

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. 1.

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NO. 48.

THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, FEB. 12, 1859.

THE PROVINCIAL SPOUTING APPARATUS—No. III.

I.—THE SPEAKER VS. THE REPORTERS.

After your death you were better have had an epitaph than their in report while you live.—*Hamlet.*

Mr. Speaker is pachydermatous. No amount of remonstrance seems to have the slightest effect on him; no amount of exposure starves him. He has driven the reporters out of their retiring room to make room for his secretary; and now although there are on the staff of our three daily contemporaries about fifteen reporters, a small room, across which a moderately sized man could not extend himself, about five feet by nine is all they can get when it is necessary for them to leave the gallery to copy out their notes. Besides this, and notwithstanding that tickets have been issued to the legitimate occupants of the gallery, this Legislative Bruin, this officious boor floods the gallery with his particular friends when the atmosphere is heated to fever point, when the head aches and the face is flushed with the stifling air the members of the press are compelled to breathe. If the Speaker and the House think that they are conferring a favour, and waiving a privilege by admitting the press, let the reporters know it, and they will cease to sully paper with the wretched trash which is poured forth daily there. Let them give a hint, and the gentlemen of the press will leave them to an oblivion which is as deserved as it would be fatal. The obligation is all the other way. The account stands something like this:—Dr. To had grammar corrected, to misquotation rectified, to stammering forgotten, to polishing and amending and improving. Cr.—By the in-ivilities of a surly Dogberry, by charges of falsification, by head-aches and colds, by ingratitude and thanklessness. Let Mr. Smith then think better of this matter. It is really wanton cruelty to animals, and if we had a society here to protect the patient slaves of mankind we should have the Speaker indicted forthwith. There is one consolation, things will not always go on thus. When a new Parliament is called, we may have a gentlemen in the chair, at present we have little hope of reformation. "Well, 'tis no matter; let Hercules himself do as he may," the legislative cats will mew eight hours at a sitting, and the presiding dog will have his day.

II.—LEGISLATIVE NOISES.

There was a time we are told when young sprigs of the House of Commons used to amuse them-

selves with the jawa-harp, as a selace when the press inflicted long speeches on the House. We have been blessed with desk-scraping and lettering, snapping in past sessions, but just now these intellectual pastimes have fallen into disrepute. The former joke has doubtless ceased from the high price of leather, and the exorbitant charges of the bootmaker; the latter because the honorable member for North Simcoe had to pay for one of those useful articles broken, while snapping at the hon. member for Grey. We are not, however, entirely deprived of noise; Heaven forbid that we should be. We have first the "hear, hear," which may be divided into several classes.

There is the "hear, hear" dignified and confraternal as exemplified by the solemn member from Toronto and St. Hyacinthe; the "eer, ee" grinning and terrierish of Monsieur Cartier, and wildly reproduced by Mr. Bureau. The "hear, hear" impudent and ironical of a host of members; the "hear, hear" stupid and ignorant of Mr. Gowan, when a French member is speaking; the "hear, hear" jolly and comfortable, diluted by a laugh by the Hon. Mr. Galt; and the "hear, hear" encouraging of the Attorney General West when a weak brother such as poor Ferguson is floundering; and the "ecoutez" mischievous of the member for Ibrerville.

Then we have the laugh in its various varieties. The laugh equine of the Hon. Chevalier Cartier de Windsor coming from behind his canine teeth; the laugh sickly of Mr. J. A. McDonald; the laugh stomachic of Mr. Brown; the laugh healthy of Mr. Foley and Galt; the laugh whiskey-and-waterish of —, well we'll spare him this time; the laugh habitual of Mr. Hegan, and the laugh misanthropical of Mr. Rose; and lastly we have the yawn, first introduced this session for the benefit of Monsieur Trois Heures Morin. Now if honorable members will confine themselves to these three noises till they are perfect in them, we shall be satisfied; and if we could induce Mr. Cartier not to laugh till he knows how, and to spare us the "yeh, yob, yaw" which grates so upon the ear, one great portion of our mission would be accomplished.

III.—PASTE AND SCISSORS STATESMANSHIP.

A thing of wares and patches.—*Hamlet.*

Whenever we want to test the propriety of a system of political tactics we, as loyal Britisbers, look at home; and when we find a practice in vogue here which would never be tolerated there, we condemn it at once. Now suppose that Mr. Disraeli who actually approaches very near the boundary which divides satire from coarseness were to get up in the House, and read from Lord John Russell's organs what they had said of Mr. Bright or any other radical he is about to act with; and suppose this was made the substitute for any enunciation of the policy of his own government, what would he said to him? Why the Speaker would stop him at

once as transgressing the rules of the House, and even if permitted, he would forever forfeit the title of statesman.

In Canada, however, this is statesmanship. The farces are no longer the insignia of ruly/gum mutilage and tailors' shears have crowded them out; and the scrap-book is the political Bible of an intelligent representative body. Coke, Blackstone, Hallam, DeLozme, and Hansard have given way to the common-place book; and politicians like seamstresses, square their conduct by patterns cut from old newspapers. What a farce it is to be sure. Of course, poor Benjamin's physical oppression would not admit of his undergoing severer labour than clipping and pasting, but to think of Ross, a Minister of the Crown turning himself into a sub-editor is sad in the extreme. Let those who are so fond of this paper warfare, think of the effective speeches of Messrs. Dunkin, Galt, Connor, and others made without this wretched filth-raking, and either cease boring the House, or keep from returning as the washed sow, to this filthy wallowing in the mire.

THE THEATRE.

To-night, Lady Head, and the ladies of Toronto will patronize the benefit of Mrs. Marlowe. As it is the last occasion, we understand, on which Mr. or Mrs. Marlowe will appear on any stage, the play-goers of Toronto will not miss this opportunity of paying a just compliment to two artists who hold so high a position in public estimation.

As for ourselves, while regretting the loss which the stage will sustain by the withdrawal of Mr. Marlowe, whose talents are of a superior order, and who was just emerging into a distinguished position in his profession, we can only say that both Mr. and Mrs. Marlowe will carry with them not only our well wishes, but also the good-wishes, respect, and admiration of the community.

Contradiction.

—There is no truth in the statement that the Hon. Mr. LaBerge, M.P.P., is about to apply for the office of ladies' maid to Her Excellency. The habit which the hon. gentleman has of rolling up the "Orders of the day" into most irreproachable curling paper, and extemporising fans out the "Notices of motion," is rather to be interpreted as an indication of the desire of the hon. gentleman to torture the framers of those "orders" and "notices" in the same contemptuous manner.

Information Wanted?

—Is the royal prerogative made of the same stuff as the "flaunting flag of liberty?" Judging the number of times it is said to have been waved (waived) of late, it must be of the same fast colors or else it would have waved itself into a jelly long ago.

VALENTINES.

Good morrow, 'tis Saint Valentine's day.—*Shakespeare.*

To aid our less gifted readers we present a few Valentines by our own Valentine Writer. We have only to express the hope that all our dear lady friends will meet the favour of the patron saint of the day, and that no wretched wit or coarse cynic will cause a single pang to their innocent little hearts:—

To Misanthrope to hys Lover.

Want you have me, cruel Susan?
Won't you send a soothing line?
I shall be a stark stiff corpse,
If you're not my Valentine.

Water stifles, ice is brittle,
And the bay, though frozen up,
Has sufficient water, Susan,
To overflow my bitter cup.

I have razors, sharp and shiny,
Rodgers puffs them as his best;
One good stroke across the jugular
Puts my weary soul at rest.

Strychnine's bitter, druggists foolah
Would a pou'orth sell to me;
Two kicks, three sniffles, a couvulsion,
Are the last you'd see of me.

Ropes are bawdy, bod-pose plenty,
I have four about my house;
A tight knot, a leap, a choking,
Make me quiet as a mouse.

Green has "pistals" and bullets,
Gunpowder's as cheap as dirt,
And a loaded pill would kill me,
Ere I know that I was hurt.

Now reject me and I'll "pison,"
Hang, or shoot me out of trouble;
Or, if that is unsuccessful,
I'll subscribe to "Aged Double."

To Pettifogger Deth yb Prettie.

Sweet Angelina, dearest, hear me sue
And read the writ I've specially endorsed;
I'll serve thee until death; so Sunday night
Appear in person, love, or I am lost.

The plaintiff claims thy heart, oh give it him;
The costs superior court-ing takes are very great;
Oh 'tis thy interest, sweet, to heed his suit,
Appear in person then, ere 'tis too late.

And then he'll treat thee to a declaration
Of all the woes which make him mourn; so
Will to thee declare his count-less sighings,
And court thee, dear, by Cupid his attorney.

Or I will plead to thee, do thou declare
For girls the practice deed not in this case;
So arch and bold are they in their defence,
That Archbold's learning hides its shameful face.

But if thou wilt "say nothing" to my suing,
Relieve by gentle blushing, my distress, oh I
Plead guilty and in place of declaration,
Allow me to take judgment *pro confesso*.

Do not demur or now I give thee notice
Of that sad trial which doth impend o'er me;
Blest not the hope which garnish his sad heart,
But let me, darling, still be garnished.

Enlarge my time, sign not my judgment roll,
Tax me with what you will, but oh, be nice;
And let this Honourable Court a verdict give,
That she shall be my constant Valentine.

To Butcher Boy in ye Arcade to hys loving Ballio.

When you read these lines, dear Sally,
Smile my rosy darling duck,
Or your loving butcher laddie,
Sure as fate will lose his pluck.

Say you love me, little Sally,
With your lips so ripe and red,
Or you'll turn my upper story,
To a dish of cooked calf's head.

Sweet Sally, rosy Sally,
Chief of my fond heart's delights,
On thy smiles I'd rather feast, love,
Than on live fresh bullock's lights.

Be my valentine, sweet Sally,
Ease your own true lover's sighs,
Thou I swear I'll never cast, dear,
On no other gal, sheep's eyes.

Be my valentine, dear Sally,
And we never more will sever,
You shall be my wee pet lamb'kin,
And shall live with me forever.

A Little Cobbler Boy to his Molly.

Go, little Valentine, and tell
Sweet Molly my heart's no longer whole;
For, like an aze, her admiring eyes
Have pierced right through and through my sole.

Go I ax her if she'll not consent
Her lot through life with mine to cast;
Go I tell her that as time shall wax,
I'll stick like leather to the last.

Go I hid her be my Valentine,
And then as time still onward rolls,
We'll stick together year by year,
And be a pair of double souls.

To Tailor's Valentine to his Darling Bot.

I send thee, Bot, this Valentine,
To ask thee if though wilt be mine,
Through life whilst I with fingers fumble
Do ply the needle and the thimble.

Be mine sweet Bot, int Bot be mine,
Fair peace shall on our future shine,
We'll cast all care and sorrow loose,
And live on Cabbage, love, and goose.

Consent, big Bot, oh! make me blessed,
And off thy lips shall be *not pressed*,
Till old time, with his tailor's shears,
Cuts off our thread of happy years.

OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

Now that the license law and the police question are disposed of, and nothing of very great importance presses upon the attention of the Blowers, we may expect to see some of the native peculiarities of the members displayed in the discussion of smaller matters,—subjects not too extended for their comprehension, and in consideration of which they take a great interest. This was very evident at the regular and special meeting of this week,—the greater part of the first being consumed in discussing the merits of some unhappy son of a gun who had been appointed to a petty office under the Board of Works. If ever man was beslaivered with praise by one party, and as badly abused by another, this individual was the one. In the midst of this discussion the Council was favored with a splendid passage at arms between Messrs. Sheard and J. E. Smith, which, after a dull and dreary debate on important subjects, was delightfully refreshing, reminding one of the old Council and the scenes that so frequently characterized that body. It was amusing to see how quickly the sleepy constables in attendance picked up their ears, and how expectant the galleries were of a regular set-to. Unfortunately, however, it was only a flash in the pan, and the Council subsided into quietude. The Mayor called a special meeting on Wednesday night for the appointment of the assessors, and happily so

for the members, as the attendance was small, and they were saved from the indignation of friends of disappointed applicants, who, had the meeting been on the usual night, would have flocked in large numbers to the Council chamber.

Old Double again at her Tricks.

—After reviewing the *Globe's* platform, with its usual dullness and obscurity, *Old Double* suddenly breaks out with the following melo-dramatic quotation:

"Ha, infidel! we have thee on the hip!"

The force of such an exclamation must be at once seen. "Ha, infidel!" that is, "Ha, *Globe!* *Old Double* has got thee on its hip!" Hip, hip, hurrah! we say. Give the infidel a good fall, *Old Double*; tumble the unbelieving miscreant into bottom blazes right off. What can have produced such an unusual agitation in our ancient friend we cannot imagine, unless her last cup of tea was made too strong, and consequently got into her head.

Query?

—Did the member for South Simcoe serve an apprenticeship to the washtub? Judging from the practised manner in which the hon. gentleman shook his handkerchief, and hung it out to dry on the back of his neighbour's chair during his late stunning oration on the Address, after each occasion that he mopped his dull putty-shaped face, one would be inclined to think that he did. The hon. gentleman is certainly a loss to the washtub fraternity.

Tired of the Honor.

—The Hon. Malcolm Cameron is tired of being called "Honourable." Whether this is from the natural humility and modesty which are his only failings, or from the fact that the Postmaster General bears the title, we of course cannot tell. It is a fact, however, that Mr. Cameron has determined to be "Honorable" no longer. Mr. Sidney Smith might also dispense with the "Onabull," as he delicately pronounces it, we want say that he *done wrong not by no means*.

A Question for Pawnbrokers.

—The honor of the house is said to be pledged? How much did the pledgor raise on the article; and how much would the pledgee raise on it suppose he were to sell it by public auction? We doubt if he would raise the wind by it.

True to his Principles.

—The bitterest friend of the Senior member for Toronto cannot affirm that he ever changed or turned his coat. We do not know whether the same cannot be said of the hon. gentleman's shirt. But at all events, it is certain that the memory of man runneth not back to the time when Mr. Brown wore anything but a dress coat in his place in the House.

Important Measure.

—The Hon. M. Allan, we understand, is about to introduce a bill into the Upper House entitled "An Act to give the Hon. M. Vankoughnet three dollars and seventy-five cents to purchase a new hat." A call of the House has been ordered to discuss the bill at its second reading.

DR. EYERSON TO D'ARCY McGEE.

You think yourself a poet, don't you?
And you'll be made immortal, won't you?
You're no wile and lasso self-seeker,
With the meekest you are meeker—
Ala't you? God be praised!

You ne'er made a brother weak;
Did you, you black, confounded sneek?
How dare you tell such lies, you wretch?
I'll bet some day you're neck will stretch
For this, Sir. Fate be praised!

I'll bet you, rebel scoundrel, there,
I'll see you dancing in the air
An Irish jig from a tight rope,
Until your short thick neck is broke,
You rascal. Right be praised!

You Irish blackguard, up to snuff,
I guess I'll give you jaw enough;
I'll make you cry and sue for mercy,
You rascal, rebel, scoundrel D'Arcy.
Look out, then. Fate be praised!

To Poet, D'Arcy McGee, to ye Reverend Scribbler, Dr. Eyerson.

You Reverend knave, how dare you look
An honest man, Sir, in the face?
How dare you show your naughty phiz,
And brand your calling with disgrace?

How dare you live, you scribbling knave;
Confound you, Sir, your silus confus,
Explain that cool six thousand anal,
How have been scragged ere now for less.

THE LEGISLATIVE BORE No. II.

THE VULGAR BORE.

The times have been
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end.—*Macbeth*.

Whether the appalling and alarming state of things disclosed by the thane of Cawdor was really correct or not, we cannot say.

We can easily imagine that if Charon was really so faithless to his charge as to give return tickets to the shades to revisit the glimpses of the moon, no slight inconvenience and agitation must have resulted to the philosophic mind of that worthy Scot. Like many politicians of a later day and of a then unknown country, he disliked agitation; his nerves were delicate; his mind was refined; and his ideas moderate and staid, and we can well understand that so novel and dangerous an innovation on the Cawdorite constitution must have produced almost as great dismay as the continued demands for Representation by Population have on less noble minds, and in more recent times. Be this as it may, the movement of that day has apparently ceased, and unless we are disposed to credit Judge Edmonds and Mrs. Hatch, the vexed question has been set at rest by the obliging disposition of the agitators. But, unfortunately, political ghosts are not to be persuaded so easily. Brains are by no means essential to the political bore; he comes into the world without them, gets on swimmingly in their absence, and, although killed ever so often, he will not stay dead; he is a sort of political cat, with about nine times the nine lives attributed by a playful tradition to that singular domestic mammal.

Take Gowen for example. There is no killing that man. He has been politically butchered time and again; once he committed suicide and yet he

is as lively and bedious to-day as ever. Who forgets how patiently he underwent the political suture and sacrificed himself like a devoted Hindoo widow upon the funeral pile of the defunct British American tongue? yet, like Macbeth's victim, his marrowless bones will obtrude themselves upon public notice till we all shudder in our shoes at the sight. But we have forgotten ourselves, we were going to illustrate another species of legislative bore,—the vulgar type. We have two splendid individuals the representatives of two families of the class. Take the honourable and classic member for South Simcoe, Tom Ferguson, the "broth of a boy." He kills himself at least once every session, and unfortunately he is so sanguinary that he will not die alone; he regularly murders his mother tongue at the same time, and yet he too lives again notwithstanding that the brains are unquestionably out of him, if indeed they were ever in, which is to say the least extremely problematical. Even his venerable papa-in-law is alarmed by the periodical outbursts of his relation, for whenever the *lamb rises*, he looks *sheepish* and retires from the house. Ferguson is a "janius" in his way. He is gifted by a bountiful nature, with most attractive exterior; his voice, is deep and sonorous and his action Demosthenic. If he is not very correct in his language, he is singularly lavish of what he can command. Verbs of the most singular character follow nouns, whose plurality must be offensive to them; adjectives are powerfully dislocated; prepositions jostle one another in undignified proximity, and participles kindly undertake duty as verbs without regard to their qualifications. Words Webster never dreamed of, dazzle the hearer; pronunciations Walker never attained drop musically on the ear. The nine parts of Speech were never thrown into such commotion before even by Sidney Smith. So perfect an adept at verbicide never appeared on any stage.

And then his gestures are so sublime. An attractive titillation of the nasal organ with the most tempting *mouchoir*, which is occasionally spread out as a sort of table-cloth for the "feast of reason," with which we are treated. But one thing we can say in the hon. gentleman's favour, he is always refined in his allusions, and correct in his arguments. He never descends to Billing-gate, never grows offensive by personality, is never rude. No he. Nature seems to have set her mark upon him as a statesman; she seems to have said, "I have taken uncommon pains with this gentleman; he is the Benjamin of the human family." But Art has done little; it has denied him the benefits of an early education; while nature seems to have made him her oracle on the school question, Art has enviously excluded him from the retreats of learning. He therefore becomes a vulgar bore, speaks two hours at a cost of \$500 to the country, and robs Mr. Rydal of his share of public attention. We think a little money might be advantageously spent in training members in the mysteries of Lennie. Mr. Ferguson would head the first class; A. P. McDonald would not be far behind, while Mr. Gould would come in a good third. A grammar school with, say Hon. M. Cameron, as principal. Terms \$2 a session. School hours from 9 to 12. What do you think of it?

GRAND LEGISLATIVE EXTRAVAGANZA.

(As performed by the Legislative Assembly of Canada, for 13 Nights in Succession, amidst unbounded Applause.)

This extravaganza has now had so successful a run as to merit something more than a mere passing notice at our hands. The Stock Company secured by the Manager on this occasion is large,—and so little expense has been spared in getting the pieces up, that we are confidently assured that the mere salaries of the actors, figures up to \$1,600 a day; and as the players are pretty sure of being paid regularly by the public, they one and all evince such an intense anxiety to please, that each man in his time plays many parts.

In the first scene of the opening act, about a dozen performers execute some daring feats of grand and lofty tumbling, on a *tapes-de-roug*; beautifully and elaborately "checked." The performances of the hero was truly beyond all praise, and provoked universal comment—being on an entirely original and grand scale. The following two or three scenes, exhibit our heroes in spacious banquetting halls, and here an innovation in all former stage tactics has been practised. No sooner is one banquet despatched by the principal performers, than the shifting of a scene finds them seated at another.

At these banquettings, much violent declamation and incoherent language is used by the performers. On one occasion, a performer used such incoherent and alarming language that the prompter at once ordered a flourish of trumpets and devil-tattoo to be given by the orchestra—thus drowning the voice of this man ("Afoley") who had evidently forgotten his part. Our notices of the remainder of the performance must, we find, be brief. The second act contains the most brilliant and bewildering tricks and transformations, and introduces the entire strength of the Company. The first scene rises in a chamber, at the head of which is a wonderful automaton, said to be the workmanship of a cunning Smith. It speaks at rare intervals, but one half the time its utterances are completely unintelligible. The performances here are, as we intimated, very varied. One of the leading players "opens the ball" by the almost incredible feat of swallowing 26 men, when, fortunately for himself, he is instantaneously, by a touch of the magic wand of the hero, transformed into "The Last Rose of Summer." An actor, to all appearance bespattered with travel, next rushes on the stage and snatching the wand from the hero, changes the Crown, into a mere sign-board in a trice, whereat the Prince appears sore dismayed and confounded; and is finally borne off the stage by a terrific army of 390,000 men, with the Wanderer at their heads. A Courtier and three or four others then dance a double-shuffle; after which a most Merit-orious actor sails down an imaginary canal in a barrel of flour. The next and last act closes with a grand tableau, in which five of the performers are artistically grouped, to represent the Triumph of Ottawa. The whole concluding with a grand display of blue and red blazes, with a brilliant representation of the Shower of Gold, in the back ground.

As it is doubtful whether this piece will be produced next week, and the Company will shortly be transferred to Quebec, we could not let the present opportunity pass without noticing this great extravaganza.

THE STATESMAN'S SONG.

In the good old days, when to Canada's praise,
She nobly practiced the most awkward of sciences,
'Twas the saviour, we know, for the Premier & Co.,
To sit and to sit on the Treasury benches.
But in these funny times, when McMilliken quotes rhymes,
In cold opposition they sit ill at ease,
While the bold Cartier sits howling away,
For assurances, checks, and Grit guarantees,

Chorus.—Checks, checks, and guarantees,
That is how the Statesman's song;
Never mind your own misdoing,
Down with Brown and Dorion.

Not a speech or a howl, not a frown or a scowl,
Disturbs the sweet visage of erudite Smith;
Not a scrap does he read, not a laugh does he lead,
But from Brown or Meffe, airs, the joke has its pill.
Not a word falls from Rose, as you might suppose,
Of office, or duty, or notion, or bill;
While McDonald takes naps, his reading old serapes,
And putting Brown-Dorion into the mill.

Chorus.—Checks, checks, &c.

"Not a measure have we, nor the least policy,"
Says the sage Public Works from his nest on the right,
"We are here not to move, but their weakness to prove,"
"And on that, Mr. Speaker, I'll give you some light."
Then Benjamin bawls, and Tom Ferguson calls,
To un-alarmed ministers on the left hand;
But ought does he ask and no man brings to task
Of the part of opposition who govern the land.

Chorus.—Checks, checks, &c.

"Now come, Mr. Brown, says the rule since dawn,
How far did you get, now, and where did you stop?
And about Separate Schools do enlighten us fools,
And what were your checks on the great Rep. by Pop?
So on they all go, ten, twenty, or no,
From the time they get up till the time they sit down,
Pitching in hot and strong into wreck Dorion,
And Drummond and D'Arcy, and poor Geordy Brown.

Chorus.—Checks, checks, and guarantees,
Noble, noble Statesman's song,
Never mind your business, boys,
Down with Brown and Dorion.

A DREAM.

The mellow voice of the Hon Mr. Cartier as he
distilled sweet council, in his nervous French, into
the ears of the few wakeful members of the house,
on Wednesday evening last, had such a soothing
effect on my nerves which were rather unstrung by
the broad Scotch of the hon. member for Toronto,
that I unconsciously dropped asleep, and dreamed the
following dream. The last event of which I was
conscious, being a groan of agony from the reporters'
gallery, which, no doubt, had something to do
with the shaping of my dream:

I thought that the house was crowded to excess,
the members being all present,—the ladies' gallery
overflowing,—the reporters' ditto staggering under
the weight of intruders—the place set apart for the
public filled to suffocation, and every nook and
cranny of the house occupied. Here was an opportunity
for some hon. gentleman to extinguish himself.
The hon. Mr. Cartier rose to legs. No sooner
had the usual "Mr. Speaker" fallen from his lips than
a sensation was observed throughout the whole
house. One by one the ladies went out—two by
two hon. gentlemen disappeared. Still the French
rolled on like a brawling brook. Hour after hour
passed on linden wings. The house was deserted by
strangers and members. The reporters went home
to bed, except one persevering gentleman who
wrote by fits and starts. The Speaker fell fast

asleep, and the messengers did likewise. The
sergeant-at-arms became insensible, and I alone was
left to listen to the torrent of words which fell from
the Premier. Hours passed without a change.
The solitary reporter fell asleep.

Tired waiting, I went out and walked for many
hours, when on returning exhausted nature gave
way and a change came over the spirit of my
dream.

The appearance of the house was changed. The
Speaker had vacated his office; and the hon. Mr.
Foley reigned in his stead. A jug of nut brown ale
foamed beside him, and by the blue smoke that so
gracefully curled over his chair, I knew that a pipe
was near. The table on which the mace had reposed
for so many years had given way to a steaming cauldron
from which arose a fragrant incense of
cloves, lemons and Morton's proof. Through the
steam might be seen, the jolly face of the hon. member
for Lambton stirring the cauldron with the
mace. The hon. member for East Middlesex was
busily engaged in passing the agreeable beverage
around. Members sat indiscriminately on both sides
of the house. Through the reporters' gallery was
constructed a canal, which was constantly supplied
with beer, while a reservoir was erected for the
accommodation of such members of the press as
desired something stronger. Mountains of bread,
pyramids of cheese, hecatombs of pies and joints of
meat, were scattered around,—cargoes of pipes,
tobacco, and cigars, were stored at hand. After a
while a voice was heard to issue from out of the
cloud of smoke that by this time enveloped the
chair.

Speaker—or-r-der—in more liquor.

The mandate was obeyed.

Hon. Mr. Brown, if it was agreeable to hon. gentlemen
would introduce a bill to regulate representation
by population.

Hon. J. A. Macdonald judged by the voice, as he
could not see the speaker by reason of the smoke,
that it was the senior member for Toronto, who had
spoken. The subject had engaged his attention.
Lower Canada it was true had not as large a population
as Upper Canada, but as several of the
bachelors from that district had assured him that
they were prepared to sacrifice themselves at the
matrimonial altar immediately, he hoped his hon.
friend would wait for a reasonable time, when, he
had no doubt the population of Lower Canada
would be found to have largely increased. (Hear,
hear, and cheers.)

Hon. Mr. Brown had no objection to meet his
hon. friend halfway with the measure.

Accordingly both gentlemen met at the cauldron,
where they remained for a considerable time, after
which the hon. member for Toronto returned to his
seat without the bill.

Mr. Piche volunteered a French song.

Hon. Mr. Galt brought in a bill to secure the
Federal Union of the Provinces.

Hon. John S. Macdonald objected to the measure.
And as he wanted a light for his pipe just then, he
hoped his hon. friend would send him his bill for
that purpose.

Hon. Mr. Galt would do so with pleasure. The
bill accordingly ended in smoke.

Several other questions, including the School
question, the seat of government, the tariff; were
settled in this amiable manner.

Mr. McGee spoke at some length on the respective
merits of national whisky, and advised the House
to order over 300,000 gallons of *potteen* without
delay.

The House unanimously agreed to the proposition.
Hon. Mr. Henry Smith, ex-speaker, brought in a
bill to prohibit smoking in the presence of ladies.

Hon. Mr. Laberge, in the name of the French
members, objected.

Mr. Smith pressed his motion, and thereby increasing
the displeasure of the house, his allowance of
punch was immediately stopped and his supply of
cigars instantly cut off.

The doors of the house were here thrown open
and the Sergeant-at-arms announced a message
from the Legislative Council. The User-of-the-
black rod was soon admitted, and having narrowly
escaped falling into the punch-bowl while bowing to
the Speaker, delivered himself to the effect that the
Hon. the Speaker of the Upper House desired the
presence of the members of the Legislative Assembly
at a magnificent banquet, which, he might mention,
was only the first of a series intended to be
given to the members by the respective Speakers of
both Houses each week. Loud cheering followed
this announcement, which together with the noise
made by the retiring members, woke me up. I
immediately seized my hat, went home and being
excessively hungry, eat a very hearty supper.

SLEEPY HEAD.

The Knight of the Lime-Kiln.

—We have often wondered why Gowan
was so fiery; and we have found it out at last. In
looking up the despatches of the General who com-
manded at the celebrated battle of the W-d-mill,
we discovered that Gowan's valour found a safe
retreat in a lime-kiln. No wonder he is so sharp.

The Seat of Government.

—Before members of the House give their
final vote on the seat of government question, they
should visit the Terrapin saloon, in order to appre-
ciate one of the most important institutions in the
city. There everything that the fastidious palate of
the epicure can demand, is furnished in the best
style, any all the mysterious combinations of liquors
ever known, are to be had. The respectability that
has always characterized this establishment, is our
pledge for so highly recommending it, which we do
with great pleasure. Courtesy and attention are
sure to be met with in the persons of the proprietors,
Messrs. Carlisle and McConkey as well as from Mr.
Sponner, who has under his peculiar charge the best
varieties of cigars, tobacco, pipes, &c.

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