

I Dreamt that I Sat in the Council Hall.

Air from the Opera of "The Corporation Boys," sung by J. G. Bowes.

I dreamt that I sat in the Council Hall,
And that Aldermen also were there,—
And of all those great guns and Councilmen small,
That I was the Oldest and the Mayor;
I had influence too with the rich—could boast
Of the Police at my call—
But I also dreamt, which pleased me most,
Of another "Ten Thousand" haul;
Of another, of another, "Ten Thousand" haul.

I dreamt that of Cabinet seats I could choose,—
That Girls upon bended knee,
And with bribes no other man could refuse,
They pressed me their leader to be.

And I dreamt those came of letters a host,
From Gowan, my purpose to sound;
But I also dreamt which charmed me most—
"That I got this "Ten Thousand pounds;"
That I got this, that I got this, "Ten thousand pounds."

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO US ALL!

DEAR READER,—A merry Christmas to you! It is the first we ever wished you. It will not be the last. Nations may rise and fall, cataracts may run upwards, the stars may cease to shine, the *Colonist* may become readable, but THE GRUMBLER shall keep on the even tenor of its way; and if you could but live as long as we shall, dear friend, you would live to see land sold for a guinea an inch at the North Pole. But we are digressing. A Merry Christmas to you, as we said before! Perhaps you are sad. "The light of other days" may be stealing in upon your heart; and the music of by-gone years may be breaking upon your ear; and who knows but familiar faces may be crowding upon your memory. Well, let them. They are gone. Fill a bumper to their memory, and resolve to be merry. Remember that sage and remarkably true saying, that "friends will meet where mountains won't." So, be merry! "It will be all the same a hundred years hence." And you that have all your friends here, flourishing like goodly bay trees, rejoice. Gather round the festive board; pile up the presents for the little ones; pour out the wine, and lead off the dance. Banish all care; burn all your dunning letters, and kick all duns down stairs. Eat, drink, and "laugh and be fat,"—but beware of apoplexy.

And you, ladies—young ladies and venerable matrons—may you live to enjoy many happy returns of the season! May all young ladies over sweet sixteen be soon married to the men of their choice—which wish shows that we do not coincide with the libeller who said that no woman is come to her wickedness until she is twenty; and may all old ladies grow more worthy to live as they hasten to die, is the prayer of their

Sincere Friend,

GRUMBLER.

New Publications.

—We understand that T. D. McGee, Esq., is at present engaged writing a life of Geo. Brown.

William Lyon MacKenzie, Esq., is also busy, concocting a life of Cartier, from the time he was a rebel until the time he was at Windsor.

Our devil is as busy as a nailer, he tells us, tagging together a history of Pandemonium. The last publication is expected to sell like wild fire.

A CORPORATION BLOWER.

Alderman W. H. Boulton has been making himself ludicrous, so ludicrous indeed that the *Globe* has actually been able to say something funny in consequence. The motive for his strange gyrations is to be found in this, that he has at last awakened to the fact that his popularity is on the wane. The *ventriloquist* style did not suit at the city election, and though Large William deigned to occupy the civic Chair for ten months, an ungrateful people far from unanimously recognize the value of his services.

William Henry Boulton, twelve months ago, was the worshipped of our cod-fish aristocracy. The atmosphere around him was redolent with *eau de Cologne* and old Windsor. None of the *canaille* dare come within a mile and a quarter of his august presence; he moved in an atmosphere of the purest snobbery and touch-me-not-ism. But now, "oh what a falling off is here." Even old Carr shuns his presence, and ten thousand Bowes withholds his paw. Big Bill finds it necessary to change his tactics; he is "hail fellow well met" with the lowest, hob-nobs with "cabbies," and dances hornpipes, for the edification of the carters. He wishes too, to precipitate a crisis in the affairs of the city, in which he shall figure as the heroic preserver of the Queen of the West. In his search of this crisis he is indefatigable; seeks it in post-holes, in gull sewers, and, shall the word be spoken, in dung-carts also! With a face expressive of the utmost horror, his nostrils dilated, his hirsute appendages exerted, his frame quivering with emotion, he rose in the Council Chamber. All saw a development was about to be made. Even Craig was awed into silence. With eloquent preamble, with protestations of sincerity, with asserations of veracity it came forth. After minute enquiry, and after diligent search, Archbishop Bill has found a Mayor's nest in the aforesaid dung cart. "Two dollars a load, Mr. Mayor, two dollars a load, sir, had been paid for the removal of night soil," he declared then, he would (for the benefit of the city of course!) have carted it away himself for a solitary quarter. The Council Chamber rang with acclamations; here indeed was a man who would expose fraud, here was the man alone worthy to occupy the Civic Chair.

It is said that Nero taxed a certain unmentionable article and smelt the money afterwards to ascertain if it were sweet. That was long ago, but who would have thought that we should see the like again; who would have thought that William Henry Boulton would have sought to manufacture capital from a heap of night-soil. "To what base uses may we come at last."

THE THEATRES.

We went into the Lyceum for five minutes on Wednesday evening, but as we have always had the greatest horror of such pieces as "Dred," we went home immediately, and read the evening *Colonist* by way of penance.

The City Theatre would seem to be doing a heavy business. We have not seen Mrs. Kellog, but understand that she has made quite a sensation already.

RECEIVED.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following Christmas presents:

A pair of slippers from Fanny with "Grumbler" worked on the toes. Much obliged. Shall devote our first leisure hour to ripping aforesaid expression out. We shall then swear to all enquirers that we got them from our cousin.

A cow and a calf from "a Country Friend." Very good. Sent the cow to the butcher's. Shut the calf up in the clothes' press for an experiment.—Found it did not succeed, as the animal had in the interim dined on our Christmas suit. Turned the calf out, and have not seen it since.

A pig from the Lord-knows-who. Sent it to the Editor of the *Colonist* with our compliments.

A challenge to pistols and coffee. Accepted it, and found that the rascally challenger would not come up to the scratch.

The reversion of an estate in the Isle of Sky, which we might enjoy somewhere about the year A. D. 4000—sold it for a yolk shilling and smoked the receipts.

The history of Humbugs. Sent it to Dr. Geikie, with our compliments.

300 gallons of the best brandy. Invited six friends over night, and found in the morning that 299 gls. remained.

METROPOLITAN CHORAL SOCIETY.

Mons. Lazare at the head of his choristers, we are glad to learn, is bent on more conquests. It is a long time since we had a Concert, and the present is a time specially devoted to such amusements. Therefore, we predict a full house for Tuesday night. Of the Society we need not say anything. As it has the public on its side, it needs no puffing; and there is nothing in this world which we so cordially detest as puffs of any kind—except always those sold at the confectioners; and even those are not wholesome.

An Odd Charge.

—At the recent nomination for the Mayoralty, Mr. Boulton was charged with being in bed at nine o'clock on the 17th of March last. We are not aware that going to bed at nine o'clock, unless a man was in a state of what Sir Morgan O'Doherty calls "civilation"—in which case it would certainly be unpardonable at such an early hour in the evening—is such a very heinous crime. "Early to bed," &c., is one of the earliest maxims which we ever learned; and if there remains any doubt as to the worthlessness of the charge thus preferred against the worthy Alderman, we appeal to the ladies—the married ones—to say is nine o'clock too early for a husband to go to roost? of course, they will pronounce an unanimous No!

To our Friends,

—We are very sorry that we cannot divide ourselves into 999 parts in order that we might accept as many invitations to dinner on Christmas day. Therefore, we shall decline with many thanks all the kind invitations sent to us. The Governor General, we hope, will not be angry, but we can make no exceptions, even in his favor.