

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.]

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THE GRUMBLER.

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THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1863.

Ode to the Hon. Sir H. Smith, Kt., M.P.P., ex-Speaker, &c., &c.

Supposed to have been written by Mr. G. Brown, prior

O Smith, thou best of Knights,
Thou lookest Sauch of all the Smiths,
We see thee struggling in thy tights
Like Sampson in Delilah's wights.

Thy florid countenance reveals
How hard it is to livs on speeches;
Nature abhors such copious meals,
At least, so our experience teaches.

Though Speaker, silent as a stock,
Unmoved by concords of sweet sounds,
Thou sitt'st, like Theseus on the rock,
Attached to thy twelve hundred pounds.

Though Clear Grits roar and Tories smirk,
Thy gravity is undisturbed:
Thou'tt serious as the steepest Turk
With facial muscles tightly curbed.

The rising orator, the first
Thine eye Cyclopaedia dicarri,
And all, perforce, must wait his burst,
Though every patriot before burns.

Erratic talkers stand in awe
Of thee, and of thy fatal shears;
O Smith, thy very word is law,
Thou Atropos of moubers' fears.

What peacock strutting in his glory,
With tail erect and flashing eye,
Seems vainer than this burly Tory
Clad in official frippery.

O Smith, sweet Hal, thou knighly porpous,
Art certainly unique in kind;
It's sad to think that so much corpus
Is wasted on so little mind.

ADDRESS OF A HUNGRY MAN TO A FROZEN BEEF STEAK.—"Would that this too, too, solid flesh would thaw, melt and resolve it into a stew."

A SHORT POLITICAL SERMON.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MR. WILLIAM MACDOUGALL.

"Truth, crushed to earth, will rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers—
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies amid her worshippers."

History, it is said, repeats itself. Sometimes it does so in a very unpleasant manner. There will be wars and rumors of wars so long as the world lasts; "pugs" will smash each other's noses; and young men will court young women—but these things do not astonish a people ever on the *qui vive* for novelty. There are some peculiar ways, however, in which history repeats itself which are far from unpleasant; and, impelled with a desire to do justice to humanity, and especially that portion of it called politicians, THE GRUMBLER sits down to write his sermon—for written sermons are now the fashion.

Our text will be found above. So plain is it in its terms, and so forcible in expression, that it is unnecessary to divide it into firstly, secondly, &c., to fifteenthly, after the ordinary fashion, so we proceed at once to the application.

Mr. Macdougall—Last year you moved a resolution with regard to Rep. by Pop., which was just and right: That resolution expresses "Truth," as found in your text. This year you endeavour to crush "truth" to earth; but you can't do it. The "eternal years of God are hers" and it will rise again; it has risen, and now appears before you like a spectre to haunt your troubled imagination, and show the public how idle are your promises, and how insincere your fulminations. The bantling which you thrust aside is in other hands, and with its eyes open, now looks you full in the face, and though dumb, is no less eloquent, than if it were possessed of your own "unruly member."

"Error" in the text, represents yourself. You are wounded and writhes in pain. The agonies of the struggle are upon you, and soon you will "die amid her worshippers."

Such is the end of the politically wicked. They grow up like grass, and are soon cut down because of their iniquity. Let all sinners take warning from your sad fate.

Nautical.

—Mr. Seward, in his correspondence with Mr. Mercier lately published, says that the Constitution is the "sheet-anchor" of the Union. If W. H. is right, who will dare deny that the Ship of State is irretrievably lost?

Tempus Fugit.

—The *Globe* informs us that at the Victoria Skating Rink the other evening, there was a heavy fall of rain "between sick and seven." Query,—Who is the inventor of the new style of time-keeping? Or,—should he not be discovered—second query—was the *Globe* reporter "sick" on the occasion?

NOTICES OF MOTION.

The following notices have been placed on the Parliamentary papers:—

Mr. J. B. E. Dorian (*L'enfant Terrible*)—For the appointment of a select committee, consisting of himself and any other member he may name, to inquire into the advisability of the Government purchasing the farms of all the Lower Canada *habitants*. [This scheme is intended as a substitute for the *Credit Foncier* project of M. de Boucherville, who has not yet succeeded in raising money enough to pay for the printing of his glowing prospectus.]

Mr. T. Ferguson.—For a special Act of Parliament setting aside Nebo Lodge, Toronto, with the adjacent lot of land, as a distinct constituency; and to ensure the perpetual return to the House of Mr. Ogle R. Gowau.

Mr. Powell—(First notice.)—Enquiry of the Ministry as to what has become of the spicy jokes with which Mr. McGee and Mr. Foley used to enliven the House last year; and for the appointment of a deputation to visit President Lincoln and make enquiries as to the best means of encouraging the growth of humor among the members of the collective wisdom of the nation. (Second notice.)—For the appointment of a committee, consisting of himself and Mr. Rankin, to draw up a bill making the cultivation of whiskers and mustachios imperative in this Province, with power to send for persons and papers during the preliminary investigation. [It is understood that Lord Monck will be examined before the committee.]

Mr. Simpson.—Notice that on Thursday next he will make a full recantation of the errors of his past ways, and show clearly and distinctly that unless the present ministry be supported in Parliament the country will go headlong to the dogs. [Mem.—Mr. Simpson, it is but right to say, has no personal object in view in making this recantation. The office of Finance Minister he would not touch with a twenty-foot pole.—*Ed. Grumbler*.]

Mr. Mowat.—To punish as traitors to their country every elector of South Oxford who says "boo" to the election of Mr. George Brown.

Query.

—If it took a Harvey to discover the circulation of the blood, how many men would be required to discover the circulation of the *Globe*, *Leader*, and *Hamilton Times*.

Oave.

—We learn that at the next meeting of the city blowers an effort will be made to reduce Capt. Prince's salary ostensibly for reasons of economy, but really because he refuses to take a drink with every Henry, Dick and Tom of a City Councillor.—*Verbum saphendibus*