

THE GALLANT NINETY-FIRST REGIMENT.

In the court, in the court,
In the court summoned,
All in the Division court,
Stood the brave regiment.
"Papa," was the judge's cry;
"We can't," they all reply;
Show us some reason why;
"None?" Then to jail you tie;
Hence to the county jail,
Ninety-first regiment.

Suitors to right of them,
Suitors to left of them,
Suitors in front of them,
Waiting for judgment.
Dunned at with note and bill,
Firmly they stood it still;
And at the judge's will,
Went every one to jail—
Ninety-first regiment.

Fiercely the brave ones swear,
Trying each debt to square,
Golfing the tailors there,
Putting the tradesmen there
All in amazement.
Questions of how they live,
Questions of what they give,
Questions worse I believe,
Making men late to live,
Clumsily parried;
All of us you know,
Down to the jail they go,
Ninety-first regiment.

Suitors to right of them,
Suitors to left of them,
Suitors behind them,
Entering judgment;
Starved off each note and bill,
They have not done ill,
Then at the judge's will,
Back walk they all to jail,
Ninety-first regiment.

PORTRAITS.

By a Blind Man in the Gallery.

We copy the following portraits from our contemporary the *Leader*. Their truthfulness needs no comment at one hand.

BROWN ON LEMIEUX. (From the *Globe*, '57.)

Frens and Canadians there's that dirty swab of a fellow from Lower Canada—named Lemieux has been and robbed you out o' your cash. Up and pitch into the infernal son of a gun, and show the world that traitors of his kidney can't come it.

LEMIEUX ON BROWN.

FRIEND.—Now Lemieux, old cock, tell us what you think of Brown on this 21st of April, '59.

LEMIEUX.—Mon ami, I von dam rogue—non. He von dam rogue, and I—non—

FRIEND.—Yes, I understand. You are both rogues.

BROWN ON HOLTON. (*Globe*, '58.)

A halter for Holton, should be the cry in Upper Canada.

HOLTON ON BROWN.

(April, '59.)

MR. HOLTON.—(To Friend, up, who asks him if he has any commands to Mr. Brown,) Yes—tell him to go to the devil.

BROWN ON BABY.

(From the *Globe*.)

Babys and bastinadoes—we say.

BABY ON BROWN.

(April, '59)

MR. BABY (to Tailor who shows him a Brown cent) Vy, vous scounrl, vous raskel. What for vous offrez me zo Brown cent. Here, take zo Brown cent to zo devil—to Misser Brown.

BROWN ON MORRIS.

(From the *Globe*, '66.)

A man that would rob a hen roost.

MR. MORRIS ON BROWN.

MR. MORRIS (to a friend)—Ask Mr. Brown to dinner to-morrow? See him hanged first.

MR. BROWN ON DRUMMOND.

(From the *Globe*, '57.)

A man who for the last twenty years has been trying to lose his character, and has not yet succeeded. Men of Canada, mark him—and if you get an opportunity lynch him.

MR. DRUMMOND ON MR. BROWN.

(April, '59.)

MR. DRUMMOND.—Yes, Br-Brown's an ass.

Atrocious Conduct at Sea.

—The *Globe Extra* of the 20th, gives us the following appalling item by the *Arabia*:

"The Ship Grey Oak from London for New York, had been abandoned at sea. Her crew had been packed up and taken to Liverpool by the city of Washington."

Shades of Mungo Park and Robinson Crusoe, preserve us! Cannibalism has at length found refuge in the American navy. "Packing" up a crew, we presume in barrels, well pickled in the briny ocean, for sale in the Liverpool market. The thought of it is awful, and were it not for the well recognized veracity of the *Globe*, we should hesitate to believe it. In cases such as the wreck of the *Medusa*, or of the *Kent* East Indiaman, we can hardly blame the poor mariners when they cast lots for one another's carcasses, but to think of the crew of a steamer making pickled pork of their fellow-mortals, is sickening in the extreme. We suppose the next thing we shall hear of will be quotations of the price of corned seamen in the Liverpool market, as we now read of salt beef. We sincerely trust that this *Grey Oak* story may turn out to be after all only a *Brown* hoax.

IMPORTANT NEWS.

It is rumoured that the Militia are about to be ordered out to arrest the inroads which the Lake has of late made upon our Island. Each soldier is to be served with an Armstrong gun and a bottle of brandy—so that that portion of the on-my which may escape destruction at a long range, will be sure to be used up to qualify the brandy.

A new order of valor to be called the "Ontario Smash," will be instituted to reward those of the Militia who may happen to distinguish themselves in the expected engagement.

THE THEATRE.

The Lyceum will open on Monday next, with a drama new to this city, entitled "Marco Spada," which is said to be an excellent piece. Mr. and Mrs. Marlowe and Mr. Lee sustain the principal characters.

On Tuesday night, for the first time in Toronto, the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" will be produced with due regard to scenery, costume, &c. We hope the new management will liberally sustained.

Force and Violence.

—Mr. Isaac Buchanan, in his evidence before the Southern Railway Committee, makes the following acute distinction in language:—

"I am sure that had he attempted to take ballots, he would have been put out by force, though not by violence."

Now, in our copy of Webster "violence" is defined to be "physical force," and "force" is said to be "unlawful violence," yet the keen acumen of the hon. member for Hamilton, is by no means at fault. We presume that force should be interpreted to mean kicking down stairs, while violence extends to pitching out of the window. The irreverent old gentleman who declined performing his devotions, was treated to the former, the propelling force being communicated by seizing him by the left leg, and hurling him down stairs. Mr. Elliot would have been the subject of this persuasive logic, had he persisted "in taking ballots;" as it is, we have no doubt he is as thankful as the culprits who were promised that they should be gently hung or decapitated with a due regard to elegance and taste.

Exceeding Pious.

—Whatever faults may be attributed to the Opposition, Ministerialists must admit that they are not carnal in their inclinations, seeing that for thirty-five hours they continued speaking against "time and sense."

THE GRUMBLER.

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