

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. 2.—NO. 10.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1859.

WHOLE NO. 62.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in 'a your coat
I redee you teat it;
A chiel's among you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it.

SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1859.

ASTOUNDING REVELATIONS.

THE CLEAR GRITS ARMING.

Ever on the alert in times of difficulty and danger, we have taxed our vigilance for some time past in tracing the movements of the Upper Canadian malcontents. But a little more than a week ago, the *Globe* promised to keep its readers thoroughly posted on "the fierce struggle" about to take place between Upper and Lower Canada. By most readers the remark may have been treated as a bit of Grit bombast; to the *Grumbler*, in possession of secret information on the subject, they possessed a fearful significance.

To-day we have the melancholy pleasure of laying bare the machinery of this deep-laid plot. First let our readers peruse the correspondence and treaty:

WASHINGTON, May 6th, 1859.

To George Brown, Esq.

DEAR GEORGE,—You're of 1st air to hand. Reckon on Jonathan. We'll show Cartier and his French hounds that you never shall be slaves. I have ordered a squadron of the Jehuville Kickapoo's to threaten Montreal, while the Maine Pinesparrows will give it to Quebec. Get your army in order and strike the blow, and you'll be seconded by

Yours in liberty and blood,
JAMES BUCHANAN.

St. Petersburg, April 1st, 1859.

Geo. Brown, Esq., Toronto:

We have signed the treaty already subscribed by the other powers. We shall invade Yancouver's Island in a month. Nesselrode has got lumbergo, but sends his compliments. We shall order a Te Deum as soon as you get possession of the fortresses at Toronto. If we are successful we shall review our troops with you on Garrison Common next July.

Please spare Count Hottiwoll's life if he adheres to the tyrant, but win him over if you can.

Yours, &c.,
ALEXANDER CZAR.

We have several letters of a similar description, we think these will serve the object we have in view of rousing Canada to a sense of danger. Now look at the treaty:—

Art. 1. The French population are all to be drowned.

Art. 2. Sir E. Head to be sent to Siberia.

Art. 3. The mouth of the Don to be ceded to Russia, with free navigation as far the paper mill.

Art. 4. The Mormons are to assail British India and procure a diversion during the revolution.

Art. 5. The President undertakes the capture of the New Garrison provided half the island is given to the United States.

Art. 6. George Brown to be the first king of Canada, under the title of Sawmie the First.

Art. 7. Mr. McGeo is to be made the Viceroy of Lower Canada.

Art. 8. The Czar to menace British power in the Pacific; George Brown promising to become a member of the Greek Church,

(Signed)

George Brown.
James Buchanan.
D'Arcy McGeo.
Brigham Young.
Alexander Czar.

In view of the frightful danger which thus threatens Canada, we have communicated with the military authorities, and we are happy to say that all is, in a strategical point of view, "serene." Orders have been received at Neil's foundry for 15 cannon balls, cast in his best style. Mr. Ashfield has orders for 12 stand of arms. The navy is also in a great state of forwardness. Commodore Jones has received a sword from Mrs. Damsley, which we heard him declare should never again be sheathed till he had extracted every tooth from Brown's traitorous jaw. The *Wanderer* is being rigged as a line of battle-ship, and the old floating club-house is to be cut up into frigates. Captain Moodie is constantly on the look-out for the enemy, and when our citizens hear an unusual row from the *Firefly*, look out for the eastern entrance. Meanwhile we give the leaders of the rebel force:—

General Commanding in Chief, Geo. Brown.
Major Generals,.....McGeo & Durwell.
Master of the Horse,.....Mr. Rymal.
General of the Don Army,....Mr. Holland.
Head of Gallows Hill Division, Mr. O'Donohoe.
Staff Surgeon,.....Dr. Riddell.

An Inevitable Question.

—We were tickled with the following extract from a late letter of the *Globe's* London Correspondent:

"The question of peace or war still hangs in the balance, but from the latest news below, it would appear to be inevitable."

We wonder if the *Globe's* Correspondent couldn't determine that peace or war is always inevitable, without the assistance of the latest news? Apart from the serious nature of the subject we should be inclined to commiserate that unfortunate question suspended in the balances, and which "appears to be inevitable," whatever that may be. Commend us to newspaper correspondents for clearness and intelligibility; it's quite a relief to meet with a dish of arrant nonsense occasionally.

HUMANITY IN A NEWSPAPER OFFICE.

On Saturday last, when our fellow citizens had barely recovered from the shock of the mournful intelligence of that morning, the ragged apostles of *Old Double* were eager to reap the anticipated harvest. Along the street where the deceased merchant had met the reward of industry, through the quiet thoroughfare, where a weeping family was overwhelmed in the first fearful plunge of sorrow, the agents of a city newspaper, regardless of all but the prospect of the coppers, shouted even in the ears of grief, "Evening Colonist, only one copper, all about the accident in the College Avenue, and death of Mr. Harrington." Surely if decency could have been expected where truth or honesty never find refuge, here was an opportunity for avarice to yield to shame, and covetousness to give place to one gleam of human sympathy. But no, *Old Double* had a noble prospect; visions of coppers danced merrily in its publisher's brain, and here was a noble bait. "Another murder, only one copper;" "400 people drowned, all for one copper;" "Mysterious poisoning, only one copper," had had their day. Here was a capital temptation. A respected gentleman, whose name had been the synonyme of honesty and perseverance, was dead; everybody would give a copper for an account of the tragedy. Times are hard, *Old Double* is fobble, who cares for taste or decency where the pocket is concerned? "Great news, all about the death of Mr. Harrington, only one copper." Who would not buy from so delicate and sensitive a publisher? What nobler tribute to departed worth than the howling of *Old Double's* newboys?

VERY GOOD.

In an article on Canadian celebrities, the *Canadian News* thus displays its ignorance of the particular celebrity, it has under review, Hon. Mr. Smith, Speaker of the Assembly:

"Mr. Smith has been well described as the wit of the House during the La Fontaine-Baldwin regime. * * * The sarcasms of Mr. Smith assumed a perpetual fusillade of flashing wit, went on to disconcert even the immovable Mr. La Fontaine himself.

Those of our readers who have been in the habit of attending the sittings of the Assembly since the Parliament removed to Toronto, will be astonished on reading the above. It confirms the old adage, certainly, that a "prophet has no honor in his own country." No one, certainly, in Canada, ever committed the astounding blunder to mistake Mr. Smith for a wit. It may be that the gentleman is sarcastic but he certainly never shows it, and as for his flashes of wit, we are not aware of any man that ever was dazzled by them.

Those who ever saw the original, heavy, dull, and pompous, would as soon think of looking for milk from a flint, as wit from the Speaker. Just think of Smith being called witty and sarcastic. The wit of the House! It is certainly a good joke.

Hark! from the South, the Story Land of Old.

Hark! from the South, the story land of old,
Ill-omened echoes wail,
And to and fro, like gloomy storm-clouds rolled
In distant thunders break;
Starting a world, ill men's hearts fill for fear,
And ask with bated breath, what mean these portents drear?
Tis the clash of arms! o'er Italy's plain
The war fiend stalks, and the hissing rain
Of Death falls thick and fast;
'Tis the crashing charge, and the dying shout,
The struggle fierce, and the ghastly rout,
'The roar of war's hoarse blast.

The die is cast, the sword is drawn, the strife
Pours on in reckless tide,
And blood—men's blood—a gush of human life,
A priceless stream has dyed,
Oh! sunny South, with darkly crimson hue,
Thy beautiful, thy classic land anew.

Where shall the carnage end? 'tis this dread thought
That pales men's cheeks with fear;
Where next must the shrill wail of woe be sought,
The cry of—"death is here!"

Where next must rush the huge funeral car?
Where next shall rear the blood-stained flag of war?

We ask in vain—who knows? what man shall say
Not here—nor here—nor there;

This spot is safe—that point shall firmly stay
Red havoc's hideous glare?

This land may rest in peace—that need not fear
The undeveloped future of a single year.

The flame is lit, the Rubicon is passed,
Italia rings with war's devouring blast,
Despota in armour stand.

May Heaven's high hand restrain their reckless might;
Defend the weak; oh! God, protect the right,
And keep our mother land.

NOBLE PROTEST FROM THE "LEADER."

The *Leader* of yesterday, in doleful dumps, deplores the absence of the band from the University Park on Thursday last. He pictures in spirit-stirring terms the woes of disappointed nursery maids, the peevishness of undelighted infants, the plaintive notes of "simploring maids," and the fretful humors of "youthful lovers." Love and sunshine were there, but Mozart and Verdi were wanting. The scene must have been doleful indeed to the philosophical *Leader*, and we can well fancy how his tender heart was wrung with compassion to see the *lovers* "promenade for a considerable time," while the "more staid" would stay no longer, but retired foot-sore and musicless to their "cabs and carriages," not, however, before "taking a draught of the pure air of that neighbourhood."

How elegantly sad, how prettily melancholy, and only lacking one feature—truth. What will people think of the *Leader's* reliability when we tell them that the band was there and played during the usual hours. Wretched *Leader*, did'st thou take refuge at Oscar Howell till overpowered by the potent Barley-corn thou wast inaccessible to song? Where did'st thou get thy simpering maids and youthful lovers and disappointed nurses, above all, whence came the "more staid" of the disappointed assemblage? All the pure coinage of thy brain, dear *Leader*, yet as true as half the stuff thou vendest at three coppers per number. *Moral*. Never make a statement by guess work, and if you do, never build a fancy structure on the rotten foundation, or, like the *Leader* in its story about the band, you make a fool of yourself.

CANADA SAVED.

"Mr. Macdonald sees what every thinking man must see, that the present is not the time to abandon office, and that to leave the country to the tender mercies of such an Opposition as that with which it is blessed just now, would be to reduce it to anarchy and confusion. With great wisdom Mr. Macdonald has given up his intention of retiring, and will still continue the Leader of the Upper Canada section of the Government."—*Montreal Pilot*.

Hurrah! boys; throw up your hats! stand on your heads! Canada's saved! John A. won't retire, and the Opposition are tectotally dished. Who can estimate the benefit that may accrue to Canada from Mr. Macdonald's patriotic determination to "hold on"—till he's kicked out? John A. is wise—he has great wisdom—the *Montreal Pilot* asserts it—and who has a better right to know? Who has a better right than his jolly proprietor to fear, that should the Opposition come in—a certain printing office would indeed be "reduced to anarchy and confusion." Save the printing office by all means! Monstrously wise is Macdonald, the idol of the *Pilot*. Can't something grand be got up as a mark of gratitude to Mr. Macdonald for his self-denying reception of \$5,000 a-year of the public money? Won't the *Pilot*, at its sole expense, erect him a statue in the *Place d'Armes*? Cost is no object—the profit on one edition of the *Pilot* would cover all, to say nothing of overcharges on government printing. We quite expect that the *Pilot* will seize upon our suggestion with enthusiasm, and that Mr. Macdonald's statue done in marble will speedily adorn one of the most conspicuous localities in Montreal. We generously present the *Pilot* with an inscription which should be traced in letters of gold upon the pedestal of the forthcoming statue:—

To the great John A.,
Who folks will say,
Dante in humbuggery always,
I, Rollo, rear
This statue here,
Because he merits all praise.

He would'n't go out to please the Grits,
So I still smuggle the rich "tit bits,"
That just suits me,
Hollo C.

THE THEATRE.

A stranger might well be surprised at the number of well dressed and respectable persons which filled the boxes of the Lyceum on Tuesday night last. The show certainly argues favourably for a return of the good old times, when the drama was understood and appreciated; and we would even go so far as to predict from the manner in which the performance was received on the occasion in question, that our well dressed people may be induced to patronize the drama—in a complimentary manner of course—at least twice in the year. It must be very soothing indeed to the feelings of an unfortunate manager who has been left to struggle with beggarly houses for three hundred nights in the year, to find that after all there are "distinguished" ladies and gentlemen living in Toronto who have the interests of the drama so much at heart, that they will not hesitate to visit the Lyceum on the three hundred and first-night in each year.

However, to come to the performance. The pieces selected, were Buckstone's comedy of "Married Life," and the well-known farce of "Boots at the Swan," which by the way, owed all its success on Tuesday night, to the fact that a noble caping did the *Boots*. With regard to the first piece, the programme told us that Miss C. Thompson and our old friend Mr. Chas. Bass, kindly volunteered their services. This was indeed kind of them—for we doubt if on the Continent of America two better *artistes* could be found to fill their *roles*. By kind permission, the Rifle Band was present. The music formed an attraction.

One of the best features of the evening, was the performance of "La Melangolie Pastorale," by Mr. John Kolk on the violin. But owing to the rudeness and want of taste and politeness, displayed in the boxes during the playing of this excellent composition its chief beauties were almost unheard.

On Wednesday night Mr. Bass played *Sir Peter Teazle*, and Miss C. Thompson, *Lady Teazle*. Miss Thompson's *Lady Teazle* was elegantly performed, Mr. Bass's *Sir Peter* was all that we expected from a veteran of his standing. The whole piece was excellently got up and played. The House was not quite empty.

If novelty of the most enticing character will ensure to the Lyceum anything like support, the programme for the remainder of the present season ought to do so. To-night Miss Thompson takes her benefit, when the "Heir at Law" and "Poor Pillicoddy" will be performed. The occasion will doubtless draw a crowded house. Mr. Bass and Miss Thompson appear in the first piece; and we understand Captain Elliot, who took so well with the audience as *Jacob Earnwig* will appear as the much injured *Pillicoddy*. We are happy to announce that an engagement has been effected with Miss Davenport, and also with Mr. and Miss Richings. The Cooper Opera Troupe are also engaged. Mr. Marlowe deserves the thanks of the community for his enterprising spirit. But we hope, indeed we know, that his reward will come in a more substantial manner than mere thanks.

Old Double's Esinement.

The following sentence in reference to a brother editor appeared in Thursday's issue of *Old Double*:

"A knave who never hesitates at a falsehood when it suits his purpose to utter it, is generally ready to accuse those of supidity who would rather adhere to what they know to be the truth, than make assertions without proof, no matter how much they might for the time benefit themselves or their friends."

If any one will show us a faultier, coarser, or more stupid sentence anywhere except in *Old Double*, (or perhaps Dr. Ryerson's letters,) he shall be handsomely rewarded on application to us.

THE GLOBE AT FAULT,

OR THE MEMBER FOR NORTH HASTINGS LABELLED.

The apostolic *Globe* proclaims quite pat
That Donjamin is the very fat,
Still seeks to hide beneath his hat,
More pap to keep him steady.
'Tis clearly seen the *Globe* is wrong
In this new "great discovery" song,
Because the proof is clear and strong,
Don's 'twice too fat already.

What Old Double says, what the Globe says, and what the Grumbler says.

Who is it says George Brown's a knave,
Who pretty soon must cave
In quite, and find a nameless grave?
Old Double.

Who is it says George Brown's the man,
The only one who surely can
Save Canada from priestly ban?
The Globe.

Who is it says John A's the soul
Of honor, and in fact the whole
A statesman should be as times roll?
Old Double.

Who is it says the great John A.
Likes whiskey better than green tea,
And bargains U. C. rights away?
The Globe.

Who is it says the greedy Grits
Is longing for the nice "44-bit"
Have almost lost their little wits?
Old Double.

Who is it says the Gritties strive
Into corruption's depths to dive,
That right may rule and thrive?
The Globe.

Who is it says the Ministry
Are noble, honest, pure and free
From faults as mortal men can be?
Old Double.

Who is it says Carlier and crew
Are sinking every day now
More deep in dark corruption's stew?
The Globe.

Who is it says Old Double's might
Can't make folks think black is white,
And that the Globe's far from right?
THE GRUMBLER.

Who is it says he really is
The best of fellows, though a quib,
Who always seeks to raise your ris-
i-bil-i-ties?
THE GRUMBLER.

WHO IS HE?

Who? Why the indifferent scribbler who does the Toronto Correspondence for the *Illustrated London News*. We have been occasionally amused, but more frequently disgusted with the perusal of his unique productions. Amused at his blunders, and disgusted that Canada should be disgraced with such a representative in the English Press. To prove that we are not unnecessarily harsh in our strictures, we will place before our readers one or two extracts from his last two letters.

"After a somewhat tedious debate the New Tariff has, as you know, been passed, and with this exception it may be said that the news is meagre in the extreme."

Isn't it rich? With the exception of one item, with which, by the bye, you are already perfectly well acquainted, the news is meagre in the extreme. We should think so, if the exception is an old story, and consequently no news at all.

"Goods are now landed by our Canadian line of steamships at Portland, and in the three days conveyed to Chicago and the far west."

This is a pure fabrication. We fancy our Toronto importers would be well pleased as a rule to receive their goods within three days of their arri-

val at Portland; we know that four days are usually occupied in the transit from thence to Toronto. At all events seven days would be sharp work for the passage of merchandise from Portland via the G. T. R. to Chicago. Didn't our "Toronto Correspondent" know this? Will he please hesitate in future, before his zeal leads him to make statements at which English Merchants will shrug their shoulders.

"Chicago is 430 miles nearer to Montreal by the Grand Trunk Road than it is to New York by the American lines, besides which it is more economical."

It—what? If the sentence, as it stands, means anything, it means that Chicago is more economical than New York. Perhaps our "Correspondent" meant to convey that the route to Chicago via Montreal and the Grand Trunk is more economical than by the American lines via New York, but if so, why didn't he express himself intelligibly?

In conclusion we can only say, that if "Our Correspondent" will forward us his card we shall, with his permission, do our best to render him as famous as he deserves to be.

OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

Councillor Stirling; a-bem, what would we not give for the *os rotundum* of Councillor Stirling? Would't we exhort—the girls; would't we convert them from him to our blessed selves. That sweetly tuned voice of his, steals o'er the heart like the softly, modestly, whispered "yes" we elicited from her who pledged her faith to us, as the worthy and reverend Councillor pledged his, to his constituents. We hope he will keep his word better than she did! A grave responsibility; a fearful responsibility rests upon this Councillor; and we adjure him; we implore him, by the sacred name of Bugg, to discharge his duty, firmly, truthfully, trustingly, hopefully and perseveringly; remembering that the time must come when he will have to give an account of the deeds done in the Council Chamber, at the bar of the whiskey shops, before the free, enlightened, intelligent and independent men who reposed their trust in him at the commencement of the year. Let him use his *os rotundo* well. Let him take care that the pipe through which he emits his sonorous notes, is freed of all obstructive matter. Let him chose too, some other place than the Council Chamber in which to clean it, and if not able to smooth down the lumps himself, it would perhaps be well to set apart some member of the Corporation who would do it for him. Say Councillor Finch; he is well fitted for the job, (or if he is not, he soon may be, Finch can fit anything from a puppy to Captain Prince,) besides being anxious to serve the city to the very utmost extent of his humble, his very humble abilities.

The "Father of the City" has been negotiating for two of the captured Russian guns lying in Montreal. We must have them; there is no mistake above that; and once in our possession, we vote that those who object to bringing them here, shall be compelled to fire them off. If an accident should happen, it will not matter, Aldermen and Council-

men can always be procured. It will be desirable however, to keep two year old infants, the Yorkville cavalry, and Councillor Griffith as at great a distance as possible, for if some of the two latter; were frightened to death, "we would never look upon their like agin'!"

FAR TOO FAR-SIGHTED.

Alluding to the defeat of Sir Allan McNab for Brighton, the *Leader* perpetrates the following dire bosh:

"There is some danger that, if elected to the House of Commons by Sir Allan would set up for the great authority, on Canadian questions, on all occasions. He would presume to speak without credentials, in the name of Canada, on all possible opportunities."

For a paper which, it is said, spews the great Thunderer of Printing House Square, the above far-sighted surmises are not bad. They display a profoundness of fore-thought, and a quickness of apprehension truly remarkable. Let us reverse the case, and suppose that Benjamin D'Israeli was to come out here and fail to be returned for Parliament what would be thought of any English paper that should sing a pen over the fact on the ground that "there was some danger that if he were elected to the Canadian House of Commons D'Israeli would set up for the great authority on English questions?" Besides the assertion is unfounded and contrary to common sense.

The assertion that Sir Allan "would presume to speak without credentials in the name of Canada on all possible opportunities," is dreadfully ridiculous, and must appear to every one as an untruth. It comes all the worse from a paper which never loses an opportunity of mouthing about the manner in which colonists are treated abroad.

Sir Allan is not the only one that is the subject of the *Leader's* ungrateful pen. Judge Halliburton, (the immortal *Sam Slick*), another Colonist, and of wider fame, is spoken of as follows:

"There is danger that he (Halliburton) will be taken as an authority upon British North America generally."

We can assure the Editor that beyond the apprehensions which he himself may feel, no danger is felt on the subject in Canada. If the editor only reflected a moment he would see that there could be no danger either of the quizzical *Samuel*, or Sir Allan or any body else being taken as an authority upon British North America matters, as long as that greatest of all authorities, the *Leader*, existed.

After using up *Sam Slick*, the doughy *Leader* next turns on Lord Bury. A large quantity of cold water is thrown on him, least the people of Canada should look upon him as the representatives of our Province in the House of Commons; and in order to settle the matter, we are distinctly told that no matter what his conduct may be as the member for Norwich, in the House of Commons, we have no right to "call him to account, since he is in no respect the representative of Canada."

Lord Bury may therefore take courage. Canada relinquished all right to call his legislative career to account.

OH! MAKE ME NOT AN ALDERMAN.

VIDE GLOBE POLICE REPORTS, FRIDAY 20th INST.

Take any shape but that—MADEIRA.

Oh make me not an Alderman,
Oh anything but that;
Oh make me not an Alderman
To dine on Turtle fat.

Spare, spare my ancient name, sire,
And honor, I implore,
And ask me not to enter e'er
The hated Council door.

I'll be a sable chimney sweep,
With brush and bag in hand;
I'll take a tinker's budget
And wander through the land.

To mend the pots and kettles
The maids shall bring to me;
And spite of soot and sootier, sire,
I will contented be.

As corporation fiddler,
I'll gladly take a berth,
And as the wood I saw, sire,
I'll split it with my mirth.

Or that City bellman's office,
Oh give me that I pray,
I'll ring such weeping tones out
When children go astray.

'Tis just the thing would suit me,
I know I'd do it well;
And for half the ringier's wages
I'll ring old Knox's bell.

Enlist me in the Hundredth,
And to the war I'll go;
I'll kill and throw the Austrians
Into the River Po.

Or give me civic uniform,
As guardian of the peace;
How do'lieh snug I'd make myself
Enrolled in your Police.

Oh make me anything you like,
Or anything you can;
Make me Toronto's scavenger,
But not its Alderman.

THE LAST KICK OF UPPER CANADA.

The cup is full; the last drop of Upper Canada's degradation has been squeezed out of the wine-press of corruption. We had no idea that we were so far gone, but the *Globe* assures us that nothing short of a regular revolution will help us. The *Pilot* and the *Union*, and the *News*, have each proffered his remedy, but in vain. The *Globe* used to think that Rep. by Pop. was a tolerable sound idea, but as things have eventuated, it is like administering magnesia for consumption. We cannot see what is to become of this unhappy portion of the province; why does not the Galon of the *Globe* himself, enlighten us? He is sick of Rep. by Pop., he hates the the Double Majority, he won't have dissolution! he won't have federation; will any well-disposed member of the human family tell us what he will have? Lower Canada began to smile in August last, and we had some hopes that Upper Canada was to be saved, but Laberge seems as bad as the rest. Drummond grunts and even McGee shies. What

is to be done? What with the galvanic thores of the *Globe*, the frightful "reconstructions," "disstructions," and "dominations" which alarm one so at breakfast every morning, we have a sorry time of it. And then we have *Old Double* and the *Leader* screaming away about the "Two days' Premier," and to such a length do they now go, that they cannot discuss the Mexican imbroglio or the Italian war without halting near the "Brown-Dorion" by the way. This state of things is frightful. People may call it politics if they like, but for the life of us we cannot understand it.

THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

The arrangements made for the celebration of the Queen's Birth Day are of the most unsatisfactory nature. The Corporation refuse to appropriate any sum to procure fire-works. Many of the rifle-companies have been disbanded. The firemen, it is said, will not march in procession; nothing in fact is to be done. This, to say the least of it, is highly censurable in all concerned. A want of public spirit; a want of patriotism; a want of common sense is observable in this inattention in the observance of the greatest Canadian holiday in the year.

We believe that there is to be the semblance of a review. Such as it is it will be welcome. Excursions will be the chief feature in the day. The weather will no doubt be fine, and our citizens will have every facility to "play themselves." Captain Moodie, with his usual enterprise has carved out a moonlight excursion for the benefit of the public. A display of fire works from on board will make the *Fire Fly* an object of interest on her return home.

The Lyceum in the evening will receive its share of patronage, and the curtain will no doubt fall on thousands of merry faces and happy hearts—notwithstanding the foul and most unnatural conspiracy entered into by the members of the corporation and other wretches we have mentioned, to defraud our citizens out of their usual share of rejoicing on the Queen's Birth day.

STRANGE RUMOURS.

It is rumoured that apartments are being fitted up in the R. C. Palace for the reception of his Holiness the Pope.

It is rumoured that Dr. Ryerson endorses notes for the Editor-in-chief of the *Globe*.

It is rumoured that John S. Hogan does say that Austria must evacuate Italy.

It is rumoured that the Hon. Mr. Kierzkowski has gone over to raise the Poles.

It rumoured that the Yankoes have concluded that they will not annex Canada.

FRAGMENT OF A LEADER.

Our devil being anxious to write a *Leader*, we gave him a chance. The following is part of one of the war:—

"What's the hods whether Austria knocks Italy into a cocked hat, or France mangles Austria—so

that the price of wheat goes up. Who cares two shako's of a devil's tail whether Russia takes off her coat, figuratively speaking, and piles on to Germany, or whether England swabs up Spain, and like all the other nations—so that printers' wages goes up, and provisions goes down. Vots the hods, we say again."

THINGS YOU NEVER SEE.

You never see a man pass behind a load of hay without taking out a wisp.

You never see a lady emerge from a store without looking both up and down the street.

You never see a man chasing his hat on a windy day without grinning, as if he rather liked it.

You never see a pig under a gate without bearing a great grunting.

You never see a man light his cigar with a hundred dollar bill.

You never see anything sensible in *Old Double*.
You never see a joke in the *Globe*.

You never see egotism in the *Leader*.
You never see a policeman near a row.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

All who have not seen the splendid Clock, manufactured by Mr. D. C. CARNEGIE, should call without delay at his store, on the north side of King Street, a few doors west of Yonge Street. It is one of the most ingenious things of the kind we have ever seen. Upon separate dials are accurately kept the time at Greenwich, Montreal, New York, and Chicago. The moon's appearance, her age, the month, and day of the month, are all marked; and within the case are a barometer and thermometer. Mr. Carnegie is one of the best workmen in the city, and he is as obliging as he is industrious and persevering. To any of our readers who want anything in the watchmaking line, we earnestly say, say Carnegie a visit. Remember the Illuminated Clock.

The attention of our readers is directed to a very interesting and instructive exhibition to take place in the St. Lawrence Hall, on Monday and Tuesday evening next, consisting of a variety of philosophical experiments. The principle object of interest is a magnificent light produced from electricity, also a Drummond light, both of which we are informed are exceedingly curious and instructive; these with electrical experiments, dissolving views, an instructive lecture, and appropriate music, will make a very pleasant entertainment. There will be an exhibition on Tuesday afternoon (Queen's Birth-day) at 2 o'clock.

Stepping into the Terrapin the other day, we were pleased to perceive handsome decorations in progress in that most delightful of Saloons. As well were we delighted with the display of the choicest viands and varieties of the season, which under the magic hands of the skillful Soyer of the Terrapin, would tempt the palate of an anchorite.

We also notice with pleasure the constant arrival of now and fancy goods at Mr. Spooner's establishment. Whatever Spooner sells he is determined it shall be of first class character and we know of none who will establish a reputation in this respect sooner than the gentleman in question; for the choicest cigars the most elaborate pipes, and the odoriferous tobaccos command us to Spooner.

THE GRUMBLER.

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