

AN HUMBLE PETITION.

Yo Pow'rs, who regulate
 Tho over varying fate
 Of politicians loose, and rule their will
 To rote with easy conscience good or ill,
 To thy protection we resign,
 Or as the Merchants say, consign
 In good order and condition—
 (Errata read to perdition.)
 Him, the proud owner of a thousand curbs,
 Him, in whose mind and votes forever whirle
 His principle. Him, who dreams with fond delight,
 Of place of power and pelf within his sight,
 Ready to be caught,
 Or cheaply bought,
 By putting prices from his puerile pen,
 Be ye his Mentor, his trusty guide,
 Let not his foot e'er turn aside
 To walk the chalk of honest men.
 From virtue keep him,
 In corruption steep him,
 And feed him constant with some sweeten'd pap,
 For carcer fare
 Would spoil his linin,
 And make it straight like some poor country chap.
 Hear this our prayer,
 Extend your care
 O'er J. S. Hogan, virtuous man of Grey.
 Give him a job
 To fill his job,
 And ho with us in duty bound will pray, &c.

THE EVILS OF CREDULITY.

MY DEAR GRUMBLER,—I have the terrible misfortune to be the irrecoverable victim of credulity. Jeer not, till you have read the piteous story of my woes. From my earliest youth I have put implicit reliance in everything which reached my ears; the mermaid and the unicorn, the sea-serpent and the woolly horse were cardinal points of my liberal creed, while I certainly would sooner have doubted my own existence, than that of Lemuel Gulliver or Robinson Crusoe. When I arrived in Toronto two months ago, I visited the House, and having put the utmost confidence in the *Globe*, which is the only paper we get in Dupesville, I was prepared to see the most fearful pack of rascals unmanipulated by Jack Ketch; but to my extreme surprise, I never met a more plausible set of fellows in my life, and with characteristic trustfulness actually believed Foley to be a martyr, Alleyn a wit, Gowan a genius, McKenzie a statesman, McDonald (J. A.) a Pitt, Robinson a gentleman, and I actually went so far as to think Hogan an honest man. [Our correspondent must be joking in the last case. Ed.] Of course I take THE GRUMBLER regularly, but I think sometimes that you don't mean all you say, though I feel in honor bound to take it for Gospel. What I purposed in undertaking this communication, was to unfold my tale of difficulties during the present Crisis, (by the by, my dictionary says, that that word is derived from a Greek verb, meaning to judge, which I take to be ironically applied to a period when men lose their ordinary judgment and common sense.)

Well, I was going to say that my besetting weakness is peculiarly unfortunate at the present time; at every turn I take in King atreet, in every sal—no, druggist's which I enter to take a glass of soda water, I hear rumors which I can scarcely believe I give you a few of the most plausible:

That when Mr. Brown had forced his Administration, the Governor General desired to take wine with

the new Premier, but his Excellency having sarcastically dropped some bitter in the Sherry, Mr. Brown threw it in his face. (This is not at all improbable, because the Governor's hospitality and conviviality are proverbial.)

That Mr. Stokes has refused to supply the Governor General with ice cream any longer, because he refused Mr. Brown a dissolution.

That Rev. Mr. Hope was the dexter hand referred to by Mr. McGee, as the real author of the Governor's memoranda to the late Government.

That Mr. Brown contemplates suicide, being determined to have a dissolution of some sort.

That Jacques & Hay have been engaged to supply new banisters and carpeting for the back stairs, whose influence Mr. McGee complained of the other afternoon.

That Mr. Henry Cooke has left the Theatre to take the office of Elocution Master to J. A. McDonald.

That the *Colonist* intends to give notice that it won't rat more than three times next week.

That Hon. J. H. Cameron will meet his Satanic Majesty on the Fair Green next Monday, according to his challenge of Thursday night, to fight for the champion's belt.

That Sir E. Head has opened negotiations with Sir A. N. McNab, to exchange the Government of Canada for that of New Caledonia.

That the present erratic course of the *Colonist*, is due to the fact that the Shepherd has left the fold, and the sheep are therefore scattered abroad.

Some disreputable scoundrels gathered round me on Thursday evening, and attempted to persuade me that the Atlantic Telegraph cable had been laid, but I was too sharp to be "gammoned" in that way. No I would not believe it if they sent the Leviathan across by telegraph, to convince me of it. I'm not so bad as that comes to yet.

Yours in the faith,
 JOSEPH GULLIBLE.

Refined Torture.

—The first, last, and only official act of the Hon. Mr. Morris, Speaker of the Upper House under the three-day Brown administration, was the presenting of an address from the Upper House to His Excellency, condemning himself and his colleagues. Mr. Morris is certainly under deep obligations to his friends.

No go.

—We learn that Mr. O. R. Gowan, with characteristic modesty, presented himself at the Government House the other morning, to proffer his services as Premier. He was informed that his Excellency was out of town; Gowan denied it flatly. "Yes, he is," said the flunkey, "he's gone to Galt." A Crazed Alderman.

—It is said a writ of *de inquirendo lunatico* is about to be issued in the case of Ald. Moodie. For the past week he has been making frantic exhibitions through the streets and other resorts of the city, to the infinite terror of bar-maids and poodles. Grittish.

—Too much praise can hardly be given to John A. MacDonald for resigning office last Thursday, as it is now well known he only did so in order that he might re-form his corrupt administration.—*Globe*, 32nd ult.

The following Extra was issued from THE GRUMBLER Office yesterday (Friday), at noon, the demand for which so far exceeded the supply, that we are induced to insert it in our regular edition:

GRUMBLER EXTRA.

ANOTHER NEW MINISTRY!

Immense Experience—Tremendous Talent—
 Good Judges of Liquor—Voracious for
 Pap—Down on the Dogans—Purify
 Personified.

THE COUNTRY SAVED.

GRUMBLER OFFICE,
 Friday Morning.

His Excellency the Governor General having failed in securing an Executive from the present House of Assembly, sent fifteen aides-de-camp to our office, last evening, desiring the immediate attendance of the Editor at the Government House. We found his Excellency in doleful dumps, and he at once unbosomed his sorrows. With our usual readiness we promptly advised the Governor to send for Geo. Gurnett, Esq., to form the new administration; we pointed out the immense array of talent concentrated in the City of Toronto, and the absurdity of looking beyond the Don and Humber for his confidential advisers. The hint was at once taken, and Mr. Gurnett, in the space of ten minutes, submitted the following Cabinet:—

President of the Council and Minister of Agriculture	MR. GORSETT.
Commissioner of Public Works	MR. A. BRUSSEL.
Inspector General	ROBT. MOODY.
Commissioner of Crown Lands	THOS. BAINES.
Receiver General	C. E. ANDERSON.
Post Master General	HARRY FERRY.
Attorney General West	M. C. McFERRIE.
Solicitor General West	R. M. ALLEN.
Provincial Secretary	BILLY ANDREWS.
Attorney General East	STED. CAMPBELL.
Solicitor General East	JIM BOLTON.
Whipper-in and General Bottle-Washer	MR. STOKES.

STILL LATER.

We have just learnt that Mr. Stokes promiscorptorily declines office under Mr. Gurnett, and his place is to be filled by Samuel Sherwood, Esq. We trust the country will give the new government a fair trial; we are assured that they have foresworn all principle, and are several degrees above putting forth a policy; and in so doing we believe they have taken the only course by which a Canadian ministry can at present be formed.

BY THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

FIRST MESSAGE FROM THE QUEEN.

"Her Majesty presents her compliments to her illustrious subject, John Sheridan Hogan, Esq., and requests the immediate favour of a lock of his celebrated hair, in return for which he shall be immediately raised to the Peerage."

LATER THAN THE LATEST.

"Her Majesty's disrespects to Sir E. W. Head, and commands his instant return to London by telegraph if practicable. The atrocious insults offered to her sublime friend and idol, Hon. Mr. Brown, forces her to take this extreme step; Mr. Moody, Rear Admiral of the Blues, will equip the *Fire Fly* for the purpose. W. L. McKenzie is appointed Governor General in his stead. Thus Her Majesty will serve all traitors to "the cause."