

# THE GRUMBLER.

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*Richmond N.S.*

VOL. 1.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1859.

NO. 45.

## THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, JAN. 22, 1859.

### THE SCHOOL QUESTION.

Some very silly correspondent has felt the necessity of enlightening the *Colonist* on this vexed question. His first remark is a very sage one; after all the fuss that has been made in the contest between religious and secular education, "W" (Wisacre?) informs us that it is "exceedingly superficial." Being so, he is of course prepared to treat it in a "superficial" manner, and we feel bound to admit that he has succeeded wonderfully. After ransacking the records of all the nations of Europe, he confesses himself nonplussed; and confesses with a frankness that does him infinite credit, "I am perfectly unable to find a parallel that will bear on the state of society in this country." So we should think; a "parallel bearing" upon anything would be a novelty indeed. He however makes one discovery which will doubtless excite some surprise, particularly in the higher tiers of our social world,—the population of this country is made up chiefly of the lower orders of nearly all the nations," in other words, Canadians are the off-scourings of the old world, the scum of mankind. Perfectly astounded with the force of his own patriotism, he tries the mystical in the following abstruse fashion: "In those countries (European) the authorities are more competent to act, than the authorities are here to meet with the approval of the people." Can any body tell us the meaning of this paragraph? we give it up as utterly hopeless. It reminds us most of the celebrated poser, "If a man be six feet high, required the color of his coat?" Let us hope that the letter will soon be issued, with explanatory notes; at present it would baffle the greatest master of hermeneutics. Take another sentence,— "If I had the least shadow of a proof that we had (when?) too much of the Bible, then I would say at once, let us have a little more of the secular;" as it is, however, he declines sending for a fresh supply of the latter article, and piles on the argumentation in good style. "Knowing by every succeeding day that we have too little of the former, and too much of the latter, I come to this conclusion, that a little more" of the former is necessary.— Apart from the really serious and important nature of the subject, what nonsense the fellow writes. Apply it to a small matter, and who can fail to see the absurd weakness of the argument. "Knowing

by experience that we have too much milk in our tea, and too little sugar, I come to the conclusion, that we want some more sugar." What an addition to our knowledge that would be; and yet in a matter, about which, people are so divided, a poor scribbler writes, as he would scorn to do about the trivialities of daily life. But "had begins, and worse remains behind." A child and a teacher are represented as conversing in a "secular" school. The child asks "Who made the sun, moon and stars?" The teacher answers Nick-my-dolly." The child then enquires, who made Nick my-dolly. The teacher responds, "Ask the Hon. Geo. Brown?" and forbids the pupil to ask any more questions. Yet this wretched blasphemy appears next the leading article in *Old Double*, with all the adornments of punctuation, and italics for public benefit. What is too absurd for the journal after this letter? Whether is the editor or his correspondent the greater offender of public taste, the more serious outrager of public decency?

### THE HOMESTEAD.

Reformers of Upper Canada, you ought to be ashamed of yourselves. For four years your names have been paraded in public as the generous donors of \$5, \$10, and \$50 each to the praiseworthy object of buying a homestead for William Lyon McKenzie—the honestest and oldest reformer in Canada—the man that became poor that you might become rich—the man whose life, when life was worth living for, has been one long struggle to secure Reform for the people and to keep the wolf from his own door. He did not ask you for a Homestead. You offered it to him and pressed him to accept it. In an evil hour he thought you were sincere and did accept it. You put down your names as subscribers—but never subscribed a penny. Was this gentlemanly? We think it the meanest and most contemptible transaction that ever any body of men engaged in. It is such a trick as we would expect from a body of professed sharpers—but not from men boasting, to be the Reformers of Canada. There is no other way to save the credit of the country but to publish the list of enthusiastic Reformers—renegades, rather—once more, so that the world may learn by heart the names of the politicians who have acted so shabby a part.

T. D. McGee.

—We are glad to notice that this talented gentleman will lecture in Toronto on Thursday next. Apart from the position he occupies in political circles, men of all parties acknowledge Mr. McGee's ability and eloquence. He is to lecture on "Thomas Moore and Robert Burns;" the subject is interesting, and we are sure it will be made entertaining and instructive to the audience.

### THE MAN FOR WELLINGTON.

Try again, Nassau C.,  
Don't you be faint hearted,  
Sure the Gowan's glory yet  
Cannot have departed;  
Scouted once, beaten once,  
Every man must be a duncer,  
Who don't see, that you alone,  
Are the man for Wellington.

Try again, Nassau C.,  
What though Middlesex went wrong,  
Never venture, never win—  
You'll be M. P. ere long,  
Try again, Nassau C.,  
Every man at once must see,  
With the aid of Ferguson,  
You're the man for Wellington.

Try again, Nassau C.,  
What's Old Double know about it?  
Get the whiskey for the "lamb,"  
You'll go in, man, never doubt it.  
Try again, Nassau C.,  
There's good luck in number three;  
Let "bully Tom" but bring his gun,  
And you're the man for Wellington.

Nassau C., Nassau C.,  
Don't give way, my bully boy,  
Canvas brisky, get the whiskey,  
Ogle soon will wish you joy;  
Scouted once, beaten once,  
Every man must be a duncer:  
Who don't see that you alone  
Are the man for Wellington.

### An Enraged Leader.

—At first sight we were much struck to see the walls of the city placarded with large posters, stating that the *Leader* was "enraged," but on examining the printing closely it turned out to be an announcement that the *Leader* was "enlarged." It is all very well of course for the *Leader* to make a little fuss about its enlargement—and, when not overdone, no objection can be taken to it. But when we are bored to death by being told every day in that paper, the precise number of inches, that it is larger than any other paper in the Province, we think it high time to check the nuisance. Size is no criterion of merit. A squash is not as good eating as a strawberry; nor a whale as a herring. If this mania progresses much farther we shall have newspapers advertising, in rapturous periods, the respective sizes of their editors. In that case the Editor-in-chief of the *Globe* will be able to compare favourably with the Editor of the *Leader*.

### The Pot and the Kettle.

—Here again it will be our duty to trace Mr. Brown along his well-beaten path of misrepresentation and deceit."—*Colonist* of yesterday. "Our contemporary (*Colonist*) now perpetrates a double lie, a lie in regard to the *Globe*, and a lie in regard to itself."—*Globe* of yesterday. Comment is unnecessary, the extracts carry their own moral with them.

THAT'S THE QUESTION—Where's the An' wer?

Whence this paper "hurry burly?"  
Whence this putting on of armour—  
Armour by the Grits and Moderates?  
Grit and Moderate papers waging  
War about the Queen's decision.

"Ottawa shall be the city;"  
"Ottawa be hanged, it shan't be;"  
"You're disloyal Grits and rebels;"  
"You're corrupt and spongy Moderates;  
We want Rep. by Population,  
We'll have Rep. by Population"  
"Fore we fix on any city,  
Be it Montreal or Quebec,  
Do it Montreal or Kingston."  
"You insult L. O. Queen, you blackguard!"  
"Blackguard" in your teeth, you spooones,  
You'd no business, Sirs, to ask her,  
Ask the Queen about the matter ;;  
She do'n't care a cold potato  
Where the capital be fixed, Sir."

"You're a set of scheming bumpers,  
You're all Brown and Dorion schemers,  
You're the ministers what would be ;  
But the grapes are sour, old husses,  
You must get a longer ladder,  
'Fore your greedy hands can reach them,  
'Fore you're slick enough to clutch them,  
Put that in your pipe and smoke it  
All you hungry Gritty schemers."

"Guess you're all swell covies, aint you ?  
All you loud, tall talking moderates?  
Guess you'd better not be cock-sure,  
Better not suppose you'll always  
Hale the roast, you queer old fogies ;  
Guess you've had your cay, you dogs you,  
Make way for your boters, eat you ?  
Make way, or by Jove we'll pitch you  
'Cross the House just neck and crop, Sirs.  
We're the claps what all the people  
Confidence reposes in, Sirs ;  
We're the real Clear Grits what's going  
To reform this ill-used Province,  
Pave with Californy gold, Sirs,  
All the streets of all the cities ;  
Build up all the folks you've ruined,  
Ruined by your rockers squandorers ;  
Yes, you spendthrift, jobbing moderates,  
There aint nothing now can save you,  
Not e'en 'you I was at Windsor,  
So just mizzle—you're a used up  
Slick, community coufound you."

Whence this paper "hurry burly?"  
Whence these bickorings "tit for tat,"  
"You tell Nos," and "you're a liar,"  
"You're a rogue," and "you're another,"  
With the numerous of oaters  
Which adorn our Morning Papers?  
That's the question—Where's the answer?  
Won't some kind, good Clear Grit give it?  
Won't some smooth-tongued Moderate give it?  
No!—Well, hang them, then THE GRAMMAR.  
Must just speak his mind about it.

"There a set of daisy wranglers,  
Those who write for Morning papers ;  
'They bespatter with foul language,  
These, the 'Ins' and these, the 'Outs,' Sirs.  
Would you know the 'why' and 'wherefore' ?  
There's the rub—these slick like leeches  
To the treasury pap and pickings ;  
These, are anxious, quite as anxious  
To secure the pap and pickings,  
To enjoy the sweets of office.  
Well, that's natural, but just let them  
Be more digested and moderate ;  
Wage with worthier arms the battle,  
And for all THE GRAMMAR careth  
They may fight till they are weary,  
They may fight while pen and ink last,  
'They may fight till types are worn out,  
They may fight and fight forever.

CANADIAN INSTITUTE.

The usual weekly meeting of this Scientific body  
took place after Tuesday. Present—Professors  
Dullman, Flatman, and Hardbrain. Hon. Mr.  
Talbhoj in the chair.

The chairman read a paper on the "Phenomenon  
of the Sea," which could occupy about 136 columns if  
printed in full. We give a synopsis of it, however,  
as it is both interesting and instructive. The Sea  
was composed of salt and water, if the lecture  
might be allowed the expression. But how the salt  
and water came together was a matter of dispute.  
Whether the water came to the salt, or the salt to  
the water, or whether both met half way was an  
open question. He had crossed the sea himself,  
and had seen it in storm and in calm ; and he had  
often spent days in examining the curious effect  
which a storm had upon the ship. At times the  
waves rolled very high, and immediately afterwards  
sank very low, and invariably the ship rose and  
sank with the waves. He could not account for  
this in any other manner than that there must be  
an Indian rubber bed at the bottom of the Atlantic,  
which the weight of the ship pressing on the water  
and the water on the Indian rubber would cause to  
sink, while its elastic nature would immediately  
give it an upward tendency, which in its turn it  
would impart to the sea, thus producing what are  
commonly called waves. With these remarks he  
would resume his seat.

Prof. Dullman exhibited the skin of a very rare  
and curious animal called the Pig. The race of this  
animal was, he was sorry to say, now extinct in  
Canada. The skin he now held in his hand was  
sent to him by a gentleman living in Stanleyatree  
—a city of some consequence in the Hudson's Bay  
Territory ; and he had informed him that he had  
taken it with his own hands from the last pig that  
was known to exist in that quarter of the globe.  
Of the habits of the Pig he had a great deal to say  
that was curious and new to the members, but as  
he saw Prof. Flatman had something to say, he  
would take another opportunity.

Prof. Flatman exhibited a piece of wood found by  
some men digging in the woods. There were certain  
characters upon it, which, although nearly obliterated,  
he, with the help of Prof. Alltongues, had been  
able to decipher. The characters, as near as he  
could make them out, were—

"Beware of the Paint."

From the position in which this relic of antiquity  
was found, he had no hesitation in saying that it  
must be at least 5000 years old. It might have been  
a part of Noah's Ark, indeed, for all he knew. To  
exactly determine the meaning of the characters  
traceable upon the piece of wood must at least be only  
guess work, inasmuch as no clue to their inter-  
pretation could now be found. He had read a great  
many works of antiquity, but he could not remember  
over having read of any one whose name was  
Paint. But it was quite evident that he must have  
been a great tyrant, inasmuch as people were cau-  
tioned to Bowers of him. The prefixing of the de-  
finite article *the* before Mr. Paint's name was a fact  
worthy of notice, because it went for to establish  
the fact that Murray's English Grammar was not  
extensively read in those days.

Prof. Hardbrain, after the learned disquisitions  
that had already been laid before the Institute, felt  
some diffidence in saying anything. However, he  
had brought with him a curious article which he  
had picked up in his rambles, and which he was as  
yet unable to write an account of. It was evidently  
one of those images which barbarians worship as  
their Gods, and may have been brought to this  
country by Bramah or Confucius. It was a small  
image of a warrior, as the members might see. At  
its head was a piece of string, while another piece  
of string hung from between its legs—which would  
go far to prove that men in those days had tails.  
Now, by holding the upper string in one hand, and  
pulling the other string the Idol immediately ex-  
panded its legs and arms. No doubt this Idol  
owed its origin to the ancient Egyptian priests, who  
were skilled in deceiving people by means of such  
Punch-and-Judysim. He begged to present this  
ancient relic to the Institute.

OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

We are greatly pleased with our new Council,  
because we find others displeased. There is mourn-  
ing in the city ; and we rejoice. The hope of the  
jobbers is gone. No more fat contracts given by  
underhand means, will again fall to the lot of the  
haagers-on around the members of our Corpora-  
tion. Corruption has fled, incorruptibility now rules!

In this strain we hoped to be enabled to write  
with sincerity ; but our dreams are dispersed.  
Evidence of jobbery appears at the very first meet-  
ing of the Blowers. We do not make the charge  
unadvisedly, but can prove our words, and name  
the traitors. His worship the Mayor is one, and  
Coun. Fincks another. This is the case. A law  
passed by the late Council determined that no  
Blower should supply goods for Corporation pur-  
poses. With shame and confusion of face we saw  
that the Mayor had on a new coat ; made like a  
Quaker's. Smelling corruption with the acuteness  
of Brown or Mackenzie, we instantly asked who the  
maker might be, and learned he was no other than  
Councillor Fincks. The coat was new ; it was not  
borrowed from Davy Read ; it fitted His Worship  
too well for that. Fincks pleads in defence that,  
as a general rule, it takes nine tailors to make a  
man ; but that by his extraordinary skill in the use  
of the goose, he has made a man of the Mayor.  
Well, if he can turn a mare into a human being,  
perhaps he can change a mule into a man also. If  
such be the case we beg that he will commence  
operations with Ald. Sheard forthwith.

Ald. Brunel has declared war against the grog-  
geries. He was in such haste to issue his proclama-  
tion, that when the Mayor got up to make a  
speech, St. George's Alderman got up too. He had  
to wait for ten minutes ; each one of which seemed  
to him a year. Succeeding at last in his object, it  
was with intense pain we witnessed the despair of  
Mr. Wiman. His hair straitened out ; his lips quiv-  
ered, and, grasping hold of an ink-pot, he was going  
to hurl it at Brunel's head, but didn't ; and sink-  
ing back in his chair he moved but once, and that  
was to vote ; on which side he evidently did not  
know.

ROBERT BURNS.

One hundred changeful years  
 Have wept and smiled upon this changeful world,  
 Since Scotia's glorious bard,  
 Life's infant satls unto the breeze unfurled,  
 Embering timidly  
 His lowly vessel on life's choicquered sea.

No stately pomp was there,  
 Such as breathes "welcome" when a lord is born,  
 No loud rejoicings met  
 The lowly infant on his natal morn,  
 None dreamt—no lips declaro  
 A greater than a thousand lords lies there.

Greater—though as life sped,  
 His lot was numbered with the sons of toil.

Greater—for such sweet song  
 Gushed from the tiller of fair Scotia's soil,  
 As proved him well to be,  
 Poor, in the ranks of nature's heraldry.

Yes, in the foremost ranks  
 Thou stood'st enrolled thou glorious son of song,  
 Thy toil worn brow was decked  
 With gems more precious than to kings belong.  
 Genius enshrined sat there,  
 And shone all lustrous through the mists of care.

Shone out in fadeless song,  
 Sweet as the music of a whispering rife.  
 Things fleet and fade and die,  
 The songs of Burns shall live, and live for ever.  
 Live in the hearts of all  
 The hearts of millions, on, through countless years.

Gay, gentle, winsome bard,  
 Although thy place is known on earth no more.  
 This day a wealth of love,  
 Earth's best and noblest o'er thy memory pour.  
 Live on, sweet bard, let fame  
 Rest still more glorious on thy honoured name.

SATAN REPROVING SIN.

The *Globe* of Saturday contains the following choice bit. "They (the Gowan) laboured to excite denominational animosity, and the effects of their teaching and example have been rendered visible in various forms."

Well now, that is pretty good. "Denominational animosity" forsooth; how particularly disagreeable that must be to our friend of the *Globe*. Of course he never expressed aught but the greatest abhorrence of "denominational animosity," and never denounced one sect and mounted to power by the assistance of another. Where is the *Leader* with his old fyles to prove that he was once very denunciatory? Of course he will be silent; for not even a ministerial print can so falsify facts. Seriously we think the *Globe* is going on too fast in the new track; it is far too zealous in the cause of toleration to be thoroughly sincere. Blaming the Gowan for intolerance wont do for at least twelve months to come, when the events of the last six years may perhaps have slipped from our memories. These politicians change and pirouette so frequently that an honest man can't keep pace with them. What next, we wonder?

We shall soon hear approving discourses from Powell on honesty, Hogan on consistency, McGee on Protestantism, Gowan on integrity, Ferris on modesty, and Robinson on common sense. All these we could endure, but the *Globe* on toleration is certainly a dose too much.

LECTURES.

The surest way to ruin any cause, is to have it advocated in the columns of *Old Double*. The failure of John Geikie's lecture on Ralph Waldo Emerson's religious opinions, was hastened in a great measure by this cause. They say that "birds of a feather flock together," accordingly Johnny being a dull man, went to the fountain-head of dullness, *Old Double*, and secured the support of that paper and his own defeat at the same time. Johnny is an excessively dull man—so dull indeed that if he had lived in the days of Pope, and had had some pretensions to cleverness, he would have attained immortality in a corner of the *Dunciad*. But to return to the lectures. *Old Double* sounded the penny-whistle—Pantheism, Atheism, mysticised and done up in the most harmless guise, were said to have been inculcated by Emerson in the lecture on the "Law of Success," which he delivered here some time ago in this city, and "the Christian portion of our population," were called upon to go and listen to what Johnny had to say on the subject, as the only way in which all Emerson's diabolical isms could be negatived. But whether it is that there are very few Christian people in Toronto, or that they are all blessed with more common sense than Johnny and his compeers, we will not determine. Certain, it is however, that very few people were there to appreciate the able manner in which Johnny and the other speakers demolished opinions which Mr. Emerson never advocated, and overturned doctrines the advocacy of which Mr. Emerson never dreamt of. We will not particularize which of the speakers is entitled to the merit of discovering the greatest mare's nest on this occasion "Birds of a feather," as we said before, "flock together." Johnny is a dull man and surrounded himself with dull men, and got the dullest and stupidest paper in the world, *Old Double*—to advocate his dull doctrines. For the future he should chain down his aspiring genius to the more profitable task of selling Mr. Emerson's works since it is evident he cannot understand them; and we advise him to allow the public to judge of the merit of a lecturer for themselves. If he needs must meddle with edged tools, D'Arcy McGee is going to lecture next week, and there is nothing easier than for him again to misunderstand the lecturer, and once more to make a fool of himself.

Before we conclude, we state distinctly for the benefit of such dull men as Mr. Geikie, that in writing these remarks we express no opinion as to the orthodoxy of Mr. Emerson's belief. We deal with him as we found him, and as an intelligent Toronto audience found him. But in the meantime we must be excused if we hesitate to rely upon the opinion of a man who could interrupt a lecturer at night to braad him as a sceptic, and advertise all his works at the cheapest rates the next morning.

Lecture next week.

—Mr. Stokes, we understand, will address the citizens of Toronto next week, on "J. C. Geikie, his books and bookship." We trust there will be a good audience.

THE HAPPY FAMILY.

We are extremely glad to see the good spirit in which the Burns' Centenary celebrations are likely to be conducted; we trust they will be well supported by the people of Toronto. There is something extremely gratifying in this appreciation, tardy though it has been, of the peasant poet of Ayr. It is fortunate that there is at least one man whose touching story reaches the hearts of all; one whose name is the angry watchword of no political or sectional party, the signal for no outburst of animosity, the rallying cry of no religious strife.

While therefore we mark his errors as the sad evidence of the fallibility of human genius, let us gladly honour the warm, noble heart which beat under the rough garb of the Scottish ploughman. We have no desire, however, to enter into the contest of eulogy, for which the Beechers, and Everetts and McGees, and McCauls are now polishing and sharpening the weapon of rhetoric; we leave that in their hands, whilst we notice one feature in the Toronto entertainment which seems almost ludicrous. We refer to the strange, though not fortuitous concourse of atoms which are to meet within the walls of the St. Lawrence Hall and Rossin House.

Draper and Brown, McDonald and McGee, Cameron and Mowat, Vankoughnet and Connor have agreed to meet together at one board without fighting. In England this would not be surprising, because public men there learn to dispute without acerbity, and to differ without malice. But in this country, imagine the Attorney General sipping wine with George Brown and complimenting him upon his editorial powers, and Dr. Ryerson hob-nobbing with D'Arcy McGee without ever alluding to the mission to Ireland. We can almost imagine Vankoughnet in the fullness of his heart, imparting the secrets of the next session to Dr. Connor, whilst the latter forgetting all malice, firmly embraces his *quodam* foe. "The double shuffle," "perjury," "demagoguism," and all the rest of the political jargon laid on the shelf for an evening. The lion of the Common Pleas sitting with the lamb from South Ontario; and the polar bear from Oxford having a comfortable chat with the fox from Montreal. The sight will be entertaining in the extreme, let us hope that no unforeseen accident will interrupt the harmony, or break the spell on the felicitous occasion. By the way, why not make a week of it, and beginning with Monday, let neither the *Colonist* nor *Globe* call its neighbour "a liar" oftener than once a day. Let the former give a little discriminating praise to Brown, and the latter find some redeeming point in Mr. McDonald. This will allow a little breathing time before Philippi the week after, and then they may slash away to their heart's content. At any rate, we are to have one night's trace from this sickening recrimination; let us be thankful for small mercies.

The Junior Warden's Toast

—Is the title of a new Piece of Music composed by J. D. HUMPHREYS, Esq., and printed by Messrs. Roddy & Reilly. The composer sang it with great success at the Concert on Thursday evening. We hope that it will meet with an extensive sale.

## THE MASONIC BALL.

The blow out of the Masons is the event of the week among our would-be fashionable. Any amount of money was expended in crinolines and other failings to which the vanity of ladies is heir, and no doubt many conquests were made by the fair ones who graced the occasion with their presence. So far as enjoyment was concerned, the ball was a decided success, but we regret to learn that the same remark does not hold good in a financial point of view, and that our local charities will not be very much enriched by the proceeds. Indeed it was hardly to be expected that any considerable surplus would be over what we must term the extravagancies of the committee, and although we cannot but thank them for their labours in providing such a splendid entertainment, we do question the propriety of parading charity as the end and aim of their exertions. It would have been much better to allow the affair to come off simply as the occasion for enjoyment, at which the young people might meet their friends, extend their acquaintance-ship, and have a good time, than to have caricatured the idea of charity. If to aid the poor was the object, much more effective means might have been taken by the Masons, and if the committee really desired that end, they went to work in a strange way. One-third of the money expended by the committee and the parties present, if judiciously given to the poor, would have accomplished more good than fifty such celebrations. We do not wish to be considered cynical, but we must enter our protest against making charity the excuse for having a jollification, and aid to the poor a palliation of useless extravagance.

With reference to the ball in itself, we have not a word to say, except that it was a very pleasant affair. All classes of society were very well represented, and it was amusing to observe the care taken by our upper-tendom to avoid coming in contact with those of the "common sort," although the distinctive mark of either was hardly perceptible. The ladies' dresses were not remarkable for anything beyond their extreme size of hoop, and serious danger was threatened to those of weak understandings. Indeed, one gentleman who we understand goes by the sobriquet of "Pe-tab," and who was attired in the most unexceptionable peg-tops, was so much injured as to have serious apprehensions entertained as to whether he will ever again be able to perambulate King street in his usual snobbish style. We are sure the regret will be unanimous among the fair ladies on whom he deigns to level his eye-glass. Three or four cases of strangulation were observed during the evening in consequence of the tight dog-collars which some of the "nobbies" wore, and the sympathy and condolence of our fair friends were much excited.

The Governor General honoured the company with his presence, and took it into his wise consideration to leave just as a spirited dance had commenced, when the music had to be changed from a lively waltz to the national anthem, resulting in great confusion among the dancers, and causing more than one uncomplimentary epithet on such a breach of court etiquette.

Nothing could better illustrate the extreme de-

pression of the times, than the crowd that assembled at the supper-room door, a full half hour before supper time. One would fancy from the anxiety manifested to get inside, that the parties had been on short allowance for some days. To make the matter still more tantalizing, the door was now and again slightly opened allowing an odor of cooked viands to escape, which had the effect of making the general appetite still more keen. No doubt this was done by direction of the Committee, who perhaps were afraid that the supper would not otherwise be appreciated.

On the whole, the blow-out was a creditable affair, and will long be remembered by the participants.

### Attention!

To be sold, cheap,—An Officer's Scarlet Uniform. Address Y. Y. Y. at this Office.—*Globe*.

What a story of disappointed ambition is unfolded here! What a dark tale of military glory, prematurely choked off! Perhaps, poor fellow! his tailor grew inexorable, or he may have sued in vain for Adjutant-Generalship, or he may have shot his trigger finger off, or perchance he may have joined the peace society, and abjured the camp from conscientious scruples. Who can tell what is up with Y. Y. Y.? In the meantime, the "Scarlet Uniform" is in the market and is to be sold cheap. We trust that the purchaser will not be sold with the coat; we have our doubts, however. There is a dark enigma wrapped in the mystical Y. Y. Y. A nursery rhyme, whose name an envious world has wrapped in oblivion, has spoken with eminent pathos of one whom he apostrophizes, "Too wise (Y. Y.) you are, too wise you be," &c., but here is a man who eclipses this doubly cute individual; he is trebly wise, and we tremble lest the unhappy man who may be induced to purchase Y. Y.'s coat may conclude the quotation, "I see you are too wise for me."

### Pug.

—The man who does the daily telegraphing for the Press of Canada occasionally sends us rare specimens of what he considers important news. The other day he was at the trouble to inform us that the British Government had presented the American Consul General to Japan with nothing less than a snuff box—a real, whole snuff box! And to enhance the value of this inestimable piece of information he further tells us that when the representatives of the people at Washington were asked to allow him to accept it—one Mr. Pugh dissented. Who is Pug, or Pugh? Who the duce cares what Pugh does: He is only a Pug, and Pug dogs are always waspish. We should like to know if the operator considers it part of his duty to telegraph all over the globe that so and so has made an ass of himself? If so, he had better send on his own name at once.

### To Critic Criticized.

"We hope the author (Prof. Kendall), will pardon our pointing out a need for his attention to the complements and symmetry of his sentences."—*Colonist of yesterday*

To say nothing of several sentences in the leading articles, twenty lines long, what think you of the "symmetry" of the following?

"His (Burn's) fame will be fanned into a flame in a most remarkable manner throughout the domain of the English language, and also in those out-of-the-way regions where only Scots penetrate as their fellow citizens are pleased to say."

## DR. RAE.

The lecture delivered by this gentleman was very interesting. His anecdotes of Arctic life were listened to with the most lively attention, and the *souvenirs* of Sir John Franklin's party which he exhibited were eagerly examined by the audience. In addition to these relics, the skins and other Arctic mementoes excited great curiosity. The lecturer, perhaps, did not dwell on Arctic scenery long enough. He failed to satisfy our curiosity as to the immensity of those icebergs which nipped the strong ships of the Franklin party, so nicely alluded to by Dr. McCaul. Nor did he succeed in transporting the imagination of his audience by the force of his "word painting" of the inhospitable shores of the north pole. But as he says himself, he is no lecturer; and what he had to tell us was told in a plain and homely manner, which did not fail to satisfy the understanding.

### Something New under the Sun.

—A visionary creature issues the following advertisement selecting the *Globe* as the best medium for his purpose:

"AN EDITOR WANTED—For an independent Daily paper in Kingston. Parties applying must be free from Religious prejudices, well acquainted with the past and present state of our political affairs and imbued with a spirit of energy, and imbued with a spirit of energy, independence and honesty of purpose."

What next will they want? Just think of it! An honest editor, "free from religious prejudice" and imbued with "honesty of purpose!" The philosopher's stone, the elixir of life and all the mysteries of the Rosicrucians were nothing to this. We just want to know whence the *ravavis* is coming, and when Mr. Lightfoot gets him, by all means let us have a good look at the fellow. If the advertiser will take him round in a cage, he may make his fortune by exhibiting him at 12½ cents a head. The idea is so ludicrous that if we were an engraver, we could upset the gravity of even the editor of the *Colonist*, by exhibiting this literary Diogenes searching through the province, with the *Globe* for his lantern, in the Quixotic hope of finding an "honest editor."

### An Advantage.

—One advantage resulting from the new ten and twenty cent pieces appears to have been overlooked by our cotemporaries. It is that two drinks can now be had for ten cents which formerly cost twelve and a half cents. Such a saving is not to be despised in these hard times.

## 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 the 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 Macmillan Hall, (Northwester's New Buildings) Toronto Street.