

THE GRUMBLER.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1859.

WHOLE NO. 60.

THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1859.

PROVINCIAL SPOUTING APPARATUS No. XIV.

I. THE UPPER HOUSE.

The courage of the Legislative Council emulating the valour of one Robert Acres, has oozed out at the dignified tips of their lordly digits. After a huge display of patriotism and a loud shout for consistency, the leek has been swallowed, the country is saved and VanKoughnet may buy a new hat. In vain did Christie shake his agricultural finger, bootlessly Patton dropped a tardy tear to the memory of the Brown-Dorion cabinet which fell by his hands, and Alexander to no purpose raved. The fiat had gone forth *route qui coute*, they were to go to Quebec. It is really too bad to think of the treatment the Lords have received from the hands of the government. No wonder that the old ladies were tetchy and peevish. We are not surpris'd that even the ordinarily placid and amiable spirit of the Hon. Mr. Ferrie was a little ruffled at the base usage the House had received. And wasn't it a horrid shame to bring in absent members to vote? What right have any to vote, but members of the opposition? Strictly speaking, the ministry and their adherents should have left the house, and given a clear field to their opponents. The iniquity of their conduct, as the *Globe* says, is most flagrant. We were sorry to see our old friend the Colonel whom the exigencies of the time drove from a sick bed, looking so unwell; we trust that he is rapidly recovering from his serious illness. Well the game is up; the glory of Toronto is departed, at least it will in July, and in spite of every exertion, Quebec will be the seat of Canadian government. Everything has been done to avert the catastrophe, but John A. more inexorable than the Parca, has baffled every attack.

Though Brown and Dorion have done their spite,
And the *Globe's* thunders rattled for the right;
Though Patton, Allan, Christie all cried "no!"
John A. has said it, and it must be so.

II. THE PROROGATION.

Precisely at four or within half an hour of that time His Excellency the Governor General attended by a most dazzling suite entered the Legislative council. The people in the guise of a few hundred pretty ladies awaited the dismissal of their representatives. The Speaker commands the commons who come tumbling in. Mr. Speaker Smith sails after them like a frigate towed into harbour. Placid was his face though his shirt was ruffled, and calmly stood he there amongst the

sea of spouters. After waiting for an hour and listening to one drone reading the titles of bills, and a still heavier drone assenting to them, like a stupid school-boy taking a sly glance at his unlearned lesson, "Au nomme de sa M-jeste," and so on till we were fairly sick. Then the manly voice of Mr-Speaker announced the passage of the supplies, and the Governor General delivered a speech somewhat as follows:

Honourable Gentlemen, &c.

Notwithstanding the insane attempts of the Opposition to keep me from my fishing excursions when the trout are biting splendidly, I am very glad to get rid of you so early.

Mr. Brown tried to sharpen his wits by keeping you awake all night, hoping that my ministers might be caught napping; allow me to observe that it is a comparatively difficult task to detect a weasel in a state of somnolency.

You have put yourselves to a great deal of trouble in preparing an awful batch of bills, as if it were at all necessary to work when you meet. Why don't you take it easy as I do?

Gentlemen of the Assembly.

You have been a little niggardly with your money this time, but being thankful for small mercies, I am obliged to you. Always remember that money voting is the great business of legislation. You may talk what buncombe you please, only put money in your purse.

Honorable Gentlemen, &c.

You are now at liberty to go about your business. I shall have nine months' peace at any rate. Gentlemen, adquatulate.

III. VALEDICTORY.

Ye sacred nine, who left, in years of ill,
Parnassus' peak, to roost on Gallows' hill,
Who, when Time's engine squirted out the fire
Of Grecian genius, transferred the lyre,
To where 'tween shiny buns, the gorgeous Don,
With tuneful murmur glides in pleasure on,—
Inspire my song; sad straits befit the time,
Hence, glittering joys; sorrow, attend my rhyme.
I sing farewell to city glories now,
To John A. and to fate we e'en must bow.
Never again shall echo through thy walls,
B-starred Toronto, legislative bawls;
No more shall outraged decency complain
Of surly Smith's brutality again;
No more shall Cartier's bark offend the ear,
Or silly Sidney's ignorance appear;
No more shall Brown his Gritish yell upraise,
Or Gowan blow the trumpet of self praise;
And thou, my Playfair, dearest of them all,
Thou pious dancer at the Sunday ball,
Where on Ontario's banks you went it strong,
Where the wild engine shrieks its deafening song,
Where naughty boys sport heedlessly at taw,
And bathe in day-light spite police or law;
There as the Sabbath calm comes round again
No more shalt sip dear Cartier's champagne,
Gaze wistfully as beauty's glistening eye
Scans thy little figure as thou passest by;
No more shalt tread the mazes of the dance
With those enchanting nymphs of Nouvelle France.

Or sigh and whisper love with youthful grace,
When her dear ringlets dangle o'er thy face.
Farewell, my Playfair, back to old Laarak,
And teach the country bumpkins how to spark.
Hope for a season leaves us to our woes
And beauty shrieks, as noble Playfair goes.
So all forsake us; Gowan, Short and Brown
Abandon ruthlessly our hapless town;
Patrick and Gould, and even dear Dufreane
Will never deign to gaze on us again;
Farewell! stay not to gaze upon the wreck,
Pack up, vamoose, and hide you in Quebec,
Perchance the Golden Lion soon may die,
And the old King in helpless ruin lie.
Perhaps, inhuman ones, the day may come
When "lemon-ice" and "muffins" shall be dumb;
Perhaps Division Courts may pass away
When you have left no debts behind to pay;
The ninety-first lose all its new recruits,
When we miss you, dear spouters, in our suits.
Farewell! farewell! oh how you lacerate us
By taking off the "Spouting Apparatus."

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

When the following manifestations appear, people will not be far wrong in predicting that summer is near at hand:

The disappearance of fur coats, hats, and gauntlets, from the outside of pedestrians.

The perpetual remarks of knowing ones that "It's a warm day."

The voice of the "lemon and ice cream" man heard in our streets.

The extent to which heads of families are called for "spring dresses, bonnets," &c.

The magnitude to which crinoline suddenly extends.

The call for those grateful beverages, "mist julips" and "cherry cobblers."

The opportunity afforded to witty young rascals to enquire of every second individual in the street, "Who stole the donkey?"

The prorogation of Parliament.

The disappearance of doors from cabs for the purpose of ventilation.

The absence of ice from the Bay.

The number of suspicious-looking dogs that come smelling round one in the streets.

Deaths from hydrophobia.

The entire absence from newspapers of accounts of "several persons frozen to death."

The facility with which one falls in love.

The warmth with which one is loved in return.

The insane haste which people display to get married.

The pointless style in which all newspaper articles—except those in THE GRUMBLER, are written.

The absence of the watering-cart from our streets.

The mild apostrophies to which the dust is treated by promenaders.

The appearance of straw hats and light coats in the streets.