

Society as at present constituted, is as everybody knows, a conglomerate; different castes, classes, and interests, distinct in themselves, producing a combination powerful, beautiful, and harmonious.—Complete, as is the whole, the various elements are in themselves antagonistic and changeable, the honest and upright merchant of to-day oft becoming the corrupt and chiseling politician of to-morrow, while the extravagant reckless rouse settles down into the quiet unassuming occupation of a Methodist Parson. Changes are frequent, and singular, sometimes painful, sometimes amusing.—The drabble tailed unkempt street sweeping lass elevated to the position of Lady Mayoress Amuses the elite by the peculiar style of dignity with which she adorns her new found station, while she unconscious of a fault struts with all the vulgar vanity of a peacock. The kind and humane are pained by the lamentable exhibition of the decline of the generous man from a position of wealth and honor to that of beggary and dependence, by trusting too much to the honesty of friends.

The class alone unchanged and unchangeable, is that to which I adhere—the vagabond or loafer. The rise of empires and the death of kings, the impetus of science, and the checks of crises alike are powerless to endanger its immutability. Preserved intact in every grade—for there are grades even in vagabondism,—it laughs at change and mocks the world.

Universality is one of its great characteristics—the bleak and frozen north, the sunny south, the gorgeous east and the hopeful west all contribute their quota to form the glorious world of vagabondism. The one great principle guides them all, to live easily, merrily, and shun care. A fig for the world—they live in it and make merry, die and go into a more extensive system of vagabondage in another sphere.

In all his grades is the true vagabond envied, as the noble, wealthy, and proud profligate—he is carressed by kings, and adored by princesses; as the gentleman young talented extravagant—he excels the steady, careful men of his class, and carries off the heiress.

But in his lower grade does envy reach the culminating point, with hat jauntily placed on the head cigar in mouth, and trousers rolled up at the bottom revealing the perfect symmetry of the foot gracefully capped by a portion of the white lining, he stands at the corner of the street; the favorite of the fast girls, and the pride and admiration of every passing small boy.

A Proverb at Fault.

Dead men tell no tales—"dead marines" are an exception.

Explanatory note by Ed. Grumbler.

A dead marine is a vessel exhausted of its proper complement of liquor, and may be found in young gentlemen's chambers the morning after a spree.

It is rather surprising that no reporter has ever been appointed by the Courts to preserve the decisions made by our learned Police Magistrate. We would suggest that this be at once seen to. Mr. Mayor Wilson is a legal gentleman and should know all about such matters. He will readily understand the importance to the legal profession—at least to Police Court practitioners—of such a manual of decisions—yes decisions—which affect so large a portion of our community. As we suppose a reporter will be at once appointed we give him an idea how such a work should be conducted:

"POLICE COURT,
Garnett, P. M., presiding."

1. Getting tight continually.....One month in jail.
2. Getting drunk once, with a little touch of disorderly conduct.....\$2 and costs
3. Knocking a fellow on the head.....\$2 and costs.
4. Horsewhipping on the public street.....\$5.
5. Getting slightly tight.....A reprimand.
6. Licking a policeman, and tearing his clothes...To pay for damage to clothing.
7. Kicking a civilian.....\$20.

It would not be a very arduous task, and yet no one can tell how much benefit would result from it. Every one would then be able to regulate his conduct by the state of his finances, and we are sure in these hard times crime would be effectually prevented.

ROYAL LYCEUM.

Since the departure of Cooper's English Opera Troupe, this place of amusement has been closed for the purpose of undergoing extensive alterations. The whole interior will be entirely changed; the present limited dress circle will be extended to the front of the theatre, and include the space now occupied by the ladies' dressing room; the present uncomfortable box seats are to be removed, and more convenient ones take their place; new entrances and a new dressing room will be provided, and the whole re-painted and re-decorated in proper style; in fact, the alterations throughout will be most complete, making the Lyceum one of the most comfortable theatres in this Province. As soon as it is finished—which will be in a few weeks—Miss DeCourcy will open the dramatic campaign with an efficient stock company, and we predict for the theatre-going public of Toronto a brilliant winter season.

A Change.

The American Minister, Mr. Ward, having been conveyed to China in a tea-chest—the old adage of "Jack in the box," seems to be reversed: "Jonathan in the box," guarded by Jack Chinaman, would be the thing now.

Something New.

Old Double says that the reason Senator Broderick was shot in a duel was because the United States have a written constitution. The next thing we shall hear of will be, that the times are hard because the moon's made of green cheese.

ONTARIO, October 14, 1859.

Dear Grumbler,—

As u was sayin u thot—which prehaps it is rite—that u would stop a publishin until Parlyment mett i would like to rite—Vally-studinary with Observashins to the publick & ure readers in General: wich been Kompetent therefore would be perphapse rite for me to do—

Wen the Grumbler stops no one is not to go on—As was done afore—& maik fools of theirselves, showin thereby they is not wise wich are much to bee replored and not to be bore, becos him wich makes a fool of hisself is'nt to be trusted. Nobody is not to get up no nu polyticks wen their is kno grumbler as noboddy can tell wether they is right but should jine the grits wich George brown he is the 'head and a Scotchman and ken talk awful wen he is riled, wich was wen he was tricked by corruption & Bribery, wich is Juno. A's. government and was in offis too dais.

Darcy Michgee isnt ought to be allowed to get out ov the kountry nor write no letters as been a H-risher—wich are not good—he might bring over nis armeer and rob the Banks, like Mickinzee did afore, wen he was prevented so doin. Bob Moody ken be lett go up in his balloon kos he is a sound i-stitushun and, sometimes is rite, but all the Korporations sich as Bugg Carroll ODunnyhus and Wiman and all them shoold have their board paid fur, and put in govner Allens charge, bein igknow-ramusses Harry Henry mite learne them to redo write and sifer and chop wood wich are good for their helth and brane and mite maik them respecttable, other things might be done wich wood be rite but i must stop, kos i am studdyn hard and has no time.

ures till deth
Jos. Gould MPP.

"FLORA TEMPLE" BEATING HERSELF.

(From the New York Herald.)

"On the result of the race, being declared, and it being known that "Flora" had actually beaten herself by a quarter of a second, the joy of the populace knew no bounds. The little mare was surrounded by ten thousand Yankees—she was caressed a thousand times. In a fit of wild enthusiasm one gentleman declared that he could marry her. Another gentleman declared his intention to leave her a legacy in his will—in case she should be run off her own legs before she died.

"The enthusiasm did not stop here. "Flora" was unbitched in a trice, and her entire harness, buggy and all was soon cut up into pieces, and carried off by the joyful populace. All this time the little mare seemed to like it. She bit no one—kicked no Americans' brains out—which, however, is not much to be wondered at, as she couldn't even if she tried. There she stood wagging her tail, and looking as proud as possible of her achievement. She is without doubt the fastest old horse in the world, and it gives us great pleasure to chronicle the reception she has met with."