

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1858.

NO. 24.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats
I rede you tent it;
A chief's amang you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll print it."

SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1858.

DIARY OF A POLL RANGER.

For the first time in our lives, we have taken an interest in the City Election. Having expressed a desire to see the fun, we were accommodated by Sheriff Jarvis with a seat in his carriage. Although we had desired to preserve a street macgaito, we were greeted by the Dogans of St. Patrick's Ward, who gave three enthusiastic cheers for the GRUMBLER. The Sheriff presently observed a large barrel of whiskey standing amidst the crowd. Immediately with that promptitude, for which he is so remarkable, he lifted the contraband article into his carriage. The said article was a great nuisance to us throughout our rounds, and not only for the moment, for our wife, Mrs. G., said when we came home that we decidedly smelt of whiskey. Entering the poll-booth, we found the utmost disorder prevailing. Landlords swearing their own tenants, and tenants swearing their landlords; father and son swearing each other; and everybody around doing a good deal of swearing and cursing on his own account. A number of excited Dogans were hurrahing for the people's man, though they didn't allege any plausible reason for his being the people's man, rather than anybody else's. Some yelled "Cameron and Protection," but Cameron gave them no protection just then, for some of them got their heads punched severely. The expectant crowd expected us to vote, but as soon as we declared ourselves neutral, raised a hideous howl, which so frightened the horses, that they dashed down Queen Street and only stopped, panting and foaming, at the poll-booth of St. David's Ward. Here we saw a combat between F. W. Cumberland and Gordon Brown, whose buggies became dead locked together. The bravo Frederick struck Gordon on the head with a heavy cane, and brought him down on one knee; but Gordon retorted with the butt end of a loaded whip, which laid the architect beneath the feet of his own horses. Gordon was immediately taken to goal by W. L. Allen, but was, we understand, finally restored to cheerfulness when provided with writing materials, by the aid of which, he composed an editorial on "Orange Rufianism" for Saturday's *Globe*. Just as the wretched Gordon was being conveyed to the jug, a number of rowdies seized on our whiskey barrel, which however, they found nearly empty, as the barrel was not of the soundest construction in the world, and the sheriff moreover, perspired considerably

through the head, and had been considerably reduced. We gave up this point, and dashed on towards St. John's Ward, where we found the coloured population in a state of tremendous excitement. They advanced towards our vehicle, and threatened to tear us from limb to limb if we did not treat all round. We reluctantly consented, with a sigh for our lost whiskey barrel, and stood whiskey-keys. Just then, Mr. Cameron drove up, and being called on for a speech, said,—“Cullud aw Electaws, very trous it is that you aw cullud men, but you aint Brown niggaws, but you aw Owango cullud.” Hereupon the crowd very justly pelted the Orange candidate till he dispersed himself to a little distance. At this juncture Mr. Brown arrived, and placing his thumb against his nose made a very contemptuous grimace at Mr. Cameron, who jumped out of his gig and gave chase. Long George rushed down the street with Cameron at his heels. George was gaining fast on his pursuer, when Capting Moodie sneaked out from behind the corner and crouched down in his way with an intent to hit him. The “Grit” saw the trick, and jumped right upon Moodie’s back, crushing him to the earth, leaving him as a stumbling-block in the way of Cameron who fell over him and blooded his nose. Now had we re-entered our vehicle with the intention of driving away peaceably, but the hand of retributive justice was upon the electors of St. John’s, and in its indiscriminate grasp it crushed many innocents. The trampling of steeds, the clash of sabres, and the hoarse word of military command were heard amid the shrieks of men, women and children, and Goodwin rode past at the head of the Yorkshire cavalry. Stunned and frightened, we arose, left my friend, the Sheriff, for dead, and went home to Mrs. G. who applied vinegar and brown paper to our temples, and wept over us till we fell asleep.

The Great Navigator.

—Why was Captain Bob Moodie a greater navigator than Sir John Franklin?

Because Sir John only went to the North Pole, whilst yesterday Bob travelled from Poll to Poll.

Cameron’s Jugernaut.

—From the bullying conduct of an aldermanic and governmental painter in the present election and its complete failure, we should say that if a candidate wishes to get off the track he has only to engage St. Andrews Car(r).

To the Afflicted.

—Mr. Amos Wright, a retiring politician, “whose sands of life have near run out,” will, on application, be happy to confer on those who suffer from *hard times* the secret of making six dollars a day, without labour, on receipt of a single postage stamp, to pay the expense of franking a reply.

MICHAEL MULDOWDEY TO BARNEY.

Oh I Barney, ma boukht, sure things now don’t look ill,
Indeed they’re enought for a good spree;
Aint there meetings each night, and sometimes we’ve a fight,
Besides the election this week is to be.

There’s Cameron and Brown, the great lamps of the town,
Illuminate our ignorance almost every night,
And smaller wax tapers likewise cut up capers,
And outblazon themselves in ridiculous light.

There’s a Cumberland and the Mason, ho talks of displac’d
And squeal’d the voters of Brown from the Poll;
And Conlin and Carr both swear that they are
The Papists and Orangemen sure to control.

John Brady, tho’ “Dogan,” and Shairidon Hegan,
And the second edition of Falsiaff, George Platt,
Who vainly beseech’d he’s not made for speechin’,
Is dragged to the chair notwithstanding his fat.

Then to blow the Brown bugle there’s member McDougall,
Hugh Miller, oily gammon, and a great many more,
Who aro nightily declaimin’ ‘gainst the Ministry’s schumin’,
Until, be my faith, its become quite a bore.

And lemmon John Stokes, retails ice cream jokes
Of Captin’ Bob Moodie being both bought and sold;
Whilst to keep up the fire, Justice Neil McIntyre
Blew a fable Brown blast at the *Globe*; I am told.

Of course Orangemen too, as they usually do,
Omnibusses of themselves completely must make;
The grand district bill will be issued in full,
Vote Cameron ye devils, our color’s at stake.

But Cameron or not, they may all go to pot,
I’d vote for the devil or Ogie R. first;
Shure the dirty spalpeens have closed all the shobbeens,
And Barney, my honey, I’m dying of thirst.

A Sensitive Plant

“The Brown’s rowdies aforesaid, on passing our Office, on their way to the Grit quarters, gave three groans for the *Colonist*. We hope they felt relieved.”—*Colonist*.

Ye philosophical and poetical editor of ye *Colonist* notices an unsuccessful attempt on the part of some Brown rowdies to disturb his self-complacency. Gazing at a book-shelf on which were ranged the works of Ricardo and Mill, side by side with the “Whole Duty of Man” and Brougham’s “Statesmen,” by the clear light of a gas-jet, burning at the rate of 8 cents per cubic foot, ye editor counteth ye groans given for ye beloved *Colonist*, sneereth sardonically, and penneth ye small paragraph which cutteth to ye quick ye atrocious rowdies on ye following morning.

Giving way of the Globe Buildings.

—From the heavy state in which Mr. Brown’s spirits have been for some time past, and the immense weight of responsibility at present resting upon his shoulders, Mr. Cumberland recommended Mr. B. to keep on the first floor of the *Globe* Office. Disregarding this friendly advice, he ascended to the second flat, yesterday: in a moment the walls began to crack under the weight, and several large rents, now plainly visible in the front, testify to the correctness of Mr. Cumberland’s engineering abilities.

TELEGRAPHIC.

Mr. GRUBBER's congratulatory message to the Queen, despatched per Atlantic Telegraph.

Mr. GRUBBER to the Queen presents
His humble, dutious compliments,
And would an earnest hope convey,
They'll find her Majesty O. K.,
And since old Ocean has proved able,
To swallow whole the Atlantic cable.
Of course THE GRUBBER would be seen,
First to congratulate his Queen,
Like a most true and loyal son,
Upon the glorious victory won.
He trusts more near her august throne,
This chair will make his mission known.
E'en now as yet his birth is recent,
He deems 'twill be supremely decent,
He should in humble guise declare,
What his peculiar duties are.
In judgment then great Ligeo he sits
Alike on Moderates and Clear Grits.
Bears up the scale with even hand,
And justice deals to either hand.
Meets vice with a sarcastic frown,
And laughs the dull pretence down.
On merit smites with cheerful mien,
And hat not least adore his Queen,
And trusts she'll smile her gracious approbation,
On this his message of congratulation.

THE QUEEN'S REPLY.

Her Majesty, the Queen, graciously acknowledges the receipt of a telegraphic message from her trusty and well beloved GRUBBER. She highly approves of the Mission upon which he has entered, and commends the well being of her Canadian subjects to his care, convinced at least that his head is in the right place, whatever she may be compelled to think about other Heads.

P. S.—What does O. K. mean in the 4th line of the message?

Letter from Jos. Gould, Esq., M.P.P., to his Constituents in South Ontario.

DEAR FRIENDS—

In riting to give an 1/2 of mi Stoordship in Seshun i must reglate my feelinks of vanity wile I let you know on my survises to the state. In primises I mended 1600 kwils, in other wurd

"1600 kwils came mended from my pen."

I franked 2 thousand letters, and kunsumed 3 hundred stics of seeling-whacks. I shall tek hoam with me 1 thousand reoms of phoolskip to distribbit amungst the pore of the skules for eijukashnal purposes. I made 1 spoetch.

In wich I pitched into the Ministree hottnevey till they kwaled and shivered. I thot of waren Hastings and bekum terrible severe. droco Mcgee complimented me hily and sed that I wood be like him but without any vishus Irish axent.

Brown offered me a post as Minister of Aggericuler, wich I sumrile rijekted. Sez I, mi talents want a wider skoap. I wood be Provinshal Sekretery, but nun of yer Aggericuler fur me. I will git up sum French in the reses, because an oritur is no oritur hear if he canot enthrawl both Provenes with the tchain of his majjiko eliquents. Mister Gowin edvises this stop bekoz he feez the benefits of eddikashun and thinks it is never too late to lura. Gowin sez it is a pittty droco Mcgees odikashun was niglected.

The erly part of the Seshun was mutch embitered by the publishing of my loto to A. Rankin. Mr. Stokes was mutch ofended, & I had to swalow and pa for aniceburg of his Lemia and Venilly before he would forgive me. Mister. Robinsun was orful mad and thretend to nock me down and jump on me, but I kep out of his way. I have incurd grate ojum but I hope to passafy al parteeze by invitingum 2 mi sumthous in the kuate.

The Seshun wurk has been offul laborious, tok of \$6 per dime, I wudnt tek \$20 if it wasnt fur the zele I lov fur the gode of my kuntre. The conviyvil temtashuns is offul. Mi wit is brylyant wen flushed with rosey wiin & I fal a sackrifiso to the enjoyment of mi rekliis kimpanyons.

Shud a distelushun ikur I will apere before u aut agia as a candydit.

Farewel S Ontaryomen.

Yours til deth or distelushuu,

Jos. GOLD.

REVIEW OF THE MARKETS:

Great activity pervades, at present, every branch of the Poititcal Market. Large sums of money have been invested by J. H. Cameron, Esq., in (v)otes with but small prospects of a return. It is asserted on Change that he is merely laying in a stock of winter (odder for the use of the Compact Donkey, and not for private speculation as some have thought.

The demand for fine Flour has been checked by a sanitary cause, a disease known as the Cameron Itch, having attacked many families addicted to this aristocratic luxury. Dr. Cotter has succeeded in removing the symptoms by confining his patients to a low diet of Brown bread.

Dry Goods. Brown Hollands—large stocks on hand; prices difficult to quote fairly, great difference of opinion existing between buyers and sellers. Many purchasers dislike the finish of the sample now in the market; Principle and Protestantism, two ingredients hitherto indispensable, not being now used in their manufacture. Bishop Charbonnell recommends this article of clothing to his flock and seems reluctant in adopting it. Messrs. Moody and Platt intend bleaching a large quantity of the green material at the polling booths this afternoon.

Fustian—demand large; supplies more than equal; Messrs. Brown & Cameron are disposing of large quantities nightly. Purchasers should be careful, much of it being rotten from the quantity of lies used in stiffening it.

In Groceries—Soft Soap has met with ready sale, large quantities having been used with but partial success in a philanthropic endeavor of G. A. Pyper, Esq., to wash the blacks into Browns.

Labour Market.—Whites at a discount; great anxiety displayed by Messrs. Brown and Cameron, (two rival speculators) in securing able-bodied negroes; owing to this insane rivalry, they have reached a mark far above their legitimate value. Buyers will be able to procure any number dirt cheap by holding off until Monday next.

Rowdism.—Any quantity offered in exchange for whiskey.

PROVINCIAL SNOBS.—I.

Provincial Snobs are the vilest and most contemptible creatures on the face of this earth. They bear no affinity to the good natured silly beings met with in other countries, who with a little money and less brains are raised above the wholesome necessity of earning their dinners before eating them. Nor can they claim any acquaintanceship with that class of animals on whom Nature has bestowed every accomplishment, except common sense and fortune, the means of indulging in every extravagance that can be purchased by money. Our Snob is an upstart—an illegitimate offspring of the ancient and noble family of Snobs. It may be that our Snob is well off in the world; and it very often happens that he can trace his family line farther back than two generations without falling in with that line

"Which plagued some worthy relation."

But in most cases he is a poor, penniless devil, with a small salary and a large amount of assurance. At times you meet him as a sort of clerk, puffing about the cheeks, and very stupid about the eyes. If you ask to see his master, he will answer in a languid, piping tone that "he's awl engaged!" And if you suggest that your business demands an immediate audience, he will open his foolish unmeaning eyes at your audacity, and reiterate in a peevish contankerous tone, "that he, awl I said awl that he was engage!" And hear let us, before passing on, remark, that of all the most abominable conditions in which Snobism is to be found the most intolerable, as well as the most widely diffused, is clerocracy.

The Snob is at times to be met with behind the counter—but the haberdasher Snob is at worst an amusing creature, whom it were a sin against nature to annihilate. The official Snob is a dreadful plague. The exquisite Snob who wends his way every morning to a Government office or a Bank, is as much to be avoided as a long sermon in dog-days. The professional Snob is one of the greatest pests in society.

We do not mean to say that all clerks are Snobs, nor do we wish to embrace in our strictures all officials; or the entire body of those who nominally belong to professions, which they have not talent enough to earn their salt at; neither would we be thought to overlook the fact that public officers at times condescend to give civil answers to modest enquiries. We will endeavor to give all due credit for such concessions. But for the rest, let the offenders tremble, for we mean to publish such life-like pictures of their follies and imperfections, that the public will not fail to recognize the likeness.

In conclusion, we put it on record with a great deal of pain, that there are Snobs amongst the Fourth Estate. But, thank Heaven, and there are only a few black sheep amongst us; and they are of that underling, pampered, toadying species, which cannot be said to hold so respectable a position towards the Press, that foster children do towards their apparent. We intend on a future occasion to divide the Snobs into classes, and review them in their order down to the latest importation cast upon our shores.

MY FIGHTING LAD, TOM FERGUSSON.

Airs.—"Gallant brow, John Highlandman."

SUNG BY OGLE R. GOWAN.

A broth of my lad was born,
And peaceful men he held in scorn,
But faithful to my reverend son,
My fighting boy, Tom Fergusson.

Sing, boy, my big Tom Fergusson,
Sing, ho, my big Tom Fergusson;
There's no'or was a lad so up to tau,
As fighting big Tom Fergusson.

With stout shillelagh in his hand,
And Orango "lanthe" at his command;
The elector's beads he rapped upon—
My fighting lad, Tom Fergusson.
Chorus—Sing boy, &c.

He roved about from town to town,
And mused himself by knocking down
The Clear Gels in North Wollington,
My fighting lad, Tom Fergusson.
Chorus—Sing boy, &c.

Whist thro' Elera he did ride,
His foes were gathered on each side,
But the 'ho nobly snapped his gun,
They beat my big Tom Fergusson.
Chorus—Sing boy, &c.

Oh then they took him to the Court,
But we their triumph turned to sport,
For justices we had put on,
Dismissed my big Tom Fergusson.
Chorus—Sing boy, &c.

And now he has no cause to mourn,
To rowdying he may return,
And go on as he has begun,
My fighting big Tom Fergusson.
Chorus—Sing boy, &c.

A REVERIE OF THE HON. JOS. C. MORRISON,

in a fit of "The Blues," while on his way to the shades of his domestic retreat, beyond the first toll-gate, Youngs St.

And is it so? While my late colleagues are revelling in luxury from their ill-gotten gains, I have not even a five-cent piece to disarm the impudence of Jim Beatty's toll-collector, with a prospect before me as dark as a church beadle's. Surely the arts by which I have thriven will not fail me now, in this my hour of need—aye, of desperation. Baldwin's re-appearance on the public stage ought to help me; but, *nil desperandum*, something must be done in the meantime, and that quickly. Beatty, the rascal, can't he do something? I helped him to swindle the country out of these very roads. Let me think. A Grand Trunk Directorship might be turned to some account. Ross makes well by it. The Northern now isn't worth a feed of oats for my horse. There's that dog Spence shovled into the Custom House—he should have been provided for at home—and I, like an ass, left to flounder in poverty, from my own sheer modesty, to await the chances for another grab at the purse-strings. If I do get at them again, I will give them a pull that will do me good—a la Anderson. Ah! yes, happy thought, Haldimand is vacant; it has a bad odour, but I have a sensorium equal to it. Shuffling made me a politician, and shuffling may get me into Haldimand. I'll see Macdonald to-morrow, and immediately got out an Address. What shall I say?
Gentlemen Electors of Haldimand!

The same whirlwind that swept to the four winds of heaven a corrupt Administration, carried with it also your late faithful Representative, upon which I beg to offer you my hearty congratulations.

The retirement of Mr. Mackenzie has led me to believe that a man of political standing only can hope to receive your favour. I have been quiescent for a little length of time to adjust thoroughly my domestic matters, (things too much overlooked by our great men) and am again ready for harness, both able and willing to saw your wood and draw your water.

I do not enter the field as a stranger. This magnificent section of the Western Peninsula has before been subject to my fostering care; and the inhabitants of Niagara only cut me because I would not relax my patriotism by cutting them.

I am an old Radical, and graduate of the same School as your late illustrious Representative, but took better care of my principles than he did, having never allowed mine to be auctioned at the insignificant figure of £500—although I stuck it into the Government once for £800, and afterwards at £1,200—every shilling of which has been spent for the good of the country. I am not a man, gentlemen, to waver in my faith, or yield to undue pressure. I glory too much in my pride of country to bring disgrace on a soil that has given birth to an O'Connell, a Curran, (my godfather,) a Sheridan, and last, though not least, a D'Arcy McGee.

I support all schemes for the advancement of the country, and have been identified with every gigantic bubble that have startled the world for five years past, except that of the Atlantic Telegraph. I have ever supported the Great Southern Railway, and having a personal stake in the Zimmerman estate, you can feel sure of my enthusiastic endeavours for its perfect consummation. I am now maturing a scheme for an unbroken chain of railway-communication to the Pacific, and being convinced of the feasibility of spanning the Huron and Superior lakes by an arched bridge, little now remains to be decided but the ways and means.

Finally, gentlemen, I am an advocate for Schools, Representation, and equal rights. Your local interests shall have my most serious attention—intending to do myself the honour of seeing you personally—when I will rock your babies, smoke your pipes, and drink your tea, in a manner that will leave you no room to doubt the affection of

Your humble servant,

Jos. C. Morrison.

"Vitty for a Woman"

—A certain tidy female of our acquaintance having observed a young gentleman persist for some time in adorning her drawing-room carpet with his saliva, addressed him, "Sir, if I have any more of this spitting on my floor, you and I shall have a 'spat.'" The young gentleman went his way, and transgressed no more.

Infamous and Unconstitutional Conduct.

—It will scarcely be credited that the Returning Officer of St. David's Ward had the audacity to administer the bribery oath, yesterday, to our old and highly respectable citizen, Harry Henry, Esq., who had, at great personal inconvenience, absented himself from professional duties, in order to poll an independent vote for Mr. J. H. Cameron. What next?

OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

The apprehension of our faithful citizens was set at rest by the re-appearance of the Blowers in the Council seats on Monday last. No popular welcome greeted their prodigal footsteps back to the civic floor; and not a sympathetic cheer was given to dispel the gloom that shrouded their dissipated features. They bore all the marks of campaign warriors, fresh from the battle. Some had noses tinged with a deeper purple than many a Crimean hero; others displayed much laxity of limb, as if escaped from a rack; while a large number gave no other evidence of unusual indulgence than what can be daily noticed in the "drunk and disorderly" characters of the Police Court.

A part of the evening's business was a report submitted, exculpating the City Engineer from charges of incapacity and malversation made against him. It is a singular fact, that of the numerous staff of corporation officers, it would be a matter of difficulty to select from among them half-a-dozen respectable men; indeed, a man of character, if he has any other alternative in the world, should avoid their services as he would a pit-fall or a slough. Mr. Booth, we incline to think, having no personal knowledge, is above the truckling and fawning so characteristic of the corporative hangers-on, and, in consequence much too refined to serve his ignorant masters. A set of greedy commorants are continually on the watch, ready, on the least pretence, to seize upon the places of others, and such creatures as Sproatt, Carr, Boomer, Purdy, Strachan, Craig, Fox, Ramsay and Moodie, are only too willing to foist upon the city specimens of their kind.

We do not understand why the administration of the city's affairs should be committed to the care of ignoramuses and dotards. It is a puzzle beyond the comprehension of two-thirds of the rate-payers, why such an institution as Sam Sherwood should be paid for by them; why a Toronto Jailor should be encouraged in the prodigalities of a Nabob, and every mouth or two running through the country asking to be pitched into Parliament. He appears to be a sort of double-sucker, anxious to apply one to the Province and one to the citizens of Toronto—the latter he is still comfortably leeching. Again, there are two Inspectors, whose duties are to report all breaches of the city ordinances. Their modesty has passed into a proverb, as with every in-coming council comes their petition for increase of salary. This generally has the effect of a bonus being voted to them, and for another twelvemonth they go on their way rejoicing—filling up their time by guaging the liquors of unlicensed houses, and paying amorous attentions to ensy-going hostesses.

Much more could we say, and many corrupt devices could we expose if necessary, to exhibit the general rottenness of the city Administration. We do not charge the initiation of these things to the present Blowers; but we do wish, with sober earnestness, that the people would awake to their duty, and when next exercising their power, seek a new class of men, and strive to inaugurate a new order of things in a city that deserve to take better rank than she now does.

THE SHADOW ON THE WALL.

[After Chas. Mackay.]

Into or early King street passing,
In the sunshine or the rain,
I behold a lonely shadow
In the building called "Roman."
E'en through the open doorway,
Silent sitting I can scan,
Aye, inditing,
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 in 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 warry,
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 an honest word,
Ho! He! 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 inditing,
Staring, writing,
Will have vanished all away;
And chagrin'd with vain appals,
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 Roman?
What we lose, upon my honor,
Sure the thought o'erwhelms me quite.
Why despair
Charley's merit?
Why forsake him in the fight?
Why within his block of stone,
Tearful leave him all alone?

YE COLONIST WAKETH POETICAL.

We hail with unfeigned 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 Parassiau 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 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 see-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

to 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 take care;
Public opinion is a sea to dread,
And those who scorn it, swim with "uns of lead,"
Unck, 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 Dutton, 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' 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 Meetin'-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 if 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."

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