

THE STATESMAN'S SONG.

In the good old days, when to Canada's praise,
She nobly sacrificed the most awkward of speeches,
'Twas the practice, we know, for the Premier & Co.,
To sit and to sit on the Treasury benches.
But in these funny times, when McMilliken quotes rhymes,
In cold opposition they sit ill at ease,
While the bold Cartier sits howling away,
For assurances, checks, and Grit guarantees,

Chorus.—Checks, checks, and guarantees,
That is how the Statesman's song;
Never mind your own misdoing,
Down with Brown and Dorion.

Not a speech or a howl, not a frown or a scowl,
Disturbs the sweet visage of erudite Smith;
Not a scrap does he read, not a laugh does he lead,
But from Brown or McFie, airs, the joke has its pill.
Not a word falls from Rose, as you might suppose,
Of office, or duty, or notion, or bill;
While McDonald takes naps, his reading old serapes,
And putting Brown-Dorion into the mill.

Chorus.—Checks, checks, &c.

"Not a measure have we, nor the least policy,"
Says the sage Public Works from his nest on the right,
"We are here not to move, but their weakness to prove,"
"And on that, Mr. Speaker, I'll give you some light."
Then Benjamin bawls, and Tom Ferguson calls,
To un-alarmed ministers on the left hand;
But ought does he ask and no man brings to task
Of the part of opposition who govern the land.

Chorus.—Checks, checks, &c.

"Now come, Mr. Brown, says the rule since dawn,
How far did you get, now, and where did you stop?"
And about Separate Schools do enlighten us fools,
And what were your checks on the great Rep. by Pop?
So on they all go, ten, twenty, or no,
From the time they get up till the time they sit down,
Pitching in hot and strong into wreck Dorion,
And Drummond and D'Arcy, and poor Geordy Brown.

Chorus.—Checks, checks, and guarantees,
Noble, noble Statesman's song,
Never mind your business, boys,
Down with Brown and Dorion.

A DREAM.

The mellow voice of the Hon Mr. Cartier as he
distilled sweet council, in his nervous French, into
the ears of the few wakeful members of the house,
on Wednesday evening last, had such a soothing
effect on my nerves which were rather unstrung by
the broad Scotch of the hon. member for Toronto,
that I unconsciously dropped asleep, and dreamed the
following dream. The last event of which I was
conscious, being a groan of agony from the reporters'
gallery, which, no doubt, had something to do
with the shaping of my dream:

I thought that the house was crowded to excess,
the members being all present,—the ladies' gallery
overflowing,—the reporters' ditto staggering under
the weight of intruders—the place set apart for the
public filled to suffocation, and every nook and
cranny of the house occupied. Here was an opportunity
for some hon. gentleman to extinguish himself.
The hon. Mr. Cartier rose to legs. No sooner
had the usual "Mr. Speaker" fallen from his lips than
a sensation was observed throughout the whole
house. One by one the ladies went out—two by
two hon. gentlemen disappeared. Still the French
rolled on like a brawling brook. Hour after hour
passed on linden wings. The house was deserted by
strangers and members. The reporters went home
to bed, except one persevering gentleman who
wrote by fits and starts. The Speaker fell fast

asleep, and the messengers did likewise. The
sergent-at-arms became insensible, and I alone was
left to listen to the torrent of words which fell from
the Premier. Hours passed without a change.
The solitary reporter fell asleep.

Tired waiting, I went out and walked for many
hours, when on returning exhausted nature gave
way and a change came over the spirit of my
dream.

The appearance of the house was changed. The
Speaker had vacated his office; and the hon. Mr.
Foley reigned in his stead. A jug of nut brown ale
foamed beside him, and by the blue smoke that so
gracefully curled over his chair, I knew that a pipe
was near. The table on which the mace had reposed
for so many years had given way to a steaming cauldron
from which arose a fragrant incense of
cloves, lemons and Morton's proof. Through the
steam might be seen, the jolly face of the hon. member
for Lambton stirring the cauldron with the
mace. The hon. member for East Middlesex was
busily engaged in passing the agreeable beverage
around. Members sat indiscriminately on both sides
of the house. Through the reporters' gallery was
constructed a canal, which was constantly supplied
with beer, while a reservoir was erected for the
accommodation of such members of the press as
desired something stronger. Mountains of bread,
pyramids of cheese, hecatombs of pies and joints of
meat, were scattered around,—cargoes of pipes,
tobacco, and cigars, were stored at hand. After a
while a voice was heard to issue from out of the
cloud of smoke that by this time enveloped the
chair.

Speaker—or-r-der—in more liquor.

The mandate was obeyed.

Hon. Mr. Brown, if it was agreeable to hon. gentlemen
would introduce a bill to regulate representation
by population.

Hon. J. A. Macdonald judged by the voice, as he
could not see the speaker by reason of the smoke,
that it was the senior member for Toronto, who had
spoken. The subject had engaged his attention.
Lower Canada it was true had not so large a population
as Upper Canada, but as several of the
bachelors from that district had assured him that
they were prepared to sacrifice themselves at the
matrimonial altar immediately, he hoped his hon.
friend would wait for a reasonable time, when, he
had no doubt the population of Lower Canada
would be found to have largely increased. (Hear,
hear, and cheer.)

Hon. Mr. Brown had no objection to meet his
hon. friend halfway with the measure.

Accordingly both gentlemen met at the cauldron,
where they remained for a considerable time, after
which the hon. member for Toronto returned to his
seat without the bill.

Mr. Piche volunteered a French song.

Hon. Mr. Galt brought in a bill to secure the
Federal Union of the Provinces.

Hon. John S. Macdonald objected to the measure.
And as he wanted a light for his pipe just then, he
hoped his hon. friend would send him his bill for
that purpose.

Hon. Mr. Galt would do so with pleasure. The
bill accordingly ended in smoke.

Several other questions, including the School
question, the seat of government, the tariff; were
settled in this amiable manner.

Mr. McGee spoke at some length on the respective
merits of national whisky, and advised the House
to order over 300,000 gallons of *potteen* without
delay.

The House unanimously agreed to the proposition.
Hon. Mr. Henry Smith, ex-speaker, brought in a
bill to prohibit smoking in the presence of ladies.

Hon. Mr. Laberge, in the name of the French
members, objected.

Mr. Smith pressed his motion, and thereby increasing
the displeasure of the house, his allowance of
punch was immediately stopped and his supply of
cigars instantly cut off.

The doors of the house were here thrown open
and the Sergeant-at-arms announced a message
from the Legislative Council. The User-of-the-
black rod was soon admitted, and having narrowly
escaped falling into the punch-bowl while bowing to
the Speaker, delivered himself to the effect that the
Hon. the Speaker of the Upper House desired the
presence of the members of the Legislative Assembly
at a magnificent banquet, which, he might mention,
was only the first of a series intended to be given
to the members by the respective Speakers of
both Houses each week. Loud cheering followed
this announcement, which together with the noise
made by the retiring members, woke me up. I
immediately seized my hat, went home and being
excessively hungry, eat a very hearty supper.

SLEEPY HEAD.

The Knight of the Lime-Kiln.

—We have often wondered why Gowan
was so fiery; and we have found it out at last. In
looking up the despatches of the General who com-
manded at the celebrated battle of the W-d-mill,
we discovered that Gowan's valour found a safe
retreat in a lime-kiln. No wonder he is so sharp.

The Seat of Government.

—Before members of the House give their
final vote on the seat of government question, they
should visit the Terrapin saloon, in order to appreciate
one of the most important institutions in the
city. There everything that the fastidious palate of
the epicure can demand, is furnished in the best
style, any all the mysterious combinations of liquors
ever known, are to be had. The respectability that
has always characterized this establishment, is our
pledge for so highly recommending it, which we do
with great pleasure. Courtesy and attention are
sure to be met with in the persons of the proprietors,
Messrs. Carlisle and McConkey as well as from Mr.
Sponner, who has under his peculiar charge the best
varieties of cigars, tobacco, pipes, &c.

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