

## THE SONG OF THE SPOUT.

See Hood's *Song of the Shirt*.

With lips that are weary and worn,  
Through changes incessantly rung,  
Sit some six score spouters in solemn state,  
Each plying, in turn, his tongue;  
Talk! talk! talk!

In ignorant self conceit,  
And voices of every kind of pitch,  
From the gruff to Loranger's squeak.

Talk! talk! talk!  
When the sun smiles up aloof,  
Talk! talk! talk!  
Till the stars shine on the roof.  
Stuff, and drivel, and gas,  
Gas, and drivel, and stuff,  
Till Thibault wearily falls asleep,  
And dreams they have talked enough.

Oh, men with households dear,  
Thro' the taxes you have to pay,  
'Tis not only time they're wasting there,  
But dollars—two thousand a day.

Talk! talk! talk!  
No theme is too wild or rash,  
Still th' unruly member spouts away,  
And its owner pockets the cash.

Talk! talk! talk!  
From weary chime to chime,  
Talk! talk! talk!  
As th' brevity were a crime.

Gas, and drivel, and stuff,  
Stuff, and drivel, and gas,  
Till the heads of the fireless spouter/acle,  
But never their tongues, alas!

Talk! talk! talk!  
Their ardour never flags;  
And what are the wages? six dollars a day  
With a pull at the government buga.  
Whilst scattered both far and near,  
Aro the weary hearis who feel,  
In their lonely homes, the woe of want,  
And the walk that costs a meal.

With lips that are weary and worn,  
Thro' the changes incessantly rung,  
Sit some six score spouters, in solemn state,  
Each plying, in turn, his tongue.

Talk! talk! talk!  
In ignorant self conceit,  
With voices of every kind of pitch;  
Would that the smart of a birchen switch,  
Would raise the notes to a concert rich,  
In the key of Loranger's squeak.

### Complimentary.

—The following was found underneath the Speakers chair one day last week, and is supposed to refer to the junior member for Toronto:—

Lord Tom Noddy's the son of an Earl,  
His hair is straight, but his whiskers curl;  
His Lordship's forehead is not very wide,  
But there's a plenty of room for the brains inside.

### Pawnbroker's Sale.

A large number of unredeemed pledges by various members of the present Parliament, will be sold on Saturday next, on the steps of Inspector General's office. As they are considerably damaged, great bargains may be expected. Mr. Sidney Smith's pledges will be sold without reserve to the lowest bidder.

WM. KASLEY, Auctioneer.

### Coruscopianna of Powell-iana.

The gods, to please thee and torment thee,  
Gave thee a both both rich and warm;  
For now thou hast the horn of plenty,—  
Alas! and plenty of the horn!

## OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

Since we last commuined with you, dear tax-payers, we have experienced much of domestic felicity, and drank deep of the cup of earthly happiness. Although rollicking in all the freedom of single blessedness, the Fates do at times kindly regard us, and our stern bachelorhood, for the nonce, gives place to a brief hour of paternal solicitude and fire-side chit-chat. Such changes we regard as the spice of life, and the readers of THE GRUMBLER must not complain if our veins are plethoric with the "milk of human kindness" after the inordinate draught. Permeated to the soul with the most genial feelings, is it expected of us to wax choleric at the stupidity of Ald. Dunn, who, whenever illuminated by an idea, pitches to his feet, swings his arms in the air, and so puts into motion the muscles of his face as to present a series of diornamic grimaces much more horrifying than Penistan's personation of Hamlet, when confronting the ghost of his father. Can we complain that Ald. Carr has sacrificed his devotion to the "indignant poor," for the more important post of henchman to the Carters, demanding only a greater capacity for whiskey and water. Would it be fair to expect Ald. Bugg to shake off his sloth and resist, on every occasion, the tendencies to sleep of his essentially lymphatic constitution. It would be unjust to tax Councillor Upton with a nobler ambition than that of being an automaton for the diversion of Ald. Brunel. Certainly nothing more is expected of Councillor Caruthers than that he should occasionally leave the dignity of his chair and pace the floor of the Council Hall, the better to display his well-defined *physique* to the admiring Jehus without the bar of the chamber. What could St. John's Ward more desire from their Clear Grit Alderman, than an occasional political thesis; or from their lesser light, J. E. Smith, the exhibition of his purely paradoxical humours. Who better able to point out the anomalies in the License Law than Ald. Ewart, if he could only overcome his maiden bashfulness, and "speak what he do know" from experience. No one can deny to Councillor Sprout a perfect right to "pop" his organ of twaddle on the Council on all and every occasion—for who does not know that persevering and pertinacious "popping" was the effectual instrument in "popping" him into the graces of the free and independent electors of the Ward of St. Andrew, and then irresistibly "popped" into the Council. What his ultimatum will be, we are not prepared to say; but we harbour a fear of his "popping" some day into the cells of an asylum. What can be more natural than that His Worship should indignantly repel the accusations made against him and his colleagues as license commissioners, of a neglect of the duties imposed on them, and of an utter want of fairness in the exercise of their functions. It is not expected that the Mayor, Police Magistrate and Recorder, with the multifarious duties imposed on them, and the pittance allowed them as salary, should descend from their official stools and frequent all the tap-rooms of the city in the suspected capacity of License Inspectors. No, Mr. Moodie, why do you not appoint a committee of the Council for that purpose, and bring into use some of the talent now obscured for want of being directed. Why not put Messrs. Pur-

dy, Lennox and Mitchell to such uses—they are professionals in the art of gunging, tapping, &c., and daily seasons their palates with the viands peculiar to Houses of Entertainment. We cannot allow our charitable feelings, however, to be influenced so far as not to point out the jugglery which seems to be practised by the Printing Committee. A severe wrangling occurred among those gentlemen in the matter of tenders for the Corporation Printing—one party contending for Maclear & Co., the other for Mrs. Clelland—totally ignoring the lowest tenders, made by Blackburn. We cannot account for the oversight—nor will we say it is intentional—but unless explanation be vouchsafed to the public, we promise the Printing Committee the special patronage of the columns of THE GRUMBLER.

### Water.

Impromptu translation of "ἄριστον μεν βδωρ." Addressed to ladies who use cosmetics and washes:

Excuse me, fair ones, if I tell  
A truth to every painted belle,  
A truth your glass will ne'er disclose,  
Though every man the secret knows—  
Of all the washes in your store,  
There's none so good as plain "βδωρ."

### Mackenzie's Paste-Pot.

"And, finishing the scene, Mackenzie is at his post, with a paste-pot under his nose, and scraps and ink about him."—Col.

—Take care, my dear *Colonist*, how you provoke the wrath of the veteran of '37 by sneering at his scraps and paste. Perhaps those very scraps may be the last ministerial white (?) lies that have come from the *Colonist* Office, which lies will be filed away among other monstrosities of the press against your next "rattling." When that event occurs, out they will come, and you will wake up next morning and find yourself infamous.

### The Broth of a Boy.

—If Mr. Ferguson, the learned and eloquent member from South Simcoe, aspires to the dignity of a chronic nuisance, we seriously advise him to pursue his present system of toadying to the Ministry, and never rising to his feet without the repetition of stale attacks upon Mr. Brown. The Hon. gentleman's maiden speech contained a furious philippic against the great "Bug Bear," and THE GRUMBLER has observed with something approaching to disgust, that his sole idea of statesmanship appears centered in a rehash of philippic No. 1, inseparably coupled with a definition of his own proud position as an *independent* member. THE GRUMBLER is no partisan, but an ardent admirer of common sense.

### Summer Arrangements.

—We are authorized to state that, the Postmaster has made arrangements with a number of Apple-women, to keep on hand in and about the lobby of the Post Office, a full supply of Fruit and Peanuts during the coming summer. Consumers are requested to call at the P. O. before purchasing elsewhere.

### Protection Wanted.

—We should like to see fair play fostered in Canada; it seems at present to be scarcely a native commodity, yet it might be introduced and protected with advantage. See the reception of Mr. Harvey at the Wednesday meeting, where it will be seen that it has escaped the sight of even the Protectionists.