

Great Moral Demonstration.

To His Excellency Sir Edmund Walker Head,
Baronet, Governor General, &c., &c., &c.

May it please your Excellency :

The petition of 3,122 persons, residents, some in Toronto, some in no particular place, and some in the imagination of the promoters of this Moral Demonstration, humbly sheweth,

That at least 17 of the signers of this petition know its contents of their own knowledge, and that 311 adults have some conception of them and approve the same.

That it is the opinion of your petitioners that the present Ministry are a set of liars, gamblers, swindlers, drunkards and thieves.

That your Prime Minister, in especial, is the most infernal scoundrel in the country, and that he has been so designated by a late personal friend—an indictment which he has not had the courage to question by horsewhipping the writer, as he most certainly would have done had he felt conscious of innocence.

That the Inspector General is just as bad in intention, though, perhaps, with less genius, to fulfil his atrocious designs, but that he has embezzled untold sums of the public money, and even now has enormous hoards concealed about his premises, robbed from the people.

That the rest of the lot are not a whit behind either of these rascals, though they have not the same opportunities for plunder ; and

That altogether, the whole crew deserved to be ignominiously kicked out of office, and afterwards tried for treason.

That we have the above information from the *Globe* and the *Colonist*, the *Montreal Herald* and the *Hamilton Times*, and a number of other papers, and therefore it must be true, seeing that none of these prints have ever been known to be inaccurate in any of their statements.

That we have confidence in Messrs. Brown, Foley, Gould, Wallbridge, Burwell, and McKenzie, whom we humbly pray you to call to your Counsels.

That in so doing you will earn the eternal gratitude of your petitioners and very greatly help in averting dreadful calamities which threaten, not so much the country, as some of the individuals named.

That if you do not accede to this prayer, Mr. Burwell will immediately carry out his expressed intention of organizing a Vigilance Committee, who will put you under arrest, and probably lynch the Ministers, &c.

All of which is humbly submitted.

NOTE.—Of the signers, the names of 493 are *bona fide*, but 219 are repeated, 89 names are written three times, 74 four times, 33 five times, and 11 six times. At least 292 are boys under 14, (some of them only 8 years old) 126 are unknown, 79 are known to Mr. Gurnett, 13 are sewing girls in the dry goods' shops and 39 are gentlemen.

QUESTION FOR THE BRITISH "WHIG."—Is the Doctor authorized to offer the services of some of the writers of the *Grumbler* to Mr. Brown, as he seems to have been to offer them to some one who shall be nameless a few days ago ?

The Doctor can answer at his leisure.

A Truthful Tribute.

Respectfully Dedicated to that very facetious Sheet,
The "Grumbler."

Dark shadows of ignorance covered the land,
'Mongst the savans of Europe unheard was our name :
All vacant the niche where our author's would stand,
In that goal of ambition, the Temple of Fame.

But as darkness is thickest when day-dawn is near,
So the shadows but loomed for a glorious morn,
And the name of our country became doubly dear,
When that day-star of learning, the *Grumbler*, was born.

See how with a modesty fair to behold,—
Which is always of genius an unfailing mark,—
Its authors like Junius refuse to unfold,
Names growing too brilliant to hide in the dark.

Away with your Jerrolds, your Hoods and such men,
Lament not the stroke that consigned them to dust ;
Better die in Fame's arms, than live till the pen
Of the "*Grumbler*" had covered their glory with rust.

Now the paper* illumed by their genius is stale,
Its poems are all parodied, patched and refined,
With wit of a nature so subtle, we fail
To discover its point, or for what 'tis designed.

The mind of a Bacon could penetrate hearts,
And thoughts that were riddles to others unloose ;
But the "*Grumbler*" with animal instincts imparts
The "*questions*" and feelings that govern the goose.†

Thick as African deserts are studded with springs,
"As roses in quagmires, as pearls in the street,"‡
Are the sparkles of wit which it carelessly flings
In gorgeous profusion, each week at our feet.

Let the man, who unarmed and wand'ring along,
Was attacked by a poodle in some lonely way,
Recall all the frenzy of terror so strong,
That chilled the warm life-blood and turned his hair gray.

He alone understands with what feelings of fear,
The "*Grumbler*" is read by the frightened M. P.'s ;
How the boasts of those gents who endeavour to sneer,
Are belied by their pallor and poor quaking knees.

No subject too lofty or low for its grasp,
Like a spider who seizes an eagle or fly ;
In smiles of true friendship delighting to bask,
And scorning to play for one moment the spy.

Let the college be proud where these Editors gained
A learning whose lustre, reflected, exceeds
The honour which Oxford and Cambridge attained,
As the schools of the mighty who live in their deeds.

In tongues yet unspoken, in climes yet unknown,
Shall their thoughts be translated and eagerly read,
Preserving the name of our Province still young,
When the mem'ry of Greece and her Homer is dead.

Cauchon on Stocks.

The magnificent genius of Monsieur Cauchon was brought to bear on Tuesday afternoon, 27th ult., on the Inspector General's scheme for converting our debt now represented by Debentures, into a Provincial Stock, paying interest at 4½ per cent. The ex-Commissioner jumped at the conclusion that the difference between 4½ and 6 per cent interest would be saved to the Province ! And, in a paroxysm of fear, lest Mr. Cayley should avail of this sum—equal to about £200,000 per annum—proposed it should be thrown into a Sinking Fund for the extinction of the principal ! Would any one have conceived it possible that a man, in whose cranium such a conceit could find a place, could ever have been a Minister of the Crown ? The next feat of Mr. Cauchon will be the lifting of himself up by the hair. Mr. Cayley enlightened him, and we must admit he had about sense enough to see what a goose he was.

* *Punch*. † See *Grumbler*. ‡ Extract from *Grumbler*.

Canals and Railways.

The subscriber desires to inform the Cities and Municipalities of Canada, that he has commenced business as a dealer in Canals, Railways, and other small wares. He proposes opening an office in connection with the Legislative Council in five or six weeks, where persons needing any articles in his line, will always find him ready to supply a Georgian Bay Canal, or a Railway to the Moon, of the best quality, at the shortest notice and upon terms that cannot fail to give entire satisfaction and ensure him a continuance of public favors.

To indicate his ability to do all he engages, the subscriber need only mention that he has recently purchased Aladdin's Lamp, dirt cheap.
ROWLAND BURR.

FELT THE "POKER," EH?—We knew the old gent of the *Kingston Whig* had a thick hide, so we dealt him a smart stroke, but it seems to have been heavier than was necessary for he howls as if in mortal agony. Well, we shan't hit him so hard again if he keeps a civil tongue in his head, and as he now knows what it is to get a lick with THE POKER, he will, perhaps, learn to do so in future. However, if he should continue refractory, and we have to deal him another stroke, he will probably see more stars than he ever discovered in the sidereal heavens.

During an examination a medical student being asked the question, "When does mortification ensue?" replied, "When you pop the question and are answered no."

To Correspondents.

A's communication, acknowledged in our last, conveyed a rebuke to our fellow-laborer, who asserts the genuine English privilege to grumble, but as we do not wish our sheet to be made the medium of attacks upon him, we shall merely say that the article referred to the censures of the *Grumbler* on the Judges in one of its recent numbers.

We have to thank W. F. S. for his contributions. They evince a very respectable degree of talent, but a little too much, we think, of bitterness of feeling towards our contemporary, the *Grumbler*. We have a very low opinion, indeed, of the claims of that sheet to dictate to others on most of the matters it discusses ; and for this very reason we would refrain from comments on its performances. In the matter of politics, the *Grumbler* seems to us to sustain admirably the character of *Booby* ; its views of things displaying utter inexperience, and indicating excessive greenness on the part of the gentlemen who write up that department. This expression of our opinion will, we think, fully explain the very slight degree of animosity we have manifested towards our contemporary, and will account also for the indifference we shall manifest towards him in future.

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