

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. I.

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NO. 46.

THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, JAN. 29, 1859.

THE PROVINCIAL SPOUTING APPARATUS—No. I.

Gentlemen, let's look to our business—*Othello*.

At about half an hour after the appointed time to-day, for unlike royalty, vice-royalty is never punctual, a little waste of powder from several rheumatic and feeble pieces of ordnance, and an unnatural expenditure of wind from the band of the R. C. Rifles, will announce the arrival of Sir Edward Head at the Legislative Council to open the Parliamentary session of 1859. In order to expedite the business of the country and to enable the members of the Opposition to forge sufficient rage and elaborate their thunder, we have been favoured with a hasty perusal of the speech. We may state that His Excellency has generously consented to delay the important ceremony till the Speaker has succeeded in adjusting all the locks of his wig and given the last polish to the buckles of his official tutorials. The Montreal Telegraph Company have made electric communication between the Parliament and the Government Houses, and unless the threatening clouds of the political firmament intercept the currents, we may expect such despatches as the following:—

"Sir Edmund is in a hurry; has just done smoking and wants to go!"

"Mr. Smith has just discovered some whitening on the knbes of his inexpressibles."

"Sir Edmund will only wait three minutes more."

"Mr. Smith implores his Excellency to hold his horses or get the coachman to do it for him—one of the curls of his wig has been tied in a knot by some miscreant."

P. S.—Brown has confessed the crime."
"Sir Edmund will take a few more whiffs; but Mr. Smith must be ready in five minutes."

"Only two minutes more. His queue is in a horrid state; the barber has agreed to have it ready in a minute or two."

"Sir Edmund is just going."

"Hold on, Sir E., the Speaker is caught on a nail and his robe is torn."

"Sir Edmund is only waiting to have his cocked hat brushed."

"The Sergeant-at-arms has lost the mace—wait a little."

Sir Edmund too cute to believe this, goes off with Retalack and Irvine, and the "heavy ordnance" do their noisy office and the band play up, and in marches his Excellency.

The loyal Commons are sent for and come tumbling in like a herd of sheep with brain at their heels in the shape of Mr. Speaker, whose bronzed face shines under his wig like a pumpkin in a snow storm.

His Excellency unwinds his legs, puts his sword out of the way of his dignity and goes ahead.

Honorable Gentlemen and Gentlemen.

It is with great regret that I summon you again together; for I feel sure you will make, if possible greater fools of yourselves than you did last session—[Retalack hold my hat]. Still the forms of the constitution render it necessary, so it's no use to put off the evil day—(This is Alley's paragraph.)

If you think I'm a goin' to repent, you're sold slick, that's so. Brown aint got no chance, you may bet your boots. I'm going to stick to Mac and Cartier by thunder, so don't stand on no chores with me. I want stand it; that's so. [Smith's contribution.]

The Government will explain their measures when they get them ready, and if they do not you'll have to get on without them. You'd better repeat two or three laws and get some put through and adjourn as soon as possible. McDonald and I want to go to England next year, (the Attorney General West's offering.)

I am glad to inform you that the cheviot Cartier has been to Windsor and has received great marks of royal favour. I trust you will appreciate the compliment and reverence the subject thereof. He will rehearse his travels in the debate on the address. (Cartier's bit translated):

Gentlemen of the House of Assembly,

You'll be expected to shell out very handsomely. The accounts will be laid before you by my good-natured friend the Inspector General. England expects every man to do his duty. (Galt's paragraph.)
Honorable Gentlemen and Gentlemen,

The Grand Trunk Railway, that great work which promises so much, and will continue to promise it, is in the mire again. The Victoria bridge is not going yet, and it will need something out of your pockets to complete it. [Ross' bit.]

The "aboriginal Indians" are serene, at least they were when I was up the Severn. Still you may [Irvine shut the door] consider them if you like.

[Sherwood.]

The late President of the Council has made arrangements with the weevil; that destructive insect has consented to transfer its scene of usefulness to Kansas. [Vankoughnet's best.]

I don't know that I can say any more. I'm getting hungry, and speaking is such a bore. I leave you to your duties; don't sit up all night after you can help; and be as orderly and obedient as possible to your leaders. [His own.]

The carriage drives away with another puff of black powder, and another stave from the national anthem, and the important ceremony is done, His Excellency retires to his domicile to prepare his new book "May and Can."

"Extraordinary Murder"—Of a paragraph.

We were alike startled and enlightened this week on discovering the following gem in that Golconda of the press, the daily "Leader."

EXTRAORDINARY MURDER.—A *New Mexican* correspondent of the day books, gives an account of a recent murder in New Mexico, of a singular character. At a little inferior town, a Roman Catholic priest murdered, another, of his arrival, by putting poison in the sacramental cup, the victim falling down in a dying state at the foot of the altar, and breathing his last breath in the midst of his affrighted congregation at Quebec.

Now that some enterprising publisher should have a "New Mexican" correspondent, is at least conceivable, but that the "day books" should have clubbed together to treat themselves to that luxury, is too much of a good thing. We at first thought that Bonner of the *Ledger*, was the fortunate man who had a writer "saw gifted," but on second thoughts we could not see the joke in making the *Ledger*, the journal intended by *daybooks*, and the mystery must remain unsolved till the Dooms-day books are overhauled. The next point, however, is stranger still; a "priest murdered another of his arrival." What does that mean in all conscience?—"another of his arrival." We have heard of traces being out to impede travellers, and of blocks being put across railway tracks, and people being done out of their "arrival"; this means, but we submit than even the philosophical editor of the *Leader* has no right to torture the language in so extravagant a manner. Besides it seems that he did arrive in spite of fate, for he was only finally settled at the altar and after the "arrival" out of which priest No. 1 is said to have deprived him. But the last caps the climax. He was poisoned in New Mexico and dropped down "in Quebec."

In these days of spiritualism of course we are bound to believe anything, but really, cases of this sort ought not to be reported without strong corroborative testimony. Now admitting that with the cap of Fortunatus or the lamp of Aladdin, or some such mystical means, the expiring man might have picked out a quieter spot to die in, we don't see why he should have come to Quebec in such cold weather. If we had been consulted we should have recommended Bermuda or Madeira; for not to speak of the salubrious climate of these islands, the sea voyage might have completely neutralized the poison so treacherously administered. There is a difficulty however which must be fatal to the *Leader's* wonderful tale. Even if we admit the strange antics of the dying man, how did the *New Mexican* correspondent get there too to report the denouement, unless the Express train of the Underground railway or Godard's balloon is much swifter than we can imagine? Altogether the whole story is worthy of close investigation.

Acknowledgments.

We are obliged to the Committee of the Burns' club for a complimentary ticket to their ball on the 23th. We regret that want of space prevents us from giving it an extended notice. We can only say that it was one of the most successful celebrations that has ever taken place in Toronto.