

Or what Mr. Grumbler saw and heard in the House of Assembly, three days before the Meeting of Parliament.

Mr. Grumbler visits the Lower House and indulges in a Soliloquy.

To be or not to be!—ah! there's the rub;
To hear or not to hear the strange lute tub,
Will reign ere long within these four square walls;
Cheers, squeaks, coughs, cracks, and musical calls.
"Order!"—to be seated, "if you take off your hat."
Laughs, groans, songs, sighs, and counsils, chit chat.
With all the queer set of crotas which grace
The spouting season in this spouting place.
To hear or not to hear! I shall I begin
To pack up traps and mizzle from the din
That here must tolg; or boldly stay to curb
The noisy follies of the noisy herd?
Ease, whispers "go," but duty, thunders "nay,"
Your million readers each demand you stay.
Duty is victor, we our pen prepare,
To lash all follies; M. P.'s beware.
But list! who comes, whose footsteps bither weed?
Smith, Galt, Macdonald, and our Windsor friend.

(Enter Galt, Macdonald, Smith, and Cartier at the north door.)
Ere I disturb the confidential four
I'll wait awhile, there may be fun in store.

(Mr. Grumbler retires to the west end of the Hall.)
(Cartier to Galt, introducing him to Cayley's late seat.)

Well Monsieur Galt, you shall have dis one place,
You fill it, sare, with vari much large grace,
You sail one grand inspektor General be;
Not make no blunders like Monsieur Cayley;
You have large difficult, but nevario mind,
I you will help go, vat you call it? blind.
Zo opposite-on will try to be
Var big, mon cher, but you leave them to me,
Vos they teaze you, with two, three lectio words,
I shut their mouth, zo vulgar mechant herds.
I let them know, vat have been seen zo Queen,
Nor yet one Clear Grit bete to Windsor beon.

Smith—
Nor knighted either, have they, old Vorcheren?

Cartier—
Vat for you say me Knight: I pull your hair,
You nail lag Succeth, if you have not take care,
By gar! you are one fox I tell you sare.

Smith—
"Nuff and old boss; guess you'll best draw it mild;
It aint no yo your getting jolly wild,
You're and right sick, but hang me if it's right
To show your tantrums cos you aint a Knight,
Macdonald—(aside to Smith.)

Pitch in there Smith, poor Cartier's dander's up,
Just serve him right, by Jove I'm sick enough
Of his confounded prating Windsor stuff.

Smith—(to Cartier.)
Say I ancient Windsor, attek this in your gorges,
I'll be Sir Sidney fore you air Sir George,
Leastways, I guess there aint no cause to doubt,
Your rebel prance, old boss, her blis found out
You've got to grow a larnal playguy sight
Besides that thar fore you air made a Knight.

Cartier—
Diab!e, you rascal, Succeth, I punch your head;
You say me grow, I tell you, sare, instead
You are zo leettest pigmy what have ran;
Zo mid's zo mandard of zo large big man;
You have insult me and I pull your hair.
(Suffling the action to the words)
Now you beg pardoun, or I fight you, sare.

Galt—
Come gentlemen, comol comol this game won't do;
Smith, are you mad to raise this senseless stow;
Cartier, be calm, for heaven's sake don't fall out;
We've work enough to put the Grits to rout,
Without internal strife; come, now, shake hands,
And bind more closely each, our friendly bands;
You won't—nor you—what nonsense, Sire, you must,
Or I shall leave you in supreme disgust;
(Aside)—Good heavens! I was the worst of tools,
To join this pack of precious, squabbling fools.

Cartier—
Oh non! by gar! you shall not go mon cher;
You, Monsieur Succeth, I shake hand with you, sare;
You have insult me, but I have large heart,
I act zo generous and forgiving part.

Smith—
The deuce you do, old splitiro; wad I guess
This child's to old to keep up this bore mors;
You're got to promise, though without more sarco,
You'll give up prating about that Windsor farco;
Dn that old boss, and hang me I don't care
If I forgive your pulling at my hair.

Cartier—
Mo give up speaking of zo visits to
Zo Windsor Castle and ze Queen for you!
Oh, non! by gar! I die if I no speak
Of zo grand visits for one lectio week.
Me could not help it if me ware to try,
You are too cruel, sare, you make me cry.
(He bursts into tears.)

Smith (melting considerably at sight of Cartier's tears)—
Oh! Cartier!

Cartier (sobbing)—
Vat's ze matter?

Smith—
Hold hard, old boss, you'll make me blubber tu;
I can't no how stand them that tears from you.
Sinko hands, Vercheren, let bygones be forgot,
And this here squabble go right off to pot.

Cartier—
Oh oui! mon ami, je vous aime var much,
You are von tres bon Succeth, mo nevario touch
You once more, nevario; mo onbance you, sare,
And say pardonnez moi for pull your hair.

[He opens his arms, Smith rushes forward, and a strangulating squeeze ensues. Mr. Grumbler had intended to introduce himself, but was so much affected by the exhibition that he quietly left the Hall; consequently the world must ask in vain, What followed?]

D A M S .

Recently the *Leader* devoted space to a description of the Victoria Bridge by Our Special Correspondent, who on that occasion certainly showed that he knew a thing or two about Bridges. However there was one portion of the description which was not as lucid as the rest. Our Correspondent, we think, felt some difficulty in touching upon it, and consequently left us in the dark regarding it. The subject we allude to is headed "dams." Now we would like to know what sort of dams he meant, and whether Our Correspondent is prepared to state the exact number of "dams" used in the construction of this bridge. For instance an overseer might exclaim, "dam that water; it is destroying the work." Not seeing the etymology of the first word, as spoken by the overseer, how should the workmen interpret the sentence? Many of them doubtless would think that the overseer was unburthening his mind in rather a loose manner. Others would, with as much justice, look upon the sentence as a command to prevent the water from destroying the works. Again, suppose the overseer said to some colloquial masons, "dam that talking," what interpretation should be placed on the exclamation? The meaning of the mandate, of course, would be that the workmen should drop the sluice-gates of their lips on the flow of their conversation; and therefore it was a "dam" used in the construction of the work. Once more, if the overseer should say to another workman,—

"dam your eyes," is it to be supposed that he only wished the workman to let down the portcullis of his eye-lids over his eye-balls. All these dams, in conjunction with other dams, are undoubtedly used in the construction of bridges. Does Our Correspondent include them in his category of "dams?" [Our correspondent informs us that the dams used were of two kinds, each having its advantages and disadvantages. A disadvantageous dam, we suppose, is a dam that would have to be dammed up and down before it could be got to work properly. Again, he says that there were "proper dams," which would lead us to conclude that there were also "improper dams." He also mentions "floating dams," by which very likely he means those effervescent exclamations already alluded to, as contradistinguished from those other dams which are said to come down like stones cast in the air. "Preliminary dams" also find a place in the catalogue; but we are at a loss to understand what kind of dams these are. Some of our readers, who have devoted any of their time to damming, will, perhaps, enlighten us. "Regular dams" are also beyond our comprehension, inasmuch as they suggest ideas of "irregular dams." Our Correspondent finishes this branch of his description by assuring us "that the dams in themselves were an undertaking." For our part we never knew of a dam of any kind that was not an undertaking.

We fear that Montreal is a bad place just now; and we also fear for the ultimate success of the Victoria Bridge: since according to Our Correspondent's own showing, it has, like a bad play, been well dammed before it was even completed.

METROPOLITAN CHORAL SOCIETY.

We have really lost all patience with the unsteady, capricious patronage given to musical efforts in this city. When the Society we have named commenced operations, oratorios were the mode, and every one got a touch of the musical mania; the efforts of the Society were very successful, but now the stream appears to have been turned into another channel. We suppose that Emerson and Burns have been the lions since. After the lecture of the former, some eager spirits lost themselves in the mazes of Kant and Fichte; as appeared in a former number, even Mr. Gould did not escape the *furor*. Now Scotch songs are the fashion; and not a respectable copy of Burns can be had, and everybody is as full of the touching story of the brilliant genius of Ayr, as formerly of Handel or Haydn. Now we object to the Choral Society being left in the lurch in this way. Some delinquent subscribers will hear from us some of these days if they do not come to the rescue. Some faltering patrons deserve a good drubbing, and we shall take care that they have it. Some lukewarm friends must come to the rescue, and place the society on its old footing. We owe it to the credit of city that this promising effort of our musical citizens shall not be allowed to perish by debt, after doing so much for us. If every delinquent subscriber and every *quondam* friend would do his duty, the task would be easily accomplished