

THE GRUMBLER.

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THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1858.

THE GOOSE QUESTION.

The following debate was unavoidably crowded out of the dailies:—

A call of the House having been made in order to discuss the important Goose Bill, the members were all in their places, and the galleries were of course crowded by ladies.

Mr. BROWN opened the discussion by moving the second reading of the Bill to make the killing of Geese high treason, and therefore punishable by death. If his motion were carried, he would refer it to a special committee composed of J. B. Robinson, Hogan, Loranger, McKenzie, Cauchon, and the mover. He did not intend to make any remarks at present, (hear, hear,) but he would claim his privilege by-and-by. (Sensation.)

Mr. O. R. GOWAN seconded the motion as being an independent member, and not caring a damn—he begged pardon—a pin for any party, especially the Ministry, who were a damned—no, he was really sorry to forget himself—an unprecedentedly stingy lot of gallow's birds.

Hon. Mr. LORANGER opined that the member for Leeds and Grenville was tight.

Mr. GOWAN.—Look at me, sir! Do I look like a tight man?

Mr. HOGAN.—Hon. gentleman should not be personal. I, myself, eschew such things. But I do say that, besides being a man who could never be bought or sold, I'm some pumpkins as regards talent—as every one who has read my Essay on Canada is well aware; yet—

Mr. TALBOT.—Question.

Mr. MCGEE.—The hon. member for Middlesex had better go on with the composition of his own speech, on which I suppose he is again engaged.

Mr. TALBOT.—Hold your tongue, you vi a reprobate.

Mr. HOGAN.—As I said before—(A voice, shut up.)

Mr. AIKINS would like to know what was before the chair.

Mr. POWELL.—The mace is. (Roars of laughter.)

Mr. MACKENZIE.—When I was a young fellow, Mr. Speaker,—that is when you were in the Penitentiary—

THE SPEAKER.—Order.

Mr. MACKENZIE.—I don't mean anything personal.

Mr. CAUCHON.—The hon. member for Haldimand is in order.

THE SPEAKER.—He's not.

Mr. CAUCHON.—I say he is. (Chair, chair.) I don't care two shakes of a dead lamb's tail for the chair. (Creaking of desks, and cheers and groans.) I say it's unjust! (Uproar.) It's monstrous! (Awful row.) It's frightful! (Deafening hullabaloo.)

The SPEAKER rises and gesticulates until he is black in the face, but is not heard. Silence being restored at length,

Mr. DALY reminded the house that the member for the Lord knows where—he meant Mr. Foley—had opposed the motion on a former occasion, and he felt convinced, from the sinister expression of his countenance, that he would vote for it now.

Mr. MACDOUGALL begged to inform the last speaker that seeing he was returned to his seat by bribery and corruption, he had no right to make impertinent observations. He considered his hon. friend a pitiful, sneaking bound.

Mr. DALY was obliged to the member for North Oxford for his candor, but he thanked his stars he was not such a hulking, lying, contemptible spaniel. as —

Mr. BROWN.—Mr. Speaker, why the deuce don't you keep order?

Mr. CAUCHON.—He's asleep.

THE SPEAKER.—(Waking up).—It's false, you French villain! What's the row?

Mr. GOWAN.—I'll be hanged—

Hon. Mr. ALLEYN.—No doubt of it.

Mr. FOLEY.—The Government promised to bring in such a measure as this long ago, but they shirked the responsibility as they do all responsibility—except that of overdrawing their salaries.

Hon. Mr. SMITH.—Merciful power! What do I hear? I feel, Mr. Speaker, actuated by the eloquence of that great Spartan who flourished before the flood—I mean Mr. William (usually called Billy) Pitt; and like him I am determined to stand no shilly-shallying; but to face my enemies as Noah faced the lions in the den, with which every reader of Macaulay is familiar.

Hon. J. A. MACDONALD.—(Aside)—Don't be making an infernal fool of yourself, Smith. I'll be hanged if I keep you any longer.

Mr. HOGAN.—I persist in saying that there is no use in trying to get rid of the Goose Question by a side wind. As to what fell from the Post-Master General, I have only to remark that it is clear he never read my Essay—

Mr. BROWN.—Burn yourself and your Essay!—(cries of spoke, spoke!)

Mr. TALBOT.—I wish to remind the junior Member for Montreal, before I forget it, that he's small potatoes.

Mr. MCGEE.—If the Member for Middlesex were not beneath contempt, I'd knock the spots off him, before he could say Jack Robinson. (Mr. T. and Mr. G. go out and fight nine rounds, when the Division Bell is rung, at which they separate and return to vote.)

The motion for the second reading of the Goose Question having been put from the Chair, the House divided, when the numbers were found to be—yeas, 07; nays, 00; consequently the motion was zxdwack svrgnd qtmuagf. The result of the division will no doubt give universal satisfaction!

PLAYFAIR.

Playfair was a Colonel,
As bold as bold could be,
Playfair was a statesman,
The worst you ever see,
Playfair was a turncoat,
Who hugged the great John A.
Playfair gulled the Lanarkites,
But there'll be the De'il to pay;

For they'll turn him out, kick him out, orer the stones,
Like the gray headed pauper whom nobody owns.

On Show

—At Fitzgerald's Rooms, King St. West, an excellent photograph of one of the *Fellows* who ranks highest in the list of Parliamentary Criminals. Persons desirous of seeing the original will find him any evening at the Legislative Assembly, in the neighborhood of the Carleton beauty.

Not a Contradiction.

A policeman in giving evidence at the late assizes stated on oath that the police force of Toronto, was not trained as to their duties. Subsequently he sent a note to the daily papers, saying that his evidence was incorrectly reported, and that the police were trained regularly. The latter statement we believe to be correct. As all we meet are in the blues, we think that most of the force must be on the train every day.

Wanted.

"A Gentleman of Conservative Politics to join the Proprietor of this Paper, and take an active share in its management. The *Toronto Times* has an excellent advertising connection, a good circulation in the Provinces, and a rapidly increasing demand at home for the English Edition, into which Advertisements of Farms to be Let or Sold will be inserted at a reduced price.

We described the above paragraph in the last "supplemental" sheet of the *Old Countryman*. The Editor of THE GRUMBLER desires to patronize with the Editor of the *Times*, as we claim to be both a "scholar and GENTLEMAN," and for that purpose respectfully solicit a conference at our office, Masonic Hall, where we could no doubt agree upon a fusion of principles and interests.

A Fierce Joker.

Col. Duggan, in a very angry note, informs us that he is not the Fire Coroner. He swears that he never yet held an inquest upon old burnt ash barrels; but he confesses that he has often *sat over the remains* of the whiskey barrel till he couldn't tell St. Patrick from a bull-frog, nor the Governor General from a mud turtle. From the threatening language of the Colonel's letter, we should have set him down as a Turk, did we not know him to be a Dutchman.