

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1858.

NO. 17.

THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1858.

PROVINCIAL SPOUTING APPARATUS.—No. XVII.

Honorable gentlemen are actually becoming very Broughams in intellectual activity. From ten or eleven in the forenoon to the small hours again, do they work incessantly, and notwithstanding an occasional return of the old attack of talking, they really deserve credit for great industry. There has also been a change for the better in the manners of the House, for we don't think that the word "liar," has been uttered for fully eight days. We can only hope that this agreeable change is but the beginning of a permanent amendment in legislative etiquette.

I. THE TINKERS AGAIN.

The fit of talking to which we have just alluded, was a debate of the constitution-mongers, whose political digits are acting to tinker at the crazy vessel of state. We have little space and still less inclination to drag our readers through the mire of Representation, Federal Union, Double-Majority, and all the other little attempts to patch an old garment with new cloth; we desire only to record our protest against any further waste of time upon them. Every man in that House has a fixed and deliberate opinion on the question which no argument can change; and we should like very much to know why Mr. Langevin and gentlemen, who, like him, are mere tyroes in legislation, should bore the House for three or four hours in succession, when they are perfectly conscious no good end will be served. We know that it is desirable that the country should have a full exposition of the arguments on these questions, but two, or, at the most, three nights, would have been quite sufficient for this purpose.

Mr. Galt, who is really a giant among these intellectual pygmies, gave a full and statesmanlike exposition of his views in favour of the Federal Union. Mr. Brown has quite exhausted the Representation question, and his powerful and forcible manner leave nothing to be desired; while as for the Double Majority, it has certainly been discussed as *ad nauseam* by Mr. J. S. McDonald, and we are afraid to say how many Lower Canadian aspirants. Why then must Col. Playfair make a ninny of himself, and Mr. Drummond a peacock of himself, on these questions? By all means let us have a vote at once on all these questions; that they will all be negated every member is perfectly aware; why not, then, decide them at once, and wind up the business of the session?

II. ASTOUNDING RETRENCHMENT.

Hon. Mr. Cayley announced the other day that the Government intended a reduction of 20 per cent on their own salaries, and 10 per cent on those of the other officers in Governmental departments. We shall not discuss the first reduction; the hon. gentleman will get his £1000 a year at any rate, and that is certainly sufficient for his services; but what we most decidedly grumble at is the second proposal. We have in our eye a worthy employee of the Government, who receives £150 a year for his services, and another who draws £200 yearly. Smith and Jones have both large families; they find it quite as much as they can do, with their present salaries to make the miserable pittance cover their expenditure, and allow them to keep up that appearance before the world which a Government officer is expected to make. The times are hard, rents are high, and many of these men find themselves involved in serious and inextricable difficulties, and yet Mr. Cayley, after taking £250 off his own large salary, says to the poor man who does the drudgery of the executive, you must give me £15 or £20 off your hard-earned wages to reward Mr. Baby for his fit contracts, or shield the proprietor of the *Leader* from paying what he owes to the Government. There is certainly plenty of room for retrenchment, but surely it may be affected without grinding to the dust the poor clerks, many of whom toil for a lifetime in the public service, with patient industry and in uncomplaining obscurity.

III. "HOW THE DEVIL SHOULD I KNOW?"

When the Hon. Mr. Fifteen Thousand Alieyn requested an answer to the above polite and elegant interrogation, we thought he might have asked himself the question before he introduced his bill on poisons, a subject of which he confessed himself profoundly ignorant. Just fancy a bill which prohibits a chemist giving a drop of chloroform on a bit of wadding to stop a decayed tooth, without an order from a Justice of the Peace, and an entry of the unhappy offender's name, occupation, &c., in a black book. How the deuce should he know anything about it? Of course he could not be expected to know anything; Cabinet Ministers never do. The only poison Mr. Alieyn seems to understand is a soporific for Baby, and other hungry creatures of that sort.

Rock-a-by, Baby, at the list's top,
While the pap flows Mother Alieyn may stop,—
But when the chain breaks, Mother Alieyn will fall,
And down come the Government, and Baby and all.

Birth.

—On the 6th instant, at Russell's Hotel, Mrs. Harris of the Montreal Pilot, of a Poken still-born. Mrs. Sairey Gamp had been engaged as wet nurse, but unfortunately her services were not required.

SONG OF THE RAPIDS.

Rushing, seething, boiling,
Crashing, tumbling, toiling,
Here, Maclestroms Hillputlaw,
With dancing convolution;
There, Niagara's on a small scale,
Making silly people all pale,
As they dash, dash along,
With their surging song,—
Surging fresh and strong
Like what? Like who?
Cayley, like you!

For ar'nt you a regular rapid, a whirlpool what involves us all in a rulo?

Ar'nt you going to have a Niagara Falls? of course you is look out! the storm's a brewin'.

Rushing, foaming, boiling,
Crashing, tumbling, toiling,
Loag Sault, Cascades, Cedars,
What awful angry brooders
Of fno fresh water broth,
From turmoil, funn and froth,
As you dash, dash along,—
Like what? Like who?
John A., like you!

And your molley crew; for what do you do for your yearly screw, but make molley bubbles!

But look out, ahead, for "Mary a red" will bring you to bed, and end all your troubles.

Right to a T.

—A rampant Clear-Grit friend of ours suggests that the title of the new organ is a typographical error. The publication of it was intended as a lament for the tottering government, and was therefore named Alas! not Atlas as the printer absurdly put it.

The Latest Infiction.

—Since that gigantic undertaking, the Toronto Esplanade, has been so far finished as to allow of trains running over it, the speeches of the honorable gentlemen who daily squander the public money on Front-street, have been embellished by the most exquisite or execrable, if you will, accompaniment ever heard. No sooner has the hon. member for Grey soared away into the sublime regions of elevated nonsense, than suddenly we hear a shriek which soon subsides into a bellowing roar from whence it passes into a dim and dismal groan, varied by swells and double-dotted-demi-semi-quavers, which generally last a quarter of an hour at a time. In vain do the playful members call out "order, order," and in vain does the Speaker caught napping, poor soul, this hot weather, hearing the dreadful sounds in a semi-somnambulistic state, start up, and insist on honorable gentlemen desisting from such unearthly yelling. The groans, and the shrieks and the yells keep it up, and if no other honorable gentleman will do it, we intend to move, as the only method, to lay the spirits of departed railroad bills—for such, we take it, kick up the row every night—that Messrs. McKenzie, Cartier, Foley, and Hogan be appointed a committee to reason with these midnight brawlers, and we are sure that the infiction will never be repeated for fear of a repetition of the proposed remedy.