

## RANKIN AND McLEOD.

The following twenty-eight lines of an attempt at what some call poetry, was sent us by an M.P.P., and is inserted for two reasons; first, that it may contain a hint at the truth, and secondly, to give an opportunity to the writer of it to boast that he has written for the GRUMBLER:—

### THE REASON WHY THE ESSEX ELECTION IS NOT CLEARED UP.

Now 'o'th', I now pray, cried great John A.,  
Don't mention Rankin's name,  
McLeod shall sit, confound his votes,  
Though false, 'tis all the same.  
McLeod is soft, and easily  
I turn him round and round,  
But Rankin's obstinate, you see,  
And far from being sound;  
I'll keep him out, and put him off,  
'Till stand by Essex Mac,  
For if that Rankin sits again,  
He'll join John Sandfield's pack;  
And if he does and helps to thrust  
Me from my jolly berth,  
My heart, my heart, will surely burst,  
And I shall quit the earth.  
I love my power, I love my place,  
And while I live I'll try  
To keep myself in Government,  
And when I can't, I'll die.

### COAL! COAL!! COAL!!!

TREMENDOUS EXCITEMENT!  
BOWMANVILLE GONE TO BLAZES!!

Sir Wm. Logan and all the Geologists in the country  
blown up!

### ASTOUNDING DEVELOPMENTS!

#### SPECIAL TELEGRAPH TO THE GRUMBLER.

Are we alive or dead while we write? Will any one body bite our finger, or run a pin up to the head into our editorial right hand? Odds bodkins, what is man, or woman either, letting alone the children? Events have happened within the last quarter of an hour which will shake the world to its centre, and scatter the stars from the high firmament as our Biddy does the youngsters with the broom-stick.

At half-past nine o'clock last night a deputation of Geologists, comprising Sir W. Logan, Prof. Chapman, and a host of others, assembled at the Bowmanville coal mines. The bore was enlarged an inch and a-half, making the entire width four and a-half inches; and amid the breathless excitement of the Bowmanville population, the entire body of Geologists descended into that infernal pit. Scarcely had the tip of the last Geologist's nose sunk to a level with *terra firma*, which in future we will call *terra blazes*, when—but our pen reels, and our head refuses to move!—an explosion was heard louder than ten thousand quakes, and the whole body of scientific stonemasons were blown into the elements. Flames issued out of the aperture—which, by the way, suddenly opened to a width of six miles—and consumed every mother's son of those present!

The scene in the town of Bowmanville bangs Bannacher, and he, as our readers know, bangs the devil! The fire companies turned out in a twinkling, and rushed to the scene of the conflagration; but, alas! they were all consumed in less than no time! While we write the town is burning like mad! Where it will end we don't know. The list of killed and wounded will be published in an extra.

## THE GOOSE QUESTION.

Several members are anxious as to the fate of this important matter. Mr. C. on has, we understand, brought in a bill which allows all "geese, ducks, and wild geese, to go at large as far up as high water mark without the permission of anybody." Mr. Mattice has given notice to amend said bill by the introduction of a clause to provide the said poultry with leggings in case it should raise. Mr. Mackenzie last night advocated the bill in an original speech, in which he stated that "ever since the geese took Rome"—But here he was interrupted by such a burst of unruly laughter that the honorable gentlemen sat down and said no more that night.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ARGUS.—It is evident, was not minding his devotions at the Cathedral, last Sunday evening.

IMPUDENCE.—Says that Foley aspires to the Attorney Generalship. We say: You don't say so!

H. G.—We regret to have to disoblige you, but the matter is of too private a nature for us to interfere with.

HOORS.—We like the suggestion. It would be comical to see the Highland company with hoops in their petticoats.

SWANSON.—If Mr. Powell has sprained his ankle by jumping at a conclusion, we advise you to set it with the keenness of your wit.

INFLUENCE WANTED.—The Government will commit a sad mistake if they don't bestow the situation on you. You are so bright!

ROGER VAN DYCK.—Has succeeded in making such abominable bad puns, that we think him a fit candidate for the Attorney Generalship.

LONDON.—We have nothing to do with the fast man, who keeps the fast horses. You must have been tight when you wrote us. Confess now!

DEN'S THEOLOGY.—If you were a servant, the probabilities are that your master's property would not be safe in your keeping. Remember all about the beam, &c.

THE NAMELESS INDIVIDUAL.—Who sent us Government Policy, ought to know—if he has got any brains—that to take care of No. 1 is both right and proper.

T. C. S. displays a laudable motives in defending Dr. Ryerson; but we imagine that it will take more than his well written verses to confirm the public that black is white. However, you are a good fellow.

NORMAL SCHOOL.—As we neither know you nor the pupils you hint at, please do not bother us any more in the matter. You are not the first person whose impertinence led them to misunderstand our position.

OPINIONS, &c.—We beg to intimate to the writer that his opinions bear no sort of analogy to those expressed by the Press of Toronto—now the greatest Press in the world, the GRUMBLER having given a tone to it.

A SUE (London).—Of course we can take no notice of the private transaction of any member. But we shall keep our eyes skinned to their public actions. At the same time, you may be sure that we feel immensely flattered by your appreciation of our efforts.

SOMEbody writing to us from the Lord-knows-where, says that a raffle took place at Woodstock, for the Shrieverly of Middlexer, and that people answering the names of Frank Cornish, Bill Glass, and Poor Deedes—a queer name, we think—were the throwers. Our correspondent further says, that Deedes was victorious. We say: Who the duce are all those individuals?

FIVE YOUNG CANADIANS.—We wish that we had five hands that we could shake hands with you all together. You are regular bricks. If we are not present at your merry party—of course you won't expect us. Eh!

OLD GRUMBLER.—You should remember that the *Colonist* seldom or ever ventures on a joke of late; and as for the *Globe*, there's not a penny-weight of wit in the whole establishment—therefore anything they may have perpetrated in regard to the fellow Townsend may be overlooked.

OBSERVER.—The law which prohibits men from leaving their cabs is in force. However, if they do not obstruct the side-walk in standing on it, there is no harm in their singing nigger songs; and we have no doubt that the policemen are kept from mischief if the melody is such as to attract their presence.

GRUMBLING SALLY enquires whether the gentleman who advertises for a wife in the *Leader* and *Colonist* has met with success; and appears to imply that she discovers in the *inco*g of the advertiser, one who has made her overtures in common with a great many other ladies. We of course know nothing of the matter, but trust the lucky individual, whoever he may be, may be fortunate in his present attempt, failing in which, we would advise him to procure the assistance of Mrs. French, the Clairvoyant. What say you, Sally?

### BUSINESS NOTICES.—\$1 EACH.

MR. JOHN COOMBS, Druggist, corner of Yonge and Richmond Streets, has added another to the many attractions of his shop, by the introduction of a new machine for the manufacture of the purest and best Soda Water we have ever tasted. It would be useless to describe minutely the apparatus, and we have only to direct our thirsty readers—and they are legion—to Mr. COOMBS'S establishment, where they will be so cheerfully and refreshingly that they will feel indebted to us for directing them thither.

John McMillin, Auctioneer, &c., has announced his intention of holding an extensive Sale of Books and Stationery on several Evenings, commencing on June 3rd, in the Leader Buildings corner of King Street and the old Post Office. The stock offered comprises a very large and rare selection of works on almost every subject. Our readers should not fail to give Mr. McMillin a call. For the convenience of purchasers private bargains may be made during the day.

There are few things in this world more agreeable than a good song and a good glass of ale. They help to obliterate the cares of the day, and give us a zest for the labour of to-morrow. Both of these, may be had at KURR'S SALOON, opposite the Court-House. The Concert-Room, we understand, is nicely decorated, and the concerts will come off every Monday and Saturday evening. As a general thing we are opposed to saloons; but at the same time, when well conducted, (as we have no reason to doubt Kurri's saloon will be, it will be quite a pleasure to spend an hour there.

Which of the permanent city attractions possessing sterling merits can compare with the musical shades of the ARLOLO, 40 King St. West? If the opinion of THE GRUMBLER is worth anything, we will undertake to say that more real enjoyment can be here obtained by the disbursement of a simple 12½ cents than can anywhere else be obtained in H. Province. The Concert Room is a model in itself, provided with talented artists, and the most refined music. The simple fee before mentioned secures a ticket, which not only entitles the holder to the music, but also to a glass and a cigar, when he can indulge himself in delicious ease, alternating his movements between the dying away of the sweet perfume of his cigar, with a quaff at the flowing bowl. STONY, the Proprietor, is a model of courtesy.

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