

GIVE ME SOMETHING TO COMFORT ME.

She sat by the street side werry,
With loose dishevelled hair;
Her head on her bosom lowly drooped,
With an absent, vacant air;
Her garments were soiled and time worn,
A babe nestled close on her knee,
Whilst with thick and husky voice she brought,
"Give me something to comfort me."

I marked her throats she mournful sat,
And murmured her touching plea,
For slowly she still repeated "give,
Give me something to comfort me."
My heart was sad for the mother and babe,
I pitied their mournful lot,
And said in an earnest but gentle tone,
"What would comfort you, tell me what?"
She raised her eyes all blood shot and red,
And murmured "some whiskey hot."

THAT DESPATCH.

Our big brother, the *Globe*, pretends to be exceedingly anxious about the Colonial Secretary's despatch to Sir Edmund Head; it even has the effrontery to doubt the existence of the document in question. Now we beg to assure the *Globe* that it isn't in the least bit to add to its gratification that we give the controverted document from Downing Street to the world. Of course not;—we (like the *Atlas*) never would allow it to be "meanly wormed from us;" other motives actuate us, and a loftier inspiration guides our pen. Whether that inspiration emanates from Sir E. Head, we don't mean to gratify any impertinent curiosity by confessing. Let it suffice the *Globe* and the Grits to know that there is a despatch, and that the following is a correct copy:

TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE RIGHT HON. SIR EDMUND HEAD,
BART., &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

Hail I thou great ruler of the gorgeous West,
Where Deity in princely grandeur reigns,
And huge Sublimity looks on with Godlike smile;
Sir Edmund Head art thou! It seemeth meet
That I up on the Altar most Divine
Of Duty should make offering sacrificial;
Should tender thee, thou Star of Light, our joint
Congratulations on the sixty course
Thou hast pursued through Ganah's dark crisis.
Firm was thine attitude and Hero-like;
The True, the Beautiful demanded this
And not in vain, flung with new Life from thee,
Their smile Eternal, like the effulgent God
Of Day His glory pours. Who are the Grits?
What are the Grins that thou should'st stoop to them?
Bow they before the Glorious Shiro of genius?
Divine, Ethereal Genius! Have thy
Bunk inspiration at the Altar front,
Or threaded through the lore mysterious
Of words auxiliary—of Shall and Will?
Lore, they avow Poopy; the glorious Firm
Which vests with Life the inconspicuous dream,
And stamps the Ideal with form more credible
Than wears the Actual? Read they the Heart,
That Labyrinth inscrutable, which commences with
The True, the Good, the Beautiful, the Great
Eternal Mystery of Nature's Soul?
Pshaw! I those Grits have everly grown ambitious.
Who is their leader, this Phoenix Crown?
A Cloud, a soulless Cloud, I'll warrant me
Who ne'er has culled the luminous unit displayed
In "Polham" or "Riez," or more late,
"What will he do with it," Who spurns with scorn
That Pyramid of Lore, thy "Shall and Will."
Too brutal far to worship at its base.
Well dost thou know the Grits, our jolly souls
Which woo the Truthful and the Infinite,
Can hold no audience with their meager clay.
Taint not thy presence with it; cast it forth
And laugh to scorn these blockades of men.

EDWARD LYTTON BULWER,
Colonial Secretary.

If any unsophisticated reader should deem it strange that Sir E. L. Bulwer composes his despatches in Blank Verse, let them burden their memory with the fact, that the Colonial Secretary both a scholar and a poet.

BOARDING HOUSES.

DEAR GRUMBLER:—

I've just entered the University, having distinguished myself very much in the Arts examination, and taken a Scholarship, that is, I should have taken one if I had got up my translation a little better, and if that confounded fellow Jones, hadn't got in my way. I intend to work very hard this winter, and want to get a nice place with a bed-room and a study, all to myself, pretty cheap, for \$4 at most. I called at a small house in ——— street, and a most amiable looking lady said she thought she could accommodate me, and showed me to a small bedroom.

LANDLADY.—There's a nice little room, and you have only two students with you here. You can have a large towel between you if you don't bring your own, and though they're doctors, I always makes them keep their skeleton things in the clothes press.

STUDENT.—Ahem. You can let me have a quiet room to study in of course.

LAND.—Well, if you don't like the bedroom for studying, though its warm enough, because its next door to the kitchen, you can go into the nursery if you'll only rock baby's cradle. The last students used to take it by turns, while I was a cooking and washing.

STUD.—(indignant.) Well, I suppose you'll want me to go to Church with you next!

LAND.—Not every Sunday, as I likes somebody to watch the stove when I'm away, unless you don't want any dinner; but if you likes company, there's my aunt Sally will go with you if you've got a pew, but mind she's precious particular.

STUD.—(Contemptuously.) How much do you charge for all this.

LAND.—Four dollars, if you supply your own knife and fork, and soap, and bedclothes, but four and-a-half, if you don't. My aunt Sally—

STUD.—(Boiling over and going.) Aunt Sally be—

LAND.—(Slamming the door.) Those students are the impercentest, they're a—

I then departed and came to a larger and more respectable place. As I arrived about tea time, I sat down and partook of a very tolerable repast. The tea, it is true, was nothing extra, the butter was not above par, and the bread was a little sour, but I made allowances for hard times, and consented to go up stairs and look at the sitting room where three very "quiet, respectable, exemplary young men," were supposed to occupy their evenings profitably, and to be not averse to the introduction of one, and but one more into their sitting room. On entering the room, I encountered a villainous smell of stale tobacco smoke, and nearly fell as I stepped on a greasy pack of cards which had been resting on the floor since the previous evening. I was pressingly invited to take a seat at the table, a pipe was thrust into my mouth, I was asked whether I preferred my bitters hot or cold, and before I had time to utter a word of expostulation, found myself the temporary possessor of a fistful of cards, which were said to be my hand at whist. I was told that they had been looking out for some jolly sort of a fellow to make up the game, that they had been

compelled to play euker for some time past, but were now rejoiced at being able to return to whist. I don't know how I managed to escape, but I found myself within an hour, at the corner of Yonge and King Sts., out of breath, with the acc of clus in my hand, a short black pipe in my mouth, and a dirty rowdy hat, smelling fearfully of tobacco, on my head. What I am to do I know not. I think I shall engage myself as footman to somebody, and try and study during my spare time. I see no other means of getting into serious company, and obtaining the comforts of life at the same time. If you have any advice to give, please give it.

Yours, in tribulation.
ROMEO RUTZKUSS.

THE TWO THEATRES.

The Royal Lyceum will be re-opened on Monday, with the long promised "Forty Thieves," in which Mr. Nickinson sustains "Ali Baba;" previous to which Mr. Marlowe will do his best in the eccentric line in a new comic drama—"Our Wife;" Miss Frost and Mr. Lee, we understand, will play leading characters. Our Manager must exert himself, for we believe that there is a rival in the field, Mr. Petrie having turned the Ontario Hall into a second Temple of the Muses. We are heartily glad of this, for we believe that the Drama has languished here for some time past, for the want of a little wholesome competition. We wish both undertakings all the success they will deserve.

DIZZY HEIGHTS.

The Height of Absurdity—The *Atlas* writing a series of articles on the English press, and being stupid enough to believe that any body will read them.

The Height of Presumption—Mr. R. M. Allen thrusting himself into the Assize Court to display his imbecility.

The Height of Consistency—The Corporation offering a prize to the Engine Company who reach a fire first, and then forbidding them to move faster than a walk.

The Height of Credulity—Turning the key of a hydrant at a fire, and expecting any water.

The Height of Impudence—Nominating Mr. Ten Thousand Bows as Mayor.

The Height of Folly—Getting the *Globe* to support you as a Candidate for the Legislative Council.

The Height of Disgrace—Obtaining a seat in the City Corporation.

The Height of Misfortune—Getting a puff from the *Colonist*.

The Height of Stupidity—Jumping off the cars after a prisoner, and expecting any praise or reward from the Corporation.

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