

SONNET TO A BONNET.

O wondrous Bonnet, who dares to say
That thy soft spell has lost its sway,
Or that thy form so stately gay,
With all its pride,
In Fashion's bonnet-box wastes away,
Now cast aside!

Can such a marvellous work of art,
So intricate in every part,
So dear to every woman's heart,
Go to decay?
This thought if crosses like a dart,
And brings dismay.

With streamers flying thro' the sunset,
Dismissing all the smaller fry,
The felt and fur of hattery:
And in thy glow
Of beauty, scorning flattery
Uplifted thy brow.

The Park-Pie Hat may boast that man
Inaugurated it, it's true,
But lovely woman schemed thy plan,
And always wore thee.
Hence thou'st a place in Fashion's van,
With none before thee.

O Bonnet, in thy tower of flowers
Beauty delights to pass her hours,
Her smiles and glances fall in showers
From thy sweet sky,
Far, far above the park-pie towers,
None dare dony.

O would I were a beauty's bonnet,
Or 'er a ribbon border-ing on it,
Her face, I'd feast my eyes upon it,
And steal a kiss;
Then hasto me to indicate a sonnet
Inspired with bliss.

STANLEY STREET, 12th Dec., 1862.

To the Hon. Mr. McGee, down at Quebec, Minister of Parliament, or elsewhere, President of the Council:

Blow an turf that are yez goin to do with Macdoug? He looks as sour as if he was born in a cabbage and nursed on butter-milk a week odd. Satisfied I am that he is a sort of political Covenantner that, when he takes a stand, would live on blackberries and wather with a whin stone for a pill, sooner than renounce my fixed idea of his own on a pet subject. You know yourself the inconvenience of this; and that's the reason I ax you about him.

Although they are very clever and decent min, yet I think the couple of fine tooth combs that you're now rumm through the Province are rather closely set. This, however, is a matter of taste. If yez can afford to lose an odd constituency here and there, your disinterestedness will look well on paper, and be grateful to parties at a distance who have nothin at all to do with it.

YeZ may hold together for sometime yet, if yez be only cautious and take a lafe out of John Sanfield's book. Be my sowkins, but that fell is as canin as a fox. He struck the volunteers through the Brigade Majors, showed them that he was a loyal and an impartial man, and by that same, laid a neat bit of Turkey carpet for any summerer he may choose to turn at a moment's notice. It was a decent thing of him to do now, and is well worthy the respect of all honest min, as well as bein a plaster for the sore head yeZ gave the Militia Bill.

YeZ needn't be peekin yerselves that that fossilized "Thirty-Nine Articles"—Gamble, was bet by McMaster, because the head and purse of the latter are of an enormous luth. Mind you, he'll be an ugly customer, if yeZ don't look out for him; from the fact, that he has got curious noselans regardin party votes on the flure of the House. I'm afraid it would be almost better for any Ministry to have John Hilyard's protegee to dale with, than this same gentleman. Time will tell.

Bogorra, there's so little in this letter; that

I'm sure if I turned it into rylime it would be aqnel to Doether Mackay's poetry that you reported on the flure of the House wanst yourself. Ah! Darcy avourneen, but that was a sore stroke, and delivered undler the ear in rale Donnybrook style. Sorra thank you! for you've not only got the gift of the gab, but the neck of usin it to advantage.

Is it true that Denis Godley has recommended the Governor General to introduce a Japanese "Prayin Machine," for the benefit of both Houses during the cusin session. Be the mortal! I can well understand the necessity for somethin of the sort; but let me tell you, that as long as yourself and Tom Ferguson are there, you'll have to thrive it by steam to keep anything like pace wid your doins. Besides, it would be akin the work out of the hands of the clergy and that would nick your wizen on the spot. Whatever you do in this way, let it be done on your own narrow bones, although you cant expect much from it, barrin the look of the thing.

The devil rasave the work more I have to say. I wish you and Foley well. I don't know alther whether I have any serious objection to John Sanfield. If I had, let me inform you that he might as well brush his caudben and tie his brogues. Stick to aichter like broth to a soger, and you may weather the storm; but if yeZ be so particular as Doran, and pick holes in niohter's judgment, be my sowl your days are numbered. Unity is sthrinth, and my motto is, stick to a frind till he wins, and inquire whether he's right or wrong afterwarids.

Your loving cousin,
TERRY FINNIGAN.

N.B.— I have nothin to say
In a postscript to-day.
You see the poetry will come out. T. F.

Spare the Queen's English.

—The *Globe* will confer no light favour upon those of its readers who love their mother-tongue in its purity, by borrowing less frequently from the vocabulary of the Yankee Billingsgate. Editorials two columns in length, written to prove that chaos is Paradise, that darkness is light, and tyranny the perfection of freedom, are hard to endure; but the substitution of President's English for Queen's English is utterly intolerable. "Slaveocracy" is one of the latest importations to which we are treated, and it is supposed to indicate, to the readers of the *Globe*, the government of the Seceded States of America. To say nothing of the hybrid character of the word, for it, like its brother barbarity "letter-graph," violates all propriety, by combining an English and a Greek root together, we may yet be permitted to ask, what is its meaning? A democracy is a government by the people, an autocracy is a government by the will of an individual, an ochlocracy is government by a mob, is then slaveocracy, government by a slave? Or perhaps it is a figure of Yankee rhetoric for slaveholderocracy, a word which we have no doubt the *Globe* would greedily copy if it appeared in the *N. Y. Tribune* or Ward Beecher's comical sermons. For the sake of all that is decent and patriotic, let us use our own language as long as it is capable of conveying our ideas, without resorting to such miserable abortions as "slaveocracy," "niggerdom," and "doughfaceism," when we wish to speak satirically of those from whose opinions we dissent.

The Irrepressible Nigger.

—Can nothing be done with the African? Is he forever to be "a man and a brother" revolutionizing and disrupting states? Not satisfied with breaking up the American Union, he now turns up in another hemisphere in the shape of Bishop Colenso's Zulu, setting the religious world by the ears.

MILITARY VACANCY.

WANTED, A MAN TO ATTEND A DRILLING Machine.
Apply at J. & J. TAYLOR'S Safe Works, Palace St. We recommend the above advertisement, clt from the *Leader*, to disappointed applicants for Brigade Majorships, energetic captains of popular volunteer companies, and others who delight in the preparation of their fellow-citizens for the exigencies of war. They here have an opportunity of airing their military weakness in a safe place, and at the same time of becoming perfect in drill; and, in course of time probably, fire-proof.

ROYAL LYCEUM.

Miss Kate Fisher has been drawing excellent houses at the Lyceum during the last week. Miss Fisher possesses all the qualities of a first-rate comedienne, and ably sustains her well earned reputation. Miss Fisher was ably supported by the rest of the Company. Want of space prevents a more extended notice this week.

Pro Bono Publico.

—Orange Billy, the candidate for the Mayoralty, hauling up Easton of the Street Railway before the police court, for not mending his ways. Query, "Was this a dodge to catch stray votes or *Pro Bono Publico*?"

"Love's Sacrifice."

—A correspondent says that considering the name of the god of Love, he never can vote for the present Councilman of St. James's Ward as Alderman, inasmuch as he fears he cannot resist his natural tendency to *Cupidity*.

The Height of Meanness.

—Ald. Spratt and other members of the Council refusing to allow the steam fire engines to be used in filling the skating ponds. The ladies ought to hold a woman's rights convention forthwith.

African Inspiration.

—Bishop Colenso's happy idea of deriving religious truth from the polished intellect of the Zulu, will shortly be improved upon by Mr. Lincoln. We are informed that Mr. Seward has put himself in communication with the Gorilla in reference to the slavery question, and that some startling results may be expected shortly.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Our friends who do anything in the reading line will please remember that Mr. A. S. Irving has taken the place of Geo. Faulkner on King Street, and by increased facilities can supply the public with all the latest English, American and Canadian publications and periodicals: every description of Stationery, Postage Stamps, and anything else pertaining to the trade.
For many years Mr. Irving provided intellectual palatium for the travelling public at the G. W. H. Station, Hamilton, exactly to their satisfaction, and by the crowds that we see every day in his store, we should judge he is doing a like pleasure for the citizens of Toronto.

Now that the Christmas papers and stories are beginning to make their appearance, we cannot do better than ask the attention of the public to the constantly increasing stock of gift books, pictures, stories and periodicals at Mr. G. A. Barker's News Store, near the Post-office. Mr. B. has always a varied and judiciously selected assortment of all these articles, and holiday purchasers will find it to their advantage to pay him a visit.

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