

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. 1.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1858.

NO. 2.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats
I rede you tent it,
A chiel's among you talking notes,
And, faith, he'll mend it."

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PROVINCIAL SPOUTING APPARATUS.—No. II.

I wonder that you will still be talking; no-body marks you.—
Much ado about Nothing.

After three weeks incessant exercise of the unruly member, the House has adjourned as Mr. Mackenzie expressed it, "to play itself" for three weeks more. The country will naturally want some account of the stewardship of these hon. orators, at this, the close of the first Act of the Legislative Drama, and as THE GRUMBLER feels no little indignation at the garrulous trifling of the collective gossip, and having solemnly promised to expose delinquencies of all sorts and conditions of men, he feels bound to deliver a most unsatisfactory report.

I. The Debate on the Address.—Occupied the attention of the House during eight sittings, without reckoning the time wasted in preparing for the discussion; forty-eight members "defined their positions," and at length passed the echo of the gubernatorial speech without amendment. The expenses of the House during every sederunt may be estimated at £500; so that the passing of the Address cost the country £4000, *i.e.*, nearly £84 for each speech, and almost £2 for every word of the document. Now if anything valuable had been gained, any privilege secured, any wrong chastised, or any adequate recompense been made for this terrible drain upon an empty treasury, no reasonable man would object; if the House had been contending for a Magna Charta, or a Petition of Right, no time, no expenditure if money would have been too liberal for the immeasurable advantage, but to occupy so long a time merely to allow the outs every facility to assail the ins, and the ins to retort upon the outs, is perfectly insufferable. We had enough on this head, however in our last, and therefore leave the figures we have submitted in the hands of the people.

II. The Contested Elections.—Occupied four or five days, but with the fatality which seems to cling to the present Parliament, nothing material resulted. We can hardly go into the merits of the Quebec and Russell Elections, without incurring a charge of partizanship; at the same time we cannot avoid expressing grave apprehensions for the safety of our representative system. Think of it for one moment, you of the honest and peaceable class, who go to the poll and vote for Jones, because he is a broad Protestant, or for Jenkins, because he is an anti-

fanatic; think of elections being carried through in this Canada by frauds so gross and palpable, that no one can be found base enough to be their apologist, and yet visit the House and see the bogus members sitting with an unblushing face, even on government benches. THE GRUMBLER will not rest satisfied till some parties smart severely for their disgraceful conduct.

III. Constitution Tinkering.—Eighteen years have elapsed since the two provinces were united in the bond of political matrimony, and Parliament has not yet decided whether they are really one country or not. The double majority question must be dragged out for a week's airing, and the business of the country brought to a stand still, to discuss a question on which there is no real difference of opinion. The advocates of the system only contend that Upper Canada should not be ruled by Lower Canada, on questions affecting her interests alone, and its opponents say, that no body ever thought of such a thing; so we shall have a weeks discussion more, and then a general agreement and withdrawal of the motion. THE GRUMBLER submits that a Commission be forthwith appointed to consist of W. L. Mackenzie, Ogilvie K. Gowan, Mr. McGee and Mr. Brown to hammer and tinker the constitution and report in the year 1900.

IV. THE MIRROR OF PARLIAMENT.

It is very much to be lamented, Brutus, that you have no such Mirror, as will turn your hidden worthiness into your eye, that you might see your shadow.—*Julius Caesar.*

THE GRUMBLER records his vote in favour of this measure for several weighty reasons. When a parliament is determined to give up working, and confine itself to talking, the publication of the debates is indispensable and promulgation of the statutes will soon become unnecessary. The daily papers, moreover, would then become readable and the manly type of the *Globe* would not degenerate into drivelling nonpareil to accommodate legislative waddles. Besides this, what a valuable series of volumes would grace every library and cover every drawing-room table. How eagerly would piping juveniles devour the essays of Popo on water powers, and the sportive observations of Playfair on military manoeuvres, or Hoggan's never-failing grandiloquence on almost every subject. How often would Paterfamilias enchain the tea-table with the scragpic strains of Patrick and Dubord, and draw a sigh or a yawn at Brown's prolonged philippic on a crooked and perverse generation. Perchance, too, many a mute inglorious Aikins might be stirred with the noble ambition to fill at least a column of Canadian Hansard, and future ages be enabled to judge what he might have done from what he has left undone. By all means let us have a Mirror of Debate, not doctored by favoring hands, but doctored in the simple majesty of nature,—no passionate hesitancy omitted,—no fancied adornment supplied,—and our Hansard, or Thompson we believe it is to be, will

yet find perpetuity, if not immortality, in Salt's band-boxes or Gibson's premium trunks.

This is the record of three weeks of the first session of the new Parliament; folly made them talk, but wisdom teaches them to keep their speeches. "Do you like the picture?"

Acknowledgment.

—We avail ourselves of the first opportunity of thanking our brethren of the goose quill for their generally very favourable notice of our pioneer number. It shall be our aim also to profit by the hints thrown out. THE GRUMBLER will never descend to obscenity or gross attacks upon private individuals.

Serving him right.

—That bore of the Police Court, Something-or-other Allan, forced himself on the Inquest of the man Shedy, without being retained by anyone, and was kicked out unceremoniously. The Coroner has our thanks for his promptitude in applying pedal propulsion to this man, who is the most intolerable idiot this side of bedlam.

Rather Small.—

—The following absurd announcement has been posted in front of the *Globe* office since March 18th—nine mortal days and nights: "*Defeat of the Government!*"—*See Daily Globe!*" Why George, man, it looks a little too much like weakness to make such a mighty parade of a chance vote on a no-party question. The Clear Grit mountain has been in labour for months. Is this the fiercest mouse it can bring to the birth?

The Collectorship.

—Mr. MEUBEL has been kicked out of the Collectorship of Customs, and for this one deed the Government has secured the thanks of the entire mercantile community of Toronto. It does not take anything from the Collector's downfall that he may have been kicked up stairs into a new office. Mr. Dickinson has been named as his successor, and is said to be a pretty decent sort of a fellow.

"Auspicious Hope."—Campbell.

—With his usual singularity, the Rev. Editor of the *Toronto Times*, a small sheet which appears irregularly, like an intermittent fever, and whose birth was prematurely caused last week by the appearance of THE GRUMBLER, gave us a rather unfavourable notice. In accordance with the Golden Rule we return good for evil. The *Toronto Times* is a dignified, respectable sheet, full of the most excruciating wit and exuberant fancy, untempted by government pap, and completely independent of party. If the Editor, Mr. Hope, is not voted *pater patrie* (the father of his country) within a week, we are not true prophets.