

THE GRUMBLER.

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WHOLE NO. 78.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coat
I troke you tunk it!
A' chiel's naming you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll preeit it."

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1859.

SPEAKER SMITH'S HISTORY.

To the Editor of the Grumbler.

LONDON, August, 1859.

DEAR SIR,—As I am about to return to my native country, in which, I trust, I am not altogether unknown, and as my native country is no doubt anxious to receive an account of the manner in which her not altogether insignificant son, and deputy on this occasion, was received by her most gracious Majesty the Queen, and the people of England generally, I solicit the use of your columns in order to lay before the public a brief history of my career from the day I left Quebec up to the present moment.

I will pass over such minor incidents as the loss of my appetite through sea-sickness, and the loss of the band-box containing my wig and gown through malice or carelessness—together with all mention of the bad wines and worse cigars which were the plague of my life on ship-board, and come at once to the marrow of the subject. By the way, talking of marrow, can you inform me what the expression, "down on your marrow bones" is derived from?

To return. In London, I met some jolly fellows from Quebec—such as Langevin, Cassault, also some chaps from the Hundredth, who together with some of our set from the House, and one or two of the ministers made up as glorious, "I might say uproarious party, as ever did honour to good cheer. We went it strong every day and much stronger every night—frisking about like young kids—if I may apply the term to myself, which I think on the whole doubtful. There was not a place of note in London that we did not visit, from her Majesty's palace down to her Majesty's House of Correction, in the latter of which places, half a dozen of us unexpectedly tound ourselves one morning.

I had an interview with the Duke of Newcastle soon after I arrived. On the whole, his Dukeship is a vulgar noble. When we were ushered in—that is some Quebec fellows and I, he mistook me for one of his lackeys, and requested me to put some more coal on the fire, I thought it a mark of true greatness to comply; but, in doing so, I unfortunately dropped my new wig—which cost me, or rather the country, ten guineas—into the fire, in addition to which I destroyed my gloves and damaged my toes by allowing a large piece of coal to fall upon them. When his lordship became aware of who I was, he

was profuse in his apologies; upon which to relieve him from all embarrassment, I changed the conversation by enquiring whether any of his lordship's ancestors were in the coal trade, or how it was that his lordship came to be called after Newcastle coal. The enquiry, I was sorry to say, seemed to annoy rather than soothe his lordship—so that I was not sorry when the interview terminated.

Soon after this interview I was summoned to court. It took me sixteen hours to dress, and twelve hours to practice before the glass. The ceremony of presentation was, on the whole, dreadful, and cost me ten pounds of flesh, besides I am sure a hundred pounds of money, in broken mirrors and discomfited ties and slippers. I need not tell you I would not have gone to all this trouble, but that I had been assured that I should have been knighted. When we arrived at the palace, I was shown into a large room, where were assembled many ladies and gentlemen. Here a cruel joke was passed upon me. I being introduced to some lady in waiting, who personated the Queen; and it was not until I had knelt and bowed, and kissed hands, and been slapped on the back by the poker that I discovered that I was being hoaxed.

At last I was introduced to Her Majesty; I need not describe the ceremony. It makes my back ache to think of it. Her Majesty was very cordial, and several times enquired after her prominent Canadian subjects by name. She was particularly anxious to hear about her dear friend Bob Moodie.

"He's a first-rate little fellow!" says Her Majesty.

"He's a regular brick, ma'am," says I.

"I'll knight him," says she, "for the gallant stand he took against the Corporation, in the matter of the College Avenue."

"Your Majesty would be only doing an act of common justice, if you did," says I, and here I must confess that I threw out a delicate hint as to the advisability of knighting myself; but it didn't take.

Prince Albert looks as if he was fed on lager beer and sauer kraut. He mistook me for one of the aborigines, and said that he had always heard that the North American Indians were red men. This caused me to blush, whereupon His Royal Highness told me not to disturb myself—that it did not make any matter, and that in fact I was red enough, without making myself any redder. When I discovered to His Highness his mistake, he laughed, and said, incredulously, "that's ghood!"

Her Majesty asked me who Mr. George Brown was. I told her he was a great big Scotchman—upon which she asked me if he wouldn't take a commission in the Life Guards; I said I thought not. During the interview one of the young princesses came behind me, and mischievously managed to pluck off my wig, which caused great mirth amongst those present.

Regarding the object of my visit, Her Majesty was undecided. She said she'd sleep over the idea before giving me a final answer. Before taking my departure—that is before I was dismissed—Her Majesty asked me to drop in occasionally and take tea with her, begging of me to observe no ceremony, as only herself and Albert would be present. She also said that the Prince of Wales might come over to Canada, if he had finished his schooling by next spring. The information did not seem much to please his young Highness, for I understood him to mutter, on hearing it, something to the effect that he'd be giggered if he'd come—upon which Her Majesty boxed his ears forthwith. One of the youngest of the royal babies here commenced to grow frantically uproarious, and I was summarily dismissed.

Your obedient servant,

HENRY SMITH.

Speaker, L. A.

A CURIOUS APPLE TREE.

"Mr. Sidney McKenzie, of Mariposa, in the County of Victoria, writes us to say that he has in his orchard an apple-tree that has blossomed three times this year, namely in spring, in July, and, what is more extraordinary still, in September.—There was some fruit on the tree after the first blossoming. He incloses us one of the blossoms which has the rich, fresh smell of spring. Who can beat this?"—Leader.

We should like to know what the Editor of the Leader means by "Who can beat this?" It may mean a variety of things. First of all it may mean, what man can blossom three times in one year, as Mr. McKenzie's apple-tree has done. It may mean, who can beat the blossoms which were sent to the editorial sanctum; or it may mean, who can beat Mr. McKenzie himself. It is a new notion to hear an Editor asking after some man possessed of courage enough to set himself into competition with an apple-tree in the matter of blossoming. Such a proceeding is nothing less than offering a premium for drunkenness,—since it is a well known fact in physiology that the only portion of man's body given to blossoming is his nose; and, it is also a well known fact that such blossoming is not the result of drinking cold water, alone. The description of the apple certainly concludes in a most extraordinary manner; and as guardians of the public morality we demand to know what it means?

Airient.

—A certain word belonging to the English language, has been very much abused of late, and has received as many names as an honest politician usually does in the course of a well spent life. Airient, Irent, Highrent, Iriant, Oriant, Aroport, Erynot, are all the different modes of pronouncing the following combination of letters: *Aeronaut*.