

# THE GRUMBLER.

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## THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hotel a' your coasts  
I rode you tent it;  
A chiel's amang you taking notes,  
And, faith, he'll prent it."

SATURDAY, JAN. 1, 1859.

### THE CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

#### CHAPTER I.

*Which trottelh out ye Edward Noodles, Esquire, for ye inspection of ye audience.*

'Twas on a bright day in the glorious old month of December that high resolve and deep determination, mingled with the mellow tints of hidden, yet hopeful, love might be seen as plain as the nose on one's face, in the countenance of Edward Noodles, Esquire, the junior member of that ancient and honorable family, the Noodles of Doodle Hall, Nowhere, County Moonshine. I have said that it was easy to be seen that young Noodles was going to make an effort! Who that saw the firm manner in which he grasped his walking cane, and heard the manly and straightforward tone in which he bade an obtrusive beggarwoman "go to the devil," could for a single instant have failed to discover that Noodles, junior, was on the point of covering himself with glory.

#### CHAPTER II.

*Ye junior Noodles sallielh forth and w eetelh with sundry acquaintances.*

In the good city of Toronto, there dwelleth many jewellers who possess gems of the rarest quality, and gold and silver manufactured in the most curious and elaborate manner, which may be had at prices, the very mention of which is enough to make the stars stop in their course, and flies to foreswear jam pots. Thitherward Noodles, the younger, directed his steps. The day, I said before, was beautiful; but lost were its beauties on the heart of young Noodles. In vain did those trusty guardians of the city, the pigs, put on their sliciest and shiniest coat of mud, to win a smile of approbation from him! He heeded them not—contrary to his wont. In vain did the ducks suspend their toilet, to shake their bills and wag their tails, in token of recognition. Noodles was holding sweet communion with his own duck, and too much engaged composing a *billet doux* to her, to pay any attention to such rude and wanton interruptions.

#### CHAPTER III.

*Ye Noodles reachelh ye store after divers adventures, and purchaselh ye magnificent present.*

The sun was shining in the Heavens regardless of expense, as the hero of our story reached his destination. He reached it, I say; but how he got

there—how his soul was so wrapt up in his beloved that he neither saw nor heard ought of the busy world which past him—how many pedestrians damned his blind eyes on the way—how many rowdies ostled his unconscious person into dirty puddles—how he found his progress suddenly arrested by an impertinent lampost—how he poked his cane innocently through seas of crinoline, and tumbled over innumerable obstructions, without in the least being aware of the fact or discomposing his fortitude, remain for the future historian of Canada to relate. Suffice it to say, that Noodles reached the desired place, and selected a precious present: tall it was; of the purest gold, and inlaid with the richest gems; yet delicate withal, and confoundly easy to be broken.

#### CHAPTER IV.

*Ye Hero of the story carrielh away ye prize, and cutteth up ye capers with joy thereat.*

The joy of a mother in having found her lost child, or of a rogue in escaping the pillory at the hands of THE GRUMBLER, was nothing to the joy of the latest scion of the illustrious Noodles, while surveying the *chef d'œuvre* of a present, as it stood in his study. He saw his beloved's smile in every wrinkle of the gold, and her bright eyes in each flash of the diamonds. He surveyed himself in his looking glass, and then flung his boot-jack at it, because the abominable thing made him squint. He walked abroad to cool his ardent temper, and sang a lusty roundelay in the street. He was shut up by a policeman, and thereupon he immediately went home, and wrote a furious article against the police force, and went to bed.

#### CHAPTER V.

*Ye Hero goeth to ye abode of ye beloved, on ye Christmas Eve, and findelh ye rival there, who causelh ye dire catastrophe.*

The lazy hours seemed to lag on wings of lead until the time for his departure for his beautiful and beloved mistress arrived. It came at last. Dressed in the most exquisite taste, with the neatest of all speeches off by heart—and his magnificent present of gold and jewels under his arm, the younger Noodles presented himself in the drawing room. His mistress smiles on him from a distance. His soul is intoxicated with joy. He hastens forward, when—death and the devil! he is met by Fobs! Fobs, there at such a time! Good heavens! This is much too much—the room seems to swim round. Fobs says something! Fobs smiles sarcastically and laughs hysterically! Fobs is evidently going to commence a row! Now is the time young Noodles to be all your immortal self. But, alas, Noodles is not his immortal self! He is not half nor quarter his immortal self! Noodles is going fast! Fobs is big and he is little! Fobs evinces unbounded delight at seeing Noodles. He must shake both his

hands! Heavens! The precious present is under that arm! Don't shake that hand, Fobs! But Fobs is deafen than a door post! It is done!—Bang! Down goes the Christmas present with a dreadful crash! Fobs is overwhelmed with dismay! He hastens to pick it up. Nood es, frantic with grief and rage, dives down to do the same. Fobs accidentally falls over Noodles, who falls over the precious ornament, which is made thereby as flat as a pancake. The ladies scream and the wildest disorder prevails! Noodles yells in the bitterness of despair, and rushes frantically to the lake shore, where is discovered ominously feeling the water some two hours afterwards by one of the watch. Fobs explains the matter to Noodles' mistress and engages her for the next quadrille.

P. S.—The wretched Noodles is expected to commit suicide every minute. Yesterday, while shaving he gave the most alarming symptoms of cutting his throat.

### THE FRANCHISE.

The day draws near,  
When fun and beer  
Will flow in jolly plenty,—  
When for a rots,  
They tip a note—  
A five, a ten, or twenty.

There's neighbor Jones,  
He made no bones  
To hint about his taxes.  
No sooner said  
Than they were paid,  
Thus honesty relaxes.

This freeborn right,  
For which you light,  
This franchise for the masses;  
Is all a hoax  
To gammon folks,  
And make them greater asses.

Now what have we  
For liberty—  
Immunity for rowdies—  
For Truth a snare—  
For rogues a care,  
Protection for their dowdies.

### Reputation.

The *Leader* has made the discovery that the Hon. Mr. Scitotte is by no means as clever a man as was generally supposed, while the *Globe* gives him credit for abilities which it never before could discover in him. Such transparent and flimsy stuff can have no weight with the public, either to lower or exalt Mr. Scitotte's character as a statesman, and can only produce a hearty contempt for any opinions which may in future appear in either journal.

### New Appointment.

Robert Moodie, Esq., has been appointed by his Excellency, Commissioner of Public Works, in the room of Hon. L. V. Scitotte resigned — *Gazette 32nd Dec.*