

MAIDS vs. BACHELORS.

A slight commotion, judging from the number of letters we have received, appears to have been raised amongst our fair friends, by the publication of those "horrid" lines from an unknown Bachelor correspondent, in our issue of August 27th. From the mass of indignant rejoinders, we select the following for insertion:—

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I'm sure, I and all my young lady friends quite wonder, you ever allowed those horrid shocking lines from a Bachelor, to appear in THE GRUMBLER. Why our beans have done nothing, but tease us about them ever since; so just in self-defence, we have made out our side of the question, and do, there's a dear Mr. GRUMBLER, please insert it for

Your loving little

MARRIANNE PRETTYFACE AND FRIENDS.

Who would be a Bachelor, cheerless and lone,
With heart shrivelled up, and hard as a stone;
By his own fire-side sitting silent and grim,
The prey of some peevish or whimsical whim,
Sitting with vinegar plit,
Wondering what comfort and happiness is;
Now sighing, now cursing each day of his life,
Now crusty, now scolding, now dreaming a wif
Might gently remove all his mountain of ill,
But too arrant a coward to swallow the pill,
'T'ough temptingly elegant, charmingly neat,
Life's choicest nectar beatchingly sweet.

Who would be a Bachelor cheerless and sad,
Growing daily and yearly more Bachelor mad?
With no sweet face near him, to soothe and to cheer him,
To brighten his life, and and bring happiness near him,
Or with thousands of pretty devices to please him,
And perhaps now then, just a wee bit to tease him;
If but for the pleasure of chasing away
The clouds, like the sun on a midsummer day,
To meet him with smiles, with her charms grace his home,
Be his loving companion wherever he roam.

Oh! the man who pretends to be cheerless and sad,
When such a dear little, sweet little wife may be had,
To be crusty and rusty, and peevish and mute,
Is worse than a ——— what? ugh! he's worse than a brute.

OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

The City of Toronto has had the benefit of another sitting of the Blowers, with what good or bad results, we undertake not to speak. Their sayings and doings we can analyze; and if we present to our readers the constituent elements of their character, we reveal all that is necessary to judge of the component mass. In illustration we take as

No. 1.—PUNDY, the Councilman elect of St. Patrick's Ward. He certainly does possess much cunning—not dangerously vicious in disposition—nor has he inherited a larger share of depravity than many other of his species. He has already attained a big position; and it is doubtful whether his instincts can elevate him higher than that of keeper of a beer-shop. The paraphernalia of his establishment consist of gorgeous fly-ridden decanters, containing every variety of diluted whiskey; sundry articles of tin and glass-ware, temptingly bedizened with dust; a chair or two, somewhat imperfect from their antiquity; and a long cozy bench, the better to afford comfort to its numerous human, canine, feline and *vermine* patrons that there luxuriate. In such a circle our Blower is monarch, ministering to the necessities of "man and beast." To such an association is he indebted for the tone of his man-

ners and morals. We know some are sceptical enough to doubt anything good coming from the "Black Bull;" but it is on record good, on one occasion at least, came out of Nazareth. Let us therefore hope.

No. 2.—CARR, an Alderman and would-be Mayor. This individual by nature has been largely gifted—he is large in bones, muscles and lymphatics; large in vanity, ignorance and conceit. He is the largest booby in the Ward of St. Andrew, and the largest eared donkey among the Blowers. Like Othello, he is very "rude in speech;" like Shylock, "an inexorable dog;" and like Sir Lucius O'Trigger, his valor oozes from the ends of his fingers. If measured by the standard of mind, he might take rank with the genus *Ourang Outang*, inimitable at cracking nuts and flinging the shells at inoffending passers-by. The fellow has bad tricks, and at present a source of annoyance. Would'nt the enterprising proprietor of the Pantechnethca purchase him from the city—stuff him with some light material, and suspend him from the third story of his establishment to counteract the savage grin of Walker's Monster Golden Lion.

No. 3.—MOODY, a St. John's Ward Alderman. We wonder how the Fathers of Muddy Little York, who now sleep, would gape on beholding this champion of national and domestic policy; their benighted souls had not dared to imagine the Aldermanic order advanced to such a pitch of refinement as exemplified in the nautical Captain. Whatever is objectionable in Bob is entirely due to Mr. Brown by putting him in large letters in the *Globe*. By him he was led into opposition, and in consistently sticking to it, Bob has been snuffed out of the Clear Grit ranks; and we believe the "rascals," as the *Colonist* would say, malevolently insists on his extermination from the Council. Bob is not the man to be run down; he will find some useful position—may be on the dramatic stage of the "Apollo"—in Beverly's new Bowling Alley—or as second-assistant to our over-worked Chief of Police. See if he don't.

No. 4.—J. E. SMITH, a Councilman from Somewhere. Lab, we won't dissect him, or he might dissect us—his knife is as keen as a hangman's axe. He does no particular harm; but confound it, he commits no good. 'Tis not enough to say our man eats, drinks, sings, jokes, or dances well, fond of company, and the like; these are good acquisitions and sit lightly on a well trained mind. But we look in vain for sterner accomplishments, and might as well search for diffidence in Ogle R. Gowan, as look for anything practical in friend Smith.

No. 5.—WILCOCKS, a Councilman by mistake, we have all along suspected; and do not, by any means, stigmatize him as a Blower. He has not yet enervated our ears or those of anybody else. He is quiet, inoffensive, blessed with a good appetite, and able to whistle a little. We will see that he is not again imposed upon.

No. 6.—READ, an Alderman from the vicinity of the Asylum. He is excessively good-natured, bordering on the absurd; like small lawyers, he gabbles, and what is wanting in quality is more than made up in quantity. He never conceives an idea, but occasionally picks one up, which he clings to with a fondness more than parental. The Junior

member for Toronto, he claims as his model, and may, therefore, be said to reflect the Donkey sentiment on the corporation. To St. Patrick's Ward belong the honor of saddling this ass; and we would strongly counsel them to guard against his being ridden to death by any acion of the Family Compact, or, be japers, they may be rebuked in a manner infinitely more humiliating than Balaam of old.

WORLD WIDE CELEBRATION!

TO CELEBRATE THE LAYING OF THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

TORONTO A GALAXY OF GLORY.

We are enabled in advance of all our contemporaries, to lay before our readers, the particulars of the universal celebration of the working of the Atlantic Telegraph, on the 1st of September, four days last past. At an early hour, the entire population turned out under arms, except the nurses, who always have their arms full—and a royal salute of a hundred thousand guns was fired in every city on the Continent; and also, a like number in every city in the United Kingdom. Toronto took the lead in this as well as in all other features of the celebration, as we have since ascertained. At sixteen o'clock, the Governor General, attended by a brilliant staff of Clear Grits, went in state to the telegraph office, and sent with his own hand a congratulatory message to Her Majesty, which he did not accomplish until he had received several shocks, and smashed a score or two of instruments. And the festivities then grew fast and furious; and the shires which the unwashed cut up, were beyond calculation.

In the evening, our citizens not content with illuminating every window in the city, by a unanimous resolution resolved to make a bonfire of Stanley street, and this proving a decided hit, Victoria street was also soon in blazes. All the stray cattle that could be caught were roasted for a public feast, and the Sheriff having decided that every saloon-keeper that broke the law on the late polling days should contribute as a fine, a barrel of ale each, liquor was not wanting. We understand that we would have missed this splendid opportunity of taking our place among the nations of the earth, were it not that His Excellency wanted to spite the Clear Grits, making this an occasion to quander the public money.

An Enlightened Creature.

—On looking over a city cotemporary, we saw an advertisement headed,
"Let there be light!"

Thinking it was one of those sermonic addresses, which are so much out of place in a daily, we were about giving it that profound attention which such productions always command, when we caught a glimpse of something about "Lamps and Oil," and on reading further it became apparent that the above quotation had been merely parodied to puff off the merits of an oil lamp. The miserable wretch who could thus endeavour to palm off his quackeries on the public is, of course, insensible to anything we could say to him. But if such impertinent advertisements are to be inserted in the dailies, there will be no good reason why apurios medical advertisements—being the lesser nuisance—should be excluded.