

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. 9—NO. 7.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1859.

WHOLE NO. 59.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats
I ree, ye tent it;
A chie's among yon lakins notes,
And, faith, he'll reent it."

SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1859.

PROVINCIAL SPOUTING APPARATUS No. XIII.

I. THE LAST OF THE FEUDAL TENURE.

Unlike our Grit cotemporary of King Street, we are not sorry that the "villanious measure" on the Seigniorial question has passed. Upper Canada may be wronged as deeply as the *Globe* tells us she is; yet we cannot say it is very material. If a man is to be robbed, if the highwayman's knife is at his throat he may as well yield his money with a good grace and without disturbing his equanimity by enquiring how the forced contribution is to be expended. The Western Section, as Tache calls it, seems tolerably tranquil under the infliction, and as she has to provide the wherewithal, we cannot see the use of working her into a passion against her will. *Old Double* and the *Leads* are quite jubilant over the fact that in spite of Grit opposition \$1,500,000 are to be taken from Upper Canada. If they are contented, why does the *Globe* show dissatisfaction? The Upper House, as is their worst, have disposed of the measure in very short order. Hon. Mr. Desaulles spoke like a true Demetrius; as only he can speak whose pocket is in the question. Like a true man of the world, however, he was disposed to get what he could, seeing that he could not get all he wanted. Mr. Vankoughnet rose like a dish of Sour Kroun, in a state of ebullition, to stigmatize the worthy Seignor's speech as the "most insulting he had ever heard." Those who were most strongly opposed to the bill, voted for it, as thieves will quarrel over the plunder since their lives with the fortune they clutch from the general booty. According to the great Tache, the English speaking portion of "his Canada," are a miserable crew of stave-lings, dependent upon the lively, vigorous, and intellectual habits for their daily bread. We have no doubt that this is the case, and it will probably account for the wretched state in which we at present find ourselves; for the man who looks to the whitened sepulchres of Lower Canada for support is indigent indeed; at the same time we would be much obliged to this nation of French millionaires if they would pay their own debts, and discharge something like their share of the Provincial liabilities.

II. THE GALLANT COLONEL.

Playfair is a great institution. Endowed with a person which even now in the autumn of its terrestrial duration, excites the ladies of a Sunday ball, enriched with a valour which Napoleon or Hannibal, or Semiramis, would have envied, blessed with

a tongue/whose light strains would have barrowed up the dull soul of Barke or Cicero. Who shall guess the inestimable value of Col. Playfair?

The other day somebody dared to taunt the gallant, pious and Sunday dancing member, with a flagrant violation of his pledges. We are happy to record the indignant rebuke of the valorous Lanarker. Rising as only a Playfair can, shuddering with an emotion which no other can equal, the Colonel assured his hearers that he had voted for the Queen one session, and for the Speaker another, and that sooner than have voted otherwise, he would lose every drop of blood in his patrician veins. We well might faint when we heard the solemn appeal made to the House; how "Shaw's roon" stood a similar reproof, we cannot say, but for our part commend us for bravery, consistency, piety, honesty and Sabbath observance, to the gillan member for Lanark. In testimony whereof, we have caused his appointment as Adjutant General and President of the Society, for the better observance of the Lord's day.

QUACKS.

For barefaced impudence and unblushing effrontery, commend us to our neighbours on the other side. They scorn half measures. If a lie is to be told—they perpetrate "a regular whopper," with the most heavenly composure. If a cheat or a swindle is to be consummated, they set about it with accomplishment with the most charming coolness; professing all the while they gull the public, that they are actuated by the most sublime charity towards mankind generally. The following advertisement is worthy the pen of some of our Canadian quacks. It is from a fellow in Charleston, Massachusetts, and was published in *Old Double*, on the 23rd inst. :—

MEDICAL.

TO THE SICK.—Impelled by a desire to do unto others as I wish that some one had done by me when similarly situated, I her by earnestly caution all sufferers * * * against all the "tricks and traps" of the various swindling quacks. *Shun them all*, and if disposed to profit by my experience, enclose return stamp, and send a brief description of your case to

Mark the anxiety which the rogue displays to alleviate suffering humanity. Hear the earnestness with which the scoundrel abjures the public to beware of "swindling quacks!" It is incredible that any one—even the Editor of *Old Double* who lent his columns to puff off the rascal—could be found to place confidence in either this fellow, or in the thousands of impostors, whose lying advertisements are every where to be met with. Yet there is no denying that these cheat-the-gallows thieves live and fatten upon the credulity of mankind. Canada, and Toronto especially, is not without its share

of this bad class of men, who make fortunes from the hard earnings of the labouring man—for it is the poor man, and the uneducated man, who is for the most part imposed upon. We even heard of one fellow who, after cheating the public for many years by his quackery, had the impudence to aspire to the honor of swindling the public in Parliament.

One would think that Canada held out a premium to liars, rogues, rascals, swindlers, and villains of every hue and dye; and that honest merit and steadfast integrity were shunned and looked upon as unworthy of recognition—as vulgar—as the Pandora of all evil.

THE INSPECTOR GENERAL.

Air—King of the Cannibal Islands.

When things are at their worst they moan,
And rouse a' sometimes oceans to spend,
But where our troubles are to end,
Indeed there is no telling.

For this is now in such a fix,
Our ministers have played such tricks,
In spending all our funds and cash,
There surely must occur a smash:
It's all the Inspector General's fault,
The country is not worth his salt;
I wish the de'il had taken Galt
To be his Inspector General.

Smashing, crashing, bankrupts all,
Banging, danging, ruin fall,
The country sure must go to the wall
Because of the Inspector General.

Oh! all the questions of the day
On which our members have their say,
Are all about some cash to pay
For something or another.

The Estimates and Tenure bill,
And other more obnoxious still
Keep daily draining all the dime
We can collect in these hard times,
Till not a sou is left behind,
At least not one that we can find,
Which is plainly a very kind
Of our Inspector General.

Smashing, crashing, bankrupts all,
Banging, dan, I g, ruin fall,
The country sure will go to the wall,
Because of the Inspector General.

There was a time when gin and beer,
And whiskey, too, were not so dear,
But now you cannot get them here,
Without the exorbitant duty.
Newspapers, too, you cannot read
Unto your ancient country friend,
Without the odious postage stamp;
And then again the prologous scam
Has taxed our books with ten per cent,
The spread of knowledge to prevent,
For fewer now there will be lent,
Because of the Inspector General.

Smashing, crashing bankrupts all,
Banging, danging, ruin fall,
The country sure will go to the wall,
Because of the Inspector General.