

CAYLEY'S BUNGLING BUDGET.

O the weary budget O,
The blundering, bungling budget O.
We're bad, we're sad, we're near hand-mad
W' Cayley's bungling budget O.

There's my auld Granma, now w' glce,
Would clank and slip her drap o' tee;
Now death has closed her weary ee,
And a' through Cayley's budget.

O the weary, &c.

He's tax'd a-fresh our drap o' drink,
He's brought us down to ruin's brink,
Our tearful e'en will no play wink—
My curse be on the budget.

O the weary, &c.

He's nailed the sugars brown and white;
My wife does nought but jar and flite,
Frae morning till the fa' o' night,
She raves about the budget!

O the weary, &c.

She's that her drap o' nursing wike
That obscured her heart when like to time;
E'en now the brain begins to whine
And greet about the budget!

O the weary, &c.

Gi' we'd been hearty, crisp and wool,
Hou might ha' taxed the drap and pill;
But now our heads are like to reel
And rivo about the budget!

O the weary, &c.

There's twenty on our shoes and boots,
And twenty on our wearing clouts.
What next—we'll just gang like the brute,
The de'il be's the budget!

O the weary, &c.

Our rage o' shirts for Sunday wear,
That used to glance so bright and clear,
We now may stretch them w' the ten—
Ochone! the weary budget.

O the weary, &c.

The caps! the de'll may drive him east,
The duty on them he's increased;
Our twa my wife hugs to her breast,
When she thinks on the budget!

O the weary, &c.

When they are smashed, w' spirit mool,
We o'n man lap it at the crook,
Or some well-head to dip our book,
Wao sucks for Cayley's budget!

O the weary, &c.

Our chains, our curle, our wig and rings,
And a' the bits o' lassie things,
Upon them twenty down he brings,
In his infernal budget!

O the weary, &c.

But tent ye, Cayley, bungling loon,
Ther's some w' will pull your babel down;
Haud at him crouselly Geordy Brown,
And maud him w' his budget!

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

We have been requested to announce the publication of the following Scientific, Political, and Literary Works, by distinguished members of the Provincial Parliament:—

Colonel Playfair.—Collection of Speeches from the commencement of the British American League to present time. Thoughts on a Pacific Railroad. 65th edition. 5 vols. 4to.

Hon. Wm. Cayley.—Obisellings by the Wayside.

Hon. Malcolm Cameron.—Serious Reflections on the question "Who stole the Donkey?" 3 vols.

J. S. Logan.—Sunderbund Version of Essay on Canada, with an addendum containing Hints on Sanscrit emigration.

John A. Macdonald.—Receipt Book of Temperance Drinks, with an exposure of several vulgar errors with reference to Ginger Beer.

Solicitor General Rose.—Treatise on Interjections, with an analysis of the rhetorical force of Aw! Aw! in Parliamentary speeches.

James M. Ferres.—Refutation of the popular maxim "That a man ought not to laugh at his own jokes." Blue and Gold edition.

Mr. Burton.—Manual of Etiquette, or "How to Behave?" with an appendix on Bass's Ale."—Diamond edition.

Mr. Powell.—Thoughts on Reform, with particular reference to the Whisky Tax. Profusely illustrated with cuts.—2 vols. 12mo.

Mr. Baby.—Pap for Papa, a juvenile story, illustrated with steel engravings of our Light-houses down below.

Mr. Dawson.—Reflections on the propriety of establishing the office of Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests, and a hint at the right man for the place.

Mr. Loranger.—Turn out your Toes, or the Reminiscences of a superannuated dancing master. 14 vols.

Mr. Drummond.—Comments on Hamlet's advice to the Players, with an introduction on the defects of Demosthenes and Burke.

A Sleepy Nation.

—Whenever a time of political excitement occurs, the entire Caledonian race appears to be in a state of somnolency, and to require a periodical reveille, in the shape of an ugly yellow placard headed "Scotchmen awake." This is issued from some government printing office, and is designed to delude Irishmen into corresponding vigilance.—What in the world can have come over the Sandies that the whole race require, like Mr. Wardle's Joe in Pickwick, to be pinched out of dream-land on every emergency?

Energy of the Daily Press.

—In the first number of the *Atlas* we find the following example of the miraculous energy of its proprietors, "Reported for the Daily Atlas; Sandy Hook, July 8th; the Royal Mail Steamer *Africa* from Liverpool passed this point." We can almost see the reporter clinging frantically to a life-buoy, and then swimming ashore with the special dispatch for the *Atlas*. Or perhaps a sea-calf has been specially retained, on whose back the nattering Mercury of the *Atlas* writes the news, with a cut-throat for his instand; and then sails triumphantly into port with the message "in advance of all our contemporaries."

LOUISA TO APPLÉTART.

BY SANDY FORB, JR.

The pathetic history of Louisa and Appletart, so similar in its principle features to the thread of woes and sorrows which sowed up that famous pair of lovers, Eloisa and Abelard, is feelingly illustrated by the following epistle, which the vigilant Miss Crochet, of Diana Park (boarding school), snatched the other day from her pupil, Louisa, and sent to THE GRUMBLER:—

In this dread solitude, this ladies' school,
Whose dullness and the Misses Crochet rule,
And ever-jingling piano-forte's sound,
Why does my heart within its stay-lace bound?
Why do my thoughts beyond my Magallow rove,
Abandon Ewing in the chase of love?
E'en Arrowsmith's wide seal will not contain
The soul that yearns to meet thy soul again.
Back from the post Eliza Jane returns,
With love's own insin' now my bosom burns.
Thou precious mislaid bears the Smashville mark,
Was ever such joy within a Missan Park!

Alas, though brightly burned my wick of joy,
Though for a time my bliss knew not alloy,
Yet what's an autograph, that soulless scribble,
How oft on those sweet moments do I flit,
When side by side through King street's busy throng,
Happy and proud, we gaily marched along,
Or arm in arm through some romantic street,
Where lovers after evening service meet;
Or strolled to see the Lunatic Asylum,
And sister institutions as men style 'em
Before professors when they wish to rile 'em.
But Oh! when on the wide seal of my day,
When tea and bread and butter's put away,
When tasks are done and practice jumbled through,
And all my thoughts are of myself and you,
I think I see thee near thy Smashville home,
Stray through the streets, or on the common roams;
Strength in thy step, and bloom upon thy cheek,
Thy youth and beauty fresh as a green leek.
While from thy bosom bursts a heavy sigh,
Thy timbers shiver as thou pipst thine eye;
Yet keep thy pipes and shivers for my tomb,
Reserve thy grief for the dark cypress gloom,
No Ayer's Pills can snatch me from my fate,
Yet to my woe death can't but come too late.
I fade and die like some poor apple tree,
Removed by force from where it ought to be,
Thrown on the arid rocks to fry and sprout,
Oh law! Good night. Bless me, the candle's out.

THE THEATRE.

We regret exceedingly that our space will not admit of a lengthened notice of the beauty and talent combined in the person of our fair friend, Miss Coombs. Endowed with a winning face, an excellent figure and a fluently modulated voice, Miss Coombs also possesses the peculiar charm of a lady-like and dignified demeanor, which is never sacrificed to the empty applause of the foolish. We are sorry to say that her success has borne no proportion to her talents; however, our theatrical friends have an opportunity of redeeming their want of taste to-night, and we hope they will avail themselves of it.

We sincerely hope that this engagement will not be the last opportunity we shall have of enjoying Miss Coombs' excellent acting; we can assure her that the people of Toronto are by no means such bores as their conduct for the last week would seem to indicate.

Our politico-theatrical friends will be delighted to hear that the article which made such a sensation some time ago in the *Colonist*, is to be produced to-night in the shape of a Farce. And we understand—but we won't be positive about it—that the gentlemen who hatched "Whither are we Drifting?" are to sustain leading characters. The piece is to be brought forward with every attention to blue lights, &c., and we have no doubt, it will cause a decided sensation.

Notes and Queries.

—Will anybody oblige the *Atlas* with an answer to the following chaste and elegant little inquiries?

"Who does not see the cloven foot of the beast peeping out of the cobweb covering? And will the citizens of Toronto kiss its ugly toe? Will they bow down in adoration before the deformed idol of cunning, deceit, and selfishness, which the mock patriots prostrate to them under the garb of the love of country?"

It has been suggested that the *Atlas* must have been opened at the map of Africa, its language is so very dark.