

# THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES—VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1860.

NO. 1.

## THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1860.

### HERE WE ARE AGAIN!

DEAR PUBLIC.—It is with joy we greet you after an interregnum of five months. It was for your pleasure that we came into existence. It was for our own that we went out of it. Tired, however, of inglorious ease, and thirsting to avenge the insults inflicted upon unprotected society, we once more set our lance in rest and stand before you—or sit before you bestriding our favorite hobby, which ever expression you like best—the champion of every right, the foe of every wrong.

Since we vacated the Editorial Chair, great changes have taken place—though we cannot say that the occupants of high places have in any way changed. Scarcely was the ink dry which announced that almost-equal-to-a-national-calamity of an event to a sorrowful and if-the-truth-must-be-told-somewhat-fickle-minded-community, than a swarm of gad flies over-spread the land buzzing their puerile trash and vile personalities into the domestic ear. Scarcely had our Editorial Chair time to cool after we retired with honor from its cosy embrace, than a dreadful epidemic broke out, which spread itself from the farthest east to the most remote west, and from the highest north to the bottomless south. The consequences were alarming. Every tea-table became the home of banished jokes and exiled puns—every family circle, the Asylum of forbidden *jeux d'esprit*, and interdicted criticisms.

Nor did the evil end here. Fashion, never constant, went to the dogs completely, a fact which is the only way of counting for the number of puppies lately let loose upon society. Hoops expanded: Bonnets contracted. Hats lost all shapes their wearers all sense. Politics, too, became deranged. Members of Parliament began once more to play the very devil with common sense and grammar. While local aspirants after immortality cocked their tails and went off at an alarming rate.

All these evils demanded an immediate remedy. That remedy could be no other than the re-appearance of that friend of order, terror of fools, companion of wise men—THE GRUMBLER. Therefore, here we are: overflowing with benevolence, bursting with wit, and out-of-the-elbows with caustic. Once more we convert our sanctuary into a Reformatory Prison for the bad jokes and cast-away Joe-Millerisms that at present rove up and down society, appalling the nervous and disgusting the learned. Again we shall prepare our establishment to be the reservoir for all

the worthless suggestions, meaningless squibs and strained poems which at present addle the teeming brains of their luckless authors. All this we shall submit ourselves to and much more, if we can only secure the smiles of the ladies, the approval of the wise, and be able to write ourselves for the next century.

The Public's

Most faithful servant,

GRUMBLER.

### TO OUR READERS.

Here we are again  
Tumbling in pell-mell.  
How are all the folks?  
Hope they're pretty well.  
Here we are alive,  
Nimble and alert,  
Since we saw you last  
No one has been hurt.  
We have had a rest  
For a month or two,  
Now we're in our best  
Making hours to you.  
Ready for some fun  
Come from where it will,  
Now we're in the field  
A spiley Grumbler still.  
In our little sheet  
No side will we know,  
But all shabby tricks  
We'll not fail to show,  
Those who fish for spoils  
In the public dyke,  
Now may rest assured  
That they'll catch our pike.  
Not that we'll be spies  
On their every deed,  
But we'll dot their eyes  
If we see there's need.  
An approving look  
E'en a gracious smile,  
Tho we're rather sour,  
May affect our style  
Much more, kind support  
May affect our life,  
For we've need of gold  
To endure the strife.

### LETTERS TO PUBLIC MEN.

To Hon. J. C. Morrison, Solicitor General.

POOR LITTLE JOE,—

What on earth was John A. thinking of, when he made you Solicitor General? What, in the name of common sense, did he expect to accomplish by it? We thought, in our innocence, that, after your singularly unhappy breakdown in political life, you had resolved, with that worthless penitence which failure in a course like yours often produces, to amend your ways and become a quiet inoffensive, and, if possible, a useful member of society. With that avidity for office which has constituted you the forlorn hope of every government during the last decade, you looked to John A. for another place. Any place, a Commissionership, a Collectorship, a Registrarship, anything with nothing to do and a large salary for

doing it. You did not venture to lift your eyes to a shrivellity; your ambition hardly reached so far; if it did, your pocket failed you. John A. felt bound to take pity on you. You are of that pliant material, of which ministerial dummies are made; whether as Receiver General or Solicitor General, you make an excellent puppet whilst a shrewd leader works the wires. The Attorney General knew your use, but he also was aware of your weakness. He, therefore, gave you the Registrarship of the City of Toronto. The office, was suitably selected; the duties are not very laborious; and as scarcely an ordinary amount of talent is required, you were eminently fitted for the situation; had you chosen to remain, you might perhaps have profited yourself and done little or no harm to the country. The place was also chosen well. In moments when parliamentary reminiscences overwhelmed you with regret, the City of Toronto, a Governmental Hospital for political incurables would have afforded you a collector of the Customs, whose fate you shared and whose sympathy you have every right to claim. One would have thought these reminiscences would have taught you the vanity of your political aspirations. It was not so. You preferred to resign an office in which you could even shine, for another in which you cannot expect to triumph, inasmuch as you failed before. If you possessed the frail points of the Attorney-General, we could easily understand that, in a moment of weakness, you had been deluded into the step. We regret that even that screen will not mask your political nakedness. You possess the shrewdness of a mediocre man; you can tell when it is time for the rats to leave the Government bark; why did you enter it when the fates were warning most weather-cocks to leave it. You have taken passage in a doomed vessel; you have forsaken one berth where you were tolerably secure, for another from which your incompetency must soon hurl you.

Foolish little Joe, you have been misled, your good, easy temperament has been imposed upon. The Registrarship is gone and your false step seems irrevocable. But you may yet be saved. If South Ontario, Grey and other independent constituencies again refuse you, Niagara, the dry dock for such political hulks as you are, may still take you in for the necessary repairs. Should she also rebel, your only refuge is a Coronership. If you are wise, you will not delay in accepting the post. Running races with Death and Dr. Hallowell would improve your constitution and profitably employ your time. At any rate let the country know what John A. is going to do with you. It is tormenting to stumble over old political lumber in the corridors of government; you must be stowed away, and that quickly, the sooner the better for the public, as well as, your sympathizing enemy.

THE GRUMBLER.

P. S.—Please tell your Tory friend, the Speaker, that as I have all the Knighthood correspondence, I shall have something to say to him next week.