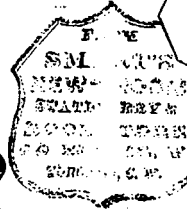


# THE GRUMBLER.



VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1858.

NO. 18.

## THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coat  
I reele you toun it ;  
A chieft' among you talking notes,  
And, faith, he'll reent it."

SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1858.

### PROVINCIAL SPOUTING APPARATUS.—No. XVII.

#### I. LEGISLATIVE DONKEY RACE.

The career of the two great questions, Representation by Population and the Double Majority, reminds us of a donkey race; in which the former unfortunate animal has been defeated by coming to its goal (a decision) long before its rival. The Donkey, although ridden well by the Opposition, came in about as late as it possibly could. Mr. Cauchon has procured us the use of the animal for next session, having stabled him up for three legislative months. He will probably be in a fine, lively, kicking condition in his next race, and there will be no lack of candidates for the post of jockey.

The Double Majority donkey was brought on well by Mr. J. S. Macdonald, who lashed him so severely with a "want of confidence" whip, that the animal bounded nearly up to the goal. He is still hanging back, but will soon be obliged to show whether he will go-ahead or not, as the spectators have begun to show symptoms of great impatience, and are likely to buffet the man that taught the animal to be so obstinate.

#### II. PARLIAMENTARY FIRE ENGINES.

The junior member for Toronto has periodical fits of a peculiar legislative monomania, during which he fancies himself a patented, self-acting, snre-working, politico-conservative fire engine, which has been suddenly brought to bear by his captain, John A., on some political conflagration, and forthwith issues a stream of eloquent dishwater, sufficient, one would think, to drown forever the flame of opposition.

During the last week, the steam engine has been unusually active. Not only was it pumping away at the Friday night meeting, in a contest with the great Brown engine, (a machine of considerable power, but which occasionally spouts a few gallons muddy enough to have been drawn from the T.W.W. hydrants,) but having fallen into the hands of ill-disposed boys, it was dragged to the front of the Parliament House, and there set to work. Many of the members were much spattered. Mr. Cayley, who was speaking at the time, was half-choked, quite drenched, and very much begrimed.

To drop the allegory, Mr. Robinson spoke at three places on Friday evening: in the St. Lawrence Hall in front of the Parliament Buildings, and in the House. An interesting conflict occurred in the last mentioned place between the two representatives of Toronto. Both of course had had the victory at the

Indignation Meeting. The same contradictory statements were made which have since been rife out of doors. The reports of the Meeting have been mere parodies; the broad, inventive humour of which would do credit to the columns of THE GRUMBLER. We trust Mr. Mackenzie will place the editorial descriptions of the meeting in his scrap book, that fifty years hence they may be exhibited to a posterity which cannot but be more virtuous, as an example of a neap-tide ebb of truth and principle which has laid bare more slime and mud than has ever yet been exposed to view on the margin of our political horsepond.

#### Western Pluck.

—The Eggs of St. Mary's are "brave roaring blades," without a doubt—they laugh at their silly magistracy—bribe their constables—and grin immoderately at the frowns of the old maids. A few days ago they declared they would have a dance; their partners, nothing loth, dear creatures, said, without a simper, they should like it, which at once settled the matter. A commodious school-house, yet in the hands of the contractors, was the only eligible building for the purpose, and accordingly a committee, headed by the leading Esculapius of the place, waited on one of the Trustees to obtain consent, who, sensible man, rightly considered the demand reasonable, and a fitting inauguration of an institution designed to teach "the young ideas how to shoot." Notwithstanding the caution used by the committee, their scheme of happiness and love didn't run smooth, for on arrival at the school-house they encountered another of the Trustees, who, swollen to mammoth proportions in his assumption of authority, inexcusable even in the veriest pedagogue, and allied with a stupidity more than asinine, forbade occupation. "My h-eyes vat a go," was an almost universal exclamation—of course the ladies didn't join in—the Benedicts determined not to be foiled without a struggle, and conceiving their position desperate, nobly commenced an assault on such barriers as doors and windows, and being animated by the approving Beatrices, soon gained an entrance, and maintained possession long after the "stars had ceased to show their gentle light." THE GRUMBLER wasn't there to see, but being a bachelor, he can feelingly sympathise, and regrets his not being there, if it were only to fan the flushed cheeks of the excited donnas.

#### Alas too True.

A little stealing is a dangerous art,  
But stealing largely is a noble art;  
'Tis mean to rob a hen-roost or a lion,  
But stealing millions makes us gentlemen.

—This sentiment is not at all apropos to the Babys, the Beatas, the Desbarats and Derbyshires, and the numerous brood of vampires who are pocketing their thousands, whilst the poor clerk is to have 10 per cent mulcted from his hard earnings of perhaps \$500 per annum.

### THE COLONIST AND THE OPPOSITION.

It is now some seventeen days since the *Colonist* startled us out of our senses by asking "Whither are we Drifting?" and yet up to the present hour that journal has not declared whither, in the name of all that is miraculous, it is drifting? No one with the least spark of common sense—especially those who so laudably crack up its sincerity—can for a moment suppose that the *Colonist* is in rampant opposition to-day, that their late demi-god, John A. McDonald may be turned out, and George Brown, whose "fanatic insolence" and "revolutionary tactics" were crying to heaven a fortnight ago for vengeance, may be put in. No one who does not wish to be thought a candidate for Bedlam will affirm that the *Colonist* is one whit more tolerant this moment than it was twenty days ago, to the course pursued by a man whom it denounced as the greatest political curst that ever existed in our Province; or that, in the eleventh hour, its Editors have become wise and enlightened as to the true nature of a policy which they have again and again denounced as the vilest that it has ever entered into the heart of man to conceive. We are among those who attribute sincerity to the *Colonist*. But we insist that as there is a time and place for everything, so the hour has arrived for that journal to assert its position. Let the *Colonist* remember that the broad sheets which now take it under their paternal wings to day, and rebuke the intemperate wrath of an eastern ruffianly press, will be the first to denounce it to-morrow, and then we shall have personalities creeping in to lower and degrade the journalism of the Province. One great lesson, however, may be learned from the recent change in the *Colonist*—there is no man so good or sincere that we may entirely commit ourselves to give him undivided support; and there is no political enemy so black; but that we may reason with him mildly and kindly, and as one of *Nan's* father's says, like a father.

#### A Happy Family.

—At the laying of the Corner Stone of the Crystal Palace on Thursday, copies of the *Globe*, *Colonist*, *Atlas*, *Leader*, *Poker*, and *Grumbler* were entombed therein. We could not help fancying the sight that these strange elements would present a hundred years hence. Whether the *Colonist* would annihilate itself by repeated somersaults, or destroy itself by inevitable contact with the rough edge of the *Poker*; or whether the *Globe* would be squeezed to death by the ponderous arms of the *Atlas*, we cannot tell. Certain it is, however, the *Leader* will decay from its own inherent morbidity; while THE GRUMBLER, with the inflexibility of a Cato, will be preserved by the strength of its own vitality, to tell the yet unborn millions of the indignity committed by the people of the nineteenth century, in consigning it to such vile associations.