

WI' A WEE DRAP IN HIS EYE.

Gin a body meet a body,
 Wi' a wee drap in his eye,
 Need a body tell a body?
 Per! Aps the chiel was dry.
 Every mon maun hae his glass,
 'Mang the rest hae I,
 So dinna blame the big folk gin,
 They take it on the sly.
 Amang a train there is a awain,
 Lo'es getting fore too well;
 I ken his name, but what's his name,
 I denna care to tell.

Gin a body see a body,
 North by East frae Brown,
 Gin his body's for a toddy,
 Need a body frown?
 Every mon maun hae his glass,
 'Mang the rest hae I.
 So dinna blame the big folk gin,
 Tho we drap' in the eye.
 I ken a awain amang a train,
 Lo'es getting fore too well,
 But wham's his name or what's his name,
 I dinna care to tell.

COLUMBUS II.

On Saturday last our adventurer and explorer Captain Moody, started on a voyage of discovery—to investigate the unknown straits of Moody. Gifted like Columbus I. with genius and enterprise worthy of the consideration of monarchs, Columbus II. met with no less disparagement and contumely at the hands of his Canadian patrons. Tickets to the number of 500 had been issued—including in cosmopolitan hospitality, all the members of both houses. THE GRUMBLER received a Press invitation of the most urgent tone, printed in gold letters on satin. At 3 o'clock punctually the editors of THE GRUMBLER appeared on Maitland's wharf, and were received with a round of deafening cheers. We looked for honorable guests but found none. We only saw Dr. Connor retreating, after having left his coat tail in the hand of his partner, Mr. Boomer, who had in vain besought him to remain and fraternize with the corporation. Mr. Potiphar Boomer was disappointed. Brown, John A. and John S., Foley, and Sicotte, Loranger and McGee, had all defalcated. Desertion was the order of the day. Why should Dr. Connor break through the rules of fashionable ingratitude? THE GRUMBLERS marched on board and encountered Aldermen Brunel, Moody, etc., as well as ex-Alderman Crooks. To the full swelling air of "A Life on the Ocean Wave," the *Fire-fly* moved from her moorings, and as Homer says, "The waves roared greatly beneath her prow." Precarious enough was our foot-hold on the deck amid the pigmy billows of the bay, but ahead, the white breakers of Magellan's, we beg pardon, Moody's Straits, loomed large and ghastly on our view, and as the *Fire-fly* cruvetted like a Triton, and seemed with a deep plunge to snuff up the seething foam through her hawser-holes, panic and dismay spread like a prairie conflagration from stem to stern. Boomer and Brunel embraced each other in a futile attempt to steady themselves; both pitched head foremost into the furnace hold, and were with difficulty prevented from contributing to the propulsive force of the *Fire-fly* engine. * * * *
 What sound is that which petrifies our nerves, and makes our hair stand on end like the British

bayonets at Waterloo? Crash! dash! thump! bump! and rumble! The band, the solace of our cries and our terrors, has subsided with a crash upon the floor! The fife is half choked by a joint of his instrument, but saves himself by swallowing its amber mouth-piece; the drummer plunges into his drum, which commences to roll over board with him; but its progress is fortunately arrested by the prostrate form of councillorman Craig.

But tranquility is at length restored, the champagne begins to rise and ebb, in long glasses. Moody, Crooks, Brunel, Griffith, Boomer and Caruthers, speak long and nobly in behalf of "Piers and Protection." Excuses from members of Parliament are read. Mr. Charles Daly read a note from Mr. Brown,—

DEAR ROBERT—I'm busy reading over Cayley's budget, and can't get away just now. I'll come around with Sandfield in a skiff about 5 o'clock.

Yours, truly,
 GEORDIE."

Mr. MOODIE—(sobbing)—Blow the budget. There's my right-hand man gone and been and deserted me.

Also from the Premier.

"DEAR MOODY—I've taken the pledge for three months, and don't like to break it on bad champagne.

Yours, etc.,
 JOHN A."

From Malcolm Cameron.

"DEAR BOB—I'd come as quick as wink, only I've made John A. sign the pledge, and I must stay at home to watch him.

Yours,
 COONEY."

From T. D'Arcy McGee.

"MY DEAR MOODY—Its preciously rough on the water to-day. My neck has escaped hemp so often that I'm rather afraid of the water.

Yours, faithfully,
 T. D'ARCY MCGEE."

From Amos Wright, Esq.

"DEAR SIR—Having carefully ruminated over your proposition, I have come to the conclusion that as leader of a Class-Meeting, I cannot, with spiritual profit, attend a gathering which you yourself will one day find to be but "vanity and vexation of spirit."

Yours, more in sorrow than anger,
 AMOS WRIGHT."

From Joseph Gould, Esq.

"DER SUN—From the honorous dooties of stait, and a nite skule I hev to itend, I must retire from yer kind invitashun, and believ me yer

Friend,
 JOS. GOLD."

From M. Foley, Esq.

"DEAR SIR—Having already made a public exhibition of myself, I fear the evil effects of bad brandy, and consequently desire to absent myself from your journey of exploration.

M. FOLEY."

From Hon. Edmund Murney, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR—Will you be kind enough to go and be d—d, for an infernal, presumptuous son of a sea cook.

Here the exasperated Moodie, in the blindness of his rage, jammed Mr. Daly's beaver over his eyes, and pitched the whole correspondence into the water. * * * * *

I arrived home safe and sound, at about 7 o'clock P. M. I fell asleep and dreamed sagaciously on the vicissitudes of human existence, till next morning, when I became conscious of a thundering headache and wished myself in the boots of the ungrateful M. P. P.'s.

JUDAS MACCABEUS.

The third time is the charm, whether the attempt be to take up a stitch in an old wife's knitting, or the fulfilment of an augury on which may depend the fate of a nation; and who does not know that the juronillo who refuses a request "for the third and last time" is looked upon by his companions as something "neither brute nor human." Acting on the triple charm, the Rev. Mr. Onions has made a third and last attempt to seduce the people of Toronto, to listen to the composition of the greatest musician that ever lived. Time will show whether they are ignorant snobs or not. If the attempt fails—then may the ghost of our buried ancestors rise, and in their righteous indignation banish all musicians from our land.

THE THEATRE.

The exertions made by the manager to obviate the evils we complained of last week have been so strenuous, and the reformation which he has worked has been so complete that he is, without doubt, entitled to our everlasting and world-without-end-amen gratitude. And indeed to such a height has improvement been carried, that we have not the slightest doubt, that if the same praiseworthy perseverance is displayed for a few weeks more we shall have attained a state of theatrical perfection un-equalled "in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth." The despatch with which the scenes were shifted on the occasion of the production of the "Bottle Imp," was truly wonderful; the alacrity displayed by the performers, something more than human; the number of the audience, beyond all calculation. To elaborate all the bits of the great dramatic spectacle entitled the "Bottle Imp," would be about as hopeless as to expect some of the gentlemen who frequent the boxes to take off their hats during the performance, and abstain from their quidding abominations. Suffice it to say that this drama deserves to stand high in the order of spectacles. The *Imp* (Mr. Petric) *alias* Satan never before appeared to greater advantage on our stage; and his Highness has our thanks for the effective manner in which he accomplished his entrances and exits, or rather his appearances and disappearances. As we are a great admirer of Mr. Davidge, and as every one in the world knows it by this time, we need not now press the pleasure which he has afforded to us since his arrival, both as *Paul Pry* and *Jim Bags*, equally with the *Willibald* of the piece in question. We will not see his like in those and many other characters until we shall have the pleasure of seeing himself once more.

Goosebury Fo(o)ley.

— Messrs. Foley and J. A. McDonald had an animated discussion on Thursday evening, on the question whether a child who stole a goosebury ought to have trial by jury or be sentenced by a magistrate. The case is extremely important and will shortly be printed for the use of members; a copy bound in calf with a pot of goosebury jam to be given to the member for North Waterloo.