

# THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1858.

NO. 27.

## THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1858.

### THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL ELECTION.—No. III.

The sea has been merciful, the wind has subsided, the fog has vanished, and rendered up the champion of English Grammar safe and sound. Mr. Allan has arrived amid the blaze of torches, the music of bands, and terrific shouts from his supporters. Due allowance being made for the absurd hyperbole in which some of our newspapers have thought proper to indulge, the reception was a very creditable one to all parties. The predicted millennium, however, has not set in; Grit and Moderate have not yet fully coalesced, and so far as appearances go, the great demonstration was rather a sell for many of its most boisterous participators. Mr. Allan has issued an address, a tolerably fair and explicit document it is, but as we predicted not exactly satisfactory to any one. The *Globe* thinks it well enough as far as it goes; the *Colonist* grumbles a little, but attempts to joke it off in a sufficiently awkward way; the *Leader* pitches into the Committee (particularly Mr. Rutherford), while the *Atlas*, in good keeping with its character, as the most stupid and unreasonable of the lot, breaks out in severe reproaches at Allan's ingratitude. The party which, according to present appearances, seems to have been sold is the so-called Moderate party among the requisitionists.

It is rather hard, we confess, to go to any length in supporting a man; to strain one's lungs and stretch one's conscience for him, and then to meet reproaches in return; and we can well fancy the bitter feelings of those who stood last Saturday evening in the pouring rain for an hour, only to be squeezed dry again in a savage mob, and all to be toasted by Mr. Allan in this ruthless way. It was certainly cruel of the Laird of Moss Park, to act so treacherously. And yet what could the candidate do? He certainly could not please both parties; McNab or Morrison, Urquhart or Lindsay, Henderson or Cameron, must have been outwitted, and if the organic part were caught in their own trap, they should bear their ills with patience, and cleave faithfully to the compact they made so blindly.

Meanwhile Charles Romain darts across the country from one tavern to another, like a badly filled rocket, firing about in all sorts of unexpected places; to the amusement of most people and the terror of a few. Lord Derby kept some good racers, so did he; Stephenson is a self-made man, as is he; the crowd applaud; a resolution is carried, amid

great cheering, and off he pops again to the other end of the constituency, to repeat the dose again to his enamoured auditory. Meanwhile Mr. Allan attempted to hold a meeting to explain his views, he must be bottled up; instantly, Charley Romain flutters down to Brophy's as a sort of forlorn hope with his two hundred body guards, who yell for an hour or two and retire perfectly satisfied that they have done the state some service. Free and independent electors they are all, and their shouts are nought but the safety valve of public sentiment. Free from all pretensions to common sense, and independent of the restraints of decency and fair play. We agree with the *Colonist*, that if Ward meetings are to be held as the exponents of public opinion, a great change must be made in the present mode of conducting them. At present they are assemblages of fools led by knaves, that simpletons may be duped and newspapers publish their daily staple of misrepresentation and lies.

### A BACHELOR'S COMPLAINT.

DEAR SIR,—I cannot stand the persecution I am subject to any longer; and unless the half-dozen young ladies who live on the opposite side of the way will at once give up their habit of staring into my room, I shall have to change my abode. Although I never take the least notice of their impertinent curiosity, I know very well that they are making fun of my house-keeping arrangements; for the moment I sit down to cook my dinner they all crowd to the window, and I can hear them laughing, and I know it must be at me. I could show you a valentine that they sent me last February that would astonish you. In fact, Mr. Editor, my life is no good to me, and if I am forced to commit suicide, these hateful girls will be the cause of it.

Yours in desperation,  
DICKY DIORR.

Dr. Connor and the Devil.

—In an after dinner speech at London, Dr. Connor said that if Mr. J. A. Macdonald told the Lower Canadian members that Mr. Brown had two horns on his head, with the usual appendages of hoofs and a tail, they would vote Mr. Brown, the "Devil."

It needed not the allusion to horns, to convince us of the manner in which the Doctor was engaged previous to his going it in this style. We should like, just for information sake, to know how many horns a man, who is not a member of Parliament, must take before he can make himself so ridiculous as the Doctor has done.

Stupid.

—Some foolish correspondent sends us the following attempt at a conundrum:—

"What is the most popular story of the day? The tale (tail) of the comet."

### OVER THE WATER TO CHARLEY.

NEVER-FULLY DEDICATED TO O. W. ALLAN, ESQ.

Come steam me o'er, come sail me o'er,  
Then vote me over Charley.  
I'll gie John Ross another Baby,  
If you'll vote me over Charley.  
We'll over the water, we'll over the sea,  
We'll over the water to Charley.  
Come what come way, we'll fire up and go,  
And die or 'banquish Charley.  
There's some that love pair Charles Romain,  
And many that abhor him.  
I think I see auld Nick geen hame,  
And Charles Romain before him.  
We'll over the water, &c.  
I swear and vow by this dell's fog,  
That makes our steamboat here lie,  
I'm bound to get six thousand votes,  
I'm bound to do for Charley.  
We'll over the water, &c.

### CURIOSITIES FOR THE EXHIBITION.

Among other articles to be exhibited at the Crystal Palace are the following:—

A tooth from the mouth of the St. Lawrence.  
The key with which navigation is opened.  
The great comet; arrested the other day by the indefatigable Chief of Police for being rather "high" at an early hour in the evening.

A French quotation used by Charles Edward Romaine in a late speech, with a literal translation of it by Mr. Gould, M. P. P.

The left hoof of the "High Horses" with which most politicians ride into parliament.

Three civil words, preserved in a glass case, said to have been spoken by Speaker Smith.

The sighs and groans of a disappointed office-seeker embalmed in worm-wood.

One of the "sighs" said to be hung out by Time.  
A stone taken from the foundation of our Independence; with the letter Buncum legible in ancient characters on one side of it.

A slice of J. C. Morrison's "modesty" wrapped up in an old *Colonist*.

A light from the spark of friendship, said to be the only thing of the kind in the city.

About 56,080 threads, supposed to have been lost by our divines and public speakers in their discourses on moral or political matters within the past year.

The (dead) lock which, it is said, the Upper and Lower Houses of Parliament will soon come to.

### THE THEATRE.

The engagement of the charming Denip sisters has given great satisfaction to our play-goers; and if they are at a loss in the selection of a token of their regard to these ladies, we beg to suggest to them that a pair of floral crowns composed of two faces under a hood, would be quite appropriate for the occasion. Miss Susan is an old friend of ours, and no matter how often we see her, she pleases by the tenderness with which she reads even the most common place characters. Miss Kate is a blonde, resembling her Gipsy of a sister in voice; and also possessed of that spring, the display of which constitutes the chief charm in female acting.