

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1858.

NO. 25.

THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1858.

THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL ELECTION.

We have passed through one election, and that of a very exciting character, with tolerable credit to the city. The consumption of a great deal of whiskey, the loss of a little blood and of the little veracity our daily papers had credit for, are the only calamities we have to deplore, and the city has assumed its wonted sobriety and business activity. We are not, however, to be left in peace long; another fortnight will find us in the heat and strife of a much more important electoral combat. A man is to be selected to take the chief Upper Canadian seat in the Legislative Council; the selection is irrevocable, and if an error is committed, it is unalterable for eight years. Of course he should be a man of consistent political character, known firmness of purpose and calmness of temper, or he will be manifestly unfit for a seat in the Canadian Peerage. Mr. Jarvis issued an address at an early date, but is understood to have withdrawn in favour of Mr. Baldwin, a gentleman of established character as an honorable statesman, but who it is to be regretted, has not yet seen fit to address to the electors an exposition of his present political whereabouts. At a crisis like this, it is extremely desirable that no uncertain sound should be given by any of the candidates; in twenty minutes, Mr. Baldwin might place himself fairly before the constituency; more than this we do not ask, and with less, the electors will hardly be satisfied.

An address has been issued, signed by G. E. Romain, which for time-serving obsequiousness and clumsy composition, has seldom been equalled. Almost twelve months have passed away, since this ex-Alderman appeared as a candidate; but till the triumph of Mr. Brown he never ventured his political programme. We can well imagine with what eagerness he polished his two addresses, the one for, and the other against the senior member for Toronto; how he has veered about from one tack to the other till the breeze has steadied right for the port he longs for, and then he crowds all sail (with the Brown-Dorion government as a gaff-top,) and steers his crazy craft for the haven, with what success we have yet to learn.

It has been whispered to us by one of our trusty Mercuries, who by the by develops to us secrets of which, if the moiety were told, many a strange story would be heard, which now from pity, we forbear to amuse the public withal, it has been whis-

pered that the document which now adorns our walls, and fills up its space in the *Colonist*, at 4d a line, is not the one which has reposed in lavender for six months, uninjured by the moth, and only to be altered to suit the times. Bless you, no. The original document is before us, torn in two by some captious critic, a clear Grit successor, doubtless, of Cobbett, but still sufficiently preserved for public perusal and amusement. Like Collier's Shakespeare, it has a great many MS. emendations, which were added long after to the first draft; we incorporate them with the text.

To the Electors of the York Division.

GENTLEMEN, &c.—In coming out for the York Division, you'll be apt to ask why I done it. Well, I'll tell you right away if you'll wait a spell. I had the place in my weather-eye a year ago, but I kept mum till I seen old Jarvis, he as used to be Sheriff of the 'Nited Counties a good while ago. Well, says I, if an ex-Alderman aint as good as a broken down Sheriff, beans is pumpkins, and by golly here goes. Well, I gin it a turn in my mind, and my scizzors, I'll bet 20 to 1 on the bob-tail—no, I mean that I am going to get in slicker nor winkin.'

I think this country is pretty big, and has a big sight of money, and other fixins in it, in which I feel a great interest, which you'll be apt to be pretty proud of. But politics is pretty low. all kinds of corruption and thimble-rigging, and all that sort of thing going on which is very bad, and not sufferable by no means.

I go in for rep. by pop., the bull animal and no mistake, and we must get it, and shall, if you make a peer of me.

I dont know much about schools, but I have read some of Ryerson's reports recently, and should think there was a pretty good style of thing.

I think I'm pretty safe in going the Brown-Dorion ticket, so let it rip.

Like every body else, I'm indignant at the Government for putting in O'Farrell for Russell, and letting Fellowes by the shrivellity of Middlesex; it was too precious bad, that's a fact.

I hear some one of the name of Baldwin is coming out, but who on earth is he? I'm as good as he is any day; he never was in the Council, and never seen a steeple-chase in his life.

Vote for me; I'm as good a man as ever handled a cue, and I can speak like 60 boss power.

Yours,
CHARLES ROMAIN.

Not by the Atlantic Telegraph.

—Jones says he had the exalted honor of receiving a message from the Queen the other day. It was a writ of *fi. fa.*

Shakspeare to Amos Wright, the silent Member:

—By heaven, I charge thee *speak!*

J. H. CAMERON TO JOHN B. ROBINSON.

"Den Bell."

Dont you remember the desk, Johnny B.,
Where you used to sit, when of yore,
You spoll'd every paper we set you to draw,
And strow'd all the quills on the floor.
With blackest ingratitude, now Johnny B.,
You leave me unaided to fight;
And turn the cold shoulder on poor Johnny H.,
When you said you would make it all right.
Under the stroke of the birch, Johnny B.,
'That hung by the school-window all,
Together we've lain on the hard pine bench,
And been painfully put through the mill;
The schoolmaster's gone to the dooce, Johnny B.,
And another now flogs in his stead,
But I hoped, oh how vainly, some friendship from thee,
When all the old flogs were dead.
And don't you remember you fool, Johnny B.,
How I frowned not, when wild as a rocket,
You spilt all the ink on the desk in a lark,
And plastered the Common Pleas docket.
And when the grim benches pleased Johnny B.,
With no sense and a little less law,
How I stood to your back like a tramp, Johnny B.,
Now you act like a brute as you are.
Thus all things have gone to the bad, Johnny B.,
And my Bavorley's gone with them too.
I did hope when 'e Catholics voted for Brown,
That you, Johnny B., would be true;
But now all is gone, 'twixt us t'win, Johnny B.,
And I feel pretty bad in the head,
Bring, Susan, hot water and gruel for me,
And I'll tumble at once into bed.

Hasty Matches.

—The audacity with which the Londoner blurs out the following nonsense is amusing:

"Firemen are in all cities exceedingly sensitive, and like Lucifer matches the least rub makes them go off."

We beg to correct the writer and to assure him that what he intended to say, was as follows:

"Salammanders are in all cities exceedingly averse to fire, and like matches—which as they turn out to be anything but happy, must of necessity be Lucifer-matches—the least rub makes them go off." We think that as the editor meant to be nonsensical to some purpose, we have hit the nail on the head for him. We appeal to the married community to say whether we are right or not.

A Phillipic against Canada.

—Two forlorn government sheets are now hard-pressed for argument in behalf of their present retainers as to quote the London *Morning Chronicle* on Government affairs in Canada. Every one of our readers who knows the ignorance of the English press on the affairs of this country cannot fail to be amused at reading an article in which it is put as a serious problem whether Canadians or not too "rude and barbarous" for representative institutions. We cannot help thinking that this article emanated from the *Leader* office, it is so utterly ridiculous, if you don't want to ensure the laughter of even the luckless readers of your own journals, never quote the *Puseyite* organ again—"Rude and barbarous!" —ha! ha!