

THE GRUMBLER.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1859.

NO. 59.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coat
I rede you tent it;
A chiel'annung you taking notice,
Auld, faith, he'll prout it.

SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1859.

THE PROVINCIAL SPOUTING APPARATUS—No. VI

I.—LEGISLATIVE DULNESS.

You were not wont to be so dull.—*Richard III.*

The week which has just closed has been the dullest and most tiresome of the prosiest sessions we ever witnessed. No oratory, no wit, no particular readiness in business; a dull languor seems to have come over the House. Even Gowen has given up in despair, and for a whole week we have been saved his inflictions. Messrs. Scotte and Lorauger have taken refuge in the L. O. Law Courts while the good humored, easy-going Inspector General has been unfortunately confined to his house by illness. To give our readers an idea of the present distressing state of things we may state that Mr. Drummond has been compelled to turn wit, that the Attorney General West has had to turn his attention to his personal appearance, and that Benjamin has surrendered one pound of flesh this week to that inexorable Shylock,—*emui*. Won't somebody get up a vote of want of confidence, or an Arkansas fight, or tread on the Speaker's corns?—Anything for a little life.

II.—FLUNKETANA.

Unreal mockery, hence—*Macbeth*.

Of all the stupid and grotesque ceremonies it has been our good fortune to witness, the interchange of messages between the Houses of Parliament beats all. Three or four loud raps at the door of the House from a mallet or sledge hammer; the Sergeant-at-arms rises from his seat, and walks up to the table, bows three times to Mr. Speaker, and informs him that a messenger from the Legislative Council is getting his death of cold at the door. Mr. Speaker musters up his dignity, and with the air of a man who isn't afraid, and rather likes a little brisk excitement, instructs the Sergeant to admit the messenger. Grabbing "the bauble," and marching off triumphantly to the door which opens from the outside, he admits the ambassadors. Ector grave and serious clerk and brisk automaton with a black stick cocked up at an angle of 45°. Grave and serious clerk and brisk automaton bow the latter separating on a hinge half-way down the back, the former bowing all the way down. Sergeant and mace take charge of automaton, clerk marches up at the rate of 2 knots an hour, bowing three times to surly Speaker, whose imposing appearance is heightened by a cocked hat. Clerk reads message, retires bowing thrice as before,

reaches automaton, who catches the infection, and bows ecstatically; retires poked out by the mace. Speaker tells Sergeant to call them back as if on second thoughts be thought he had better have them strung up at once for their insolence, and informs that the House will reply "by a messenger of its own." Bows and scrapes as before; exempt grave and serious clerk and brisk automaton. Mace returns without damage; Sergeant sits down complacently; Speaker doffs his cap—and the agony is over.

The Great Moral Teacher and his Pupils, male and female.

Yesterday morning at ten o'clock, the extreme sentence of the law was carried into effect on the two unfortunate men, Fleming and O'Leary. The ground was muddy and the sky lowering, but this did not prevent nearly 10,000 persons of both sexes from waiting patiently for the "great moral lesson" Jack Ketch had in store for them. Females of the unfortunate class, females from the city and country, well dressed and apparently respectable, of all ages, contributed about one third of the motley crowd. Near the stern and grim framework of death, were gathered, joking and reckless spirits, speculating on the probable behaviour of the culprits; dabbling about in the mud, little urchins were amusing the wearied crowd by their antics. A man slipping in the mire, a horse starting upon the mob furnished a fund of amusement for ten minutes. Ever and anon a shout of merriment and exultation arose from a section of the crowd, and except a tear from a poor woman here, or a rebuke from a stern man in another place, there was no seriousness, no appreciation of the awful ceremony—no one talked of warning at the foot of the gallows. Oaths and brutal jests were heard in abundance; and when the poor wretches came up, we heard, "O'Leary will die game," "Fleming's scared," but nothing more; and when all was over—"They died easy" and "what a long fall," were the ejaculations of the hangman's pupils. Scenes of this sort have been better described before, and we only refer to the subject now for the purpose of asking if morality is advanced by such exhibitions? If Jack Ketch is an ameliorator of society let him ply his trade inside the jail walls, not in the presence of a callous and reckless crowd who disperse again to their daily tasks as unimpressed by the scene as if they had emerged from the heated atmosphere of a circus or a theatre. Above all, let us not give the reckless and heartless of the other sex an opportunity to gratify an idle curiosity or parade their hearts as at so awful a scene.

Daly's Bill.

A wag member from Lower Canada says, that Daly's bill to shut up the Ssloons from Saturday night till Monday morning, is a bill to compel people to get drunk before seven o'clock on Saturday evening.

ALL THE GREEN DOGANS ARE NOW ON THE BORDER.

Air—*Boyne-water.*

Round I round! Cowan and Sugar Jobn
Why d'nt you rouse to the drums of your order,
Rouse, rouse, Allan and Oglo R.
D'Arcy McGee has his men on the border.
Many a banner spread over the dogans' heads,
"Three Hundred Thousand" are paiting for glory.
Rouse and make ready then sons of true Orangemen,
Fight for the chiefs of the old Orange order.

Come from your lodges, and leave the goat grazing,
Come leave your grips, your pusses and sign,
Come to the stretch when the drums are lazine
Come in your scarlat and purple so fine.
Hear the drums beating and fife loud repeating,
Head up my boys, march in good order,
D'Arcy rous the day, boast now how he may,
When the green dogans he brings o'er the border.

OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

The proceedings of our City Senate have not had a great deal of interest of late. The prevailing feature of the last two meetings has been that of dullness, and dreary have been the debates of our municipal parents. Mr. Alderman Smith feeling himself aggrieved from what he imagines to be a personal opposition, has tendered his resignation. We must confess that such a course is strongly suggestive of the boy who "went play" because of some petty occurrence. If our good friend is so thin-skinned as to be affected by the opposition and feel that must of necessity arise in such a body as the City Council, we were mistaken in our estimation of him, and regret that his prospects for public position are in consequence much lessened. We have, however, no right to criticise his motives nor his failings, but must regret that the city has lost for a time the services of an honest and very efficient Alderman.

With reference to the proceedings in the council, we have not much space to remark. Mr. Councilman Poll, has taken under his care the Public Walks and Parks of the city, he is as testy about any one interfering with his policy, as a hen with a brood of chickens. His colleague, Mr. Brunel, is of course in opposition, as he always is to anything he has't a hand in himself, and annoys poor Poll terribly. Captain Taylor's long promised and much expected speech, is in rapid course of preparation. It will be replete with the sound practical sense and emphatic language, for which the worthy captain is proverbial. We cannot but remark the improvement in Ald. Dunn. His constant watchfulness and frequent discoveries of "mare's nests," are the theme of general admiration. Neither can we allow the occasion to pass without noticing the industry of Councilman Finch, whose consumption of paper, pens and ink, lead to the belief that he is writing a volume—perhaps a History of the Goose.