

M. J. J. J.
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THE GRUMBLER.

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THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats
I rofe you tent it;
A chiel's amang you taking notes,
And, thich, he'll prent it."

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1858.

OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

Ofentimes has it happened when our very efficient police have succeeded in apprehending some notorious rascal, for whose depraved carcass the prison doors have long been gaping, that said rascal turns out to be a bosom friend of one of those gentlemen to whom the people have, in the exercise of their wisdom, confided the government of the city. Following the noble example thus set him, (though unshielded by the law,) our Chief of Police, a few days since, let loose upon society three rogues, but a short time previously apprehended for robbery. Who should dare to question the wisdom of the proceeding, who would be so bold as to charge this illustrious scion of the house of Sherwood with a dereliction of duty? He rested in sublimest security, never dreaming that an accuser would dare to step forth. "Towzer" slept peacefully upon his breast; no sound of approaching danger reached e'en the bull-dog's ear. Suddenly the storm burst, and Oadi Gurnett appears riding upon the wind. On Monday night last did this individual presume to lay "the facts of the case" before the "Common" Council, as he in his presumption dares to call that august body of which Ardagh, Wilcock, Davy Read and Griffith, are members. By what right does he force himself into notice? Does he know anything about the breeding of bull-dogs; does he understand the noble art of self-defence; is he an adept with the billiard cue or the dice box? We trow not, and we unhesitatingly ask again by what right does he interfere with a man so superior to himself? In the words of the ancient and thrice noble Pistol, we indignantly demand:

"Shall dughill killes
Confront the Halloo,
And Sam-I-vol be
Snub-bed?"

We trust not, let the Blowers treat Radaman thus as he deserves.

Councillor Griffith, of St. John's Ward, wants a bell, it appears. Several have been bought for "alarming" purposes, but their destination has not as yet been settled. If Mr. Griffiths had applied for a set of bells, we could better have understood his meaning, as we should at once have come to the conclusion that he intended to ornament his cap therewith, a *la Touchstone*. The worthy Councillor should bear in mind, however, that the "fools" of olden days, were supposed to make their hoarers laugh by their wit, not at their nonsense. Perhaps, after all, no such idea entered the mind of Mr.

Griffiths; but whether or not it be the case, we would advise the electors of St. John's, should their representative succeed in procuring the bell for them, to hang it round his neck, that warning of his whereabouts may hereafter be given; for should they lose so great a treasure, how would they replace it! Such a contingency is by no means improbable. The poor youth often wanders in his imagination, and as that is on the most extended scale, great difficulty might be experienced in finding him, should he once lose himself in its mazes, unless some such precaution as that we propose, be at once adopted.

Yes! we think the notion is decidedly a good one; and something of the kind ought to be done with other members of the Council too. Davy Read, as Chairman of the Finance Committee, reported last Monday evening, against naming the streets on account of the expense. But it would cost comparatively little to label each member of the Council with his name. How great would be the advantage! Should Mr. Craig become daubed to more than an ordinary thickness with the dirt in which he delights to wallow, the stupid police officer, who cannot tell a gentleman from a black-guard under ordinary circumstances, would know he had not the latter to deal with, by once glancing at the label on the back of our friend. Davy Read and others will also appreciate the value of the proposal. We recommend it to their careful consideration.

MR. BROWN'S DOOM SEALED.

This event, long pre-eminently desired by Ministers, Editors, and politicians generally of the Powell-Fellowes school, is, if we may credit the *Galt Reporter*, at length about to be consummated. But whose powerful hand is to light the taper of indignation and affix the crushing seal of doom?

We trust the reader won't laugh or look incredulous if we reply, "none other than our ancient friend William L. McKenzie's." The oracle of *Galt* is perfectly oracular upon the point, "McKenzie's opposition will seal Brown's doom." Isn't it too bad that William can't be quiet in his old age? Only fancy him buckling on his armour and carrying Brown by storm. We did think the time had arrived when the hero of '38 might repose upon his laurels; but no! again the trumpet sounds, and he boldly rushes to the conflict. Meanwhile the eyes of the rapt seer of *Galt* kindle with a lurid glare as they pierce the shrouded future, and behold the paw of the Lyon crushing the neck of his stalwart antagonist.

There were false prophets in the days of King Ahab, but of course the animal could not exist in the atmosphere of truth which pervades Canada in the 19th century. We trust, therefore, that Mr. Brown will receive timely information of the coming crash and hasten to set his house in order.

MY SON TOM:

OR MRS. TURTLE-DOVE'S COMPLAINT.

MY DEAR GRUMBLER,—I must really ask your advice about my son Tom, who is behaving in such a way as to throw his own dear father and mother and sisters into the greatest fright possible. He has taken a strange fancy for boxing, and is always rolling up his sleeve to show his muscle, in fact he is quite disgusting. He's got his own room fitted up with sparring matches about Horridgin and Mackey, and those brutes that tear each other to pieces. It is vain that I taught him his "dog's delight" when he was young, he says "dogs delight" is rubbish, and says gloves don't hurt a bit, and he broke my spectacles to shew me how near he could strike without hurting. Then he knocks all the bolsters to pieces with practising, as he says, in order to "give himself an arn."

It's not very long ago that he invited Professor Bloody S. Nott to spend the evening just when Springtoes the dancing master was giving Arabella and Lucia their lesson. The great brute began to make such remarks. When the poor girls were practising the promenade-step he grinned like a Cheshire cat, and said, "that's right my little dears, walk round and show your muscle." Then he asked me if I'd seen the last Clipper, where the fight between the Lancashire Bruiser and Yankee Bantam was described. When I said I hadn't, he said, "more's the pity—there's one of your daughters, just like the Bantam, for she's got a splendid arm, and her mug wouldn't spile easily, seeing as it's hard as a brick." Then Mr. Springtoes, like a nice polite man as he is, went to turn the animal out, but he got knocked into the fire, and my young rascal of a son cried; with laughing, and said, "never mind, mother, it's only his way, you'll soon get used to him."

And what's just as bad, he's always buying the Clipper and Bell's Life, and when I send him to town for my *Waverly* or the *New York Ledger* he always gets one of those odious sporting papers and says that it's much better than those love stories, and that I'm too old for sentiment and romance. In fact, sir, I expect to see him brought home insensible on a shutter to swear at me because I don't hear him knocking at half-past one in the morning.

Please give me some advice, and believe me,
Yours truly,
ARABELLA JANE TURTLEDOVE.

An Artistic Criticism.

—Speaking of Mr. Shanley's report of the Ottawa ship canal, the *Leader* says, "that in point of artistic execution, it is such that it might be read with a cigar in your mouth."

QUEST.—Whether the editor did not slyly mean to insinuate that the report, like the cigar, would end in smoke?