

## THE WONDERFUL DRAMA OF BROWN AND HIS MOODY!

Act—"Yikins and his Dinah."

'Tis of a loud Canting, who somewhere did dwell,  
He had but one tongue, still he used that well;  
His name it was Moody, at least so I'm told,  
With a large stock of brass but a small one of gold.  
*Chorus*—Singing too rol lah, too ral lah, too ral li do.

As Moody was walking Toronto one day,  
George Brown he came to him and thus he did say—  
"Ah lend me, brave Bob, in this contest your aid,  
And with *Globe* puffs, my hearty, your fortune is made!"

Out spoke noble Bob, "If I do, I don't mind,  
In fact now I think on't, I feel quite inclined,  
So go about George with a sparkling display,  
And a "No Popery" war cry shall win us the day."

Then Bob spouted nonsense, while Brown smiled content,  
And down on his knees to the orange flag went;  
Talked of "principles broad," and good Protestant soul,  
Under Bob's spicy leadership headed the roll.

Three months had elapsed, when to Moody one day,  
Some folks came from Oxford, deputed to pray  
Brother Bob in hot haste to address them, and they  
Would make him their Member both gallant and gay.

"Oh pals!" cried the Canting, "if that there's your mind,  
Why, I'm just the man, what can play it out blind,  
And if boys we win, Hurrah, round that big bay  
I'll give you all rides without nothing to pay.

Post haste went bold Bob to the '*Globe*' to prepare  
An address what should charm every mother's son there,  
Cos why? he helped Brown like a dear darling brother,  
And lent one good turn deserving another?

But George was quite cruel, "hold, hold, Bob," he cried,  
"You can't do not so such thing Sir, and beside,  
You ain't got no learning, and know very well,  
I've promised that berth to another big swell."

"And, Bob, if you're rash, sure the consense, po-  
Will be doleful and drear, and I'll tell you why, cos,  
'Gainst two Gritty chaps some dang'd Mod'rate will run,  
And twist you, Bob, and Mac, make off sick with the fun."

Poor Moody was seized with disgust most profound,  
When he spied his bright hopes dashed right down on the  
ground,  
But ladies of pap, that Brown swore to mix up  
With X's and Y's, helped him swallow the cup.

Then Brown patted his corpus a thousand times o'er,  
Danced polkas and jigs on the *Globe* Office floor,  
Swore roundly and bold, that when he got into power,  
He'd make Bob Fishery Admiral the very next hour.

### MORALE.

Now just to big swells what would M.P.'s be,  
And you to a sad warning while listening to me,  
Don't play your friends false, though ambitious they do be,  
Cos why? Think how much it cost Brown to buy Moody.

*Chorus*—Singing too rol lah, too ral lah, too ral li do.

### THE CHAMPION OF THE PRESS.

CORONER COTTEEN, during the late inquest is reported to have "addressed the reporters present on the importance of making no comments on the proceedings of the inquest on Steady during its progress. He condemned the remarks of the *Globe* on the case before any evidence had been taken, and said that should the Press repeat these statements he should use his authority to have them suppressed."—*Globe*.

How could you, CORONER COTTEEN, make such a mistake? You, whom no-body knows, nor perhaps knows the person who knows you, to state, ere you were a Coroner *de-facto*, for more than one hour and a half, by a stock watch, that you would use your authority to have the Press suppressed. Heaven send you more sense, and us more subscribers. It

won't do, CORONER! As the rightful guardian of the Press, we say that, although the Press, by exerting all its authority might possibly be able to suppress you; you by clothing yourself in any number of diplomatic top-coats, could never suppress the Press nor any part thereof. Therefore CORONER "no more of this!" In future when the Press acts in a naughty manner come to us, and we will see that the offender is properly chastised. But you—you—who the deuce are you!

### Phrenology.

—We learn that a Phrenologist named Dr. Hegarty has been lecturing in Yorkville. If it be not too late, we would advise our present Premier to take the opportunity of having a general Phrenological examination of the crania of his adherents, and of the Opposition, if the latter will submit to it without "biting." Among his friends from Lower Canada, he will probably find largely developed the bump of "Inhabitiveness," which will satisfactorily account for the difficulty of dislodging them from lucrative offices, where they have once made their nests. If he should be inclined to adopt the plan invented by Midshipman Easy's parent, for raising and depressing bumps by the instrumentality of the air-pump, we would suggest some modifications of Mr. Scitotte's head about those troublesome organs, Self-esteem and Firmness, which are rendering that gentleman rather too ambitious for a subordinate. A general elevation of Mr. Angus Morrison's moral organs, more especially Conscientiousness, would render the "sneaking little lawyer from North Simcoe," more chary of introducing election protests at the eleventh hour, but failing this, the guardianship of Mr. Mowatt will be an efficacious check. Mr. Cauchon's head, we fear, must be boiled over again, and remoulded, before the little *mouton* will take kindly to the leadership of the Macdonald Ram. A very slight increase of Mr. Hogans' already inordinate bump of "Sublimity," would render that gentleman a capital counterpoise to Mr. Fergusson. Should the Premier adopt our advice, we prophesy the continuance of his sway even as long as to the end of the month.

### ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are in receipt of a large and unexpected mass of correspondence, in fact matter enough to fill a dozen issues of THE GRUMBLER. To those friends who intended their communications for insertion, we would say that in almost every case they are too diffuse. "Terse, and to the point," should be the motto of every correspondent of THE GRUMBLER. We have in a few instances availed ourselves of good suggestions which we should be happy to have given in the Correspondent's own language, but for the reason above stated; we would also here repeat that we do not intend to allow our columns to become the medium for personal strife or malice. We wish only to deal with men and things of a public nature and of public interest.

CHIATHAM.—There is no foundation for the report that John A. Macdonald, Malcolm Cameron, and George Brown are about to fraternize for the purpose of making the latter Premier. Mr. McKeller seems to be a sensible fellow.

W. M., FORT ERIE.—Received, Thanks!

BOAZ, P.E.P.—Thanks! We intend to prove an enemy to all scoundrelism. Friend Grimes, who subscribed so liberally, will, we trust, find that "the liberal soul shall be made fat."

BLUNT HONESTY.—We do not deem it advisable to become a medium for attacks upon the quarter to which your communication is pointed; we shall however be glad to hear from you again.

S. G.—The subject of your communication you will find embodied in an article in another column.

A LOOKER ON.—The matter as you will perceive, has been attended to.

A. M.—Your request is complied with. Hope to hear from you again.

Z.—We believe your statement is incorrect. Mr. Brown being an interested party did not vote. A large number of answers deferred.

### BUSINESS NOTICES.

Business notices, similar to the following, are inserted at the rate of ONE DOLLAR for each insertion. The extensive circulation when our paper has already reached, and the small size of the sheet, make it an unequalled advertising medium, especially for city purposes. Advertisers need only inclose particulars of their wares, with the dollar before Thursday noon, and a notice will appear in due course.

We have had frequent occasion for the exercise of our prerogative of grumbling at the dye-stuff offered in the shape of wine at both public and private justifications, and we fear that a fearful amount of deceit is mixed up with some other nameless commodities in the wine business. Speaking, however, from actual inspection, we can recommend the House of Henry Torrance & Co., corner of Church and Colborne sts., as one where really a good article can be had. After imbibing of some of their old London Madeira, we feel like exclaiming—

"Beneath these waves of crimson lie,

In rows fetters yon prisoned fast,

Those flitting shapes that never die,

The swift-winged visions of the past.

"Kiss but the crystal's mystic rim,

Each shadow sends its flowery chain,

Springs in a bubble from its bin,

And walks the chambers of the brain."

These bare and somewhat shabby had become the outer garments of our chief Editor, when through the great success which attended the first issue of THE GRUMBLER, he was enabled to procure enough to purchase a new coat. Entering the establishment of Robert Walker & Son, he was astonished at the immense stock offered from which to make a selection, and the low rates asked for what appeared to be the best quality of goods. Attention and politeness on the part of a flaxen-haired, youth, enabled the editor to suit himself, and he walked from beneath the shadow of the Golden Lion, a happier and a warmer man.

The Grocery and Confectionary Establishment of Dodgson Shields & Morton, corner of Yonge and Temperance sts., always takes away our grumbling propensities. The inviting appearance of their spacious stores, and the obliging manner in which they conduct their business, are sufficiently explained by their close personal attention; but we have been puzzled to know why their goods are so superior in quality, while the prices are quite as low, if not lower in some instances, than our current elsewhere. At present we can only vouch for the fact publicly, of which we have long been aware privately; and all who really want "value received," (and who don't?) for cash expended in Groceries, have only to visit this Establishment, and THE GRUMBLER'S word for it, they will be satisfied.

### THE GRUMBLER

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