

# THE GRUMBLER.

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## THE GRUMBLER.

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

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### THE MAYORALTY.

What a mess Gowan makes of everything he has to do with. It seems a fatality with the man that he cannot engage in any movement without creating discussion and discord. Calling together a Conservative Convention, he has been engaged for six weeks in quarrelling with every member of it, till he has reduced it in number from forty to fourteen. Mr. Wilson was nominated by a radical Convention, but no sooner had he been so nominated, than he disclaimed any party tinge as far as the Mayoralty was concerned, yet this did not satisfy Mr. Gowan. He immediately set to work to find an opponent. Bowes was his own first love, and indeed in politics and morality they are Arcades ambo, but as he could not cram him down honest men's throats, the Convention pitched upon Mr. Crawford. This gentleman soon felt the awkward position he was in as Gowan's nominee, so on a plausible pretext, he withdrew. We wonder that Rice Lewis was not next tried, but they overlooked his services, and after a series of disgraceful scenes, during which every public man's name has been taken up, they fell back upon Mr. J. B. Robinson. A more humiliating position for the junior member for Toronto his worst enemy could not have placed him in. The nominee of O. R. Gowan, and the miserable Rump of the Conservative Convention. He was actually not then selected till overtures had been made to the so called Grit nominee, the man they had been denouncing for weeks. Mr. Wilson's virtue was assailed, and Gowan, whose own political coat has been dyed till it is thread bare and rotten, no doubt expected to purchase that gentleman's honour for a mess of mayoralty pottage. He was told that if he would only curse the Grits, though it might be his political destruction, he should get the Mayoralty. The answer was that in this contest he recognized no party, but that he was attached to the Liberal party still. This was not enough for the buckster, and he fell back on the facile Robinson. Why do not the respectable Conservatives throw off the yoke of this unprincipled man before he achieves the utter annihilation of the party? Whether Mr. Robinson will submit to the indignity we have yet to see; we do not believe it.

On Dit.

—That Sam Sherwood is to be a candidate for Alderman in St. George's Ward, and that a requisition is being circulated to the bull-dog to run on the same ticket as Councilman.

### MR. HOGAN AND THE COMING MAN.

The *Hamilton Spectator* has given a definite form to the flying rumours respecting Mr. John Macdonald's retirement from the Ministry. The great Moderate Chief is to leave the happy family as soon as the necessary arrangements can be completed. We have heroically made up our mind to bear the loss with as much fortitude as may be, but we must confess to an inquisitive desire to penetrate the mystery of the "necessary arrangements." Yes; we wish to know, and we ask again, who is the coming man? Who? Rumour has been busy with our old friend the Knight of the curls, and we certainly have several times lately observed him wending his way westward, and we thought we could discover a slightly—a very slightly—increased assumption of dignity in his manly port. Was it the consciousness of coming honours that swelled his modest bosom and gave vigour to his graceful step? In short, is he, Hogan, to be the inheritor of the departing Prophet's mantle? We do not believe it. His unconquerable modesty is too well known to permit us to entertain the idea for one moment.—What but a knowledge of his too, too lowly estimation of self, prevented Mr. Brown offering him a port-folio in the Brown-Dorion Administration? We are sure he would shrink from the responsibilities of office, and regretfully record our conviction that the member for Hogan, is not the coming man. Pity 'tis that excessive modesty should hinder the advancement of genuine integrity and priceless worth. We say and we do say that Mr. Hogan should strive to arrive at a juster appreciation of his own abilities as an orator and statesman. He should cultivate that moral courage which

"Before the world's astonished gaze,  
A priceless gem unfurls,  
And when detractors dare defame,  
A force defiance hurls."

Yes,

This should'st thou do, thou Knight of Grey,  
Thou Hogan of the curls.

However unsatisfactory then it may be to be kept on the tip toe of expectation, we cannot accept Mr. Hogan at present as a solution to the question—"Who is the coming man?"

### The New Press Reform.

I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of twenty to follow mine own teaching.—*Merchant of Venice*.

—As an earnest of what the Press would become if submitted to "clergymen, professors," &c., the *Colonist*, since its union with the *Atlas*, gives the following choice *morceaux*. Mr. Adam Wilson is guilty of "sheer hypocrisy;" Mr. Bright, the first debater in the House of Commons, and one of the first politicians, is "a quack;" Mr. McGee, or Mr. Brown, "the pet of Griffintown, the political bully;" Mr. Drummond "has forfeited all claim to respect," &c., &c. This is surely a reformation which even Moloeh would patronize; go if "magniloquent WE," who can doubt your "sense, sincerity, and honour."

### THE NEW RAILWAY.

"One Horse Shay."

Said Cartier to Galt,  
We must put a little salt  
On the British lion's caudal extremity to-day;  
And I think if we can only  
Fool the author of Zanoni,  
We shall gallop back to power on the new Railway.  
Said Galt to Cartier,  
You'd no'er have known the way,  
To keep the rabid Grits and demagogues at bay;  
You'd soon have lost your place,  
If I hadn't had the face  
To come to your assistance with the new Railway.  
Then in came Johnny Ross,  
And bowing to the boss,  
I think we've hit the right nail on the head, Cartier;  
The bait will soon be bitten  
By the gudgeon Bulwer Lytton,  
And we'll scatter all the Grits with the new Railway.  
To Downing Street let's make  
And try our keenest chisel,  
And we'll keep the opposition far away from place  
and pay;  
And Brown and Dorion  
May go it e'er so strong;  
We'll run them off the track with the new Railway.

So they went to Bulwer Lytton,  
And they found the statesman sitting,  
With his legs upon the table smoking opium away;  
Says Cartier with a scrape,  
To the lord of rhye tape,  
We've come to have a gossip on the new Railway.  
He had hardly said a word,  
When says Bulwer, "It's absurd  
To send as an ambassador this *Paris: vous Français*.  
If you want to get my ear,  
Let some Englishman appear,  
And plainly tell the object of this new Railway.

Then said Galt, Sir Ned, I'm sure,  
We shall instantly secure  
Your full approbation of our errand of to-day;  
The nation's cash you'll pony,  
For the new Intercolonial  
At Halifax, Toronto, and Sarnia Railway.

When he thought he'd said enough,  
He expected no rebuff,  
He had plastered up his canvass in a snuffing Gaitbird  
way.

When Sir Bulwer, with a dash,  
Curled up his rich moustache,  
And prepared to give his answer 'bout the new  
Railway:

Mr. Galt, it is no go,  
In my Secretary's bureau,  
You'll find the daily *Globe* fyled carefully away;  
Its cries you cannot muffle,  
I know all about the shuffie,  
So go at once to Halifax with your new Railway,

Then Ross and Galt looked glum,  
And Cartier kept mum,  
So they picked up their traps, made a bow and went  
away;

Sir Edward gave a wink,  
And as they went, they wept to think  
That the game was up with them and with their new  
Railway.

New Style of Metempsychosis.

—Turning the "Donkey" into a mare  
(Mayor).