

THE GRUMBLER.

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NO. 20.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coat
Rede you tent it;
A child's warning you takin' notes,
And, faith, he'll pzent it."

SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1868.

THE BAKED BARNACLES.

Once upon a time and a very good time it was not, in fact it was a time in which all manner of things were on all hands allowed to go to pot, the Barnacles and Tadpoles and all those whose aim in life appears to be how-to-do-it not, met in conclave solemn in order that the business of the nation might be transacted to a dot, and that these saviours of their country might thereupon be sent home in a lot, before the weather in point of fact had grown infernally hot.

Well, the Barnacles and Tadpoles had scarcely taken their places, and that bauble had not ceased to excite admiration which we may here state the mace is, when the rival factions pitched into one another quite severely and tore each other's faces, a thing which we hope to be forgiven for saying is not at all amiss at races, but rather not the thing in the House although we freely admit that circumstances alter cases.

Then the chief among the Tadpoles—Heaven preserve him long—as the Irish beggermen say, took it into his head that the business of the country should not be transacted in a day, and accordingly he voted that the Barnacles were the greatest rmgamulins that ever got intoxicated on whiskey which is the Irish for tay, and that they should be kicked right straight out of their offices without the least delay, and then the country would be preserved as the herrings are that by their colour must have been either born or caught on a bonder in the Red Say.

But the Barnacles flattered themselves that they were acquainted with a thing or two, and to resign their seals of office was certainly not among the few things they knew, that sort of a proposition they were of opinion being of the same genus as kittens an hour and a-half old that slow.

So the Tadpoles and the Barnacles went at it tooth and nail, and made as great a noise about nothing at all as if some one had stood on that old gentleman whom it would not be polite to mention's tail, and at the end of five months found that they had laboured incessantly to magnify a bushel of grievances into the magnitude of a whale, while the few—not more than two—who attempted to do good by stealth found they might as well attempt to bail out the ocean with a pail, a feat for which every candid reader must admit even Richelieu would have admitted that there was one word and that that was "fail."

Now all this time the sun which at first as regards giving heat seemed rather in the dumps, grew hotter and hotter every day until coroners' inquests were held on men whose mortal remains was a little gray in their pumps, and ice-men were congratulated as the only true and patriotic trumps, and fortunes were offered for colds even accompanied with the mumps, facts which show conclusively as far as heat and cold are concerned how the cat jumps.

Now the Barnacles on the vessel of state's bottom whom the desperately frigid cold shoulder, which the Province had given them of late only made bolder, were only conquered at last, by the weather becoming the very reverse of colder.

And so the chief Barnacle who found himself beginning to grill, determined to bring some infernally obnoxious bill, which would kill the ministry out and enable the house of its own will, to mizzle and enjoy if it thought fit a salutary chill, an enjoyment universally acknowledged to be more *piquant* than being ground to pieces in a mill.

Accordingly the bill was brought in and as on all sides was expected, was summarily and most contemptuously rejected, so the chief Barnacle resigned and the Governor was very much affected, and the Barnacles were subsequently and consequently much more respected.

The Tadpoles, on the other hand, are not expected next Session to make a very great deal better stand.

Marvellous Innocence.

An Attorney General McDonald drew the attention of the House to an article in the *Globe* accusing members of the Government of speculating in lands in Ottawa. He considered, no doubt, that the tones from the book of nature did not lie more lightly on the breasts of the fishes in the Wood than did the writer of the mis-statements which were booked in the *Globe* the other day. Mr. Brown did not see the article in question; but had no doubt that the writer was right.—*Paraphrased from Leader.*

We no sooner perused the above than

"The dreams of our childhood came over us there,
As gentle and soft as the sweet summer's air."

And we saw in our mind's eye, Horatio, the veritable wolf which devoured little Red Biding Hood, and then denied the charge. We saw this wolf, who, although enjoying a serviceable suit of black-mail, had yet taken such a liking to the mantle which designates the Scarlet Lady, open his abominable mouth so wide that even Wolf gag would have failed to gag him. And then we saw him—always in our mind's eye, however—lick his chops as if he had merely dined on chops, instead of chopping the chops of the dear babe. And then, when he was accused of the diabolical accusation, we heard him deny it, and saw him smile—not such a sweet smile, however, as may be had at the St. Nicholas for 12½ cents. And then the wolf laughed, not as those who are looking at Charles Mathews, but, as they say, a Hyenna laughs when tickled under the fifth rib with a short straw. And then the devil came and carried away—our copy to the printers.

DIALOGUE

Between JOHN A. McDONALD and Geo. Brown, on Simcoe St., near Government House, on Thursday last, at noon.

John A. (Saluting Geo. Brown.) Very hot day.

Geo. B. (Graciously.) Very hot day.

(Moving towards Government House.)

I must go in here, sir.

John A. What for, my dear sir?

Geo. B. (Significantly.) You'll soon know well.

John A. (Solus, tearing his hair.) Oh h—alifax

Colonel Prince "on the Floor" of the House.

In the course of his literary travels in the Upper House, the Hon. Colonel Prince recently arrived at that Institution, The Press, and forthwith lighted thereon like a bee on a posy. The Press, he affirmed, was well provided for in the Legislative Council Chamber; but—who would have believed it?—they had evinced the blackest ingratitude. The measures which that hon. body were content to pass, had not been favored with a single leading article. Heavens and earth! was that a proper return for the six desks, half a dozen ink bottles—with ink, be it remembered—and the stationery with which the Press-gang had been magnanimously furnished. For his part, he would not be at all vexed if Pressmen were excluded from the Chamber altogether. In fact the present arrangement was disgusting. The Reporters actually made it appear that he had spoken nonsense on the floor of that House! *He* talked nonsense! He, who had deserted on Lord Durham's Canadian career, while other hon. members merely confined their remarks to the bill then before the House—he who had so frequently tasked his eloquence to treat of a Canadian loyalty which was unquestioned—he, who had dragged before the hon. members, the blackest of all subjects—Niggers—to make it appear that *he* talked nonsense! It was absurd! And so, the hon. gentleman having fluttered and buzzed a good deal, at length flew away elsewhere.

Now, Colonel, we have graciously given you the notoriety you sought. We must ask of you in return not to be guilty of repeating such dignified bosh. Even Col. Prince might spoil his reputation.

Young America.

—The most daring piece of impudent familiarity which has met our eyes for some time occurs in the columns of last Tuesday's *Atlas*, where that journal, a stunted ministerial brat, not yet emancipated from its swaddling clothes, speaks of the *Colonist* as "our old friend." Why, THE GRUMBLER would hardly venture on such an expression; much less should this three-weeks old bantling stalk up to our aged, though somewhat unstable cotemporary, and locking arms with him, treat him "hal fellow well met."

"DONE BROWN" DRAMATIZED!

Scene I.—*Time Thursday morning, 8 o'clock, A. M.—Sanctissimum Sanctissimum of the Globe Office: Multiplication tables, Cultivators and Charts of the Bothwell Estate, tastefully distributed; sundry suits of black mail hanging behind the door.*

Brown—*Solves, holding a list of names, headed Hon. George Brown, Premier*

Metinks I've played my cards with passing skill;
They surely must roger, they must and will.
The time is come of woe further so oft I've dreamed,
Which never nearer, ever farther, seemed.

But now at length I grasp the golden prize,
And dazzling visions float before my eyes,

While the sun shines what heaps of hay I'll make!

To Bothwell's swamps the Government I'll take.
The nuncios I'll crush for conscience sake.

The Globe I'll stuff—But hark, I here the sound
Of tramping feet disturb the calm around.

McKenzie's squeaking notes I plaluly hear,
And Cauchon's grunt now strikes upon my ear.

They're come no doubt to ratify my claim
To have the Inspector's pay and Premier's name.

Enter J. S. McDonald, Cauchon, and a motley group of Grits and Rouges, prominent among whom is Metice smothering vigorously, and Laberge yawning fearfully.

Welcome, kind friends, albeit somewhat late,
I know you long to praise last night's debate;

But spare your thanks, and spare my blushes too,
Although comparisons, are perhaps my due.

John S., (fervently) Praise you indeed! you stupid, bungling ass
You've gone and brought things to a pretty pass.

Brown, (deprecatingly) My dear Macdonald, pray—

John S.—I'm not your dear.

McGee, (knowingly) It's cheap enough—puff, puff—you now appear.

Brown, (despairingly) What have I done? For you I've over-
told.

John S., (pathetically, apostrophizing his handkerchief) To
think a chance so sweet should thus be spoiled.

Cauchon—It is one shame, sar, ugh, one great disgrace;
'T would give me plaisir, mooch, to scratch his face.

Brown—I am a man of pence, but if you dare—

Mackenzie to Brown.—For satisfaction you can pull his hair.

McGee, (aside)—Or bristles.

Brown.—Gentlemen, what is the matter?

Why this infernal! beg pardon—clatter!

John S.—Matter enough! When all seemed fine,
When ministers were ready to resign,
When they were beaten by a clean thirteen,
And no excuse was left themselves to seecon,
You madly gave the wheel another turn,
By your confounded motion to adjourn.

They've beaten us—of course they won't resign,
At least! wouldn't if their place was mine.

McGee—Devil a fear, but then if ain't, you see,
Mackenzie—I'm much mistaken, if it soon will be.

Brown—Although I scarce can check my ready tears,
So much you've pained me by your jeers,
My feelings I'll restrain, and let you know,
What I have just learned an hour ago,
They will resign, at once, this very day,
And I'll be sent for, my informant say.

John S.—Zounds! Is't so? I scarce can trust my ears,
That such good luck in store for us appears.
Hip! Hip! Hurrah! I'm almost mad with joy—
I must embrace you, George, my darling boy.

Cauchon—Dear sar, I have for you vor moodh respect,
And you will take me with you, I expect.

McGee—Perhaps; ho fears to let you near his eyes.

Mackenzie—Just see, how overly whining car now tries,
To tick the hand of him he lately roes;
Such hypocritants I never saw before.

(Immense confusion, in which the Bothwell catalogues suffer tolerably, the Victoria's wig is torn to atoms, and our Reporter violently ejected through the window.)

Scene II.—*Legislative Assembly—Speaker in the Chair at 10 o'clock, A. M.—John A. MacD., and other Ministers—Nearly all the Opposition, except Brown, who is gritting himself abashed and titillated for his expected visit to the Governor.*

John A., (rises)—At last, sir, comes the red momentous hour
To bid farewell to ministerial power.

Yes, but the country mourns, yea, let her weep,
In self-wrought woes let the whole people steep,
I leave you all, I leave you to the Grits,

Sincerely hoping they may give you fits,
Prey on your substance, bring you to despair,
Till crime and famine stare you in the face.
Vile Grits! who whom they board their gracious Queen,
(Or would do't if a beard were to be seen.)—
Vile Grits! who whom they snubbed most royal madame,
Informed the Ministry they thought they had 'em.
It is to these I leave each recent member,
To try the people somewhere in September.
If they're not overwhelmed by the universal dander,
Why then I say my name is not John Alexander.

J. S.—Why, what's the use of all this hishululu,
Unto the Oppositionists impudic,
A wish to snub our honoured Queen Victoria.
Down, down with such a rude malicious story.
You bachelors must all leave your wickets and field,
As sure as my name's what it is, John Sandfield.

Dorion—Dear Speaker, you and all the members know,
That such excuses "never are no go."

John A.—Hush up dear sir, we'd better not adjourn,
We'll give you Grits and Rouges all your turn,
And when you've formed your own sweet Coalition,
May fights and squabbles send you to perdition
(House adjourns.)

Scene III.—*Vice-Royal Cellar—Sir Edmund bottling some wine for a friend, and singing "Here we go up, up, up, and here we go down, down, down," in a tin kettle cahregymose key.*

Enter Butler—Here comes Geo. Brown, the Premier that's to be.

Enter Brown, (kicking Butler)—Say, Mr. Brown, or else I'll
tell Sir E.

Sir E., (kicking Butler)—If George dares on being Premier to
ry,

He'll find he counts his chickens Premier-turely.

Geo. B., (gravely)—O cease those vile, those despicable puns,
While Canada down ruin's hillside runs.

I've come to save the country from the ruin,
Revolt and rebellion, mischief which is "Brown."

Sir E.—If it is brain, then you have to bear it.

Geo. B.—Behave or I shall go, I shall, I swear it.

Sir E.—You will, you mean, (calls Butler,) just please to wait a
minute,

I'll give you a small book, you'll find hints in it.

Geo. B.—Your book is banged, and all your shilly-shallying,
I'll have no more of this vain frivolous dallyings!
I'm come a Clear Grit Ministry to form,
Virtuous and strong to weather out the storm.

Dorion, (rushes in and trips up the butler, who is bringing down
a copy of an Essay on Shall and Will.)

Clear George I cannot arrange at all,
The "Houtous" will not follow at my call;
Laberge, John Sandfield, Cauchon, and McGee
Will not take office, go we quite at sea.

Sir E., (to Brown, clapping his hands) Now, sir, we soon shall
see who's who,

Now I've got rid of the Grit Bugaboo;
If I had known that this would come about
I'd long ago have turned Macdonald out;
But still it is most comforting to know
You're not in after all—roll, you may go.

Geo. B., (seizes two bottles of Cognac and brandysies them
about the Viceroy's head.)

Dorion, (rushes forward and seizes Brown.)

Mon ami gardez vous, on vous altreperez,
Quelque chose que vous us reishierez pas tres,
(Mr. Brown, driven to the last extremity of rage and vexation,
hammers both Dorion and Sir E., and rushes away, leaving both
prostrate among the wine-puncleons.)

Those Cognac bottles have an awful gas,
I'm nothing now but a mere brandy mask;
But sooner black and blue through all the town,
Would I be beat, than be the least Done Brown,

"The Coon in the Corn."

—It is said that the Hon. Malcolm Cam-
eron, has invited the "Royal Bavarian Chopinodist,"
to dinner. The hon. gentleman's good opinion of
Dr. Schlosser is founded on his valuable services to
the Temperance cause; that physician having de-
voted his life to the one noble object, of pre-
venting people from being "corned."

THE STORY OF LITTLE MISS GOVERNMENT.

Little Man'ello Government,
She used to flirt around,
Smiling with one lover wait,
Then turned away and frowned.

Till at last her lovers said,
"She must decide now whether
She will marry one of us,
Or cut us altogether."

Wherefore up spoke bold Toronto,
With lay around his brow;
And ambitious Hamilton too,
With joy joined in the row.

Up spoke beetle-browed Quebec,
And broad-backed Montreal—
Ottawa that pigmy speck,
And in the country all.

Petty leverick corporations,
Municipal or not,
Straightway framed their declarations,
Perchance to go to pot.

First all said they'd fairly vote it,
And vote it most decisively,
When Quebec, however, got it,
Sheering most deviously.

They maintained that so far East,
She surely would be frozen,—
Too much Frenchified at least,
E'en though furs kept her toes on.

Now the contest waxing warmer,
Disturbed the lady sadly;
The angry words gan to alarm her,
Hysterics shook her badly.

Till at last her British mother,
Referred to by the suitors,
Promised to fix all the pother,
If they'd be coadjutors.

Her maternal aspicion,
To please all thought she'd got away,
Thinking to give less offence,
By choosing baby Ottawa.

When this was communicated,
The sweets would not abide it,
And the row again created,
Has not yet subsided.

The first again to flirting went,
And men say with a frown—
'T will only be Miss-Government,
Until she settles down.

Information badly wanted.

"Where is Ottawa?"—*Ottawa Citizen, last week.*

—Will some obliging correspondent—will the Editor of Notes and Queries—will any body tell us "where is Ottawa?" We understand that some malicious scoundrel doubled it up and put it in his pocket, as one might a sandwich, and carried it over to the other side for sale. We hope the Ottawonians will be well treated, for Ottawa is Ottawa all the world over; and the Editor of the Citizen must arrive at the same conclusion if he considers. We suppose he meant to say, "Where are we?" Unless, indeed, he wishes us to believe that the aforesaid filibustor has actually carried Ottawa from under his feet, and that he is at present suspended in mid-air. If that is really the case, we advise him not to think of returning to this dirty world, but to make for the next with all dispatch. If he is inclined to balloon it, there is yet time to procure sufficient gas—as the House will not be dissolved—not physically, but legally—for some time.

LAMENT,
SUPPOSED TO BE SUNG BY WM. CAYLEY, THREE WEEKS HENCE.

Air—Old Dog Tray.
The Government's day is past,
And Brown's in place at last,
And with him the Clear Grits of a former day,
The members we have seen
In opposition keen,
Are making sport of poor John A.

*Chorus—*Poor John A's very doleful,
Griev'd at the loss of his pay,
He's fretful and he's wild,
A man so awfully riled,
There never was as poor John A.

When Brown speaks of the past,
His eyes are on him cast,
I know that he feels like to cut his throat some day,
Though now he cannot speak
Above a paltry sneak,
He's jabbering all the time, is poor John A.
Poor John A., &c., &c.

The man he called his own
Have mislead me by one,
The false ones, the Frenchmen have all gone astray;
Their ready voices are gone,
Their bulging is done,
There's nothing left to poor John A.
Poor John A., &c., &c.

THE EXCITEMENT IN THE HOUSE.

It is not often that we witness such a pleasant scene, as we saw in the House on yesterday (Friday) afternoon, before the Speaker took the chair. Mr. Foley was surrounded by a crowd of jolly faces—fore-most among which, was that of the late Post-Master General, who, in playful mood insisted on cheering him into the ministerial benches. Mr. J. S. McDonald was captured on the steps leading to the chair, and had a narrow escape of being treated in a similar manner. Attorney General McDonald never was seen in better spirits, and at the solicitation of his admirers danced a horn-pipe on the floor below the mace. Mr. Piche was an object of great attention, and in return for being lionized, got in the late Attorney General's seat, and made a speech which was rapturously received, after which he sang a song, with a chorus, which was led off by the Attorney General East, and sustained by the whole house. Dr. Connor was in as great glee as if he had his appointment to the Bench already in his pocket; and to show his fitness for such a position, he allowed himself to be blinded for a game of blind-man's buff. Clear Grits and Ministerialists were hand and glove; and the frolic was at its height, when the Speaker was announced, and the members dispersed to their places, like school-boys at the sight of their domine.

Then the doors were ordered to be opened, and instantly the great unwashed rushed to the top gallery; while the strangers' was soon filled by an eager mob of ladies and gentlemen, who trampled and crushed one another in a dreadful manner—in order to secure a sight.

Order being restored Mr. John Sheridan Hogan rose, and prepared himself for a brilliant effort. All eyes were fixed upon him, and the silence was intense, when instead of launching into an oration after Burke, he simply presented a petition and took his seat amidst the suppressed titter of the members.

Mr. J. S. McDonald next rose, and again the house was in any agony of suspense. "Mr. Speaker (said J. S.) Mr. Dorion—not able—ministry. What—xtensive time 'el—Monday." (signa of disappointment apparent in galleries.)

Hon. J. S. McDonald rose, and once more the

immense crowd, was as hushed as the grave. "MR. SPEAKER, [said he] My-hon-friend-want's-time. Certainly. Can-have-two-months-if-he-pleases—more-that-this-house-do-now-adjourn."

The Speaker put the question and vanished, leaving the densely-packed-multitude-staring-at-each other in the most comical manner in the world; and expecting in patience, for the second part to commence. But nothing further occurred to atone for the brevity of the proceedings which they had come so far and suffered so much to witness.

THE THEATRE.

It would require no little assurance on the part of any one who saw "London Assurance" the other night, to predict that it will live for a hundred years. The first two acts went on wings of lead, although we occasionally caught a glimpse of Charles Mathews as *Dazzle*. We do not wonder indeed that Mr. Bourcicault, on the first introduction of this comedy, should have been at a loss to explain it, for it seems to us that it has been put together much after the fashion of a meddly song, in which contrariety of tune and meaning constitute the excellence. *Dazzle* is a mystery unaccountable, except as a vehicle for saying smart things, which one might tolerate in a billiard room; but as put forth by Mr. *Dazzle*, they seem to found a system of social ethics of the never-say-die school, which even we, funny men, by no means straight-laced, cannot endorse. But *Lady Gay Spanker* comes on the scene: a fine dashing, hard-riding lady—which Mrs. Mathews performed admirably—but of no aid to such plot as there is: plot! where is it? What does the plot mean? A question which has already puzzled the author. Sir *Harcourt Courtley*, whom we saw most of, and liked least, falls in love with lady *Gay*, and is laughed at. We thought, indeed, that Mr. Nickinson should have played that part—if he is still connected with the Theatre. His name is yet on the hand-bills, and he owes something to the play-goers of Toronto. Of the other characters, *Dolly Spanker*, is the best. Indeed, he is to our mind, the hero of the piece. Mr. Lee acted this character to the life. We do not know how to treat *Charles Courtley*, (Mr. Marlow) for positively "there is nothing in it." *Meadie* (Mr. Biddles), is a lawyer who fills up the low comedy gap, and was satisfactorily done by Mr. B. *Grace* (Mrs. Marlow) did not realize our ideal any more than that she was pestered with *ennui*.

The engagement of Mr. and Mrs. Mathews terminates to-night. Mr. Mathews has run the gauntlet of his favourite pieces, and carries with him our earnest wishes. Many of his more highly-finished characters may appear to him not to have been quite appreciated, but that is owing to the state of society here, which bears but few affinities to the more refined and delicate shades of comedy, which require more knowledge of the world than many of us have opportunities of learning. We can adduce that piece, "Two can play at that game," which although put upon the stage in a way not to disgrace a metropolitan theatre, was not appreciated as it ought to have been.

Mr. Mathews and his charming wife will leave a gap in our little theatrical world which it will be difficult to fill.

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

On Thursday morning last, the members of the Legislative Assembly, with an exhibition of bilarity unknown during the reign of the late ministry, entered into a boisterous game of tomfoolery. The House had adjourned at 10 o'clock, after the resignation of the ministry. The Speaker's chair and the Treasury benches were empty. Mr. Fellowes allowed himself to be thrust into the chair, on condition of being allowed to smoke his cigar as usual. Gordon Brown was brought down from the reporters gallery and placed in the late Receiver General's chair. Peter Brown was sent for and became a mock Commissioner of Public works, while Mr. Geo. Brown amid loud cheers was ordered to present the House with a mimic Budget, that he might show his capacity for the post of Inspector General. Mr. Robinson struggled violently with Dr. Connor for the Solicitor General west's seat, till Mr. Mowatt turned them both away and took possession of it himself. The other seats were filled about as competently by the time that Inspector General Brown had prepared his Budget.

Inspector General Brown begged the House to remember it was now at the end of the Session of 1859, a Session remarkable for tranquil and successful legislation. The country had recovered from the effects of former ministerial incompetency, and was in a thriving and vigorous condition. To proceed to details which he was certain would defy the attacks of a cavilling opposition, he would state, in the first place, that since the Bothwell estate had become the seat of Government, it had become devalued in value, and its sale had realized a comfortable competency for himself and family, and consequently for the Province in general. There was in the said estate a large quantity of marsh land, which he would be happy to sell to the Government for depreciated debentures, on condition of its draining said lands and making a public park of them for the recreation of the inhabitants of Bothwell and of the two Provinces.

He was happy to state that the *Globe* newspaper which had so long been of immense utility to the Province, as an exposé of fraud and corruption, had become entirely freed from debt since its connexion with the Queen's Printing Office.

The Great Western Railway had also met with great prosperity, was yielding a large dividend, and was about to assume in a short time the debts and responsibilities of the Grand Trunk Railway.

All these great national blessings, and a fair share of agricultural prosperity owing, under Providence, to the exertions of Mr. McDougall, the Minister of Agriculture, who, by circulating his "Cultivators" broadcast throughout the country, had completely eradicated the weevil, had so recruited the finances of the country, that, instead of the alarming deficiency existing at the close of Mr. Cayley's official career, there was now a surplus of twelve millions of dollars. (Hear, hear.) At this moment a messenger came from the Government House, requesting an interview with Mr. Brown. Mr. Brown immediately decamped, and upon Mr. Powell's offering to treat all round, the mock Parliament adjourned for a drink.

GEORGE BROWN'S SOLILOQUY.

To do thus is nothing ;
But to be safely thus ;—My fears in Hillaryd,
Stick deep ; and in the plenitude of his puns
Stigma that, which should be feared ;—His Orange too ;
And in the powerful influence that gives,
He hath a cunning that may control its votes
For his election.—There is none but he,
Whose running doth I fear ;—and by his means,
My votes might be bought, as it is said
Bob Moolie was by Copley. So did the Electors
When first they made me Member for the Town,
And bade them think of him, then soothing like,
They said he'd be their senior member next.

If it be so,
For Cameron's party have I fought so long ;
For them the Coalition have I berked ;
Put Copley on the rack for bungling accounts,
Only for them ; and my Herculean labors,
Thrown as it were to the very devil,
To give them power, the Conservator pow'r !
Rather than so, come D'Arcy to my aid,
And champion me amongst the Papists !

THE CRISIS.

When the Governor General sent for Mr. Brown, that hon. gentleman, we understand, was engaged in writing an article in which Sir Edmund Head was, as usual, abused like a pick-pocket for not turning out the Ministry. No sooner, however, did the scarlet coat of the Aide-de-camp appear in the door-way of the sanctum than the editorial was sent into the fire, and the writer immediately started for the Government House. After the interview, the following letters and replies were sent out and received from the *Globe* office :—

W. L. MCKENZIE, Esq.,

DEAR SIR,—I'm in, much to my own astonishment. Will you accept the office of Speaker of the Upper House ?

Yours, &c.,

Geo. Brown.

(Answer.)

Mr. Mac. presents his compliments, and wants to know if Mr. Brown wants him to sign his own death-warrant ?

Hon. JOHN ROSS,

DEAR SIR,—If promises of further aid to the G. T. R. R. will induce you to accept office, say so, and oblige,

Yours, &c.,

Geo. Brown.

(Answer.)

Mr. Ross supposes that Mr. Brown is equally sincere as Mr. Dazzle, when he offered his friend his acceptance, because it was of no use to himself.

Mr. CHRISTIE will be glad to hear that he is nominated Minister of Agriculture. Mr. Brown expects in return that he will open his mouth and say something.

GORDON BROWN,

Per G. B.

(Answer.)

DEAR GEORGE,—You know I can't say a word in the House, and that's the reason I got so near you—for you talk enough for both of us. Of course I accept.

Yours till death,

DAVID CHRISTIE.

Mons. BONAURY,

HONORED SIR,—Having been at the Theatre the other night, I was much struck with your appearance, and hope you will accept the office of Provincial Secretary in the new Government.

Yours truly,

A. DONON.

(Answer.)

SIR,—You must be von damn fool.

Yours,

BILLY BONAURY.

Mons. LABERGE may have any office he likes—inasmuch as he can't exist much longer out of a glass case.

A. DONON.

Mr. BOB MOODY.

DEAR FRIEND—Forget and forgive. You can have the lighthouse—only remember—my return next election.

Adieu,

Geo. Brown.

(Answer.)

SIR,—You mean, contemptible, catavompus. I'll cook your goose at the next election.

BOBBERT.

JOHN SHERIDAN HOGAN's note received. He's too old and conceited to reform—so he must slide.

G. B.

Jos. GOULD, Esq.,—What would you like ?

G. B.

(Answer.)

DEAR ZON,—Make me Post Mister General. You nows i'm posted inletters.

Jos GOULD.

(Answer.)

SIR,—That post is engaged. You can secure a tide-waitership, if you like.

G. B.

AUNT ADELAIDE'S ADVICE—No. III.

MY OWN DEAR LUCY,—There is no point, on which a young girl should dwell more, than upon her manners ; and you are not so perfect, my dear child, but that you may read with some benefit the words of your old god-mother. I mean something more than the mere minor proprieties of life. A young lady who has danced so much as you have, cannot but move with a certain grace, and at table it would be strange if you did not evince some refinement even when hungry. I take all this for granted. What I mean, is rather your general manner, typical of your tone of thought, and your every-day way of living.

There are some young ladies whose youth having been passed with educated men, have wasted their young years in reading, instead of acting as you do, my dear, who spend your mornings agreeably in the streets and stores. Not that I accuse you of the least improper familiarity with any of the good-looking assistants in the drapers' shops. On the contrary, I have seen you keep them perfectly in their places, with a proper disregard of their feelings, which might be called rudeness, but which, in a lady of your delicacy, is only self respect. What I mean to say is, that as you ceased your literary exercises

when you left school, doubtless you feel yourself sometimes in a false position when the conversation stupidly turns upon books and history ; just as if anything which happened a century or two ago could interest you. I would therefore recommend you with that propriety of life, and with that good sense which distinguish you, at all times to say, that you wonder what people see in all this—that you prefer a walk, especially in the streets. For you know that you can't tell a coreopsis from a rhododendron, and hence your excuse to be continually seen in them. In your promenades, on no account acknowledge the wrong style of person, and make it a mere matter of convenience to yourself when, and where, and how you do know any body. The strength of our sex, my dearest niece, is in a little secret. Most of us have two sols of manners, for a woman owes nothing to herself. Gratitude I feeling, truth ! Words, Lucy, words, words ! Let me explain to you, as you have not read the works of Shakspeare, this is a quotation from Hamlet, of which he is the author, and is considered rather telling. No matter what your position may be, be guided by your sensibilities. It is true that some common people might call them vulgar and selfish fears ; and they do say, that when these dominate, all the generous, and high, and ennobling attributes of character disappear, and a woman sinks into a scandal-loving, selfish, mean, unamiable personage. But this is all nonsense. Consult purely your own will. Never be good natured. Never be anxious to please, unless something is to be got by it. Be indifferent to everybody's feelings and happiness but your own, and when annoyed with anything, you may have your satisfaction by being cold and indifferent to those who have the happiness to live with you. Never hesitate to sacrifice a friend, however good and devoted he may have been to you, for, dear Lucy, you are so charming and attractive, you can get a true friend whenever you seek for one, by merely wishing it. Friends, love, are so plentiful !

Ever your attached Aunt,

ADELAIDE ALICE BROWN.

St. George's Square,
Thursday Evening.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

When an enterprising man like Mr. CARV, at the corner of Church and Front Streets, opens the doors of his Bathrooms to the public at the rate of three Yorkshillings per man, and supplies each customer moreover with every luxury that can make life dear, even to an intended suicide, (Mr. Merdle would never have committed suicide in Mr. CARV's establishment,) we feel inclined to do anything but tell him to go to Bath. While we are punning we may as well state that Mr. CARV's business is so extensive that Mother Carv's chickens are not the procurers of a more violent elemental war than that over which Mr. CARV and his human poultry [though they are not fair they are anything but foul] preside—such is the bubbling and boiling of the thousand and one baths he has provided for the exhausted public.

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