

# THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.]

TORONTO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1862.

[VOL. I.—No. 1.

## THE GRUMBLER

Is published every SATURDAY MORNING, in time for the early trains. Copies may be had at all the News Dealers. Subscription, \$1; Single copies, 3 cents. Persons enclosing their cards and \$1 will be favored with a special notice.

Correspondents will bear in mind that their letters must be pre-paid, that communications intended for insertion should be written, and only written on one side of the paper. Subscribers must not register their letters; for obvious reasons it is exceedingly inconvenient to us. All letters to be addressed "The Grumbler," P. O. Toronto, and not to any publisher or news-dealer in the city.

## THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1862.

### "HERE WE ARE AGAIN."

A stern conviction of duty constrains the GRUMBLER to dip his oar again into the troubled sea of human affairs. When we last laid down the censor's pen, after scolding, quizzing and lashing the follies and errors of the time, we thought, in our simplicity, that we had brought society up to a decent sense of propriety. Everything seemed to be going on swimmingly, and we rested from our labours, as he rests who has vanquished an enemy or brought an argosy safely into port. Everything was put to rights except representation by population, which we were compelled to discharge from our infirmary as hopelessly incurable. But alas! no sooner was the lash removed, than public affairs relapsed into their pristine disorder, as if the GRUMBLER had never flourished it over the backs of the delinquents. And what a precious mess you have let matters get into, respected public, since we last confabulated together.

The model Republic has come to grief, and where we left peace and plenty we returned to the fetter and the sword. We are now in generalship, democracy without freedom, and without value, emancipation without justice, and telegrams without truth. In our own Province we have beheld the anomaly of a Grit Cabinet without George Brown, and a *dicta*, utterly oblivious of Rep. by Pop. The great Achilles of the Reform party wanders far from his native land; the war rages here unequally in his absence, whilst he, if report speaks correctly, is seeking elsewhere, that solace which he requires, now that his political goddess (the Premiership) has been wrested from his hands.

Cartier's vision of "Vinsor" and royalty has faded, Smith has retired from the republic of letters, John A. has gone into voluntary exile, while Foley fattens on the Post Office, McGee turns courtier, and McDougall quietly browses in the public pasture. In short everything, at home and abroad, civil and military, political and social, is in such a mess that we scarcely know where to begin. We are purposely merciful this week; for in good sooth, we scarcely can realize the herculean task before us; but next week and ever after we shall be as inexorably severe as Rhadamanthus himself. Within the limits of our little sheet, knavery and folly need expect no quarter.

If we appear to flourish the rod indiscriminately at first, the sufferers must remember that it has lain in pickle for an extraordinary period, and that our arms are spoiling from inaction. We shall endeavour to render the GRUMBLER as acceptable as our humble abilities and public favour will allow. The addition of 500 to our circulation would sharpen our wit and enliven our fancy immeasurably. Yield us a generous measure of your support, dear public, and you shall have no reason to complain of our efforts. To our brethren of the Press, we think we are entitled to look for more than an ordinary share of indulgence and attention, and we doubt not we shall receive it. We have but one desire, to present a paper which shall be satirical without rudeness, political without partiality, and humorous without the least taint of coarseness or vulgarity. Shall we succeed?

### THE PORCINE WAR.

The ensuing Municipal Elections are likely to be characterised by new party unions, and new party cries. Tory, Grit, Radical, and Corruptionist will dwindle into the shadowiest of memories, when are unfurled the banners of the Pig-party and the Anti-pig party.

The pig party has, to a man, pledged itself to uphold the whole hog for the candidate who will promote and uphold swinish rights and liberties. On the other hand, the Anti-pig party are equally determined that, as Ham was driven out, so shall they drive out pork, and that not a pig surviving shall have a chance of saving his bacon. It would be a difficult task to determine which party is likely to be successful, for although the Anti-pig party shews unity and determination, yet the sword itself is not mightier than the pen, as the olfactories of many a pig enemy can testify. We have intelligence from a reliable source, that the Anti-pig party intend giving no quarter, so there will be no more wallowing in the municipal mire.

To every porker there shall be but one alternative—root, hog, or die. The distinguishing shibboleth of the Anti-pigs will be "Pure air and no piggeries." The Pigs will, of course, adopt the battle cry of the tribe; for who ever expected anything from a pig, but a grunt?

### SPECIAL TELEGRAPHS FROM QUEBEC.

A commission, consisting of Ogle R. Gowan, Tom Ferguson and Tom Daly (the government, you know, do not recognise party in its distribution of the fat things), is to be immediately appointed to enquire into the moral condition of the Indians of the Manitoulin Islands, and the possibility of converting the red men into good and zealous members of the fraternity of Orangemen. Mr. Gowan is to be appointed to the Grand Mastership, with a salary of \$300.00 a year, should the commission be able to make a favorable report.

"Brook's Bush" has been made a new military district. The Brigade-Majorship of this district has been offered to Dr. Connor, he having given up all hopes of elevation to the Bench.

Two enterprising citizens have just announced a new enterprise, which is to come into operation during the next Session of Parliament. It has particular reference to the moral elevation of the sitting members. It is understood that the scheme has the sanction of a good many members of both Houses. Sidney Smith is to be Chairman of the Board of Examiners.

An enquiry is to be at once set on foot by the government as to the working of the "refreshment apartment" of the Legislative Chambers. It is understood that in future no member is to be allowed to take more than a dozen drinks in one day. This allowance is understood to have been fixed by Mr. McGee, who, since his accession to the ranks of the government, is decidedly of opinion that moderation in all things is necessary, in order to avoid functional derangements. The opinion of the Hon. Malcolm Cameron, now in British Columbia, is to be taken on this point.

There is no truth whatever in the rumor that Mr. George Sheppard is to be taken into the Cabinet, *vice* Macdougall. Both gentlemen are understood to give trouble enough in their present positions.

Dr. Ryerson is to be requested to retire, with a view, it is said, that your old friend Joe Gould—the learned and the erudite Joe—should take his place. I do not state this on the authority of a Cabinet Minister, but Joe is understood to be looking after the office, and such an old and respected member of the party cannot be allowed to go unrewarded.

### THE GRAVES OF A MINISTRY.

They sat in Council side by side,  
They drew their pay with glee,  
They now are scattered far and wide,  
The Cartier Ministry.  
Sir Edmund Head protected them,  
For years (ask Clear Grits how),  
Until the House rejected them,  
Where are these scholars now?

Our late Attorney General West—  
The jovial Kingston blade—  
Now meekly lies among the rest,  
In Opposition's shade.  
The Court of Common Pleas hath one,  
(To our and his surprise),  
He was the loved of all yet none  
So left no streamlet's eyes.

Another on the Bench finds rest,  
At least from faction's throes;  
"In Chancery," marked on his breast,  
Protects him from old foes.  
But one, the neediest of all,  
Was foolishly advised,  
His future's not in Osgoode Hall,  
Ah Smith was victimised.

And parted they the rest who ruled  
For nearly s  
Some to the s  
Lio in the s  
So now this r  
To chuckle  
And thus end  
Survives th

### THE D—L AND THE LAWYERS.

A LAY OF OSGOODE HALL.

Old Nick once came up in a terrible stew,  
To capture some folks who were then overdue,  
Their cases were on in the court (down) below,  
And Mins was waiting for something to do.  
Old Nick was well dressed, it's scarce needful to say,  
For he'd some very fashionable visits to pay.  
He walked along King in his spit of sky-blue,  
And nodded and winked at his friends—not a few,  
But failing the overdue No's. to find  
Osgoode Hall next suggested itself to his mind;  
So either he went, laughing loudly to think  
How some lawyers would look when he tipped  
them the wink.

He entered, but hadn't walked in very far  
Before he'd bagged three of the common-law bar.  
The fourth one he met was the well-known B—  
H—,  
But, on hearing him s—peak, Nick slunk off to  
leeward,  
And muttered, "B—'s sure, so there's no need to  
hurry,  
He serves to keep every one here in a flurry."  
This he thought would suffice for the common-law  
side,  
So at once into Chancery gaily he hied,  
First taking good care that his hands were well  
cleaned—

Which is all that's expected from even a friend.  
In passing he looked in the rooms down below,  
To hand them his card as a friend just, you know,  
And left, though in want of supplies of dry fuel.  
After shaking the hands of both H— and B—  
Next he went to the Registrar's office above  
And leered all around him, the knowing old cove,  
Some spirited words then addressed unto each,

And kindly-remarked "they knew all he could  
teach."  
While coming down stairs, he extended his thumb  
in a manner, at least, exceedingly rum.  
Lol that thumb on his nose-tip he slowly did  
place  
And the fingers twirled round as if tightening his  
fuc.  
"Oh, ho! what a fool I had been to forget  
A. G— my old friend—one to whom I'm indebted  
for services rendered in many a way  
Which gratitude only can never repay."

In less than a moment alone in G—'s room  
He seated himself, feeling so much at home,  
And waited an hour—(which I think is a fable)—  
Inspecting the papers which lay on the table.  
Then started to seek the invisible mortal,  
And passed in his searching through many a portal  
He found him at last in a dark, cosy nook,  
Which he couldn't escape from, by hook or by  
crook—

At least so Nick thought, yet while turning  
around  
A. G— had slipped off and could nowhere be  
found.  
"What is *protege* that," said the wily old elf,  
"For dodging he beats even the d— himself."

Nick thought it was time to select his assort-  
ment of Chancery men, so he stepped into court,  
And, tapping the shoulders of T—, and S—  
F— and R—, it was not very long,  
Before he was out in the hall with his men  
Explaining to all that he wanted them then.  
The quartette protested and cited some cases,  
And argued till Nick had to yawn in their faces.  
They talked the old gent into such a mixed state,  
That, at last, he expressed himself willing to treat.  
They saw their advantage and R— with a sigh  
Said, "Nicholas, wait till we've eaten a pie  
Which we four have our fingers in; do please to  
wait.  
As now we're enjoying a nice *tele-a-tete*;  
The suit has been in but a couple of years,  
And soon will be ended"—(here he burst into  
tears).

Nick saw 'twas no use and to wait he agreed,  
As the whole of the four were retained and well  
feet.  
A deed-poli was drafted on F—'s head,  
Which recited the substance of what R— had said.  
So the old gent agreed his demands to relax,  
Till the last bill of costs in that suit they should fax.

As soon as the victimised Nick had sunk down,  
The four laughed to think they had done him so  
brown.  
S— looked very pleasant, R— called Nick a muf,  
F— danced round and old T— took snuff.  
Then all entered court and proceeded to bother.  
With arguments prolix the bench and each other.

At times since, his Majesty's often ascended  
To see if that suit has been settled and ended,  
But always returns with the same, now and then,  
"When the suit shall be ended we'll go w—  
fail!"

His Majesty's often ascended to Equity  
with his agents?  
From personal enquiries, we find that the suit  
is still progressing favorably. Originally there were two  
actions to be tried, but now we are reduced to the matter's  
issue. The bill was amended so that, to the relief of  
the parties, it was reduced to one. The parties have done  
very well. The bill of costs have been taxed, and the  
debts have been paid during its progress. The costs now  
are to be paid in full, and the value of the estate  
will be determined. It is said that it will be a great  
benefit to the estate.

### THE JANUARY RACES.

1. *The Mayorally Steeple Chase*.—\$1,600 with  
pickings, and a slim chance of a Knighthood.  
Entry: \$5—(to be invested in tea-meetings and  
orphan asylums). Entered: 1. The iron-grey  
*Mayor*, John G. Bowes (Irish thorough-bred), and  
winner of 1861 and 1862. Beaten in the celebrated  
Chancery Handicap by the City of Toronto; in  
1859 by the Caledonian colt, Wilson; also, in  
1860, by the cream-coloured nag, Robinson.  
Bets even upon him.

2. The Clear Grit pony, W. Henderson, formerly  
winner of the Alderman's Trotting Match. He  
has been out of training for some time, but will  
make a good show in the hands of the *Globe*  
jockey. 3 to 2 against, freely taken.

3. The old race-hat, Orange Billy. Has run in  
almost every race for the last fourteen years with  
varied success. Has been badly beaten lately,  
and said to be politically spavined. 1,000 to 13  
offered against him.

4. The Registry pony, Sam, who will make a  
fair race, though he is apt to shy when it comes  
to the scratch. His friends say he is in primo  
condition and perfectly manageable. Betting 2 to 1  
in favor.

The Aldermanic Trotting Match and Council-  
man's Hurdle Race are not yet fully made up.  
We shall give full information to our sporting  
readers in future numbers.

### Beaty versus Lincoln.

"We beg to take issue with Mr. Lincoln.  
We assert most unhesitatingly then, that it is not  
easier to pay nothing than it is to pay something.  
Pray, how can you pay nothing?"—*Leader*.

We beg to call Mr. Howland's attention to this  
paragraph. Mr. Beaty has been "paying nothing"  
for the York Roads for some time past, and if it  
would be just as easy to "pay something," why  
does he not do it? If it is all the same to him, it  
is far otherwise with the public treasury, which is  
considerably "easier" when debtors "pay some-  
something." "How can you pay nothing?" do you  
ask? Why, what on earth have you been doing  
for the last ten years but "paying nothing," with  
interest on nothing, for public property on which  
you expend nothing, and which, as far as the  
owners are concerned, is good for nothing? "No-  
things," like the U. S. postage-stamps, is "a very  
valuable circulating medium," we advise you to  
stick to it as long as it is available.

### E WELL!

There is on the bills for a benefit  
Brougham's sterling Comedy  
in" will be produced, in which  
the character of Teddy Murphy,  
with much applause during his  
Mrs. Stevenson has kindly  
will appear in a popular farce;  
one of her favorite songs.

### The Crown Land and Society.

—It is said that Hon. W. McDougall, Man-  
aging Director of this Institution, is engaged in  
disseminating information among the benighted  
Indians of the Manitoulin Islands, by distributing  
his old stock of *Agriculturists* at 50 cents per copy.

STANLEY SHREVE,  
TORONTO, 5th Dec., 1862.

To the Hon. Mr. McGee, down at Quebec, Member of Parliament, or elsewhere, President of the Council:

Sarc-o-ums! but it's glad I am to see you where you are in spite of little Misher Carther or Clark of the *Thrice Witness*; and although they did'nt thrate you well regardin the emigration affair, either all, you're at the head of the table keepin order; and a handsom job you have of it, now and thin, I'll be bound to say.

We were all afraid up here, that you'd follow Dorn; but, be gorra, I began to think, that as the Irish were never proverbial for the virtue of resignation, you'd be the last man to plunge the country into ruin; and, that, like Joe Morrison and Mr. Spince, you'd hold on to office to the very last, irrespective of the pathy sum acceruin from that same.

Dare, dear, I suppose there's quare goins on whin yez all get together; and that yez sometimes use very indifferent language. I recollect when Cochoon was in the out cabinet, that the lobbies outside used to think they were guttin aich other. Ah! but that was the rough fella; although there was a decent strake of honesty in somethings that he did.

I hear that yez have decided not to touch the representation by population question, until yez reinforce yourselves below with a Frinch emigration. Small blame to you if any; but I'm thinkin that Misher Howland may have his views of any extension of the franchise considerably modified by an interview with the Duke of Newcastle and others of that kidney. I believe that the man can take a throp in raisin; so as that one sneezin dinner and a thrive in a couch and four, may make him turn a summeset as elane as that once performed by our present economical and able Superintendent of Education. Man alive! some slight-forward people have no idea what a difference there is betune the views of a gentleman whin he becomes an adviser of the Crown, and those held by him whin he sat grimm across the House from the Opposition benches. Be my sowkins, he is not the same man at all; and the devil a boy from Sandwivich to Gaspé knows that better then your own four bones.

The weather-wise ginthry up here say that yez will all go out in March. Well, be that, the name of the month is I admit suggestive; but I'm not so sure that yez are going to let the purse strings slip through your fingers so easily. Take a rise out of them, unavoureen, and explain aftherwards; for if the other chaps get a houl of thin again, you may bid good bye to turnin a decent gummy for many a day to come.

They were expectin you up here, sometime ago, to give a lecture in aid of the House of Providence; but that's not to be dhramed of now; as of course you're done with religion for some time at liste. It's so long since I have writtin that I am rather racy; but I'll soon get into the way of it again. Ogle R. joins me in love to yourself and Poley, who has, I learn, purchased a most extra-ordinary pair of spectacles. Some of your friends up here think that you yourself have got somethin near-sighted lately. God forgive them, but they will talk.

You need not answer this, as I'll be down with you in a few days, whin we'll try the striath of something more inspirin thin the Quebec Vather Works. I hope you have given up your impudence eyes; and will be able to meet John A. on equal to me whin he comes home. Isn't it sh an re that I never met in the course of my whole life a man worth tuppence that pulled a long face at a decanther.

Good bye, and God speed you. Keep the middle of the road and pick your steps; for let me tell you, that yez are all looked upon up here as fair sittin shots that we sure to be picked off with aise, whin yez thry your hands on the flure of the House.

Your lovin cousin,  
TERRY FINNEGAN.

P. S.—Re the man of the moon, but I was near forgettin. Just read this, that I composed the other day whin I sat straddle legs on ould Biceps, as Neddy Mulloy used to call Parnassus. Not that I say it myself, but I believe it's one of the cleverest things that has been done in this country since the days of Sir John Smyth, LL.D., Poet Laureate and Civil Engineer. I hate the Proshyterians:—

Mr. Brown and his friends, who are gruff as wild beasts,  
That the Province, instead of being snatched from the Priests,

Has been placed in the hands of a Monck.

Fella me that in John's Lane! There's for you, my hayro! Arn't you glad that the blood of the Finnegans is runnin through your veins like a three year ould on the Carragh?

T. F.

#### ODE TO A PORK-PIE HAT.

Say can't thou give a version of thy story,  
By whom invented, and how long ago?  
Trace from infancy to thy topmost story,  
Thy progress in this gaudy world of show?  
If thou canst answer, speak, and tell us flat,  
Whence comest thou, O gorgeous Pork-Pie Hat?

Was it fair Eugenie first gave thee fashion?

Or wast thou earlier on beauty seen

Before the ladies had acquired a passion.

For her invention, royal crinoline?

Come, now, your pedigree—that's what we're at,

Pray answer us, O dainty Pork-Pie Hat.

We know thy origin is not Hebrewish.

They scarce would designate a hat porcine;

Since unto any of persuasion Jewish,

Abomination is the name of swine.

So tell us then what nation—if not that—

Developed thee, thou jaunty Pork-Pie Hat.

Thy scarlet feather has a look that's Spanish,

Thy shape is somewhat of the Metadore,

We dare not say thou'rt anything Satan-ish,

For lovely woman doth thy form adore.

Must thou remain a thing to wonder at,

A great unknown, Oh! lovely Pork-Pie Hat.

#### Astrological.

—The magic numbers adverse to the fortune of American commerce—220.

#### Exchanges.

—Newspapers wishing to exchange with us, will please signify their intention by sending us their next issue.

#### Warlike.

—Buying the hatchet among political partisans means, generally, in the brains of a third party.

#### Gastro-nomical.

—This, a though a good one, is not ours: "Why does an alderman wear a plaid waistcoat?" Do you give it up? To keep his stomach in check.

#### Snuffed Out.

—We hear, without surprise, that during the ensuing meeting of Parliament, the Gas Works, Place d'Orleans, Quebec, are to be closed, as sups.c.d.d.

#### THE APPOINTMENT OF BRIGADE MAJOR FOR TORONTO.

In advance of all our contemporaries (including the *Leader*) we have procured, at a vast expense, the following interesting particulars regarding the appointment of a Brigade Major for the Toronto district:

Nov. 1.—Twenty-five applications received; also, thirty petitions in support thereof.

" 7.—Applicants are brigaded and go through battalion drill on the plains of Abraham, in the presence of the Executive Council. Afterwards, a sham fight takes place between the applicants, during which prodigies of valor are displayed.

" 26.—Subject up for discussion in the Council. Twenty-five telegrams sent to Toronto. Great excitement among the applicants.

" —(2, p. m.)—Another telegram received. Four of the applicants look jubilant.

" —(3, p. m.)—Three applicants look radiant. The fourth looks glum. Great excitement.

" —(4, p. m.)—Two of applicants are very jolly. Tremendous excitement.

" —(6, p. m.)—The two still hopeful. Awful excitement.

" —(7.10, p. m.)—Telegram received; appointment announced; twenty-four of the applicants faint; successful party receives the congratulations of his friends.

#### A FEDERAL DESPATCH.

To the Commanding General, &c., &c.,

Yesterday morning at six minutes past five, the Grand Army advanced under command of General Orders. When five miles distant it was met by General Surprise, and a sharp engagement ensued, the men fighting with a valour heretofore unequalled. Perceiving that our right flank was being turned by General Fear, and that reinforcements were being brought up by General Panic, a retreat was ordered, and conducted with the utmost ability until overtaken by General Darkness. A scene of carnage was enacted rivalling the horrors of sixteen European wars. Generals Dismay and Slaughter were everywhere active on the field. The victory is a great triumph to the arms of the Republic. *Ne victis.*

I have the honor to be,

GENERAL ISTABLISHMENT, U. S. A.

#### New Skating Rink.

—It is now understood, that the space between the Ministerial and Opposition Benches in the new House of Parliament, Ottawa, is to be floored with ice, with a view of facilitating the movements of slippery politicians.

"Don't let go the Painter."

—The Smith of the City Council who handles the brush so gracefully, has declared that after the 1st of January he will be an Alderman or nothing. Electors of the Ward of St. George, in the classic language of the *Globe*, brush up a bit, come out in your true colours. "Don't let go the Painter," if you desire the safety of the Corporation Scow.

## THE ROYAL LYCEUM.

Crowded houses have greeted our old friend Den Thompson since his return from England, and glad are we to see it, as Den is one of the few comedians that even a "Grumbler" cannot fail to be pleased with, when either "doing" the "cute Yankee" Salem Scudder, or the rollicking Irishman, Miles na Coppaleen. Our little temple fairly shook with the boundless applause rendered to Den on his re-appearance last Monday week, and if he had acceded to the wishes of his numerous admirers, he would have played everything over for the second time. Of Mrs. Stevenson it is almost unnecessary to say more than that she fully confirms, in every character she undertakes, the very favorable impression which she created on her first appearance amongst us. Her rendition of "Eily O'Connor," in the "Colleen Bawn," was faultless, and we sincerely trust that Mr. Linden will do his endeavour to retain Mrs. S. on the Lyceum boards. Miss France did the part of Ann Clute with much spirit. Mrs. Rainford's "Sheelah" does not come up to that of Mrs. Ward; for while Mrs. W., on the one hand, made too much of the character, Mrs. R. falls into the opposite extreme, but otherwise is passable. The characters by Miss Lyons, Florence, and Wright, can take a back seat, they are not up to the mark. Mr. Lovelady has evidently studied his part with care, and was thoroughly at home as "Hardress Oregan." Danny Mann is obviously not in the role of Mr. St. Maur, although for an amateur he is very good. Mr. Boswell as "Father Tom," and Mr. Mathews as "Mr. Corrigan," were so so. Kyrie Daly, by Mr. J. C. Williamson, deserves a special word of praise. In any character Mr. W. undertakes, we always find him well up in his part, neat in his "make up," with a full determination that, come what may, he will please the house. Mr. Forbes and Mr. Smith perform their respective parts fairly, although a little more attention to dress by Mr. Forbes would add materially to the character he is cast for. We cannot close without complimenting Mr. Evans, the scenic artist, for the manner in which he has fulfilled his task. The general execution of the music by the orchestra was beyond all praise, and the public should be thankful for so complete a representation of the "Colleen Bawn," under the experienced supervision of Mr. Henry Liuden.

### Local Quere.

—Can the assets of a bankrupt custodian of stray cattle be ascertained by his number of pigs in the pound?

### Item.

—It is stated, in relation to the expenses of the emissary sent to Europe on the flax mission, that the Province will have to too the mark. This is the way in which we have always been beetled and scutched.

### Cave!

—When we are again put to the trouble and inconvenience of going to hear an American lecturer under certain auspices, we trust we shall not meet a re-ward full of jokes, stolen wholesale from a late publication yclept "Momus."

### Let Him Slide.

—We are somewhat surprised that *Punch* troubles its readers with any reference to that saucy Yankee spouter G. F. T., of Trainway notoriety. Our contemporary has surely not forgotten Dogberry's famous maxim: "They that touch pitch will be defiled." It is equally true of Train-oil. The Yankees, like the Esquimaux, seem fond of oleaginous nourishment. Let them enjoy it—it pleases them, and doesn't hurt us.

## A DISCLAIMER.

An esteemed friend, who says he takes a great interest in our welfare, desires to know if the *GRUMBLER* is the Conservative paper of which so much has been spoken about of late. We beg to say distinctly and at once that it is not. We do not desire to state exactly the propositions which were made to us should we consent to become the organ of the Conservative party; it is enough to say that they were handsome and much more liberal than could have been expected. But as we cannot see that either "John A." or the other John who has now got a firm grip of the money bag, is the incarnation of political virtue, we had to decline, and in firm though respectful language assert that the *GRUMBLER* was not for sale. No, dear public, in our vocabulary there is no such word as *prop.* It is our work to grumble. If in our grumbling we tread upon some of your corns, we beg of you to take it kindly. Keep your toes out, take your hat off as you see us approach, fawn not upon Cabinet Ministers for a life pension, keep your nose clean, and you need not fear. But if, unminful of your walk and conversation, you should violate these simple rules of *GRUMBLER* etiquette, then look out.

### Federal Navigation.

—Burnside is a very skilful navigator of the ship of state. He is keeping her up to the wind caputally, and does not want to get too far South. He has doubtless an aversion to sailing Lee-ward.

### Distinction without a Difference.

—When, some time ago, the idea obtained that the Government would never go to Ottawa, it was rumoured that the new Parliament Buildings would be turned into a Provincial Lunatic Asylum. For the life of us, we cannot see how this alters the original intention of the structure.

### Report of the P. O. Commissioners.

—The Commissioners appointed to inquire into the affairs of the Toronto P. O. have reported to the Government that the only persons whose removal they advise, are the beggars, who seem to have obtained a lease of a certain amount of space around the door-ways.

### A Moot Question.

—The cynical editor of the *Saturday Review* says that President Lincoln has no shadow of excuse for issuing the Emancipation Proclamation. We hardly think it can be denied that he has a colour-able pretext for freeing the slaves.

### Change of Colour.

—It is reported, we know not how truly, that the representation of Halton is about to be dyed. White is to resign his seat to make way for the Hon. Geo. Brown. Now, white (we mean the colour, not the member) is the synonym of purity, whereas brown (no reflections on the ex-Premier) is generally associated with the reverse. The County of Halton is clearly going to the bad, and we shouldn't be a bit surprised if the Sheriff were to ask for the assessment rolls some of these fine days.

## THE MAYORALTY.

—As the candidates for the Mayoralty are getting rather liberal as the election approaches we have made arrangements to give a weekly list showing the amounts contributed, and the institutions to which the amounts are given.

By Mr. W. H. Boulton:

To L. O. Lodge 000.....	\$2 50
The <i>Watchman</i> .....	2 00
The House of Providence.....	2 60

By Mr. Bowes:

To General Charities.....	2 00
W. Methodist Tea Party.....	1 75
Soup Kitchen.....	0 75

The other candidates have not yet come out in the charity line.

### Papal Aggression.

—"No Surrender" complains bitterly of the inroads now being made upon our rights by the R. C. Clergy. "Shade of King William!" ejaculates our correspondent, "what is to become of the country, when the Governor-General is a *Mon(c)*; the Solicitor-General an *Abbott*, and the *Pope* mayor of the seat of government?" We refer him to the *Watchman* who does all the "heavy" business. It's not in our way.

### Cassius M. Clay.

—This noisy agitator continues to rave in his chronic fit of Anglo-phobia. He is of no account, however, for if he and similar mad counsellors continue to control Federal politics, they will soon make an end of the Republic. If the Yankees want to see the last of their boasted government, they had better "commit it to *clay*" at once. Abe, as grave digger, might then sing:

"For a pit of *clay*, for to be made,  
For such a guest is meet."

### A Work of Fiction—McClellan on bagging.

Panegyric on the Army of the West—Every man's a Hooker.

ASPIRING LOVE—Councilman N. C. seeking election as Alderman in St. James' Ward.

MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.—It is said that Gen. Pope will return from the Sioux war with an injin dragging his triumphal car.

ON EXHIBITION AT BARRUM'S.—The great Federal Anaconda, stuffed. This is the specimen of Natural History whose coils were to crush the rebellion eighteen months ago.

HOW TO SPLIT THE DIFFERENCE.—Follow "Hon. est John's" plan in the City Council. Speak in favour of a measure and then vote against it, or vice versa.

RETIREMENT.—The Ministry having fulfilled their promises of retrenchment, in discharging 14 messengers and 40 poor devils of clerks, are now prepared to expend \$12,000,000 in building the Intercolonial Railway.

## BUSINESS NOTICE.

We beg to call attention to the News Depot of Mr. C. A. Backus, Toronto Street, near the Post Office, where can be had all the late publications as soon as issued from the press, together with all the English, American, and Canadian periodicals, Postage Stamp, Stationery, &c., &c. Mr. Backus has built up quite a trade at No. 3, Toronto St., and by his attention to the wants of the reading public, is deserving of general patronage.