

## THE APPLE DUMPLING.

Several very incorrect versions of the beautiful little poem entitled "The Apple Dumpling," recited by Dr. Mackay, at the close of his first lecture in Toronto, having been published—especially in the *Globe*, which that journal asserted with its usual chronicer, appeared "by permission," and in which by some strange perversity the title was altered to "The Primrose."—Dr. Mackay annoyed at the blundering of our cotemporary, has forwarded us the following copy in manuscript, convinced that at least THE GLOBE would know better than to mar the beauty of his thoughts, by incorrectly transmitting them to type:

"The common Apple Dumpling, so great a favorite with the youngsters in England, is unknown in Australia. Two years ago, it was reported in a newspaper of Melbourne, Australia, that an English one had been imported in a hermetically sealed case, and would be brought on shore from a ship in the harbour, to be exhibited in the city. The announcement excited a great sensation. Upwards of three thousand people turged out into the streets, and the pressure of the crowd was so great, that it was found necessary to call out the police to preserve order, and make a line through which the Dumpling might be escorted on shore. Upon this touching incident, the following poem is founded:—

It comes, it comes, ye people stand reverently aside—  
It comes, the apple dumpling, in its covering safely tied;  
Shower welcomes fair upon it—  
Some poet weaves a conceit,  
And give it love and homage from opulent eyes,  
And smack your lips and taste it with a thousand sympathies.  
It has crossed the stormy ocean a pilgrim on your shore,  
As fresh as boiled last evening, and sweet as days of yore.  
Stand back, for it is tender,  
Though a precious deal too slender;  
And a rude and boisterous scramble, well meant though it be,  
Might endanger the proportion that's right belongs to me.  
Oh the love that it awakens, and the smiles twin born with fears,  
That 'twill vanish all too quickly like the dreams of other years,  
When we were blithe and youthful,  
Not particular to a mouthful;  
Then to meet it and to greet it, nicely sugared, how we smiled,  
As we gobbled up the platefuls with an eagerness quite wild.  
How often in life's morning have we crept in on the sly,  
To the old paternal larder, when the lark was in the sky;  
Or close by cookey waited,  
When for dinner hour belated,  
Have we watched it hep and bubble like a fury in the pot,  
Then halted it with the maid we loved, while the luscious  
thing was hot.  
How often in life's noon-tide, when our boys and girls were  
young,  
Have we watched them tuck it in, just as once we should have  
done.

In that far-off land we sing—  
Land of pudding and dumpling;  
And perhaps for conscience sake cuffed one baby then another,  
On their screaming for the portion just allotted to a brother.  
Stand back, ye joyous people, ye shall see it every one;  
Ye shall see it and perhaps taste what's left when I have done.  
I shall smile on you secretly—  
Don't believe I'm acting meanly,  
If I leave you but a little, when I've scooped its hollow dome,  
To satisfy your longings and your memories of home.

### Fair Play for Playfair.

—It is not true that the Gallant Colonel cowardly deserted the cause of unprotected ladies, by shirking his vote on the Grey Nunnery Bill. Any one acquainted with the military history of the Hon. Member, as published by himself in his forcible speech on the Address, must be convinced that the Colonel is not the man to be frightened by women; and that his absence on this important occasion was quite accidental. It is said he was so deeply immersed at the time, in the Library, in his favourite study of Josephus and Tristram Shandy on the "Art of Fortification" that he did not hear the Speaker's bell.

### Another Claim on the York Division.

—Charley giving the free use of the "Roman Buildings" to a charitable Bazaar.

## OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

How shall we describe the last comedy enacted by these fun-dispensing amateurs? As rendered, it was unusually entertaining; not because of skill or tact on the part of the leaders, but owing to the fatuous discovery of some very curious humours in certain of the Blowers, generally supposed to be void of such elements. The play did not promise anything rare in its introductory stages, with such personifications as Fox, Purdy and Bruel. The latter is noisy, but miserably tame in himself; useful, however, in drawing out the peculiarities of others; and is as indispensable to the maintenance of Councillor Upton's mental vitality, as roast beef is to the nourishment of his physical, which latter, by the way; sufficiently indicates its being well provided for.

Passing over the preliminary Finance Report, we halt for awhile in the matter of Public Walks and Gardens, about which two reports were submitted. The one recommended the acquirement of certain grounds for a Park; the other recommended the acceptance of a proposal from Government to give fifty acres of the Garrison Reserve in lieu of two hundred which the city had a claim on, but which has for a length of time been in dispute, besides freeing the city from a bad speculation entered into last year, involving an item of £10,000. The proposal is a most liberal one for the city, and was so regarded by all the Blowers, save Carty, Craig and Carruthers. The capers of the last two gentlemen were very amusing, eliciting at times hearty applause from the gods in the gallery—the bulk of whom were Carters from the Ward of St. David. Craig was more than beside himself; his gyrations were truly wonderful; his speech, though much of it was compelled to travel the passages of his nasal organs, echoed melodiously through the Hall, while his fists forced into denunciatory action by the volition of his muscles, made it at times an exhibition that would give him a first position in Sidaway's sparring school, or Burgess and Redmond's singing troupe. His talents are not of the order to be valuable to the Council, however; and the only really useful purpose that he could be put to, would be to hire him out to some respectable farmer to fill the important office of scare-crow during the ensuing season. What say his constituents to this? Carruthers was versatile to a degree; he sat in that Council, he said, representing the Eastern end of the city, and would not consent to the creation of a Park at the Western end; nor would he give any encouragement to Industrial Exhibitions. He was determined to speak against time, in order to oppose, the Report, and would not be intimidated by the Mayor, or any gentleman around that Board. This worthy is a great curiosity; and would puzzle the closest observer of human nature. Intelligence he has none; he appears to be stuffed with all the depravities of fallen Adam, unregenerated by a single virtuous attribute. We incline to receive the creed of Pythagoras, and that the soul of some noxious animal has infused itself into the trunk of this nondescript of St. David. How long shall the excrescence be tolerated? Speak, ye wise men of the East. Mr. Carty, from

his association, we look upon with suspicion; he is a silent member, and gives little cause for grumbling, but we beseech him, if he values character, to be more circumspect—"A man is known by the company he keeps."

Still another, fire, water, and gas report, in which was embodied the most useful scheme yet submitted by that committee, namely, to connect the several Police Station's by telegraph to give early alarm of fire. The importance of the matter is too obvious to need argument; and, as might be expected, was summarily rejected by the blowers. Councillor Sproatt, with a vulgarity worthy of him, denounced it as a Yankee speculation. What does the creature mean? Are the gas committee Yankees; or is it intended to apply to the gentleman who gave the information to them. We presume the latter, and beg to inform Mr. Sproatt that Mr. Dwight made no offer of his services, but took great pains in supplying the information asked for by the chief of the fire brigade and the committee. Blow away, Mr. Sproatt, your ignorance may some day come to the market, and be bought up by Yankee speculators. Be wide-a-wake, we charge you.

### Unpleasant Suggestion.

—Two Bye-Laws passed by the London City Council at the same time: one to command the killing of dogs running at large, and the other to regulate the making of sausages.

### Warm Brandy

—Is supposed to be the cause of the contortions visible in the features of the Carlton Beauty Thursday evening, during the discussion on the Essex election.

### Shocking.

—One of the "slaughtered innocents" sent us the following:—"How does the starting of a railway train express the name of a celebrated writer on natural law?" We, of course, could not think of applying our lofty genius to such an insignificant matter; but our devil who boasts a Yankee origin, immediately replied "Puff and orf." (Puffendorf.)

### A Solemn Warning.

—A little incident, during the late storm on the lake, is pregnant with political admonition. The *Firefly* was towing a dredge westward, when the storm arose, but apprehending personal danger, its owner cut it adrift to shift for itself. Mr. Moodie has also been engaged in towing a great political dredge, which is constantly casting up mire and dirt in the parliamentary sphere; might it not be as well for Mr. Brown to look well to his sanctified security after this? He may be cast off some day to founder in a similar manner.

### Not far Wrong.

—The Elora *Backwoodsman* after a very kind and favourable notice of THE GRAMBLER, remarked that Major Rankin was supposed to be its principal Editor. This will account for that gentleman's late proceedings. He first wrote the libellous articles himself, and then attempted to prosecute the papers which had been incautious enough to copy them. It is strange that the late member for Essex should value his reputation so little, as to prostitute it in this manner for the paltry damages of a libel suit.