

TO

I.

Blushes, as soft as those of morn,
Gilds o'er her fair young face;
The trembling lilia, still more, adorn
Their charming resting place.
A hue reflected from the skies
Reclines upon her cheek;
Her lovely, roush, sun-lit eyes
In winning accents speak.

II.

She's wild and beautiful and proud
And free—yes, free as air;
She stands alone amid the crowd,
The fairest of the fair.
And yet there's something in my breast
Which makes me hope on still,
It gives me now, alas, no rest,
I fear it never will.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN;

OR THE HISTORY OF THE BROWN-DORION CABINET.

BY A CLEAR GRIT, ESQ., M.A.

History affords numerous examples of the destiny-controlling power of a decisive mind. The current of progress by the effect of one-man power has been checked, and the advancing tendencies of nations have been put back for centuries.

It is unnecessary to cite instances. To a Canadian people the recent act of despotism of a vice-ruler stands too prominently forward as a monument of tyrannical will, to require the finger post of example to point the public gaze. The glorious sun of political freedom which was just about pouring out its fertilizing rays on a country too long in the blighting shade of corruption, has stood still at the command of an irreverent Joshua, "and as the potent rod of Amram's son, up called a pitchy cloud of locusts warping on the eastern wind," so has uprisen, by command, a mist of iniquity which has overshadowed his radiant light but for this—"I were not a whit too curious to speculate" upon what might have been. The grits got dissolution, and with that dissolution came the ousting of conservatives, renegade reformers, Hincksites and all those who hung about the skirts of power—the parasites who fed on patronage. The Robinsons, Daly's, the Gowan, the Fergusons, the Benjamins no more were seen in the Senatorial halls. With a general election came the retributive broom that swept them at once from place and power. True, Lower Canada sent its corruptionists, and John A. and a few more Upper Canadians managed by tricks and bribery to secure seats, but the government under the premier Brown returned with a large majority. The great evils under which the country labored were at once "grappled with," and choked to death in the struggle, and the Session closed after securing that greatest of all political boons, *Representation by Population*.

By this Act Upper Canada was given two representatives for every one from Lower Canada, and the vexed questions of Lower Canadian domination and the double majority for ever set at rest. The conservative party was however by a powerful combination fraudulent returns and rioting at the polls enabled to return a large number of its adherents; this perhaps was more than compensated for by the removal of the notorious Tom Ferguson who met his death at an election riot of his own instigation.

Desperate efforts were made by the Opposition aided by the Governor General who was ever on the

north side of friendly, to overthrow the Cabinet, but the Premier by the influence—the success of his government gained him at home, had his Excellency recalled, and thus defeated the projects of his enemies.

The Right Hon. Mr. Gladstone succeeded to the vice-royalty, but his well known propensity for dabbling in accounts rendered him too meddlesome, and he was speedily supplanted by a more plastic ruler. Everything did not move smoothly yet—backed by the malcontents Messrs. Rose and Galt once more set on foot their old annexation movement, as far as these gentlemen and a few of their prominent followers were concerned, they gained their end, the government expatriated them and they they are now enjoying the boasted liberty of the United States they so much adored.

With the year 1861 was completed the removal from place, of the entire list of corruptionists officials, and the Family Compact groaned its last on the dismissal of Chief Justice Robinson; none but sound Grits who represented the well understood wishes of the people, received the smallest modicum of patronage. Despoiled of power and plunder the factionists in desperation flew to arms, the standard of rebellion fluttered in the breeze, but the grino in the cabinet guided the country in prosperity's highway, was likewise all powerful in the fields, and General George Brown at the head of his loyal militia vanquished the rebels in one short but glorious campaign. John A. Macdonald the leader was slain in battle by the hand of the General; Geo. E. Cartier, Sidney Smith, Yankoughnet, and Bob Moodie dragged out their days in a Reformatory Institution. At the conclusion of the rebellion General Brown was unanimously—The conclusion of this history can be had in 2 Octavo vols., at the *Grumbler* Office.

THE PRINCE'S VISIT.

Old Double is verily getting excited. The announcement that we are going to have a visit from Royalty has dreadfully agitated the dear old creature's nerves, and loyally oozes from every pore in her old body. The old dame, after taking a long, refreshing sleep over the matter, has got an idea which she hesitatingly gives to the public. She is afraid Royalty will see us as we are, and thinks it would be expedient to allow only the best side of affairs to be seen. In shrill tones she cries—"Don't, for goodness sake, let His Highness see any ugly old vacant lots, shattered buildings and unhealy cess pools; let us put up high fences, so that no one can see over them; let us burn down the old Wellington Hotel, (the property of Mr. Howland, M. P., Clear Grit), and put up a board fence to hide the ruins; let us forbid the Prince going into back lanes and allow him to walk only on King and Yonge Streets."

No one but an old woman would have thought of such a thing in this day of enlightenment. The City Council should at once take the matter up, and not let it down, till the whole of what is so earnestly suggested be taken into careful consideration. In order to make everything perfect, we would suggest, that every one be compelled to wear peg-top trousers and Mandarin caps, with short-tailed coats and *manus* colored kid gloves. Then people would look alike. No poorly dressed persons would be allowed to appear in the streets, unless they desire to get locked up in jail. A suitable costume for City Councillors would be Policemen's cast-off dresses, then they and the

Police would look, as civic authorities should look, uniform. Beggars should be locked in jail, at least three weeks before the Prince's visit, following the example set by the Bailiffs when one of the Georges went to Edinburgh.

We recommend to our worthy Councillors the suggestions of *Old Double* and leave our suggestions to recommend themselves.

AT IT AGAIN.

Mr. Rowland Burr is a great creature. There has scarcely been a single election within a reasonable distance from Toronto, to which this Burr has not stuck till even his own sanguine mind dissolved into despair. He has just turned up again as a candidate for a seat in the Legislative Council, as the representative of the St. Clair Division. An address appears in the *Globe* of Thursday, giving an exposition of his views on political questions. We hardly think that it is worth while to trouble our readers with a synopsis of it; but there are two or three points too ludicrous to be passed over in silence. Mr. Burr says, "I will hold myself ready to resign my position whenever I cannot conscientiously do so." Now, if he knew what he was talking about, that would be the very time to hold on. Burr, however, is ready to resign his seat not when he feels he ought to do it, but only when his conscience whispers don't, Burr, don't! A more singular man in his way we never heard of. Burr is against taxation but he is in favor of paying off the present debt; and yet he thinks taxation utterly useless for this purpose, and is also opposed to borrowing money. In short, the debt must be paid off; but neither direct nor indirect taxation is of any use to effect it. Will Burr immediately communicate with the Inspector General? he will be sure to hear of something to his advantage. But Burr is not selfish, he tells his plan: Annex the Red River territory, and all your debts will disappear. Should an inquisitive reader ask why? Ans.—Because there is room enough for 40 millions. Of course, a crazy man, like Burr, must be a disciple of the Coon on the Maine Law question; birds of a feather, &c. Mr. Burr, as if to lay the coping stone to the great political structure he is about to rear, will do his best to secure "good laws for unborn generations." Now, although unborn generations will doubtless be abundantly grateful to their predestined benefactor, we hardly think Mr. Burr is acting fairly in denying to his contemporaries the full benefit of his gigantic genius. Let us trust that the tree of Time will yield future Burrs to stick to the cloak of posterity, if not with Rowland's genius, yet with all his zeal for themselves and the Georgian Bay Canal. Burr, Burr, stick at home; whatever your business may be, resume it; pray don't make a periodical donkey of yourself in these electoral contests. At your time of life you ought to know better.

Graphic.

—A correspondent of *The Leader* thus describes a strange occurrence. "Jared Kilborn happened to catch a spark of constitutional electricity; (we wonder did it shock him), for he grew eloquent in the cause of Reform in an instant." (A case of spontaneous combustion).

We should like to secure the services of this eloquent correspondent.