

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. 1.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1856.

NO. 19.

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

SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1856.

PROVINCIAL SPOUTING APPARATUS.—No. XVIII.

The game of politics in this Province is rapidly losing its last claim to the respect and consideration of honest men. No matter to which side of the House our reader plus his political faith, no matter with what partiality he views a particular set of men or a favorite system of policy, he must admit that there is a hollowness and an insincerity pervading the political atmosphere of Canada, which are the unmistakable concomitants of rottenness and decay. Week after week for almost six months, has the battle for office been maintained with unflagging energy and eagerness; and here they are still fighting over the old grievance (Upper versus Lower Canada), as if the prosperity and future greatness of Her Majesty's noblest Colony depended on sowing the seeds of discord and sectional strife, to the lasting and incalculable injury of this country. We are aware that it is the fashion of the belligerents to cast the reproach at their opponents; we are glad to know that both parties are ashamed of it and endeavour to cast off the serious responsibility they incur, but in the calm and independent view which our position enables us to take, we can relieve neither of its share in the odium which ought to attach to a political warfare which is reflecting deep discredit upon our Provincial escutcheon. Let us glance at one or two of the discussions which have amused our Legislature during the past week.

I. NON-CONFIDENCE IN THE ADMINISTRATION.

Who's in or out, who moves the grand machine,
Nor stuns my curiosity nor spleen.—*Churchill.*

What interest do the people of this Province feel in the question, all-absorbing apparently to the legislature, whether McDonald or Brown is to occupy the first place in the treasury? They are demanding something like sound and comprehensive commercial legislation; they anxiously look for amendments in the usury laws, the bankruptcy laws, the electoral system, &c., and yet instead of such sound wholesome political bread as this, their parliamentary popas have been for six months offering a most unpromising stone. Mr. J. S. McDonald moved a vote of non-confidence in the Government; he knew very well what the result would be; and yet he must repeat again the old arguments which the country has had ringing in its ears for half a year, to show cause why the two McDonalds should change places in the House. Is this question of

such grave importance just now? We don't think it matters a straw, unless some great and radical change is made in the statesmanship of them both. Nor do we lay all the blame at the door of the opposition; they are naturally in a posture of attack, and their errors are thus more palpable than those of the ministry; we accuse both parties with placing office and honour and paltry pelf before the welfare and greatness of the country they pretend to serve.

The only remedy we know is a recurrence to the self-denying ordinance of the Long Parliament of England and the Constituent Assembly of France. Let there be a clean sweep of the present men, and let us ascertain whether the country cannot send to the Legislative halls, a set of men uncorrupted by the errors and forewarned by the sad example of the present House of Assembly.

II. DOUBLE MAJORITY.

The other political donkey has given out in the race. Like Mr. Ten Broeck's horses on the English turf, these constitutional hacks appear at every race, and like them, always to be beaten most comendably. One of the jockeys in this last race (Mr. Langevin), was thrown from his Rosinante, without, however, receiving much injury. Mr. Thibaudeau, with true Quixotic daring, kept his seat till the animal failed him a considerable distance (22 lengths) from the winning post. Mr. Sancho Panza Cauchon adhered to his leader's fortunes till the last, but seemed a little blown after the race was over. It rather puzzled us to tell what Mr. Brown was trying to drive at, for after betting 2 to 1 on the Thibaudeau hobby-horse, he was found at last exulting at its failure; we are almost afraid he has been playing double at the Tattersall's of Front street, at the expense of his French friend. We regret to learn that Mr. J. S. McDonald lost a great deal of capital (political) in backing the Canadian Prioresse, and feels considerably disappointed. This celebrated steed will make only one more appearance in the Toronto races, but its enterprising proprietor says he will run the loss at the Ottawa sweep-stakes, till he makes his money out of him. We offer 200 to 1 against Double-Majority; 300 to 1 against Federal Union, and 50 to 1 against Representation by Population. Who will take us up?

III. TALL TALKING.

Who knows himself a braggart,
Let him fear this; for it will come to pass
That every braggart shall be found an ass.

All well that ends well.

Mr. Ferguson is a great man, and the world doesn't know it. On Wednesday night, the hon. broth of a boy was determined to make a bold stroke to attain his natural position. He was the champion of Upper Canada, out-Browning Brown himself in his vehement denunciation of the "cursed institutions" of catholicism. He stood up boldly

and manfully, as the *Globe* would say, for Upper Canadian rights against Gallic supremacy, and boasted of how much he has done this session to torment the enemy. We were quite surprised at seeing the hon. gentleman's speech; we thought it must have been a trick of the *Globe*; but no, it was the real Simon Pure himself with his beautiful brogue, intensely intellectual countenance, and softly tripping vocables, standing on the borders of the government benches, a political Aaron, bringing the consor of defiance between the officially living and dead. The great Isaac, of Hamilton, sat on his left, the severely spectacled Cameron on his right, and the great North West lay behind and around him, and there he stood staying the plague of opposition with his boastful and almost elegant outbursts of elegance. Take it coolly, dear Jim; the world has few spirits like you in these degenerate days, and what would become of Upper Canada if she were deprived of her bowdlest defender and most illustrious political ornament. Bide your time, and you may yet make your little mark in your country's annals.

Information Wanted.

—George L. Allen, our Toronto Turnkey, is about to run for the constituency of North Wellington. Has he or has he not, according to rule and custom, resigned the respectable office which providence, with views of its own no doubt, once allowed to fall into his hands? If he has, we are satisfied with the legality of his running. Of course McHenry will be his successor, and by the time that Parliament becomes a little less respectable, will throw up the keys, and perhaps grasp the Premier's goals as a compensation. Of course the following announcement will appear in the *Canada Gazette*, under the head of appointments to office: To be Governor of Toronto Jail by purchase, R. J. McHenry Esq., of Cayuga.

Unintentional Compliment.

—In a late powerfully written article of the *Colonist*, we noticed a very chaste allusion to Mr. Benjamin, the member for Hastings. The statement that Mr. Benjamin was a "lineal descendant of the thief on the cross" conveys a delicate compliment to the antiquity of the hon. gentleman's family, a compliment especially gratifying in this wooden country of ours. But the editor of the *Colonist* seems to have forgotten that there were two thieves at the Crucifixion. We suppose from the context of said editorial that the unrepentant thief was the gentleman referred to. If so, Mr. Benjamin could hardly have been made to go farther and fare worse, in his search after an ancestor. But these genealogical discoverers ought to be made to bear the expense of certain appropriate alterations in the honourable gentleman's escutcheon, which their well meaning investigations have rendered necessary.