

**PSALM OF LIFE.**

**LONGFELLOW IMPROVED.**

Tell me not, thence out of number,  
That this life is but a dream,  
Would it were for thee would stumber,  
All those notes I must redeem.

Life in rest, and in earnest,  
So too often proves the goal;  
Gold dust mizzles, but returneth  
Seldom, fast upon my soul.

Not enjoyment, lots of sorrow  
Plague us sorely on our way;  
In these hard times each to-morrow  
Seems still worse than to-day.

Art prolongs the time still fleeting,  
When we must to the uproar brave;  
And amidst a special meeting,  
Hand our credit to the grave.

Och! 'tis just a wosome battle,  
Scrambling, climbing on through life;  
Kick'd and cuff'd like dricon cattle,  
Sure I'm weary of the strife.

Then the future, oh! how pleasant,  
Last V gone, and credit dead;  
Dad enough's the living present,  
Worse a prison over-board.

Lives of some men may remind us,  
That with chissellings sublime,  
We, like thoom, might leave behind us  
Toolmarks on the bust of time.

Tool marks, that perchance another  
In the dumps, might be full fain  
Seeing, straight to call us brother,  
And to chisel o'er again.

Shall we then be up and doing?  
Seize the chisel ore too late?  
Hang it no! we'll still keep honest  
Heart, and leave the rest to fate.

**OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.**

Balmy lake breezes and unadulterated fluids are all powerful in stimulating the exhausted energies of our Civic Rulers. "Firefly" excursions, happily, furnish these materials; and to the gallant and chivalrous Captain Moodie are they indebted for these weekly sanitary enjoyments. Thoroughly rejuvenated physically, the Blowers have returned to their desks, and have given evidence of their activity by moulding into shape a "Pound Law" for the good citizens who so generously confided their safe keeping to their hands.

We must admit, however, there were some exceptions, and singularly enough, both Carruthers and Parly manifested singular apathy in the final discussion of the Pound law. This, to us, appears inexplicable, in view of the laurels they earned on a former occasion on this matter. Perhaps, in this case, they philosophically consider the sense of their fellow-Blowers was against them, and rather than risk a concussion, tamely submitted to a bolt of fate that might otherwise have fallen upon them with disastrous force.

Ald. Read, the Mayor, Messrs. Sproatt, Ardagh, Carr and Ruff, appeared to be the most active promoters of the Pound law, and we do not know that they rendered themselves more than ordinarily ridiculous. We were not there to see, and consequently must accept this charitable conclusion. The Pound law was ratified, and if any of our readers feel anxious to know how it affects them, we must refer them to the City Ordinance.

**OUR CORRESPONDENTS.**

Having, in our day, received numerous queer letters, we cannot do better than let our readers have a peep at some of them:—

**DEAR GRUMBLER,**—Snooks has been appointed a tide-waiter at Port Lookout. He owes me twenty-five cents. Pitch into him like a good soul and oblige.

**SIMPKINS.**

**DEAR FELLOW,**—Muggings met Hoop-de-doodle, the member for Snipesville, the other day, and they were both seen to enter a saloon and call for brandy and no water. What do you think of that? Publish this, and send me two papers.

Yours, &c.,  
**SNIFFINS.**

**MR. EDITOR,**—Why is the senior member for Toronto like a bad half-penny stamp? Because he'll stick at nothing! I will not charge you anything for this contribution.

**PASTERBOARD.**

**OLD SCRATCH,**—Could you tell us what sort of weather we'll have this day week?

**SCRAGOS.**

An observer presents his compliments to the Editor of **THE GRUMBLER**, and begs to offer him the following hits:

**HOW'S YOUR MOTHER, &c.**

Illustrated by the Attorney General's walking down the left side of King-street, arm-in-arm with Young Blazes.

**SATAN REBUKING SIN.**

Thirteen houses burned up in Gaspe for want of water!

**P. S.**—Enclosed is a York-shilling for a half-quarter's subscription.

**CADGER.**

**SIR,**—Poor Jack's dog was most inhumanly run over by the Great Western cars last Wednesday. Blow up the directors and manager: wont you?

**JUSTICE.**

**ESTEEMED GRUMBLER,**—Come and dine with me every day for a fortnight! (No address.)

**TIPPITYWITONIR.**

**ILLUSTRIOUS UNKNOWN,**—Who the devil are you?

**ANXIOUS INQUIRER.**

(Postage, 3d.)

**DEAR SIR,**—Inclosed is an article (fifteen pages of closely-written foolscap) on the bill to incorporate the village of Scramdandy. Please insert it next week, and send me three copies. Yours till death.

**A SUBSCRIBER.**

**MR. GRUMBLER,**—Sparks and Barks have both been down here (Windsor). What are they up to? Ferret it out; wont you?

**WIDEAWAKE.**

**GOOD MR. EDITOR,**—There's Bill the hostler of our hinn (in Collingwood) has been and got married with old Mother Grubbs. Wont you rite a barticle on that ere subject? and oblige

**TWO READERS.**

**DEAR CRUM,**—Tell us in your next the shortest route to Oonalashka, also the length of the voyage and the cost, &c., &c.

**A TRAVELLER.**

**RESPECTED SIR,**—You will scarcely credit it, but the

Governor General has had the impudence, to refuse my son a commission in the 100th. I know you won't stand such rascality. In blowing up old Head, you might also touch up John A. and the ministry generally.

**A SUFFERER.**

**MR. GRUMBLER,**—Our friend Badger has been forced to take down a valuable sign on King-street. He looks to **THE GRUMBLER** to redress his wrongs, and smash up the atrocious Corporation.

**AN INJURED INDIVIDUAL.**

**THE GRUMBLER** would oblige me by stating in his next whether his mother knows he's out?

**A VALUABLE CORRESPONDENT.**

**A FRIEND**—Presents his compliments to the Editor of **THE GRUMBLER**, and assures him of his undying regard.

**Hogan.**

Sublimity's sublimated,  
And 'I say' and 'I do say' are fated,  
To be soundly bemouthed and berated,  
When Hogan do Gray unfate.  
What a would-be unmerciful slaughter,  
If you ain't, sir, in raptures, you oughter."  
Perhaps not with the milk and the water,  
But yulet man at once to the curls.

**Gems of Literature**

—Culled from the leaders of public opinion in the metropolis of Canada collected by the "**GRUMBLER**" and respectfully dedicated to Billingsgate Market:—

**Globe**—"Contemptible trickery," "dishonest witness" (Cayley), "shufflings and evasions," "raffianly conduct," "coarseness," "perpetrating these infamous acts," &c., &c.

**Colonist**—"Bullying," "snivelling uncton," "impudence," "pilloried as liars," "trickery," "hypocrisy," "dirty piece of bunkum," "knavery" "lies" &c., &c.

**Leader**—"Desperation," "individual insanity," "infuriated ravings," "such a maniac," "horror of hemp necklaces," "fulsome and disgusting," &c., &c.

What do you think of that for men who profess the principles of a religion which exhorts to "keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile"?

**Most Horrible.**

—The Hon. Mr. Alley, the member for Louis Napoleon and General Havelock, has introduced a bill to deprive physicians guilty of felony, of their licenses. What a horrid state Lower Canada must be in, to be sure, even the doctors practice fraud there. Why not extend the provision to lawyers returned by bad votes. Mr. Alley and ourself "who have free souls," need entertain no apprehensions, let the galled jade wince, &c.

**Oh! my Country.**

—What a blessed family the Gowans are; they must have some compact with the last enemy of man; no sooner is the breath out of an honorable member, than up springs a Gowan to fill his seat. Before the corpse of Mr. Scatchard is consigned to its last resting place, up rises another of that house, inflated like his namesake, the Nassau balloon, and "consents to stand" in his place. If the electors of Middlesex have any regard for their country, as we are sure they have, they will not inflict a second Gowan upon the Parliament of this Province.