

# THE

# GRUMBLER.

*Mr Yeefy  
Richmond  
CW*

VOL. 1.

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NO. 33.

## THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coat  
I rede you tent it;  
A chief's among you taking notice,  
And, faith, he'll prent it."

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1858.

### CONVENTIONS.

The small fry of the city are beginning to hop and squirm about with their usual outburst of annual activity, in view of the approaching civic elections. Every year, since we knew anything of city affairs in Toronto, a great reformation was to be made in the composition and character of the Corporation; a leaven of honesty and respectability was to be introduced: the loopholes of corruption were to be finally closed: in short we were to be governed no longer by the refuse of the city, and the titles of Alderman and Councilman to be no more disgraceful to an honest man. Yet here we are, in 1858, in as bad a plight as ever, crying out as lustily as ever for reform in the Council and a complete routing of the old incapables, and yet without any guarantee that we shall not have to repeat the agitation next year. It is true, we have had conventions called, and all that abominable Yankee system of wire-pulling put into working order; but we have no system in the machinery, it belongs only to a rotten system of politics, there let it remain, we want none of it. Look at the movement as it has been commenced. A small bill is placarded in quiet localities, calling a meeting of "Reformers," such as the Secretary of a secret organization would summon its members; the attendants of such caucuses are there, we could give a shrewd guess at most of them now; they choose delegates who are assumed to be selected by the Ward, and what is called a "Convention" has been manufactured nominally by the people, but in reality by a clique of two or three, in whose pockets the list had probably been for days before. This is the new apparatus for manufacturing honest Aldermen. It is the same system which made Pierce and Polk Presidents of the United States, while Webster and Clay were allowed to die in neglect; it is the same system which is the bane of American politics and the source of American corruption; will the people of Canada have anything to do with it? We observe in our City Conventions another absurdity, that while the "Reformers" were supposed to form the Convention, the result of their labours is supposed to be non-political. The delegates were appointed by party caucuses, and yet their nominee is not to be a party man.—Following in the wake of the other party Rice Lewis & Co., hold their meetings, and nominate their delegates at Ramsey's and Quin's, and Moggie's, to nominate "a Conservative candidate

for Mayor." This is surely capping the climax in point of absurdity; the inspiration drawn from bad whiskey and the effluvia of short cuddies, cannot fail to subserve the interest of morality and honesty in the Council; they have only to nominate Mr. Bowes, [which we believe they will,] to complete the farce they have so happily begun.

Let us at least have some respect paid to the moral feeling of the community; if Mr. Wilson, though personally desirous to be neutral in politics, should be obnoxious to the Conservative party, by all means let them please themselves, and nominate another fairly and openly; but let us have no more Yankee log-rolling, no more whiskey-nominations, no more tap-room morality, and then we may hope for honest civic officers, but not one moment sooner.

### WHO'S THE COMING MAN?

The organs state openly that Mr. John A. Macdonald is weary of the toils (not spoils) of office. Poor dear man, no doubt he sighs for the retirement of private life in order that he may enjoy his cigars and champagne *ad libitum* without being made the subject of impertinent remark. Perhaps he is right. Perhaps he has worked sufficiently hard in the service of his country, and should be allowed to retire from the political arena. But then the serious question arises, on whom shall he bestow his mantle? Is Mr. J. H. Cameron to be the fortunate recipient? A communication of Mr. Mayor Boulton to the *Globe* leads us to suppose that the Crown Counsel's star is not in the ascendant. It is there stated that Mr. Samuel Sherwood is promised a government situation. Well, why not the Attorney Generalship? True, he is not a lawyer, but what of that? Mr. R. A. Harrison, B.C.L., could perform the duties of the office for him as well as for its present incumbent; there is no difficulty about the matter, and we shall support honest Sam for the Attorney Generalship, convinced that his antecedents peculiarly qualify him for the position: for

Have you not heard of Sam Sherwood,  
That prince of a Chief of Police,  
Who for Mayor and Magistrate no'er stood,  
When he thought it a "prig" to release?  
Who sported a fast trotting horse,  
With an exquisite buggy complete;  
Who at racing was "cock" of the course,  
And "chief" of the swells on the street?  
Oh! have you not heard of poor Sammy,  
Who knows so well "how not to do it;"  
Who can spit out a rollicking d—n me,  
And leave meener folks to construe it?  
Who may always be found "to the fore"  
When elections are brooding a stew,  
Laughing loud at an anti-grit roar,  
And giving the rowdies their cue?

Oh? "Your's heard of this gov'man before,  
When elections were brooding a stew,"  
And "you know he's a m-r-a connoisseur,  
With bull dogs and fighting cocks, too."  
Well, say, don't you think he's a "claim?"  
When Macdonald gives office the slip?  
Ah! of course, yes, you're sure it's a shame,  
If he don't get the Premier'ship.

So are we, decidedly.

### HAVE WE A CRAWLEY AMONG US?

The *Leader* of yesterday commenced one of its usual chaotic articles with a quotation from "Vanity Fair," describing the character of Sir Pitt Crawley, M.P. We read the article through without discerning its application; will the *Leader* be good enough to inform us whether Mr. Brown or Mr. Lemieux, or both of them, is intended? Let us see. "Here was a man who could not spell and did not care to read." It is bad enough to have Mr. Gould and some of his Grit colleagues in this plight, but it concerns us infinitely to think that Mr. Brown or any member of his cabinet is so careless in his orthography. Do tell us, gentle and refined *Leader*, so that we may have a poke at him. Who is it? The satirist goes on to say that he is a "boor," a "pettifogger" has "no taste or emotion but what is sordid and foul." This must be peculiarly distressing to the *Leader* which has always been so dignified in its political course, and so devoted to good society and rose-water politics. We would despise the Canadian Crawley ourselves if we had the remotest idea who he is supposed to be. But in addition to this, "he had honor and dignity," was "a pillar of the state," was courted by "ministers." This could hardly be Brown, as he has been singularly unfortunate at court; it seems really like a picture of Sidney Smith, to whom, indeed, the whole description is entirely applicable from first to last. "In Vanity Fair he had a higher place than the most brilliant genius or spotless virtue." Sidney Smith must be the Crawley of Canada; we can see no help for it; if not, ministerial inhabitants of glass-houses ought to be extremely cautious in throwing stones. If Brown or Lemieux be intended as the red tape M.P., we don't think they kept "brilliant genius" (Alleyne or Cartier) long out of office, "or spotless virtue" (the *Leader* or *Atlas*) long out of pap. Two days was but a salutary fast which served to whet the appetites of Canadian "genius and spotless virtue." It would really be ludicrous to see the great English novelist so prodiged, if it were not melancholy that we have educated men like the Editor of the *Leader* who peruse our modern English classics for the wretched purposes of political hack work. Such seems to be the case, however, for as the *Leader's* literary education proceeds, we all know of it in this way. We can tell to a day when he has read Vanity Fair, when he has closed Pickwick, or made his last dog's ear in Little Dorrit.

There is one lesson, however, he has not learned from Dickens or Thackeray, and which might be no slight improvement to his columns and relief to his readers—not to play too constantly on a harp of one string, to substitute rational argument for constant abuse, and to cater for his readers, amusement in some other way than by promulgating old thunder from the musty fyles of the *Globe* newspaper.

"Representation of Chaos," not by Haydn,

—The editorial columns of the *Leader* for the last month.

LOCKERMACHS, LAMMERMOOR HILLS, SCOTLAND,  
October 7th, 1858.

To Miss CANADA NORTH AMERICA,

(Care of Mr. Grumbler, Toronto.)

MEM!

I'm uncw backward, Mem, at writing,  
Sao pray excuse my Scotch inquiring,  
The rumour's here, tho'ra's clairs and sitting,  
And kicked and kneed,  
Jaw-breaking, scandal, and back-biting  
Among you folks,

You're est, cast down my bonnie birds;  
I sit me down, a humely bardie,  
To write to you a wee bit words,  
What's thought about it;  
Although some pleasure 'twill afford ye,  
I little doubt it.

I hear Macdonald and his crew—  
Base scullions! kist thy govden mow;  
Thou thoughtst them steadfast, jeal and true,  
By deed and word;  
But o'er their throes the wool they drew,  
My bonnie bird!

They saw thy lakos see glassy clear,  
Thy forests stretching far and near,  
Thy fertile lands their bounties rear,  
Thy farms lockt;  
They whispered in thy willing ear,  
And fished thy pocket.

Corruption! drank thy cellar dry,  
Miss-Role made thy bay-bees fly,  
While tressch'rons sons of double dye—  
Did whine and round them;  
Cramm'd fu' w' mone a graceless lie,  
The Doll confound them!

Thy subject lot we deeply mourn,  
By ranking jars thy peace is torn;  
We hear thy choaks free w'en to moro  
Are scann'd dry;  
Can name be found to pluck the thorn,  
And "do or die"?

We see thee on thy throo-log'd chair,  
Plunged in the torrent of despair;  
Thy coffin's toon, thy amary baro—  
Nae pan or pot;  
From Johnie Groat's to Herwick stair,  
We mourn thy lot!

Thy placid brow aens fair to see,  
Decked round w' leaves of maple tree,  
Thy laughing een lit up w' glee—  
To gril and ama—  
The stalwart hind, the bond, the free,  
Thou welcome'st!

Can name be found in a' your land,  
To grasp lies with an honest hand,  
And w' a nocromancer's wand,  
Or cutgog strang—  
Be up and learn the shuffling bard  
Another sang?

There's Gentle Brown for years by-past,  
A shoop-e'o at yourself has cast;  
And tae three cair frae caud to west,  
Did on the ca!  
But Head gave them the back door blast,  
Mast killed them a'!

George spoke ye fair 'bout population,  
Ho'd minister to occasion,  
Ho'd sent ye word w' free trade ration,  
Porter and pies,  
And trenchers filled w' reformation—  
Would reach the skies!

Religious sects might sink or swim,  
At Kirk's he'd only glaucie and gloom,  
Whan grants were w'nt, he'd just sing dumb—  
Though backed by knox—  
Upon his nose he'd place his thumb,  
And lock the box!

Be careful, Mem! just watch their doin'—  
There's mischief in the camp a'bowin'  
'Tween me and you, they's work your rule—  
Tho'll gie you beans,  
While I subscribe myself low bowls,  
Yours, DANDY DEANS.

In the Heart of Mid Lothian, Jeannie Deans informs  
the Duke of Argyle that she had an Aunt at Lock-  
ermachus. We wonder if our correspondent is of  
that ilk?—[ED. GRUMBLER.

## MOODIE FOR MAYOR.

Some one sent us last week a copy of a requisition to the "Capting," which runs in this way—

SIR—The undersigned rate-payers of the City of Toronto, having full confidence in your inclination [we have confidence enough in that ourselves.—Ed. G.] and ability (1) to all the office of Lord Mayor; and as a mark of their due appreciation of your unvaried exertions, &c., do solicit you to become a candidate for the above office and salary, and pledge ourselves, &c., &c.

We certainly think this is a good idea. We have had lawyers in the civic chair till we are sick of them, let us try a fresh water marine, and see what he can do for us. "Glorious St. John's" should at once arouse from its lethargy and strike boldly for the skipper. We know no man into whose hands we can more safely entrust the weal and fame of the "Queen of the West." While other men are, alas! too accessible to corruption; in Moodie we see the man who would, like Hercules, grapple with the Hydra which has so long lorded it over us. His dignified appearance and lordly mien point him out as the man upon whom, should Her Majesty visit the most loyal city in her dominions, she would gladly bestow the honour of Knighthood; nay, we verily believe that if she saw Robert presiding in state over an intellectual council, she would instantly dub him the Earl de Firefly. Shall we then hesitate to raise to the Mayoralty a man whom royalty would delight to honour? Never! let the cry then be "Moodie for Mayor,"—the alliteration itself is so stirringly sublime that who can hesitate? To the rescue then, rally round the standard and return him at the head of the poll in January. We have been favoured with a copy of the address, and we eagerly publish it to our readers:—

### To the Free and Independent—

GENTLEMAN—Ye's all know me to be an honest, incorruptible and consistent champion of the people. No man can say anything to the contrary, and if so be they can't then why aint I to be the first elected Mare? Echo axes the same question.—Did't I go in for Brown and did't I go against him agin and can any one then charge me with political feelins? Nare a one. Did't I sprinkle every dacent man's thirsty mouth with whiskey at the elections, and dont I always go in for free licker? In course I do. I've established a through line of steamers for public recreation to the Island and I aint a bit proud after all my success. No, I'm always to be found at tail of the Firefly collecting the fare and piloting the passengers over the perils of the deep. My platform and ticket are well known but for the sake of the ignorant I give it agin—

1. Free liquor and no sponging.
  2. Sam Sherwood for Chief and a public feed for the bull-dog.
  3. R. N. Allen for city solicitor.
  4. No Schools; like Judge Hagarty, I dont think they are successful.
  5. Morality and all that sort of thing, but in moderation.
  6. No lawyers nor no educated men in the council.
  7. The Mayor to do the work of the Chamberlano and Finance Committee, and no Auditors.
- Then throw up your caps, wipe your noses and

shout for Moodie. Moodie and tug-boats; Moodie and no cant; Moodie and light-houses; Moodie and cheap whiskey.

Come up to the scratch, my bravo boys,  
Of the glorious Ward of St. John,  
And vote for the lad of your choice,  
Bob Moodie, the son of a gun.

I'll atolish, right off, all your taxes,  
Education and above and all that;  
Olvo yez all, boys, whatever you axes,  
When I'm licking the Mayoralty fat.

Certain laws which I need'n't new mention,  
Which are awkward at times to us all,  
To repeal it's my honest intention,  
So for Moodie continue to bawl.

Oh! say I'm the man that you chooses,  
Free whiskey shall be my endeavour,  
You "unwashed" with the bad boots and shoeses,  
Cry "Moodie and liquor" for ever.

Yours fraternally,

BOB MOODIE.

### WANTED—SOME ONE TO COMMIT SUICIDE.

In these columns devoted more especially to Momus, we would not willingly attempt to horrify our readers by any dismal tidings. But whatever may be the result, we certainly must give them a caution. The fact is, reader, your life is in danger. That's pos. From the man-trap recently set by Jim Boulton in Bay-street, there was some chance of escape; and a few people actually got off with a score of bruises or a broken leg or arm; but another trap has been set, and a human victim has been caught. A city coroner, whose "official position and standing as a medical man" have constituted him one of the little-great bores of Christendom, deliberately set another man-trap last week. That is to say, he left a coroner's warrant, duly signed and dated, in which twelve good men and true were summoned to hold an inquest touching the death of —somebody who was to be found dead during the week! That, we opine, is showing death under people's noses—it's a conspiracy against the peace and dignity of our lady the Queen—an unwarrantable act—bad business—very. But the worst of the affair remains to be told. Next morning the body of a dead man was found floating in the bay! Why doesn't Sherwood arrest that Coroner? Why not hold an inquest on his doings? Why not summon two score witnesses who know nothing about the matter. Probably they know all about "the state of Denmark." Each witness is worth half a dollar a head, and, when, at the end of a fortnight the aggregate mass of nonsense has been committed to paper, the jury can be instructed to bring in a verdict in accordance with the evidence. Why not?—we indignantly repeat—and we pause for a reply.

Condition of the World if Agriculture were to become extinct.

"Thrones overturned—principalties and powers destroyed—would be the most trifling results! Religion, arts, science, all knowledge would disappear! Devotion, affection, charity, and virtue would be driven from the earth! Despair would overshadow us! Chaos would be restored! Hope would spread its silver wings, and merge herself in the realms of fruition."—*Colonist*, Oct. 20th, 1858.

N. B.—The above is from a mad correspondent of the *Colonist*, whom the editors evidently wanted to kill off by printing his maniacal ravings. It is the only plan by which you can get rid of a troublesome correspondent. Let him make a dreadful ass of himself once, and the chances are that you have done with him for ever afterwards.

## OUR FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

LIVERPOOL, October 2nd, 1858.

Ten minutes after I was appointed the foreign correspondent of THE GAZETTER I started for New York, and arrived just as the steamer for Europe was weighing anchor.

"You're too lato," says the captain, as he cast off the last hawser.

"You're not full," says I?

"There's not room to stand," says he.

"The deuce there's not," says I; "then, I'll sit or lie, if it's all the same to you."

"There's no doubt you'll lie, for its written in your countenance," says he.

With that, sir, I called the police, but the captain got up steam and started before the avenging hand of justice could overtake him. It is a melancholy thing to relate, but I assure you that in the City of New York such scenes are perpetrated with impunity every day, in the unblushing noon tide; and yet the New Yorkers are supposed to go to church twice on Sundays. It was only the other day that a gentleman, a friend of my own, told me of an instance that came under his own knowledge, in which a band of ruffians came upon a party of gentlemen who were playing at back-gammon in the very heart of the city; and on one of the gentlemen refusing to bite his own little finger off, the whole company were inhumanly murdered, and their heads stuck up in the most prominent parts of the city.

But this is only a digression, and no doubt you are well acquainted with the particulars long before this. To return to a narrative of my travels: We left New York on Wednesday—coaled at Halifax on Friday, and narrowly escaped running against Newfoundland on Sunday—for no other reason, as I believe, than that we were travelling on the Sabbath day.

"You'll not run on Sunday?" says I to the captain, the evening previous to our escape.

"No," says he, "if it keeps out of the way."

"Ha! ha!" says I, for I thought it best not to appear to notice his insolence.

"A grave responsibility rests with those who wilfully act in this manner," says I; "and I should like to know what you intend to do if you break the Sabbath to-morrow?"

"Splice it," says he, as he walked off.

Convinced that there was no use in casting the glittering gems of an oriental clime before animals forbidden to be carried by the pater-familias of the hook nose and olive complexion tribes, I took no further part in the management of the ship; and consequently you cannot feel any interest in the remaining portion of the voyage. The weather, on the whole, was fair; now and then we had a cat's paw, but the captain, who, I soon perceived, was an old hand, invariably made all taut on the first symptoms of danger. The main yards were braced, the fore-top heaved down, and the good vessel's weather eye brought up three points this side of windward. This was repeated with success three or four times in the course of the run. Once or twice we had to double our precautions. Great guns were the order of the day, and our ship bounded like a mad horse running away down King Street. When it was

pretty evident that we were in for it, the captain piped all hands to the lee quarter.

"Weather your top-sel; 'bout ship; haul her sixteen points east, by thirty-two and a half degrees west; and wear her stern gently round on the larboard tack," said he, in a voice that rode on the wings of the tempest.

"Aye! aye!" responded the gallant crew, and in a second we were trimming round in capital style.

"Keel her over," roared the captain, trumpet in hand, from the main shrouds.

"Steady's the word!" returned the crew. This movement saved us. One brief moment more and we should have been reposing with the salt cod at the bottom of the sea, while the sad billows of the mighty Atlantic rolled over us in melancholy grandeur. Now we were riding as easily as a duck in a mill pond. The remaining incidents of the voyage are soon disposed of. We rose at thirteen bells, and breakfasted; lunched half an hour afterwards, and were as clamorous as young sparrows for dinner before you could say "Jack Robinson!" When it was fine we rigged up a marquee mid-ships and danced until our toes ached. When it rained we got the ladies to smoke and drink, and we played the piano and talked scandal.

At three and three-quarter bells on the ninth nautical day we were out, land was descried.—Whereupon we crowded all sail, and ran for the nearest offing, which turned out to be Liverpool. We landed next day; and we were soon scattered all over. I have a great deal to say respecting this place; but I have borrowed so largely from my notes of the voyage that I am quite pumped out; so I will bid you farewell for the present.

Bow Legs.

## OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

Mr. Alderman D. B. Read is the special object of THE GAZETTER'S solicitude. He was emphatically the funny man at the Carter's theatre, City Hall last evening, and played the fool to admiration. Our Municipal Council is a great institution. Little Davy Read is an institution within that institution, in fact, in his own eyes, he is the whole Corporation. Witness the way in which he forbade the publication of the proceedings before the Police Commissioners in the Sherwood case. The idea of exposing Samuel's weakness to the gaze of the brutal mob, was more than he could bear; so he determined to prevent it, and issued his orders accordingly. Not often do we swallow without abundant cogitation the *dictum* of any of that long robed class, who bend in adoration before the shrine of Beelzebub, the lawyer's patron saint. But when D. B. Read, Esq., stated that he did not want a "row made about this matter in the newspapers," we did believe him. Nay, had Bishop Strachan himself come forward and attempted to convince us to the contrary, his efforts would have been as fruitless as the branches of the withered fig tree, so confirmed are we in the truth of the worthy Alderman's statement.

Having cooled down some eighty or ninety degrees, Davy next prepared to make a speech, and drew from his pocket so weighty a brief, that even the Blowers were awe struck. Raising himself to his full height, by which means he was just perceptible above the tables, he called upon the Mayor

to preserve order, while he endeavored to hammer an idea into the heads of the thick headed crew around him. But the Mayor, must have appeared to St. David's Alderman a most miserable donkey, when he refused to accede to so reasonable a request, under the paltry pretence that the subject was not in order. "Order, order!" echoed Davy unable to catch the meaning of the term, the idea that the business of any one else could take precedence before his, being an entire novelty to him. No matter who may be speaking or what may be doing, if a thought strikes St. David's *petit* Alderman, out it must come, slap, bang, head over heels, right into the middle of all else. Jumping down off his chair to the floor, [no inconsiderable jump for him,] he shrieks out in loudest tones to the Mayor, and joy beams from his countenance as though the words he wishes to utter would, despite the cold weather, place us all in a state of paradisaical plenty, [what would become of the tailors?] or bring about the millennium of which Jacob Cade spoke, when he promised that "seven-half-penny loaves should be sold for a penny," and that "he would make it felony to drink small beer," a crime by the way, of which Davy will never be accused. Not unfrequently has he interrupted Councillor Craig, when that worthy has been stumbling through one of his senseless speeches, "Sit down wi yer, ow dar yer interup me?" immediately salutes his ears. Ardagh, when placed in a similar position says, in his full toned Irish brogue—

"Misthur Mayor, I want for to know if yer Wiship considers the gentleman for to be order?" and Purdy declares such "a nunarrantable interruption to be inconsistent with the dignification of the Council." Having got through all these difficulties, however, our hero obtained a hearing upon the express promise that he would not detain the Council long. A number of members, however, who did not believe him, adjourned to the anti-room. But, summoning all our courage, we determined to brave it out.

The speech was something about a Mr. Salter; more we could not understand. To many means did we resort to quicken our perceptive faculties, but without result. We gazed earnestly into the face of Coun. Ramsay, and then into Sam's (the bull dog, not the chief) but no ray of intelligence was reflected from either. Our eyes sought the ceiling, but that was blank and dirty, a fact which need cause no wonder, when we consider the amount of gas nightly evolved in the chamber, next desiring to scratch our pole, hoping that would have a good effect, we borrowed Coun. Craig's pocket comb which he never uses, (of which any one who looks, at his noble head will be assured of,) was perfectly clean. All our efforts were useless; at the end of ten minutes we bolted, utterly unable to find out what Davy was driving at.

N. B.—We understand that David 'spoko' for twenty-five minutes, that Ald. Bugg and Spradatt were rolled senseless out of the chamber, and that the constable on duty threatens to resign, if the Mayor allows any one to speak over a quarter of an hour. He says he has a strong constitution, but that it is rapidly breaking down under these afflictions.

## A SUGGESTION.

Shall modest merit tread the world  
Unnoticed and unfriended?  
Shall useful men from place be hurled,  
Attacked and not defended?  
Shall public servants staunch and true,  
For zeal go unrewarded?  
Shall duties well performed, gain  
The right to be discarded?  
When parsons, soldiers, firemen,  
And folks of every station,  
Are daily made the objects of  
Some handsome presentation.  
Then rally round our Police Chief,  
Yo prigs whom he relieves;  
Present him with a watch inscribed  
"Testimonial from the T.E.E.I.V.E.S."

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"Autobiography of a 'SWELL,'" by Julius Snobkins, Esq. Amour & Co., Toronto.

We have much pleasure in recommending the perusal of this work to all classes of Torontonians society. To philosophers and sensible men, that they may know something of the habits and Natural History of the animal; to the gay and giddy-headed members of our community, that they may behold themselves perhaps for the first time in a full-length mirror.

"I was born," says Snobkins, "in a fashionable portion of a fashionable city. My earliest recollection is that of being fuddled by a gentleman in patent leather boots, tight trousers with good spring bottoms, fitting well round the instep; and a shanghai coat. But I don't remember what description of necktie he wore, nor whether trouser straps were then in fashion, as I could at the time have been only two years old."

There is a true touch of nature here. The quick observation of childhood retains many particulars, but is not sufficiently practised to follow the complications of a necktie, or detect the small portion of the other elegant article of toilet, which usually allows itself to be seen beneath the lower extremity of the unmentionables.

In another place, he says "my next recollections are of the day of my commencing the use of trousers. In my infant petulance, I rejected the infantile pair presented to me by my maternal relative and pointed eagerly to the fashionable breeches of my elder brother. The whole family wept tears of joy over this evidence of precocious genius, and snip in my hearing—Depend upon it, he will one day take the polish off the swells of—street."

Again, "my recollection still hovers back to the tender scenes of childhood, and my now manly heart melts, as I turn to review the days of my simplicity and childish gait. I shall never forget the contrivance by which I managed to get free from the bondage of 'stays.' A large salmon was seething in a fish boiler, for a dinner party given at my paternal mansion, and I happened to enter the kitchen soon after. Some young blackguards had been taunting me with wearing stays. Providence seemed to have placed this instrument of deliverance, I mean the boiler, just in my way. As the cook left the kitchen for a moment, I popped my stays into the boiler, and an hour after, they were pronounced

by a distinguished scientific guest of that evening, to be a peculiar species of Isinglass-deposit, not unfrequently met with in such fishes."

The pathetic naivete of these extracts, is not surpassed by Dickens himself. Permit us to give one which is likely to be instructive as an example to young men who are just commencing to know what tailors bills are like.

"Between the ages of eighteen and twenty-eight, flowed the happiest, liveliest, thrillingest, portion of my existence. What with balls and bills payable, dinner parties and duns, musical parties and dancing parties, I become giddy when I think of it.

"And my creditors too, I bear them no spite. I still remember with pleasure the fascinating familiarity of my pet tailor and principal creditors, Snip and Cabbage, whom I still owe £50. There was nothing shabby about them. The moment you entered, Mr. Snip was at your service and had you engaged at once in conversation about the last Oratorio, the Carleton races, or the American Championship contest, according to your tastes and predilections, which he had of course ascertained beforehand, by a sort of Commercial agency, conducted on Psychological principles by Douglass & Co. Take the following dialogue as a specimen:

*Enter Fashionable Gent.*

"Good morning," says Snip, advancing with a primo cigar in his mouth.

GENT.—(Pleasantly) "Good morning, Snip, something new there? first rate style of coat."

SNIP.—"Right, Sir. It takes you to know all about these things. I know you're sense enough to get one of them. My friend, P—w, was here this morning, and intends to set the fashion that way."

GENT.—"Well, you may measure me. But mind and make it wide about the chest,

SNIP.—"O yes, I'm accustomed to your figure, P—w is the only person whose chest comes anything near yours."

GENT.—(Pleased) "Hal I don't mind if you measure me for a waistcoat and peg-tops."

SNIP.—"Do you know what I was doing all last summer?"

GENT.—(Curiously) No. What?"

As we don't feel any special interest in what Mr. Snip was doing all last summer, we pass to the concluding passage of the work.

".....but my sun is dimmed at length, I have married a pretty woman without cash who spends most of my income, leaving me enough money for tobacco and beer. I am become a sloven, and devote my yet active intellectual energies to the colouring of a magnificent meershaum pipe, a legacy from a dear friend who died of tight boots. I meditate daily upon the vanity of human wishes, summing up the number of suits of clothes I have worn in one day, and reflecting upon the paucity of tailors who can make a REALLY GOOD PAIR OF BREECHES." Sensible to the last, we say.

Refreshing Impudence.

—Mr. Ten Thousand Bowes coveting his old piffering ground, the Mayoralty.

## PAY AS YOU GO.

At the earnest entreaty of a correspondent, we give our readers the latest sermon on the above text.

Say,—isn't it fine  
To tell us to pay as we go?  
To fork out the dollars and pay out the dimes,  
When oh! dear oh!  
Thanks to these hardest of fifty times,  
We've forgotten the "chink" of golden chimes,  
And can't do so.  
We know very well  
That's its pleasant enough,  
To pay out the tin with an illegat air.  
To be off in a huff  
If Mrs. the laundress, or landlady fair,  
Or Mr. the hatter, or shoemaker, dare  
Be the least bit rough.  
We know very well  
That its pleasant for,  
To be doomed by one's tailor a bit above par,  
Wherever we are,  
To have no little bill, just forced into view,  
Nor to figat and fret o'er a note coming due,  
Often cursing one's star.  
We know all this of course,  
But then what's to be done?  
Dr. Ill started unfortunate sons of a gun?  
Is too serious for fun.  
We're willing enough to pay as we go,  
But oh! dear oh!  
Thanks to these hardest of fifty times,  
We've forgotten the "chink" of golden chimes,  
And can't do so.  
Yes! what's to be done?  
Must we cut and run,  
Or stand out the brunt (like a martyr "some")  
Of each angry dun?  
We really don't know,  
But oh! dear oh!  
Its killing us quite to be bothered so.

## THE NEW THEATRE.

Mr. Petrie, the established favorite on the Toronto boards is about opening a new dramatic establishment in the Ontario Hall (the old Court House.) The Hall is nicely fitted up and the company which the manager has engaged is composed of some of the best artists in America. Among the rest, Mr. & Mrs. Chas. Hill, who are well known in Toronto. We trust the experiment will prove successful. The people of Toronto have been very irregular in their support of the Drama, and perhaps the rivalry thus created may benefit both houses.

We wish Mr. Petrie every success. The first performance will be given this evening.

## BUSINESS NOTICE.

Of all the articles in common use, what can compare with a good biscuit? How often is the temper tried by the soft and moist or flinty abortions that are often sold under that name? When one has a good glass of wine, or a keg of fresh oysters, it is extremely trying to be bereft of the gustatory pleasure we should derive from them by the bad crackers we eat with the one, or stew with the other? To all who want to know the man who will never disappoint you in this way, we say go to Wm. GUMBLER, at the Yorkville bakery.  
Mr. Christie took the first prize at the late Provincial Exhibition, and he is prepared to supply the best biscuits and the best tea-cakes at the most reasonable terms.  
Try the price biscuit and you will say the GRUMBLER knows what is good.

## THE GRUMBLER

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