

A FAREWELL.

RESPECTFULLY ADDRESSED TO MRS. D. MORRISON, LATE
MISS CHARLOTTE NICKINSON.

Farewell our fair and long tried friend; from all
Rogrofully th' unwelcome accents fall,
Whiles from a thousand hearts vana wishes spring,
That life may smile and earth profusely fling
Its choicest blessings o'er thine onward way.
Thou gentle mistress of the grave and gay,
Since thy accomplished charms shall grace no more
The pleasing triumphs of the mimic floor;
Or more, must rapt and spell-bound listeners own
The simple magic of thy silvery tone,
No more its moving sadness melt to tears,
Its comic archness draw enraptured cheers.
No more thy wondrous art portray th' ideal,
With all the force and freshness of the real.
Though perhaps with selfish grief our wills revolt,
We must pronounce th' unwilling long farewell.
Farewell, our merry, gentle favourite may
Thy lot be cloudless and serenely gay;
Whilst in life's quiet path, the woman shines
With all the charms that grace our mimic abodes.
We will not murmur, though we lose a star,
Whose beams fall off have chased earth's clinging gloom afar.

RETIREMENT OF MISS NICKINSON.

Miss Nickinson appeared for the last time on our stage on Wednesday night. The characters she chose for the occasion were two of her best—*Lady Teazle*, and, to show how versatile are her talents, *Nan*, the Good for Nothing. We are unfeignedly sorry for the retirement of Miss Nickinson. She was an ornament to our stage—a peerless actress—*one whom we always looked upon as a dear pet, with whom it was impossible that we should ever get angry, and in whose cause we would venture anything.* She has been removed from our sight to adorn another sphere, and although other stars may rise and set, there will ever be a blank in the firmament at that spot where her sun went down in splendour, amid the regrets of all true lovers of the drama.

Considered merely as an actress, we have no hesitation in saying that Miss Nickinson is at the head of her profession: charming in all characters, unrivalled in many. In Scotch, Irish, English, and French she was equally at home. The entire *role* of female characters, from the *Fancy Gribbles* in roaring farce, up to the tender *Ophelia* was at her command. In all she was the mistress of our hearts to move us to tears or laughter. Her reception on Wednesday night was never equalled on our boards: the crowded audience put no bounds to their admiration and regret blended together, and the applause was deafening as the fair lady made her last bow and retired. However, we must not be too selfish; and indeed we are sure that so great is the esteem in which Miss Nickinson is held, that there is no one who would not willingly sacrifice his own taste to secure her happiness. Therefore we wish her joy, and resign her to another, after a lingering farewell.

We had intended to be very angry at Mr. Nickinson for something or other, but—oh, that's it—it was the manner in which he treated the public on Friday night week. However, let it slide this time. Next time such an occurrence occurs, we flatter ourselves we shall be angry in earnest.

A Practical Joke.

—The Speaker making Fellowes Chairman of the Committee on a Bill to detect frauds!

OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

We confess to not having honored this important body with so much of our presence as our duty to the over-taxed readers of *THE GRUMBLER* calls for, preferring rather the enchantment of a Lecture on "Poetry and Song," by the gifted Scotch Poet, to the disenchanting and ungifted squad who monopolize the Council Chamber.

For three successive nights has there been various Committees of the Whole on a Report of the Committee on Fire, Water and Gas; and again on Monday evening last was there another sitting, with the same result, a simple report of progress. We wish to inquire what is the object of so constant a repetition of this stale farce. If anything practical was accomplished, or even aimed at, we would allow a great latitude for the ignorance which enters so largely into the composition of the Blowers; but we are rather inclined to think there is a species of cunning mixed up with this Fire, Water and Gas concern to hood-wink the citizens into the belief that they really have a care for these vast interests. Why is it we are subjected to the monopoly of a Gas Company who inflicts on us, at will, an advance of five per cent. on rates always exorbitant? and a Water Company whose incapacity has been so repeatedly experienced and railed against as intolerable? Even so recent as Wednesday night last, three fine brick edifices on Church Street, with a large portion of their contents, were completely gutted and destroyed, entirely for want of an half-hour's supply of water; a fact alone sufficiently demonstrative of the humbug practiced upon us by this Water Company, whose annual pulls upon the City Treasury are sufficient to sustain a genuine and effective institution. We seriously admonish the Committee on Fire, Water and Gas to enlarge their optical spheres—remove the excrescences that now dim their mental vision—strive to comprehend and practically take up, some of the many excellent theories on Gas and Water supply extant; and receive the honorable testimony of a free press, and the grateful acknowledgements of a people grown surly by systematic imposition.

Councilman Carruthers, famous for his opposition to the Pound Law, opposed, also, a recommendation of the Board of Works to adopt flagging instead of planking for the side-walks, which effects a saving of more than ten per cent., on the score of economy! What kind of economy, pray, Mr. Carruthers, do you mean? Is it the kind you practiced as a Corporation jobber; or is it that domestic kind you so often boast of, which consists of unqualified admiration of swine? Doo tell.

The License Law, in its amended shape, was again brought forward, and made law, wanting only the City Solicitor's certificate of legality. The Bill is framed solely for the interests of that class so dominant in and out of the Council—we mean the Tavern-keepers. An indiscriminate tax of only \$40 is imposed on all vendors of spirituous liquors. Ald. Smith, and a few others, strongly opposed the measure, but their efforts were powerless against the corrupt interest, and we really wonder that he so far forgot his character as to sit with a body whose association is demoralizing to the virtuously disposed.

CHARLES MACKAY.

Dr. C. Mackay delivered two lectures in our city this week, which were every way worthy of the poet; for although the lecture did not tell us anything that we did not know before, yet what he said was clothed in such choice and musical language, that the lecture would have at once stamped him as a poet of the first water. We hope that the example set by the Doctor will not be lost on celebrities from the mother country, and that Canada will not in future be overlooked as it was in the days of the visit to our neighbours of the man Thackeray.

We understand that Charles Matthews has promised to pay our city a professional visit. If he comes he will receive a right royal welcome. If he disappoints us, it were better for him that he never was born.

Lost, Stolen, or Strayed,

—Twenty-one houses from the South side of King street, from between Geikie's No. 40, and Callaway's No. 61, which by some fatality have been thrown together. Information of their whereabouts will be thankfully received by the Mayor.

More Police "Perapianity."

—Our peace-loving blue-bottles, suffering a remorse from past inactivity, have betaken themselves to the lucrative practice of *arrest on suspicion*, with the right of *search*. Three of the bravos, last Sunday, mounted an innocent man named Kenny, and eased him of his possession of \$1.75. The Police Magistrate very considerably ordered them to make good the amount.

Canadians Beware.

—It appears from the Poll Book of the township of Cambridge, County of Russell, a remote and unsettled district on the Ottawa, that no less than 310 citizens of New York State recorded their votes in that township alone, during the late election. Now as the *Grumbler* is undoubtedly possessed of more discrimination than his cotemporaries, it was reserved for him to penetrate the mystery; and he graciously throws out a few hints for the public to digest. A Mr. Campbell lately mooted in the United States Senate, the magnificent idea of buying up the British North American Provinces. Of course our nasal cousins have long gloated over this pet project, but not being able to raise the wind sufficiently high to haul in Canada in a mass, they commenced operations by buying up every foot of ground in Cambridge Township. The result is as we have stated that 310 Yankee votes were lately recorded there. True, a prominent gentleman of the district, absurdly presumes to doubt the legitimacy of those votes; true, an enquiry into the matter has occupied the time of the House of Assembly for nearly a week, but then the tone of the Government, has considerably strengthened *THE GRUMBLER* in his theory. They clearly recognize Mr. Fellowes' Election as legitimate. And it is evident that the Government and *THE GRUMBLER* could not both be wrong.

The votes therefore were legitimate, Brother Jonathan is buying up Canada. By next Election, he will have secured the whole Ottawa district, and five Yankees will vote by the tens of thousands.