variety, and we therefore recommend him to say something with the gloss of originality on it—even suppose his second speech should turn out very bad.

## Fons Asinorum.

—Why is a coquette like London Bridge? Because she has a great many arch ways (arch-ways) about her.

## OPENING OF THE EXHIBITION.

Two programmes of the ceremony of the opening of the Crystal Palace, have been drawn up by the Committee, one of them has already been published; the other, which we need not say is the correct one, we give below:—

At an early hour on Tuesday morning, a valet will gently awaken his Excellency, and if he is in a bad humour, administer to him a glass of the best, soda water.

His Excellency will then join Her Excellency and Lord Napier in the drawing room, and, if not afflicted with the blues, abstain from wishing his lordship and the Exhibition to the bottom of the lake.

At ten o'clock, the Hon. George Brown will call upon his Excellency, but will be denied admittance, whereupon he will go home and write a furious article against the Head family.

At a quarter past ten, Mr. Charles Edward Romain will be announced, and his Excellency mistaking him for a Count, will receive him cordially; but on hearing Charles Edward say that "this are a very fine day," the cheat will be discovered and Charles will be kicked out by a flunkey.

The inaugural procession being organized, will start at three minutes to eleven, and drive over an old apple-woman at the corner of King and Peter streets. The Reporter of the *Globe* will be present to make a note of the barbarity of the Governor General.

At a quarter-past eleven, his Excellency will be internally swearing at the architect of the Crystal Palace for not erecting a more convenient stairway.

Half-past—His Excellency will pretend to be kneeling down while John Toronto will be praying in Gaelic for the success of the Exhibition.

Same Hour—Her Excellency and Lord Napier will go asleep.

Same Ditto—Pickpockets working double lides.

Twelve—Grand chorus from the orchestra. His Excellency and his party will offer to bet boxes of gloves that the music is somewhat like that of the Creation. The American Ambassador will remind lady Head that his nation could "lick creation hollow."

Three quarters past.—The crowd will begin to show symptoms of fatigue. Half of the audience will soon begin to yawn.

One o'clock—A member of the Vice-regal party will ask Lord Napier did he see the comet. His Lordship will request the questioner not to "Kom it" (come) over him in such a manner. A titter will run through the gallery, which will soon spread over the whole building—producing a most pleasing effect.

Half-past one. All over. Great crush. Torn dresses. Bruised hoops. Gentlemen indulging in swearing. Ladies looking for good opportunities to go into hysterics. Pickpockets going it strong His Excellency and party make their way out with difficulty; and retire in disgust. Some Clear Grits attempt to get up a hostile demonstration; but are fired on by a body of the Royal Canadian Rifles, and put to flight.

## WHAT ARE THE WILD KNAVES SAYING ?

*Dust, between Charles Edward Romain and Rowland Burr*

*Chas. Edward*—What are the wild knaves saying,  
Rowland, the whole day long.  
Do they 'bout betting and playing,  
Still slick to the same old song ?  
Not in the Leader only,  
Are the ravings wild and free,  
But in streets and taverns loudly,  
Queer mutterings are still with me.

*Rowland*—Charley I fear no raving,  
Be hanged to such stupid stuff.  
Eyes right I never shrink from braving  
An Atlas or Leader "rough."  
'Tis but the dirty water  
They each delight to pour ;  
If they don't know better they oughter,  
Who cares for an "organ's" roar :

*Charley and Rowland*—No ! It is something worse,  
'Tis "ALLAN" 'whore or who roam,  
Oh ! he hanged to the ship, yes came her,  
That safely brought him home.

*Chas. Edward*—Yes, sure the knaves are over  
Shouting that self same name,  
Till vala is my wank endeavour  
To get a "hip ! hip !" for Romain.  
Still are the crowd repenting  
"Allan" by night and by day ;  
Confound such a senseless greeting,  
Why the dence did't he stay away ?

*Rowland*—Charley, this Allan mounts,  
Is an ugly case for you,  
Dangers flow like a fountain,  
No wonder you look so blue.  
Soon on its lofty steep,  
The avalanche will form,  
And by jingo, sir, 'twill sweep  
You off in the coming storm.

*Charley and Rowland*—Yes, that will be something worse,  
Be hanged to old ocean's foam,  
For traucing this man, oh, cuss her !  
To the York Division home.

## THE PENNY TRUMPET.

This music made me, let it sound no more.—RICHARD II.

During one of those false alarms of fire which fun or mischief has made so frequent of late, our delicate sense of hearing was terribly offended by the occasional or rather frequent flourishes of an inequipt instrument somewhat akin to the penny-trumpet. This little minister of torture, though at once the solace and safety-valve of childhood, and comparatively harmless when the vehicle of juvenile expirations of breath, becomes decidedly objectionable when introduced on an extensive scale, and put into active use by adult pulmonaries. The bell is tolerably annoying, the gong certainly atrocious, but this wind instrument innovation execrable.

We at first entertained the idea that these ana-tureurs were in training to celebrate Mr. Romain's election when secured, but on investigation we found that it was fire company, and that the use of the unmelodious trump was a matter of necessity rather than of choice. A sound of some sort is indispensable during the confusion resulting from an alarm of fire, both as a warning to the public and as a call to the members of the company, and as the Chief Engineer positively declines to supply a bell for this portion of the Brigade, they have been compelled to provide a supply of noise at the cheapest rate, and hence the trumpet grievance.

If Mr. Ashfield is not too much engaged in the study of hydraulics or hook-and-ladder ology, perhaps he will be good enough to purchase the requisite amount of bell metal for this tubiferous company, and thus relieve at once their lungs and our ears from unnecessary annoyance.

## THE ATLAS TURNS OVER A NEW LEAF.

We are always happy to see signs of amendment even in the most incorrigible. The prosy *Atlas*, conscious of his besetting sin of dulness, has at length secured the invaluable services of an extremely high-flown correspondent at Guelph. We confess that his first effusion leads us to expect much in the future, and we would fain hope that practice and a little genial criticism will go far to rub away any of those extravagancies of style to which the literary tyro is so prone. In saying, therefore, that A. G.'s poetic fire splutters so wildly that we must consider it to have been kindled among green wood, we feel sure that a little seasoning will ultimately secure regularity and perfection.

And first of all let us urge our young friend never to give a Latin quotation so prominent a place as the head of an article without ensuring its correctness; a peep into Horace would in this case have saved a misquotation and the poet's metre into the bargain. The writer laments the absence of the Great Mogul in Guelph at the Grit discomfiture; we have no doubt that he would have added lustre to the other *Gulls* present, but how he would trouble himself so much merely "to see a fine illustration of Cymbeline," which it would employ all the eyes of Argus to detect, we are at a loss to know. But not only would he have seen this "fine illustration," but he would have cried out "I am not their father."

We have read the context over several times, and it puzzles us immensely to decide whose paternity he would have denied, whether that of the "ridiculous mouse," Cymbeline, "Brother d'Arcy," or all the Guelph Grits together. In either case his majesty would doubtless waive his defence till he was troubled with an accusation, which, though it might bear strongly as against a polygamist, has not yet been preferred.

The writer goes on with the frank admission that "there are a few obscure individuals" who will "rise and fall with the great Mohammed of their faith," (mark the Mogul peeping in again) and of these "few," a *herd* mustered last evening in the market square.

This reminds us of the Irishman's "herd of swine," which consisted of one superannuated hog and two chickens. This "herd" met "with the loyal and disloyal intention" of burning the Governor's effigy. Macbeth posed Macduff by asking "who can be loyal, wise, neutral," &c., in a moment? but the Grits have surpassed Macbeth's proud imagination by being "loyal and disloyal" in a breath. Dame Rumour then comes on the stage, like Minerva in the *Iliad*, to defeat the Barbarians, and then we have the solemn announcement in the impressive words of the night watch, "nine o'clock and all's well." We think the introduction of the clock here is very fine, but its effectiveness might have been enhanced if it had been placed at the beginning, and the writer had been induced, like the playwright of the "Critic," to "open with a clock."

The appalling effigy of the "neighbouring clock" as it gave its hourly admonitions to the watchful Grits, is very good, except that it topples slightly over the line which is said to discover the sublime

from the ridiculous. The chronicler proceeds to record how the effigy "slumbered for more than ten days" without food or motion in a "tinker's shanty" till the wicked Grits, on the memorable night, intended to raise the "flame of effigy." This is a bold metaphor; other tamer spirits have told us of the flames of love, jealousy, genius, anger, and a variety of other mental pyrotechnics, but A. G. transcends them all, he has absolutely invented the "flame of effigy." There is after all, something new under the sun. The Grits were scared however; the flame was still restrained in the "rancid cells of *Globedom*," and the Governor was unburned. The writer triumphantly asks why they were afraid? why they had not "dared to perfect a design which cost them so much pain (pricked their fingers in seeping up the effigy, we suppose) anxiously, and trouble?" Why indeed? One Grit is "introduced" to the Sheriff's "unpoetic cell," and "this was carried in face of the muttered disapprobation of the rowdy party." What was carried? The Grit, the cells or the disturbance? A. G. doesn't tell us. But the Grits are going to try it again, and then ironically exclaims the writer, "kingdoms will crumble to dust," (we should like a little of the pulverized article when it is ready), "and all dignities" are to be finally extinguished.

"Sir Edmund will say" (and here he flounders into Latin again,) "*nunc opus est mimis*," (now there is need of pantomimes); if he should, we would recommend the Ravel troupe, who are excellent in that line, though in good sooth, such excellent farces have been performed for Sir Edmund's amusement lately, that we cannot see the necessity.

Then comes the finishing touch, in which A. G. (Anas Guelphinus, the Goose of Guelph?) gives the reins to his imagination in good style. "And even now methinks I hear in the lone watches of the stilly night, the incarcerated image in the shanty, soliloquizing in the words of Cleopatra" &c. The image not only talks in its sleep, but quotes Shakespeare glibly with an accuracy marvellous in an effigy. If the Grits will only send a few of these ingenious contrivances here during the fair, they will make their fortune instantaneously. It is no wonder that the *Colonist* quotes the bard, and substantiates his statements by pedantic references to Plutarch, when a bundle of rags at Guelph has done so much while asleep in a tinker's shanty at Guelph.

Thus ends the first letter of A. G.; we shall watch with intense interest his onward career; which must inevitably lead to notoriety if not to honor and fame.

## To Country Organs.

— Purchased at Sheriff's sale after the late Election, the *Globe's* entire stock-in-trade of No Popery cries and Anti-Doganism. The editor of the *Colonist* will retail the article at reasonable rates to country papers opposed to the "McGee Cabinet." The following specimens we extract from that journal of the 21st: "Shakespeare's plays are the text book in matters of morality for Canadian *Dogdom*;" there was "an older and wiser book, which the lecturer appearing in the *petticoated company* he did, would hardly be permitted to name."

## BRICK vs. FRAME.

The following production has been sent to us by disconsolate mover, who, disappointed in an attempt to lease a commodious brick house, gives vent to his sorrows in verse:—

AIR—"I saw from the Beach."

I saw from the street when the morning was bright,  
A house with "To Let" pasted carefully on;  
I came soon again, for the rents were declining,  
The house was still there, but the placards were gone.  
Such is always the case with this tarantula moving,  
So passing these three story houses we're known,  
Each place that we thought of while drearily roving,  
Is rented, and leaves us a shanty alone.  
No'er tell me of "glories" serenely enriching,  
The porch of some frame-house or dingy rough-cast,  
For that three story house, with its brass collar kitchen,  
Is worth all your porches and flowers to the last.  
I'm sure I shan't welcome that moment's returning,  
When Biddy first kindles a fire in our "frame"  
For my body's a great deal too precious for burning,  
And the shanty would burn with most exquisite flame.

## OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

The City Council met on Monday night, once more to exhibit themselves to the admiring gaze of those curiously constituted loungers, who night after night are able, with undiminished interest, to watch their manifold gyrations. For the last few evenings a subject, very congenial to the taste of our Civic Legislators, has been under manipulation; they have been deep in drains. Ald. Brunel had advised, that instead of constructing the street sewers of brick as of old, clay pipes should in future be used, in accordance with the system now in vogue in other civilized countries. One of the manifold advantages which would result from this course, according to the worthy Alderman's showing, consists in the ease with which rubbish is floated down the pile drains, owing to the smoothness of their surface. Had St. George's Alderman possessed one grain of tact, he never would have allowed mention of this to pass his lips. As it was, his clay pipes were immediately pronounced more shams. With that quick instinct, peculiar to the lower order of animals, Carr, Purdy, Craig, Ardagh, Ramsay, and others, directly perceived the danger in which they would be placed, should rubbish of all descriptions be thus summarily disposed of; already in imagination, they heard the gurgling of the waters in their ears; already was the death struggle upon them; they sprang to their feet determined to do or die. There was a terrible spluttering of Irish; a fearful desecration of Scotch; and Brunel surrendered.

Solemnly they move him, by his hopes of the Mayoralty and by the cherished memory of Northern Railway directorship, that no sewers more than twelve inches in diameter should ever be constructed. Once more, Ardagh breathed freely. Purdy resumed the dignity beehaving his position as champion of cows, pigs, nanny goats, and filth, while the redoubtable Craig wiped his spectacles, clenched his fists, and grinning grimly, prepared for the next onset, where a long tongue, little sense, and much blackguardism would be required.—These stupendous exertions, however, were rendered nugatory by the Finance Committee declaring that

they would find no money to throw into the drains. Thus, Mr. Brunel, like the people who desire clean streets, is once more stuck in the mud. THE GRUMBLER thinks that if a main sewer were constructed from the Council Chamber to the Bay, and our City Fathers, by means a *la Thure* made acquainted with the waters thereof, that a decided good would be done. The ditance is not great, so that the cost would be small. We are not particular whether it be a brick or tile sewer. The one which can be made quickest is the best.

As we number among our readers the most intelligent portion of Toronto's citizens, without distinction we can say, they all know, ere this, that the Northern Railway Company have laid down a track along Front Street for the purpose of conveying passengers to the Exhibition by the aid of the steam horse. The consequence will be, that extortionate cabmen will become civil, omnibus drivers polite, and carters exquisitely urbane. To all this Mr. Ald. A. M. Smith decidedly objects. He appeared as the advocate of unlimited insolence, high charges, and endless break-downs. This being a dirty job, he was of course backed by Councillor Craig. Once more was that gentleman in his element. How he twisted his verbs, distorted his adjectives, banished his pronouns, and, despite their cries, mauled his interjections; it was frightful to hear! Even the choice Bull Dog, that emblem of Mr. Speaker Smith, that especial pride and glory of an active, intelligent, hard-working Chief of Police, turned up his nose in manifest disgust, hastily quitted the Council Chamber, and held a consultation with his master, upon the most agreeable means of spending their time when "Sam" gets that snug Government office he is now on the look out for. But alas! for poor Craig, his ideas were repudiated, even the cabman at the bar failed to gratify his inordinate vanity with a cheer, despite the many side glances, the moaning looks, with which he sought to electrify them into activity. *En passant* we may remark that John Sheridan Hogan is said to think seriously of taking lessons from Con Craig, in order that he may be able to pitch into Marcus Talbot at the opening of the session, in bolting style.

The cabmen's advocate having been silenced by defeat, a report, anent the construction of the new Gaol was brought up for consideration. A very nice mess has been made of this important matter

## WEEP FOR THE CORMACKS.

"The men of Tipperary in the back woods of Canada, will rejoice to hear that their countrymen are thoroughly aroused to the infamous system of fraud and perjury which hanged the brother Cormacks for a crime abhorrent to their gentle natures."—*Mirror of Friday.*

When we read the above, we paused, to vent our sorrow for the gentle doves who had met with such an untimely end. If it had been anybody else that had departed this life in so sudden a manner, the calamity might have been borne with fortitude. But, the Cormacks! The "gentle Cormacks!" to be hanged like smoked bacon; and that too, for a crime detested by their gentle natures, beats cock-fighting and erinoline all to pieces. Had it been the Macguffins, of Ballinashad, that had been elevated in this manner; or if a kind Fate had decreed that

the Goasys from Lazy corner should have suffered this unnatural kind of suspension, the bowels of compassion, however strongly excited, would have collapsed under the affliction. But for the Cormacks of Tipperary, with the sky over it, to be forced to be present at their own wake, as Larry was the night before he was stretched, would rouse the indignation of any people.

However, this massacre of innocent Cormacks has been amply avenged. A great meeting was held where the judicial murder was committed, which was addressed by no less a person than the Rev. Father Kenyon, a name second only in renown to that of the brave but unfortunate Cormacks. The reverend father, we are told, denounced the murdering judge who presided at the trial of the Cormacks; gave it as his opinion that he should have been "hung on a gallows fifty feet high," and wound up by recommending all good men to petition parliament to have this unmitigated wretch of a judge at once hanged. The editorial we quote from, concludes with the comforting assurance that "the noble constituents of O'Donoghues and of the Glons, have taken the whole matter in hand;" after which, we think, even the most zealous must rest satisfied that a great effort will shortly be made; and then, what with the shades of the defunct Cormacks, and the immortal O'Donoghues, and the valiant Glens, we may well look on the undertaking as already accomplished.

## Inhumanity.

"Ains, for the rarity  
Of Christian charity"  
Under the sun!"  
Oh! it was pityful  
Near a whole city full  
Home she had none."

It is recorded in the daily journals of Wednesday, that Dr. Scott was summoned on a late occasion to attend a destitute woman, who lay dying in an outhouse some miles out of town. He arrived before the vital spark had fled; and requested some women who lived close at hand, to shelter the poor outcast; but they refused. The dying woman was then placed in a cab, to be carried to the Hospital, but she died on the way. It appears that this poor creature had many faults, but still she was "one of Eve's family"; and we thought that if she were to find succour and relief in this world, it would have been from one of those "ministering angels" of her own sex. However, we were mistaken. At least the women in question are an exception to the rule.

## A Benefit.

An entertainment will be given in the Apollo Concert Rooms on Monday night, for the benefit of Mr. Robert Story, which ought to be a decided hit.

If our lady subscribers desire to learn where the best Tea Sugar, and general Groceries may be had, we have no hesitation in saying at Mr. Thos'ns Store, corner of Yonge and Albert Streets. He is a deserving man, and a good tradesman, and should receive hearty support in his new business.

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