

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.]

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THE GRUMBLER

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THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1863.

On Mr. McGee's Great Separate School Speech.

Och, Mr. McGee, how can sich things be true,
Och hone! Mr. McGee;
Faith, he likes thin I never expioted from you,
Och hone! Mr. McGee.
Loh Orange boys all by their ownies go to school,
Let the priests of all Catholic teaching have rule,
In separate haterel each party you'd rare,
And so you'd make verry fine min, you declare.
Faith, it seems thin to me,
Dear Mr. McGee,
That instid of fine min, it's fine rows you'd soon see,
When your thorough-bred dogs chanced together to be,
Och hone! Mr. McGee.
Dat thin, sure, to all thure's a good and bad side,
Thure for you, Mr. McGee,
And perhaps of your manin I'm keepin quite wide,
Is it so, Mr. McGee?
May be, here you persave we're too peaceable quite;
No rows nor no riots, by day or by night;
No factions, no fightins, no murderous—his plain
We're bloo-mouldy for want of more batins, you mane.
If there you'd be,
Och hone! Mr. McGee,
The divil a no you'll hear from me;
Let you and me commence, do you see—
Look at that nato slip of a blukthorn three—
Now, thrad on the tail of my coat, McGee,
Hutroo, Mr. McGee.

Honest, at any Rate.

—The *Globe* says that by passing their new Representation Bill the Ministry will take away "the most striking argument" for Rep. by Pop. Is it not a pity that one single inch of ground should be taken from under the agitator's feet? By the way, what would become of the *Globe* if Rep. by Pop. were granted? Othello's occupation would be gone entirely. That would never do.

Too Barron.

—Mr. George Brown is promising himself a great amount of political capital out of his intended attacks on the Premier. We think he will be disappointed; he is not likely to reap a large crop of popularity out of a *Sand-field*.

Roman Catholics on the Rampage.

The old St. Lawrence Hall has contained many a gay and festive party within its walls. Political and religious gatherings there have been by the hundred, and the roar of *vox populi* has made the rafters of the roof to ring again. But never did its frescoed ceiling cover a "larder" crowd than that which assembled at the meeting on the Separate School question, on Tuesday night. The doors were kept closed on the clamorous crowd till a quarter past seven, and when opened, "in the angry legion sallied," and the hall was literally crowded to suffocation point in five minutes. The Roman Catholic Irishmen, all in their glory, were there by the hundred, with "sprigs of shillelah" and took up the front seats, declaring that "be japers, the Orangemen could go behind or beyant if they liked." To keep themselves in amusement they thundered applause on the floor, while Mickey shouted to Pat, and Terrence told Tim to keep them Orange fellows in the back ground. When the Mayor came in he smirked and smiled and blandly took the chair. The great unwashed kept quiet while His Worship told them he was in favour of Separate Schools, but he had conveniently not read Mr. Scott's Bill, although he appeared to know all about it. The "faithful" in the foreground, acting under the generalship of Mr. Auctioneer O'Donohoe, cheered the cute John G., and looked as if they would have liked to knock down any one who said *nilly* to his remarks. But every thing has an end and so had the Mayor's speech, and he called for resolutions from those who had memorialised him to call the meeting. This was the tocus; in an instant it seemed as if Pandemonium were let loose, the demons in front, at right and left, and in rear, cheered, hissed, growled, groaned, and made night hideous generally. The names of two very respectable clergymen were announced as the mover and seconder of the first resolution, but they, to the credit of the cloth, were *non est*. These men of peace, one advanced in years, dared not, in the principal city of Upper Canada, to enter a public hall, and speak on a public question without the fear of brutal maltreatment. They did right to stay away, although it is humbling to Toronto as a city, that they were obliged to. What would have been our rejoicing if such a scene had been enacted in Rochester or Buffalo? The ball was set in motion by Nassau G. Gowan getting up to move the 1st resolution, but the confusion was ten times worse confounded, and his speech sounded something like the following:—"All present," he said, ("Go to the D—!,") "have one common object," ("that ain't true,") "the welfare of" ("the Pope, three cheers for himbhoy"

and great confusion.) "They ought to," ("throw your stick at his head, Dinis.") "If he was not allowed to" ("give him a dhrink, he's getting dry,") speak, they would not allow the others to speak." (Great confusion, a rush of policemen, shillelah's brandished, and general uproar,) amid which the speaker sat down.

The Mayor—"I will" ("sit down darling Mr. Bowes,") "adjourn the meeting. (Uproar and cries of "don't you do it.")

Chas. Robertson tried to administer a sedative to the "faithful," but it was no go. Fifty gallons of Mother Winslow's soothing syrup would not have had the slightest effect. They came to break up the meeting and did it effectually. What with rank treason from the Priests and Mike Murphy on St. Patrick's day, and the wrecking and breaking up of the meeting on Tuesday, Torontonians, at least the Protestant portion of them, had better emigrate to Vicksburg, or go "on to Richmond" at once.

BREAKFASTING OFF HORRORS.

Our staid contemporary, the *Leader*, commences a long wire-drawn account of the investigation before the Police Magistrate of the unfortunate woman who fired the revolver at another woman on Gerrard Street, by a Pharaissical prayer thanking the Supreme Being that we Canadians are not as other people, and more especially those horrid and bifurcated pagans, the Northern Yankees. These aforesaid Yankees, the writer goes on to say, are never pleased unless their matutinal meal, vulgarly called breakfast, is spiced with a tale of "Love and Murder," in their favourite morning journal. But it is the old story of the *Leader* the "mote and the beam," and it is really amusing to see our contemporary lecturing our neighbours across the lines, on their taste for the horrible, and at the same time serving up to his hearers two and a-half columns of scandal relative to the above affair introduced with no less than four "sensational" headings. Every scrap of information that could be collected about the young woman who fired the shot, was eagerly seized upon. Special reporters were, it is said, sent out in all directions to hunt up news, and then the mass, a few grains of wheat amid a great deal of chaff, was spiced and cayenned to suit the taste of the readers of the *Leader*, at their "matutinal meal" on Monday morning. The writer knew that all about the affair would be greedily swallowed, and therefore, like all "cute caterers, made the dish as palatable and "toothsome" as possible to the public taste. It is true, and it is to be regretted that this taste is a depraved one, but it is hardly fair in us to set ourselves so high above our neighbours, the Yankees, while it does exist.