

Ye dolorous ditty of R. M. Allan and ye Grumbler.

It's of a crack Grumbler in Toronto did dwell,
Who wrote funny articles and spiced them up well;
His butt was one Allan, a conceited old spark
Of the genus, by sailors al'ays known as land shark.
Singing too ran' r' tooral, &c.

Now as Allan was a pleading in the Assize Court one day
The Grumbler pitched into him and thus he did say—
"Oh Allan you blockhead you ain't fit to appear
Where gentlemen are, and you shouldn't be here."

Now Allan got wrathly and thus he replied—
"Call Garnett, between us, shall the issue decide,
I'll haul you right up fore the Courts of t'be law,
And I'll make you to laugh tother side of your jaw."

Now as Garnett was a sittin on the bench in his chair,
And policemen (the old ones) ranged round pair in pair,
R. M. Allan came forth with his brief bag so red,
"A poor middle-aged orphaning," at least so he said.

"Oh, your Worship, your Worship that that bench sits upon,
Do you know what that Grumbler has bin gone and done—
He's blackened my character as black as my nat,
And I want compensation, your Worship, for that."

"Oh Allan, Oh Allan, Cadi Garnett ho said,
Can he blacken much more what's already black lead;
If he can, my opinion which is gratis to you,
Is, keep your tougue quiet, tis the best you can do.

MORIAL.

Now all Politfoggers to advice, give an ear,
Keep honest and straight and you're nothing to fear.
Don't rush into law when by Wits you are rubbed,
Or like Allan, by Garnett, you perhaps may be snubbed.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Life and Adventurers of Simon Seek, or Canada in all shapes. By Maple Knot—Price 50 cents. Montreal: John Lovell; Toronto, Wm. C. F. Cavorhill.

We have only just received this work from the publishers, and have been unable to give more than a cursory glance at it. Typographically considered it is well got up, and seems to be written ably and vivaciously. As a story of Canadian Society, a contribution to our scanty Provincial literature, we bespeak for it an extensive perusal by our readers. It is only by fostering such vigorous attempts as this, that we can establish eventually a national literature in Canada.

THE SOCIABLE—Vol. 8 vo. Toronto. Mr. Shewan.

We have much pleasure in recommending this work to our friends, adult and juvenile. The long winter evenings are coming on, and the young want some variety of amusements to pass the dreary hours. Here then is a work explaining 1000 games and amusements, for the nursery and drawing room, a desideratum too long wanting in the social circle. We are sure it will be widely circulated.

THE SUNNY-SIDE SONORICISS—by M. Scott. Lithographed by Fuller & Bencke, Toronto.

Those who had the pleasure to take part in any of the convivial gatherings at Sunny-Side, last season, will be happy to know that a souvenir of those happy hours, in the shape of a very pretty piece of music, very neatly got up, can be had at any of the music stores and News' depots of our city. All our picnic friends will—should buy it.

On Dir. — That Mr. Rankin has been appointed Canadian Consul at Japan.

THE WORK OF THE SESSION.

The period for the re-assembling of Parliament is rapidly approaching, and extensive preparation is being made by the various members thereof to enrich the Statute-Book with enactments wise and otherwise. Among other measures we understand the following will be introduced:—

By JOHN A. MACDONALD.—A Bill to present the members of the present Government with the privilege of exemption from re-election during the term of their natural lives.

By Mr. SICCOTT.—To extend the provisions of the Fishery Act of last Session, to catfish, tittle-onts and minnows.

By Mr. SID. SMITH.—To establish the head quarters of the Post Office Department in "my office" in Cobourg.

By Mr. GALT.—A bill to Charter the Kamtschatka, Kalamazoo and Popocatapell Railway.

By Mr. VANKOUGHNET.—A bill to compel "Squatters" to rise up and meander.

By Mr. ALLEN.—A Bill to render compulsory vaccination for the toothache, so as to obviate the deleterious use of Laudanum.

By Mr. CARTIER.—A Bill to provide for the celebration of the anniversary of "My Dinner" at Windsor Castle.

By Mr. HOGAN.—A Bill to provide for the admission of Members of Parliament to the bar without examination.

By Mr. BROWN.—A Bill to render Penal the publication of extracts from old files of the *Globe*.

By Mr. POWELL.—A resolution recommending the appropriation of the Clergy Reserve Fund to the promotion and encouragement of the turf.

By Mr. GOULD.—A bill to raise the standard of Education in the University of Toronto.

By Mr. MCGEE.—A bill to provide for the hauging of two Orangenem annually, as a solemn warning.

By Mr. BOURASSA.—A bill to institute an enquiry into the present condition of the English language.

THE GRUMBLER!

A Pungent, Piquant, Pithy, Poetical Periodical; Fokes the Puerrite, Passionate, Petulant, Prolix and Purse-proud; Plagues Pimps; Protects the Poor; Propounds Puns; Punishes Puppies; Provokes Pragmatical, Peevish, Political Partizans; Pleases the Pretty; Promotes Probity; Puts Problems; Puzzles the Profound; Purges the Press; Pays Promptly; Perfects Plans; Pounds the Pompos; Piques Prying, Proud, Pusillanimous, Profligate Pettifoggers and Poltroons; Pinches Parasites; Pains Pretentious Praters; Paints Pictures of Public Personages, and Provides the most Potent, Pure, Pleasant and Profitable Pabulum of any Paper Published, Printed, or Perused in this Powerful and most Progressive Province.

The *Poker* has the impudence to appropriate to-day the above from the GRUMBLER advertisement in the *Globe* of yesterday without acknowledgement. As it is the only good thing that has ever appeared in the *Poker*, we do not grudge their readers the enjoyment for once of a smart paragraph, even although it be stolen property.

Melancholy Suicido of R. M. Allen.

For some time past a paragraph has been going the round of the Toronto Dailies, stating that the Police with their accustomed indefatigable scrutiny, had found a cap floating in the Bay. No head having been found in the cap, the usual verdict of "found empty," was being drawn up by one of our intelligent coroners—when, we are told, the editor of the *Colonist* rushed in and recognized the aforesaid article of covering, as the property of R. M. Allan, Esq., Barrister-not-even-at-the-Police Court. The interview, we are further told, was very heart-rending. The reason, we understand, assigned for this rash act, which has deprived the Bar of its brightest luminary, is mental madness, brought on, no doubt, by meddling with THE GRUMBLER.

"The Road to the Pacific."

Such is the heading of a two column editorial in the *Colonist* of Tuesday last. Those undertaking the task of reading through such an essay, should certainly be of a pacific turn of mind in order to enable them to accomplish the task. For ourselves, we should be very far from pacific if such an infiction were forced up on us. "The Road to Ruin," we would suggest as the proper heading to editorials of unreasonableness length.

The Highland Society.

The true secret of the disagreement amongst the members of the Highland Society, which has been carefully concealed from the public is said to be the desire manifested by the real Highlanders for the erection of mile stones throughout the city, against which they may scratch their backs.

"God bless the Duke of Argyle,
A scratching stone at every mile."

BUSINESS NOTICE.

While we regard the good things of this life with no small share of desire, we pretend to some taste in the selection of what may best suit our inclinations—we look with no small share of complacency on a table loaded with the delicious delicacies of the Season, and in fact we cannot deny that our mouths are strangely inclined to water for those same things, when we see them paraded in all their tempting varieties from the windows of their vendors. The wish was father to the thought, when passing down King Street, our eyes were attracted by the array of cigars, pipes, tobacco, &c., in the Store of Mr. SPOONER—and strange to say, we did (after much search,) find within the limits of our vast pocket as many coppers as enabled us to purchase one of his choice Regalias. Trying as we have been the events of the past few days, and—Allen as we have into the meshes of the law, we lighted our cigar, and pulling its blue volutes from our lips, its soothing influences calmed us into belief—that, like many other trials, these too would end in smoke. Whether it was the cigar or the kind and gentlemanly greeting of the proprietor, Mr. SPOONER, that really afforded us so much comfort, of this one thing we are assured, that for selection of stock in its variety, and the liberal prices at which he offers his stock to the public, the attention he devotes to his business, and the urbanity of his manners, really outdo Mr. SPOONER to a liberal share of the public patronage.

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