

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

"All doubts are past, the glorious work is done."

At length the earth may raise
A shout triumphant, as from zone to zone,
The welcome tidings spread;
All doubts are past, the glorious work is done.
Sea, from thine ancient depths,
Peel forth a grand and organ-like refrain,
Slices on thy bosom rests,
Instinct with life the mystic, thought-bound chain.
A world's chief wonder, shedding a sublime,
A glorious halo o'er the hoar old age of time.

Stand forth, oh! passing year,
Glorious shall be thy monumental crown,
Fadefless as earth itself,
The sounding tongue of fame shall carry down,
Thy glowing epitaph.
And write upon the annals of all time,
How 'twas thy summer bloom
First smiled upon this mystery sublime,
'Fore which imagination's wildest stretches pale,
Hail! glorious year, oh! wondrous birth-year hail!

Rejoice and yet rejoice
Ye people of this wonder-laden earth,
Perchance too in a loftier sphere
Beings ethereal may join to hail the birth
Of this conception vast.
Perchance they realize his power for good,
And scan with earnest gaze
His mission binding in firm Brotherhood,—
Whispering to God be praise, to earth good will
and peace.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CELEBRATION.

The celebration on Thursday was the flattest thing of the kind we ever saw, and altogether unworthy of Toronto. The fore part of the day was dreadfully dull. There were no decorations in any of the streets worth turning round to look at. The few moping flags that were suspended, like condemned criminals, in a few streets, instead of inspiring joy, damped our spirit as much as if they had been so many winding sheets. The sullen and solitary notes of the Town-hall bell, so far from intoxicating us with joy, reminded us strongly of the death-knell.

In the afternoon we had the firemen's procession, which was very good; and then came the salute of one hundred guns, which was very bad. In fact, we never remember to have heard one hundred more melancholy reports in all our life: they seemed all to be reports of dreadful accidents, suicides and murders, instead of the report of the marriage of two worlds.

The torch-light procession in the evening was as good as could be expected from the stingy sum doled out for the celebration. There were no fireworks. The illumination might be set down as a mere hallucination of the imagination. There was a great jam in the streets; but the times are so hard that one pick-pocket in a fit of the blues at his repeated failures, was heard to vow that he would turn an honest man in order to spite the police. In fact, as we said before, the celebration was a failure.

Why not do things as they do on the other side? There, every little village spends as many pounds on such occasions, as we do dollars; while in the larger cities, so enthusiastic are they that not content with spending \$100,000 or so in getting up illuminations and all that sort of things, they make no bones about burning down a City Hall or two.

OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

The Corporation of Toronto has become a myth; we hear and see a fragment of it occasionally, but their official existence is seriously doubted.

Mr. Bugg has deserted his bed in the Council Chamber, and domiciles much nearer at home, taking every opportunity to inflict his poisonous bites on the Cameron-disposed of St. John's Ward. Whenever allowed, he presides at Mr. Brown's meetings, and joins his fascinating strains with the musical orgies of those that compose them. Mr. Griffith, though scarce yet emerged from the tenderness of youth, displays a madness in his enthusiasm for Brown, and have made nightly harangues, for two weeks past, to the Loyal Orange "Virgins," on behalf of his virginal exemplar, with but meagre success. Moodie rushes through the streets by day, the picture of a used-up man, without ever a "Fire-fly" to illuminate his tortuous footsteps. At night his humour is excellent, and can be seen at the Dutch saloons, proclaiming in favor of Cameron, the Constitution and Lager Beer, exemplifying his fondness for the latter by opening wide the portals of his gullet, and forcing the tractable liquor down its steep with an impetuosity, in a diminutive way, more appalling than the Falls of Niagara, followed by a shout of "come along, boys—drink—I want you all to drink—I'll pay for it!"—which invitation invariably takes, and is responded to by a rush of as enthusiastic swillers as we meet at the bar of the Parliament House, or at the festive board of an aristocratic *d'jeunier*—with perhaps a greater diversion of character, as in these cases are combined, in common lore, the loquacious Darkey and jubbering Dutchlander. Brunel has laid his jobs on the shelf, to rest during the existence of the Brown-Cameron jubilee, and is busy declaring himself a sympathizer of the *Globe* school, seeing the wind blows strong from that quarter in the Ward of St. George. His policy is strikingly smurky, and since the Catholics are no longer Dogans, he can now afford to announce his politics, and vote according to interest. Upton looks harassed and thin from the prevalent excitement, and is seriously revolving the necessity of his retiring from public life, strongly urged upon him by his medical adviser, Dr. Tumbleby; if he so decide, we will console him with a panegyric. Purdy claims to be a remnant of the old "family compact," and goes in for Cameron the "whole hog." He keeps the petty cash disbursements for the local division of St. Patrick's, and has already a formidable item to the debit of Mr. Cameron's election fund, otherwise, Rectories' account. Boomer is in the same service, but is no hand in the business of wheedling votes. The Mayor hops about the city with more alacrity than his official duties call for, most generally escorted by his affectionate Donkey. The animal association lead us to suppose His Worship desires us to write him "down an ass," which we cordially do, until otherwise instructed.

Latest Appointment.

—Alderman George Boomer to be bully and fighting man at election meetings *vice* Bob Moody cashiered.

THE THEATRE.

In accordance with the dictates of that chivalrous generosity which floats uppermost in our aristocratic and eminently literary community, breathing through it a desire to recognize and encourage rising genius, the Royal Lyceum was miserably attended during the late performances of Miss Avonia Jones, a young lady possessed of more genius, combined with youth and beauty, than we meet with in the every-day sun of stars. But, although a selfish class, acting with their usual good sense, have not manifested that kindly feeling and love of art, which are the characteristics of older societies, where the drama holds a recognized position, and its patrons are accounted the leaders of taste and fashion, we can assure Miss Jones that her future progress will be anxiously watched, and her every step towards perfection noted by those who have had the good fortune to witness the dawning and rapid growth of her talent since her first appearance on our boards. Nor has Miss Jones lost anything by lacking a patronage which, in any other city would have been a tribute of value, for it seems to us that we are yet, as a community, so rude in taste, that talent, to be appreciated amongst us, must don the clowns cap and bells; and indeed a late occasion shows that we cannot even understand refined comedy, but show our good taste by revelling in anything approaching to the burlesque.

With regard to Miss Jones, we can say that she is an actress of the first water. Her *physique* is admirably suited to the line of character which she has adopted. Her voice is as clear as the note of a bell; and her conception of such pieces as we have seen her in, ranging from *Parthenia* to *Juliana* is just. It struck us that at times her elocution was strained, and her action rather stiffly put on; but attention shall remove these spots on the sun. We trust that we will soon see Miss Jones attain that position amongst dramatic celebrities towards which her first advance has been so rapid and brilliant.

The benefit of Miss Jones is announced for tonight.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

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