

CABINET COUNCIL.

The first meeting of the Executive Council since the return of Messrs. Cartier and Ross was held yesterday. By the kindness of His Excellency we are enabled to give a full report:

Council Chamber. Present—His Excellency and Council, all but Galt [absent in England] and Aleya [nursing himself at home].

Sir Ed.—Why, brave old Cartier, welcome back again. 'Tis meet I should be glad, for I am glad to meet you once again. The business of the state presses so heavily upon us, George, [Sir George I hoped to say,] when you are absent. Some of the Council are unsteady, others are lazy, and all but you incompetent.

CARTIER.—Sir Edmund, I thank you vera much, I was treat like great *homme* in do Palace by Sa Magiste. Chantez vous; oh I forgot you no sing. I will have a littell tune and ye song which I have make.

AIR—Fennel Smugular.

To do Windsor Castell I did go,
La reloo and family to know,
And a vera sharp sword hang by my side;
Like a fust rate premier,
Like a fust rate premier,
Vid stockings silk beside.

O Cartier, do Queen she say,
I'm very much please you come to-day,
Sit down and you shall dine to-night,
Like a fust rate premier,
Like a fust rate premier,
Who put the Grits to flight.

So down I drop upon zo knee,
Do Queen do tank, mon cher ami,
But she bevere say rise up, Sare George,
Like a fust rate premier,
Like a fust rate premier,
Rise up do Knight, Sare George.

Well, I come back plain Cartier,
While she have knighted old Tache;
No treatment ont saro, was it, now?
For a fust rate premier,
For a fust rate premier,
*Was mauvais, you'll allow.

MACDONALD.—Pshaw, Cartier, what are you making such a dust about? He has done nothing else but grumble about this ever since his return; let's get to business. Retallick, go down and order some brandy.

SCOTTE.—How irritable you have become, Mac, to be sure, do try and behave yourself. What is to be done next session?

SMITH.—That's the cheese, Scotte, your genius air considerable, that's a fact. I calculate to give up the Post office; so you'd better go right in to bizness, that's so.

Sir Ed.—Well, let's begin the speech, "It affords me great pleasure to meet you again, as a Parliament." Nothing like soft soap.

SMITH.—Jest so.

MACDONALD.—It's only a bit of a fib, that's all. I wish we had no parliament; we could do much better without.

CARTIER.—Silence, Mac! That will do for the first. Then, "Gentlemen, I and my Council have been vera busy of your interests. Monsieur Cartier have been to England, and was almost knighted.

MACDONALD.—At it again, Cartier.

SMITH.—That want do by no means, whatson-dever. How will this dev. "We seen a good heap of noise from th' grits durin' the recess, but it aint no go. We ticked 'em slicker than grease."

ROSS.—Smith, you're a vulgar brute.

MACDONALD.—Gentlemen, (Retallick, pass the rose) I go in for sweeping reforms (expressions of surprise from Sir Edmund.) Don't be afraid. A little hoodwinking will do, and—

ROSS.—Pahl stick to the Grand Trunk and the other Railroad business, there's no use in that gammon; it's too late.

CARTIER.—Well, I will tell you. Dis vill do. The rail-road of the Intercolonial will be worth while your attention pendant the session. My ministers have been at Windsor, and Mr. Cartier died—

MACDONALD.—There you are, you'll never get over that dinner. I'm going to resign, that's flat. [Sensation] Morton and I can't stand it. We've had enough business; let's have a comfortable evening together.

This suggestion being adopted, the Council rose like men who felt conscious of having done their duty. Another meeting will soon be held, which we shall report next week.

What Mr. Macdougall, M.P.F., can do.

"He can transform reprobrates to reformers, mormals to members of Parliament, labours to barristers, plobians to boungers (what the deuce are they?) unummies and misers to ministerialists."

—La! there now, what a wonderful man this Mr. Macdougall must be, and isn't the editor of the *Brandon Courier* (who is responsible for the above) a flaming genius? Why doesn't John A. Macdonald drag him out of obscurity? Surely the pen which produced such hislatin nonsense should be employed upon his pct organ, the *Colonist and Atlas*. Jerusalem! with such an addition wouldn't *Old Double* cut up the Grits? By-the-bye, in the meantime what a merciful thing it would be if Mr. Macdougall could transform the Editor of the *Brandon Courier* into a writer of common sense.

THE THEATRE.

The engagement of Mr. and Mrs. Chanfrau closes to-night. They are both excellent *artists*. Mr. Chanfrau will long be looked up to as the true representative of American life as seen in New York and other cities of the Union, and Mrs. Chanfrau will be remembered for her good singing and general good acting.

The only fault we have to find with Mr. Chanfrau is, that he adopts many thrashy pieces for the sake of appearing in a favorite character. Nor is Mr. Chanfrau singular in this, for the same may be said of nine-tenths of the actors who exclusively adopt national roles.

We need not particularize what pieces we allude to; but as "The Yankee Teamster" was the last we saw we will adduce it as a specimen. It was decidedly the worst put together and most preposterous we have seen for a long time—and yet Mr. Chanfrau's character, the Yankee Teamster, owing to the manner in which it was rendered, more than half redeemed it.

A GOOD JOKE.

DEAR Mr. GRUMBLER,—The editor of the *Merrickville Chronicle*, who is a good fellow at heart, and who, I am sure, meant no harm by it, has stated, among other excellent traits of my character, social and moral, that "he should not wonder if the Toronto GRUMBLER was indebted to me for some of its brightest sallies!"

Now, good Mr. Editor, although I fully appreciate the honor intended to be thrust upon me, and although I would give all I possess in the world—except—my life, as *Hamlet* says—to be able to write the dullest conundrum that ever appeared in your celebrated journal, yet, in justice to my character, I must beg of you to contradict the statement in the most decided manner.

If I had been in the habit of saying good things, I should not be surprised at the imputation—but I assure you that excepting my own bright-eyed little Sally, I never was guilty of a *bright sally* in all my life. Hoping that you will set me all right before the public, I remain

Yours till death,

DAVID B. READ,
Mayor, &c.

Interesting to Students of Prophecy.

—We copy the following interesting intelligence from the *Roxton Times*, England:—

"Married, on the 8th inst., at St. Mary's Church, by the Rev. Mr. Murray, George W. Wolfe, Esq., to Adeline E. Lamb, third daughter of William H. Lamb, Esq., of Elstow.

Verily the predicted millennium must be approaching, for one of its evidences is already realized, viz. "The Wolf (e) and the Lamb shall lie down together."

Too Bad.

—A correspondent sends us the following pointless conundrum:—"Why is a man who has just got over the effects of a heavy supper like the metropolis of England at the present time? Ans. Because he has been relieved of a night-mare (Knight Mayor.) In explanation he tells us that Sir R. W. Carden, Knt., was Lord Mayor of London up to the 9th ultimo.

BUSINESS NOTICE.

The approaching winter signifies its advent by the coughs and colds which are its usual attendants. To render its attacks on the Lungs, Bronchicæ, and Organs respirative innocuous, we recommend *Shapter's Cough Lozenges* as the very remedy to relieve all their afflictions. Shapter's Cough Lozenges are in high repute among all classes. Let him who coughs buy a box and satisfy himself that they are the right kind.

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