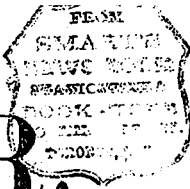


# THE GRUMBLER.



VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1858.

NO. 15.

## THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in n' your coats  
I need you tuck it;  
A chief's among you taking notes,  
And, faith, he'll peat it."

SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1858.

### PROVINCIAL SPOUTING APPARATUS.—No. XIV.

During the past week the Legislature has been remarkably industrious. Whether this spasmodic exertion arose from the fact, that members were so invigorated by the Detroit excursion, that they felt bound to rush back frantically to business, or whether the hot weather in Toronto is making them apprehensive of hydrophobia from the snappings of the Attorney General East we can't say. Representation by Population, Separate Schools, the Seat of Government, and the immortal Public Accounts, have all received attention this week, and we hope soon to see the last of most of them.

#### I. GOWAN AT SCHOOL.

What foolish master taught you?—2 Henry IV.

One of the most puzzling phenomena of this the strangest of Parliamentary sessions, is the extraordinary alacrity with which the member for North Leeds rises to reply to Mr. McGee. No matter what may be the subject of the talented gentleman's speech, and all his speeches are worth the closest attention, Gowan immediately rises, like a dying duck in a thunder storm, to utter his feeble quack in reply. He surely cannot have sufficient self-conceit to suppose that he has either the brains or the voice of his opponent; his speeches always appear to us most like the screech of a penny whistle, after the rich tones of a Cathedral organ. We have, however, discovered it at last, and although it may not be saying much for our penetration, we never should have known it but for the hon. gentleman himself. The real secret of Gowan's presumption is his superior education; and as Mr. McGee seems to be a sort of night-mare or apparition to his opponents, Mr. Gowan is commissioned to take the sprite in hand, as Marcellus thrust forward a certain student when the ghost of Hamlet's paternal relation was taking his evening walk,—  
"Thou art a scholar, speak to it, Horatio."

Mr. Gowan prides himself on having obtained every office in the gift of the people, from School Trustees to M.P.P., and why had he got them?

He came to this country poor, he had no friend, and therefore it was neither wealth nor favour; what then could have raised him to his lofty eminence? Don't laugh, reader, according to the hon. member, it was his superior education. He came to this benighted Canada a perfect Hibernian Cadmus, with the alphabet in his head, and was instantly snatched at, as a sweet intellectual morsel, by the ignorant population. We should only like to know

the name of the dominie to whom the country owes the mental polish of this sage, his name should certainly be immortalized. It will be pretty clear to any one who has heard his illustrious pupil, that he deemed his mind too tender to be indoctrinated into the sublime mysteries of Lindley Murray; we don't think also, that he could have reached the history class, for he did not know the other day who founded Constantinople. The school certainly must have been a secular one, for the moral and religious training of the hon. gentleman must have been remarkably short. Altogether we like to hear this gentleman speak, the oftener he does so, the sooner will his pretensions be unmasked.

#### II. THE BUDGET.

I'll make bold with your money.—Merry Wives.

If any unhappy man ever worthy of the deepest commiseration, Mr. Cayley is that unfortunate individual. We have heard of people reposing and even fatening on the Treasury benches, but to fill the office of Inspector General for six months would attenuate even the Daniel Lambert from North Hastings. Mr. Brown may for aught we know be perfectly correct in the financial statements he makes, but we put it to his generosity, whether it is exactly the thing to worry poor Cayley to death like a fox in the chase. According to present appearances the discussion on this budget, which appears to be a second Pandora's box, will linger out for at least a month to come. The Committee on Public Accounts have made such a bewildering mess of every thing, that a plain man like ourself has not the remotest chance of understanding what they are all driving at. Railroads, and Debentures, and Tariffs, and Municipalities, and sums of money perfectly astounding in these hard times are mingled up in a perfectly financial chaos.

The mare's nests of the *Globe* are quite alarming; day after day are we frightened out of our wits by the stereotyped headings, "Further developments," "Ascending Corruption," and before we can muster the details of one case, Mr. Brown and his paper are a week ahead of us. We don't profess to be a great financial genius, but we should really like somebody to give us ignorant mortals some information as to the cause and ground of all this confounding pother.

#### III. THE SILENT MEMBERS.

Hobbi'dance, Prince of Dumbness.—Lear.

Happy is the man, in these talking times, who knows how to restrain his unruly member. We have often thought that a volume of the unspoken speeches in our parliament, would be far more instructive in their dumb eloquence than all the flat though frothy columns of the spoken. The greatest men in the House are always mute. Look at Mr. Wright; nature has stamped his lofty brow with the seal of genius; ever busy in diffusing useful knowledge by franking documents to his constituents. What an eloquent speech he could make on

the moral shortcomings of the government! What a noble exposure of the rascality of politics. We fancy we see his optics flashing terror around him, his noble voice ringing through those halls of corruption, till it struck terror even on the tipplers in the cavern below.

Why are we deprived of these sublime efforts? Simply because mediocrity rules the House, and Wright therefore prefers with unblushing loyalty, to obey the prince of dumbness. Let the merits of these silent men be recognized forthwith, and a mute government beformed. We think Mr. Wright would make an excellent Post Master General; Mr. Aikins might be Inspector General; Mr. Allan, Commissioner of Crown Lands; Mr. Clark, Provincial Secretary; Mr. LeBouillier, Attorney General East; and so on through the entire Cabinet. What an amount of trouble and vexation would thus be saved; Mr. Brown would have nobody to oppose, he might be the Mentor of the Cabinet, and a political millennium would immediately ensue. Try it, gentlemen, we warrant a perfect cure, on the first application of our panacea.

#### THE THEATRE.

On Thursday night the engagement of Mr. and Miss Sefton, commenced with "Dumb Boy of Manchester," and concluded with "He's not A-miss." In the former piece, the merits of Miss Amelia Sefton (The Dumb Boy), lying wholly in the effective representation of the most exciting passions of the mind by the most appropriate and striking dumb-show, we cannot bestow as much commendation on her as she has led us to believe she deserves.

Mr. John Sefton as *Prettyman*, showed himself to be an excellent comedian. His style is peculiar, free from all steaming and irresistible.

We congratulate Mrs. Marlowe in the decided improvement which she displayed as *Mrs. Prettyman*. The excellent taste, and the energy which she evinced throughout were very pleasing and not frequent applause. We understand that the celebrated Charles Mathews will appear on our boards in a few days.

#### Little minds and little measures.

—We are told that when worthy Ald. Smith, in the City Council, moved "that the money, paid by the Rev. Mr. Onions, for the use of the St. Lawrence Hall, at the late failure of Jadas Macca-bæus; be refunded," a row ensued, inasmuch that the motion had to be withdrawn. Of course we do not expect to cull roses in a quagmire, or pick up pearls from the gutter, but we thought it barely possible that those men whose end of life is to chisel and job, and cheat and lie, would have allowed such a notion as the above, to pass with acclamation—since, by so doing, they would have won golden opinions, without being obliged to sacrifice their propensities for plundering the public.