

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. 9—NO. 7.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1859.

WHOLE NO. 59.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats
I rede you tent it;
A chie's among yon lakins notes,
And, faith, he'll pzent it.

SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1859.

PROVINCIAL SPOUTING APPARATUS No. XIII.

I. THE LAST OF THE FEUDAL TENURE.

Unlike our Grit cotemporary of King Street, we are not sorry that the "villanious measure" on the Seigniorial question has passed. Upper Canada may be wronged as deeply as the *Globe* tells us she is; yet we cannot say it is very material. If a man is to be robbed, if the highwayman's knife is at his throat he may as well yield his money with a good grace and without disturbing his equanimity by enquiring how the forced contribution is to be expended. The Western Section, as Tache calls it, seems tolerably tranquil under the infliction, and as she has to provide the wherewithal, we cannot see the use of working her into a passion against her will. *Old Double* and the *Leads* are quite jubilant over the fact that in spite of Grit opposition \$1,500,000 are to be taken from Upper Canada. If they are contented, why does the *Globe* show dissatisfaction? The Upper House, as is their worst, have disposed of the measure in very short order. Hon. Mr. Desaulles spoke like a true Demetrius; as only he can speak whose pocket is in the question. Like a true man of the world, however, he was disposed to get what he could, seeing that he could not get all he wanted. Mr. Vankoughnet rose like a dish of Sour Kroun, in a state of ebullition, to stigmatize the worthy Seignor's speech as the "most insulting he had ever heard." Those who were most strongly opposed to the bill, voted for it, as thieves will quarrel over the plunder since their lives with the fortune they clutch from the general booty. According to the great Tache, the English speaking portion of "his Canada," are a miserable crew of stave-lings, dependent upon the lively, vigorous, and intellectual habits for their daily bread. We have no doubt that this is the case, and it will probably account for the wretched state in which we at present find ourselves; for the man who looks to the whitened sepulchres of Lower Canada for support is indigent indeed; at the same time we would be much obliged to this nation of French millionaires if they would pay their own debts, and discharge something like their share of the Provincial liabilities.

II. THE GALLANT COLONEL.

Playfair is a great institution. Endowed with a person which even now in the autumn of its terrestrial duration, excites the ladies of a Sunday ball, enriched with a valour which Napoleon or Hannibal, or Semiramis, would have envied, blessed with

a tongue whose light strains would have barrowed up the dull soul of Burke or Cicero. Who shall guess the inestimable value of Col. Playfair?

The other day somebody dared to taunt the gallant, pious and Sunday dancing member, with a flagrant violation of his pledges. We are happy to record the indignant rebuke of the valorous Lanarker. Rising as only a Playfair can, shuddering with an emotion which no other can equal, the Colonel assured his hearers that he had voted for the Queen one session, and for the Speaker another, and that sooner than have voted otherwise, he would lose every drop of blood in his patrician veins. We well might faint when we heard the solemn appeal made to the House; how "Shaw's roon" stood a similar reproof, we cannot say, but for our part commend us for bravery, consistency, piety, honesty and Sabbath observance, to the gillan member for Lanark. In testimony whereof, we have caused his appointment as Adjutant General and President of the Society, for the better observance of the Lord's day.

QUACKS.

For barefaced impudence and unblushing effrontery, commend us to our neighbours on the other side. They scorn half measures. If a lie is to be told—they perpetrate "a regular whopper," with the most heavenly composure. If a cheat or a swindle is to be consummated, they set about it with accomplishment with the most charming coolness; professing all the while they gull the public, that they are actuated by the most sublime charity towards mankind generally. The following advertisement is worthy the pen of some of our Canadian quacks. It is from a fellow in Charleston, Massachusetts, and was published in *Old Double*, on the 23rd inst. :—

MEDICAL.

TO THE SICK.—Impelled by a desire to do unto others as I wish that some one had done by me when similarly situated, I her by earnestly caution all sufferers * * * against all "tricks and traps" of the various swindling quacks. *Shun them all*, and if disposed to profit by my experience, enclose return stamp, and send a brief description of your case to

Mark the anxiety which the rogue displays to alleviate suffering humanity. Hear the earnestness with which the scoundrel abjures the public to beware of "swindling quacks!" It is incredible that any one—even the Editor of *Old Double* who lent his columns to puff off the rascal—could be found to place confidence in either this fellow, or in the thousands of impostors, whose lying advertisements are every where to be met with. Yet there is no denying that these cheat-the-gallows thieves live and fatten upon the credulity of mankind. Canada, and Toronto especially, is not without its share

of this bad class of men, who make fortunes from the hard earnings of the labouring man—for it is the poor man, and the uneducated man, who is for the most part imposed upon. We even heard of one fellow who, after cheating the public for many years by his quackery, had the impudence to aspire to the honor of swindling the public in Parliament.

One would think that Canada held out a premium to liars, rogues, rascals, swindlers, and villains of every hue and dye; and that honest merit and steadfast integrity were shunned and looked upon as unworthy of recognition—as vulgar—as the Pandora of all evil.

THE INSPECTOR GENERAL.

Air—King of the Cannibal Islands.

When things are at their worst they moan,
And rouse a' sometimes oceans to spend,
But where our troubles are to end,
Indeed there is no telling.

For this is now in such a fix,
Our ministers have played such tricks,
In spending all our funds and cash,
There surely must occur a smash:
It's all the Inspector General's fault,
The country is not worth his salt;
I wish the de'il had taken Galt
To be his Inspector General.

Smashing, crashing, bankrupts all,
Banging, danging, ruin fall,
The country sure must go to the wall
Because of the Inspector General.

Oh! all the questions of the day
On which our members have their say,
Are all about some cash to pay
For something or another.

The Estimates and Tenure bill,
And other more obnoxious still
Keep daily draining all the dime
We can collect in these hard times,
Till not a sou is left behind,
At least not one that we can find,
Which is plainly a very kind
Of our Inspector General.

Smashing, crashing, bankrupts all,
Banging, dan, I g, ruin fall,
The country sure will go to the wall,
Because of the Inspector General.

There was a time when gin and beer,
And whiskey, too, were not so dear,
But now you cannot get them here,
Without the exorbitant duty.
Newspapers, too, you cannot read
Unto your ancient country friend,
Without the odious postage stamp;
And then again the prologous scam
Has taxed our books with ten per cent,
The spread of knowledge to prevent,
For fewer now there will be lent,
Because of the Inspector General.

Smashing, crashing bankrupts all,
Banging, danging, ruin fall,
The country sure will go to the wall,
Because of the Inspector General.

PITY THE SORROWS OF A POOR BLUE-COAT.

(Whined by Policeman No. 0109, on Saturday evening last, Time 9.30.)

Pity the sorrows of a poor Blue-coat,
Whose thirsty lips are crackling for a drink,
Who feels annual dryness in his throat,
O give relief, or on his beat he'll sink.

Soft thoughts of olden times my soul employ,
When hourly until twelve I got my beer,
And as I think I'm forced to pipe my eye,
And with my sleeve remove a bitter tear.

Yonder saloon I long had lingered round;
Its tempting aspect drew me from my boat,
For Altopp's prime in plenty there is found,
And on me the barmaid is uncannion sweet.

(Hard is the peeler's fate this woful night!)
There as I craved a drink in acco'te civil,
The landlord gave me a tremendous flight,
As he politely sent me to the d—l.

Of horrid names he poured out full a score,
He hinted that I wished to have him hood;
By all the saints that ever were he swore,
To some me with foul slops he had a mind.

Seven spoken were the words, when down it poured,
Of all his casks I'm sure the dirtiest lees;
In vain I hopped and danced, in vain I roared,
I'd hoped for beer, but not such hops as these.

O, take me to your hospitable bar!
Though wet without, within I'm precious dry;
Except that water shock I've got no jar,
Though full six feet, alas! I am not high.

Law sends misfortune—why should I repine?
Oft times have suitors heard this to their sorrow,
This cruel, cruel law, now cause mine,
Nor gives a drop of comfort for to-morrow.

Could I unfold the secret of my glee,
Pity would touch the legislative breast,
Even the Coon would grant me some relief,
And Mowat's zeal would surely be repressed.

Pity the sorrows of a poor Blue-coat,
Whose thirsty lips are crackling for a drink,
Dry is his mouth, and drier still his throat,
O, give relief, or on his beat he'll sink.

GRUMBLER EXTRA.

THE SICKLES' TRAGEDY!

ACQUITTAI OF THE PRISONER!

GREAT REJOICING IN THE STATES.

(By the *Magnesia Telegraph*.)

The prisoner, as our readers will remember, fired sixteen shots, or there about, at a wounded man last winter, and at last succeeded in killing him. For this heroic deed, United States to a man, and also to a woman, declared their deep sympathy with him, both by adresses, and otherwise. The following is a graphic description of the closing scene of the trial:—

The Jury-room is thronged to suffocation.

The door creaks on its hinges, and the Deputy Marshall cries out: "Free and enlightened Americans vanoose, and allow this 'ere jury to pass." In they come whittling and chewing, and take their seats. A general fight ensues to get a look at their faces. Some adventurous Americans get on the Judge's back, who alone seemed calm amidst this dreadful excitement. Others hold on to the bandolier. "Here's the darned critter," is hurriedly spoken; then there is a succession of yells.

"Hiss the rag," "Git off the gas-lights," "America for ever," "G-reased snake's!" &c. &c.

The Judge directs the jury to be called. The uproar subsides, and as the last jury-man "guesed he war thar," the fall of a masticated quid could be heard. The jury are all standing, and the judge is cutting a fresh quid.

CLERK.—"Skin your optics, prisoner, and pipe the jury."

PRISONER gave up whittling, and stood up.

CLERK.—Gents, what do you find?

FOREMAN.—"Wall, guess, we find that there rap-tile's "Not guilty."

As these words fell from his lips, one wild, thrilling, tumultuous, bumptious, burrah was sent up by the spectators. Free fights were got up promiscuously through the court room; several individuals ducced a jig on the Bench. The Judge ordered brandies all round, and a jollity was the order of the day. Giles, counsel for plaintiff, addressing court in mighty accents, said:—

"I move, governor, that the prisoner be emancipated."

MARSHAL.—Hold your equine quadruped.

GILES.—Boiling over with excitement.) I desire to ask the jury to liquor all round in the name of the prisoner.

The jury nodded in the affirmative.

GILES.—Tarnation and greased lightning judge, why don't you discharge the prisoner.

JUDGE.—Discharge the varmint.

GILES.—(Hurrying up to prisoner)—Now, go it: strong, old boss.

Amid renewed cheers and yells of the delighted mob, the prisoner was lifted out of the Dock. A noble Captive, named Wiley, immediately rushed over and bessed him several times. Several of his friends and many straggers embraced him likewise, and begged that he would honour them by spitting in their faces, or kicking them down stairs, or bestow some other mark of attention upon them—as any recognition from such a valiant hero would forever immortalize them.

As the prisoner stepped into the street, the excitement increased, and such was its height that a movement was made to take the horses out of the carriage into which he escaped—the fire and enlightened citizens rightly thinking that asses were the proper quadrupeds to draw such a noble and vallant man as the prisoner.

The expression of the prisoner's face was calm. His broad and ample brow was unruined. His fine, penetrating eye, although always flashing ethereal fire, betrayed no vulgar emotion. He looked, in short, like a man who knew full well that murder in the States will make any scoundrel a hero, who will take the trouble to invest it with a dash of bosh and romance.

Peg Tops and Clumsy Feet.

—We quite agree with our fair correspondent, that the fashionable "peg-tops" make a man's legs look like a cork-screw; and have the great disadvantage of displaying the clumsy eplay feet of the wearer. The only consolation we can draw from the introduction of the fashion, is that it is at once an index to character, since none but apes and silly puppies adopt it.

THE POLITICAL STAGES.

All well-lalloon's force,
And all the M.F.P.'s are moily lumburg,
And each in every oration takes many dollars
For holding measures; at first for doiling pap
To squalling and jobbing *Dabys* who raise alarms,
And then to reverend school-boys with easy conscience
And ready pen, writing like the deuce
Most willingly for pay; and then some sheriff
Revealing his place with a woeful petition
Setting forth his evils, then a railroad,
With a double board elected by themselves,
Rivals for control, or engaged in quarrel,
Seeking the parliamentary charter
Even at the expense of truth; and then some lawyer
Wants his rilkien bag with briefs well lined
With watering eyes and crouching knees,
For spouting at some election meeting,
He asks his share.

The next step jumps

Into the foudal tenure abolition,
With *lots et ventes* unpaid, and *cessaires*
Whose "casual rights" are a great sight too much
For our poor chest, whose once plethoric sides
Turning again to direful emptiness,
Give out a vacant sound. Last test of all
That crowns this strange eccentric voting,
Is going blind, political oblivion.
Vote pap, vote jobs, vote pay, vote overything.

BIGOTRY.

In the true spirit of intolerant, narrow-minded, bigotry, the Canadian *Freeman*,—which we formerly introduced to our readers, as the Canadian *Sepoy*, proceeds to stir up the worst passions of the human heart, relative to some supposed remissness on the part of the Government, in bringing the "St. Thomas outrages" to light.

"Fabricated intelligence" has been got up about a Government proclamation, for the purpose of hoodwinking the poor Catholic body. The unfortunate Catholic body is duped by misrepresentations. Unscrupulous individuals are preparing to betray that oppressed body. The Government never display anxiety to bring criminals to justice, if a much-abused Catholic is beaten or killed.

Such are some of the statements which this whining sheet sends forth to the Catholic population. Is there any Catholic in Upper Canada so lost to common sense as to imagine for a moment, that our laws are not as much for his protection as for the protection of the members of any other creed? Do not the Catholic Canadians aid to make our laws, as much as members of any other religion? Is it not notorious, that the present Government is, if anything, more Catholic than Protestant? What Catholic can be found so foolish, as to believe that the followers of other creeds take infinite pains on every opportunity to dupe him, or betray him, or hoodwink him? We do not believe that there is a single intelligent, honest Catholic in the country, but must be disgusted by these abominable efforts to keep up religious strife, and disseminate sectarian differences.

Canada, young, strong, healthy, and prosperous, is ours. It is alike the birthright of the Protestant and the Catholic; but neither more nor less. And it we would only all join in scouting these low-minded, vulgar, lying, and slanderous statements, in bigoted sectarian papers—whether Protestant or Catholic—our glorious Province would be all the better for it.

ORATORICAL.

Mr. Eccles's reply to the Chief Justice when requested to explain what the GATTUO was and what were its objects.

A paper devoted to fun, my lord,
In which it is number one, my lord,
Full of quaint little bits,
O'gin' little bits,
And many a well-turned pun, my lord.

Always up to the mark, my lord,
Exposing dooks done in the dark, my lord,
To the schemer's surprises,
They appear to all eyes,
As clear as a fount in a park, my lord.

In the House or the Council Hall, my lord,
It crushes the knaves to the wall, my lord,
Attacking abuse,

Like a lion lot one,
But kind to the weak and small, my lord.

Subjects lusty and low, my lord,
By THE CHAIRMAN are taken in tow, my lord,
What ver it is,

In sure of a quiz,
And fools must take many a blow, my lord.

An inquisitor armed with racks, my lord,
For pulling lumbags and quacks, my lord,

It delves every wile,
Of the keenest old sile,
And keeps a rod at sleep, for their back, my lord.

Sometimes a bit of a croaker, my lord,
Yet always a nitth provoking, my lord,

And all this good cheer,
For a dollar a year,
So subscribe for this queer little joker, my lord.

THE THEATRE.

In our last notice of the temple of Muses on King Street we took occasion to mention the necessity of paying attention to detail in the getting up of a piece. We repeat our admonition. A slight *faux pas*, which a little attention would have obviated, is often more fertile to mar a plot or destroy the interest in a piece than great and apparent blunders. We have no doubt our fair Managersess will prove herself equal to the task of subduing uncoerced banality, and beating common sense into the sides of those of our actors and actresses who, with a hesitating tone and awkward gesture, succeed admirably in murdering their parts, regardless of the feelings of the audience.

The new season was opened in an auspicious manner on *Easton Monday*, by Simps's drama, "Marco Spavin," since which we have been treated to "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," and other pieces of merit. If we seem to ignore Mr. Marlowe's management from a feeling nearly allied to gallantry, we must compliment him on his *Pepinelli*. He rendered the text with judgment. Each time he appeared, "we and my dragons," actually took the house by storm. Mr. Marlowe's *Proteus* was no less good as the former character. The *Speed* of Mr. H. Thompson, and the *Lance* of Mr. Herbert were good renditions. Mr. Dan Thompson's *Ned Ryan* was also good; but we cannot say the same of all his other characters. Mr. Fitzgerald ought to pay more attention to her intonation. Her acting is correct—but we require to hear the text faultlessly.

Before we conclude we must express our thanks for the superb manner in which the boxes have been fired up during the recess. Some time ago the outside of the Lyceum was embellished by four splendid lamps—now the inside of the theatre is

improved by the firing up of two seas. We shall shortly have a new building at this rate.

We understand that these illustrious children the "Sons of Malta"—by the way who is the *pater familias*—will give Mr. Malouca benefit on Monday evening, when a good bill will be produced. In the early part of the day, those benevolent children will distribute loaves and fishes to the hungry, from the theatre. May their sad days never be less.

THE NEW LIQUOR LAW.

It was half-past seven o'clock on Saturday evening that Jack Ginger and Paul Periwig sallied out for a ramble. At twenty-five minutes to eight Jack declared that he was very thirsty, and precisely at that same moment Paul suggested an immediate adjournment to the "Thirty Son's Welcome."

At twenty minutes to eight our heroes arrived at the desired place, but to their dismay, it was closed.

The star of hope seemed to have set, for not a friendly gleam could be discovered through the windows above, or the chinks below.

"By Jove and General Jackson," exclaimed Ginger, as a sudden light—figurative, not real—suddenly dawned upon him, "Campbell's infernal compulsory drunkenness bill is in operation."

Paul confessed his readiness to be compelled to get drunk forthwith.

Jack explained that the bill provided that the subject should get drunk before seven o'clock on Saturday evening, and proposed a further adjournment to the "Jolly Dogs," the landlord of which knew him, inasmuch as he owed him a small account for sundry beers and pipes.

Arrived at the "Jolly Dogs," our friends were confounded to find it closed.

"Barred and bolted," exclaimed Paul, as he thundered at the door with an oaken stick.

"Yes, by Mars," responded Jack, "the bar has bolted, or the bar is bolted, which amounts to the same thing."

"What's to be done," says Paul.

"Break the door," says Jack.

"T'won't do," says Paul.

"Break the windows," says Jack.

"Here's the crusher," says Paul.

At this time two friends took their departure in a desolating mood. In the course of their rambles, the vigilant Paul discovered a faint gleam of light through a chink in the door of the "Last Refuge," and immediately commenced thundering at the door right heartily. His efforts were useless, although aided by Jack, who kicked so furiously at the door that all the dogs in the neighbouring streets seemed on the point of breaking loose and rushing to the scene of the noise. As a last resource, Ginger put his mouth to the key hole, and by lastly shouting "fire!" at last succeeded in bringing a domestic to the door.

"You can't come in," said a voice inside.

"We must," says Jack; "here's a man who has just broke his leg, and he's dying with the thirst."

"Go away," responded the voice.

"It's impossible," returned Jack, "the man can't be moved without endangering his life. Can you Paul?"

"Certain death," responded Paul.

"No one but travellers can come in," insisted the voice.

"All right, unbolt the door," says Jack. "We're on travel here in this vale of tears."

The door was now open, and our friends were ushered into a back room filled with tobacco smoke, apparently coming from the pipes of a cove of smokers, who were dimly visible through the fog. At eleven o'clock Paul might be seen with a pipe in one hand, a beer pot in the other, drinking "succus" (sic) succus to Col-Campbell's "pulmonary toxication Bill."

While Jack remonstrated with him: "Pa-Paul, son of Joe (sic) son of Jaurns, (hic) your drunk! Sh (hic) shame on Paul! Look at (hic) Look at me! Not a feather (hic) feather stirred you yet!"

At twelve o'clock Jack and Paul might be seen working their way up the stairs leading to their chamber, in rather a cork-screw fashion. An hour after Paul might be seen—that is if one had the eyes of an owl, for it was pitch dark—discussing the contents of his water jug, in rather an eager manner. A slight accident occurred to him after he had satisfied himself—for on putting the jug back, owing to the darkness, and other causes needless to mention, he placed it just on the side of the table, from whence it descended to the floor with an alarming crash, as soon as he had taken his hand from it.

In the morning any one might have seen an old the outside the sleeping apartment of our friends, and their boots on close examination, could be found in the wash-hand basin.

THE KNIGHT OF THE DOLEFUL COUNTENANCE.

Sir Etienne Pascal Tache (not for the world would we admit one sentence of the cherished name) albeit a Colonel in the valorous Militia, is always tender-hearted; some perorus,—but they were detractors—have termed him soft. But on Friday evening the gallant night waxed wondrously lachrymose. As he depicted in glowing eloquence and broken English, the ingratitude of Upper Canada in not appreciating the kindness of his countrymen in accepting two millions of dollars, his feelings overcame even the gallant Colonel. As he reflected on this monstrous ingratitude, he declared that his blood boiled within him, and tears of sorrow filled his eyes. Cruel Upper Canadians! Unfeeling Canadians, with hearts harder than the neener millstone, you only laughed! Not so with us. Affected were we, deeply affected; and by the aid of a friendly porpoise, who was taking a trip to England for the sake of his digestion, we despatched a note to the Post Laureate, suggesting the circumstance as an appropriate subject for a ode; the following has just arrived in time for press:

Woe, woe, weep,
While the blood doth boil, Sir E.,
Never heed that thy tongue can't utter
The thoughts that arise in thee.

O, wail for the greedy seignour,
That about us he wiles the pay;
O, wail for the moutons all,
That sing as they carry the day.

And the members all arise,
And they have easily passed the Bill;
But as for one drop of the tears,
That the eyes of the Colonel did fill!

Weep, weep, weep,
In thy place in the house, Sir E!
But the slightest trace of the tears you shed
Not the sharpest sighted could see.

GOING INTO HIGH LIFE.

Few persons exist in this wide world of care,
That do not possess of ambition a share :
The dandified rascal to each King Street store,
Long to see their own names figure over a door ;
Placed students of law bow'd or slow their progression,
Yet lope to win fame in their shabby profession.
Curses sigh to be rectors, and rectors are sick
Of waiting to fill up some fat bishopric.
All pauper and tawny like a litter of rats,
Submit to all manner of insults and cautions,
To gain but one step to a better lot,
Which attained, they find often, is too dearly bought.
Let none think we swerve at an honest ambition,
Every man has a right to improve his condition,
But cringing and pandering to those in a candour—
Sacrificing respect, friends, and true independence,
Is placing us lower we fell and believe

Than the useful position we're anxious to leave;
So to prove the pursuit is with anxiety rife,
Take a glance at the efforts to enter high life.

Some twelve years ago, there arrived in this land
A eckeye from London, by name Mr. Bland ;
He did not bring wealth, that would warrant a start,
With a residence fine, and an equipage smart ;
But money and credit sufficient to stock
A store which he rented in Brookling Block.
Here he steadily worked, and some one thousands made,
When his wife, a proud woman, grew rick of his trade,
In-toland argued he ought to retire,
But Bland had to weave this in-vidious desire.
Fearing this, she declared " she would be quite contented
With a suburban villa." To this he consented,
And built a fine house, which the reader may still
Inspect if the pleasure quite near his own Hill.
It was furnished with all that mere riches could do,
For there was a stranger that none of them knew ;
To receive their old friend this fine house was fitted,
Yet the first time they called they were fully admitted,
Just to enay the " fixtures " within and about,
But to all futuro visits, " the ladies were out."
Unregretted the friends of old days departed,
So in search of more noble acquaintance they started,
Mr. Bland went to converse to, though music he hated,
And the old man with public dinners was rated,
He had escaped acquaintance with men of the ton,
Who lived in the street, spoke a word, and passed on ;
But to Mr. B's chagrin and angry surprise,
No notice was gained from their daughters or wives ;
Despite in the heart of this lady was rooting,
When she thought of a plan which might yet gain a footing,
This was, that her daughters should leave their day school,
And he sent to bond out " nenth a French lady's rate,
Where the " young ones " (I fancy a poor wet and snob
Were taught how to dance, to embroider and dand ;
By mamma both the juniors were told to acquit
The friendship of Misses a step or two higher,
Make presents if needful, invite them if able
To obtain a release, to their house and tea table ;
The sons, too, were furnished with ample supplies,
And were given their cue at all hazzles to the ;
The gentlemen found this a very light task,
In the suites of young bloods it was easy to bank,
As it only required a full purse and flask ;
To friends frequent visits these gentlemen paid,
(Not so with cash borrowed from fools of low grade,)
And one of their party, a poor Fitz-poor,
Executed Bland's daughters out each afternoon—
Promonaded 'gill by it the evening was fine,
Returning to stay for his dinner and wine ;
But the girls could not come, he, to try was to fall,
The birds were too shy to get salt on their tail ;
Advancers under schoolmasts grow still more reverend,
So their magical circle was always preserved ;
At this stage, invitations were gained by them all,
With the prospect co— to favor the Governor's Ball,
Pre-arrangements were made on a very large scale,
When the bills were presented the old man turned pale,
And he spoke to his wife on the subject, but slow
To cast her expenses would never agree ;
S. dressed in the finest this town could afford,
To the ball went the daughters, sons, wife, and Hago lord ;
The girls with their toilettes all others outdone,

While Storol and Duck made the boys No. 1,
Though indeed the poor fellows were somewhat enraged
To find all the swollish young lads " engaged ;"
And if earnestly pressed, their reply as a rule
Was, " too much fatness, or their programmes were full ;
So they stuck to refreshments to keep up their spunk,
Returning home early both foolishly drunk ;
The ladies soon followed in staid dignist,
With mortified vanity ready to burst.

But things could not then a go on in this way,
The clock set in, Bland had large bills to pay,
Unable to meet them or even gain time,
And pressed on all hands he was forced to assign.
The husband and wife kept, felt their disgrace,
And hid in a village far distant their face,
Where to follow them further is not my intention,
So I leave all the rest to the reader's invention.

OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

The Blowers last Monday evening gave a great entertainment, illustrating how appropriate is the title which we have given them. The whole evening was devoted to the discussion of some very rival matters, which for aught there was to talk about, might have been decided in ten minutes; but not so,—it was a subject relating to the police, the granting of four men to St. David's Ward, and the appropriation of some money for the settlement of claims on the fore— and our Society must grow eloquent and exhibit how much nonsense they could put together in the hours devoted to the meeting. The subject was one which the great minds could grasp—one on which they could deliberate with that perspicuity and eloquence generally attributed to the council chamber, and they succeeded in making as big fools of themselves as the time and opportunity would permit. The debate reminded one of the palest days of the old council when Craig, Ramsay, Carr, and gentleman of that ilk, were the leading spouters.

The Council were favoured with the presence of Mr. Ald. Sherwood, late Chief of Police, and were electrified with his eloquence and logic. We contemplated the city on the accession of Mr. Cameron to the Council, but what shall we say of Mr. Sherwood! The man in which he led off the debate against the Police Commissioners the other night, howed how mistaken had been the opinion formed of him—and how cruel fate has been to deprive the city of his ability in the Council Chamber. We were prepared for his purity of expression and the gracefulness of his gestures, but we confess we were stunned by the arrangement and force of his arguments. Nothing could finer than the peroration with which he wound up his speech. So impressed were the audience, so wrapt in admiration, that quite a pause elapsed before the applause broke out.—Certainly Sam has been underrated. Nobody hereafter will accuse him of common sense—and we may safely assert that he has already found his level in the council.

What is to be done with Griffith? Cannot somebody take him down a peg or two and thus relieve the Council from his weary Essays on Nothing? We have a great liking for the young fellow, we doubt a promising boy; but what will become of him if somebody don't take charge of him? O. for another Smead.

We were rather pleased than otherwise to see the energy displayed by Ald. Smith, who begins to hate

great influence in the Council, and deservedly so too. We understand he is to be the Conservative candidate for the next Parliamentary election, but we hope, out of merriness to other members of the Council, he will refrain from making the Council Chamber the place for practicing orations for the contents. We have no objection to an occasional treat in the shape of a speech from the worthy Alderman, but we do protest against seven speeches in one night. A good thing, you know, Smith, don't bear repeating too often.

The presence of Mr. W. W. Fox and Mr. Robert Mitchell in the Council next Monday night will be occasion for much congratulation; both are known to be gentlemen, scholars, and good judges of liquor.

THE PROROGATION.

THE FOLLOWING SPEECH WILL BE DELIVERED BY HIS EXCELLENCY AT THE PROROGATION.

Gentlemen of the Assembly and Council :

When I summoned you, some three months ago to discharge the amusing and profitable duties of legislation, there was nothing for you to do. It was acknowledged on all hands that there was nothing to do; and it gives me unfeigned pleasure that you succeeded in so short a time as three months, in discharging that onerous duty.

I have some important measures in my eye which I will propose at our next meeting—the principle of which is one "to fence in Canada." This will at once settle the Hudson's Bay question, by ascertaining the exact boundary of our Province.

Another measure I have in my mind is one "to whitewash said fence." Printed contracts will be received, and the contract given to the highest tender.

As the militia are becoming a useless burthen to the country, I propose to distribute them round the frame to keep it from being broke down by timorous politicians, who have a disagreeable habit of "riding the fence."

Gentlemen of the Assembly :

As your name rightly proclaimed—you are asses.

Gentlemen of the Council :

So you won't go to Quebec! He! He! What a stupid mass you made of it! However, you are all in your dotage, and those of you who are, not have got such odd, crotchety, narrow-minded, juvenile notions of things in general that I never thought you worth your salt.

Gentlemen Asses and Councillors :

The Queen's coming over to knight you all—and the one of you not found worthy of being knighted, will be hugging; so you had all better pay attention to your latter end, which is in a parlous condition. As a great number of you will swing, Her Majesty I hope, will be graciously pleased to bring Calcraft along with her. Gentlemen,—Git out.

Were it not established beyond a shadow of a doubt, that Mr. Spooner at the Toronto Station, is the best Tailor in town, we should immediately proceed to prove the fact, but knowing it to be generally admitted, we think it unnecessary to say any more to his favour. He has, however, recently received a new stock of cigars, and we should be a willing party to purchase duty, and we fail to inform the readers of the *Free Press* of this. We say without fear of contradiction, are superior to none, and are persuaded that his articles are of the best quality. Besides this, it is a pleasure to attend with Mr. Spooner, who is ever anxious to oblige and give satisfaction. Go and see if we are not right.