

# THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. 1.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1858.

NO. 22.

## THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats  
I t'ree you t'ree it;  
A chiel's among you t'akin' notes,  
And, faith, he'll perret it."

SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1858.

### PROVINCIAL SPOUTING APPARATUS.—NO. XX.

#### I. THE PROROGATION.

The carnival is over at last. The maskers, whose graceful gyrations have amused and surprised us for the last two weeks, have doffed their disguises and slunk back into common place politics again. The fiddlers of the press, whose mild and not very harmonious strains have charmed us so sweetly through the crisis, are hushed; and the dancers whose intricate movements it has kept our senses all agog to watch, pause, and with a "right and left to places" dance no more.

The merryman Hogan has concluded his part, and with another of his masterly pirouettes, provokes a last laugh as the gay scene vanishes from view, and the masquerading is past. To speak plainly, the political stratagems of half a year are being concluded, the crisis is over; the ministry are back to office, and the curtain is to fall to-day on the last performance of the season. Manager Head repeats the epilogue; the band plays the National Anthem, and the curtain falls upon the farce of legislation which has diverted if not instructed the province for nearly six months.

#### II. THE USURY BILL.

Jean Baptiste had a little fun on his own account this week. When that worthy Israelite, Benjamin, brought up the bill to increase the "rate of usance," several French members were so taken with horror at the Jewish idea, that they determined upon a Gallic repetition of the Clear Grit expedient of speaking against time. Hour after hour, till half-past three in the morning, were our English ears assailed by the rude assaults of the prosy creatures. Langevin, Cauchon, Chapais and kindred willings were in ecstasies over their noble device. After a while, however, they gave in quite exhausted, and on Mr. Cimon's desk was discovered the following effort of the broken English muse:

Au diable with Benjamin the skinkint, the ruthless;  
Down with the fri-on that would ruin us all,  
Arrachez his grinades and leave him quiet toothless;  
Comme les vieux rois Anglais les Jews used to maul.

Où l'este voutrebien, acerbou l' mille innonnes!  
C'est un grande botter this shocking canaille,  
If he's not to be slain for his grease like a bear,  
He should be oerge for his skin to make turtle-pole.

So vive la baguette, jump about better-skitter,  
We'll keep le vieux buzzard as long as we can;  
Laissez le dissolver in the heat and the swelter,  
And leave him at last just where he began!

### BROWN vs. CAMERON.

The citizens of Toronto at the present time are nightly edified by two disinterested and well tried patriots. One claims to be a victim to vice-regal dissimulation, and unnecessarily forced into contact with the *hoi polloi*; the other is covetous, and desires the mantle of state to be placed on his shoulders to avoid its again being soiled by anything gritty.—Neither of the candidates, both honorable men, pretend to any particular set of principles in which the people have interest—they each flourish a political tomahawk—Cameron's bearing the inscription: "War to the hilt on Brown and Gritism;" while Brown's is draped in mourning, with large letters, signifying—"Death to Head and his corrupt advisers."

Brown is begging sympathy of the electors, because he sacrificed so readily all *personal* interest to obey the behests of his sovereign the Queen, per Edmund Head—first in taking office; secondly, in leaving it. Poor soul, he has our sympathy, for we supposed his subtly partook more of the character of Iago, than of the good-natured Roderigo. The cardinal political principle with all politicians, is supposed to mean—when practically carried out—"filling your purse with money"—and when Mr. Brown successfully jumped into the Treasury chests, every one supposed he possessed the keys that would surely prevent another thrust from the long, but phalangeal extensions of the Cayley-Maudonald burglars. Events prove how vain it is to estimate character and sagacity—the Brown giant of three weeks ago, is now a mere pigmy in political warfare—he is, in point of fact, a catawampus-chawed-up-individual. His stupidity is frightful and such as we could only have supposed of Angus Morrison or Tom Daly—the two parliamentary ninneys, *par excellence*. Mr. Brown has now no "broad Protestant" platform to retire to; no "separate schools" with which to lure the love of Orange hearts; no fierce denunciations of Papal institutions to chafe the latent protestant feeling to his standard; no virtuous personal sacrifices to tingle the ears of the gaping multitude; he beheld the glistening bait of office—swallowed it—and in a very little time became aware that he had a book in his gills. Still smarting under the wound, he asks the people of Toronto to revenge his folly, and join their indignant howl with his against the Anglers who peacefully and legitimately pursued their avocations. The game of "catching a Tartar," in our modest opinion, was a fair one, and skillfully played.

Cameron is a favorite with the people as long as he exhibits a free purse. He has some peculiar sentiments, said to be conservative, but distinctive from the Beverly-Donkey school. He is intensely loyal, and went so far on a recent occasion as to display his ankles on the street out of devotion to a mother institution. He is remarkable for fine "saw" and

expert sayings; and, but for an hereditary imperfection in the laryngeal muscles of his throat, would make a model legislative spouter. He is jolly, too, and regards the devil as a paragon of gentility and good humor. He is eminently devout, and devotedly attached to the thirty-nine article of his creed. With him, his church is his *alma mater*; and when in synod displays a warmth of feeling beyond his apostolic teachers. He supports endowments, and looks upon them as essential to the vitality of religion, of which there is only one kind, that which be espouses. He avoids contamination with the world, except during election times, and then only glances at the "miserable sinners" through an eye-glass. He goes in for the sale of offices—believes Fellowes to be more virtuous for his borrowed votes—and thinks Cayley the greatest financier of modern times, whom he has made his rent-collector in lieu of the loss of the Inspector-Generalship. He didn't object to Representation by Population as a theory, and is willing to allow the settlement of it to be made by the French Cannadians. Mr. Cameron has many claims to public support which we have not space to enumerate. An independent man, however, is the best, and luckily we have a third. Citizens: "Hold your tongues," "cease your potthers," and elevate John Tully to the dizzy height of an M.P.P., it may prevent his retreat to a lunatic asylum whither he is now fast drifting.

### LEGISLATIVE HONORS.

TO THE HON. CHARLES ROMAINE, ESQ., M. L. C., THAT WON'T BE.

DEAR CHARLIE,—Of course you must see if you have got any brains at all, which is an open question, that since that upright and enlightened statesman, the Hon. Robt. Baldwin, has consented to allow his friends to return him to the Upper House as the member for the York division, you have no more chance of getting in, than you have of cutting anything but a contemptible figure even if you were so unfortunate as to succeed. Therefore, old boss—excuse the allusion—the best thing you can do, is to retire with flying colors, and while merit is to be got by retiring. It would look odious if you persisted in running against the hon. legislator whom all political parties—suckle dogs that they are—have conspired to raise to the highest honor. You know what Horace says—You don't. Well, it doesn't make any matter. His ideas are combined in the above.

Yours, as you demean yourself,

GRUMBLER.

Falmam qui meruit, ferat.

—On dit that it is the intention of Synod at its next meeting, to present the thanks of the Church of England to that unswerving champion, Hon. J. H. Cameron for chaste and dignified language, and for his daring defiance of the prince of darkness.