

THE GRUMBLER.

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THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, FEB. 12, 1859.

THE PROVINCIAL SPOUTING APPARATUS—No. III.

I.—THE SPEAKER VS. THE REPORTERS.

After your death you were better have had an epitaph than their in report while you live.—*Hamlet.*

Mr. Speaker is pachydermatous. No amount of remonstrance seems to have the slightest effect on him; no amount of exposure starves him. He has driven the reporters out of their retiring room to make room for his secretary; and now although there are on the staff of our three daily contemporaries about fifteen reporters, a small room, across which a moderately sized man could not extend himself, about five feet by nine is all they can get when it is necessary for them to leave the gallery to copy out their notes. Besides this, and notwithstanding that tickets have been issued to the legitimate occupants of the gallery, this Legislative Bruin, this officious boor floods the gallery with his particular friends when the atmosphere is heated to fever point, when the head aches and the face is flushed with the stifling air the members of the press are compelled to breathe. If the Speaker and the House think that they are conferring a favour, and waiving a privilege by admitting the press, let the reporters know it, and they will cease to sully paper with the wretched trash which is poured forth daily there. Let them give a hint, and the gentlemen of the press will leave them to an oblivion which is as deserved as it would be fatal. The obligation is all the other way. The account stands something like this:—Dr. To had grammar corrected, to misquotation rectified, to stammering forgotten, to polishing and amending and improving. Cr.—By the in-ivilities of a surly Dogberry, by charges of falsification, by head-aches and colds, by ingratitude and thanklessness. Let Mr. Smith then think better of this matter. It is really wanton cruelty to animals, and if we had a society here to protect the patient slaves of mankind we should have the Speaker indicted forthwith. There is one consolation, things will not always go on thus. When a new Parliament is called, we may have a gentlemen in the chair, at present we have little hope of reformation. "Well, 'tis no matter; let Hercules himself do as he may," the legislative cats will mew eight hours at a sitting, and the presiding dog will have his day.

II.—LEGISLATIVE NOISES.

There was a time we are told when young sprigs of the House of Commons used to amuse them-

selves with the jawa-harp, as a selace when the press inflicted long speeches on the House. We have been blessed with desk-scraping and lettering, snapping in past sessions, but just now these intellectual pastimes have fallen into disrepute. The former joke has doubtless ceased from the high price of leather, and the exorbitant charges of the bootmaker; the latter because the honorable member for North Simcoe had to pay for one of those useful articles broken, while snapping at the hon. member for Grey. We are not, however, entirely deprived of noises; Heaven forbid that we should be. We have first the "hear, hear," which may be divided into several classes.

There is the "hear, hear" dignified and confraternal as exemplified by the solemn member from Toronto and St. Hyacinthe; the "eer, ee" grinning and terrierish of Monsieur Cartier, and wildly reproduced by Mr. Bureau. The "hear, hear" impudent and ironical of a host of members; the "hear, hear" stupid and ignorant of Mr. Gowan, when a French member is speaking; the "hear, hear" jolly and comfortable, diluted by a laugh by the Hon. Mr. Galt; and the "hear, hear" encouraging of the Attorney General West when a weak brother such as poor Ferguson is floundering; and the "ecoutez" mischievous of the member for Ibrerville.

Then we have the laugh in its various varieties. The laugh equine of the Hon. Chevalier Cartier de Windsor coming from behind his canine teeth; the laugh sickly of Mr. J. A. McDonald; the laugh stomachic of Mr. Brown; the laugh healthy of Mr. Foley and Galt; the laugh whiskey-and-waterish of —, well we'll spare him this time; the laugh habitual of Mr. Hegan, and the laugh misanthropical of Mr. Rose; and lastly we have the yawn, first introduced this session for the benefit of Monsieur Trois Heures Morin. Now if honorable members will confine themselves to these three noises till they are perfect in them, we shall be satisfied; and if we could induce Mr. Cartier not to laugh till he knows how, and to spare us the "yeh, yob, yaw" which grates so upon the ear, one great portion of our mission would be accomplished.

III.—PASTE AND SCISSORS STATESMANSHIP.

A thing of wares and patches.—*Hamlet.*

Whenever we want to test the propriety of a system of political tactics we, as loyal Britisbers, look at home; and when we find a practice in vogue here which would never be tolerated there, we condemn it at once. Now suppose that Mr. Disraeli who actually approaches very near the boundary which divides satire from coarseness were to get up in the House, and read from Lord John Russell's organs what they had said of Mr. Bright or any other radical he is about to act with; and suppose this was made the substitute for any enunciation of the policy of his own government, what would he said to him? Why the Speaker would stop him at

once as transgressing the rules of the House, and even if permitted, he would forever forfeit the title of statesman.

In Canada, however, this is statesmanship. The farces are no longer the insignia of ruler/gum mutilage and tailors' shears have crowded them out; and the scrap-book is the political Bible of an intelligent representative body. Coke, Blackstone, Hallam, DeLozme, and Hansard have given way to the common-place book; and politicians like seamstresses, square their conduct by patterns cut from old newspapers. What a farce it is to be sure. Of course, poor Benjamin's physical oppression would not admit of his undergoing severer labour than clipping and pasting, but to think of Ross, a Minister of the Crown turning himself into a subject or is sad in the extreme. Let those who are so fond of this paper warfare, think of the effective speeches of Messrs. Dunkin, Galt, Connor, and others made without this wretched filth-raking, and either cease boring the House, or keep from returning as the washed sow, to this filthy wallowing in the mire.

THE THEATRE.

To-night, Lady Head, and the ladies of Toronto will patronize the benefit of Mrs. Marlowe. As it is the last occasion, we understand, on which Mr. or Mrs. Marlowe will appear on any stage, the play-goers of Toronto will not miss this opportunity of paying a just compliment to two artists who hold so high a position in public estimation.

As for ourselves, while regretting the loss which the stage will sustain by the withdrawal of Mr. Marlowe, whose talents are of a superior order, and who was just emerging into a distinguished position in his profession, we can only say that both Mr. and Mrs. Marlowe will carry with them not only our well wishes, but also the good-wishes, respect, and admiration of the community.

Contradiction.

—There is no truth in the statement that the Hon. Mr. LaBerge, M.P.P., is about to apply for the office of ladies' maid to Her Excellency. The habit which the hon. gentleman has of rolling up the "Orders of the day" into most irreproachable curling paper, and extemporising fans out the "Notices of motion," is rather to be interpreted as an indication of the desire of the hon. gentleman to torture the framers of those "orders" and "notices" in the same contemptuous manner.

Information Wanted?

—Is the royal prerogative made of the same stuff as the "flaunting flag of liberty?" Judging the number of times it is said to have been waved (waived) of late, it must be of the same fast colors or else it would have waved itself into a jelly long ago.