

MISCEGENATION.

JONATHAN TO DINAH.

Oh! Dinah, darling, true it is,
A deal too strange we've been of late;
My sable beauty, let's be friends,
And let us, love, miscegenate.

Time was, I thought it quite correct,
A "nigger" worse than sin to hate;
But that's played out, I take back track,
And seek now to miscegenate.

Forget that e'er I used to scorn
Thy sable cheeks and woolly pate;
I hold thee now as beauty's queen,
So, Dinah, let's miscegenate.

I'll seek not from our Yankee gals
A withered, dry, and sbrivelled mate;
No! thy plump beauties charm my soul,
So, sweetest, let's miscegenate.

Thy warmer blood shall thrill my veins,
Thy charms my sbrunked soul dilate,
Thy "ferce miasm" make me bold:
So pray, my love, miscegenate.

My lovely darkey, pray consent,
Don't make the Reverend Sambo wait;
He anxious stands, our hands to join,
To help us to miscegenate.

The words are said, the knot is tied,
Come, Dinah, love! its getting late,
Come to your fond adorer's arms,
Come, dearest, and miscegenate!

OUR GRANDSON IN YORKVILLE.

We had occasion to send our eldest grandson to the rather celebrated suburb of Yorkville, and as he is a sharp and well-grown youth, in fact nearer Heaven than ourselves by six inches, we told him to note well the peculiarities he observed, and throw them into the form of a letter, which if at all worthy of a niche in the *Grumbler* should duly appear. The boy was delighted at the promise, and we subjoin his communication, in which, hereditary talent and an acute view of things in general, peep out with tolerable distinctness.

April 8, 1864.

HONORED SIR,—I went this morning to Yorkville as you desired, and enquired at the Post Office according to your direction. The Post Office is not an imposing building, as it is principally devoted to crockery and the enormous quantity of brown pans put one in mind of the forty oil jars, in "Imijiana and the Forty Thieves" of the *Arabian Nights*. The office proper, is at the end of the store, and is an infant imitation, (as to labels,) of the Toronto one; a map, (from Harper,) of the year 1852, about a foot long and torn in several places, graces one side of the applicant pigeon-hole, and a sale of lands to occur in 1860 graces the other. Looking through the square aperture whence grim officials give information and letters, the prospect is pleasingly terminated by a trinity of highly coloured strawberries, ranged side by side. If these inflamed berries really

represent the strawberries grown at Yorkville, horticulture there must present an uncommon, if not pleasing appearance. I waited in company with a small girl, about ten minutes, as the Postmaster was engaged outside in listening to a bargain then in process by one of his friends, concerning some hay; but at length he appeared. Of a somewhat centurian like aspect, as one accustomed to command, slightly grizzled, of medium stature, he might be fifty, or "by'r Lady inclining to three score." He glanced with a proud satisfaction first at his pots and then at his three strawberries. After he had answered my modest enquiry, which he did with great civility though with that dash of peremptoriness which marks the official; I observed that "those three strawberries were beautifully executed." "Aye, aye," said the Postmaster, and he relaxed into a smile, "fond of Art young man? they are well done, look at the seeds, natural as life." I observed cautiously, that "they were certainly very seedy." "Yes, yes," he returned, "that's the real Yorkville strawberry, we call it the "seedy scarlet." I am sure, dear grandfather, this sort deserves its name, as the seeds were delineated in proportion to the size of the berry as of the bigness of a good-sized pea. However, I took my leave. Outside the door my attention was arrested by the Toronto Street Railway Company's Terminus. It is a stately edifice, and all the windows, &c., being niched out with red, present the cheerful appearance of a clown's face in a pantomime, or that of the fool in a circus. As I passed down the eastern street towards Toronto, I noticed the effigies of an animal on a sign, and it was entitled "The _____ Inn," leaving the picture itself to fill up the name of the House; but acute would be the man who detected under that reddish-brown animal, (apparently a hybrid between a sloth and a brown dog,) the form of the King of beasts; but the limner unquestionably meant to represent a red lion, and the will must be taken for the deed. I asked one question of a pale store-keeper, as to whether this region was a part of Toronto proper? "Sir," said he with conscious pride, "we have a municipality of our own," and this I knew, for I had read, *en passant*, a placard about cleansing snow and dirt, wherein 2s. 6d. fine was threatened and a license given to mulct up to \$2. With these mighty powers, said I, the Council of Yorkville must be a very Venetian Council of Ten, and visions of Marino, Faliero and an unscrupulous oligarchically filled my mind on my homeward route.

I am,

Honoured Sir,
Your Afft Grandson,
K.

Wanted.

— A situation in the Canadian Cabinet, by a Member of Parliament at present representing a western constituency. References kindly permitted to the *Leader* office, Berlin correspondent of that Journal, M. H. Foley, Esq., M.P.P., or the sheriff of Gray.

SOLILOQUY OF A DRUNKARD.

MISTHER GRUMBLES.—Last night, (hic) as I wash takin' my sixteenth tumbler of toddy hot, jus' on this very spot, (hic) whar, sing'lar to say 'bout a week 'go th' table flew up in my face and hit me a severe (hic) blow. Bein' unable to see to (hic) read on 'count of a dimness in the eyes, to which (hic) I've lately been very subject, I began to (hic) philosophise, and says I, (hic) one man's better than any other man, and I defy you or any other man to deny that if you can. (Hic.) I'm a man—and soberer than any judge. What's the use of your sayin' I'm light, (hic) I say it's all fudge. I'm a man, and I defy any of your aristocracy or nobility to say (hic) a single word agin' my respectability. Com on, one and all, (hic) ye beggers confound ye. D'ye hear you impudent scoundrels, mind I don't (hic) surround ye. I'm a man not to be trifled with when my (hic) blood is hot, and if you don't take mighty good care my (hic) fine fellows, I'll send every darn'd one of you to pot. The only (hic) man that I ever was 'fraid of—pon my life—it's a great (hic) secret—and don't tell it to anyone—was Margaret Ann, my wife. Oh, jimminy, there she comes! and I'm in a (hic) precious funk. Won't she kick me and pull my hair when she sees I'm so (hic) heastly drunk.

THE COMING ELECTIONS.

If the smut throwing proclivities of a city organ whose *Globular* pills, the component parts of which are three parts low scurrility and one part soot, a seasoning, of which a large stock is kept constantly on hand by its proprietors, are distributed daily, gratis, in the contested Ridings, were to exercise an important bearing on the coming elections, we could not doubt as to which side would be the winners. That it has a bearing we cannot but admit, but is to me diametrically opposite to that intended by the smut-vendors. Stirring up in the minds of the Electors, as the nomination in Cobourg distinctly shows feelings of indignation at the course adopted by the narrow minded clique who receive these "pills," as the only panacea for their political grievances and devour them with all the greediness of hungry kittens, who, for a time, have been deprived of their usual nouceine supper. These political rats—their ship having sunk—single out one or two strong swimmers, on whom they at once fasten, and seek by every device in their power to sink them 'neath the waves for ever and for ever. We are glad to see these designing tricksters receive the punishment they so richly merit. Let every constituency strive to emulate West Northumberland and thereby teach a lesson to posterity that political treachery and trickery will ever receive in Canada its just reward.

Sporting.

— We understand that a race is to take place soon between Ald. Baxter's "Lightfoot" and R. Mulhon Allen, Esq.'s, "Maid of Kildare." The "sports" are, of course, on the tip-toe of expectation, and great fun is expected. We shall publish a full account of the affair.