

**A Photograph of the recently appointed batch of Magistrates and Coroners.**

**A REPLY TO AN INQUISITIVE BOY,**

Pliant, unscrupulous tools, my boy,  
Deaf to all precedent's rules, my boy;  
Not quite up to par,  
At the barristers bar,  
But bars to truth, equity, schools, my boy.

Ignorant, impudent, rude, my boy,  
With minds unformed and crude, my boy,  
Doing justice—to prog,  
Just judges of grog,  
With prejudice deeply imbued, my boy.

Bullies vain of their power, my boy,  
Though it last but an hour, by boy;  
Sycophants mean,  
As over were seen,  
When to men in office they cower, my boy.

Boors whom wags can lark, my boy,  
Just able to sign their mark, my boy,  
Yet good with the pen,  
As our Aldermen,  
With brains as muddled and dark, my boy.

He said that justice holds scales, my boy,  
For impartially weighing all tastes, my boy;  
These justices wise,  
Have scales—on their eyes,  
So the beam hides the balance and falls, my boy.

Now for those Coroners great, my boy,  
Who have gained appointments of late, my boy;  
Ever in quest  
Of some cordial post,  
Who always elude his fate, my boy,

Vultures forever sigh, my boy,  
To gorge on poor victims who die, my boy,  
When spirit-ed souls,  
Are made spirits by pole,  
Off they fly in pursuit of five pounds, my boy.

Obstinate headed as mules, my boy,  
On lifeless cats from our pools, my boy;  
Let them summon twelve men,  
To some groggery den,  
And drink till they're drunk as fools, my boy.

Then magistrates "fools," farewell, my boys,  
With our councilmen learn to spell, my boys;  
Of your virtues, one dose  
Would poison a "Bowie,"  
To the Devil we pitch you pell-moll, my boys.

**A BARE CHANCE FOR RAREY.**

The following is a communication from the Hon. John A. McDonald, which, through some mistake of the Post Office clerks, was put into our box, and as the idea it contains is a good one, we give it publicity.

*'Parliament Buildings, Toronto.*

DEAR RAREY,—Hoaring of your wonderful success in training or rather subduing vicious and unmanageable animals, I am led to address you on the subject. For some time I have had an animal in my stable, on Front street, named Brown. I believe he is of Scotch pedigree—measures some seventeen hands—is in prime condition—can travel a mile in two-forty, and is great at an Oxford hurdle-race; but, and here's the rub—he is frightfully bankey. To break him, I (that is we) have used every means, challenges, sneers, oaths and ostlers not a few, but all to no purpose,—he still kicks. My last man Sponce, seemed especially objectionable to him, as in January last the poor fellow received such injuries from him that he was unable to walk through Wentworth, and I have been reluctantly obliged to dispense with his services in that capacity. Since then I have commissioned a horse dealer and land jobber,

named Smith (whom you no doubt know) to keep a sharp look out on him, but he declares he can do nothing with the beast as he believes he is seriously troubled with grit in the stomach, which does and will baffle all schemes to remove; but the fact is, I believe, (I mention this to you privately) the fellow is a brainless humbug, and knows nothing about the matter, as the creature is even ten times worse under his treatment than before.

In this dilemma I have thought it advisable to confer with you on the subject, and hope you will suggest a speedy remedy, being anxious the beast should be so subdued and trained as to be driven in harness during the present session. An early and favourable answer is solicited.

I am, my dear fellow,  
Yours, &c.,

J. A. McDONALD.

To J. R. Rarey, Esq., Wild-Horse Tamer, &c., at His Grace the Duke of Wellington's stables, London.

P. S.—Should you think, from the above description of the animal, and its disease, no cure can be effected, you are at liberty to swap with His Grace the Duke, Lord Palmerston, Earl Derby, or any other of those old muffs, at home there, whom you could trick a little. I am anxious to cure or get rid of the brute. Liberal compensation guaranteed if you do a smart business.

**"An honest man's the noblest work of God."**

Where can this noble work be found—  
Breathes he on Canadian grounds?  
Falls his virtues to the sky,  
Paint his form to every eye;  
Mild and placid, soft in speech,  
Scorning all who over-reach;  
Rooting out the weeds of crime,  
Teaching youth to value time,  
Preaching from the pulpit high,  
How to live and how to die;  
Model-man of Model Schools,  
Living up to virtue's rules.  
Oh! the case to all is clear,  
Honesty, thy form is here!  
Read his virtues all who run,  
Honest, Honest Ryerson,  
Oh how large thy virtue sounds,  
Worth full fifteen hundred pounds.

**To Phrenologists.**

—Dr. Ryerson is about to have his "bust" remodelled, to bring into bold relief the recent extraordinary development.

**Satan Reproving Sin.**

—Ald. Moodie introducing, in the Council, a bill for the suppression of houses of ill fame!

**ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

ST. JOHN'S WARD.—Too personal.

A YOUNG GRUMBLER.—Your article won't suit.

HENBERT, LONDON.—Your imitation of the productions of a great man, is odious, and cannot be entertained.

MARY ANN complains that some neighbors poisoned a valuable lap-dog, and wishes to know if she can punish the perpetrators of the murder. Of course, a legal remedy is open to her.

PUBLICOLA.—The reason why the taxes on Tea, &c., are so high, is to provide a credit side to Mr. Cayley's accounts, the debit side being so heavy, that of course revenue must be raised to equalize the balance sheet.

C. D.—Mentions the fact, Mr. Glover, M. P., has been sentenced in England to five months' imprisonment, for falsely stating that he possessed the property qualification of a member of Parliament, and wants to know what should be done to O'Farrell and Fellowes?

F. J. C., GUELPH.—Complains that a prominent member of Parliament uses the franking privilege for the purpose of sending his dunning letters through the country. We have before expressed our opinion on this abuse, and think it calls for the interference of the Legislature.

P. O.—Thankful for small favors. You should have been more careful about the packing of your valuable presents; the decanter was broken on the way to our office. We regret that we have no official acquaintance with the gentleman for whom you intended it, you are, therefore, a little below snuff this time.

J. F. C.—We believe the Governor General is exempted from paying taxes. The reason why he does not visit the house more frequently, is, because it has been a British custom for royalty, and of course vice-royalty, to abstain from what might be deemed an attempt to overawe the members or shackle their deliberations.

PROMETHEUS.—It has been our unhappy lot in the short time since we were called into existence, to receive a vast amount of unmitigated trash in the shape of contributions, but your ten verses of doggerel surpasses anything that has yet presented itself. If you or others have anything to complain of, let us know the facts in plain prose, and the matter will be much more likely to receive attention.

S. S. states that while he and some other persons were in front of St. Lawrence Hall on Saturday night, waiting for friends who were at the concert, the redoubtable Chief of Police made his appearance, and in a tone and manner worthy of a Czar, ordered a subordinate to—"Clear off this mess!" meaning our correspondent and friends, who we know to be respectable persons. Such language is characteristic of the Chief—he is known to be a proficient in billingsgate, as well as in every kindred accomplishment of so refined a character.

**BUSINESS NOTICES—\$1 EACH.**

Has any body ever noticed how admirably THE GRUMBLER bills are posted on all the notable walls of the city? Nothing can exceed the artistic style with which our bill-poster handles his brush, and high art has a persevering student in this man. For the benefit of numerous advertisers, we give his name as GEO. WATSON, 74 Richmond street, East.

MR. CORNWELL, at the Rossin House, continues to astonish the visitors to that excellent hotel, with specimens of his card writing. Any person who requires visiting or wedding cards (and who does not want both) need only give Mr. C. a call, and they will be satisfied with his style of work and his charges therefor.

We can speak very confidently of Mr. CARNSON'S ability as a WATCH-MAKER, JEWELLER, &c. His shop,—King Street, West, has been refitted, and is now one of the most neat and convenient in the city. The stock is well selected, and includes everything required, from a shirt-stud to eight-day clock. We have peculiar pleasure in adding our unfeigned tribute to the urbanity and intelligence displayed by Mr. CARNSON in conducting his business. He deserves the especial thanks of the community for the Illuminated Clock, which is placed over his own door, for the use and convenience of the public.

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