

OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

Extravagance is defined as "a wandering beyond the bounds of propriety." We desire to avoid such an impeachment in our survey of the conduct of the Fathers, being fully conscious of the strength of the GRUMBLER'S pabulum in promoting vitality, which is not dispensed with much care, and administered with proper knowledge of pathological condition, might add vastly to the insignificant, and give assurance to the utterly worthless. If certain members of the Council regard our expressed diagnosis of them, in error, we are open to receive their objections. Being the special organ of the intelligence of this metropolis, we mean to labor until that great moral element is more fully recognized, and becomes the paramount influence in city management.

If a majority of the present Council are small tavern-keepers, or dependants on them, we cannot expect legislative capacity beyond what is called forth in the exercise of their vocation of tipping tumblers and compounding hot whiskeys. It is absurd for the clergy to take alarm at the new license law, and petition its authors against it. As reasonable would it be to ask the Blowers to immolate themselves by cutting their throats, as to expect their consideration of the facts presented to them in their moral significance. Men accustomed only to a social atmosphere, redolent with fumes of whiskey and beer barrels, see cause for satisfaction in the existence of two hundred and sixty places licensed to sell spirituous liquors. It is matter of gratulation to them to know the fact, that a liquor establishment is provided for every seventy of our inhabitants. As a modest calculation, we might set down for each of those two hundred and sixty houses, three individuals a-week who overstep moderation, and get drunk, which would in a year turn out over four thousand five hundred drunkards, equal to nearly a fifth of our population, and more than equal to our entire citizenship. The efforts of Mr. Alderman Smith against this abominable license law, have been such as we can commend; and it is no small tribute to the correctness of his position to witness the united petition of the clergy against it. But what signifies the application of such levers to the present Blowers—their sensibilities are too swinish to be effected by simple petition; if anything is to be accomplished towards reformation, it must commence without the City Hall—the citizens must take the reins in hand, and rouse themselves from that state of apathy which have deprived them of respectable representatives, and entailed upon the city enduring disgrace.

The only important item of business was the adoption, in substance, of the report of the Finance Committee recommending the refunding by Bowes of his share of the Ten Thousand Pounds, at the rate of £500 every two months, until paid up, giving security for its due performance.

A new way to sing Solos.

—The *Ottawa Citizen*, after committing sundry blunders in noticing a concert says.—"A solo sung by Mrs. Scott, another (sung also, of course), on the violin by Mr. Mercer, and a third by a Mr. Somebody else on the piano, were well received." If the above is correct, what beautiful solos Thalberg lately sung for us on the piano.

A MORRISONIAN LEGEND.

Should you ask me what's my story,
Whence the legend and tradition,
With the adobe of the pull-book,
With the fire and smoke of voting,
With the rush of rival spouters,
And their wild retortations;

I should answer, I should tell you—
Tell you of the big chief, George;
Tell you who's the best musician—
Who's the man what pulls the noses
Of electors at North Oxford.—
Of the great, un washed and gritty,
Of the Blenheimites and Tories,
Of the Mandarins and Missions.—
If you ask me, I should tell you,
Tell you with sage nods and winking,
Tell you with a solemn whisper
That the Big Chief's name is George—
That George Brown's the great magician,
That he whacked poor little J. C.,
Whacked him with his sour McDougall,
Whacked him soundly in North Oxford,
Sent him home to big Toronto—
Home with fingers meekly resting,
Resting in his "water-muncher."
Home a sadder, perhaps a wiser—
Home a four-fold beaten man.

If you ask me, I should tell you,
How the great Magician's Moody,
Moody Bob, his dark familiar,
Moody Bob, who placed the mantle
On the great Magician's shoulder.—
Dared attack the great Magician—
Dared oppose the incantations
Uttered by the great Magician—
By George Brown with wand and spells to—
Spells to wash McDougall whiter—
Whiter in Oxfordian optics.

Should you ask me, I should tell you
How the big chief, George triumphed—
Triumphed with his incantations,
How the spell of Moody Robert,
How his Orange spell fell harmless,
Harmlessly 'gainst tall McDougall,
How he'd better stayed at home—
Stayed at home and nursed the baby—
Stayed at home and sold fire-water.
Should you ask me, I should tell you,
I should answer, I should tell you—
Tell you, without fear or favor,
He's a fool, and you're another,
If you don't believe THE GRUMBLER,
Every job and every title—
Every word whose breath
That the Great Chief, John Mac Do Nald,
Syd Ny Smith, the son of Thunder,
With his vulgar caterwaulings;
Talks to the Coy Leg, was and wasner,
Each and all are worth with George—
Wroth with George, the great Magician—
Wroth because he whacked poor J. C.,
Whacked him with his sour McDougall;
Wroth because his incantations
Witched the Missis Terial Bumpkins—
Fleeced the Missis Terial pockets—
Fleeced them of the sums they bottled—
Bottled on poor little Joseph—
On poor Joseph's fate election—
Safe return for Northern Oxford—
Safe return, as Oxford's Member
To the nation's Council Chamber.

Should you ask me who's the big Georgio?
I should answer, I should tell you;
He's the Do'll, the Terameram,
He's the Do'll, though minus slightly,
Slightly of the horns and pitchforks,
Slightly of the tall appendages;
He's the Do'll, what plagues the big chiefs,
Plagues the great chiefs of the nation,
In their Council Hall assembled,
Pitches at them tall and thunder,
Scaps them all as he be the Coy Leg,
Coy leg, who's no left to catch by,
And the big bravo John Mac Do Nald,—
Who can thunder, perhaps, as loudly
As the great Magician, George—
As George Brown the great Magician.

Should you ask me what, still further,
Says the Morrisonian legend?
I should answer, I should tell you,
Wait a wee, don't be impatient,
Wait a wee, and perhaps THE GRUMBLER,
Will his argue eyes still open—
With his pen still wet and inky,
May unfold the future chapters,
In some future grumbling missive,
Missive humbly dedicated
To the Morrisonian.

"Found Empty."

—This famous verdict has been outdone, or the *Leader* has been going it rather strong. It says that on a late inquest the jury returned the following intelligent verdict:—"Death was *cad tyud nteeci ase!*"

NEW BOOKS.

The following works have been laid on our Editorial table:

"NEW SERIES OF INTEREST TABLES,"—

Compiled by C. E. Anderson, Esq., Deputy Receiver General, since reduced to *practice* in his office, convenient for calculating *back-interest*—works beautifully both ways.

"THE SUPERIORITY OF THE AFRICAN RACE,"—By the Hon. Col. Prince.

With a criticism by the late Darkey Brown.

"THE BEAUTIES OF THE BAR."

A *refreshing* poem by William F. Powell, Esq., M.P.P.

PATENTS GRANTED.

Patents are about to be granted to the undersigned, for the following implements and improvements.

To ISAAC BUCHANAN, Esq., M.P.P.,

For an "Improved Gouge," recently used by him in gouging embryo Railway dabblers and English Stockholders.

To ANTHONY RANKIN, Esq.,

For an "Improved *Chisel*," warranted, if not obstructed by *grits*, to clear £25,000 to operators or patentees.

To MESSRS BENJAMIN & FURUSON, M.P.P.'s,

For an improvement in Saddlery called the "Benjamin Blinders," to be used on unruly donkeys—an unequalled instrument for hood-winking Orange Lodges and voters.

To GEORGE BROWN, Esq., M.P.P.,

For a new "Gaseous Hydraulic Press," worked by outside pressure, intended to squeeze some useful measure from the Coalition Ministry.

To W. L. MCKENZIE, Esq., M.P.P.

For a "Pair of Gigantic Bellows," to blow up a flame in the decaying embers of patriotism smouldering since '37.

To THE EDITOR OF "THE GRUMBLER,"

For a "Self-acting Kiln," for drying the tears of buxom young widows mourning the loss of rich old husbands—any energetic individual might require a fortune by purchasing this patent. The public are invited to call and inspect models now on view at THE GRUMBLER Office, No. 21, Masonic Hill. Patent rights for Counties and Districts, for sale on easy terms. Apply to the Editor.

Circumstances alter cases.

—After the Oxford election a contemporary, an organ, we believe, pulls out its stops, and blows away, fortissimo, thus:—"The verdict of a few fanatical people (only 1500 of them) can neither seriously interfere with Mr. Morrison's prospects, nor change in any degree the policy of the Moderate party. * * * We have none the less reason for astonishment that they should accept the nominee of Mr. Moodie's candidate, and make the *Riding ridiculous* throughout the Province."

Heigho! people will hardly believe that this is the same constituency which was lauded a few weeks ago as the intelligent constituency which had returned Mr. Hincks, &c., &c., but so it is. With regard to the "thrice rejected," we can't see that the organ's candidate had much to boast over his rival, the "Parliamentary pest."