

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. 1.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1858.

NO. 4.

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

SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1858.

PROVINCIAL SPOUTING APPARATUS.—No. IV.

Two Upper Canadian constituencies will shortly enjoy (?) the privilege of electing new representatives to the Assembly, and in the absence of any theme within the legislative circle, we may express briefly an opinion on the merits of the candidates for the vacant Spouterships:—

I. NORTH OXFORD ELECTION.

Two lawyers have appeared in the field, each anxious to be the Elsha who shall catch the discarded mantle of the Protestant Elijah, who has vaulted up into the metropolitan seat. We have, first, the speculating lawyer who sent South Ontario to Coventry,—the ex-Receiver General, Mr. Morrison; and then the agricultural lawyer who got the mitten from Perth, the practical farmer, Mr. McDougall. The latter is dubbed by his opponents "the thrice rejected;" now, in a spirit of fair play, we may surely style the farmer "the thrice neglected," for although McDougall has been ousted in three contests, Morrison met with so little attention from Peel, Niagara, and Grey, that his heart failed him ere the fight began. Now, what unpardonable sin has Oxford committed, we should like to know, that has brought her to the beggarly position of a House of Refuge for bankrupt politicians? We cannot tell: we know Mr. Brown would say that she is now doing penance for returning Mr. Hincks to Parliament, but we are above such a party prejudice. Whatever be the reason, Oxford is suffering fearfully. Look at the two gentlemen for one moment. Mr. Morrison, we believe, has voted at different times for and against almost every measure at present before the electors; and after opposing what Mr. Brown styles "the great issues before the country," he is now, we are told, dancing through the country to the strains of the Clear Grit bagpipes. We trust he is belied in this, but certainly whatever other sins he is guilty of, consistency is not of their number; and then to talk of being an independent candidate after having been involuntarily driven from office in the existing Government by losing his seat, is simply an attempt to impose on the electors. But if we derive little consolation from Mr. Morrison, we are in a ten-fold worse position in contemplating Mr. McDougall. He actually feels entitled to belabour Mr. Hincks with ghastly eulogy after labouring for years to drive him from political life; fights beneath the banner of his quondam foe, and

hacks to pieces his democratic *North American* platform to keep the Brown pot in a state of ebullition. There they are, a pretty pair, flinging naughty passages from dusty fyles of obsoletic journals at one another, bad votes, and inconsistent speeches—a notable illustration of a somewhat trite observation touching the pot and the kettle. Make the most you can of them, North Oxford, and choose the least unprincipled, if you can. But, as you love us, gentlemen candidates, do remember the risk proverbially run by those who, while inhabiting vitreous tenements, yet persist in casting missiles at their foes.

II. LEEDS AND GRENVILLE.

Scarce had the vital spark fled the earthly tenement of the lamented Dr. Church—scarce twenty-four hours were allowed to pass in quiet over a calamity that could not possibly have reached a tithe of the people of Leeds and Grenville—but again rises like a dark cloud, that most odious of political charlatans—the "hero of the black flag"—Ogle R. Gowan, to trouble the electors with a repetition of his egotistical twaddle. Not to speak of the characteristic disregard of decency which he exhibited in thrusting himself into notice while the lifeless form of the late member was scarcely cold, have we not a right to complain of the impudent presumption of the man who is so completely encased in selfish ambition that no election ever takes place untroubled by his unsolicited candidature, and so regardless of public opinion that no defeat can silence him? Look at the address he has issued,—did you ever see such a mixture of presumption and folly before? "Gowan, Ottawa, Independence" is to be the watchword; Gowan first, Ottawa and Independence next, as being entirely secondary considerations, compared with Gowan and his triumph. A few weeks ago it was Gowan and North Ontario, but as North Ontario did not like the association of names it is now Gowan and Ottawa, it may be Gowan and Gaspé to-morrow, if only a seat in the House can be secured. He can be a Conservative or a Democrat, a broad Protestant or a Moderate, as it serves his purpose, or all at once, if he can trap a stray vote, from an unwary elector. If the electors of Leeds and Grenville are men of principle and integrity, they will repudiate this reckless and unprincipled exorcism on the body politic. His address concludes with a rhyme which admits of considerable correction; for the benefit of the public, we amend it accordingly:—

"By the hate that you bear to a foe who is old,
Whose honour and conscience were long ago sold;
By the laws you respect, and the Queen you revere,
Up, man of the North, the Pirate is here."

On the right Road.

—Mr. Meudell is to be sent round the point, to Belleville, as Collector of Customs. Belleville is not many miles from Kingston.

A VISIONARY DONKEY.

Substance of a dream, dreamed by J. B. Robinson, Esq., M.P.F., after a day's shooting.

J. A. Macdonald and Sir E. Head.—(log)

J. A.—I must resign.

Sir E.—Very fine.

J. A.—Will you leave Scotie?

Sir E.—I'd rather not.

J. A.—Connor?

Sir E.—No 'pon honour.

J. A.—Foley?

Sir E.—(contemptuously)—Fooly.

J. A.—The Grit then, that's that?

Sir E.—I'm afraid of that.

J. A.—(perplexed)—Then what do you want, oh?

Sir E.—(smiling benignantly)—I want the—Donkey!

Here the Junior member for Toronto wakes up and finds that he has in his sleep been endeavouring to unravel the toilet.

Alas for Canada!

—McKenzie's *Message* of last week classifies the new House of Assembly according to profession or occupation. We have lawyers and editors, merchants and farmers in different proportions, but, strange to say, there is but one gentleman. Who do our readers think is this Chesterfield in manners, this Bayard in honour, this Cato in morality, an enemy to snobbery, and model of dignified behaviour? Don't blush, reader, for your country; it is—W. F. Powell.

Decorations and Improvements.

—We have been requested to announce, in behalf of Mr. W. F. Powell, that various and commodious arrangements have been made during the Easter Holidays, for the comfort and recreation of such Members of the Lower House as have frequent occasion to lobby away from awkward questions. Not only has a chaste and splendid Bar been fitted up, and a Billiard Room established within the Lobby, but space has also been found in the same place for a small Bowling Alley. In accordance with the suggestion of the Junior Member for Toronto, Professor Spalding will be invited to attend a class of not less than twenty persons, during votes on Representation by Population, Want of Confidence motions, or anything equally critical. Several officers have been charged with the superintendence of the Gymnasium, &c.

Proprietor, General Manager, Barkeeper, and Billiard Martor, W. F. POWELL.
Superintendent of Bowling Alley, J. B. ROBINSON, ESQ.
Alley-Boys and Pin-Settlers, DAWSON, MORIS, LASSBRO.
Boal-Keeper, W. CATLEY.

In order to pay the necessarily great expenses of the Establishment, the following List of Fines has been framed:

For Lobbying from Want of Confidence Voto, . . . 10 Horns.
" " Representation by Population, . . . 10 "
" " McGe's Speech, 6 "
" " Brown's " 6 "
" " Hogan's " 1 Lager.
" " Wallbridge, Buchmann, &c. " 0

N. B. No credit given to Members of the Opposition.