

MIKE FOLEY, THE B'HOY.

Who hasna heard tell o' Mike Foley, the B'ho'y?
Oh! who hasna heard o' Mike Foley, the B'ho'y?
It isna the B'ho'y, but the coat that is on him,
Makes ilka aye talk o' Mike Foley, the B'ho'y.

When first it was made 'twas respectable stuff,
W'f never a hole in't, from shoulter to cuff,
The elbows were sound, and the oxters were hale,
An' there was not a tear in't, from collar to tail.

An' surely the coat had been serving him yet,
If it hadna been colour'd w'f something called Grit;
But *sunshine* and weather soon made it appear
That the colour was not either standing or clear.

When first the weespotties began to be seen,
Some thought it was touch'd w'f invisible green;
But others began in succession to follow,
Some white, an' some black, an' some orange or yellow.

The Grits got enraged when the changes they saw,
An' swore that his coat was no colour at a';
And when he denied it, got round him like rabbits,
And filled a' his coatie w'f "personal habits."

They tore it, an' holed it, an' made it look sae,
That it matter'd not Mike what the colour might be;
But Fortune smil'd on him, 'twas all in his eye,
He no could afford a new coatie to buy.

So all on a sudden Mike's coatie was new,
An' he swore 'twas the same, tho' the colour was Blue;
An' he's off now to Waterloo—not continental—
To fight out the Grits in his new regimental.

Here's fortune to Mike, an' his coatie of blue!
Success to his doings in North Waterloo!
Should the Grits raise around him a storm or a bluster,
Let Mike save his colour by wearing a duster.

HANDSOME ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

LETTER OF THANKS FROM THE HON. J. B. ROBINSON AND ALDERMAN CAHR.

To the Editor of the Grumbler:

DEAR SIR,—The Hon. Wm. McDougall, when editing the *North American*, a few years ago, stated "That when Mr. Brown came to this country the greatest liar in the world was let loose upon the Province." Be kind enough to tender to the above named individual on our behalf, our grateful acknowledgements for the services rendered to us last week.

Faithfully yours,

JOHN BEVERLY ROBINSON,
JOHN CAHR.

THE HONOURABLES ALEX. CAMPBELL, BUCHANAN, FOLEY, AND COCKBURN, CERTAIN TO BE RE-ELECTED.—We understand that an agent of the Honourables Mr. Campbell, Buchanan, Foley and Cockburn has been in Toronto since Monday evening last, negotiating with the proprietor of the *Globe* newspaper for a systematic and continuous vilification of their characters, both public and private, (*a la Robinson*) until their elections are over. The only difficulty in the way of the negotiation was the uncertainty urged by the *Globe* of their being good cricketers. Sandfield, however, has just certified to this. So go it, Brown! The gentlemen are as good as elected.

WHETHER ARE WE DRIFTING?

Perhaps it may not be amiss should we—the *Grumbler*, whose avowed duty is to expose the follies and failings of our public men—devote a half column this week to the *personnel* of a few of our civic dignitaries—men, who, by some strange fatuity, have been elevated to positions of honour and emolument, without the slightest regard as to their ability or qualification to fit them for the same.

Our Chief Magistrate, Mr. Medcalf, we doubt not, is both an honest and a well meaning man; but he certainly does not possess that native modesty so characteristic of the true Irishman, that backwardness in coming forward, when backed by an unscrupulous clique, he thrusts himself, without education, without address, without qualification—we had almost said, without the necessary requirements of respectability—into the highest civic position our city affords. Fancy what a stranger would think of the refinement of the chief city of Upper Canada—the seat of the University, and the several colleges, and the fountain head of the Courts of Law—had he dropp'd into the Council chamber last Monday evening, and heard our *Mayor* telling a Councillor, in reply to a question, that he might as well ask him if he put "*Shugar in his tay*."

But the Mayor is not the only "ocular demonstration" of unfitness for office. Have we not a Chamberlain incapable of making an intelligent statement of the city finances, notwithstanding the high taxes the citizens are subjected to, in part, to reimburse him and his deputies. And lastly, we cannot but express our surprise that Mr. Carr should so far forget himself as to accept a situation—that of City Clerk—the fulfilment of the duties of which must always be a source of difficulty and annoyance to him. Here we must pause, as we descend still lower in the depths of civic ignorance and misqualification—the Common Council (with some honourable exceptions). Our heart fails us, we sicken at the prospect, and we give up the task of description in humiliating despair.

Change of business.

Mr. Brown begs to announce to his friends and the public generally that, on account of the hardness of the times, he has been compelled to leave the trade of cabinet-making, and has returned to his old Billingsgate occupation. Things look fishy at present, but he hopes by attention and assiduity to merit a renewal of public patronage. All the delicacies in season and out of season, always on hand.

State news.

The Washington telegram of Thursday afternoon informed us that "the army of the Potomac is immersed in mud." This is about as valuable as the information that the Dutch have taken Holland. The army has been in that condition ever since it was organized. In fact, President, cabinet, generals, and all, have long been in the same plight. One redeeming feature, however, brightens the darkness of the picture—they are not so neglectful of their departed statesmen as is represented. Though they have destroyed the freedom of their institution, they stick to *Clay*.

IMPROMPTU.

Yes, between you and me,
Thomas D'Arcy McGee,
And whatever our hot-headed people may say,
From beginning to end,
A more true-hearted friend,
The brave Irish have not in this Province to-day.

The experience you've had,
Honest, fevered and sad,
Full of false, fickle hopes, empty fancies and fears,
But possesses your soul,
With a hope to controul,
Those who blindly would rush into danger and tears.

A Clear-Grit Penitent.

— We have just heard with extreme satisfaction that the Hon Mr. McMurrich is about to retire from the representation of the Saugeen Division, in favour of a Highland gentleman of some brains at least, D. L. McPherson, Esq., now in Europe. Mr. McMurrich assigns as a reason for this move, an accumulation of sins upon his soul (?) while acting with the Grits for the past two years. He is now to be found in the cellar of Knox's Church every Tuesday and Friday, where he is prepared to drop a word in season into the ears of those who are prone to politics, although some ill-natured people say it is all an electioneering dodge. Can't we get an Irishman to come out for Saugeen?

More Light on the Subject.

— We understand that the Hon. Mr. Macdougall considers the establishment of a moveable line of demarcation between both sections of the Province as the only means by which the representation question can be met successfully. He is now, we learn, acting on the supposition that Belleville is in Lower Canada; and, should he visit Huron and Bruce is prepared even to admit that the boundary line runs at present slap through Cobourg. Mr. Mowat, and others of that ilk fall into the new idea with unbounded satisfaction.

Shameful Deception.

— The abuse of Mr. Robinson in the *Globe*, explained by a receipt being found on Finch's steps, King Street, in Mr. Brown's handwriting:—

"Received from the Hon. J. B. Robinson, an order on Mr. Finch for a new swallow-tailed coat, price \$16, being in full for the trouble taken by me in slaying Mr. Robinson in the *Globe*, so as to irritate his friends and secure his election as City Solicitor.
Geo. Brown."

Question.

— If the *Globe's* influence in the country is not stronger than in the city, how long will it take the Clear-Grits to get into office again?

An ambitious canary.

— The Dickey bird now representing St. Patrick's Ward, as Councillman, is pitching its notes a little too high when it aspires to the Aldermanic dignity. Ald. Baxter has a corporeal claim to such an illustrious distinction and is well qualified to fill even the Mayor's chair, but poor little Dickey would be quite lost. Did he ever read of the frog which fell a victim in its attempts to inflate itself to the dimensions of an ox?