

# THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1859.

NO. 52.

## THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a bebin in your costs  
I'll show you the way;  
A clere'saining you taking notes,  
And, faith, he'll protest it."

SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1859.

### THE REVEREND DR. RYERSON.

Dr. RYERSON'S LETTERS in reply to the attacks of the Hon. GEORGE BROWN, M.P.P. Toronto, Lovell Gibson. p. 110.

We can hardly describe the deep feelings of regret with which we have taken up this extraordinary pamphlet. That a government official, whose conduct has been severely censured, should feel desirous of refuting the charges of his assailant is only natural, but that the head of the Educational Department should deliberately edit such a mass of loose and ungrammatical composition, and that a Minister of the Gospel should defile his sacred vestments in the mind of Billingsgate, is marvellous indeed. The first point that strikes us is the astounding ingratitude of the Reverend Doctor to the *Leader* and *Colonist*. After deluding these papers into publishing his literary abortions, and marring their columns with these interminable tirades of abuse, he actually put out the publication of the pamphlet to competition, and gave it to the lowest bidder, much to the disgust of the dailies, to whose long-suffering patience he was indebted.

The Doctor evidently thinks that he has weighty claims to the title of the Canadian Junius. He dedicates his Letters to the people of Canada, and attempts to a weak imitation of Junius' celebrated address to the people of England. His "fellow Christians" are invited to patronize a publication of which every page is marked by anti-christian abuse and vituperation. Take a few of the gentle words used by this apostle of the gospel of peace:—"Disgusting, filthy, cringing, wolf-like, unscrupulous, unmanly, pitiful, dishonest, calumnious, vile, silly, larceny, forgery, venom, malicious, unprincipled, common sewer of slander, bullies, ribaldry, shabby, absurd, scribbles, double-dealing, groody, crooked, vindictive, corrupt, low, mercenary, noisy Scotchman." Pretty good for an expounder of that religion which exhorts its adherent "to keep his tongue from evil and his lips from speaking guile." The Doctor of Divinity's answer to the Apostle's inquiry, "How often shall my brother offend against me and I forgive him?" would have been "until seven times? bless you, no; pitch into him, call him an unprincipled knave, write letters and publish them for 7d a copy; that is the Christian way to punish the offender." But next to his bitterly "vindictive" spirit, the most marked feature in this extraordinary publication is the looseness and clumsiness of its composition.

In the first place his sentences are fearfully long and complicated. He begins with one idea, and 30 or 40 lines afterwards finishes with another. He opens with a protest against separate schools, and ends his sentence with a description of McGee's intended visit to Ireland. On page 95 is a sentence 40 lines long; on page 15, one 26 lines long; on page 65, one 28 lines long, and on page 89 he actually begins a sentence which extends over 53 lines. Conjunctions which couple nothing, relatives whose antecedents no one can discover, bewildered the reader on every page. Take an example at random:—

"Even the kidnapped Mortara could not find space in your columns for a decent account of his sufferings, (except some statements of a London letter writer), until ten days after I drew attention to the subject in my fourth letter, and that copied from the *New York Times*, &c."

Now, can anybody tell what the pronoun "that" refers to? Is it the "kidnapped Mortara," "The decent account," "The London letter, or Dr. Ryerson's fourth letter" which was copied from the *N. Y. Times*?

Again:

"I will not stop to speak of the atrocious falsity of Mr. McGee's statement • • • nor of his groundless statement," &c.

"Nor" for "or."

Again:

"Of your nine columns and a half of statements, &c., those • • • appears to me the most untruthful, &c."

A plural nominative and a singular verb.

"In all fairness, • • • you are bound to show, &c., or acknowledged, &c."

Past tense for the present infinitive.

In numerous other instances mistakes of a like character are committed; They are the result of the idiosyncrasy and unwieldy style in which they are composed; the reverend politician actually forgets how he commenced his sentence, and he passes on without the slightest regard to syntactical connection.

One sentence begins in this unwieldy manner:

"My recent remark relates to your charge that my reply to your attacks," &c.

In another place we are told that education is "a non-political interest of national philanthropy;" what may that mean?

"And here coming events cast their shadows before," as you found in the *Globe* of the 6th of May, for the first time in your life," &c.

Can the Doctor mean that Brown never heard of Campbell's couplet before? If not, what does he mean?

We have heard of men repeating a laugh, but the ventriloquist is beaten by Mr. Caybon, who according to the Doctor "re-echoed his laugh." We have heard of things appearing above the horizon, or being on or below it; but the idea of "phenomena appearing in our political horizon," is extraordinary. We always thought that the horizon was the line which bounded human vision; "phenomena appearing" in a thing without breadth must indeed have been "the strangest ever beheld."

This extraordinary awkwardness of composition is

apparent through the whole volume, and we certainly never read such a raw and uncouth style in our lives. If it had been the result of hurried composition for the newspaper, we should not be surprised but that a man can gravely "edit" such marvellous English, is beyond our understanding. We have no space to extend our remarks further. The offensive egotism of the Reverend gentleman leads him to awful lengths.

He says that he is a "dead lion," and that George Brown is an "ass" kicking him. In his last letter he whines in this miserable fashion:

"Though you may reduce me to want, you cannot unmake me a slave, (sic) though you may leave me to die a very poor man, you cannot prevent me from dying a freeman."

One would think that this excellent imitator of the "Vicar of Bray" was a poor darkey, and that the slave-driver was trying to coax him over the boundary line. Surely he must be "doting" indeed.

### THE NEWS BOYS.

Up and down the streets they fly,  
Battering all the passers by;  
Bags protruding intent nose,  
"Hags" from which to pick and choose.  
Here ye are I Evenin' Colonial, only a copper, sir!  
All about the "Clear Grits."

Heater shelter, up to time,  
With a yell, a screech, or whine,  
Shurtfellow's voices of the night,  
Yammering out with all their might

Daily Globe, sir! only three coppers,  
All about "fraud and corruption."

Dashing, splashing, through the crowd,  
Spite of curses deep and loud,  
Merry dogs, with all their expere,  
Thrusting north your nose their papers.

Buy the *Leader*, sir, a big paper, hold three loaves of bread.

Wrangling, scrambling for the coppers,  
Pushing sale for city "whoppers,"  
In groups where groups should never stand,  
They shout about a noisy land—

Poker, sir? unhol' Poker, death on fan,  
*Leader Extra* into the bargain!

Bumping, thumping, folks against  
Portly folks, who get incensed,  
Hurry, Scoury—still they cry,  
Rags for coppers, who will buy,

Buy THE GRUMBLER, sir, do you good,  
And put you in a merry mood.

### The Member for Gray Sings Small.

—What is our old friend Hogan about this Session? We have waited in vain for him to distinguish himself by some of those bursts of eloquence which delighted the House last year.—Scarcely a debate has been culminated with his emphatic "I say, and I do say, Sir." Really its too bad! We think of circulating a petition among the members, (of course we shall obtain all their signatures) praying that the owner of "those graceful curls" may be induced to remove from his shell, and astonish the nations as of old.