

THE GRUMBLER.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1858.

NO. 38.

THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, DEC. 4, 1858.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LECTURES.

We are glad to see that the *Globe* has followed the lead which we so ably and fearlessly set this day week in lashing the managing committee of the Mechanics' Institute for the beggarly fare which they have provided for the public this season. The lecturo-going portion of our community are, we think, by this time, out of their swaddling clothes, and it is high time that something stronger than milk and water should be provided for their nourishment. However, we would not be thought to set down the bill of fare for this season even as milk and water; our candid opinion being that it is no better than slate pencils and chalk. Some indignant old foggy writes to the *Colonist*, pitching into the Grit with great virulence. He has been a member of the Mechanics' Institute for nearly 32 years in short like "the concealed spark" in the Chameleon story, he has seen and ought to know.

After a sepulchral attempt at wit, which is quite natural if the 32 years' member has been treated to 32 batches of lectures such as he now commends to the Toronto public, he contends that the managing committee have had more experience, and ought to know "better than the editor of the *Globe*" what lectures are required. Now, let us speak plainly. With the exception of the indefatigable Secretary, Mr. Edwards, and one or two others at the most, the Managing Committee know as much about their business as about the satellites of Jupiter. The Institute is completely clogged with a rust of old-foggyism and illiberality, which is gradually destroying its existence. What experience have they had in providing lectures but the experience of failure and incompetence? Look at the programme for this year—the first is the only literary subject in the whole list, and the first lecturer is the only one whose name could inspire confidence, or who has ever been heard of by most of our citizens.—We do not believe that science can be taught in lectures of this sort; there is not one of the scientific topics announced which would not be far better understood by half an hour's reading, even in the bad selection of books on this subject in the library of the Institute. You cannot make the lecture-room the substitute for the library. People want something that they cannot readily get at themselves, not information they can pick up in Comstock's Philosophy, Panoel's Catechisms, or Maury's work on the Ocean. There is no use, however, of entering into the matter farther. The fat has gone forth, and the 32 years' member has thrown

down the gauntlet of defiance, and we must bow to his experience, however contrary to our own or to common sense. Unknown obscurities are to be preferred to "travelling celebrities," and if the public desire to hear those whose works have cheered and instructed them, they must look elsewhere, they are not to be accommodated by the Toronto Mechanics' Institute.

WINTER LETTERS.

From Miss Angelina Buttercup to Miss Daisy Primrose; two young ladies who dearly love one another, but who are separated by a mysterious fate—the one being domiciled in a ladies boarding school in Toronto, and the other condemned to wear out her dear existence with a maiden aunt in the country.

TORONTO, Dec. 1st, 1858.

DEAR DAISEY,—Would you believe it—it is actually snowing. Snowing! Just think of all the delightful sleigh-rides we shall have; the moonlight excursions, and the afternoon drives. I could jump with joy—if old granny Squaratoes were not looking at me, thinking, no doubt, I am writing my exercise instead of writing to you, my dearest and best friend. There now, do not say that I am not your best friend, for you know very well I do not care anything for you, you know who. I assure you I never think of him even now; and as to alluding to him in any letter to you, I never do so that I am aware of—although you do say that I mention him in every line. However, I am going to turn over a new leaf. Poor fellow! Now you must admit that he is a sweet little fellow.

I suppose you would like to know what sort of a season we are going to have. Well, as yet it has been very dull. Not a single ball yet! and I am sure that it is now six weeks since my ball-dress came home. Oh! it is the prettiest dress you ever saw; and Papa has promised to buy me a new bracelet, which will cost ever so much. You must positively come up to see me; and when you do come, bring that petticoat with the red and green stripes. Every one wears them now. You might also bring up all your dresses and jewelry and bonnets and hats, for we will have merry times.

Did I tell you that the young fellow you met at Aunt's last ball is here. Between ourselves, he is handsome—but he does not dance nicely. For my part I am afraid of a catastrophe when he asks me to dance.

I must close my letter now, as I see some one coming here that little suspects what I am at.

Adieu, sweet Daisy,
ANGELINA BUTTERCUP.

The Buffalo.

—We were favored yesterday with a view of this terrible creature; she complained that her evening stambers were disturbed every week by a most hideous noise in the neighbourhood. On enquiry we found that the disturbance was only Councilmen Craig and Purdy haranguing the City Council.

A WELCOME TO THE SLEIGH BELLS.

A welcome! a welcome!
To the merry, merry bells—
And the light, swift gliding sleigh,
As their music rings
It merry tidings brings—
"Be mindful while ye may!"

A welcome! a welcome!
To the merry, merry bells
As they juncos in tuneful glee;
Wake the snow clad earth,
With the voice of mirth,
Keeping time to their minstreley.

Loose the reins, loose the reins,
Bid the steed bound fast,
Through the winters fleecy gale.
O! on I be the cry
As ye swiftly fly
O'er river and plain and vale.

A welcome! a welcome
To the merry, merry bells,
As their clear sweet voices rings out;
Let them mingle long
With the maiden's song,
And the buxer's cheery shout.

A welcome! a welcome!
To the merry, merry bells,
And the light, swift gliding sleigh,
As their music rings,
It merry tidings brings,
"Be mindful while ye may."

On dit.

—That the "Arab Giant" now being exhibited is no other than Mr. Brown, padded out, and elevated by a clever stratagem to the height of 7 ft. 6 in. We understand that the son of Anak speaks with a strong Scotch accent, but whether this report has any other foundation we cannot say. It is quite possible that he may be trying this as a *denier resort*. We hear also that the illustrious "forringer" who calls passers-by to the sight, is only Sidney Smith with a false moustache; he is exercising his lungs to drive away consumption.

To Doctors, Quacks, &c.

—Wanted a cure for a virulent distemper which has recently made its appearance in Canada, and threatens to assume the form of an epidemic. It has been called Cephalophobia, and manifests itself in a hatred of anything bearing the name of Head. The editor of the *Globe*, in whom the malady was first noticed, is almost incurably diseased. It is said that he left the church in disgust last Sunday because the clergyman divided his sermon into *heads*, and went into fits when the doctor told him that a boil he was troubled with would soon come to a *head*. The Governor General has been kind enough to second our philanthropic efforts for this patient, by offering £50 for a specific for this terrible attack.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

GEORGE E. CARTIER GOES ON A VISIT TO MRS. VICTORIA REGINA.
SCENE — *Time, Night.*

Apartment in Windsor Castle, George Etienne pulling off his boots.

By gar! I vara lucky dog,
I get invito by Madame to Le Castle;
I vara big; I grow two, tree, six inch;
By gar, I be more big than Galt or Ross,
Or Monsieur Head, I be *le plus grand homme*
In Canada, oh oui, perhaps I get made
Le knight. Madame, sho vara much like me;
Sho strikes me with the sword one little blow and say,
"ARE George Etienne aise," and I get up,
I shake hands, I say *je vous remercie Madame*,
And I be vara big, one *plus grand homme*.

By gar! I wonder when that bete George Brown
Do usado to knight. He not laro the politesse,
He too much, vat you call it? *monstre*,
Drut, diable ou, he too much *mechant*,
I laugh ven I go back to Canada
Et ai le plaisir to be called Sero George,
I be vara strong, one grand Premier,
I send au diable that bete George Brown,
And all de Grits, I be like le Governor,
I, Sir George Cartier, he, Sir Edmund Head.
By gar! I vara lucky dog; I go to bed.
Ho undresses and the scene changes.

SCENE 2ND.—*Time, Morning.*

Another apartment in Windsor Castle.—Mrs. Victoria Regina
and Mr. Albert Prince.

Mrs. Victoria.
Dear Albert, be our guest must entertain,
Our *petit* guest from Canada to-day;
But that I love my subjects leal and true,
Within that noble land, I do confess me,
My will would shrink from spelling out the task;
But still methinks their generous loyalty
And love most earnest towards our queenly self,
Demands that we our will in this should sacrifice,
And that to honour them fair welcome greet
This their own chosen representative.

Mr. Albert.
My noble Queen, and loving queenly wife,
Thy gentle heart proclaims the nobler course;
Well doth thou know that reasons high, of state,
With visage stern do seem to indicate
That we should bear us coolly towards this man,
And seen in nought t'approve those late events
In which he hath borne part conspicuous.
Thou hast at once the true occasion found
How we may honour him, and still not him,
But rather those, your loyal subjects whom
He for the 'mediate time doth represent

Mrs. Victoria.
Well hast thou read my thoughts, dear Albert, I
Would o'er repay their dear love with my own,
To them, not him, be then the honour abase.

[Exit both.]

SCENE 3rd.—Mrs. Victoria's reception room.—Lords, Ladies and
Gentlemen present.—Enter George Etienne, attended by gentleman
of the Household.

Gentleman of the Household—[to Cartier.]
Kneel when you reach the Queen.
Cartier [aside.] Oh by gar! oui,
I kneel, sho make me one big knight, oh oui.
Novaro you fear *mon cher*.

[Ho approaches Mrs. Victoria and kneels, she extends her
hand, of which George Etienne takes no notice but continues
kneeling.]

Lord Slapdash aside to **Lady Rickblood**.
What can the simpiton be dreaming of, *me chere*.

Lady Rickblood.
Why, good my lord he seems transfixed with fear.
Has the poor dog of wit a single spark?
He looks so much a trier, I fear he'll bark.

George Etienne [aside.]
Why sho no strike de leste coup, by gar?
Why sho no take de sword and make me knight?
Mon Dieu! I wish sho be one leste quick,
Perhaps sho not have no sword, *diable*, I speak to her.
[To Mrs. Victoria.]
Have not your Majesty one leste sword?

S'ille Madame plait, I lend you mine,
Gentleman of the Household [Whispering to Cartier.]
Kiss the Queen's hand and rise.

George Etienne [loudly].
Oh by gar, *non, diable!* I want for me rise, she not make me
knight, sho not lace no leste sword, I lend her mine—[Placing
his hand upon the hilt of his sword and outdavouring to draw
it from the scabbard.]

Mrs. Victoria [who is slightly uneasy.]
Monsieur I fear must make some slight mistake.

George Etienne [sturdily].
Mon Dieu, mo make no vat you call it *sille* mee-take, de gen-
tillhomme he toll me kneel; vat for me kneel?
Lord Slapdash aside to **Lady Rickblood**.
Caust solve that query for him out of school!

Lady Rickblood.
Methinks to make himself a monstrous fool.

George Etienne.
If Madame no make me one leste knight,
What for me kneel, what for he toll me kneel?
Gentleman of the Household [whispering to Cartier.]
Good heavens, sir, rise at once, her Majesty
I fear me will resent this bold effort.

George Etienne [angry whisper.]
Why for you make mo one vat you call it?—*ass*,
Why for you tell me kneel?

Mrs. Victoria [with dignified severity.]
Monsieur must rise at once,
'Twere better tho he learned the customs of our court,
If fair propriety doth teach him not.
The subject's duty in the sovereign's presence.
Rise Monsieur, rise, our kindness will impute
To ignorance, not rudeness, this unheard of suit.

[George Etienne attempts to rise, but whether from native
awkwardness or carelessness resulting from angry disappoint-
ment, his sword becomes entangled with his legs, and his nose
comes in violent contact with the floor; torrents of blood flow,
and the crimson streams decorates his court suit; louds scream,
gentlemen rush to the rescue and Mrs. Victoria commands the
attendants to convey him to his own apartments. On the way
George Etienne vents the bitterness of his wrath.]
George Etienne.

Mon Dieu! sho call me one grand ignorant, sho say me rude
no not know de customer. *Diable ou*, me, de grand premier-
Sacre! When I go home, I raise de revolution, I be revenged
by gar; I be one leste King myself.

Here the plentiful application of cold water to George Etien-
ne's proboscis stayed for the nonce the torrent of his indignation.

SCENE 4th.

Mr. Albert Prince [to Mrs. Victoria].
Methinks fair queen your loyal subjects, have
Been most unfortunate in this their choice
Of Premier. Will thou to audience again admit him?

Mrs. Victoria— Yes I most certainly,
'Twere cruel, Albert, and unjust to slight
The loving people for their ruler's faults.
I would, dear Albert, though some one should straight
instruct him in the customs of our court,
'Twill him improve and save our Lords some sport.

[George Etienne was accordingly drilled by one of the gentlemen
of the Household, and profited sufficiently by the instruction, to
wriggle through the remainder of his stay at Windsor, without
doing more than rendering himself a splendid object for the
court wits to discharge their shafts at.]

**Supplementary Course of Lectures before the Me-
chanics' Institute:**

- The Science of Pettifogging.....Mr. R. W. Allen.
- The Philosophy of Drunkenness.....Harry Henry.
- Horse Flesh.....Sam Sherwood.
- Editorial Manners.....Editor of *Colonist*.
- Gas Metres.....Councilman Purdy
- Cow Pounds.....Mr. W. Boulton.
- Feathers; with some remarks on
plucking.....Mr. Hogan.
- Antiquity of Ten pins.....Mr. Moody.
- Roast Beef.....Mr. Ald. Dunn.
- Concluding Lecture.....Mr. N. C. McIntyre

YE HUNGRY GRITS SIGHING FOR MORE DINNERS

AIR—*B'll nobody marry me.*

Heigho I for a dinner heigho I
The late agitation is dead.
Shall we never again have a feed?
Will nobody get up a spread?
We begin to feel strange, we declare,
Of dining our prospects do fade,
Must we give up the ghost in despair,
And be quietly dung in the shade.

Heigho I for a dinner heigho, &c.

Oh I once there were dinners enough,
'Twasland from so many to choose,
And we even had then in a buff,
The courage at times to refuse.
But now, oh I not one is proposed,
Good gracions, we're frightened, we vow,
Who the deuce could have really supposed
There wouldn't be one for us now?

Heigho, &c.

The glory of Guderich is gone,
The sun of Elera is set,
Toronto wans give us a bone,
'Fo season our temperance wet.
Too soon did we turn up our nose,
If we thought the potatoes too small,
And now in the midst of—*ur* woe,
None will give us a dinner at all.

Heigho I for a dinner heigho I
The late agitation is dead,
Shall we never again have a feed,
Will nobody get up a spread?

HIP! HIP! HURRAH!!

Three cheers for East Brant! Three more for the Growing
Majority in the Assembly! And Thrice Thrice for the Governor
General!!!—*Colonist of Monday.*

—Hip! hip! hurrah! Off with your hats,
boys! Three cheers for the Queen!!! Three
cheers for the big buffalo!! and thrice three cheers
for everybody; the editor of *Old Double* in the bar-
gain. Hurrah! doesn't he deserve them after treat-
ing us to the above magnificently cheering para-
graph? We are dying to know whence he drew
the divine fire which inspired his pen, or whether
some jovial spirit whispered the glorious sentence in
his ears? If so, we hope it wasn't the spirit of bad
brandy, or villainous whiskey, though we have our
doubts about the matter, for it evidently bamboozled
him into an absurdity. Only fancy a Ministerial
journal calling for three cheers for the "growing ma-
jority in the Assembly" when recording the return
of an opposition candidate. Go it again, *Old
Double*, but for mercy sake, do strive to "go it"
without seeing *double*.

"THE BLASPHEMOUS OPPOSITION,"

The *Dundas Warder* is absolutely shocked. Mr.
Wm. McDougall, one of the Grit men, has actually
said that Hon. J. A. McDonald is trying to find his
way to heaven by the Southern Railway. We agree
with the *Warder* that such language is improper,
though perhaps excusable after dinner. We do
trust that in future the "dinnerers," as the elegant
English of the *Colonist* has it, will be more chaste
in their language. If Grits have no regard for pub-
lic morality, Moderates have. Their leader never
plucked the wall of the Assembly with "false as
hell," nor did one of his supporters in the Upper
House talk of "d—d nonsense" to the Canadian
peers. Even if they did, it is all very well in Par-
liament, but extremely outè at a respectable din-
ner table. The *Warder* is very right.

YE LITTLE CARTIER AT WINDSOR.

The story of King Arthur old,
Is very memorable,
And so in future years will be
The laying of the cable.

Old Windsor is a famous place,
Its castle's stout and hoary,
But Cartier's added a new page
To the legends of its glory.

George Cartier is a funny dog,
In this you'll all agree sir,
With his queer funny torrier pbiz,
He went across the sea, sir;
He visited old Windsor,
Its castle stout and hoary,
And there he saw Victoria,
In the heyday of her glory.

He walked upon the terrace
Looking down upon the Thames,
And strutting there he thought himself
The biggest of do means.
He looked upon the river
Wandering slowly on its way, sir,
And said "mon Dieu, its very grand,
I'm grander though to-day, sir."

Old Windsor is a famous place,
Its castle's stout and hoary,
It has one round and lofty tower,
The tip top of its glory.

George Cartier he did mount the steps
That lead unto its summit,
And strutting there he swore by gar!
Its strong, I think I've come it.

Old Windsor is a famous place,
Its walls both high and great are,
Its castle has long suites of rooms,
That call-ed rooms of state are;
Grand rooms whose decorations look
Fit for some fairy elf, sir.
George gazed but thought of nought but this,
"I'm here in state myself, sir."

Old Windsor is a famous place,
And famous is its park, sir,
Prince Albert took George Cartier for
A walk just for a lark, sir.

Quoth Prince "tis an extensive place,
At home have you one such, sir?
Quoth Cartier puffing out his vest,
"I'm more extensive much, sir."

Old Windsor is a famous place,
And famous folks are there, sir,
Queen, Princes, lords and gentlemen,
With levies of the fair, sir.
Quoth Prince to Cartier don't you think
Our ladies handsome be, sir,

Quoth George—em I yes!—ah!—pretty well,
But only look at me, sir.

Old Windsor is a famous place,
Its castle's stout and hoary,
But Cartier's added a new page
To the legends of its glory.

For courtly pages long will laugh
About his torrier pbiz, sir,
And chuckle 'er the fun they had,
When he was there to quiz, sir.

Musical.

—We understand that arrangements are completed by Mr. Sugden, an excellent musician, for a grand vocal concert, in the Temperance Hall, on Tuesday, the 21st inst. It is the first thing of the kind in the Hall since its repairs have added so much to its appearance and comfort, and is under the patronage of the Temperance Reformation Society. Among the performers we may name Miss Kemp, Miss Clark, Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Poetter, Messrs. Roche, Baxter, Sugden, &c. We hope the effort will be highly successful.

OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

It will be no news to our readers that the *Leader* office is sadly in need of light—vilsome of long standing. But of all places in the world, where does James Beaty look for a remedy? To the City Council! There is but one other place where he would have been less likely to find it; the residence of Old Double to wit. Of course, he failed in his demand. Some kind creature proposed that a lamp should be placed before his door; but no sooner was the motion read, than a dozen members sprang to their feet, and pathetically pictured the Egyptian darkness of other places besides the *Leader* office. One for instance, who was converted during the late revival pleaded the claims of a church as preferable to those of the great Highwayman. He was of course, instantly refused. The GROUNDLEN is of opinion that the best thing Mr. Beaty can do, will be to catch Councilman Craig, stick him in the *sanctum sanctorum*, attach a pipe to his mouth, with a jet at one end, and if sufficient gas does not escape from it to light the whole building, why then the fellow will have lost his speech; that's all! Of course, the gas obtained by this means will need a great deal of purification. The cost of the lime alone for the purpose, renders the expediency of the plan in an economical point of view, exceedingly doubtful. It is probable too, that the idea of being made useful for once in his life, would break the worthy Councilman's heart.

How astonishing it is! Who will say that genius does not run through families now? We can prove it to demonstration. First, that all our Blowers are thoroughly devoted to the interest of the city, to the thorough abnegation of self must be admitted, and we don't see how any body can deny that. Then, this being granted, it follows that they will employ the highest order of talent to do our business. The Gaol Committee, of which Councilmen Ardagh and Fox are members, find, after careful enquiry, that a brother of the former gentleman and a son of the latter, are eminently fitted to execute work which is not required. So convinced are they of the unsurpassability of these two, that without seeking for the consent of the rest of the Blowers, without advertising for tenders, they give them jobs, in the execution of which the City will be the only gainer of course. *Vive la lumbee* as the *Globe* says!

Important Telegraphic Intelligence.

—The following item is among the telegraphic news of the *Europa*:

"The *Ariel* had such severe weather, that the Captain had his knee-pan broken by one of the seas that struck her."

At first sight this appears very unintelligible information. In the first place we are left to guess at the precise severity of the weather which could have broken the captain's knee-pan; and then we are left in the dark as to what the captain's knee-pan is? Very probably the knee-pan was the property of the captain of the *Ariel*, but from the use of the feminine gender, *her*, in the line following, we are forced to conclude that we do not know what the paragraph means. We never heard of the knee-pan of a ship, unless, indeed, when the camel, "the ship of the desert," was alluded to.

FILIBUSTERERS IN CANADA.

It would appear that our worthy cousins in the other side have a hearty contempt for Canadian laws and British subjects generally. In the first place, Snow—a bad man, no doubt, but still entitled to our protection by the law of nations—is dragged from our midst with Inquisitorial secrecy, by two scoundrels, one of whom, to the disgrace of the Hamilton Police, is still at their head, while the other fellow, a constable named Webster, is still unpunished in our midst. Then a demi-devil, named Tyler, an American police officer, had the dreadful temerity to come to a Canadian port, and, contrary to every law, human and divine, deliberately murder a Captain Jones, who had taken refuge under our flag. Less provocation than this has before now, led to years of national misery. What is to be done to Tyler? Are we to allow the Hamilton Chief of Police and constable Webster to escape merited punishment? If the death of Captain Jones is not amply atoned for; and if the Hamilton Chief of Police and constable Webster do not meet with sufficient chastisement from our local authorities, they will show themselves unfaithful and craven, and Canada will justly earn the contempt of every county in which the circumstances of the murder and the kidnapping may become known.

THE POLICE FORCE.

Those ambitious of obtaining the responsible and trust-worthy office of Police Constable are requested to cast their eye—the left one—over the following advertisement, in order that they may know whether they are qualified or not:—

CITY POLICE.

Wanted a number of men to act as Police Constables.

Those addicted to hard drinking and unlimited loafing are peculiarly adapted for the office. Physical development will not count much, for although a tall man is ornamental, yet, as a Constable is never expected to engage in any personal encounter with burglars and such like animals, a short man will just do as well. Any person ombued with a strong hatred of children and all innocent recreation, such as serenading, are particularly requested to send in their applications.

N. B. No character required.

W. No honest man need apply.

CHARACTERISTIC PROTOTYPEISM.

The following rich piece of nonsense is culled from our "joking" friend, the *London Prototype*:—

EAST BRANT.—We learn that Mr. O'Reilly has been elected for East Brant by a handsome majority over his Grit opponent, Finlayson.

Our excellent, contemporary, 'thes' appends the returns, which, strange to say, according to his own showing, give a majority of 34 for Finlayson. Of course this is to be received as another of those capital jokes which are making the fortune of the Proprietors of the *Prototype*; but mercy on us, can any body tell us where the joke is? What does it mean? Of course there must be something scruicinatingly witty somewhere beneath the surface, but we can't find it out. Wont the *Prototype* enlighten us?

CABINET COUNCIL.

The first meeting of the Executive Council since the return of Messrs. Cartier and Ross was held yesterday. By the kindness of His Excellency we are enabled to give a full report:

Council Chamber. Present—His Excellency and Council, all but Galt [absent in England] and Aileyn [nursing himself at home].

Sir Ed.—Why, brave old Cartier, welcome back again. 'Tis meet I should be glad, for I am glad to meet you once again. The business of the state presses so heavily upon us, George, [Sir George I hoped to say,] when you are absent. Some of the Council are unsteady, others are lazy, and all but you incompetent.

CARTIER.—Sir Edmund, I thank you vera much, I was treat like great *homme* in do Palace by Sa Magiste. Chantez vous; oh I forgot you no sing. I will have a littell tune and ye song which I have make.

AIR—Fennel Smugular.

To do Windsor Castell I did go,
La reloo and family to know,
And a vera sharp sword hang by my side;
Like a fust rate premier,
Like a fust rate premier,
Vid stockings silk beside.

O Cartier, do Queen she say,
I'm very much please you come to-day,
Sit down and you shall dine to-night,
Like a fust rate premier,
Like a fust rate premier,
Who put the Grits to flight.

So down I drop upon zo knee,
Do Queen do tank, mon cher ami,
But she bevere say rise up, Sare George,
Like a fust rate premier,
Like a fust rate premier,
Rise up do Knight, Sare George.

Well, I come back plain Cartier,
While she have knighted old Tache;
No treatment ont saro, was it, now?
For a fust rate premier,
For a fust rate premier,
*Was mauvais, you'll allow.

MACDONALD.—Pshaw, Cartier, what are you making such a dust about? He has done nothing else but grumble about this ever since his return; let's get to business. Retailack, go down and order some brandy.

SCOTTE.—How irritable you have become, Mac, to be sure, do try and behave yourself. What is to be done next session?

SMITH.—That's the cheese, Scotte, your genius air considerable, that's a fact. I calculate to give up the Post office; so you'd better go right in to bizness, that's so.

Sir Ed.—Well, let's begin the speech, "It affords me great pleasure to meet you again, as a Parliament." Nothing like soft soap.

SMITH.—Jest so.

MACDONALD.—It's only a bit of a fib, that's all. I wish we had no parliament; we could do much better without.

CARTIER.—Silence, Mac! That will do for the first. Then, "Gentlemen, I and my Council have been vera busy of your interests. Monsieur Cartier have been to England, and was almost knighted.

MACDONALD.—At it again, Cartier.

SMITH.—That want do by no means, whatson-dever. How will this dev. "We seen a good heap of noise from th' crits durin' the recess, but it aint no go. We ticked 'em slicker than grease."

ROSS.—Smith, you're a vulgar brute.

MACDONALD.—Gentlemen, (Retailack, pass the rose) I go in for sweeping reforms (expressions of surprise from Sir Edmund.) Don't be afraid. A little hoodwinking will do, and—

ROSS.—Pahl stick to the Grand Trunk and the other Railroad business, there's no use in that gammon; it's too late.

CARTIER.—Well, I will tell you. Dis vill do. The rail-road of the Intercolonial will be worth while your attention pendant the session. My ministers have been at Windsor, and Mr. Cartier died—

MACDONALD.—There you are, you'll never get over that dinner. I'm going to resign, that's flat. [Sensation] Morton and I can't stand it. We've had enough business; let's have a comfortable evening together.

This suggestion being adopted, the Council rose like men who felt conscious of having done their duty. Another meeting will soon be held, which we shall report next week.

What Mr. Macdougall, M.P.F., can do.

"He can transform reprobrates to reformers, mormals to members of Parliament, labours to barristers, plobians to boungers (what the deuce are they?) unummies and misers to ministerialists."

—La! there now, what a wonderful man this Mr. Macdougall must be, and isn't the editor of the *Brandon Courier* (who is responsible for the above) a flaming genius? Why doesn't John A. Macdonald drag him out of obscurity? Surely the pen which produced such hislatin nonsense should be employed upon his pct organ, the *Colonist and Atlas*. Jerusalem! with such an addition wouldn't *Old Double* cut up the Grits? By-the-bye, in the meantime what a merciful thing it would be if Mr. Macdougall could transform the Editor of the *Brandon Courier* into a writer of common sense.

THE THEATRE.

The engagement of Mr. and Mrs. Chanfrau closes to-night. They are both excellent *artists*. Mr. Chanfrau will long be looked up to as the true representative of American life as seen in New York and other cities of the Union, and Mrs. Chanfrau will be remembered for her good singing and general good acting.

The only fault we have to find with Mr. Chanfrau is, that he adopts many thrashy pieces for the sake of appearing in a favorite character. Nor is Mr. Chanfrau singular in this, for the same may be said of nine-tenths of the actors who exclusively adopt national roles.

We need not particularize what pieces we allude to; but as "The Yankee Teamster" was the last we saw we will adduce it as a specimen. It was decidedly the worst put together and most preposterous we have seen for a long time—and yet Mr. Chanfrau's character, the Yankee Teamster, owing to the manner in which it was rendered, more than half redeemed it.

A GOOD JOKE.

DEAR MR. GRUMBLER.—The editor of the *Merrickville Chronicle*, who is a good fellow at heart, and who, I am sure, meant no harm by it, has stated, among other excellent traits of my character, social and moral, that "he should not wonder if the Toronto *GRUMBLER* was indebted to me for some of its brightest sallies!"

Now, good Mr. Editor, although I fully appreciate the honor intended to be thrust upon me, and although I would give all I possess in the world—except—my life, as *Hamlet* says—to be able to write the dullest conundrum that ever appeared in your celebrated journal, yet, in justice to my character, I must beg of you to contradict the statement in the most decided manner.

If I had been in the habit of saying good things, I should not be surprised at the imputation—but I assure you that excepting my own bright-eyed little Sally, I never was guilty of a *bright sally* in all my life. Hoping that you will set me all right before the public, I remain

Yours till death,

DAVID B. READ,
Mayor, &c.

Interesting to Students of Prophecy.

—We copy the following interesting intelligence from the *Roxton Times*, England:—

"Married, on the 8th inst., at St. Mary's Church, by the Rev. Mr. Murray, George W. Wolfe, Esq., to Adeline E. Lamb, third daughter of William H. Lamb, Esq., of Elstow.

Verily the predicted millennium must be approaching, for one of its evidences is already realized, viz. "The Wolf (e) and the Lamb shall lie down together."

Too Bad.

—A correspondent sends us the following pointless conundrum:—"Why is a man who has just got over the effects of a heavy supper like the metropolis of England at the present time? Ans. Because he has been relieved of a night-mare (Knight Mayor.) In explanation he tells us that Sir R. W. Carden, Knt., was Lord Mayor of London up to the 9th ultimo.

BUSINESS NOTICE.

The approaching winter signifies its advent by the coughs and colds which are its usual attendants. To render its attacks on the Lungs, Bronchicæ, and Organs respirative innocuous, we recommend *Shapter's Cough Lozenges* as the very remedy to relieve all their afflictions. Shapter's Cough Lozenges are in high repute among all classes. Let him who coughs buy a box and satisfy himself that they are the right kind.

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