

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1859.

NO. 49.

THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, FEB. 19, 1859.

THE PROVINCIAL SPOUTING APPARATUS—No. IV.

I. THE WEEK'S PROCEEDINGS.

This has been a week of small talk and little business. Two and sixpenny members like Simpson and Ferres, have had the opportunity of introducing their little questions to ministers, small shrieks of independence from party hacks, to reassure discontented constituents of their continued existence. We have always found that these questions are answered as the party man wanted them them to be. "Is it your intention to build a new jail at Snookstown?" The safety of Style's Township is quivering in the balance; but the danger is only momentary. Mr. Ross, that Prince of red-tapists, the Napoleon of Circumlocutionists, answers, "It is the intention of the Government to accommodate Snookstown with a Royal boarding house forthwith." "Are you going to reduce the number of gaslights in the House, and thus to carry out an economical policy?" Answer, "We are expecting the plumber every moment to do it." &c., &c. The House has, on three evenings, adjourned before six, and we hope soon to record that they have stopped meeting.

II. THE POLITICAL CHARWOMAN.

The talented and independent mortal, whom the electors of North Leeds delight to honor, will inevitably perish, if he persists in such insane industry. Just fancy the labours of a man who is scouring and polishing the entire political fabric. No sooner has he fixed Rep. by Pop., but he is ready for the Election Law; when that is done, he has his pail and scrubbing brush ready for the codification of the statutes. That done, he proposes to pipe-clay the militia, brick-dust the county councils, and yet he has not had enough. He is always ready for work. "Please, Sir," says Molly Gowan, with her fingers wrinkled by her exertions, her face flushed, and her mop ready dipped, "what shall I dabble at next?" Let us just imagine the work the poor creature has got to go through. He cannot have more than two hours' sleep nightly; and his day's work must be something like this:

4 o'clock—Read the "Whole Duty of Man" for an hour, so as to preserve my independence.

6 o'clock—Read 150 pages of Sheridan's speeches and compare them with my last attack on D'Arcy McGea.

7 o'clock—A couple of onions, a herring, and a glass of water.

7.03—Begin codifying the Statutes of Upper Canada. Leave Lower Canada for to-morrow before dinner.

9 o'clock—Draw out a plan for public buildings at Ottawa.

9½—Read fifteen chapters of DeLoime, and draw out a constitution for Canada.

11—Release impromptu Philippic on Brown.

12—A dozen potatoes and a pennyworth of butter.

12.04—Read a volume of Wellington's despatches so as to get up phrases for militia oill.

2.00—Write history of battle of Windmill to confound THE GRUMBLER.

2½—Make out measures for elective Governor and elective street sweeper.

3 o'clock—Dress for the house.

Item—Get a new diekey.

And so on it goes till two or three in the morning, speechifying time only excepted. Alas, poor Gowan, who feels the value of thy toilsome life?

REPORTERS AND PRAYERS.

Ye petition of ye Reporters and members of ye Fourth Estate engaged in making ye speeches for ye hon. gentlemen in ye Legislative Council, humbly sheweth:—

That ye proceedings in ye Legislative Council are opened every day with prayer.

That ye Reporters are excluded therefrom.

That ye Reporters are prone to sin, and given to iniquity.

That ye Legislative Councillors are ye cause thereof.

That ye Legislative Councillors make ye long speeches, and talk ye unmitigated nonsense when ye Reporters want to imbibe ye solacing draughts of ye half-and-half.

That consequently ye Reporters swear internally therent to the peril of ye Reporter's future happiness—supposing future happiness can possibly be by them hoped for.

That ye Legislative Councillors cause ye Reporters to commit divers other iniquities arising from ye divers other causes.

And that therefore ye Legislative Councillors should allow ye Reporters to say ye prayers when ye Speaker taketh ye chair.

And ye humble petitioners would further beg to state that many of ye Legislative Councillors shirketh ye prayers—that many of them cannot understand ye prayers—and that many of them are beyond ye necessity of ye prayers.

But that ye members of ye Fourth Estate, feeling ye necessity for ye prayer as above set forth, would not shirk ye prayers, but would pray right heartily, if ye Honourable House would grant ye petition of ye members of ye Fourth Estate.

And ye petitioners will ever pray, &c.

OH! SAY NOT MEMBERS' VOTES ARE BOUGHT.

Oh I say not members' votes are bought
With gold or empty treasure;
Oh I say not members votes are caught
At little Cartier's pleasure.

No I when each man stands up to vote,
His conscience guides him ever;
He'd take no quid pro quo, oh no,
He'd scorn, and take it never.

Oh I say not ministers could buy
Or bribe one single member:
Oh no! not if they tempted him
From March to cold December!

Each one, each man, with patriot's warmth,
The public good seeks ever.

Follow! they take bribes for self or friend!
They'd scorn and take them never.

PICCOLomini,

This bewitching little songstress, whose smile, a gentleman confidentially told us, would bring a lion on his knees, and whose bright eyes have wounded more hearts in Toronto than time will cure for months to come, is beyond the power of criticism. She is all, and more than report had led us to expect. There may be voices of greater range and volume; but there are few sweeter, and certainly no prima donna ever possessed the captivating and winning style which has made Mdle. Piccolomini the darling of every community which has had the pleasure of hearing her.

The selection of the pieces on Thursday night was faulty. The comic vein was too predominant; and of all comic songs an Italian basso is an inflection hardest to be borne. The duets in which Mdle. Piccolomini took part, gave her an opportunity of displaying that wonderful action against which no audience is proof; and which would have sadly taxed the propriety of Modus himself. But we should have preferred a simple aria instead. "Marble Hall" was rendered by her in a style which was new to the audience, and which delighted them beyond measure. "The Young May Moon" was in the same charming style.

Mdle. Piccolomini is young, small of stature, yet well developed, and possesses an excellent figure. Opinion is divided as to whether she is downright handsome or not. That her eyes are killing is admitted; that she has the prettiest mouth imaginable, either in repose or action, is unanimously agreed; and that she has a voice of extraordinary sweetness is universally conceded: therefore we may conclude that all events she is a very enchanting lady.

A Query.

—Is it a fact that Laura Keane sent to Finch, the celebrated Five Prize man on King street, for the best "pair of tights," that could be produced, and that he forthwith sent back by express Messrs. Connor and Foley?

Startling Incident in the House during the Debate on the Address.

YE LITTLE MARCUS TALBOT GROWS ALARMED.

On Friday evening Mr. Talbot rose in an evidently perturbed state of mind, and begged to call the speaker's attention to the fact that a stranger had forced his way into the House. General attention was directed to the quarter to which Mr. Talbot pointed, when it was discovered that the supposed stranger was none other than the member for Wollaid who had covered his face with a crimson and white handkerchief in order, we suppose, to secure a comfortable nap.

The dull debate its slow length dragged along,
 And members weary of the low sing song,
 Disposed themselves as whim best suited each,
 To bear the sad infliction of each tedious speech.
 Some forward leaned, some listlessly reclined
 Their adried pates upon the bench behind,
 Some yawned, some slept, one covered o'er his head
 With hankerchief of flaming white and red,
 Of linen fine,—great Wollaid's chosen sponser,
 No Grit,—but faith a Moderate out and outer,
 One hero here,—young Talbot shall prolong
 With him, the burden of my serious song :

Midnight was near, the witching hour
 Thrilled, with a most mysterious power,
 Poor Marcus Talbot's wildered brain,
 Till overcome with fear and pain,
 He gazed above, around, below,
 With aspect of most abject woe,
 He gazed expecting, far or near,
 Some spectral vision would appear,
 Such as scared Brutus, or folks lie,
 Before the fight at Phillippi.
 He gazed, nor gazed in vain, for look
 What meets his eyes in yonder nook
 What dread unearthly form is there
 That mores and stiffens Talbot's hair?
 What makes his eyes so wildly rest
 On that far angle, south by west?
 He sees,—great heavens!—reclining back,
 Robed in a garb of solemn black,
 A human form, but fearful thought
 There are no features there—yeenought
 But clots of blood where face should be,
 Blood ! blood ! all mingled horridly.
 What wonder then poor Talbot's eyes
 Glared, started, rolled with wild surprise?
 What wonder then poor Talbot's hair
 Stiffened and stood erect in air?
 What wonder then poor Talbot's knees
 Shook like an aspen in the breeze,
 As he arose, and, pale as death,
 Gapsed long and painfully for breath,
 Then with an effort pierced the air,
 Shouting, "I see, I see him there,
 Sir ! Mr. Speaker look, behold
 That ghastly stranger in our fold,
 Ah ! ah ! I'll die with wild affliction,
 Phantom avant ! and quit my sight."
 Amazed the Speaker gazed around
 To pierce this mystery profound,
 'Twas vain—the House with wonder clad,
 Looked on alarmed—some thought him mad,
 Some thought him drunk—more likely far—
 With brandy, swipes, or Loengnar,
 Till one asked—bolder than the rest—
 "What see you there in the south west ?"
 Poor Talbot still with staring eyes,
 Glared on the figure and replied,
 "See ! see ! it is no dream of air,
 The blood-streaked phantom still is there."
 Then points his quivering fingers where
 McMicken, by some fancy led,
 Had covered o'er his stately head
 With hankerchief of flaming red.
 The House with roars of laughter shook,
 As each one turned his head to look ;
 And shouts of " Wollaid to your seat"
 Roused poor McMicken from his seat.
 The hankerchief which erst had graced
 His jolly pinx was soon displaced,

And there revealed the phantom stood,
 No ghostly form, but flesh and blood,
 Poor Marcus sank, with long drawn sighs,
 Upon his seat and rubbed his eyes ;
 Then smiled to think in such a manner
 He had mistook the's badnam
 For a most ghastly phantom, dyed
 With steams of blood in plentiful tides.

THE SCHOOL FOR SPOUTING.—No. I.

A " Daniel come to judgment "—*Shakespeare.*

We have much pleasure in calling public attention to the opening of a new school for the training and discipline of parliamentary orators. The prospectus will be found in a leading article of "Aged Duplicity" for Wednesday last. Our venerable contemporary has seen the terrible evils of the bore system in the House, as we have exposed it, and has consequently stepped forward to our aid in this important matter. We know that this movement is not the result of any admiration for us, but rather of a little natural jealousy at the danger she is in of losing the monopoly of dullness she has enjoyed for six months past.

After a vivid though somewhat involved sentence depicting by example the horrid nature of the evil ; we have the remedy proposed, but not exemplified, in a sentence, which the greatest bore in the house would have been ashamed to utter :

"Had they selected some one point to be reached, then placed their ideas as compactly in a line to that point as was compatible with clearness, gone right into the subject in starting, and disregarded every will-of-the-wisp with his zig-zag course that glittered near them, and made for their goal as steadily as possible, they would have found their momentum well as they proceeded, excitement would have grown around, and they would have finished with a universal wish that they had spoken longer."

We hope that the next time "Old Double" selects a point it will be within the reach of human vision and not sprawled through 14 or 15 "lines" in this manner. Let our contemporary remember its own maxim that, "if the hopper does not give down fast enough, the mill grinds upon itself very heartily," and we shall be saved a very disagreeable nervous sensation. In our anxiety to extend our contemporary's usefulness by some valuable hints at self-education, we had almost forgotten to give his new "Spouting Academy" proper notice and commendation. Due attention is to be given to the conciseness and "compression" of sentences. One example is given of a speech produced we presume after six months' training with "Old Double." It is the production of the hon. member for Timbuctoo, and is given as the *ne plus ultra* of Parliamentary eloquence. The errors of Burke and Pitt are skillfully avoided by this paragon, and we are sure that when it is read, the Central African School of eloquence will carry all before it:

"The English are good. God sent them. They came. They took us. Our hunger died. Our thirst died. Our chains went off from our feet. Shirts they gave us. Hats they gave us. Trowsers they gave us. Every one was glad. We all praised the English. Whoever displeases the English into hell let them go."

We remember that this style was strongly commended by a European some years ago ; his name was Mavor, and, if we mistake not, he placed the youth of England under some obligations by writing a spelling-book. If we may trust our reminiscences of school-days, we used to be taught eloquence in this way : "I want some meat. I want some pudding. Dinner is not ready. Give me

some apples. Give me some pears. I am sleepy. I want to go to bed," &c. The condensed style of this precious fragment is well worthy the imitation of legislators and Superintendents of Education, and we hope in a short time to record signs of improvement both in the teacher and the pupils. Let us anticipate the happy results of the Mavorian and Central African systems of oratory, by giving the style of one of our M. P.'s as it is now, and as it may be expected to be :

Mr. Sydney Smith before receiving instructions from "Old Double."

MISSER SPOAKER,—

The onabul member fur Tronteh has ben assed to give a pavilisy on this hers seat o' gurnment question over and over agin but he wunt, sir, and why wunt he ? Cos why ? he aint got none, not by a long chalk. He done wrong in joining the onabul members from Portnufe and Lotbineer, it war'th the cheese ; no sirree. He is hully unprincipled and selfish, and I'd jis as soon trust a buffalar when he's got the rheumatiz, or a bar when she's riled at losin' her young as that thar onabul genelman. He aint got no consistency nor no^othing o' that sort ; he's jess like a swaller emigrating to furrin climes ; first he's here and then again he aint, cos he's somewheres else ; or like the fies on a hoos in the dog-days ; yo may flare areowrd and whisk yer tail at the critters, but ye can't come it ; the fast you know, down they air agin, teazin' and frettin' on yer like all possessed. Then there's the onabul member from Montreal ; him as writes pomes and says smart things, but he aint no morn' a heap of old corn cobs. He thinks he can write poetry, but he dunnow wot it means. Thar are three kinds of pomes, blank verse, long metre and common metre, and the onabul genelman makes stanzers, an' I've tried all the clunes in my hyme book to 'em an' they won't go, cos why, they aint poetry at all. And the onabul member for Lowbiner he talks like Mr. Forrest in York State, whar I was riz, when he flares up in Virginius the Prince of Babelmandit, and looks for all sakes like an owl in the nightmare any more so ; and speaks like an elephant wot's got the croup. Onabul genelman, I aint no pote, but when the status of inspiration surmounts the official procession of diurnal routine ; when the rugosities of declamation air annihilated by the sweeping fore paw of time, when Sol rolls over after his first sleep and puts his rays out of his eyes, and the lunar and stellar luminosities "pale their disinfecting fires," as Shakspeare says in Dunsaid, I set down to write on Pickelmony the singer after this wise :

Grate female misucker, yere quite a progridy,
 Yer voice is sweeter nor molasses treacley,
 But not so thick.

I'll not apole the sale of my noo volumn which I am goin to publish next month, entitled "Groans from the Post Office, or the Muse in a Mail Bag," which may be had of all booksellers by reading any more. (Smith faints into Rose's arms.)

No. II. would have been the speech after six months' instruction from "Old Double," but we must leave our readers to supply the rest in the prophetic spirit we have suggested till our next issue.

YE RIVAL BEAUTIES.

Or the song of triumph sung by Miss Ottawa when she thought she had secured Mr. Seat O'Government; and the reply warbled by Miss Quebec, who hasn't given up all hopes of the prize:

MISS OTTAWA.

I have won him, I have won him,
He shall soon be all my own;
I have won him, I will build him
In my heart of hearts a throne.
Stately mansions, noble mansions
For my love shall soon appear,
To my bosom I will clasp him,
Never maiden loved more dear.

I have won him, I have won him,
All my rivals are dismayed;
Quebec grumbler, Kingston fumbler,
Montreal's thrown in the shade.
I have won him, fairly won him,
Oh! I my love will soon be here,
To my bosom I will clasp him,
Never maiden loved more dear.

MISS QUEBEC.

Cease thy notes of triumph maiden,
Other fortunes are fair as thine;
I am nobler, far more queenerly,
He we love shall yet be mine.
Belaths promised, often promised
I shall be his cherished bride;
Think not all your arts and datteries
E'er will tempt him from my side.
He is coming, mark it maiden,
Coming soon to visit me,
I will fascinate and charm him
I will love him tenderly.
I will charm him, he shall never,
Quit my fair and queenerly side
Go bewail then foolish maidens,
Thou shalt never be his bride.

THE ADVENTURES OF OUR JUNIOR EDITOR.

We have for the last few days been deprived of the invaluable assistance of our Junior Editor. Upon sending to inquire as to the cause of the young gentleman's absence, we received the following communication, which bears internal evidence of being intended for the public eye. It is almost needless to say that our Junior Editor is *very* young:—

That we are one of the most tender-hearted and susceptible Editors on the face of the habitable globe, is, we presume, sufficiently evident from the general tone of our remarks; and that we are infinitely sharper sighted than Argus is, we should hope, not less apparent. We have a case to quote, which illustrates the one quality, if not the other. Some ten days ago, as our Editorial head was reclining peacefully upon our Editorial breast, in a profound reverie—brought on by sundry pertinacious attempts to get through an entire column of "Old Double,"—our "Imp" startled us, by thrusting under our nasal organ, (which we assure our lady readers, in confidence, is by no means a "pug,") a perfumed, pink-colored note, directed in the most fashionably illegible hand. Impatiently, yet reverently, we opened it. After some patient disentangling of long-limbed letters, that were twisted together in the most extraordinary way, we deciphored the contents, and found that the fashionable Mrs. Snobington requested the pleasure of our company on a certain evening. As we felt quite certain that our absence would overwhelm that estimable lady with poignant grief, we resolved to accept. On the appointed evening we arrayed ourselves in our brightest patent-leather's (brightest because our only pair,) and in most immaculate kids;* and as we looked in the glass, we reflected with

quiet satisfaction that we looked very much like a gentleman, and not in the least like an editor. When we entered the brilliant assemblage, our eyes at once fastened on one fair form. Shall we describe her? Ah, no! words are far too feeble to do her the faintest justice. Just imagine—i'ts no use, even imagination falls far short of the reality. Our heart was in a flash perforated through "the windows of the soul." Our doom was sealed. For her sake, we would have braved anything and everything, even to exchanging places with Mr. Speaker Smith. We felt that in future we lived for her (and the public) alone. Trembling we asked to be presented to this divinity in blue silk. Presented we were. Our friend, who did the polite on the occasion, affects the exquisite to an alarming extent, and drew out our adorable's name in such style that for aught we knew it might be anything between Smith and Cholmondeley. This mattered little, however, as we were already speculating upon her probable willingness to assume the name of— wouldn't you like to know? We conversed, and in that too she was fascinating. Evidently she had a rich fund of innate humor, as she seemed to be continually on the brink of a laughing fit, although for the life of us we couldn't see anything to amuse her. Every moment our admiration grew more intense. We contemplated in our mind's eye (alas! it was all our eye) a neat cottage, a silver tea-set, and other concomitants of matrimony, all of which were to be ours and her's, as soon as our circulation reached 1,000,000, and our subscribers remitted their subscriptions regularly, the latter of which events, we have since calculated, may possibly happen in the year of grace, 2859. Our visions of bliss, to be sure, were somewhat disturbed by her easy familiarity with a tall individual in black moustachios, who with abominable vulgarity persisted in calling her "Susan."

N. B.—We have looked with utter detestation upon black moustachios ever since, and suspect them all of being dyed.

As the evening, and a most delightful evening it was, grew late, we determined to foil Mr. Black-moustachios by a bold move. Accordingly with our most winning smile, and in our most honeyed words, we solicited the felicity of escorting her to the residence which was so blessed as to be her abode. Ye carpeted floors, why did ye not open and let us through? Ye chandeliers, why fell ye not—why crushed ye not our econome? Instead of a gentle remonstrance and blushing consent, she leaned towards us till we felt her breath upon our face, and replied: "Thank you, but I am in the habit of going home with my *husband*." We fainted at once, and were only revived by the application of the lit end of a cigar to our nose. Forgetting the admonitions of our maternal parents, we at once seized the vile compound of cabbage leaves, and puffed away vigorously, ever since which our stomach has been in a state of active rebellion.

* We presume that our J. E. does not mean that he went in this primitive costume alone.

The Difference.

It is said that during the debate on Monday night, while the Ex-Premier was Brown, the Ex-Attorney General East was Blue.

GOWAN AND HIS BILLS.

From the number of Bills the honorable member for Leeds and Grenville has introduced into the Legislative Assembly, an unsuspecting person might be deluded into the idea, that the hon. gentleman was a legislator—and that law making was his peculiar forte. And from the frequency with which he brings the weight of his influence to bear upon hon.gentlemen who wantonly assail the independent members of the House, one might be induced to believe that the hon. gentleman was really independent—that he was never bought and sold—that he had no personal ends to serve—and that the six dollars per diem, members pay, was not a consideration to him. We do not say, that the hon. gentleman is not a legislator; the mountain of bills with which he has chequed the Province out of the Road to Ruin, prove conclusively that, if unmeaning pompous words are laws, he is a legislator. Nor do we assert, that the hon. gentleman is not independent; for the readiness with which he deserts his friends, and preys upon his enemies, shows that he is independent.

It is a pity that he came to the relief of Canada so soon. His character as legislator and an independent member, would have attained greater notoriety if he had waited until the Province had fallen down in the throes of commercial and financial agony; until, abandoned by the Brown-Dorion Administration to its fate, it was, figuratively speaking, about to kick the bucket. Then would have been the time for Gowan and Gouty Government to come to her aid; then would Leeds and Loud Legislation be synonymous terms; then would Grenville and Great Independence be the watch-word of the day. The salvation of his country accomplished, the feathered songsters of the grove, actuated by uncommon feelings of gratitude, would warble the "Boyne Water" whenever the hon. gentleman would visit their hallowed groves; the branches of the waving oaks would bend down to kiss his lofty brow; the rivers would murmur his name, the rocks would retain the impression of his venerated feet. And, at last, in a good old age, the hon. gentleman would be translated to another, and we would hope, a happier world: like the great American Eagle, he would soar, and soar, and soar, until his mortal vision could follow him no longer.

A Word in Season.

—Not Hamlet's directions to the players, but Mr. GRUMBLES' advice to Mr. Drummond:

"Speak the speech we pray you trippingly from the tongue; for if you mouth it as on Friday night we had as love hear Sid Smith's bastard English."

Not True.

—We have it in our power to aver that the statement is entirely without foundation that the Hon. Mr. Drummond has become Grand Worthy Patriarch of the Sons of Temperance.

Equally Groundless.

—That Mr. Drummond was intoxicated with success during the delivery of his three hours temperate address before the House on Monday night.

RYMES.

Addressed by our new-bro to the honourable members, who boasts so much of his birth-place.

Come, tell us, John B.,
Why away did you flee,
From the rote on the motion of McD. the Gritty?
Why away did you bound
At the division-bell's sound,
Quite forgetting the claims of "your own native city"?

You supported Cartier,
When he said "Ottawa,"
As you would if he'd appointed quite.
Or any one plan
On the wide world's place
Except the right one, "your own native city."

Of course we all know,
That the last year or so,
Has proved you to be neither wise nor yet witty;
One session's sufficient
To prove you deficient
Of brains and of sense in "your own native city."

GRAND AUCTION OF TICKETS.

It is said (the *Globe* and *Leader* to the contrary, notwithstanding, for who would ever believe them?) that there actually was an auction of Piccolomini tickets held in Nordheimer's on Wednesday last. Mr. Neil Cameron McIntyre who is reported to have proposed to the fair cantatrice, and to have been accepted by her, officiated as auctioneer. Among the most anxious bidders, we noticed the Hon. George Brown, M.P.P., Mr. Stokes, Dr. Connor, M.P.P., Mrs. Bilton, Hon. J. S. McDonald, M.P.P., not to mention a large number of the upper *tendom*, who behaved with their usual affability towards those of their less aristocratic citizens with whom they happened to come in contact. Young Mr. Jones happened to tread on Mr. Eustace Fitz Chibblain's toes, and begged his pardon for it, whereupon the aggrieved one instead of annihilating the plebeian with a lordly frown, actually said "don't mention it." A subscription is now on foot among the middle classes of Toronto, with a view of having the physiognomy of this unusual example of condescension preserved to posterity.

At half-past 10 A.M. the auction fairly commenced. Ticket No. 1, front seat was run up very high by Mr. Brown and Mrs. Shong, but finally snatched from their grasp by a bold-bidding and sentimental young clerk from Hutchinson's establishment. Geo. Brown finally secured No. 2, when Dr. Connor begged to have a double ticket put up, to accommodate himself and Mrs. Bilton, but he was cut out by Mr. Benjamin, who bought it for his own exclusive use, at \$30. No. 3 was disposed of to Mr. Stokes, who soon after (we had it in confidence,) disposed of it at half a dollar profit to the Governor General, who intended to go there in disguise, because, as he said, he didn't like his excessive popularity to be the means of withdrawing the attention of the audience from Piccolomini.

John Sheridan Hogan bought a place in the midst of a row of boarding-school girls, because, as he said, when he got among the men, there was always sure to be an odious scent of tobacco smoke which it took two days to get out of his hair. John A. McDonald bought seats for himself and several of the dubious opposition members who voted for the removal to Quebec. Speaker Smith

bought a ticket on the chance of being able to get away from the house on the plea of indisposition. He is said to have written a valentine to the enchanting songstress

Sweet Piccolomini
You've stole that heart of mine,
I beg you on my knee
To be my valentine.

But this is nothing to D'Arcey McGee's billet-doux, a composition full of the gallantry and wit which distinguish that gentleman.

I am no base mean speaker,
I love you like a streaker;
You have made my heart grow wanker,
God be praised.

But we are off the track. The sale went on briskly till all the tickets were disposed of, and Mr. McIntyre sought his beloved with the proceeds.

PRESENTATION OF THE ADDRESS.

MR. EDITOR,—

I saw the quarest site I ever clapt eyes on last Friday. I was goin' along to the Parliament House intindin' to get a mouthful o' larnin' as to the affairs o' the nation, when I met Larry O'Neil, an' "Hould on, Paddy, avie," sees he, "an' I'll go wid ye." "Certainly, Larry," ses I; for you see, Mr. Editor, Larry was one of the right sort. I remember as well as if it was yesterday, the day he bate the two peelers in Bally Shaanon, just to take the gloss out o' their coats, an' to keep his hand in practice. But God be wid ould times; Paddy got tired batin' the peelers, an' came out to this country, an' he's now batin' his brains to find somethin' to do.

Well, Larry an' I jogged along until we came to the House, when he ses,

"Paddy," sees he, "what's that?"

"That's a woman, Larry," ses I.

"I don't mane that; it's the other?" sees he.

"That's a cow, Larry," ses I, quite serious, for I thought the poor boy was losin' his sivin sines.

"Obl you stupid *omadaughan*," sees he, quite sharp, "who the devil ax'd ye to look in that direction. Look here," ses he, "at that furrin' looking chap with the cocked hat, and the crowd o' gentlemen in black behind him."

"Bedad," ses I, "they're goin' to bury some one, so let's wait and see the funeral."

Well, sir, up they come; first, there was the little crathur wid the cocked hat, carryin' a thing like a brass poker in his hand, and lookin' mighty consequential; an' signs on it, where's the little crathur in the world, that doesn't make himself as consequential as if he were double his size. After the little chap came a lot o' dacent lookin' ould gentlemen, as grave as if they were all goin' to their own burryin'. Then there was a clergyman carryin' a brass instrument that would be just the thing in a scrimmage, if it were only made of wood. Behind this brass shillelah came a quare-looking little gentleman, with a black petticoat stragglin' about his heels, and a caubeen, that had evidently been knocked into a cocked hat, on his head. But the sorra a corps could we see. After they had passed us, ses Larry:

"I'm thinkin'," sees he, "that there's somethin' in the wind."

"I'm thinkin' so too," ses I.

"It looks mighty strange," sees he, shakin' his head.

"It does so, too," ses I, shakin mine.
So we agreed to write to you to ax you all about it. We think, may be, that is part of Gindral McGee's 300,000 min.

Yours in doubt,
PATRICK WHALE.

(From the *Globe*.)

MR. JOHN B. ROBINSON.

Mr. John B. Robinson, unfortunately our junior member, says, that he did not shirk his vote on the motion to carry the Seat of Government to Quebec for the next four years. But we say he did. He says that sickness in his family prevented him from being present. But what unprejudiced individual would believe that! Even if this excuse were true, what right, we should like to know, had any member of his family to fall sick on such an occasion, and what right had he to stop at home on that account; clearly none. The excuse wont hold water.

Again, Mr. Robinson is the cause of the failure of Mr. Sprott's motion, regarding Ottawa, and clearly thus: The motion to carry out the Queen's decision regarding Ottawa was carried by a majority of five; Mr. Robinson was one of the five: therefore Mr. Robinson is the cause of the failure of the amendment. People of Toronto are you going to stand this? We pause for a reply.

Marriages Extraordinary.

From the *Globe* of Thursday last:

"In — on the 8th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Price, Mr. Geo. B. Fox, to Rebecca, second daughter of Mr. S. Miles Coon."

Foxes are proverbially sly, and Mr. Reynard in this instance has managed to catch a Coon. We trust, for the future, peace and quietness of — that she won't prove a *Tartar*.

"In — on the 10th instant, by the Rev. A. Kemp, William O. McBodie, Esq., to Ellen, only daughter of Capt. Crab, all of that City."

McBodie seems to have forgotten the usual cannie Scotch cautiousness. Does'n't he know that playing with *crabs* may prove rather rough work? Too much "claw" bodes ill for the future.

"In — on the 15th instant, at the house of Mr. Wm McKenzie, by the Rev. David Inglis, Mr. George Wilson, of North Oxford, to Christina Mary, youngest daughter of the late George Grievie, of Aberdeen, Fifeshire, Scotland."

Mr. George Wilson must be a bold man. Hasn't he enough "o' the hills of life" to battle with, without taking a real *Christian Grievie* (or 'grief) to hug permanently to his heart? Poor fellow! he must be touched with religious monomania.

Not Patented:

The new wrappings, designated, "The Brown-Dorion Grapplings," were intended to grapple first with Office and Income, and then with Population and Schools; but for want of chemical affinities, they broke after an abortive effort to retain their grip on the first for forty-eight hours. Failing in this, their power to grapple with the second, was not tested. The Grapplings were a decided failure, and the patent applied for was not granted. It is understood, however, that during the present winter, the Brown-Dorion Grapplings, while not attempting to grapple with Population or Schools, will try to grapple with the Treasury Bencches.

Fun Extraordinary.

Brown said to Jones, why Jones you're growing up like a mushroom; you'll soon overtake me.— "Dear me," Robinson, "that would be a mushroom catch up (Ketchup.)"