

THE GRUMBLER.

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NO. 21.

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"If there's a hole in a' your coat
I'd like you tae fix it;
A chief's among you taking notes,
An' faith, he'll peen it."

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PROVINCIAL SPOUTING APPARATUS.—NO. XIX.

I. THE MINISTERIAL CRISIS.

For an entire week Canada has been under the dominion of Anarchy, and her respectable relative Madame Rumour. The carnival of folly has been in full play for over a week, and such masquerading and manoeuvring were never seen before. One would imagine that a Ministerial Crisis were a sort of pic-nic, in which every man, woman, and child in the community has broken loose from the irksome restraints of truth and soberness, and to which every one is pledged to bring his share of ungrounded rumors and unmitigated lies. Misrepresentation the most unpardonable, misconstruction of motives the most palpable, become the ordinary weapons of party warfare everywhere and on every side. We trust that some Government will soon be found to put an end to the undesirable potter which at present disturbs all classes of society.

II. THE BROWN-DORION GOVERNMENT.

It is not our business to canvass the merits of this short-lived Government, we only put in a plea for a little indulgence and commiseration towards the fallen. As far as the conduct of the two Houses is concerned, we must say, we think Mr. Brown was not fairly treated. It was bad enough for him to take office with an acknowledged majority against him, but to be driven from office before he could stand on the floor of the House, to defend himself or offer one excuse in extenuation of his conduct, was certainly rather hard. Whether the charges of treason made against him were true or not, we cannot say; but surely it was rather sharp practice to carry the vote of Monday night under the circumstances. So far we agree with Mr. Brown; but when he launches out into the bitterest aspersions against the Governor General, we must say we have no sympathy with him. If every discontented politician is to blurt out upon the head of the Government whenever things do not go smoothly with him, we shall soon have a pretty state of things in the Province.

III. THE LORDS.

One of the most amusing incidents in this crisis was the sublime rage of the Upper House at the announcements of the Brown Government. Hon. Mr. Patton wanted to let the Government know that they were old fogies no longer, that twelve of their number were actually elected by the people,

and that he and his left neighbor were dying for office, and they had actually never been asked. So this noble conservative body, always unmoved by popular excitement, not only disposed of the government about 2 hours after they had taken their oaths of office, but passed a severe censure on the other House for insulting her Majesty and daring to oppose the choice of Ottawa. Dear venerable old Partingtons don't hold your sage heads so high, there are 130 members in the other House all elected by the people, a simple sum in proportion will prove that one Cabinet minister was exactly the share your 12 elected members were entitled to. Do now preserve your gravity, and don't be so funny if you can help it.

Quite the Cheshire.

—The member for N. Ontario (Mr. Gould) has erected a splendid mansion on his estate in his native township. In a letter to his friend, he describes it in the following graphic terms:—

"I tell you what, it is a splendid affair, and ill-gat altogether, for round on the front I have a Pizarro, and on the back I have a beautiful Porto Rico—and between the Castle and the street I have planted out a revenue of treez; and on the top of the house I have a grand observationist, for the purpose of making geological survey of stars, and the wrest of the infernal hemisphere. Amongst the domestic derangements, we have a dairy with 30 kows and 12 swine, which will yield a pour of milk, (I mean the kows); I have gotten a hen-cope in the Corinthian; but wether its the first or second Corinthian, I cant find out. Besides this, we shall soon have a new equitorium, to brede frogs and other fish in the midst of mos, and purty shels." Who will deny taste to the hon. gentlemen now?

Instability of Public Men.

—J. A. McDonald is said to have been heard in loud altercation with Malcolm Cameron in the Rossin House. The former declared that the term of his pledge had expired with the fall of his Ministry, the latter maintained that it would only do so at the end of the Session, and threatened to expose John A. in the *Atlas* if he dared to touch a drop of liquor till then. After a long argument the illustrious senators compromised on "Lager Beer," much to the disgust of Colonel Prince, who declared that he never heard of such a dastardly un-British thing in his whole life.

Where are the Police?

—It is also positively stated that Mr. Carter has had the hydrophobia for some days, and has been the means of communicating it to J. McDonald and D'Arcy M. Gee. This accounts very satisfactorily for the cockpit entertainment vouchsafed us the other evening by these two hon. members.

TO J. H. CAMERON.

O Cameron my lad you've ta'en the wring gait,
To lead to the honors and pay of the state,
You're glib in your speech and free with your hand,
But our votes by fine words you cannot command;
Nice manners and courtesy are easy put on,
But don't always go down in the ward of St. John:
Down, down, hey derry down,
Wouldn't you like to be member instead of George Brown?
When true to his trust we'll stick to our man,
To keep him in place do all that we can;
When he changes his course we know what to do,
We'll soon have him out, and perhaps send for you;
Till then my fine chap there's no use trying on
Your oily soft soap in the ward of St. John:
Down, down, hey derry down,
You'll be sent for when wanted in place of George Brown.

Important Information.

—At a late meeting Mr. Brown came forward and stated, according to the *Globe*, amid deafening cheers, that—"He was the same man that he was when elected last winter." It is evident from the cheering with which this announcement was received that it was expected that he was somebody else; and, of course, if he had been transformed into any body better than himself, there would have been no need for rapturous applause. The enthusiasm therefore indicates that it was the received opinion that he had "taken into him seven devils worse than himself." So that the rejoicing after all conveys but a poor compliment. When will an audience learn to discriminate?

ASTOUNDING EFFECTS OF THE CRISIS.

—We have received 54 letters from Hamilton and London, complaining of the unceremonious manner in which the gas illumination of these cities has been cut off. One London correspondent avers that he broke two of his toes on Sunday last, in the dilapidated sidewalks of Talbot Street, while in Hamilton, where the reign of gloom began on Monday, several ladies were caught in the hoops by hooks in the awnings, and kept fast prisoners till morning. Several bottles of this Egyptian darkness have been sent to us for chemical analysis, but as Prof. Croft is not now in the country, they must remain till his return. We believe that the whole proceeding may be attributed to the late Ministerial crisis, for we are credibly informed that in London, Mr. Glass, the disappointed office-hunter, and Mr. Carling, were caught turning out the lights as a funeral celebration for the loss of their hopes. The latter gentleman's countenance was distinctly seen as he held the ladder. In Hamilton the learned Isaac has, no doubt, been at the same pranks.

ADVICE TO THE CITY FATHERS.

—We think it is high time the proprietors of the *Colonist* were compelled to take out a license for the privilege of exhibiting daily their periphrastic sheet. We cannot see anything more immoral in the gymnastic feats of a circus-clown than in the political somersaults of a newspaper. Councillor J. E. Smith might gain distinction by moving in the matter.