

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.

TORONTO, JANUARY 1, 1869.

VOL. I—No. 1.

THE GRUMBLER

is published every FRIDAY MORNING, in time for the early Trains. Copies may be had at all the News Depots. Subscriptions, \$1: Single copies, 3 cents.

Persons enclosing their cards and \$1 will be favored with a special notice.

Correspondents will bear in mind that their letters must be pre-paid, that communications intended for insertion should be written, and only written on one side of the paper. Subscribers must register their letters; for obvious reasons it is exceedingly inconvenient to us.

All letters must be addressed "The Grumbler," P. O. Box, No. 1104, Toronto, and not to any publisher or news-dealer in the city.

Persons wishing to subscribe to the GRUMBLER, can do so by forwarding their address and the sum of \$1. We only receive yearly subscriptions.

Mr. Wm. W. Duffin is our authorized canvassing Agent, Office—63 Colborne Street, second door East of Church Street.

THE GRUMBLER.

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

FRIDAY, JANUARY 1, 1869.

THE GRUMBLER.

"Ridentem dicere verum quid vetat?"

What forbids one to say what is true in a laughing manner?

Start not, gentle reader, at the name, nor associate it in your mind with one long consigned to the tomb of all the Capulets," and suggest, in the latter stages of its mundane existence, of gradual decay and final dissolution; but all it as the harbinger of a more healthy and vigorous career, come to mingle with the thousand and one greetings that welcome you at this essentially festive season. For while its aim shall be "to extenuate nothing, nor set even aught in malice," it will avoid the least approach to low personality or invective, yet strive "to point a moral and adorn a tale." Its pleasant task shall be to smooth the wrinkles from the brow of care, endeavor, if possible, to relax the rigidity of dullness, (which often passes for wisdom), by occasionally presenting objects thro' a Claude Lorraine glass," and avoid the unmeaning frivolity so often foisted on the uninitiated wit. While it undertakes to furnish the lighter-loving community with an ample supply of the latter ingredient, fresh from the mint, and distributed by skilful and competent sources in various parts of the Dominion, it cannot, likewise, undertake to furnish comprehension, for there is a class of readers whose brains seen in a perpetual state of hibernation, and require to be thawed to requisite temperature before they can take in and appreciate a witticism without an accompanying explanation. Such are the individuals, if they catch the sound of a laugh, it acts upon them like thunder and turns them sour—and they would as soon chisel a joke on a tombstone

or enter it in their ledger, as let it pass their lips, thinking it equally out of place in any of these situations. Be it the object and mission of the *Grumbler*, in its new series, to elevate the tone of mirth by presenting nothing to its readers that shall offend against good taste, or be subversive of sound morals, lashing the vices and follies of the age with well-timed censure and unsparing hand, yet unscrupulously jealous of the sacred privacy of the domestic hearth, and uttering no sentiments that have a tendency to wound the prejudices of any religious body whatever. Thus will it lay claim to a large share of public patronage, and be instrumental in adding a few drops to the "ever bubbling springs of gladness which moisten and invigorate the universe. While it shall be the ambition of the present series to emulate the talent that ushered in its predecessor and promised for it a brilliant future, it will cautiously steer clear of the rocks and reefs on which youthful impetuosity and inexperience have so often stranded, and which even older hands have not been able entirely to avoid. And now, to our future patrons, whose name we fondly anticipate will be "Legion," we offer every good wish that this joyous season suggests, with a hope that the end of another year may find us at our post after having fulfilled the promises with which this series is inaugurated.

A Grateful Apothecary.

Sir John Young, not being exempt from the 1000 ills which flesh is heir to, requires an occasional *bolus*, and the apothecary who has been honored with the contract for dredging the gubernatorial maw, ventilates his exuberant gratitude in the following "card"—published in the *Ottawa Times*:

A CARD.

The subscriber having received the appointment of APOTHECARY AND CHEMIST TO HIS EXCELLENCY SIR JOHN YOUNG, begs leave thus publicly to acknowledge the kindness, and express his thanks.

J. BROWNE,

Licentiate Apothecary of Dublin.

Apothecaries Hall, 67 Spart St. near the Queen's Printing House. Ottawa, December 17, 1868.

Without any special feeling of antipathy to the worthy *Licentiate*, we devoutly trust that his office will prove one of "honor" rather than "profit."

A PRANDIAL APOLOGY AND PLUM-PUDDING REASON.—"Pon my honor Miss ——" said Lieut. — of the —th Regiment, the other evening at the assembly. "I really quite forgot I was engaged to you for the last valise, but —ah! the fact is I am going to dine with the Blanks next week, and I'm obliged to earn my plum-pudding by doing the civil thing to the daughters, otherwise they'd have to do "wall-flower" all the evening, isn't it a horrid bore? But wait till they're gone, and won't we have a jolly dawson? eh!"

Observations—Astronomical and otherwise.

BY OUR NIGHT EDITOR.

Out of the grog-shop I've stepped in the street, Road, what's the matter? You're loose on your feet! Staggering, swaggering, reeling about, Road, you're in liquor, past question or doubt.

Gas-lamps, be quiet—stand up, if you please, What the deuce ails you? You're weak in the knees; Some on your heads—in the gutter some suak—Gas-lamps, I see it—You're all of you drunk.

Angels and ministers! Look at the moon, Shining up there like a paper balloon, Winking like mad at me:—Moon, I'm afraid—Now I'm convinced—oh! you tipsy old jade.

Here's a phenomenon: Look at the stars—Jupiter, Ceres, Uranus and Mars Dancing quadrilles; capered, shuffled, and hopped—Heavenly bodies! this ought to be stopped.

Down come the houses—each drunk as a king, Can't say I fancy much, this sort of thing; Inside the bar it was all safe and right, I shall go back there, and stop for the night.

[The writer of the above has not been sufficiently long on our staff to warrant us in vouching for his veracity, but we give his Christmas Eve experience, trusting that should it be slightly exaggerated, some of our 100,000 readers will contradict the report. We are, of course, not ignorant that this festive season is usually marked by considerable hilarity, but such a universal "bender" we have not before heard of.—Ed. GRUMBLER.]

Notice to Correspondents and Intending Contributors.

We shall be happy, at all times, to receive communications on matters of public interest, and hereby respectfully invite contributions which shall combine amusement with instruction, from our friends in all parts of the Dominion, altho' the fact of our having taken "up arms against a sea of trouble," is known to only a very few of our literary friends, it has already attracted their regard, and engaged their warmest sympathies; so that we shall have a fresh stock of original matter to lay before our readers each succeeding week. Articles of a playful and harmless character, seasoned with a moderate quantity of attic salts and *our own piquante* will command our attention, provided, for always they come up to the literary stave dough, to which we aspire, and are not of the unpalatable form objectionable. We beg further of our back down to and for all, that we shall be responsible for the opinions *continued*.



The Late Fracas at the "QUEEN'S."

Slander, that worst of poisons, ever finds
An easy entrance to ignoble minds.
Harvey.

We may perhaps be rather behind time with our notice of the villainous article which appeared in the TELEGRAPH lately, by which J. R. Robertson, the ostensible proprietor of that paper, to revenge himself on Mr. Hodder, prostituted the liberties of the press, and excited the indignation of our entire community.

But we have our reasons for doing so now.—First, because it is our province to notice public abuses and nuisances, and what greater nuisance can we have in our midst, than a paper whose columns are occasionally filled with the most atrocious lies, and filthy abuse, of private parties, for the purpose of satisfying the spleen of the proprietor.

Secondly—because none of the other Toronto papers could, consistently with the tactics they have always pursued towards the TELEGRAPH, notice directly the disgusting editorial we have referred to. There is no doubt that the policy of the senior proprietor is "Notoriety at any price," and well has he adhered to it, but he must surely measure the minds and social status of the readers of his paper by his own standard, when he publishes such beastly, sickening details as those connected with the Newmarket and Georgetown horrors, and devotes nearly a column to the slander of a gentleman holding a position in the best society. Knowing the above to be his policy, however, the Toronto journals have studiously avoided acknowledging the existence of the TELEGRAPH since its birth, and very properly too.

A hotel keeper in the city said to us the other day "I take the paper because the other hotels do, but I can't let it go among my family, and if my wife wants to see it I have to read it through first, to see if it is fit for her to look at."

Perhaps now we may as well give a few of the particulars connected with the case in point. About this ago an article appeared in the TELEGRAPH describing how a gentleman of this City was in conversation with some woman, who had just brought her husband

with her, and how the said husband then administered a thrashing to the aforesaid gentleman, who was described in such a way that it undoubtedly pointed to Mr. Hodder, and they have since publicly acknowledged that it was intended for him. Unfortunately for the truth of the article, Mr. Hodder was, at the time indicated, some hundreds of miles from Toronto. A few weeks ago Mr. Hodder was again held up to public notice by the same enterprising journal, because forsooth in driving tandem on King Street, his leader balked, and Mr. H. having (to Robertson), the additional odium of being a gentleman by birth and position, it was again attempted to make him the subject of public ridicule. Naturally incensed by these anonymous attacks, and having no other means of redress, Mr. Hodder foolishly took the law into his own hands, and horse-whipped Robertson in the "Queen's Hotel," and the next morning there appeared in the TELEGRAPH the most vicious, cowardly, and personal attack that ever disgraced the columns of a newspaper, not only reflecting on the gentleman himself, but also on his family; and every one, high and low, expressed their disgust at this miserable exhibition of cowardice and malice on the part of what is supposed to be a respectable journal.

Perhaps of all men in the city, Robertson least of all can afford to notice the holes in other men's coats, and we think he would hardly like to see his own biography published, embellished by little incidents only known to those who have been his associates. Born of most respectable parents, he neglected his opportunities, and though enterprising, through bad associates, reduced his mind to the low standard which is reflected in the paper he conducts, and, naturally snubbed by gentlemen, he has formed an antipathy to the class, which he exhibits in the despicable way we have referred to. Should we require any further examples, we have but to refer to his repeated attacks on Captain Prince and others too numerous to mention, but enough, the truth will all come out in the trial for criminal slander now pending, and we advise him for the future to cease personal attacks and remember that it is "ignorance of ourselves that makes us libellers of others."

A jolly row within view of the Royal Arms



(N.B.—The indulgent reader is requested for the nonce to substitute the Lion and the Unicorn for the Ghost in Hamlet.)

HAMLET.—"What! looked they frowningly?"
HOBART.—"A look more in sorrow than in anger."
(New reading.)

As late one night, I chanced to pass
The Assembly's house, from whence alas!

The Royal Arms look down,
My ears were startled with a noise,
Apparently from o'ergrown boys,
Let loose upon the town.

Loud and more loud the voices grew,
As choice the epithets they threw,
More choice than Billingsgate;
Till in their ecstasy of rage,
They sought each other to engage,
And pummel in their hate!

With out-stretch'd arms and doubl'd hands,
A blow was dealt by C——d,
That fell like any hammer!
The Butcher's boy, (of years long past),
Now sprawled with blood shot eyes aghast!
And scarce a word could stammer.

He who had often felled an ox,
Lay pale and shivering in his socks,
The picture of despair!
While laughing Myrmidons stood by,
Out came the Speaker on the sly,
To see the fight was fair.

Now quick the plot began to thicken,
The Boy was getting such a lickin,
The sponge was tossed in the air!
While all acknowledg'd they'd ne'er seen,
Or at such a bloody fight had been,
Since Dounybrooks fam'd fair!

—MORAL—

Oh! Grown up boobies! why such quarrels!
Go, seek in other halls your laurels,
Than where you gathered those;
Two august bodies you disgrace,
In neither should you have a place,
If you had us to please!

The Ruling Passion.

"Anything new in ties?"—as the swell on the sea-ford said to the languan.

Awake! ye Rip Van Winkleites, from your leaden slumbers and listen to the awful disclosures of this "Second Daniel come to judgment," who, not satisfied with attempting to discover grievances, has actually poked his olfactory organ into those vessels sacred to Clonoe, (with which the Toronto Gaol is furnished), in order to record the fact, that an "abominable stench" issued from its corridors! No wonder that his dreams partook of anything but a roseate hue the night of his self-imposed incarceration, and that the wholesome matutinal meal of porridge was declined for want of some sugar-coating to neutralize the appetizing associations of his first evening's experience. With the verdant innocence of that class which is continually discovering "mares' nests," the "disguised criminal" of the *Globe* has been enacting a role in humble imitation of a London "Casual," not altogether unknown to newspaper fame in Toronto. But, bless his dear innocent little heart, not aware that every one, from Governor Allen down to Harry Henry was cognizant of the object of his mission, he performed his part as naturally as if he had been "to the manner born," hence they were determined to give him a "Roland for an Oliver." We do not blame the individual, who, to earn an honest livelihood, adopts the calling most suited to his tastes, his inclination, his early associations or education; the public, however, will discriminate as to the amount of credibility to be attached to the drivellings of a hired spy, whom the force of circumstance has made to view everything, literally, through a jaundiced medium.

With regard to the journal list that would inaugurate such a vile system of espionage to satisfy the prurient curiosity of his patrons, no language sufficiently strong can be used to paint him in his true colours. In the present instance, the individual who employed the "Casual" as especial Jackal on the occasion, has only followed his natural instincts, in returning "like a sow to his swallowing in the mire" to provide pabulum suited to the intellectual capacity of a certain class of his readers. As to the "obliging Alderman," who formed one the "Dramatis personæ" in this one-act farce, and durst not "fret his little hour" any nearer the foot-lights, but kept aloof behind the scenes, we shall only say to him, at present, *cave canem*.

A Frenchman's Complaint.

A few days since an excited Frenchman appeared before the Police Court and complained as follows:—

"Monsieur Judge, I hat von tear little tog, his namo vas Bingo. My wife love him vary much; she love him as much as she love her life. Vell Monsieur Judge, I go to de market and puy—puy—puy—vat you call him! sassage meat, by gar! Vell I I tako the sassage home, hafu him cooked, and have him fried. My wife cried out she hurt her toot; she spit out, and a big piece of brass como out. I pick it up, and it had B. I. N. on it. I know it rite away to be my tear little Bingo's necklace—you call it. I cry, and my wife cry. I go to de market—I see de man vat sell me de sassage—I ask him vat for you steal my little tog. A great big crowd got around; he swear ho sue me for—vat you call it—"Slander," replied the Judge.)—Yes by gar! slanter. He say, I suo you for slanter! One man say, you go see de coroner. I go hunt him up. I tell him oberything. He spit, and spit, and clear him trout, and say, you spoil mine breakfast! I say, vat you do. He say, clear out! I go, and come here. Now my tear Monsieur Judge, please, do please, have dat sassage man hung by de troat. "I am sorry," replied the Judge, "that you have failed to make out a case, and I can take no cognizance of it."
"O, vat will I do. My wife vill go ebbor so mat, and vill vip me! I know very vell she vill. O, mine tear Bingo! Good by Monsieur Judge," and the Frenchman left the temple of justice, in anguish for the loss of his "tear Bingo."

Matter O' money, all (matrimonial) Pleasant-ries, specially incribed to the ladies with best wishes and "many happy returns."

On hearing that a gentleman by the name of Wright was about to marry a Miss Wrong—
Ah! happy maid, whose name has been all Wrong,
To find, at last, that Hymen makes it Wright,
And, as thy even course thou glid'st along,
Thy youthful follies are forgotten quite.
Yet here we find a paradox involv'd;
That wrong could ere be right is most absurd,
And, (until now the mystery is solv'd)
That right would cling to wrong, was never heard.

On the marriage of Col. M— to Miss —
The ladies fair in ev'ry grace abound,
But mute, alas! are rarely to be found,
More rarely still, when comes a gallant suitor,
Do we ere find the dears becoming *Muter!*

Suggestive of a "Coming Event"—
'Tis sweet to hear ones more the joyous carol
Which merry Christmas wafts athwart our door,
'Tis sweet to hover round the sugar-barrel!
Familiar haunt our childhood knew before;
And yet not 'half so sweet as love's dream."
When first the gallant lover of our choice
Flits 'cross our path like morning's sunny beam,
And makes an innocent young heart re-*joice!*

How he Died.
"What's gone of your husband woman?"
"What's gone of him, your honour? Faith,
and he's gone dead."
"Ah! what did he die of?"
"Die of, yer honour? He died of a Friday."
"I don't mean what day in the week, but
what complaint?"
"Oh! what complaint, yer honour? Faith
and it's himself that didn't get time to complain."
"Oh! he died suddenly."
"Rather that way, yer honour."
"Did he fall in a fit."
No answer.
"He fell down in a fit, perhaps?"
"A fit, yer honour? Why, not exactly that.
He fell out of a window, or through a cellar
door—I don't know what they call it."
"Ay, Ay! and broke his neck!"
"No, not quite that, yer worship."
"What then?"
"There was a bit o' string, or that like, and
it throttled poor Mike."

LOVERS, OBSERVE.—Before a man can enter the abode of matrimony it is necessary he should ring the belle.

A THEOLOGICAL student, being urged by some young ladies to join in a quadrille, declined; and, turning to a lady near by asked with rather an imposing air—"Do you by inquired, Mrs. L— that a man ought to dance who expects to fill the pulpit?" The lady replied—"I don't see why he should not, provided he have the grace for both!"

HOW TO OFFEND A HALTING RHYMESTER.—Pity his "poor feet."

Among the gifts to a newly married pair the other evening was a broom sent to the lady, accompanied with the following sentiment:—
"This trifling gift except from me,
Its use I would commend;
In sunshine use the brushy part,
In storms the other end."

AN IRISHMAN, carrying a heavy bundle on his shoulders, was riding on the front of a cart, and was asked why he did not set down the load upon the platform.—"Be jabbers," was the reply, "the horses have enough to do to drag me; I'll carry the bundle."

The Future Hero of Kars!

Of all contrivances, devised by human ingenuity for the discomfort and inconvenience of the public, those caravans, or rather *cruelly vans*, which "plod their weary way" to Yorkville and the Asylum, deserve the palm before all comers. From its very inception, the Street-railway, over which these ill-appointed vehicles scrape their way backwards and forwards, have been a bone of contention between opposing parties. Private interests at issue with public convenience, the "dignity" of that enlightened body, the City Council, versus the "impudences" of an insignificant railway company, these form only a part of those antagonistic elements, by which the community has been defrauded of its "predestined dues" in the shape of comfortable transport from one part of the city to another, as we write, here comes one of the aforementioned conveyances. Let us first take an outside view of the imposing equipage, as it wends its laborious journey towards one of its destinations. Lots of time for observing its salient beauties and deformities, as it has run on the switch, by mistake, owing to the *instinctive obliquity* which the driver has drained out of the whiskey bottle this morning! (but these are Xmas times, and, alas! for the usages of society, he must, poor fellow, be excused, as he is only following the example of some of his (betters?) inside. Observe the two starveling horses, that, having been placed upon short commons, by their human masters, look as if they had surreptitiously betaken themselves to the first cooper's shop, and, to prevent a collapse of their sides, swallowed a quantity of barrel-hoops, or, mayhap a modicum of cast-away crinolines!

Watch for a moment or two, the imploring expression of their bloodshot eyes, saying as plainly as words could ever speak; "Christian gentlemen! have the operations of the humane society not yet reached these Hyperborean regions? or has mammon taken such hold of your affections that ye will not give us more food, less work, and some relaxation of the raw hide?" But no—a slashing reminder from Jehu rouses them to a sense of their duty, and off they trudge with their ponderous load, at a slightly improved pace, which is greatly enhanced by a load of hay on the track in front of them, a sight to which their weary eyes and hungry maws have long been strangers. Come,—there is some hope that at this pace, they may reach Yorkville within the hour, including stoppages.

Having received impressions anything but favorable, on an outside inspection of the railway cars, including drivers and horses, let us sally forth and take a five cent drive to see if, peradventure, matters are better ordered inside. "So ho! stop the cars, won't you! but the more we cry ourselves horse, and beckon the conductor and driver to pull up, the more the vehicle, incontinently, pursues the even tenor of its way. Meanwhile the occupants of the platform behind, grin at our ineffectual efforts to attract the conductor's notice, and most unmistakably look as if to say, "Don't you wish you may gotin'!"

At last they pulled up to let an old woman, with a squalling baby, a large bundle and basket under her arm: we improved the occasion by making one or two bounds from the sidewalk to the car. Here we are finally embarked with half a dozen more on the platform, stuck together as close and immovable as bottles in a crock-stand; and some of us unused to the novelty of the situation, quiet as piquent, fully as sour! Patience awhile and we shall be rewarded by an inside seat presently, now we're managed it; but in such a shape! Our own maternal parent would hardly recognise us, for we have been kneaded like so much dough, squeezed and twisted in every imaginable form by the pressure all around, until we feel a Grecian bend in every joint of our back down to its caudal extremity.

To be continued.

Nursery Rhymes.

BIG BOO-HOO.

Big Ned Haitch
Thrashed Johnny Ross
And made him sing—
Boo-hoo.

John ran right off
To the D. T. shop,
And cried again—
Boo-hoo.

And the thunder man
In the D. T. shop
Said, Why do you cry?
Boo-hoo.

So, Johnny told—
That big Ned Haitch
Had made him sing—
Boo-hoo.

And the men in the "Queen's"
Who saw the sight,
Said, it served him right,
The Big Boo-hoo.

Then the thunder man
Took out his quill,
And slandered the man
That made his "boy"
Boo-hoo.

And the people said,
'Twas a cowardly thing—
And worthy of
Boo-hoo.

To slander through
His filthy rag,
The man whom he couldnt make
Boo-hoo.

And they also said,
That if they were them,
That is, newspaper men,
They'd "cut" Boo-hoo.

And the newspaper men
Said, they never knew,
Nor meant to know
The Big Boo-hoo.

For printer's ink
Was never made
To do such dirty work,
And no man would
Defile it so—except
The Big Boo-hoo.

To Correspondents.

N. B.—A correspondent writes to ask us whether any other business is transacted in the Office of the Inspector of Licenses besides the legitimate routine of duty assigned to that functionary, and whether it is customary to have the Office door locked during business hours. In reply, we have to state, that we are not in the custom of peeping thro' key-holes or cracks in the door, otherwise we might be in a position to answer the question.

INQUIRER.—There is no truth in the report that the *Leader* published a sensible article. The thrin question was copied from a cotemporary *and the Glob.*

Commercial.

THE MONEY MARKET.

Cash is shy, and lenders are bashful. The demands for loans are brisk, and refusals flatter than ever. Bills are not in request, but acceptors are eagerly sought after.

Smiles.

What is the difference between a baby and a great coat?—One you was, and the other you wear.

Why is the freight of a ship like a locomotive? Because it makes the *car-go*.

HOW TO WORK ON A WOMAN'S FEELINGS.—Give her a Sewing Machine.

THE WAY TO TREAT A WIFE is to treat her to a new dress.

Why should a chimney sweeper be a good whist player?—Because he always follows suit.

Why is a watch-dog larger at night than he is in the morning.—Because he is *let out* at night and *taken in*, in the morning.

HOW TO TAKE THE CENSUS OF THE CHILDREN OF A NEIGHBORHOOD.—Employ one organ grinder for five minutes.

A REGULAR BRICK.—In New York a maiden lady has left all her property for the purpose of building a church, on condition that her body and bones be made into mortar in which to lay the corner stone. In time she will become an old brick.

Two Irishmen in a smart engagement were gallantly standing by their gun, firing in quick succession, when one, touching the piece, noticed it was very hot. "Arrah, Mike," said he, the cannon is getting very hot; we'd better stop firin' a little, "Divil a bit," replied Mike; just dips the cartridges into the river afore yees load an kape it cool."

Negro Conundrums.—"See here, Gumbo, why am you like a blackguard?"

"Nebber guess dat in the worl, coz I aint, you black fool."

"You is, honey, coz you watches Master Jims store—and you's not a berry white guard, dat's sartin! Yah, ha, ha?"

"Now, Pete dat am berry surprisin', and comblificating to calculate—but, nigger, why is you like a gent'em! Deh, dat stumps him!"

"Bress my soul, Grumbo, I nobber think of dat—gobs her up."

"Yah, yah! so does I, sensible as I is, been thinkin' of it free days, and am funder off dan I was at de start!"

A NEGRO DISCUSSION ABOUT EGGS.—In the fairest village of Western New York, the "culled pssons," in emulation of their white brethren, formed a debating society, for the purpose of improving their minds by the discussion of instructive and entertaining topics. The deliberations of the society were presided over by a venerable darkey, who performed the duties with the utmost dignity peculiar to his color. The subject for discussion on the occasion of which we write was, "Which am the mudder ob de chicken—de hen wot lay de egg, or de hen wot hatches de chick?" The question was warmly debated, and many reasons *pro* and *con* were urged and combated by the excited disputants. Those in favor of the latter proposition were evidently in the majority and the president made no attempt to conceal that his sympathies were with the dominant party. At length an intelligent darkey arose from the minority side, and begged leave to state a proposition to this effect, "Spose," said he, "dat you set one dozen duck's eggs under a hen, and dey hatch; which am de mudder, de duck or de hen?" This was a poser, was well put, and nonplussed the other side, even staggering the president, who plainly saw the force of the argument, but had committed himself too far to yield without a struggle; so, after cogitating and scratching his wool for a few minutes, a bright idea struck him, rising from his chair in all the pride of conscious superiority, he announced, "Ducks are not before the house!" And do it he did, to the complete overthrow of the opponents.

PROLOGUE

Spoken at an exhibition of operatic music, on the occasion of the breaking up of a celebrated ladies' school, for the holidays, in the west end.

When Greece and Rome, their ancient sceptres sway'd,

To ev'ry art were honors duly paid;
Thus music and the poet's sister, art,
Shar'd each its meed, and equally a part;
Sculpture and painting also were combin'd
To mould the taste and elevate mankind;
Anon, to lash the follies of the age,
The moralist employ'd betimes the stage;
The praise of virtue, of the wise and good
Was there dealt out as wholesome mental food,
And shall we here, in modern days ignore
What rais'd the moral tone so long before?
Forbid that we, tho' styl'd the gentler sex,
Should be bound down by such a foolish lex,
E'en tho' the learned pundits of our school
Should make us learn to live and laugh by rule!
For, when the bow's unbent and tasks are done,
There's no offence in harmless sport or fun;
We, o'er our lessons with more zest shall pore,
After a half-hour spent with Terpsicore,
With music then, and her sweet sister, song,
Let's cheat the moments as they fly along,
Beguile an hour with laughter-loving play,
For after all—"were creatures of a day!"
And while we court the critics gentle rule,
No cynic shall have entry to our school,
We give him warning! should he cross our door,
We'll nail him with our hair-pins to the floor!
For aye condemn him to the worst of fate,
Never to enter the United State!

Retrenchment.

On dit that John Sandfield McDonald has promulgated orders to the effect that in future government clerks shall neither dot their *t's* nor cross their *t's*. By this means a large saving of ink will be effected—and a consequent saving of the public moneys. Ontario's safe!

THE CART BEFORE THE ASS.—A man advertised for a wife, and requested each candidate to enclose her *carte de visite*. A spirited young lady replied as follows:—"Sir,—I do not enclose my *carte*, for, though there is some authority for putting a cart before a horse, I know of none for putting one before an ass."

ALAS! We must all dye—as the grizzled matron said to her nine carrotty headed daughters after an unsuccessful season.

Special Notices.

We would recommend parties desirous of purchasing Single or Double Harness, Collars, Horse-clothing, Whips, &c., to give our friend, John Elliott, a call. His establishment is on Nelson Street, in the Commercial Hotel Buildings, a few doors North of King Street, where he will be found on all business days, serving in a gentlemanly manner all those who may patronise him. His first-class or common goods cannot be excelled for cheapness or durability. Horse-collars being his particular *forte*, we feel satisfied that he can make a sure fit, and please his patrons. By all means, see him.

If you want to invest in a cheap and fashionable Set of Furs of the best kind, we would advise you to call and examine the large stock of Mr. C. K. Roger's, 133 King street east. He manufactures from such furs as these: Mink, Martin, Sable, Fitch, Ermine, Otter, Beaver, South sea Seal, &c., also deals in Robes of Bear, Wolf, Fox, Raccoon and Buffalo, all of which he is determined sell off, and at a price that no other house in this city can compete with. Before purchasing elsewhere, go and examine his goods, and we feel assured that you will give us the credit of directing you to the right place. Remember—C. K. Rogers, 133 King St. East.