

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. 1.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1859.

NO. 49.

THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, FEB. 19, 1859.

THE PROVINCIAL SPOUTING APPARATUS—No. IV.

I. THE WEEK'S PROCEEDINGS.

This has been a week of small talk and little business. Two and sixpenny members like Simpson and Ferres, have had the opportunity of introducing their little questions to ministers, small shrieks of independence from party hacks, to reassure discontented constituents of their continued existence. We have always found that these questions are answered as the party man wanted them to be. "Is it your intention to build a new jail at Snookstown?" The safety of Style's Township is quivering in the balance; but the danger is only momentary. Mr. Ross, that Prince of red-tapists, the Napoleon of Circumlocutionists, answers, "It is the intention of the Government to accommodate Snookstown with a Royal boarding house forthwith." "Are you going to reduce the number of gaslights in the House, and thus to carry out an economical policy?" Answer, "We are expecting the plumber every moment to do it." &c., &c. The House has, on three evenings, adjourned before six, and we hope soon to record that they have stopped meeting.

II. THE POLITICAL CHARWOMAN.

The talented and independent mortal, whom the electors of North Leeds delight to honor, will inevitably perish, if he persists in such insane industry. Just fancy the labours of a man who is scouring and polishing the entire political fabric. No sooner has he fixed Rep. by Pop., but he is ready for the Election Law; when that is done, he has his pail and scrubbing brush ready for the codification of the statutes. That done, he proposes to pipe-clay the militia, brick-dust the county councils, and yet he has not had enough. He is always ready for work. "Please, Sir," says Molly Gowan, with her fingers wrinkled by her exertions, her face flushed, and her mop ready dipped, "what shall I dobble at next?" Let us just imagine the work the poor creature has got to go through. He cannot have more than two hours' sleep nightly; and his day's work must be something like this:

4 o'clock—Read the "Whole Duty of Man" for an hour, so as to preserve my independence.

6 o'clock—Read 150 pages of Sheridan's speeches and compare them with my last attack on D'Arcy McGea.

7 o'clock—A couple of onions, a herring, and a glass of water.

7.03—Begin codifying the Statutes of Upper Canada. Leave Lower Canada for to-morrow before dinner.

9 o'clock—Draw out a plan for public buildings at Ottawa.

9½—Read fifteen chapters of DeLoime, and draw out a constitution for Canada.

11—Release impromptu Phillipic on Brown.

12—A dozen potatoes and a penn'orth of butter.

12.04—Read a volume of Wellington's despatches so as to get up phrases for militia oill.

2.00—Write history of battle of Windmill to confound THE GRUMBLER.

2½—Make out measures for elective Governor and elective street sweeper.

3 o'clock—Dress for the house.

Item—Get a new diekey.

And so on it goes till two or three in the morning, specifying time only excepted. Alas, poor Gowan, who feels the value of thy toilsome life?

REPORTERS AND PRAYERS.

Ye petition of ye Reporters and members of ye Fourth Estate engaged in making ye speeches for ye hon. gentlemen in ye Legislative Council, humbly sheweth:—

That ye proceedings in ye Legislative Council are opened every day with prayer.

That ye Reporters are excluded therefrom.

That ye Reporters are prone to sin, and given to iniquity.

That ye Legislative Councillors are ye cause thereof.

That ye Legislative Councillors make ye long speeches, and talk ye unmitigated nonsense when ye Reporters want to imbibe ye solacing draughts of ye half-and-half.

That consequently ye Reporters swear internally thertent to the peril of ye Reporter's future happiness—supposing future happiness can possibly be by them hoped for.

That ye Legislative Councillors cause ye Reporters to commit divers other iniquities arising from ye divers other causes.

And that therefore ye Legislative Councillors should allow ye Reporters to say ye prayers when ye Speaker taketh ye chair.

And ye humble petitioners would further beg to state that many of ye Legislative Councillors shirketh ye prayers—that many of them cannot understand ye prayers—and that many of them are beyond ye necessity of ye prayers.

But that ye members of ye Fourth Estate, feeling ye necessity for ye prayer as above set forth, would not shirk ye prayers, but would pray right heartily, if ye Honourable House would grant ye petition of ye members of ye Fourth Estate.

And ye petitioners will ever pray, &c.

OH! SAY NOT MEMBERS' VOTES ARE BOUGHT.

Oh I say not members' votes are bought
With gold or empty treasure;
Oh I say not members votes are caught
At little Cartier's pleasure.
No I when each man stands up to vote,
His conscience guides him ever;
He'd take no quid pro quo, oh no,
He'd scorn, and take it never.

Oh I say not ministers could buy
Or bribe one single member:
Oh no! not if they tempted him
From March to cold December!
Each one, each man, with patriot's warmth,
The public good seeks ever.
Pshaw! they take bribes for self or friend:
They'd scorn and take them never.

PICCOLOMINI.

This bewitching little songstress, whose smile, a gentleman confidentially told us, would bring a lion on his knees, and whose bright eyes have wounded more hearts in Toronto than time will cure for months to come, is beyond the power of criticism. She is all, and more than report had led us to expect. There may be voices of greater range and volume; but there are few sweeter, and certainly no prima donna ever possessed the captivating and winning style which has made Mdlle. Piccolomini the darling of every community which has had the pleasure of hearing her.

The selection of the pieces on Thursday night was faulty. The comic vein was too predominant; and of all comic songs an Italian basso is an inflection hardest to be borne. The duets in which Mdlle. Piccolomini took part, gave her an opportunity of displaying that wonderful action against which no audience is proof; and which would have sadly taxed the propriety of Modus himself. But we should have preferred a simple aria instead. "Marble Hall" was rendered by her in a style which was new to the audience, and which delighted them beyond measure. "The Young May Moon" was in the same charming style.

Mdlle. Piccolomini is young, small of stature, yet well developed, and possesses an excellent figure. Opinion is divided as to whether she is downright handsome or not. That her eyes are killing is admitted; that she has the prettiest mouth imaginable, either in repose or action, is unanimously agreed; and that she has a voice of extraordinary sweetness is universally conceded: therefore we may conclude that all events she is a very enchanting lady.

A Query.

—Is it a fact that Laura Keane sent to Finch, the celebrated Five Prize man on King street, for the best "pair of tights," that could be produced, and that he forthwith sent back by express Messrs. Connor and Foley?