

# THE GRUMBLER.

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## THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1858.

### EDITORIAL FOLLIES.

It is extremely amusing to watch the desperate anxiety manifested by a certain class of journalists about the antecedents and present movements of those two bugbears to ministerial quietude, Brown and McGee.

The *Leader* and *Colonist*, with a petty malice which is far beneath them, endeavour to stir the gall of the ex-Premier by calling his Government the "McGee Cabinet" or the "Foley Administration," and even his newspaper "Mr. McGee's secular organ." Now, as a joke on one or even several occasions, this would do very well; but constantly repeated day after day the most cleverly-pointed joke will lose its force. Imagine the *Times* calling the Derby administration the Gibson or Roebuck cabinet because those radicals aided in ousting Palmerston or the Pakington government out of sheer spite to the Premier, and repeating the stupid satire day after day, and how long would it hold its old supremacy among the English press.

Having by this means done much to build up Mr. McGee's enviable popularity, they begin to rake up all sorts of charges against that gentleman, the old story told at his election is again put forth. Mere common sense might teach the *Leader* and its pupil in this matter the *Colonist*, that what had no effect at Montreal when McGee was a stranger, will do very little now his talents are fully appreciated and that the very best way of making a popular idol of him is to go on as they have commenced. They have done this in Mr. Brown's case by their constant abuse, and so it will be with McGee.

The *Colonist* next twisted a very clever and interesting lecture which had no bearing of party politics at all into a Grit demonstration. We can safely affirm that so far from there being any foundation for that absurd criticism, it was untrue in every single particular. These journals should learn that abuse, misrepresentation and falsehood are the worst means of demolishing a political opponent.

### Romain and Literature.

—Mr. Romain says that as Shakspeare, or at least Coriolanus, is becoming an authority with the *Colonist*, he cant see why it opposes him for gaming, inasmuch as the bard represents the loveliest monarch of the most dazzling Oriental court addressing her companions thus,—

"Let us to billiards."

What is fitting for a Queen cannot be *infra dig.* in a Legislative Councillor.

### THE TELEGRAPHIC STOPPAGE.

(We are not responsible for the opinions of Correspondents.)

DEAR GRUMBLER,—I think there has been a message petitioning for the recall of Sir Edmund Head, and the disloyal syllables have caused a kink in the rope.

WM. CATLEY.

DEAR GRUMBLER,—There has been a message sent to upraid Sir Edmund, and instead of doing that, it has upbraided (abraded) the cable.

T. D. MCGEE.

DEAR GRUMBLER,—I'm sure that the old sea-sarpint has been sharpenin his teeth on the cable, and next time he touches it he'll have it bit through. I advice yer to put a good strong Limerick on the end on't and bait it with one o' yer loose fish a' out town, and ye'll be able to haul him ashore high and dry in no time.

SAM SPERMOIL.

MR. GRUMBLER,—I tell yer what it is, if I go in for the York Division, I'll fix that cable for yers by a way of my own, or make yer a new one. I bet yer the west end of the Romain Buildings on it.

CHAS. ED. ROMAIN.

DEAR GRUMBLER—SIR—I can explain how this stoppage. The whole thing is an infernal swindle got up by Cyrus W. Field and his crew for the purpose of being knighted, and in order to get their troublesome Telegraph Stock off their hands.

TOM TITTER.

MR. GRUMBLER,—I know what's the matter with the cable, and if I don't know I can find out. I've got an office for the detection of murder, theft, and arsen; and if its fish, flesh, or fowl, that's gone and been and hurt the cable, I'll fix their flints.

SAM SHARPER.

Detective Office.

### Moustaches.

I hate moustaches; so much hair  
Makes every man look like a bear!  
But Fanny, who no thought can fetter,  
Blurts out "the more like bears the better,"  
Because, (her pretty shoulders shrugging,)  
Bears are such glorious chaps at hugging."

### An Unfortunate County.

—An official report informs us that the wheat crop in Russell was badly affected with "rust." Unfortunately this is not the only infliction of "rust" under which the men of Russell labour, for everybody knows, (thanks to the Legislative Assembly) that the machinery of representation is in an abominably *rusty* state in that county, and is likely to remain so, until it gets rid of the *Fellows* at present in charge of it. Apropos of *Fellows*, old Alexander Pope said,

"Worth makes the man, the want of it the Fellow(es)."

We wonder whether he had a prophetic eye upon the honorable (!) member for the county of Russell.

### A COUNTRY COTTAGE.

Friend Solomon says of the following verses, that "they give a pretty peep of a country cottage, and the praise-worthy certainty of the last line makes a homely but not inapt termination:"—

The stream ripples bright by my cottage ;  
The sunshine is bright on the stream ;  
And the wee pebbly stones, in the sunshine,  
Like the diamonds, sparkle and gleam,  
There are hazel trees kissing the water.  
And plumes of the fair meadow sweet ;  
And down by the hazel sits Jeannie,  
And dabbles her little white feet.

The robin peeps in at my door way ;  
The linnet looks down from the tree ;  
And here pillowed up in his cradle,  
Wee Sandy sits smiling at me.  
My milk-pails stand bright in the corner,  
My tins are all bright on the shelf.  
And the white supper, cloth on my table  
Is clean, for I washed it myself.

Now of course our Streetsville friend may, during his quiet rambles in Peel, have met with a smiling wigwam or two which with the assistance of a little *colour de rose*, might realize the above sketch pretty accurately; but as we prefer to write of things in their more general aspect, we append our sketch of a Country Cottage, and leave it to our readers to judge which version is most pregnant with reality.

The puddles stand thick by my cottage,  
In the sunshine they fizzle and steam,  
And the wee, quacking ducks in the puddles  
Like dirty black crows ever seem ;  
Young urchins are splashing the water,  
Which reeketh with odours not sweet,  
And good gracious, there, Sal, my own daughter,  
Sits dabbling her two dirty feet.

The piggie peeps in at the door way,  
The hens stand all staring at me,  
And there, tossing o'er in his cradle,  
Wee Sandy roars out for his tea.  
The plates are unwashed in the corner,  
The dirty cups stand on the shelf ;  
But no matter, I'll wash them next Sunday,  
When the time comes for *washing myself*.

### To Doctors and Vendors of Patent Medicines.

—The attention of the faculty is directed to a new disease which is playing terrible havoc among our Toronto editors. Its symptoms may be detected in any issue of the *Leader*, and apparently the editor of the *Colonist* has contracted the malady by contagion. It has been called McGeeophobia, and is extremely violent while the fit is on, filling the brain with groundless hallucinations, and numbing the intellect in an alarming manner. The distemper was brought on by swallowing large doses of the American Celt, and taking a little too much Shakspeare an evening or two before. The Corporation of Toronto will pay liberally for the arrest of the distemper, which is getting quite troublesome. Hydropathists preferred, and no bleeding allowed, as the patient cannot afford it.