

THE SHADOW ON THE WALL.

[After Chas. Mackay.]

Late or early King street passing,
In the sunshine or the rain,
I behold a lonely shadow
In the building called "Romain."
Even through the open doorway,
Silent sitting I can see,

Aye, idling,
Staring, writing,
The lone figure of a man,
Saw when close beside him falls
Charley's shadow on the walls.

Far down from the noisy sidewalk,
From its din and loud turmoil,
Turning o'er some empty folio,
I have watched him seem to toil,
Watch'd his idle listless staring,
Watched him with his pen to hand,
Ever turning,
And returning:

Watched and strove to understand,
How much Charley has seen fit
To pay him there alone to sit.

Oh! I've asked, debating vainly
In the silence of my soul,
Is it by this man unaided,
Charley means to head the poll?
Can he be some great magician,
Weaving spells to sway the throng:
Spells unholy,
Weaving slowly,
That shall bind the voters strong,
And compel them without parley,
All to poll their votes for Charley?

No one seems or seeks to know him,
Few can understand his game,
N'er till now has he been noticed
By the oracles of fame.
Can it be ambitious Charley
Means to set the Day on fire?
Does this only,
Poor man loudly,
Promise him his heart's desire:
Charley! I hear no honest word,
He lies! Your hope will be deferred!

Yes, ere long and I shall miss him,
Miss his lonely shadow fall,
Late or early King street passing,
On the bare and silent wall,
Ere the winter shall approach us,
With its cold tempestuous day,
His idling,
Staring, writing,
Will have vanished all away;
And Charley'd with vain appeals,
Charles be left to kick his heels.

Who shall tell what schemes majestic,
Must lie dormant in his brain,
What Toronto's doomed to suffer,
For neglecting poor Romain?
What we lose, upon my honor,
Sure the thought o'erwhelms me quite.
Why despoit
Charley's merit?
Why forsake him in the fight?
Why within his block of stone,
Tearful leave him all alone?

YE COLONIST WAXETH POETICAL.

We hail with unfetted pleasure the first successful effort which has been made for sometime to enliven the dreary columns of the daily press. How often has it been our hard fate to wade through the pages of the *Globe* or *Colonist*, (we never could attempt the *Atlas*) without the cheering glimpse of one brilliant thought, till we have exclaimed with Touchstone, "I wish the gods had made thee poeti-

cal." We of course would never have offered the petition, if like Audrey we had imagined that it was "a true thing, or to be honest in word and deed;" to expect anything in that way in our journals would be extremely chimerical. Our prayer has been heard; in Thursday's *Colonist*, nestling like the modest violet in fragrant obscurity, we spied a *lybri* of a paragraph on "Autumn."

"The coldness of the few days past," says the Paranaissian of King Street, "is premonitory of autumn." The terseness and brevity of the sentence are only equalled by its wonderful discernment; it is indeed the very soul of wit with all its limbs and outward flourishes scientifically amputated. We might also notice the rhetorical skill which is displayed in the position of the adjective "past;" how tamely it would have sounded if the delicate ear of the editor had not saved us from "the past few days," and vouchsafed the touching inversion in the text. He proceeds:—

"The leaves, too, of some kinds of trees have commenced to turn yellow in the more exposed places." There are several points to be observed here. 1. The leaves, too, as well as the "coldness of the few days past" are turning yellow. 2. It is not all the leaves, but only those of some kinds of trees, for the pine and spruce still retain their pristine verdancy, and like the writer of the paragraph have not yet turned yellow. 3. There is a still further limitation in the last clause, not only do not all the leaves grow yellow, but only those parts of the leaves which are in "exposed places."

We scarcely know which to admire most here, the piercing observation and botanical skill of the writer, sharpened doubtless by a walk or two in the College Avenue, or the graphic touch of artistic skill by which the leaf-dyeing business is delineated by the agonizingly fertile pen of the writer.

Ye *Colonist* goeth on—

"Of course there will be many warm days ere the frosts of autumn supervene, but the swelter and oppressiveness of summer have gone." We can hardly be too grateful for this seasonable and unexpected information; the *Colonist* can only add to the obligation by informing us the exact location in the Calendar of the aforesaid "warm days," and also the ultimate destination of the "swelter" referred to, as having gone; otherwise we feel bound to say that our stock of knowledge has not received any marvellous accession. The powerful figure wrapped up in this sentence, is unmistakable, and its reference to the juvenile game of sec-saw, in which as it were cold and heat, are symbolized as little boys, alternately rising and sinking, is extremely vivid.

Ye *Colonist* windeth up—

"The most beautiful season of the year is opening (this is a distant allusion to oysters) when air, water and vegetation combine to make mother earth beautiful to her children." Of course room is given here for chemical disquisitions of a profound character. What compound will result from the combination of air, water and vegetation? and how is it to be applied so as to beautify the venerable matron referred to? We employed a scientific gentleman to make the necessary synthesis of the matters mentioned, and he reports mud as the result, which he asserts will soon appear on the York roads

o any extent, beautifying mother earth but sadly defiling the waggons and inexpressibles of the farmers of this County.

Thus, then, science corroborates the poet and editor, and the triumph is complete. We can assure the writer that if anything will render the flight of time more tedious than usual, it is the expectation that the journal will be soon adorned by the next number of the *Colonist's* "Seasons" at which the shade of Thomson even now blushes with jealousy and envy.

BREAKERS AHEAD.

A mighty monarch once on Albion's strand,
Bade the wild waves obey his dread command;
His courtiers laughed at Neptune's sad defeat,
Till raging billows curled around their feet,
And all sought safety in a swift retreat.

MORAL.

Let kings of evil councillors beware;
Vice-regal sceptres also should lake care;
Public opinion is a sea to dread,
And those who scorn it, swim with "fins of lead,"
Back, back, 'tis at the feet and may submerge our Head.

Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

—Two accomplished village Editors, each having an oracle in the Township of Markham, have quit, for some time past, the filthy game of politics; and turned to the more ennobling spirit of dissecting each other, for the purpose of deciding which possessed the much coveted jewel, "native talent." The work of annihilation might still have been going on but for the intervention of a third party, Billy Button, Esq., Reeve of the aforesaid Township. He undertook a scientific exploration of the cranial appendages of the belligerents, declared both *thick* enough for the lodgment of such a treasure, but gave them to understand that so long as he himself could be preserved from spontaneous combustion, they would fight in vain for the honor.

ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

The Mayor of Rome, N. Y., has sent the following message to His Holiness the Pope of Rome:—

"Tho't I'd send across to see how your rotten old city's progressing. I guess we're going ahead of you, sick. We've got 6 saw-mills, 1 Mechanic's Institute, and 23 Meeting-houses, and the streets is fillin' up like winkin'. Guess we'll send our Fire Company across to you to have a jolly celebration, and of they don't wash the tiles of St. Peter's for you, I'm much mistaken. Yours, etc.,

"HABRAKUK HAMSTRING."

The Pope answered immediately to this effect:—

"His Holiness is happy to hear of the progress of trans-Atlantic Rome; would like to know how many of the Meeting-houses are of the true faith; would rather dispense for the present with the visit of the Firemen, as he is very nervous, and afflicted with a severe cold."

THE GRUMBLER

Is published every Saturday morning, and is for sale at all the News Depots, on the Cars, by all the News Boys. No city subscriptions received, opportunity being afforded for its regular purchase. For the convenience of persons residing in the country, THE GRUMBLER will be regularly mailed, at ONE DOLLAR per annum. Address pre-paid "THE GRUMBLER," Toronto. Correspondents will oblige by not registering money letters for reasons sufficiently obvious. Publishing Office, No 21 Masonic Hall, (Nordheimer's New Buildings), Toronto Street.