

THE GRUMBLER.

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WHOLE NO. 74.

THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1859.

POETRY RUN MAD.

In the *Leader* of Wednesday last may be read one of those curious scraps of doggerel sometimes penned by silly correspondents "for the *Leader*." The subject is the "Ploughboy Accident," of which in all conscience we have surely heard more than enough. What with "H.J.G.'s" interminable tale of horrors, and Duggan and Angus Morrison's boastful stories of the storm, we are fairly sick of the subject. The *Leader's* bard is, however, not yet tired of the theme, and in a long unpunctuated string of twenty-six verses gives his views of the subject. Let us hear him:—

"A party once on pleasure bent
Their hearts were full of glee
Across a lake they bend their way
Nor danger do foresee."

Admitting the exceedingly fresh and musical style of the verses, we think it admits of improvement. "Bending their way," across a lake is decidedly a figure of speech of the first water; though decidedly a novelty if really put in practice by ministerial voyagers; treading water is not a circumstance to it.

After informing us "at whose command the stormy winds arise," he makes a very curious observation:—

"The waves with fury swell and foam
No man relief supplies"

and who in the world expects any man to afford relief to the waves or the foam. It has been a custom handed down from times immemorial to let the sea relieve itself when it "swells with fury;" and leave it to take its own time about it. If there be any inhumanity in this ancient practice we shall be happy to second the bard in establishing a "Foam easing, and Wave relieving society" at once. The poet entreatheth us to observe "you once happy crew;" and promiseth as soon as our astonishment at their terror is over to "let us hear the cause of it, presently." He tells us:—

"The atambang out of order got,
Within which they did sail."

There is at least this satisfaction here that though the boat did get out of order, they sailed within it; in other words none of them were *tight*, and for once in their lives a number of M. P.'s kept orderly without the roar of Mr. Speaker Smith. That Angus Morrison and Sidney Smith sailed within the limits of decorum, the poet testifies clearly.

The next thing that occurs is:—

"They cast the anchor but in vain,
It doth to nothing el'ng;"

But "ex nihilo nihil fit," "nothing" seems to have been of no service: eo

"Some brave men have quit the boat
In hope of aid to bring."

Where the "brave men" swam to when they jumped out of the boat does not appear; we presume, however, that they went down to hold the anchor. But this was all in vain, too, for,

"Not far hence and in her course
A gloomy rock is cast."

Whether "cast" iron, or what the poet condescendeth not to explain in his highly wrought verse, of course "a qu-king fen" comes on again, and they see their "death engraven on the rock" by some species of lithography unknown below Lake Huron. We trust a fragment of this moriferous mineral has been brought down for Dr. Wilson to decipher; it must be a curiosity.

"Though mighty men did in her sail
'This did not change her fate,"

He tells us. It was a very fortunate thing that it didn't; it might the innocent passengers if it had. There were "mighty" men there indeed, "mighty" queer ones. They take a long and last farewell:—

"But though a wat'r' grave their lot"

(an unprofitable sort of *water-lot*) they hope to meet again.

After narrating the deliverance of the worthy ministers in a semi-pious, semi-profane style, the bard giveth vent to his reflections:—

"Then great men be not puffed up
'True greatness from God seek
For he abhors the haughty man
But he exalts the neck,"

(John A. Macdonald, Sidney Smith and Company.)

The doggerel goes on to degrade a serious theme in a manner on which we cannot further comment without risking the charge of profanity. Our readers, however, will have seen enough of the trash to judge of the literary taste of the *Leader* and its contributors. We wonder where the editor was, when this stuff was inserted? Above all, where were the printers when they set it up. Without rhythm and without sense, it was too bad to deny this rigmorale one redeeming comma or one alleviating semi-colon. The thing is not only poetically, but also typographically, *pointless*.

FEELING ENQUIRY BY COUNCILMAN CARROLL.

Oh where and oh where
Has the Avenue fencing gone?

Checking reply by Capt. Moody.

It has gone on board the Fire-Fl'y,
On an excursion to the moon;
And its oh, in my heart, I fear
It will not come back soon.

"THE GRUMBLER."

We have been disowned. Heaven be praised for all its great mercies. The City Council is outraged at our plain-speaking. Its most unsophisticated member cuts us off with a shilling; and now we wander up and down, seeking for a patron and a place to lay our head. The men who plotted and planned, and laid their wicked heads together in order to plunder the public, to enrich themselves—to ride rampant over the people—to cut up the fairest avenue on the continent of America—these fellows are disgusted with us. It seems that we applied the lash with too much severity. We said they were base, contemptible, uneducated knaves, forsooth. What else are they, we should like to know? These amongst them who consider themselves aggrieved let them say so, and we shall give them an opportunity of proving their education and their honesty to an admiring public.

But we have been disowned. We are wanting in politeness to the fellows who dared to bully the public, whose servants they are. We lack etiquette in addressing those who impudently attempted to rob us not only on the high way, but actually of the Queen's highway itself. We shall try hard and mend our manners. We hope that the public will do the same, and that in future Councilors will be spoken of with hated breath and agitated knees.

They must not be called scoundrels, although their actions are base and dishonorable. They must not be called uneducated, although they cannot write nor speak. They must not be called brazen-faced and impudent, although they have dared to set themselves in array against the public whose servants they are. They must not be called contemptible, although they are the tools of abler schemers, and although all their actions spring from the most unworthy motives. What shall we call them? Shall we say with Mark Anthony that "they are all honorable men?"

If our servants cheat us, shall we not punish them. If they insult us, shall we not chastise them. Why must Councilors be exempted from the rule, when they cheat, rob, lie, and insult their masters, the public?

But in all this heat we overlooked poor Councilman Wiman. We are too "malicious" and "vicious" for him.

Well, we will try and bear our fate—rejoicing in the consciousness that although we pine in secret over our lost love, yet that his happiness is secured. No more will the members of the Council treat him "coolly"—except perchance, when they stand "ice-creams all round." No more will the Buggs, the Dunns, the Carrolls of the Council look on him with disdain. No. His peace is made with them; and now he is to them as a man and a brother.—
"Peace to his ashes!"