

THE PROVINCIAL SPOUTING APPARATUS.

Of all the organs a man has, there is none held in account, if it would appear, but the tongue he uses in talking. Every where your proof-sheet is to be a well-fixed volley of talk.—CARLYLE.

Three weeks have elapsed since his Excellency delivered his gracious and enlightening speech to the two Houses of Parliament, and how many pages have been formed of the Statutes of 20 Vic.? None my masters, not a single line; nothing but spouting of the most gaseous description, spouting for three mortal weeks, and you, John Canada, have to pay the most exorbitant and extravagant of pipers.—Look at the debate on the Address; nearly 40 members, more than a fourth of the whole House, “delivered their sentiments,” as the stereotyped-phrase runs; their sentiments, forsooth, not a fourth part of them ever had a sentiment honestly come by. THE GRUMBLER is free to confess that he only heard four respectable speeches, those of Messrs. McGee, Brown, M. Cameron and Sicotte; and why on earth the rest of the droues did not hold their peace, if they have any in their composition, and finish the debate in one night, he cannot imagine. Night after night he has wearied his eyesight, and soured his naturally genial temper, till the small hours of the morning, in the vain endeavour to extract a grain of wheat from such a Levithian cargo of chaff, while Mrs. GRUMBLER, who is a perfect cherub on all proper occasions, has cast a look of reproach as he stealthily crept with fevered brain and sadly accusing conscience into his dormitory. As a simple act of penitential atonement, THE GRUMBLER interposes his veto upon any repetition of this unseemly gabbling, and if the sensible portion of the House will only keep silence for a short time, the rest will become mute as mice from sheer mental inanition. It is really monstrous to hear such men as Ferguson, Playfair, Pope, Shori, Billingham and Hogus, flinging backward and forward such accusations, as the raising of a “No Popery” cry, and other themes of that sort, which may, perhaps, occupy a stray paragraph in a daily paper, in a season of drought, but have nothing whatever to do with their legislative duties; and the head of the Government, too, in announcing his policy to a new Parliament, fills half his speech with a re-echo of this same folly. Has Parliamentary debating become merely a skillful game at shuttlecock, in which the public interest is driven from one side of the house to the other, by these legislative bauldoores? Surely the Public money might be put to some more profitable use than in supporting this clumsy and well-nigh talentless debating society; and if the public in future does not mark with its displeasure, these wilful wasters of time and specie, it shall not be the fault of THE GRUMBLER.

Besides interminable spouters, we have not a few mannerless bores, who, without anything in their own knowledge-boxes, about and carp, and laugh at every body else; we shall publish a black list of these gentlemen before long. We have also those who sneak through the folding doors, when a division approaches, to avoid the censure of their constituents; to them also we shall pay our respects in due time; we could not, however, let our first number leap into existence, without seriously protesting against the tendency to unnecessary spouting, which the present Parliament has shown during its brief

existence. Some members may have been at great pains in getting up their nomination speeches, but we see no reason why the paste and scissors effusions on the stump, should be inflicted upon the House at so fearful a cost to the people in these hardest of hard times.

The Indian Herb Doctor

—Has gladdened the hearts of our citizens by his re-appearance amongst them. The Doctor having just returned from Montreal, was seen perambulating *incog.* at an early hour on St. Patrick's Day, in the morning. The disguise was not effectual, however—the greetings and salutations from his professional compeers of the bar-room, and Saloons were loud and hearty; whilst a numerous body of cab-men, barbers, bar-maids and tailors nodded a recognition to this skillful disciple of Esculapius. Our ubiquitous friend knows well what a charming panacea “metropolitan” life is for the *ammi* which Montreal society engenders; besides the consideration of the additional scope which the sitting of the legislature will afford for the practice of this healing art. Members of Parliament are known not to be exempt from certain frailties.

St. Patrick,

—If he ever reads the Canadian newspapers, must feel vastly obliged for the honor done him by the St. Patrick's Society. Every thing good from prayers to whiskey punch was offered to him without stint on Wednesday. Thousands of Irishmen, for his sake, cheerfully endured the agony of a four hour's walk through unfathomable mud. This, for strong men with thick boots, might be pastime, but it seems to us that common humanity as well as common sense, should have forbidden the presence of so many young children in the mud, at the tail of the procession. We look on all processions as foolish— from marriages down to funerals—but we cannot endure to see children just out of their swaddling clothes taught to ape the part of silly men before the public. We intended to have been present at the Meeting held in the St. Lawrence Hall, but after forcing our way up stairs, and enduring the weight of heavy villains on our toes, and being flattened by falling bodies, and bothered by an infernal din, we came away, and, meeting with a friend, went and liquored.

Our Name.

—The name which we have chosen may be taken as an indication of our humor. Every body has a right to grumble. It has been called an Englishman's peculiar privilege. We think it a duty. We are in fact disposed to make a *business* of it, not only on our own account, but we will echo every growl that reaches our ears. In short we hope to become an *Institution* in which an ill treated and grumbling community will find one concentrated voice to grumble for all.

Unmitigated Audacity.

—The honorable and loquacious member for Peel, J. C. Atkins, actually had the outrageous audacity to move, on Monday last, an amendment censuring the composition of the Election Committee as appointed by the Speaker. We put it to the honorable member for Peel, whether he had not better learn that there is *sometime* a merit in silence.

THE CITY COUNCIL.

We would recommend the City Council instead of meeting once or twice a week, as they now do, to meet every night—not that this would be any particular benefit to the Property owners of Toronto by any means,—it strikes us that the oftener the meetings the worse for them,—however that is of course a secondary consideration. The reason we are in favor of nightly meetings is because they afford an innocent and cheap amusement for two very important classes in our community, viz., the Carters and Wood-sawyers. We never saw more appreciative audiences than those which assemble at the City Hall. There seems to be a perfect sympathy between the audience and the Aldermen. Every joke tells and every witticism, no matter how old, is applauded. As a specimen of the useful character of the proceedings, the following are instances: Last Monday night this august body amused their audience for two mortal hours discussing a motion to disperse with the York and Berkley Streets Police Stations. After a hard fight the motion was carried, when the victorious party retired for a short time to recruit their exhausted energies by drinks all round. While thus engaged the Eastern men, who had remained behind, took advantage of the absences and actually reversed the vote! Thus the result of the two hours deliberations was to leave things in their original position.

After accomplishing this laborious undertaking, the members had to deal with

A Shabby Transaction.

—A claim was presented to the Council on behalf of John Beverley Robinson, Esq., M.P.P., for the enormous sum of Forty-Eight Pounds, four shillings and Six pence, alleged to have been paid by him during his Mayoralty in 1856, to forward distressed emigrants to their destination. What next? The salary of the Mayor is £500 a year, which the Council take great pains to impress on him must be all paid out in charity, deeming that the honor of being Chief Magistrate of a city like Toronto, is sufficient compensation for the labors of the office, and should he spend a few pounds over and above his salary, was there ever such a proposition heard as to repay him the petty amount. Had the claim been presented by any other person, than Mr. Alderman D. B. Read, the friend and “Great Conservative,” brother of John Beverley, we might have thought that the proposal emanated from the good feeling of some disinterested member of the Council, but coming from the source it does, two years after the act was performed and the credit and gratitude attendant thereon appropriated by Mr. Robinson, we cannot but regard it as shabby in the extreme.

But the Council should have acted in a different manner than they did in rejecting the claim. When Mr. B. had so far humiliated himself to ask for the amount, they should have paid it in full with the interest. The precedent wouldn't have been at all dangerous, for no other person who ever has or ever will occupy the Mayor's chair, would think of presenting such a claim.

—“Write me down an Ass”—Shakespeare.

—For literal application, see John Beverley's speech in the House last week.