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"If there's a hole in a' yow coat
Rede you tent it;
A child's warning you takin' notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it."

SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1868.

THE BAKED BARNACLES.

Once upon a time and a very good time it was not, in fact it was a time in which all manner of things were on all hands allowed to go to pot, the Barnacles and Tadpoles and all those whose aim in life appears to be how-to-do-it not, met in conclave solemn in order that the business of the nation might be transacted to a dot, and that these saviours of their country might thereupon be sent home in a lot, before the weather in point of fact had grown infernally hot.

Well, the Barnacles and Tadpoles had scarcely taken their places, and that bauble had not ceased to excite admiration which we may here state the mace is, when the rival factions pitched into one another quite severely and tore each other's faces, a thing which we hope to be forgiven for saying is not at all amiss at races, but rather not the thing in the House although we freely admit that circumstances alter cases.

Then the chief among the Tadpoles—Heaven preserve him long—as the Irish beggermen say, took it into his head that the business of the country should not be transacted in a day, and accordingly he voted that the Barnacles were the greatest rmgamulins that ever got intoxicated on whiskey which is the Irish for tay, and that they should be kicked right straight out of their offices without the least delay, and then the country would be preserved as the herrings are that by their colour must have been either born or caught on a bonder in the Red Say.

But the Barnacles flattered themselves that they were acquainted with a thing or two, and to resign their seals of office was certainly not among the few things they knew, that sort of a proposition they were of opinion being of the same genus as kittens an hour and a-half old that slow.

So the Tadpoles and the Barnacles went at it tooth and nail, and made as great a noise about nothing at all as if some one had stood on that old gentleman whom it would not be polite to mention's tail, and at the end of five months found that they had laboured incessantly to magnify a bushel of grievances into the magnitude of a whale, while the few—not more than two—who attempted to do good by stealth found they might as well attempt to bail out the ocean with a pail, a feat for which every candid reader must admit even Richelieu would have admitted that there was one word and that that was "fail."

Now all this time the sun which at first as regards giving heat seemed rather in the dumps, grew hotter and hotter every day until coroners' inquests were held on men whose mortal remains was a little gray in their pumps, and ice-men were congratulated as the only true and patriotic trumps, and fortunes were offered for colds even accompanied with the mumps, facts which show conclusively as far as heat and cold are concerned how the cat jumps.

Now the Barnacles on the vessel of state's bottom whom the desperately frigid cold shoulder, which the Province had given them of late only made bolder, were only conquered at last, by the weather becoming the very reverse of colder.

And so the chief Barnacle who found himself beginning to grill, determined to bring some infernally obnoxious bill, which would kill the ministry out and enable the house of its own will, to mizzle and enjoy if it thought fit a salutary chill, an enjoyment universally acknowledged to be more *piquant* than being ground to pieces in a mill.

Accordingly the bill was brought in and as on all sides was expected, was summarily and most contemptuously rejected, so the chief Barnacle resigned and the Governor was very much affected, and the Barnacles were subsequently and consequently much more respected.

The Tadpoles, on the other hand, are not expected next Session to make a very great deal better stand.

Marvellous Innocence.

An Attorney General McDonald drew the attention of the House to an article in the *Globe* accusing members of the Government of speculating in lands in Ottawa. He considered, no doubt, that the tones from the book of nature did not lie more lightly on the breasts of the fishes in the Wood than did the writer of the mis-statements which were booked in the *Globe* the other day. Mr. Brown did not see the article in question; but had no doubt that the writer was right.—*Paraphrased from Leader.*

We no sooner perused the above than

"The dreams of our childhood came over us there,
As gentle and soft as the sweet summer's air."

And we saw in our mind's eye, Horatio, the veritable wolf which devoured little Red Biding Hood, and then denied the charge. We saw this wolf, who, although enjoying a serviceable suit of black-mail, had yet taken such a liking to the mantle which designates the Scarlet Lady, open his abominable mouth so wide that even Wolf gag would have failed to gag him. And then we saw him—always in our mind's eye, however—lick his chops as if he had merely dined on chops, instead of chopping the chops of the dear babe. And then, when he was accused of the diabolical accusation, we heard him deny it, and saw him smile—not such a sweet smile, however, as may be had at the St. Nicholas for 12½ cents. And then the wolf laughed, not as those who are looking at Charles Mathews, but, as they say, a Hyenna laughs when tickled under the fifth rib with a short straw. And then the devil came and carried away—our copy to the printers.

DIALOGUE

Between JOHN A. McDONALD and Geo. Brown, on Simcoe St., near Government House, on Thursday last, at noon.

John A. (Saluting Geo. Brown.) Very hot day.

Geo. B. (Graciously.) Very hot day.

(Moving towards Government House.)

I must go in here, sir.

John A. What for, my dear sir?

Geo. B. (Significantly.) You'll soon know well.

John A. (Solus, tearing his hair.) Oh h—alifax

Colonel Prince "on the Floor" of the House.

In the course of his literary travels in the Upper House, the Hon. Colonel Prince recently arrived at that Institution, The Press, and forthwith lighted thereon like a bee on a posy. The Press, he affirmed, was well provided for in the Legislative Council Chamber; but—who would have believed it?—they had evinced the blackest ingratitude. The measures which that hon. body were content to pass, had not been favored with a single leading article. Heavens and earth! was that a proper return for the six desks, half a dozen ink bottles—with ink, be it remembered—and the stationery with which the Press-gang had been magnanimously furnished. For his part, he would not be at all vexed if Pressmen were excluded from the Chamber altogether. In fact the present arrangement was disgusting. The Reporters actually made it appear that he had spoken nonsense on the floor of that House! *He* talked nonsense! He, who had descended on Lord Durham's Canadian career, while other hon. members merely confined their remarks to the bill then before the House—he who had so frequently tasked his eloquence to treat of a Canadian loyalty which was unquestioned—he, who had dragged before the hon. members, the blackest of all subjects—Niggers—to make it appear that *he* talked nonsense! It was absurd! And so, the hon. gentleman having fluttered and buzzed a good deal, at length flew away elsewhere.

Now, Colonel, we have graciously given you the notoriety you sought. We must ask of you in return not to be guilty of repeating such dignified bosh. Even Col. Prince might spoil his reputation.

Young America.

—The most daring piece of impudent familiarity which has met our eyes for some time occurs in the columns of last Tuesday's *Atlas*, where that journal, a stunted ministerial brat, not yet emancipated from its swaddling clothes, speaks of the *Colonist* as "our old friend." Why, THE GRUMBLER would hardly venture on such an expression; much less should this three-weeks old banding stalk up to our aged, though somewhat unstable cotemporary, and locking arms with him, treat him "hal fellow well met."