

THE GRUMBLER.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1859.

WHOLE NO. 68.

THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1859.

THE NEW POSTAL REGULATIONS.

The atrocious Postal Law as polished and elaborated by the "onabul" P. M. G., is now published and in force in the Province. The *Globe*, magnifying its own importance, will have it that the abominable measure was conceived and brought into diabolical vitality solely to crush its own redoubtable existence. Now with that peculiar keenness of intellect which appertains to us, we know, in fact we had it from head quarters, that the storm which has just broken over editorial heads, was aimed solely and directly at THE GRUMBLER. The "onabul Sidney," albeit we have anxiously trained him from the dialect minus the wit of Joe Miller, into the paths of Murray and common sense, has not taken our efforts in a spirit of kindness;—hence the odious law of which we complain. What does he care for the cumbersome rhetoric of Grit editorials, he knows that no one ever cares to peruse them, but far otherwise, he too keenly feels it, it with us. Cobourgn sighs aghast at the folly of its boasted luminary, Northumberland groans in spirit at our expose of the ignorance of its representative. Hence the new impost on newspapers. In his efforts to destroy the shark (i. e. ourselves) he is obliged to finish the existence of innumerable small fry (the *Globe*, &c.) on which we prey.

But there is one loophole through which with a little effort we may creep. "Periodicals devoted to education, agriculture, temperance or any branch of science" are to be free from the tax. Now there can be no doubt of it, that our sheets are almost entirely devoted to education. Have we not been the happy means of bringing Gould within the pale of civilization and evening classes? Have we not convicted Playfair of backsliding and brought him to the stool of repentance? Have we not taught the illustrious Sidney himself, no longer to murder his mother tongue. In short, is there a rascal who has not chastised, an abuse we have not censured, an offender we have not rebuked? We claim therefore to be a "periodical devoted to education" and therefore exempt.

With regard to agriculture, though not exclusively devoted to that branch, we claim to have done a little sub-soil ploughing *pro bono publico*, we have sown some good seed, we have harrowed the feelings of some miserable beings, and we have tried to

drain off many of the abuses which threaten the moral health of the province.

We certainly have forwarded the cause of temperance; for we can point to several illustrious M. P. P.'s whom, with the aid of the Hon. Mr. Cameron, we have turned from destruction. And, with regard to "science," we have dealt largely in the anatomy of snobs and fools, to say nothing of other "branches" we cannot now dwell upon. We claim therefore to have done some service in our day and generation; and we know that if fair play were shown to us, we should come under the exemption. Sidney, however, is inexorable, and we put on our armor to combat the knight of the mailbags. Sidney, beware; you shall not vanquish the GRUMBLER.

NEWSPAPER MORALITY.

Whatever the Editor of the *Hamilton Times* may be as a politician, he certainly is a huge creature as a moralist. In Thursday's issue, beneath the leading fulmination of the sanctum, we have a severe reproof directed against Mons. Blondin for his redoubtable exploit at Niagara. Hear the wondrous insect:—

"We suppose that thousands will assemble to see the trick of this man, who dare thus to dabble with life; and should he fall into the raging waters, they (the raging waters) will feast so richly on excitement and horror, that a public execution will be a tame scene to them in comparison. We think the authorities should prevent the demoralizing spectacle, and disappoint the sight-seers."

How sublime the moral. We trust that no rash young man will henceforth be wicked enough to emulate Blondin's example. The authorities ought certainly to have stopped "so demoralizing a spectacle," and the *Times* should have our warmest praise for protesting boldly against so villainous and risky a sight. On reading the article from which we have quoted, we felt overcome by the intense morality of our contemporary.

But how shall we express our astonishment when, on the first column of the third page of the same paper, we spied a most seducing invitation to view the sight, the execrable sight, denounced on the previous page of the same sheet. Full particulars of the stretching of the rope; ample accounts of wondrous feats, never intended to be performed, and tempting invitations to see the man who

Will rival the great catarrax as an object of interest to those who may go to the Falls this summer.

The moral lesson of the *Times* of Thursday last winds up by informing the "idle sight-seers" of the "wretched mountebank" that

Persons desiring to witness the feat can leave here at 9.45 this morning, and arrive at the Falls at 11.45; or they can go at 3.25 P. M.

And so on in returning morality. Morality, what would become of you, if your lessons were always taught after the fashion of the *Times*? Censure in leading article; praise and pulgery in the next page. A compromise between the interests of morality and those of the Great Western Railway. *W. H. P.*

A TARGET PRACTICE.

Gentle reader, can you picture Alexander the Great going to battle in patten, Hannibal fighting with kid gloves, Caesar defeating Pompey with an umbrella over his head, or Napoleon marching with a silk parasol? If you can, you may imagine the spectacle we are about to describe. This week, do no laugh, for it was really hot, a volunteer corps of the valiant defenders of Toronto went to ball practice in cabs. All the bravery of the "gentleman troop" of our city was cooped up in one horse hacks.

Kelly and Lavery, and their compeers in the backbone line, had the chief rifle company entirely at their mercy; one shy of their horses, one little jerk of the lines, and Toronto would have been defenceless. The Count and his daring valour, several rifles, and a lean supply of ball cartridges would have been lost forever. Sitting upon the box, beside the amiable cabman, we capped one lieutenant, with parasol over his head, fan in one hand, and a smelling bottle in the other, battling against the sun for dear life.

Within the same vehicle, three riflemen were engaged in bringing to a fainting companion by a sponge dipped in rose-water. The Count, need we mention his revered name, 'tis Hollivell, sat on the box of a cab, sternly perspiring, cynically blowing at the fearful scene before and behind him, yet still collected if not cool. Ah! we thought; if that gallant corps were now called, at a moment's notice, to repel the invading Yankee, or the rebellious army of McGee, how would they rush forward at the call of honor and patriotism to beat back the odious foe. Arrived at the ground, the scene of mimic conflict upon Don's umbrageous banks, the troops alighted from their respective cabs, and at the word of command took soda-water and brandy as they alone can do. Anon advancing through the sultry path leading to the woods, the sonorous voice of the Count fell upon their perspiring auditory organs:—"Draw parasols," "expand parasols," "elevate parasols," "swelter." And on they walk, rifle in left hand, parasol in right; but it still grows warm; the rifles are heavy, and, though knapsacks, they are wearied beneath that sultry sun. Again till the woods re-echo his manly voice the "hossifer" cries out, "Drop rifles," "produce fans," "extend fans," "wave fans," "ventilate!"

And yet no case could the gallant troop procure till at length seeing their spirits flag, the gallant Count allowed them to *flag-on*, in this style:—"Flask out," "Unscrew," "Pour out," "Liquor," and then giving the welcome word "subside," the "gentleman's troop" sank in slumber on the grass, beside the murmuring Don, and the last we heard of them was a shaky order from the commander-in-chief, given in a stutter, type cannot imitate or repeat, "Rouse up," "Eyes open," "Drink Fans," "Expand flasks," "Present parasols," &c., &c., and then we departed highly satisfied with the last ball practice begun in cabs, continued under parasols and consummated in whiskey.