

THE SPEAKER'S ROBES OF OFFICE.

BY OUR OWN PENNY-A-RHYME.—N. D.—METRE NOT CONSIDERED.

I'll sing you a nice new song, with something about a pair :
Not the fine old English gentleman's, but another not so great,
That belonged to a grand old Speaker, considerably irate ;
And given very much to pulling ugly girls up straight.

When they pitched into Maisters, which, of course, they had no right.

Now this fine man's attention was not given to pikes and bows ;
No such antiquated tom-foolery is his grave mind aware—
But 'twas occupied with great reflections upon becoming clothes ;

So that one hot day—being a stout man—be appeared in silken hose,

And very much astonished the visitors to the House.

But what most impressed this sleepy man of set,
Was the uncommon bad appearance beneath his three-cock'd hat ;—

Of the very tight habiliments which unceasingly begat ;
And sometimes Members laughed at them, as in his chair he sat ;

Which was very wicked of them and not by no means right.

Now he thought how very nice 'twould be, that awkward suit to change

For robes of splendid foldings, which all day he could arrange,
And a fine full-bottomed, powdered wig, to complete the grand melange ;

The Grits would bow unto his dignity in a suit so rich and change ;

Which now, confounded rascals, they didn't do at all.

So he sent a carte-blancbe order to a draper of renown—
The chiefest of the drapers, who have big shops in London town,

For a Speaker's Robes of Office—a silk and velvet gown,
With breech and hose and wig to suit, for which the cash was down,

Or would be very soon.

But a very sore mischance to this Speaker did befall—
The draper never measured for a man so stout and tall ;
In fact, the truth to tell, he no measure look at all ;

So when the robes arrived, they were a precious sight too small
For this great leavy Speaker, of whom I've just now sung.

THE THEATRE.

During the past week theatricals have neither lost nor gained. The pieces brought forward do not call for any comment ; and the acting, on the whole, has been extremely passable. Mrs. Marlowe is improving. Her vivacity is at times excessive—leading her to hurry over some of the chief points in the piece. For instance, in "Aggravating Sam," where she discovers her runaway husband *Peregrine Popplewig* (Mr. Thompson) hiding in the water-barrel—which, we take it, is the great catastrophe of the piece,—instead of pausing to give due effect to the discovery, and thus fastening the attention of the audience, she merely tripped across the stage in the most common-place manner, and led the unfortunate *Popplewig* out by the ear. Something a la *Lady Macbeth* would have been the thing there.

Mr. Marlowe, as *Sam*, was good. The other characters were well played.

We were glad to see that the Manager had tendered a benefit to the Misses Lyons. These young ladies have improved vastly since we first saw them at the Lyceum. They are always well up in their parts, and perform them with taste and discrimination.

YE OLD DOUBLE DOSTH YE CRITIQUE.

We were very much amused at *Old Double* yesterday. One of the staff of the wonderful old sheet went to the Metropolitan Choral Society's Concert on Thursday, and came back discontented and morose. The audience was small, the orchestra miserable, the solo parts almost worse, and the whole concert despicably poor. We had not the pleasure of being there, but we are assured that the entertainment was really excellent, and that the only reason for the *Colonist's* discontent was a hint received from a disappointed professional who vents his woes through *Old Double's* hoarse and husky throat. Mr. Humphreys was not in voice and sang "worse than an old tin kettle," as *Jem Bags* says. "Excelsior" was well sung by Mr. Briscoe, but the piece was bad. Miss Searle sang a good piece well, but didn't please the critique because she wouldn't go through it again, but had the good taste to substitute another ; and so on.

Now don't be so pervers, dear old lady, don't be so cruel to the poor musicians ; they do their best in their own line—would to conscience you could say the same of yourself. Tune up your own burdy gurdy, melodious grinder, and then we shall be prepared to value your next attempt at nonsensical criticism. In the meantime, do keep yourself in a salutary state of coolness and equanimity, and when next you attempt the critic, get in a good temper before you go, even if it costs you a yorke to get one at the Terrapin, and then you will not talk quite so nonsensically.

THE NEW POLICE.

The following is a specimen of the examination of candidates for the Police Force under the new regulation, furnished by our own reporter, who, we regret to say, has had a severe ear-ache for some days past from a cold he got while listening at the key-hole.

[Enter burly candidate.]

1st EXAMINER.—Are you aware of the nature of an oath ?

CANDIDATE.—No.

1st EX.—So far so good. Are your parents alive ?

CAN.—I'm an orphan.

[Sympathetic shudder among the board.]

2nd EX.—Are you a peaceable man ?

CAN.—[Indignantly] I'm not a piece of a man.

[Examiners smile benignly.]

1st EX.—Are you fond of drink ?

CAN.—When I'm thirsty.

2nd EX.—Quite right. Now what would you do if you saw a row at the end of the street.

CAN.—I'd go for assistance.

1st EX.—Right. When would you come back ?

CAN.—Next day.

2nd EX.—Perfectly right. But if you had to arrest a man how would you go about it ?

CAN.—I don't know.

1st EX.—It makes no difference. Have you got a character ?

CAN.—Yes, I have one somewhere here, (feeling in his pocket). No, I have lost it.

BOTH EX.—So much the better.

Exit candidate to be sworn in.

ON DIT.

That Mr. Cartier has pledged himself to his colleagues not to Windsoor more than twice a week in Hous during the season.

That Mr. Brown has three fifteen hour speeches ready to deliver during the debate on the address.

That Mr. Hogan has cut his hair all off and will appear in a full bottomed wig.

That Mr. Gould will speak entirely in French next session.

That Mr. Speaker's robes are so moth-eaten as to be unavailable on the twenty-ninth.

That Mr. Wright is not going to speak at all next session.

That Mr. Sandfield Macdonald will appear in Highland costume at the next levée.

That Mr. Ferguson is to be appointed ambassador to the Blackfoot Indians, with instructions to come home scalped.

That Mr. Ferris will leave his manners at home on coming to Toronto.

That Mr. Playfair has resigned his seat to go on a mission to instruct the Japanese in military tactics.

That Mr. M. Cameron has conquered his bashfulness, and is warranted by his trainers not to blush more than once a month.

That Mr. O. R. Govan will recite his lecture on "Physiognomy," and give lessons therein to the Administration, noting their points, and reporting to the *Globe*.

New Appointments.

—We have it from the most reliable source, that His Excellency the Governor General has been appointed British minister at Washington. We need not remind our readers that this appointment is only a cloak to cover his recall in obedience to the just demands of the Canadian people.

BUSINESS NOTICE.

Those of our city readers who wish to improve the present excellent stitching, should not fail to pay a visit to the excellent Livery Establishment of Mr. DUTCHES, corner of Scott and Colborne Streets, whose stock of horse, collars, robes, and all the necessary appurtenances for a comfortable drive, are unsurpassed. His charges are moderate, and no one will be found more obliging or deserving of public patronage.

We have to direct attention to the excellent Grocery establishment of Mr. ROBERT LAWSON, Yonge Street, opposite Stuter Street. We are confident that our friends in that locality need only pay Mr. Lawson a visit to convince them that his wares are of the best quality ; his prices moderate, and his desire to please his patrons is only equalled by his experience and knowledge of his business.

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