

# THE GRUMBLER.

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NO. 9.

## THE GRUMBLER.

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

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### PROVINCIAL SPOUTING APPARATUS.—No. IX.

#### I. LOTBINIERE FOR THE LAST TIME.

One grain of wheat has at length been thrashed out of the cart-load of chaff; the House has at last done one good action to repay the country for its indolence. The trickster from the county of Lotbiniere has been ignominiously expelled from the Legislature. But is this all? do Parliamentary ideas of justice accord with Dogberry's, in his charge to the watch, "if you do take a thief, let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company"? You talk of expulsion from your sacred circle as a heavy punishment; it may be to a man with any moral feeling, but what impression can it be expected to make upon one who has trampled under foot, laws, legislature, oaths, honour and honesty? None, certainly. If the House can do nothing in the matter, why do not the law officers of the crown take it up? It really seems like a serious lack of healthy moral indignation to let this man go back to his county as a hero, to be again foisted on the House in two or three weeks.

We trust that the Government will persist in their intention of disfranchising the scene of these abominable proceedings. We were not much surprised that McCulloch was committed to jail, although his punishment as the poor abject tool of O'Farrell, was very disproportionate to that inflicted on the principal; but for the life of us, we can't see why Cote was put in prison; we should have thought the poor devil who had been almost killed with poisonings and threats before, had atoned sufficiently for his little transgression, if he were really guilty of any; but it is just the way, when vengeance is in the air, and punishment is the order of the day, people are well satisfied if somebody is punished, it does not matter whether innocent or guilty.

There is another individual in the House, a wight, named Fellowes, who is sadly at sea in the absence of O'Farrell; the House should relieve him from his unpleasant position as soon as possible; the best way would be to send him to keep his friend company, wouldn't it?

#### II. A GUEST FROM MONSIEUR SMITH.

Who says modesty and merit are passports to success? He must never have seen "this Canada" who made so foolish an observation. Vulgarly, presumption, and mediocrity combined, fill the best

places in cabinets here. Who that heard Mr. Sidney Smith's speech on the Jury Bill has any ambition office-ward? for ourself, if we ever had any such paltry desire, it has now received its quietus. For two mortal hours (they should forthwith be immortalized) did this successor of the Baldwins, Lafontaine's, Drapers, and the other giants of those days, drivel through an ungrammatical, illogical defence of "my bill." "Onabul gennolemen" were directed to observe how "faction rises its head," Mr. J. S. McDonald was the "onabul gennolemen who led off," and had "pinted" to parts in Mr. Baldwin's bill, when there was no "sitch place," Mr. Smith wanted them to see "what is the facts" he wondered that the "constituchunts" didn't see that the opposition wanted "to see everything cut down in the country, but there's always milk in every cocon-out." It was clear that they erred "either from design or inability, or from want of either" (probably from want of inability). "They want take the trouble to read bills," and "the member for Cornwall want in his place when the question come up, &c., &c.," to the end of the chapter. Is there a public spirited bookseller in the place? we don't care whether he is for or against Dr. Ryerson's depository—will he, for the love of mercy, send a copy of Lindley Murray's grammar to this man of letters?

Is it not disgraceful to the country to see such a political charlatan on stilts, exhibiting his empty pretensions to the public gaze? Mr. Ferguson made some foolish remark the other day about the opposition, "misrepresenting the bill sum total;" but nobody expects anything from him; but in a Postmaster General—bah! it is intolerable.

#### III. A GREAT POLITICAL LESSON.

Who would have thought, seven or eight years ago, when every political cur was snarling and snapping at the heels of Mr. Robert Baldwin, that he would have been a model of ability and legislative economy to-day? Yet so it is; on Friday night, Baldwin was a Jupiter Optimus for both grit and tory; "he did this," said Foley, "no 'ho did'nt," said Smith; "he made this provision," quoth Macdonald of Cornwall; "ah! but he made this too," rejoined Macdonald of Kingston; in short, he was a Lyncurus retired from business,—an Achilles sulking in the groves of Spadina. Take note, politicians great and small, you are wasting your strength in vain. Get an Upper Canada majority hung in your face on a Chancery bill, resign your office and get defeated in one of the ridings of York, and you're a made man. Cease fighting for nought, have the Briseis of political power stolen away, retire to your villa in diguist, and the paltry incompetent Agamemnon of the hour will shower any amount of presents at your feet to-morrow.

#### IV. NORTH OXFORD TAKEN BY STORM.

What a wise set of men the electors of North Oxford must be by this times, mustn't they? Just

fancy what fearful blasts of political fury have been blown into them during the last four weeks, a round dozen of M. P. P.'s darkening counsel there all the time. We had Talbot, Daly, Cameron (he's always in for a hunt like a true coon,) and Morrison, fighting for the modest gentleman; and then Brown and Foley, Christie and Muckenzie, (the latter with a carpet-bag full of withering facts), backing McDougall. Isn't this a pretty sight for the country? Why didn't they shut up shop and all go there, the whole box and dice of them? they might for any good they have done here in the meantime; Wouldn't it be a lark to have seen one of the elections of the understrappers of the Derby Government conducted in this way? Palmerston and Russell descending to bandy words and stamping it on one side, and Derby and Dizzy on the other. We are afraid they are not made of the same sterling stuff our public men can boast of, for we might have seen something like this before. But now the fight is over, and the House has been delighted for the last two nights with bulletins of the electors killed and wounded by these legislative belligerents. Truly, "this is a great country and no mistake."

#### A Spratt to catch a Mackerel.

— A petition to the Legislature from the Northern Railway Company, for relief, accompanied by an invitation to a spree at Collingwood, to be conveyed thither by special train, well stocked with champagne, &c.

#### Appreciation of the Irish Muse.

— The Magistrates of St. Sylvester have such a reverence for Moore's Melodies that they swear people on them instead of the Gospels. What would Chas. Mackay say to that?

#### O'Farrell and Moore.

— The reason why Moore's Melodies were so readily accessible at Lotbiniere, is that O'Farrell had been trying to convince Cote, from his national bard, that he was mistaken in his impatience to have the poll closed by an *waltered* clock. A dog's ear was found on the page containing the melody:

"No'er ask the hour, what is it to us  
How Time deals out his treasures?"

#### A Monument

— Of the whited sepulchre order is about to be erected to perpetuate the name and unsullied fame of an "injured innocent," whose schemes were frustrated by a death, when about to take the foremost rank in the Honorable body of Provincial Railway chisellers, (at whose instance it is to be raised,) and for which we beg to furnish the following inscription:—

In 1851 you seek his MERITS to direct,  
His dual frailty was a railway plot;  
Bowen then, brethren, for his fate now shows,  
A twenty thousand scheme may go to pot,