

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES—VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1860.

NO. 2.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in n'your coats
I redo you tent it;
A chiel's amang you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll p'rent it.

SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1860.

GRUMBLES FROM QUEBEC.—No. I.

To an Enlightened Public:—

You'll say of course, the moment you read this letter that I am a disappointed office seeker, a snarler, a lunatic, a cut-throat, or something equally complimentary. But it's untrue. I might say it's a lie—only that that would be vulgar; and there's not one among you from the cheesemonger's wife upwards or downwards, as you please, but affects to eschew vulgarity with as much horror as any young "blood" about town might evince at being caught reading his Bible on a Sunday.

"Bloods," indeed! Bad blood, I say. Lazy, lying, ungrateful, ungodly rascals, who take *Bell's Life* and the *Clipper*, because they want to be thought sporting characters—and go to the Devil as fast as they can; but the faster the better I say, and "good riddance to bad rubbish" when the gallows puts an end to their fooleries.

But you are saying what have we to do with all this. Zounds, can't you see? You blind, stupid, good-for-nothing public, have you any common sense? Upon my life—I never swear by "my honor," or "my soul," or "my word," as the great, harmless, disgusting snobs about town do—I believe that you have not common sense.

If you were down here, however—here at Quebec, a place only one degree removed from that other place which, according to popular prejudice, lies even below the lowest depths of villainy, though why, I'm sure I can't tell—I say, if you were down here, eye witnesses of all that I have seen, you would be very likely to put out your eyes and "go it blind" for the remainder of your existence. Perhaps, however, you would be deterred from such an unsightly proceeding because you would not wish any one to get on the "blind side" of you—a disgustingly vulgar remark which I would not have been guilty of, but that I know for whom I am writing.

I hear some one say, "that fellow is a Clear Grit, he waits a dissolution of the Union." Ask any of my friends, whether I am Clear Grit or not. It's very true that I once told Snipe that George Brown was a clever fellow. But there was no great harm in that; and besides I wanted him to "do" a little bill for me—a favor which, I may as well mention here afterwards returned by doing me out of a cool thousand. A man can't be expected to speak the truth always you know. I'd like to know what would become of Her Majesty's loyal Opposition if Honorable Gentlemen were to speak the truth! I'd like to

know what would become of the Ministry if the truth were to be told to inquisitive members! I'd like to know what would become of the doctor's fees if they were always to tell their patients the truth! I'd like to know how the lawyers would get on if they were to speak nothing but the truth! Yes, and I'd also like to know what would become of the divines if the truth—but I see by the cut of your nose that you are a Methodist, or a High Churchman or a Low Churchman, or a Juniper, or a religious fanatic of some sort or other, therefore I won't say any more. For although I most cordially detest your snivelling, narrow-minded, lousy—it's a vile expression, but it must-do, ranting roving, pur-blind fanatic, yet upon my life I would not wilfully hurt his feelings.

"Dinner, Sir." Joyful sound! Once more I have recovered my good temper—so I'll go and dine.

PUG.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

Oh how could Royalty forbear
From knighting Speaker Smith?
Loyalty, alas! will fade away,
Chivalry become a myth.

The vilest Grit will scarce deny
That a man of *seignit'* is he;
'Twere meet so huge a heap of flesh,
One great *Sir-Iohn* should be.

THINGS NOT TO BE SEEN.

We have the highest authority for stating that H. R. H. the Prince of Wales will not be invited to see the following Canadian curiosities:—

1. The Bible used during the Double Shuffle. This article has, we understand, been placed at the disposal of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign parts, and is now doing good service amongst the Bosjesmen.

2. The Consolidated Statutes as a sample of cheap Canadian literature.

3. The pen with which the Address of the Reform Association was written. (It is to be sent to the British Museum, and to be followed there some half century hence by its employer as a mummy.)

4. The poll-books of the city of Quebec. They are to be employed as a cushion by the Honorable Mr. Alley when he takes his seat on the Bench.

5. The York Roads. Her Majesty has given strict orders that the illustrious neck of the heir apparent shall not be jeopardized on them. (In consequence of the Royal determination Mr. Beaty is about to turn annexationist.)

6. The City Council. The sound education he has received forbids his entering bad company. He has not forgotten a line in the royal copy-book:—"Evil communications corrupt good manners."

7. A London election meeting under the management of Barney French: J. A. is afraid that we might have a Sir Barney, which, in his opinion, would be worse than a Sir H. Smith.

7. Mr. Gowán's last speech. All nauseous and

offensive matter must be carefully kept a safe distance from the nostrils of the Prince.

9. Mr. McGee's 300,000 men. The junior member invited H. R. H. to review them on the Champ de Mars at Montreal; but we hear that the invitation has been peremptorily refused.

CORONER DUGGAN AND THE PRINCE OF WALES.

There is great commotion just now amongst the officers of the Militia as to regulation uniform, and other military preparations for the visit of His Royal Highness.

This is as it should be; for consequent upon recent commercial depression (which covers a multitude of Provincial sins, such as new loans, increased taxes, long credits, plenty of protests, and dividends,) it must be confessed we are rather all out at elbows, and would at least *look better* for a little tailoring.

We trust therefore that for the credit of Canada the opportunity will be patriotically and universally seized for a new rig-out in June. Even if it must (as we fear it must) be done simply on the basis of credit. There need be no difficulty about it. Employ the Provincial Tailors—Galt and Co.—Give them your note at 50 days, which by a principle (known only to them) of self absorption, will pay itself before it falls due! But some cron'ers might be unwilling (even for the sake of a Militia uniform) to adopt so charming a system of consolidating their "little bills." There is comfort even for the unbelievers; for we understand (although we don't positively vouch for the truth of the statement) that Colonel and Coroner Duggan (what an amount of "battles, murders and sudden deaths" the joint titles indicate!) has made a most ingenious and valuable suggestion to the officers of his Regiment for meeting any financial difficulty.

"Boys" says the gallant old veteran, (or at least he is said to have said so,) "ye number 27 all told—and it would come hard upon the Regiment to go in for such a mighty lot of traps all at once. I'll give you a wrinkle;—divide yourselves into three detachments, and order nine uniforms of mean' (very mean) "dimensions, and wear em turn about all 'round! And I pledge yo my sacred honor as "Colonel of the Regiment and Coroner of the city, "that I'll never call out more than the nine of yo that has the uniforms—az if I do I'll give you fair "time to change them over!"

Our informant adds that "the wrinkle" has been referred to the *Mess Committee*; and that the Regiment is now pausing for the Report, the tailor, and His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

Concise.

—The letter sent by the proprietors of the Canadian Ocean Steamship Co. to the Government— as our Special Correspondent informs us—was couched in the following terms:—

Give us a *subsidy*, else we'll *subside*.