

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. 1.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1853.

NO. 8.

THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1853.

PROVINCIAL SPOUTING APPARATUS.—No. VIII.

I. THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE WEEK.

It would be a very vain and barren task to follow the meanderings of legislation during the past week; suffice it to say that the sole business transacted is the second reading of the terrible Usury Bill, which was carried after another dreary debate. A little tinkering at the Legislative Council was attempted by Mr. Dorion, but of course unsuccessfully. The Orange Incorporation Bill was kicked out very unceremoniously after a first reading, on motion of Mr. Cauchon. We may just state as an evidence of the garrulous character of the House that 40 members (nearly half of the House then present) had their say upon the matter; of course the shamrock of Montreal made a little opposition; Mr. Brown and Mr. Robinson vied with one another in their zeal for the society; and we understand that Bob Moodie, on hearing them, expressed his decided opinion that he could have made "a bethler fish nor the pair on 'em" at it. Sidney Smith, the Dry-as-dust of the House, made a fearful onslaught on the opposition; brother Fergusson made himself as ridiculous as usual, and any number of little Frenchmen quaked with fear at the prospect of having Orangeism recognized by the Legislature. Altogether it was the driest and most wretched debate of the driest and most wretched of sessions.

II. PARLIAMENTARY SPORT.

A little scene which by some strange fatality escaped the attention of our vigilant contemporaries, occurred on Friday night. The house had adjourned for five minutes; the dignified Smith had just left his chair, and was retiring when some jolly boy buried a paper shot at him. All regardless—the Speaker followed the mace, and then the little boys commenced the fun; all the spare copies of the Postmaster's Jury Bill were driven from one side to the other; clear grit saluted tory and vice versa, and the sage head of the senior member for Toronto was ruthlessly assailed on the flank. Not contented with this, many of the members actually threw up their seats (we mean the cushions thereof) and the scene was amusing and instructive in the extreme, when an unlucky shot struck the chandelier, knocking off some of the pendants, and then the boys were as quiet as ever, as schoolmaster Smith came back and took his seat. The strangers were ordered to withdraw, and we suppose some little dust was

raised about the matter, but bless you, boys will be boys, and it is extremely puritanical to deny them their little amusements.

III. THE LION LYING DOWN TO THE LAMB.

A strange concourse of dissimilar atoms were ranged together on Wednesday night on the Orange Bill. On the one side we had Brown and Macdonald fraternizing for the first time, Hogan and Playfair, Fergusson and Nowat, Talbot and Connor. On the other, Mackenzie embracing Roblin, Dorion and Turcotte, Fellowes and Foley, and so on. We were very much surprised that the *Globe* had no announcement of the "great defeat of the Government" next morning; but we found that the great Grit was defeated too. Mr. Cauchon, whose political nose smells official carrion at any distance, called the attention of the House to the fact immediately, and, we understand, prepared the following list of a new Cabinet instanter:—

THE NEW ANTI-ORANGE CABINET.

Premier.....	Mr. Cauchon.
Attorney-General East.....	Mr. Chapuis.
do. do. West.....	Mr. Foley.
Solicitor-General East.....	Mr. Dunkin.
do. do. West.....	Mr. Notuan.
Inspector General.....	Wm. L. Mackenzie.
Receiver General.....	Mr. McGee.
Commissioner of Public Works.....	Mr. Fellowes.
Provincial Secretary.....	Mr. Roblin.

Not to be outdone, Mr. Fergusson had a rival arrangement out immediately, and organized

THE ORANGE CABINET:

Premier.....	Brother Fergusson.
Attorney-General East.....	Brother Baby.
do. do. West.....	Brother Gould.
Solicitor-General East.....	Brother Simard.
do. do. West.....	Brother Connor.
Inspector-General.....	Brother Brown.
Receiver-General.....	Brother Benjamin.
Commissioner of Public Works.....	Brother Powell.
Provincial Secretary.....	Brother Hogaa.

IV. A VALEDICTORY FOR O'FARRELL.

Sweets to the sweet, farewell.—*Hamlet*.

We are very much afraid that the country is in great danger of losing that bright particular star of the legislation firmament, O'Farrell. The evidence of Dr. Reid, by which it appears that the "janius" tried to have a dose of poison administered to poor Cote, the Deputy Returning Officer at St. Sylvester, to render him incapable of performing his duty; and further attempted by a bribe of £50 to induce the witness to assist in making away with the poll-books at Toronto during the Easter recess, has settled his business. We feel the terrible importance of the occasion, and thus bid him farewell:

Sweet flower of Lothianic,
The GRUMBLER greeteth you,
And bids the moment with delight,
When he can bid adieu (dow?)
Dear blossom of the wilderness,
"Tis early May,
And yet your little stem is broke,
And you must stalk away.

Tis true you've played some naughty tricks,
To fill our eyes with dirt,
By stuffing poll-books with bad notes,
Polluted as thou wert.
But yet, unlike that Russell coon,
You scorned the Yankee fellows,
And nobly rang a native bell,
And puffed Canadian bellows.
In favour of protection,
With Cayley you are found
To give forth no uncertain note,
A new *Sylvestre* sound.
With antimony next you tried
If Bech has told no crammer,
To cook poor Cotes' harmless geese,
And prove a second *Palmer*.
To steal the poll-books and thus give
Toronto an astonder,
You then plied your artillery,
You, precious 50-pounder.
But all in vain, your Easter game,
Went answer in the West.
Your arms are powerless here, my boy,
To trim your fallen crest.
Then fare thee well, O'Farrell,
We mourn to leave thee so,
But valy seeded to thy seat,
Now banished you must go.

Query.

— Ought the unfortunate young man Cummings to be sent to the Penitentiary for being the too pliant tool of clever swindlers? We should like to know whether he or Anderson are the most guilty?

Sabbath Alliance.

— We understand that Mr. Brown's trusty and particular friend, Mr. Robert Moody, Captain of the *Fire Fly*, has been appointed chairman of the committee of the Sabbath Alliance.

A Canadian Sepoy.

— In McKenzie's Weekly Typographical Eccentricity, called the Message, we find the following which might have adorned one of Nena Sabib's proclamations—"Suppose the Hindostanee powerful enough and covetous enough to conquer Washington, London, or Toronto, and take possession for their benefit of what did not belong to them, would there be no combination for freedom?" Freedom, quoth my dear Lyon, you had better be cautious how you pen such stuff in the good city of Toronto; you may send as much as you like of it to your bosom friend, the *N. Y. Tribune* but it is unendurable in this free country, we promise you.

Hard to Please.

— The *Colonist* one day gloried in the fact that Mr. Brown had been obliged to go up to Oxford to insure McDougall's election, and the next, pitches into him for sneaking on the Usury veto. Venerated grandmamma, you are surely very unreasonable unless Mr. Brown is long enough to have his head in Woodstock, and his heels in the House at the same time, in which case you might complain. We like to see the member for Toronto toasted occasionally, but we hardly believe in having him attached to a roasting jack and done on both sides at once.