

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. I.

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NO. 14.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coat
I reede you tent it;
A chiel, samang you taking notes,
And, faith, be'll preeat it."

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PROVINCIAL SPOUTING APPARATUS.—No. XIII.

I. A PLEA FOR PUBLIC MORALITY.

We verily believe that no British legislature, since the days of Walpole, has sported so recklessly with public morality as the present Parliament of Canada. We speak from no party stand-point; we care as little for Grit as for Tory, but we cannot refrain from directing public attention to the degrading position of their present rulers. Day after day, week after week, the most unjust charges are flung from one side of the House to the other; "drunkard," "liar," "embezzler," are the staple arguments in our Canadian legislature, and are laughed at and joked about with a callous indifference which would reflect no dishonour upon the inmates of Newgate. Legislation is completely forgotten; not a single measure worthy of a day's consideration has been introduced on either side of the House, and for all the good they have done, they had far better never have met. Assembling fresh from the hustings, the people naturally expected some attention to their wants, but how grievously were they disappointed. The first act of the new House was to elect as their Speaker a man notoriously unscrupulous in promoting party-ends, a man who had disgraced the House by the foulest language. Proceeding to the contested elections, both sides of the House seemed not to care a jot for the public interests; the only question which occurred to them was, how can we get another vote for our party? Follows, then whom a more unworthy man was never foisted upon any legislature, sits in the House as the fraudulent member for 300 false votes. Allyn represents Louis Napoleon and 15,000 other Quebec electors, and yet not only retains his seat in the cabinet a sworn adviser of the crown, but actually jests feebly at his own smartness. Buying and selling offices are recognized as part of our constitutional system, and members are found who can glibly quote precedents for them from the days of Walpole and Castlereagh. Mr. Cayley is charged recklessly with all sorts of crimes, and yet sits calmly under it as if it were no stain upon his good name. The opposition on the other hand, equally regardless of propriety oppose everything which comes from the Government without the slightest consideration. Mr. Brown protests one day against such an absurd proposition as the Double Majority, and the next declares that he will vote for it, to embarrass the Government. Every

where in the House, or in the press, in the public meeting, or in the village ale-house, Canadian politics are in the same horrible condition, and we can see no halting place short of bankruptcy in reputation and credit for the entire Province. The State doctors who recommend the nostrums of Representation and Federal Union as panaceas, are mere quacks; until public feeling frowns upon legislative recklessness, and rises many degrees in the scale of morality, all measures of a similar kind will be futile and ineffectual.

II. A BRIBE FROM BRYDGES.

The Great Western Railway Company desire an amendment to their Charter, and seem afraid that they won't get it; in order, therefore, to fire obtuse Legislators into a burst of zeal, they have appointed a special train (we don't mean of gunpowder) to aid their deliberations by a change of air. Cognizant of the weakness of some honorable Members, abundance of champagne will be provided, and things will be made generally comfortable. The Detroit people will, we suppose, do the hospitable to our noble Legislature, and Brydges will succeed in carrying the Company over its difficulties. Some extremely sensitive people are talking about attempting to bribe the House; but that is extremely absurd; no one could ever think of buying an act of Parliament from those who are so jealous of their dignity that they even frown upon Sheriffs who buy their offices, and indignantly turn them out instant. Besides, as the general complaint is that there is nothing sincere in our politicians, a little champagne would undoubtedly correct moral obtuseness; does not the old maxim say, "*In vino veritas*," and would not the result of this excursion be immediately beneficial to public integrity? Of course it would. Let no objection, then, be made to the trip; we see the wise intentions of the Company, and they would still further enhance the prosperity of the country by leaving Fellowes, Ferres, and others we might name, to benefit and bless the country lying to the west of the Detroit River.

Cayley.

Splutter, stammer, stammer,
Not at a loss for a crammer,
Or a second, to give it a hammer,
Pay the do'll his due.
E'en should he prove mighty scaly,
And misuse the swirl-about fall, oh!
Like a regular dundorhead Cayley,
What's that to you?

Sleeping Beauties.

Nothing that we have witnessed at the Parliament House this Session appeared half so transcendental and lovely, as the facial expression of the Members for East York and North Wellington, while calmly locked in the arms of morpheus, during the stormy debate in the Norfolk Shrievalty. This somniferous spell was produced by the "poisonous liquid" of their infatuated leader, who is crazing the brain of more than half his followers.

THE CIRCUS.

We confess we like a circus company to visit us once in a while, even although with the daring acts of horsemanship we are forced to swallow the clown's bad nonsense, and to enjoy the feats of agility and the fumes of bad tobacco at the same time, and, to crown all, to bear the pressure of a very uncommon crowd while admiring the extraordinary feats of strength. Kemp and Nixon's circus collected a great crowd of persons some three thousand five hundred. We never saw such dire rushing and crowding; we never experienced such martyrdom and mangling. Getting the tickets was bad enough, and we thought that having sustained bodily damage to the extent of two black shins and a pair of arms strained almost to dislocation, that we had suffered enough for our country; but these were only the beginning of sorrows. We had scarcely taken our seat when the platform broke, and we suddenly discovered the height we had been standing above the ground. We were jammed so tightly among a crowd of not over cleanly fellows, that we could not breathe for the space of five minutes. After enduring unheard of agonies, we reached the edge of the ring, and had just commenced to congratulate ourselves on our escape when a crush coming behind, we were precipitated half way across the circus. Having regained our place we were ordered to sit down. We expostulated that there were no seats, and that the state of our health could not permit us to sit on the damp earth. The crowd behind having squatted down, grew indignant, and suggested that we should be knocked down. We said we would like to see any rascal attempt it. A policeman came up and insisted on our going down on our hunkers. We said we'd see him hanged first, and to save appearances crossed over the ring. Here we were met by a storm of yells that we must go back. The horses were riding out, and things looked bad, when we saw a friend who made room for us. As to the performance we did not think much of it. The horses were indifferent, and the female clown just as pleasing as a female member of Parliament would be.

Criterion of Jollity bordering on intoxication.

When a party of young sparks—out on a lark—attempt to serenade a police station.

Barrie, to Wit.

What a pitiful, crusty set of curmudgeons the business men of Barrie must be. Only fancy getting up an excursion round their Bay, from which ladies are to be especially excluded. "The party must be all married men." Pah! for our part we would soon be a party to such a party. Exclude the dear creatures! the sweet little sunbeams of existence! Absurd. Either these business men of Barrie are, as they deserve to be, a decidedly henpecked generation, or they have made up their mind for a monstrous Drunk, that's our opinion.