

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES—VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1860.

NO. 3.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats
I rede you tent it;
A chief's among you taking notes,
And, faldh, he'll prent it.

SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1860.

GRUMBLES FROM QUEBEC.

To an Enlightened Public.—

As patriotism is the last resource of a scoundrel—so a government office seems to be the last resource of a ruined man. It matters not whether a good man or a bad man—whether he ruined himself, or was obligingly ruined by others, he lays himself down at the feet of ministers, fawns, wheedles, lies, flatters with forty-thousand devil-power. And for what? That he may become the servant of an ass, the drudge of a dunderhead, the scrivener of a block-head clerkocracy—doing dogs' work for dogs' wages.

Aspiring after such a noble prize Quebec contains a noble army of martyrs, who cry "give, give" with more than ordinary avidity, and "grab, grab" all they can get with more than swell-mobsmen eagerness. But why quarrel with them. They must make their bread and butter at somebody's expense. Why not at the expense of the disgusting public?

Everybody preys on the public from the youngest novice in the appropriating-other-people's-handkerchiefs-to-one's-own-use fraternity to the oldest member of that taking-money-out-of-other-people's-pockets-in-a-legal-way Society. Talking of lawyers reminds me that there is no animal in the world so easily spoiled on entering Parliament as a member of the legal profession. No sooner is he seated in the House than he commences to amend, repeal, and generally disfigure all existing laws from the Ten Commandments downwards. He's a crotchety creature and is continually "flaring up." He attacks the giants of the House with more than canine audacity. He is whipped with more than school room severity. But our lawyers are not alone in this peculiarity to plunge head-foremost into the hissing Maelstrom of debate. There are our village dung-hill cocks who flap their dull wings and pipe their weak foundrelty to empty benches and a dismayed gallery. What punishment would suffice to atone for their vile nonsense, stale facetiousness, feeble denunciations, foolish adjurations and idiotic conjurations.

However the session will not last much longer. The month is up, and now Hon. gentlemen are sure of their £150, and no doubt they are yearning to stretch their feet once more under their own mahogany. And indeed I do not think they will be much missed here except by Messrs Bilton and Banley the Barber, not that the members have become very cleanly in their habits, or over and above generous in the way of sweetmeats. But the air of Quebec has the peculiar effect of shaking one's nerves, especially in the mornings, producing a desire for a bath and soda water.

A Mere Rumor.

—Some say that the H. R. H. the Prince of Wales will bring out with him a limited number of (K)night-caps. A Power of Attorney will doubtless be given to him by Her Majesty, to fit them on deserving Canadians, in her name.

N. B.—We prefer calling them (K)night-caps, though some term them (K)night-hoods. The old name is the better one.



T. D'Arcy McGee, in full dress as General of the 300,000 Irishmen.

D'ARCY MCGEE.

I.

Than the sweetest, thou art sweeter—
D'Arcy McGee.
Than the wisest, thou'rt discreeter—
D'Arcy McGee.
For love hath thy career been noted;
Concord and peace hast thou promoted,
Ever to union's cause devoted—
D'Arcy McGee.

II.

Hast thou made no brother weaker?
D'Arcy McGee.
Has thou left alone the Spenser?
D'Arcy McGee.
How many in thy snares entrapp'd thee?
Hast Sydney Smith, poor wren, escap'd thee?
In charity thy speeches shap'd thee,
D'Arcy McGee.

III.

Oh! take in time a waralog,
D'Arcy McGee.
To Virtue's path returning,
D'Arcy McGee.
Quit then the ranks of an unequal war,
Put not repentance off to hour afar;
If thou must shine be not a wayward star,
D'Arcy McGee.

THE FASHIONS.

Spring has come bringing with it bright skies and pleasant sunshine and the usual display of new dresses, new bonnets, and gay ribbons. Its approach is not by any means unknown to the gentlemen either, for they appear in fancy coats, fashionable trousers and killing caps and hats. We shall first notice the effect produced on the ladies attire. Those graceful jaunty little hats still retain their place in the ladies' affections, and as formerly, head the list. We, if we know our own feelings, adore them, and are ready to kiss every pretty young lady that wears one. If any lady choose to take this up, she will find us by calling at our rooms, 21 Northcimer's Buildings, Toronto. Ladies in the country may communicate by letter propaid.

As we were observing, whenever we see a pretty young lady with a hat sitting jauntily on her head, our editorial heart expands and we find it hard to restrain our feelings. But when in addition we catch a glimpse of a pretty young lady with a pretty hat, covering beautiful hair, gracefully hung in a pretty fishing net, we have to dart round the nearest corner till the fair one has passed.

Hoops—ah—yes—hem!—bless our heart—no were nearly forgetting Dame-fashions-wickerwork. Hoops—hem! Crinolines, we should say, is nearly as large as ever—hem! but its an old subject. There is no use talking when the ladies take a notion into their heads nothing can get it out. There is, absolutely, no use saying anything about it.

As to the other parts of a lady's spring attire we cannot speak advisedly as we are not a lady. If we were, we should be able to give a great deal of useful information. As it is, and as these are hard times, we can only advise the ladies to make up their old dresses anew. Rip, cut, tear, mangle; line, patch, and piece; darn, knit and baste; turn in, turn out, roll and unfold; in fact do anything and every to save expense.

As we observed before, if we were a lady, we should speak of the latest style of caps, the latest striped silk, the most-generally-sought-after style of *moire antique*; the most popular kinds of poplin, muslin and dolaine. We are compelled to defer any notice of this till we secure the services of a "fashionable Editor"; we being sadly out of fashion cannot tell what would be most likely to interest.

The gentlemen—what in the world do they intend making of themselves? Look at the first aristocratic snob you meet, take a general look at him, look at him closely. What an object he is! His trousers, tight at the bottoms, got gradually, terrifically wide. His coat has sleeves which widen in the same manner from the cuff up. On his head he wears what bears a near resemblance to an inverted sauceman without the handle. This is intended to cover the head, but it exposes the ears in too unmistakable a way not to explain the reason of its invention. The hands of the exquisite are generally enveloped in the most delicately tinted *marve* kid gloves which were put on in the morning, and are not taken off until night.

We shall return to the subject at another time as it is very interesting and by no means uninteresting.

Horrible Cruelty.

—Harry Henry sentenced to read Isaac Buchanan's address to the Electors of Hamilton, in favour of Protection.