

# THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

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## THE GRUMBLER

Is published every SATURDAY MORNING, in time for the early Trains. Copies may be had at all the News Depots. Subscription, \$1: Single copies, 3 cents.

Persons enclosing their cards and \$1 will be favored with a special notice.

Correspondents will bear in mind that their letters must be pre-paid, that communications intended for insertion should be written, and only written on one side of the paper: Subscribers must not register their letters; for obvious reasons it is exceedingly inconvenient to us.

All letters to be addressed "The Grumbler," P. O. Toronto, and not to any publisher or news-dealer in the city.

Persons wishing to subscribe to the Grumbler, will understand that from this date (May 15th) we only receive yearly subscriptions. The sum (\$1) is small, and can easily be forwarded by all who desire our sheet. —[E]

## THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats,  
I tade you tent it;  
A chief's amang you taking notes,  
And, faith, he'll pront to."

SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1864.

### BARBAROUS A—N.

A SONG.

Air:—"Oh! cruel Barbara Allen."

'Twas at a busy restaurant,  
The guests the waiters calling,  
And one was there, up in a chair,  
And he was—Barbarous A—n.

He made a speech, and with a screech,  
On politics was bawling;  
When then and there, down came the chair,  
And upset Barbarous A—n.

A man sat by with curious eye,  
And marked this lawyer falling,  
"Now who is he?" his vis-a-vis,  
Said, "that is Barbarous A—n."

"He'd made a good cartoon," said he,  
"An artist I will call in."  
He didn't know when he said so,  
How cruel was Barbarous A—n.

But Lord! when the cartoon came out,  
The threats were quite appalling;  
"I'll prosecute, I'll call you out,"  
Said cruel Barbarous A—n.

But let us hope the counsel's ire,  
Is fast to zero falling,  
From out the frying pan to fire,  
Remember, Barbarous A—n.

Is but poor change; so don't get grunk,  
And you won't get a mauling;  
One Boomer's worse than two cartoons,  
Oh, cruel and Barbarous A—n.

### The James Cotton Appointment.

We are led to believe by our best friends, that a no more popular and well deserved exposure, than that of Mr. James Cotton, ever appeared in our columns. We thank our friends for their appreciation and approval. We profess to be perfectly sincere in our pretension to promote and vindicate the rights of the people; and, thus prompted, we considered it our duty, last week, to at once place our two feet upon the serpent called Cotton. John A. Macdonald had no right whatever, to give Mr. Cotton any appointment under the crown; and, inclined though we are to support a Conservative administration, we must say, alas for the good old principles of yore, if such infamous evidences of Constitutional Government as the appointment of James Cotton, are to be pawed off upon the people of Upper Canada. The fact is, the Conservative party will not stand any such imposition. Too much of a good thing is good for nothing, and we may beg to assure the present Ministry that it will estrange very many respectable friends should the Cotton appointment be made. Why not give the situation to a man acquainted, not only with the mechanical working of the roads, but, also, the financial. It will not do for Mr. Cotton to be thrust down the particular throats of the Conservatives. The fact is, he can't be swallowed, no matter how much pepper and salt and seasoning is put upon the dish. We protest, once more, against this proposed appointment. The truth is, we are sick with thinking over the affair, and trust, for the sake of all decency, that Mr. Cotton will be dropped like a hot potato. Of all men in the world he is the last who should become the pet of any Government, and it is not too much to ask from the Ministry that, before they appoint Mr. Cotton, they should advertise in and about Quebec, and the suburbs of Toronto, for all information relating to him, past, present and future. We believe the story would be a queer one.

### Early ashleaves (a mark.)

—We see by the *Leader* a gentleman was saluted with a shower of ashes whilst walking down King Street. We will not be tempted to joke, and say, as we might, that it was too volcanic a reception, and the ash throwers should be ashamed of themselves, although a certain amount of *éclat* (Mount Hecla, oh!) has been the sequence. No, we will gravely endorse the remark of the *Leader*, which is, that "people should be more careful where they throw their ashes." "Light come, light go," is a true proverb. The ancients took far more care of their ashes, because they earned (urned) them.

### UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

We give a short notice of the most gratifying feature of the annual Convocation, that of the delivery of the prizes, with the short and judicious remarks of the respective examiners:

Mr. BOYD, M. A., presented Mr. J. Campbell, as the prizeman in English prose. Mr. Boyd stated that Mr. Campbell had before been very successful, and he hoped his essays would swell into volumes; in fact, he earnestly wished he might become more prosy than ever. (Cheers.)

Mr. R. SULLIVAN, M.A., announced Mr. Tamblin, as the successful French essayist; and assured that gentleman, if he should ever be in China, and could ask in Chinese for tea as well as he could in French, his pot would be pretty well replenished. (Laughter.)

Prof. BUELAND presented Mr. W. N. Keefer with the agricultural department prize (a beautifully embossed Swedish turnip), and said that this had been a *field day* for Mr. Keefer, for he had acquitted himself very creditably. His knowledge of composts was very great, and in particular of bone manures. No one, he ventured to say, who had heard Mr. Keefer's masterly exposition of the property of half inch bone, could ask the question, *cut bono?* (Laughter.)

Dr. CROFT presented Mr. W. B. McMurrich, as the successful competitor for the prize thesis on *Malt*, and stated that the thesis evinced great pains and research in chemises, and the knowing sciences.

The CHANCELLOR then rose, and said that too much importance could not be placed on the possession of an universal (he would not say University) education. He hoped the gentlemen present would never forget, or forgive, their *Alma Mater*; and, in obedience to the "early closing movement," —(laughter)—he now declared the Convocation closed.

### Aw. M. Smith.

—We have it on the best of authority, that the Member for East Toronto has succeeded in getting his first and only bill through Parliament. Well done Aw. M.!

### Water Lots.

—Our big brother the *Globe*, in trying to screen the Christian politician and the city members in their base act in trying to defraud the ratepayers of Toronto out of \$200,000, and has raised a charge against the City Solicitor by stating that we threatened repudiation. Mr. *Globe*, the falsehood will not go down, and you can't force it down. The ratepayers of Toronto who read the papers, know who their real friends are.