

# THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES—VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1860.

NO. 7.

## THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1860.

### CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

(Not from the Canadian News.)

No. I.

#### THE HON. SIDNEY SMITH.

There are some persons who imagine that statesman and chiseller, minister and corruptionist are synonymous terms. To such men, the Hon. Sidney Smith is a walking argument. Without the remotest title to anything like talent, unless we degrade that name to the level of Yankee "smartness." Without one manly feeling or one honest scruple, he properly fills a prominent position in a government which has long lost both. He has a ready habit of covering up falsehood in bad English and calling it truth. In a crew of chisellers he stands almost supreme, and should the Attorney General die, the herd of jobbers, sycophants and corruptionists would, with loud acclamation, raise Sidney to his bad eminence. Mr. Smith is, unfortunately, a Canadian. He first blinked at the light in the flourishing clearing of Port Hope. He was found wrapped in a buffalo robe on the steps of the parson's door and was immediately taken in and cared for. His putative father was the village milkman, a fact disclosed by the sudden start the infant prodigy always gave when that worthy rang his vesper bell to dilatory cooks. It is said that even yet, so strongly did memory fasten the instinct upon the child, that he never hears a distant cow-bell or the independent jingle of a myffin bell, without involuntarily crying out "here I am, father." When he attained the age of ten years, after undergoing an apprenticeship to the blacking brush and the knife-board, the young lad was sent to school. The Rev. Mr. Short was his domintie's name. He did not, however, remain there long, or else the short and the long of it is that his tutor must have been a mull. The weak point in the Hon. gentleman's character—the vulnerable heel of this Achilles—has always been English grammar. Whether Dr. Short found his pupil a graceless, idle, marble-fobbling, truant scape-grace (as seems extremely likely) or whether the Doctor spared the birch and made a mess of the child, does not appear. Suffice it to say, that on the recommendation of an itinerant phrenologist, who found self-esteem, acquisitiveness and secretiveness large, and conscientious very small, Sidney was sent to a lawyer's office to acquire a knowledge of the noble science of pettifogging.

After having been plucked thirteen times by Mr. Gwynne, he finally was allowed to pass, out of com-

passion for his scholastic weakness, and deference to the respectability of his brother. The quarrels of the two fraternal relatives at a subsequent period of their lives, are they not recorded in the Cobourg papers? As long as Sydney remained an humble law-student, or an obscure country lawyer, his peculiar talents never came into view; but the moment he stepped from the bar into the township council, and thence to the county council, and at last into parliament, his overweening vanity and conceded ignorance began to disply themselves. We may remark *en passant* that Sidney is no relation or connection of the Rev. Sydney Smith; not that our readers could not for a moment entertain the idea. We only make the remark lest the *manes* of the witty divine might be troubled at the bare idea. Sidney has gone through every note on the political gamut, from the shrill piping of opposition to the double bass of coalition corruption. Singular to relate, he has at last settled down; at least for a time. We fear, however, that the sweets of office alone keep him where he is; his office-salary and unlimited free trips to Europe are the only ties which bind him even to his present associates. He was the first suggester and prime mover in the "double shuffle," the greatest instance of hard swearing on record. Even John A. had some scruples, which required a pint of Morton's proof to overcome; Sidney gulped down the oaths without a stimulant.

The "onabul gennelman," as he would call himself, has, for the last six or eight months, made a peripatetic mail agent of himself. He disgusted Lord Elgin and Rowland Hill by his vulgarity, and would have sickened the French and Belgian governments, had they not kept him at a safe distance. The next feat Sidney is to engage in is a trip to Timbuctoo, to make engagements with King Jumberrybumpyboo with a view of lowering the postage on Canadian mails going across Lake Tchad; after which a grand climax will be put to his career by getting the Japanese government to permit the Canadian steamers to take in coal at Nippon. In appearance Mr. Smith belongs to the hatchet-faced kind; he has a low forehead and a generally insignificant presence. His voice—well, we'll say nothing about voice or grammar, except that it is a pity Canada had not a better specimen for European inspection.

### RHYMES FOR LITTLE POLITICANS.

BY DR. HYMNION.

Who killed Geo. Brown?  
I said Fol-y—a dee! just and holy,  
I killed Geo. Brown.

Who saw him die  
I said sweet Connor,  
(Smiling) I did on my honor,  
I saw him die.

So we'll go on living and saying our prayers,  
For Georgy is dead and nobody cares.—

### SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.

Some unhappy undergraduate of the University, having the fear of the May examinations before his eyes, asks the Senate, through *Old Doubt*, to give credit for a year's standing to every student. The reason assigned for this novel proceeding is the visit of the Prince of Wales. "Specs" must be a hopeful creature, surely, if he expects the Senate to agree to his suggestion. He is modest enough not to ask the granting of Scholarships, he is well content if they will only secure him against plucking. Now if this system has any chance of being carried out, it surely ought to be extended. We can hardly see why the University should have the monopoly of idleness. The prisoners in the Jail ought to get credit for their term of incarceration. "Drunk and disorderly" persons should get credit for sobriety; and Mr. Andrews should forbear from collecting fees. The Corporation should get credit for mending the broken plunking on Yonge-street below King-street; and for draining the Esplanade pools, as well as for all the other sins of omission of which they are guilty. To carry this unlimited credit still further, witnesses should be trusted without being sworn; lawyers' bills without being taxed; and contumacious debtors without being tortured by the 91st clause. Creditors should cease to collect debts and forgive even if they cannot forget. In short, a millennium on a small scale should be inaugurated, in which honesty and merit should trust undoubtedly to roguery and incompetence. By all means let us try it out.

### NO WONDER AT ALL.

One of the government papers is surprized, if not indignant, at Mr. O'Farrell the expelled member for Lotbinière, for daring to oppose Mr. Allyn, a Quebec. It is of opinion, after having been guilty of the frauds proved against him, he ought to be ashamed to oppose the immaculate Allyn. Now, we fail to see this. We can see no reason why the pot should not set itself up against the kettle; and we object to the one uttering opprobrious language against the other. The only thing which we are surprized at, is the *opposition* of Mr. O'Farrell to Mr. Allyn. There should be some honor even among those who are not strictly honest, and we cannot see why the two great unscathed ones should not condescend. If we might venture to propose a ticket we should name Messrs. Allyn, O'Farrell, and Fellowes. They are all in the same boat, and are eminently fitted for the noble constituency of Quebec. We are sure that Napoleon, Lord Palmerston, *Punch* and the other worthies who supported the last batch, will not hesitate to extend their support to the other unfortunates. The Government purse will be at their disposal.

### Synonymous.

—"Scion of a noble stock" and "Son of a gun."