

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. 2.—NO. 24.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1859.

WHOLE NO. 76.

THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1859.

A CANADIAN COURT CIRCULAR.

The *Hamilton Spectator* has started a somewhat novel practice for Canada. About half a column of an issue of this week is devoted to describing the meanderings of Mr. J. A. McDonald in Hamilton. He arrives and is received by a deputation. He visits the water-works and is treated to a dipper full of refrigerated aquatic. He actually surmounts the celebrated "mountain," and revels in the glories of Hamilton. He makes a very commonplace observation, but as it comes from the lips of John A. it is a literary *bijou*, and is instantly grabbed by the reporter at the honorable gentleman's elbow. Now we cannot for the life of us see any great utility in this ridiculous funkysm. In common with most Canadians, we do not much care to know the movements of the Attorney General. They do not involve any serious consequences to the country or to ourselves, and we are willing to be left in blissful ignorance of the matter.

If, however, the *Spectator's* plan is to be followed, let a city organ, say the *Colonist*, take up the matter in earnest. We can hardly see why we should know all about a minister, when he is from home, and nothing at all when he is amongst us. Nor is it exactly the thing to give all the honours to J. A., to the exclusion of his colleagues. Then there is Henry Smith, about whose thoughtful head and delicate *physique* we should be the better of knowing something. Has he been knighted yet? Did Her Majesty beg for a lock of his respectable hair? and if she did, was it really or ostensibly obtained for the destruction by way of poison of certain troublesome quadrupeds of the order *Rodentia*.

These and a great many matters of gossip, both at the royal and viceregal courts, should be recorded. Smith probably meets a great many British politicians, their ideas and queries about Canada would be worth something. Mr. Spooner would be sure to ask whether Canada has passed a bill against Papal aggression, or whether Mr. Benjamin is a Jew or a Gentile; and if the former, why Canada had followed the pernicious example of England. Baron Rothschild enquires the price of old clothes in Toronto. Wisconsin Williams wants to know whether Lake Ontario is salt or fresh, and how many battles in a year the citizens fight with the Indians.

Little items of this sort would give a spice to *O d Double* which would vastly enhance its circulation

and usefulness. The Evening Edition would take amazingly if the news-boys could yell "all about the Speaker at the Lord Mayor's dinner," "all about Smith taking tea with the Queen," &c., &c.

The movements of our own politicians might be described after this fashion:

The Hon. Mr. Galt spent the whole of yesterday afternoon in making cigar-lighte. The hon. gentleman made fifteen hundred in two hours. He has kindly sent us a dozen; there is a peculiarity in the way they are twisted, which shows much original genius.

The Hon. Mr. Alleya yesterday tried a new lotion. We shall publish the prescription in our next.

The Hon. Mr. Vankoughnet called at Coleman's on Tuesday, and after a half-hour spent in haggling with the proprietor, purchased for two dollars a hat that is a hat (second-hand).

The Hon. Mr. Smith made arrangements on Wednesday to take lessons in English composition and grammar. He has already got to "pronouns," and in a few weeks his verbs will be healthy, and his participles well-placed.

Hon. Mr. Cartier has just opened a new basket of champagne, and is learning from J. A. McDonald the mode of preparing cocktails.

Mr. Benjamin was weighed the day before yesterday at the weigh-house. He has lost four-and-a-half pounds through the excessive heat of the weather. He does eat pork.

Mr. M. Cameron paid a visit to Stokes' Lemon Ice Cream Factory. He expressed great satisfaction at the process of freezing, and let drop the sage observation that ice-cream is very refreshing in hot weather.

Hon. Mr. Brown had the tooth-ache yesterday, and we have it on good authority that he swallowed the brandy he held in his mouth instead of spitting it out.

Mr. Wallbridge yesterday bought a dozen apples, and never offered one to a friend.

Mr. McLeod is about to get shaved. Tenders have been put in by Bansley, Bailly, and Edwoods for the job. The last named proposes to use a reaping machine in the first place.

Dr. Connor yesterday was seen coming out of Lyman's with a bottle of hair-dye. Our reporter did not understand whether he was about to use it himself or present it to a friend.

Mr. Daly went over to the Island on the "Fire fly" on Thursday. He had a long interview with Captain Moodie, whom he kindly treated to a glass of brandy. Mr. Daly thinks that if the breach fills up, the boats will not be able to go through as they now do.

This idea will doubtlessly be instantly snatched at by the *Colonist*, and if we cannot tell the political movements of M. P. P.'s and others, we shall at least have the satisfaction of learning who cut their hair, how they stand at the tailors', and at what hour they rise and retire.

The Invasion of England and subjugation of Canada.

When green is red, and red is white,
When pigs and poultry cross and anear,
When light is dark, and dark is light,
When people shut their eyes to stare,
When herrings grow on apple trees,
When Niagara o'er Toronto hops,
When lawyers do refuse their fees,
When rumps of beef are mutton chops,
When brewer's carts are barber's shops,
When barber's blocks talk French with ease,
When mops are brooms, and brooms are mops,
When lamp posts turn aside to sneeze,
When oysters grow on orange trees,
When turnips are preferred to bread,
When THE GRUMBLER is a Cheshire cheese,
Then will Napoleon III. go over,
And land a million men at Dover.

THE TORONTO FAIR.

There must be something strangely perverse in the fates which govern the destinies of our Toronto fairs. Like the Provincial Exhibition of autumn last, the City Fair was completely spoiled by the rain. The first step you took in dismounting from the omnibus was in the mud. Everywhere you turned, plump you went down in the mire over your ankles. If you wanted to see the tremendous efforts to surmount the greasy pole, you must first pass over half an acre of mud. The game at quoits was a hidden mystery to you, if you were fastidiously attached to clean boots. Shoes and boots, pants, petticoats and stockings, all besmeared frightfully. And none of your micing street mud, but real, genuine stiff sticky clay, equal in consistency to that in which the celebrated William Barlow, Esquire, according to popular tradition is reported to have stuck.

From several temporary saloons whiskey was doled out to sundry of the damp and unfortunate visitors. Inside the palace, things looked even more wretched. A few disconsolate-looking ploughs several other agricultural machines, and a sewing machine filled one end of the building; some apples, a few flowers, and some good Indian curiosities occupied the other. Six whiskey saloons took care of the remnant. We had the pleasure of seeing several unsuccessful attempts to ascend the slippery pole; got disgusted at the dull, dank appearance of everything, and with dirty boots and muddy pants jumped into an omnibus, and off to town in disgust. It will be sometime before we venture so far to see nothing but mud and whiskey. We hope the weather will be more favourable on the 14th proximo.

The Committee in charge of the affair were however, worthy of every praise for the efforts they made to ensure success. It was not their fault that it did not go off with greater *celat*. It cannot be helped, we must only look for better luck in future.