

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. 1.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1858.

NO. 2.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats
I rede you tent it.
A chiel's among you talking notes,
And, faith, he'll prest it."

SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1858.

PROVINCIAL SPOUTING APPARATUS.—No. II.

I wonder that you will still be talking; no-body marks you.—
Much ado about Nothing.

After three weeks incessant exercise of the unruly member, the House has adjourned as Mr. Mackenzie expressed it, "to play itself" for three weeks more. The country will naturally want some account of the stewardship of these hon. orators, at this, the close of the first Act of the Legislative Drama, and as THE GRUMBLER feels no little indignation at the garrulous trifling of the collective gossip, and having solemnly promised to expose delinquencies of all sorts and conditions of men, he feels bound to deliver a most unsatisfactory report.

I. The Debate on the Address.—Occupied the attention of the House during eight sittings, without reckoning the time wasted in preparing for the discussion; forty-eight members "defined their positions," and at length passed the echo of the gubernatorial speech without amendment. The expenses of the House during every sederunt may be estimated at £500; so that the passing of the Address cost the country £4000, *i.e.*, nearly £84 for each speech, and almost £2 for every word of the document. Now if anything valuable had been gained, any privilege secured, any wrong chastised, or any adequate recompense been made for this terrible drain upon an empty treasury, no reasonable man would object; if the House had been contending for a Magna Charta, or a Petition of Right, no time, no expenditure if money would have been too liberal for the immeasurable advantage, but to occupy so long a time merely to allow the outs every facility to assail the ins, and the ins to retort upon the outs, is perfectly insufferable. We had enough on this head, however in our last, and therefore leave the figures we have submitted in the hands of the people.

II. The Contested Elections.—Occupied four or five days, but with the fatality which seems to cling to the present Parliament, nothing material resulted. We can hardly go into the merits of the Quebec and Russell Elections, without incurring a charge of partizanship; at the same time we cannot avoid expressing grave apprehensions for the safety of our representative system. Think of it for one moment, you of the honest and peaceable class, who go to the poll and vote for Jones, because he is a broad Protestant, or for Jenkins, because he is an anti-

fanatic; think of elections being carried through in this Canada by frauds so gross and palpable, that no one can be found base enough to be their apologist, and yet visit the House and see the bogus members sitting with an unblushing face, even on government benches. THE GRUMBLER will not rest satisfied till some parties smart severely for their disgraceful conduct.

III. Constitution Tinkering.—Eighteen years have elapsed since the two provinces were united in the bond of political matrimony, and Parliament has not yet decided whether they are really one country or not. The double majority question must be dragged out for a week's airing, and the business of the country brought to a stand still, to discuss a question on which there is no real difference of opinion. The advocates of the system only contend that Upper Canada should not be ruled by Lower Canada, on questions affecting her interests alone, and its opponents say, that no body ever thought of such a thing; so we shall have a weeks discussion more, and then a general agreement and withdrawal of the motion. THE GRUMBLER submits that a Commission be forthwith appointed to consist of W. L. Mackenzie, Ogilvie K. Gowan, Mr. McGee and Mr. Brown to hammer and tinker the constitution and report in the year 1900.

IV. THE MIRROR OF PARLIAMENT.

It is very much to be lamented, Brutus, that you have no such Mirror, as will turn your hidden worthiness into your eye, that you might see your shadow.—Julius Caesar.

THE GRUMBLER records his vote in favour of this measure for several weighty reasons. When a parliament is determined to give up working, and confine itself to talking, the publication of the debates is indispensable and promulgation of the statutes will soon become unnecessary. The daily papers, moreover, would then become readable and the manly type of the *Globe* would not degenerate into drivelling nonpareil to accommodate legislative waddles. Besides this, what a valuable series of volumes would grace every library and cover every drawing-room table. How eagerly would piping juveniles devour the essays of Popo on water powers, and the sportive observations of Playfair on military manoeuvres, or Hoggan's never-failing grandiloquence on almost every subject. How often would Paterfamilias enchain the tea-table with the scragpic strains of Patrick and Dubord, and draw a sigh or a yawn at Brown's prolonged philippic on a crooked and perverse generation. Perchance, too, many a mute inglorious Aikins might be stirred with the noble ambition to fill at least a column of Canadian Hansard, and future ages be enabled to judge what he might have done from what he has left undone. By all means let us have a Mirror of Debate, not doctored by favoring hands, but doctored in the simple majesty of nature,—no passionate hesitancy omitted,—no fancied adornment supplied,—and our Hansard, or Thompson we believe it is to be, will

yet find perpetuity, if not immortality, in Salt's band-boxes or Gibson's premium trunks.

This is the record of three weeks of the first session of the new Parliament; folly made them talk, but wisdom teaches them to keep their speeches. "Do you like the picture?"

Acknowledgment.

—We avail ourselves of the first opportunity of thanking our brethren of the goose quill for their generally very favourable notice of our pioneer number. It shall be our aim also to profit by the hints thrown out. THE GRUMBLER will never descend to obscenity or gross attacks upon private individuals.

Serving him right.

—That bore of the Police Court, Something-or-other Allan, forced himself on the Inquest of the man Shedy, without being retained by anyone, and was kicked out unceremoniously. The Coroner has our thanks for his promptitude in applying pedal propulsion to this man, who is the most intolerable idiot this side of bedlam.

Rather Small.—

—The following absurd announcement has been posted in front of the *Globe* office since March 18th—nine mortal days and nights: "Defeat of the Government! !—See *Daily Globe*!" Why George, man, it looks a little too much like weakness to make such a mighty parade of a chance vote on a no-party question. The Clear Grit mountain has been in labour for months. Is this the fiercest mouse it can bring to the birth?

The Collectorship.

—Mr. MEUBEL has been kicked out of the Collectorship of Customs, and for this one deed the Government has secured the thanks of the entire mercantile community of Toronto. It does not take anything from the Collector's downfall that he may have been kicked up stairs into a new office. Mr. Dickinson has been named as his successor, and is said to be a pretty decent sort of a fellow.

"Auspicious Hope."—Campbell.

—With his usual singularity, the Rev. Editor of the *Toronto Times*, a small sheet which appears irregularly, like an intermittent fever, and whose birth was prematurely caused last week by the appearance of THE GRUMBLER, gave us a rather unfavourable notice. In accordance with the Golden Rule we return good for evil. The *Toronto Times* is a dignified, respectable sheet, full of the most excruciating wit and exuberant fancy, untempted by government pap, and completely independent of party. If the Editor, Mr. Hope, is not voted *pater patrie* (the father of his country) within a week, we are not true prophets.

THE MOODY SCOW STRANDED.

Is it really the fact that, our little friend Robert Moodie has abandoned his intention of running for North Oxford? The *Globe* triumphantly announced it yesterday morning. Mr. Brown, after days of entreaty and remonstrance has persuaded him to desist from his insane project, by large promises, no doubt, of pap from the Public Works Department, in case of his coming into power. Certainly, some more cogent influence than moral suasion must have been brought to bear upon the gallant Captain, to induce him to relinquish a design which he had commenced so nobly in the following address, committed to us for publication the other day:—

TO THE FREE AND INDEPENDENT, &C.

"Considerin my yuth and inexperience I thot not to give myself bifalutin thots, and to sta only an alderman, tho' that offic was a little beneth one with such illiterat coleegs as I had, except that your respectibly sined recuisishun roused my ambition as an Orangeman a Protestant and a Kanajin.

You will naturally make enquiries as to the position I intend assuming on the great questions of the day. Wel I mean to swaller the hull opposishun platform. I pledg myself to Universal suffrage. Mr. Brown and I will pass a Bill excludin all Papishes from votin and from bein members, and I pledg myself to fite against Father Brujers and al his cru. I will pas a Bil to make an Oringe Lodge out of the Hoos of Providence, and make 12 July a general Holiday. And my fellow electors if there is one thing that I will fight for it is the liberty of the subject, and so the Abolition of Imprisonment for Debt will be necessary, as also to striko out the outrajis Seduction Law. To conclud. You hev in yuro Parliament, heaps of Doctor, Lawyers and aukshupers, and you hain't got 1 Saler. That's the resun why yuro Canajin maren haint bin progressin. Just bring me into Parliament and I'll make yer freer, more intilenced, than yer ever was, and Ganady will be no longer under the thumb of a raskily Pope. Hurrah for the Pius and imortel memory of King William 3d.

BOB MOODIE.

Colossus of Roads.

—Since our last issue we are in the receipt of numerous letters relating to the fearful state in which the York Roads, especially Youge Street, are now in. Mr. James Beatty purchased these magnificent high-ways from the Hincks government some seven or eight years ago, and notwithstanding he has been collecting an exorbitant toll from all travellers since, he has failed to pay either the principle or interest, in the meantime neglecting the roads to such an extent that they are now positively impassible. What is to be done to this man Beatty, this self dubbed Disciple, who sets such an example of honesty, and is so worthy of punishment if for nothing else than cruelty to animals? The laws of the land are insufficient to meet such a case, the government which he so slavishly supports, will take no action in the matter, and there seems to be no alternative but to grin and bear it, until some fortunate chance deprives the present ministry of their power and puts in others, who, if they have no other quality to recommend them, have at least no great affection for this Colossus of Roads.

OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

To deny the existence of common sense among our Civic Fathers would be positive injustice. THE GRUMBLES, therefore, will not risk such an impeachment. Their vocal organism is perfect, and will challenge comparison with any other deliberative body, either in tone or compass; thus it by no means infrequently happens that this organism, when systematically put through a severe lubricating process, rise from the tameness of a gentle murmur to the more exciting condition of a "hard blow," and at such times the Council exhibitions are really entertaining. Such a climax was reached on the evening of Monday last. Before precipitating to the denouement, we will substantiate our charge of common sense in the Council by adducing the speech of Mr. Councilman Carruthers, in which, acting on our advice, he hinted at nightly meetings. It was a graceless action to steal our brains without acknowledgment;—but as it is a question whether we have a right to demand an acquaintance with the art courteous from such quarters, we forbear the indulgence of a grumble. Councillor Craig, too, deserves mention, by delivering himself of the following speck of sense, when considering the matter of earlier meetings, "If the immaculate Board of Works were to do the work of the Council for the year for £2000, meeting at seven, who could imagine the amount of money they would spend meeting at four." The brains of the solons were harrassed at this poser—no attempt being made to demonstrate it, mathematically or otherwise—it is a matter of vital importance to the tax-payers, some of whom we trust will come to the aid of the benighted Council through our columns, or some other respectable paper.

The disposal of these little matter afforded little interest to the auditory—manifest uncausness was getting possession of them—the Council understood the signs, foremost among which were the two worthy Councilmen already named by us. They waxed hot, banded each other with zest—approving smiles on every side were directed towards them, until it well nigh reached to bloody strife. The carters were "eager for a fray," which we of THE GRUMBLES discovering, hastened to a safer retreat, dreading the recurrence of some such tragedy as marked the celebration of St. Patrick. It was a dangerous "blow," and may be described as

"A jangling noise," not much unlike the rammers
Of Daedalus awains amidst their drunken humours:
Some spoke between their teeth, some in the nose,
Some in their throats their words to ill disposed:
Some howled, some hollowed, some did strut and strain,
Each had his gibberish—"

Law Students.

—We beg to advise candidates for Matriculation, that a familiarity with the sciences of Bagatelle and Ten-Pins is now insisted on, besides demonstrative capacity for beer and tobacco. Physiological aspect will, in many cases, be sufficient to establish the two latter.

Preposterous.

—What may we suppose to have been the motto of the Deputy Returning Officer for Cambridge at the late Russell Election? A srenstic little limp at our elbow suggests "Lio on (Lyon) Follows."

THE LATE GENERAL ORR.

Most of our city readers will remember a strange specimen of humanly half crazy, half drunk, that used to perambulate the streets, assembling small crowds whom he would address in a strange rambling style, generally in ryhme, through which now and then would flash the evidences of genius and culture. He was familiarly known as General Orr, was by profession, a painter, and had it not been for his unhappy predilection to drink, might have attained to a highly respectable position. Poor fellow, while he lived, he had a hard time of it, and died in the greatest penury and distress. Our friend "Dobbs," unwilling that the recollection of this strange anomaly of a man should perish with his mortality, presents the annexed, which is much in the style of the General, and is thus an appropriate tribute:—

MONODY ON THE LATE GENERAL ORR.

Shall fate all eloquence and genius doom,
To sleep unnoticed in the silent tomb?
Prosaic age, when wealth alone may gain
The sighs of nations and "the long drawn train"
Awake my muse your loftiest numbers, for
You sing a hero and his name was Orr.
Well I remember when around his chair,
In awe struck circles did the crowd repair,
List to the stories which he told so well
At George Platt's Inn, or that of John Cornell,
Or, when the ale awoke his native fire,
Dispute on law with Cameron McNighty—
In legal learning could exceed him far,
Gained by long practice at the public bar;
Tell how with pot and brush he did repair
To where the Fathers of this city fair,
In solemn council sat within their hall,
And offer'd gratis to white-wash them all.
When honest Draper by John A. was sent
With full credentials to misrepresent
This country's views in the Hoone Parliament,
In the St. Lawrence Hall at close of day,
Was called a meeting on the Hudson's Bay?
McDonell spoke, and so did M. P. Mowatt,
Did loud applause and thundering cries of "go it,"
While Gowan, though a gentleman much slyer,
Was proved by Brown no better than a liar.
When at its highest raged the windy storm,
I tigg'd the General climbing the platform,
With welcome cheers the audience then express
Their wish that he the meeting would address.
Boldly he spoke, while silence reigned supreme,
(Great upon this as every other theme)—
"Had I O'Connell's voice and silver tongue,
"With patriot fire like Hampden was I strung,
"The pen of Junius—Raphael's glowing brush,
"I'd paint 'Sweet William' in the blacker's stud,
"Scorch him like Burke with satire deep, intense,
"And strew around him the flowers of eloquence.
"Boys, just have patience and no longer fear,
"For Orr your champion and his force are here!"
These were the words of him we now deplore—
Alas, his tones shall charm our ears no more!
Ye great debaters of our City Hall,
Mourn for his loss, he could surpass you all!
And O ye Statesmen who these lines may see,
Brown and McDonald, Moodie and McGe,
Acknowledge merit, cease your squabbles small,
"Bear hence his ashes," and support his pall!
While of those obvious minds who fame pursue—
(For envy is the test of greatness true):
I ask one question, speak, or hide your face,
Hath one among you talents for his place?
His faults, he had them, but let that atone,
They were not those which injured him alone.
Remember one who deep in tears deplored,
No word was left to own his conquering sword;
He like my hero from this life did pass,
And died as nobly by an extra glass.

REPRESENTATION BY POPULATION.

Certainly not! We could not think of it. It is absurd. How, in the name of the eighth wonder of the world, could any one, three degrees removed from lunacy, lay the flattering unction to their ignorant sons that we would stand forward the able champion of Representation by Population. No, we flatter ourselves we have more regard for our character. Just think of it! Of all the men in Canada that the senior member for Toronto should be the defender of the Representation by Population faith—He who, although "the glass of fashion and the world of form," has never yet taken unto himself a wife. He who, although the tallest Norwegian pine would certainly more than suffice for his walking stick, yet would nevertheless have won the longing approbation of the cross-grained Frederick. He who, if not downright handsome, yet can "smile and smile, and smile." But we big his pardon, we did not mean it. And then who is the member for Middlesex that he should advocate the Propagation Principle? Why, he is only a curly-headed bachelor; and although he might say in his defence that his "love was all crost like a bud in the frost," yet he is bound to practice the doctrines he preaches; so we hope he'll take our advice and marry. And of the many members who on the "floor of this House" nail their principles to a weather-cock, and unhesitatingly stand fast to them, how many are there whom the irrevocable link has given the right to advocate this principle? Well after due calculation we find there are perhaps one and a half for every ton.

Women's rights we avoid as we would a projected brick-bat; but in this instance there is no help for it. We must confess that this is an invasion of the woman's rights. For if the ladies advocated the principle, it could not be taunted on them that there was nothing in what they said; for we believe in spite of all that was ever written, that no common sense lady would say "no," if asked in a proper manner by a proper individual. Whereas we all know that if the men do not marry, it is their own abominable fault.

Therefore let us hear no more of Representation by Population from bachelors. For as we previously intimated—without any sinister motive however,—we are enjoying the miseries of single-life; and consequently feel ourselves bound by all moral ties, to raise our voice against the long and the short bachelors now advocating representation by what they have nothing to do with.

A Change of Feeling.

— A conviction that George Brown is more of a hypocrite than a bigot, is rapidly gaining ground among the Roman Catholics; that he seized the cry of "no Popery," to make himself and party popular; but now finding that it is impossible to obtain office with this plank made so prominent, he is trimming around, coalescing with the like of T. D'Arcy McGee, Joseph Cauchon, &c., &c. Catholics begin to look upon George as not such a bad fellow after all, and we should not be surprised, should he run again for Toronto, if he were to receive many votes from that party.

INTERCEPTED LETTER

FROM

BISHOP CHARBONNEL TO T. D'ARCY MCGEE.

VATICAN, Rome, March 1st, 1858.

O ripest of Papiests, my well beloved D'Arcy, Though a personal stranger, I love you by hearsay! I own myself quite overwhelmed with delight, To see such a Catholic come into sight. And in Parliament too! Ah, what ever could cope In "blarneying potences" with "Irish soft soap?" I read to the Pope at his Holiness' court. (And the *Citade* gives by far the most decent report) The steeple you made when you bubbly arose, And trod on the Gritty Onontio's toes. The Pope rubbed his hands, and with holy emotion, Said "let's look this McGee for first chop Church promotion; He's the very best man to accomplish our wish— Vix, the Protestant cause in the Province to dish." Now D'Arcy, (my object in writing to tell) I've got a pet project that promises well, Of a cargo of thorough-bred Jesuit friars, Some fat, and some lean, some honest, some liars, A hundred I'll send into Bas Canada, To quell all the "montons" that dare to say haa. A hundred 'mong Orange Societies fuse, To stir up discussions and tell all the news. You know that the split between Bloody and Brown, Was opened by Jesuits just come to town, Who made the poor sailor half drunk with ambition, On a pint of bad rum and a sham requisition. Twice fifty we'll send through the Protestant clergy, To make them build altars and chaunt the Liturgy; Already th' Episcopal pulpits are full Of our wild beasts in High Church and Puseyite wood. Twice fifty with hogs "McGee's beaters" let loose, To burn Cayley's Bibles in Huron and Bruce. And what's more we'll establish a grand inquisition, To take care of crimes done by men in position. Viz, first, when a Papist the Orangemen cheers— (But D'Arcy you need have no scrupulous fears, Altho' the great Grit you applauded indeed, 'Twas done for the good of our thrice holy creed.) Or votes for Episcopal Boverly's son, (Unless 'gainst him piping-hot Calvinists run) On these and a few more heretical faults, Courts will sit in assize in the under-ground vaults, That Emsley, for penance, now digs 'neath St. Paul, While you sit inquisitor over them all. To conclude, when arrive those pious and jolly days, When the feasts of St. Patrick are Government holiday's, When Fechan's a Colonel and I am the Pope, It will not be giving our fancy much rope, To imagine you wearing a Cardinal's hat; I can insure it in fact. Address Box 7, Vatican, Yours in the faith, MARY D. CHARBONNEL. P.S. If you're married, oblige me and tell, If your spouse and the olive McGees are quite well.

"Star"-Gazing.

— Amos Wright, Esq., M.P.P., for East York, has assumed, in connection with his legislative burdens, the duty of Ass-tromical Observer to the Assembly. In the House, the other evening, the hon. gentleman made an observation through an opera-glass, with his eyes shut, directed, it was presumed, toward the junior member for Toronto.

Effect of Hard Times.

— We regret to learn that the depression of trade and the scarcity of money will postpone indefinitely the publication of the voluminous speeches of M. J. G. Aikins, M. P. for Peel, announced some time ago by our Streetsville cotemporary. The deferring of the publication will enable the compiler to include the speeches of the honorable member, delivered during the present session, which promise to be as rich and varied as those of previous sessions.

THE THEATRE.

We approach a notice of the performances at the Royal Lyceum with a great deal of caution. We are prepared to bear with a great deal, and to forbear from saying a great deal; but we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that our hero is at times found wanting; and that, notwithstanding the excellent manner in which the heroine may render her part, the chief points of the play are often missed by the blundering of inferior characters. Now, we wish it to be understood, that we won't tolerate such things. Our manager will perhaps plead a want of public support; but we mean to take this last excuse from him. And to effect this we shall state it as our ultimatum to the public—when we see existing evils rectified that—unless, they give all due encouragement to this Temple of the Muses, we shall cast our hostile thunder bolts against their pointed tastes, and condemn them for the remainder of their unnatural lives to listen to Parliamentary orations. Don't be afraid of us, however, dear public; we are a lamb when stroked and a lion when provoked.

There is rather a general critique and would have remained so, had we not received just cause to grumble at a monstrous insult lately offered to the dignity of the Lyceum: we allude to the recent exhibition on our boards of the "noble art of self-defence" by professional fellows. How was it that the manager allowed such an exhibition, we will not attempt to fathom; but were he ten times our manager we would not permit such a state of things to go unpunished. We are the more surprised at this, as the present stock company at the Lyceum is capable of achieving much in the higher walks of the drama. We will refrain from giving publicity to the fact that the boxing *fete* was got up expressly as a compliment to the junior member for the city, until we shall have smoked six cigars over the matter.

In the meantime we recommend Mr. Petrie to our numerous readers. Miss Nickinson is a host in herself: "good wine needs no bush!" Mr. Nickinson also is frequently on our boards, and on the whole the playing is excellent. Therefore citizens of Toronto, you have our permission to crowd the house every night. By all means go and see "Jessie Brown."

Recruiting.

— We have heard it said on good authority that the tavern-keepers of this city, having taken alarm at the spectacle of eighty of their best customers marching soberly along the streets, preparatory to their departure for India, were about to present a petition to Parliament, through Mr. Powell, the member for Carleton, when their fears were suddenly allayed by the report of the Army Surgeons, which informed the public that, fifty out of the eighty were like "whited sepulchres," full of rottenness, etc., and were thus doomed to remain behind to constitute on extraordinary occasions a body guard for the protection of the sacred persons of Robert Moodie or John Beverley Robinson, M.P.P., or to form part of the physical resources of the country in case of an American Invasion. Well did Goldsmith say:—

Princes and Lords may flourish or may fade,
A breath can make them as a breath has made;
But the bold peasant, their country's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied.

THE WONDERFUL DRAMA OF BROWN AND HIS MOODY!

Act—"Yikins and his Dinah."

'Tis of a loud Canting, who somewhere did dwell,
He had but one tongue, still he used that well;
His name it was Moody, at least so I'm told,
With a large stock of brass but a small one of gold.
Chorus—Singing too rol lah, too ral lah, too ral li do.

As Moody was walking Toronto one day,
George Brown he came to him and thus he did say—
"Ah lend me, brave Bob, in this contest your aid,
And with *Globe* puffs, my hearty, your fortune is made!"

Out spoke noble Bob, "If I do, I don't mind,
In fact now I think on't, I feel quite inclined,
So go about George with a sporting display,
And a "No Popery" war cry shall win us the day."

Then Bob spouted nonsense, while Brown smiled content,
And down on his knees to the orange flag went;
Talked of "principles broad," and good Protestant soul,
Under Bob's spicy leadership headed the roll.

Three months had elapsed, wroth to Moody one day,
Some folks came from Oxford, deputed to pray
Brother Bob in hot haste to address them, and they
Would make him their Member both gallant and gay.

"Oh pals!" cried the Canting, "if that there's your mind,
Why, I'm just the man, what can play it out blind,
And if boys we win, Hurrah, round that big bay
I'll give you all rides without nothing to pay."

Post haste went bold Bob to the '*Globe*' to prepare
An address what should charm every mother's son there,
Cos why? he helped Brown like a dear darling brother,
And lent one good turn deserving another?

But George was quite cruel, "hold, hold, Bob," he cried,
"You can't do not so such thing Sir, and beside,
You ain't got no learning, and know very well,
I've promised that berth to another big swell."

"And, Bob, if you're rash, sure the consense, po-
Will be doleful and drear, and I'll tell you why, cos,
'Gainst two Gritty chaps some dang'd Mod'rate will run,
And twixt you, Bob, and Mac, make off sick with the fun."

Poor Moody was seized with disgust most profound,
When he spied his bright hopes dashed right down on the
ground,
But ladies of pap, that Brown swore to mix up
With X's and Y's, helped him swallow the cup.

Then Brown patted his corpus a thousand times o'er,
Danced polkas and jigs on the *Globe* Office floor,
Swore roundly and bold, that when he got into power,
He'd make Bob Fishery Admiral the very next hour.

MORALE.

Now just to big swells what would M.P.'s be,
And you to a sad warning while listening to me,
Don't play your friends false, though ambitious they do be,
Cos why? Think how much it cost Brown to buy Moody.

Chorus—Singing too rol lah, too ral lah, too ral li do.

THE CHAMPION OF THE PRESS.

CORONER COTTEEN, during the late inquest is reported to have "addressed the reporters present on the importance of making no comments on the proceedings of the inquest on Steady during its progress. He condemned the remarks of the *Globe* on the case before any evidence had been taken, and said that should the Press repeat these statements he should use his authority to have them suppressed."—*Globe*.

How could you, CORONER COTTEEN, make such a mistake? You, whom no-body knows, nor perhaps knows the person who knows you, to state, ere you were a Coroner *de-facto*, for more than one hour and a half, by a stock watch, that you would use your authority to have the Press suppressed. Heaven send you more sense, and us more subscribers. It

won't do, CORONER! As the rightful guardian of the Press, we say that, although the Press, by exerting all its authority might possibly be able to suppress you; you by clothing yourself in any number of diplomatic top-coats, could never suppress the Press nor any part thereof. Therefore CORONER "no more of this!" In future when the Press acts in a naughty manner come to us, and we will see that the offender is properly chastised. But you—you—who the deuce are you!

Phrenology.

—We learn that a Phrenologist named Dr. Hegarty has been lecturing in Yorkville. If it be not too late, we would advise our present Premier to take the opportunity of having a general Phrenological examination of the crania of his adherents, and of the Opposition, if the latter will submit to it without "biting." Among his friends from Lower Canada, he will probably find largely developed the bump of "Inhabitiveness," which will satisfactorily account for the difficulty of dislodging them from lucrative offices, where they have once made their nests. If he should be inclined to adopt the plan invented by Midshipman Easy's parent, for raising and depressing bumps by the instrumentality of the air-pump, we would suggest some modifications of Mr. Scitotte's head about those troublesome organs, Self-esteem and Firmness, which are rendering that gentleman rather too ambitious for a subordinate. A general elevation of Mr. Angus Morrison's moral organs, more especially Conscientiousness, would render the "sneaking little lawyer from North Simcoe," more chary of introducing election protests at the eleventh hour, but failing this, the guardianship of Mr. Mowatt will be an efficacious check. Mr. Cauchon's head, we fear, must be boiled over again, and remoulded, before the little *mouton* will take kindly to the leadership of the Macdonald Ram. A very slight increase of Mr. Hoggan's already inordinate bump of "Sublimity," would render that gentleman a capital counterpoise to Mr. Fergusson. Should the Premier adopt our advice, we prophesy the continuance of his sway even as long as to the end of the month.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are in receipt of a large and unexpected mass of correspondence, in fact matter enough to fill a dozen issues of THE GRUMBLER. To those friends who intended their communications for insertion, we would say that in almost every case they are too diffuse. "Terse, and to the point," should be the motto of every correspondent of THE GRUMBLER. We have in a few instances availed ourselves of good suggestions which we should be happy to have given in the Correspondent's own language, but for the reason above stated; we would also here repeat that we do not intend to allow our columns to become the medium for personal strife or malice. We wish only to deal with men and things of a public nature and of public interest.

CLATHAM.—There is no foundation for the report that John A. Macdonald, Malcolm Cameron, and George Brown are about to fraternize for the purpose of making the latter Premier. Mr. McKeller seems to be a sensible fellow.

W. M., FORT ERIE.—Received, Thanks!

BOAZ, PELL.—Thanks! We intend to prove an enemy to all scoundrelism. Friend Grimes, who subscribed so liberally, will, we trust, find that "the liberal soul shall be made fat."

BLUNT HONESTY.—We do not deem it advisable to become a medium for attacks upon the quarter to which your communication is pointed; we shall however be glad to hear from you again.

S. G.—The subject of your communication you will find embodied in an article in another column.

A LOOKER ON.—The matter as you will perceive, has been attended to.

A. M.—Your request is complied with. Hope to hear from you again.

Z.—We believe your statement is incorrect. Mr. Brown being an interested party did not vote. A large number of answers deferred.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Business notices, similar to the following, are inserted at the rate of ONE DOLLAR for each insertion. The extensive circulation when our paper has already reached, and the small size of the sheet, make it an unequalled advertising medium, especially for city purposes. Advertisers need only inclose particulars of their wares, with the dollar before Thursday noon, and a notice will appear in due course.

We have had frequent occasion for the exercise of our prerogative of grumbling at the dye-stuff offered in the shape of wine at both public and private justifications, and we fear that a fearful amount of deceit is mixed up with some other nameless commodities in the wine business. Speaking, however, from actual inspection, we can recommend the House of Henry Torrance & Co., corner of Church and Colborne sts., as one where really a good article can be had. After imbibing of some of their old London Madeira, we feel like exclaiming—

"Beneath these waves of crimson lie,

In rows fetters yon prisoned fast,

Those flitting shapes that never die,

The swift-winged visions of the past.

"Kiss but the crystal's mystic rim,

Each shadow sends its flowery chain,

Springs in a bubble from its bin,

And walks the chambers of the brain."

These late and somewhat shabby had become the outer garments of our chief Editor, when through the great success which attended the first issue of THE GRUMBLER, he was enabled to procure enough to purchase a new coat. Entering the establishment of Robert Walker & Son, he was astonished at the immense stock offered from which to make a selection, and the low rates asked for what appeared to be the best quality of goods. Attention and politeness on the part of a flaxen-haired, youth, enabled the editor to suit himself, and he walked from beneath the shadow of the Golden Lion, a happier and a warmer man.

The Grocery and Confectionary Establishment of Hodgson Shields & Morton, corner of Yonge and Temperance sts., always takes away our grumbling propensities. The inviting appearance of their spacious stores, and the obliging manner in which they conduct their business, are sufficiently explained by their close personal attention; but we have been puzzled to know why their goods are so superior in quality, while the prices are quite as low, if not lower in some instances, than our current elsewhere. At present we can only vouch for the fact publicly, of which we have long been aware privately; and all who really want "value received," (and who don't?) for cash expended in Groceries, have only to visit this Establishment, and THE GRUMBLER'S word for it, they will be satisfied.

THE GRUMBLER

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