

THE GRUMBLER.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1859.

WHOLE NO. 55.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in your coat
I rede you tuck it;
A child's among you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll print it."

SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1859.

PROVINCIAL SPOUTING APPARATUS No. IX.

I. THE SPEAKER HYE RUFFLES.

On Saturday last, be the day perennially marked with the most rubicund of red letters, Mr. Speaker appeared in the House in a frilled shirt and lace ruffles. We do not mean to say that these were the only articles of dress which covered the portly and elegant form of that great man. By no means. The robes and pumps and buckled shoes were there as usual, but the ruffles were the cynosure of every eye, and the goodly savour of jockey club was wafted into every nose. We have a real Speaker at last; none of your Belleau or Sicotte plebeans, but a real, ripe, ruffled aristocrat. Our reporter represents the scene as perfectly overpowering, and states with what astonishment he heard ill-concealed laughter, and irrelevant remarks about apish fripperies. He tells us that he was so overcome by the sight, that when the Governor was assenting to Bills, he had to beg a pinch of snuff from the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod. Our reporter also tells us, that he borrowed Alleyn's opera-glass, and took a good squint at them over George Brown's shoulder. You may not know our reporter, gentle readers, let us introduce him. Generous Public, Mr. Dotanddash, late of Vermont. Mr. Dotanddash, Generous Public. The learned phonographer is quite a poet, and desires to present the following lines to Mr. Speaker and our readers:—

Gigantic Smith, you are a reg'lar ripper,
You gorgeous animal all over lace,
Whar on sirth did you raise them ruffles?
I hardly dar to look you in the face.

Don't stand on chores with me, prodigious critter,
My mows is entwamposed at the sight;
Who's yer dress-maker?—toll a hopeless poik,
And if yer mother knows you're out to night?

Et I'd a' ben you I'd a drank a horn of brandy
Before I was envelopped in that starch;
You look more orful than two pecks of lightning,
Or the Vermont reg'lars when they're on the march.

Who cut yer hair, fied it up and fixed it?
Galamptious insect, let a fellow know:
Air yer curl papers taken from the Leader,
Or does Old Double deck yer lassy brow.

Ring out your tintinabulating clappers,
Ye bells that rattle in this nother's fore;
Roll out extravagantly, double barrelled thunder,
To celebrate the gl'ries of this hero.

Adoo, thou grate and jockey clubbish Speaker,
Perdoose yer wig, you'll shiver me to bits;
Don't be obtusopulous and enooel, stranger,
Or this poor poik'll soon lose his wits.

And of some night, in a dark lane reclining,
They find a defunct corpse gone to smash;
And thud it soocilo for self-protection,
Be sure you've spoiled Dotanddash.

II. THE CABINET OF PREMIERS.

In the absence of questions of grave importance, our sage legislators are inquiring which of three gentlemen is the Premier. Dr. Connor thinks it must be Galt; Mr. Foley gives poor Cartier the benefit of a doubt; Mr. Brown goes for the Attorney General West. If the last hypothesis be correct, why don't they offer a reward for the premier? Who has seen or heard of him for the last four days? Sometimes a dark suspicion crosses our brain that the Grits have sunk him in Lake Ontario in the black box. Where is the Attorney General West? Nobody can tell, and we think Captain Prince should set his active police-force to recover the lost statesman wherever he may be. If he has been the victim of foul play, who of our great statesmen is secure? We may some day have to deplore the disappearance of Hogan, Gould, Ferguson, and Gowan. The matter is a very serious one. Mr. Cartier says he is the premier, but of course some corroborative evidence must be given, before we can believe that. Besides Sherwood said that Foley must be joking when he mentioned such an idea.

Mr. Galt seems to be modest about the matter, and is even disposed to yield the palm to Sherwood. Sidney Smith says "Don't let's have no primer, let's all be primers," and we believe they have thus foiled the opposition in their last attack. Sherwood is at present the bright luminary in the moderate firmament, and seems to do as well as any one. If we might venture to suggest, we would recommend that to avoid disputes like those of Thursday night each of the members of the Government should take the premiership for three days. This would give Sidney Smith and Alleyn full scope for their powers and for ever close the mouths of Grit-tish malcontents.

III. CHAOS COME AGAIN.

For a regular scene of confusion commend us to a Committee of the whole House. Take, for example, the Committee of Supply. Poor Mr Benjamin sits watching in the chair, like a sheep patiently awaiting slaughter.

Mr. Galt:—I move the adoption of the next item.
Mr. Brown:—Hold on, what's that?
Galt:—Vote of £200 to the Wild Cat Protection Society.

Brown:—Well now, here's a piece of extravagance,—money of the country wasted,—bankruptcy—irretrievable ruin.

Macbeth (with an oath)—Shut up your jaw (Yells and cat calls.)

Mr. Piche sings:—"Allons, enfants, de la patrie."
Mr. Foley: Order! What a confounded row.
Mr. Galt goes to Chairman to explain.
Brown, Foley, Mowat, McKellar, &c., rush over

and argue the point over the Chairman.

Benjamin, [from under the heap]:—"You'll stifle me, get out.

Burton and 20 others:—Take your seats! Six o'clock! Adjourn! Carried! Lost! Shut up! Stop! So on! &c., &c.

Benjamin [in a pig's whisper]:—Shall this item be carried? Carried.

Brown:—No it isn't carried. Yeas and Nays.
Dufresne:—Oh no! Carried! [Yells and scrapes from several quarters.

Col. Playfair to Dunkin:—What is it? All right, Galt says carried, (yells out) carried! question! sit down!

Item declared carried, and on they go in the same chaotic state. How do the people like this way of voting their money?

LOST.

A reward proportioned to their value will be paid for the recovery of the following articles:—

Mr. J. B. Robinson's chances for re-election in Toronto.

Mr. Ferguson's Separate School Bill.

Mr. Ouzime's temper.

Mr. Buchanan's prospects of the Inspector Generalship.

Mr. McMicken's late serious indisposition.

Mr. J. S. McDonald's tongue.

Mr. Hogan's "I do any."

Mr. Gowan's independence. [An additional reward given for the proof of the existence of this article.]

Old Double's brains; Mr. Vankoughnet's aboriginal hat; the spirit of the Legislative Council, Rep. by Pop., the credit of the country, and all other irrecoverable articles.

Novel Punishment.

—In the Leader's Police report we find that some woman, on being brought up and convicted of drunkenness, was sentenced by the Police Magistrate to the following extraordinary punishment. Addressing the vigilant crusher who had "captivated" her, Mr. Gurnett gave this command, "no doubt with becoming dignity—"Pat her back for a month!" The worthy magistrate does not appear to have specified whether the constable is to use any instrument in the operation of "patting her on the back," although we are all aware that constables have a falling of "patting" people on the back at times with their battons. For the sake of humanity, however, we hope that the punishment will be remitted—if not, the consequences will likely prove fatal to both constable and woman. People sometimes joke of rubbing their friends down with a "brickbat;" but we never thought his worship could indulge in such a practical joke as to order a woman's back to be "patted" for a month. It is to be supposed that it is not her bare "back" that is meant.

THE FOOLISH CABMAN.

Upon his box the cabman sat,
Joyfully cracking his whip;
The reins were dang'ling from his knees,
And a quid rolled over his lip;
Right merrily flashed the cabman's eye,
For he carried not wealth nor rank,
Though sickly and wan, the gas-lamp shone,
And his garments were moist and dank.

The maid tripped daintily over the mud;
The beggar crouched close to the wall;
The newsboy stood shivering in the rain,
And the muffin-man ceased to hawl;
But allward the cabman's soul that night
No shadow passed, I ween,
For there to the wet he was counting the net
Of the profits that day had seen.

Warily back in his pocket again,
He dropped back his money in gloce,
His quid was tossed disdainfully forth,
And right down to his boots laughed he.
He rattled his cash till it chinked too,
And echoed his laugh in its way;
And there in the rain, people shouted in vain
"Cab! Cab!" and then left in dismay.

By and by the cabman jumped from his box,
For his throat and his coppers were hot;
So he quaffed his beer and lit his pipe,
And beck on his throne he got.
Over the dashboard he stretched his legs,
And thought how his darling May
Would open her eyes and gaze in surprise
On the gross receipts of the day.

He laughed till he choked himself with muck,
Laid his finger beside his nose,
Till wearied at length, in spite of himself
The cabman began to doze.
He dreamt of wealth, he dreamt of fame,
But he reckoned without his host,
For the very next day, he'd five dollars to pay
For sleeping upon his post.

A CANADIAN LORD IN QUOD:

Your office, serjeant, execute it.—Henry VIII.

The serio-comic drama of the session has just been enacted successfully by "Her Majesty's servants, the company" performing in the House of Peers. Hon. Mr. Patton conceived that a vote of the House censuring the appointment of the Election Committee rendered it a point of honour in him to resign his place thereon. When the time for sweating came on, the other gentlemen were there, but no Patton appeared to take the oath. One hour's space for repentance was given, but Patton was still contumacious; the porcupines began to bristle up, and Patton's doom was pronounced by Sir E. P. Tache. The gallant gentleman brought out his knightly spurs to goad the House into a sense of injured dignity. He moved that the Serjeant-at-arms be instructed to arrest the lost sheep.

Hon. Adam Fergusson seconded the motion, propounding reasons in his breeches' pockets and spluttering them out in a very dignified fashion.

Hon. Mr. Morris, and the father of the House, Hon. Mr. DeBlaquiers moved to excuse Mr. Patton from further attendance under the circumstances. Mr. Murney compared Hon. Mr. Patton to "Jephtha, Judge of Israel," and talked of a "rash vow," who the Jephtha's daughter in this case was we did not catch; we suppose it was the hon. gentleman's feelings and dignity, and if the injured daughter of the judge was not more estimable than those, her death would have been no great loss.

Hon. Col. Prince appealed very cleverly and elo-

quently for indulgence. As however "the quality of mercy" had to penetrate through such dry old sticks as Fergusson and Ferris, it was "strained" so horribly as to be utterly unavailable. It was like getting stir-about through a hair-sieve, or calf's foot jelly through a side of leather. So Patton's goose was voted a fit subject for the spit worn at the Serjeant's side, and was devoted to him accordingly. The country was saved, dignity was upheld, and obstinacy in the person of Patton summarily spificated.

Tache put up his specs, Fergusson rubbed up his bristles and coughed like a stentor, while Dr. Smith took three pinches of snuff unawed and unseezable. But then an awkward point arose; which should execute the dreadful sentence, the Serjeant or the Usher? The age and experience of the former would doubtless have broken the stubborn will of Patton and dissolved his inexorable soul in tears of penitence; but if sleepless vigilance and wiry activity are proper qualifications in the constable, the brisk automaton was the man.

His black rod was ominous of the council's displeasure, and when its effects overpowered the unhappy culprit, a neat pirouette by the Usher to the sound of a barrel organ would have worked him into cheerfulness again. But the House thrust the black rod by and selected the Serjeant with his silver-mounted skewer to finish poor Patton's hash. As we go to press, we have not learned the upshot of the matter. We have been favoured with the unfortunate man's diary, and from the extracts we make, his feelings are given to the world.

6 p. m. Was caught by the Serjeant eating a horse-cake at the bottom of my clothes basket.—Asked for time to bid farewell to my landlady and tom-cat; cruel Serjeant refuses the boon.

6½ p. m. In durance vile. Horrid subterranean dungeon near the main drain. Asked for the lust novel, and received Baxter's Call to the Unconverted.

7. Serjeant brought in my rations—sour bread and water full of decayed organisms. Shouted for brandy. Serjeant refused—violent dispute. Finally compromise on water-gruel.

7½. Serjeant expresses fears of my committing suicide. Removes my spectacles as deadly weapons under Prince's bill.

8. Take out pack of cards artfully secreted in my coat lining. Play at whist with three dummies. Lose game and pay stakes from my left hand vest pocket to right ditto.

9. Thought of De LaTude, and tried to scrape acquaintance with two rats. Friendship indignantly refused in the Canadian Bastille.

9½. Received visit from the Chaplain. Offers spiritual consolation and a pinch of snuff. Reject the former and sneeze at the latter.

10. Draw the diagram of the *pons asinorum* with blood from my forehead. Break down in the proof and tear my hair thereat.

11. Serjeant enters to point out my bed—a bundle of second-hand straw subject to a lively stable chattel mortgage. Take off my boots and philosophize.

11½. Take a turn at gymnastics and sprain my wrists thereby. Almost tempted to use profane language but forbear.

12. Retire to straw.

3 a. m. Wake up from nightmare. Dream that

Adam Fergusson and Tache were dancing a Scotch jig on my pectoral and abdominal localities.

The hon. gentleman goes on to relate other indignities to which he submitted with Christian resignation, and winds up with a reflection on human freedom and the avarices of the Serjeant-at-arms.

EARLY REFORM.

Gentlemen of the Corporation, do not make fools of yourselves. Gentlemen of the Corporation, the citizens of Toronto are not so lost to common sense, so biggleredly, so stupid, as to imagine that the saving of the paltry sum which you, in your foolishness, propose to effect by reducing the salaries of public officers, can be productive of ought but the greatest mischief. If that is the sort of Reform you have in store for us, then you are the worst body of men that ever met to deliberate on our city matters.

The reduction of the salaries of the Police Magistrate, the Chamberlain, the Mayor, the Engineer, and the salaries of other public officers, was the most injudicious step ever taken in the Corporation. The public want the best servants, and the best servants cannot be got to work for the public for a beggarly pittance, when they can get double the sum by working for private individuals. And then it is a pretty thing to reduce Mr. Gurnett's salary, the oldest, most efficient and faithful officer that this or any other Corporation ever had. The Mayor must suffer in pocket also, and this too, we suppose, because he is one of the best and hardest working that we have had for some time. The Chamberlain discharges his business in a manner that excites praise, and in return, he must be paid like a book-keeper in a small store. Verily, we have an able body of Reformers at the head of our city affairs! But would that Heaven would send us Aldermen and Councilmen of even average common sense.

APRIL FOOLS.

The following distinguished gentlemen were saluted with the epithet "April Fool," being "sold," in the manner stated:—

Mr. Vankoubnet, on coming to our office to demand a new hat which some one had promised him in our name.

Mr. Patton, when he woke in custody, yesterday morning, was called an April fool by the Serjeant-at-Arms.

Mr. Gowas, on going to the Post Office to look for a complimentary autograph letter from the Queen, which he was told had arrived for him.

Col. Playfair, after walking ten miles with musket on his shoulder, on being told that Mr. McGee was in the field at the head of his Luvicibles.

Mr. A. P. McDonald, when he came back from the Council Chamber, whether he had gone expecting to get another contract.

Mr. Councilman Finch, on returning from a search after the man who was said to have offered the Mayor \$20 more not to appear in Finch's prize coat again.

Mr. Hogan after complying with a forged request to send a lock of his world-renowned hair to the British Museum.

Mr. Gould, on searching the last number of the *Illustrated News* for a portrait and biography of himself.

OVER THE WAY.

There she is again. It has always been a matter of profound wonder to me why haudsome young ladies will be rash enough to make their toilets at open windows. Blinds are a useful and in all probability as ancient an invention as either "blind hooky" or "blind man's buff." But unfortunately for my peace of mind a duo regard for the use of blinds was omitted from the education of, at least one young lady. The story is not a long one, and I will set it down as harbour commissioners place buoys and floating lights to mark the spot where some gallant vessel was wrecked on some sunken rock, in order that posterity may take warning thereby.

It was on a glorious Saturday evening in autumn, years ago. I remember it well. Glorious autumnal evenings have ever since had the same effect on me that they say fire has on a burned child. Well, on the identical evening in question, I had put off the cares of the world, and my waistcoat at the same time, and in the true spirit of a bachelor was enjoying myself—my feet elegantly deposited on the window-stool, and my hands gracefully toying a paper of pins which I had lately become possessed of through the favour of my washerwoman.

"Mrs. Scrubbs," said I, at a former interview with that useful, but certainly not ornamental, member of society, "have the goodness to procure for me two pennyworth of pins—not," I pointedly remarked, "of that gigantic breed which seems to have been invented to pinion men-of-war in violent tempests, nor yet of that diminutive species, seemingly designed to be used as skewers to truss Hilliputian poultry with. Bachelors," I apostrophised, as I handed my washerwoman the requisite amount of current coin, "cannot get on in the world without pins! They are the Alpha and the Omega—"

"Mercy on us, Sir," says my washerwoman, "I never heard them called so before!"

"The Alpha and the Omega," I went on without regarding the interruption, "of a bachelor's life; for from the time he is pinned up in his swaddling clothes until he is finally pinned down in his shroud—"

"Angels be about us," says my female domestic, devoutly crossing herself, and advancing towards the door, through which she soon afterwards showed a floating skirt.

Next day I found a parcel on my dressing-table, of which I soon became painfully aware contained pins, in my trying to explore its mysteries. And it was this identical package of pins that I held in my hand on the evening in question.

"Yes," I mused, as I lounged at my ease, my eyes vacantly fixed on the opposite house which had been newly let, "abolish pins, and society will come to a premature end. What young gentleman could get up an unimpeachable 'tie' without the use of pins, and what young gentleman ever yet possessed the courage to appear in ought but an unimpeachable 'tie.' And aside from her 'pin-money,' what young lady is there who would not consider herself a 'perfect fright' but for the use of pins!"

How long I meditated on the utility of pins I know not. Doubtless I displayed a great deal of learning, and established my character as a deep

thinker—but unfortunately, an accident has deprived posterity of the advantage and me of the glory which must have inevitably resulted from a publication of my further meditations on pins—in a word, no remembrance of them is to be found written on the tablets of my memory. They are as effectually lost to the world as the principle of perpetual motion, or the art by which J. S. Hogan, M. P. P., curls his hair.

However, there I sat, wrapt in pins, I mean absorbed in the abstract notion, pins, when suddenly I became aware that there was a young lady in the opposite window combing her hair! How long she was there I could not say. But had she risen out of the earth, like a new order of mermaid, or dropped from the skies, I could not have been more astonished.

Indeed so great was my astonishment that I involuntarily started, and owing to my recumbent position, becoming entangled in the window curtains and pins, I made a vigorous exertion to free myself, which only had the effect of bringing me into rather violent contact with my wash-stand, the result of which was a general smashing of furniture and ewers, a bruising of flesh and rending of window curtains.

Thoroughly aroused by this accident—which I may also affirm of my neighbour below stairs—I again directed my visual organs to the cause of my disaster, and yes—no—yes—there she was again!

How enchanting she looked—downright handsome, in fact a Venus in *dishabille*—with her long, rich auburn tresses flowing down to her waist—her beautiful face occasionally glancing through those rich tresses like the moonlight gleaming through an orange grove, or any other appropriate similitude the poetic reader would like to suggest.

I never was so captivated in my life before. Indeed I may say I was madly and desperately in love. My first idea was to wave my handkerchief, and about frantically until I had attracted her attention. On second thoughts I gave up the project as rather risky. What if she should mistake my moirés, or take me for a lunatic, I said, and gave up such ideas.

After I had considered various other desperate plans, and given them all up in despair, I came to the conclusion, that she of the ringlets must be preparing to go out for an evening walk, and—ecstatic thought—I would go out and meet her.

I did go; and the result of my walk will be found written in the next number of THE GRUMBLER.

THE CATHEDRAL.

Toronto, April 1st, 1855.

DEAR GRUMBLER,—I do not know whether you ever go to Church or not; but from the general style of your journal, I rather think you do. For myself I never miss a Sunday when the weather is fine, and Heaven is kind enough to send me the latest fashionable bonnet. In accordance, then, with my usual practice I was present at the Cathedral last Sunday evening, and never was so struck with the folly of going to church before.

It seemed to me that the congregation were ex-

pected to do nothing for themselves, except fall asleep. In the first place, the minister—a weak-minded gentleman—prayed for the "miserable sinners" present, who gave a silent consent to all he said; then a few lines, then voices in the choir sang a mild hymn, to keep "the miserable sinners" awake for the present, I suppose; and lastly, another minister, a very weak-minded gentleman indeed, preached a genteel and inoffensive sermon, which had the desired effect of sending the "miserable sinners" fast asleep.

Along with the rest, I also fell asleep, and happening to wake up in half an hour, just as the mild minister was saying—"now to ———" I thought he was concluding, and accordingly stood up with a greater portion of those "miserable sinners" present, when judge of our confusion, the weak-minded gentleman aforesaid did not finish the sentence as we expected, but went on "now to conclude," and preached five minutes longer.

Now, sir, I am, on the whole, patient, and being a lady, I eschew strong language, but as going to sleep is the only object for which "miserable sinners" go to church, I, for one, will give up going there altogether, if people's rests be so rudely shocked. It is really shocking. Could you not speak to the Bishop to fit up sleeping pews for us, in the same spirit as sleeping cars have been mercifully put on railroads, in order to alleviate the sufferings of the travelling community. And you know that the minister says that we are all travellers in this vale of tears.

Yours truly,
MARIA BLOOMCHUCK.

MEMORANDUM BOOK OF A SWELL.

1. Get new buckskin gloves for whitening hands.
2. Look over Leatherhead and Pandee's assortment of dog collars.
3. Write a polite refusal for ———'s Musical Party.
4. Ditto for ———'s "quiet evening."
5. Get hair shampooed for party this evening.
6. Dance with the Miss ———'s, as their Mammas going to give a party. Mem. Don't "reverse" Miss Giamp. Advise Brown to "reverse," so as to get him into disgrace.
7. Keep out of the way of the married ladies at supper.
8. Walk on North side of King Street to-day, as Snip & Co. are on the look-out.
9. Cut Miss ———, her papa being done up in his land speculations.
10. Buy cheap philopona for Miss ———, viz: Monthly volume of GRUMBLER, or old copy of Josephus, at next auction.
11. Finish poem for ———'s album:

O you darling beauty's Queen!
How you grace your crown,
As you sweep,
Thru' King Street,
When the stormy tempests blow!
12. Get up "King Lear" for private theatricals.
13. Give I. O. U. for saloon expenses at "Cheatons'."
14. Give young ——— an hour at billiards this afternoon.
15. Read one hour at *New York Ledger* for mental improvement.

THE BELL SILENCED.

Respectfully dedicated to the economical corporation who have doctored \$30 off the Knox's bell ringer's salary and thus stopped the bell.

The labourer rests from his daily toil,
And his slumber is strong and deep;
Why does he leap from his couch in haste,
And curse the old god of sleep?
By the glare of day and its busy hum,
The labourer knows full well
He is late for work and bethinks him then,
Confound it! they've stopped the bell.

And when shadows fall o'er the son of toil,
And his tools are consigned to the box,
He eagerly catches the welcome tone
That peals from the steeple of Knox.
But vainly he listens, no strain is heard
To dissolve e'er labour's spell,
And when late he gets out, he curses the men
Who have stopped the sound of the bell.

And when I'm the piteous floom of night,
Fire's glaring banner glows the sky;
No sound alarms the slumberers now,
Or timely warns of danger nigh.
This thirty dollar cheese paring,
Your note of prison may haply swell,
But none of us will thank you, sir,
For silencing old Knox's bell.

JOHN DULL, JR.

PORTRAITS.

BY A BLIND MAN IN THE GALLERY.

No. I.

THE HON. GEO. BROWN.

With a view to the enlightenment of posterity, we mean to publish a series of portraits taken by Our Own Special Correspondent who, having lost his eye eight sixteen months ago and having a taste for literature, has been employed by us in that manner in which he can be of most use to the public, with greatest pleasure to himself.

The subject of the present sketch, entered life very much against his will about forty years ago, and was immediately handed round together with cakes and wine for the admiration of such of his relations as happened to be on hand. The first act of his private life, of which we have any authentic record, was his propelling the great toe of his left foot into the right eye of one of his maiden aunts, who would persist in saying that his little "footy-tooties" were made of sugar sticks, and in treating the extremities of his miniature phalanges as if she really believed what she was saying.

This infantine act, insignificant as it may seem, was characteristic of the man; for while his enemies now say that it betokened a spiteful nature, his friends are no less loud in persisting that it was typical of that love of truth for which Mr. Brown is remarkable, and also of that far-sightedness, or "can't-come-it-old-hoss" sort of style, with which he is enabled to baffle the designs of his enemies when trying to throw dust in his eyes.

His school-days contain matter for volumes, but it is not our purpose to dwell on this interesting period of his life—except merely to notice that during that period he always displayed a strong anxiety to check the dreadful extravagance into which school-boys are apt to plunge in the matter of apples and sweet-meats; and also that during a period

of ten years, he was never known to be late for his dinner—habit, which has grown with his growth, and lengthened with his length, and which are now maturely shown in Mr. Brown's determination to check the extravagance of ministers, and also the steadfastness with which he sticks to his undertakings.

From school and corduroys, Mr. Brown stepped into College and "swallow tails," to the latter of which he stuck with the steadfastness of a barnacle to a ship's bottom, up to within a short time ago. We pass over that period of his life, when the biped is known as a "hobbledehoy," which means in rhyme "neither a man nor a boy," and follow the hero of this sketch into public life.

Mr. Brown entered the Parliament House one day some years ago immediately on the doors being opened, and took his seat—it being contrary to established etiquette, that a member should stand either on his head, after the fashion of some young gentlemen, or otherwise, when the House was in session. His career in the House it is needless to dwell upon. It is already written in imperishable characters on the somewhat extensive waters of Lake Ontario.

Physically considered, Mr. Brown reminds us of times gone by, when it was said that "there were giants in those days." Intellectually looked at, Mr. Brown is a phenomenon. His head, which is of the door-knock stamp, is, contrary to custom, set between his shoulders. His face is massive—his nose huge. Huge, as to the nasal organ has ever been a type of the Brown family. Bald, as to the upper cranium, is also a mark of the family.

When speaking, Mr. Brown has a habit of opening his mouth, which at once stamps him as a man who looks below the surface of things. He is also in the habit of throwing out his arms, especially when getting into his top-coat, which unmistakably show him to be the cleverest financier alive or dead.

Mr. Brown is also partial to top-boots, bearing in this respect, a close resemblance to his great rival, Wellington, who as our readers know invented the style of boot, since called after him. A hearty contempt for gloves and pocket-handkerchiefs, is also a feature worthy of note in the subject of this sketch. This last characteristic shows the purity of his public conduct, as we believe that he is the only public man in the world, whose hands are so clean that he can scorn the use of gloves.

OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

Our civic guardians have been working so industriously of late that we have thought it unnecessary to devote much of our valuable space to them. But fearing that they might be forgotten we must give them a brief notice this week.

It seems after all there is only one really Municipal Reformer in the Council, and that is no less a personage than Mr. Ald. McCleary, whose efforts in the way of retrenchment were immense. "The Reformation," as he terms it, should not be one of words alone, although there is none more wordy than the gentleman in question, but should be one of deeds; and he, for one, is willing to arm himself with the pruning hook, and cry havoc at the salaries of the public official. All honor to Ald. Mc-

Cleary and the noble band that rallied at his cry; whose efforts were crowned with success. Accustomed at all times to the good old wages of \$2 per day, whiskey included, how could it be supposed that they would vote Mr. Gurnett, who had nothing at all to do, £500 per year, or Mr. McCord, the Chamberlain, whose duty it is to count money, (most delightful occupation) the same salary? It was preposterous to think otherwise. Plenty could be got to do it for nothing, and there was no sense or reason in paying anything for the performance of the duties of these offices. Indeed it was not definitely ascertained but that some persons might be found who would be willing to pay not a small sum for the privilege of filling these offices. For the life of us we can't see why the Council consented to pay anything at all. We presume nothing but a decent respect for the life-long services of both gentlemen prevented the Council from discharging them altogether. It is to be regretted that even this should have been an obstacle in the way, for in the event of such an occurrence there might be an opening for A. d. McCleary, who, as Chamberlain, would undoubtedly make his mark. We fancy we see him, with his stupendous knowledge of finance and excellent abilities as an arithmetician. The city would be saved thousands by his acceptance of the office, and we say "Hurrah for McCleary."

True to his trade, Mr. Councilman Finch is exceedingly desirous of mending the breeches of the Island, and on several occasions has grown eloquent on the theme. Finch is making his mark—on sand.

The recent discussions have brought Councilman Taylor to his feet, and, as we predicted, with an excellent common sense speech. We always thought there was something in the Captain, and we are glad to find our good opinion maintained. In time he will rival even Ardagh, whose rendition of the English langugo is at once classical and unique. It is at most astonishing, and we invite the *savans*, of our university to a critical examination.

Mr. Councilman Drummond has not yet emerged from the mystic shade of Ald. Sheard, and we begin to fear that unless he removes to another seat this shade will be fatal to his publicity.

With respect to the illegal payment for "those Overcoats," to which we referred in our last notice of the Blowers, we have to say that the Chamberlain has explained the matter to our satisfaction. We regret that either he or Mr. Brunel should have been charged with anything improper in the matter.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

We understand that Mr. Rodmond receives a Benefit to-night in the Apollo Concert Room who a good time may be expected. All who love to laugh can be accommodated for the honour of Billy Mack, the base player, and the delineations of Cool Burgess, can't help but draw a smile from the gravest countenance.

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