

THE GRUMBLER.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1859.

WHOLE NO. 73.

THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1859.

COLLEGE AVENUE.

The unsightly obstructions in the College Avenue are still standing, thanks to the forbearance of our citizens. Yesterday evening it was thought that a pleasant little bonfire would have been made of these gates. It was a cheering thought. Such a proceeding would have nobly vindicated the sovereign rights of the people in a matter which heavily pressed on each particular citizen's own toe. For our part we are unfeignedly sorry that ere this the gates have not been removed. Every moment they remain they insult us. They remind us of the brazen, impudent faces of the fellows who dared to set up their own puny wills, and their own dirty selfish motives against the unanimous voice of Toronto. We think we are right in saying that all those Councilmen and Aldermen who voted for the mutilation of the College Avenue, are actuated by the most unworthy motives; and even if their motives are good, now that they know that their constituents disapprove of their course, and that the wishes of every man, woman and child in Toronto are opposed to their course, it is their bounden duty to obey the public whose servants they are.

But what is the use in thus talking to men who are lost to all sense of honour and shame. Let the public look at the countenances of those Councilmen who have set themselves in array against them. There they will see the grossest ignorance, the most heathenish stupidity, and the most revolting symptoms of sensuality and idiotic cunning. Hear them talk! To say they speak ungrammatically, is to use a mild expression. One and all they are an uneducated crew. Many of them do not know how to write their own names, and the rest are only able to the production of an unintelligible scrawl, and this after the most laborious pains. And it is with such an ill-favored crew that Alderman Cameron has struck hands. We hope that his constituents will mark him, and if he dares to show his nose at the next election, that he will be driven from the polls with hooting and execration. Shall we stop to describe such a pigmy—such a weather-beaten mass of ignorance, as Alderman Dunn. He is without exception, the most ignorant and idiotic fellow that ever opened his mouth to swallow a potato. But for all that he is the Solon of the Council. He expresses the views of the opposition. Here they are: He says, that "the College Avenue ought to

be swept away altogether—that it is the resort of pick-pockets and loose characters." Is it worth while giving the maudlin old man the lie? He is a living disgrace to himself and his constituents.

Then there is Bagy—a gross, sensual, vulgar man, without an idea, except how to fill his pocket. To say that he is ignorant would be to convey but a poor idea of his want of the commonest education. But why go on with the catalogue of those councillors who voted for the mutilation of the fairest avenue on the continent of America. No respectable man would invite one of them to sit at meat with him, and if any one felt bound to do so, doubtless he would first count his spoons. Such are the Garrolls, the Lees, the Boxa's, the Lawlers, the Sproats. Every one knows the reason why that man McCleary votes for the spoliation of the avenue. In doing so he is only carrying out the jobbing, contemptible spirit which he has ever shown. Alderman O'Donohoe, who has risen to the position he at present disgraces, we won't say how, is also one of the loudest in advocating this piece of vandalism. But one might as well expect to see a white nigger, as to hear the genuine ring of honesty from one of Mr. O'Donohoe's action. An illiterate man himself, he seems to think his constituents are all on a level with his own ignorance.

We are ashamed to waste breath on such fellows. But we hope the public will mark them, and that not one who voted for this abominable infringement on the public rights will ever again be allowed to disgrace the Council Board. It may be inconvenient to call on them now to resign the trust they have so recreantly betrayed. We say it may be. Let the constituents take the subject into consideration; and if it is not, before another week is over, let every councilman who voted against the wishes of his constituents be called upon to resign.

In conclusion, we sincerely hope that no disgusting paling will be allowed to stand in the College Avenue. We should infinitely prefer that the obstructions should be removed simply by a vote of the council. But if the majority of the council have made up their minds to inflict the gates on us—to cut up the most beautiful Avenue in America, contrary to the declared wishes of the people—let our citizens—our respectable citizens—tear down the gates and make a bon-fire of them. We would also suggest an improvement on the modern practice of burning scoundrels in effigy, viz: burn them in reality. Hang them first, if you will, and then burn them afterwards.

THE "FREEMAN" ON PEACE.

The announcement of the cessation of hostilities between France and Austria would seem to have afflicted the *Freeman* with a religious diarrhoea. It thanks heaven in pious accents that peace has been restored. It is sure that the intelligence, will gladd

the hearts of all good Christians; it congratulates all good Catholics, that the the Pope is now secure on the throne of St. Peter; and winds up by stating that "Those who look to the reasons which induced the choice, based as they were on the unquestionable catholic zeal of the Austrian Emperor, and the strong religious feeling of Napoleon's counsellors and subjects will see fresh motives for rejoicing!"

In all the parade about Peace there is a great deal of humbug—but it is so easily seen through that it is not worth dwelling on. However, we should like to know what those "true reasons" are which led to the proclamation of Peace, and which the editor of the *Freeman* seems to think so very natural and so very satisfactory? Perhaps one of them might possibly be the invasion of England. Another might possibly be the capture of Canada. It is rather odd though to attribute the cessation of the war to the "unquestionable Catholic zeal of the Austrian Emperor, and to the strong religious feelings of Napoleon's counsellors. That is a view of the question which the editor of the *Freeman* can claim the honor of being the originator, and we may also add, the sole defender of.

While congratulating all good Christians on the Peace, the *Freeman* admits that there are some people in the world to whom the news "will sound as 'the death knell to their wicked hopes.'" It says:

"To the turbulent and fanatical proclamation of peace sounds as the death knell of their wicked hopes. Exeter Hall mourns; Kossuth, Garibaldi and the other numberless cut-throats occupation's gone."

After all we do not think that the hope to see Italy free is such a wicked one, as to cause the *Freeman* to rejoice at its annihilation. Nor do we think that Garibaldi and Kossuth are cut-throats. The world may err in its judgment, but it has ever looked on a struggle for liberty as any thing but wicked, and on the champions of freedom as anything but cut-throats. The *Freeman*, however, views the matter in different light. The tyrant of Austria is, according to it, actuated by religious zeal; the perfidious Napoleon swayed by strong religious feeling; the brave Garibaldi is a cut-throat, and Kossuth a turbulent fanatic!

In conclusion, we congratulate the liberal-minded *Freeman* on its peculiar views as to the freedom of Europe, and beg to assure it that happily they are not shared by any one, deserving the name of a *Freeman* in the world.

A Model Councillor.

—His (Ald. Dunn's) views about the Avenue war, that it ought to be swept away. It was a place where nothing but pickpockets and such like were encouraged." [Up roar.]—*Globe*.

The beastly, stupid ignorance displayed by this man ought to make him abhorred of all sensible men. The very pickpockets will be disgusted with him, when they read the above idiotic expressions. We wish St. Patrick's ward joy of their worthy representatives.