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THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coat
I rede you tent it;
A chit's among you taking notes,
And, fitch, he'll pent it."

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ELECTIONEERING MANNERS AND MORALS.

Before the present electoral contest in this city is brought to a close, we desire to enter our vehement protest against the extraordinary virulence and animosity which have marked every step of its progress. Can it be possible, that in this the freest country in the world, two gentlemen occupying a prominent place in politics cannot enter the lists together, without degrading the public morality, and brutalizing the public manners, to an extent which ought to make every true lover of our political constitution blush with shame and vexation? Where, except perhaps in Kansas or California, shall we discover such a reckless system of electioneering tactics?

Look at our daily papers, four noble exponents they are, of the public intelligence; can any apology be offered for the gross exaggerations and misrepresentations, not to say gross falsehoods which find a ready sale here every day at 1½d., a chapter? A meeting takes place to discuss the merits of one of the candidates, things may seem tolerably unassuming to an impartial by-stander, but on looking into the journals of next morning, one paper has it, "Entire discomfiture of Cameron," while the friends of that gentleman blaze forth with "Signal defeat of the Brownites." Now, what conclusion must any man of common sense, (as Gowen has it) come to? That one or both of the parties have sat down deliberately to write a tissue of the grossest and most unmitigated untruths.

We cannot afford to mince this matter; it is a terrible fact that we have in this city papers which you cannot believe, whose publishers steadfastly persist in retailing what they know to be untrue, and whose political columns ought to be headed, "Credulous reader beware! Here follow the lies of to-day." We do not think there is a country in the world, not even the United States, where such an unblushing practice is resorted to. We are willing to make all due allowance for political stratagems, even for untruthful squibs and placards; but for a talented daily press like ours to resort to tricking so barefaced is monstrous. Turning from the press to the people we have a similar complaint. Neither of the candidates is permitted to hold a meeting to expound the grounds on which he appears before them, without resort being had to the most atrocious blackguardism (we can use no milder term) to assist the papers in their daily issue of untruth. Look at the language used on any occasion, the profanity which is becoming

intermingled with our political contests, and gradually superseding free discussion and honest British fair play. At the nomination yesterday, not a word was heard from either of the candidates, let the papers misrepresent as they please, from first to last it was a senseless and unmeaning prolongation of cheers and yells, which, however suitable for the inmates of a Zoological Garden or a Lunatic Asylum, ought to be despised by freemen exercising a privilege so important and responsible as the franchise. Let us have no more of this; put away the weapons of the tiger and the savage, and let the free voice and votes of an intelligent people decide the dispute between Cameron and Brown.

CAMERON AND THE DUTCHMEN.

At a late meeting of the Teutonic electors of the city, Mr. Cameron delivered an oration which would have made the learned Blacksmith's mouth water, if that distinguished scholar had had the good fortune to hear the German gutturals "come mended from the" throat of our Conservative candidate.

Herr Kunstmeistergeschreiben Splitttern Von Whungd Udelsburg, the German reporter for THE GRUMBLER, has given us a verbatim version of the speech.

At 7 o'clock, P. M., a crowd of Germans were assembled at Kurth's Lager Bier Saloon. Herr Heinrich Groszputze, in the Chair. Ald. Moodie introduced Mr. Cameron with the following words: Herren Deutschen freien Electoren Donner und Blitzen Cameron Conservative (aside, what is the devil am I to do.)

CAMERON—Order another Lager. MOODIE.—Geben Sie Lager (the infernal Swipes makes me sick.) (Loud cheers.) Der recht man im rechten Spotten. Zu den Teufel mit Brown.

Mr. CAMERON then rose and said, FREIEN AND INDEPENDENTEN.—Lieben Sie Lager Soviel liebe ich die Canada. (To a small boy.) Bringen Sie Lager. (Bring on another Lager all round, you son of a sea-cook; why don't you learn German.) Soviel liebe ich die Deutschen. Ich have heard Brown say "Damn the Dutch." Welches est ubergesetzt, verdammt seyn die Deutschen. Ventrebleu! au diable mit Brown. Es ist ein hypocriten. Es ist Papisten. If you elect me—wenn sie mich wahlen fur Toronto, Ich werde die Lager cheap machen. You shall get drunk (Schub, what's the German for drunk?)—betrunken for nothing. Still da! if you nicht keep stillschweigen ich will sie knocken in kockthatten wenn sie were Sir Edmund Head oder der teufel himself. Drei cheeren fur Cameron. Drei groanen fur Brown. Bring on another Lager.

Here the meeting became uproarious, and cramming Cameron into a large Lager beer cask, rolled him in triumph to his own residence, singing all the way—"Das Vaterland."

HORRID.

A correspondent, a disgusting old bachelor, of course, sends us the following. Could we discover his whereabouts, he may rely upon it we would hand him over to the tender mercies of the gentle fair he affects so abominably to despise:—

Who would have a wife to plague one's life
With endless jars and seas of strife?
Not I, for I love my ass too well,
And liberty's far too sweet to sell
For ringlets of gold, or bright blue eyes,
A merry laugh, or a maiden's sigh.
Not I, for I rule with lordly sway
Myself and home; I'm sad or I'm gay
As the humour suits; I've none to please,
None to oppose what my will decrees.
Free as the air, ah! I stoop to sigh,
To flatter and see? I indeed not I.
Free as the air, ah! I bend the knee?
Humour each whim that a maiden's gloe
Sees fit to impose? I indeed not I.
I hate the flattery, ah! the sigh,
I scorn to be bound by a silvery tone,
I'm free! I'm free! my heart is my own.
Away with the rievless priest-bound chain,
I like it not; as a Prince I reign,
And gaily woo, with frolicsome pride,
Liberty sweet as my only bride.

Money Market.

—Stocks (Stokes) firm.—Globe.

What's to be done with the surplus?

The *Colonist* asks what is to be done with the surplus which remained after the cost of the torch-light procession, and other things was deducted from the extravagant sum—£100 0s. 0d.—which our Corporation in a fit of suicidal liberality, voted for the due celebration of Thursday last? We believe we are correct in stating that the balance will be applied to the foundation of an Anti-liberal-spending-of-funds, when-the-public-want-to-enjoy-themselves Society of which the members of the present Corporation will be the directors.

Stupendous Undertaking.

—In this age of wonderful bridges and cables, when the scales which for 6000 years crabb-ed and confined the mental vision, are scaling the walls of reason, and

— "Like the Arabs
Silently stealing away,"

we are prepared to believe anything—even that a railroad to the Moon is quite practicable. But when an undertaking of the magnitude of that which we are going to announce is spoken of as of a thing already accomplished, we may well believe that the dissolution of that antiquated temple Terra is at hand. To shorten the suspense of our readers we will at once state that an attempt will be made by men of all shades of political creeds, to connect Toronto, by submarine telegraph, with the Island. We would not have dared to make this announcement so abruptly, if the dog-days were not passed.