

# THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1863.

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## THE GRUMBLER

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## THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1863.

### Abaddon and a "Bad'un."

Said Isaac Buchanan,

(That Hamilton cannon),

"This world it is strown with evil,

I'd wager a crown,

The decept of George Brown,  
Is in a straight line from the Devil."

"He lives every trace

Of his Devilish race,

For where the hair's gone from his head,

If you look narrowly

You plainly can see

Two small sprouting horns instead."

Now Hamilton Isaac

Do not for my sake,

Propagate such a scandalous story,

You must know very well,

Your legend a sell,

For the Devil was always a Tory.

The Devil a bit,

Is your true bred Grit,

The blame you put the wrong lad on,

But though you are wrong

I'll agree in my song,

Your true Grit is a right Abaddon."

"You mistake Sir, Bells and Bells too, are plenty here."—*The Athlynt.*

"What a shame to be sure" said a very respectable old lady, not to have a bell at a trumpet, or lamps, or anything else on these here street cars, and them poor conductors or conductioners, or whatever you calls 'em, I wonder their legs don't drop right off. Alderman Carr ought to be ashamed of hisself. Does he think the poor fellows is cheribuns which has wings, and no sitipons? "Madman" said we, with that happy suavity of

manner common to all grumblers, "you are misinformed, Alderman Carr is not the proprietor of the street cars, he spells his name, or rather he would say, his name is spelt Carr." "Lank" returned the old lady, "ony think, I thought his name bein the same, you see, a nateral mistake sir, wasn't it? "Being much so," indeed, Madam, we replied, you are not far wrong, the real proprietor is Sir Fenwick Williams of Kara, the present Commander-in-chief of the troops in this country, but for prudential reasons, he conceals his connection with the street railway of Toronto, as no military man is allowed—"Sir, interrupted the old lady, a beggin of your pardon which I grants your grace, is the name of which you've bein a-mentionin' the proprietor's real name, or do he say "of Kara" just for a blind? "Madam," we said, "his title is of Kara, where this gentleman distinguished himself very much, he commanded the Turks in the famous defence of that city," we continued with the easy fluency of Russell himself.

"Sir," returned the old lady, a beggin of your parding, them is few as can tell me more than I knows about Turks, my poor Stephen Butturd, (Butturd is my name Sir) chawed the same for many years for speesher which he allers smoked a Turkish pipe." "Madam," we responded gravely, "Do you really mean to say Mr. Stephen Butturd your late husband we presume?" "No Sir, again interrupted the relic of Stephen Butturd, and this time rather warmly, "he had his faults as all on us has, but a spryer man in the morning I never seen, no lateness about he," "My dear Madam said soothingly, "you slightly misapprehend us we meant deceased, dead"—"Oh I sir" returned the lady, "I really axes your parding. Dead he is in coorse, and has been three years come December, which I was a tellin' you of the thub that man chawed was surprisin, likewise the backer, a chaw of each the fust thing. One on one side on his mouth, 't'other 't'other, "which they counteraxes each other Betsy," but "Lord Sir" ejaculated the old lady. "Holler the conductioner, I ain't half a mile to go and there's no bells nor nothing there ought to be here" I hollered the conductioner, he hollered the driver the old lady hurried out "Bang" came down the centre lamp just missing the old lady's skirts, and "od drot you and your eassed lamps too, Gen. Williams ought to be ashamed of hisself" was the last exclamation of the old lady.

**Balloon Ascension at Rosedale.**  
—We understand Ald. Moodie is about making a balloon ascension from the above place. Will he oblige the citizens by taking Coun. Baxer and John McDonald with him for an infantile period.

### The Premier and Geology.

—Read this, Canadians, and tremble:  
Mr. John Sandfield Macdonald strongly condemned the grant for Geological purposes. He asked, what good had this establishment, employing a large and expensive staff, done for the country? When it was first proposed it was believed the children of the country would have been instructed in Geological science and that the mineral resources of the Province would have been developed. But what had been the result? They had reports full of Latin names and obscure technicalities, but, the people learned nothing from them. They had sent specimens of Minerals and Woods to the London Exhibition, but had any practical result followed.  
—*Leader.*

It will astonish Sir Wm. Logan to hear that he was expected to discharge the duties of a common school teacher, in addition to these his office entails. The objection that the Survey has not developed our mineral resources has something in it. Sir Wm. should at once "start a coal mine somewhere near Cornwall, and we are not averse to having a gold mine developed in the region of the Don Bridge. As for the reports being full of Latin names, we think it highly improper that they should be so. Latin is a delusion and a snare, hard to construe and difficult to translate—for such as the Premier: It cannot be expected that Mr. S. Macdonald should be constantly referring to his Andrews; he has neither time nor inclination for such work; and, as his acquaintance with Geological technicalities is very slight, he cannot be expected to delight in the Survey Reports. Our solution of the difficulty would be to expunge the Latin and the technicalities, and, by so doing, Sir Wm. Logan will enable the Sandfield Macdonalds to get along notwithstanding a defective education.

### CORRESPONDENCE

Quebec, Rue St. Genevieve, Sept. 21, 1863.  
Mon cher Grumblair,

Forgive me. Je vous prie, but as all de Government and our United Parliament of both sides de House have honored me with their acceptance of my invitation de hospitality, and with plus grand plaisir join me at my various party de dinner. I feel much anxious de de press of Upper Canada favor me by doing de some thing. I like my friend meet me in mine hous. Will you Mr. Grumblair as the head de profession printing, (I mean journalist) come also and dine at my maison, and bring all your character comique that the chambre dejeuner which I have erected in my grand maison may again re-echo au cable to our usual hilarite.

Yours plus grand respectuel ami,  
SIDORE THIBIDEAU,  
President de conseil Publique.