

Whence this paper "hurry burly"?
Whence this putting on of armour—
Armour by the Grits and Moderates?
Grit and Moderate papers waging
War about the Queen's decision.

"Ottawa shall be the city;"
"Ottawa be hanged, it shan't be;"
"You're disloyal Grits and rebels;"
"You're corrupt and spongy Moderates;
We want Rep. by Population,
We'll have Rep. by Population"
"Fore we fix on any city,
Be it Montreal or Quebec,
Do it Montreal or Kingston."
"You insult L. O. Queen, you blackguard!"
"Blackguard" in your teeth, you spooones,
You'd no business, Sirs, to ask her,
Ask the Queen about the matter; j;
She do'n't care a cold potato
Where the capital be fixed, Sir."

"You're a set of scheming bumpers,
You're all Brown and Dorion schemers,
You're the ministers what would be;
But the grapes are sour, old husses,
You must get a longer ladder,
Fore your greedy hands can reach them,
Fore you're slick enough to clutch them,
Put that in your pipe and smoke it
All you hungry Gritty schemers."

"Guess you're all swell covies, aint you?
All you loud, tall talking moderates?
Guess you'd better not be cock-sure,
Better not suppose you'll always
Hate the roast, you queer old fogies;
Guess you've had your cay, you dogs you,
Make way for your boters, eat you?
Make way, or by Jove we'll pitch you
Cross the House just neck and crop, Sirs.
We're the claps what all the people
Confidence reposes in, Sirs;
We're the real Clear Grits what's going
To reform this ill-used Province,
Pave with Californy gold, Sirs,
All the streets of all the cities;
Build up all the folks you've ruined,
Ruined by your rockers squandorers;
Yes, you spendthrift, jobbing moderates,
There aint nothing now can save you,
Not e'en 'you I was at Windsor,
So just mizzle—you're a used up
Slick, community coufound you."

Whence this paper "hurry burly"?
Whence these bickorings "tit for tat,"
"You tell Nos," and "you're a liar,"
"You're a rogue," and "you're another,"
With the numerous of oaters
Which adorn our Morning Papers?
That's the question—Where's the answer?
Won't some kind, good Clear Grit give it?
Won't some smooth-tongued Moderate give it?
No!—Well, hang them, then The GRAMMAR
Must just speak his mind about it.

"There a set of daisy wranglers,
Those who write for Morning papers;
They bespatter with foul language,
These, the 'Ins' and these, the 'Outs,' Sirs.
Would you know the 'why' and 'wherefore'?
There's the rub—these slick like leeches
To the treasury pap and pickings;
These, are anxious, quite as anxious
To secure the pap and pickings,
To enjoy the sweets of office.
Well, that's natural, but just let them
Be more digested and moderate;
Wage with worthier arms the battle,
And for all The GRAMMER careth
They may fight till they are weary,
They may fight while pen and ink last,
'They may fight till types are worn out,
They may fight and fight forever.

CANADIAN INSTITUTE.

The usual weekly meeting of this Scientific body
took place after Tuesday. Present—Professors
Dullman, Flatman, and Hardbrain. Hon. Mr.
Talbhoj in the chair.

The chairman read a paper on the "Phenomenon
of the Sea," which could occupy about 136 columns if
printed in full. We give a synopsis of it, however,
as it is both interesting and instructive. The Sea
was composed of salt and water, if the lecture
might be allowed the expression. But how the salt
and water came together was a matter of dispute.
Whether the water came to the salt, or the salt to
the water, or whether both met half way was an
open question. He had crossed the sea himself,
and had seen it in storm and in calm; and he had
often spent days in examining the curious effect
which a storm had upon the ship. At times the
waves rolled very high, and immediately afterwards
sank very low, and invariably the ship rose and
sank with the waves. He could not account for
this in any other manner than that there must be
an Indian rubber bed at the bottom of the Atlantic,
which the weight of the ship pressing on the water
and the water on the Indian rubber would cause to
sink, while its elastic nature would immediately
give it an upward tendency, which in its turn it
would impart to the sea, thus producing what are
commonly called waves. With these remarks he
would resume his seat.

Prof. Dullman exhibited the skin of a very rare
and curious animal called the Pig. The race of this
animal was, he was sorry to say, now extinct in
Canada. The skin he now held in his hand was
sent to him by a gentleman living in Stanleyatree
—a city of some consequence in the Hudson's Bay
Territory; and he had informed him that he had
taken it with his own hands from the last pig that
was known to exist in that quarter of the globe.
Of the habits of the Pig he had a great deal to say
that was curious and new to the members, but as
he saw Prof. Flatman had something to say, he
would take another opportunity.

Prof. Flatman exhibited a piece of wood found by
some men digging in the woods. There were certain
characters upon it, which, although nearly obliterated,
he, with the help of Prof. Alltongues, had been
able to decipher. The characters, as near as he
could make them out, were—

"Beware of the Paint."

From the position in which this relic of antiquity
was found, he had no hesitation in saying that it
must be at least 5000 years old. It might have been
a part of Noah's Ark, indeed, for all he knew. To
exactly determine the meaning of the characters
traceable upon the piece of wood must at least be only
guess work, inasmuch as no clue to their interpretation
could now be found. He had read a great
many works of antiquity, but he could not remember
ever having read of any one whose name was
Paint. But it was quite evident that he must have
been a great tyrant, inasmuch as people were cautioned
to Bowers of him. The prefixing of the definite
article *the* before Mr. Paint's name was a fact
worthy of notice, because it went for to establish
the fact that Murray's English Grammar was not
extensively read in those days.

Prof. Hardbrain, after the learned disquisitions
that had already been laid before the Institute, felt
some diffidence in saying anything. However, he
had brought with him a curious article which he
had picked up in his rambles, and which he was as
yet unable to write an account of. It was evidently
one of those images which barbarians worship as
their Gods, and may have been brought to this
country by Bramah or Confucius. It was a small
image of a warrior, as the members might see. At
its head was a piece of string, while another piece
of string hung from between its legs—which would
go far to prove that men in those days had tails.
Now, by holding the upper string in one hand, and
pulling the other string the Idol immediately
expanded its legs and arms. No doubt this Idol
owed its origin to the ancient Egyptian priests, who
were skilled in deceiving people by means of such
Punch-and-Judysim. He begged to present this
ancient relic to the Institute.

OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

We are greatly pleased with our new Council,
because we find others displeased. There is mourn-
ing in the city; and we rejoice. The hope of the
jobbers is gone. No more fat contracts given by
underhand means, will again fall to the lot of the
haogers-on around the members of our Corpora-
tion. Corruption has fled, incorruptibility now rules!

In this strain we hoped to be enabled to write
with sincerity; but our dreams are dispersed.
Evidence of jobbery appears at the very first meet-
ing of the Blowers. We do not make the charge
unadvisedly, but can prove our words, and name
the traitors. His worship the Mayor is one, and
Coun. Fincks another. This is the case. A law
passed by the late Council determined that no
Blower should supply goods for Corporation pur-
poses. With shame and confusion of face we saw
that the Mayor had on a new coat; made like a
Quaker's. Smelling corruption with the acuteness
of Brown or Mackenzie, we instantly asked who the
maker might be, and learned he was no other than
Councillor Fincks. The coat was new; it was not
borrowed from Davy Read; it fitted His Worship
too well for that. Fincks pleads in defence that,
as a general rule, it takes nine tailors to make a
man; but that by his extraordinary skill in the use
of the goose, he has made a man of the Mayor.
Well, if he can turn a mare into a human being,
perhaps he can change a mule into a man also. If
such be the case we beg that he will commence
operations with Ald. Sheard forthwith.

Ald. Brunel has declared war against the grog-
geries. He was in such haste to issue his proclama-
tion, that when the Mayor got up to make a
speech, St. George's Alderman got up too. He had
to wait for ten minutes; each one of which seemed
to him a year. Succeeding at last in his object, it
was with intense pain we witnessed the despair of
Mr. Wiman. His hair straitened out; his lips quiv-
ered, and, grasping hold of an ink-pot, he was going
to hurl it at Brunel's head, but didn't; and sink-
ing back in his chair he moved but once, and that
was to vote; on which side he evidently did not
know.