

THE GRUMBLER.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1859.

WHOLE NO. 64.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coat
I rede you tent it;
A chie'farning you taking notice,
An' faith, he'll prent it.

SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1859.

WANTED, A CRISIS.

Who'll aid us in getting up a Ministerial crisis? It is really too bad that after all the spasmodic efforts of the *Globe* and his costant allies, nothing results. We cannot but think that a little gratitude should be shown Mr. Brown for the alarming sacrifices he has made during the last few weeks. Responsible Government, which used to be so near his radical heart, he has forsworn for ever; elective governors and coroners which were erewhile so distasteful, are now essential to the weal of this hapless Province; rep. by pop., the dear object of six years' wooing, is now so hateful that American institutions are not merely tolerable, but absolutely lovely. Now, if a far-seeing, confiding politician can so far yield his dear first love as to take to his bosom what was once so hateful to his British heart, some return is surely due from a grateful people. THE GRUMBLER is so impressed with this important fact that a determination has been come to, to show our gratitude to the Gritish Chief. J. A. Macdonald, we address you first. By all that's respectable and honest, why don't you resign? If you would only surrender the Upper Canadian leadership, George Brown and we other Grits might stand some chance. Why wont you seek the sunny climate of the South, and leave the world for us and Brown to bustle in? And then they keep us in such a state of suspense. We have heard that McDonald and Vankoughnet are anxious to resign; and that Foley and Connor are eager to take their places;—do relieve us of our pain and let us know the worst. The Grits want no written constitution, they only desire a few months' tenure of office, shall they not have it? The *Free Press* groaneth therefor; the *Hamilton Times* panteth for the want thereof; what's to be done? Dear Sidney Smith, we appeal to you. By all the fame THE GRUMBLER has bestowed upon you, do resign your onerous duties. Fear not, lest an ignorant member should disgrace your proud position; we have bespoken Gould. In him you will have a successor, at whose proud eminence in learning, even you will not blush.

And thou, Vankoughnet, hero of the hat, the old hat, why lingerest thou in the dark ways of office? Fifty briefs and a new chapen will spring forth to hail with loud acclaim thy return to the bar. Leave that dreary Council and that drearier administration, and make way for Rymal, the true Crown

Land Commissioner. Let us, to tempt you all, submit a ministry which will certainly meet the exigencies of this awful occasion. We feel that the perusal of the whole list will disarm criticism, and allure the hateful Moderates to submission.

Let us suggest, of course, Mr. Brown as Premier and Inspector General; Mr. Shortright look to the Public Works; Mr. Rymal whose country wanderings with equine quadrupeds of the male sex, would amply fit him for the situation as Commissioner of Crown Lands; Mr. Gould, that erudite Ontario as Post Master General; Mr. Hogan's long standing at the bar would well fit him for Attorney General; Mr. McIntyre would make a most spiffy Solicitor General; Capting Moody as First Lord of the fresh water Admiralty; Count Holliwell as Adjutant General, with a seat in the Cabinet. Of course we leave the Lower Canada members to be chosen by "my colleague," Mr. Dixon. Now do let's have a general explosion. The times are so very dull, that unless some ministerial row speedily occurs, everybody will die of sheer exhaustion. The *Globe* is laudably working in the good cause, and *Old Double* on the other side is working as well as she can; why not have a healthy commotion? Huzrah for a Yankee Congress, "Sticks, Buchanan" and "lobbysing." Bribery and democracy for evor. Down with respousible government!

WHERE IS THE LIE?

In these times of rumoured discontent in the ranks of the Opposition, our contemporaries are giving some prominence to the oracular sayings of the French Canadian Press. The *Hamilton Spectator* has treated its readers to an epitome of the attacks made in certain Journals upon the liberal French members of the Uppr House. Among other oddities, it quotes the following strange charge from the *Courier*; prefacing it with the remark, "The *Courier* is thus bitterly personal:—

"Mr. Desaulles is he who give the lie to the Scripture asserting the world to be 20,000 years old."
Monstrous, isn't it?—but where is the lie? We have read the book of Genesis some, and for aught we can see, Mr. Desaulles might assert the world to be 60,000 years old, and still not contradict Scripture. If the French Canadian Editor of the *Courier* had read his Bible (if he has one) a little more attentively, and had taken a few elementary lessons in Geology before he proceeded to sum up Mr. Desaulles' misdeeds, he would not have made the above speculation a capital charge against him, however rough he might have handled other of the Hon. gentleman's opinions.

Do the *Mutons* ignore the science of Geology? Let the *Globe* answer, because if so, the *Grumbler* will join it in insisting upon a dissolution of the Union within the year.

With the aid of the *Grumbler* what could not the *Globe* effect.

When fast Young Gents by some strange folly.

When fast young gents by some strange folly
To drinking whiskey punch are led,
Till quite too full—oh! melancholy,
To find their own way home to bed.

Let them not seek the fault to cover,
To hide them from policeman's eye;
The best thing when one's queer all over,
Is in the gutter—still—to lie.

VICEROYAL DOINGS.

His Excellency was seen on the ground, taking sketches, on Sunday. Being one of the "dignitaries," however, we suppose that was all right. The distinguished party returned to Toronto on Monday.—*Prescott Telegraph*.

On Sunday His Excellency assisted at Divine Service in Christ's Church (Church of England) the Rev. Mr. Lauder officiating.—*Ottawa Union*.

What a mass of gossip have we here. Let us disentangle a few distinct facts from the general conglomeration. We learn:

- 1st. That His Excellency was at church on Sunday, and that,
 - 2nd. He assisted at Divine Service;
 - 3rd. That he was seen taking sketches on the same day, and that too
 - 4th. On the ground.
- The *Leader* tells us moreover that he refused to go to the Excursion to the Chaudiere Lake on this particular day, and this makes a fifth item.

What a day His Excellency must have had of it. He must have spent an hour in the vain effort to prevent his ministers from going on the perilous Sabbath excursion. Then he had his sermon to review, for, as the *Ottawa Union* says he "assisted" at Divine Service. Then, after Service, his uncomfortable time on the ground, while the questionable sabbatical recreation of sketching was going on. Then the anxious time spent in watching for the boat containing his careless and irreproful ministers. But let us investigate our proofs with care. For the refusal we have the adamantian foundation of the *Lead*'s word of honour. The fishy testimony of the *Ottawa Union* about the assisting is corroborated by the word "dignitaries" as used by the *Prescott Telegraph*. Put this and that together, and it's clear that His Excellency is an ecclesiastical dignitary, and therefore d.d. really assist at the Divine service on the Sunday in question. As to the sketching, we charitably suppose that His Excellency sharpened all his pencils the night before, and will therefore excuse this venal offence. But how was it that His Excellency was allowed to be on the ground. Were the citizens of Ottawa too sanctimonious to let him have a stool on such a day. Why did not Hon. Mr. Osley cast his sartout Kaleigh-like beneath the viceregal corporosity, and save the province from the affliction of a viceregal rheumatism. We do not believe that His Excellency could have been sitting on the cold ground. Not a bit of it.