

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1858.

NO. 27.

THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1858.

THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL ELECTION.—No. III.

The sea has been merciful, the wind has subsided, the fog has vanished, and rendered up the champion of English Grammar safe and sound. Mr. Allan has arrived amid the blaze of torches, the music of bands, and terrific shouts from his supporters. Due allowance being made for the absurd hyperbole in which some of our newspapers have thought proper to indulge, the reception was a very creditable one to all parties. The predicted millennium, however, has not set in; Grit and Moderate have not yet fully coalesced, and so far as appearances go, the great demonstration was rather a sell for many of its most boisterous participators. Mr. Allan has issued an address, a tolerably fair and explicit document it is, but as we predicted not exactly satisfactory to any one. The *Globe* thinks it well enough as far as it goes; the *Colonist* grumbles a little, but attempts to joke it off in a sufficiently awkward way; the *Leader* pitches into the Committee (particularly Mr. Rutherford), while the *Atlas*, in good keeping with its character, as the most stupid and unreasonable of the lot, breaks out in severe reproaches at Allan's ingratitude. The party which, according to present appearances, seems to have been sold is the so-called Moderate party among the requisitionists.

It is rather hard, we confess, to go to any length in supporting a man; to strain one's lungs and stretch one's conscience for him, and then to meet reproaches in return; and we can well fancy the bitter feelings of those who stood last Saturday evening in the pouring rain for an hour, only to be squeezed dry again in a savage mob, and all to be toasted by Mr. Allan in this ruthless way. It was certainly cruel of the Laird of Moss Park, to act so treacherously. And yet what could the candidate do? He certainly could not please both parties; McNab or Morrison, Urquhart or Lindsay, Henderson or Cameron, must have been outwitted, and if the organic part were caught in their own trap, they should bear their ills with patience, and cleave faithfully to the compact they made so blindly.

Meanwhile Charles Romain darts across the country from one tavern to another, like a badly filled rocket, firing about in all sorts of unexpected places; to the amusement of most people and the terror of a few. Lord Derby kept some good racers, so did he; Stephenson is a self-made man, as is he; the crowd applaud; a resolution is carried, amid

great cheering, and off he pops again to the other end of the constituency, to repeat the dose again to his enamoured auditory. Meanwhile Mr. Allan attempted to hold a meeting to explain his views, he must be bottled up; instantly, Charley Romain flutters down to Brophy's as a sort of forlorn hope with his two hundred body guards, who yell for an hour or two and retire perfectly satisfied that they have done the state some service. Free and independent electors they are all, and their shouts are nought but the safety valve of public sentiment. Free from all pretensions to common sense, and independent of the restraints of decency and fair play. We agree with the *Colonist*, that if Ward meetings are to be held as the exponents of public opinion, a great change must be made in the present mode of conducting them. At present they are assemblages of fools led by knaves, that simpletons may be duped and newspapers publish their daily staple of misrepresentation and lies.

A BACHELOR'S COMPLAINT.

DEAR SIR,—I cannot stand the persecution I am subject to any longer; and unless the half-dozen young ladies who live on the opposite side of the way will at once give up their habit of staring into my room, I shall have to change my abode. Although I never take the least notice of their impertinent curiosity, I know very well that they are making fun of my house-keeping arrangements; for the moment I sit down to cook my dinner they all crowd to the window, and I can hear them laughing, and I know it must be at me. I could show you a valentine that they sent me last February that would astonish you. In fact, Mr. Editor, my life is no good to me, and if I am forced to commit suicide, these hateful girls will be the cause of it.

Yours in desperation,
DICKY DIORR.

Dr. Connor and the Devil.

—In an after dinner speech at London, Dr. Connor said that if Mr. J. A. Macdonald told the Lower Canadian members that Mr. Brown had two horns on his head, with the usual appendages of hoofs and a tail, they would vote Mr. Brown, the "Devil."

It needed not the allusion to horns, to convince us of the manner in which the Doctor was engaged previous to his going it in this style. We should like, just for information sake, to know how many horns a man, who is not a member of Parliament, must take before he can make himself so ridiculous as the Doctor has done.

Stupid.

—Some foolish correspondent sends us the following attempt at a conundrum:—

"What is the most popular story of the day? The tale (tail) of the comet."

OVER THE WATER TO CHARLEY.

NEVER SO FULLY DEDICATED TO O. W. ALLAN, ESQ.

Come steam me o'er, come sail me o'er,

Then vote me over Charley.

I'll gie John Ross another Baby,

If you'll vote me over Charley.

We'll over the water, we'll over the sea,

We'll over the water to Charley.

Come what come we, we'll fire up and go,

And die or 'banquish Charley.

There's some that love pair Charles Romain,

And many that abhor him.

I think I see auld Nick geen hame,

And Charles Romain before him.

We'll over the water, &c.

I swear and vow by this dell's fog,

That makes our steamboat here lie,

I'm bound to get six thousand votes,

I'm bound to do for Charley.

We'll over the water, &c.

CURIOSITIES FOR THE EXHIBITION.

Among other articles to be exhibited at the Crystal Palace are the following:—

A tooth from the mouth of the St. Lawrence.

The key with which navigation is opened.

The great comet; arrested the other day by the indefatigable Chief of Police for being rather "high" at an early hour in the evening.

A French quotation used by Charles Edward Romaine in a late speech, with a literal translation of it by Mr. Gould, M. P. P.

The left hoof of the "High Horses" with which most politicians ride into parliament.

Three civil words, preserved in a glass case, said to have been spoken by Speaker Smith.

The sighs and groans of a disappointed office-seeker embalmed in worm-wood.

One of the "sighs" said to be hung out by Time.

A stone taken from the foundation of our Independence; with the letter Buncum legible in ancient characters on one side of it.

A slice of J. C. Morrison's "modesty" wrapped up in an old *Colonist*.

A light from the spark of friendship, said to be the only thing of the kind in the city.

About 56,080 threads, supposed to have been lost by our divines and public speakers in their discourses on moral or political matters within the past year.

The (dead) lock which, it is said, the Upper and Lower Houses of Parliament will soon come to.

THE THEATRE.

The engagement of the charming Denip sisters has given great satisfaction to our play-goers; and if they are at a loss in the selection of a token of their regard to these ladies, we beg to suggest to them that a pair of floral crowns composed of two faces under a hood, would be quite appropriate for the occasion. Miss Susan is an old friend of ours, and no matter how often we see her, she pleases by the tenderness with which she reads even the most common place characters. Miss Kate is a blonde, resembling her Gipsy of a sister in voice; and also possessed of that spring, the display of which constitutes the chief charm in female acting.

TUNING THE ORGANS.

A PARCE IN ONE ACT.

SCENE I.—The *caucisium* of the *Colonist Office*.—*Morrison* discovered *whedding* about *unasily* to the *Editorial chair*, and *now* and *then* casting a *glimpse* at *Allan's* address.

Morrison loq.—The passing strange that every twist I make,
To gather something in the grand avocatact,
Is vain and futile. Strange, that thought I do,
Can make a Grit or Romaine fawn or sue,
I've punned and damned each party in its turn,
With flattering thoughts or words I thought would burn;
Now praised poor Cartier, and now chased him down,
Now caught up Galt, anon gone o'er to Brown;
Tried every dodge both honorable and low,
'Till I have turned much oftener than Jim Crow;
And then the slanders of the Gritly press,
Scorched me so cruelly white in a mess,
That backward from its frizzles in despair,
Off stood on and my scabby warring hair.
Yet though respect had vanished, yet the tin,
The gloriousoppers, all came rolling in,
For every morning wain and fool and rick,
Guzzled the next or Romaine's would take,
And purchased at three cents a perfect killer,
Which served at breakfast for a new Joe Miller.
But now this Allan scrap my fun may mar,
Where are the other fellows? Bless me, here you are.

Enter Leader and Atlas Grinders.

My noble colleagues, grinders and good fellows,
I need not ask you how you find your bellows;
The horrid squeaks you've giv'n of late, I ween,
Shew a't not right in your "newspaper machine."
'Ture round to-morrow go to the other way,
And all your ills will vanish in a day.

Leader—You're on the fence, we know, but no offence,
Atlas—That's a pun, *Morrison*, at your expense.

Leader—[Laughs idly.]—Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho! at puns,
mon cher ami!

I'm something great as you can never be.

Morrison—*Lindsay*, that's not the thing in *limo* like these,
To pun and joke when we're ill at ease;
Besides, sir, gratitude should keep you quiet,
And your gab long from running riot.
Do not remember how the boss would dance
At stupid letters sent by you from France?
How on returning from the land of fops,
Your banged conceit lost me an oak of fops?
How I gave lessons on the *London Times*,
Taught you the style to shovel in the dimes?
And yet you jest with me of "no offence."
Excuse me, sir, the insult is immense.

Lindsay—Never mind, *Morrison*, I'll heal the sore;
Boo, to the *Terrapin* and bring me o'er
A pint of stout, say, bring a dozen more.

(*Boy stands to the end of the scene waiting for the cash.*)

Morrison—[Impatiently but somewhat mollified.]

Well, well, I've summoned you, my friends, to-day,
To counsel you on what we ought to say,
Aunt the horrid turn that things have taken
Through this address, but Allan has been making;
A jolly noble we are in, I'm sure,
After the pains we'd taken to secure
One of the "Independent" sort of honest fools,
So easily manipulated by our tools.
After the torments I've endured
And then the vigorous strokes we used to hammer on
Poor Charley with presumption and bad education—
To go to dare to come to try to represent the nation.
Our tralling on, clad in our blacktoes,
Dripping with rain and all to od in knob!
Now, by my now bought ink and spotted quills,
I'll vengeance take for these unheard of ills.
To say he'll dare to look with smiles on Brown,
When we have done our spite to thrust him down;
Will "Plead and other worthy citizens" submit,
Winks the great Duggan at this more Clear Grit,
Flinches, great Cameron, no, sirs, not a bit.

Atlas—I'll instantly volcanic torments belch,
And the impostor elegantly "squelch."

Lindsay—O that's no use, that surely's not the plan.
For your abuse would be the making of the man.

Morrison—You're right my *Lindsay*, you're exactly right,
Kiss to your abuse, but hold the reins in tight,
Macdonald and his pals may yet divert him,
And when he's in, the Grits can never hurt him.

Atlas—That's very fine, but I am much in doubt,
If you can twist it on a customer about.

Atlas—Then "nash" our horns this leader, or most cruch,
I'll take a little him before I lurch.

Lindsay—Act, *Atlas*, cautiously, don't be a fool,
You're far too young to brandish an edge tool.

Morrison—[Softly voice]—Never mind, *Lindsay*, the best way to
back him,
Is to urge on this nunny to attack him.

Lindsay—Well then, 'tis understood among us three,
'That Allan still the candidate must be,
Spite of this address, but now, 'twould now but sorry wit,
So leave him in the "Credit unshar'd" Clear Grit.

But we must torture him as best we can,
Snub Rutherford, snub all who aid the man;
Say he's too greedy, confident or worse,
Urge him to "put his money in his purse."

And when he's in, which 'pon my word I doubt,
We'll do our best to twist the knave about.

Morrison—It must be so, my *Lindsay*, you are right—

To leave that Allan now would be to spite
Ourselves. But if I hate the horrid Grit,
No power or seal could force me to submit,
But ill success our loathed canvas crown,
My Caledonian blood must simmer down;
Then by the fiery blood of all the Scots,
Who've settled down on country village lots;
By the Grand Turf I thank I make,
By every speculation I'm at stake,
By all my stock, my fool-cap, nose and ink,
May all in one chaotic ruin sink,
If when I get going I see you o'er him
In my new "Portrait Gallery," I fail to score him,
But now, no "quarter for Romain," is still the cry,
Lio's on the cast "and we must stand the hazard of the
die."

Morrison falls fainting on *Lindsay* as he hears three groans for the
Colonist outside; *Lindsay* picks ineffectually beneath,
the boy drops the candle among the exchanges, the *Atlas*
fills the boy and then stands pensively like *Marius* among
the ruins of *Carthage*.—*TANTALUS.*

SCENE II.—*Globe Office.*

Sheppard discovered alone, playing terrible havoc with
Brown's quill pens, a scotch stool being gazed around him.

Sheppard—Methinks I did not wait to roll my pen
To puff those grim and gashly Gritlike men,
(There's an alliteration, apt and true,
Which, at his best, Gordon could never do.)
A conveniencing art stealer would this piece,
Which earns my pay, with my goodly face,
Dries up my brains, and insinuates my pate,
And sues my vitals at a horrid rate.
Brown was a decent sort of doer to swallow,
But slouching Romain, in the end, he hollow;
I've no objection to demolish head,
But praising Charley sue will kill me dead.

Enter Gordon—Smirking.

All's going rightly now, I guess,
Romain is really certain of success;
Allan has pledged to us, but I don't care,
Let him oppose us, if he likes, or dare;
Romain for Galt is the great chief cry,
Much higher than a kite, three times as high,
We'll knock this shrod of Compaction out
And give to all his pack a dreadful spottin'!

Sheppard—But, Gordon, for I know your honest soul,
And only fear you'll go for your whole
Bumflogged animal; I pray you pause
Ere you embark our vessel in this cause;
Allan's a proper man, well liked in town,
A little snobbish, but he'll go for Brown;
Let's throw a chip upon the great chief Romain,
And you'll relieve me from a deal of pain.

Gordon—It can't be did now, *Sheppard*, so that's pat,
I'm not so fond as you of weekly rat-
tling from my friends, and therefore don't
Ask me to do it, if I swear I won't.

Sheppard—You want? Well then 't Apollo I'll appeal,
The great preserver of the common seal;
I'll sue if *George*, the Honourable *George*,
This monstrous morsel Charley will engorge;
I've made the *Globe* a deal respectable
Than you or hisc the agricultural car,
And if I have no voice or red rag,
I'll pack and off to *Morrison* again.

Enter Romain, singing,

I've just came out afore ye,
To sing a little song,
It's all about the rep. by pep.
And Brown and Dorning.

Then take you're time, young Allan.
You think you're mighty strong,
But I'm a darred sight stronger boss,
And that I'll show ere long.

Sheppard—Silence, rude knave, within these hallow'd walls,
This brutal assault my placid soul appals.

Romain—Tarnation critic what are you about,
I guess you'll do your worst to keep me out,
But I ain't no go, for I have vent to Brown
And no vent straight for me, right up and down.
The *Globe's* to get the best of sort, or
If it do't, why any way it orter.

Har! all gone for Brown and Dorning,
And all that sort of thing right jolly strong,
And you're about about about about about
And all there ain't no difference in the man.
Dye'think to stop me with your huffin' tin,
Jest try another tune, that your ain't outtin,
Come down kerubim in support of mo,
Or less I'll leave you straggled now; yes, stress!

Gordon [soothingly]—All's right, my bossen's friend, my *Charley*,
Wait but a minute till we have a parlay
Upon the geese arrangement, *Sheppard's* sword,
He'll come all right for you now I'll be bound.

Enter Hon. Geo. Brown, smiling.

George—My dear Romain, if 'twere not for the party,
My advocacy should be sound and hearty,
But we are forced to stop on the fence,
Because the danger in this struggle, is immense.
We go for you but then we can't proclaim it
Think for a moment and you will not blame it,
So whether you or Allan best, you see,
'Twill be all right at last for humble me.

Romain—Happily for that I'm but a pesky rough,
And in my manner 'praps not up to snuff;
And when my education, sir, was bought,

They did't have no *Murray's* Grammar taught,
This coon forakes me—'Happes wight!
I seen that things would never come out right,
Brown you're a brute, *Sheppard* a hiring tool,
And Gordon ain't you ben a precious fool?
Aut pahay! I banish you, my spirit's bane,
Avant, O *Globe*, Romain is still Romain.
Exit frantically.

Sheppard springs upon a chair and gives a loud a hurrah, *Gordon*
steals into *George's* arms; and the devil faints at the ex-
tremity of his gasping "Copy." *Tabloux*—*Curial* falls to
slow music.

THE EXHIBITION.

We cannot sufficiently admire the good taste which determined the Exhibition Committee to overlook the pleasant situation of the College Avenue, and choose the ground for the erection of the Crystal Palace cheek by jowl with the Lunatic Asylum. No doubt, when the Committee determin'd in favor of the latter place, they had in view the great moral lesson, which the thinking visitors would learn by viewing the perfection and decay of genius side by side; and there is only one way in which the public can return this kindness—that is by presenting the members of the Committee with apartments in the Lunatic Asylum. In order to make the best of a bad bargain, we suggest that the band of the Canadian Rifles should be stationed in the grounds while the Exhibition is open, with strict orders not to leave off playing from morning to night. If this is carried out, we shall be spared the pain of hearing the lamentations of the poor lunatics, which otherwise will be distinctly heard.

We have but one more suggestion to make, and we are sure that it is a good one. It is that our authorities should make this an International celebration, and invite over the Mayor and Corporation of some American city—say Buffalo or Boston; and let our firemen also invite the fire companies of those cities. Then we shall be a great people.

Grand Reception.

—Owing to the present distressing state of Mr. Romain's health he has been compelled to take a trip by water for its recovery. The *Firefly* has been chartered, and at an early day he will depart for the Island, where he proposes to make Glindinning's his headquarters. A committee will be formed there, and the island will be thoroughly canvassed; meetings will be held there all next week, beginning at Gibraltar point. Mr. Romain will return the following Monday; when, it is to be hoped, a splendid reception will await him on his arrival at the wharf. We are in a position to state that Mr. Romain does not desire this ovation, that he does not go away to return in triumph in imitation of Mr. Allan; but when he does return it should certainly be made a regular killer. We offer to subscribe one rocket and bunch of fire-crackers for the occasion, and we are sure all will go off brilliantly (if we mean the celebration not our fire-crackers). If every man will do the same, Allan will be completely outdone. We also set on foot a penny subscription for presenting Mr. Romain with a splendidly bound copy of the *Turf Guide* for 1853, as a slight remembrance from his sporting friends. Lord Derby and Mr. Romain leave the turf together and the double event should surely be properly celebrated.

CORRESPONDENCE ON THE MARRIED ESTATE.

I want a wife, dear GRUMBLER,
Some lady with the power,
Know you any who will suit me,
And at once I'll be a suitor:
In age I'm over thirty,
Some six feet high, and straight,
And wish to join the married,
And a property estate.

Though I speak my views so plainly,
I'm no lover of mean self,
Whose only aspirations
Are concentrated in himself;
No, I'm anxious to make happy
Some lovely little dear,
And can't keep one that's portionless
On a hundred pounds a year.

There's Angelina Stimmer,
A lady young and sweet;
She lifts her dress at crossing,
Has trim ankles and small feet;
Rumors state she is the owner
Of five thousand pounds and more;
Jones introduced me to her,
And another love I wore.

She referred me to her father,
Who asked me with a sneer,
If I meant to starve his daughter
On a hundred pounds a year.
I pleaded expectations,
But the impudent old bore
Ordered John, the family servant,
To show me to the door.

Since then I've tried three others,
But found it all no go,
For the old folks always stated,
My purse was far too low.
By Jove, I'm quite distracted—
My fate I never see,
For it seems that without fortune
No fortune can be had.

Then, GRUMBLER, pray assist me,
And lend a helping hand;
You will always find me grateful,
Your servant to command;
You'll be welcome to my table,
And a bottle of good wine,
The moment I am able
To call the fair one mine.

FREDERICK AUGUSTUS SPOONING.

Ritchey's Terrace, Sept. 16, 1866.

HURLING THUNDER AT HEAD'S HEAD.

The *Bowmanville Statesman* is determined that the Governor General shall feel the weight of his sublime wrath, accordingly he gets into a fine frenzy, and makes the rickety shanty which holds his sanctum, ring with his dire denunciations. "The sneaking partizan course of Governor Head, in his action towards the Brown-Dorion Cabinet," he says, "is a thunderbolt that shook political bodies to their centre." After this lucid explanation of a thunderbolt, which out Humbolt's Humbolt, the editor ascribes to it qualities equally comprehensible. It "aroused the nation to a true sense of its duty," says he, "and has led to results the most happyfying." If these happyfying results always follow the descent of a thunderbolt, we hope a college of Bishops will be at once appointed to amend the Liturgy by adding a petition that Providence will be pleased to rain down on us thunderbolts without stint.

We think we can see the dim sulphurous light which the following invectives must have produced in the sanctum. "With the arrival of Governor

Head"—[mark the force of Governor]—"dawned upon us the period of corruption which blasted our prospects"—[alas poor country]—"immolated some of our noblest statesmen"—[unfortunate gentlemen]—"wasted, we were going to say, our energies and left us shorn to all outside appearance of our fruitive glory." After that who doubts that the editor should at once get his head shaved. "He won't," he says, "drag us through the mire of the past three years." He is exceedingly considerate. indeed. We should like to see him attempt to drag any one, even through three weeks' mud, from the York Roads. The clearing of the Aegean stables would be child's play compared to that feat. But he has now got into the mathematics, and insists that "the Head-baggage (two laughs for the pun)-wagon now stands mired in the centre of this fair Province. We must have Mr. Gould's opinion as to the correctness of the statement. The Surveyor who made this calculation, should "square the circle" before he embarks on the Styx.

After painting Head's—as he calls him—character in flaming letters; and singing a pan in honor of the men whom he so "barbarously treated," he asks them "if, in view of the outrages committed by that miserable partizan—Head—the electors of Toronto have not done nobly in applying the people's scourge to the back of the Government puppet"—meaning that fellow Head, of course. Well, free and enlightened electors of Toronto, what do you say? The Editor of the *Bowmanville Statesman* pauses for a reply. "Yes," he says while you are preparing to reply, "the reverberating echoes (mark the poetic imagery), told in tones of thunder, that oppression had not a place whereon to lay its hydra-Head." Another joke—two laughs more. Of course, in noticing this luminary of the Press, we have done him an honor he never expected. And to secure a like favor in future, he has only to—but it is impossible—make a greater fool of himself than he has done. We shall use our influence to secure him the Presidency of the Press Association. The pop-gun of the three dailies would not dare to compete with such a 928 pounder, as the *Statesman* from Bowmanville. If he were only in the House, the country might be saved.

1000 MILES IN 1000 HOURS.

MY DEAR GRUMBLER—

I went yesterday to see the notorious Alfred Elson, who is performing his "thousand miles in a thousand hours" on the College Avenue Bowling Green. His thousand hours are pretty well spent, so that he is in an interesting state of exhaustion. Some persons were trying to arouse him from his slumber by various temptations; but he was obdurate till some one said that he had a copy of Allan's address, which had come round to the Clear Grits. He jumped out of bed with an oath, and commenced to walk his mile, and finished that distance and the address simultaneously—at noon. Just then Mr. Romain's card was handed in, and Elson wished to embrace his visitor. The meeting was cordial. Romain had a thousand pointed questions to ask.

ROM.—"Yer doan't say it take yer 14.30 to walk your mile. I've done 5 miles an hour round town on my last canvass, without makin allowance for

treatin at all the taverns on the road. I'll walk yer a mile next hour round the tent, and let yer tek the inside."

LOAFERS.—"Horror for Charley Romain."
ELSON.—"Do you think bimo sich a hass has to hattempt sich a thing in my hexhausted state?"

G. W. ALLAN, [who has just entered—pleasantly]
"Never mind him, my good man, here are five dollars."

ELA.—"Thankee, sir."
ROM.—"Here are \$10. Have yer a vote in the Division."

ELS.—"No sir, but I'm very much obliged."
ROM.—"Never mind its a "Provincial Bank," no good in these diggins."

ALLAN [aside].—"I wish I'd thought of doing that."

Enter George Brown.

BROWN.—"How are ye, ma pair body, don't ye feel it mucklessly weary work."

ELS.—"Hexcessively hard, sir. Specially when gents don't treat has they hought to do."

BROWN.—"Now's your time, Charley—Order beers."

The beers were ordered and all sit down comfortably.

BROWN.—"Hoot man, do you walk all Sabbath?"
Sensation among loafers.

ROM.—"Don't say anything about that here, or you'll ruin me."

Enter Mrs. Bilton, leaning on the arm of Dr. Connor, who is carrying her apple-basket.

DR. C.—"Which is the man, Mrs. B.? You know everyting."

MRS. B.—[pointing to Allan].—"There's Elson, and a fine strapping lad he is."

DR. C.—"Hush! that's Allan, I think that's Elson, that fellow over there."

MRS. B.—"That little chipmonk there. He's hardly fit to be weaned yet."

ELS.—"Hal! yes marm, h'd much sooner be ha chipmonk, than ha hugly bloated hold happle-woman."

MRS. B.—"Boohooohoo, you wretched little cockney." [sishes at him.]

DR. C.—"My dear madam, do restrain yourself, you'll never sell any apples here, if you are so passionate."

Enter J. S. Hogan.

J. S. H.—"My dear Mrs. Bilton, could you trust me for a couple of August apples, I really haven't any brads about me."

MRS. B.—[Doggedly].—"Not till you've paid up the three and niencep you owe me."

J. S. H.—"I say, and I do say!"

Enter various city mobs with a young man named "Petaw."

1st SNOB.—"I say, Petaw, there's the core."

PETAW.—"That the man? why he hasn't got hal the chest I have. Say, you, what do you meshaw round your aw armpits, aw?"

ELS.—"Hi never hawsners questions without treats."

PETAW.—"Damed, if I'm going to treat."

GRAPHIC, HYPALUTIN AND HYPERBOLICAL.

The *Colonist* is, without doubt, the best paper in the city. Its sarcasm is so scorching, its wit so refreshing, and its expositions so lucid. But more than all, its descriptions are unequalled in graphic grandeur and sublimity, and if we venture to comment upon the most extensive which has yet appeared, we do so not from paltry envy or malice, but with a view of making our contemporary as useful as possible. We are sure our amiable friend has, amid all political mutations, retained his original affection for us; and this feeling makes us bold to whisper a word of salutary counsel and advice. On Monday morning last, as became our worthy contemporary, a glowing description of the reception of the then trusted, but now faithless, Allan, at the station. Two reporters were despatched, but the gentleman styled "another reporter" does it up in the best style; even to our critical eye, his letter is almost unexceptionable, the only requisites being a little more spirit, and just the least bit more truth. The first difficulty which impressed itself on the reporter was doubtless a sufficiently graphic account of the rain. Well, what does the reporter say? "Some drops of rain commenced falling." Now we should like to know what stopped these drops after they had commenced, and whether they have yet reached *terra firma*? We certainly can certify the arrival of more than "several," to the decided inconvenience of our corporeal nature. After a glowing description of the boys holding a public debate "on the respective merits of Romain and Rascaloty" (who's he?) with what result we haven't heard. We next hear of the whole city rushing into York Street "fashionable belles" and all, with what result to corsets and crinolines it would be difficult to compute; but for ourselves we can say that the city kept a very respectful distance from us, for we had at least two square yards to ourselves all the way down; but the other 49,999 must have been fearfully squeezed in the march. The reporter and the crowd, and we, however, got down safely, and then "the pitiless rain" came on, and according to the reporter, for we are very bad at numbers, 49,999 cleared off, but the remaining 10,000 got on to the platform, under the shelter of the depot. The reporter then enters upon an epic strain in describing all sorts and conditions of men, not forgetting "the great unwashed," for whom the *Colonist* always entertains a special affection. The train comes in with a squeak, and the air was replete with such exclamations as Toronto had hardly ever heard. Well, that's about true, they were pretty sepulchral. Mr. Allan replied "with much warmth and feeling" (no wonder, poor fellow, after the squeezing he got), and a pair of fresh moustachios and then comes the triumphal march home, the description of which, by the *Colonist* in prose, forms no mean counterpart to Handel in music. "The enthusiastic shouting, like the sound of many waters," was probably heard for miles; probably indeed certainly; we have a cousin who will take his affidavit that he heard it at Barrie;—now by application to us this information might have been gained and a first-rate point secured. The *Globe* party were hissed though we certainly did not

hear it, although we were in the vicinity, we suppose, however the reporters are sharper than we.

Down at the St. Lawrence Hall, "Plattand other worthy citizens had a bonfire; but some naughty boys put it out, and Platt and Hogan, who was one of the "worthy citizens," were tumbled into the mud, a catastrophe which makes the reporter very "sorry;" Moss Park is gained; another blaze of bonfires and eloquence, and the reporter after solacing himself with the ale-barrel, writes the desperately graphic narration we have attempted faintly to eulogise.

HOOPS AND HIGH WINDS.

Good Mr. GRUMBLER.—I am all in a tremble to tell you how shocked I was by the figure which we cut in the street on Thursday last. The day you know was very stormy; and when we came out to have our afternoon's promenade on King Street, it seemed to me that the cantankerous old Father of the Winds was trying to make us ashamed of ourselves—for he blew with might and main, and knocked our hoops about in the rudest manner.—Now, I suppose, I need not tell you, that we, young ladies, have no great objection to a little bit of our ankles being seen—for I should like to know where is the use of having a neat ankle, and of going to the trouble and expense of neat boots, if they are always to be invisible;—but when it goes beyond that, I, for one, will not stand it. There now, don't think I mean to be funny. Indeed, I am so vexed that I could cry. Just listen to me, dear Mr. Editor, and I will tell you the whole of my sorrow. I was taking my way up King Street, like a ship beating against the wind—you see I am a bit of a sailor—when a lot of young gentlemen passed me; and what do you think I heard them say: "What pretty ankles?" says one, "And she takes care to show them," says another. When I heard this I looked down, and I could have cried with vexation to see the shocking manner in which the wind was knocking my dress about, and so great was my confusion that I had to run in to buy a pair of gloves in order to recover myself.

On resuming my walk—for I was not going to be driven away by impertinent observations—I was so sulky that I cut every gentleman I met, with whom I happened to be acquainted. But I soon had reason to think that we were making a very ridiculous appearance, for on looking at some ladies walking before me, I saw the wind playing such tricks with their dresses, that I was filled with alarm, lest I should make as bad an appearance also. It was really very dreadful; and to make matters look worse, I noticed several young fellows looking, and making stupid observations about our hoops and general attire, that put me completely out of countenance. Was it not very unkind in those young gallants, as they wish to be called, thus to embarrass us? If we chose to make fun of them, dear knows, their impertinence and vanity would keep us always laughing. However, we are too good natured to do so; and I hope that you, Sir, will try and secure for us the privilege of walking for pleasure, without being criticised as freely as babies at a baby show.

From what I have said, you cannot think I approve of the dreadful figure which we cut, owing to

the unruly wind; but when we are so unfortunate as to be caught in a gale of wind with our hoops on, what's to be done, Mr. Editor. Supp that it was to blow a squall at a time, and keep it up for three months. Are we to stop at home, or give up our darling hoops? Never!

Yours, indignantly,
SOPHY SHAWED.

P. S.—Now do not forget to take our part those idle and impertinent persons, who try to make a laughing-stock of us.—S. S.

MASTERS AND MISSES.

DEAR MR. GRUMBLER.—I wish you would say a word or two for us poor school girls. You must know that I am in a school for young ladies, which would be a tolerable enough menagerie if it were not that we have a monster in the shape of a mathematical master, who treats us as rudely as if we were a lot of young eubs.

Pray, like a good, kind, gentleman, pare his nails and tell him not to roar at us so abominably. It is bad enough to be forced to do those hateful sums, but to submit to his impertinence is—is—is—dread—ful.

Yours in tears,
NELLY NOSEBAG.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

If any of our readers desire a good book and a cheap one, we would recommend them to repair at once to the store of Mr. JOHN McMULLEN, King Street, opposite the store of Rice Lewis, the Knight of the Padlock, and they will be well satisfied. Among his well-selected stock, we may mention the Sacred Volume in various styles of binding and at marvellously low prices, Theological Text Books, excellent editions of the Poets and the Standard Novels, and a good selection of works for Juniors. The peculiar benefit of purchasing from Mr. McMULLEN is that you get as good a book as there is in any other Store in the city, and yet at from 50 to 75 per cent. less in cost. Try him.

We never felt our complacence approve so pleasantly as it does as we proceed to sound the praises of our estimable friend, Mr. Schroeder of Colborne Street, whose Lager Bier Saloon extends to all moderately luxurious people the "cup that cheers but not inebriates" in the noblest phrase which it has ever presented itself since the days of Cowper.

We have to present to our readers the best possible opportunity for advertising, and he is a wise man who adopts it. We refer to the medium offered by Messrs. Winn & Co., in their *Illustrated Catalogue*. But we shall allow those gentlemen the rare privilege of speaking for themselves:—

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