

THE GRUMBLER.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1856.

NO. 10.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coat
I tede you tede it;
A chiel's among you talding notes,
And, fath, he'll prent it."

SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1856.

PROVINCIAL SPOUTING APPARATUS.—No. X.

I. A STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.

The Hon. Col. Prince, with his usual sagacity, has introduced a measure which we are sure will meet, at least partially, the wishes of the people. If, argues the Colonel, the country can get on very well without a Solicitor-General for three months, it can very well dispense with him altogether; he therefore brings in a bill to abolish the office. He has our best wishes for his success, but we complain that he has not gone far enough. If this office is superfluous, so are many others; what is the use of a Provincial Secretary, for example, except to screech out nonsense occasionally in bad English? or a Postmaster-General, save to murder his mother tongue, and set all logic and rhetoric at defiance? The Colonel was right in saying that Mr. Harrison had discharged the duties of the office of Solicitor-General with great credit and ability, but so do the clerks in all the offices; but these dolls, who sit like jacks-in-the-box, do nothing for their country except spend its money. Nor are the Opposition a bit better, they only appear more virtuous because they are always accusers, nothing else. Why, then, not bring in a bill to abolish the whole Cabinet, yes, the whole House into the bargain? We see no reason against it.

II. VERY LIEB A WHALE.

The House spent a whole night, this week, in tinkering up a Fishery bill. We have had them talking for hours, very uselessly, on many occasions, but on this bill they frittered some eight hours away, when not more than two of the whole of them knew what they were talking about. We are not jesting, gentle reader, it is a sober, serious reality. No wonder Mr. Brown wanted a Committee of Inquiry into the Fisheries, for surely never was the game of legislation carried on more completely by chance. One wanted the bill because it would encourage the fisheries; another opposed it because it would not; one spouted for it because it was for free trade, another because it favored protection. Such a chaos of ignorance and presumption was never seen before. Mr. Mackenzie reviewed the matter in a right spirit; he did not pretend to know anything about it, so he treated the House to a humorous dissertation on the Scriptural position of fishing, and made some rather good hits. We like the old gentleman for one thing: he never pretends to know what he is really ignorant of, and the mass

of valuable information he does possess, is entitled to more influence than it generally exerts. The whole debate was one of the most foolish we ever had the misfortune to hear.

III. THE DOUBLE MAJORITY.

An elderly lady of considerable intelligence, who has outlived most of the foibles of her sex, asked us, the other day, to explain what was meant by the meant by the Double Majority question? She wanted to know if it did not mean that no person should be eligible to a seat in the House who had not attained the age of 42 years. We asked an explanation; the venerable matron (like every sensible woman, she has been married) replied that as 21 years usually constituted a single majority, a double majority must mean 42 years. Sage old dame! if this were the case, we should go in for a treble majority, for assuredly no man of sense would think of doing any good there till he was in his dotage. We, of course, explained the matter, and induced her to accompany us to the House on Wednesday night to hear the debate. She left the House, however, quite unedified. Mr. J. S. McDonald's speech of three hours put her to sleep, and Mr. Cauchon's gave her a fit of hysterics, and we had to carry her from the gallery, fully convinced that the whole question was a complete humbug. We make all allowances for the prejudices of age, but, after all, we don't think she was very far out of the way.

IV. NEW OFFICES WANTED.

In spite of the clamours Mr. Brown will be sure to raise at us for giving patronage to the Government, we must recommend what everybody will see are indispensable additions to the official staff of the House. For Instance:—

- A *Speech Guager*; not to be nominated by Mr. Foley, or Mr. J. S. McDonald.
- A *Grammatical Examiner*; not to be nominated by Mr. S. Smith, or Mr. Gould.
- A *Common Sense Guager*; not to be subject to the will of Mr. Ferguson.
- A *Master of Etiquette*; not to be appointed by Mr. Spenser.
- A *Joke Guager*; not to be dismissed by that gusty joker, Mr. Alley.
- A *Toast Master*; not to be nominated by the Hon. M. Cameron.
- A *General Remembrancer of Bad Votes, &c.*; not to be nominated by any Member of the House.

A Warning!

Toronto, Steenth May.

—MISTER HEDDON, SIR:—the Harticle in your last ishno odded "Vigilants," and reflectin on oww fawce, is onbearable; so take warnin by the in closed, and shut up in time.

Ceso, rood grumbler, rowthless raller,
Ceso to cut your jokes at we
Bravo Porticameoni and the jaller,
Allon,—who was once a paler,—
Soon shall take the shino from thee!

A HOWRAGED BLEW BOTTLE.

A SOREY PICTURE.

"Three years ago William Lyon McKenzie was pictured in the page of the Toronto Globe, as an indel and a liar." * * * "He was represented before the people of Wellington and Waterloo, as one of the most despicable of Canadian politicians." * * * "The best part of the Gallery picture furnished some time ago by the Leader, was taken from the pages of the Message newspaper." * * * "But what is the condition of things to-day? We find that the member for Haldimand has been whipped into thorough submission by the Leader of the opposition."—See *Colonist* May 15th.

Certes people in glass houses should not throw stones. One year ago the *Colonist* pictured in its pages John A. MacDonaid, as a traitor to his principles and the country. One year ago it represented the present Ministry as the most despicable politicians Canada had ever been cursed with. If THE GRUMBLER were disposed to present its readers with a series of the most vehement and bitter denunciations of John A. & Co., verily he would search the *Colonist* of some time ago, for materials for the picture gallery. And further, to pursue our running commentary upon the text of our cotemporary,—what is the condition of things to-day? We find that the *Colonist* has been bought, not whipped, into a thoroughly subservient tool of the leader of the Ministry; that it has executed a complete political somersault. And yet it has the effrontery to lecture members of the Legislature on political inconsistency.

"Take off your Hat"

—An antiquated rule of the House of Commons, passed soon after Oliver Cromwell invented his patent clearing process, forbids any member passing down the House with either his hat or spurs on. The Hon. Mr. Sicotte, during his incumbency of the Speaker's chair, if compelled to enforce this rule in our House of Assembly, would quietly despatch a messenger with a polite intimation to the offending member to remove his *chapeau*. Mr. Spenser Smith, with his usual anxiety to render himself intensely disagreeable, prefers to bellow from his chair a thundering "take off your hat!" Mark the contrast, my masters, between a gentleman and a BEAR.

Evaporated.

—Sydney, the Postmaster, astonished the House the other evening by bolting through the side door at railroad speed, when the question was put on an amendment to Mr. Dorion's Bill to allow the Grey Nuns of Montreal, to sell their property and reinvest in real estate. Poor Sydney transformed his coat-tails into a temporary balloon, by his eagerness to shirk the difficulty of voting, either against his leader, or contrary to the well known wishes of his constituents. Rumour says that Quaker J. R. Clark, who hails from the neighbourhood of Sydney's county, took out his memorandum book and made a note for future use of the Postmaster General's flight.

Sydney! Sydney! Why did you go into bad company? Every one knows it is the first step to ruin.