

Mr Jeffrey
Richmond Hill

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1858.

NO. 30.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a year coat
I rede you lent it;
A chile's name you taking notice,
And, faith, he'll prest it."

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1858.

OPINIONS OF THE BRITISH PRESS.

Having a much larger number of British papers on our exchange list than any other periodical in Canada, we give our readers the benefit of two articles on the late political crisis in "this Canada," which have not yet found their way to the columns of the *Leader* or *Globe*. We trust they will be properly appreciated in high places.

From the Snobtown True Blue.

When will men take warning by the solemn lessons of history? When shall the reckless spirit of radicalism cease to wield its withering influence over British territory? We are induced to submit these stirring interrogatories to the enlightened Conservatives of Snobtown in view of recent events in our Canadian possessions. It would appear that a member of the Canadian Commons named Brown has been for nearly seven years engaged in secret treason against his Sovereign. We are happy, *en passant*, to be able to state that this rebel is not related to his Lordship the Earl de Brown of Pickleton Court, nor to the worthy Pole, Count Brownowski, whose nuptials with the Hon. Miss Sniffles of Sniffleby, filled 15 columns of our paper last week. He is said to be a tall man descended from one of the aboriginal Indian tribes of Patagonians who wander in the woods of the Hudson's Bay Company, a short distance from Toronto; and to have adopted the somewhat aristocratic name he bears from an early navigator who explored the Wellnd Canal, which meanders past the village of Kingston. This miserable radical dared to aspire to distinction, and by some means obtained a seat for Toronto, which is a pocket-borough with about 50 voters in the gift of Sir Allan McNab. While in the House he was several times caught in the attempt to blow up the vice-regal residence, but by some means escaped punishment.

The ministry of the day, of which Mr. McDonald was Chancellor of the Exchequer and a Mr. Alroy, who, we may observe, is considered to be the orator par excellence of the House, the Prime Minister, obtained Her Majesty's consent to fix the seat of Government at Ottawa. This huge manufacturing city was eminently fitted for the intended dignity, being situated about midway between Toronto and the celebrated Falls of Niagara, thus affording equal advantages to both sections of the Province. The only persons who had a plausible reason to be discontented were the people of the County of Russell, whose upright member, Mr. Fellowes, being a large mill-owner in the County, naturally advocated the

Lake Erie interest. Brown, however, deemed this a good opportunity for revolt, and concealing armed men in the lobby of the House, turned the members, after the true Round-head fashion, and endeavored to compel the Governor General, Sir Edmund Head, to submit to his dictation.—This high-minded gentleman, the Havelock of Canada, instantly buckled on his armour, and sallied forth to quell the insurrection. Brown, who was a sergeant under General Scott in the war of 1812, inspected his followers, and prepared for action. Entering a large shop of a gunsmith, named Mr. Pantchaetheca, he feloniously deprived the worthy tradesman of two rifles and several percussion caps, and marched to meet the gallant Sir Edmund. After a short skirmish in which Brown shot the bishop, an armistice was concluded, and the Governor agreed to take Brown as his prime minister. By a skillful manœuvre, however, the rascal was outwitted, and the true blues are once more triumphant. We trust Sir E. B. Lytton will see from these events the necessity of reinforcing the slender garrison now quartered in the citadel of Quebec, who serve merely to exchange compliments with the Americans on the other side of the Ottawa river; let him see to it instantly. The course of Mr. Brown is universally condemned; and to us who at a distance look at matters truthfully and dispassionately, and who are indeed the only true judges of Canadian politics, it seems that unless Sir Edmund Head is at once raised to the peerage, a grievous wrong will have been done to the noblest upholder of the Constitution on British soil. [This last sentence might be quoted with great effect in the *Colonist's* next leader.—Ed. G.]

From the Repeater, Taterlown, Co. Cork.

Is Canada to be visited with the iron heel which has ground the vitals out of unhappy Ireland? Is the blood-thirsty Saxon not yet satisfied? We did imagine in the innocence of our soul that enough cruelty had been perpetrated, when O'Cruckers and the Fitzsrimmaggers of Skiberrotoole had fallen victims on the altar of aristocratic vengeance. But no; witness it, ye oysters that lie deep in the placid waters of the Cove of Cork, and thou the Blarney stone too often licked by our oppressors, that even in Canada the Saxon pursues his fiendish course. An absentee Irish landlord, or at least one who would be such if unhappily he owned any of the Tory-curst acres of our verdant isle, is Governor General of Canada. A union had been formed between the great McGee and a Scotch Highlander named Brown; the shamrock was grafted on the thistle, and full vengeance impended over our country's oppressors. 'Twas a glorious sight to the persecuted Celt, to see the two long alienated branches of that heaven-chosen race, unite to crush the ruthless Teuton. Nor was gallant France unhonoured in the noble alliance, represented as she was by the gallant Dorion, the brave victor at the Champ de

Mars, and the metaphysician Laberge, whose profound learning dazzles the continent of America. Among the Scotch rank and file were the erudite Gould, author of an abstruse work on Greek particles, and Wright, the Burke of Canada. Following in the footsteps of the sainted but unfortunately defunct O'Connell, once his country's idol, the achiever of her liberties, and M.P. for the County Mayo, this noble band of heroes strove against the vile and conscienceless tyrant, but in vain. Several natives of poor Ireland, including two Scotchmen, fell victims to Head's fury, and the Saxon still triumphs. Let us join our sympathetic groans to the sighs wailed by the northern breeze through the bear-woods of Toronto, and whistle our trisul complaints o'er the blood-stained waters of the Saskatchewan. Let the Colonial Secretary instantly order back Sir Edward from the scene of his tyranny, consign him to the Tower, and sound the note of freedom o'er the prairies of Western Canada. (This would look well in the *Mirror*.—Ed. G.)

THE LEADER AND DR. CONNOR.

The *Leader* falls foul of Dr. Connor for not joining in the cheers which greeted Sir Edmund Head when his health was drunk at the late *dejeuner* given by the Toronto University.

Oh *Leader*, spare poor Connor,
Gude sake be aye now,
He did no foul dishonour
To Edmund Head I trow;
What if he did refuse
To crige, and fawn, and sue,
You wouldn't have fittim—would you—act
The hypocrite like you.

Who knows? porchance he deems
Sir Edmund was not slow,
At playing him a scurry trick,
A mouth or two ago.
Well, would your courtly grace
Persuade the man to sue,
To shout and play the parasite,
As pap fed organs do?

Friend *Leader* be content,
Whilst others sat, he stood
And drank, though 'twas in silence, perhaps,
To his vice-regal hood.
Then spare this Dr. Connor,
Gude sake be aye now,
He meant no foul dishonour,
To Edmund Head, I trow.

NOTICE.

We have received during the past week or two, a number of complimentary tickets and circulars, with the name of "Grumbler" upon them in a bold hand, for the information of the public generally. The persons sending them must know that the real parties for whom they are intended cannot use them, and that they only serve for our friends. In future, we shall take no notice of any card not sent in blank.

AMERICAN MORALITY

AS DISPLAYED IN THE UTICA FREE LOVE CONVENTION.

'Twas in the prime of summer time,
 One Sunday bright and fair,
 Five hundred men and women did
 To Utica repair.
 Yes, men and women went to hold
 A strange convention there.
 Oh! there were some quite fair to see,
 Assembled in that room;
 Some verging on the threshold sweet
 Of beauty's gentle bloom;
 'T seemed thus fair and bright,
 Their hearts were full of gloom.
 And some were those whose brows were decked
 With thin and hoary hair.
 Death almost chimed them as his own,
 They seemed so gaunt and bare;
 And yet for foul and loathsome vice,
 They were the foulest there.
 Some, too, wore bold faced infidels,
 Of coarse and brutal mien;
 Some scoundrels relling in the fifth
 Of each licentious scene.
 And, saddest, women listened too,
 Without a blush I ween.
 Yes, in the prime of summer time,
 One Sunday bright and fair,
 They met—five hundred—young and old,
 Thank God for purpose rare;
 They met to hold a strange, a grand
 Free love convention there.
 Like bands of lunatics at large,
 Their course they madly ran,
 Turning all truth to ridicule,
 As only folly can;
 And virtue and purity placing beneath,
 A foul disgusting ban.
 Each after each they hurled out,
 The dark and sickening lie.
 Father and wife and mother too,
 Shame turned not one aside,
 From the women just passing the bloom of youth,
 To the old man leaden eyed.
 I tell no tale of savage life,
 No wild romance or fable,
 No orgies of the Sibarities,
 Or Afric's children sable,
 But a truthful scene in a Christian land,
 Believe it—if you're able.
 Daughters of Eve with bluish brow,
 And brazen vlsaged trod,
 O'er the hallowed bounds which grace their sex,
 And loud proclaimed "no God,"
 Sinking earth's master wonder, man,
 To a base and brutal croud.
 Daughters of Eve with bluish brow,
 Contemned the marriage rite,
 Claimed to announce to sisters there,
 A new and pure light.
 While virtue gazed from her spotless throne,
 And wopt o'er the fearful blight.
 And sons of Adam emptied there,
 The cess-pool of their brains;
 Scattering o'er young and old alike,
 The foul and loathsome stains.
 Oh surely they merit a curse more deep,
 Than that fearful curse of Cain's.
 He spilled in wrath his brother's blood,
 They spew the sacred stream,
 Of the life that flows from the throne of God,
 Religion's purer beam.
 Whilst virtue droops with such ghastly wounds,
 That it seems almost a dream.
 Yet, I tell no tale of savage life,
 No wild romance or fable,
 No orgies of the Sibarities,
 Or Afric's children sable;
 But a truthful scene in a Christian land,
 Believe it,—if you're able.

A scene that Utica disphied,
 One Sunday bright and fair,
 When full five hundred creatures met,
 Thank God for purpose rare,
 To hold a brutal, loathsome, base,
 Free love Convention there.

REPORTERS IN TROUBLE.

Just now it would seem that a special war was being waged against that honorable and light-fingered body of gentlemen known as reporters. The man who edits a paper in St. Catharines, called the *Post*, threw the first stone, by printing some harmless lies about a city Reporter, which the *Globe* did not hesitate to disgrace its columns with. For this the writer of the *Post* simply deserves to be whipped from post to pillar. But as for the mob of unwashed villains, who pelted the reporters of the *Colonist* and *Leader*, at the close of the polls on Wednesday evening, and the sneaking scoundrels who set them on, their supplies of tobacco and whiskey should be stopped, and they should be forced to associate with honest men for the next two months to come; and if they survived this, they should be obliged to listen to a religious discourse every day, until they were all exterminated.

CONSISTENCY.

The editor of the *Barrie Spirit of the Age* expresses himself as unmeasurably delighted with the tone of the English Press when discussing Canadian affairs; "We are glad," says he, "to be able to read about our own land without the jarrings of political discord, and it seems so strange to us that we meet no denunciation of Sir Edmund Head, no tirade upon ministerial rotwivism, no philippic upon George Brown and his Scotch antecedents that we can hardly believe our senses; but so it is." All very proper, Mr. Editor, but why not practise what you profess to admire? why does the same column of your paper contain a rabid attack upon that very George Brown? Why, instead of displaying the calm, dispassionate tone of which you are enamored use your utmost efforts to vilify and blacken the character of a political opponent? Verily, consistency, thou art a jewel, too seldom displayed in "this Canada."

THE NORMAL SCHOOL PAINTINGS.

We desire to call the attention of Dr. Ryerson to a pet project which our *penchant* for clever and industrious young men has suggested to us. The magnificent collection of paintings, statues, and mechanical and scientific models, which the Normal School at present possesses, is entirely inaccessible to a large number of young men whose business affords them leisure only in the evening. We are ourselves acquainted with many young men who would be glad to spend their evenings in studying and sketching, if only at second hand, the magnificent productions of ancient and modern Art. If anything could supply the place of foreign travel in the education of young artists, it would be such facilities as these. Can there be any objections to opening the Museum for one or two nights in the week, during the summer or the winter, or all the year round? If the expense of light and fuel be too much for the Institution, a slight contribution might be levied on evening visitors, or young men might form themselves into a club and bear the charges among them.

A YAN-EE AT THE REGATTA.

TORONTO, Saturday, Oct. 2nd.

Mr. GRUMBLER:—I guess you'd like to know all about this ore race of ours, how the Coral whopped yer Canuck boats. Well we started out on Friday at 11 o'clock, and hoisting up our lee martingale with a tight bowline over our lee quarter began to give them other yots fits. Well we tuk a little spur through the bay, and I began to notis a little stout man named Barn. A reale nice feller he was with his blue goggles and he kip us of the shoals like a reale brick as he was. Ho made believe to kno all about my aunt Sally, and the young uns and sed he liked corn-cake like sixty. I knod he was humbugin but stil it was kindhearted of the man to tak that way to a stranger like me. So we saled out inter the lake and we likd everything but that confounded green boat called the Pivet, or Gibbet, or Rivit, or suthin like. Jest as we was comin round the bay at the lite house Capen would stand too fur in as Barn told him to—and so we felt the vessel gratin like mad on the sand, and we couldn't a got off to this blessed hour if Barn had'n't a ran out to the beau-split, and a took the porter-basket and two hams with him to make, it heavy as he sed. But we got off for our capen was a brick of a saler, he could make her sale in the winds-eye like a shark, or frisk round and go before the wind like a Portuguese man-of-war. I han't had much experience. I was a brum-maker in Vermont, and had ained money enough to travel all summer, and capen was good-natured enough to tek me along with him.

Well we was cumin in a little behind the Pivit or Rivit, when a feller named Jim Hendursin went to cut his tobacco agin the weather shrouds and cut rather tew rough so that the knife went rite threw and the mast was a near gone over. Then Hendursin cussed and swore orful but it did'n't do any good, an we went rite ahead an bent.

But this was'n't all. Next day we went in and euckered them again. Just as we was comin in we nearly ran over that smart little boat called the Flirt liut which won the second race an a young chap on board got up to fling a porter bottle at us and fell into the water. In the evenin we had dinner an our healths were drank. Wot a jolly set they is.—They's the Comydoor, Doctor Hodder, and McGra, a fine jolly fellow, and T. J. Robison a grate saler an knos it tew. O I had grate times among them people but I got to go away. But I like to stay among the Yot Club Peple, they war'n't at all jellus about the Yankees, but thot that the best horse should win.

Yours respectfully

G. WASHINGTON VERDANT.

Good Taste and good Music.

—The manner in which the "Creation" was got up by the Metropolitan Choral Society on a late occasion was never excelled in Canada, yet the audience did not number as many as the performers. Of course this is the right way to encourage Mons. Lazars to continue his effort. Music is an expensive and unnecessary accomplishment. It will shortly be as great an insult to ask a lady was she at the oratorio, as to enquire whether she ever resided in the Penitentiary.

ANOTHER TWIRL ABOUT OF THE COLONIST.

Not along ago Mr. *Colonist*

Would shake his head and double his list,
If any poor mortal dared express
A belief that the English press were less
Than Oracles unimpaired quills,
On whatever subject they chose to write.
His columns paraded the *News* and *Times*,
And his leaders rasped with the Thunderer's chimas,
And why? Just because they lashed into fits
That Seat of Government vote of the Grils.

Sero the *Globe* was lectured from day to day,
With a "hear what the English papers say,
You've insulted the Queen, confound you, quill,
Thus the *Times* declares, and it must be right.
Strike colors ye Grils, to the veridic low,
For you can't get out of the scrape "no how."
Thus Grandam spoke with her usual clatter,
And considered of course it settled the matter.

But time fled on, and over the dream
Of the *Colonist* came a changing gleam,
For strange to tell, no longer the tone
Of the British Press would square with his own.
The *Times*, the *News*, the *Standard* and *Star*,
The compass boxed, and were sundered far,
From the tack on which Mr. *Colonist* sailed;
So just for a change Mr. *Colonist* rallied.

They presumed—how dare they? to censure the "shuffler,"
So from lauding, good Grandam fell into a snuffler,
They pitched into Cartier & Co. pell mell.
So the once prized Oracles rapidly fell
From jaws, like the Medea, which alter not,
To a miserable, snobbish, and know nothing lot.

Dolans of the *Times*, since the change in the game,
Is dubbed "Paddy," by adding a "y" to his name—
And Mackay once fested and potted and patted,
To a stupid and "narrow mind" Scoteman is ratted;
Next with eloquent vigour though quite newly born,
Mr. *Colonist* asks in the height of his scorn,
"Must we stand by and tremble like pigs in a squeak,
When these newspaper Oracles think proper to speak;
Of course not, our people are all able quite,
To know when Sir Edmund's behaved himself right.
All their diela about both the right and the wrong of it,
Is stuff, and that's only the short and the long of it.
All the sophistry coined by their ignorant spite,
Can't make us think wrong what we know to be right."

Mark reader, the latest and funniest twist,
Of this twirl about, twist about *Colonist*.
Once it hugged both the *Times* and the *News* by the
hour.
Now it fumes and it frots for the grapes have grown
sour.

Once, it made them the text for long lectures to Grils,
Now it stupidly strives to knock both into fits.

TORONTO UNIVERSITY.

The ceremony of laying the top-most stone of the new University buildings, was altogether unworthy of the occasion. Probably there were as many as fifteen persons, exclusive of the students and college men, to witness it. If it had been a bear-dance or a lady walking on a tight-rope, there would have been a large and fashionable audience, as the cant goes. But as it was only the finishing of one of the hand-

somest Universities on the continent, everything connected with it, except the champagne, went off as flat as possible.

The Committee who had the management of it, are perhaps to blame for most of this. They did not notify the public properly, and were even so stupid as to let the joyful occasion go by without a single strain of music.

THE GOVERNOR GENERAL AND THE PRESS.

What a delicious recreation it must be for his Excellency Sir Edmond Head to reflect upon the polite and courteous attentions which have been of late paid to him! Setting aside the frankness with which obscure journalists in odd corners of the backwoods, call the world to witness that he is the vilest Governor General that ever baulked the good intention of an aspiring Province, must it not tickle his fancy to hear of great dinners, smoking hot, being given to members of Parliament, and to read their speeches after the wine had circulated. How it must inexpressibly delight that fellow Head, as he is familiarly called, to study the ingenuousness, the straightforwardness of those men, some of them with honourable tacked to their names, who, rising up amid the cheers of their associates, calmly and deliberately give it as their opinion, that while the office of Governor General was to be respected, the man who at present held that office, for the express purpose no doubt of punishing the nation for their sins, was to be heartily despised! Into what transports of bliss must he not have been thrown on a late occasion at perusing an account of the war which was waged over the dis-hypocritical and anti-humbug spirit which prompted honourable gentlemen nobly to withstand the indignity of drinking his health; and he must likewise have pondered in raptures over the unflinching manliness of an honourable gentleman who, on the same occasion alone, had the honesty to show his contempt for him in the most marked manner.

And besides all this, His Excellency must be a very hard-hearted man if he is not melted into tears at the solicitude that is expressed for his health—the tenderness with which he is urged to betake himself to a milder climate, and the friendly threats that are from time to time held out, that if he does not do so willingly, his friends will have to do themselves the cruelty, the agony of having him recalled. Nor can he be anything but a monster of ingratitude, a man without a soul and utterly devoid of feeling, if he does not fail to appreciate the hisses which he is treated to on paper—the accounts of the hangings which are published for his edification and entertainment; and the profound respect and veneration with which a free and enlightened people are said to embalm his memory in the cores of their inmost hearts! But we cannot recollect half of the reasons for which His Excellency should have an exalted opinion of the respectability of a portion of our journalists, and the chivalrous and high-minded conduct of many of our leading men. And we should utterly fail were we to endeavor to bring to mind the sum total of the self-sacrificing spirit and steadfastness of purpose with which he puts aside all personal considerations of his own health and comfort, and maintains his post even at the risk of his—appetite.

MELANCHOLY BUT TRUE.

The writer of those gushing effusions of an overflowing pen in the *Globe* sportively called "Holiday Rambles," is a captiv'ingly tender creature. Having been at Abbots-ord the other day, he tells us that he examined Scott's library, and, in his opinion, the only thing that was wanting to make the scene a perfect little duck of a paradise, was the presence of the great magician himself.

Now overlooking the blunder which the writer has committed in confounding the poet with the predecessor, Michael Scott, the magician, it is unquestionable whether the presence of a man who was buried as long ago as Sir Walter Scott has been would make a paradise of any terrestrial scene. However, this is a mere matter of taste, and the Rambler is evidently fond of such grave subjects, for he goes on to express his heartfelt sorrow at the remissness of the dead in making friendly calls. In connection with this want of politeness, he says, "alas, this can never be again!" Now we are somewhat "knocked all of a heap" with regard to this piece of information. The philosophical writer surely meant more than merely to tell us such a new and startling fact as that it is not customary with dead men to do the civil thing to strangers in what was once their own libraries. No, no! We are persuaded there is a joke in it. One of the *Globe's* jokes. Too deep for ordinary intellect. If by any chance the holiday Rambler meant nothing more than to convey a piece of melancholy but true gossip, we think he is one of the most learned, and, in fact, the most profound thinker and arriver-at-just-conclusions-from-abstract-propositions that ever visited Abbotsford.

CHEAP MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENTS.

A very laudable experiment is about to be tried in the Crystal Palace next week. Rev. Mr. Onions, a gentleman of established musical ability, who presented Judas Maccabeanus with so much credit to his head, and so much loss to his pocket, is about to commence a series of cheap musical entertainments, the first of which is to begin next week. In these hard times, when most men are unable to give a dollar for an hour's music, this movement should be well supported. Let our citizens see to it that the experiment is at once successful, and at the same time remember, that they owe Mr. Onions some recompense for the shabby way they treated him before.

The Bands at the Crystal Palace.

—The admirable forethought with which the Exhibition Committee postponed the occasion on which the bands of Upper Canada were to compete for a prize, until the weather had become dreadfully cold, is beyond all praise. We will not say anything as to the inconvenience which it must have occasioned the bandmen to be delayed here so long, as we understand that they were at liberty to go home after the ceremony and come back again, and besides the best band is to get a prize. But on the whole, we are inclined to think that there is no music, as the *Colonist* would say, in the bosom of the members of that ere Exhibition Committee.

THE COLLEGE BOY'S LAMENT.

WRITTEN AFTER THE UNIVERSITY CELEBRATION.

'Twas on October's day,
 When the maple leaves were
 Dropped their tribute to the earth,
 They went to lay the coping stone
 Of a pile new-reared to knowledge;
 And thither in high feather marched
 The boys of U. C. College.

The graduates and students passed
 In togs to the Hall,
 From the greenest of the freshmen,
 Up to Doctor John McCaul.
 The band blew out a merry blast,
 The students took their dinners,
 But no turkey's leg or chicken's wing,
 Was pitched to us poor sinners.

We heard the noisy gowzmen then,
 Hurrah with might and main,
 And fifteen score or more of corks
 Pop from the brisk champagne.
 A little beef would have sufficed,
 Our teeth were getting all edge,
 But nor beef, nor veal, nor bread was there
 For the boys of U. C. College.

At length an unshorn porter came,
 Through the place meant for a door,
 And, as to pigs, some apples green,
 Poured forth upon the floor.
 And this, while they were swigging
 Their champagne, hock and claret,
 We gathered up the beggar's fare,
 And pelted Dr. Barrett.

But what more galled us than it all,
 Were the speech of Mr. Stennett,
 And the *Globe's* absurdly flattering puff
 Of the hospitable Sonnet.
 Tho' "sumptuous repast" he gave,
 Did our Principal acknowledge,
 But "hat it was and where it went,
 Was the boys of U. C. College.

Such was the entertainment rare,
 Which in the autumn's prime,
 When the north wind whistled through the trees,
 At half-past eating time,
 When they went to lay the coping stone
 Of that pile new-reared to knowledge,
 They gave us, poor unhappy wights,
 The boys of U. C. College.

DRANK!!

We implore the Grammarians of Canada by all that is sacred in their estimation, by the shade of Lindley Murray, by the pen of a Gould, by the eloquently erudite tongue of a Gowan, to arrest the tide of corruption which is about to muddy the "well of English undefiled." At every toast on every occasion, whether in honour of the laying of the Atlantic Telegraph or of a Reform victory, we hear the usurped Præterite ousting the legitimate Participle from his throne. Newspaper reporters are infected with the same epidemic. They say, "the Governor General was drank with all the honors." "The toast was drank heartily," etc. etc. Is it a false delicacy that stands in the way of correct grammar? There may be occasions on which an awkward ambiguity may be created; but if the word "drank" in the signification of "slew," "tight," "boozy," etc., stands in the way let it be sacrificed. Or let man invent another verb, or use a dexterously turned phrase to avoid mistakes—but do not let us hear and see educated and well-informed gentlemen, and members of the press daily making a blunder for which a school-boy would be whipped.

YE COLONIST GOETH IT ON YE PAINTINGS.

"One of the greatest pleasures enjoyed in the world, is derived by the connoisseur from the contemplation of works of art, and the enjoyment is itself a proof of a cultivated intellect and a refined taste—for its sublimity places it beyond the reach of the obtuse and depraved."—*Colonist*.

First of all there is the startling statement that the contemplation of works of art, is the greatest enjoyment in the world. Secondly, it is laid down that the enjoyment of this great pleasure is a proof of refined taste. Thirdly, the reason why the first two propositions should not be denied, are set forth, namely, that the obtuse, that is, the blind, and the depraved cannot comprehend them. Now with regard to the first, we beg leave to submit that this would be a worse world than we are willing to give it credit for, if we could not enjoy a greater pleasure than gazing wildly at some half-finished sketches, which in Canada go for works of Art. For instance there are many sordid beings who, we doubt, would derive more pleasure from a quiet pipe and a glass of grog with a friend than from all the spurious imitation of the old masters that ever were exhibited here. As to the second axiom that appreciation of pleasure is a proof of good taste; we will not cavil at it, as an abstract principle. But with what absurd reason does this critic fortify the position he has assumed. Because the greatest terrestrial happiness flows from the contemplation of works of art, and appreciation of this pleasure is a proof of good taste—therefore the blind and the depraved cannot comprehend them. He might as well say that because being roasted alive is one of the greatest punishments that one can undergo, that an appreciation of this is a sign of a sound intellect—therefore the dead have no comprehension.

Advice to Candidates for Civic Honours.

The elections of City Fathers for 1859, will soon be the all-important topic in the bar-rooms and on the cab-stands of the City. We give notice in advance, that we shall take this election under our especial care, exposing the weaknesses of every aspirant worthy of notice. In the meantime we give a little advice which, if properly followed, will ensure the election of every candidate:

Be sure to have your address or card in every whiskey shop in the ward, and pay the landlord a respectable rent for the period of its occupancy.

Do not fail to promise to raise the cab tariff as soon as you are elected.

If you have a respectable opponent, which is not probable, respectable men are not usually fools, apply the Billingsgate dialect plentifully, and you will drive him from the field.

Preach loudly against the enormous taxation of the people, and pledge yourself to abolish it entirely; but still promise a lamp-post opposite every house in the ward.

Pledge yourself to regulate tavern licenses, so as to ensure a close monopoly to saloons, and at the same time to give a license to any body who wants one.

Assure the electors that you never were at school in your life, and never opened a grammar, nothing conciliates the masses like ignorance well displayed.

Challenge an opponent to fight or drink for a wager, and you are all right. A full attention to these motions, and a plentiful supply of mosey, and you will be a spouter.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Whether the Committee who selected the situation or the architect who erected such an outlandish building upon it, are most to blame, we will not decide; but certainly a site three miles from the city and a building in which a concert cannot be given to any advantage, do not reflect much credit either upon committee or architect. It is all very fine to say that it was never intended for any but its original purpose—but it is even too small for that. However, it is a comfort that it can be altered, so as to allow of its being turned to some use; and in the meantime, why not give a ball in it? It would make a capital ball-room with a little expense. It would not make the slightest difference whether it were a pick-pocket's, a fancy, a full dress, a masquerade or a snow ball.

Something, we think, might also be done towards moving the Palace nearer to the city. We remember that it was said when the Martinetti and Blondin troupe was performing here that they *drew very large houses*, and we cannot see why the deuce they could not draw such a moderately-sized building as the Crystal Palace.

Ahem!

—What is the difference between the comet and Canada. The one has a bright tail and the other a dull Head.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A CONSTANT READER.—The communication referred to, never reached us. It must either have been improperly addressed, or have been placed in the wrong box by the P. O. authorities. We shall be happy to hear from you again.

—We are unable to answer your query. We should hope that so exemplary a Churchman as the City functionary referred to, would have known better than allow himself to be diddled by a lot of blacklegs.

BUSINESS'S NOTICE.

THE GRUMBLER desires the attention of its readers particular, ly in London and its vicinity, to the well-assorted stock of tea and other dry goods, which are to be found in the store of Mr. STROBEY WELSH, Crystal Block, London. He is an energetic and enterprising business man, obliging and attentive to his customer, and extremely reasonable in his pecuniary demands. He has also a stock of excellent teas packed for family use in tins, in quantities varying from a pound upwards. These cases can be transmitted to all parts of the country, and we speak from experience when we say that a better article cannot be had in Canada. Do not fail to send for a supply.

THE GRUMBLER

Is published every Saturday morning, and is for sale at all the News Depots, on the Cars, by all the News Boys. No city subscriptions received, opportunity being afforded for its regular purchase. For the convenience of persons residing in the country, THE GRUMBLER will be regularly mailed, at ONE DOLLAR per annum. Address pre-paid "THE GRUMBLER," Toronto. Correspondents will oblige by not registering money letters for reasons sufficiently obvious. Publishing Office, No. 21 Masonic Hall, (Nordheimer's New Buildings,) Toronto Street.