

## Ye Courtship and Marriage of ye ATLAS and ye COLONIST.

Atlas would a wooing go  
One dame Colonist,  
Though the lad was unc' slow,  
Still dame Colonist  
Flirted, smiled, and curried low,  
Till Sir Atlas made her oh!  
Promised in his boat to row,  
Poor dame Colonist.

Merry sang we marriage ball,  
When dame Colonist  
In the arms of Atlas fell,  
Poor dame Colonist.  
Oh! 'twas quite a fearful "sell,"  
Sounding solemnly the knell  
Of the stout yet aged belle;  
Poor dame Colonist.

Darkened is thy light which shone,  
Dear dame Colonist;  
Vanished is thy cheery tone,  
Poor dame Colonist;  
In its place a feeble moan,  
Ghastly laugh or hollow groan  
Speaks thee all forlorn and lone,  
Poor dame Colonist.

Atlas would a wooing go,  
One dame Colonist;  
And be won the lady, oh!  
Stout dame Colonist.  
But the bride is sinking low,  
Falling fast and dying slow,  
Pity her all men who know  
Poor dame Colonist.

## THE THEATRE.

We thought that the gentle hint administered to Mr. Coyne last week would have restrained his very vulgar parody of the Irish character within bounds. But throughout the past week he has been, if any thing, more unlicensed than heretofore. As this is his last week here we shall not be very hard upon him, but simply pray that he may never come back again until he has learned two things—to understand the Irish character, and to behave himself before the people.

Our Dear Friend, Mr. Morrison.

—In our own good natured way we have occasionally taken some liberties with Mr. Morrison's name, while he was the Editor and Proprietor of the Colonist. But we learn with regret that we shall not have another opportunity of doing so. We hope that there is no truth in the statement that his connection with the Press has ceased—for we cannot afford to lose a gentleman of his talents and honesty. But if it is true that his portly person will no more fill the editorial chair, while expressing our regret, we must also assure him of our undiminished regard, and of the good will of all who have had the pleasure of meeting him in his honorable public career.

## Information Wanted.

—Several correspondents seek to know when a dinner to Mr. J.H. Cameron, announced by his new admirer, Capt. Noddie and others of that kidney, is coming off. They complain, with what truth of course we know not, that they had engaged seats there and are famishing from natural and political hunger. We shall be happy to receive an explanation.

## GOWAN ON PHYSIOGNOMY.

Ogle R. Gowan, Esq., M.P.P., has been delivering in various places, a lecture on Physiognomy, which our Photographic reporter has succeeded in transmitting to us, in what proclaims itself to be the correct form. He is in the present Report presumed to be addressing the public in an Orange Lodge. Ladies, and Gentlemen, and Brethren:

Ever has it been my firm conviction, that the human countenance reflects the character of its spiritual tenant—that the patturrin of a fayture, be it nose or eye, or mouth, affords a counterparrut of an intellectual Idiosinequasi, as Lavather terrums it. A parrominent or Romin nose is an unerrin kurritioner of a dhecidid temper. Apropos of thempers, my fifth cousin Martin Luther Gowan, had a wife that was a nayce of William the Thurrad, and had a Romin nose, and use't she to lade him a urrubulent life of it! So much for the Romin nose. Then there is the Graycian nose, which is the counterparrut of a callum and aerayne temperramint, aloiko unarruffed by the dire alarrums of war, or the storramus which deformum the wathers of dhomestic payce. For an instance of this, I need not go furruther than my brother Nassau C. Gowan, who was of the most ayquill temperrament of any of the Gowan race. I may say of him—[weeping]—"Alas poor Yorrick," that he has met with his revurrutts in the political areyna, but his charrumming bearrut was always as open as this dhress waistcoat I wear, and the day after his defayt, he lent me two dollars to pay my passage to Toronto. So much for the Graycian. Now the pug or saub nose is a mane, sneaking, villainous nose, as the verrustatile Shakespeare says—

"The man that hath no bridge upon his nose  
Is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils,  
Let so such nose be thrust."

The most notable example of a pug nose, is the purrobocis of D'Arcey McGee, and heaven furrubid that I should bear him illwill, for the crayture is below my contempt, but he is a man you oughten't to thrust with untold goold—[applause]—indeed, I wouldn't thrust him with the silver coins which your extraordinary liberality has showerrud into the lap of our janithier, which you know is the latin for doorkayper. That I may koat Shakespeare again:

"So—much for D'Arcey, off wid his nose,"

and now we are come to the consideration of the general rules, to which the science conformums.

Viz: 1.—If you see a face intirely good natured looking, like brother McDonald, or honest looking like brother Dempsey, with a nice Romin nose, like my colleague Carrutier, a nice well chisselled mouth, like Mr. Benjamin's, or a lofty marrable brow such as the Gowan family has, and clear sparrukking eyes like the mimburs of the fair sex presint this night, you may forrum your verrudict of not guilty, that is, give a favourrable decision—[applause.] But if you see a crasy, sneaking face like D'Arcey McGee's, with a mouth like a wolf trap—[laughter]—or a sinisther smirruk like Geo. Brown's—[loud cheers and laughter]—or a pumpkin head like old Foley's, then I warrun you, ladies and gentlemen, as you value your purrisonal and political payce, as you value your counthry, your bearrutts and your homes, I exhorrut you, to koat again from Shakespeare's Bridge of Sighs:

"C-r-r-r-r-r have and let slip the dogs of war-r-r-r,"

[Immense applause.]

## TOM FERGUSSON ON BROWN & CO.

Tom will throw his head at them.—King Lear.

The delicate and sensitive, as well as erudite member for South Simcoe, has been favored with a dinner. When the rest of the political menagerie are being gorged, why should not the bear have his feeding time? "The weather was extremely unpropitious," the genius of Ballyblather was faithless to her liege, and Tom had to deliver his philippic in the absence of "many gentlemen," whom, according to the Colonist's informant, the weather alone prevented from attending to do homage to the sage of Simcoe. However, though "many gentlemen" were not there "most of the respectable inhabitants were,"—a sad reflection on the denizens of "Orangeville." "The room was handsomely decorated with Orange flags \* \* contributing to the festivity of the joyous occasion." "The choice products of the barnyard and the forest," (pigeons eggs and acorns) "with their appropriate liquors" (bad whiskey) "were discussed" (we hope not *ad nauseam*), by the company, The usual loyal toasts follow "after a meet (meet) preface." "Our Guest" comes next, and then up gets old bluster to "respond in a telling speech of two hours' length." We imagine it must have been extremely "telling," as an opiate in conjunction with the "appropriate liquors." The Governor General and Government are "supported and lauded" to the skies by the "broth of a boy," and the "traitorous conduct" of the Opposition pitched into, as only Tom can do it. "The character of the ex-Premier was painted in the darkest colours, laid on with no churlish hand," (paw would be better.) We should like to have seen this scrubbing-brush artist of the Douaybrook school daubing as only his clumsy hand can do, coarseness, bad grammar, and foul breath upon his political opponents. Who ought to despair of a free meal, when the cravings of our fighting friend from Simcoe are satisfied? Who comes next? R. M. Allen, Bob Moodie, Harry Henry, or Sam Sherwood? Don't be too modest boys, assert your rights and claim your banquet; if the Government has its sole champion in Ferguson, why should not the Corporation put forward its in the shape of Allen or Henry. Sound the gong, and gorge the whole menagerie. A dinner to Tom Fergusson!! O tempora! O mores!

## Dilatatoriness Extraordinary.

—It has taken the Conservative convention exactly three weeks to say "Jack Robinson."

## BUSINESS NOTICE.

In a former issue we took occasion briefly to notice the Jewellery Establishment of Mr. O'Gorman, on Yonge St., and to speak in terms of praise of it and himself. We refer again to the matter with great pleasure, especially as the holiday season is fast approaching, and sweet-hearts, cousins, &c., will be on the look out for presents and gifts. If the reader desires good and cheap articles, with an excellent and discriminating taste to aid him or her in the selection, we cheerfully recommend Mr. O'G. to their notice, who, we are sure, will render himself and store very agreeable.

## THE GRUMBLES.

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