

THE GRUMBLER.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1859.

WHOLE NO. 55.

THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1859.

PROVINCIAL SPOUTING APPARATUS No. IX.

I. THE SPEAKER HYS RUFFLES.

On Saturday last, be the day perennially marked with the most rubicund of red letters, Mr. Speaker appeared in the House in a frilled shirt and lace ruffles. We do not mean to say that these were the only articles of dress which covered the portly and elegant form of that great man. By no means. The robes and pumps and buckled shoes were there as usual, but the ruffles were the cynosure of every eye, and the goodly savour of jockey club was wafted into every nose. We have a real Speaker at last; none of your Belleau or Sicotta plebeans, but a real, ripe, ruffled aristocrat. Our reporter represents the scene as perfectly overpowering, and states with what astonishment he heard ill-concealed laughter, and irrelevant remarks about apish fripperies. He tells us that he was so overcome by the sight, that when the Governor was assenting to Bills, he had to beg a pinch of snuff from the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod. Our reporter also tells us, that he borrowed Alleyn's opera-glass, and took a good squint at them over George Brown's shoulder. You may not know our reporter, gentle readers, let us introduce him. Generous Public, Mr. Dotanddash, late of Vermont. Mr. Dotanddash, Generous Public. The learned phonographer is quite a poet, and desires to present the following lines to Mr. Speaker and our readers:—

Gigantic Smith, you are a regular ripper,
You gorgeous animal all over lace,
Whar on sirth did you raise them ruffles?
I hardly dar to look you in the face.

Don't stand on chores with me, prodigious critter,
My mows is entwamposed at the sight;
Who's yer dress-maker?—toll a hopeless poik,
And if yer mother knows you're out to night?

Et I'd a' ben you I'd a drank a horn of brandy
Before I was envelopped in that starch;
You look more orful than two pecks of lightning,
Or the Vermont reg'lars when they're on the march.

Who cut yer hair, fied it up and fixed it?
Galamptious insect, let a fellow know:
Air yer curl papers taken from the Leader,
Or does Old Double deck yer lassy brow.

Ring out your tintinabulating clappers,
Ye bells that rattle in this mother's fore;
Roll out extravagantly, double barrelled thunder,
To celebrate the gl'ries of this hero.

Adoo, thou grate and jockey clubbish Speaker,
Perdoose yer wig, you'll shiver me to bits;
Don't be obtusopulous and enooel, stranger,
Or this poor poik'll soon lose his wits.

And of some night, in a dark lane reclining,
They find a defunct corpse gone to smash;
And thud it soocilo for self-protection,
Be sure you've spoiled Dotanddash.

II. THE CABINET OF PREMIERS.

In the absence of questions of grave importance, our sage legislators are inquiring which of three gentlemen is the Premier. Dr. Connor thinks it must be Galt; Mr. Foley gives poor Cartier the benefit of a doubt; Mr. Brown goes for the Attorney General West. If the last hypothesis be correct, why don't they offer a reward for the premier? Who has seen or heard of him for the last four days? Sometimes a dark suspicion crosses our brain that the Grits have sunk him in Lake Ontario in the black box. Where is the Attorney General West? Nobody can tell, and we think Captain Prince should set his active police-force to recover the lost statesman wherever he may be. If he has been the victim of foul play, who of our great statesmen is secure? We may some day have to deplore the disappearance of Hogan, Gould, Ferguson, and Gowan. The matter is a very serious one. Mr. Cartier says he is the premier, but of course some corroborative evidence must be given, before we can believe that. Besides Sherwood said that Foley must be joking when he mentioned such an idea.

Mr. Galt seems to be modest about the matter, and is even disposed to yield the palm to Sherwood. Sidney Smith says "Don't let's have no primer, let's all be primers," and we believe they have thus foiled the opposition in their last attack. Sherwood is at present the bright luminary in the moderate firmament, and seems to do as well as any one. If we might venture to suggest, we would recommend that to avoid disputes like those of Thursday night each of the members of the Government should take the premiership for three days. This would give Sidney Smith and Alleyn full scope for their powers and for ever close the mouths of Grit-tish malcontents.

III. CHAOS COME AGAIN.

For a regular scene of confusion commend us to a Committee of the whole House. Take, for example, the Committee of Supply. Poor Mr Benjamin sits watching in the chair, like a sheep patiently awaiting slaughter.

Mr. Galt:—I move the adoption of the next item.
Mr. Brown:—Hold on, what's that?
Galt:—Vote of £200 to the Wild Cat Protection Society.

Brown:—Well now, here's a piece of extravagance,—money of the country wasted,—bankruptcy—irretrievable ruin.

Macbeth (with an oath)—Shut up your jaw (Yells and cat calls.)

Mr. Piche sings:—"Allons, enfante, de la patrie."
Mr. Foley: Order! What a confounded row.
Mr. Galt goes to Chairman to explain.
Brown, Foley, Mowat, McKellar, &c., rush over

and argue the point over the Chairman.

Benjamin, [from under the heap]:—"You'll stifle me, get out.

Burton and 20 others:—Take your seats! Six o'clock! Adjourn! Carried! Lost! Shut up! Stop! So on! &c., &c.

Benjamin [in a pig's whisper]:—Shall this item be carried? Carried.

Brown:—No it isn't carried. Yeas and Nays.
Dufresne:—Oh no! Carried! [Yells and scrapes from several quarters.

Col. Playfair to Dunkin:—What is it? All right, Galt says carried, (yells out) carried! question! sit down!

Item declared carried, and on they go in the same chaotic state. How do the people like this way of voting their money?

LOST.

A reward proportioned to their value will be paid for the recovery of the following articles:—

Mr. J. B. Robinson's chances for re-election in Toronto.

Mr. Ferguson's Separate School Bill.

Mr. Ouzime's temper.

Mr. Buchanan's prospects of the Inspector Generalship.

Mr. McMicken's late serious indisposition.

Mr. J. S. McDonald's tongue.

Mr. Hogan's "I do any."

Mr. Gowan's independence. [An additional reward given for the proof of the existence of this article.]

Old Double's brains; Mr. Vankoughnet's aboriginal hat; the spirit of the Legislative Council, Rep. by Pop., the credit of the country, and all other irrecoverable articles.

Novel Punishment.

—In the Leader's Police report we find that some woman, on being brought up and convicted of drunkenness, was sentenced by the Police Magistrate to the following extraordinary punishment. Addressing the vigilant crusher who had "captivated" her, Mr. Gurnett gave this command, "no doubt with becoming dignity—"Pat her back for a month!" The worthy magistrate does not appear to have specified whether the constable is to use any instrument in the operation of "patting her on the back," although we are all aware that constables have a falling of "patting" people on the back at times with their battons. For the sake of humanity, however, we hope that the punishment will be remitted—if not, the consequences will likely prove fatal to both constable and woman. People sometimes joke of rubbing their friends down with a "brickbat;" but we never thought his worship could indulge in such a practical joke as to order a woman's back to be "patted" for a month. It is to be supposed that it is not her bare "back" that is meant.