

OH NO, THEY NEVER MENTION ME!

AS SUNG BY W. B. JARVIS, ESQ.

Oh, no, they never mention me,
My name is never heard,
Electors now forbear to speak
That once familiar word.

From poll to poll they'll hurry me,
To banish my regret,
And when they suck votes out of me,
They'll think that I forget.

They counsel me some watering place,
For for my health they fear;
But tho' 'mong Portland's piers I sat,
'Twould not make me a peer.

'Tis true I shall behold no more
The hustings near the market.
I shall not see the polling booth,
And so shall not remark it.

They tell me Allan's happy tow,
The gayest of the gay,
They say that York forgets me,
But I heed not what they say.

Perhaps she took these men in haste,
And now begins to fret;
But if she would encourage me,
She ne'er would feel regret.

LITERARY MEETING.

(REPORTED FOR THE GRUMBLER.)

The parts of speech held a meeting in the Grammar School yesterday, to express their indignation at the impertinence of Mr. Romain in daring to intrude himself as a candidate for the Council.

The Article wanted to take the chair, but the Adjective objected and proposed the Noun to whom he said he was always attached, and who, as being a substantial man, ought to preside over their deliberations. This motion prevailed, and Substantive took the chair.

The Verb took the floor and said he had suffered long enough, and intended in future to be and to do and no longer be always in the passive voice. He had seen with indignation and vexation the hostile attitude of Mr. Romain to himself and his brethren, and might he never be conjugated again if he put up with it.

The Interjection: O! ah! I lack-a-day!

The Verb said that he had suffered more than any one in this matter. Mr. Romain, doubtless with the view of conciliating his friend, the Participle had deliberately insulted him with such abominable expressions as "he seen" and "he done," and he asked whether the attempt to ignore his existence was to be endured by any honorable part of speech, present.

Interjection: Ahem!

The Participle said that his near relation, the Verb, had referred to him. He evidently was inclined to be too much in the imperative mood to-day, a tendency which he could not but deplore. He contended that the Verb had not been abused more than he had, for although Mr. Romain had used the expressions referred to by his friend, the other part, he had outraged him by such abominable expressions as "he had went," which was a plain insult to himself, individually. He certainly had never coquetted with the monster.

The Article: A (eh)?

The Participle: A respectable Article you are to question it.

The Noun: The Article is out of order. I will explain—

The Article: I don't want your explanation, I am set before you, sir, to show the extent of your signification, and, I feel bound to say, you talk nonsense.

The Preposition; Hear! Hear! and, by the universal consent of grammarians, I am before the Noun, too, and I certainly did not put him in the objective just now.

The Pronoun said he would speak for the Noun as became him, and he ruled Article and Preposition out of order.

Preposition: What have you to do with ruling any one in the objective? his friend was decidedly too much of a personal pronoun on that occasion, and should not try the demonstrative with such violence.

The honorable gentleman here knocked an eye (I) out of Pronoun; a general skirmish ensued, and our reporter came to the conclusion that the cases were in an extremely bad mood, and the meeting broke up in a row.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THOMAS G. RIDOUT, ESQUIRE, CASHIER, BANK OF UPPER CANADA.

Remember, once that you were young,
Then you were fond of play;
So pity take upon the boys,
And give a holiday.

—[Juvenile Recollections.]

MR DEAR RIDOUT,—Our intimate relations suggest to me that I should in my usual happy style, as the newspaper says, address you a few lines, for I am sure, my dear Tom, you never object to a good note. The fact of it is, two good fellows always cotton well, and you and I generally get along as we ought. But I am not quite satisfied with the decision come to in your Bank parlour about the petition of the clerks—that the Bank in Toronto should close at one on the Saturday, like Davidson and the other bank fellows have agreed to do in Montreal. Indeed, the other day, when Davidson was here, I said both to him and Proudfoot, (and you know my regard for Bill,) that we ought not to be behind the inferior race in any respect, and Proudfoot told me, that he was willing enough himself, to grant the petition, but the objection lay with—"Pardon me Bill," said I, "what you mean is that they *did* object—for the thing must be done. I dine with Tom Ridout tomorrow, and I intend to put the case to him—and you and he together are by no means a one horse team. In short, you two *have* to carry the measure, and if you do—I will stand drinks." To my great disgust Davidson walked away, and said he lived in Montreal, where cocktails were abhorred, however sitting they might be in a community, with whom it was thought no disgrace to have a protested note. So Proudfoot and myself finished the fluid.

As I cannot dine with you my dear Ridout to-day, having to leave town for Charleston, to see the remarkable American naval officer who has actually captured a slave, I thought that I would, with the apology which I send, just add, that to my mind no one knows better than yourself, (for you have a heart with which time has dealt lightly and kindly,) that bank clerks have bodies to be dwarfed, and

health to be destroyed, by constant confinement. A modern poet tells us, that the spirit's healthy prime fades in gloom. Equally is it unnecessary to remind you, as you read the line, my dear Ridout, as a whole souled fellow, that the Bank Clerk has the *animula vagula*, &c., as Adrian called it, and requires relaxation, to be saved from that gnawing, corroding, wearing away monotony, which the old Greeks loved to turn to as a fit subject for a tragedy.

However, I do not intend to bore you any longer. In Montreal the Banks are closed about one the Saturdays, so that the poor devils engaged in them may know what afternoon week-day sun-shine means, and as you have personal weight to achieve the result here, take up the subject in earnest. And, my dear Thomas, you will on this day week be shooting ducks and drakes with Bill Proudfoot in the Humber.

Don't take the letter from an old friend in bad part, for I *may* want a little matter set right, on my return from Charleston, and it would bore me terribly to change my account.

Wishing you all sorts of good luck on your first Saturday afternoon's fishing, and with love to Proudfoot,

I am, my dear Ridout,
Very truly yours,
ERNEST WINTERBOTTOM,
K. L. & D. C. K. L.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENTS.

O. S., Kingston—We are exceedingly obliged to you, and shall be very happy to hear from you again. We would not have inserted the paragraph you sent us, as it would not have the desired effect during the Parliamentary vacation.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

ADVERTISE IN WIMAN & CO'S DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE FOR THE EXHIBITION.

We cannot too highly commend to public attention and support the proposed Excursion of the TORONTO VOLUNTEER RIFLE COMPANIES to Hamilton on Tuesday next. Nothing could be more reasonable, now that the weather has become oppressively warm, than this invitation to an agreeable trip upon the lake. The *Peelers* has been chartered for the occasion, the band of the Royal Canadian Rifles secured, besides a Quadrille Band for the evening. The Rifle Companies are in every way worthy of public patronage; all the officers and men with whom we are acquainted are gentlemen, good fellows, and we have not the slightest doubt that they will make the Excursion pleasant and agreeable to their non-military patrons. We trust they will be well supported in this last Excursion of the season. The *Peelers* leaves the Custom House Wharf on Tuesday morning next, at half-past seven, A.M., precisely. Tickets, \$1.50; Double Tickets, \$2; extra Lady's Ticket, \$1, to be had from Enigues Macdonald, O'Keefe, or Hottelwell, or on board the steamer on Tuesday.

There never will be a better time to advertise than during the forth-coming Exhibition, and those business men are acting wisely who are preparing to give publicity to their wares. A favorite mode with many is to have large bills printed and posted about the street, or by circulation of cards and circulars. This should be well and tastefully done, and we know no establishment where it can be better accomplished than at Blackburn's City Station Press, Yonge Street. THE GRUMBLER takes great pleasure in recommending Mr. Blackburn, as from personal observation and a practical knowledge of the "mystic art," he knows there is none superior in his line.