

# THE GRUMBLER.

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## THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, NOV. 13, 1858.

### AUCTIONS.

We are not, as a general thing, fond of attending auction sales, either to gaze idly on, or for the purpose of buying; but, being about to experience a domestic revolution in our present state of celibacy, in fact being on the point of taking unto us a partner for life, we have directed our attention to the numerous sales of furniture which are every day taking place in the city. On a certain day in the year '58, we found ourselves amongst a crowd of bidders at the sale of a most miscellaneous and varied stock of furniture. The auctioneer, Mr. Sleepy-hollow, was the presiding genius. As soon as we had time to look about us we detected Mr. Brown bidding most recklessly for various articles of furniture which we were certainly inclined to think entirely useless to an old bachelor like him. His ingenious countenance flushed deeply as we approached, and he stammered out that he was merely bidding for a friend.

Presently Mr. Sleepy-hollow produced the picture of a Saint, whose name we don't exactly recollect. Mr. Sleepy-hollow urged vociferously the claims of the Saint to respect, crying out, "There's a picture of Saint ———, better bid quickly, there are not many more of us left on earth now-a-days." Mr. Brown, who had not yet recovered from the guilty confusion into which our arrival had thrown him, bid very highly for it, thinking it was a portrait of "the pious and immortal" crossing the Boyne. It was knocked down to him, much to his subsequent dismay, at three-and-ninence. Just as Mr. Brown was in the deepest pitch of his quandary what should we hear but the cheery ringing voice of our Hibernian friend, D'Arcy McGee: "Bad luck to ye, George, my boy," says he, "what is't yer after buyin'?" "I've just got this thing by mistake, it's very nice, but I don't want it now."

"Well, I'm just like a pig in a poke," says D'Arcy, "I've got a lithograph of that confounded Protestant Bully, when I intended to get Saint Erasmus. Why you've got the old man there, will you make a swap."

"With all my heart, McGee, but my frame is better than yours and its a very bonnie Saint, and I've got a statue of King William in my hay-loft, so that I'm no in need of another. But give me sixpence in, and it's a bargain."

So the bargain was concluded, seemingly to the satisfaction of both parties. Among the entertainments that the sale of that day afforded were the

gestures and conversation of the illustrious R. M. Todd, and Madame Shang, of second hand ware memory. The latter individual, and Mr. Sleepy-hollow varied the monotony of the sale by recalling the performances of their juvenile days, when the world was to them still fresh and gay. "Yes ma'am," he said, as he exposed a magnificent Brussels carpet to view, "that's the sort of carpet we used to dance on when we were young;" whereat M<sup>rs</sup>. Shang would chuckle, and bid two shillings a yard higher, to the infinite discomfiture of small dealers and gentlefolks.

Mr. Todd happened to come late, and his tardiness excited anxiety among second-hand dealers, who felt themselves in need of his controlling genius. "Where's Todd," say they anxiously. At last silence grows over the room, like ice over a mill-pond, as Mr. Todd stalks in. Even Mr. Sleepy-hollow's riuulet of talk ceases to flow, in order to give opportunity for a nod and a wink, and a how are ye Todd? We confess we never liked the fellow, and prejudice was confirmed on the spot; for, just as we were on the point of having a magnificent French bedstead knocked down to us for a song, we heard our autocrat cry out, "I guess I'll lay three dollars on to that." Darting on the rascal a look of profound contempt we rushed from the place and bought no more that day.

### BROWN SPIFICATED.

During the last week or two an atrocious attempt has been made to get a final riddance of the great Grit by means of a 25c. portrait. The elongated phiz whose perennial smirk has maintained summer all the political year round, is puckered and wrinkled up as if by colic or cholera morbus, or as it might have been taken by an employe of J. A. McDonald after the receipt of the Governor's bombshell. Some meaning must be at the bottom of this; does the Leader, or do the Siamese twins (*Colonist* and *Atlas*) know anything about this horrid conspiracy? If they and their party designed this terrible outrage, we implore them to stop it at once. Call him "Onontio" and we shall be mum; clip No-Popery cries from old *Globes*, and we shall not shudder, but by all the pap you have ever sipped we adjure you don't, oh don't take his portrait.

We do not refer to the excellent lithograph portrait of Mr. Brown which has just been issued by Messrs. Wiman & Co.

Wanted a Candidate for Mayor,

—By the Conservative Convention. Must produce satisfactory references from Sam Sherwood. Principles no object to the Convention, but a premium given for the services of the most plausible fibber. Apply to Gowan, Platt & Co., Charwomen and Manglers, Nelson Street.

### THAT AUCTION BELL.

PICKED UP NEAR THE CITY HALL, SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY POLICEMAN 2001, AND TO REFER TO THE CRACKED UTENSIL USED AT O'DONOHUE'S AUCTION ROOMS.

That auction bell, that auction bell,  
How many a time I've cursed it well,  
As born on the air its queer crack'd chime,  
Summons the folk at evening time.

When will its noisy jingling cease,  
Leaving the Peolers all in peace?  
Oh I'll seek a grave where the fishes dwell  
If I can't stop the din of that auction bell.

But then, ah me! if I were gone,  
That cursed peal would still ring on;  
I'd fire, but 'shall be, with a purpose fell,  
To stick in the bay that auction bell.

### "AGGRAVATING SAM."

Sam Sherwood what'r you 'bout? Samuel, my boy, take care on yerself. The Philistines are upon you. Being Chief makes you a most horribly aggravating fellow. Position endangers you. Remember the fate of the "Chief" baker in Pharaoh's time, and many another unlucky Chief before and since. The fact is, many terrifically-kind persons have resolved to bake your head for you; as they have been brewing a storm for your office long since. You've aggravated the Mayor, because he's the fastest man in all creation. And yet you rushed into print! Oh why did you do it, Sam? Why didn't you ask the Mayor's leave before you printed your woes? He would'nt have granted it, of course; but, then, he'd have been happy, though you were more miserable. And where's the odds so long as he's happy? The second horn of your difficulty is, that you aggravated Garnett. Now Garnett is a magistrate of talent and renown—a very gorgon to pick-pockets, heavy villains and knaves of every stamp. Fast and loose should not be played with his dignity. Of course he would not want you to consult him on all occasions as you would a "Bonny's Oraclem"—or a demi-god—but, undoubtedly you'd be most ungodly if you didn't. And you certainly didn't; but on the contrary, you upset his dignity as if it had been impudence itself. Others have also been aggravated by you. The hungry aspirants to your chieftancy, have been disgusted with you long since. And then plottings have availed the tide of aggravation, which now gathers round you. What a web of discord the Fates are weaving for you. The ex-Mayor—vulgarily denominated "Davy," would not even take your arm now; being impressed with the conviction you are supported by a "bull-head."—"All's lost!" Yet a little time and you may nevermore run the risk of getting rid of an eye, leg, or arm, or perhaps your valuable life, by capturing murderers or robbers. It is quite possible your grey hairs may descend with honor to the grave; and, in a future edition of "causes celebres, among the catalogue of remarkable cases," Coroner Hallowell will demonstrate how you did it.