

SENTIMENTAL versus REAL.

Our good friend Solomon inserts the following bit-bit of sentimentalism in his last number:—

JUST MARRIED.

She stands down, looking on the sparkling tide
Of the bright river, hail in bashful tears,
Half bounding in joy to find herself a bride;
Her blue eyes glistening with an infant tear,
Her lips apart,
Her color raised, and you might almost hear
Her beating heart.

He sits beside the river's bank, his eyes
Upturned to her sweet face, with looks so full
Of admiration, as if earth supplies
To him no object half so beautiful
Close rivulet fair,
Has left his sister curls, and nesting lies
In his dark hair.

It is the twilight of a summer's eve,
A crimson flush just tips the western trees,
As tho' the lingering sunbeams sighed to leave
That loving couple fair, sweetening the breeze
Close rivulet fair,
Mid flowers and rippling streams, low-humming bees
And singing birds.

Now this is very pretty, but as THE GRUMBLER has a morbid hatred for the spoony school of poetry, he feels it his duty to insert the following antidote:—

SIX MONTHS MARRIED.

She stands there, looking by the table's side,
Her arm upraised, 'twould make you to start to start
Her curls the day she found herself a bride,
Whilst each cheek glistens with a passionate tear,
Her lips apart,
Her voice so raised that it might almost fear
She'd burst her heart.

He lounges on the sofa, and his eyes,
With careless rove, up to her face look full,
As though in doubt he want or least supplies
Fuel most fit to feed his beautiful
Though storming fair,
Resolved at length in heedless calm, he lies
And plays with his dark hair.

It is the twilight, and full many an ere
Has thus been passed, whilst on the western trees
The sunbeams wait as though they sighed to leave
This six months married pair in such a breeze
Of angry words,
'I will,' 'you worthless man,' 'you wretch,' such sounds
as these
Frightening the birds.

QUIZ QUIDDLESTICKS.

A TOUCHING HISTORY.

Quiz Quiddlesticks rose, with the lark, that is, he rose with the mud frog, or a bull frog, which means the same thing in Canada; and being actuated by a no common spirit, he had the audacity to dance a very animated horn-pipe, notwithstanding that he well knew his friend, who lived in the room under him was the sourest individual between the poles. But what cared Quiz for anybody. He was going to a pic-nic that day; and had hired his sweet-heart and invited his horse—no, he meant he had invited his sweet-heart and hired a stunning turn out; and expected to meet dozens of handsome ladies, and to have such fun dancing with them on the green grass. At the very thought of the delight in store for him, he became suddenly musical, and plunged into "La Somnambula," much to the disgust of his fellow boarders, who swore at him loudly and fiercely; without at all cooling his ardour, however. Indeed, he became more outrageous than ever, for in his excitement he opened his door, and banged it again, upset his water jug, knocked the chairs about, and finally stamped out of the house as if he were a regiment of dragoons, and when every one thought he had taken their advice and gone to the devil, he suddenly came back and rung

furiously at the street door, until every one was fairly crazed with anger; and then, when the door was opened by the sleepy maid, he suddenly remembered that he did not want anything.

Sented beside sweet Letty Titter, handling the "ribbons" with studied grace, and with a long string of carriages before and behind him, full of ladies, all going to the Pic-Nic, Quiz never felt so intoxicated with joy in all his life. He did not know what to do; and consequently he did everything he thought of. He complimented Miss Titter on her charming looks, and ere she could reply, had nearly upset her by driving into a ditch. Angered at this, he belaboured his horse, who, not being used to such treatment, gave unmistakable symptoms of kicking up a "shrine," as he called it. However, there would have been no danger if a young rascal had not thoughtlessly remarked aloud as Quiz's turn-out passed, "Oh my hi'st! vot a guy!" Stung to distraction by this uncalled for reflection, Quiz gave his noble beast such a heavy whack across the back, that in a moment he was off like a shot. In vain did Quiz strain every nerve to stop the runaway; and in vain did his friends advise him to "hold on to it." Away went Quiz's buggy full tilt against near-sighted Fobbs' buggy with four ladies in it, and away went Fobbs, ladies, and all into the ditch. Quiz lost his hat and his presence of mind at the same time. Miss Titter also lost her courage and her native modesty, and clasped poor Quiz so tightly in her distracted embrace that he was fain to beg of her not to strangle him. The horse left to his own course, scampered right on; bolted over hills, dashed through ruts; sent Quiz and his terrified Letty now up to the skies, and now bang down in his seat, until Quiz imagined that sudden death would be much preferable to such torture. Fortunately it is not necessary in this history to be minute, so we will at once state that in a time—Quiz does not know whether it was long or short—Quiz found himself standing in the road supporting the light of his eyes Miss Titter, while the horse and buggy stood beside him, the former looking very much blown, and the latter very dusty.

The pic-nickers came up in the course of time, and Fobbs' ladies being unharmed, the whole company started off for the appointed rendezvous, which, by the way, was on the sloping bank of a winding river in a secluded vale. In this delightful spot, harmony was the order of the day, until in an evil hour, some one proposed a boating excursion. Quiz undertook to manage a boat full of ladies. Unlucky dog! He had scarcely reached the middle of the stream, when the boat upset, and the whole party were immersed in the stream. Fortunately for Quiz—for he could not swim—he rose to the surface in the neighborhood of a young lady who wore very large hoops, and she humanely took him in charge, and floated him to shore. The other ladies were also saved by their hoops, which kept them afloat until they were rescued.

It was with no very pleasant feelings that Quiz assisted the luckless boatful to land, and he had no sooner done so, than he strayed away—to dry himself perhaps—to the top of a high hill. It is hard to say how far he would have gone, had not his ears been saluted by a terrific roar; and upon turning

round he discovered to his horror, a mad bull making straight for him. With the speed of lightning he bolted off and the infuriated bull after him. He came bowling down the hill like a ball projected from a cannon. Now running, now tumbling and rolling a considerable distance, until he reached his companions, who, contrary to the laws of humanity, laughed at him very heartily. Being in no humour to stand this, he singled out young Jones as a proper object on whom to vent his wrath, because he was his rival, and having enticed him into a quiet spot, beat him until he cried *peccavi*. After this, Quiz hunted up Letty, mounted his buggy, and started home, a watter and a wiser man than when he had started to go to the pic-nic.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. & K.—It was cruel to excite their curiosity and then fail to satisfy their desire for knowledge.—Of course you had a perfect right to act as you did, and you deserve credit for the manner you carried out the scheme, yet you should have had mercy on the poor fellows,—only phancy their phedinks."

L. W.—Suggests that Postmasters and their assistants should subscribe for our paper, and not read those belonging to our regular subscribers, delaying and sometimes mislaying them. Let us but know the offenders, and they shall have a publicity they never dreamed of.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

The Firmen of Companies One, Two, and Four, intend having an Excursion to Rochester on Thursday week, which promises to be one of the most pleasant affairs of the kind ever got up. The party will leave by the *Hughson*, which has been chartered for the occasion, on Thursday evening, dance and enjoy themselves all night on the boat, and arrive in Rochester in the morning, at which place they will spend the day, and will probably be entertained by the firmen of that city. Returning, they will leave Rochester in the evening, have another delightful night on the boat, and arrive in Toronto early Saturday morning. Nothing could be better arranged, and we sincerely hope, indeed we are sure, every one who takes advantage of the occasion will enjoy himself to his heart's content.

The art of Printing is nowhere brought to greater perfection than at the "CITY STEAM PRESS," which, under the excellent management of Mr. BLACKBURN, is noted as the best and cheapest establishment in the City. It is unnecessary that more should be said, as the work of the Office is seen on every wall, and in every public place, always well done. The charges are also moderate, and we can safely guarantee satisfaction to our readers if they patronize Mr. BLACKBURN'S Office.

THE APOLLO COCKTAIL ROOM is still sustained by its enterprising proprietor, with great spirit, and it is to be hoped his efforts will be met by continued patronage. The Room is well ventilated, the music and singing a credit to the city, and the whole arrangements perfect. Drop in, spend an hour at the APOLLO, and you will be entertained and refreshed.

We know of no place in this good City of ours, where the outer man can be more improved, than in CARV'S BATHING SALOON, which is situated near the foot of Yonge Street. In this establishment that most troublesome task of Shaving is rendered delightfully pleasant, while Hair-Cutting—which, heretofore, was a dreaded operation—is made a pleasant episode in the month's history. The Baths are luxuries cheap and beneficial, which it surprises us are not more used, especially in this hot weather. Mr. CARV, the proprietor of this Institution, can not be excelled in his line, and his intelligence and urbanity must secure him a large number of patrons. Give him a call.

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