

# THE GRUMBLER.

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## THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coat  
I rede you tuck it;  
A child's naming you taking notes,  
And, faith, he'll preri it."

SATURDAY, JAN. 22, 1859.

### THE SCHOOL QUESTION.

Some very silly correspondent has felt the necessity of enlightening the *Colonist* on this vexed question. His first remark is a very sage one; after all the fuss that has been made in the contest between religious and secular education, "W" (Wisacre?) informs us that it is "exceedingly superficial." Being so, he is of course prepared to treat it in a "superficial" manner, and we feel bound to admit that he has succeeded wonderfully. After ransacking the records of all the nations of Europe, he confesses himself nonplussed; and confesses with a frankness that does him infinite credit, "I am perfectly unable to find a parallel that will bear on the state of society in this country." So we should think; a "parallel bearing" upon anything would be a novelty indeed. He however makes one discovery which will doubtless excite some surprise, particularly in the higher tiers of our social world,—the population of this country is made up chiefly of the lower orders of nearly all the nations," in other words, Canadians are the off-scourings of the old world, the scum of mankind. Perfectly astounded with the force of his own patriotism, he tries the mystical in the following abstruse fashion: "In those countries (European) the authorities are more competent to act, than the authorities are here to meet with the approval of the people." Can any body tell us the meaning of this paragraph? we give it up as utterly hopeless. It reminds us most of the celebrated poser, "If a man be six feet high, required the color of his coat?" Let us hope that the letter will soon be issued, with explanatory notes; at present it would baffle the greatest master of hermeneutics. Take another sentence,— "If I had the least shadow of a proof that we had (when?) too much of the Bible, then I would say at once, let us have a little more of the secular;" as it is, however, he declines sending for a fresh supply of the latter article, and piles on the argumentation in good style. "Knowing by every succeeding day that we have too little of the former, and too much of the latter, I come to this conclusion, that a little more" of the former is necessary.— Apart from the really serious and important nature of the subject, what nonsense the fellow writes. Apply it to a small matter, and who can fail to see the absurd weakness of the argument. "Knowing

by experience that we have too much milk in our tea, and too little sugar, I come to the conclusion, that we want some more sugar." What an addition to our knowledge that would be; and yet in a matter, about which, people are so divided, a poor scribbler writes, as he would scorn to do about the trivialities of daily life. But "had begins, and worse remains behind." A child and a teacher are represented as conversing in a "secular" school. The child asks "Who made the sun, moon and stars?" The teacher answers Nick-my-dolly." The child then enquires, who made Nick my-dolly. The teacher responds, "Ask the Hon. Geo. Brown?" and forbids the pupil to ask any more questions. Yet this wretched blasphemy appears next the leading article in *Old Double*, with all the adornments of punctuation, and italics for public benefit. What is too absurd for the journal after this letter? Whether is the editor or his correspondent the greater offender of public taste, the more serious outrager of public decency?

### THE HOMESTEAD.

Reformers of Upper Canada, you ought to be ashamed of yourselves. For four years your names have been paraded in public as the generous donors of \$5, \$10, and \$50 each to the praiseworthy object of buying a homestead for William Lyon McKenzie—the honestest and oldest reformer in Canada—the man that became poor that you might become rich—the man whose life, when life was worth living for, has been one long struggle to secure Reform for the people and to keep the wolf from his own door. He did not ask you for a Homestead. You offered it to him and pressed him to accept it. In an evil hour he thought you were sincere and did accept it. You put down your names as subscribers—but never subscribed a penny. Was this gentlemanly? We think it the meanest and most contemptible transaction that ever any body of men engaged in. It is such a trick as we would expect from a body of professed sharpers—but not from men boasting, to be the Reformers of Canada. There is no other way to save the credit of the country but to publish the list of enthusiastic Reformers—renegades, rather—once more, so that the world may learn by heart the names of the poltroons who have acted so shabby a part.

T. D. McGee.

—We are glad to notice that this talented gentleman will lecture in Toronto on Thursday next. Apart from the position he occupies in political circles, men of all parties acknowledge Mr. McGee's ability and eloquence. He is to lecture on "Thomas Moore and Robert Burns;" the subject is interesting, and we are sure it will be made entertaining and instructive to the audience.

### THE MAN FOR WELLINGTON.

Try again, Nassau C.,  
Don't you be faint hearted,  
Sure the Gowan's glory yet  
Cannot have departed;  
Scouted once, beaten once,  
Every man must be a duncer,  
Who don't see, that you alone,  
Are the man for Wellington.

Try again, Nassau C.,  
What though Middlesex went wrong,  
Never venture, never win—  
You'll be M. P. ere long,  
Try again, Nassau C.,  
Every man at once must see,  
With the aid of Ferguson,  
You're the man for Wellington.

Try again, Nassau C.,  
What's Old Double know about it?  
Get the whiskey for the "lamb,"  
You'll go in, man, never doubt it.  
Try again, Nassau C.,  
There's good luck in number three;  
Let "bully Tom" but bring his gun,  
And you're the man for Wellington.

Nassau C., Nassau C.,  
Don't give way, my bully boy,  
Canvas brisky, get the whiskey,  
Ogle soon will wish you joy;  
Scouted once, beaten once,  
Every man must be a duncer:  
Who don't see that you alone  
Are the man for Wellington.

### An Enraged Leader.

—At first sight we were much struck to see the walls of the city placarded with large posters, stating that the *Leader* was "enraged," but on examining the printing closely it turned out to be an announcement that the *Leader* was "enlarged." It is all very well of course for the *Leader* to make a little fuss about its enlargement—and, when not overdone, no objection can be taken to it. But when we are bored to death by being told every day in that paper, the precise number of inches, that it is larger than any other paper in the Province, we think it high time to check the nuisance. Size is no criterion of merit. A squash is not as good eating as a strawberry; nor a whale as a herring. If this mania progresses much farther we shall have newspapers advertising, in rapturous periods, the respective sizes of their editors. In that case the Editor-in-chief of the *Globe* will be able to compare favourably with the Editor of the *Leader*.

### The Pot and the Kettle.

—Here again it will be our duty to trace Mr. Brown along his well-beaten path of misrepresentation and deceit."—*Colonist* of yesterday. "Our contemporary (*Colonist*) now perpetrates a double lie, a lie in regard to the *Globe*, and a lie in regard to itself."—*Globe* of yesterday. Comment is unnecessary, the extracts carry their own moral with them.