

BEHIND THE SCENES.

ACT 1st—SCENE 1st—Room at No. 64, Tab at —Mr. John A. Macdonald giving a first rate Principle. —Enter Mr. Cartier

Well Mac, old head son for no year's weight. We met this morning, and by all that's bright, Our scheme was wicks with, and you, my old fox, Shall step again into your shoes and socks. Sir Edmund met me with a jolly grin, To think how sleek poor Brown was taken in. We cracked three bottles, Mac, of rare old Port, I wished by dove you could have joined the sport. The old trump pledged me till I got my fill, And never once refer'd to "Shall and Will," But now to business; you of course will slip At once into th' Attorney Generalship?

John A.—Hum! Ha! I need for you, now why the deuce was that?

I'll play no second fiddle sir, that's flat. I've been a Premier sir, you understand, Therefore I'm not your servant to command.

Cartier—Oh I nonsense Mac, you know you still will be The head and front of man of this country. Such trifles must produce no party splits, 'Tis but a trick to blind those darning Clear Grills. Just like the tale you spread of your intent To seek from party and from office retirement. Come, you'd, of course we understand our game, You wield the power, whilst I but hold the name. What's in a name?

John A.—The new patch up, I think would prove as neat, And smelt with any other name as sweet.

Cartier—Dance take you, Jack, let Shakespeare go to grass, Get but to work, then write me down an ax.

John A.—(aside, Ass, Ass, enough) [spoke me]—Well let it be so then.

Cartier—All right my eye; I'm not about the men, We can't take blundering Smith again, his clear. Cayley's done Brown, but Mac, the fix is here, How can we win three from the other side.

John A.—Easy enough, if careful how you job. A species of humbugging first provide, Cannon and the rest will follow, and you'll fall 'or gold and office 'en his soul to be—l.

Cartier—I'll try it, Mac.

John A.—Well, mind don't stint the bait, You'll hook them all you want as sure as fate. [Exit.]

SCENE 2nd—Room in ROSSIE HOUSE, Sandfield Macdonald, Dr. Connor and M. Foley smoking their cheroots. —Enter Cartier.

Cartier—(grinning epigrammatically)—Good morning gentlemen, All—(with dignity) Good morning, Sir.

Cartier—This crisis makes a most confounded sir, You should have known I never would permit George Brown as Premier a week to sit. 'Twixt you and me, Sir Edmund has no great regard for the late Leader of the state. You won't catch him stirring Brown support. In fact he only sent for him for sport. But bless you, sirs, he almost worships me, And so upon my soul, he does you three. He sent in haste for me this morn to form A government that might be the saviour. "Cartier," he said "upon my sacred honor, I quite adore that charming Dr. Connor, Sandfield's a gentleman, and Foley quite a brick. He's given me a score to be obliged to kick them out with Brown; now don't you think that you could just secure their kind assistance too?" Of course, I promised I would spare no pain Your most desirable support to gain. I therefore come to offer you a seat In a new Cabinet no Gills can beat. What will you take?

Sandfield—The trouble Sir of kicking you down stairs, If you come here with all your lying airs.

Foley—Oh I'll take care to aid him in the act.

Connor—If you're not gone I'll do it, Sir, in fact. (Lifting his foot and sitting the action to the word.) [Exit Cartier in mortal terror, going down six steps at once.]

ACT 2nd—SCENE 1st—Room of Tab Street—John A. discussing the contents of a pitcher of Lager. Enter Cartier.

John A.—Of course you've hooked the virtuous crew, Cartier—I've hooked myself into a jolly mess through you, John A.—Why didn't they jump then at the change in their attire.

Cartier—They jumped at once to kick me down the stairs.

John A.—Why how was that? you must have been too rough.

Cartier—Oh holy mother I sure I lied enough, I swore like Excellence adored the three, Offered them a seat and then 'twas strange to see How fierce they looked! how warlike were their airs! How wild their threats I fled and rushed down stairs.

John A.—You jolly muff, you've just spoiled every chance Of landing them to join our motley dance; Confound it Mac, you're always blundering thus, P'ye call it tact, to do this stupid nonsense?

A really Leander, Sir, I guess you'll waken, Upon my soul it really makes me quake To think of it. You see, sir, what you've forced us now to do, Back straight must come, Sir, all the blundering crew.

Cartier—Oh, hang it no! Galt's eager Jack to slip Right off into th' Independent Generalship. Cayley must go, the rogues that we employ, Should be a thought more a tick than my boy, Galt's just the man. Loranger too must be gone, He does more harm than good or I'm no Judge. I can't abide a queer implausible speaker, A bark may do, but save no trou a squeaker. You see Van Weert, and before we slip up; With Galt and S., we'll patch the old thing up; But I say Mac, is you're delicate sure?

John A.—I neither know my boy, nor care that's more, I've got to abide a queer implausible speaker, To face the music in my native town.

Cartier—The deuce you have, out with it then at once!

John A.—You might have guessed I think, you plaguesy dunces, You know the Independence act permits Official change I now exercise your wits.

Cartier—Of course, I know you might make a transition; But, then Mac, each must keep his old position.

John A.—Well on my soul I thought you up to snuff, But, please I you're impossible enough To match George Brown, but won't your greenishp deigo To see we might jump Jim Crow back again, Each change his office, then at once resign, And take the office into his own hand.

Cartier—Well, Mac, you're just the prince of tricky schemers, But won't the Gills be down like regular seamen.

John A.—Who cares a snap so long as I find's all right, I'd glory in it if it's just for spite.

Cartier—And so would I, to tweak each Grifty wretch, But Holy Moses, Mac, is just an awful stretch, Scotte won't stomach it, at least five months ago, He'd rather hang him if than acted so. 'Talk of the de'il they say, he'll straight appear, To make the proverb true, 'why Scotte's here.

Enter Scotte.

John A.—Scotte we've hit upon a plan to scappa The bore of re-election ere we take Our seats again; the Independence act Permits a change of office, so with me We'll make it all right. Our plan is simply told, Assume some office other than we hold. Just get sworn in, resign at once and so Let each resume his old Portfolio.

Scotte—I can't stand that, the statute never meant To legalize so monstrous an intent, Besides, good heavens, what would the country say? We've sins enough without increasing the array, It's perfectly outrageous, sir, and I, For my part never, never would comply.

John A.—What stuff, the letter of the law is clear, Allows the shuffle, why then need we fear. Besides friend How will look us up, I'm sure, In this or anything to show George Brown the door.

Cartier—Ah I yes, I'm sure he would.

Scotte—And still not one iota alter me, I'd once a reputation, though heaven knows I've precious little left me now to lose. You've drug'd a man, sirs, through mire enough, but I'll never swallow this outrageous plan.

John A.—What nonsense man, but if you must refuse, Why what department will you please to choose? Stick to the Public Works, if that will do, You save your conscience and election too. Of course you don't dispute that step is right?

Scotte—Why so, that plan will satisfy me quite. [Exit Scotte.]

John A.—Well, Cartier, all's serene, we've waded through that bog.

But say, d'ye think Sid Smith will run th' entire bog.

Cartier—Faith that he will, his constance never gags At aught that keeps him master of Mail Bags.

John A.—No fear of him I guess. Well then, ah's right, We'll have the alarm of evening in to-night. [Exit both.]

And so, and so they did, and so the Governor merely remarked at the ceremony that he wouldn't have done as much for Brown if he had, and so, and so he accepted their resignation next morning, and swore them into their old offices; and so, and so the people think the whole proceedings sufficiently disgraceful, and THE GRUMBLER believes they're not far wrong.

Pretty Bad.

A Correspondent hopes to be forgiven for the following, which he perpetrated when the sun was 90 degrees in the shade, and consequently he must have been slightly insane:—

CHARLES.—(To his young and pretty wife) Well now, Amelia, I think I ought to be a good deal better after that scolding.

AMELIA.—(Half angry.) Why so?

CHARLES.—Why, because I have been so Acclaimed—(ameliorated).

AMELIA.—Oh you are a horrid fellow.

The Great Fight between Cameron and Old Nick.

This turn up between the two great champions of the prize-ring came off on the fair-green, Toronto, last Monday morning, and caused quite a little excitement amongst the Fancy. The morning was fine, and just as the sun was throwing out his beams, and sparring gently with Allen's dreary edifice, and polishing it off, the Pet of the Church made his appearance on the ground, accompanied by his backers and a few well known Corinthians. He did not appear in as good condition as was expected; he, however, came beautifully and steadily to the ground notwithstanding his soda-waterish appearance. Nicholas looked chaffed, and fumed a good deal about being kept waiting, and said he hoped he might be blest if he ever waited so long again for any Churchman. Preliminaries having been arranged by the seconds and toilettes made, both men came to the scratch.

THE FIGHT.

ROUND I.—The Pet, impatient to begin, lunged fiercely at his man, but was balked by Nick's careful guards. After some manuevering, the Pet got in a beautiful one two on his adversary's nob. In a rally they closed, Cameron going down under.

ROUND II.—Careful sparring on both sides, with a few counter hits. Nick put in his right mawley heavy on the Pet's peeper, but got a return smartly on the kissing-trap. First blood claimed for the Pet.

After six spirited rounds, in which both men were pretty well punished, they were withdrawn, as the quiet of the mill was likely to be disturbed by S. Suerwood's muffs. Arrangements have not yet been concluded for the wind-up, but will be shortly. Betting 5 to 3 on the Nick.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AGRA FONIS—Informs us that despite Mr. Malcolm Cameron's temperance protestations he was seen walking down Wellington Street, the other day, with tight boots on. Our correspondent is a sharp fellow. But he forgot to mention whether the hon. gentleman was *corned* or not; although, according to our own sad experience, such an effect invariably springs from such a cause.

A CITIZEN—Is justly indignant at the "Swill Tub" nuisance. The whole tribe of rascals who poison the air of the city by their daily rounds should be made to stroll down their own abomination, and then we should have no fear of the cholera-morbus being inhaled any where—except out of our stinking sewers.

POLITICAL CREED—Is not orthodox. He is in a perilous state. Let him pound-r well on his latter end before he commits himself to such heresies again.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

It is not often that THE GRUMBLER, through mistake, rates services too high, but last week we were guilty of setting down CAREY'S Baths at three YUK shillings instead of a quarter of a dollar. His Bath-House is 62, Front Street.

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