

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. 1.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1858.

NO. 40.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coat
I reet you tent it;
A chie' samang you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll peat it."

SATURDAY, DEC. 18, 1858.

CANADIAN SEPOYISM.

We have no little admiration for the ability and general tone of the *Canadian Freeman*. As a substitute for the *Citizen* it is a happy relief; for instead of the insane vituperation of that great defunct we have for the most part, calm, logical and sensible editorial essays. In Thursday's issue, however, we have an unfortunate exception. "The *Colonist* and the Count de Montalembert" is the title of a production which looks extremely like a translation from the *Univers*, but reads strangely in the English press of an English Colony. When the distinguished Frenchman attacked English misrule in Ireland, he was "that able orator, that distinguished publicist." Now he is "restless and disappointed," "ambitious of display," and so on.

The *Freeman* has fallen foul of the *Colonist* because that journal has dared to reprint the obnoxious article from the *Correspondent*, and ventured to entitle it "a brilliant essay." For our own part, we think that our contemporary deserves every credit for giving Canadians an opportunity of perusing an article which in France has been punished by six months' imprisonment and a fine of 3,000 francs. In the eyes of the loyal and very British *Freeman* the essay was "an act of folly." It was for withdrawing the veil of silence and forgetfulness, which civilized nations had, as it were, by common consent, spread over the deeds of the English in India during the late and existing campaign." We have quoted *verbatim ad litteram*; what do our readers think of it as a specimen of Canadian journalism? The heroism unequalled in the history of war; the sorrows and sufferings of our poor countrywomen and their children; the stories of Delhi, and Cawnpore, and Lucknow; the more than Spartan bravery of Havelock, and Campbell, and Inglis, and Lawrence—all are nought to this patriotic journalism: as dark stains on the national escutcheon, we must forget as though they had never been. Montalembert thought otherwise, and he is called a snob who was pleased with the Orleansist dynasty, rather than with "the more democratic (!) regime of the Third Napoleon." "The unbiased portion of mankind will have pronounced a verdict unfavourable to M. de Montalembert ere yet he had been brought to trial." Think of that, Britons, who glory in the noble freedom you possess; "the democratic regime" is nobler still; its gagged press, its inquisitorial post office, its slunkish Court are dear to the editor of

the *Freeman*, though perhaps if anything a little too "democratic" to suit his tastes. Is it not enough to call down the indignation of every loyal Canadian of every creed and party? Yet this journal assumes to be the representative of Catholicism in Canada, or at least of its more democratic portion. We know that no men are more loyal to the Government than they; no section of Her Majesty's Canadian subjects watched with deeper sympathy that painful tragedy in India, or rejoiced more unreservedly at the punishments of the miscreants than the members of the Catholic Church, and we therefore protest against the foul misrepresentation. Here then in the heart of the most patriotic portion of the British empire, Nana Sahib has an organ to gloss his crimes, and to bewail his defeat. The wretches who violated the commonest dictates of humanity are "unfeeling Hindoos;" the ministers of exemplary vengeance are "hyenas," "sanguinary butchers," and the noble Frenchman whose cosmopolitan feelings, gave so generous a sympathy to our country in her hour of danger, seems "brilliant" only when his article is read "with all the odious pretence and egotism of an Englishman." Englishman forsooth! are we in an English colony, enjoying English freedom, or are we in the swamps a French Cayenne? Enough of this Mitchell vitriol; we don't want it in Canada. These Canadian Sepoys may flourish well on the Alabama plantation, but they are intolerable in the free, loyal atmosphere of Canada. They have mistaken the latitude of Toronto; neither the lash of the slave-whip, nor the "democratic" absolutism of France is relished here, out of the sanctum of the *Freeman*, and it is disgraceful that either should find an eager welcome even there.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

We are glad to hear that this eminent American *litterateur* has been induced to lecture in Toronto on Wednesday next, under the auspices of the Ontario Literary Society. The expense incurred by this enterprising association in securing Mr. Emerson is large, and unless the literary public are prepared to support this attempt to secure lecturers of note for the city, they will be serious losers.

The literary taste of Toronto is about to be tried; and it will be disgraceful indeed if a gentleman of Emerson's eminence and fame fail to secure an overflowing audience. Mr. Emerson does not come to Toronto to secure a reputation; the opinions of Carlyle and other English critics have been long on record; and if, in an English colony, his favorable work on English institutions and manners be not a sufficient passport to popular favour, curiosity alone, we imagine, will induce our readers to visit the Temperance Hall on Wednesday. Let us hope that Toronto will not be behind Hamilton in this matter. Tickets may be had at Eastwood & Woodall's and other bookstores.

THE HIGHLAND SOCIETIES.

BY A COCKNEY HIGHLANDER.

The devil's got into the kitties,
Sic a Mother dumfounders us a',
Guid sakes, callants, hame to your mihters,
Before a sair mischief befa'.

There's the great McIntyre o' the signet,
And his fae, forbye, Archy Carlyle;
How they they scald an micas' ane anither,
And skelp, too, and fecht a' the while.

Ang gangs to the scratcher o' copper
To grip the society's seal,
The ither, the govie, makes a pother,
And pu's the poor devil's lug weel.

Then they fill a' the papers wi' nonsense,
An rattle like varlocks possessed,
Flech, men, tak an unco gude meselie,
And aft to your beds and to rest.

Gi' ye dinna your sneenering give ower,
And your acting lio crazy or fou;
We'll portion you all with cauld parritch,
And no whisky the hall wader thro'.

The cauld wi' o' winter air blowing,
The snaw g' to drap on the earth,
So out you sb rin in your kiltie, airs,
Till your le ars as blue as your mirth.

RETIRED. DRESS OF ALD. MOODIE.

To the Electors of St. John's Ward:

GENTLEMEN,—You who's got tears to shed, pre-
par to shed 'em now, (as my friend the Hon. John
H. Cameron said when he was beat holler by the
Grit Orrontio,) for it bercomes mi' paneful dooty to
inform yer that I do not intend agen to offer myself
as a candidato for the Aldermancy. I regards my-
self in mi' own lofty estemashun as being to good for
yer; that's the reson I ain't agoin to run. I have
used my utmost infloence (and that ain't small)
with the Hon. J. H. Cameron to indooce him to take
mi' place; but he sees he ain't equal to the task, me
havin' failed to please yer, he don't seee how he can
succeed. Your ungratefulness is grate; but it 'as
elevated me on to a level with Skippo the African
'Annibal, Socrates, Boneyparte, Carrelains, and iots
more of them big Grecians who was sent to Coventry
by their bignorant contremen, who only got
kicks 'stead a ha-pence. Noing as the 'our will
come when you will preserve even my monkey
jacket and rat skin shapon as holey relics.

I bid you adoo,

ROBERT MOODIE,
Alderman and Capting.

Now Appointments.

—Carrying out its policy of appointing
itinerant tinkers, dunces, bucksters and sharpers to
the vacant Registrar and Sheriffships in Upper Can-
ada, we understand that it is under the serious con-
sideration of the Government to hold a lottery at
the Provincial Penitentiary in a few days, at which
all the offices of honor and emolument in the coun-
try will be "drawn" for. M. P. P.'s by reason of
their title are permitted to draw.