

# THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. 1.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1858.

NO. 22.

## THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats  
I t'ree you t'ree it;  
A chiel's among you t'akin' notes,  
And, faith, he'll perret it."

SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1858.

### PROVINCIAL SPOUTING APPARATUS.—NO. XX.

#### I. THE PROROGATION.

The carnival is over at last. The maskers, whose graceful gyrations have amused and surprised us for the last two weeks, have doffed their disguises and slunk back into common place politics again. The fiddlers of the press, whose mild and not very harmonious strains have charmed us so sweetly through the crisis, are hushed; and the dancers whose intricate movements it has kept our senses all agog to watch, pause, and with a "right and left to places" dance no more.

The merryman Hogan has concluded his part, and with another of his masterly pirouettes, provokes a last laugh as the gay scene vanishes from view, and the masquerading is past. To speak plainly, the political stratagems of half a year are being concluded, the crisis is over; the ministry are back to office, and the curtain is to fall to-day on the last performance of the season. Manager Head repeats the epilogue; the band plays the National Anthem, and the curtain falls upon the farce of legislation which has diverted if not instructed the province for nearly six months.

#### II. THE USURY BILL.

Jean Baptiste had a little fun on his own account this week. When that worthy Israelite, Benjamin, brought up the bill to increase the "rate of usance," several French members were so taken with horror at the Jewish idea, that they determined upon a Gallic repetition of the Clear Grit expedient of speaking against time. Hour after hour, till half-past three in the morning, were our English ears assailed by the rude assaults of the prosy creatures. Langevin, Cauchon, Chapais and kindred willings were in ecstasies over their noble device. After a while, however, they gave in quite exhausted, and on Mr. Cimon's desk was discovered the following effort of the broken English muse:

Au diable with Benjamin the skinfint, the ruthless;  
Down with the fri-on that would ruin us all,  
Arrachez his grinades and leave him quiet toothless;  
Comme les vieux rois Anglais les Jews used to maul.

Où il peste voutrebien, sacrebien! mille tonnerres!  
C'est un grandu botter this shocking canaille,  
If he's not to be slain for his grease like a bear,  
He should be oerge for his skin to make turtle-pole.

So vive la baguette, jump about better-skitter,  
We'll keep le vieux buzzard as long as we can;  
Laissez le dissolver in the heat and the swelter,  
And leave him at last just where he began!

### BROWN vs. CAMERON.

The citizens of Toronto at the present time are nightly edified by two disinterested and well tried patriots. One claims to be a victim to vice-regal dissimulation, and unnecessarily forced into contact with the *hoi polloi*; the other is covetous, and desires the mantle of state to be placed on his shoulders to avoid its again being soiled by anything gritty.—Neither of the candidates, both honorable men, pretend to any particular set of principles in which the people have interest—they each flourish a political tomahawk—Cameron's bearing the inscription: "War to the hilt on Brown and Gritism;" while Brown's is draped in mourning, with large letters, signifying—"Death to Head and his corrupt advisers."

Brown is begging sympathy of the electors, because he sacrificed so readily all *personal* interest to obey the behests of his sovereign the Queen, per Edmund Head—first in taking office; secondly, in leaving it. Poor soul, he has our sympathy, for we supposed his subtly partook more of the character of Iago, than of the good-natured Roderigo. The cardinal political principle with all politicians, is supposed to mean—when practically carried out—"filling your purse with money"—and when Mr. Brown successfully jumped into the Treasury chests, every one supposed he possessed the keys that would surely prevent another thrust from the long, but phalangeal extensions of the Cayley-Maudonald burglars. Events prove how vain it is to estimate character and sagacity—the Brown giant of three weeks ago, is now a mere pigmy in political warfare—he is, in point of fact, a catawampus-chawed-up-individual. His stupidity is frightful and such as we could only have supposed of Angus Morrison or Tom Daly—the two parliamentary ninneys, *par excellence*. Mr. Brown has now no "broad Protestant" platform to retire to; no "separate schools" with which to lure the love of Orange hearts; no fierce denunciations of Papal institutions to chafe the latent protestant feeling to his standard; no virtuous personal sacrifices to tingle the ears of the gaping multitude; he beheld the glistening bait of office—swallowed it—and in a very little time became aware that he had a book in his gills. Still smarting under the wound, he asks the people of Toronto to revenge his folly, and join their indignant howl with his against the Anglers who peacefully and legitimately pursued their avocations. The game of "catching a Tartar," in our modest opinion, was a fair one, and skillfully played.

Cameron is a favorite with the people as long as he exhibits a free purse. He has some peculiar sentiments, said to be conservative, but distinctive from the Beverly-Donkey school. He is intensely loyal, and went so far on a recent occasion as to display his ankles on the street out of devotion to a mother institution. He is remarkable for fine "saw" and

expert sayings; and, but for an hereditary imperfection in the laryngeal muscles of his throat, would make a model legislative spouter. He is jolly, too, and regards the devil as a paragon of gentility and good humor. He is eminently devout, and devotedly attached to the thirty-nine article of his creed. With him, his church is his *alma mater*; and when in synod displays a warmth of feeling beyond his apostolic teachers. He supports endowments, and looks upon them as essential to the vitality of religion, of which there is only one kind, that which be espouses. He avoids contamination with the world, except during election times, and then only glances at the "miserable sinners" through an eye-glass. He goes in for the sale of offices—believes Fellowes to be more virtuous for his borrowed votes—and thinks Cayley the greatest financier of modern times, whom he has made his rent-collector in lieu of the loss of the Inspector-Generalship. He didn't object to Representation by Population as a theory, and is willing to allow the settlement of it to be made by the French Cannadians. Mr. Cameron has many claims to public support which we have not space to enumerate. An independent man, however, is the best, and luckily we have a third. Citizens: "Hold your tongues," "cease your potthers," and elevate John Tully to the dizzy height of an M.P.P., it may prevent his retreat to a lunatic asylum whither he is now fast drifting.

### LEGISLATIVE HONORS.

TO THE HON. CHARLES ROMAINE, ESQ., M. L. C., THAT WON'T BE.

DEAR CHARLIE,—Of course you must see if you have got any brains at all, which is an open question, that since that upright and enlightened statesman, the Hon. Robt. Baldwin, has consented to allow his friends to return him to the Upper House as the member for the York division, you have no more chance of getting in, than you have of cutting anything but a contemptible figure even if you were so unfortunate as to succeed. Therefore, old boss—excuse the allusion—the best thing you can do, is to retire with flying colors, and while merit is to be got by retiring. It would look odious if you persisted in running against the hon. legislator whom all political parties—suckle dogs that they are—have conspired to raise to the highest honor. You know what Horace says—You don't. Well, it doesn't make any matter. His ideas are combined in the above.

Yours, as you demean yourself,

GRUMBLER.

Falmam qui meruit, ferat.

—On dit that it is the intention of Synod at its next meeting, to present the thanks of the Church of England to that unwavering champion, Hon. J. H. Cameron for chaste and dignified language, and for his daring defiance of the prince of darkness.

## HEADS AND TAILS.

In a house where disorder and folly prevail,  
Whose members by passion, not duty, are led;  
No wonder the night ours all echo the tale,  
That its sinking to ruin for want of a head.

What a paradox then does the Province display,  
Financially bankrupt, its credit high and;  
While the Brownites to save it, suggest Father way,  
And cure by recalling our family head.

But we think that this remedy's certain to fail,  
And all who support it are sally misled.  
For Head, to our sorrow, is now but the Tail,  
While John A. Macdonald's the governing Head.

## THE PROROGATION.

The following speech will be delivered by his Excellency at the Prorogation:

HONORABLE GENTLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN—

It is now some six months since I called you together in order that you might throw the affairs of the country into as backward a state as possible; that you might lower the tone of the Legislative proceedings, by introducing personal matter into your debates; that you might squander the money of the country; and, in point of fact, that you might exert yourselves, and strain every nerve to make this Session remarkable for the very small amount of real business transacted, and the exceedingly large space of time consumed in transacting it. And upon my soul and honour, gentlemen and honorable gentlemen you have accomplished your mission in a style that criticism could not cavil at.

GENTLEMEN OF THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL—

I am sorry to say that I perceive a lurking disposition among you to make yourselves ridiculous by doing as much of the business of the country as falls to your share. Now, honorable gentlemen, such a disposition must draw down on you the indignation of every lover of his country, and it fills my soul with anguish to say that it places your honorable body in a very unenviable position. I hope that in future you will follow the example of your brethren in the Lower House, who cannot be reproached with the commission of a single good act since they met in February last.

GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY—

I confess that when I called you together, I had great doubts that you would not disappoint the absurd expectations which had been formed of you. I hope you will pardon me for saying, gentlemen, that it was thought by some foolish people that most of you being, to use a common expression, green in regard to parliamentary duties, you would have leant all your assistance to transact the business of the country; that many of your body would have stooped to learn routine business before launching into those stunning orations which have made your house famous; that some of your clever lawyers would have learned how to make laws before they boldly attacked those that had been made for them by persons whose only claim to respect in this particular is, that they have had experience, and through a mistake are looked upon as clever. In a word, gentlemen, it was thought that it would have been a painful duty to come down in two months after the session opened and dismiss you with the whole business of the country transacted.

But, gentlemen, I need not tell you how proud I am that such an unusual task has not fallen upon me in my old age. I can congratulate you, gentlemen, and I do so from the points of my toes, with having achieved less in the space of six months, than any Parliament which ever sat in Canada before.—Gentlemen, language would fail me, were I to attempt to describe with what noble perseverance you fought for weeks and months about nothing at all, and with what untiring zeal you reversed the picture and fought for months and weeks to attain the same glorious object. There is one thing, however, which I cannot approve of: you have passed the supplies. I know it was not your fault, and that you labored with might and main that they should not be passed, but unfortunately you were not resolute enough.

HONORABLE GENTLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN—

You are now going to your homes. The world is before you, and you can recruit your exhausted energies by indulging in any recreation, from picking pockets to suicide. Go, gentlemen and honourable gentlemen, and may all good curses—I mean blessings—attend you, until we meet again.

## THE SPEAKERS.

We perfectly agree with our contemporary, the *Atlas*, that the Speaker of the Lower House is very badly dealt with. It is really monstrous that a man of his dimensions should be paid but £800 a-year, and \$6 a day, when everybody knows the dignities of his station cannot be kept up under £1250. When we reflect upon the fetes, the balls, and the white-bait dinners which his generous hospitality has vouchsafed the House; upon the invitations he has given to members on both sides of the House, to enter the sacred precincts of his room and take a rest, our blood boils at the contemptible policy which would fetter his generous tendencies. We are in a position to state, that the hon. gentleman's salary has been long since exhausted in these noble festivities, and that he is at this moment drawing upon his private revenues to give his last entertainment of the season. "Why," he justly argued with us, when we endeavored to restrain his lavish benevolence, "why is this salary given to me? It is not to save for future needs; it is to sustain the dignity of the chair by magnificent hospitality, and I will continue my levees though they should be my ruin." We could not but applaud Mr. Speaker's resolution, and we endorse the remarks of the *Atlas* cordially. The Speaker of the Upper House is in a similar position. We have heard that he has expended the whole of his salary in pipes and tobacco for the use of members, as Col. Prince would say, "*Ex fumo d're lucem.*" We trust no unnatural cry of economy will be allowed to stand in the way of these generous and self-denying gentlemen.

## Biting the Fence.

The latest accession to the House, Mr. A. P. E. McDonald is aspiring to Dr. Rolph's old title of "Dissolving views." He votes at four in the afternoon, but skulks away when his vote might be of services. A friend suggests that the hon. gentleman attends an evening school with Mr. Gould, and was engaged that night on Mavor's Spelling Book.

## A FRIENDLY HINT FOR JOHN SHAMPOO HOGAN.

John, though it asks no subtlety of brain  
To fill an office in this glorious land;  
Excuse the freedom if we dare maintain  
The place too high for thee to take in hand.

On Vanity's dread rock what thousands spill!  
Some sadder matter should thy labour share,  
Somewhat more on a level with thy wit,  
For instance—write a work on Dressing Hair.

## THE THEATRE.

The dog-days is about as good a time as could have been selected for the performance of those celebrated and versatile dogs, "Hector" and "Bruin." "Hector" is a very promising actor, and is quite a favorite with the audience, who on the occasion of his first appearance called him before the curtain—an honor which he seemed fully to appreciate. He usually takes the heavy villain.

"Bruin" seems cut out for the higher walks of the drama. He is also a bit of wag; and on more than one occasion showed very clearly that he understood the maxim, that "every dog shall have his day." At times he is rather indifferent as to the manner of rendering his part; but that is probably owing to the bad company he has been keeping of late.

Of the other performers, Mr. Blanchard claims precedence, as completing the trio. His acting is suited to the class of pieces which he and his canine companions have made their own; and which we sincerely hope will be interred with their bones. However, as we do not desire to see Mr. Blanchard immolate himself on our boards, we hope that he will use himself more tenderly in those struggles with his animals, which make up the sum and substance of the plot.

Miss Frost must forgive our want of gallantry in neglecting to mention her. But we were waiting to see her in a character which deserves mention, for we are prepossessed in her favor. We were pleased with Mrs. Marlowe during the past week. Mr. Marlowe has also acquitted creditably. Mr. Ponisi gave us a high opinion of what he can do in a line of character peculiar to himself.

## ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH CELEBRATION.

We understand that immediately on the receipt of the news of the completion of the connection of the two worlds by the electric cable, our city fathers, and most of our leading men with their accustomed alacrity on such occasions, held a meeting, at which it was unanimously resolved that the joyous event should be celebrated in a style of unprecedented grandeur, this day—twelve months. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed. After the meeting the members indulged in a swim.

## Arm'ing Extravaganza.

FOUND UNDER SPEAKER SMITH'S CHAIR LAST WEEK.

CASH ACCOUNT.

Dr. To Salary . . . . .	\$3,200.00
Cr. By treated J. A. McDonald . . . . .	12 1/2
By cigars for self and Col. Prince . . . . .	25
By half plot waded for general distribution in the House . . . . .	12 1/2
By cleaning 141 gloves 14 times . . . . .	2.00
By silk stockings and pumps borrowed for one evening . . . . .	1.50
By Balances . . . . .	3,108.00

Mon. To retrench expediture.

\$3,200.00

**RADS WHA HAE.**

The following production was rapped out last night at a Sp'itualist conversation by the s'ade of Burns.

Rads wha haout Lyon fled,  
Rads whan George's fl' has bled,  
Rads whan Hinck's chiselling fed  
Rise, and follow me I  
Now's the time and now's the hour,  
To o'erthrow rash John A's power,  
O'er bin Cayley's plunder's lover,  
Lowers the Norfolk sberity I

See what plunder waits us there,  
Wha sae base as lose his share,  
I promise all division fair,  
All, come what may,  
He, wha will not gie his vote,  
He, wha will not strain his throat,  
That I the topmost scum may float  
Shall rue the day.

By the Leader's scoffs an sneers,  
By Burton's, Powell's drunken jeers,  
Away, away wi' craven fears  
Game's on the cards,  
Lay the artful dodgers low I  
Place an' power afloat each blow  
The linal whilk un' a' honey flow  
Our rich rewards.

**ELECTION ADDRESSES.**

To the Electors of the City of Toronto,

GENTLEMEN AND OTHERS,

Having got up a respectable requisition for myself, I accept a brief in the case of Head vs. Brown.

It is clear to me, and I have attended the Queen's levees, that Mr. Brown ought to have offered office to me in the first instance, and then have made the Governor pledge himself to take his advice before he was his adviser.

The present Parliament is as bad as had can be, in fact gross frauds have been committed, but then a majority of rogues is as good as any other majority, and Brown ought to have given in to them.

If Mr. Brown had defeated the government on a question in which he was in a minority, all right; but since he did it when he got the chance, he ought to be condemned.

If I had been in Parliament, I would have voted as a loyal man for Ottawa as the Seat of Government; but as I was not, I was clear of the scrape, and go dead for Toronto, in spite of Old Nick. You ought to reject Mr. Brown for not doing the former, and elect me because I'm going to do the latter.

On the great questions of the day, I shant tell you what I think, lock up the old Colonists and find out.

I shant support the present Government, but like Mr. Robinson, your present enlightened member, be independent and oppose the Opposition.

I believe in religious education, but if separate schools are to be maintained I think I should go for them, but I don't know till I see whether the Catholics will support me.

I go in for stopping Election frauds, and thus shutting the stable-door when the equine quadruped has absquatulated, but Fellows and Co. must not be touched.

I go against all vulgaw people, such-as-as Misaw

Brown, and aw I belong to the aristocracy, and when you've elected me you may go to Jericho.

Your obedient servant,  
*Pro tempore* (the Greek for  
"till death,")  
J. HILL CAMERON.

P. S.—I'm a Conservative, if you know what the leuce that means.

J. H. C.

To the Electors of the City of Toronto.  
ESTEEMED CONSTITUENTS,—

I should have published my address to you before, had I not deemed it right to see the probable direction of the political wind, which, at present, is exceedingly squally. To condense the six column address I delivered the other night into one, is not an easy matter, but I have at last accomplished it.

I need not tell you that I am the only honest man in Parliament, and that when I received the call of the Governor General to form a new Administration, I jumped at the chance.

The new Government, of which I was the Magna: Apollo (great gun,) was to have been the model of purity and honesty; but they ungratefully kicked me out without a hearing. How could they tell my principles, they might know what I used to profess; but everybody is aware that no minister keeps his former pledges; and yet they condemned me unheard.

I met Mr. Dorion to arrange differences; to throw Lower Canada into the arms of our section and make all serene again. Says Mr. Dorion, says he What about Representation? says he. Abem! says I. You can't have it, says he. We must, says I. Aha! says he. It's no use, Dorion mon aimi, says I, we'll give you some constitutional checks, says I. All right, says Mr. Dorion, says he.

What about Separate Schools says Mr. Dorion to me. Well, we don't like them, says I to him. I've got a jolly idea, says Dorion, says he. Out wit wit, says I; send McGee to Ireland says he, and let him spend two years in examining the school system and then we can see, says he. I spies, says I.

And so, gentlemen, we fixed everything to everybody's satisfaction. What's the man that says I've deserted my principles? Develop him, expose his hidious carcass to my righteous indignation. Nothing could be more unjust—nothing more untrue (cheers, my come in here.)

In my last address I told you what I would do, and I was going to do it, but they would not let me. Vote for Cameron, and you reject me; reject Cameron and you will return me, and I'll knock the government into the middle of next week,

I am, Gentlemen,  
Your most obsequious,  
Geo. Brown.

Church Street,  
Opposite St. Michael's Toronto,.

A Wise Resolve.

Mr. Hogan, seconded by Mr. McKenzie, moves, That idocy being the natural consequence of the mind dwelling too long upon one subject, it is seriously to be apprehended that the Canadian Parliament will soon become a self-constituted Asylum for maniacs; wherefore, whilst this House has the sense to find its way home, it is most desirable that it should adjourn forthwith.

**AUNT ADELAIDE'S ADVICE—No. V.**

MY DEAR MISS LUCY,—It is some consolation to me to hear that you have not quite abandoned that prudence of conduct which I have endeavoured to instil into you; for I hear on all sides what an excellent opinion you entertain of yourself; and that with a proper pride, you never fail to make that opinion current. My dear child, there is nothing so cheering as this, for the majority of men are very obtuse, and generally accept young ladies at their own estimation. I hope that you will adhere to the proper mode of carrying out these principles, and I purpose to give you a few hints how do so.

Never fail in conversation to speak of the Government House, and the delightful evening you spent there; and if, by any chance, you are thrown in any relations whatsoever with the notabilities of the day, take every opportunity of talking about them to show what good society you keep. On the other hand, ignore every acquaintance which is not desirable, and never permit yourself to form an attachment to any body; because it may interfere with your advancement; and I should be sorry to see my dear Lucy, at any time, unduly carried away by her feelings. Whatever may be said to the contrary, my dear child, the value of a friend is just the use to which you can put him or her; and the moment the acquaintance ceases to be profitable to you, at once cease to entertain it. To carry out this principle of course you must learn to school your feelings, so that it costs you no effort to meet with a calm, quiet gaze that look which once you were proud to greet with evidences of feeling. Woman's heart, Lucy dear, we are told by poets, is an instrument from which the player is wont to draw such strains of melody as are only dreamed of by the imaginative tenderness of manhood. It may be so; but speaking for myself, my dear, I never could see the propriety of allowing oneself to be the least carried away by such nonsense. It is nourishing these romantic follies which cause so much unhappiness. Just commence as you intend to go on, and give no one the right to expect anything from you. Consider all whom you know as so many means to advance your position in life, and you will be sure to be respected and loved, and you will retain that sensibility and that purity without which women are valueless.

I am delighted to hear from your cousin Emily, that you are not so friendly with that person, with whom lately you have been so often seen. Indeed it is high time that such impropriety should cease; and I am at a loss to understand how a young woman brought up so carefully as you have been, should have been so foolish, as to compromise herself. Is it true that you have given him the *congé*? If so, on no account acknowledge that you ever had anything to do with him; and it would be just as well always to speak of him with the contempt which the person deserves; and to your intimate friends you can say, that you were amusing yourself. I am sure that my letter will be very stupid, for I feel so unwell that it is quite a labor to write.

Ever, my dearest Lucy,  
Your attached god-mother,

ADELAIDE.

St. George's Square,  
Toronto, Aug. 11.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

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

Well Mac, old head son for no year-weight.  
We met this morning, and by all that's bright,  
Our scheme was wick with, and you, sly old fox,  
Shall step again into your shoes and socks.  
Sir Edmund met me with a jolly grin,  
To think how sly old 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 split,  
Tis but a trick to blind those darning Clear Grits.  
Just like the tale you spread of your intent  
To seek from party and from office retirement.  
Come, come, 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,  
Now can we win three from the other side.

John A.—Easy enough, if careful how you job.  
A species of humbugging first provide,  
Gannon and the crew will follow me and call  
"For 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 stir,  
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, ho does you three.  
He sent in haste for me this morn to form  
A government that might be the savior.  
"Cartier," he said "upon my sacred honor,  
I quite adore that charming Dr. Connor,  
Sandfield's a gentleman, and Foley quite a brick.  
He'll give me a score to be obliged to kick.  
Then 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 Grits 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 af-  
fairs.

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 seats 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 stuff, you've just spoiled every chance  
Of landing them to join our motley dance;  
Confound it Mac, you're always blundering thus,  
You call it tact, to make this stupid nonsense?

A really Leander, Sir, I guess you'll wick,  
Upon my soul it really makes me quack  
To think on't. You see, sirs, what you've forced us  
Down 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' pocket 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 implacable 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 obedient sure?

John A.—I neither know my boy, nor care that's more,  
I've got to abide a queer implacable 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 plucky 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 price of tricky schemers,  
But won't the Grits be down like regular schemers.

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 Gritty 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.

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

Enter Scitte.

John A.—Scitte! we've hit upon a plan to scap  
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.

Scitte—I can't stand that, the statute never meant  
To legalize so monstrous an intent,  
Besides, good heavens, what it 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.  
Scitte—And still not one iota after me,  
I'd once a reputation, though heaven knows  
I've precious little left me now to lose.

John A.—What nonsense man, sirs, through mine—rough, but still  
I'll never swallow this outrageous pill.  
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?

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

John A.—Well, Cartier, all's serene, we've waded through that bog.  
But say, d'ye think Sid Smith will run th' entire hog.

Cartier—Faith that he will, his conscience never gags  
At nought 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 remark-  
ed 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 Acclimated—(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 blessed 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 firely 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 FORTIS—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.

THE GRUMBLER

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