

THE GRUMBLER.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1858.

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

SATURDAY, DEC. 4, 1858.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LECTURES.

We are glad to see that the *Globe* has followed the lead which we so ably and fearlessly set this day week in lashing the managing committee of the Mechanics' Institute for the beggarly fare which they have provided for the public this season. The lecturo-going portion of our community are, we think, by this time, out of their swaddling clothes, and it is high time that something stronger than milk and water should be provided for their nourishment. However, we would not be thought to set down the bill of fare for this season even as milk and water; our candid opinion being that it is no better than slate pencils and chalk. Some indignant old foggy writes to the *Colonist*, pitching into the Grit with great virulence. He has been a member of the Mechanics' Institute for nearly 32 years in short like "the concealed spark" in the Chameleon story, he has seen and ought to know.

After a sepulchral attempt at wit, which is quite natural if the 32 years' member has been treated to 32 batches of lectures such as he now commends to the Toronto public, he contends that the managing committee have had more experience, and ought to know "better than the editor of the *Globe*" what lectures are required. Now, let us speak plainly. With the exception of the indefatigable Secretary, Mr. Edwards, and one or two others at the most, the Managing Committee know as much about their business as about the satellites of Jupiter. The Institute is completely clogged with a rust of old-foggyism and illiberality, which is gradually destroying its existence. What experience have they had in providing lectures but the experience of failure and incompetence? Look at the programme for this year—the first is the only literary subject in the whole list, and the first lecturer is the only one whose name could inspire confidence, or who has ever been heard of by most of our citizens.—We do not believe that science can be taught in lectures of this sort; there is not one of the scientific topics announced which would not be far better understood by half an hour's reading, even in the bad selection of books on this subject in the library of the Institute. You cannot make the lecture-room the substitute for the library. People want something that they cannot readily get at themselves, not information they can pick up in Comstock's Philosophy, Panoel's Catechisms, or Maury's work on the Ocean. There is no use, however, of entering into the matter farther. The fat has gone forth, and the 32 years' member has thrown

down the gauntlet of defiance, and we must bow to his experience, however contrary to our own or to common sense. Unknown obscurities are to be preferred to "travelling celebrities," and if the public desire to hear those whose works have cheered and instructed them, they must look elsewhere, they are not to be accommodated by the Toronto Mechanics' Institute.

WINTER LETTERS.

From Miss Angelina Buttercup to Miss Daisy Primrose; two young ladies who dearly love one another, but who are separated by a mysterious fate—the one being domiciled in a ladies boarding school in Toronto, and the other condemned to wear out her dear existence with a maiden aunt in the country.

TORONTO, Dec. 1st, 1858.

DEAR DAISEY,—Would you believe it—it is actually snowing. Snowing! Just think of all the delightful sleigh-rides we shall have; the moonlight excursions, and the afternoon drives. I could jump with joy—if old granny Squaratoes were not looking at me, thinking, no doubt, I am writing my exercise instead of writing to you, my dearest and best friend. There now, do not say that I am not your best friend, for you know very well I do not care anything for you, you know who. I assure you I never think of him even now; and as to alluding to him in any letter to you, I never do so that I am aware of—although you do say that I mention him in every line. However, I am going to turn over a new leaf. Poor fellow! Now you must admit that he is a sweet little fellow.

I suppose you would like to know what sort of a season we are going to have. Well, as yet it has been very dull. Not a single ball yet! and I am sure that it is now six weeks since my ball-dress came home. Oh! it is the prettiest dress you ever saw; and Papa has promised to buy me a new bracelet, which will cost ever so much. You must positively come up to see me; and when you do come, bring that petticoat with the red and green stripes. Every one wears them now. You might also bring up all your dresses and jewelry and bonnets and hats, for we will have merry times.

Did I tell you that the young fellow you met at Aunt's last ball is here. Between ourselves, he is handsome—but he does not dance nicely. For my part I am afraid of a catastrophe when he asks me to dance.

I must close my letter now, as I see some one coming here that little suspects what I am at.

Adieu, sweet Daisy,
ANGELINA BUTTERCUP.

The Buffalo.

—We were favored yesterday with a view of this terrible creature; she complained that her evening stambers were disturbed every week by a most hideous noise in the neighbourhood. On enquiry we found that the disturbance was only Councilmen Craig and Purdy haranguing the City Council.

A WELCOME TO THE SLEIGH BELLS.

A welcome! a welcome!
To the merry, merry bells—
And the light, swift gliding sleigh,
As their music rings
It merry tidings brings—
"Be mirthful while ye may!"

A welcome! a welcome!
To the merry, merry bells
As they juncos in tuneful glee;
Wake the snow clad earth,
With the voice of mirth,
Keeping time to their minstreley.

Loose the reins, loose the reins,
Bid the steed bound fast,
Through the winters fleecy gale.
O! on I be the cry
As ye swiftly fly
O'er river and plain and vale.

A welcome! a welcome
To the merry, merry bells,
As their clear sweet voices rings out;
Let them mingle long
With the maiden's song,
And the buxer's cheery shout.

A welcome! a welcome!
To the merry, merry bells,
And the light, swift gliding sleigh,
As their music rings,
It merry tidings brings,
"Be mirthful while ye may."

On dit.

—That the "Arab Giant" now being exhibited is no other than Mr. Brown, padded out, and elevated by a clever stratagem to the height of 7 ft. 5 in. We understand that the son of Anak speaks with a strong Scotch accent, but whether this report has any other foundation we cannot say. It is quite possible that he may be trying this as a *denier resort*. We hear also that the illustrious "forringer" who calls passers-by to the sight, is only Sidney Smith with a false moustache; he is exercising his lungs to drive away consumption.

To Doctors, Quacks, &c.

—Wanted a cure for a virulent distemper which has recently made its appearance in Canada, and threatens to assume the form of an epidemic. It has been called Cephalophobia, and manifests itself in a hatred of anything bearing the name of Head. The editor of the *Globe*, in whom the malady was first noticed, is almost incurably diseased. It is said that he left the church in disgust last Sunday because the clergyman divided his sermon into *heads*, and went into fits when the doctor told him that a boil he was troubled with would soon come to a *head*. The Governor General has been kind enough to second our philanthropic efforts for this patient, by offering £50 for a specific for this terrible attack.