

# THE GRUMBLER.

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## THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coat  
I rede you tent it;  
A chiel's amang you taking notes,  
And, faith, he'll prent it."

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### THE PROVINCIAL SPOUTING APPARATUS—No. II.

#### I. THE ROYAL SPEECH.

What may your speech impart!—*Shakspeare.*

If any body can show us, in the annals of British legislation, a more stupid speech from the Throne than that delivered last Saturday by Sir E. W. Head, he will make us eternally grateful. The first five sentences form a modest request to the House to stultify itself and reverse its own decision. This is the first request of the kind ever given from the Throne. The next is for money. The next is the *only measure* to be introduced, "a Municipal law for Lower Canada." The next, a statement that the Governor has been writing some despatches for his his own amusement and nobody's profit.

Then follows a wholesale beggar's petition to the House, forming one third of the speech. Then an announcement about the statutes, and to wind up a piece of self-congratulation that the Government have summoned the House at the best time to do nothing, and go home as soon as they can. With this hope he leaves "them to their Parliamentary labours,"—i. e., to the passage of a Municipal Bill for Lower Canada. They beg £150,000 for uselessly moving to Quebec; Heaven knows what for the censitaires borrow money to supply the revenue, and yet talk of keeping "expenditure within the limits required by our revenue." One measure and the old pauper's petition constituting a Royal speech! Why should not the Premier be known in future as single Bill Carrier?

#### II.—THE DEBATE ON THE ADDRESS.

Stay, you imperfect speakers.—*Macbeth.*

We have heard several debates on several addresses, and we never heard so egregiously dull a discussion as that for which the country is now paying £400 per diem.

No one expected anything from Mr. Dufresne much less from Burton but "inexplicable dumb show and noise," but to think of Foley, Rose, McGee, Dorion, and Brown having sunk into the pit of dullness is astounding. Not a bright idea, scarcely a happy expression, have we heard during the whole debate. We did hope that Carlier would have had his French polish rubbed up a little by his visit to "Vindosor," but we were grievously disappointed. The same spring-halt in his speech, the same growling exposure of his dentals as ever. And

then to think of having been cursed with such drones and bores as Gowan and Bellingham; the thing is really awful, and it only needs Ferres, Short, and Buchanan's speeches to put us into a high fever. For goodness' sake let the drawing and pointless discussion be put an end to at once.

#### III.—THE SPEAKER'S WIG.

The Session has commenced, and still the wig appeareth not. Whether the barber has been treacherous, or the Speaker is "over" modest, this dependeth saith not; but the awful fact is certain, the wig appeareth not. Surely a Sheriff's writ has not seized it; we should tremble to our very inwards to see the profane announcement of the sale of the precious article. Perchance Cartier may have borrowed it to go to England, and left it at the Castle, or peradventure it did not fit him, and was blown overboard near the coast of Ireland to excite the reflections and inflame the curiosity of the isle of Saints. It is rumored, however, that all is not right in the barber's, and that it will appear in full bloom at the presentation of the Address of the Governor. So mote it be.

Oh where and where is the Speaker's new wig gone?  
Oh where and where is the Speaker's curly wig?  
At Banstoy's for a twist from the barber's curling tong,  
And its oh! in my heart that he'd bring right along.

#### IV.—THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL.

This staid and solemn branch of the Legislature is becoming excessively important. It so increased in size that the reporters have been squeezed into the North West corner with the politeness which members of the corps usually receive from the dignified authorities of both houses. If instead of cramping them up, the council would send Messrs. Simpson and a dozen others into another room, the country would gain much. Besides increasing in size, the council is getting so eager to distinguish itself, that instead of correcting and revising, it insists on taking the initiative. The members are too fast altogether, and we would remind them that haste and clamour are quite inconsistent with dignity.

Of the new arrivals, our York representative, Mr. Allan is decidedly an ornament to the House in more senses than one; he speaks clearly, easily and what is better, briefly and to the point; and he is besides a gentleman in appearance and demeanour.

Mr. Campbell will make his mark, but he is too garrulous; talks too often for a new member. Mr. Kierzkowski, although a little too warm and vehement in manner, is also a valuable acquisition. Mr. Christie has found his tongue, and speaks with effect, and altogether we think the country has gained much by the late elections.

#### A PZZLER.

—If Mr. Hinc's smile was worth £900 how much would his laugh have produced?

#### "OLD DOUBLE" ON THE OPENING.

*Old Dullness*, on Monday last, contained a grave account of the opening of Parliament. The first statement worthy of note is that—

"The interest displayed by the public at large in the opening ceremonial being much greater than has been the case on similar occasions for some time past."

What sort of spectacles *Old Dullness* was looking through when she made the above discovery, we do not know. But we suspect that they must have been of the "double million magnifying" kind. This is the more evident from the following sentence:

"At three o'clock His Excellency, accompanied by a brilliant staff, left the Government House."

The brilliant staff referred to consisted of His Excellency's Private Secretary and his Aide-de-Camp. No more, nor no less. Two cocked hats and four gold epaulettes are converted by *Old Dullness* into a brilliant staff! Such statements need no comment. But the dullness of our cotemporary waxes more cloudy. He says again:

"His Excellency's carriage was drawn by four dark bays, which certainly do credit to the viceregal stables, both in symmetry and action, as well as in their general caparisons."

By this paragraph it would seem that the gentleman who did "the Opening" for *Old Dullness* on this occasion, has the *entré* of His Excellency's stables, and also that the management of horses and the proper adjustment of their harness is in his line; an opinion to which we are inclined to give all the more credence from the fact that when describing the Governor's Ball on a late occasion, this same gentleman stated that he was particularly struck with the multitude of the equipages which conveyed the guests to the ball, and especially at the antics of a cab-horse, which, regardless of expense, dashed actually up to the vice-regal door, from whence, however, he was soon expelled. But our reporter, whom we shall take the liberty of installing into the office of Groom of the Vice-Royal Stables, presumes to criticize the *tout-en-semble* of His Excellency's turn-out:

"The four-in-hand style which Sir Edmund has adopted on all State occasions, though not quite so *en regle* as postillions, has the advantage of being more graceful and becoming."

Just think of this Groom of the Pen sitting down to inform His Excellency that his "four-in-hand style" was not the style adopted by royalists, and then hastening to soothe Sir Edmund's feelings, which, no doubt, he supposed he had grievously wounded, by adding that "it had the advantage of being more graceful and becoming." If, on the next distribution of offices, our Groom is not made at least head coachman, "the devil's a witch."