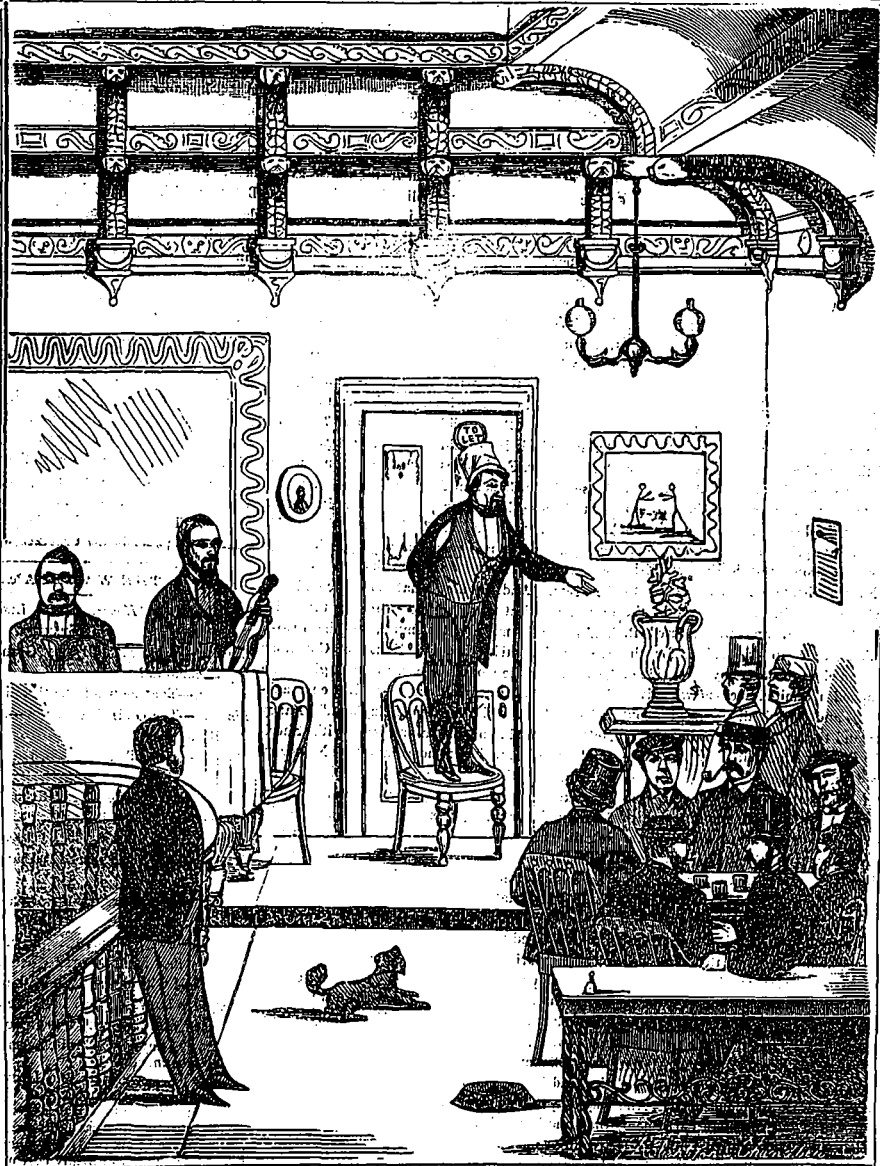


THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1864.

(VOL. 2.--NO. 27.)



R. M. A-L-N, IN HIS GREAT IMPROMPTU STUMP SPEECH, ON BEING PROPOSED AS MEMBER FOR EAST TORONTO, IN A FASHIONABLE RESTAURANT, THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE PARTY.

THE GRUMBLER

Is published every SATURDAY MORNING, in time for the early Train. Copies may be had at all the News Depots. Subscription, \$1. Single copies, 5 cents.

Persons enclosing their cards and \$1 will be favored with a special notice.

Correspondents will bear in mind that their letters must be prepaid, that communications intended for insertion should be written, and only written on one side of the paper. Subscribers must not register their letters; for obvious reasons it is exceedingly inconvenient to us.

All letters to be addressed "The Grumbler," P. O. Toronto, and not to any publisher or news-dealer in the city.

Persons wishing to subscribe to the GRUMBLER, will understand that from this date (May 17th) we only receive yearly subscriptions. The sum (\$1) is small, and can easily be forwarded by all who desire our sheet.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I ree'd you tont it;
A chiel's amang ye taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prout it!"

SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1864.

THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

It is not many hundred years ago since the old House of Commons, forced to it by the unswerving energy and the powerful eloquence of one of its Members, of the good name of Burke, increased the number of the grand estates, and, creating a fourth, bestowed it upon the Press. An honest, plodding, industrious printer, called Turner, (to whom, indeed, a great deal of the *vim* now present in newspaper enterprise, usefulness and success must be owing,) brought about the establishment of the Fourth Estate. Turner desired to have the privilege to print an account of the proceedings in Parliament, and was refused it. Burke and others took up the cudgel for the printer, and after a siege of some days the side of the Press triumphed, unlimited access was given to Turner to print and publish all he liked about the Commons; and to sign and seal, as it were, the transaction, the Press was honoured with an estate, the strength, gloriousness and favour of which have gone on increasing year by year, century after century. But, alas, the grand march of power is no longer to be—so say, at least, the miserable pigmies down in Quebec, whom misguided constituencies have transmogrified into Parliamentarians. It was left for the Metterniches of the Canadian Parliament to insult on the 31st of May, 1864, the estate which their superiors and progenitors had so honourably created into permanent existence, centuries previous. What a long time, truly, has this slow watch of destruction to the dignity of the Press, been tracherously burning and making its way on till it burst forth in a flame in the Reading Room of the Legislative Assembly, where, perhaps, the large quantity of inflammable material was an inducement. And so the puny members of our Canadian Parliament, in 1864, think that the Representatives of the Press in Quebec and attending Parliament, should be excluded from the News Room until after 12 o'clock each day. If the question be one of contamination, we think the Press men would be well rid of mutual contact with many of the economizing

Grits, who could not be very sweetly perfumed after crawling down from some of the suburbs or up from St. Roch's, where they cohabit three abreast, six in a room 7 x 9, sky-light in window, and one wash-stand and towel for the entire parliamentary squad, hailing from the great Canada West; where, it is said, things are so liberal, so free, so just and so clean. And it is this kind of people who have taken the Press into their custody. But as well might they call upon the sea to cease rolling, the wind no more to sigh, or bid the electric flash halt upon its narrow path along the mystic wires, as attempt any proceeding that would tend to cripple one tiny chord of the great ever-beating pulse which regulates every public matter wherever civilization exists. The Press first goes forward, it is admitted, and then in its royal train comes the long procession of science, art and learning, so inseparable from the presence of the Fourth Estate, wherever that may be—no matter what clime—no matter what flag. We ask, could this insult have been perpetrated upon the Press in the good times past and gone, when the only real ornaments of the House were the men who, with their ever-toiling pens, have guarded our liberties and written us into the enjoyment of Responsible Government? Could Mr. Sandfield McDonald; Mr. McDougall; Mr. Dorion or Mr. Ford Jones have risen then, in the House of our Canadian Parliament, to excuse if not to license the barrier placed upon Press-men last Tuesday, in Quebec? No, not they. No estate, no power, no instrumentality, has had such beautiful tribute paid to it, from time to time, as the Press. And, in fact, what power could stir up to its loftiest flow pure eloquence, or tune with half so much melody the muse, as the Press? Sheridan has said, "Let the House of Commons be venal, let the Courts be corrupt, but give me a free Press, and I defy a hair's breadth encroachment to be made upon the liberties of England." Fancy McDougall and Sandfield taking issue with Sheridan! Then, it will be remembered, that Napoleon, although breathing a shackled atmosphere, once remarked, that "one newspaper was more powerful than a thousand bayonets." Imagine classic, veterinary Joseph Rymal, differing from Napoleon. And it is not a year since good Lord Palmerston, in making a public speech, paid high honour to the Fourth Estate, and said that "he knew of no invention of modern time so great as that of the Press." Need we quote further? Need we make more comparisons? Are additional arguments necessary to prove the absurd character of the position in which our Canadian Legislators have placed themselves? We think not. How many of the men now in Parliament could ever have sat under the brilliancy of Mr. Speaker's mammoth chandelier, had it not been for the Press? Echo again inquires, how many? If there be one thing more than another which we, as a Colony, must be active in protecting, it is the newspaper enterprise. A newspaper is the index, the advertisement of a County or Colony, and once commence to question the right of Press men to unlimited privileges in the furtherance of their undertaking, and then, at once, our national concern will begin to loosen,

the machinery of all our civil affairs will get out of joint, and we shall proceed on our way unguided, unadvised and uninformed, upon nearly the same principle omnipotent at a Donnybrook Fair. We make not the comparison invidiously, but we feel alarmed when we see so high a body as our Legislators halting between two opinions as to the rights of the Press, and we venture to say that the disastrous character of the result cannot be estimated nor anticipated. The question of liberty to the Press should not for one moment have been permitted in the House; without thought or word, with one voice the order should have been proclaimed, "Throw open every door, offer every facility, extend and create every possible courtesy." But, no; with shame it has to be said that for days and nights this mongrel collection of Legislators has remained in doubt, continued unconvinced, as to which course to pursue, as to whether the representatives of the most powerful, most useful, most industrious, most painstaking and most respectable community in the Province should have entrance to the Reading Room. We speak in right earnest when we say it is a very lamentable thing that this insult to the Press was ever conceived, let alone offered. And it is a matter of chagrin to the Press, too, to have to feel that the outrage has been offered by some men who, themselves, cannot peruse the papers in the same Reading Room without spelling the words almost audibly and to the inconvenience of others present. This all is our humble protest, and we trust every paper in the Province will follow suit.

THE WAR DRAMA.

SCENE.—White House. Enter LINCOLN, SEWARD and STANTON.

Lincoln.—What said Ulysses Grant as touching Richmond?

Stanton.—That he would be there in thirty days.

Lincoln.—The Gods best know—and what said Butler then?

Stanton.—He smiled and said, the better for our purpose.

Report hath it that he sought Richmond in the throat Of death, but found it not.

Enter a Herald, (War Correspondent.)

Lincoln.—Good news or bad; that thou com'st in so bluntly?

Herald.—Good news, my President; Lee has fled to Richmond.

Lincoln.—I cry you mercy. There is my purse to pay thee for the news.

Seward.—I will make proclamation, my liege, that by sudden blows our foes have been dispersed and scattered, and that within the revolutions of three moons, (30 days,) our bruised arms will be hung up for monuments.

Lincoln.—Seward, do so. I have learned that fearful commentary.

Is laden servitor to dull delay;
Delay leads impotent and snail paced beggary.
I think there be six roads to Richmond,
Five of which hath already cost us dear,
The sixth may make or mar all.

—Richard III., Act 5, Scene 6.

* Manassas, Peninsula, Pope's, Fredericksburgh and Chancellorsville Routes.

JOHN PATON.

BY A BARD OF THE LIMESTONE CITY.

Who is it that must have his say
In every nostrum of the day?
Whose nose is always in the way?
John Paton.

Who is all old-wives great standy
When no one else their fish will fry?
Whose finger's dip't in every pie?
John Paton.

Who comes with modest spial bend,
His ready services to lend?
Who lowest stoops to gain his end?
John Paton.

Who is't would blight his neighbour's name?
His reputation would defame?
Then say the truth was all his aim?
John Paton.

Who makes the little children weep,
When in the Sabbath School they meet?
Ho talks to them so blandly sweet?
John Paton.

No wonder he has much to say,
That make's them weep—it's in his way.
Who causes weeping every day?
John Paton.

Who o'er the money-bags presides,
While some poor devil trembling bids?
"A-ah! put him through," he quick decides.
John Paton.

Who is of all mankind the friend,
For even rascals he'll defend,
Yet some true men from earth would send?
John Paton.

Who was it made a false report,
With Georgie Davidson's report,
Supposing other's memories short?
John Paton.

Whose pious indignation flames,
When any one his oar profanes,
With dancing steps or rhyming brains?
John Paton.

Amusement he condemns discreet;
Yet sips his wine with relish meet,
And smokes until he smells so sweet.
John Paton.

Who wished from Kingston to skeddaddle,
From the disloyal Orange rabble,
On horseback Trust and Loan to straddle?
John Paton.

Who Princes deems and Duke's divine,
But common people are but swine,
And Orangemen the vilest kind?
John Paton.

Who very fair himself would rank,
Director in Commercial Bank;
To gain his end plays many a prank?
John Paton.

Who'd raise it from its rotten state
And seal Great Western Railway's fate,
His intellect's so very great?
John Paton.

Who strives in everything to rule,
But proves himself an arrant fool,
A canting, sanctimonious tool?
John Paton.

Was proud to be old Janus's tool,
In propping up his rotten rule,
And dabbling in the Grammar School?
John Paton.

Who's noted for his pious face,
Is saintly loer so full of grace?

Let's hope it's more than mere grimace.
John Paton.

Where youth are taught in church or school,
And all that's moral is the rule;
There let this song be taught in full,
By Paton.

CORPORATION BLOWERS.

We must apologise to the old ladies at the City Hall for not paying them more attention lately. They have done so little, either good or evil, we did not think it necessary to pay them any marked attention, but as they are beginning to show a little animation, we will carefully report them. On Monday last they commenced the old game, which reminded us of the days of the Ramsay's, Purdy's and Finch's. We admit we had thought the palmy days were over and gone; but, alas, we are disappointed and for the credit of our fair city we will have to take some little notice of the blowers. Last Monday night there was three mortal hours wasted on a nonsensical motion of Ald. Strachan's, about the Finance. The proprietor of "Fat Jack" had to bore the Council with a long speech and then the Dickey Bird wearied the members with a half-hour oration, and then followed Ald. Sterling, (ahem,) and all the small fry. But we must not forget the new member for St. Andrews Ward, as we believe he spoke eleven times on the above occasion. We like to hear the young Councillor speak, but he should not for get that a good thing is easily spoilt by being repeated. Six speeches in one evening should be enough for any member of the Council to make, and we wish to draw the attention of the Council to the fact, of which more anon.

Aw M. and our Unhappy and Divided Country.

The above two gentlemen have represented us two Sessions in Parliament, and what have they done for us. By their stupidity we have lost any chance we had of the Seat of Government in Toronto. The City Council have sent to Quebec any amount of petitions asking for amendments to our present Municipal Law, but through the stupidity of our members they have been thrown out, and Toronto is in a worse position than ever they have been for years. Why don't our M.P.'s retire into private life and attend to their private affairs and allow the Citizens of Toronto an opportunity of selecting two men who would do them some good in our present emergency. Aw M., at least, should see the necessity of doing this. As for us, our other member is convinced that he will not be long in a position to injure the people whom he misrepresents.

— Mr. R. M. Allen is rapidly recovering from the shock sustained by his nervous system in consequence of his fall at the Terragin last week. It was reported yesterday that the learned gentleman was suffering from an attack of brain fever, but on enquiry from his friends, we learned there was no foundation for it.

— Why are Gen. Grant and his army like a ship in distress, off a lee shore? Because their danger lies in drifting *Lee-ward*.

MOTIONS.

Mr. McKellar.—A motion to make situations for all the poor relations of the Member for Kent, and to allow the Hon. Member to draw half of the salaries.

Hon. Mr. Cartier.—A bill to enable the Ministers to force Mr. Holton and other objectionable Members from the House, and to fill their seats with gentlemen who would support "me and my colleagues."

Mr. Thomas Ferguson.—A bill to make the Member for South Simcoe Post Master General.

Mr. McConkey.—A bill to enable parliament to transport Mr. Angus Morrison to British Columbia and make Mr. McConkey's re-election certain.

Dr. Down.—A motion to make McKenzie respectable—McKellar, honest—Parker, sensible—and try to induce Rymal to keep himself clean.

Mr. Mowat.—A bill to reinstate the Christian politician from South Ontario in his former situation, with \$5,000 per annum, and to banish Bill McDougall.

THE P. B.

Great mill between "Little Mac," the Lambton bantam and "Long George," the Oxford shanghai. Battle decided in one round.

Tremendous excitement prevailed at the House when the result of this important set-to was announced, betting having been pretty heavy, some feeling confident in the immense length of arm and size of body of the "Shanghai," whilst others betted freely on the "Bantam," knowing his superior agility and indomitable "pluck."

The "Bantam" was seconded by "Bully Cartier," and "Long George" by the "Toronto Preacher."

Round 1st and last.—The usual preliminary courtesies of the "ring" having been exchanged between the combatants. The "Shanghai" led off with a feint which, however, did not succeed; after which some very fine sparring took place which succeeded in displaying to advantage the proficiency both had acquired in the "manly art." Impatient at the slowness of "Shanghai" to strike out, the "Bantam" led out a thunderer with his auctioneer, which took beautiful effect on the "Shanghai's mug." The "Preacher," frightened at the result, immediately threw up the sponge and the "Bantam" was unanimously declared master of the "dunghill."

Carte Blanche.

— The New York papers are combining to get white paper from Europe to print on. Who can tell? This may be the commencement of a much needed reform. They will assuredly have to pay for the paper. In process of time a light may dawn on the dusky souls of the piratical press of America and they may see dimly a species of justice in paying for the meat when they are compelled to pay for the dish it is served on. They may, at last, recognize the claims of the author as well as those of the paper merchant.

— Why is McKellar the Apollo of the House? Because he is unrivalled in playing the *tyre*.

KINGSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, the *Yankee Puffer*, who, with such an exquisite nasal twang expatiates on the practice of physic in the University, was lately convicted of attempting to gull the public into the belief that he had successfully tied the eternal Iliac Artery, and did induce a Rowland to publish for an Oliver, a mendacious certificate to that effect.

And whereas this *Trickster*, did by his base duplicity, in 1860, cause a deep breach to be made between our Medical Faculty and the Board of Governors of the Kingston Hospital, and has been practising his low cunning deceit again, in hawking certain petitions about the country, and impugning parties to sign the same, with a view of giving his brother, the "Yankee Wheelwright," a position for which he is totally incompetent.

And whereas, by overdosing "Old Janus" with morphine, he hath sent him 'other side of Jordan, and hath attempted to conceal his infamy by putting forth absurd and untruthful reports of the post mortem appearances of his (Janus's) heart and liver—from the former of which he asserts he extracted a "solid bone," (perhaps, it was a shark's tooth that had dropped out of the Professor's Yankee jaw?) and from the latter he extracted enough fat to make a gallon of soft soap.

And whereas, a laddie just out of his teens hath been appointed a Professor in a practical branch, who won't be pelted with fire-crackers and other kind of missiles, as *Jerry Snake* was last year, for the simple reason that there won't be any students to throw them.

And whereas, Obadiah Gull, of the Trust and Loan Company, who is the Orthodox Professor of sacred slang and sanctimonious cant in Queen's University, hath had his persecuting propensities curbed by that odious Court of Chancery, and hath with tearful eye communicated the sad tidings to that scandal monger, commonly known as Garulous Jenny, that in shuffling the cards at the Trustee Board, to his utter disgust that fellow Weir turned up a trump.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- RUSSELL.—Will insert next week.
- W. D., MONTREAL.—\$9.82.
- H. W., LONDON.—24 copies of last week's issue mailed.
- C. W., OSWAGA.—\$1.00.
- E. T.—Will cost you for insertion, \$5.00.

— A committee, consisting of the admirers of the witty and celebrated Joe Rymal, M.P.P., waited upon him in Quebec, a few days ago, and asked his consent to be allowed to erect, on Fiddler's Green, an equestrian statue, in honor of his past public services. After hearing them patiently, the modest member for South Wentworth replied, in a sonorous voice, which has been inaccurately compared to a horse laugh, "neigh, neigh," which the committee was obliged to construe into a denial.

THE MAN OF LETTERS.

"The Mayor said he was surprised at the worthy Alderman. He (the Mayor) had read as much English History as any man, and knew the statement made by the worthy Alderman was without foundation."—*Vide Proceedings of City Council.*

Ha! ha! really Mr. Mayor to hear you blow your own trumpet one would imagine you were one of those eminent *literati* to whose duty it falls to correct and enlighten the vulgar mind. Unfortunately we have, hitherto, failed to perceive the bright beams of educational knowledge sparkling from your brow; though, indeed, we would be exceedingly glad, for the credit of the Queen City, to find you making progress with Lindley Murray and Mavor. Such a boast as you make, sounds, to us, very like a verse we remember of the Irishman's letter to his lady-love:—

Though me skewer's a bad pen, ye may judge of me knowledge,

Mo penmanship, spellin', an' books that I read; I was brought up next door to grate Trinity College, And larn't mathematical Frinch an' the Creed.

If ye can't read this lother, the Parson will do it; Och! Commungoo yoo porty voo Madamoysale, I can fight like the devil, an' faith ye shall know it, If you will but marry poor Teddy O'Neal.

LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Toronto, June 3rd, 1864.

MY DEAR GRUMBLER:—

I am sorry you have got into the habit of deceiving people. You told us they had a pulpit extinguisher made for St. James' Cathedral and it was to run down in exactly 30 minutes. Thinking your information correct I went to St. James' last Sunday morning, but the extinguisher did not work and, I suppose, the parson got tired of waiting for it, for he finished in exactly 47½ minutes, being 17½ minutes longer than the time allowed, and the consequence was my dinner was done brown. I hope you will see that the sexton gets it properly wound up next Sunday, and do not deceive people any more. From your sogry,

BRASSIE.

Labor Vincit Omnia.

— We see, with pleasure, by an advertisement in the *Leader*, that Mr. McGord (no doubt ably assisted by his merry men) has succeeded in mastering enough arithmetic to make out a statement of the receipts and expenditure of the City of Toronto; and, from the jubilant way in which he calls attention to the fact, no doubt the statement is tolerably intelligible. We must say, the Chamberlain deserves credit, at his age, and possessing (as Lord Brougham would say) thus an unexampled *crassness* of intellect, to triumph over the untold mysteries of a *Dr.* and *Cr.* account, in something. We understand he intends to issue shortly a new edition of the multiplication table, with a short essay on *subtraction* and *detraction*.

— Why has Macdougall been assuming the duties of Prison Inspector, at the Reformatory Prison? Because he had been improving the condition of *guilty miners*.

R. M. A.-L-N'S SPEECH.

The illustrious representative of the Irish bar, with the aid of two *sup-porters*, surmounted a friendly chair, and assumed an attitude at once dignified (?), oratorical, and original, delivered a *highly spirited speech*, somewhat after the following manner:—

Ratepayers of Toronto (hic) I feel highly (hic) honoured at the *elevated pos* (hic) ition to which you have raised me (hic). You couldn't (frantic effort to walk on air) have made better choice (hic). Bishop Derry (hic) never need better boy nor Robert Allon (hic). Its few of yix could (hic) get such a character as that (hic). I'll abolish Division Courts (hic), and dismiss Duggan (hic). I'll encourage racing (hic) and fox hunts (hic), and show them (hic) a statesman of O'Connell stamp. (Here the orator lost his equilibrium, and wantonly struck the inoffensive chair with his back; feeling remorse at the act, he again, with help, regained the original position.) My friends (hic), I'll save the country (hic), and reduce the tax (hic) on malt liquors—(hear, hear.) Glasses of brandy (hic) won't hurt nobody. (Here the learned gentleman got so confused that, upon being lifted down and set on his legs on the floor, he suddenly took a Turkish position, and broke through a spittoon, where, no doubt, he concluded in dreamland his inauguration address as M.P.P. for East Toronto.

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