

THE

GRUMBLER.

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Richmond
CW*

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THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coat
I rede you tent it;
A chief's among you taking notice,
And, faith, he'll prent it."

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1858.

CONVENTIONS.

The small fry of the city are beginning to hop and squirm about with their usual outburst of annual activity, in view of the approaching civic elections. Every year, since we knew anything of city affairs in Toronto, a great reformation was to be made in the composition and character of the Corporation; a leaven of honesty and respectability was to be introduced: the loopholes of corruption were to be finally closed: in short we were to be governed no longer by the refuse of the city, and the titles of Alderman and Councilman to be no more disgraceful to an honest man. Yet here we are, in 1858, in as bad a plight as ever, crying out as lustily as ever for reform in the Council and a complete routing of the old incapables, and yet without any guarantee that we shall not have to repeat the agitation next year. It is true, we have had conventions called, and all that abominable Yankee system of wire-pulling put into working order; but we have no system in the machinery, it belongs only to a rotten system of politics, there let it remain, we want none of it. Look at the movement as it has been commenced. A small bill is placarded in quiet localities, calling a meeting of "Reformers," such as the Secretary of a secret organization would summon its members; the attendants of such caucuses are there, we could give a shrewd guess at most of them now; they choose delegates who are assumed to be selected by the Ward, and what is called a "Convention" has been manufactured nominally by the people, but in reality by a clique of two or three, in whose pockets the list had probably been for days before. This is the new apparatus for manufacturing honest Aldermen. It is the same system which made Pierce and Polk Presidents of the United States, while Webster and Clay were allowed to die in neglect; it is the same system which is the bane of American politics and the source of American corruption; will the people of Canada have anything to do with it? We observe in our City Conventions another absurdity, that while the "Reformers" were supposed to form the Convention, the result of their labours is supposed to be non-political. The delegates were appointed by party caucuses, and yet their nominee is not to be a party man.—Following in the wake of the other party Rice Lewis & Co., hold their meetings, and nominate their delegates at Ramsey's and Quin's, and Moggie's, to nominate "a Conservative candidate

for Mayor." This is surely capping the climax in point of absurdity; the inspiration drawn from bad whiskey and the effluvia of short cuddies, cannot fail to subserve the interest of morality and honesty in the Council; they have only to nominate Mr. Bowes, [which we believe they will,] to complete the farce they have so happily begun.

Let us at least have some respect paid to the moral feeling of the community; if Mr. Wilson, though personally desirous to be neutral in politics, should be obnoxious to the Conservative party, by all means let them please themselves, and nominate another fairly and openly; but let us have no more Yankee log-rolling, no more whiskey-nominations, no more tap-room morality, and then we may hope for honest civic officers, but not one moment sooner.

WHO'S THE COMING MAN?

The organs state openly that Mr. John A. Macdonald is weary of the toils (not spoils) of office. Poor dear man, no doubt he sighs for the retirement of private life in order that he may enjoy his cigars and champagne *ad libitum* without being made the subject of impertinent remark. Perhaps he is right. Perhaps he has worked sufficiently hard in the service of his country, and should be allowed to retire from the political arena. But then the serious question arises, on whom shall he bestow his mantle? Is Mr. J. H. Cameron to be the fortunate recipient? A communication of Mr. Mayor Boulton to the *Globe* leads us to suppose that the Crown Counsel's star is not in the ascendant. It is there stated that Mr. Samuel Sherwood is promised a government situation. Well, why not the Attorney Generalship? True, he is not a lawyer, but what of that? Mr. R. A. Harrison, B.C.L., could perform the duties of the office for him as well as for its present incumbent; there is no difficulty about the matter, and we shall support honest Sam for the Attorney Generalship, convinced that his antecedents peculiarly qualify him for the position: for

Have you not heard of Sam Sherwood,
That prince of a Chief of Police,
Who for Mayor and Magistrate no'er stood,
When he thought it a "prig" to release?
Who sported a fast trotting horse,
With an exquisite buggy complete;
Who at racing was "cock" of the course,
And "chief" of the swells on the street?
Oh! have you not heard of poor Sammy,
Who knows so well "how not to do it;"
Who can spit out a rollicking d—n me,
And leave measer folks to construe it?
Who may always be found "to the fore"
When elections are brooding a stew,
Laughing loud at an anti-grit roar,
And giving the rowdies their cue?

Oh? "Your's heard of this gov'man before,
When elections were brooding a stew,"
And "you know he's a m-r-a connoisseur,
With bull dogs and fighting cocks, too,"
Well, say, don't you think he's a "claim,"
When Macdonald gives office the slip?
Ah! of course, yes, you're sure it's a shame,
If he don't get the Premier'ship.

So are we, decidedly.

HAVE WE A CRAWLEY AMONG US?

The *Leader* of yesterday commenced one of its usual chaotic articles with a quotation from "Vanity Fair," describing the character of Sir Pitt Crawley, M.P. We read the article through without discerning its application; will the *Leader* be good enough to inform us whether Mr. Brown or Mr. Lemieux, or both of them, is intended? Let us see. "Here was a man who could not spell and did not care to read." It is bad enough to have Mr. Gould and some of his Grit colleagues in this plight, but it concerns us infinitely to think that Mr. Brown or any member of his cabinet is so careless in his orthography. Do tell us, gentle and refined *Leader*, so that we may have a poke at him. Who is it? The satirist goes on to say that he is a "boor," a "pettifogger" has "no taste or emotion but what is sordid and foul." This must be peculiarly distressing to the *Leader* which has always been so dignified in its political course, and so devoted to good society and rose-water politics. We would despise the Canadian Crawley ourselves if we had the remotest idea who he is supposed to be. But in addition to this, "he had honor and dignity," was "a pillar of the state," was courted by "ministers." This could hardly be Brown, as he has been singularly unfortunate at court; it seems really like a picture of Sidney Smith, to whom, indeed, the whole description is entirely applicable from first to last. "In Vanity Fair he had a higher place than the most brilliant genius or spotless virtue." Sidney Smith must be the Crawley of Canada; we can see no help for it; if not, ministerial inhabitants of glass-houses ought to be extremely cautious in throwing stones. If Brown or Lemieux be intended as the red tape M.P., we don't think they kept "brilliant genius" (Alleyne or Cartier) long out of office, "or spotless virtue" (the *Leader* or *Atlas*) long out of pap. Two days was but a salutary fast which served to whet the appetites of Canadian "genius and spotless virtue." It would really be ludicrous to see the great English novelist so prodiged, if it were not melancholy that we have educated men like the Editor of the *Leader* who peruse our modern English classics for the wretched purposes of political hack work. Such seems to be the case, however, for as the *Leader's* literary education proceeds, we all know of it in this way. We can tell to a day when he has read Vanity Fair, when he has closed Pickwick, or made his last dog's ear in Little Dorrit.

There is one lesson, however, he has not learned from Dickens or Thackeray, and which might be no slight improvement to his columns and relief to his readers—not to play too constantly on a harp of one string, to substitute rational argument for constant abuse, and to cater for his readers, amusement in some other way than by promulgating old thunder from the musty fyles of the *Globe* newspaper.

"Representation of Chaos," not by Haydn,

—The editorial columns of the *Leader* for the last month.