

A TALE OF BLOOD.

All College Street was in a ruzs,
A regular frantic fanning fuss,
Cos why? a tale had wildly run,
"Murder, foul murder, has been done."
From streets and lanes men wildly rush;
Coats, shoes, toes, suffer in the crush.
Who struck the blow? What murderous arm?
Who saw the deed? Who gave the alarm?
Who is the victim? Where? they cry,
With mouths agape and staring eye;
Whilst others, with more active taste,
For Coronor and Pollockman haste.
Fall soon the former nears the throng,
By horse and sleigh, swift horse along,
And straight demands he may be led
To where the victim, stark and dead,
Lies sleeping on his gory bed.
In vain he asks, no forms obey,
None offer now to lead the way,
Till one old lady, shrill cries out,
"Doctor, look here, beyond a doubt,
This is the place, a ghastly tide
Of warm red blood the snow has dyed."
Quick to the spot they all repair;
"The plain red blood had fallen there.
The Coronor looked wondrous wise,
Pulled down his mouth, turned up his eyes,
"Yes! yes! 'twas here the victim fell,
But where's the horse, can't no one tell!"
A loud shrill laugh in quick reply
Broke out—the laugher winked his eye—
"Ah! ah! oh den, the murder's out,
Is that's what all the row's about;
An hour ago up slipped my toes,
Down fell my face—I struck my nose,
This is the spot, in spouting tide
The warm red blood the white snow dyed;
I cursed my luck, but little thought
You, Mr. Coronor, would be brought
To hold an inquest solemn and staid
O'er the pool my nose had made."
The Coronor turned him on his heel,
With a stern and most indignant wheel;
The crowd huzza'd, though all were "sold,"
When the tale of blood was fully told.

OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

We feel it incumbent upon ourself to take leave of our friends, the Corporation Blowers for last year. What a remarkable instance of the instability of fortune do they present! Twelve months ago what wonders were they going to accomplish! But now—the result.

The result? Last Monday night it was achieved; it consisted in the slaughtering of the innocents. There were some two or three hundred of them at the least; but the most promising of the cherubs we can alone notice. There was Capt. Moodie's motion to reduce the salary of the Mayor from £500 to £25. Every father, they say, is proud of his own child. Bob is remarkably partial to his; at any rate he was to this one. He acknowledged the pater- nity, and hoped to be re-elected as a reward-

The scheme failed. Of the same worthy Alderman another notice of motions was also struck off. Formally, seriously, and earnestly he had announced his intention to introduce a bill for the suppression of houses of ill fame. Of course he didn't do it.

Then we come to Mr. Wm. Henry Boulton's buncombe motions. Such a regiment! Little Davy Read possesses a glib-tongue enough, but his throat grew sore, and his mouth parched before he got half way through the list. Large William did not attempt to discuss them; he coolly said he would let them lie over until next season, when if he has the chances he will again try to bamboozle the *canaille*.

Perhaps our readers may think that the rejected and retiring members, would have got into the Council again if they could. Never was there a more mistaken idea. The worthy gentlemen who have been rejected consider that a great benefit has been conferred upon them. They were willing, if a majority of their fellow citizens had ordained it, to sacrifice their private interests another long twelve month, for the public good; but are rejoiced at their deliverance. Had Craig chosen, he could have been carried in triumph to the City Hall, amid the cheers of admiring thousands. Had Lennox exercised his oratorical powers, the whole ward would have united to do him honour. Purdy might have been returned at the head of the poll; and, as for our esteemed friend, Davy Read, had he but thought fit to canvass, he could have annihilated the Brown-McGee alliance.

We congratulate the public upon being possessed of such a paper as THE GRUMBLER. With one exception, every member we have pitched into has been expelled. Councilmen, beware!

THE LAST SHUFFLE.

We understand that at the instance of the Governor General, the celebrated Count de Montalembert is now on his way to Canada, with a large instalment of the new decimal coinage, amounting to \$100,000. The object of the Count's visit is to supersede Cartier in the lead of the Lower Canadian section of the ministry, that gentleman being about to retire to Windsor for the remainder of his life. J. A. McDonald is expected to be able to lead Upper Canada by the nose; but to render the success of this diabolical shuffle the more certain, the entire new instalment of Canadian coinage is to be placed at the disposal of both leaders for the purpose of buying up the members. Reformers of Canada are you going to stand that? Eh?

An Earthquake.

—The *Globe* of Thursday last makes the novel and startling statement that "Montreal is moving." It leaves us, however, in a state of the most profound ignorance as to the destination of the city. It may be going to heaven. Perhaps it is moving in the opposite direction. We often hear that such and such a place is going to the very devil. Won't the *Globe* tell us where Montreal is moving to? The only surmise we can make in the matter is that Montreal is moving into the Lake to drown itself in disgust at the bare idea of being made the permanent seat of Government.

THE THEATRE.

Benefit nights at the Lyceum rarely turn out to be completely successful. Sometimes there is a bad house, at other times a bad play, and often both together. The benefit of Mr. Leo on Wednesday evening was no exception to the general rule. The play selected for the occasion was "Night and Morning," adapted, or rather wrenched from the present Colonial Secretary's novel of that name; and, if we were to judge of the relative success of the author and the adapter, by what we saw on this occasion we should have no hesitation in dividing the honours—giving John Brougham the merit of creating five acts of the most profound "Night," and Sir Lytton the credit of the "Morning." The only two characters that could be tolerated were *Mrs. Beauport* (Miss J. Lyon) and *Sarah* (Miss Glenn), and their parts did not last more than five minutes. As for *Fanny*—the character was excruciating. The personator, however, Mrs. Kellog, did the best that could be done for it. *Philip Beauport*, (Mr. Lee) was correct as usual. Altogether we would prefer to read one page of the original novel, rather than witness twenty-five acts of John Brougham's so-called beautiful adaptation of it.

It was with pleasure we hailed the introduction of the farce, "Mr. and Mrs. Peter White," after the darkness of "Night," had evaporated. Mrs. Marlowe deserves a Cretan mark for the manner in which she acquitted herself as *Mrs. White*; Mr. Marlowe, as *Mr. White* was equally good—though we must say that both overdid their parts. "The Mock Minuet was a palpable failure.

Mr. G. Morris, scenic artists to the Lyceum, takes his benefit to-night. As his services are indispensable to the proper getting up of a good play, and as he has never been found wanting in his duty, his benefit should be well patronized.

Now Appointment.

—Carrying out its usual policy of bestowing rewards on those only who deserve them, the present ministry have been pleased to dub R. M. Allen, Esq., a Queen's Counsel.

Novel Crime.

—Under the head statistics of crime, the *Globe* classes five insane persons. This is the first time we ever saw insanity set down as a crime. By and by poverty will be a hanging matter, we suppose.

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