

# THE GRUMBLER.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1859.

WHOLE NO. 69.

## THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats  
I rede you tuck it,  
A chile'shaming you taking notes,  
And, faith, he'll prent it.

SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1859.

### YE MINISTRY ON YE LEE SHORE.

(From the Globe.)

The miserable corruptionists who now keep Mr. Brown out of office, and the country in distress, were well-nigh exterminated by a providential shipwreck on Monday last. Month after month and year after year have they persevered in their fell course of iniquity, till even the seething waters of Huron could stand them no longer, but indignantly thrust them from its glassy bosom. With ruin on every side staring them in the face, they actually dared to seek pleasure in the country they have destroyed; or perhaps, for we desire to be merciful even to them, perhaps, we say, goaded by the spur of conscience, they fled to those regions where the evidence of their transgressions could not stare them in the face, and where the reproofs of this journal could not meet their down cast eyes. Whichever theory we adopt, the fact of the trip is undoubted. They did embark on the *Ploughboy*, (we wonder that the recreant Commissioner of Crown Lands did not shudder at the name,) they embarked to hide in "champagne" and revelry the reproaches of an oppressed country.

We wonder that it did not strike those who were infatuated enough to take passage on board the luckless craft, that the five wretched ministers, Col Prince, Duggan and Road, were enough to sink any vessel in which they travelled. That just when the odious Postal law was coming into force, Smith the head and front of that iniquity, Rose with all the crimes of the Board of Works on his head, Vankoughnet amidst the jeers of the triumphant and reprehensible weevil, and John A. MacDonald the leader of that fearful bauditti, should trust themselves together on the averging waters, was marvellous indeed. We wonder that the wretched Jonahs were not instantly cast overboard to save the innocent remainder of the crew. No respectable fish would have endangered its reputation by engorging their unsightly carcasses, and the country would at last have embraced its true leader and statesman, Mr. Brown.

The organs speak of Smith's bravery and Rose's gallantry on the occasion. Bah! who can applaud men who merely assist in allaying trouble they have themselves caused. We tell those who were shipwrecked on that Lonely Island that but for the bur-

den of turpitude with which the vessel was freighted they would never have been involved in so trying a scene, and they might now be pursuing their trip unscathed. Doubtless, however, they found consolation, as *Gonzalo* did in the *Tempest*, by a reflection which was applicable to each of those ministerial culprits—"I have great comfort from these fellows; methinks they have no drowning mark upon them; their complexion is perfectly galloway;"—and as he did, they bade fate to "stand fast to their banging, and make the rope of their destiny the cable" of their own security. Of a truth they will never be drowned who are reserved for a *lofter* destiny. Let us hope that by the lucky escape of Sunday last, even these callous and conscience-seared culprits may be brought to penitence and Clear-Criticism. So mote it be.

### POLICE AND PATRONAGE.

The testimonial mania is beginning to show itself in Toronto. If a citizen at the smallest possible risk to himself saves the life of another, some zealous reporter of one of the daily papers winds up a glowing description of the "scene" by a "we would fain wish" that the Tom, Dick or Harry, as the case may be, "will be suitably rewarded." Let a clumsy policeman allow a prisoner to escape and by a stroke of chance succeed in capturing him again, the grateful reporter is again on hand sincerely to hope that the aforesaid policeman will receive the thanks of an indebted community. Superintendents of Railroads are presented with testimonials as affectionate tokens of regard from employees who, in nine cases out of ten, are grateful only because a change of masters is about to take place. Schoolboys, aping the folly of men, present silver-mounted cases to their masters—who, to give them their due, repay the compliment with compound interest.

Now it is questionable, whether the public should consider themselves indebted to any one of their servants because he simply discharges his duty. And it is still more questionable in how far the whole community is to show its gratitude, when the servant commits a fault and afterwards rectifies it. Very few masters will be found willing to present a gold medal to that servant who first sets fire to a dwelling through carelessness, and assists to extinguish the flames afterwards. Perhaps, however, we are taking a narrow view of the case. The volunteer corps, who drove in cabs to the shady groves of the Don to practice with the rifle, may deserve the thanks of a grateful country, inasmuch as despite the joltings of beastly cabs they insisted on going to their drill. Police constables may deserve gold medals because they stop up all night, when their health requires that they should be in bed. Masters may deserve testimonials because they do not kill or maim any of their servants. Let us have our testimonials then. They will serve at least to mark the folly of the age.

### HORROR OF HORRORS!

YE BAILIFF FIRES ONE PISTOL!

(From Old Double.)

Yesterday, p. m., a gang of criminals were being conveyed to jail by bailiff. A ducky "ganged" along with them. Several other criminals-at-large followed in a crowd; one, in particular,—a chap named "Billy McGee,"—strongly disapproved of the idea of juggling so many valuable members of society. The ducky was especially the object of commiseration from William, who indeed possesses such an untamable vicious disposition himself that he usually loves darkness rather than light, and dens with diabolical females. Billy's sympathy for the captive becoming stronger, as his vision grew weaker, he implored the nigger to slip his handcuffs. The nigger having no handcuffs to slip, forthwith testified his wish for freedom by vigorously kicking the shins of the nearest bailiff and making other riotous demonstrations. Then out spoke the High bailiff to the man Billy and said, "Dry up." We will not shock our readers' feelings by a statement of the tall talking and "cussin'" done by William, when thus admonished. But our Reporter has made a full note of the same, and further informs us that Billy advised his sablo friend to "kick out the ——" of a bailiff. Delicacy forbids our doing more than intimating that the blank in this instance stands for "daylights." The bailiff said he could stand this sort of thing no longer, and was forthwith knocked down by Billy. In a jiffy, however, the bailiff regained his perpendicular, in another jiffy he drew a pistol, and, being very much frightened, he at once fired, in order to frighten every one else, brother bailiffs included. The bullet buried itself in the heart—— of the earth, and dissolute William conceiving that he had the honour of being shot at, capitulated immediately, and was lodged in the lock up. There he slowly and sadly laid him down, to think of his fate on the morrow. But presently, as the fate decreed, an elderly female unbolted the door, and became so totally absorbed in the clearing up of the cells, that William "bolted" unperceived, as there were only three policemen in the station at the time to watch him. As may be imagined, the next best thing to allowing the prisoner to escape, was to pluge into a state of the greatest consternation immediately, which the three policemen accordingly did. Then they followed the fugitive fast and furious. Cummins, of the keen eye, visited Billy's usual haunts, but Billy had gone and taken with him his gager. With this instrument William roamed at large several hours, till at length his adventures were suddenly terminated, through being dropped on by a bailiff, and Billy soon found himself once again an inmate of the cells, to the tremendous relief and joy of Cummins of the keen eye, and every constable then and there present. For the sagacity, activity, and intelligence displayed by the bailiff in thus unexpectedly "dropping on" Billy, the authorities will, we hope, offer a reward, Billy vows he can never forget it.