

THE GRUMBLER.

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WHOLE NO. 65.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coat
I trow you trow it;
A chief's among you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll greet it."

SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1859.

A NEW POET.

It is truly gratifying to our Provincial pride to discover, that, while the English muse appears to be languishing, a bard has been brought to light in our Canada, on the verdant banks of the Grand River. The murder of the mail carrier at Brantford, has afforded a delightful man named Thomas Cowherd, the opportunity for a meritorious poem of no less than forty verses. We wish that our space would admit of a full review of this extraordinary Canadian work; as it is, we can only give a limited notoriety to its illustrious author.

The poem begins by informing us that "fair Luna" was engaged in pouring her radiance down, and that while engaged in that bounteous occupation, the stars, "though brighter," were liberal enough to own that she was "Queen of Night." "The strong breezes" were carrying it with a high hand, and the birds and the men had all gone to roost. "Three men are listening found," though by whom we are not informed; we presume, however, that it was Mr. Cowherd was wandering about, like a true poet, in midnight frenzy, for inspiration in the woods of the country of Brant. The three men aforesaid are, we are told, "all coloured men deep stained with guilt;" and our only doubt is, what line the staining must have produced when bespattered on their dusky skins. They plan "a horrid deed;" one of them speaks diabolically of his intentions with regard to the mail carrier,—

"Should he the least resistance make,
My double-barrelled gun will bark,—
And I my reputation stake
That he will never rise his mark."

The boast of the coloured gentleman was but too well verified; for "two shots in quick succession fired" and the bark of the double-barrelled gun aforesaid did their "bloody work." The poet proceededeth:—

"Aided by those bright Lunar rays,
They rip the bags, the letters seize!"

If the bard really saw Luna offering any assistance to the culprits, we trust the Attorney General will at once indict her for being an accessory before the fact. "The Queen of Night" ought certainly to be sent to Kingston, for helping to "rip the bags." Meanwhile, "a wagon coming headlong" puts them into a packer; but still "feeling strong" they haul "their treasures" off, aided by the "sorrowing moon"—who, we presume, began to repent her crime in aiding the ripping of the bags. The murderers find

\$200, and are suddenly stopped by a most unexpected discovery, [a] heilically told in the next verse:

"Ours has shed dollars in one note,
Oh sad to tell bears freckles slump;
This startling feat, as quick as thought,
Had touch their murderous ardour damp."

While the "damping" process is going on, the Brantford bard takes us for shelter into the carrier's house, and portrays in true Newgate style the first of his "eldest daughter," whom he consoles by telling that,

"If homo agita ho ere may get,
Alas! 't will be upon his bet."

After dreaming "horrid things," which, though accurately described as somewhat indistinct, "had much to with coloured men;" she started off, but the poet rather capriciously refuses to tell "which way she went." Passing on with the sage reflection that

"On circumstantial evidence,
Much has been said and much been done."

Down's sagacity in "spying some sealing wax" is beautifully appreciated, and Armstrong's confession and remorse are noticed in a manner unequalled by any but the author of Macbeth. Then the issue of all this comes upon us:—

"Not lie they in the prison long,
The Justice is right, they guilty found;
All three are sentenced to be hung;
When the seventh day of June comes round."

And this exquisite history ends with three verses of poetic morality. We regret that the illustrious Cowherd did not carry us down to the final tragedy. We are sure that his tender touches would have done good service in the way of enforcing Jack Ketch's great moral lesson. Mr. Cowherd may depend upon it that, in any future effort, we shall be his friend, and when Milton's epic shall have found its level, and Shakespeare's tragic muse shall rot in sad oblivion, the fame of his "Paris Road Tragedy" shall flourish in all its grandeur, untouched by time, undimmed by envy. Newgate elegies and Brantford poetry for ever!

CITY POLITICS.

This is the title of an article which appeared not long ago in the columns of the *Streetsville Review*. The style of this composition is so fine and classical, and the periods so well timed and vigorous that during its perusal we could hardly dispel the illusion which transported us to the columns of the *London Times*. Its subject is a general one, or what ill-natured persons would call an indefinite one. A bitter enemy of the editor might be induced to say that it was about nothing at all, or everything in general. Suffice it to say that we have perused it with unmitigated transport. We now give a few extracts, to which we have appended appropriate criticisms, which we flatter ourselves are strictly according to Hoyle:

"Fame is unquestionably a sickle jade; most capricious and truly deceptive."

Very well, indeed. A novel and striking maxim

to commence with. When did the worthy editor first realize its truth. Was it in the course of his varied experience at the bar, when he perhaps found himself jilted by the said jade, and brought under the thumb of those very myrmidons whose pitiless functions he had so often directed.

A line or two further on, it is implied that the storm occasionally whistles, and that one of the results of such a libal exercise on the part of the wind, is, that "the surge makes a final plunge to drown its hapless victim." Now, we could understand the victim's making a plunge, especially when it could scarcely do any thing under the tempestuous circumstances described in the context, but we think that "a surge" would have to transcend considerably its proper sphere of action, if it were to attempt any such thing.

"Fame might be further likened to an imperceptible phosphoric spec."

There is no doubt that fame may, like many of the other good things of this world, become the incentive to much reckless gambling. But why should the comparison be limited to the article of phosphorus. There are well known "specs" in numerous articles which have turned out badly, or are likely to result in serious loss. For instance, established newspapers have been bought up, type, subscription-list and all, and in a short time the patience of the subscribers becomes worn out, even before the half-used type, and the unfortunate proprietor and would-be editor retires from the editorial spec, with the loss of incalculable coriander. About phosphoric specs, we imagine that Lyman & Co. would understand more than our friend of Streetsville. Perhaps the author mislaid his "Johnson" and omitted through ignorance the final k in the word spec. If this be the case, we advise him to keep his affairs O K, or he will have the bailiffs with his ears in no time.

In regard to the above-mentioned phosphoric spec he gives us further to know that it

"hangs on the fenny reed known as Will o' the Wisp," which appears to be the benighted and bewildered traveller as the unmistakable evidence of the proximate secluded cottage," etc., etc.

We candidly admit the poetical beauty of the expression "fenny reed," but we most assuredly never knew this vegetable under the name of the Will o' the Wisp. If the author meant to say that the phosphoric spec was identical with Mr. W. o' W., then why in the name of Lindley Murray and Sidney Smith did he not take more care of his relatives and antecedents. We can only account for the neglect by supposing that he has a grudge against his "relatives" for being ashamed of him, who he may have private reasons of his own for keeping his "antecedents" out of the way. But with all the exceptions we have taken to particular portions of the article, its general tone is unmistakable, and fixes its paternity on Russell of the *Times*, who is said to be rambling incoherently through the Province with a view of acquiring some fresh ideas on things in general. The mind capable of such a production must pertain to a man whose professional duties are so arduous as to forbid all extraneous occupation.