

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. I.

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NO. 13.

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

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PROVINCIAL SPOUTING APPARATUS.—No. XII.

We are sure our readers would not thank us, if we troubled them with any sketch of the interminable and fruitless discussions on the Norfolk Shrievally, or the everlasting Representation question, much less the mare's nests discovered by the Committee of Public Accounts; we shall therefore allow them to slumber in the daily sepulchres where they are laid out for public edification.

I. A SILLY TRICK.

The Hon. J. S. McDonald is an extremely imprudent man; not only does he occupy at least one-fourth of the time of the House without any consideration for the public interest, carping, snapping, and cavilling unceasingly, but he must fall foul of the press. The *Colonist* was the object of his Cornish vengeance. It appears that a report of a Committee was given to the paper for publication, and with a proper zeal to afford the public a full statement of its own side of the question, the report was published. Mr. McDonald of course was immediately in arms, and with that forcible feebleness which characterizes him, moved that the writer be called to the bar to account for his atrocious conduct. Now the *Colonist* is not without its faults, we believe it has a full share of them; but there can be no question about it, that Mr. Sheppard is one of the most able and intelligent men in the editorial profession, and that, under his care, an elevated tone has been given to that paper which we look for in vain in many other equally pretentious journals. Did it then never strike Sandfield that he might possibly run the risk of making himself ridiculous by this absurd and unnecessary motion? Not a bit of it; seven hours must be wasted in discussion; Hansard was ransacked to find some thing which could be tortured into a precedent, and after all he succeeded in getting only one member to put the fool's cap on with him, and even that support we are sure was only the result of Mr. Rymal's generous disposition. Socrates was once a rash and passionate man like Sandfield; but he was a much wiser man, and therefore when he felt passion rising, he held his tongue till its power was spent. What a power of expense and vexation it would save the House, if the legislator would follow the example of the son of Sophroniscus.

II. A FILL FOR THE FIRATS.

—Mr. Ogle R. Gowan has at last got a seat in the House, and he is determined that every body

shall know it. Every night, upon every question, in season and out of season, Ogle catches the Speaker's eye and adds nothing to the knowledge of the House, except the idea of his own independence, which we suppose he fished out of the troubled waters of Huron. The fellow has a fluent tongue enough; but no thanks to him for it, he owes it to his country, and it is a pity that when old Ireland was so lavish in this respect; she did not bestow a little more sense to back it, and a little less vanity to spoil it. For one mortal hour did he dilate on the inconsistencies of every body but himself on the representation question. He went back to the *ter-rums* (terms?) of the union, talked of the precedents Mr. Cartier had coated (quoted we suppose) and after proving that every body who had supported the motion was wrong, and every one who opposed it not right, wound up by declaring that he would vote for it. Fox was not far wrong when he declared that an independent man (that's what Gowan calls himself) is one who can never be depended upon. A more consummate political quack than this new importation we never heard or read of before.

III. A PUBLIC BENEFACTOR.

—Mr. Moodie is a man after our own heart; with admirable foresight of the result of the feverish state of the House, the captain invited them to take a cool trip on Thursday last on the *Fire-fly*. The weather was unfortunately bad on that day and the trip was, we presume, deferred to a more suitable occasion. What an amount of fraternal feeling will be then exhibited; Brown and McDonald puffing a quiet calumet of peace together; Sandfield and Sydney Smith clinking glasses to one another's health; Speaker Smith growing civil, Hogan descending from his ethereal sublimity to discuss with Loranger the wonders of nature; and above all the skipper initiating McGee into the art of navigation. We trust Mr. Moodie has no trap-door at the bottom of his boat, to repeat the republican baptism of the Loire to the destruction of the Gallic representatives; such a result would be awful. Supposing, too, that the *Fire-fly* stuck in the middle of the breach, and the assembled wisdom were detained on the sand for a month! We tremble to think of the dangers they are incurring in trusting themselves thus to this frail vessel. They seem, however, to be perfectly easy on the subject, most of them being destined for another fate, run no risk of being drowned. There is to be a grand entertainment on the boat; of course M. P. P.'s cannot go anywhere without speechifying. Mr. Brown is to propose the health of Pius IX., and Mr. McGee the everlasting existence of the Orange Society. Mr. Speaker Smith will fill the chair, but he has promised to leave his bad manners in his Speaker's robes. Messrs. Piche and the Premier will sing a duet, and Mr. Ferguson is to dance an Irish jig, followed by a Highland fling by Mr. Mackenzie. On landing at the Island, a great frog-hunt is to take place among

the Gallic members. Mr. McDougall having promised to give all the old *Agriculturists* to the Jean Baptists who catches the largest and most luscious bull-frog. The whole to conclude with a grand swimming-match between Mr. Brown and J. A. McDonald, the winner to have the loaves and fishes. Mr. Sicotte will in the meantime investigate the state of the minnow fisheries and report in the afternoon. Other sports, also, are contemplated; including the manly art of self-defence, Followes putting on the gloves with Patrick, and a cricket match with Mr. J. B. Robinson as a wicket keeper. This over, the House will have a frog supper, and return to their duties in a cool and quiet spirit of mutual forgiveness and good feeling.

Should you ask me.

Should you ask me who's that barbarous,
Who's that loud and vulgar talker,
I should answer, I should tell you,
He's the great Postmaster Sydney—
Sydney Smith, the vile corruptor
Of the tongue his mother taught him—
Sydney Smith, the man what norer
"Said not nothing of the kind!"—
Sydney Smith, the treasury bencher,
Sydney Smith, the bought and sold one,
He's the loud and vulgar talker,
He's the base-faced turn-abouter,
He's the "sland" and then "deliver!"—
Fanny, ain't it! did you ever?

What are we coming to?

—According to the *Globe*, the Government are a "fearful pack of ruffians." About three weeks ago they "capped the climax,"—an elevation "truly awful. But a week ago" they appeared to have descended this dizzy height, and then had "attained another degree in the scale of infamy, which they are descending." It is some consolation to see that they have taken the down train to return at last to their starting place. Next, they had finally "filled up the cup of infamy." What a horribly dissipated set they must be; we don't know how often within the last three months they have filled this flowing bowl; pray, who quaffs it? Is it that which is making Mr. Brown so unruly? If so, let the Maine Law be passed at once, and include "infamy" among the intoxicating liquors. A day or two ago, something occurred which made the *Globe* remark that "if anything more were wanting to lower the Government in public estimation," they would certainly be finally done for now. What more can the *Globe* want? If they have "capped the climax," and gone down all the rounds of the ladder of infamy again, and filled the maddening cup of infamy we can't tell how often, surely that is quite sufficient, and the *Globe* may rest on its oars for a while and wipe its perspiring brow in peace.

Shameful.

—A very wicked correspondent sends us the following:—"Why is our Parliament like an old maid? Because it has no Bowes. (beaux)."