

THE UNFORTUNATE.

The wonder that the heart can feel
Such sorrow and not cease to feel.
BYRON.

Alone I was carelessly strolling one day,
When nature was decked in her best,
Two lamkins were chasing each other in play,
And the sun was just sinking to rest.

'Neath the shade of a wide-spreading tree I espied
A youth of jagubrious look;
He heeded me not when I stood by his side,
But silently gazed in the brook.

His dress and appearance quite plainly bespoke
That poverty did not oppress;
He started, looked up, when the stillness I broke,
He then resumed sadly his place.

I could not pass by and not strive to impart
Some counsel to cheer, for alas!
I saw that some sorrow was big at his heart,
So I seated myself on the grass.

And in soft words of kindness, unfolding my store
Of comfort, I noted with joy,
That his sensitive bosom was touched by their power,
And a tear trembled in his dark eye.

I urged him to tell me his grief and his care,
Assured him I felt for his woe,
And he answered in accents of thrilling despair,
"Alas, my moustache, sir, won't grow!"

THE BALLOON.

Blondia may be a very clever man, in fact we have been hitherto impressed with the idea that he was about the cleverest man extant; but we live in a clever age, and genius has the fecundity of the mushroom. Six years ago and would the most progressive of our citizens have predicted the advent of a Carroll. Carroll and his College Avenue disfigurements have been eclipsed by the wondrous marvels of the tight-rope walking Blondia. Blondia in his turn has succumbed to the superiority of a Steiner, and Toronto, the maddy York of ancient history, has burst forth in the full blaze of the latest novelty.

Of course so important an event could not be overlooked by the Grumbler, and our principal reporter was despatched in search of full particulars, which we hasten to lay before our readers.

The birthplace of the illustrious aeronaut we could not definitely ascertain, but from information from reliable sources we are enabled to state that in neither Timbuctoo nor Collingwood did he first see the light of day. His age has been variously stated, the palpable indication of a moustache, however, warrants us in stating that he must be over his teens. The wonderful vehicle in which he ascended is supposed to have been made by the savage inhabitants of a distant island in the Pacific, and is known to dealers in the article as Irish Moon. From very powerful gearing covering the principal structure, depends the car, once the body of one of Jones' hotel omnib which was captured by the cabmen of Toronto in the memorable combat with those terrific desecrers of cab fares some years ago.

The motive power by which the immense machine was propelled through the air, is a compound of foul and hybrid atmospheric and volatilized filth known as municipal gas, introduced through the media of corporation blowers. The process of inflation was very rapid, owing to the capacity of the

inflaters. Precisely at half-past four, the car having been ballasted with Leader extras and a file of Old Double, the stay ropes were cut and the Professor started on his perilous journey, amidst the acclamations of thousands of spectators, about a tenth of whom paid their quarters to witness the ascent. The balloon had scarcely risen above the flag-staff of the Reverend house, when Bob Moodie arrived on the ground with his trunk and portmanteau ready equipped for a journey to the skies, but being five minutes behind time, like a modern Lord Ulster, "he was left lamenting," the gallant captain, however, plucked up courage and went off cruising in the Firefly.

The Professor meeting with no obstacles pursued his way through the viewless air towards the American shore. By the aid of a very powerful telescope we watched his progress across Lake Ontario, whose blue depths seemed to have no terror for him as he coolly struck a match on the halyards, and lit a very respectably colored T. D. pipe and commenced smoking very vigorously when about half-way over; when approaching the opposite coast he extinguished his pipe and saluted the Yankee thousands who were awaiting his arrival, by whistling "Hail Columbia." The Oswego brass band answered by a full chorus in the spirit-stirring strains of the national hymn, Yankee Doodle. In ten minutes he alighted and having called for a gin sling and a chew of tobacco, he packed up his balloon, and wound his way to the Oswego Hotel, accompanied by an immense crowd, who had turned out to lionize him.

It is expected he will shortly make another ascension from Toronto, full particulars of which will be found in the GRUMBLER.

FLUNKEYISM.

The Hamilton *Spectator* has a flunkey in its staff. The Attorney General West visited Hamilton the other day, and this flunkey proceeds to give an account of the visit. From the accurate account which he puts it is evident that the flunkey was at the Attorney General's elbow with the note book in hand from first to last. Accordingly we find the flunkey putting it on record in the first place that

"The hon. gentleman, the Attorney General" expressed himself highly delighted with the Reservoir, and the beautiful view obtained from the s.e."

After thus duly chronicling the delight of the Attorney General at the model of architectural convenience and beauty—a reservoir, the flunkey proceeds to note down the expression of the Attorney General's features at the rich treat that was now in store for him:

"At the Engine House he (the At. Gen.) was apparently taken by surprise, to find that the "Ambitious city," in spite of the hard times, is progressing with a work which is not only the best of its kind in the country, but at the same time a valuable addition to our city improvements."

Let due credit be given to the accuracy of the Reporter. The Attorney General's is a grave sort of a face, which fully accounts for the Reporter being only able to hazard the opinion that Mr. McDonald was apparently surprised. But this is not all. The flunkey enters into the body of Mr. McDonald, and finds out that he (the At. Gen.)

"Was greatly pleased with the character of the work, and in fact was not a little astonished at the spirit evinced by the Corporation in erecting such a monument of industry and skill as the Engine House."

Here the flunkey grows more positive, and begins not to note down that Mr. McDonald was *not a little astonished!*" At another place this faithful scribe informs us that Mr. McDonald "expressed regret" at the stopping of some works. He also tells us that what Mr. McDonald thought of the Hamilton hydrants:

"Of course the hon. gentleman was well pleased with the display, and expressed the opinion that, judging from the distance the water was thrown, it would amply suffice to subdue any conflagration that might occur."

From this learned remark it would seem that the Attorney General knows a thing or two about hydraulics, besides a smattering of law; and how fond the Attorney General also is of "expressing an opinion." And how opportunely it happens that the Reporter note book in hand is at his elbow to state such valuable opinions.

The Attorney General would seem to have been tired now of being shown the sights, so he went home, and of course the Reporter was forced to go home also. But dwelling in fond rapture on the delicious *tele a tele* he had had with the Attorney General, he expresses his regret at his departure, and consoles Hamilton in its loss by the philosophic reflection that the

"Hon. J. A. Macdonald is one of the few Ministers of the Crown who have turned a visit to this city to such a profitable account, as that of yesterday. Having seen for himself, he can now judge of our enterprise as a people; and we may here state that he spoke encouragingly of the attempt now being made to erect a Crystal Palace."

Who can doubt but that the prosperity of Hamilton is now ensured. The Attorney General has seen for himself. It is the common custom for great men to see for any body in the world but themselves. But the Attorney General is an exception. He has seen for himself; and of course he can judge of the enterprise of Hamilton. Of course, there need now be no fear for the erection of the Crystal Palace; the Attorney General was heard by the reporter of the *Spectator* to speak encouragingly of it, therefore it may now be looked on as a settled fact.

The Band.

—What has become of the Band of the Royal Canadian Rifles? Lost, stolen or strayed, for the last half-dozen Thursdays, the Band of the Rifles. Any body giving information as to its whereabouts, and assigning a reasonable excuse for its absence from the University Park on those days will be suitably rewarded. Councillman Fell—it is your business to hunt up the Band. Why don't you attend to it, and continue to earn the golden opinion of your fellow citizens.

Conundrum.

—What is the difference between a man three sheets in the wind, and a lady who laces very tightly?

A. One is *slightly tight*, and the other is *tightly slight*.