

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES—VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1860.

NO. 11.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a'your coats
I rede you tent it;
A chief's among you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it.

SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1860.

GRAND PROGRAMME.

Alderman Carr's special committee, determined not to miss the opportunity of distinguishing themselves before the Prince, have at length agreed upon a programme which will at once snub the Mayor and immortalize his enemies. The ex-President of the Council, with his usual urbanity, has furnished us with a copy in advance of all our cotemporaries. We give the document, as prepared by Alderman Moodie, *verbatim et literatim*.—Whensomover the Prins has atrove at the deepo to be received by a saloot of ordinance to be let off from the Fire-Fly, and the Yacht Club bargo wich will be rigged up for the ocaashun. After three cheers from the nobel Ward uv St. John, wich will be lead by Ald. Moodie, the adress of the counsel will be red out with tamerity and humilily by Counselman Higgins, who will be suported by Counselor Baxter and George Platt. Previous to this as soon as Higgins drys up, the *Prins* will respond with a short extemporary speche, and then forming in line too deep, a procession will form, to be deranged as follows:—

1st. Alderman Sherwood with his bull-dog, as chief martial. (We presume the writer means the Alderman to be Marshal and not the bull-dog.)

2nd. Alderman John Smith astrid of a huge beer-barrel wich he is to be giving of beer from to the peoplo.

3rd. Tablow on a lumber wagon; Ald. Vance and Coun. Smith as Heenan and Sayers in pugular attitood.

4th. The Malr's party in the Council heded by Ald. McMurrich, owl with ropes around their necks led by sed ropes in triumf by Harry Henry. To bare their own epigram thus ritten:—"They hev come to a outimely end by having keepen bad kumpany."

5th. Tablow wivacoous:—Councilman Conlia as one of the muses (with a reeth of parsley and turnip tops about his hed, and Mur'y's Gramer in his hand,) a reading of it to represent the genus of eddication.

6th. Group of Constables discharged by the Mair for belonging to Sekrit Sosities; each bearing the subscription:—"Am I not a man and a bruther?"

7th. Tablow onigmatical of the heathen deities, Charles Daly as Jupiter, Ammon; the Chief of Polico as Appollo; Councilman Baxter as Mercury; Coun. Higgins in female attire as Venus with the Mayor as Cupid; Ald Medcalf as Vulcan: the Deputy Chief as Hercules, represented as smashing the Nemean Lion, (Ald. J. E. Smith dressed in a buffalo robe);

Geo. Platt ds Bacchus dressed in tightis with a reeth of bary-ears and grapo leaves round his hed and a quart pot of half-and-half in his hand.

8th. The Clear Grit Scovy manned by Ald. Moodie, with a toasting fork in his hand as Neptune, and Coun. Taylor decorated with sea-weed, and barnacles as a sea-nymph. H. R. H. the Prins will occupy the 4 deck.

The procession will move to York Street, up Queen Street to Park Lane, along Park Lane, Elm Street, Centre Street, Edward Street, Elizabeth Street. Thence by way of Bay Street, down Melinda and Gorborno Streets round to the Hay Market. Here H. R. H. will be weighed by Fisher and will go into Cornell's to lick. After whiskying up the noble Prins will go to the Albion Hotel where he is to be the Gest of Mr. Ald. Smith. In the evening, the royal youth will go on a moonlite discursion in the Fire-fly, where rockets and other polytechnics will be let off. (As the tickets are limited, an early application to the Capting is necessary, Price 10 cents.)

We are obliged to defer the publication of the subsequent days proceedings to a future issue.

ADAM I HAVE MISSED YOU.

AS SUNG BY THE CHIEF OF POLICE.

Oh! Adam is it you, Sir,
Come again to town?
I really tell you true, Sir,
You have some laches grown.
I thought you'd never come, Sir;
My heart grew very sad;
Till now I've looked quite glam, Sir,
My treatment's been so bad.

The Council have abused me,
Most frightfully, I say;
Just like a dog they've used me,
They've oven docked my pay.
They aimed at you through me, Sir,
And tried to spoil the Force;
Yet I bore the brunt, you see, Sir,
And would not leave the course.

I hope you'll now protect me,
Else I shall surely fall:
As you, Sir, did select me,
A fall Sir, will spoil all.
I cannot do without you,
For Council nights I dread;
I've thought so much about you,
It's nearly turned my head.

POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS EXTRAORDINARY

Our efficient Postmaster General intends to eclipse all his former efforts in the postal line by the introduction of a bill next session, which for novelty and grandeur of design will excel anything that has ever been attempted in this or any other country. The object of Mr. Smith's bill will be the establishment of postal communication between Canada and the Moon. A balloon of extraordinary dimensions will be constructed especially for the purpose, the contract for

which will be given to Mr. Baby. As Captain Moodie is the only man in the Province who has any experience in the matter of balloons he will be constituted aeronaut extraordinary for the occasion. It is thought there will be some difficulty in getting a gas sufficiently light to elevate a balloon with the enormous mail which it will carry, as high as the Moon. The common carburetted hydrogen is too heavy; but it is supposed the difficulty may be obviated by using Dr. Ryerson's spare gas for the purpose, should the reverend gentleman not explode before that time.

A LIVE PRINCE.

A live Prince is a curiosity in its way. It is not often our eyes are blessed with a sight of such a dignitary. We are all anxious to do honor to him, and no one that we know of more than Ald. Carr. Why, in the name of common sense is he and others of his ilk making such laughing-stocks of themselves? On Thursday evening a meeting was called for the fifth or sixth time by this self-same dignified official for the purpose of hearing the views of the citizens in reference to the reception of the Prince of Wales, and exhibiting his own ignorance and pomposity. The secret is, why was not this meeting held? We think we can answer it. During the day our city was visited by the Prince de Joinville; and as anything in the shape of a Prince was welcome to the clutches of the Aldermanic painter he knocked the meeting in the head in order to fall foul of the Gallic Prince.

Rushing down Wellington-street at railroad speed, knocking all the old apple-women head over heels, he bolted into the American Hotel blowing at a fearful rate, and enquired for the Prince. The sporting son of Louis Philippe was too 'cute, however. Well was he aware of the consequence of falling into such hands, and in order to avoid such a calamity gave instruction to the servants to say he was not to be seen. Ald. Carr, on hearing this piece of information burst into tears, and it was not until a roaring whiskey-cock-tail was administered that he felt able to make his way home, lamenting the fate which could be so cruel as to deprive him of the honor either of presiding at a meeting of his "fellor-citizens," or doing the handsome to a full-fledged Prince. During the "we small hours of night" he was heard to repeat every now again,

That's the way the things are done,
Carr obstructing Wilson—
Wilson never up to the scratch,
Pop—hic—hic—pop— — — — — fun.

Strange.

—The *Montreal Transcript* had an article on "Who built Victoria Bridge," and says that it is a *vezata* questio. Surely no person can tell the Editor, else it would not be very difficult to get a correct list from the contractors of those men who were engaged in building it.

REV. DR. RYERSON'S LAMENT.

I've been through life an ill-used man,
Which every body knows,
And those who choose my life to scan
May see what heavy blows
I've had to stand, On every hand
Have I been treated ill;
My good deeds all seem writ in sand,
My bad ones live on still,
Since first I defied my plous "Gross"
I've had to fight my way,
I used the church, I used the press,
And always had my say;
I tried to reinforce the Tories
And aided Francis Head,
I filled the *Guardian* full of stories
For which the Tories "bled."
The Methodists I tried to drag
Into the Terry camp,
But somehow they all seemed to lag
Although I held the lamp,
And from the pulpit showed the way
With pointed dexter finger,
And shouted at them "not to stay,
"They'd loose all if they linger."
That time my knowing brother said
"A hypocrite I was
In plous things; a renegade
In politics." What cause
Induced him thus to speak of me
To find I have no cise,
I'm sure I never can agree
To say that it was true.
For that small service then I got
My present pleasant place;
Since then with tooth and nail I've fought,
Running the devil a race.
I've dabbled again in politics
Trying to "do up" Brown,
But yet, in spite of all my tricks,
He managed to "take me down."
I lately journeyed to Quebec,
Neglecting "school affairs;"
I swathed in white my reverend neck,
And put on plous airs;
But oh! I fell into the hands
Of Philistines down there,
Who thrashed me well, and spoiled my "bands,"
And left me exposed and bare.
They showed up how I had belied
My former votes and acts,
Until I could have almost cried
To see those naked facts.
Alas! I now must change my ways,
Too true—I've schemed for years,
I've been a shuffler all my days,
I'll now repent in tears.
(Chorus of W. Methodist Preachers outside.)
Ryerson, Ryerson, you've ruined our chances,
You spoiled all our plans, you've broken our lances.
Ryerson, Edgy, there'll be no more petitions,
For now we are laughed at by all politicians.

Warning.

We advise the contractor for the construction of the Government roads in Grey, (an ex-alderman of Toronto), not to apply unguardedly his well-known practice of chiselling and gouging, as in this case it might be highway robbery.
Heed the warning voice.

Presentation.

We have been given to understand that the friends and admirers of Ald. John Smith intend presenting that worthy with a leather medal, on which will be inscribed in letters of brass, Section 73 of the Municipal Act. It will be hung up in the worthy Alderman's bar-room.

OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

We, in common with the majority of the respectable ratepayers of Toronto, have been of late puzzled amazingly to know the utility of the City Council meetings. The lavish expenditure that is weekly made to entertain from fifty to a hundred seedy looking cases who drop in to see the performance, is in these hard times, (or ought to be), a matter requiring investigation. Why should our already over-taxed citizens be burdened with a long bill from the Gas Company, whose carburetted material throws a light only upon the contemptible wranglings of a worthless crew of corporate blood-suckers? Why should the police officials be withdrawn from their proper sphere of duty to grace and add a mock dignity to this weekly convention of civic fools? Are the loud-toned buncombe declamations of Alderman Sherwood, the puny whistling eloquence of Alderman J. E. Smith, or the illiterate discourse of the *flowery* Conlin, any compensation for the waste of city money? No! not even the wisdom of Sancho Panza from St. Patrick's Ward is an equivalent for it. During the proceedings of the last Council meeting, we doubted the solidity of this latter person's (we cannot use the word gentleman when speaking of members of the Corporation) corpus. He kept popping up and down, as a Scotch friend observed, "like a hen on a hot griddle." We fairly expected to see him mount to the roof at each time of rising. He shook his portly sides as if preparing to ascend. We recommend him to the notice of the aeronautic Bob. By a proper process of inflation this bag of wind might be made to assume a dimension in which he would be "a trifle lighter than air," and consequently fitted for the purpose of the aeronaut. Reference can with profit be made to *Esop's* thrilling narrative of *THE INFLATED FROG*, on *THE BEAR UP BLOWERS*.

The amount of business transacted may be pretty accurately estimated from a speech unwittingly delivered by the Mayor, calling the Council's attention to the orders of the day. The first bill on which, although it had enjoyed that primal eminence for several months, had not yet been taken up. Truly is it a deliberative assembly, and its acts as worthy of chronicle as the laborious deliberations of the New-Hamburg Council, whose patient Clerk made his hebdomadal record, "The Council met this day and smoked six pipes."

Mr. Alderman John Smith has we observe, placed on the roll, a bill to regulate the hire of boats to inexperienced persons. At the present rate of progress, this useful measure will come up for discussion, when the grand-children of the originator will be men and women, and he slumbering peacefully in the silent tomb. In the meantime mercenary boat-lenders will have grown rich on the spendings of reckless youths, of whom numbers will have rushed heedlessly to their own destruction, unconscious of the protection *about* to be afforded them, if they would be obliging enough to wait for it.

This is a fair sample of the utility of the Common Council of Toronto. This is what we pay thousands of dollars every year for, and yet citizens we humbly submit to it. We thrust into the civic chamber a set of rude boors to spend our money and make laws for us. They succeed admirably in the spending duty, being nearly all needy chiselling bankrupts, but as to the law making, being too ignorant to frame a respectable measure, they wisely forbear attempting it.

The courtly etiquette of the chamber, the dignified bearing of its members as an example to their fellow citizens, however console us for the absence of laws. Alderman Strachan is a shining mirror of courtesy. When the Chairman of the Committee said he had pronounced a motion carried before the Alderman offered his amendment, the worthy Father replied in a loud angry tone, "You did nothing of the kind." This it will be noticed is an improvement on the lie direct, and no doubt will soon come greatly in vogue with loafers and rowdies.

A worthy Councilman when requested to remain at his seat to preserve a quorum, said he would be d— if he would, and stalked from the room. These are model city Fathers, and Toronto is proud of them, but the *Grumbler* has the lash ready, and will not spare it longer. We will show them up week after week in their true colors, and give to the scrutiny of the world their hideous carcass of corruption.

LEGISLATION OF 1860.

(Not from the Leader.)

The subjoined statement, in tabular form, of the sessional work of 1860 will be found useful for future reference. It is at the same time a curious compilation.

Legislative Council.

Bills introduced.....	53
" passed into law.....	25
" in course of preparation at the close of the Session	250
<i>(Note.—In addition to passing these bills they did everything that they were asked to do by the Lower House.)</i>	
Hours spent in doing nothing	40
Amount of compensation or salary not drawn from provincial treasury.....	\$00.00

Legislative Assembly.

Bills introduced.....	230
" passed into law.....	128
" intended to have been introduced.....	2,500
" which printers were unable to read on account of bad spelling.....	12
Hours absolutely wasted.....	2,000
Amount of breath expended (cubic feet).....	26,000,000
Nonsense and abuse in proportion to sense and argument.....	as 500 to 1
Amount of salaries not drawn by members entitled.....	\$00.00

Still more variations.

Introduced. Passed.

AIKINS	1	0
BENJAMIN.....	2	0
GOULD.....	1	0
M. CAMERON.....	5	1
McKELLAR.....	2	0
McMICKEEN.....	4	0
SHERWOOD.....	1	0
ROBLIN.....	1	0
GOWAN.....	4	1
MOWAT.....	5	1

The Prince's Car.

—It is evidently Ald. Carr's ambition to be known as "the Prince's Car," for he is doing all he can to prevent the Mayor from having anything to do with the reception of the Prince.

[The following poem must have been sent to us in mistake as it was evidently intended to have been sent to the University authorities. The author wished, no doubt, to compete for the prize in English verse—he is assuredly a "forest bard."—Ed. G.]

VELUT ARBOR.

Just as the aged oak
Sprang from a wee acorn,
So yure "Insy-tushun"
Was small wen it was born.

Thar are mani branches
Uppon a ful groan tre,
Thar are just as maud
Tought, I reken, by ye.

Just as the sturdil oak
Kluses the enckirkin vine,
Just so yur Collage folk
Do kis a jar of wis—wine.

Just as leaves are plucked
Down from a leafy tre,
So yung men are plucked,
Thar—most tri-men-jus-ly.

Just as the plucked leafs II,
Wen torn fram off the tre,
Stretched out upon the ground,
—So plucked folks after a spere.

Bould Ony-vur-clie,
On onward doin good,
In-kreeshin lik a tre,
If you dont you shoed.

KANG-OO-ROO.

A GENERAL ELECTION AT HAND!

LOTS OF CANDIDATES IN THE FIELD!!

LETTERS FROM TWO OF THE ASPIRANTS!!!

GLORIOUS TIMES A-COMING!

There's lots of fun a-head. Everything in the political atmosphere portends a terrible storm before many months are past. We are at present in a most lamentable state of political degradation, and a little thunder and lightning is wanting to purify the air. Corruptionists will be knocked higher than a kite; waiters on Providence and the purse-bearers will be swept out of existence; constitution makers will be transported to Botany Bay, where they will find some more suitable employment than knocking in the head what they cannot mend; political whirligigs will be transfix'd on the public streets as a warning to the rising generation; wholesale destroyers of Lindley Murray and Ben Johnson will be set to writing Thesees for the degree of M. A., in Victoria College—in fact we are to have a millenium on a somewhat extensive scale. Hasten the time say we.

No wonder, that in view of such a glorious future, candidates for the honor of a den in the Legislative bear-garden should be as thick as blackberries. Toronto, we are proud to say, numbers among its sons men who are willing to sacrifice the pleasures and amenities of domestic life to participate in the glorious work of regeneration which is about to take place. Let due honor be accorded such noble disinterestedness! We are in possession of letters from two of the candidates, which we hasten to present to our readers. These gentlemen, well known in this community, mention the names of others who are likely to be their opponents, and as our correspon-

dents are men of the highest respectability and honor, we have no doubt everything they say is strictly correct. The first letter is from our old and respected friend, Harry Henry. It is not in his own hand writing—nor is the diction and orthography those of the old stager—but as secretaries are not difficult of obtaining at Harry's boarding-house we must suppose he succeeded in pressing some one into his service. Here is the letter:

LETTER FROM HARRY HENRY.

MY DEVOTED FRIEND, MR. GRUMBLER.—That was a great change Cartier made last session in the division of the cities. It was a great change because it will enable men of respectability and worth to seek the suffrages of the people with some degree of success. During the last few days I have been waited upon by several of my friends, who insist upon my running for the Eastern Division; Governor Allen says I must do it; no man, he says, is better known in that end than me, and my antecedents are not bad for a person seeking legislative honors. It is said that our old friend, George Brown, will oppose me, but he has no chance in the world. You know I can carry the Catholic vote to a man, and Carly says he will *so't-soap* the Orangemen for me; then where will George Brown be? Nowhere, sir—*emphatically*, nowhere! And besides Attorney General Macdonald has promised, by means of another "shuffle," to convert all my old chums in the boarding house into voters on the day of election—and of course they will all go for me. Governor Allen will lend a hand in forwarding the good work, and the old Cadi will fill up the berths as fast as possible, (you know he is an old friend of mine and will do anything he can to help me).

But there are several other beggars in the field that I am more afraid of than George Brown. Bill Ardagh threatened to be an opponent, but I got Vance to give him a fat contract, and he has sneaked away. Billy Evans, however, is out, and will make a powerful opponent. He's learning to read as fast as he can—goes to a night-school, and attends very regularly. Then there's Dick Ardagh, Charley Lynes, John Carruthers, and several others of that sort, who are very strong in Cabbage town. However, I think, with the backers I have, I can succeed in sending them back into that obscurity out of which it was never intended they should emerge. All I want now is your assistance; give me that and I care for no man. I shall send you my address soon. In the meantime,

I am your attracted and devoted
Friend and admirer,

HARRY HENRY.

The other letter is from an old resident of the west end, who has taken a prominent position in several election contests, and who, we think, may with some sort of justice appeal to the electors of his division. He has our hearty support against all the candidates yet in the field. The letter is as follows.

STOKES RIGHT SIDE UP.

RESPECTED SIR,—Talk as our enemies and detractors may the destiny of the colored people of this free and enlightened land is a glorious one—and I, Sir, in my own person, the well known but despised (by some persons) vendor of ice-cream and vanilla too—the veritable Stokes—intend to demonstrate the truth of what I say. I know I shall have all the powerful machinery of a contemptible and iniquitous govern-

ment against me; I know I shall be opposed by the aristocracy of the division—but, Sir, my colored brethren number strong in the glorious old Ward of St. John, and what with their assistance, the powerful eloquence of my old friend Captain Moodie, (who is dead against the government) and the support of the *Globe* and George Brown, I will march on to the polling-booths and to victory. John Beverley may as well stay at home, and devote himself to the exercises of those physical talents which he possesses to a much greater extent than mental talents. No truckling ministerialist need show his face in this division. Bowes is also to be a candidate on the Opposition interest; but this species of two-facedness will not do here. Stay at home, Mr. Bowes, and learn the ten commandments! The renowned Basso of St. Patrick's Ward, (Mr. Baxter,) Jonathan Dunn, ex-Alderman Bugg, and a great number of others are talked of, but when my address appears I doubt not they will leave a clean field to one who knows what he's about.

JOHN STOKES,
Sign of the ice-cream freezer,
St. John's Ward.

P. S.—My old nag is for sale. Do you want such an animal for Mrs. Grumbler and the children. I will sell him cheap.

J. S.

HEENAN vs. SAYERS.

'CUTE TOWN,
CATTERAUGUS CO.

SQUIRE GRUMBLER.—This yer letter is from a real live Yankee who aint none of yer half-breeds, and I tell you jist what I'll do about the big fit. I see Heenan (smart boy that) wants to lick Sayers at something so he dares him to jump off a house fist in fist. Now if yer be so perlit as to publish this bit of writing I'll dare Heenan after he's hicked Sayers to jump off a church steeple land in hand with me. The one who doesn't get killed to have the belt. If he don't like that I'll swallow peas with him, drink lager beer, or chaw tobacco. If he don't like these I'll go into a brick yard with him or where we can throw bricks at each other 'till one or the other gives in, the conqueror to have the belt.

I am,
Yours affectionately,
A BRICK.

COUNTY OF GREY.

There are three candidates in the field, we understand, for the honor of representing this constituency. They are Mr. Nassau C. Gowan, Mr. Alex. Manning, and Mr. James Beachell. As it is of some importance to the electors to know the qualities which those gentlemen possess for the position of a representative in Parliament, we hasten to fulfil the task in as brief a manner as possible.

1. Mr. GOWAN.—A discarded minister of the Wesleyan persuasion; an inveterate office-seeker; and a pen-patetic lecturer on Orangeism, when elections draw nigh.

2. Mr. MANNING.—A kicked-out member of the Toronto City Council, and most inveterate jobber.

3. Mr. BEACHELL.—The only public quality that this gentlemen possesses, that we are aware of, is his willingness to drink "horns" whenever asked.

THE GREAT SOLAR ECLIPSE.

The American papers are making a great noise about the proposed expedition to Oregon to take scientific notes of the great solar eclipse. We sincerely hope that some addition may be made to the aggregate wisdom of mankind by this trip. At the same time our readers must be aware that there are other eclipses which now and then blur the moral horizon, as significant, and perhaps more worthy of study, than the one which is to engage the attention of savants on the 18th proximo. We have seen many such, and without moralizing after the manner of *Esop*, for as we hate, after reading a clever story, to be bored with a dull, self-evident moral tacked at the end, we shall give a strictly correct narrative, leaving the moral to take its chance—to be drawn or ignored as the humor of the reader may lead him. Perhaps, as we are constantly misinterpreted, we ought to tell the vigilant scandle-monger (albeit he is scarcely worth the trouble) that we do not mean Tom Toddyful or Sam Swillitoff or any of the young gentlemen whom busy suspicion may point at as the hero of this article; we refer to no one individually for we utterly repudiate the imputation of personality. But to our story.

The luminary, whose obscurity we are describing, is not the fiery body about which we and all things mortal are being whirled at a speed positively frightful to think on. No benighted heathen basking in his beams, ever fell prostrate to worship him. He is but a simple mortal, and yet, like all of us, he has a light which may lead his fellows in the way of happiness, or lure them through the fens and quag-mires on the other road. On a certain day, in a certain year and in a certain place, the eclipse was duly observed by a select assemblage in a certain place. At 8.30 p.m. precisely, after imbibing three glasses of Morton's proof, the first obscurity was noted. Gradually the entire disc became visibly darkened. The moon's shadow in the shape of several extra glasses of proof, not merely added to the obscurity, but produced some alarming phenomena. For instance at 10.15 the theory of binocular vision became utterly untenable. Instead of comparing notes and coming to the same conclusion, his oculars obstinately refused to coincide in their observations, and each insisted on setting up in business on its own hook. Gradually the obscurity deepened; the eclipse which had been annular, whilst the ring of admirers encircled our luminary became total at 12.15 a.m., at which hour one of the guardians of the night picked up the falling star in one of the most respectable of our filthy city gutters. Borne home on the shoulders of civic property, the bright light subsided in darkness; the entire disc being utterly invisible. As the sun sinks beneath the western flood, as the bud unfolds its head beneath its wing, as the rooster buries its right leg in its feathers, and as the plums in little Jack Horner's Christmas pie sank uncomplaining down his youthful throat, so in silence and at night this youthful luminary retreated into gloom. At 9.15 the last contact of the shadow took place when our new light arose to don his diurnal face again. At 10.30 the last touch of the penumbra vanished in a glass of soda water and brandy, and the great eclipse was over.

It lasted over 14 hours.

LAW SOCIETY.

EASTER TERM, 28 V.I.O.

Barristers Examination.

- Question 1. If an Act of Parliament says that no Tavern-keeper shall be qualified to sit in a Municipal Council, is Alderman John Smith entitled to the seat which he at present holds in the Toronto City Council?
- Question 2. Is there any Law requiring Municipal Councilors to act as gentlemen while transacting Municipal business?
- Question 3. Give your opinion as to the advisability of having a certain educational test to which Aldermen and Councilmen would have to submit themselves before they could be considered qualified to act as trustees of the Corporation affairs.
- Question 4. Is not the profession of the Law already too full?
- Question 5. Does the legal opinion of Alderman Bob Moodie carry any weight with it.
- Question 6. Which is the more beneficial?—Attendance on law lectures or "keeping Attorneys' term."
- Question 7. Which has the most impudence, a young barrister or an old one.
- Question 8. Would it be advisable for the Law Society to provide new and respectable wigs for its officers.
- Question 9. Would it be beneficial to law students to place in the Library at Osgoode Hall, copies of the following new works, *Atty. Gen. McDonald on Perjury*, *Foley on Springing Uses*, *John Ross on Railway Jobbing*, and *Ryerson on Contingent Remainders*.
- Question 10. Which is the more characterized by conscientiousness—Common Law practice or Chancery practice.
- Question 11. Who makes the most money from pickings, a City Councillor or a Member of Parliament.
- Question 12. Should a Lawyer refuse a fee? Did you ever hear of a Lawyer doing so? If yes. What is his name, where was he born, and what does he do now for a living.

The Japanese.

—We understand a petition is now in course of signature, imploring the corporation not to inflict upon the Japanese Embassadors, should they come within a hundred miles of Toronto, their civic hospitalities, as it has been ascertained beyond cavil that the members of the embassy are quite sensible people and have been accustomed to associate with respectable company.

We hope it will be numerously signed, as a proof that our citizens do not desire to take advantage of these inoffensive foreigners, and subject them to an ordeal so barbarous and disgusting.

Fashionable.

—Spicy young gentlemen who desire to shine in all the glory of peg-tops and the other novelties of the day, in the way of dress, may see the latest fashions every afternoon on King street. A certain person in this city, well known as the Beau Brummell of the day, is supplied, so it is said, by one of our most fashionable houses with all the newest styles, merely for wearing them. Who would not be a fop? Hurrah for the walking advertisement!

FALSE HUMORS.

It is not true that the Hon. John A. Macdonald is going to present the address of the Temperance Reformation Society to the Prince.

It is not true that the Hon. Robert Spence has obtained a license to open a saloon on the island.

It is not true that Harry Henry has been gazetted to a captaincy in the Volunteer Rifles.

It is not true that Mr. Jos. Gould, M.P.P., handed a three-cent piece to one of the pages of the House of Assembly, on the breaking up of the Legislature.

It is not true that Messrs. Brown, Foley and Connor shed tears at the meeting of reconciliation, held during the debate on "joint authority."

It is not true that Ald. Vance called one of his colleagues in the Council "a Gentleman."

It is not true that Ald. Sherwood has been spending his evenings of late in the study of elocution and the most graceful gesture in public speaking.

It is not true that Victoria college sells degrees on the principal of the United States one-horse Universities—\$10 each—at least we think it is not.

It is not true that Mr. Munro has retired from the Legislature, and intends devoting the remainder of his days to literary pursuits.

It is not true that Mr. John Beverly Robinson devotes several hours in the day to the study of *McCulloch's Commercial Dictionary*. *Burke on the Sublime and Beautiful* is a more favorite work with him.

It is not true that the Inspector General and Atty. General West have quarrelled in reference to who shall be the maker of the Speaker's wig. Their difference see altogether of a different nature.

It is not true that the Prince De Joinville has been made an honorary member of No. 2 Fire Company.

New Logic.

—A reverend lecturer stated in the Temperance Hall the other evening that it had been objected that total abstinence was neither commended nor commanded in Scripture; to this he replied that there were many sins not particularly named and condemned. "I am not aware" said the speaker, "that piracy is forbidden," therefore total abstinence is a Christian virtue. Now, we always thought that the eighth commandment condemns the appropriation of the property of others whether on sea or land. Piracy is then as much condemned as any other species of robbery. On the other hand total abstinence is not only not commanded but virtually repudiated as a distinctive virtue by the life and example of the Founder of Christianity. A course of Dr. McCaul's lectures on logic would not do the lecturer any harm.

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