

THE GRUMBLER.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1859.

WHOLE NO. 50.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats
I redee you teat it;
A chief's namang you takins notes,
And, faith, he'll preat it.

SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1859.

PROVINCIAL SPOUTING APPARATUS No. XII.

I. WONDERFUL PERSEVERANCE.

The periodical "vigil," as the *Globe* calls it, in which the opposition indulge every season, came off with great eclat last week. We marvel much at honorable gentlemen's wakefulness, and we should commend it highly but for one little drawback, that we cannot for the life of us see the utility of it. One would fancy that they were a lot of political Millerites, watching for the end of the world, or some other lucky interposition of Providence to get them out of an unhappy scrape. The only good achieved seems to have been the removal of Gowan, Daly, and Ferguson from the black books to the calendar of political saints. Reversing Othello's picture of Desdemona after her supposed infidelity, their names, which were "begrimed and black," are now "fresh as Dian's visage." Daly is a hero, Gowan well nigh a saint. And then the *Globe's* mode of puffing its advocates is so rich, so original. Mr. Stirton made a telling speech. Mr. Gowan made ministers tremble in their infatuated boots. Mr. Ferguson drove the nail up to the head. Mr. Holmes brought the blush up to Mr. Galt's self-complacent face. Everything was so well done, and then, to cap this elevated climax, Mr. Brown spoke "in spite of his long vigil," and of course, electrified everybody.

This is all very fine, but we cannot help thinking, and nobody can help his thoughts you know, that they had much better have been snoring euphoni-ously in bed, than yawning out soporific oratory to unconscious auditors. Such a course would have been much more creditable to all parties. If the opposition had no other crime to atone for, making a hero of the honorable humbug from Leeds and Grenville would stink them to political destruction.

II. THE LIQUOR LAW.

Where in the name of gin-slings and hot brandy is the great Prohibitory Liquor Law? We have had Mr. Simpson's and his four reports, and a few threaten- ing words from Mr. Cameron, but no bill. We are told that 132 000 people (more than the whole number of electors in Upper Canada) have petitioned for the bill; where is it? Why does not Simpson or Cameron move it at once? We are all being slowly exterminated by the infamous traffic; not a moment should be lost, and yet within ten days of the close of the session there is no Liquor Bill. Next

week, perhaps on Wednesday, the Coon will come in puffing and blowing like a virtuous porpoise, with his great compulsory reform, and talk with all the indignation of honesty about the abominable attempt to keep it out this session; and then retire to Lambton to tell his temperance friends how valiantly he battled in their cause. Is there not a precious amount of Yankee bunkum in all this? Is there any real earnestness in the House about it? Do not they all joke about the introduction of it as a necessary sham, an indispensable farce, which must be enacted to quiet silly people? We like an open manly advocacy of a measure, or an honest denunciation of it; and if there is anything honest or manly in this pretended support of an impracticable measure, we have yet to discover it. Every body knows that if a private ballot could be taken for the bill, twenty votes could not be obtained, hence the stupid farce which is gone through every session in this matter.

A Political Fahrrenheit.

The *Globe* in an article on the Seigniorial Tenure, tells us that "Mr. J. A. McDonald has reached the lowest point of degradation." If this were the first time this announcement had been made, we should be duly affected thereby. But when every reader of the *Globe* is aware that this is about the twentieth time this session, he has sounded that fearful abyss, we cease to be alarmed at the calamity. We are only surprised that he can be always getting down the awful steep without once coming up again! Is the bottom of the pit of degradation movable, and is the wretched man always on the descent, or has he ever relapsed again into dignity and virtue? If degradation is really a bottomless pit, let us know it; perhaps he will ultimately get through and come to the surface on the other side. The present unsatisfactory mode of gunging Ministerial delinquency must be amended. We should propose a degradation thermometer, which might be kept at the *Globe* observatory; but we are at a loss for a starting point; what is to be the zero?

Take political perdition as the point, let us have a daily register in political meteorology—50° Resignation; 30° Norfolk Sincerely heat; 20° Double Shame temperature; 10° Seigniorial Tenure point; 0° Bankruptcy; 0° Rotten eggs and burning in effigy.

Let the *Globe* think over this proposal.

On Dit.

—That the corporation have applied to Parliament for a loan of Mr. Ferguson, to mark the new eastern channel in the Island. The harbour commissioners have arrived at the conclusion that buoys are necessary for that purpose—and it being well known that Jim Ferguson is a proth of a boy.

PICHE'S SONG.

"Piche, give us a song."—*Sinard.*

The night has worn woarily by,
In clamour and shouting and laughter,
While Brown and his crew, have put on the saw,
Though the mischief knows what they are after.
Spouting and coting, shouting and noise,
And dozing the while night long;
Let us cheerily shake the dust from our eyes,
And Piche give us a song.

Gowan and Mowatt and Connor
Wont give us a moment's peace;
And that odious Brown; oh! that he would sit down,
And his hateful clamour cease.
If he'd speak away to the crack o' doom
He'd never make right what's wrong;
We're firmly resolved the money to get,
So Piche, give us a song.

Wearily pass the hours away,
Smoking and shouting by turns;
Till my head rears round and my tongue is dry,
And my tin t'aty palao bucus.
My eye steres vacantly through the hall,
As it wanders the red desks among;
Then strike up a strain till the walls ring again,
Good Piche, give us a song.

Some mournful strain of hapless love,
Or a ballad in Incolous' praise,
Or the martial sound, let it echo round,
Of the good French Marsouillaine,
'There's Stilton up now; and Daly and Short,
Will be at it again ere long.
So while they are spouting their oft-told tale,
Great Piche give us a song.

Geographically Wrong.

—Thankful as we are to Mr. Ullman for the musical treat we have enjoyed in the visit of Formes and Laborde, we beg of him not to persist in annexing us to the U. States, without regard to our feelings. The advertisement to us, that in pursuance of his "grand scheme," (who ever knew a New York scheme that was not either "grand" or sublime) to send the principal artists "to every place in the Union," he has sent a troupe to Toronto. Now, as we have little prejudices in favor of British institutions, and against being confounded with the slave-hunting, law-despising freedom on the other side of the line, we beg that Mr. Ullman will relieve us from so distasteful an imputation. There was a time, when some gentlemen, in a moment of insanity, advocated annexation, but that was before the passing of the fugitive slave law, and before Washington became a bear garden; and so hateful is the idea now, that Messrs. Rose and Galt, two of the erring ones, have actually consented to pocket £1250 a year, to defend as loyal knight errants, the decision of royalty, against their own city as the seat of Government. Send us Formes as often as you like, Mr. Ullman, but do not, we implore you, subject us to the degrading imputation of being "a place of note in the Union."