

THE MOODY SCOW STRANDED.

Is it really the fact that, our little friend Robert Moodie has abandoned his intention of running for North Oxford? The *Globe* triumphantly announced it yesterday morning. Mr. Brown, after days of entreaty and remonstrance has persuaded him to desist from his insane project, by large promises, no doubt, of pap from the Public Works Department, in case of his coming into power. Certainly, some more cogent influence than moral suasion must have been brought to bear upon the gallant Captain, to induce him to relinquish a design which he had commenced so nobly in the following address, committed to us for publication the other day:—

TO THE FREE AND INDEPENDENT, &c.

"Considerin my youth and inexperience I thot not to give myself bifalutin thots, and to sta only an alderman, tho' that office was a little beneath one with such illiterat coleegs as I had, except that your respectibly sined recuisishun roused my ambition as an Orangeman a Protestant and a Kanajin.

You will naturally make enquiries as to the position I intend assuming on the great questions of the day. Well I mean to swallow the hull opposishun platform. I pledg myself to Universal suffrage. Mr. Brown and I will pass a Bill excludin all Papishes from votin and from bein members, and I pledg myself to fite against Father Bruyere and al his cru. I will pas a Bil to make an Oringe Lodge out of the Hows of Providence, and make 12 July a general Holida. And my fellow electors if there is one thing that I will fight for it is the liberty of the subject, and so the Abolition of Imprisonment for Debt will be necessary, as also to striko out the outrages Seduction Law. To conclud. You hev in yure Parliament, heaps of Doctor, Lawyers and aukshuners, and you hain't got 1 Saler. That's the resun why yure Kanajin maren haint bin progressin. Just bring me into Parliament and I'll make yer freer, more intiltened, than yer ever was, and Ganady will be no longer under the thumb of a raskily Pope. Hurrah for the Pius and imortel memory of King William 3d.

BOB MOODIE.

Colossus of Roads.

—Since our last issue we are in the receipt of numerous letters relating to the fearful state in which the York Roads, especially Yonge Street, are now in. Mr. James Beatty purchased these magnificent high-ways from the Hincks government some seven or eight years ago, and notwithstanding he has been collecting an exorbitant toll from all travellers since, he has failed to pay either the principle or interest, in the meantime neglecting the roads to such an extent that they are now positively impassible. What is to be done to this man Beatty, this self dubbed Disciple, who sets such an example of honesty, and is so worthy of punishment if for nothing else than cruelty to animals? The laws of the land are insufficient to meet such a case, the government which he so slavishly supports, will take no action in the matter, and there seems to be no alternative but to grin and bear it, until some fortunate chance deprives the present ministry of their power and puts in others, who, if they have no other quality to recommend them, have at least no great affection for this Colossus of Roads.

OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

To deny the existence of common sense among our Civic Fathers would be positive injustice. THE GRUMBLES, therefore, will not risk such an impeachment. Their vocal organism is perfect, and will challenge comparison with any other deliberative body, either in tone or compass; thus it by no means infrequently happens that this organism, when systematically put through a severe lubricating process, rise from the tameness of a gentle murmur to the more exciting condition of a "hard blow," and at such times the Council exhibitions are really entertaining. Such a climax was reached on the evening of Monday last. Before precipitating to the denouement, we will substantiate our charge of common sense in the Council by adducing the speech of Mr. Councilman Carruthers, in which, acting on our advice, he hinted at nightly meetings. It was a graceless action to steal our brains without acknowledgment;—but as it is a question whether we have a right to demand an acquaintance with the art courteous from such quarters, we forbear the indulgence of a grumble. Councillor Craig, too, deserves mention, by delivering himself of the following speck of sense, when considering the matter of earlier meetings. "If the immaculate Board of Works were to do the work of the Council for the year for £2000, meeting at seven, who could imagine the amount of money they would spend meeting at four." The brains of the solons were harrassed at this poser—no attempt being made to demonstrate it, mathematically or otherwise—it is a matter of vital importance to the tax-payers, some of whom we trust will come to the aid of the benighted Council through our columns, or some other respectable paper.

The disposal of these little matter afforded little interest to the auditory—manifest uneasiness was getting possession of them—the Council understood the signs, foremost among which were the two worthy Councilmen already named by us. They waxed hot, banded each other with zest—approving smiles on every side were directed towards them, until it well nigh reached to bloody strife. The carters were "eager for a fray," which we of THE GRUMBLES discovering, hastened to a safer retreat, dreading the recurrence of some such tragedy as marked the celebration of St. Patrick. It was a dangerous "blow," and may be described as

"A jangling noise," not much unlike the rumors
Of Daedalus awains amidst their drunken humours:
Some spoke between their teeth, some in the nose,
Some in their throats their words to ill disposed:
Some howled, some hollowed, some did strut and strain,
Each had his gibberish—"

Law Students.

—We beg to advise candidates for Matriculation, that a familiarity with the sciences of Bagatelle and Ten-Pins is now insisted on, besides demonstrative capacity for beer and tobacco. Physiological aspect will, in many cases, be sufficient to establish the two latter.

Preposterous.

—What may we suppose to have been the motto of the Deputy Returning Officer for Cambridge at the late Russell Election? A srenstic little limp at our elbow suggests "Lie on (Lyon) Follows."

THE LATE GENERAL ORR.

Most of our city readers will remember a strange specimen of humanly half crazy, half drunk, that used to perambulate the streets, assembling small crowds whom he would address in a strange rambling style, generally in rhyme, through which now and then would flash the evidences of genius and culture. He was familiarly known as General Orr, was by profession, a painter, and had it not been for his unhappy predilection to drink, might have attained to a highly respectable position. Poor fellow, while he lived, he had a hard time of it, and died in the greatest penury and distress. Our friend "Dobbs," unwilling that the recollection of this strange anomaly of a man should perish with his mortality, presents the annexed, which is much in the style of the General, and is thus an appropriate tribute:—

MONODY ON THE LATE GENERAL ORR.

Shall fate all eloquence and genius doom,
To sleep unnoticed in the silent tomb?
Prosaic age, when wealth alone may gain
The sighs of nations and "the long drawn train!"
Awake my muse your loftiest numbers, for
You sing a hero and his name was Orr.
Well I remember when around his chair,
In awe struck circles did the crowd repair,
List to the stories which he told so well
At George Platt's Inn, or that of John Cornell,
Or, when the ale awoke his native fire,
Dispute on law with Cameron McIntyre—
In legal learning could exceed him far,
Gained by long practice at the public bar;
Tell how with pot and brush he did repair
To where the Fathers of this city fair,
In solemn council sat within their hall,
And offer'd gratis to white-wash them all.
When honest Draper by John A. was sent
With full credentials to misrepresent
This country's views in the House of Commons,
In the St. Lawrence Hall at close of day,
Was called a meeting on the Hudson's Bay?
McDonell spoke, and so did M. P. Mowatt,
Did loud applause and thundering cries of "go it,"
While Gowan, though a gentleman much slyer,
Was proved by Brown no better than a liar.
When at its highest ragged the wordy storm,
I twigg'd the General climbing the platform,
With welcome cheers the audience then express
Their wish that he the meeting would address.
Boldly he spoke, while silence reigned supreme,
(Great upon this as every other theme):—
"Had I O'Connell's voice and silver tongue,
"With patriot fire like Hampden was I strung,
"The pen of Junius—Raphael's glowing brush,
"I'd paint 'Sweet William' in the blackest slush,
"Scorch him like Burke with satire deep, intense,
"And strew around him the flowers of eloquence.
"Boys, just have patience and no longer fear,
"For Orr your champion and his force are here"
These were the words of him we now deplore—
Alas, his tones shall charm our ears no more!
Ye great debaters of our City Hall,
Mourn for his loss, he could surpass you all!
And O ye Slatemans who these lines may see,
Brown and McDonald, Moodie and McFee,
Acknowledge merit, cease your squabbles small,
"Bear hence his ashes," and support his pall!
While of those obvious minds who fame pursue—
(For envy is the test of greatness true):
I ask one question, speak, or hide your face,
Hath one among you talents for his place?
His faults, he had them, but let this atone,
They were not those which injured him alone.
Remember one who deep in tears deplored,
No word was left to own his conquering sword;
He like my hero from this life did pass,
And died as nobly by an extra glass.