

# THE GRUMBLER.

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NO. 47.

## THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coat  
I rede you tent it;  
A chiel's amang you taking notes,  
And, faith, he'll prent it."

SATURDAY, FEB. 5, 1859.

### THE PROVINCIAL SPOUTING APPARATUS—No. II.

#### I. THE ROYAL SPEECH.

What may your speech impart?—*Shakspeare.*

If any body can show us, in the annals of British legislation, a more stupid speech from the Throne than that delivered last Saturday by Sir E. W. Head, he will make us eternally grateful. The first five sentences form a modest request to the House to stultify itself and reverse its own decision. This is the first request of the kind ever given from the Throne. The next is for money. The next is the *only measure* to be introduced, "a Municipal law for Lower Canada." The next, a statement that the Governor has been writing some despatches for his his own amusement and nobody's profit.

Then follows a wholesale beggar's petition to the House, forming one third of the speech. Then an announcement about the statutes, and to wind up a piece of self-congratulation that the Government have summoned the House at the best time to do nothing, and go home as soon as they can. With this hope he leaves "them to their Parliamentary labours,"—i. e., to the passage of a Municipal Bill for Lower Canada. They beg £150,000 for uselessly moving to Quebec; Heaven knows what for the censitaires borrow money to supply the revenue, and yet talk of keeping "expenditure within the limits required by our revenue." One measure and the old pauper's petition constituting a Royal speech! Why should not the Premier be known in future as single Bill Carrier?

#### II.—THE DEBATE ON THE ADDRESS.

Stay, you imperfect speakers.—*Macbeth.*

We have heard several debates on several addresses, and we never heard so egregiously dull a discussion as that for which the country is now paying £400 per diem.

No one expected anything from Mr. Dufresne much less from Burton but "inexplicable dumb show and noise," but to think of Foley, Rose, McGee, Dorion, and Brown having sunk into the pit of dullness is astounding. Not a bright idea, scarcely a happy expression, have we heard during the whole debate. We did hope that Cartier would have had his French polish rubbed up a little by his visit to "Vindosor," but we were grievously disappointed. The same spring-halt in his speech, the same growling exposure of his dentals as ever. And

then to think of having been cursed with such drones and bores as Gowan and Bellingham; the thing is really awful, and it only needs Ferres, Short, and Buchanan's speeches to put us into a high fever. For goodness' sake let the drawing and pointless discussion be put an end to at once.

#### III.—THE SPEAKER'S WIG.

The Session has commenced, and still the wig appeareth not. Whether the barber has been treacherous, or the Speaker is "over" modest, this dependeth saith not; but the awful fact is certain, the wig appeareth not. Surely a Sheriff's writ has not seized it; we should tremble to our very inwards to see the profane announcement of the sale of the precious article. Perchance Cartier may have borrowed it to go to England, and left it at the Castle, or peradventure it did not fit him, and was blown overboard near the coast of Ireland to excite the reflections and inflame the curiosity of the isle of Saints. It it rumored, however, that all is not right in the barber's, and that it will appear in full bloom at the presentation of the Address of the Governor. So mote it be.

Oh where and where is the Speaker's new wig gone?  
Oh where and where is the Speaker's curly wig?  
At Banstoy's for a twist from the barber's curling tong,  
And its oh! in my heart that he'd bring right along.

#### IV.—THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL.

This staid and solemn branch of the Legislature is becoming excessively important. It so increased in size that the reporters have been squeezed into the North West corner with the politeness which members of the corps usually receive from the dignified authorities of both houses. If instead of cramping them up, the council would send Messrs. Simpson and a dozen others into another room, the country would gain much. Besides increasing in size, the council is getting so eager to distinguish itself, that instead of correcting and revising, it insists on taking the initiative. The members are too fast altogether, and we would remind them that haste and clamour are quite inconsistent with dignity.

Of the new arrivals, our York representative, Mr. Allan is decidedly an ornament to the House in more senses than one; he speaks clearly, easily and what is better, briefly and to the point; and he is besides a gentleman in appearance and demeanour.

Mr. Campbell will make his mark, but he is too garrulous; talks too often for a new member. Mr. Kierzkowski, although a little too warm and vehement in manner, is also a valuable acquisition. Mr. Christie has found his tongue, and speaks with effect, and altogether we think the country has gained much by the late elections.

#### A PZZLER.

—If Mr. Hinc's smile was worth £900 how much would his laugh have produced?

#### "OLD DOUBLE" ON THE OPENING.

*Old Dullness*, on Monday last, contained a grave account of the opening of Parliament. The first statement worthy of note is that—

"The interest displayed by the public at large in the opening ceremonial being much greater than has been the case on similar occasions for some time past."

What sort of spectacles *Old Dullness* was looking through when she made the above discovery, we do not know. But we suspect that they must have been of the "double million magnifying" kind. This is the more evident from the following sentence:

"At three o'clock His Excellency, accompanied by a brilliant staff, left the Government House."

The brilliant staff referred to consisted of His Excellency's Private Secretary and his Aide-de-Camp. No more, nor no less. Two cocked hats and four gold epaulettes are converted by *Old Dullness* into a brilliant staff! Such statements need no comment. But the dullness of our cotemporary waxes more cloudy. He says again:

"His Excellency's carriage was drawn by four dark bays, which certainly do credit to the viceregal stables, both in symmetry and action, as well as in their general caparisons."

By this paragraph it would seem that the gentleman who did "the Opening" for *Old Dullness* on this occasion, has the *entré* of His Excellency's stables, and also that the management of horses and the proper adjustment of their harness is in his line; an opinion to which we are inclined to give all the more credence from the fact that when describing the Governor's Ball on a late occasion, this same gentleman stated that he was particularly struck with the multitude of the equipages which conveyed the guests to the ball, and especially at the antics of a cab-horse, which, regardless of expense, dashed actually up to the vice-regal door, from whence, however, he was soon expelled. But our reporter, whom we shall take the liberty of installing into the office of Groom of the Vice-Royal Stables, presumes to criticize the *tout-en-semble* of His Excellency's turn-out:

"The four-in-hand style which Sir Edmund has adopted on all State occasions, though not quite so *en regle* as postillions, has the advantage of being more graceful and becoming."

Just think of this Groom of the Pen sitting down to inform His Excellency that his "four-in-hand style" was not the style adopted by royalists, and then hastening to soothe Sir Edmund's feelings, which, no doubt, he supposed he had grievously wounded, by adding that "it had the advantage of being more graceful and becoming." If, on the next distribution of offices, our Groom is not made at least head coachman, "the devil's a witch."

## THE BATTLE OF THE WINDMILL.

### DON QUIXOTE'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' ipseid*.

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.—*Finlayson.*

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 (*partibus*)—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 ralling wife,  
Worse than a smoky house, I'd rather live  
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,  
Than feed on eales and have him talk. [*Henry 11.*]

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 Brobdignagian 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.

## THE M. P. P.'s SOLILOQUY

AFTER THE DEBATE ON CLOSING THE SALOON BELOW THE HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY.

To drink, or not to drink, that is the question,  
Whether 'tis nobler in a man to tipple,  
Glass after glass of heated whiskey-toddy,  
Or shut one's mouth against the "morning dew,"  
And stick to toast and water? To drink tea hot,  
No more, and by this wisely-wasdy drinking,  
And all thoughts of head-ache, and the thousand botherations  
That drunken flesh is heir to; 'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wished. To drink, yes, drink,  
To drink, but what to drink? ah! there's the rub;  
For tea can't bring those luscious dreams which come,  
When we have tipped off a dozen horns  
Of whiskey punch; there's the respect  
That makes just all the difference in life,  
For who would bear to sit here half the night  
While Goran bores, while Cartier barks and snarls,  
While Atkins slops, and Yankee Sidney bawls  
In office insolent? Yes, who would bear  
Rose's flat nothings with a patient soul,  
When he himself might all unconsciously  
Through a bare bottle of real "morning dew";  
Yes, who indeed would grunt and sweat through all,  
From the mere dread of something coming after—  
Some precious head-ache, or a furry tongue,  
Puzzles the will. Nay, rather let us risk  
A neatly morning cocktails may revive,  
Than bear those thousand ills weak tea insures.

## THE CORPORATION BLOWERS.

We begin to fear that like Othello "our occupation's gone." The new council have gone so bravely and thoroughly to work that we are doing them a manifest injustice did we do other than commend them. The last two meetings have shown them very desirous of carrying out much needed reforms, especially with reference to the License-law and the Police. But unhappily they have accomplished but little, for with the inexperience and want of legal lore, for which they will become proverbial, they have most of the time been legislating in the dark, and what they had done at one meeting, they had to undo at the next. The mayor—who by the way is the only lawyer in the crowd—is surprisingly slow in pointing out the law of the case, and until the whole question has been fully debated, much eloquence wasted thereon, and on the eve of decision, does he rise and explain that the motion is illegal. If he would only give each subject his attention as it came up, he would save much unnecessary talking, and business would proceed more rapidly. The city is fortunate in having a gentleman with so much ability and urbanity as the Mayor, and we know that it is only necessary to make the suggestion, to have it acted upon.

The new members of the council, take very kindly to their duties, and were we to judge from their appearance while in session, we should conclude that no place is so full of pleasure to them as the council chamber. To loll back on their red cushioned seats and gaze upward to the ceiling, and occasionally to look out upon the "great unwashed," who gather so largely outside the bar and reciprocate their admiring gaze, is to them delights unknown and unfeared before. Certain members of diminutive stature, are noticed to have considerably increased in size, and many who before were remarkable for their resemblance to a whipping post, begin already to assume aldermanic proportions.

It is very amusing to watch the new members while being delivered of their maiden speech. Like

the first dip in cold water, their breath leaves them, then they flounder and plunge about, making fearful havoc of the Queen's English, the perspiration starts from every pore, their knees knock together, their hands tremble, and then the expression is pitiful to behold. It is soon over, however, and after one or two attempts, they succeed in saying something to the point.

On the whole, the proceedings of the three last meetings have very favourably impressed us, and if the council continue to act as they have commenced, we shall bespeak for them the thanks of the community.

## OLD DOUBLE.

We beg to correct the editor of the *Colonist* and *Atlas*, in regard to the statement that the *Old Countryman* was the first god-father from whom his paper derived its present popular name of *Old Double*. It was THE GRAMBLER who first performed that kind office for him; and editors of this journal beg to state that they feel keenly this black ingratitude in giving to another journal the credit of bestowing on *Old Double* all the popularity that it ever will enjoy.

## A MYSTERY.

"Gulls and boobies" at this season of the year, resort to the northern shore of the Bay of Toronto, and of an evening may be seen there sitting in rows and looking to the setting sun."—*Old Dulness*.

Read it again, and again, and again, dear reader, and see if it is possible for you to come to any other conclusion than that the writer was a "booby." The above paragraph in the last of a long editorial in *Old Double*, the meaning of which is buried in the depths of the editor's skull. We could cull many other equally incomprehensible paragraphs from our dull cotemporary, but we could not give them a place in our columns, the above, we think, being a sufficient example of the profoundly obscure style which is the distinguishing mark of *Old Double*. One would scarcely believe, yet such is the fact that the people "sitting in rows and facing the setting sun," above alluded to, are nothing more nor less than the apple women who "sit in rows" opposite the Parliament House, and face "the setting sun," in order that they may be warmed by its beams.

## Unheard of Feat of Strength.

—We find the following extraordinary statement in the *Canadian Freeman*:—

"We are requested to state that Mrs. S. Crawford has taken the three north transept windows of the cathedral."

We are not told where Mrs. Crawford took the three transept windows to; but from the fact of her being able to take them any place she is evidently a second Sampson, though of a different gender. However, we should like to know whether the editor of the *Freeman* saw this feat performed; for, although the general accuracy of that paper is undoubted, yet when such an assertion as the above is made, we are justified in calling for some proof. If the incident really took place, we think the Ministry would do well to secure the services of Mrs. Crawford to move the Seat of Government to Quebec, and thus stop the howl which the Grits are making about the expense of that undertaking.

## A RUNAWAY HORSE.

On Wednesday afternoon that old mare known as the Legislative Council, after standing quietly on Front Street for a couple of years, suddenly took fright, broke from her moorings, and dashed away at a devil of a pace, astonishing all beholders, and doing serious damage to life and property, which will cause its proprietor great expense and a dreadful amount of trouble. What notion got into this hitherto sensible old nag's head to cause it to play such an unusual prank, has not yet clearly transpired. Some attribute to a fit of the "staggers," arising from the unhealthy state of her constitution. Others say that she shied at a noisy brute of a fellow named the Legislative Assemy, who was calling her "a musty old Registry Office," and treating her with other indignities. Others again say that the old animal was bitten by a mad dog some time ago, in consequence of which she has gone hopelessly mad, and will have to be shot before any good can be got from her; while some say that the senseless creature was lately seen reading *Old Double*. At all events the animal started away very suddenly, and as always happens, when any every of importance takes place, our reporter was immediately sent for.

When he arrived, the ancient boss was in the act of dashing amongst a group of gentlemen who live in the Old Hospital, many of whom she overthrew and trampled upon. Some of them fearful of the consequences, seized her *en passant* by the tail, and manfully clung to it, but that appendage suddenly giving way, they could not succeed in stopping the enraged animal, who kicked and reared in a most frantic manner. Two gentlemen named Vanhook and Ross, assisted by a gallant knight named Tachè, were conspicuous amongst those who bravely rushed to the rescue, and we regret to state that they are somewhat bruised by the encounter.

Breaking free from all obstacles, the old mare continued her mad career down the crowded thoroughfare, causing the direst confusion—knocking down various statutes and resolutions which stood in the way, and, as some assert, breaking in pieces that beautiful, yet delicate piece of art, brought at a great expense from the old country, and erected in the highway, known as the Queen's Decision. It is said in connection with this incident, that when the old mare came to this last-mentioned obstacle, which stood directly in the way, she made a spasmodic attempt to get round it, and failing in this, attempted to jump over it, both of which efforts failed from the feebleness of the animal's fore-legs. This is a curious instance of instinct in an old mare, which would have very much invested Goldsmith if he were now alive.

We have not learned the precise amount of damage done by this fractious mare. But when all the "little bills" have been sent in, we shall endeavor to give the sum total. The last that was seen of the animal, was in the House of Assembly, where she smashed a splendid vehicle called the "Quebec car" in return for which a gentleman called Mr. Leader, loudly protested that she should be muzzled when next caught, and her oats stopped. It is thought she will make straight for Ottawa—but it is very doubtful whether she will reach it alive or not.

## MAC, CARTIER, GALT. & Co.

Who through their would-be clever tricks  
Have brought themselves into a fix,  
Where lots of bohemians mix?  
Mac, Cartier, Galt, & Co.

Who trifled with Miss Government Seat  
Till she has reached a dangerous heat,  
And threatens them with a scurvy boat?  
Mac, Cartier, Galt, & Co.

Who sing to Ottawa the tune,  
"In spite of earth, stars, sun and moon,  
Volo right—and you shall have the boon?"  
Mac, Cartier, Galt, & Co.

Who whispers to Quebecers, too,  
No'er mind, lads, what we seem to do,  
Be sure we'll take good care of you?  
Mac, Cartier, Galt, & Co.

Who'd better mind their P.'s and Q.'s,  
And get some queer Macdonald ruse,  
Or change their ultra loyal views?  
Mac, Cartier, Galt, & Co.

Who'd better far have stayed at home,  
Than ta'en their London, Windsor room,  
And made themselves look foolish "some,"  
Cartier, Galt, Ross, & Co.

Who'll find ere long there in a fix,  
Where lots of bohemians mix,  
Brought on by would be clever tricks?  
Mac, Cartier, Galt & Co.

## General McGee.

—We are completely lost in astonishment at the audacity of the organs in asserting that Mr. McGee stated in a speech before the House that he had "three hundred thousand men at his back," or some such stuff. This is to be found in the Hon. Gentleman's speech, as reported in the *Leader* and *Colonist*—but as such a statement is not to be found in the *Globe's* report, it only proves the utter unreliability and venality of the reports of those papers, when party purpose have to be served. The silence of the *Globe* and Mr. McGee himself on this unprincipled conduct of the ministerial organs we can only attribute to the bitter contempt such unworthy conduct has roused within them. However, we expect that both Mr. McGee and the *Globe* will give the organs a proper dressing for their mis-statements on some future occasion.

## Lost:—

—At the Board Room of the Grand Trunk Railway, or at the Executive Council Chamber, or between the two, the manners and politeness of the Hon. John Ross. The owner does not appear to be sensible of his loss, but the finder will be suitably rewarded on returning them to Hon. Messrs. Desaulles, Kierzkowski, and Morris, who are sadly incommoded by the loss. As they can be of no use to any one but the owner, we trust they will be given up immediately, otherwise the use of the gag will be required when the Hon. gentlemen's opponents are speaking.

## Clever Trick.

—The grits are certainly doing their best. Not contented with teasing the government monogerie in strong oratorical fashion, they have obtained the aid of Hon. Mr. Kierzkowski and they may be said, therefore, to be stirring up the animals with a long Pole.

## CARTIER'S VALENTINE.

Sweet Miss Quebec, list to me,  
Whilst I tell my love for thee,  
While I kneel at thy fair shrine,  
Kneel to swear I'm wholly thine.

Don't give heed to those who say  
I'm false, and love Miss Ottawa,  
They lie, I only care for thee,  
And not a bit for ugly she.

Nay, darling ducky, pray don't frown,  
Or flirt with that there villain Brown,  
Or smile with those dear eyes of thine,  
And let me be your Valentine.

## Fair Warning.

—Several of our friends, especially in the trade, are very tardy in sending their remittances for THE GRUMBLER. We should be sorry to resort to any unusual means to compel them to be more prompt, but must give them fair warning, that unless we hear from them before next Saturday, we shall be very much disposed to let the public know who they are, and, after such a calamity, they need never expect to hold up their heads again. The times are hard, but nobody knows it better than we do.

## The Light Fantastic Toe!

—The members of the Hibernian Rowing Club and their friends intend having a Ball and Supper in the St. Lawrence Hall on Monday evening next. We are sure nothing will be wanting on the part of the Club to make a delightful party, and we hope it will be largely attended.

## Mad on Protection.

—A few of our excellent citizens have gone crazy on Protection. It has become their meat and drink, and they think no more of holding you an hour by the button and cramming down arguments and figures, until the brain reels and the knees knock together than they do of taking a pinch of snuff. For the sake of the peace and comfort of the citizens they should be confined in durance vile.

## Wanted:—

—Any tyrant who "will bind chains" on the snowy neck of the hon. member who seconded the Address, or who will perform the same kind office for his "feet either." The attention of Bomba and Louis Napoleon is especially directed to this candidate for the honors of Cayenne. He has a splendid moustache, and bears testimonials from Ledru Rollin and F. W. Powell.

## Horticultural.

—The principal feature in the Government hot-house on Thursday last.—Rose blowing.

## A NOTE OF WARNING

Humbly dedicated to the Hon. John Ross, Legislative Council.

What are you about John Ross, John Ross?

What are you about say we?

Did you loose your manners John Ross, John Ross,  
In your trip to the old countries.

Were you bred in a stable, John Ross, John Boss,

That you snub the now members so?

Just be less of a snob old boss I old boss,  
Or get snubbed in return—that's so.

## BROWN'S VALENTINE.

I apprehend, Miss Quebec, you  
Would like a lover to be true,  
I therefore bow me at thy shrine,  
And swear, sweet love, I'm wholly thine.

My angel, send Cartier away,  
He's flirting with Miss Ottawa;  
Don't trust him, turn to me alone,  
And let me call you all my own.

I'm quite unused to wooing love,  
But darling, ducky, clucky dove,  
Accept me with that voice of thine,  
And let me be your Valentine.

## Temperance Joke.

—Seeing the frightful manner in which members are overthrown by the use of whiskey; the Hon. M. Cameron says that he will put a bar upon the trade below stairs, and that if they are determined to be "lanned" by liquor they shall not be liquored by Lamb at any rate.

## Gowan's Fun.

What the plague have we to do with a buff?—Henry IV.

—Mr. Gowan made a very lame attempt at fun, the other day, by explaining to the benighted House the game of blind man's buff. If he tries to hoodwink Parliament again we shall cry "Peep," and give him a rebuff which he won't forget.

## MR. McLAUGHLIN'S LECTURE.

The lecture delivered by this gentleman at the Temperance Hall, on Wednesday evening, was not as successful as the subject of the lecture and the ability of the lecturer led us to expect. However those who were present, will join with us in paying a just tribute to the happy and talented manner in which the lecturer treated his subject. The Hon. Mr. Cameron who filled the chair, and who we are glad to hail as a poet, also delivered in the course of the evening, one of those brilliant speeches for which he is so famous.

## KELK'S STAR TROUPE.

This evening, Mr. Kelk's Troupe will give their last performance, in the City Theatre. In the absence of regular theatricals we are sure the public will hail with pleasure the efforts of this company. Mr. Kelk is every way worthy of their patronage. Yankee Laffer and our old friends, the Misses Lyon and Glenn, will assist. The performance will consist of Northern Dandy Negroes, The Rival Lovers, and Robert Make-airs (a burlesque on Robert Macaire). Let them have a bumper.

## BUSINESS NOTICE.

The attention of lovers of the "soothing weed," is directed to the exceedingly neat cigar store of Mr. W. Desauver, No. 101, King street, two doors next of the Lyceum. Every variety of imported cigars. Fancy and plain pipes and tobacco in all its forms, are offered by Mr. Desauver, at moderate rates. Particular attention is directed to the magic clay pipes which colour in one smoking; also to a novelty in the shape of the Binar root pipe. We can cordially recommend Mr. Desauver to our friends.

## THE GRUMBLER

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