

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. 1.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1853.

NO. 16.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coat
I trowe you tent it;
A chie's naming you taking noice,
And, faith, he'll prevent it."

SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1858.

PROVINCIAL SPOUTING APPARATUS.—No. XV.

I. LEGISLATIVE ROWDINESS.

We think we may safely assert that the proceedings of the last 10 days in our model Legislature, have not been surpassed in the palmiest days of Congressional brutality and ruffianism. Never in a British legislature, certainly have such disgraceful scenes been enacted, and we feel painfully certain that unless public feeling, irrespective of political party, is made to tell powerfully upon the rowdies, another week will witness the introduction of the bowie-knife and revolver. From the Premier down to the most contemptible of his supporters, Burton, epithets have been employed, which would shock a London costumonger, and cause the blush of shame to suffuse the gills of the mackerel in Billingsgate market. The slang vocabulary is perfectly exhausted, and if the future is to be at all like the past, a new dictionary of rowdiness must be invented. We would suggest a committee of Burton, Powell and Cayley, to revise Johnson and invent substitutes for "liar," "brute," and "coward," the constant repetition of which has rendered them quite ineffective.

II. THE THREE BILLINGSGATE GRADUATES.

Did you ever see a picture of us three?—*Tenth Night*

A trio of the most prominent of these rascals is composed of Powell, Burton and Fellows, and with an admirable regard for the principle of division of labour, each has his appropriate occupation.

Mr. Powell's merits in the Bully Brooks department, now recognized as a part of the legislative system, are already so well known that we shall not injure his enviable reputation by our feeble advocacy. He is the spokesman of the trio, the other two not having courage (or brass) enough to do more than act the prize-fighter. He hails from the Ottawa, a district which has attained the singular honour of sending to Parliament the greatest ruffians in the country. This Hon. Ochesterfield, prides himself most on his personal charms, and having laid aside the profession of row, tries his hand at the rowdy, which he acts to the very life.

Nature assisted by the barber's pomatum, has succeeded in developing an elegant moustache, which droops gracefully like a weeping willow over his oral features and serves as an amusement for his playful digits in moments of ease, and a sure defence in war, from behind which bristling palisado he hurls red hot slang at all his foes. Intellec-

tually he may safely be characterized as lilliputian murrhies, but in other respects, he is a perfect Brobdignagian. If any one doubts his powers, let him read his last and greatest effort, directed against a respectable and esteemed gentleman of this city, whose grey hairs might surely have served as a flag of truce to this parliamentary Hango-ite. Rapiers and pistols are mere playthings to him, and not a night passes without a polite invitation to some unhappy member to a matutinal visit to the Garrison Commons to test his prowess. Whenever a dirty trick is to be played, a vile word to be used, or a bully required, the Carleton pet is always on hand.

Mr. Fellowes, the representative of Castleman and the Albany directory, is also well known. His slimy gait and downcast looks would have been sufficient to warrant Lavater in apprehending him as a dangerous character. He seldom speaks on his feet, but fulfils the duty assigned him, by rolling up his sleeves on appropriate occasions, and rolling his eye which looks like a fugitive from justice, dodging about under the cover of a wood-shed to escape detection. He is the fighting gentleman.

Mr. Burton is unknown to fame, indeed, we may be dragging him into a light which his nature *penchant* for obscurity may be unable to bear. He sits when necessary between the highest officers of the Crown, and fairly convulses them with laughter at his little pranks. He is a sort of vegetable marrow individual, with a gambling-house set of features, and adorns his limbs with a stay-out-all-nighting sort of red shirt. He superintends the shouting department. His principle merit lies in his lungs, which have evidently been developed at the expense of his brain, in other words, the pulmonary is more than the match for the cerebral. One evening last week he felt the duties of his station desperately, and yelled in a manner to excite the envy of Stokes the purveyor of refrigerated milk-skimmings. We should like to have said that he was drunk, but we cannot even give him that poor apology unless the prospect of the sweets of office has an insubriating tendency; McGee was too hard upon the Hon. Stentor, he certainly does not lead a chorus, not so low as to require any assistance he is a perfect chorus in himself. If an Oratorio is again attempted in this music-loathing city, Mr. Burton would make an excellent for substitute a hoarse trombone.

This, then, people of Canada, is the elegant trio, who beneath the approving smiles of the treasury benches are making your legislative assembly the sport and derision of the careless, and the source of anxious forebodings to all who desire the welfare and prosperity of their country.

III. A BEAR SILENCE.

One of the most outrageous attacks ever permitted in an English assembly was made last week, and who could make it better, by the hon. bully

from Carleton; we need scarcely say that we refer to the unmanly and gratuitous attempts to wound the feelings and injure the reputation of Mr. Brown through his aged father. We can understand fair parliamentary argument, we can even apologize for vehement personal assault, but the base and contemptible creature who could even entertain the thought of so ungenerous an attack as this, is far below any remonstrance. It was, however, so musical to some ears that it was considered admirable amusement, and the ministers of the Crown heard an opponent attacked in a manner which for coarseness and malice was never surpassed, and yet sat perfectly still, and never attempted to silence the outrage. We were particularly gratified with the speech of Mr. Brown, and we are not often so; it was a noble and manly appeal to the best feelings of our nature; an appeal which stands alone amid all the clap-trap of the session. We are sure that it was fully appreciated by honorable men on both sides of the House, and we were extremely pleased to see that the *Colonist* with a chivalrous feeling which did it credit, rose superior to the miserable ties of office, and vindicated an uncompromising opponent from so vile an onslaught. We wish the people of Carleton could be made aware of the disgrace and contumely they incur by sending to Parliament a man utterly lost not only to principle, but to all the feelings of honor or shame.

SHEPPARD'S SOLILOQUY.

To grind or not to grind, that is the question
Whether 'tis better noiselessly to pocket
The pay and profit of corruptionists;
Or to set types against a set of rascals
And by our thunder blast them? To turn,—to rat
Once more?—and by our rattling say we burst
That bubble, and the thousand dirtiest jobs
That set adhere to?—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To turn?—to rat?—
To rat! but then no pap;—ay, there's the rub;
For from this summonsault what loss may come
When we have shuffled off this cursed thrall,
And give up the precious pap with which
They fill our paws: that is the mischief,
That makes me scratch perplexedly my nob;
For who would bear the scorn of honest men,
The Norfolk wrong, the premier's capotiousness,
Loranger's squeaking nonsense, Cayley's jobs,
The insulence of Carleton, and the insult
That a single manly article draws down,
When he himself might blow them all sky-high
With a bare stool-pole! who would bother take
To grant and sweet in our uneasy chair,
Concocting pills miraculously false,
But that the creed of losing our reward—
The undiscovered contracts, 'gainst whose lures
No editor is proof,—muzzles our mouths,
And makes us rather bear the man we have
Than fly to Brits who pant for jobs themselves?
And thus the native weakness of our paper
Is made more weakly from our being bought,
And editorials of great pill and moment
We've long replaced by tiresome twaddle
And gained the name of Granny.