

Mr Jeffrey
Richmond Hill

THE GRUMBLER.

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THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a year coat
I rede you lent it;
A chile's name you taking notice,
And, faith, he'll prest it."

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1858.

OPINIONS OF THE BRITISH PRESS.

Having a much larger number of British papers on our exchange list than any other periodical in Canada, we give our readers the benefit of two articles on the late political crisis in "this Canada," which have not yet found their way to the columns of the *Leader* or *Globe*. We trust they will be properly appreciated in high places.

From the Snobtown True Blue.

When will men take warning by the solemn lessons of history? When shall the reckless spirit of radicalism cease to wield its withering influence over British territory? We are induced to submit these stirring interrogatories to the enlightened Conservatives of Snobtown in view of recent events in our Canadian possessions. It would appear that a member of the Canadian Commons named Brown has been for nearly seven years engaged in secret treason against his Sovereign. We are happy, *en passant*, to be able to state that this rebel is not related to his Lordship the Earl de Brown of Pickleton Court, nor to the worthy Pole, Count Brownowski, whose nuptials with the Hon. Miss Sniffles of Sniffleby, filled 15 columns of our paper last week. He is said to be a tall man descended from one of the aboriginal Indian tribes of Patagonians who wander in the woods of the Hudson's Bay Company, a short distance from Toronto; and to have adopted the somewhat aristocratic name he bears from an early navigator who explored the Wellnd Canal, which meanders past the village of Kingston. This miserable radical dared to aspire to distinction, and by some means obtained a seat for Toronto, which is a pocket-borough with about 50 voters in the gift of Sir Allan McNab. While in the House he was several times caught in the attempt to blow up the vice-regal residence, but by some means escaped punishment.

The ministry of the day, of which Mr. McDonald was Chancellor of the Exchequer and a Mr. Alroy, who, we may observe, is considered to be the orator par excellence of the House, the Prime Minister, obtained Her Majesty's consent to fix the seat of Government at Ottawa. This huge manufacturing city was eminently fitted for the intended dignity, being situated about midway between Toronto and the celebrated Falls of Niagara, thus affording equal advantages to both sections of the Province. The only persons who had a plausible reason to be discontented were the people of the County of Russell, whose upright member, Mr. Fellows, being a large mill-owner in the County, naturally advocated the

Lake Erie interest. Brown, however, deemed this a good opportunity for revolt, and concealing armed men in the lobby of the House, turned the members, after the true Round-head fashion, and endeavored to compel the Governor General, Sir Edmund Head, to submit to his dictation.—This high-minded gentleman, the Havelock of Canada, instantly buckled on his armour, and sallied forth to quell the insurrection. Brown, who was a sergeant under General Scott in the war of 1812, inspected his followers, and prepared for action. Entering a large shop of a gunsmith, named Mr. Pantchaetheca, he feloniously deprived the worthy tradesman of two rifles and several percussion caps, and marched to meet the gallant Sir Edmund. After a short skirmish in which Brown shot the bishop, an armistice was concluded, and the Governor agreed to take Brown as his prime minister. By a skillful manœuvre, however, the rascal was outwitted, and the true blues are once more triumphant. We trust Sir E. B. Lytton will see from these events the necessity of reinforcing the slender garrison now quartered in the citadel of Quebec, who serve merely to exchange compliments with the Americans on the other side of the Ottawa river; let him see to it instantly. The course of Mr. Brown is universally condemned; and to us who at a distance look at matters truthfully and dispassionately, and who are indeed the only true judges of Canadian politics, it seems that unless Sir Edmund Head is at once raised to the peerage, a grievous wrong will have been done to the noblest upholder of the Constitution on British soil. [This last sentence might be quoted with great effect in the *Colonist's* next leader.—Ed. G.]

From the Repeater, Waterlown, Co. Cork.

Is Canada to be visited with the iron heel which has ground the vitals out of unhappy Ireland? Is the blood-thirsty Saxon not yet satisfied? We did imagine in the innocence of our soul that enough cruelty had been perpetrated, when O'Cruckers and the Fitzsrimmaggers of Skibberotoole had fallen victims on the altar of aristocratic vengeance. But no; witness it, ye oysters that lie deep in the placid waters of the Cove of Cork, and thou the Blarney stone too often licked by our oppressors, that even in Canada the Saxon pursues his fiendish course. An absentee Irish landlord, or at least one who would be such if unhappily he owned any of the Tory-curst acres of our verdant isle, is Governor General of Canada. A union had been formed between the great McGee and a Scotch Highlander named Brown; the shamrock was grafted on the thistle, and full vengeance impended over our country's oppressors. 'Twas a glorious sight to the persecuted Celt, to see the two long alienated branches of that heaven-chosen race, unite to crush the ruthless Teuton. Nor was gallant France unhonoured in the noble alliance, represented as she was by the gallant Dorion, the brave victor at the Champ de

Mars, and the metaphysician Laberge, whose profound learning dazzles the continent of America. Among the Scotch rank and file were the erudite Gould, author of an abstruse work on Greek particles, and Wright, the Burke of Canada. Following in the footsteps of the sainted but unfortunately defunct O'Connell, once his country's idol, the achiever of her liberties, and M.P. for the County Mayo, this noble band of heroes strove against the vile and conscienceless tyrant, but in vain. Several natives of poor Ireland, including two Scotchmen, fell victims to Head's fury, and the Saxon still triumphs. Let us join our sympathetic groans to the sighs wailed by the northern breeze through the bear-woods of Toronto, and whistle our trisul complaints o'er the blood-stained waters of the Saskatchewan. Let the Colonial Secretary instantly order back Sir Edward from the scene of his tyranny, consign him to the Tower, and sound the note of freedom o'er the prairies of Western Canada. (This would look well in the *Mirror*.—Ed. G.)

THE LEADER AND DR. CONNOR.

The *Leader* falls foul of Dr. Connor for not joining in the cheers which greeted Sir Edmund Head when his health was drunk at the late *dejeuner* given by the Toronto University.

Oh *Leader*, spare poor Connor,
Gude sake be aye now,
Ho did no foul dishonour
To Edmund Head I trow;
What if ho did refuse
To crige, and fawn, and sue,
You wouldn't have fittim—would you—act
The hypocrite like you.

Who knows? porchance ho deems
Sir Edmund was not slow,
At playing him a scurry trick,
A mouth or two ago.
Well, would your courtly grace
Persuade the man to sue,
To shout and play the parasite,
As pap fed organs do?

Friend *Leader* be content,
Whilst others sat, ho stood
And drank, though twas in silence, perhaps,
To his vice-regal hood.
Then spare this Dr. Connor,
Gude sake be aye now,
Ho meant no foul dishonour,
To Edmund Head, I trow.

NOTICE.

We have received during the past week or two, a number of complimentary tickets and circulars, with the name of "Grumbler" upon them in a bold hand, for the information of the public generally. The persons sending them must know that the real parties for whom they are intended cannot use them, and that they only serve for our friends. In future, we shall take no notice of any card not sent in blank.