

THE GRUMBLER.

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NO. 9.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a year costs
I rede you tent it;
A chiel's amang you taking votes,
And, faith, he'll prent it."

SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1858.

PROVINCIAL SPOUTING APPARATUS.—No. IX.

I. LOTBINIERE FOR THE LAST TIME.

One grain of wheat has at length been thrashed out of the cart-load of chaff; the House has at last done one good action to repay the country for its indolence. The trickster from the county of Lotbiniere has been ignominiously expelled from the Legislature. But is this all? do Parliamentary ideas of justice accord with Dogberry's, in his charge to the watch, "if you do take a thief, let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company"? You talk of expulsion from your sacred circle as a heavy punishment; it may be to a man with any moral feeling, but what impression can it be expected to make upon one who has trampled under foot, laws, legislature, oaths, honour and honesty? None, certainly. If the House can do nothing in the matter, why do not the law officers of the crown take it up? It really seems like a serious lack of healthy moral indignation to let this man go back to his county as a hero, to be again foisted on the House in two or three weeks.

We trust that the Government will persist in their intention of disfranchising the scene of these abominable proceedings. We were not much surprised that McCulloch was committed to jail, although his punishment as the poor abject tool of O'Farrell, was very disproportionate to that inflicted on the principal; but for the life of us, we can't see why Cote was put in prison; we should have thought the poor devil who had been almost killed with poisonings and threats before, had atoned sufficiently for his little transgression, if he were really guilty of any; but it is just the way, when vengeance is in the air, and punishment is the order of the day, people are well satisfied if somebody is punished, it does not matter whether innocent or guilty.

There is another individual in the House, a wight, named Fellowes, who is sadly at sea in the absence of O'Farrell; the House should relieve him from his unpleasant position as soon as possible; the best way would be to send him to keep his friend company, wouldn't it?

II. A GUEST FROM MONSIEUR SMITH.

Who says modesty and merit are passports to success? He must never have seen "this Canada" who made so foolish an observation. Vulgarly, presumption, and mediocrity combined, fill the best

places in cabinets here. Who that heard Mr. Sidney Smith's speech on the Jury Bill has any ambition office-ward? for ourself, if we ever had any such paltry desire, it has now received its quietus. For two mortal hours (they should forthwith be immortalized) did this successor of the Baldwins, Lafontaine's, Drapers, and the other giants of those days, drivel through an ungrammatical, illogical defence of "my bill." "Onabul gennolemen" were directed to observe how "faction rises its head," Mr. J. S. McDonald was the "onabul gennolemen who led off," and had "pinted" to parts in Mr. Baldwin's bill, when there was no "sitch place," Mr. Smith wanted them to see "what is the facts" he wondered that the "constituchunts" did'nt see that the opposition wanted "to see everything cut down in the country, but there's always milk in every cocoon-aut." It was clear that they erred "either from design or inability, or from want of either" (probably from want of inability). "They want take the trouble to read bills," and "the member for Cornwall want in his place when the question come up, &c., &c.," to the end of the chapter. Is there a publicspirited bookseller in the place? we don't care whether he is for or against Dr. Ryerson's depository—will he, for the love of mercy, send a copy of Lindley Murray's grammar to this man of letters?

Is it not disgraceful to the country to see such a political charlatan on stilts, exhibiting his empty pretensions to the public gaze? Mr. Ferguson made some foolish remark the other day about the opposition, "misrepresenting the bill sum total;" but nobody expects anything from him; but in a Postmaster General—bah! it is intolerable.

III. A GREAT POLITICAL LESSON.

Who would have thought, seven or eight years ago, when every political cur was snarling and snapping at the heels of Mr. Robert Baldwin, that he would have been a model of ability and legislative economy to-day? Yet so it is; on Friday night, Baldwin was a Jupiter Optimus for both grit and tory; "he did this," said Foley, "no 'ho did'nt," said Smith; "he made this provision," quoth Macdonald of Cornwall; "ah! but he made this too," rejoined Macdonald of Kingston; in short, he was a Lyncurus retired from business,—an Achilles sulking in the groves of Spadina. Take note, politicians great and small, you are wasting your strength in vain. Get an Upper Canada majority flung in your face on a Chancery bill, resign your office and get defeated in one of the ridings of York, and you're a made man. Cease fighting for nought, have the Briseis of political power stolen away, retire to your villa in diguist, and the paltry incompetent Agamemnon of the hour will shower any amount of presents at your feet to-morrow.

IV. NORTH OXFORD TAKEN BY STORM.

What a wise set of men the electors of North Oxford must be by this times, must'nt they? Just

fancy what fearful blasts of political fury have been blown into them during the last four weeks, a round dozen of M. P. P.'s darkening counsel there all the time. We had Talbot, Daly, Cameron (he's always in for a hunt like a true coon,) and Morrison, fighting for the modest gentleman; and then Brown and Foley, Christo and Muckenzie, (the latter with a carpet-bag full of withering facts), backing McDougall. Is'nt this a pretty sight for the country? Why did'nt they shut up shop and all go there, the whole box and dice of them? they might for any good they have done here in the meantime; Would'nt it be a lark to have seen one of the elections of the understrappers of the Derby Government conducted in this way? Palmerston and Russell descending to bandy words and stamping it on one side, and Derby and Dizzy on the other. We are afraid they are not made of the same sterling stuff our public men can boast of, for we might have seen something like this before. But now the fight is over, and the House has been delighted for the last two nights with bulletins of the electors killed and wounded by these legislative belligerents. Truly, "this is a great country and no mistake."

A Spratt to catch a Mackerel.

— A petition to the Legislature from the Northern Railway Company, for relief, accompanied by an invitation to a spree at Collingwood, to be conveyed thither by special train, well stocked with champagne, &c.

Appreciation of the Irish Muse.

— The Magistrates of St. Sylvester have such a reverence for Moore's Melodies that they swear people on them instead of the Gospels. What would Chas. Mackay say to that?

O'Farrell and Moore.

— The reason why Moore's Melodies were so readily accessible at Lotbiniere, is that O'Farrell had been trying to convince Cote, from his national bard, that he was mistaken in his impatience to have the poll closed by an *waltered* clock. A dog's ear was found on the page containing the melody:

"No'er ask the hour, what is it to us
How Time deals out his treasures?"

A Monument

— Of the whited sepulchre order is about to be erected to perpetuate the name and unsullied fame of an "injured innocent," whose schemes were frustrated by a death, when about to take the foremost rank in the Honorable body of Provincial Railway chisellers, (at whose instance it is to be raised,) and for which we beg to furnish the following inscription:—

In 1851 you seek his MERITS to direct,
His dual frailty was a railway plot;
Bowen then, brethren, for his fate now shows,
A twenty thousand scheme may go to pot,

OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

Extravagance is defined as "a wandering beyond the bounds of propriety." We desire to avoid such an impeachment in our survey of the conduct of the Fathers, being fully conscious of the strength of the GRUMBLER'S pabulum in promoting vitality, which is not dispensed with much care, and administered with proper knowledge of pathological condition, might add vastly to the insignificant, and give assurance to the utterly worthless. If certain members of the Council regard our expressed diagnosis of them, in error, we are open to receive their objections. Being the special organ of the intelligence of this metropolis, we mean to labor until that great moral element is more fully recognized, and becomes the paramount influence in city management.

If a majority of the present Council are small tavern-keepers, or dependants on them, we cannot expect legislative capacity beyond what is called forth in the exercise of their vocation of tipping tumblers and compounding hot whiskeys. It is absurd for the clergy to take alarm at the new license law, and petition its authors against it. As reasonable would it be to ask the Blowers to immolate themselves by cutting their throats, as to expect their consideration of the facts presented to them in their moral significance. Men accustomed only to a social atmosphere, redolent with fumes of whiskey and beer barrels, see cause for satisfaction in the existence of two hundred and sixty places licensed to sell spirituous liquors. It is matter of gratulation to them to know the fact, that a liquor establishment is provided for every seventy of our inhabitants. As a modest calculation, we might set down for each of those two hundred and sixty houses, three individuals a-week who overstep moderation, and get drunk, which would in a year turn out over four thousand five hundred drunkards, equal to nearly a fifth of our population, and more than equal to our entire citizenship. The efforts of Mr. Alderman Smith against this abominable license law, have been such as we can commend; and it is no small tribute to the correctness of his position to witness the united petition of the clergy against it. But what signifies the application of such levers to the present Blowers—their sensibilities are too swinish to be effected by simple petition; if anything is to be accomplished towards reformation, it must commence without the City Hall—the citizens must take the reins in hand, and rouse themselves from that state of apathy which have deprived them of respectable representatives, and entailed upon the city enduring disgrace.

The only important item of business was the adoption, in substance, of the report of the Finance Committee recommending the refunding by Bowes of his share of the Ten Thousand Pounds, at the rate of £500 every two months, until paid up, giving security for its due performance.
A new way to sing Soles.

—The Ottawa Citizen, after committing sundry blunders in noticing a concert says.—"A solo sung by Mrs. Scott, another (sung also, of course), on the violin by Mr. Mercer, and a third by a Mr. Somebody else on the piano, were well received." If the above is correct, what beautiful solos Thalberg lately sung for us on the piano.

A MORRISONIAN LEGEND.

Should you ask me what's my story,
Whence the legend and tradition,
With the adobe of the pull-book,
With the fire and smoke of voting,
With the rush of rival spouters,
And their wild retortations;

I should answer, I should tell you—
Tell you of the big chief, George;
Tell you who's the best musician—
Who's the man what pulls the noses
Of electors at North Oxford.—
Of the great, un washed and gritty,
Of the Blenheimites and Tories,
Of the Mandarins and Missions.—
If you ask me, I should tell you,
Tell you with sage nods and winking,
Tell you with a solemn whisper
That the Big Chief's name is George—
That George Brown's the great magician,
That he whacked poor little J. C.,
Whacked him with his sour McDougall,
Whacked him soundly in North Oxford,
Sent him home to big Toronto—
Home with fingers meekly resting,
Resting in his "water-muncher."
Home a sadder, perhaps a wiser—
Home a four-fold beaten man.

If you ask me, I should tell you,
How the great Magician's Moody,
Moody Bob, his dark familiar,
Moody Bob, who placed the mantle
On the great Magician's shoulder.—
Dared attack the great Magician—
Dared oppose the incantations
Uttered by the great Magician—
By George Brown with wand and spells to—
Spells to wash McDougall whiter—
Whiter in Oxfordian optics.

Should you ask me, I should tell you
How the big chief, George triumphed—
Triumphed with his incantations,
How the spell of Moody Robert,
How his Orange spell fell harmless,
Harmlessly 'gainst tall McDougall,
How he'd better stayed at home—
Stayed at home and nursed the baby—
Stayed at home and sold fire-water.
Should you ask me, I should tell you,
I should answer, I should tell you—
Tell you, without fear or favor,
He's a fool, and you're another,
If you don't believe THE GRUMBLER,
Every job and every title—
Every word whose force is truth
That the Great Chief, John Mac Do Nald,
Syd Ny Smith, the son of Thunder,
With his vulgar caterwaulings;
Talks to the Coy Leg, was no warmer,
Each and all are worth with George—
Wroth with George, the great Magician—
Wroth because he whacked poor J. C.,
Whacked him with his sour McDougall;
Wroth because his incantations
Witched the Missis Terial Bumpkins—
Fleeced the Missis Terial pockets—
Fleeced them of the sums they bottled—
Bottled on poor little Joseph—
On poor Joseph's fate election—
Safe return for Northern Oxford—
Safe return, as Oxford's Member
To the nation's Council Chamber.

Should you ask me who's the big Georgio?
I should answer, I should tell you;
He's the Do'll, the Terameram,
He's the Do'll, though minus slightly,
Slightly of the horns and pitchforks,
Slightly of the tall appendages.
He's the Do'll, what plagues the big chiefs,
Plagues the great chiefs of the nation,
In their Council Hall assembled,
Pitches at them tall and thunder,
Scaps them all as he be his Coy Leg,
Coy leg, who's no left to catch by,
And the big bravo John Mac Do Nald,—
Who can thunder, perhaps, as loudly
As the great Magician, George—
As George Brown the great Magician.

Should you ask me what, still further,
Says the Morrisonian legend?
I should answer, I should tell you,
Wait a wee, don't be impatient,
Wait a wee, and perhaps THE GRUMBLER,
Will his argue eyes still open—
With his pen still wet and inky,
May unfold the future chapters,
In some future grumbling missive,
Missive humbly dedicated
To the Morrisonian lady.

"Found Empty."

—This famous verdict has been outdone, or the Leader has been going it rather strong. It says that on a late inquest the jury returned the following intelligent verdict:—"Death was *caed byud ntecei ase!*"

NEW BOOKS.

The following works have been laid on our Editorial table:

"NEW SERIES OF INTEREST TABLES,"—
Compiled by C. E. Anderson, Esq., Deputy Receiver General, since reduced to practice in his office, convenient for calculating *back-interest*—works beautifully both ways.

"THE SUPERIORITY OF THE AFRICAN RACE,"—By the Hon. Col. Prince.

With a criticism by the late Darkey Brown.

"THE BEAUTIES OF THE BAR."

A *refreshing* poem by William F. Powell, Esq., M.P.P.

PATENTS GRANTED.

Patents are about to be granted to the undersigned, for the following implements and improvements.

To ISAAC BUCHANAN, Esq., M.P.P.,

For an "Improved Gouge," recently used by him in gouging embryo Railway dabblers and English Stockholders.

To ANTHONY RANKIN, Esq.,

For an "Improved *Chisel*," warranted, if not obstructed by *grits*, to clear £25,000 to operators or patentees.

To MESSRS BENJAMIN & FURUVSON, M.P.P.'s,

For an improvement in Saddlery called the "Benjamin Blinders," to be used on unruly donkeys—an unequalled instrument for hood-winking Orange Lodges and voters.

To GEORGE BROWN, Esq., M.P.P.,

For a new "Gaseous Hydraulic Press," worked by outside pressure, intended to squeeze some useful measure from the Coalition Ministry.

To W. L. MCKENZIE, Esq., M.P.P.

For a "Pair of Gigantic Bellows," to blow up a flame in the decaying embers of patriotism smouldering since '37.

To THE EDITOR OF "THE GRUMBLER,"

For a "Self-acting Kiln," for drying the tears of buxom young widows mourning the loss of rich old husbands—any energetic individual might require a fortune by purchasing this patent. The public are invited to call and inspect models now on view at THE GRUMBLER Office, No. 21, Masonic Hall. Patent rights for Counties and Districts, for sale on easy terms. Apply to the Editor.

Circumstances alter cases.

—After the Oxford election a contemporary, an organ, we believe, pulls out its stops, and blows away, fortissimo, thus:—"The verdict of a few fanatical people (only 1500 of them) can neither seriously interfere with Mr. Morrison's prospects, nor change in any degree the policy of the Moderate party. * * * We have none the less reason for astonishment that they should accept the nominee of Mr. Moodie's candidate, and make the *Riding ridiculous* throughout the Province."

Heigho! people will hardly believe that this is the same constituency which was lauded a few weeks ago as the intelligent constituency which had returned Mr. Hineck, &c., &c., but so it is. With regard to the "thrice rejected," we can't see that the organ's candidate had much to boast over his rival, the "Parliamentary pest."

"THE COSMOPOLITAN EXILE."

There came to our door a poor exile from Oxford,
Wayworn and gruesome, dejected and pale;
"My days now are numbered, oh, GAZETTE!" he whispored,
And deeply he sighed as he told his sad tale.

Forsaken by those who his friendship first courted,
I've wandered through Oxford, Ontario, and Peel;
And like Noah's dove, found no dry soil to rest on,—
Heart-broken, dejected, and weary I feel.

Sad, sad, sir, it is to be bantered and laughed at,
Sad, and to be snuffed out by such a mean fool;
By that rascal, McDougall, so sneaking and treacherous,
To be snuffed out by him, oh! by heavens! 'Tis a fool.

In the spring time of life, when fortunes smiled blandly,
Of time-saving friendships I had my full share;
Then the great *Globe* himself, who now struts out so grandly,
To me for my smiles and support would repair.

Tis past I and I leave, ere my failing breath leave me,
One plea at your hand, don't the favour deny;
Please get me an Epitaph, carefully "chiselled"
On the stone o'er the grave where my ashes will lie.

We complied, and wrote out the following skeleton draft as a commencement:—

Alas! alas! here rests poor Joe,
The Papal mitre laid him low,
And soft as mummy left him so.
With talent average, or more,
Well skilled in dead and living lore,
His mind, by nature, free to soar,
We fear he felt it quite a bore,
To stick below.
Requiescat in pace,
In which all will no doubt agree.

CRITICISM RUN MAD.

The late visit of Thalberg and Vieuxtemps to our city, was productive of the most melancholy results to our critics. The *Leader* gentleman flapped his wings and strove desperately to rise into the sublime, but failing in that, he quietly sunk into the ridiculous. The *Globe* never attempted to rise, being quite content to flounder in the mud. But the *Colonist* critic sprang on his Pegasus and soared off to the moon; from whence he rained cascades of diamonds, showers of pearls, glittering strings, flashing bows, Heaven, Hell and bad French upon us. However, with these things we have nothing to do. They are incomparable in their way—except the bad French, which is the fault of the devil—and are the outpourings of a poetic mind. But when he suddenly exclaims while speaking of Vieuxtemp's performance—"what miraculous execution and stopping!" we cannot help calling to mind *Nail's* sage reply to her adopted fathers:—"I likes Tom best when he begins to talk; and I likes 'Arry best when he leaves off!" And then when he speaks of the harmony bringing the audience "on their knees," for the life of us, we cannot help laughing at the ridiculous picture which a full dress concert company would make down on their marrow bones, while the fiddler was going it over them. Again, what are we to understand by this—"Vieuxtemp's pizzicatos were magnificent." What his pizzicatos mean we don't know, but if they wore his gloves the critic is certainly wrong, for Vieuxtemps did not wear any.

Thalberg is also treated of in the same incomprehensible manner. He is "gigantic in harmonies." Now in or out of harmonies, every one knows that Thalberg is by no means gigantic, being in point of fact a small man. However, let that pass. The critic might have forgotten his spectacles. But there is no excuse for the following: "Strong men wept at Thalberg's prayer, and wore foolish enough to smile at their weakness when he moved off into the Allegro Moderato." We swear that we did not see

a single person, strong or otherwise, weep during the whole performance. Indeed, the contrary was the case: for we were three or four times on the verge of distraction, by several ungodly persons near us, tittering and laughing. As to the strong individuals smiling through their tears when Thalberg moved off into the Allegro Moderato, we can safely say that the only place he moved off into, that we saw, was the retiring room. Why the deuce are not places called by their proper names? But here comes the greatest stunner from the critic. He says—"In the dolce passages, Thalberg held a nightingale in his right hand and an Aeolian harp in his left." The idea is absurd. It bears a lie on the face of it. How in the name of all that's wonderful, could he play the dolce passage, if he grasped a nightingale in one hand and clutched an Aeolian harp in the other?—"May it please your Majesty" wrote the Mayor of Cork on a momentous occasion, "I write this letter with a sword in one hand and a pistol in the other" But even this was possible compared to what Thalberg did. Besides, as we said before, we were there, and can safely aver that there was neither a nightingale or a harp in the room. "His fortissimos were harmonious, thunder hurled about in every direction," says the critic. Come, now, we like that! If there is anything to which we have a greater aversion than another, it is a thunder-bolt of any kind, and the idea of us sitting in a hall with such delicate playthings sporting about, is what we flatter ourselves, we would not stand; and then Jove himself could not toss thunder-bolts among a promiscuous crowd of a thousand persons, without killing some one, and we are confident that no one was even scorched on the occasion alluded to. We have done. To use the words of the critic, we have followed him until our "sensations became agonizing."

"Errata."

—The sudden interruption in the Hon. Col. Prince's great speech, in favour of the Total Abstinence bill, which he is again about to introduce, did not, as the *Globe* stated, proceed from serious indisposition, but was owing to the chamber-maid of his Hotel having sewed up his pantaloon pockets, when his hands having gone vainly in search of those necessary receptacles, he was consequently unable to assume his usual dignified attitude while addressing the House—became speechless, and resumed his seat, overcome with confusion. A restorative in the shape of a glass of brandy and water, promptly administered by the Hon. Mr. Simpson at once elevated the "Old English Gentleman" to his feet, and wonted hilarity.

Those 'Orrid Cabmen again.

—During the severe gale of Tuesday last, as the frail and gentle form of the Honorable Member for North Hastings, was seen in a distressed condition, endeavoring to double a corner near the Rossin House, the musical voice of a compassionate but vulgar cabman, was heard exclaiming above the storm—"Brother Bon, *jam-in*; unless my cab bursts, my horse is bound to carry you home." Such important language addressed to an honourable M.P.P. is quite unparliamentary; and calls for interference.

A FRAGMENT.

DEDICATED TO THE SPEAKER OF THE ASSEMBLY.

"Confusion seize your lousy souls," vociferated the Speaker to the underlings who had mistaid his cocked hat and upset the inkstand among his kid gloves. "Adjust my gown you lazy vagabond, and hold the glass—not that one, you 'blockhead, until I see if my rosette sits with dignity on my noble shoulders. Yes; that will do; now give me the other glass, menial, and stand aside while I imbibe." The Speaker drinks and calls the little messenger of the house around him. "You slinging young vagabond, why have you not got on a white choker, like the rest of your tribe? Don't presume to answer me. All of you, be sure and leap to your feet when you see me stand up in the chair, and keep your eyes attentively on me. Mr. Sergeant, what the devil are you laughing at? Don't laugh, sir! I hope that you have not forgotten my injunctions. Have you mounted your rosette? That's right. Ah, clerks! Turn round. Junior, your cockade is all of a heap. Stop your grinning, you parcel of fools, and lead the way into the house. Mind where you are tramping, you rascal, you have soiled my boots."

Speaker enters the house majestically severe, and ascends to the chair, upon which he sits down, and crosses his legs. "Order!—order!—order! I'm in the chair!" "Mr. Speaker, I rise to a question of privilege!" "Sir, you are out of order." "Mr. Speaker" — "Hold your tongue, sir." "But, Mr. Speaker" — "Sit down, sir! You won't? Mr. Sergeant, take that member into custody. What in the name of the seven plagues do you want, sir? Only a few tickets! Take them, and mizzle. Will any one tell what that French blackguard is saying in the corner? Can't hear you, sir! but have no doubt that you are out of order. Do you hear? Shut up, I say! Now, don't bother me any more about those infernal Reporters and Press men! I'll see you and them hanged, as you all deserve to be, before I'll give them the accommodation they seek for. Hold your prate, I tell you! It's a lie. Reporters are an intolerable nuisance, and may go to perdition. They'll leave the gallery? The sooner the better. Sergeant, go up stairs, and barricade the door leading to the room which I have assigned to my Secretary. What? They'll throw my Secretary over the gallery? They may throw him into a warmer spot for all I care! Will that member mind his own affairs? What? I tell you it's not an affair of yours! The Editors shan't have free access to the Library. It's not true! I dispise them all. I'll not be bored for a reason. Sergeant, open the doors, and be d—d to you!"

A Phase of Orangeism.

—A notorious scoundrel named Coulter, who, if thrice hanged, could not expiate the crimes he is guilty of, lately added another murder to his bloody catalogue, by brutally slaughtering a man at Angus. At the trial, just closed at Barrie, the evidence adduced fully established his guilt—the judge charged especially upon the irrepasable nature of the testimony against the prisoner; but, to the general amazement, a verdict of acquittal was rendered. Coulter is an Orangeman—the jury were all Orangemen, save one. What is the deduction?

AN ACROSTIC.

J ohn don't you find things at present
O n the whole, my boy, deceiv'd unpleasant;
H adst it it, but Fata'm I do not repine;
* N ever better" till forced to resign.
A lthough the damned Griddle may think,
M e no you're bound in a jiffy to sink,
A nd so give them a chance for your luck,
C onfound it man keep up your pluck.
D on't let all this North Oxford bobbery,
O r the stupid Clear Griddle majority,
N orfolk Shrivonly, Reverous falling,
A fleet it, in the least, your fair sailing;
L of this motto be planced to your coat,
"D rown who may, I must manage to float."

GREAT MEETING ON HOUSE-CLEANING.

On Thursday evening last a species of Indignation Meeting was held by the fathers of families, etc., in the St. Lawrence Hall, for the purpose of proposing resolutions for the better regulation of that necessary but intolerable nuisance, House-cleaning. The large and respectable assembly, which comprised most of the distinguished men of Toronto, wore in general that dust-choked and harrassed appearance peculiar to men who have been obliged to quit their homes for a time, either by the essential unbreathableness of dust, by a request to assist in beating carpets, or by the operation of mop-law.

Among those who addressed the meeting, were His Lordship the Bishop of Toronto, Father Bruyere, W. B. Jarvis, Charles Romain and George Brown, etc.

His Lordship the Bishop of Toronto said that the assembly present had come together to repair a great and crying evil, of which he (J. S.) experienced the evil as much as any man. His house had been turned topsy-turvy, and the dust was so great that he had been obliged to stay out all night in the open air, and had been three times taken up by the patrols for sitting on a door-step, and twice by the police for whistling "Jock O'Hazeldean," and thereby disturbing the neighbours. He was therefore heartily sincere in proposing the following resolution:—

"That wives and such persons as are in the management of families be respectfully requested to complete the operation of house-cleaning within three weeks; to disturb in such operations only half of the house at a time; and in default of the fulfillment of the latter request, to pay from her own plain money for the snuff, or cigars, or pipes, or all three as the case may be, required for use during the time of necessary exposure consequent on such domestic convulsions."

T. G. Ridout, Esq., seconded the motion.

Father Bruyere could not sympathize with the motion. Not being a family man himself, he was not, perhaps, a very good authority, but if he were a family man, he would not wish to subject any of the fair sex to such expenses.

Geo. Brown could not sympathize with the Rev. Father, who had just sat down, in regard to religious matters, and thought it rather absurd that the Rev. gentleman should make any suppositions about being a family man. He (Mr. B.) would oppose the motion from policy, as he was running for the State of Matrimony, and feared a defeat in case of his supporting any unpopular measure.

W. B. Jarvis (from his pulpit) was happy to see

4. In accordance with the suggestion of THE GRUMBLER, a pulpit has been erected in the St. Lawrence Hall, for each of the candidates for membership in the Legislative Council.

Mr. Brown so solicitous about the good opinion of the fair sex, was also happy to see the Roman Catholic gentleman express his convictions, agreed with his Lordship the Bishop of Toronto, and thought he would support the motion. (Cheers.)

Charles Romain (from his pulpit) was very happy to see Mr. Brown so solicitous about the opinion of the fair sex, was most happy to see so respectable an audience assembled to discuss so important a question, and, without wishing to offend the feelings of any of the inhabitants of the York Division, would support his Lordship's motion. (Loud cheers.)

Robert Moodie had an amendment to offer. He did not know whether it would be agreeable to all parties or not.

F. W. Powell, M.P.P., requested the gentleman to READ.

Robert Moodie. "If yer don't mind yer own bizness, and let gentelman alone, I'll kick yer from this up to Parliament House before the *Freely* 'd go three lengths on herself on a Sunday afternoon."

Mr. Powell immediately vanished, and was seen soon after in the Legislative Assembly.

Mr. Moodie's amendment was, that after the words "or pipes" should be inserted "or brandy."

Mr. Malcolm Cameron was indifferent about the matter, but would put "or lager beer" instead of the words "or brandy."

Mr. Moodie was of opinion that no gentleman ever drank lager beer.

His Lordship was just about calling gentlemen to order, when a number of indignant females entered the room, drove the gentlemen out at the point of the broomstick, appointed a Chairwoman, and passed a series of resolutions, which, together with the debates on them, we shall be able to give in a future number.

Apology.

—The absence of our managing Editor, will account for the intrusion, last week, of a seeming personality in reference to a firm, which was certainly unmerited, and which we deeply regret.

The Vigilantes.

—We understand that since the incendiaries have grown shy of their profession, the members of the Vigilant Committees have had their time very charitably employed in taking to the Station-House members of the police force, who have sunk down exhausted at their post during the night. The reason of the exhaustion to which most of the force are subjected, is said to be intoxication by some, fatigue by others. As we don't want to be considered libellous, we pronounce no opinion in the matter. But certainly, the force ought to present the Vigilantes with a piece of plate. Eh! Sam?

A Bright Idea.

—In noticing Thalberg's performance, the critic of the *Leader* perpetrates the following nonsense:—

"The fingering of the 'Last Rose of Summer' by Thalberg, will in itself convey an idea of how it could be appreciated by a Toronto audience."

What sort of an idea is intended to be conveyed in this mysterious manner, we cannot guess. We have heard of faint ideas, original ideas, and good ideas, but, until now, we never heard of a *fingering idea*. The same critic calls one of the prima donnas a *cantatrice*, and says that she earned laurels. Isn't it disgusting?

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SQUIMMS.—Your idea is good, but not in a shape suitable to our columns.

WARDLER.—Our advice to you is to take advantage of the season, and get re-hatched.

POIR.—The subject has been treated on by us, and any further reference to it would, be considered stale.

J. H. HAMILTON.—All the back numbers of the *GRUMBLER*, except the first, can be had. It is probable that we shall reprint the first number, when you can complete the set.

A. B.—The cess pools you speak of, in the rear of the Gaol, are a nuisance and demand the attention of the authorities. The Esplanade Contractors are again at work, and ought to be compelled to attend to this matter promptly.

SAM, London.—It must have been very amusing to witness the whole party

"Snazce, and sneeze, and sneeze again."

but it would take a very facile pen to make the subject sufficiently interesting to occupy a place here. We are too busy, else it might be done.

D.M.C.B.—And what more pleasing to a brailess coxcomb than to have his image reflected in the corners and door-posts of our public places. It serves as an admirable counterpart to the brazen-faced symphs that stare at you from these picture establishments, and has the effect desired by all parties,—notoriety.

MONALRY.—If an ex M.P.P. and now a government Employee, is guilty of the abandonment you refer to in a public Railway—of which we have no doubt, from the high character of the references,—we should advise a gentle castigation by one of the witnesses. It is not our province to take special cognizance of such matters.

OXFORD.—We cannot inform you what reward the Government held out to Messrs. John Hutchison and Hugh Miller, for so strenuously supporting Morrison in the late contest. After all that has been said and done by both parties for the Brown interest, it must have been something more than a contract to supply oil and stores to the light-houses, to make them lie so unreservedly.

W. T.—The Civil Service Act, which we presume you refer to, has in numerous instances been set aside for reasons not known to us. The cases you cite do not appear to us to come under the provisions of the above act. No retrospective action was contemplated, and it would be farcical to subject employees to an examination at every stage of their advancement, as their efficiency is acknowledged by being retained in the service. The recent changes in the Receiver General's Department, have given very general satisfaction.

BUSINESS NOTICES—\$1 EACH.

At No. 15, St. Lawrence Arcade, Mr. James Britton displays a most tempting stock of CURED MEATS, PICKLED TONGUES, &c., superior to anything we have noticed in the city. We ventured to dictate to our wife to proceed thither immediately, and procure a supply for our Sunday morning breakfast, although remonstrated with by the good dame on the ground that there is too much pickle in our composition already. The prices are such as to make it advantageous to proprietors of hotels and clippling to purchase largely.

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