

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES—VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1860.

NO. 5.

THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1860.

GRUMBLES FROM QUEBEC.

During the past week the Council and Assembly have been away to eat their Easter eggs at their own houses. When the question of the adjournment was proposed, Mr. Gould, with his usual common sense, insisted on it being understood that, during the recess, members should receive their six dollars a-day, and being assured of this, with a laudable spirit of economy, he moved, seconded by Mr. Munroe, that in addition to receiving their six dollars a-day, each member should have his travelling expenses to and from home allowed to him, and also a week's board which would be incurred while away, and an adequate amount for refreshments and hotel expenses while absent. Several members cried "hear, hear," when the motion was read, but when it came to the vote, no one had the courage to stand up with the yeas—the mover and seconder excepted. Upon this both these gentlemen were observed to leave the House in an abrupt and excited manner. It was whispered among their friends that probably they had gone to commit suicide, but this surmise turned out to be incorrect, as soon after each gentleman returned to his place—one with twopence worth of apples in his hand, and the other with a yolk shilling's worth of gum drops. Greater evidence of how keenly the unfortunate gentlemen felt that they were betrayed could not be adduced.

Before the recess, Mr. J. B. Robinson enquired of Ministers if there was any truth in the rumour that the Prince of Wales would knight D'Arcy McGege upon his arrival. Several members expressed profound disgust at the idea—especially Gowan, who entered a violent protestation against such an insult to our common sense and patriotism. Ferguson, the other Orangeman, said D'Arcy had the mark of the beast on him. Some busy members seemed to think that, however true this may be, D'Arcy never made a beast of himself like some of his accusers.

Speaking of the Prince of Wales reminds me of a rumoured cavens of the opposition, at which it was fully resolved that unless His Royal Highness came out empowered to effect a dissolution of the union, an attempt would be made to seize the Citadel, and fire at the Royal squadron if it approached. It is said some of the Clear Grit officers of the garrison are in the plot. There seems to be some truth in the rumour, if one can attach any sinister meaning to the fact—that for the past week the artillery have been practicing with fifty-six pounders for the Citadel.

Dr. Connor, I am credibly informed, is to have charge of one gun. He will not fire it off himself, as after a trial he found that it shattered his nerves, a new hat and a pair of gold spectacles, too much.

The programme of the Repeal Ministry has been made out. You will perceive that members from both sides of the House have entered largely into it. Mr. Brown, Finance Minister; vice Galt, Landing Waiter at Nottawasaga.

Dr. Connor, Attorney General West; vice McDonald, Police Magistrate in Toronto; Mr. Gurnett, accepting the Chancellorship; vice Blake, nowhere.

Hon. Mr. Alexander, Commissioner of Crown Lands; vice Vankoubnet, promoted to the Lager Beer side of the Bar, below the House, Lamb being lynched for extortion.

Mr. Gowan, Post-master General; vice Smith, mail-carrier, between Quebec and New Zealand.

McDougall, Minister of Agriculture; vice Ross, Signal-man on the Grand Trunk.

Mr. Wilson, Solicitor General West; vice J. C. Morrison, self-murdered in natural disgust.

Mr. Bansley, (Hair-dresser), Receiver General; vice Sherwood, Chief Constable of Brockville.

J. B. Robinson, Provincial Secretary; vice Alloyd, preserved in a glass bottle in the Marine Hospital as a natural curiosity.

Mr. Munroe, Spenser of the Assembly; vice Smith, valet de chambre to the Prince of Wales.

Spenser of the Council open to any inferior scoundrel, not being a lawyer or a Methodist.

SORROWS OF FOLEY.

PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

Geordie had a love for power
Such as words could never utter;
And he wished to lead his party,
But some folks would always metter.

Foley, (who's a doubtful Clear Grit),
Wished to have a share in leading;
But as Grits cared little for him,
Geordie listened, little heeding.

Foley sighed, and pined, and ogled,
And his passion boiled and bubbled,
Till cute Geordie blew him sky-high;
Then no more was by him troubled.

For the *Globe* came down upon him,
Gave him fits in large black letters,
And all said, "poor foolish Foley,
Mind you, how you treat your betters."

Certain.

—Who will be the victor in the great international fight.

The one that gets bel-ted.

The above was perpetrated by a pugilistic friend, who stays constantly in our office to welcome visitors.

Worth Seeing.

—On exhibition at the Grumbler Office the *Wedge* that split the Opposition.

DON'T BELIEVE IT.

It is stated that the Sons of Temperance will hold an extra Session of the Grand Division in June to consider the propriety of ensuring the Prince of Wales a fitting reception from the denizens of Cold-waterdom. Some of the members, among whom, we believe we may rank the Hon. M. Cameron, are in favor of suspending the pledge for three months. The "Goon" is so much in favor of this measure that he threatens to get a doctor's certificate prescribing a little drop "for his stomach's sake" unless his proposal is accepted. Mr. McDougall, on the other hand, advocates an exception from the pledge in favor of cider or small beer; and when the question comes up, we have reason to believe that he will concede both these salutary liquors to his exuberant loyalty. Some little speculation has taken place amongst teetotalers, in reference to the probable "vanity" the Prince will indulge in. Mr. Morton has had a prolonged correspondence with Her Majesty on the subject; and, notwithstanding the frantic efforts of certain Weston brewers, Canadian Whiskey is to be the Prince's usual beverage. Hon. R. Spence, with his *ac-custom-ed* sagacity, has taken the requisite steps towards the teetotalizing of whiskey. He has secured its exemption from the pledge and will lecture on its virtues next week. Meanwhile, we understand, a public exorcism of its evil spirit will be gone through under the superintendence of Rev. Dr. Fyfe, assisted by Morton and J. A. McDonald. Our readers shall be duly informed of this new phase in the Temperance movement.

Still Later—Old Tom is distinctly prohibited.

The Metropolitan Water Company are to have the monopoly of the watering department.

CHEAP AS DIRT.

In the late supply Bill for the State of New York, appeared the following item:—

To A. A. Davis for stopping leaks in gas in Senate and Assembly (cheap)..... \$100.

Gassy, indeed, do some people suppose our neighbours across the water to be, but truly "cheap" are the arrangements there for stopping the leakage of the Legislative article. Would that some philanthropic tinker would rush to the rescue here and turn the stop-cock of our "spouting apparatus;" we might then be spared the dread of suffocation from "some joint authority," "Bank of issue," and other equally nauseous elements.

A way to save Money.

—A Rich Father who intends to bestow his daughter and £10,000 on some lucky wight of his own choice, may save £2,000 by consenting to a poor fellow *whom she chooses*, taking her with £8,000.

Quere.

—Can it be said with propriety, that one who is wont to make *light* remarks, is a *brilliant* conversationalist?