

THE BATTLE OF THE WINDMILL.

DON QUIKOTE'S MODERN RIVAL.

"The rebels of 1837, the men whom I met with in the open field at the Battle of the Windmill!"—*Ogle R. Gowan's speech.*

Don Quixote was a gallant knight,
So famed Cervantes wrote;
He battled with a wind-mill, and
The naughty windmill smote.

Don Ogle, in those latter days,
Has rivalled dear Don Quixote;
One fought in Spain, if we may take
Cervantes' *ipse*.

The other on St. Lawrence banks
With equal froth and fury,
The battle of the windmill fought
Ye wig against ye tory.

Don Quixote had a famous horse,
His squire a donkey "Dapple,"
Don Ogle has his orange horse,
Which proves a golden apple.

Don Quixote, like an errant knight,
Lor'd Dulcinea dearly;
Don Ogle, like an errant knave,
Loves but himself sincerely.

Don Quixote was a famous man,
Don O. a moonshine calf;
So please the pigs, Don Quixote proves
The better knight by half.

CAMERON ON WHISKEY:

Leaveo sack and lire cleanly as a nobleman should do.—*Falstaff.*

Hon. M. Cameron thinks that whiskey adds no sagacity to the legislative brains, but heats the blood, provokes cholera, blunts the conscience, and makes a mess of a man all over; he therefore introduced a motion to send the Lamb of the basement about his business as a sort of scape-goat for legislative delinquencies. A great deal of unmitigated bunkum was talked on the occasion, and we observed that those were most zealous in the matter who have had most experience. The notes of our reporter are unfortunately lost, and therefore we cannot vouch for the truth of our sketch of the proceedings; it must go for what it is worth.

Hon. M. Cameron moved, seconded by Mr. Talbot, That no intoxicating liquors be sold in the Parliament buildings. He thought that the demon who had bedridden the land like Moloch, and had his hecatomb of victims in every corner of the province should not find a retreat beneath them, even though he appeared in the shape of a Lamb. For his part, though he had converted more than one member to the doctrines of temperance, he had always found in that saloon a bar to all his efforts. Yet, like Othello, though he was cruel, he was yet merciful, and would spare ginger-beer and lemonade, neither of which, he believed, if taken moderately, would produce great drunkenness.

Mr. Burton thought they were going too far. The honorable gentleman had quoted from Othello; did not he or somebody else say, "Wine is a good family creature?" for his part, as an Irishman, he would never consent to driving the "cratur" from the House; Hon. members could not speak, such was their innate bashfulness, unless they first took the blush off a pint of beer; all persons had not the brass of the hon. member, and were they to be

blamed if they had to draw confidence from *peewee?* (Loud cheers.)

Mr. Dunkin thought this was a family matter. They were talking of family jurs (of whiskey.) and they ought to have closed the doors, and have tied the effect of two or three hot potions before they ventured to drink.

Mr. Laberge thought the honorable member for Lambton ought not to be the man to talk so. Let him and the member for Hastings think of their great prototype, Sir John Falstaff of happy memory and pause before they gave whiskey the sack. How were thin members, Messrs. Finlayson and J. A. Macdonald, to rival the portly proportions of those hon. gentlemen when they took liquor from them? For his part he looked on it as a piece of jealousy.

Mr. Cameron would have proposed a tariff of drinks, but he knew it was no use. The house was so devoted to the cause of desolating, and devastating rum; why could they not adopt this scale?

For a member going to sack—2 whiskies.

For members from the Ottawa district—1½ beers.

For a Grit before a division—15 toddies.

For a minister of the crown—1 hot port.

For Mr. Brown or Mr. Drummond—25 br'dy smashes

For D'Arcy McGee—any quantity.

For desk-drummers—1 lemonade.

He thought that the government might thus make the saloon a sort of trap where they might catch oratorical grits and silence troublesome speakers; but useful and pliable members should be kept sober.

Mr. Cartier thought it wasn't a bad idea, but at the same time thought Mr. Speaker was the best judge of these matters, and would leave it to his discretion.

Mr. Cameron would withdraw his motion if the Speaker would withdraw the liquor.

Speaker (*parte bus*)—I'd see you teetotally ker-flumexed first.

The matter was dropped, and so did some of the members—down to tamper with Moloch below.

Rolling Off! Great Bargains!

—Mr. Ogle R. Gowan offers for sale a splendid stock of native INDEPENDENCE which must be disposed of within a month. Owing to the pressure of the times the Ex-Sovereign of the *Scarlet* feels rather blue, and is prepared to sacrifice his stock at the lowest prices. "The monitor within" which rules his breast, will also be sold cheap for cash. The latter is a damaged article, and must be purchased at once. Also a large quantity of old-fashioned impudence for the use of bashful members, which will be disposed of without reserve. Intending purchasers will do well to examine the advertiser's goods before calling on other *fer-rums*. References kindly permitted to Thos. D'Arcy McGee, Esq., M. P. P.

On Dit

—That the *Municipal Reformer* will not make its appearance this week, in consequence of the Editor being engaged in assisting the Hon. the Speaker of the Assembly to carry into effect Mr. M. Cameron's motion to abolish the saloons about the precincts of the Assembly.

THE LEGISLATIVE BORE.

O, he's as tedious
As a tired horse, a railing wife,
Worse than a smoky house, I'd rather live
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cakes and have him talk. [*Henry 11^o.*]

That Job was the most patient and enduring mortal ever subjected to the woes and sorrows of life, we are assured on the highest of all authorities. We doubt, however, that he would have preserved his equanimity for a single moment if he had been forced to endure that unmitigated curse, the Legislative bore. No matter what the subject under debate, no matter how weary the House may be of the oft-reiterated arguments, the bore is on his legs to wear out the patience and fuddle the brains of the hon. house. There are different species of this genus. There is your independent bore, of which the most notable instance is Ogle R. Gowan. He never obtrudes his ungainly person and self-confident phiz upon the House without making us shudder involuntarily. He wears his right arm gracefully akimbo, and his dumphy head, having two feet the start of his body, and his Brobdigagian watch-seal wagging to and fro like the pendulum of a dyptic clock. You can't go to sleep under the fellow; if you do, it is like the slumber you get from a narcotic, fitful and night-marcish. He is fluent without being eloquent, argumentative without being logical, coarse without being witty. But then he is independent, and that he lets you know every time he speaks, or you could never possibly charge the crime upon him. Independent he is; we are forced to admit; but it is the independence of the donkey or the mule, stubborn and self-willed enough when unfed, but extremely easy and tractable when the bunch of carrots is held within sniffing distance of his elegant proboscis. His impudence is only equalled by his unscrupulousness. He replies to speeches delivered in a language of which he professes himself profoundly ignorant, and even to speeches which were never delivered. He misrepresents with professions of the deepest desire to be sincere; no explanations will put him right; on he waddles through the slough, defiling himself and bespattering all around him, till even the government be slavishly supports are constrained to exclaim with us, "What an intolerable bore."

Then you have the bore inarticulate, the bore consistent, the bore honest, and the bore *pur et simple*. We shall return to the subject in our next.

THE THEATRE.

Lady Head, with her usual good taste will patronize a complimentary benefit to be given to Mrs. Marlow at the Royal Lyceum, on Saturday week next. There is no doubt that a very large audience will be present; and that the ladies of Toronto, who are never backward when Her Excellency bestows her patronage, will not lose this opportunity of also paying a deserved compliment to the fair *beneficiare*. They should be the more anxious to do so on this occasion as we have reason to believe that this will be the last appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Marlow on any stage.
The pieces selected are very good, and everything bids fair for a gala night at the Lyceum.