

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. 1.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1859.

NO. 43.

THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, JAN. 8, 1859.

THE MEETING OF PARLIAMENT.

The organs and an extra Gazette have informed us that Parliament is to meet on the 29th instant. The Provincial Spouting Apparatus will be in full blast three weeks from the date of this issue; and THE GRUMBLER is beginning to set his house in order for the business of the Session—and such a Session as it is going to be. Only think of all the indignation which has been bottled up for nearly six months being poured out at once. Messrs. Foley and Connor and Drummond, have had to be tied down several times over at great risk of explosion, and when the corks are let fly, what a spill there will be to be sure.

Mr. Brown has about two tons of heavy thunder ready, and as to Sandfield Macdonald what will befall him when he once gets possession of the floor, who can tell? Mr. McGee, we believe, has polished up a most withering philippic; he has practised it till he has almost frightened himself with its terrors, and when poor John A. feels it, we are bursting with pardonable curiosity to be informed what will become of him? And then there is the host of smaller and calmer spirits preparing for their little fizzle on the address, the turbid Short, the limpid Mowat, the ice-creamy McDougall, the sparkling McKellar, and all the other pinks of Griticism. Where will Hogan stand, that bright exhalation of an Irish bog, that will o' the wisp of the Parliamentary marsh, flitting from side to side, easy to get, hard to keep, and only gas and vapour when you have him? We long to see if the immortal hair is still crisp and curly as ever, or if it has lost its primeval glory and become straightened by adversity. And then there's the Chevalier Cartier, how does the man look since he has taken tea at Windsor? Has his voice become sweeter and his manner less crabbed? Where is our jolly old friend from Hastings, the comfortable fleshy old Israelite, Mr. Benjamin? we trust that no untoward event has reduced his majestic corporosity. Then there is the genial countenance of Col. Price; we trust he will bring his mirchful and contented disposition to the business of the Session, unimpaired by the chilly air and bad beer of the county of Essex. Above all how is the great first commoner, Mr. Speaker himself, with the new robes and the powdered wig, and the knee—what's their names—and the silver buckles? How we long to see them again, and hear the sonorous "Order," as Mr. Sergeant, that easy, good-looking official du-

posits "that bauble" on the table. Altogether we are on the tip-toe of expectation in view of the approaching event. The only point on which we have been satisfied, is the present condition and future prospects Mr. McGould. Our readers will be happy to hear that he has been studying composition. As will be seen from the annexed letter to his constituents, his progress is "prodigious." He is endeavouring to graft the style of Bulwer on that of Carlyle with every prospect of success.

ZANONTOWN, January 6th.

Children of life and Pupils of The immensities:—

When homerr the seripic And cherabimic barde Of mesopotamier was ritin the Pilgrim's progress he was At a los for his ideers; the grate Hifalutalities for-ooked him and the Muses, those sacred and Holy artifakers of ararat Come up to the rescoo. the grate goddess of The sublime left the weeryome-nesses of the ridickerlus and worshipped the eternal silenes. So i in the Humbel persoot of the Legislativities was a sittin under a pine stump On the ridges an got a grate Inspiration from the Super-natural nymphs of the grooves And quernalities. Dum sleepari sub roughissimo stumpo dreamai ut anaeta; womlinc musu cum garlandis barki slip-peryelomoru mo crownuebastar as Vergil says in his grate Epic of Farce-alia. So I riz up from my Somnialities like a grate Bulwer or a Canadian carllite wich I hav hon sence thon.

Wen the Nex session of parliment wich is an the 29th Of this month, sheds its bairnful In-fluence on the butyfulness of my Leggislativ wis-nesses, Oave wich is the Greek for keep yer Eye skinned old hoss, for I shal startle the barnicles of Official redtapicality.

I expect to be at my Post in primeril and Pristian splendor; Hand i expect to Bee the noo primer-er.—i am bein edycated for a trip to Winsor nex year; fir I don't see wy Carther shud av awl the festial Hospitalnesses of the royl majesty of England. Dr. McKawl as ben a twisting the Ontarier Times into Greek for me and Hears we rede wich I doo wich great Sooblimity and Kurectness. Ho says wen he taut Horace his letters ho was not half as sharp as I be. Good bye, till I rite agen. Wen u cum to town arretez vous chez the Rozin house and I shall be tray sipy procurer des tockets pour la gallery de la House.

O riveller.

Yours in the educabilities,

JOSPH DE GOLD.

Prins of Ontarier.

Important Messuro.

— We understand that Inspector General Galt, intends to bring in a bill next Session, for the purchase of the Island of Cuba. With a view to raise the wind, it is proposed to sell the Island opo-sito Toronto to the American Government.

SHADES OF RUIN.

Air—ISLAND OF BEAUTY.

Composed by John A. Macdonald and sung by him in concert with Cartier and Galt.—Smith playing an accompaniment on the Banjo.

Shades of ruin, close not o'er us,
Leave our tottering bark awhile,
Hang it, can't you cease to bore us
With your grim and ghastly smiles.
Now our fancles can disceor,
Nought save ruin dars; and fell;
Hence I avauit I fakes to hover,
Shades of ruin—go to h—ll

[Spoken]—Cartier—Ah! ah! you have rhyme, that vara good, Mac; it is you tree bios expressi-on; I wish vara much do Grits all go after do ruin.

Smith—Shut up, old Winslor! Mac! you go ahead.

Soon the Grits will in their places,
Grit to see our wretched plight,
And we must with 'em thenot laers,
Bid to clissellin—"good night";
"Throug the miste that font around us,
Loudly sounds a warping bell—
"Mac and Cartier" thus it warns us,
"Bid to place and pay farewell."

[Spoken]—Smith—Never mind what that there bell 'ee, old hoss! I guess we're worth twenty dead uns yet. Can't old Winslor fork out wery scheme to get us out of this here hobble? guess so, old boy.

Cartier—By gar! out, Mislaro Smeeth, I have von, vat you call it? vara bios scheme, von grand policy. I have talk to de Queen at Winslor, and I have talk to lo Governor and we make Ottawa our policy.

Smith—You don't say so! I guess 'tain't worth much.

Cartier—'m opposed, to thint thay, guess don't want no more 'lections, old hoss, 'lect me to stay at homo next time, 'twon't do, losh I push on Mac.

The following verse was sung with deep feeling by the embout vocalists:—

Shades of ruin, must we mirzle,
Fall beneath thy throat'ings fall,
Leave the pap, the pay the elusest,
Did to office long farewell?

[Spoken]—Smith—Guess arter all that that's the right tune; can't stand no more 'lections, lad old Winslor go to blazes 'fore I 'gree to that. 'm off, Mac, bye, bye, Cartier, botter give the Grits a chance old un. [Exit Smith.] Cartier is very much disgusted, Macdonald falls asleep and Galt curses the day he made a fool of himself by joining the gang.

Scotchmen Awake!

— Why blow me if the rascally Caledonians aint asleep agnia, we thought that the slogan above was sounded with such rehemence in their ears at the last two elections that they would not be able to nod again, but it appears they have fallen once more into drowsiness and needs rousing. We can only account for this persistent somnoleny by attributing it to the soothing sounds of the Caledonian cremona, and the absence of awakening mile stones. But the solitary individual who keeps watch and word—why is he awake? Who is he that like the sword Excalibar cannot sink in drowsiness, but rises at the approach of danger to give the slogan Scotchman awake? What a fine hero he would make. What a thrilling and terrific narrative may be made out of the "Solitary Sentinel or the Sleeping Scotchmen." The Ledger would give thousands for it—where are our native authors bring them forth?