

THE GRUMBLER.

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THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1858.

THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL ELECTION.—No. II.

For a whole week, the people of York Division have been waiting upon bad winds and foggy days, to render up a candidate for Legislative Council honours. Mr. Baldwin has retired, Mr. Jarvis makes a virtue of necessity, and does the same; Mr. Burr is up to his neck in the Georgian Bay Canal, and seems likely to stick there, while Mr. Romane is still king of the castle till our political Jonah arrives from sea to set all right again. G. W. Allan, Esq., is the only man it appears who can save Lindley Murray and good society from ignominious defeat. We have laughed in our sleeves more than once during the past week at the contemptuous curl of lips, from which little that can be called grammatical has ever escaped, at the educational deficiencies of one of the candidates. Around the standard of etymology and eau de cologne have rallied a motley crowd of washed and unwashed, *soi-disant* learned and indubitably ignorant. Was good grammar ever so well vindicated before? Was Chesterfield ever so popular? Surely never. But in addition to this, a sort of political millennium has been inaugurated according to the *Colonist*, and the question has ceased to be—Will the candidate support A or B as Premier of the Province? it is now, Can he parse a sentence without getting a bad mark? or has he a thorough drawing-room air about him? We are not sure that this is not a step in the right direction, the Queen's English is vastly more important than the Queen's dignity, and sound politics are as nought to good parsing. Our sentiments on this subject were recorded last week, and they have undergone no change; but still there is such a thing as riding a hobby too hard, and forgetting in the external adornments of the candidate the real qualifications of the sound legislator. That somebody will be very much deceived at this election, we feel abundantly assured. Mr. Allan may be a perfect Burke in politics as he is said to be a finished Chesterfield in manners, and yet he cannot please all parties; if he attempts it he is very much to blame. If elected, he will not sit two weeks in the Council without either the *Globe* or *Atlas* (if the latter survive) crying havoc, and letting slip their belligerent canines at him. It's no use, Clear Grit and Conservative cannot both be pleased; one must be sold in this bargain, one of them must be hugged to death, and it only remains to be seen which is the bear.

Mr. William Henderson vows he will not support Mr. Allan unless he will sustain the senior member for Toronto, a qualification which Mr. J. H. Cameron will not view as absolutely requisite; and yet both take their dip in the lucky bag and are prepared as the Yankee says, "to go it blind." This sort of ostrich system of politics we don't relish, and we know that Mr. Allan is too upright to take part in so ridiculous a farce. In conclusion we may give to the public a letter from an opponent of Mr. Romane; we reprint it *verbatim et literatim* lest it should fall in its effect:—

"MISTER GRUMBLER,—I was right jolly glad to see you pitch into Charlie Romane the other day for his bad education. Nothing is worse nor more unpretty than ignorance. It was education what made me wot I am, that's a fact, and I shoold be guilty of what Shakespier says in his play of King Lear:

"How sharper than a pen-knife blade it is,
To have a toothless child."

Base ingratitude to my sire (he's dead and berried) if I didn't go in for Allen and education. I voted for Brown but when I seed (Romane ses seen which is rong) when I seed Romane a barbarously murdering the Kween's English to kwote Sheskpier again, "though his catgut were my deer fiddle strings, I'd pull 'em off and whistle them down the wind to play at cat's cradle." Wot is Brown to and Lenney? or wot is principal to the parts of speech? Hoorah for Allan and orthography, and prosography and down with Romane and rong pronunciation.

Yur'd in verb,
adverb and participel,
WUN OF THE LITERATUSES.

Holding Fire.

—The course which our silent sister the *Globe* pursues in regard to the pending elections, would cause any candidate but Charles Edward Romain to subsidize an organ of his own; and if he should feel inclined to do so, we have one in our eye for him which, inasmuch as it is most presuming and contemptible, will exactly suit his purpose. Charley, however, deserves a better return for having his best suit of black spoiled at Mr. Brown's election by the rain, which, in merciful consideration to the great unwashed, poured down on that occasion in sufficient quantities to cleanse any number of Clear Grits and Tories, and the *Globe* ought to be ashamed of the willy-nilly, ride-the-fence, evil-for-good policy which it is pursuing towards that illustrious individual. However, there is no accounting for taste—the Honourable Robert Baldwin and G. W. Allan are snubbed, while Charley receives negative support. We beg to lay another suggestion before "H. B." A race-course, the winning-post in sight, Charley mounted on the Brown horse which is launching out his heels at Baldwin and Allan, but refusing to stir a step forward. What do you say, a Hard Black?"

"THE SNOWS" — UPPER OTTAWA.

(NOT TO BE FOUND IN MR. SHANLY'S REPORT.)

Over the snows,
Buoyantly goes
The lumberer's bark canoe;
Lightly they sweep,
Wilder each leap,
Ronding the white caps through.
Away! Away!
With the speed of a startled deer,
While the steersman true,
And his laughing crew,
Sing of their wild career.

Mariners glide
Far o'er the tide,
In ships that are staunch and strong;
Safely as they sweep,
Speed we away,
Waking the woods with song.
Away! Away!
With the flight of a startled deer,
While the laughing crew
Of the swift canoe,
Sing of the rafter's cheer.

Through forest and brake,
O'er rapid and lake,
We've sport for the sun and rain,
Free as the child
Of the Arab wild,
Hardened to toil and pain.
Away! Away!
With the speed of a startled deer,
While our buoyant flight,
And the rapids might
Heighten our swift career.]

O'er the snows
Buoyantly goes
The lumberer's bark canoe,
Lightly they sweep,
Wilder each leap,
Tearing the white caps through.
Away! Away!
With the speed of a startled deer,
There's a fearless crew
In each light canoe,
To sing of the rafter's cheer.

—Young Jones, a love-sick swain, remarked to his friend Smith, that he was like to pine and die.

"You," replied Smith, may pine and die, but for my part, I'm going to dine on pie."
(P. S.—Jones thought he'd go halves with Smith.)

Grit Wit.

—There is a line which even Clear Grit journals do not venture to cross.—*Leader*.

True; and this is the best proof that Mr. Brown has abandoned no principle; the line the Opposition will not cross is a concession line.—*Globe*.

The Flag that braved, &c.

—A correspondent who lately broke the bridge of his nose on one of our side-walks, says, that, in spite of all their exertions, the corporation as yet show no indication of flagging.