

**THE WEATHER.**

We have received a perfect flood of correspondence concerning the coldness of the weather, and have been asked hundreds of the most extraordinary questions about it, by old maids, bachelors, gay epistlers, widowers, and all sorts of people. As it is physically impossible for us to reply to them all by post—most of them modestly requested us so to do—we “take this opportunity to write a few lines, hoping to find them well, as this leaves us at present,” and to tell them we are not personally responsible for the frigidty of last week’s atmosphere, nor have we sufficient influence with the clerk of the weather to bring on more genial airs. We beg at the same time to assure our readers and correspondents, in particular, that we will exert ourselves to bring about as pleasant a state of things as is possible. At this latest stage of the proceedings, however, we are afraid that nothing can be done until the opening of spring, we will then be unceasing in our endeavors! and we think we may safely predict they will be crowned with success early in June—till then we hope the public will have patience, and not swamp us with unnecessary letters. We think the following selected from our list contain everything that need be asked:

No. 1.

PLEASANT ROW, No. 6, Tuesday.

DEAR, DEAR GRUMBLER,—What shall we do to get rid of this nasty cold weather? It has spoiled our such a duck of a Pic-nic, after everything had been so pleasantly arranged. I am sure you sympathize with me; couldn't you tell us when there will be a fine day, do their's a good fellow.

Yours truly,

AMINA SOLL.

P. S.—If you would tell me who you are, I would invite you, and we would have a nice flirtation.

No. 2.

WEDNESDAY, 14th, 1859.

To the Editor of the Grumbler.

Is it a fact that the coldness of the air during the last few days is attributable to the conduct of the citizens of Toronto, in giving the cold shoulder to Sir Edmund Head on his departure for Quebec?

Yours truly,

AN ENQUIRER.

No. 3.

ROSSIN HOUSE, Wednesday.

Ma. GRUMBLER,—Say I come up here cos I'd ben told your autumn were the finest time of the year, but Caesarea if this are what you Canucks call fine weather I'm off to New Orleans in the morning.

Good bye ole boss,

MADISON STRONG.

No. 4.

TERAULEY STREET, 12 Sept.

Too Editor of grumbler,

i kno wot makes the wether cold, bob moody is gettup a Beloon, and is going to quabek. & Saint Antony he has been made ar-raujemens with by whisselin, which the salurs does to get wind, and has bro: the eastern kurrants which Styner he learned bob moody about, to blow him and his beloon down quick, Saint Antony been a papist wouldn't do it at first. Bob Moody

bein a Orangeman but bishop Sherabunnelly he was got by Bob and told Siat Anturacy that it was write, which Bob is agoin to leave the Oringmen (therefor and get the bellou: blessed and carry loby water. I knode wich I told him that there bellou would turn Bobs head & heads never do nothin rite again, wich can be sene,

Ures

TOM WIGGINS.

DEAR GRUMBLER,—As the cold weather is obnoxious to some people, the following recipe which you can make known to the public, will be found an invaluable and reliable thing to keep the blood warm.

Recipe:—½ a table spoonful of white sugar, 1 gill good brandy, (pale or dark) 2 gills boiling water, mix with a spoon, to be taken as often as required.

Yours in jollity,

BILLY SWING.

**THE PRINCE'S VISIT TO CANADA.**

The following letter from the Prince of Wales to John Duggan, Esq., was picked up on Wellington Street. It removes all doubt as to his Royal Highness' visit to Canada, and even at the risk of offending the modesty of the worthy barrister who was favoured with it, we cannot withhold it from the public:—

THE BABS ROCK, SCOTLAND, }  
August, 24th, 1859. }

MY DEAR SERGEANT,—

I am so tired after climbing to the top of this strong pince with Sir Hew Dalrymple that I seize the few minutes' rest I am obliged to take, to write you a short note to say that I am really coming out to Canada. You recollect that when you last dined with me at Windsor, my mamma consented that I should pry you that long promised visit; however, I thought yesterday that “the fat was in the fire,” as they say in the kitchen, for I was told that if I went out I must stay at Government House. Now that would be rather stupid for me, as your friends from Canada say that the only jolly thing Head does is playing at rackets; but as they are packing off to Quebec I can do the civil to him and Tom Ross also, who I am told is Deputy Governor, and then off for a spree with you. I know you'll give me a quiet shake down on the parlour sofa, which is all I want.

It is only for your sake that I am going to risk my neck in Canada, so I hope you'll introduce me to Van, Herrick, and all those other “bricks” you used to talk so much about after dinner. Who is this Bob Moodie that I hear so much about at home; Dalrymple says he never saw him at Government House, when he was in Canada, and I cannot find his name in the Navy List; is he one of Admiral Fortin's Horse Marines?

Is George Brown a jolly character? does he keep good sherry? or is he such a milksoop of a fellow as you used to say he was?

How about McIntyre, he sends me a copy of a shabby paper called the *Leader* now and then, with a lot of stuff about the Highland Society. Now as

I go about in kilts occasionally myself I should like to know something about the matter. McIntyre tells me that he is to have the next vacant judgeship, is that the case?

Remember me to old parlez-vous Cartier if you see him. Good bye—old Dalrymple is waiting to trot me over the rock.

Yours with dignity,

ALBERT EDWARD.

To ——— Blazes, Esq.,  
Toronto.

**HO FOR A STRAIGHT JACKET.**

We step the press to notice an alarming leading article which appears in this morning's *Colonist*. It is so frightfully suggestive of lunacy that we trust Dr. Workman, who has very opportunely returned to Canada, will see to the poor old woman at once. We copy it *in extenso*. It is headed “The Question answered,” and runs as follows:

“Query by the *Globe*: Do the Reformers require office?”

“Echo answers—Reformers require office! require office!! office!!!”

Alas! alas!! Mrs. Gamp has lost the last vestige of her reason. The departure of the Governor General has left her inconsolable, and she's “gane clean daft.” We always thought she was weak-minded, but we did hope that she would be spared the loss of the very infinitesimal quantity of reason she possessed. By all means let all edged tools (pens included under that term, if possible) be at once removed from her reach, and if the fit returns do some one apply the straight jacket. Shaving the head would do her no harm, though poor old lady, the capillary covering of nature has almost deserted the heated cranium of the hapless witch. To keep her in a good humour we give her the answer to an original echo of our own, and none of your common ones at that, for besides answering the question it gives advice:

Editor of the *Colonist*,—Who is never out of trouble?

Echo,—*Old Double*, send the editor to the Asylum and have him well secured in a straight jacket.

Bring on your echoes, and beat that if you can.

**COOPER'S OPERA TROOP.**

We are extremely glad to hear that before the close of the next week this talented company are again to appear before a Toronto audience. They need no introduction from us; the names of Miss Milner and Messrs. Cooper, Cook, Bowler and Radolphsen are well known in Toronto by this time, and we trust they will receive even a heartier reception and a more general patronage than they did during their last engagement.

**ACCIDENT.**—In consequence of an accident which happened to the press last evening, the publication of the *Grumbler* has been several hours later than usual.