

THE GRUMBLER.

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THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in 'your coat
I rede you tent it;
A chile 'naming you taking notes,
And faith, he'll rent it!"

SATURDAY, DEC. 25, 1858.

OUR CHRISTMAS SPEECH.

Quite a numerous portion of the *hoi polloi*, the million, those great unwashed who compose the most extensive element of modern society, have mistaken our character,—actually in thought maligned us. Our exuberant generosity, our inexhaustible supply of good humour, however, enables us to overlook the shortcomings of the people in veneration and respect for ourselves. We did not deem it necessary to reveal the incognito of our nature where ignorance was bliss; but concealed it as well as the incognito of our person, the better to make our attacks on unguarded vice, and to encourage and animate the progress of virtue. But now that the day-break of Christmas is revealed, and the beams of the genial sun of festivity are dispersing the mists and fogs of disappointment and cares that hang like curtains round our heart, obscuring the fair features of that inner world, lighting up the dark caves of grief, and warming the damp soil of the heart into fruitfulness of joy and felicity, we wish to join in the hilarity of the hour; we wish to roll with the youngsters on the floor, to laugh, to dance, to sing, to kiss the maidens under the mistletoe, and to do anything else that is consistent with harmony and good nature. There you see,—we are not an old misanthropical Grumbler, unlikely to die of an enlargement of the heart. We are a young, jolly, good-natured individual, giving a hearty shake hands to Pater and Materfamilias, kissing the children, and doing the agreeable to the young ladies, with the most intense delight.

The only occasions on which we grumble are when those fussy politicians of ours bring themselves and the country into disgrace, or the Corporation Blowers expend too much "gas," or when the equanimity of our temper is rendered dubious by the foppish and insouciance of some pert puppy in pettop; but even then, bless you, our good humor is predominant, we seldom have recourse to the caustic or slashing style, but like Bottom—

"We aggravate our voice, so

That 'twill roar you as gently as any sucking-dove,
'I'll roar you an 'I were any nightingale."

This is our first Christmas with you. Our acquaintance has been a short and a merry one; but we trust that it will strengthen and lengthen, and that many, many years hence you will, with voices mellow with jollity, greet as we now, in all sincerity, greet you with—

"A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR."

THE LIE DIRECT.

At the recent majority nomination, Mr. Manning is reported to have given the following mild and gentlemanly reply to a statement made by Mr. Boulton:—

MR. MANNING.—"Boulton, I tell you that is a lie." (Laughter.)

There are three things observable in this reply which at once fix the attention. First, there is the "Bob Acre" style in which the sentence commences. "Boulton," &c. "Damn the mister," as Byron has it. There—there is the lie direct, if we recollect the order in which Shakspeare has set it down. And lastly, there is the approving laughter of the crowd. With regard to the first we shall not be critical. In our opinion it does not make the slightest difference whether a man says, "John Alexander Adolphus Highflyer, the statement which has just now passed the 'bulwark of your teeth' is a most confounded untruth;" or whether the offensive expression simply consists of "Highflyer, your a liar;" or, "I lie, you lie;" the name in the last instance being contracted for the sake of euphony, which greatly adds to the effect in such cases. As regards the giving of the lie at all, we believe that the old adage holds true—"show me your company, and I'll tell you what you are." The offender in this case is or was a member of the City Council, and therefore could not be expected to be a Chesterfield. The laughter which the well-bred remark excited does not speak much for the audience. We are told that we "must not throw pearls before swine," for reasons there and then sufficiently set forth. By contrary reasoning we may learn that filth may be cast before such unclean beasts, and in this case the swine seem to have appreciated it.

The Will for the Deed.

—Mr. Whittemore is reported in the *Leader* to have brought before the Board of Trade the hardship under which Post Office clerks at present labor in having to be present in their Post Office from 6 o'clock in the morning to 7 o'clock at night, and to have suggested that the Post Master General should be memorialized to mitigate their evil by limiting the hours of attendance from 6 o'clock to 8 o'clock! This would be applying a remedy with a vengeance. A man complains of the rack, and by way of lessening his misery, some kind friend proposes that he should be kept an hour longer on it every day! Well, we suppose Mr. Whittemore, did not mean it; or else the printer's devil has been playing the devil with the reporter's manuscript, or something or other has occurred to place his good intentions in such a ridiculous light; and so we forgive him. He is a right good fellow, and so is every one that exerts himself to make life sweeter to his neighbors. Sydney Smith is also a jolly good —. No, we won't say it until he manumits his clerks one hour earlier every evening.

LEND' NOT, AND SPEND NOT.

Ain—"Love not."

Spend not, spend not ye hapless sons of clay,
Hope's golden dreams would deck your path with flowers;
But dollar bills will fade and fade away,
Ere you have held them for a few short hours.

Spend not! lend not! your friend perchance may die,
My perils from this money spreading earth;
Trust nary creater 'neath the spangled sky,
But hug your cash, and learn to know its worth.

Spend not! spend not! the times you know may change,
And sickle fortune ceases to smile on you;
Things, Sir, have happened, quite a deal more strange,
So keep your cash, and let your cash keep you.

Spend not! spend not! oh warning vainly said,
These hard, hard times are not the years what was;
Who talks of saving o'er a single "rod,"
Must be to at least a racty—that's pos.

A Piece of his mind.

—The following interesting conversation took place at the City Council last Monday:—

"Alderman Moodie rose to speak.
"Alderman Brunel rose to a question of order.
Alderman Moodie had spoken before.
"Alderman Moodie persisted in speaking.
"The Mayor—Order, order, order.
"Alderman Moodie—I want to explain.
"The Mayor—You are out of order. Go on Alderman Brunel.
"Alderman Moodie—Alderman Brunel you are the greatest humbug in the Council, and I hope you will never be at this board again. (Laughter.)"

That is what we call pretty plain speaking, I imagine Alderman Moodie's noble bosom swelling with the desire to unburthen itself. The magnitude of his thoughts becoming too vast to be longer buttoned down under his pea jacket. He begs to be heard! He implores for time to explain himself. The Mayor, as stubborn as a female Mazeppa, refuses. Then the persecuted Bob breaks out into those pathetic words—"Brunel, you're a humbug!" Has any one in the company got a pocket-bankerchief? Well, no matter. It would be dangerous to expose a wipe, a member of Parliament being present: so the secret of our coat must do. Tears! 'Tis 127 years since we cried before!

More of it.

"—Mr. Sherwood is an honourable man."
—*Leader's* report.

Some time ago the *Colonist* called J. C. Morrison a modest man. We suppose that we shall have the *Globe* calling the Governor General a gentleman by and by.

NOTE.—The end of the world may be looked for immediately after the last event happens.—Ed. G.

Contradiction.

—There is no truth in the statement that the Governor General has taken up Tom Hyer's challenge to fight for the championship of the world, at \$20,000 a side.