

Lines on the death of the Hon. Robert Baldwin.

Hushed for a season by the voice of mirth,
 Lot silent sorrow flow in mournful tide.
 A christian chief has faded from the earth,
 A statesman bowed his weary head and died.

The voiceless for its greedy vigils kept,
 The poisoned dart was winged with vengeful aim,
 One passing struggle and a good man slept,
 The last spark flickered in life's glorious flame.

The patriot died and hearts bereaved will mourn;
 The christian slept and countless voices ring,
 To cheer his spirit through the shadowy hourne,
 To nobler climes where hymns celestial ring.

Drop silent tears upon the statesman's grave,
 Mourn that a noble heart has lost its might,
 That one more voice is hushed whose utterings brave,
 Were ever raised to plead the cause of right.

But look beyond—he has not lived in vain,
 A glorious goal the great, good man hath won;
 Death was our loss, but his more lasting gain,
 Ere this the Master hath pronounced "well done."

DEATH OF THE HON. R. BALDWIN.

A great man has just passed away from us amid the sorrowful regrets of every lover of our Province. The name of Robert Baldwin will never again be employed in the petty strife of provincial politics, save as a stimulating example of genius and honesty, or as a charm to unnerve chicanery and wrong. It is not for us to trace the struggles of the departed statesman through the turmoil of constitutional polemics, or to tell how poorly we appreciated, how ungrateful we recompensed, years of unselfish toil to secure the free, responsible system of government we now enjoy. If the niche in Canada's Walhalla reserved for him is filled by a statue whose ample brow is furrowed and contracted by crosses and disappointments, the historian of Canada, who will have much to say of him, will note it to the national disgrace.

We only desire to drop our humble tribute of sorrow upon the statesman's bier. The struggles of fifty-six toilsome years are over. The Legislative Chamber has heard one voice for the last time; one name will never more be the shibboleth of party; one honest face is crumbling with its mother earth to beam no more on the triumphs of freedom, to frown no more at the ascendancy of wrong. Had he fallen, an actor in the conflicts of this hour, every heart would be sad, every eye would have deplored but in the vicissitudes of life in this province, we had almost forgotten that the exiled statesman still watched the progress of the Province from whose senate he was so unjustly excluded.

So he passed quietly away, we firmly believe, to that more sure reward above. Shall the lesson of his life be soon forgot? Shall the story of what he has done for his native land be soon driven from our minds? or shall it not rather be long cherished as a pattern which the ingenuous and upright politician may cherish for ages to come. He has not left his like behind. Be it our task to perpetuate the memory of one we valued too lightly, while amongst us, but whose inestimable value will not be unappreciated when the lifeless form, now being borne to the grave, has crumbled into dust.

TO THE CORPORATION BLOWERS.

GENTLEMEN,—January is fast approaching, the annual Municipal Elections are near at hand, and you have again to seek the suffrages of your free and enlightened whiskey drinking constituents.—Dreadful thought! We know well how it weighs upon your spirits, how it haunts you, whithersoever you turn. When all honest people, M.P.P.'s (Members of the Provincial Press) alone excepted, are fast asleep in their beds; you, gentlemen, weary with anxious watching, lie uneasily on your couches, studying deeply, pondering earnestly over speeches with which you hope to knock your opponents into smithereens, and to elicit cheer after cheer from those of your friends who admire scurrility and detest common sense. Having your best interests at heart, we venture to suggest the following rules for your adoption, and though there may be a class to whom they will not apply, fortunately that class is not so large as the friends of order and good government could desire.

FIRST—Be careful never to tell the truth, because that would be pronouncing your own condemnation, and falsehood besides being much more congenial to your dispositions, will answer your purposes far better.

SECOND—When in Council, talk "Buncombe," (you know what that is) about "the poor man," but be sure and vote down any proposed appropriations for his relief, so that you may bring off the vigilance with which you have checked all reckless expenditure.

THIRD—Always defame to the utmost of your ability, (for you cannot hurt him) any respectable man who has found his way into the Council.—Messrs. Brunel, Boulton, A. M. Smith, Nowatt, Eugg, and the Mayor, should be the especial objects of your attention.

FOURTH—Those of you who "run" for the Aldermanic prize will do well to promise an instant release on "straw" bail to any of the roughs among your constituents who may unfortunately be "nabbed."

FIFTH—Promise to do all you can to thwart the Police Commissioners in their efforts to improve the force. You can lower Mr. Garnett's salary, for instance, if he is too independent; Mr. Moodie has already set a good example in the notice he gave to reduce the next Mayor's salary (one of the Commissioners) to £25.

SIXTH—Reduce the price of grog licences still lower; that in the end will materially increase the revenue of the city.

Of course we need not recommend you to interlard your discourse with a few oaths; the practice you have already had renders their use easy and natural to you. A bold bullying manner is always preferable to gentlemanly bearing, and will get you lots of votes, which you will otherwise lose.—With these few suggestions we leave you for the present.

Ye very pathetic Appeal of Yo Grumb'or.

Oh I A ten, spare THE GRUMBLER,
 Pray, don't be wrathly now;
 You might perhaps burn your fingers, dear,
 By kicking up a row.
 Pray, stay your indignation,
 Be wise, man, while you may;
 You'd look so foolish, would't you say?
 When called the coets to pay.

CONDOLENCE.

DEAR GRUMBLER,—

While I was loafin round the Polecce Court in my Madgisterial kapasity, last week, I twigged that that fellow Allen was a haulin you up to keel you over, cos why, you pitched into him for not doing things right strait up which he desarred. Now, what I want to say is, that you done what's right, that so; fellers sich like as him, as is neither Clear Grit nor anything else, but hangs round poor people, draggin them into law, and interruptin the bench—which I am a mad-gistrait and knows—ought to get rubbed. Being a public character I've been wrote about by you, but I never went to law, I never done nothin that was'n't so, except at lection time, and then you took a follow off so slich, I couldn't say nothing agin it; don't be afraid, go in and touch them up, I'll stick to you—
 Yours, obliged,
 Bon MOODIE.

MY DEAR LITTLE FELLOW,—I lost all appetite for my breakfast the other morning when I saw in the *Globe* that a naughty man named Allen was trying to put you in prison. What a hardened creature he must be, to be sure. I wonder what sort of people he belongs to; I should just like to give him a little bit of my mind, he'd soon stop. If he does put you in gaol, my sister Clara and I are determined to go down to Gurnett, and tease him until he let's you out. Goodness gracious how will you write next week; will they give you pens and ink in the prison? if they won't, just drop a note to box—, and I'll send you a whole ream of paper, and any quantity of pens and ink. I'm sure I should never live over Saturday if I didn't see THE GRUMBLER. Good-bye.
 Yours very affectionately,
 CAROLINE CROTCHET.

To the Editor of the Grumbler.

DEAR SIR,—notice that Mr. R. M. Allen has instituted an action against you for libel. I assure you there is no occasion for apprehension on your part. The exceedingly insignificant position of the prosecutor in his profession must tell heavily against him.
 Yours,
 N. C. MCINTYRE.

MISTAKE GWUNDA—

Never mind Allen, he—aw—belongs to the—aw—canaille. He is unworthy of notice by so—aw—eminent a—aw—personage as I know you—aw.

Yours at the trial and evay,
 A QUEEN'S COUNSEL.

Dreadful Dearth.

—What's to be done in the newspaper world just now? Not a decent scrap of intelligence is to be found to point a jest or moral withal.—Won't some worthy Councilman make a fool of himself, pitch a tumbler at somebody, and kick up a general dust? Are we never to have a ministerial crisis, or a general election, or anything really brisk? Who'll volunteer to afford some amusement till Parliament opens? The election of Mayor is likely to pass by without any fun. The other Municipal elections are too stupid to dabble in. Talk about a railroad to the Pacific, we don't want it all just now, but how can we get on without news?