

GEORGE BROWN'S SOLILOQUY.

To be thus is nothing ;
But to be safely thus ;—My fears in Hillaryd,
Stick deep ; and in the plenitude of his puns
Stigma that, which should be feared ;—His Orange too ;
And in the powerful influence that gives,
He hath a cunning that may control its votes
For his election.—There is none but he,
Whose running doth I fear ;—and by his means,
My votes might be bought, as it is said
Bob Moolie was by Copley. So did the Electors
When first they made me Member for the Town,
And bade them think of him, then soothing like,
They said he'd be their senior member next.

If it be so,
For Cameron's party have I fought so long ;
For them the Coalition have I berked ;
Put Copley on the rack for bungling accounts,
Only for them ; and my Herculean labors,
Thrown as it were to the very devil,
To give them power, the Conservator pow'r !
Rather than so, come D'Arcy to my aid,
And champion me amongst the Papists !

THE CRISIS.

When the Governor General sent for Mr. Brown, that hon. gentleman, we understand, was engaged in writing an article in which Sir Edmund Head was, as usual, abused like a pick-pocket for not turning out the Ministry. No sooner, however, did the scarlet coat of the Aide-de-camp appear in the door-way of the sanctum than the editorial was sent into the fire, and the writer immediately started for the Government House. After the interview, the following letters and replies were sent out and received from the *Globe* office :—

W. L. MCKENZIE, Esq.,

DEAR SIR,—I'm in, much to my own astonishment. Will you accept the office of Speaker of the Upper House ?

Yours, &c.,

Geo. Brown.

(Answer.)

Mr. Mac. presents his compliments, and wants to know if Mr. Brown wants him to sign his own death-warrant ?

Hon. JOHN ROSS,

DEAR SIR,—If promises of further aid to the G. T. R. R. will induce you to accept office, say so, and oblige,

Yours, &c.,

Geo. Brown.

(Answer.)

Mr. Ross supposes that Mr. Brown is equally sincere as Mr. Dazzle, when he offered his friend his acceptance, because it was of no use to himself.

Mr. CHRISTIE will be glad to hear that he is nominated Minister of Agriculture. Mr. Brown expects in return that he will open his mouth and say something.

GORDON BROWN,

Per G. B.

(Answer.)

DEAR GEORGE,—You know I can't say a word in the House, and that's the reason I got so near you—for you talk enough for both of us. Of course I accept.

Yours till death,

DAVID CHRISTIE.

Mons. BONAURY,

HONORED SIR,—Having been at the Theatre the other night, I was much struck with your appearance, and hope you will accept the office of Provincial Secretary in the new Government.

Yours truly,

A. DONON.

(Answer.)

SIR,—You must be von damn fool.

Yours,

BILLY BONAURY.

Mons. LABERGE may have any office he likes—inasmuch as he can't exist much longer out of a glass case.

A. DONON.

Mr. BOB MOODY.

DEAR FRIEND—Forget and forgive. You can have the lighthouse—only remember—my return next election.

Adieu,

Geo. Brown.

(Answer.)

SIR,—You mean, contemptible, catavompus. I'll cook your goose at the next election.

BOBBERT.

JOHN SHERIDAN HOGAN's note received. He's too old and conceited to reform—so he must slide.

G. B.

Jos. GOULD, Esq.,—What would you like ?

G. B.

(Answer.)

DEAR ZON,—Make me Post Mister General. You nows i'm posted inletters.

Jos GOULD.

(Answer.)

SIR,—That post is engaged. You can secure a tide-waitership, if you like.

G. B.

AUNT ADELAIDE'S ADVICE—No. III.

MY OWN DEAR LUCY,—There is no point, on which a young girl should dwell more, than upon her manners ; and you are not so perfect, my dear child, but that you may read with some benefit the words of your old god-mother. I mean something more than the mere minor proprieties of life. A young lady who has danced so much as you have, cannot but move with a certain grace, and at table it would be strange if you did not evince some refinement even when hungry. I take all this for granted. What I mean, is rather your general manner, typical of your tone of thought, and your every-day way of living.

There are some young ladies whose youth having been passed with educated men, have wasted their young years in reading, instead of acting as you do, my dear, who spend your mornings agreeably in the streets and stores. Not that I accuse you of the least improper familiarity with any of the good-looking assistants in the drapers' shops. On the contrary, I have seen you keep them perfectly in their places, with a proper disregard of their feelings, which might be called rudeness, but which, in a lady of your delicacy, is only self respect. What I mean to say is, that as you ceased your literary exercises

when you left school, doubtless you feel yourself sometimes in a false position when the conversation stupidly turns upon books and history ; just as if anything which happened a century or two ago could interest you. I would therefore recommend you with that propriety of life, and with that good sense which distinguish you, at all times to say, that you wonder what people see in all this—that you prefer a walk, especially in the streets. For you know that you can't tell a coreopsis from a rhododendron, and hence your excuse to be continually seen in them. In your promenades, on no account acknowledge the wrong style of person, and make it a mere matter of convenience to yourself when, and where, and how you do know any body. The strength of our sex, my dearest niece, is in a little secret. Most of us have two sols of manners, for a woman owes nothing to herself. Gratitude I feeling, truth ! Words, Lucy, words, words ! Let me explain to you, as you have not read the works of Shakspeare, this is a quotation from Hamlet, of which he is the author, and is considered rather telling. No matter what your position may be, be guided by your sensibilities. It is true that some common people might call them vulgar and selfish fears ; and they do say, that when these dominate, all the generous, and high, and ennobling attributes of character disappear, and a woman sinks into a scandal-loving, selfish, mean, unamiable personage. But this is all nonsense. Consult purely your own will. Never be good natured. Never be anxious to please, unless something is to be got by it. Be indifferent to everybody's feelings and happiness but your own, and when annoyed with anything, you may have your satisfaction by being cold and indifferent to those who have the happiness to live with you. Never hesitate to sacrifice a friend, however good and devoted he may have been to you, for, dear Lucy, you are so charming and attractive, you can get a true friend whenever you seek for one, by merely wishing it. Friends, love, are so plentiful !

Ever your attached Aunt,

ADELAIDE ALICE BROWN.

St. George's Square,
Thursday Evening.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

When an enterprising man like Mr. CARV, at the corner of Church and Front Streets, opens the doors of his Bathrooms to the public at the rate of three Yorkshillings per man, and supplies each customer moreover with every luxury that can make life dear, even to an intended suicide, (Mr. Merdle would never have committed suicide in Mr. CARV's establishment,) we feel inclined to do anything but tell him to go to Bath. While we are punning we may as well state that Mr. CARV's business is so extensive that Mother Carv's chickens are not the procurers of a more violent elemental war than that over which Mr. CARV and his human poultry [though they are not fair they are anything but foul] preside—such is the bubbling and boiling of the thousand and one baths he has provided for the exhausted public.

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