

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1858.

NO. 7.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in n' your coats
I trow you test it;
A chiel's among you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prant it!"

SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1858.

PROVINCIAL SPOUTING APPARATUS.—NO. VII.

During the past week the House has been engaged in brewing the small beer of legislation in the shape of Surrogate and water course bills. We are happy to see this little exhibition of industry after nearly three months' unmitigated sloth; the mental calibre of the house is better suited by petty law-tinkering, and we almost think that half a dozen City Councils fully equal to our Toronto Corporation might be made out of the honorable body.

I. LOTBINIERE AGAIN.

We record with becoming thankfulness the fact that we have seen almost the last of the Lotbiniere examination. O'Farrell's defence was quite characteristic; he did not attempt any contradiction of the damaging evidence given against him, but merely retorted upon his opponent in the *tu quoque* style. He tacitly admitted that he had gained his seat by fraud, but pleaded as a defence that Noel had mobbed one of the polling places. We certainly never heard of so notable an effort to transmogrify two blacks into a white before. We should like to know, now that the investigations are about over, what the government is going to do with Fellowes and O'Farrell; are they to be allowed to sit in the House in the face of frauds now proved to every body's satisfaction, or shall the indignant honesty of public opinion succeed in driving them back to their constituents? *Nous verrons.*

II. THE USURY LAWS.

A very fiery debate on the Government measure on this subject, took place on Tuesday night, ending in a nice little squabble between MacKenzie and Mr. Speaker. The latter gentleman has made himself quite famous for the neatest and most unexceptionable little dodges under the cover of order and precedent. This time, without any call from the House, which is usually waited for by the Chair, he took it into his sage head to summon the members to vote, when Lemieux was actually on his feet to move an amendment. The particular joke in this trick was, that Mr. Brown had been called away by an alarm of fire, so the noble Frontenac desired to take a vote forthwith in the Gré's absence. This procedure naturally caused a little breeze, and the dignified Speaker at length gave way. We earnestly admonish him to consider the dignity of his office, and not sit with a pen in his mouth like a skewered pullet, or continually splintering like a tobacco-chewing

Yankee, into that odious American spittoon: We have no desire to be severe, but we have actually heard the head of our Canadian Parliament, compared to the Mock Duke in the Honey Moon.

III. PARLIAMENTARY JOKING.

Ghastly attempts at the funny are sometimes made in the House; we do not think it proper that these should be lost. We give a sample.

By the Premier—"Like the soldier in the Gospel, he (Mowatt) came when he was told, and went when he was told. He would have made an excellent recruit for the 100th Regiment."

Mr. Mowatt's intended retort—"The Hon. Attorney General on the other hand, is very unlike the soldier, &c., for though Upper Canada has been bidding him to go for the last six months—"he goeth not." Very good for the Chancery bar.

Mr. Robinson made a very vigorous offer on behalf of his arrested friend Angus Morrison, who, he said, had been "looking after a sick man McDougall" in Oxford. If our memory serves us, we have some slight recollection that the late august Czar made a similar joke about Turkey; the coincidence is no doubt accidental, for no one could accuse Mr. Robinson of plagiarism, he is so perfectly original.

By-the-way, we have not heard McKenzie's joke about "O'Gimlet's finger post" this session, we suppose he is reserving it for poor Cayley when the Public Accounts come up. Mr. Hogan's joke also about Dissolving Views, which in justice certainly belongs to himself alone, has not been heard since his blushing maiden oration.

There are many other members who might emulate the fame of the late Joe Miller, if they would only read the funny column of the *N. Y. Ledger*, for a month or two; and by way of encouragement THE GRUMBLER offers a premium for the most barren joke of the session. Prize: An elegantly framed portrait of the Speaker, the prince of practical jokers, Messrs. Powell and Ferres stand an excellent chance in the competition.

A Wrinkle.

— Dr. Mackay told us in his last lecture that the national poet of Ireland had to be born yet. We must say that we are not the only distinguished individual in the world who labored under the delusion that Ireland had produced some very excellent poets before now, who by some unaccountable fatality had been looked upon as national poets; but we hasten to recant our opinion and to consign Goldsmith, Moore, Lover, Griffin, Carlton, Davis, Lever, and a host of such small fry to Orcus. We hope that the coming infant will soon make his appearance, and that the learned Doctor will lend his experience to make him increase to the proportions of a first-rate national poet. By the way *Lalla Rookh* is about to give way, in public opinion, to *Down the Mississippi*.

ENGLAND'S NECESSITY IS OUR OPPORTUNITY.

Wrenched from a wicked old Song.

As recruits in these times are not easily got,
And the Crown Prince must have them—pray why should we not
As the least, and we grant it, the worse we can do for blue-
Ship off the Ministry body and bones to him.
There's not in all Canada, we'd venture to swear,
Any men we could half so conveniently spare;
And though they've been helping the French for years past,
We may make them of use to the nation at last,
Nay, we do not see why the great Speaker himself,
Should in times such as these, stay at home on the shelf,
Though through narrow defiles he's not fitted to pass,
Yet who could resist if he bore down *en masse*?
And though oft at a fight he might frequently prove,
Like our gallant policemen unable to move;
Yet there's one thing in war of advantage unbounded,
Which is, that he could not with ease be surrounded.

NEWSPAPER WANTS.

1. An editorial from the *Colonist*, in which the ineophonic name of Brown is not mentioned twenty times.
2. An editorial from the *Leader*, from which one can gather the drift twelve lines before its termination, or even then.
3. An editorial from the *Globe*, in which any body but the senior member for Toronto gets credit for anything, or in which "corruption" and "peculation" do not occupy a prominent place.
4. An editorial of the *Message*, (if such a thing as an editorial in the paper can be found,) in which Sir F. Head and 1837, are not raked up for public edification. And
5. An editorial from the *Citizen*, without a smart rap at the "bloody Saxon."

Sabbath Desecration.

— Mr. Brown's attention is called to the fact that a small craft yclept the "Fire-fly," breaks the Sunday calm by sundry trips to the Peninsula and back, on the Sabbath. It might be well, before endeavoring to extract the beam from the Weland Canal, to look after the *moat* (note) traversed by the Fire-fly.

"Hitting Him on the raw."

— We learn with surprise that some of our Western cotemporaries, who innocently copied some of our strictures on Rankin, have been prosecuted by the "monument" for libel. We can hardly imagine twelve honest jurymen returning a verdict in favor of the pirate who has set all law at defiance, and about whose misdeeds not half the truth has yet been told.

A Sight for a Father.

— Poor Ferres, (the man wot blushes,) had a spasmodic fit of independence on Dorion's Bill, relating to "Les Sœurs Grises"; he actively objected to the bill, but overcame by the effort, "treated resolution" by voting in its favor. He has been in bed ever since.