

# THE GRUMBLER.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1860.

NO. 10.

## THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a'your coats  
I rede you tant it;  
A chie's among you taiding notes,  
And, faith, he'll prent it.

SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1860.

### OBITUARY.

We regret to inform our readers that early this week that debilitated bantling "Joint Authority" which had been ailing ever since its birth, came to an untimely end. Doctors McDougall and Mowat and the wet-nurse, Mrs. George Brown, used every exertion, but all to no purpose. Rev. George Sheppard tried to turn the unfortunate invalid from the error of its ways with very indifferent success. We regret that our duty compels us to say that though young at the period of its dissolution, it was neither pure nor simple; the evil instructions of its nurse had so warped its tender intellect and stifled every noble emotion. Dr. J. A. McDonald pronounced the disease general debility, and gave us to understand that it would not have surprised him if it had been still-born. The poor thing expired on Tuesday. In the words of Mr. Joseph Gould,—

"Affliction sore,  
Long time it bore  
Petitions were in vain,  
The years and days  
Out short its days,  
And now it's out of pain."

On Wednesday, the last sad offices were performed for the poor departed. The procession started from the Parliament Houses at 10 a. m. The hearse was decked with white feathers in token not only of its youth, but also of its shameful surrender of vitality. In the first carriage, as chief mourners, we noticed Mrs. Brown, drowning sorrow in a small flask of *eau de vie*; Mr. Gould was spelling out the responses in the funeral service. The "Coon" slobbered convulsively into a red pocket-handkerchief. Sandfield Macdonald with ill-timed levity was making grimaces at Mrs. Brown, and treading on that amiable old lady's corns after a cruel fashion. In other carriages we caught a glimpse of the rag-tag and bob-tail of the Grit party, the Muros, Shorts, and other mediocrities. Behind the carriages came a general band of Ministerial dummies, such as Gowan, Ferguson and men of that kidney, who grinned and snickered, as they walked, in mockery of that solemn procession. Messrs. Foley and Connor in compliment to their silence on the debate, were appointed *mutes*, a position they filled admirably. Doctors McDougall and Mowat rode with the undertaker in front of the hearse, and showed all the signs of genuine distress.

On arriving at the gate of the burying ground the mourners were horrified to see the cadaverous countenances of Dr. J. A. Macdonald and Little Cartier

peeping through the railing. A policeman was, however, at once obtained who took those individuals to the lock-up, where they spent the night. The procession then passed in and the coffin was borne to the grave. As soon as it was let down by ropes made of old copies of the *Hamilton Times* and *London Free Press*, the mournful wail-like chorus,

Joint Authority's dead,  
Lay it down in its bed  
Gently, gently,

was chanted slowly while Mrs. Brown, at intervals, introduced the following,

The spark of life has fled,  
And here it lies quite dead—  
Poor Joint Authority.  
While she who gave it birth  
Wails here upon the earth,  
In speechless agony.

The solemnity of the scene impressed the Rev. Mr. Sheppard to such a degree that he too fairly blubbered. For some time tears flowed and sorrow rendered them incapable of proceeding with the ceremony. After this burst the funeral service was read amid the deepest silence. Soon the clay was thrown in and all turned to depart, but to their intense horror the sound of voices was heard in the neighboring brushwood singing boisterously,

"It lived, it breathed but a few days, few days."

On hearing this all started in search of the sacrilegious wretches, but the only persons to be seen were Messrs. Benjamin and Rose, who were making tracks across the graves in the speediest manner possible. The procession again reformed and all marched with measured tread out of the burying ground. Rev. Mr. Sheppard and Mr. Foley supported Mrs. Brown, who at intervals ejaculated incoherently. The words "poor little joint authority" seemed to be the burden of her song.

With great difficulty they got her home, after which she went to bed.

### AWFUL DEPRAVITY.

Prior to the prorogation of Parliament, Mr. Joseph Gould, the learned representative for North Ontario, moved that each member of the House be supplied *gratis* with a copy of Worcester's new Dictionary, that being the best *pronouncing* authority extant. Atty. Gen. Macdonald, with his usual disregard for the welfare of the country, and the prosperity of its people, spoke against the motion, and brought up his hiring crew from Lower Canada to vote down this useful measure. When will Upper Canada receive her just rights in the legislation of the country? When will she cease to be trampled on by those ignorant *moutons*?—*Globe*.

### Engagement at the Theatre next week.

"The Temple of Love." Beneficents are forbidden admission at any price. The performance, we take it from the announcement, is intended only for those who are making preparation for the Hymeneal altar. How very delightful it must be!

### WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION.

We clip the following from the *N. Y. Herald*:—

#### EVENING SESSION.

The Business called the meeting to order at the appointed time, in order to demonstrate practically that women could be punctual. The hall was about half full, but a crowd was still pouring in of dilatory ones, probably belated by waiting for the company of unpunctual men, and before long the line of vacant seats had nearly disappeared.

Mrs. ELIZABETH F. ROSE, from the Business Committee, presented a series of resolutions, which were read by Miss ANTONY, the Secretary, as follows:—

Resolved, That inasmuch as man, in the progress of his development, found that at each advancing step he wanted places, customs, creeds and laws that in any way crippled and fettered his freedom of thought, word or action, it is his duty to stand aside and leave to woman the same rights—to grow up into whatever the laws of her being demand.

Mrs. J. ELIZABETH JONES next addressed the meeting. She offered and spoke to the following resolution:—

Resolved, That woman's sphere cannot be bounded. Its prescribed orbit is the largest place that in her intellectual development she can fill. The laws of mind are as boundless as are those of the planetary world, and the true woman must ever revolve around the great moral sun of light and truth.

Capacity, she said, determined the sphere of action.

Well, certainly the Yankee ladies deserve credit for their originality, and praise for the business-like manner in which they treat the subject of "Woman's Rights." The ponderous periods of their resolutions almost stun any individual who is hardy enough to attempt to read them. When we think that these resolutions passed unanimously, we are almost tempted to acknowledge that man should step aside and let women wear the pants; and let laws be made securing the "rights" which she is so desirous of having. We are quite willing that such laws should be passed, and to prove our willingness we will undertake to prepare several bills which we shall use our influence to have introduced into the Canadian Legislature, if some ladies will lend us their assistance. The bills would run thus: "Acts for the better securing to woman her national rights."

Her Majesty by and with, &c., enacts,

1. That Woman from henceforth is allowed to speak just as much as she pleases, and when she pleases, and to whom she pleases.
2. That she is hereby allowed to wear pantaloons whenever and wherever she may choose so to do.
4. That a married woman may henceforth whip her husband as much as she pleases.
4. That a wife may henceforth wear as large hoops as she likes, &c., as she likes, &c., &c.

So much for the first resolution. Now for the next.—"Resolved, that Woman's sphere cannot be bounded." Now we submit that after supporting the former resolution we may be allowed to object to this. Dear knows the ladies wear large enough crinolines as it is, and although, in reality, they wear just as large hoops as they like, still, we don't like to see it in print and be forced to confess it to publicly. Ladies, wear what you like, but don't make us acknowledge that your sphere *cannot* be bounded. Spruce us, at least, the semblance of authority, tho' perhaps we may not be able to exercise it much.