

THE WAILS OF AN INDIGNANT COCKNEY.

TORONTO GAOL, June 30th, 1858.

Vel' abnegationic-hot is them P. reformment mon,
Their blabrous haectious hinders my pen;
They takes up a covey for looking a jib,
But abubbing man's brains 'aint no manner o' aia.

Ven it comes to this province a penitent prig,
Hil vadedo about hatter taking a svig;
Hil spies a great gemman, a holoquent nob,
And by haccident managed a tizzy to tob.

Vell, the fust thing I seed when I turned on my 'eel,
Yok a great six foot peeler a munched some wool,
At a halter, with cooliey as snug as could be,
"You must come to the beak" Mr. Peeler, says 'e.

So 'e clapped on the dardice and hof to the beak;
"Your vor-ship," says 'e, in a wolvey wreek meek,
"This here's a swell mobber, a cockney you see,
'E vos picking o' pockies in this conterere."

"Look o' yere, Mr. Curmett," rich hit vos the beak's name,
I sees "hil you jug me 't would be a blowed shame,
I peach lion myself to save waldie time,
Howsoever'er I 's'it been a doing no crime."

"Tother day with Mellery, my pal, in the 'ours,
Hil 'eard a French big viz as sleek as a mouse,
A sayin' as 'ow 'twos Jolly good ion,
To prig the blowentions froon young Jonathan."

"My heyes, Macec boy, yere's a gofor hus pads,
B'f'm blowed but them coolies would tickle hour dade,
Hil's not no more wroog to nab blunt from a snob,
Hil a poor feller's brain work bil's a prave to rob."

Says the beak with a starchy and vinegar face,
"Young covey," sees 'e," you but hard to digence,
Vot is right him the 'ows you'll learn, boy, bin time,
Hil dono hout o' doors is a very great crime."

So 'e sent me to rear heat my muscles and bones,
In this hill-looking jug a breaking of stones,
Hil and hi learned vich hit his a sad warning to prig,
Noves take moral lessons from them there big rigs."

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

The Annual Convocation of the University of Billingsgate was held in the Hall, Front Street, on Saturday last; the Chancellor, Hon. Mr. Tread-on-the-tail-of-my-coat presiding. The following degrees were conferred:—

Mr. Powell, G. R. I. N. [Interpreted by a Yankee friend,—Greatest Rip in Natur']

Mr. Fellowes, A. D. O. A. F. A. F. [A devil of a fellow at fisticuffs.]

Mr. Robinson, M. D. [Morose Donkey.]

Mr. Murney, M. B. [Master of Blasphemy.]

Mr. Cayley, M. A. [Muff at Arithmetic.]

Mr. Burton, B. A. [Bellower Asinine.]

Mr. Gould, B. C. L. [Bachelor of Corrupt Language.]

Mr. Vankoughnet, D. C. L. [Duced Clever Lawyer.]

Colonel Prince, D. C. L. [Darkies' Constant Lover.]

Mr. Powell received the gold medal for the greatest proficiency in slang and abuse. The Professor, Signor Foul-Mouth, stated that though there had been great competition in this department, Mr. Powell had out-distanced every rival. His examination papers, which had been published in the *Globe*, showed the prodigious application of his talents, and to his fair hearers he might whisper, beautiful young friend. Messrs. Cayley and McDonald had both found themselves Billingsgate trumps, but Mr. Powell had been so well grounded by previous associations that their success was hardly expected; and the *Carleton Apollo* had ob-

tained his aureal prize, winning easily by five oaths, thirty "liars," and one "snoking demagogue."

Mr. Fellowes who was received with much applause by some ill-looking Yankee pedlars and shrimp women in the corner, came forward to receive the bully's scholarship from the hands of Professor Tipson Slasher. The learned gentleman said that he would back the Russell lamb against any man on the continent. Full particulars will appear in the next *N. Y. Clipper*, man ready and money down, &c.

Col. Gowau, who is only in his first year, but a regular scholar, having lipped the alphabet when he was only 15 seconds of ago, was rewarded with a golden gag. This ingenious prize is intended to be applied when fits of energetic talking, to which the young gentleman is very subject, come on. The extremely nervous and timorous character of this stupendously erudite student, was evident in a moment, and with characteristic consideration, the Billingsgate authorities had bestowed a prize which was at once an honour to the wearer and a check upon the improvident expenditure of the mental activity of this Admirable Crichton II.

Mr. Lurwell, also a student of the first year, was highly complimented by Professor Dead-Shot on his sanguinary disposition. [Loud cheers.] The young student had actually threatened a universal set-to throughout the Province, [cries of go it young un] and with a spirit never surpassed, had delayed his intention to shoulder a musket in the attack, in spite of all men generally, and the Kingston Johnny in particular. [A voice, die game, old boy.] He had much pleasure in giving him the prize for "tall talking" which had been instituted by the Mr. Keits of S. C., who took a deep interest in the success of the University. Many other prizes were awarded, but our space is limited. The meeting broke up with three cheers for the ring, and three groans for Chesterfield.

OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

The subject of animation to the Blowers this week was the Northern Railroad, or rather, the propriety of memorializing Parliament to pass the Bill now before them to suspend their lien on this concern. Much deliberation ament the matter led to the conviction that it was a very proper proceeding, and they acted accordingly. This conversation in itself is trivial; but the commotion which the senior Blower from St. George's Ward invariably causes at the mere mention of this Railroad, inclines us to be curious, and to get at the why and wherefore of these foolish exhibitions. Ald. Read very properly contended, that the Northern Railroad had he much claim on the Government as the Grand Truck; and now that the Provincial lion was found to be an embarrassment to the former, they sought to have it suspended as was done in the case of the latter. Ald. Brunei thought he had the interests of Toronto at heart, and perhaps he had as much stake in the matter as any one else. We, of course, cannot pretend to dispute the stake Mr. Ald. Brunei has in this Railroad; but we are utterly at a loss to know what sort of a stake it is. It cannot his reputation as a Railroad manager—every one knows that—for as soon as his functions in that capacity terminated, so vanished with it his claims as an administrator of railway affairs. It may be

his stake consist in stock certificates; then again, we are loathe to believe he would risk investing in such a security while recklessly indulging his own extravagances. Possibly he may have had Bonds, for we have heard of his having hawked such materials among the capitalist of the city at fifty per cent discount; which if it be the case how came he, as a alarmed officer, to obtain the Bonds of the Company? Surely he was not allied, while in a position of trust, with the "Yankee speculators," or "Canadian jobbers." To be sure he was on terms of close intimacy with some of the Canadian contractors—too much so, it was whispered, to be disinterested. Wonder whether he was a silent partner of Cotton's in the Esplanade filling at and about the Railroad's wharf. Would it interest the citizens of Toronto to know what per centum was awarded him on the profits arising out of the building of the "J. C. Morrison." We do not impeach the worthy Blower, by any means; but we are suspicious of a man who takes every opportunity to vaunt his triumphs as a Railway Manager, and his incorruptibility as such. No doubt the free and independent of the Ward of St. George are proud of their representative, and we only seek to give them stronger grounds of confidence. But Ald. Brunei's enthusiasm leads him very frequently into a quagmire, for he says the Northern Railroad is controlled by foreigners in the interest of the "New York Central and Erie Railroads." The complaint would be well founded, if true; but such bosh will not obtain credence with anybody that can read. The Directors are all Canadians, save one! whose every interest centres in or about Toronto. This fact sufficiently refutes the impudent assertions of Mr. Ald. Brunei; and we will venture to say of either of them a desire to further the interests of Toronto as much as the ex-Railway Superintendent—a comparison would be odious. We hope to hear no more of his stakes in the Northern Railroad,—“it filled his purse with money;” and if he can be prudent we shall allow him to enjoy it.

BUSINESS NOTICE.

At this season, when travelling is deemed essential to the proper relaxation of our bodies, it is a great boon to be informed how and where a journey can be performed with due regard to economy, and a full measure of recreation. We say, if your time allow of it, take the COLLINGWOOD ROUTE, and sojourn amid the cliffs of Mackinac, where no miasmatic breeze dare intrude itself; or push on to Milwaukee or Chicago, if you desire to witness the busy pulsations of life in the West. Should not that meet your taste, fly to the magnificent shores of the "Mississippi," and inhale the pure dry air of Minnesota. Secure yourself comfortable quarters at an hotel at St. Paul, taking good care to daily ramble the bluffs and prairies in the vicinity; and very soon you will feel yourself a giant in mind and body. Thence sail down the gently flowing river as far as St. Louis; see all you can there in the shortest space of time, and best retreat as fast as convenient in that country will allow. Your tickets for all these places, can be had at the Northern Railroad Office, Bay street, and foot of York street. The rates are much below any other route.

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