

THE COLLEGE BOY'S LAMENT.

WRITTEN AFTER THE UNIVERSITY CELEBRATION.

'Twas on October's day,
 When the maple leaves were
 Dropped their tribute to the earth,
 They went to lay the coping stone
 Of a pile new-reared to knowledge;
 And thither in high feather marched
 The boys of U. C. College.

The graduates and students passed
 In togs to the Hall,
 From the greenest of the freshmen,
 Up to Doctor John McCaul.
 The band blew out a merry blast,
 The students took their dinners,
 But no turkey's leg or chicken's wing,
 Was pitched to us poor sinners.

We heard the noisy gowzmen then,
 Hurrah with might and main,
 And fifteen score or more of corks
 Pop from the brisk champagne.
 A little beef would have sufficed,
 Our teeth were getting all edge,
 But nor beef, nor veal, nor bread was there
 For the boys of U. C. College.

At length an unshorn porter came,
 Through the place meant for a door,
 And, as to pigs, some apples green,
 Poured forth upon the floor.
 And this, while they were swigging
 Their champagne, hock and claret,
 We gathered up the beggar's fare,
 And pelted Dr. Barrett.

But what more galled us than it all,
 Were the speech of Mr. Stennett,
 And the *Globe's* absurdly flattering puff
 Of the hospitable Sonnet.
 Tho' "sumptuous repast" he gave,
 Did our Principal acknowledge,
 But "hat it was and where it went,
 Was the boys of U. C. College.

Such was the entertainment rare,
 Which in the autumn's prime,
 When the north wind whistled through the trees,
 At half-past eating time,
 When they went to lay the coping stone
 Of that pile new-reared to knowledge,
 They gave us, poor unhappy wights,
 The boys of U. C. College.

DRANK!!

We implore the Grammarians of Canada by all that is sacred in their estimation, by the shade of Lindley Murray, by the pen of a Gould, by the eloquently erudite tongue of a Gowan, to arrest the tide of corruption which is about to muddy the "well of English undefiled." At every toast on every occasion, whether in honour of the laying of the Atlantic Telegraph or of a Reform victory, we hear the usurped Præterite ousting the legitimate Participle from his throne. Newspaper reporters are infected with the same epidemic. They say, "the Governor General was drank with all the honors." "The toast was drank heartily," etc. etc. Is it a false delicacy that stands in the way of correct grammar? There may be occasions on which an awkward ambiguity may be created; but if the word "drank" in the signification of "slew," "tight," "boozy," etc., stands in the way let it be sacrificed. Or let man invent another verb, or use a dexterously turned phrase to avoid mistakes—but do not let us hear and see educated and well-informed gentlemen, and members of the press daily making a blunder for which a school-boy would be whipped.

YE COLONIST GOETH IT ON YE PAINTINGS.

"One of the greatest pleasures enjoyed in the world, is derived by the connoisseur from the contemplation of works of art, and the enjoyment is itself a proof of a cultivated intellect and a refined taste—for its sublimity places it beyond the reach of the obtuse and depraved."—*Colonist*.

First of all there is the startling statement that the contemplation of works of art, is the greatest enjoyment in the world. Secondly, it is laid down that the enjoyment of this great pleasure is a proof of refined taste. Thirdly, the reason why the first two propositions should not be denied, are set forth, namely, that the obtuse, that is, the blind, and the depraved cannot comprehend them. Now with regard to the first, we beg leave to submit that this would be a worse world than we are willing to give it credit for, if we could not enjoy a greater pleasure than gazing wildly at some half-finished sketches, which in Canada go for works of Art. For instance there are many sordid beings who, we doubt, would derive more pleasure from a quiet pipe and a glass of grog with a friend than from all the spurious imitation of the old masters that ever were exhibited here. As to the second axiom that appreciation of pleasure is a proof of good taste; we will not cavil at it, as an abstract principle. But with what absurd reason does this critic fortify the position he has assumed. Because the greatest terrestrial happiness flows from the contemplation of works of art, and appreciation of this pleasure is a proof of good taste—therefore the blind and the depraved cannot comprehend them. He might as well say that because being roasted alive is one of the greatest punishments that one can undergo, that an appreciation of this is a sign of a sound intellect—therefore the dead have no comprehension.

Advice to Candidates for Civic Honours.

The elections of City Fathers for 1859, will soon be the all-important topic in the bar-rooms and on the cab-stands of the City. We give notice in advance, that we shall take this election under our especial care, exposing the weaknesses of every aspirant worthy of notice. In the meantime we give a little advice which, if properly followed, will ensure the election of every candidate:

Be sure to have your address or card in every whiskey shop in the ward, and pay the landlord a respectable rent for the period of its occupancy.

Do not fail to promise to raise the cab tariff as soon as you are elected.

If you have a respectable opponent, which is not probable, respectable men are not usually fools, apply the Billingsgate dialect plentifully, and you will drive him from the field.

Preach loudly against the enormous taxation of the people, and pledge yourself to abolish it entirely; but still promise a lamp-post opposite every house in the ward.

Pledge yourself to regulate tavern licenses, so as to ensure a close monopoly to saloons, and at the same time to give a license to any body who wants one.

Assure the electors that you never were at school in your life, and never opened a grammar, nothing conciliates the masses like ignorance well displayed.

Challenge an opponent to fight or drink for a wager, and you are all right. A full attention to these motions, and a plentiful supply of mosey, and you will be a spouter.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Whether the Committee who selected the situation or the architect who erected such an outlandish building upon it, are most to blame, we will not decide; but certainly a site three miles from the city and a building in which a concert cannot be given to any advantage, do not reflect much credit either upon committee or architect. It is all very fine to say that it was never intended for any but its original purpose—but it is even too small for that. However, it is a comfort that it can be altered, so as to allow of its being turned to some use; and in the meantime, why not give a ball in it? It would make a capital ball-room with a little expense. It would not make the slightest difference whether it were a pick-pocket's, a fancy, a full dress, a masquerade or a snow ball.

Something, we think, might also be done towards moving the Palace nearer to the city. We remember that it was said when the Martinetti and Blondin troupe was performing here that they *drew very large houses*, and we cannot see why the deuce they could not draw such a moderately-sized building as the Crystal Palace.

Ahem!

—What is the difference between the comet and Canada. The one has a bright tail and the other a dull Head.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A CONSTANT READER.—The communication referred to, never reached us. It must either have been improperly addressed, or have been placed in the wrong box by the P. O. authorities. We shall be happy to hear from you again.

—We are unable to answer your query. We should hope that so exemplary a Churchman as the City functionary referred to, would have known better than allow himself to be diddled by a lot of blacklegs.

BUSINESS'S NOTICE.

THE GRUMBLER desires the attention of its readers particularly in London and its vicinity, to the well-assorted stock of tea and other dry goods, which are to be found in the store of Mr. STROBEY WELSH, Crystal Block, London. He is an energetic and enterprising business man, obliging and attentive to his customers, and extremely reasonable in his pecuniary demands. He has also a stock of excellent teas packed for family use in tins, in quantities varying from a pound upwards. These cases can be transmitted to all parts of the country, and we speak from experience when we say that a better article cannot be had in Canada. Do not fail to send for a supply.

THE GRUMBLER

Is published every Saturday morning, and is for sale at all the News Depots, on the Cars, by all the News Boys. No city subscriptions received, opportunity being afforded for its regular purchase. For the convenience of persons residing in the country, THE GRUMBLER will be regularly mailed, at ONE DOLLAR per annum. Address pre-paid "THE GRUMBLER," Toronto. Correspondents will oblige by not registering money letters for reasons sufficiently obvious. Publishing Office, No. 21 Masonic Hall, (Nordheimer's New Buildings,) Toronto Street.