

# THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. 2.—NO. 10.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1859.

WHOLE NO. 62.

## THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in 'a your coat  
I redee you teat it;  
A chiel's among you taking notes,  
And, faith, he'll prent it.

SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1859.

### ASTOUNDING REVELATIONS.

THE CLEAR GRITS ARMING.

Ever on the alert in times of difficulty and danger, we have taxed our vigilance for some time past in tracing the movements of the Upper Canadian malcontents. But a little more than a week ago, the *Globe* promised to keep its readers thoroughly posted on "the fierce struggle" about to take place between Upper and Lower Canada. By most readers the remark may have been treated as a bit of Grit bombast; to the *Grumbler*, in possession of secret information on the subject, they possessed a fearful significance.

To-day we have the melancholy pleasure of laying bare the machinery of this deep-laid plot. First let our readers peruse the correspondence and treaty:

WASHINGTON, May 6th, 1859.

To George Brown, Esq.

DEAR GEORGE,—You're of 1st air to hand. Reckon on Jonathan. We'll show Cartier and his French hounds that you never shall be slaves. I have ordered a squadron of the Jehuville Kickapooos to threaten Montreal, while the Maine Pinesparrows will give it to Quebec. Get your army in order and strike the blow, and you'll be seconded by

Yours in liberty and blood,  
JAMES BUCHANAN.

St. Petersburg, April 1st, 1859.

Geo. Brown, Esq., Toronto:

We have signed the treaty already subscribed by the other powers. We shall invade Yancouver's Island in a month. Nesselrode has got lumbergo, but sends his compliments. We shall order a Te Deum as soon as you get possession of the fortresses at Toronto. If we are successful we shall review our troops with you on Garrison Common next July.

Please spare Count Hottiwoll's life if he adheres to the tyrant, but win him over if you can.

Yours, &c.,  
ALEXANDER CZAR.

We have several letters of a similar description, we think these will serve the object we have in view of rousing Canada to a sense of danger. Now look at the treaty:—

Art. 1. The French population are all to be drowned.

Art. 2. Sir E. Head to be sent to Siberia.

Art. 3. The mouth of the Don to be ceded to Russia, with free navigation as far the paper mill.

Art. 4. The Mormons are to assail British India and procure a diversion during the revolution.

Art. 5. The President undertakes the capture of the New Garrison provided half the island is given to the United States.

Art. 6. George Brown to be the first king of Canada, under the title of Sawmie the First.

Art. 7. Mr. McGeo is to be made the Viceroy of Lower Canada.

Art. 8. The Czar to menace British power in the Pacific; George Brown promising to become a member of the Greek Church,

(Signed)

George Brown.  
James Buchanan.  
D'Arcy McGeo.  
Brigham Young.  
Alexander Czar.

In view of the frightful danger which thus threatens Canada, we have communicated with the military authorities, and we are happy to say that all is, in a strategical point of view, "serene." Orders have been received at Neil's foundry for 15 cannon balls, cast in his best style. Mr. Ashfield has orders for 12 stand of arms. The navy is also in a great state of forwardness. Commodore Jones has received a sword from Mrs. Damsley, which we heard him declare should never again be sheathed till he had extracted every tooth from Brown's traitorous jaw. The *Wanderer* is being rigged as a line of battle-ship, and the old floating club-house is to be cut up into frigates. Captain Moodie is constantly on the look-out for the enemy, and when our citizens hear an unusual row from the *Firefly*, look out for the eastern entrance. Meanwhile we give the leaders of the rebel force:—

General Commanding in Chief, Geo. Brown.  
Major Generals,.....McGeo & Durwell.  
Master of the Horse,.....Mr. Rymal.  
General of the Don Army,....Mr. Holland.  
Head of Gallows Hill Division, Mr. O'Donohoe.  
Staff Surgeon,.....Dr. Riddell.

### An Inevitable Question.

—We were tickled with the following extract from a late letter of the *Globe's* London Correspondent:

"The question of peace or war still hangs in the balance, but from the latest news below, it would appear to be inevitable."

We wonder if the *Globe's* Correspondent couldn't determine that peace or war is always inevitable, without the assistance of the latest news? Apart from the serious nature of the subject we should be inclined to commiserate that unfortunate question suspended in the balances, and which "appears to be inevitable," whatever that may be. Commend us to newspaper correspondents for clearness and intelligibility; it's quite a relief to meet with a dish of arrant nonsense occasionally.

### HUMANITY IN A NEWSPAPER OFFICE.

On Saturday last, when our fellow citizens had barely recovered from the shock of the mournful intelligence of that morning, the ragged apostles of *Old Double* were eager to reap the anticipated harvest. Along the street where the deceased merchant had met the reward of industry, through the quiet thoroughfare, where a weeping family was overwhelmed in the first fearful plunge of sorrow, the agents of a city newspaper, regardless of all but the prospect of the coppers, shouted even in the ears of grief, "Evening Colonist, only one copper, all about the accident in the College Avenue, and death of Mr. Harrington." Surely if decency could have been expected where truth or honesty never find refuge, here was an opportunity for avarice to yield to shame, and covetousness to give place to one gleam of human sympathy. But no, *Old Double* had a noble prospect; visions of coppers danced merrily in its publisher's brain, and here was a noble bait. "Another murder, only one copper;" "400 people drowned, all for one copper;" "Mysterious poisoning, only one copper," had had their day. Here was a capital temptation. A respected gentleman, whose name had been the synonyme of honesty and perseverance, was dead; everybody would give a copper for an account of the tragedy. Times are hard, *Old Double* is feeble, who cares for taste or decency where the pocket is concerned? "Great news, all about the death of Mr. Harrington, only one copper." Who would not buy from so delicate and sensitive a publisher? What nobler tribute to departed worth than the howling of *Old Double's* newboys?

### VERY GOOD.

In an article on Canadian celebrities, the *Canadian News* thus displays its ignorance of the particular celebrity, it has under review, Hon. Mr. Smith, Speaker of the Assembly:

"Mr. Smith has been well described as the wit of the House during the La Fontaine-Baldwin regime. \* \* \* The sarcasms of Mr. Smith assumed a perpetual fusillade of flashing wit, went on to disconcert even the immovable Mr. La Fontaine himself.

Those of our readers who have been in the habit of attending the sittings of the Assembly since the Parliament removed to Toronto, will be astonished on reading the above. It confirms the old adage, certainly, that a "prophet has no honor in his own country." No one, certainly, in Canada, ever committed the astounding blunder to mistake Mr. Smith for a wit. It may be that the gentleman is sarcastic but he certainly never shows it, and as for his flashes of wit, we are not aware of any man that ever was dazzled by them.

Those who ever saw the original, heavy, dull, and pompous, would as soon think of looking for milk from a flint, as wit from the Speaker. Just think of Smith being called witty and sarcastic. The wit of the House! It is certainly a good joke.