

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

TORONTO, SATURDAY APRIL 9, 1864.

VOL. 2.—NO. 19.

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.

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

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THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a cow's coat,
I rede you tent it;
A child's amaze you taking me,
Aye, fadth, he'll prent it."

SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1864.

THE CLASSIC ALDERMAN.

A GUECIAN MODEL.

If beef and mutton to the world are dear,
At Baxter's board expect no common cheer.
A man of science he, whose only lore
Is classic greece, but living Greece no more!
Whene'er he sleeps, it is the rest of Baxter—
Not him of sainted men's somewhat laxer—
In strains more loud, and more profound, and deep,
Snores out this city buck, when fast asleep.
But once arouse him! see, him shake his mane!
You'd think the very welkin rang again!
Except when Jarvis plays his legal traps,
Then quick Bax vanishes, to Cornell's slopes.
Oh, cease, rude Loren's! cease your blustering talk,
Nor try each Council night some good to baulk,
Or if on silence you are not resolved,
In Carty's grease-pot you'll be quick dissolved.
Then, Oh, what spluttering! Oh, what odors then!
'Twill tempt the very hogs from out their pen,
And unwastr'd urchins, in the dirt that mope,
Will bless the day that gave them so much soap!
If, gentle readers, you perchance discover,
In eating swar'y sausages for supper,
A lock of lanky hair, a false eye-tooth,
A piece of any human thing, in sooth,
Some acts municipal, not half digested,
Suspect that some pork-butcher has invested
His means in buying Baxter's corporation,
To make fat sausages for all creation!
Tho' I've no wish the upper ten to scare,
Of softish sausage meat, I say, beware!
For often out on lonely nights we meet
Hords of big human hogs along the street,
Who feed on garbage, nor their families tend,
And on the Grumbler's sausage-board may end!

The Grand Master in grief.

— Is it true that Mr. J. H. Cameron was most desirous to accept office in the New Government, but that he feared lest his Parliamentary honours should be peeled off him, if he entered a cabinet with Mr. McGee?

PEE! FAW!! FUM!!!

The relentless ogre of the *Globe* has just made a pleasant meal of a couple of his happy family, whom, for the last two years he permitted to feed peacefully at the public crib until they grew fat upon the spoils of the Province and supercilious through successful trickery and corruption. We mean, of course, "fat" in a figurative sense only; and as applying simply to the pocket; for, upon either Mr. Sandfield Macdonald or Mr. William Macdougall the grinders of our cotemporary could not have found much physical recreation; as from them both, united, a single ounce of good healthy victuals could not be scraped with an oyster knife. In the style of that disgusting old sinner, Saturn, he has nevertheless demolished them completely; although we are inclined to believe that they will disagree sadly with his digestive organs and afflict him with nightmare for many a long year to come.

This Mr. Brown is certainly a very terrible fellow, and possessed of a most capacious stomach. His swallow is tremendous! With the facility of a Chinese juggler, he gulps in open day all his own promises and professions one after the other, and then devours his friends and allies like a crisp raddish for daring to emulate his example in any degree. He is at liberty to fraternize at any moment with politicians whom he had denounced as corrupt in the last degree; and assumes to himself the right of dictating to the Province in this relation, and of giving his party cries to the winds when it answers his purpose. For the past two years he has sung dumb on the representation question and made his bed with those who ignore it publicly and privately. And now when his patchwork has fallen to pieces, he seeks to revive the subject, and, touching the conduct of the Hon. Mr. Foley, repudiates the principles that he himself had inculcated and adopted. On the floor of the House he recommended that overtures should be made to the late Opposition for the purpose of sustaining a falling Government; and when he found that those overtures were made without respect to his own personal interests or assumed influence he repudiated them in a manner the most violent. A coalition that had the sanction of George Brown was all right; but a combination under any other circumstance was all wrong. Does the man think that those whom he has misled for years are to be born fools always? Are some of our Constituencies but pasteboard dancing masters of which he holds the string? Will North Waterloo pay attention to him or to Mr. William Macdougall—the broken figure-head of Rep. by Pop.—in the coming contest; or will West Northumberland pin its faith to the sleeve of a selfish and unpracticable politician who now appears to be discarded by all parties? We throw

not; and are satisfied, that the experience of the past two years has opened the eyes of many men who have been led astray by the sophistry and false battle cries through which he has disturbed the peace and harmony of the Province.

The fact is, Clear Criticism won't do. It is vulgar, revolutionary and corrupt. It has no respect for education, gentleman-like bearing, or the fitness of things. It is incapable of distinguishing between a shallow-brained third lawyer with disreputable antecedents and degraded instincts, and a statesman of the highest legal acquirements, the most astute understanding, and undoubted experience, capacity and honour. Without reference to character or qualification it goes among the high-ways and ledges and bills to the Councils of the State, the halt, the maimed and the blind, that had long wandered about in mental poverty, nothingness and rags, and that had never hoped for any amelioration of their condition. Consequently; "we'll none of it." And now that it is completely in the mire let us plant our feet firmly on it and hope that through the instrumentality of the able men who now preside over our destinies, the Province may recover from the paralysis with which it has so long been afflicted.

BLAIR AND TACHE.

Upon Mr. Fergusson-Blair's interview with Col. Tache, the gallant Col. was determined to answer only in monosyllables to all he said, in fact, to make his replies an *echo*, and nothing more. The following dialogue—which we have thrown into verse for the purpose of smoothing it, the tone of it, as spoken, having been on one side, at least, rather rough—ensued between the would-be premier and the Colonel:—

Mr. F. B.—Before we into minor details go,
Do I possess your confidence or no?

Col.—No.

Mr. F. B.—You shall not vex me, tho' your treat-
men's rough,
No, Monsieur, I am unnd of sterner
stuff.

Col.—Stuff!

Mr. F. B.—Really if thus your visitor you flout,
A single syllable he can't get out.

Col.—Get out!

Mr. F. B.—But pray, sir, try me, time, indeed, will
show
Unto what lengths to serve you I
would go.

Col.—Go!

Mr. F. B.—We both have power, 'tis doubtful
which is greater—
These crooked words had better be
made straighter.

Col.—Straighter (Traitor.)

Mr. F. B.—Farewell! and never in this friendly
strain
(My proffer'd aid foregone) I breathe
again.

Col.—Gone, I breathe again!