

# THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1859.

NO. 50.

## THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coat  
I reddy you tent it;  
A chiel's a'wagging you talking, eeter,  
And, faith, he'll puce it."

SATURDAY, FEB. 26, 1859.

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

#### I.—THE TITLE "HONORABLE."

"Honor but an empty bubble."—*Dryden.*

The Hon. Malcolm Macdougall has been delivered of a huge device for saving time and inferring the country on political matters. He moved on Wednesday last for an address to His Excellency, of course "an 'unsole address," as Uriah Heep would say), praying that no one should dare to style himself "Honorable" who did not draw £1200 from the treasury to keep up the title. Now if we were a Clear Grit we should say that this was a base attack upon the late government; and if we were the clearest of Grits we might insinuate that backstairs' influence had been at work and that His Excellency had actually determined that none should be styled "Honorable" whom he did not believe so.

We are neither green nor so brown as to bite our thumb at His Excellency in that savage fashion; but we really put it to the member for Lambton whether he might not serve every purpose by other methods. It is a maxim of law to give the blackest criminal the benefit of a doubt, and instead of denying the title of honorable to all but 23 of their number, we hope to see the day when they shall be "all, all honorable men" even including the member for Leeds and Grenville. If, however, the motion had passed we should have really imagined the title to be a euphemism applied ironically to Sidney Smith and some of his "onabnt" colleagues (*laetus a non luendo*).

The two reasons assigned by Lambton's spokesman were ludicrous enough. 1st. The time consumed in repeating the word "honorable" would be saved.

Now there is really some show of reason in this. Public opinion assigns great value to time; Franklin said that it was money, and we are sure most legislators share the opinion, inasmuch as every one tries to monopolize as large a share as possible to his own use. Now, if Mr. Cameron were really in earnest, he would do something more than save the time consumed in the utterance of 23 words about twice a week. Suppose an appropriate nickname were given to each member; for instance "Coon" might stand for Honorable M. Cameron (one syllable for ten); "Spoon" for Ogilvie R. Gowan, and

"Loon" for Thomas Ferguson." In this way not only economy in time but a pleasing and rhythmical division list would result.

The other objection was that persons at the bar might know that the "Honorable" were all members of the Government. This we think puorite and if the objection had any foundation the difficulty might easily be got rid of by biading a fillet of red tape about the brows of each of the Cabinet ministers, attaching bands of parchment to their cravats, and putting a skull cap of blue books on their heads and then there would be no mistaking the victims offered on the altar of circumlocution. We think, therefore, that the whole device shows a want of invention in the legislator, and was properly rejected. By the bye we should give Mr. Robinson the credit of having made a neat and sensible speech against this bunkum motion.

#### II.—FOUR DOLLARS OR SIX.

For what is worth in any thing  
But so much money as 'twill bring.

[*Udubras.*

We cannot but think that in spite of his bland smile and courteous address, Major Campbell must be a horrid revolutionist at heart. The House had been quiet for a week till the Major imprudently cast a bone of contention on the floor of the House. Just think of the monstrous proposition;—to reduce members' pay from six to four dollars per diem! The whole House was in arms; the craft was in danger, and a vigorous stroke had to be struck at such a frightful proposition. Of course Gowan and Cawdon opposed it; that was to be expected, and we are sure that we should have done the same had we been there. It was indeed a monstrous breach of privilege or at least an attack on the privileges of the breeches pocket, and it was properly voted down.

Just imagine Mr. Rymal sacrificing himself on the altar of patriotism for four dollars a day—ridiculous. Or Mr. Dufresno who assessed his value at eight, shouting "hear, hear" the whole session for half the money. The motion was absurd. Why not adopt a different mode of retrenchment. Place a taxation on speaking. Say \$1½ an hour (not a respectable fraction of the actual cost) for every speech. Gowan and Brown and Picho would by this means deposit quite a respectable sum into the treasury at the end of the session; while "mute inglorious" Wright and Aikins would be well rewarded for their forbearance.

But at one fell stroke to cut \$2 a day from the pay of these inoffensive and unobtrusive men would have been cruel in the extreme.

No wonder that the members were indignant. No wonder that unwonted feeling and vigour was displayed in speaking. They usually talk about their country's interests, they only grow warm when advocating their own.

We have of late become so enamoured of the style of *Old Double's* leading articles that we are induced to transfer the following to our own columns.

*From the Colonist and Atlas, February the oney-outh.*

### INFAMOUS | HORRIBLE | AND ATROCIOUS CONSPIRACY!!!

Good heavens! will it be believed by our readers that even that false hearted hypocrite Geo. Brown, could be driven by reckless ambition and desperation, to accuse Mr. John A. Macdonald of a crime—a base foul crime—which he and his ally McGee really committed themselves?

Impossible! Incredible! our readers out of Canada will exclaim—Are you serious?—the great Cham of Tartary will ask indignantly—Can such villany exist?—the Mogul of the North Pole will exclaim—is such horrible treason possible?—the President of the Moon will thunder—Yes! in all fearful sorrow, we reply—it is possible—we are serious. Would that we could add that we are surprised at this latest exhibition of villainous desperation. But we cannot. McGee the arch Traitor—the impregnation of everything that is detestable and blood-thirsty—McGee the ferocious tiger—the reckless fire-brand, it is beyond denial—has been for months past deeply engaged in secret and treasonable correspondence with every ancient beldame in this great country. Countless are the pop-gun clubs and lollipop lodges he has established for the purpose of inaugurating a reign of rapine, terror and blood. Behold the Robespierre of Canada! Behold his cringing tool, Brown, gloating with him over the horrible and detestable first fruits of his labour. Murder and bloodshed—'tis for this they manoeuvre. But—ah! traitors we have you on the hip! Though the O'Flannigans, the O'Lees, the O'Stocks and the O'Derricks, have aided and abetted you in your villany, we warn you that it shall be unmasked. We tell you that the crime which you basely charge upon another was committed by yourselves. Yes! a complicated tale of treachery and tiger-like ferocity shall be brought to light, and whisks—objects of detestation to the world—you are groaning under your merited punishment, Heaven! shall protect and smile upon the basely maligned—the innocent.

#### Another "Confidence" Vote.

—Mr. Foley gave notice of his intention to move that Mr. Brown be allowed to occupy the vacant seat to the east of the Attorney General West. We understand that the ministry will oppose the motion and make the vote one of want of confidence, on the ground that Mr. Brown occasions them bother enough when at a distance, and they decidedly object to affording him any closer opportunity for prying into their affairs.

Mr. Septimus Snooks sings the Praises of his Lady Love.

No common beauty is my love;  
No fashionable flirt  
With crinoline begirt;  
Oh no! I guess she ain't  
A damsel who would faint,  
Should she chance to meet a spider,  
Or a fumbler of good cider;  
(Stay! I'll change that into beer—  
Cider's seen but seldom here.)  
Should she stumble on a mouse,  
Sporting dimbly in the house;  
Should she catch a heasy gleam  
Of tabby licking at the cream,  
Oh! I guess she wouldn't scream:  
She's an angel is my love.

She's a woman of strong mind;  
But I musn't lose o' behind  
By a very "longthy" chalk"  
Her body—in my talk.  
That's strong and bulky too  
In every point of view.  
Some people nonsense write  
'Dout hands, soft and lily-white.  
My love's are rosy red,  
Hard as humps of Cornwall lead,  
Thick as patent hot-pressed bricks,  
(Heaven help—what jolly "licks"  
Snooks' juvenile will get  
From my lovely Antoinette.)

Did you ever see a foot  
Fit recipient for a boot?  
Or an ankle fit to bear  
Eighteen stone up in the air.  
Guess not—unless you mean  
T' listlousie you're soon  
My bulky little queen,  
My charming Antoinette.

Slim waists, each doctor tells,  
Are unnatural, though belles,  
In these modern ages, strive  
To be slimmest things alive.  
My love is wieser far  
Than these modern pinched ones are.  
Her waist!—no pair of arms  
Could encircle her fair charms;  
It takes just twice three feet  
Round that lovely waist to meet;  
Oh! charming Antoinette.

Who cares for beauties tall?  
Oh! fairer than them all  
Is my dumpty Antoinette.  
No gaintess is she,  
But exactly four feet three;  
All my readers must agree  
That's a very pretty height.  
I detest the modern taste  
Which expects a lady's waist  
To measure—wrong or right—  
By dint of lacing tight,  
Less than half the lady's height.  
Truer model is my love,  
My charming little dove,  
My own sweet Antoinette.

"Fair cheeks where beauties toom,  
And the lilly reigns supreme."  
What stuff! my Notty's nose;  
Is redder than the rose.  
Her cheeks,—oh, no! they ain't  
Reddened with nasty paint;  
But they rival her snub nose,  
So they're redder than the rose.  
Naptre blushed there generously,  
And 'twild her, *can de die*,  
Took my charming Antoinette.

Her smile, my Notty's smile,  
It beats the modern style;  
What winning sweets appear  
As she, from ear to ear,  
Opens wide her rosy lips,

Disclosing far and near  
The beautiful black chips,  
Which once—its likely quite—  
Were tooth of pearly white.  
What mortal could stand that  
Without a "pit a pat"  
About his heart of hearts.  
Oh! charming Antoinette.

She's a woman of strong mind,  
Yet of temper sweetly kind,  
For she'd scorn to use her claws,  
If she thought she hadn't cause  
Turlico only—truth to speak—  
Has she left upon my cheek,  
Five furrows deep and broad;  
Could I stronger proof afford,  
That an angel is my love—  
My charming little dove,  
My own sweet Antoinette.

BEAUTIES OF SIDNEY SMITH.

Won't some enterprising individual get up a compilation of the "beauties of Sidney Smith?" Let him get them engrossed on sheep-skin and bound in calf, and we promise him a swinging sale for the work. Did not our arduous editorial labours render it an impossibility, we would willingly undertake the pleasing task ourselves. We should expect to be cheered by the gratitude of an intelligent public; and more—perhaps—only perhaps—our humble names might be handed down to posterity in connection with that of the illustrious statesman. We sigh, that we are already fully pledged to the public, and turn reluctantly from the tempting pathway to fame. But if we cannot undertake the work *in extenso*, we may at least be allowed to throw out a few hints for the future compiler. For instance, how easy to discourse by the hour upon the classic elegance of "wunt," and "du," and "tu," and to contrast their nervous expressiveness with the commonplace "won't," and "do," and "to." How easy to discover evidences of a truly great mind in the numberless instances in which Mr. Smith has risen superior to the arbitrary rules of an antiquated syntax. How delightful to dwell upon his vast geographical knowledge as evinced in his magnificent orations. We cannot forbear quoting an exemplum in this connection. "We have Ocean Sea postage on American letters." Won't obtained," said he, on Tuesday last, "the dorfal! Some faint recollection we have of the Red Sea, the White Sea, the Black Sea, but never until informed of its existence by this illustrious Smith, did we hear the faintest whisper of the *Ocean Sea*. Our school Atlas must have been in fault. The more need then that this and kindred discoveries should be blazoned forth to the world. Who wishes to immortalize himself? Who will compile "The Beauties of Sidney Smith?"

Railroad Guide.

—We have received from Mr. Tunis a copy of his neat and valuable "International Railroad Guide of the United States and Canada." It is published monthly, and contains the time tables of all the American and Canadian railroads corrected to the latest moment. The price (15 cents) is so reasonable that no one who is travelling, and desires to keep pace with the most changeable of human things—a railway time table—should be without it.

TWO IN A BED.

The following letter was found unsealed in the Parliament House. It evidently is from one of those honourable members of Parliament who, to their eternal disgrace, sleep two in a bed:—

Toronto, Feb. 22nd, 1850.

DEAR WIFE,—

If the present state of things lasts much longer, I'll certainly have to launch into the extravagance of a separate room and two clean shirts in a week. Since I arrived here, I have had a run of ill luck that can scarcely be credited. In the first place the hon. member from ———, whom I have secured as a room-mate and of course bed-fellow, is a most extravagant man; and if I do not get away from him soon, he will ruin me. The worst of it is, that all the other members of Parliament who would be willing to sleep "two in a bed," are all engaged. So that if I break with my present chum, I shall have to take a separate room—an extravagance not to be thought of—while, if I remain with him, he is so monstrously extravagant that I shall be ruined also.

It was only yesterday that he borrowed one of the three clean collars that you yourself washed for me, before I came down to be present at the opening. Last week he unfortunately spilled the ink over the table-cloth, and in his anxiety to wipe it up, used one of my two remaining handkerchiefs. Luckily it is not white, therefore it will do for a few weeks longer on a pinch. The woman I board with has raised the board from three and a half to four dollars a week, which you know would cause Crossus himself to cry "hold, enough!"

Another source of anxiety to me is that this bed-fellow of mine is abominably restless, and he also has a disagreeable habit of monopolizing all the bed-clothes himself—so that I am forced to lie in the cold half the night. This is a habit which, I am sorry to say, you frequently indulge in—but one learns to bear that after a while. Mr. ——— also occasionally comes to bed with his boots on. He says they keep him warm, and that besides they never need cleaning in the morning afterwards. I have a great many other misfortunes to relate, but I shall lose my dinner if I delay. On an average, I save \$37 a week—but you know that the extravagant manner of living in Toronto precludes the possibility of my saving more.

Yours, &c.,

NOVEL RETURN:

On Monday last Mr. Cimon moved for a return of the number of employes in the various Government Departments; also a statement of the number of Sessional Clerks employed by the House. Mr. Turcotte suggested that the return should state whether each individual speaks the English, or French language, or either. Does Mr. Turcotte expect to find a number of newly imported Japanese, or John Chinamen amongst the Government employes, that he is skeptical of their ability to speak either English or French? Or does he suppose that the clerks in the various offices are all on a par with the illustrious head of the Postal Department, Sidney Smith, to wit: "Freights is down," "We want to know?"

**THE GAME; OR GRAB! GRAB! GRAB!**

In Front street M. P.'s a gather  
A few months in each year,  
To spout and scold and blather;  
To swallow casks of beer,  
To bid farewell to shame,  
As they play a jolly game  
Of grab, grab, grab, bullies, grab,  
Grab, bullies, grab all you can.

Ooco no innocent brought down  
A Bill—to change to four  
The dollars six, the crown  
Allows for each days jaw.  
But a storm at ooco arose,  
For it hindered I suppose,  
Grab, grab, grab, grab bullies, grab,  
Grab, bullies, grab all you can.

Little Cauchon led the way,  
Then Gowen raised a stow,  
Dr. Conner had his say,  
Whilst others cried "pook-pook!  
Oh! this bill must never pass,  
It will interfere alas!  
With grab, grab, grab bullies, grab,  
Grab, bullies, grab all you can."

"Never mind the taxes paid,  
So we can grasp the tin,  
If retrenchment must be made,  
Why somewhere else begin.  
But we can't and won't allow  
Any interference now  
With grab, grab, grab bullies, grab,  
Grab, bullies, grab all you can."

Who says the country's groaning?  
Confound it let it groan,  
Who cares for others moaning,  
So we can grasp our own.  
And still—devoid of shame—  
Play out our jolly game  
Of grab, grab, grab bullies, grab,  
Grab bullies, grab all you can."

**SCENE.—COL. PRINCE AND CONSTITUENTS.**

The Hon. Col. Prince having stated in the House that he spent \$10 a day treating his constituents, the following needs no explanation:

*Scene.—Col. Prince's apartments.*

*Eight o'clock, a.m.—Enter constituent.—*

"How are yo Cunnel?"

"A constituent, eh? Let's liquor."

*Half-past.—Enter second constituent.*

"It's a mighty good mornin' yer honour."

"So it is—let's liquor."

*Three quarters.—Another constituent.—*

"How's a' w' ye, to-day, Maister Prince?"

"Scotch whiskey of course—let's liquor."

*Nine o'clock.—Enter two constituents.—*

"Glad to see ye up so early colonel."

"Thank ye—drink and go to—ahem! breakfast."

*Ten o'clock.—(Colonel at breakfast.) Enter four constituents.*

"We hope you haven't lost your appetite, Colonel?"

"Come in. Take coffee?" "No!" "Well, there's beer and brandy in side-board."

*Eleven o'clock.—(Colonel preparing to go out).—waggon load of constituents arrive.*

"Glad we cot ye, Kurnel. The Misses wouldn't let us ate our dinner at the last tavern, she was so anxious to see ye."

"All right, come in and dine with me. Biddy (to

female domestic) bring up dinner for nineteen and drink for ninety."

*Twelve o'clock.—(Colonel walking down King Street).—Approach 1st. Swellish constituent.—*

"How awe yab Cawnawl. It's dev'lish 'ot."

"Well, let's cool ourselves with beer."

*Ten minutes past.—Enter 2nd swellish constituent.*

"Dreadful cold, Colonel."

"Is it? Well let's beer and be warmed."

*One o'clock.—Colonel meets with particular constituent.—*

"Just the man I was looking for Colonel; I'm as hungry as a hawk, as dry as a fish, and I've a huge desire to see everything in city worth looking at."

"Egad that's fortunate, as I've a particular engagement at one o'clock. However, hospitality to constituents, first duty. Well dine at the St. Nicholes. What wine do you like. Champagne, Burgundy, or Claret? You like the three, eh? Very well. Come along. I'll drive you round the city afterwards."

*Three o'clock.—(Colonel rather exhausted).—Approach seedy constituent.—*

"Colonel, I've bin lookin' for ye all day. I've bin unfortunate and I tho't I'd ar ye for the loan of \$5 to take me home. You know I'm one o' yer constitotants."

"Certainly, my purse is always at the command of my constitotants, as you are pleased to call them."

*Half-past three to five o'clock.—Colonel at Legislative Council, with rows of constituents near at hand waiting to be treated.*

*Five to seven o'clock.—Colonel treating same to liquors varying from gin-slings to pints of Burbundy.*

*Seven to twelve.—Myriads of constituents start up in Colonel's path wherever he goes. Colonel does his duty, and goes to bed under the impression that he has the largest number of constituents of any man in the world.*

**OLD DOUBLE INDIGNANT.**

The other day *Old Double* burst into a flame of virtuous indignation, because Mr. McKellar moved for a return of the various sums paid for government printing and advertising, during some 10 years past. After quoting several sums, said to be the amount received by Ministerial Papers, *Old Double* exclaims, "every body knows that this would be no temptation to the Proprietor of a public journal." Of course not, most virtuous scribe, supposing the amounts to be correctly stated. But we question if the "pap" most congenial to the tastes of the Colonist Establishment, is formed from a compound of printing and advertising. It is just possible that the proprietor of a journal supporting the Government may be engaged in an extensive stationery business, and that said proprietor may receive large orders for stationery from the Government departments. It is just possible that seven or eight, nay ten, times the fair trade value may be charged for articles thus supplied; isn't *Old Double*? Well, then, please don't affect too much virtuous indignation in future.

**YE NASSAU ON YE STILLS.**

*Fine by defect and delicately weak.—Pope.*

Whilst the House of Assembly were summarily disposing of a buncombe bill of Gowen *per se*, the Orangemen of Toronto were being troubled with the bathos of Gowen *fil.* In giving our opinion of Nassau, we have no desire to say anything disrespectful of the Orange Institution. Our neutral position forbids a word either pro or con; we only wish to expose one of a family of miserable charlatans who seem born to bore and plague the community; and we by no means confound them with the many worthy and upright men in the Society.

Nassau was once a clergyman; and he made a tolerably respectable one. He is as fluent and plausible as his father, and had he remained in the pulpit he might have done some good to his fellows. But a weakness characteristic of, but by no means peculiar to his family, made him cast many a banking look upon the flesh-pots of Egypt. Ecclesiastical manna was excessively irregular and scanty in its supply, and Nassau naturally longed for the fat commissionerships and other secular plukings of this "wicked world." A constituency was open, but, as it proved, not for the ex-reverend, and he has ever since been a pilgrim in search of a quiet and comfortable nest in this vale of tears. But to the speech of last night. Let us give some delectable extracts:—

"To roll back the current, to arrest the tide of the sea at the command of man, and to retard the daily march of the sun, are such manifest impossibilities, that none but a lunatic would make the issue attempt."

Who ever heard of any one but a lunatic making an "insane" attempt, we should like to know? Why didn't Nassau try the usual Yankee style at once? "We might as well try to dam up the great roaring Penobscot, catch the comet by the tail, set the Atlantic on fire, and make mince meat of the ramping sea serpent, as pluck a quill out of the wing of the American Eagle, when he sint a mind to let us." And then with all the unction of a renegade preacher, we have a heedless and blasphemous appeal to Heaven in the midst of all this wretched gabble. Let our readers peruse it and they will desire with us everlasting deliverance from ecclesiastical politicians:—"And O! Gracious Ruler of the Universe, was ever such a dark series of repeated, protracted, varied, heartless and systematized acts of outrage perpetrated by one people on another," &c. Now, what do our readers think are the "outrages" referred to? The rejection of the act of Incorporation and a motion in the City Council; and these Nassau calls Heaven to witness in the way we have quoted.

And so he goes on, now parading the tatters of his cast off clerical habit, and now exposing the cloven foot of disappointed ambition. Who will not agree with us that of all degrading sights a man who has abjured the sacred profession to peddle the paltry wares of the meanest and most unscrupulous style of politics, is the most utterly disgusting and contemptible? Far better be an industrious wood-sawyer, or an honest stone-breaker, than a person who can forswear his profession, and after casting away all that is noble and grand in it, can descend so low as to deal out cant and denunciations in stump oratory, and remember the name of his Maker only to misuse and blaspheme it.

## SWEET SIX DOLLARS DAILY.

Messieurs, the M. P. P.'s declare,  
Six dollars is too plaguesy small  
A sum to recompense the rare,  
Rich services of each and all.  
Of course—who won't with them agree?  
Who deems the pittance half enough?  
Reader do you? then list to me  
Till you're ashamed to think such stuff.

Would twice six dollars amply pay  
The Gowan for his daily portion  
Of spouted buncombe, or coney  
A recompense for each abortion  
In the shape of Bill, or Motion,  
He brings forward day by day?  
No, you scout the wretched notion,  
And with indignation say—  
"The Gowan treble earns his pay."

Offer they toward sufficient  
For Tom Daly's ceaseless labours  
In th' Assembly's smoking room,  
Whilst bob-nobbing with his neighbours?  
Recompense they, gallant Playfair,  
For his servile claps and cheering  
Of all mistleirs may say there,  
Till you're sick of hear I hear I hearing?  
No! you scout the wretched notion,  
And with indignation say—  
"Daly, Playfair earn their pay."

Atkins, Gould, A. P. McDonald,  
Burton, Ferguson, Bill Powell,  
Are their labours half rewarded?  
No! you shrink from the avowal.  
Can six dollars recompense them  
For, perhaps, voting twice a day?  
No! you scout the wretched notion,  
And with indignation say—  
"Each one more than earns his pay."

Hogan, Talbot, or Toronto's  
Junior member, Robinson,  
Roblin, Wright, Mellicken, Carling,  
Holmes—are underpaid, each one.  
Would not orery man amongst them  
Make more on his own estate?  
Fahaw!—six dollars—can they fitly  
For lost time remunerate?  
No! you scout the wretched notion,  
And with indignation say—  
"Each member's worth three times his pay."

## NASSAU C. GOWAN IN TORONTO.

From the accounts which we had read of this reverend demagogue's doings in the country, we had been induced to believe that he was neither a Demosthenes in eloquence, an Aristotle in argument, or an anybody else in prudence. But we never could have imagined that he was such a very ignorant person as he is. We thought that he might have purloined a little learning in the course of his chequered career. But from what we heard of him at the St. Lawrence Hall, on Thursday evening, we recant our opinion, formed as it was partly in charity to the itinerant preacher, and partly because we could not believe that such a very dull and unlettered person ever could have attracted our attention.

Those who heard him on that occasion, need not be told of the historical lore which he displayed when he expatiated on Xerxes and his 300 Persians bravely fighting against the overwhelming armies of unrighteous Greece, or of the accuracy of his reading, when he prefaced a quotation from Moore, by the remark—"as Byron says." Nor need we call to mind the oratorical talent which he displayed by

stating hypothetical cases every two minutes and asking the audience "were they going to stand that," and then pausing in vain for a reply. We shall leave this man alone for the future as too insignificant for our notice. He is really too ignorant to deserve the honor of a good castigation from us.

## SUNDAY MAINE LAW.

We hope that the members of the lower House, will prove themselves to be gentlemen and judges of liquor, by kicking out the Hon. Mr. Campbell's ridiculous bill to restrain the sale of intoxicating liquor, by closing all saloons from seven o'clock on Saturday evening until Monday morning. This bill which has passed the Upper House, is aimed directly at the comforts of the poor man; it is absurd, unjust, and contemptible, and Canada expects that every man in the Assembly will do his duty on this occasion, by pitching it out when brought up for consideration; and thus preserve to future generations those inestimable blessings after a hard week's work—a pipe and a glass of beer. All honor to sturdy old Col. Prince, who alone had the courage and common sense to oppose this contemptible innovation on our common rights, when the measure was before the Legislative Council.

## NOTICES OF MOTION.

Hon. Mr. Campbell: A bill to prevent profane whistling and laughter after 7 p. m., on Saturday.

Hon. Col. Prince: Amendment thereto, allowing a moderate smile up to 10 p.m.

Mr. Gowan: A bill to give a premium to the member who introduces the largest number of bills; to be doubled when they are thrown out.

Hon. Mr. Cartier: A bill to compel Messrs. Foley and J. S. McDonald to join my administration.

Hon. S. Smith: A bill to exempt Cabinet Ministers from the rules of Lindley Murray in certain cases.

Hon. Mr. Cameron: A bill further to expedite the business of the House by abolishing all titles and Christian names.

Mr. Rymal: A bill to provide for the most efficient reporting of speeches and of the laughter of the House thereat.

Mr. Dunbar Ross: A bill to direct the Speaker to punish any member who has a good temper.

Mr. Ferguson: An address to Her Majesty praying that she shall be pleased to make my papa-in-law a barrownite.

Dr. Connor: An act to provide for sawing the air by City mechanics so as to save me the trouble and the House the pain.

Mr. Piche: A bill to make Cartier civil; Gall cross; Macdonald fierce; Ferres respectable; Gowan tolerable; Ferguson sensible; Turcotte sleepy; and Piche the wit of the House.

## A Suggestion.

—We beg to make the country a present of the following suggestion:—Our Provincial Lunatic Asylum will not accommodate half of the lunatics of the Upper Province—the Seat of Government is about to depart from Front Street—then why not turn the Parliament House into a Lunatic Asylum. The change would be natural enough.

## CONCERTS.

I. We beg to direct the attention of all our readers, especially those who belong to the Church of England, to the Concert to be held *this evening* in the St. Lawrence Hall in behalf of the Building Fund of the Church of St. John the Evangelist. Mr. Carter is the Conductor. Miss Kemp, Messrs. Lazare, Selby, Briscoe, Armstrong, Sugden, and Dr. Bell, y, are among the performers. The selections are from Balfe, Verdi, Bishop, Auber, and other great composers. The Rifle Band will be in attendance, and we are sure it will be well worthy of patronage.

II. Mrs. Dunlerie, a lady well known as a professional singer of great talent, intends to offer the public an excellent programme on Thursday next, the 3rd inst. We are sorry that we have no particulars of the performers and selections, but we are sure they will be worthy of the most extended patronage.

## GOING AHEAD.

We understand that one of the Hoe's & Co's. fastest steam presses has been ordered from New York to print off the bills which Mr. Gowan intends to introduce into the House this Session. A gigantic paper mill is also about to be established on the banks of the Don, to supply the requisite paper. John S. Hogan and Dr. Conner being the only other independent members in the House, have been appointed by Mr. Gowan a committee to relieve each other in seconding his bills as they are brought forward.

## Too Good a Hoax.

"The author of this bill, which, should it become law, will not effect the comforts of the rich, while it will seriously diminish the enjoyments of the less affluent class of society, owes its paternity to Hon. Mr. Campbell."—*Leader.*

Wonders will never cease. We used to learn from that old nuisance Lempride, that Minerva sprang from Jupiter's cranium, and that Venus' mother was the foam of the sea, but if the *Leader's* story be true, the Hon. member for Catarqui, beats Olympus all to sticks. "The author of this bill," is indebted to "Hon. Mr. Campbell" for "paternity." Just think of it. If he can be his own father in the present march of intelligence, we may soon expect to see every man his own grandmother, wet-nurse and undertaker. Prodigious.

## A Lucky Fellow.

—By the Hon. Mr. Bindemann, at Berlin, on the 15th inst., Mr. JOHN KELLER, of Westley, to Mrs. ELIZABETH GOOD, of Waterloo.

Mr. John Keller is evidently one of fortune's favorites, for everybody must allow that even in these hard times, he has managed to make a *Good* match.

## THE GRUMBLER.

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