

# THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.

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## THE GRUMBLER

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Persons enclosing their cards, and \$1 will be sent with a special notice.

Correspondents will bear in mind that their letters must be pre-paid; that communications intended for insertion should be written, and only written on one side of the paper, subscribers must not enter their letters; for obvious reasons, it is exceedingly inconvenient to us.

All letters to be addressed "The Grumbler," P. Toronto; and not to any publisher or newspaper in the city.

Persons wishing to subscribe to the GRUMBLER, understand that we only receive yearly subscriptions. The sum (\$1) is small, and can easily be forwarded by all who desire our sheet.

## THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1865.

### HEARING THAT THE GRUMBLER WAS DEFUNCT.

They say the Grumbler's dead,  
Laid down in his last bed,  
They say the Grumbler's dead,  
Toll the bell!

Sad were the tears we shed,  
Our sorrowing hearts they bled,  
To think our friend was dead,  
Twas the knell!

Of joys for us departed,  
We were well nigh broken hearted,  
So to the lake we started,  
To plunge in!

And down our sorrows there,  
Beneath the moonlight glare,  
But we thought 't would be cold fare,  
So we didn't!

Then on onward home we sped  
O'hill'd, hungry, to be fed,  
And to our door werd led,  
By the watchman!

We sat down in our chair,  
Building castles in the air,  
And swigg'd a journa rare,  
"Pure glenlivet!"

We had just begun to smoke,  
Perhaps you think we joke,  
And mid a dream we woke,  
Saw the Grumbler.

"Grieve not, I'm not dead yet,  
(He said)" so do not fret,  
"I'm glad that we have met,  
O'er a tumbler!"

Me they tried to lick,  
With an awkward Fenian pick,  
"But twas blust as my old stick,"  
And it missed me!

"But that sneaking little elf,"  
"Who picks up dirt for self,"  
"And piles it on the shelf,"  
For the "Leader!"

"Bespatter'd my best clothes,"  
My career thus thought to close,  
Now every body knows,  
I'm not dead!

"For my spirit still doth breathe,"  
"Which I gladly now beneath,"  
"And with it a flowery wreath,"  
Of everlasting!

### OURSELVES.

The Grumbler in again presenting himself to his friends the public, feels that the office which he has reassumed is beset with peculiar difficulties, among which he may mention the want of confidence reposed by the people in journals of the same ilk as himself, owing to the many utter failures of mushroom papers which have nothing to support their pretentious but ignorance and stupidity. He claims and justly too, that he is the only aspirant to fame in his own line who has ever yet succeeded in this country. Eight long years of uninterrupted success have told him in words that are unmistakable, that his labours have been appreciated by the nation. When a few months ago, a victim who was suffering under the lash of his censure put all the machinery of the law in motion against him, and by working on the feelings of a sensitive jury of his townsmen obtained a heavy verdict against his publishers and thereby caused a temporary suspension of his issue, the whole province judging by the tone of its journals, viewed that suspension with regret, and trusted that at no distant day they would see their old friend's face again. That day has come and Mr Grumbler walks into his sanctum, brushes the dust from the forms, the cobwebs from the walls and takes up his pen with as much gusto as the regret he felt in laying it down. Since his last issue he has changed hands, employed a new staff, and greatly improved his means of communication. In every principal town in this Province he has engaged men of a varied and extensive range of observation who will keep him thoroughly posted up in all the current events of their respective spheres.

He will, however, pay particular attention to the internal affairs of this city and will

bring to light all the peccadilloes and errors, intentional or otherwise, of every citizen whatever be his creed or colour. In a country like this where political and party contests run so high—where the political code is, that none of our party can do wrong—while an opponent can do nothing which is right—he presumes to think a journal which is strictly neutral in politics and therefore not involved in the heat of the fray, which is totally devoid of interest and consequently of prejudice would be invaluable—and this is precisely the position he intends to assume. Neither Clear Grit, or Conservative, or Liberal may expect any money at his hands unless they remain in the straightforward path of honesty, integrity, and morality. He wishes to state moreover that it will always be a fixed principle of his to abstain from "personalities" of every description as much as possible, and so avoid the rock his predecessor have split upon. He intends to show no mercy to those who insist upon keeping in the *even tenor* of their way in wrongdoing, and who have hitherto been deaf to admonition—he will be uncompromising in his enmity to all mountebanks political or otherwise and hopes that all these may be taught that the way of transgressors is hard; all the delinquents in the community may have at no distant day have to thank him for a full expose of their doings and follies.

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

### TAILORS! LOOK OUT FOR ONE OF THE EFFECTS OF MORALS AS TAUGHT IN THE 19TH CENTURY.

On remonstrating, the other day with a friend for not paying his tailors' bill, he replied after a pause: "Well, I have hitherto considered it a breach of honesty and good faith not to pay a tailor, but upon pondering seriously on the fact that they were only rendered necessary by and therefore brought into the world co-svil with Sin! I have made up my mind that by paying them I respect their origin, and this contrary to Brother Mawnorm's teaching! (Such a fellow should be made to wear a worm-eaten fig leaf in winter, a sheep-skin breeches with the woolly side inwards in the dog days.

We think that the hard times hold out and encouraging prospect of the Sheriff's levies being as fully and fashionably attended as the Governor General's!

In a drunkard's barometer the glass always points to "very dry!"

NURSERY RHYMES.

No 1.—THE RETRENCHMENT COMMITTEE.

(AIR—"There was a little man," &c.)

In the Council there's a clique,  
Who the people's favor seek,  
Every Monday in each week,  
With the cry—cry—cry.

Retrench! Retrench! Retrench!  
From the "Peeler" to the "bench"  
But—like Martin's jolly wench,  
Its all—my eye—eye—eye,

They have set their heads to work,  
(Where—but few ideas lurk),  
The employees pay to burk,  
Very—queer—queer—queer;  
And by "jolly Georges" aid  
A "report" is quickly made,—  
We much wonder was he paid,  
In cash—or beer—beer—beer?

Hear the chairman "Bobby B—,"  
How the little chap will yell,  
Tho' we know 'tis all a sell,  
And a snare—snare—snare,  
With his specious slippery tongue,  
He bullies right, or wrong!  
While his changes are all rung,  
On the mayor—mayor—mayor,

And the chatty Dickey-bird  
Will be sure to have a word,  
No matter how absurd,  
To say—say—say  
But like Uriah Heep,  
He wears the mark of "sheep,"  
He's so tricky and so sleek,  
In his way—way—way

And our friend Josey Sh—rd,  
With his big bushy beard,  
And countenance so weird,  
Tries the "Gods above" impress,  
That hes neither more or less,  
Thou a saviour in distress,  
Not a few—few—few.

With others much the same,  
But too numerous to name,  
Devoid of reason—shame—  
On sense—sense—sense,  
Wastes the public time away,  
With buncombe-gas and fray,  
Leaving you and I to pay,  
The expense—pense—pense!

THE GRUMBLER ON NATURAL HISTORY.

Subject No 1. The Barber—(homo emolliensissimus.) Physical Structure and peculiarities. The most singular peculiarities of the barber is, that although, in his avocations, he is always what is termed a "strapper" yet his stature is usually short. His tongue however, makes up for this deficiency, being remarkably long—a beautiful provision of nature; for while he is seldom called upon to use his legs with rapidity, his lingual organ is always obliged to be on the "run."

His eyes are keen and his wits sharp; his mouth is tinged with humour and his hair "cropt close"—manner—prepossessing, fingers—dirty, toes—turned out. He seldom indulges in whiskers for his business is to shave.

HABITS, REPRODUCTION AND FOOD. A singular uniformity of habits is observable amongst barbers. They all live in shops, curiously adorned with play-bills, wood engravings, and pomatum pots, and use the same formulary of conversation to every new customer. All are politicians on both sides of every subject; and if there happen to be three sides to a question, they take a triangular view of it.

Reproduction. Some men are born barbers, others have barbarism thrust upon them. The first class are found in but small numbers, for shavers seldom pair. The second take the razor from disappointment in trade or in love. This is evident from the habits of the animal when alone, at which period, if observed, a mysterious, melodramatic gloom will be seen to overspread his countenance. He is essentially a social being; company is as necessary to his existence as beards.

Food.—Upon this subject the most minute researches of the most prying naturalists have not been able to procure a *crumb* of information. That the barber does eat can only be inferred; it cannot be proved, for no person was ever known to catch him in the act, if he does masticate, he munches in silence and in secret (he has occasionally been seen to chew

GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION OF BARBERS.—Although the majority of barbers live near the *pole* they are pretty diffusely disseminated over the entire face of the globe. The advance of civilization has however, much lessened their numbers, for we find that in the vicinity of the City Hall, Court street, and the "Lawyers Hall, the shavers "occupations gone," but throughout the whole of Yonge and King, the distance is very short from *POLE TO POLE*."

THE SYNOD—OR THE ECCLESIASTICAL HORSE FAIR.

Last week we attended a meeting of this body, and confess we were rather astonished. The fair took place in St. George's School-house, and the principal, and most prominent feature of the "performance" was the row kicked up by those whose appearance would lead one to believe they ought to have known better. We suggest to them that in order to insure more order for the future, they introduce "Professor Rarey's system" which would be found most efficacious with the country, clerical, geldings who turn out so strong on these occasions. The more violent might be provided with a "gag" and snaffle. And those troubled with the *blowing* disease (which by the way is very common in Canada) might safely be entrusted to the supervision of *Smith the "Vet."* The great peculiarity of this disease, and wherein it differs from the *heaves* is that it occasions no loss of physical energy to the person afflicted but rather the reverse, the poor wretch who on such occasions is compelled to listen is the real sufferer. We noticed particularly an old grey gelding, province-brad (clerical) who appeared to be troubled with the *hip disease* or some other ailment unknown to us which caused him to spring up and down like a

puppet on wires, and interrupt the proceedings with his perpetual clatter. We think the only treatment which will be of any use in his case would be the curb, snaffle, gag, and all the other concomitants of the Professor's system; and if all these fail we advise his proprietors to make arrangements for his transfer to the American market.

TORONTO MARKETS.

PETROLEUM has been very consistent lately, owing probably to the low prices offered.

WHISKEY remains volatile as ever, has an upward tendency to the head when taken in large quantities; is in great demand in the Corporation at present; especially when mixed with Ginger beer, or Orange bitters, as much as 5 cents a horn has been paid for prime quality.

BEEF and mutton are, generally speaking, sold—very high; perhaps this is on account of the warm weather.

BREAD has risen which some attribute to the high price of flour, though others (the most knowing ones) regard it as the effect of the good yeast that has been used. In some establishments it has been so light as to require the notice of the inspector.

HAY is lower, that is to say it is not so high now as it will be when it has the advantage of six weeks more growth.

Canadian flour is dull—the reason for this is that one doesn't require much of the staff of life this hot weather.

BARLEY quiet—we can hardly see how it could be otherwise, no reason for its so-being is assigned, we may state Barley is not explosive.

PORK quiet and firm—this probably is to be attributed to the good curing and packing. We have seen pork that could move of its own accord.

STARCH has risen owing probably to the great inroad of persons who attended the Synod last week, white choakers being in very great demand.

EMASCULATED HATS.

We notice several of our "city swells" who seem as though they had been ransacking their sister's wardrobes, or else been making "raids" on defenceless milliner ere, have of late adopted a new style of Head-gear. Bonnet-ling, —material generally used for Widows' caps,—stuff, the legitimate use of which is in decorating dolls—worn out wedding-veils, and other paraphernalia peculiar to the *softer sex*, these gentlemen have unblushingly appropriated to the "plastering" of their hats! Such an innovation is truly alarming: If the ladies don't "see to it" we will expect to see these hobble d'hoys coming out shortly in pantalets, hoop skirts and petticoats in charge of their nurses.

In answer to "Enquirer" we beg to state that the usual notice to bill-stickers, calling upon them to "beware," need not to be stamped, although it relates to freehold property.

**HOMOEOPATHIC SOUP.**

From the very commencement of our editorial career down to the present moment we have been requested nay imperturbed by many distinguished members of the *Homoeopathic Faculty* and their patrons to procure a recipe for some article of diet, suitable to the debilitated state of their mental and physical frames, and we trust the following may prove an acceptable offering, being the latest production of Diætic Science, and applicable alike to Valentinarians, Septuagenarians, many or any *airy ones*, but especially to such as are slowly recovering from protracted disease after Homoeopathic treatment:—

Take a robin's leg,  
[Mind, the drum-stick merely]  
Put it in a tub  
Fill'd with water nearly.

Set it out of doors,  
In a place that's shady;  
Let it stand a week,  
Three days for a lady.

Put a spoonful in  
To a five-quart kettle;  
[It should be of tin  
Or perhaps bell-metal.]

Fill the kettle up  
Put it on a boiling  
Skim the liquor well  
To prevent its oiling.

Let the liquor boil  
Half an hour or longer  
If its for a man  
You may make it stronger.

Should you now desire  
That the Soup be flavory,  
Stir it once around  
With a stick of Savory.

When the Soup is done  
Set it by, to jell it,  
Thou three times a day  
Let the patient smell it.

If he chance to die  
Say, "twas Nature did it,"  
But, should he get well,  
Give the Soup the credit!

**THE BARRIE SWITCH.**

The Barrie Switch—that tremendous triumph of genius, that extraordinary work of art and science, that work which is destined to give so great an impetus to the business of the world in general and the township of Vespra in particular was opened on Wednesday last. The successful completion of this Switch is the final conclusion of a desperate struggle between the Corporation of Barrie and the Northern Railway Company—a struggle which has enchain'd the interest of the civilized world and has caused a greater excitement and a more intense sympathy than the war between Greece and the Greeks did in that era of the revolution of France in later times or still nearer to ourselves the great rebellion of 1837 in our Province. The opening was celebrated by a review, lunch, and a dinner. Dusty was the review, dust the air, dust under foot, dust down the throats all, dust over the men so much so that the line presented more the appearance of a sand-bag battery than a line of living human beings. It was only when the men were moved the pleasing optical illusion was dispelled. Then came the lunch. Julius Caesar how they talked, they switched us on one ear, switched us on the other, switched us

every way, until the Barrie switch in spite of its great pretensions of usefulness was distorted into an instrument of torture more excruciating in its affliction than the most pliant birch that ever itted the posteriors of an unruly schoolboy. After an infliction of Switch such as never had before been endured in this liberty-loving Province of ours. The dinner was over—and the company separated a mixed mass of sand, champagne, wiskey, and state tobacco smoke, and all felt they had endured it from a patriotic feeling, and with a due regard to the awful importance of the work the opening of which they had the day celebrated.

**THE LEADER'S INKLING.**

From the state of degradation into which matters sometimes fall in this world it is but reasonable to expect that if brought, in any degree, within their sphere one must expect to be besmeared with some of the mire and dirt which is belched forth from the depths of the cess pool! It is not astonishing, therefore, that the GRUMBLER should have required several months to renovate and brush off the filth which was thrown at it by a creature that acts the part of a scavenger for a city paper. It would be the hyperbole of torture "to break a fly on the wheel," how much more so, an animalcule to which nature has not given the grace and dignity of wings; it is not our habit to allow certain little victims, (oh! I breathe not their name!) a veto on the weapons used against them, other wise we should have small tooth-combs, mouse-traps, and even soap and water banished and protested against; we should on this, as on all future occasions adopt the readiest method of catching, killing, and cracking them, in the manner found most efficacious to their destruction, taking care to keep them at a respectful distance from our persons in future. If this mercurial newspaper imp will only put this into his post-prandial pipe and smoke it, he may take our word for it, it will put a stop to his (c)rawling propensities in all time coming!

**A WORD ABOUT BELLS.**

Much might be said and sung about bells; much that is suggestive, much that is grave, much that is gay, much that is ludicrous; much that tells of national conquest and public rejoicing, much that betokens an accompaniment to funeral dirge as well as marriage festival, much that awakens one to quench the flame of the midnight incendiary, or incite one to the highest, holiest service of all, the worship of the Sanctuary. We come however to speak of our own peculiar bells not yet suspended from their grovelling position in the church yard, and hitherto yielding an uncertain sound from the tap of every unkempt urchin that passes by all the music they at present emit may be said to be pitched in a very flat key, but we heartily trust ere long they may be raised to their legitimate position, and give out their characteristic peals on every appropriate occasion. On hearing that a distinguished marriage had taken place in the Cathedral on Wednesday last, Mrs Partington is said to have exclaimed "Deary me, deary me, what is the world coming to, I thought them Papishers were bad enough, christening their bells and having folks stand God-fathers and God-mothers to them, but here actually is two Episcopal clergymen, (it must have been a heavy business when it required two,) assisting in marrying a [red] Herring to a Bell.

**PARLIAMENTARY RETURNS.**

Our "own correspondent" advises us that it is the intention of the undermentioned members on the return from Europe of the Canadian Delegates to move for the returns enumerated, viz:

Mr. Holton will move that the return of John A. & Co. is extremely inconvenient;

Mr. Brown—for a return to St James';

Mr. McGee viewing the "present situation" will move for a return of all the *hard words* in Johnsons Dictionary. Mr Sandfield Macdonald will move for a return of place and power.

Mr Rymal—for a return of his "wits".

Mr A. M. Smith—for a return of all the GRUMBLER's jokes at his expense during the last two years. Mr John Macdonald (Toronto)—for a return of all the kettles convicted of singing on the Sabbath day. Sir E. P. Tache—for a return of the days when he was young.

Mr Pound—text wood—(at the instance of the Leader) for a return of the pap-spoons manufactured since the new coalition.

After the foregoing motions have been put it is confidently expected the Hon John A. will move that "this House do now adjourn."

**HONOUR TO WHOM HONOUR IS DUE.**

Last week the long talked of Bells for St. James' Cathedral arrived in this city. They were escorted in triumphal procession to the Store of a certain Boanerges on King Street who happened to have had the great honour of handing the check to pay for them [which he received from the Committee] to the manufacturer. For this great feat of honesty and financial ability, he deemed himself worthy of having his honoured name, his coat of arms, a small-sized brass padlock, engraved on the bells. The padlock was ornamented with a great many curious devices and hieroglyphics which on closer observation showed out to be a notice that at the store of this distinguished philanthropist could be found a heterogeneous assortment of ironware, in fact everything from a steam engine to a pair of snufflers—one fact was however omitted inadvertently we suppose, which, perhaps, the Congregation of St. James' will cause to be supplied (at their own expense) to show the appreciation of the efforts of this gentleman; and that is that he has the largest and most varied stock of Brass in his possession we ever remember to have seen or heard of. Founders and Tinsmiths take notice.

It is with profound regret that we find two prominent members of this community making a religious association the arena on which to seek the perpetuation of a private quarrel. As our principles are based on the assumption that by nothing extenuating, or setting down aught in malice, we shall best serve the cause of truth, we are free to avow our deliberate convictions that the deeds that have been enacted within the last ten days at the meetings of a society whose object should be directed to *high and holy purposes alone* are such as to blur the grace of Christian modesty to make one call virtue hypocrite, pluck the fair rose that should adorn the most exalted duties in which man can be engaged for the well-fare of his fellow man, and plant a blister there, such acts indeed as make "sweet religion a mere rhapsody of words!"

We should be sorry that either of the disputants were consigned to the alternative indicated by a blazing light of the Church Society, one who has deservedly earned the distinction of sunflower of the Canadian bar, and we shall heartily regret that should either the one or the other, or both, require to be taken care of by a paternal government, any institution "should feel" for marble sometimes can on such occasions feel as much as men. Deprived of their fair won charms. If both should die unless within its arms!

BEHIND'S FAREWELL TO HER CRINOLINE

LINE

Farewell my own dear Crinoline  
Sadly I bid thee adieu,  
I feel the deepest chagrin,  
To think I am parted from you.

When clad in my armour of steel,  
How airily I swept along;  
All those who beheld me did feel  
That I was the swell of the throng.

Then the whole sidewalk I'd take,  
Just as a matter of course;  
And smile at some fustian rake,  
Push'd into the gutter performe.

I must bid the skirt litter farewell,  
That shew'd one's ankles so neat,  
And not hear some gentleman well  
Say 'demme! what bootiful feet.

Dressed like Horace's Lelage,  
In loose flowing robes and no train,  
(Tho' I weep as much as Nobe),  
I must become mortal again.

Eugenie, that fanciful prude,  
When she vetoed our dear crinoline,  
(I'm sure I don't wish to be rude),  
Committed a terrible sin.

We won't let her fashion undo us,  
E'en tho' we once wore her dapes  
Neither Eve, Cleopatra or Venus,  
I am certain ever wore hoops.

Then bravely I'll dry my eyes,  
And submit myself to my lot,  
Since the very dearest of ties,  
In time will yet be forgot.

From Our Own Correspondent.

DEAR GRUMBLER,—Hard times and hot weather are the simultaneous ejaculations of every one you meet now-a-days. The streets are as dry as that well at whose bottom truth is supposed to lie; or as a toper's throat when he has been fifty minutes without his accustomed nip. The sun has effected some peoplea heads, so that many of both sex seem doubtful of their proper gender—the weaker sex donning the paraphernalia of the Lords of the Creation, while man—noble—man is seen staggering about with a head-gear, a cross between a widow's muslin cap, and a straw bonnet. The King street swells are all had their crats turned at Stovel's at two dollars per head, or rather per tail—and have commenced their season in King street, south side—(Finch's occupation is gone, and no mistake.) The codfish aristocracy are in the last stages of destitution and despair—many having applied for admission to the poorhouse. "Oh how are the mighty fallen." West End is, in the classic diction of Vestrali, "played out"—"played out"—all the nulla bonas of that aristocratic vicinity have found the extreme length of their respective tethers, or in "the words of Othello,"

"Here is your journey's end, here is their butt,"  
"And very sea mark of their utmost sail."

The only amusement indulged in at present is libelling and defaming men occupying high positions in the country, in calling "virtue hypocrite, and all mendicars." The City Council continue to hold their stormy and abusive meetings as heretofore—pity some good Christian would not attempt to reform them, or bring them one and all, in some degree, to a knowledge of their duty towards their neighbour. The Reform Club

has become defunct—the Crooner's insect field thereof returned a verdict, "died from sheer debility and inanition." Today a parsonical dream in this city has a strawberry feed in the Government House Grounds, in aid of a fund to build him a stable for his horse, in the rear of his new parsonage house. His master was born in a stable but he was n't—*not much!*

Go it you tripples  
Yours truly  
THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

TO POLITICAL WRITERS.

(AND CITY REPORTERS IN PARTICULAR.)

Mr P—begs to announce to reporters of newspapers, that he has constructed, at a very great expense (morally speaking) several sets of new glasses, which will enable the wearer to see as small or as great a number of auditors, at political meetings or public conferences, as may suit his purpose. Mr—has also invented a new kind of ear trumpet, which will enable a reporter to hear only such portions of an harangue as may be in accordance with his political bias; his reports of City Council matters will sufficiently exemplify this virtue; or should there be nothing uttered by any speaker that may suit his purpose, these ear-trumpets will change the sounds of words and the construction of sentences in such a way as to be incontrovertible, although every syllable should be diverted from its original meaning and intention. They have also the power of "larding" a speech with "applause in the gallery," "loud cheers" or "strong disapprobation."

These valuable inventions have been in use for some years by Mr—in his connection with a leading City Journal; but no publicity has been given to them until Mr P. has thoroughly tested their efficacy. Mr—begs to state that though magnifying and diminishing glasses are no novelty, yet his invention is the only one to suit the interest of parties without principle.

A wag well known to the Grumbler perpetrated a rich joke the other day at the expense of one of our stylish officials. Our comical friend finding a rusty brass pin with a green glass stone mailed the same with a copy of the following note—to the Mayor.

Hamilton, June 18, 1864.

Major P—e.  
Toronto—

Sir—the inklosed pin with the mokwa stone was the rightful owner, besides I seed u nee were found by mee yesterday and knowin u was fond of showin and unique Jewelleri I konkluded u was it was found in the Police court.

(Sgd. Thos Lark-y).

The reply to which is as follows:

Sir—I daly received your favah—I'm dewighted to find my Mokwa pin you; honah! I was about to secure the services of Detective Armstrong, you need not come down. I will report youah honest wasitoshin of my property to His Worship the Mayor—foh no knowindgment by the Powice Commissioners—gawd bwess my thole, my deah fellah, how can I reward you—ask one of youah wellwals to call at the Quab and I will send you a pweesent of a bwace of Ducks.

Youahs obwiged.

P. S. Du you pwefer the Teal Dweck or the Swan Bwili—

The members of the Church of England white they hail with satisfaction the boon that is conferred upon them by the power vested in the Synod of electing their future bishops, must take earnest heed

that this liberty be not used as a cloak of licentiousness. It behoves them therefore, most jealously to guard every avenue against the smallest semblance of an approach to the groupings of worldly policy in the matter. Hence it is that the individual, no matter how great, his claims may be to distinction, who seeks the office of Bishop, and by regularly organized system of canvassing and bribery, would overpower his more scrupulous and conscientious opponents, is to be looked upon with suspicion, nay, shunned as an enemy of the truth.

Sorry should we be to see a Church, foremost in the ranks, as an exponent of Protestant truth and doctrine, prostituted to the purposes of personal ambition. To preserve unsullied the streams, therefore, let it be our endeavor to establish the purity of the fountain, *check* the first principles of evil in their germ, so that it may not be our reproach to attempt to root it out when it has gained ground by protraction. In a word, let no one, however great his necessities, listen to the siren voice of the charmer, who, "charm" he never so wisely as, tries to church preferment by Simoniacal practices. The GRUMBLER is on the watch-towers and will point the finger of scorn at every delinquent. We shall take a fuller view of this matter on some future occasion.

Why may Adam be said to have been the first to set the Winter fashions? [Do you give it up?] Because the only coat he then wore was a bare shin?

SPECIAL BUSINESS NOTICE.

THE HALL wherein the Harp of Tara was wont to entrance the listener with the Magic of its soul-stirring melody has acquired a world-wide reputation; its ruins are eagerly sought for and visited by travellers of every nation under the sun, and none leave their seductive precincts without carrying away with them some memento of the "Majestic and venerable pile." But "Taras old Hall" is far, far o'er the sea, and our citizens male and female, young, old, and middle-aged, are to be seen daily rubbing, pushing and crushing in one continuous stream like the interminable procession in Dante's Inferno, to visit that other Hall, (below St. Lawrence) on the South side of King street where, courtesy, cheap Dry Goods, and Millinery, have acquired for him Provincial if not universal fame! Like the other Hall—seldom does a pilgrim to this favored shrine depart from the scenes of his joys without bringing away with him [or her] a remnant of the glory left behind.

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# GRUMBLER EXTRA.

## THE DIAMOND WEDDING.

## CRINOLINE AT A DISCOUNT.

## Fainting and Osculation.

## CAPTAIN PRINCE IN HIS GLORY.

## THE POLICE FORCE AS FLUNKIES.

## FUSS AND FEATHERS.

ALL ABOUT THE

## THREE-PLY CARPETING.

The great event of the present century came off this morning with great *clat*; need we state that we refer to the marriage in high life which, according to the *Globe's* announcement, has been on the  *tapis* for some time past. Precisely at six o'clock last evening, Captain Moodie, with his accustomed punctuality and a telescope, which originally belonged to the late Sir Chas. Napier, received the *fiancee* at the Queen's Wharf, and transported her to Gibraltar Point on the Canadian Denmark, where we regret to state the party suffered severely from mosquitoes, and the music of the Canadian nightingale, we refer to the bull-frog. Steam was got up at seven o'clock, and the fair espoused was safely conveyed to the Queen's Wharf, where she was met by her gallant *inamorato*. We are pleased to state that through the staunchness of the Fire-Fly, the usual nausea of a sea-voyage was happily avoided. The noble bridegroom met her with a carriage and six, driven by two cowfellions, somewhat to the disappointment of the populace, who anticipated that he would make his appearance astride an Armstrong gun belonging to his battery. The arrangements, according to announcement, were entirely in keeping with the royal marriage, and the voyage from Denmark having been described in our best style, we must transfer our "base of operations," to the orthodox church on or rather off Yonge Street.

## THE CROWD OUTSIDE.

Crinoline was in the ascendant outside and the female portion of the community stood their ground nobly in front of the Church, while the rain came down in buckets-full in a manner worthy of a nobler cause. Yet, what can be more noble than "a marriage in high life" with the expectation of getting a good look at the Bride arrayed in all her vice-regal splendor and decorated in the truly orthodox style laid down by the Court Circular and carried out to perfection by the Court Milliner. And then the bridesmaids, the "magic ten," arrayed in all the glory of stupendous Crinoline and white veils proceeding to rehearse their own bridal, and wishing that each had a captain brave and bold to take her by the hand and lead her to the altar hymenial.

## THE HOURS PASS SLOWLY.

Nine o'clock passed, and the hand of the clock slowly encircled the dial-plate, until the hour of ten pealed forth. The rush was now tremendous, and at the nick of time to prevent a resort to fist cuffs up came a noble *posse* of "yeomen of the guard," under command of Sergeant-Major Cummings, Sergeant-Major Hastings, and that gallant little Highlander, Sergeant McPherson. "Room for the Police of Toronto" shouted the constables, and straightway the Amazonian crowd fell back about ten inches. Smash went the crinoline, but "spare no expense" was the motto, and the police lined the entrance to the church.

## ARRIVAL OF CAPT. PRINCE.

Like the harbinger of Spring, in a one-horse cab up to the door came Capt. Prince in full morning array, and a pair of unexceptionable magenta kids. To say he created a sensation is to give but a faint idea of his arrival on the "great unwashed." "The krowd must stand back," thundered out the Captain, and by dint of pushing the "peckers"

recovered five inches more of space. The Captain strutted, the crowd admired, and waited patiently for the next "sensation." An old fogey was the next arrival, but, as he was a nobody, he alighted from his single horse vehicle without a burst of cheers.

## OPENING OF THE CHURCH DOORS.

At last, (at seventeen minutes and a-half past ten,) to the infinite relief of the eager, bedragged multitude, the church doors were opened, and those nearest scrambled in. Heavens! what a jam. Onward was the cry. The ladies wriggled, elbowed, and pushed bravely forward. The gentlemen in vain endeavoured to stand their ground, and were forced to succumb to the Amazonian column. Talk of Bull Run or Fredericksburgh! Pshaw! they convey no idea of the spirit displayed. Words fail us. Such screaming, such pushing, such destruction of crinoline, such—but we are inside, thank fortune with two young ladies who were immediately behind us.

## THE ROYAL MOTHER.

Cheer after cheer was now heard outside the building, and the cry was taken up inside "the bride has come," but alas they had counted without their host. It was indeed the arrival of an important personage—the arrival of the Royal Mother. And in she glided dressed in *magnifique* style. Her bonnet *recherche*; her dress a rich *glace* figured silk, trimmed a la dental cornice. She looked queenly as she slowly moved up the centre aisle and entered the magic circle. All rose and bowed and the Royal Mother quietly took her seat and burst into tears. The occasion was too much for her; but she became composed when

## THE ARRIVAL OF THE BRIDEGROOM

was announced. The organ pealed forth a welcome and the crowd got on the top of the pews with a flutter like the rising of a covey of partridges. "What a nith-looking gentleman?" hissed out a young lady. "Why is he not in uniform?" inquired another. "The *Jaylo Saxon*!" explained a third and then all knew that the brilliant blue jacket covered with gold lace, lay at the bottom of the sea beside the bridal gifts. But he had arrived in grand style although the folks in the edifice "didn't see it," in a gaily decorated chariot drawn by four richly caparisoned steeds with four postillions.

## WHAT DETAINS THE BRIDE?

The organ again pealed forth, and as something was going to happen, the rush was tremendous. The yeomen of the guard, with their assistants, nobly exerted themselves to clear the crowd off the three-ply carpet. The Bride had come! The grand event was about to come off! But still the Bride did not enter the building. The bridesmaids were getting their last instructions, and had been told at least ten times not to giggle, but to shed tears *ad libitum*. "If one or two of you could only faint during the ceremony," whispered Goldstick, the master of ceremonies, "the effect would be immense." The noble damsels shrugged their shoulders and spread out their crinoline to its utmost circumference. They looked as if fainting with no groomsmen in attendance to catch them falling, would only result in rumpled dresses, and they evidently "could not see it." The signal was then given by the firing of a piece of ordnance, and

## THE BRIDE ENTERED.

Up rose the crowd, and stretched their necks towards the door, and in came the Bride. "Hats off!" "Sit down in front!" "Keep silence!" "Hush, hush!" was now heard all over the edifice as the beautiful, lovely and accomplished Bride, with a blush on her cheek, and a tear in her eye, moved slowly and stately up the aisle, supported on the right by a gallant man of war, and on the left by *Pater familias*. The bride was attired in gorgeous array. In a word, her dress was an exact counterpart of that worn by the Princess of Wales on a late memorable occasion.

## THE BRIDESMAIDS.

Following the bride tripped on tip-toe the ten

sprightly bridesmaids, bound in book muslin, with royal blue trimmings and azure wreaths on their heads. They were of all sizes, ages, and styles of beauty, from the stately brunette to the classic blonde. They came unattended by any of the lords of creation, the Royal edict only permitting one groomsman to the entire ten.

## THE WEDDING.

The Bride approached the *deais*, and was there met by the long expectant groom and the "espousals" took place in the centre of the church, according to the proper form. Only one little girl, a six year older, fainted during the ceremony, but a "sensation" was produced by the breaking down of some of the pews and the precipitation of sundry females to mother earth, but "nobody was hurt."

## PARTING SCENE.

The parting scene was most heart-rending; shrieks were heard issuing from all parts of the building; we ourselves saw one woman shriek so much that she stroke herself hoarse. But of course the main part of the weeping was confined to the altar which was flooded with tears. Were it not for the presence of mind of the sexton we are informed that the whole bridal party would have been drowned in their own tears.

The programme of parting was as follows:— Sister kissed bride frantically; bride kissed sister spasmodically; royal father osculated royal daughter from the island; royal daughter smacked everybody; royal mother kissed R. D. 3 times; time occupied by R. M. in kissing R. D. 15 minutes; crowd kissed each other.

We regret to say that fainting was not done with the usual energy. It was intended that the carriage should be drawn by the Boy's Home, in imitation of the Eton Boys and the Princess of Wales, but the rain prevented.

## THE MUSIC.

Music may have charms, but, for this occasion only, it had been divested of its usual attractions. *Deceit* and *Antonia* vied with each other in celerity of movement. The priest's "call to prayer" was given high in alt with the smallest modicum of voice, and with the minimum of harmony. The hymns for the occasion were written by Alfred Tompson, but not in his usual felicitous style, and were printed at the *Watchman* office in blue ink.

## DISTINGUISHED GUESTS.

The superior brilliancy of Captain Prince attracted so much attention that the other guests may have escaped notice. First of all was the editor of the *Globe*, the brother of South Oxford, who, with his "party of three," were privileged to the "best seats reserved for the wedding guests," by special favor of the churchwarden. The *Watchman* and orthodox appeared in the person of its editor; the interests of the University were safely watched by the portly and comfortable looking President of the College; Dr. Ryerson modestly sat in the rear; the junior editor of the *Leader* in morning costume, with others, occupied a reserved seat. The editor of the *Trambler*, with characteristic modesty, endured the pressure of circumstances, and of crinoline in the crowd.

## AMUSEMENTS.

The Theatre was thrown open to the public, at the expense of the Royal progenitors, and the famous *Punch and Judy* performed gratis in the principal streets. A grand procession of the Hook and Ladder Department of the F. B. took place at 2 p.m. The officers of the 30th reviewed themselves in the Parliament buildings at 8 p.m.

## LATEST.

The Bride and Bridegroom left for Niagara Falls in the State Car belonging to the Northern Railway Company, specially borrowed for the occasion, this afternoon at four o'clock. Landsdowne grounds thrown open and brilliantly illuminated. Five hundred invited guests at the evening party. Band of the 30th in attendance, playing the grand "Wedding March."