

CORRESPONDENCE ON THE MARRIED ESTATE.

I want a wife, dear GRUMBLER,
Some lady with the power,
Know you any who will suit me,
And at once I'll be a suitor:
In age I'm over thirty,
Some six feet high, and straight,
And wish to join the married,
And a property estate.

Though I speak my views so plainly,
I'm no lover of mean pelf,
Whose only aspirations
Are concentrated in himself;
No, I'm anxious to make happy
Some lovely little dear,
And can't keep one that's portionless
On a hundred pounds a year.

There's Angelina Stimmer,
A lady young and sweet;
She lifts her dress at crossing,
Has trim ankles and small feet;
Rumour states she is the owner
Of six thousand pounds and more;
Jones introduced me to her,
And another love I swore.

She referred me to her father,
Who asked me with a sneer,
If I meant to starve his daughter
On a hundred pounds a year.
I pleaded expectations,
But the impudent old bore
Ordered John, the family servant,
To show me to the door.

Since then I've tried three others,
But found it all no go,
For the old folks always stated,
My purse was far too low.
By Jove, I'm quite distracted—
My fate I never see,
For it seems that without fortune
No fortune can be had.

Then, GRUMBLER, pray assist me,
And lend a helping hand;
You will always find me grateful,
Your servant to command;
You'll be welcome to my table,
And a bottle of good wine,
The moment I am able
To call the fair one mine.

FREDERICK AUGUSTUS SPOONING.

Ritchey's Terrace, Sept. 16, 1866.

HURLING THUNDER AT HEAD'S HEAD.

The *Bowmanville Statesman* is determined that the Governor General shall feel the weight of his sublime wrath, accordingly he gets into a fine frenzy, and makes the rickety shanty which holds his sanctum, ring with his dire denunciations. "The sneaking partizan course of Governor Head, in his action towards the Brown-Dorion Cabinet," he says, "is a thunderbolt that shook political bodies to their centre." After this lucid explanation of a thunderbolt, which out Humbolt's Humbolt, the editor ascribes to it qualities equally comprehensible. It "aroused the nation to a true sense of its duty," says he, "and has led to results the most happyfying." If these happyfying results always follow the descent of a thunderbolt, we hope a college of Bishops will be at once appointed to amend the Liturgy by adding a petition that Providence will be pleased to rain down on us thunderbolts without stint.

We think we can see the dim sulphurous light which the following invectives must have produced in the sanctum. "With the arrival of Governor

Head"—[mark the force of Governor]—"dawned upon us the period of corruption which blasted our prospects"—[alas poor country]—"immolated some of our noblest statesmen"—[unfortunate gentlemen]—"wasted, we were going to say, our energies and left us shorn to all outside appearance of our fruitive glory." After that who doubts that the editor should at once get his head shaved. "He won't," he says, "drag us through the mire of the past three years." He is exceedingly considerate. indeed. We should like to see him attempt to drag any one, even through three weeks' mud, from the York Roads. The clearing of the Aegean stables would be child's play compared to that feat. But he has now got into the mathematics, and insists that "the Head-baggage (two laughs for the pun)-wagon now stands mired in the centre of this fair Province. We must have Mr. Gould's opinion as to the correctness of the statement. The Surveyor who made this calculation, should "square the circle" before he embarks on the Styx.

After painting Head's—as he calls him—character in flaming letters; and singing a pan in honor of the men whom he so "barbarously treated," he asks them "if, in view of the outrages committed by that miserable partizan—Head—the electors of Toronto have not done nobly in applying the people's scourge to the back of the Government puppet"—meaning that fellow Head, of course. Well, free and enlightened electors of Toronto, what do you say? The Editor of the *Bowmanville Statesman* pauses for a reply. "Yes," he says while you are preparing to reply, "the reverberating echoes (mark the poetic imagery), told in tones of thunder, that oppression had not a place whereon to lay its Hydra-Head." Another joke—two laughs more. Of course, in noticing this luminary of the Press, we have done him an honor he never expected. And to secure a like favor in future, he has only to—but it is impossible—make a greater fool of himself than he has done. We shall use our influence to secure him the Presidency of the Press Association. The pop-gun of the three dailies would not dare to compete with such a 928 pounder, as the *Statesman* from Bowmanville. If he were only in the House, the country might be saved.

1000 MILES IN 1000 HOURS.

MY DEAR GRUMBLER—

I went yesterday to see the notorious Alfred Elson, who is performing his "thousand miles in a thousand hours" on the College Avenue Bowling Green. His thousand hours are pretty well spent, so that he is in an interesting state of exhaustion. Some persons were trying to arouse him from his slumber by various temptations; but he was obdurate till some one said that he had a copy of Allan's address, which had come round to the Clear Grits. He jumped out of bed with an oath, and commenced to walk his mile, and finished that distance and the address simultaneously—at noon. Just then Mr. Romain's card was handed in, and Elson wished to embrace his visitor. The meeting was cordial. Romain had a thousand pointed questions to ask.

ROM.—"Yer doan't say it take yer 14.30 to walk your mile. I've done 5 miles an hour round town on my last canvass, without makin allowance for

treatin at all the taverns on the road. I'll walk yer a mile next hour round the tent, and let yer tek the inside."

LOAFERS.—"Hooor for Charley Romain."
ELSON.—"Do you think bimo sich a hass has to hattempt sich a thing in my hexhausted state?"

G. W. ALLAN, [who has just entered—pleasantly]
"Never mind him, my good man, here are five dollars."

ELA.—"Thankee, sir."
ROM.—"Here are \$10. Have yer a vote in the Division."

ELS.—"No sir, but I'm very much obliged."
ROM.—"Never mind its a "Provincial Bank," no good in these diggins."

ALLAN [aside].—"I wish I'd thought of doing that."

Enter George Brown.

BROWN.—"How are ye, ma pair body, don't ye feel it mucklessly weary work."

ELS.—"Hexcessively hard, sir. Specially when gents don't treat has they hought to do."

BROWN.—"Now's your time, Charley—Order beers."

The beers were ordered and all sit down comfortably.

BROWN.—"Hoot man, do you walk all Sabbath?"
Sensation among loafers.

ROM.—"Don't say anything about that here, or you'll ruin me."

Enter Mrs. Bilton, leaning on the arm of Dr. Connor, who is carrying her apple-basket.

DR. C.—"Which is the man, Mrs. B.? You know everyting."

MRS. B.—[pointing to Allan].—"There's Elson, and a fine strapping lad he is."

DR. C.—"Hush! that's Allan, I think that's Elson, that fellow over there."

MRS. B.—"That little chipmonk there. He's hardly fit to be weaned yet."

ELS.—"Hal! yes marm, h'd much sooner be ha chipmonk, than ha hugly bloated hold happle-woman."

MRS. B.—"Boohooohoo, you wretched little cockney." [sishes at him.]

DR. C.—"My dear madam, do restrain yourself, you'll never sell any apples here, if you are so passionate."

Enter J. S. Hogan.

J. S. H.—"My dear Mrs. Bilton, could you trust me for a couple of August apples, I really haven't any brads about me."

MRS. B.—[Doggedly].—"Not till you've paid up the three and niencep you owe me."

J. S. H.—"I say, and I do say!"

Enter various city mobs with a young man named "Petaw."

1st SNOB.—"I say, Petaw, there's the core."

PETAW.—"That the man? why he hasn't got hal the chest I have. Say, you, what do you meshaw round your aw armpits, aw?"

ELS.—"Hi never hawsners questions without treats."

PETAW.—"Damed, if I'm going to treat."