

# THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1858.

NO. 6.

## THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coat  
I rede you test it;  
A culet's among you taking notes,  
And, faith, he'll peent it."

SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1858.

### PROVINCIAL SPOUTING APPARATUS.—No. VI.

A piece of a debate on the Usury Laws, a last shivering for the Mirror of Parliament, and three or four days of the eternal bar examinations, are the items of business in the House for the last week. This latter folly, we perceive, Mr. Dufresno is desirous of prolonging by dragging in another election, which Mr. Galt, with commendable sense, desires to put a stop to the farce at once. The effect of these examinations on members is very remarkable. Many dissatisfied with the bar proper, tried an investigation of the other below; others formed themselves into coteries of chatting and laughing parties, while the rest composed themselves to peaceful slumbers in their chairs. The latter class we shall consider more particularly as

### II. LEGISLATIVE DREAMERS.

For some must watch, while some must sleep,  
Thus runs the world away.—*Hamlet.*

Of the twenty members who were present last week during the election examinations, not a few fell victims to its soothing and soporific influence.

Mr. Brown, lulled by the mellifluous tones of Noel and Castleman, yielded, like Samson in the lap of Delilah, to the bonds of Morpheus. He dreamed; and his sanguine brain roamed through pleasant paths of future power and greatness. He beheld the present Cabinet sinking into oblivion; Sandfield becoming practicable; Galt, honest; Gould, educated; Foley, sententious; Hogan sensible; and his dear heart laughed aloud as he took in hand the long-expected seals of office: but, as ill luck would have it, just as he was grasping the reins of his Pegasus, all vanished—his red desk re-appeared, and he found himself summoned back to stern reality and Lotbiniere by the irresistible voice of O'Farrell fighting for a question. Mackenzie, too, sank to sleep, but his dreams were of the past,—his companions, the mighty dead. Flitting over the Styx, his ardent imagination penetrated into the nether world, in the circle where radicals are roasted and rebels hold their chaotic court. Catiline and Gracchus, Cato and Wat Tyler shook his hands with their parched and weird fingers till Mac felt sure his arms were burnt up to the elbows. They seated him in their midst, on a throne made of the skulls of kings, and lined with written constitutions and bankrupt resolutions; they were about to crown him prince of demagogues and lord of the insensible, when a shudder passed through the agitator's

frame, and he awoke to find his paste-pot emptied into his lap, and his hand fiercely tugging at his flaxen wig.

We might record Cayley's dream, but it was such a jumble of dancing multiplication tables, ghosts of departed budgets, unappreciated Bibles and skeletons of trunk railways, that we forbear to trouble our readers with the particulars.

### III. ARCADES AMBO.

Blockheads with reason wicked wits althor,  
But fool with fool in barbarous civil war.—*Pope.*

Patrick and Fellowes are not the warmest friends imaginable, and they take every opportunity of proving the fact by a little wordy set-too during the Russell examination. Fellowes is alarmed lest Mr. Patrick should "engross all the vulgarity in the House;" we can console the unfrankulent gentleman by assuring him that his apprehensions are utterly groundless. We have no doubt that if hon. members were to take stock in that department, Messrs. Powell and Fellowes would not be found to be very grievously wronged in the distribution of the commodity; indeed, we feel sure that for their importance they have considerably more than their share. As for Mr. Patrick, we implore him to conceal his lack of ability under even a thin veil of modesty, and he may be comparatively secure from observation; and we counsel both gentlemen to reserve their little battles for some more suitable arena. Like a couple of bubbles floating over the surface of a mud puddle, they do very well while apart, but once let them come into collision, and a destructive collapse is inevitable.

### IV. VANKOUVNER'S PERSPICUITY.

As clear as mud.—*Homor.*

We were not a little amused at the indignation with which his Bucolic majesty met the second attack of Mr. DeBlaquiere in regard to the Seat of Government question. "What," said the worthy functionary, "does the hon. gentleman mean to say that my former speech was mere evasion? Did I not clearly explain the Government policy to the satisfaction of the country? If I did not, I was unfortunate in the choice of language." You wrong yourself, noble Van, you were particularly fortunate in your language; of course, you intended to tell nothing, and you succeeded admirably. We have remarked your general good fortune in this respect, and we pay you a high compliment when we say that we never heard before such overwhelming torrents of words as you can put forth without any tangible meaning. The hon. gentleman appears to our critical eye singularly adroit in the exercise of his copious vocabulary (as Talleyrand desired words to be used) to conceal thoughts. If we had our way, Van should be forthwith transferred to the diplomatic service, in which, doubtless, he would shine among his peers. Mr. DeBlaquiere was quite unreasonable in attempting to filter the limpid solution which Van's elegant oratory pours upon the Council.

### V. PARLIAMENTARY MUSIC.

Screech out! make a concert.—*Henry IV.*

In advance of all our contemporaries, we publish the following tempting programme of songs for an approaching Parliamentary entertainment:—

Mr. Vankougnot. . . . "When my old hat was new."  
Mr. Ferguson. . . . "I was the boy for bowlicing thom."  
Mr. Robinson. . . . "If I had a donkey that would'nt go."  
Mr. Fellowes. . . . "Whisper what thou foolest."  
Mr. J. A. McDonald. . . . "Fill high the flowing bowl."  
Mr. Alton. . . . "The night before Larry was stretched."  
Mr. Galt. . . . "Whistle and I'll come to my lad."  
Mr. O'Farrell. . . . "The Rat Catcher's Daughter."  
Mr. M. Cameron. . . . "Do nights when we went coon-hunting."  
Messrs. Brown and J. S. McDonald—Dust, "What are the wild knaves saying?"  
Mr. McKenzio. . . . "God save the Queen," with original variations and reserations.

The Leader of the Orchestra, his Beautyship of Carleton, will attend to the instrumental part of this novel but impressive entertainment.

### The Minister of Agriculture's Last.

—Sufficient for the Harvest is the *ter-ciel*

### Cricket vs. Gymnasium.

—The following production has been sent us by a "College Boy," who endeavours to show the futility of attempting to enforce "Penitentiary discipline" on young minds and bodies as a substitute for fresh air and unartificial motions:—

Since the Senate has been the bafe of our wicket,  
And has "hog-stopped" forever our ball,  
We'll straightway go into consumption and rickets,  
And not into Gymnastics at all.

### Amusements of the Day.

—We hear, on good authority, that the Senate of the Toronto University is about to establish a Tread-Mill in connection with the Gymnasium lately erected at the U. C. College. Each pupil will be required to take, each day, an hour's recreation in this machine. Offences of every description will be punished by additional periods of labour, proportioned to the character of the delinquency. We may hope that softened hearts and hardened muscles will be the final result of this innovation.

### Agriculture.

—Mr. Cimon, Member from Charlevoix, is the parent of "An Act to amend the Act to amend the several Acts to remedy abuses prejudicial to Agriculture," which seeks to secure freedom of action for geese and other animals in their peregrinations on the beach of St. Paul's Bay, in the County of Charlevoix, as long as said geese, etc., confine themselves to that portion of it which lies below high-water mark. This frantic attempt to fertilize,—by the instrumentality of a dozen or so of ducks and geese—the domains of what has been called, *eyer* since the time of Homer, the "barren Ocean," is one of those imbecilities which are every day undermining the character and influence of the "present corrupt Government." We call upon Mr. McDougall, of North Oxford, (?) to testify to the absurdity of the project.