

SCENE AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

PRESIDENT, *solus*.—They're off to Charleston, which reminds me of a little—(enter Seward.)

MR. SEWARD.—President, our astonishingly invincible, and terrifically invulnerable maritime armada is at this awfully momentous moment projecting its irresistible projectiles at the instantaneously crumbling batteries of the hothead of treason, while the fiendish residents conceal their hydra heads in inaccessible caverns, and their horrifying shrieks wail mournfully down the breeze which flutters our magnificently victorious banner on Sumter's highest pinnacle.

PRESIDENT.—Sir, I, a Christian, feel kinder sorry to be the chosen instrument of wrath towards my deluded countrymen, but I may say that the foot was required to be put down firmly. I have to exterminate them, and for that purpose I am happy to say that my iron-clads—(enter deputation.)

CHAIRMAN OF DEPUTATION.—Sir, we have arriv as citizens of our enlightened State, to know of yew air going to dew suthin? or of yew air not. Yew have confiscated our liberties, yew have drafted our free citizens, yew hev imprisoned them for nary cause, yew have spent our capital in clunks everywhar, yew have clapped a taranal debt on us that'll swamp our industry for unborn centeries, and yew hev done nothing! George III. had a Brutus; Cromwell had a Caesar, and our immortal citizens lynchee traitors. *Air yew goin to dew suthin?*

PRESIDENT.—Fellow-citizens, your interests have been exclusively my object, and I delight to tell you that I have now in operation a certain means of crushing the rebellion, prepared at great expense and with wonderful ingenuity. In short, my iron-clads—(enter a General.)

GENERAL.—Sir, as a military commander of this Republic, I report to you that your last orders have placed the army under my command in a position which insures its entire capture on the first attack by the enemy.

PRESIDENT.—Just so; this is my plan: By the time you are captured, and the enemy are encumbered with you, the fleet, having taken Charleston, will sail up the river and cut him off. You will rise on the enemy—don't object or I'll supersede you—rise on the enemy and destroy him in the confusion, while my iron-clads—(enter official.)

OFFICIAL.—Sir, I grieve to have to tell you that the reports from all quarters speak of organized opposition to the expected draft.

PRESIDENT.—I know; but I calculate when this free and enlightened soil hears of the glorious success of my iron-clads—(enter several contractors.)

YANKEE CONTRACTOR.—Sir, tremendous invention—enormous effort of genius—reckun you will trade—

SCOTCH CONTRACTOR.—Wad ye joost exanine my airticle?

IRISH CONTRACTOR.—Divil a chate about Mick Murphy. Listen to me now, or be the powers—

PRESIDENT.—(confused).—I assure you, my iron-clads—

MR. SEWARD.—(reading despatch).—Our armada is ignominiously repulsed; the iron-clads have been smashed, sunk, or driven away in thirty minutes—chaos was nothing to the confusion which follows.

Dishonesty the best Policy.

Several sapient members of the City Council have reversed the old saying, and now openly advocate that "dishonesty is the best policy." They have had Dr. Rees' claim up before them again, and the Doctor having offered to settle for half the amount, in preference to entering a suit in chancery against the Corporation, the offer was accepted. Not a single member had the hardihood to stand up and deny that an error had been committed in not entering a certain clause in the submission that the award was to carry costs, but a majority tried to squirm out of a small aperture by saying, that Dr. Rees could not recover in law. Some people would call this compounding with their consciences, but many of the members of the Council have no use for such an article. It is not in their line. The *Grumbler* would simply ask what have the citizens of Toronto to do with the fact that an old and respected citizen cannot recover a small sum, of which he has been unjustly deprived by a suit at law, if he is entitled to it in equity. It is quite clear that an error was committed, but is an old man who has lived in the city for many, many years to be "diddled out of his just rights, owing to the error of his solicitor? Certainly not, and it is mean and contemptible that a majority of the members of the City Council of Toronto should have required a legal opinion to tell them how to do right and how to act justly. The *Grumbler* commiserates those persons who may be so unfortunate as to have dealings with the aldermen and councilmen referred to, if it is their practice in private life only to be honest, and to do right when compelled by the law to do so.

The Inebriates in the City Council.

Our sapient and low-bred "City Fathers" can never grant a favor graciously, and when they are asked for something they dare not refuse, they throw it as one would do a bone to a fierce mastiff, with a "There, take it then." The Council are the custodians of a building, known as the House of Refuge, and several philanthropic gentlemen wanted the use of it as a refuge for poor inebriates. So the matter was discussed in Council, impure motives imputed to the originators of the institution, and the building granted after a good deal of snarling and growling. One only, "a swallow that had gone astray," was true to his colors. Alderman Strachan voted not to give the building. He deals in whiskey.

Answers to Correspondents.

U. C. College Boarding House boy writes us, complaining sadly of the want of management in the Boarding House connected with the institution. U. C. C. says that the meals (especially the coffee at breakfast) are repulsive, and that they have not improved of late altho' the Superintendent of the Boarding House draws \$200,00 per week from the bursar's office under the sanction of the Principal. Serious consequences will follow from this want of attention on the part of the Superintendent. We had thought that under the new principalship matters would change, but according to U. C. C. boy, the Boarding House is as badly managed as ever.

THE BLEVATED GRUMBLER.

It was the lordly (dumcham) resolved to take the air, And make them bring his new balloon round to his private stair,

High, high he rose above the crowd, as he is wont to do, While broad Toronto's streets and squares spread out beneath his view.

Then proudly did that nobleman the atmosphere inhale, Then held his venerable nose, and grew exceeding pale, For while on high the Grumbler rolled magnificent along, Arose prevailing odours insubstantial and strong. Said he, "I thought the air up here would make a sick man well,

But, by great Cloacina's nose, it has an awful smell; Ballroom, take me lower down, that I may plainly see The cause of this effluvia that cometh up to me."

He viewed the street of Adelaide, he viewed the street of Queen, He viewed the pleasant Richmond street extending far between,

On York, on Yonge, on Bay, on Church, on every street in town,

With eye and nose astimbed, the Grumbler he looked down, A thousand yards and lanes he saw—a wonderful sight to see— From which did exhalations vile arise incessantly.

Till as a certain street he passed such vapour to him rose, "O! Stand by, off!" the Grumbler cried, and fled before his nose:

Fled to his home, and to his bed, and dreamed a ghastly dream, And thought he heard a fever-sprite cry out in horrid scream, That when the summer heat came on, and cooling rains were few,

Within our city it should have some pleasant work to do. When woke again, and wondered why if such things were to be, While taxes great his neighbours pay, and taxes great payable.

Councilman Bennett on the Pig Nuisance

The pig nuisance was introduced into the City Council Monday night week for the hundredth time. Coun. Bennett the "learned Blacksmith" of St. George's Ward, squeaked and grunted out a "bum-combe" speech in favor of that much abused individual the "poor man and his pigs." Coun. Bennett is a new member and inexperienced. As he had heard the galleries applaud such mawkish sentiments years ago, when carters and cabmen ruled Toronto, he thought that he could raise a little storm in his behalf at the next election by a pretended appeal on "the rights of the poor man." But the gallery was silent, the "poor man" has begun to find out that the "friend of the people" is generally a humbug, and he has also learned that the rights of the rich man must be protected as well as his own. Coun. Bennett must let the "poor man" go; that subject is "played out." He must try another "strike" if he does not want to talk himself down on an ass. If he would talk less and urge upon the other members of the City Council to assist him in putting down the "pig nuisance" he would benefit the "poor man" and receive the thanks of the citizens. There is no fear, however, of him taking this step; he prefers the theoretical to the practical.

It is not true

—That Alderman Tom Smith made the laborers of the Corporation leave their work in Wellington Street, last week in order to clean out his own private yard. Neither is it true that he told them that, as Alderman, he had a right to their services at any time he might require it.