

ALLEN VS. GRUMBLER.

We have no intention of triumphing over the miserable failure of the outraged barrister whose name has unworthily occupied a little public curiosity during the past fortnight. We are sure that we can well afford to be magnanimous towards so wretched an opponent. We never had any fears for the result of the foolish action which Mr. Allen chose to bring against our publishers; we felt sure that the miserable character of the plaintiff, and the high position we occupy in public opinion, would secure a prompt verdict in our favour. We were happy to see that the pitiable creature had sagaciously enough to appreciate his position and modestly enough to shrink out of court under the less ignominious cover of a non-suit. Day after day our counsel waited patiently for the unequal contest, and it was with no little mortification that they and we were finally disappointed. Mr. Allen has elected to pay the piper, and we only wait with patience for the next suit and a renewal of the contest.

We can only again acknowledge the generous sympathy extended to us by so many of our fellow citizens; defeat by a man so thoroughly despised would hardly have been a misfortune. We desire also to thank cordially the Sheriff for the courtesy shown our publisher in matters specially under his control; and last, but by no means least, of all, we owe many thanks to our counsel, Messrs. Cameron and Eccles, for the prompt and ready manner in which they espoused our cause. We were perfectly aware that entering the lists with so petty a member of the profession was no small sacrifice for gentlemen who hold deservedly so prominent a place in the legal circle, and it was gratifying to us to find that some gentleman had consented to bespatter his garments in Allen's cause.

To Mr. Cameron we are particularly indebted, for that notwithstanding the frequent and perhaps often unwarrantable use we have made of his name and reputation he came so promptly to our aid. Finally we may recall to the plaintiff's recollection a few lines published when we were first threatened with his ire:

Oh Allen spare the GRUMBLER,  
Pray don't be wroth on me,  
You might perhaps burn your fingers, dear,  
By kicking up a row.  
Pray stay your indignation  
Be wise, man, wish you may;  
You'd look no foolish, wouldn't you?  
When called the costs to pay.

Our advice was unneeded, our intreaties were doubtless construed into pleas for mercy, and Allen is well singed for his trouble.

Upper Canada College.

—We took occasion the other day to call the attention of the proper authorities to the miserable state of the College play ground. We did hear that the nuisance had been abated, and that the ground had been properly sodded. We took the trouble to view the place yesterday, and we find that though some renovation has been effected, the work is done in a very slovenly and imperfect manner. Now we earnestly entreat the College people to look into this matter. It is really of great importance to the pupils of that excellent institution, and we hope that we shall have no occasion to mention the matter again.

THE THEATRE.

Now that the legislative bear gardens are closed, our fair friends will no doubt turn with a hearty zest to the light and elegant amusements of the drama. We sincerely commiserate those of them who were not present at the performance of Goldsmith's inimitable comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer," on Wednesday night last. The piece was well cast. Mr. Marlowe, as the strange compound of bashfulness and impudence, known in the piece as Mr. Marlow, gave us an excellent specimen of what is styled genteel comedy—somewhat extravagant, but exceedingly rich. And Miss Charlotte Thompson, the star of the evening, as the heroine of the piece soon conquered the audience by the correct and dashing style in which she rattled through her part. From what we have seen of this young lady, we have nothing but kind words to utter. Nature has endowed her with a most enchanting *physique*, her voice and manner are remarkably fascinating, her intonation correct, and her whole acting extremely bewitching. We only pity the poor benighted creatures who have not visited the Theatre this week, and unless Mr. Marlowe will for our sake renew the engagement, they will have missed the best actress who has appeared on the Toronto boards for many months; indeed, we doubt if a better ever favoured us with a visit.

Miss Thompson seems thoroughly understand the text, as is shown by the vivacious and arch manner in which she strikes out telling passages. Mr. Thompson's *Tony* was not strictly after the text—though it drew down applause. Mrs. Hill was what we expected from a lady of her experience, while Mr. O. Hill proved himself equal to his character. Mr. Herbert's comedy *role* is worthy of admiration. On Thursday, *Ingomar* was performed with great success. Miss Thomson's *Parthena* was extremely pleasing. We should fail to do justice, if we did not notice in terms of the highest commendation, Mr. G. Simcoe Lee's *Ingomar*. Always a correct and pleasing actor, he certainly never appeared to or more advantage; the part could scarcely have been rendered in a better style. Tonight, we believe, Miss Thompson's benefit will take place, let us have a bumper house for the credit of the city.

Reward of Merit.

Since the fall of Bob Moodie, who lately was boer,  
For a leader the mob have been quite at a loss,  
But we learn with delight that the vacancy's brief—  
George Platt's been appointed Commander-in-Chief.

Rumours.

—It is rumoured that John A. McDonald is about to take holy orders, with a view to succeed John Toronto.

It is rumoured that Ogle R. Gowan has become an honest man.

On dit that the Governor General is about to resign, and that W. L. Mackenzie is to be appointed in his place.

That the seat of Government to be permanently established at Moss Park.

That J. S. Hogan, M.P.P., wears a wig.

That the members of the city council are about to propose some common-sense measure.

That R. M. Allen is not mad.

That Mr. Alexander, of the Upper House, is a lineal descendant of Alexander the Great.

WHAT LADIES SHOULD NOT DO!

Encourage gentlemen to make fools of themselves.  
Criticise their neighbours' dresses.  
Beckbite.  
Dress in loud colours.  
Dress to look young.  
Deny their ages.  
Spend more than three hours dressing; or more than six hours in the day shopping.  
Read the best authors more than ten minutes in the week.  
Dance and sing only with and for boobies and blockheads.  
Forget to be charitable.  
Fall asleep in church.  
Think too highly of themselves.  
Be proud.  
Be over wise.  
Be the victims of flattery.  
Flirt more than six times a week.  
Look too fascinating.  
Have too many lovers.  
Forget to read THE GRUMBLER.

THINGS THAT GENTLEMEN SHOULD NOT DO.

Neglect to pay their tailors' bill.  
Smoke cigars on King street between the hours of three and six.  
Wear pug-tops.  
Keep their hats on in the boxes of the theatre when ladies are sitting before them.  
Make asses of themselves.  
Lie or swear.  
Pick pockets.  
Retail vulgar stories.  
Misbehave themselves at the dinner-table even though ladies should happen not to be present.  
Laugh too loud.  
Stare any female out of countenance.  
Read the *Colonist*.

PENNY WISE & c:

We see by a report in the dailies that our City Fathers persist in carrying out their intention of being "penny wise and pound foolish." On Monday night, a sensible member, we forget what his name is, enquired of the Chairman of the Board of Works, if any steps had been taken to clear the filth out of the back streets of our city. The enquirer rightly stated, that the hot weather was about to set in, and cleanliness was absolutely necessary to preserve the health of the city.

What do our readers think was the answer of the Chairman of the Board of Works. "The Committee," he said, "had taken no steps to effect the object of the enquiry." The Committee, he showed, had in their sublimated wisdom arrived at the conclusion that economy was requisite, and, therefore, they had given no orders to have the health of the city attended to.

The answer is so excessively absurd that no one would have expected to hear it—even in our corporation. But such is the melancholy fact. For the sake of the slight expense which would be requisite to clean our back streets of filth and dirt, and which would at the same time give employment to labouring men—the plague, perhaps, is to be engendered in the very midst of our population. Out upon such insane policy.