

THE GRUMBLER.

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THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coat
I reet you tent it;
A chie' samang you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll peat it."

SATURDAY, DEC. 18, 1858.

CANADIAN SEPOYISM.

We have no little admiration for the ability and general tone of the *Canadian Freeman*. As a substitute for the *Citizen* it is a happy relief; for instead of the insane vituperation of that great defunct we have for the most part, calm, logical and sensible editorial essays. In Thursday's issue, however, we have an unfortunate exception. "The *Colonist* and the Count de Montalembert" is the title of a production which looks extremely like a translation from the *Univers*, but reads strangely in the English press of an English Colony. When the distinguished Frenchman attacked English misrule in Ireland, he was "that able orator, that distinguished publicist." Now he is "restless and disappointed," "ambitious of display," and so on.

The *Freeman* has fallen foul of the *Colonist* because that journal has dared to reprint the obnoxious article from the *Correspondent*, and ventured to entitle it "a brilliant essay." For our own part, we think that our contemporary deserves every credit for giving Canadians an opportunity of perusing an article which in France has been punished by six months' imprisonment and a fine of 3,000 francs. In the eyes of the loyal and very British *Freeman* the essay was "an act of folly." It was for withdrawing the veil of silence and forgetfulness, which civilized nations had, as it were, by common consent, spread over the deeds of the English in India during the late and existing campaign." We have quoted *verbatim ad literam*; what do our readers think of it as a specimen of Canadian journalism? The heroism unequalled in the history of war; the sorrows and sufferings of our poor countrywomen and their children; the stories of Delhi, and Cawnpore, and Lucknow; the more than Spartan bravery of Havelock, and Campbell, and Inglis, and Lawrence—all are nought to this patriotic journalism: as are dark stains on the national escutcheon, we must forget as though they had never been. Montalembert thought otherwise, and he is called a snob who was pleased with the Orleansist dynasty, rather than with "the more democratic (!) regime of the Third Napoleon." "The unbiased portion of mankind will have pronounced a verdict unfavourable to M. de Montalembert ere yet he had been brought to trial." Think of that, Britons, who glory in the noble freedom you possess; "the democratic regime" is nobler still; its gagged press, its inquisitorial post office, its slunkish Court are dear to the editor of

the *Freeman*, though perhaps if anything a little too "democratic" to suit his tastes. Is it not enough to call down the indignation of every loyal Canadian of every creed and party? Yet this journal assumes to be the representative of Catholicism in Canada, or at least of its more democratic portion. We know that no men are more loyal to the Government than they; no section of Her Majesty's Canadian subjects watched with deeper sympathy that painful tragedy in India, or rejoiced more unreservedly at the punishments of the miscreants than the members of the Catholic Church, and we therefore protest against the foul misrepresentation. Here then in the heart of the most patriotic portion of the British empire, Nana Sahib has an organ to gloss his crimes, and to bewail his defeat. The wretches who violated the commonest dictates of humanity are "unfeeling Hindoos;" the ministers of exemplary vengeance are "hyenas," "sanguinary butchers," and the noble Frenchman whose cosmopolitan feelings, gave so generous a sympathy to our country in her hour of danger, seems "brilliant" only when his article is read "with all the odious pretence and egotism of an Englishman." Englishman forsooth! are we in an English colony, enjoying English freedom, or are we in the swamps a French Cayenne? Enough of this Mitchell vitriol; we don't want it in Canada. These Canadian Sepoys may flourish well on the Alabama plantation, but they are intolerable in the free, loyal atmosphere of Canada. They have mistaken the latitude of Toronto; neither the lash of the slave-whip, nor the "democratic" absolutism of France is relished here, out of the sanctum of the *Freeman*, and it is disgraceful that either should find an eager welcome even there.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

We are glad to hear that this eminent American *litterateur* has been induced to lecture in Toronto on Wednesday next, under the auspices of the Ontario Literary Society. The expense incurred by this enterprising association in securing Mr. Emerson is large, and unless the literary public are prepared to support this attempt to secure lecturers of note for the city, they will be serious losers.

The literary taste of Toronto is about to be tried; and it will be disgraceful indeed if a gentleman of Emerson's eminence and fame fail to secure an overflowing audience. Mr. Emerson does not come to Toronto to secure a reputation; the opinions of Carlyle and other English critics have been long on record; and if, in an English colony, his favorable work on English institutions and manners be not a sufficient passport to popular favour, curiosity alone, we imagine, will induce our readers to visit the Temperance Hall on Wednesday. Let us hope that Toronto will not be behind Hamilton in this matter. Tickets may be had at Eastwood & Woodall's and other bookstores.

THE HIGHLAND SOCIETIES.

BY A COOKE'S HIGHLANDER.

The devil's got into the kitties,
Sic a Mother dumfounders us a',
Guid sakes, callants, hame to your mither,
Before a sair mischief befa'.

There's the great McIntyre o' the signet,
And his fae, forbye, Archy Carlyle;
How they they scald an micas' ane anither,
And skelp, too, and fecht a' the while.

Ang gangs to the scratcher o' copper
To grip the society's seal,
The ither, the govie, makes a pother,
And pu's the poor devil's lug weel.

Then they fill a' the papers wi' nonsense,
An rattle like varlocks possessed,
Flech, men, tak an unco gude meselie,
And all to your beds and to rest.

Gi' ye dinna your sneenering give ower,
And your acting lio crazy or fou;
We'll portion you all with cauld parritch,
And no whisky the hall wader thro'.

The cauld wi' o' winter air blawing,
The snaw g' to drap on the earth,
So out you sb rin in your kiltie, airs,
Till your le ars as blue as your mirth.

RETIRED. DRESS OF ALD. MOODIE.

To the Electors of St. John's Ward:

GENTLEMEN,—You who's got tears to shed, pre-
par to shed 'em now, (as my friend the Hon. John
H. Cameron said when he was beat holler by the
Grit Orrontio,) for it bercomes mi' paneful dooty to
inform yer that I do not intend agen to offer myself
as a candidato for the Aldermancy. I regards my-
self in mi' own lofty estemashun as being to good for
yer; that's the reson I ain't agoin to run. I have
used my utmost infloence (and that ain't small)
with the Hon. J. H. Cameron to indoocce him to take
mi' place; but he sees he ain't equal to the task, me
havin' failed to please yer, he don't see how he can
succeed. Your ungratefulness is grate; but it 'as
elevated me on to a level with Skippo the African
'Annibal, Socrates, Boneyparte, Carrelains, and iots
more of them big Grecians who was sent to Coventry
by their bignorant contremen, who only got
kicks 'stead a ha-pence. Noing as the 'our will
come when you will preserve even my monkey
jacket and rat skin shapon as holey relics.

I bid you adoo,

ROBERT MOODIE,
Alderman and Capting.

Now Appointments.

—Carrying out its policy of appointing
itinerant tinkers, dunces, bucksters and sharpers to
the vacant Registrar and Sheriffships in Upper Can-
ada, we understand that it is under the serious con-
sideration of the Government to hold a lottery at
the Provincial Penitentiary in a few days, at which
all the offices of honor and emolument in the coun-
try will be "drawn" for. M. P. P.'s by reason of
their title are permitted to draw.

BARNEY ON FORRIN AFFAIRS.

Arrah, Mike, but it's quare,
Though myself does'nt care,
Bein snugly ensconced in a wate oyster shop,
With plenty to ate,
Or pritties and mate,
Begor I don't think wid a Prince I would swop.

But as I was sayin,
'Tho devil stures playin
His adny-cum-dhravins wid the people of Franco;
'Poor Liberty's sighthin
Like a bed-bug a dyin,
Whilist vagabond Tyranny leads off the dance.

Sure they cant say a word,
But Napoleon the Third—
May the devil admire his ogley mustache—
Is seized wid alarm,
So he sends the gidarmes
To imprison the rogues and settle their hash.

I've been tould that its so,
And that two weeks ago,
An Editor count, Montalembert's his name,
Got six months in the jug
For not holding his mug,
And fined he was too, now ain't that a shame.

Then there's quare things adoin,
To work out the rain,
By them 'Morican chaps—of poor Mexico,
They take it in slices,
Like ladies ate leas,
Not grab all at once but they intend that you know.

They raise a great bluster,
They call Phillybustler,
Wid staunch outl Britannia the queen of the says,
Cause she interfere,
Wid the Phillybustlers,
And won't let them just do wid small folks as they place

Their Chief General Walker's
A mighty fine talker,
Bout what he will do for poor Nick-arog-way,
"The star-spangled banner
I'll make float upon her,
If them English," he says, "were just out of the war."

'Tho' the chap's every knowin.
Indoed its all blowin,
Divil a foot or a banner he'll e'er set in her soil;
He once blow a drum,
And the habits become
Jant so strong, he must either keep blowin or spoll.

The infidolic grand Turk
Has had terrible work
To keep his bould'nythons in Jedda at pace;
The ground sure was watered
Wid blood that they slaughtered
Of poor decent Christians in that dirty place.

Of the news of the Roosians,
The Parstians and Proosians,
Dear Michael just now I can't stop for to talk;
Next week I'll write more,
If I'm still to the fore,
But Biddy and me nows goin out for a walk.

Stupid as Usual.

— With its usual bad taste, the *Colonist* went into turned column rules—the usual way in which newspapers go into mourning—the day after that on which Mr. Baldwin was buried.—What motive could have prompted such a limping, pompous and pretentious make-believe respect is only known to the silly individual who hatched the project. In our opinion the becoming and journal-like manner in which the *Leader* and *Globe* acted on the occasion should have been followed by *Old Double* in this instance—even at the risk of, for once, acting in accordance with common sense.

BROWN vs. RYERSON.

When we took up the *Globe* the other morning, we certainly thought we had got hold of an exaggerated issue of the *Message*. One side of the Gritsheet was covered with index fingers and quotation marks, old scraps from musty blue books and other stupidities of a similar kind. It was some time before we could tell the meaning of this outrageous box upon the purchasers of what purports to be a news-paper. We really felt that three halfpence had been filched from us under extremely false pretences, and we fervently trust that we shall have due notice of any future outrage of this kind.

Well, we found that Ryerson was floundering in correspondence again. We thought the Charbonnel and Bruyere series would have tired the worthy Superintendent. Not so; Leonidas buckled on his armour again for another Thermopylae; and his dislocated sentences drag their slow length again in the public prints. The worthy divine commenced by defending Sir Charles Metcalfe, continued as a Demotrius in defence of his craft against the Catholic Clergy; he is at last brought down to the defence of himself. This he does with great astuteness and ability, albeit more like a lawyer than a parson,—cute rather than scrupulous. The Doctor's letter is addressed to the Editor of the *Globe*, when out pops Mr. Brown with "that's me, Sir, how dare you Sir," and then we have columns of the old theatrical thunder rattling from the same old sheet iron that has been quivering for our amusement for some years. Mr. Brown's political correspondence always reminds us unpleasantly of an elephant trying to dance the polka; unwieldy and heavy-footed in style, he pirouettes awkwardly in the pumps of W. L. McKenzie. His tread is decidedly painful to his enemies' corns, but in a salt-atory point of view, somewhat clumsy and grotesque.

Leonidas, like his classic namesake, gets into a strait where he is pounded unmercifully. Turn which way he will it is of no avail; a sea of blue books meets him on one side, appropriated interest hems him in on the other, and between them he is pulverized on the epistolary Thermopylae in a truly elephantine style. Now all this would be very funny if it were not so utterly tiresome. "Brevity" is the soul of wit," but here we are treated to a feast of giblets, "tediousness" cooked up in all styles, but still nothing but tediousness after all.

We had written thus far when we received some unexpected light which we hasten to communicate. The following correspondence will explain itself:

CHURCH ST., Dec. 2nd.

MY DEARBET EGGY,—I'm getting rather down the ladder of fame; will you give me a lift? Pitch into me and McGee like a good fellow, and let me have a good slap at you in return. You've nothing to fear, it won't hurt you a bit. I'll increase your salary to £1000, and give you all the interest, when I'm Premier in place of old Windsor. We know a thing or two, don't we Ryerson?

Yours, for a lark,
GEO. BROWN.

MY DEAR BROWN,—You know I'm not mercenary; I never did look properly after the loaves and fishes of which I have had but a small share, which you know, and kindly offer to undertake my cause, in

view of the approaching Ministerial crisis which cannot be much longer delayed. I'll of course, write one of my inimitable letters, a short one, for I haven't much time. Don't forget the promise of increase of salary, not that I want it, but because I like folks to remember their promise. Tat a Georgy, Eyes right.

Yours, &c.,

EG. RYERSON.

JAPANESE CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR GRUNBLER,—At length, after an infinity of trouble have the British succeeded in obtaining a commercial footing in Japan. It would have done your heart good to hear the hearty huzzinga of the British tars on board of our squadron when the Japanese Emperor, Ins-Aneg-Obus, appearing on the battlement of the highest tower in Jeddo, stood upon his head three times, and took off his diamond studded slippers, in token of his assent to the commercial intercourse of the two greatest nations of the world. Lord Elgin and I immediately jumped into a small jolly boat, and pulled to shore far in advance of the "mobile vulgus." On reaching the shore, we were accosted by a number of palanquin drivers, five or six of whom jumped into the boat and upset it. This incident so touchingly reminded me of my native city, Toronto, that I shed tears, and I don't think that Lord Elgin's eyes were very much drier than the rest of his person. We travelled on towards the city at a brisk trot. Lord Elgin had his head jolted against the top of our conveyance, and immediately turned to me and said, "by the bye, Styx, my boy, are the York Roads any better than they used to be." This incident may furnish philosophers with a remarkable illustration of the "Association of Ideas." At last we arrived at the centre of the Japanese metropolis, and were affected with further symptoms of *nostalgia* when our *Jahu*, so like our own dear "cabbies" at home, charged us an immense sum for our ride.

My noble friend and myself then stepped into a restaurant near by, and partook heartily of pickled lizards, and anaconda pie. The inner man being thus refreshed, we walked rapidly in the direction of a loud clamor in the chief street of the city. We found that Jack Billingsgate, one of the coxswains of our vessel, had been impertinent to a Japanese damsel, and that several Blub Ot Les, were attempting to take him into custody, but in vain. We got the unfortunate out of the scrape by playing on the universal venality of the Blub Ot Les; and then adjourned to the Emperor's levee. We were surprised, on an admission to the Imperial Presence, to find ourselves grasped by his Highness, by the hand and dragged, as if for execution, to another apartment, which, to our great relief, turned out to be not a chamber of torture, but a refreshment room. Said Lord Elgin to me, "I hear that one of my successors has the same ugly way of shaking hands." "Hush," said I.

Yours for the present,

OHARON STYX.

Swi Nde Lguest Hotel, Jeddo.

ALFRED AND ISABEL.

I cannot dance to-night, dear Alf,
Nay love, I must not try;
Not well? oh I see, I'm pretty well,
But please don't ask me why.
Nay now, you're angry, that's not kind!
No, no, it is no slight,

Aside—Oh dear! oh dear! I what shall I do
In this most wretched plight.

I'm sure your Isabel, dear Alf,
Has thought of you all day.
She longed to meet you here to-night,
The gayer of the gay;
Then why not dance, I might try one?
Why think I'm teasing, sir.

Aside—Good gracious me, what shall I do,
I dare not even stir.

Nay Alf, now pray don't look so vexed,
I think you're cruel, quite,
You are not vexed, you only think
I might dance if I like;
You'll go; good bye, he's gone, oh dear,
My tears will wipe their eyes.
How could I ere have told dear Alf
My cruel fate was loose!

TERRIBLE INVASION.

DEAR GRUMBLER.—When I arrived in Toronto last week I found your city in the possession of an army of little boys, who make a fearful attack upon the unwary traveller as soon as he sets his foot in your streets. I had no sooner got out of the cars than, before I knew where I was, about six little urchins pounced upon me with a demand that I should purchase an "Evening Settler," price one copper. I felt an interest in the little peddlers and purchased two or three to light my pipe with. I went off the platform and asked a man whose Platt's Hotel was situated, when at once about ten more juveniles besieged me with "The Evening Settlers." I attempted a hasty retreat, but was followed for a quarter of a mile by three or four of them; I made a sudden bolt, but, to my horror, found a new batch who pursued me breathless, as I was, all the way down King Street. In the agony of despair I bought two more, and held them out as a flag of truce to any of the enemy I might again meet. All in vain. "Here's the Evening Settler, the last I've got;" well, thought I, I can pension you off at any rate; I bought one, imagining I had silenced him, when I spied the young rascal pulling another out of a bundle under his coat, and setting upon an unfortunate old man just behind me to effect the disposal of another and final "Settler."

I attempted to go into the Post Office, but there again I was met by a perfect battalion, over whose heads I had to jump to get at my long-expected note from the beloved Clarinda. I darted out and bolted up Church Street, never heeding the cries of the "Settlers," till I reached Carleton Street; I took off my hat, and wiped my brow, when I had recovered my breath I looked down, and, *horribile dictu*, there was a little imp with imploring eyes, "Please, sir, buy the Evening Settler, only one copper." I gave up in despair, and have been confined in the house ever since.

I believe there is not a step of ground sacred from this horrid torture; what is to be done, Mr. GRUMBLER, I am well nigh crazed by this awful invasion.

Yours in despair,

CHARLEY CLOD.

Experiences of a Candidato for Civic Honors.

DEAR GRUMBLER,—I had for many years been a respectable inhabitant of St. Bridget's Ward, when some sudden prompting, whether from a good or bad spirit I know not, induced me to crave the office of Councillor. Many of my friends had, by their laudations of my talents, by their commendation of my eminent integrity, by the frequent and noisy admiration manifested at various meetings of the "Toronto Spitfire Association," when I had demonstrated to the satisfaction of large majorities "That Brutus was quite justified in killing Caesar, and that it would be the bounden duty of every Canadian to kill him over again, if he should ever happen to visit our freeborn Province," produced a firm conviction in my mind that I was destined to be a great man, perhaps as great as an Alderman. But such a step as becoming a candidate for a councillorship was not to be taken without consultation with some of my friends.

I first called on Councilman Craig. This man showed at once that he was not one of these selfish spirits that ever seek to draw the ladder up after them when they have once gained themselves a berth in the hay-loft of fame. "Right now," said he, "there's the right sort of stuff in yer. There's some geniuses, like you and me, that ain't comfortable out of politics. If you'll just look over some of my old speeches in the *Globe* files, and try and catch the *flatus*, you'll be sure to carry the ward." Far different was the advice I received from Alderman Moodie. I found him crestfallen at his late succession of reverses, and gloomily awaiting future ones. When I mentioned my project, he begged me to shun the dangers and trials of political life, and take warning by his own example. He repeated, as he wiped his tears away with a dirty pocket-handkerchief, the well-known words of Wolsey:

Let's dry up eyes, and thus far hear me,
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be, Watty,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no motion
Of me more must be heard, say Moodie taught thee.
Who like his firely tried the ways of glory,
And soursed all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way out of his wreck to rise in.
Watty, I charge thee fling away ambition.

But my mind was made up. Without delay, I commenced my canvass, of course with the saloons and taverns, as being the most influential element of Canadian society.

Deeming the Pig and Chicken tavern to be one of the best pulses by which to ascertain the state of popular feeling, I entered it on Tuesday evening and found my most formidable opponent canvassing quite vigorously. I marched into the circle of electors, of which he was the centre, and said "Mr. Flummery, sir, I wish to put a test question to you. What do you think of our taxes?" "Well I don't exactly know what—" said Mr. F., hesitatingly. "Then," said I promptly, "the man that *doesn't* know anything about so momentous, so awful, [sonation] so shocking, so atrocious, so iniquitous, [cheers] so flagitious, so esoteric, [immense cheering] so categorical an outrage upon the liberties and purses of Canadian citizens, isn't fit for a street sweeper." Here mine enemy was promptly hustled out of the room, and the "many headed monster" the populace ruciously permitted me to treat all round.

Flushed with success, I followed him to the "Pump and Mug" Temperance Saloon. Here I

found him attempting to address a number of pacific individuals, who were engaged in the innocent pastime of drinking Lemon Syrup and Toast Water. He spoke to the following effect:—"Gentlemen, I am rejoiced to witness such a combination of innocence and conviviality as is now spread out before me. Though many alcoholic beverages may afford enjoyment, and sometimes partial benefit, yet on the whole"—here he seemed to be tolerable successful with his audience, but as his eye fell on me, he fell from his rostrum in an agony of fear. I immediately mounted to his abandoned post and spoke as follows: "Fellow citizens—does the gentleman give you credit for distinguishing lentils when the mouth of its depository is open. Does he think you are to be put off with such ambiguous professions. Does he, or does he not, pronounce the dangerous brandy-smash, the deleterious cocktail, and the low half-and-half, to be altogether pernicious and destructive to health and morals? Does he? ha! ha! he does not, then out with the traitor!" This telling oration produced a second victory, which entirely discouraged my opponent, and immediately afterwards, I departed for the "Delirium Tremens" tavern, where I breathed forth sentiments of so jovial a character, that I at once acquired a despotic sway over the hearts of all the toppers of the neighbourhood. This is my first volume of experience, Mr. GRUMBLER! Do you not think that I may some day rank with the Craigs and the Purdys, and the Pretties, if not with the Carr's and the Dunns, and the Boomers?

Yours, &c.,

WATTY WEATHERCOCK.

MR. SUGDEN'S CONCERT.

We trust there is not much necessity for our calling attention to the musical entertainment announced by Mr. Sugden for Monday evening. Those who have attended the Oratorio performances in Toronto, know the sterling ability of that gentleman as a musician. He is about to favour our citizens with one of the best concert programmes we have seen for some time. Miss Kemp, Mrs. Scott, and Mrs. Poetter; Messrs. Briscoe, Roche, Rogers, and Sugden are the principal performers; they are all established favourites in our musical circles, and the selections they have made could hardly be in better taste.

The Tickets are only half a dollar each; let us bear next week that the Temperance Hall was uncomfortably crowded on the occasion.

THE THEATRES.

Both the Lyceum and the City Theatre are in full blast just now. In the former there is nothing new to notice, except the re-appearance of our fair friend, Mrs. Marlowe. We shall not, like the *Leader*, bespatter her with praise—but simply assure her of our undiminished regard, and earnest desire for her success.

In the City Theatre, Mr. Petrie is making a strong effort, and if there is such a thing as justice, should meet with proportionate success. On Monday evening, it appears, there are to be great doings there. The programme, as far as the patronage goes, is imposing enough. But why have the gentlemen amateurs acted so ungentlemanly to the Press. Who knows we might possibly recognize a Matthews among them.

Addressed by the *Ca dian Freeman* to the *Colonist*,
anent Montalembert and the Sepoys.

"The Brute Cooper wrote a book in which he boastingly nar-
rates his inhuman treatment of numberless unoffending and
most wretched Hindoos."—*Canadian Freeman*.

TRUCE—"Jam satis terris, nivis alque divæ."

Poor little Grany, pray what do you mean by,
Praising and puffing horrid Montalembert,
Merely because the Prescient sycophant
Flattered Great Britain.

Know you not what she did to poor old Ireland,
When that poor nation hardly could any beans for
She was weak, and the Sassenachs were quite so
Powerful as a chief.

Just in the same way does she now behave in
Hindustan, to the wretched little Sepoys,
Merely because they piled a little freely
Sabres and Muskets.

Why did the British make them handle pork fat,
Why did they make the cartridges disgusting,
So that they would not even bang them off at
Their very worst foes.

What if the English ladies were all butchered
By the poor trampled copper-coloured Sepoys?
What if the harmless babies were all up-
-Cated and chopped up?

The valiant Sepoys didn't know much better,
They had never learned their "Dogs delight to bark and
Bite," and they did these things just as a child would
Tear a fly's leg off.

Do you not think our Sassenach oppressors
Ought not to make such strong relations?
Though somewhat testy, yet our Sepoy soldiers
Showed themselves bravo men.

Yet the same men that wrought the woes of Ireland,
Illtreat the Sepoys. And the natives perish
As in an earthquake; or perhaps as insects
Stuck fast in treacle.

CITY COUNCIL.

SPECIAL MEETING.

A special meeting of the City Council was held
on Tuesday last. Present—the Mayor, and all the
members, except those who were liquoring up in
adjacent saloons.

Alderman Brunel moved the Council into Com-
mittee of the Whole, to enquire into the number of
gentlemen and honest men in the Council.

Councillor Craig, in amendment, moved a vote of
thanks to Policeman Webster, for aiding in the ab-
duction of Snow.

Alderman Boulton objected.

Councillor Craig, therefore, left the room in deep
disgust.

Alderman Brunel pressed the original motion.

Alderman Mowatt wished to remark that Alder-
man Brunel was evidently a gentleman and a judge
of liquor.

Alderman Dunn rose to a point of order. Was
the dignity of the Council to be lowered by such
insinuations? He thanked the gods that barrin'
one or two individuals, there was not a gentleman
in the room.

Alderman Mowatt begged pardon for the mistake
he had fallen into.

Councillor Ramsay offered to bet five to one that
he could hit any member in the room with the ink-
stand he then held in his hand. But no one taking
him up, the worthy Councillor threw the inkstand

at the Mayor, but owing to his size, it fortunately
missed him, and unfortunately struck Alderman
Boomer.

Alderman Boomer had no hesitation in saying
that Councillor Ramsay was no gentleman.

Councillor Ramsay was proud to bear him say so.
He hoped the worthy Alderman would drink with
him.

Alderman Boomer declined, but had no objection
to take a pinch, if his friend snuffed.

Alderman Carr would be darned if he would stand
such shilly-shallying any longer. He begged to
state, that the Mayor and Corporation shirked the
main motion.

Alderman Boulton—That's false.

Alderman Carr—Sir, you are a gentleman.

Alderman Boulton—I'm not.

Alderman Carr—I say you are.

Alderman Boulton would be giggled if he was,
in the sense the unworthy Alderman meant.

Alderman Mowatt could not forbear interrupting
both the worthy Aldermen, to pass the highest eulog-
ium possible on them for their display. He had
no hesitation in saying, that they were both ragga-
muffins.

Councillor Ardagh did not think that Alderman
Boulton had qualified himself for such high praise.

Councillor Fox's indignation at the unjust encomium
bestowed on Alderman Boulton was too big for ut-
terance. It was above his dignity—No! He meant
it was beneath—No! It was all round—

Alderman Bugg—suggested—his hat.

Councillor Fox confounded grammar and general-
ities, and expressed his intention to lick ere a Boul-
ton that stood in pumps.

After some further discussion, the main motion
was put, when the gas was turned off, and a general
melee followed, during which the reporters cut their
sticks.

THE CORPORATION BLOWERS.

Two meetings have our City Blowers held this
week, and, as usual, they succeeded in producing
the maximum of noise with the minimum of result.
Alderman Brunel's Gaol Report was the motive
power. We say Ald. Brunel's report, since 'twere
absurd to suppose that the poor nincompoops as-
sociated with him had any hand in its production.
It is currently reported that Ald. Carty got as far as
clearing his throat on the way to a suggestion, and
that Councillor Lennox sneezed; the rest they left
to Fate and Brunel. When a subject of this na-
ture is again mooted, we trust its manipulation will
be handed over to Big Bill; or Largo William, as
he is more politely called by the ladies; who, having
given up the law, is now occupied with the art of
constructing post holes. The speeches he has lately
made show how far he has succeeded in mastering
the subject. Acting upon the suggestion of Mr.
Young, he has provided himself with a bran new
"wipe," divided into inches, his walking-cane is a
three-foot rule, and his boots hold just one gallon
each when full. Let his motions be watched and it
will be seen that he is actively engaged in measur-
ing the circumference of every stump or post he can
find. On Tuesday night he was observed to be in
suspicious proximity with those wooden people,

Messrs. Carty, Lennox, Purdy, and Wilcock, for
the purpose of taking their measure. He thinks, how-
ever, they are too soft for practical purposes; they
would not hold any nails which might be driven
into them.

Had Oglo R. been actively engaged among the
"Conservative" members of the Council, striving
to make peace, they could not have been more rabid
with one another. In the quarrels which have ta-
ken place, Ald. Carr has again shewn himself pre-
eminent in those gifts which assinine folk so falsely
supposes to belong only to the choicest members of
the Yankee Fancy. It shews, as the *Globe* would say,
what an utter disregard the present Government
has for the public welfare, when they allow a man
of such talent to linger in obscurity. Surely a fit-
ting position for the exercise of his talents may be
found. Why not make him head trainer of bull-
dogs to the Chief, or candle snuffer to Charles Daly's
solitary farthing twink 'o' Monday nights? Which
situation would he prefer?

We are informed that a distinguished foreign ar-
tist lately visited the Council Chamber, and was so
struck with the appearance of some of the Blowers
that he immediately invited them to sit for their
portraits, as he has some subjects in hand for which
they will suit admirably as models. We understand
that Mr. Pettie is to represent intellect; Lennox,
silence; Fox, innocence; Griffith, veridancy; Purdy,
impudence; Craig, garrulity, and the Mayor, self-
conceit. A better selection could not have been
made.

The Libel Suit.

—In answer to many letters of enquiry,
we have to state, that the Libel suit instituted by
R. M. Allen against THE GRUMBLER, will be tried at
the February Assizes, and that Mr. Eccles has been
retained on our behalf.

A Step in the Right Direction.

—Edwin Larwell, ex-M.P.P., has been ap-
pointed registrar of Kent. The next best thing the
ministry can do is to appoint Harry Heary, who has
been in gaol 339 times, Registrar at Toronto.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON WILL LECTURE IN THE TEMPERANCE HALL,

On WEDNESDAY Next.

SUBJECT—"THE LAW OF SUCCESS."
Tickets, 25 cents, to be had of any Bookseller.

For fresh and excellent Groceries for the holidays, we advise
our readers to visit the establishment of Messrs. DONAGHY, MOR-
TOS, & SIBBOLS, corner of Yonge and Thompson Streets. Im-
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offer their goods on the lowest terms,—and we are sure our
friends will have no occasion to grumble at prices current at this
establishment. Give them a call.

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