

"ANSWER TO THE GRUMBLER."

Those Russian Guns once More.

"Those Russian Guns again," as our friend the Grumbler says. But our would-be cynical friend does not, after all, chronicle the great Upper Canadian triumph with the minuteness which so important an event demands. Why did he not employ his great historical contributor, Lord Macaulay, to do the work? He gives the gold-banded Captain Prince all sorts of glory, and the Count—to use his own nomenclature—a redundancy of silly sneers. But why did he leave out Lieutenant General Paterson, of the Toronto Horse Guards, and his *Fuo Totum*, Sergeant-in-Chief Cull, also of *that ilk*? As he has done so, bad luck to him, we are compelled to raise our voice, and proclaim aloud to all whom it may concern—and that, of course, is the whole "breathing world"—that Lieutenant General Paterson, *alias*, "Cauld kail in Aberdeen," with his Aide-de-camp, Sergeant-in-Chief Cull, *alias*, "matches a bawbee the box," together with all they could muster of the Company—fourteen men—did essay in a most noble, heroic, glorious manner, to escort the guns to the place appointed them by the "Reform" City Council assembled.

Lieutenant General Paterson, *alias* "Cauld kail in Aberdeen," was mounted on a splendid charger with flowing mane, like the steed bestrade by death in the Apocalypse. He seemed prepared to display the spirit of *Marmion*—pluck to the last—"On, Stauley, on!" "But, ah, how weak are man's resolves!" Courage and Clear-Grittism never go together. The Clear-Grit hero of the posse failed as lamentably in his escort enterprise as did his great, frothy chief in the patching of his ministry. Although mounted in all the pride of chivalry, with the great Sergeant-at-arms-and-legs Cull to point the way to glory, when near Church Street he was forced to leave one of the guns behind. For all that he, poor bleeding hero, was able to accomplish, the Russians might have come and taken their guns back again. But in the hour of need the Count came to the rescue, and saved "Cauld kail's" glory. O General Paterson! General Paterson! "why did ye die!" Alas! alas! as Edgar Allen Poe says

"Is there, is there no balm in Gilead!"

O, wurra! wurra! General, why didn't you take *Lady Macbeth's* advice,

"Screw your courage to the sticking-place
And do not fail!"

QUIZ.

A Bad Hit.

Charles Augustus, (smilingly contemplating and patting the calf of his understandings,)—
Rather a fine calf this, Sister.

Flora's Emiline—Yes Charly, boy, (?)—There's a good deal of calf about you.

Charles Augustus (has suddenly an appointment.)

"Just So," "Just So."

We understand that the Clerks of the different Departments have applied for a quantity of Brandy and Cigars on their removal to Quebec—Fatboy in particular.

Lines to whom it may concern.

Hushed be our mirth, and let us stay
The laughs free and light,
The merry jest that's reigned to-day,
While all was sunshine bright,
And let one shadow o'er us play,
Ere we depart to-night.

Will we, when circling time brings round
Another changing year,
Upon this spot of glad some ground,
A gain in joy appear,
With hearts that with bright pleasure bound,
And eyes that know no tear.

We may perchance; but then some eyes
That smile so gaily now,
May gaze on us from yonder skies
Beneath an angel's brow,
And we may thread the sod where lies
Some loved companion low.

We cannot tell—the future's gloom
May bring, perhaps, to me
The silent slumber of the tomb—
Perhaps, perhaps to thee,
And friends in saddened youthful bloom,
May weep our memory.

Then let one serious shade appear,
And check our mirthful flight,
A moment, in this sweet career,
So thoughtless and so light,
And give the future one thought, ere
We breathe our last "good night!"

HARRY SWEETPEACE.

George Brown and his Protestant Horse.

Once on a time,—not long ago—
George Brown would take a ride,
So saddled orthodox's steed,
As one that never "shied;"
And mounting, he was off as fast
As you could say "chou-bang,"
Verifying the adage of "put a beggar on horse-back and he will ride to the devil—"
"Git up thar, and gi' lang!"

He went at a 240 gait,
For many a goodly mile;
Passed every tavern on the road,
Nor stopped to take "a smile."
At Gilpin's pace he pressed the race
And ever loudly rang
Where'er he went, the dreadful cry—
Frightening every mother's son, man, woman and child
of every poor Roman Catholic in the country with his
thundering Protestant voice—
"Git up thar, and gi' lang!"

The furious steed pursued his way
Like lightning when 'tis greased;—
For the first "heat" he "made such time,"
That no one at him "sneezed."
Though at this "break-neck" pace, he did
Not meet with scarce a "slip,"
Or if he did, it only made
Him devote a more vigorous application of the "whip,"
and to cry out considerably louder than on usual occasions—
"Go in
Old hoss, and let her rip!"

But on the road he chanced to meet
With one T. D. McGee,
Who took the "kinks" out of him "neat,"
As "neat" as "neat" could be.
He "led" him gently in a race,
In which he made the "slip,"
And losing ground, he sadly found
That 'twarn't no use, no how he could fix it; to holler
to the old wind-broken, ring-boned, spavined, splinted,
wind-galled string-holted, cracked-healed, "heavy" Pro-
testant Rosinaitte—"Go in
Old hoss, and let her rip!"

At last, while limping in his gait,
The weary, o'er-blown nag,
Like many a better one than he,
Ran plump "agin a snag,"
Which fetched him "right straight up on end,"
And plunged "kerwallop" "bang"
His rider head foremost into
A regular nasty, dirty "Brown-Dorian" mud-hole
where he laid as "flat" as a flounder, wallowing and
kicking in a bog of filth, shouting like blazes—
"Git up thar, and gi' lang!"

HARRY SWEETPEACE.

Reasons for not going to Church.

- A—Because he has not got a new coat.
- B—Because he has, and it doesn't fit.
- C—Because he feels sick.
- D—Because he feels jolly.
- E—Because he has taken a *drop* too much.
- F—Because he didn't get up in time.
- G—Because he's going to the country.
- H—Because he's going driving.
- I—Because the seats are not free.
- J—Because he hasn't got any coppers to put in the plate.
- K—Because he hasn't any silver.
- L—Because he's bashful, and the young ladies look at him.
- M—Because the singing is disgusting.
- N—Because he's got some letters to write.
- O—Because he's going to see Muggins's servant girl, and can't see her only when they are out.
- P—Because he's engaged in reading an interesting novel, and doesn't want to leave it.
- Q—Because it's cold, and there are no stoves in the church.
- R—Because he's engaged in doing some extra work.
- S—Because he lives so far from church.
- T—Because he went to church four Sunday's ago.
- U—Because he hasn't time.
- V—Because the Preacher is an old man.
- W—Because the Preacher is a young man, and the girls are all looking at him.
- X—Because the Preacher is a married man, and she doesn't care for him.
- Y—Because there are such a number of brats of boys, spitting and chewing in church, they quite disturb her meditation.
- Z—Because he has been reading the *Globe* and *Grumbler*, and has fallen asleep.

Victoria Square.

Our remarks on Public Parks has had the effect of poking up some of the City Fathers, one of whom intends bringing forward a motion—That instead of the city purchasing the McGill Square, they buy the whole of the property, from the south side of Richmond street, to the north of Adelaide, from Victoria to Church street, for a Public Square, and erect the Wellington Testimonial in the centre, with fountains, &c. This would do away with the Glebe Rookery on Church and Stanley streets. Our friend Wakefield, on King street, would be glad, as it would open up a fine view for him; and to the old buildings on Adelaide, Richmond, and Stanley streets, he would have no objection to say, *going, going, gone.*

A "New" Law.

We believe it is the intention of some petty Lower Canadian Member, to bring up the following Bill next Session, drawn-out by the party interested, *i. e.* George Fatboy, the Permit Clerk of the C. L. Dept., viz:
Title—Bill—"An Act to remunerate the important services of George Fatboy, (Permit Clerk C. L. Dept., by Act of Parliament, amended by ditto, under Edward II. &c., &c.) by a Pension of £500 per annum." O: course.

The "Sign" of the Times.
A Bailiff's Notice.