

# THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. 2.—NO. 2.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1859.

WHOLE NO. 54.

## THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1859.

### PROVINCIAL SPOUTING APPARATUS No. VIII.

#### I. KNOWLEDGE TAXED.

In spite of all remonstrances the obnoxious duty has been imposed on books. By a vote of 61 to 43, a premium has been given for ignorance. Let us look at the list. Mr. Gould votes against the duty and thus raises himself 50 per cent. in our esteem. A man who, though illiterate, is doing his best for the education of himself and others, has great claims to our respect. Amongst the upholders of the duty we find that the erudite Gowan is willing to sacrifice books to jewellery; Fellowes, in spite of his partiality to the Albany Directory has no love for literature in general; Ferguson follows his illigant papa; A. P. McDonald, "don't think that them books is'nt no sich a blessing as people is apt to think;" while Playfair only sighs that the "Wellington Despatches" will not be exempt. Sidney Smith, of course, "goes in dead right agin sich hifalutin stuff as books, especially grammars and all them 'ere." The fun of the thing is that by a little clamour, Mr. Galt has been induced to exempt "Bibles, Testaments, and devotional works" from the duty. Now, what are devotional works? Pope's Essay on Man? Young's Night Thoughts? Is Cowper devotional? and will Paradise Lost pass muster? Where will Bailey's Festus stand, and will the "Lamplighter" be taxed? What about Bunyan, and Tupper, and Charlotte Elizabeth? Will Chapin's Universalist Sermons be considered devotional? or is it intended to test the devotion by an orthodoxometer?

The whole duty is a humbug, and we are only thankful for the exemption as a step back to rectitude. We think, however, that common decency should have prompted Sidney Smith and A. P. McDonald to have added Murray's Grammar to the free list; for though not strictly devotional, it would, if studied by them, tend to protect the religious feelings of the reporters from sore temptation. It is no use protesting any further against this outrageous duty; the small end of the wedge is inserted, and a precedent has been established which future Inspector Generals will not fail to use against the interests of knowledge and education.

#### II. GOWAN'S OMNIBUS.

Great is Gowan of Leeds and Granville. His five principles and twenty-five resolutions are "prodigious," but they are sadly misunderstood and unappreciated. The only consolation we can offer to the

suffering Solon is the consideration that men of genius are scarcely ever valued till their ashes repose in the tomb of their paternal ancestors. Milton and Burns, and all the great "poets" were neglected whilst alive; and we can only trust that like them Gowan's posthumous fame will make him chuckle in his coffin. We put it to Mr. Thibaudean and those other ungenerous men who carped at this intellectual Brogdignagian, if it was fair to treat the midnight labours of the worthy Theban so contemptuously? Take the Hudson's Bay question alone, and consider what an amount of coal oil must have been expended in bringing that great matter to a head. And it is only one of twenty-five subjects brought beneath the argus ken of this mighty intellect. No wonder that his sight is failing and his face growing haggard under the thankless labours of this session. Take care what you are about, Mr. Thibaudeau, or future ages will associate your name with Gowan's, as Gifford's is coupled with Keat's, as the savage traducer and cruel extinguisher of a man you cannot appreciate, and of talents you are unable to understand.

#### III. THE GREAT A. P.

We return our sincere thanks to Mr. A. P. Macdonald for the only brisk debate we have had this session. Our distant readers will perhaps have some idea of the exciting character of the discussion, when we inform them that Mr. Alleyne, the great phlegmatic, was actually galvanized into life; dropping Harper's Magazine he got upon his legs, and pitched into everybody with all the force of feebleness. Mr. J. A. Macdonald was really in his best trim, and both he and Mr. Brown almost forgot to stammer. Mr. McGee's speech was the first good one we have heard from him this session. Even Mr. Cartier's howls were rather more musical than usual, and Rose was excited into being more prosy and dull than ever. Mr. A. P. Macdonald's virgin blush in oratory only wanted coherence of ideas, clearness of expression, and elegance of language to make it the best *debut* we ever heard. We have no doubt that if his conduct as a contractor has been as pure as his language as a speaker, he is far beyond suspicion. It was really abominable to use the honourable contractor so badly; and we have no doubt that he will occupy at least half a page in the next edition of that redoubtable work, "The Book of Martyrs."

#### TO THE TRADE.

Booksellers and news venders who have on hand any of the following numbers of THE GRUMBLER, Vol. 1, would greatly oblige us by returning them, and they will be placed to their credit. The numbers required, are 1, 2, 3, 16, 19, 21, 25, 33, 35, 36, 40, 42, 44, 45, and 46. Should we receive any considerable number of these papers, we will issue next week volumes of THE GRUMBLER bound in papers, to be valued at \$1 each.

#### MR. R. M. ALLEN REDIVIVUS.

We announced to our readers some time since that Mr. R. M. Allen had thought better of his foolish intention of prosecuting our publishers. It appears, however, that that announcement was premature, and that though, mentally, he was convalescent, he has since got over it. He has filed a declaration in our case, and intends devoting a portion of the auspicious month of April to a public exhibition of his folly. We can hardly avoid expressing our satisfaction and delight that this matter will be decided in open court. Nothing could happen which will so completely subserve our interests and extend our circulation as this ridiculous prosecution. We have no desire to make this man's position any more disagreeable than it is already, or to pourtray in advance the sorry figure he will cut next month; he has appealed to Cesar, and to Cesar he shall go. We leave the legal defence of our position to Mr. Eccles. We have every confidence in his acknowledged power and ability, and to him and the jury we commit our case. Meanwhile the public shall be informed of the progress of this overwhelming case. Mr. Allan modestly claims \$2,000 damages.

#### GREAT ATTRACTIONS.

In next week's *Frank Leslie* the following additional illustrations of the Sickles case will be added to the attractions already presented:—

An engraving of the fang of remorse which our correspondent "Ned Eaves dropper, Esq.," informs us is fastened on Sickles' conscience.

A view of two drops of Key's blood magnified.

A splendid view of Mrs. Sickles' tooth-brush, also of two hair pins.

A life sketch of the negro woman's twenty second cousin, Washington Whitewash.

A picture of Mr. Sickles' favourite tom cat, Billy, as he appeared just before the murder on the tiles of the house.

A picture of Mr. Key's office with a side view of the store, and an accurate likeness of his coal scuttle and patent penknife, &c., &c.

#### Changing his Coat.

—The debate on the tariff has placed several members in a novel position. Among other singular features we observe that during the discussion the Hon. George Brown discarded the time-honored "dress coat" and appeared in the House clad in a fashionable cut-away "frock." We understand that Attorney General Macdonald intends to make this remarkable change the basis of his next attack upon the Hon. member for Toronto. He contends that Mr. Brown's readiness to desert a *measure* which he has personally introduced to the notice of Parliament every Session since he entered public life is but another evidence of his thorough baseness and unreliability.

**A PEEP A "HEAD,"**  
OR  
THE "HEAD" DISCHARGED FROM THE SERVICE.

SCENE—WINDSOR CASTLE—YEAR 1850.

Attendant, to Q. Vic.—

So please your Majesty, Sir Edmund H.  
An audience craves.

Queen Vic.—

Let him be hither led,  
We will at once accede to his request.

*Enter Sir E. H. (profoundly bowing.)*

Sir E. H.—

My gracious liege, at your most high behest,  
With all due speed I have your presence sought,  
To inform your Majesty what causes wrought—  
What facts have rendered my vice-regal reign  
O'er your fair colony a task of pain.  
Rebels and traitors have my path beset,  
And mal-contented presumed to fume and fret.

Q. Vic.—

Indeed, Sir Edmund H., I confess I hear  
With most profound regret such statements here.  
We have been told—we fondly deemed we knew  
Our loved Canadian subjects' zeal and true.  
It grieves us much, you bid the hope depart  
That we have reigned within our people's heart.

Sir E. H.—

So please your Majesty, such sweeping charge  
I bring not 'gainst Canadians at large.  
Good men and true—most loyal men there are,  
My ministers are such, and strive to mar  
The plots and schemes of the most dangerous crew  
Who sit in opposition, both to me and you.  
Long have we toiled—have worked by night and day,  
That these bad men should never grasp the sway  
Of your fair Province.

Q. Vic.—

Ah! I understand  
The opposition then go heart and hand  
For union with the States.

Sir E. H.—

Whate'er may be  
Their inclinations, please your Majesty,  
We've thus far thwarted all the reckless herd,  
And your fair Province still intact preserved.

Q. Vic.—

Thanks, good Sir Edmund, thanks! but perhaps 'twere well  
You should at once more more accurately tell  
Who are those loyalists who thus find grace,  
And occupy in your esteem, high place?

Sir E. H.—

My last prime minister, my liege, is one,  
Who once has basked him in the royal sun  
Of your fair presence—one your Majesty  
Within this palace honoured specially.

Q. Vic.—

Ah! what! that *petit* Frenchman who once led  
A rebel force against us—for whose head  
Reward was offered? We were not aware  
When he was here, he could prefer so rare  
A claim to our regard. But pass him by,—  
Go on—

Sir E. H.—

My most especial favourite is one  
John A. Macdonald, member for Kingston.

Q. Vic.—

What, that bold man who dare defend the sale  
Of offices within my Kingdom's pale?

Sir E. H.—

The same, my liege; but he has since repented;  
And I, of course, on seeing that, relented.

Q. Vic.—

Indeed! from such relenting I should quite demur.  
But sir; proceed—who's your financial minister?

Sir M. H.—

Oh! Mr. Galt, so please your Majesty,  
A man well posted up in two and three;  
He'll make them six, most plain and dexterously,  
He's just the man our falling wind to raise,  
Besides he's great at managing railways.

Q. Vic.—

Galt—Galt—the name's familiar; did not he?  
Once take an active part in a design

To transfer to your neighbours cross the line;  
The noble Province I as birthright claim?

Sir E. H.—(nervously.)

So please your Majesty, he is the same.

Q. Vic.—

Your ministers, Sir Edmund, strangely prove  
Their ardent loyalty and earnest love;  
But I suppose the opposition are  
More dangerous still, and more disloyal far?

Sir E. H.—

Oh! yes, my liege,—that is—I can't insist;  
Their leaders were strong annexationists,  
Or rebels either.

Q. Vic.—

Did they not oppose  
The annexation movement to its close?

Sir E. H.—

My liege, some did most strongly it is true,  
But will your Majesty please keep in view  
That I, as Governor, am bound to choose  
My cabinet—my ministers from those  
Who do possess the Assembly's confidence.

Q. Vic.—

Ah! yes; that doctrine is both sound and true;  
I follow it myself,—but, sir, please you,  
What kind of an Assembly have you now?

Sir E. H.—

My liege, last year 'twas chosen,

Q. Vic.—

Yes, but how?  
Reports both strange and sad have reached my ear  
Of fraud and violence. Such follies sear,  
My Queenly heart—Sir Edmund, are they true,  
These dark reports?

Sir E. H.—

My Royal liege, to you  
I will confess that scenes both strange and sad  
Were at the polls enacted.

Q. Vic.—

But they had—  
My people had—redress sir, for the wrong?

Sir E. H.—

Your Majesty, my Ministers were strong;  
A large majority of course must rule.

Q. Vic.—

Quebec, I hear, in bad pre-eminence  
Stands out for fraud and reckless violence,  
What are the facts?

Sir E. H.—

Three members good, my liege, were there returned;  
Friends of my Ministers, and each could boast  
Just fifteen thousand votes, although the place  
But bare five thousand votes doth contain.

Q. Vic.—

Incredible! Sir Edmund, but the House  
At once unseated them?

Sir E. H.—

My gracious liege,  
My Ministers were strong, they kept them in.

Q. Vic.—

But you, Sir Edmund, did you not select  
One of these men to sit in Council with?

Sir E. H.—

The House, your Majesty, sustained them all,  
What could I do?

Q. Vic.—

Go on—was this a solitary case?

Sir E. H.—

No! Lotbiniere was similar,—but then  
The man returned possessed not many friends,  
The House in consequence unseated him.

Q. Vic.—

And were there others?

Sir E. H.—

Yes, my liege,  
A Mr. Fellowes stood as candidate,  
For Russell; near th' election's close 'twas found  
He was in a minority, but then  
His friends ingeniously contrived to take  
Directories of Rome and Albany  
In New York State; they wrote from thence at ease,  
Three hundred names which in his favour cast  
The strange election.

Q. Vic.—

Of course the House discarded him at once?

Sir E. H.—

Why no, your Majesty, he was a friend,  
A favourite of my ministers, and they

For him fought hard, and did at length retain  
By a majority of one, this Fellowes in  
His seat.

Q. Vic.—

What! is it possible a member sits  
In your Assembly, representing there  
Two New York State Directories?

Sir E. H.—

'Tis even so, my liege, but then the House  
Sustained it by a vote. What could I do?

Q. Vic.—

What could you do?—you should have instantly  
Dissolved that House, and on the people thrown  
Yourself. Think you, if I had known  
A House of Commons such return sustain,  
It should have met, Sir Edmund, once again?  
Think you, I would for one short month permit  
A man in that Assembly, Sir, to sit,  
Who owed his re-election to a string  
Of names from Paris or Bolougne? The thing  
Is monstrous, Sir,—But, say, have I complete  
The list of cases which you deemed it meet  
To tolerate, of interference with  
The rights of my Canadian people, Sir?

Sir E. H.—

Why no, my liege, I must confess there were  
Still other startling cases brought up there,  
But then, the Speaker over ruled them all,  
On grounds quite technical.

Q. Vic.—

Well Sir, but did  
No opportunity occur last year, to rid  
Yourself of that Assembly?

Sir E. H.—

Yes, my liege,  
My ministry resigned, and I, of course,  
The opposition called, but then perforce  
The House a vote of want of confidence  
Passed on the just formed, absent, Ministry, and hence  
I bade the former ministry again  
Resume at once their perhaps unscrupulous reign.

Q. Vic.—

But did not your new Ministers advise  
A dissolution?

Sir E. H.—

Yes, I deemed it wise  
However to refuse it, good, my liege.

Q. Vic.—

You have admitted, Sir, that monstrous wrong  
Were perpetrated by your present House;  
And yet, when opportunity arose,  
You straight refused, Sir, to dissolve it.  
I am informed, Sir, that you sanctioned too,  
A trick by which your favorite ministers  
Without the task of re-election crept  
To office meanly back, whilst the expense  
Of an appeal to their constituents  
The ministers less favoured were subjected to,  
Is this correct?

Sir E. H.—(nervously.)

So please your Majesty, it is.

Q. Vic.—(severely.)

You have then trampled, Sir, upon the rights  
Of my Canadian people,—yes, the rights  
Most dear,—the liberties my royal House  
Have ever faithfully respected, Sir.  
You may retire Sir Edmund, but observe,  
I now relieve you of your duties in  
Fair Canada, and place in worthier hands  
My people's welfare there.

Exit Sir E. H. considerably dumfounded.

**To the People of Canada.**

—The subscribers hereby offer their services as sole legislators and administrators of the law instead of the present cumbersome parliamentary system which ought to be abolished. Specimens of the subscribers' work may be seen on the notice paper and at the trunk-makers. *Ter-rums* easy. Apply at Nebo Lodge, Toronto.

O. R. GOWAN & FAMILY.

## THE LITTLE CUR BARKS AT THE MASTIFF.

A hot debate the House had warmed,  
The Rose had blown, McDonald stormed,  
McKellar truths unpardonable  
Had spoken to the member able,  
And learned from West Middlesex,  
Who looked as though he fair would vex  
Kent's chief with Talionis Lex.  
When up jumped little shaky Alleyn  
To give the Gritty chiefs a mauin',  
Full fierce he looked, full fiercely funny;  
No trace he bore of milk and honey,  
But wrath enthroned on his pale brow  
Courtied a fierce and wordy row;  
Slap dash the little barker ran  
'Gainst Atkins, Brown and Halton's man;  
Slap dash—till growing fierce and frantic,  
He left his usual style pedantic,  
And aiming at a regular riler  
Painted the Gritty members viler  
Than black St. Nicholas, or rather  
Old Nick, well known of lies the father.  
Of course, as usual, Brown came in  
For his share of rasping din.  
Of course, as usual, Brown was scolded  
By this small cur by nature mounded  
In form unique and funny, very;  
Or, as poor Sambo would say, "berry."  
At length Brown thought he'd heard enough  
Of Alleyn's would-be heavy stuff;  
So up he rose to his full height,  
To put the little barker right.  
But still more pale and ghastly white  
Turned Alleyn at the mastiff's sight.  
Sit down! Sit down! SIT DOWN!!! he cries,  
With paw upraised and flashing eyes.  
Sit down! Sit down!!! SIT DOWN!!! again  
He thundered out with might and main,  
The House with roars of laughter shook,  
To see his fiercely comic look;  
And drew a lively picture thence  
Of "Dignity and Impudence."

## THE FASHIONS.

IMPORTANT DEBATE IN THE HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY

Toronto, March 20th, 1859.

The Speaker took the chair at three o'clock, and after balancing it for some time on the point of his nose, sat down in it.

### PETITIONS.

The following petitions were presented:

From a bankrupt husband, praying that a bill might be passed to restrain his wife from the use of more than six bonnets in one season.

From a jealous husband, praying that it might be made a felony for a bachelor to ask a married woman to dance.

From a fidgety husband, for an Act to declare the rearing of parrots and lap dogs a capital crime.

From a distracted husband, for an Act to prohibit the squalling of babies.

From an injured wife, demanding an Act to prohibit the use of cigars and brandy.

From an old maid, for an Act to make marriage compulsory at a certain age—to extend to both sexes.

From a young lady, inveigling against the length to which moustaches have grown of late.

From another, praying the Speaker to marry her.

From another, asking for a lock of Mr. Hogan's hair.

From twenty-five ladies, complaining of being unduly stared at in the street.

From twenty-six ditto, complaining of being over-looked when out shopping.

### NOTICE OF MOTION.

Mr. HOGAN gave notice that it was his intention to introduce a bill to make it compulsory on all young ladies to learn the manly art of self-defense.—(Hear, hear.)

### HOOPS AND CRINOLINE.

Mr. ATKINS moved the second reading of the bill to prohibit the use of hoops and crinoline by that portion of the human race known as females. (Hear, hear.) Hon. gentlemen might sneer, hear, hear, but such gentlemen were not married—such persons had not daughters—such individuals had not sisters—such persons didn't go to balls—such traitors to their country didn't happen to have any feeling either in their hearts or their shins—such assassins of domestic bliss—such midnight conspirators—such—

Mr. MCGEE called the hon. gentleman to order.

Hoops were not to be condemned in toto. For his part, he looked upon a hoop as a "thing of beauty" when encircling in graceful curve the fair proportions of a beer barrel. As to use of hoops by a lady—it was a subject he never could get round.

Mr. DRUMMOND was an ardent admirer of hoops from childhood. He was born with a love of hoops. When he was a chicken of tender growth, he used to trundle his hoop, all unconscious of the destiny that was in store for him. Later in life he had swallowed a ring, which resulted in a hoop-in-cough; and even now the sight of an empty hog-head brought tears into his eyes.

Dr. CONNOR thought the hoop a great institution. It gave grace to the bandy, symmetry to the shapeless, fascination to the ungainly, and beauty to the deformed.

Mr. BROWN complained that it was impossible now to choose a wife, since her defects were so hid by hoops, and enveloped in crinoline, that the naked—  
SPEAKER—Order.

Mr. BROWN—Mr. Speaker—

SPEAKER—The hon. gentleman's out of order.

Mr. BROWN—But Mr. Speaker, the naked—

SPEAKER—Hold your tongue, sir.

Mr. BROWN—The naked—

SPEAKER—Upon my soul, Brown, cork up, or I'll have you arrested.

Mr. BROWN—Permit me to explain, Mr. Speaker. When I said the naked—

SPEAKER—(yelling)—Clear the galleries of ladies, Mr. Sergeant.

Mr. BROWN—In the name of the seven graces and the fifteen muses, Mr. Speaker—dearly beloved Smith—let me apologize then. I only meant to say that hoops and crinoline had reached to such a rotundity, that it was impossible to arrive at the naked—

SPEAKER—(Frantically)—Death and blue-devils! Stop, or I'll brain you with the mace. Consider the impropriety of—

Mr. BROWN—(Wildly)—Truth! Truth! Truth! Naked truth, was what I was going to say.

SPEAKER—[Subsiding]—Mr. Sergeant bring me a glass of cherry and a clean handkerchief, for I'm exhausted.

Mr. FOLEY, now that the row was over, would oppose the bill. Hoops were invaluable. The covered a multitude of sins! They were a perpetual

sermon to thinking young ladies—if any such existed in Canada—being typical of eternity. They—

Hon. Mr. CARTIER—As the hon. gentleman was getting prosaical, would sing  
"Hoop-de-dooden-do."

Mr. GOULD begged to move that a tax should be imposed upon hoops. There was no denying that some restriction should be placed upon them; for at present in the business streets, men could not pass along the highway without being assaulted with them.

Mr. DUNBAR ROSS understood his hon. friend to say that people could not pass along the streets without being assaulted by highway men. Now, surely the hon. member for Lake Ontario, could not but be aware that the character of every member in the House was affected by such a dam—

Mr. TALBOT objected to such unparliamentary language.

Mr. ROSS protested against interruption. He was going on to say, by such a dam—

Mr. J. CAMERON—The hon. member should not swear in that dreadful manner.

Mr. ROSS—Wasn't doing anything of the kind; but would be tempted to do so, if not allowed to finish his sentence,—by such a dam—[order, order]—a dam—[confusion]—he would repeat it—by such a dam—[tremendous uproar].

Mr. WRIGHT stood up and moved amidst the wildest confusion, that Mr. ROSS be expelled the House for such awful language.

Mr. ROSS [black in the face] explained that dam-aging statements was all he meant to say when he was interrupted by the fool—

Mr. TALBOT—Who's a fool?

Mr. ROSS—Foolish ass—

Mr. CAMERON—Who's an ass?

Mr. ROSS [wildly]—Foolish ass-ertion of profanity.

At this point of the discussion a deputation of infuriated ladies with scizzors, and sharp nails was seen approaching the house, upon which the Speaker gave orders to bar the doors and suddenly vanished, followed by the members.

## THE WEATHER.

DEAR GRUMBLER,—Lend me your lug and your sympathy whilst I grumble a bit on my ain account about the weather and the changes o't. I'm no lang frae hame, ye maun ken, an I'll no be lang, for I neer saw sic a climate in a' my life, and I'm weel on for sixty. It's a temptin' o' Providence to bide here, for by haein naething to dae, and I'm gaun back agin, for I'll no dee here look ye. The kirk yard's a' in a much o' glar, the hale year round, I hear, for I was speerin. It'll snaw and blaw the day, and the morn's mornin it'll be wat; at twall it'll, may be, be fine, and in the afternoon it'll be coorse, and in the coorse o' the night it'll may be thunder. Twa or three times a week, a body'll be swatin like a race horse, and the rest o' the time shakin and shiverin w' the cauld past a' tholin. I'll no bide in this kintry see, and ye canna blame me, Mr. Grumbler. A man's no a beast that'll stan a' wather at a time, forby its no ay been convenient to start oot o' a mornin wi a big coat on, a beast's skin cap on your heed, and a bannet in your pooch, an umbrella under yae oter, and an ilo skin coat sneath the ither, and yet a body canna till hoo the day'll turn oot. So I'm gaun awa frae this, some ither gate, whar it's no sae wut an I'm no aye sae dry, and hae naethin worth drinkin, for the whiskey's no jist what I hae tasted at hame.

Gude day to ye,

Jock.

## BEAU MONDE.

### FASHIONABLE AMUSEMENTS.

The Hon. Attorney General East, we understand relieves the labour and tedious monotony of his political duties by barking a *la terrier* before a looking glass three hours every morning. He is said to be already quite expert in this novel amusement, and has offered a wager that in three weeks he will be able to make the circuit in Jack Aston's canine merry-go-round nine times in five minutes, and worry the cat every alternate round.

Mr. A. P. Macdonald.—The peculiar intellectual hobby of this gentleman is the study of claims, which he pursues with a steady and persevering ardour. He has made several wonderful discoveries concerning the origin and growth of these fungi and their peculiarity of contraction and expansion. The possibility of their being made productive and remunerative he is now investigating, and is seeking the assistance of the Government in the prosecution of his scientific research.

With other members of Parliament somersaulting appears to be pretty generally favoured now. This beautiful gymnastic exercise is likely under the auspices of Messrs. I. Buchanan, Malcolm and John Cameron, and others to become very fashionable with our representatives. The sport is one of the most amusing yet introduced in the House, and the fantastic evolutions of the performers occasion much merriment.

We regret that Mr. J. B. Robinson has been obliged to relinquish his former sports, the scratch he received from the hound McGee having resulted in a serious attack of McGeeophobia.

Mr. Alderman Sproat.—This worthy civic parent has lately given his attention to the proclivities of voters, and amuses himself by procuring the discharge of those who showed an aversity to his election in January last, from the dignified and lucrative position of corporation street-scrappers and carters. This noble sport has always been favored by those dressed in a little brief authority, and St. Andrew's Alderman seems desirous of maintaining its popularity.

### COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE

The bill to prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquor after seven o'clock on Saturday night has passed both Houses, and unless the Governor General is more of a "right good fellow" than the public generally give him credit for, except when drinking his health, the bill in question will become law to all intents on Saturday. Such is the unfair, narrow-minded, and anti-common sense spirit in which the bill is framed, that we should wonder if something dreadful happens the moment it is passed. Last night there was ominous sounds and startling omens throughout the city, in the garrets above, and in the kitchens beneath. Young gentlemen bending beneath the weight of stone jars were seen strenuously struggling up narrow stair-cases, and grimly holding on to bannister-rails, as if it were their dear hearts-blood they were conveying up in those stone jars; whilst others might be seen busily yet noiselessly engaged in stowing away suspicious-looking casks in dark corners of underground cellars. From narrow closets issued the fragrant odour of cigars and lemons. What will come of these preparations will be found written in the second book of **THE GRUMBLER** in the course of time.

## GOWANIANA.

The following additional resolutions will be added to the prodigious platform already erected by the genius of North Leeds:—

26. That a railway be forthwith constructed to the moon.

27. That a committee be appointed to enquire into the reasons why fresh water is not salt.

28. That a deputation be sent to Africa to organize, at the public expense, a Grand Lodge among the Hottentots.

29. That good places be given to all my family.

30. That an address be passed to Her Majesty, to grant Mr. Gowan a baronetcy.

31. That my speeches be published in 30 vols., quarto, by the Government; and 500 copies given to me for distribution.

32. That \$1 be voted to Mr. Gowan for every bill he introduces; \$2 if it be lost.

33. That for the good government of this country, it is essentially necessary that potatoes should be inspected by a proper officer, and that my son Nasau is ready to undertake that duty.

34. That an address be presented to Her Majesty, to inform her that Gowan and family are ready to undertake any duty required by the imperial service on reasonable *ter-rums*; and that they be recommended for preferment.

35. That a commission consisting of Messrs. Gowan and Ferguson to inquire into the utility of eyes in the potatoe, and also whether they are really possessed of vision. Wages \$10 a day.

36. That \$500 be paid to Mr. Gowan to provide him with a teacher to keep him right on historical facts, especially in regard to Napoleon I. and his marriages.

### BELLICOSE CORRESPONDENCE.

The following letters were picked up last night in the vicinity of the Parliament Houses. Whether they were intended to reach our office or not, we won't say; but as they have done so, we cannot forbear giving our readers the benefit of them:—

House of Assembly,

Thursday night,

dear Sur—I am a man of few words which are not to be ensulved bye u nor no uther sich a man as u Bee. u sayd in the ouse as How that i Had maid a plege Thet i wood not suport the govment wich it is untroo And fals, and i never did no sich a thing. My ward ir as good as my othe—and u darr not meat mee fase to fais and say u have no confidense in my integritty wich are undoubted in spite of yer atacs on my contracts. Meat me alone on the Garizon comons to morrah, and wee wil se wat pistols and kawphey wil do.

Yours and seterra.

A. P. MacDonald.

a. McKeler, Exq, Taranta.

CHURCH STREET,  
Thursday.

DEAR A. P.,—I would gladly meet you in the morning, but the doctor says that a *breeze* in the morning is not salubrious; and as far as coffee is concerned, they give it at my boarding house. Keep your temper, Macey dear, all's fair in war.

Yours, truly,

A. McKELLAR.

ROZIN OUSE,  
Fryday mourrin.

Sur,—yure of Last nite come toe and this Mournin. u think that i am noit in arnestt which it is noe sich a thing, and base insincoovating. i wil Post u as a cowherd and Pusillanimus, wich are pane-full and unagreeable To me for to Doo. ure episel air ful of geeological Misetakes wich is in for a dig as the Anshent Latins yused To say fur a m.P.p. u shood nott attac mi charrackter so, as Scriptoor ses:—

Hee thet fish my purse, gives trash,  
But eas petches in to my Contracks  
Giv's me a awful Digg, and makes  
Me awful riled indeed.

ure's an soe forth,

a. p. macDonald.

A. McKiller,  
m. p. p.

CHURCH STREET,

Friday evening.

DEAR MAC,

Simmer down.

Yours truly,

A. McKELLAR.

### ROYAL LYCEUM.

That distinguished body known as the Toronto Amateur Dramatic Association will perform at the Lyceum to-night, for the benefit of the manager. Mr. Marlowe is at present engaged in securing a new company in New York, and the proceeds of the benefit are designed to assist him in procuring his company. As it is an object which concerns the future well-being of the Toronto drama, we should like to see a full house. Besides, the young gentlemen amateurs deserve to be patronized for their spirited conduct. Give the young aspirants a brimmer.

### BUSINESS NOTICES.

We have had the opportunity during the past week of witnessing the work of a Patent Hand Stamp, which is admirably adapted for merchants, dealers, and indeed anybody engaged in a trade where it is necessary to stamp goods, bills, envelopes, &c. The stamp is a triumph of inventive skill, being self-inking, working easily and rapidly, and giving a most perfect and clear impression. If it were introduced into general use—especially in the post-office—it would be a great improvement on the old mode, the impressions of which are always imperfect, and almost invariably illegible. The Stamp can be seen at the News Store of Wiman & Co., King Street.

For the cheapest, best, and most expeditious Printing, our readers are referred to the *GLOBE* Book and Job Office, which has been completely refitted and supplied with all the latest and best styles of type, presses, &c. &c. Everything from the smallest card to the largest poster can be got quick, cheap and good. Orders from the country, or left with Wiman & Co., King Street, will be promptly attended to.

We perceive that the Steamer *Zimmerman* commences her regular trips from this port to Niagara and Lewiston, on Monday. This excellent boat is under the command of our old friend, Capt. Milroy, than whom there is no better seaman or more deservedly popular captain on the lakes. Travellers may rest assured of every attention and courtesy on board the *Zimmerman*. Mr. Arnold, corner of Scott and Front Sts., is the Agent for this line, as also for the New York Central Railroad.

We beg to direct those of our readers who may require the services of a Dentist to Mr. J. W. ELLIOTT'S Rooms, on King Street, a few doors west of the *Globe* office. We can speak from personal knowledge in the highest terms of Mr. Elliott's skill in every branch of his profession, and are sure that any one suffering from decayed or otherwise diseased teeth, will do well to place him or herself under Mr. Elliott's care. Mr. J. W. Elliott has now resided some two years in Toronto, and is rapidly becoming distinguished as one of the most, if not the most, skillful and attentive Surgeon Dentists in Toronto. Remember Mr. J. W. Elliott, King St., between Yonge and Bay Streets.