

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.]

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THE GRUMBLER

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THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coat,
I rade you tent it;
A chiel's amang you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll mend it."

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1863.

PUFFS PRODIGIOUS.

Mr. Wonderfully clever young man, delivered a lecture last night, before a large and appreciative audience, on the very interesting historical subject of "Who's who; and why?" The talented lecturer treated his subject with masterly ability evincing genius of the highest order. He divided his subject into two parts, in order to render it perfectly intelligible even to the meanest intellect. In his first division he showed clearly "who was who;" to the satisfaction of every one present, some of whom were nigh moved to tears by his vondrous eloquence. In the second division, he pointed out in the most lucid manner, "Why."

This certainly was a masterpiece of reasoning, and showed that the gifted lecturer was possessed of logical powers of the most extraordinary character. We have not space for the whole lecture, but we cull some of the choice bits: The lecturer commenced by stating "this is a most important subject," he afterwards added, "This Canada of ours has a glorious future;" and also,—"we have room for one more,—Britons never shall be slaves." The lecturer was frequently greeted with loud and long continued cheering. We observe the gentleman has consented to deliver another lecture on a subject which we feel confident will draw a crowded house, viz., "Whom chased who around the walls of what?" Every paper, every where.

UNIVERSITY EXTRAVAGANCE.

To the Editor of the Grumbler.

AWFUL SIR:

With feelings of the profoundest awe, I take up my trembling pen to address you on this important question. Knowing, Sir, as I do, that your only aim is to expose whatever is wrong; and apply the lash to the wrong-doer, I feel assured that you will give me the aid of your extended circulation for the purpose of exposing the godless institution whose extravagance is more than that of the Sybarites. I may say, sir, with all due regard to truth, that as I set out on my errand of investigation, I was actuated with naught but the purest principles, and in fact with a secret hope that the charges would prove false; but, sir, when, as I approached the building and saw the place where it was built, I was almost speechless with amazement. What on earth could have induced them, I asked, to build in such a place as that when they might have had the gap in the Island for nothing, where the building would have appeared to much greater advantage, especially to travellers by boat visiting our city, who, as they passed slowly through the narrow entrance would have a splendid view of the building; then there would be the advantage to the city, in the filling up of the gap by such a noble edifice, to say nothing of the great practical benefit to students who could swim over every morning to their studies and back again at night. As I mournfully reflected on this item of extravagance, my eye was caught by the glitter of the weathercock—or vane—on the top of the building, I need hardly say that I was almost struck senseless by the sight, for in this my keen perception detected something far more significant than the sight would convey to the mind of the superficial observer. I saw in it nothing less than a premeditated attempt on the part of the godless professors, to strengthen infidelity, and subvert true religion. The case is clear. Does not the word say "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and no man knoweth the sound thereof whence it cometh or whither it goeth."

Now sir, what is their intention in surmounting the University with a vane but for the purpose of finding whence the wind comes and whither it goes, and thus to throw discredit on the Bible, and corrupt the youth of our land. But sir, I feel confident that all such attacks on our religion will be forever vain and impotent, as long, at least, as such papers as the GRUMBLER exist. But I cannot omit to notice that I consider this indecent mode of attacking religion, is calculated to produce far more evil than the bold and open onslaught of a Hume or even a Colenzo.

As I passed along I noticed that for several yards the path leading to the door was covered with inch planks. Now, sir, I do not object to this so much on the ground of extravagance as on that of the false doctrine which it inculcates. Does it not teach the student to think that he is better than the earth, when a plank forsooth is placed between him and it, in order that he may not dirty his feet? Now, sir, I would triumphantly ask, are we not made of earth? and does not this teaching us to despise that of which we are made teach us also to despise the being who made us? These, sir, I consider irrefutable proofs of the infidel tendency of this vain and godless institution. But, sir, to proceed. I entered the hall and there, sir, (will you believe it?) I saw a tassel—yes, I repeat it, a tassel, attached to the bell-rope. In that tassel there were at least 13 cords; each cord must have cost at least one cent and a half; 13 by 13—191 cents; 191 cents is almost a shilling; I shilling put out at compound interest for 100,000 years, would amount to millions of pounds. And here we find them squandering this immense sum.

Sick at heart with what I had already seen, but yet resolved to go on, I requested the beadle to show me the points of interest in the building; he consented, and doubtless with the intention of astonishing me, called out the professors and drew them up in a line for my inspection, and I can assure you Mr. G., he did astonish me, for such a lot of barba-rous, or rather barber-less men I never saw. There they stood, sir, fitting representatives of the one college monopoly, with as far as I could learn all the whiskers in the province planted in their faces. Is it not enough, sir, I would ask, that these men should receive large salaries from the country for doing nothing? Must the country also supply them with whiskers, free, gratis, for nothing, as the poet says, while men of standing like myself and the Editor of the Guardian, are obliged to be barefaced, as the jokers say? I think, sir, that these men should blush for shame, and as I directed my concentrated, and I may say my unanimous gaze on them; they did blush for once in their lives at least. But sir, I must close for the present, and remain, yours, &c.,
E. R.

A fit Subject for the Humane Society.

Will not the humanitarians of this Society look into the case of Dr. Richardson. His nerves have been dreadfully shaken by the conduct of Mayor Bowes.

Jocular.

—If a joke is broad does it necessarily follow that it should be flat.