

## A TALE OF HORROR.

By SIR WALTER SCOTT.

*Blood! blood! they found on every side.*

As slowly snuk the sun to rest,  
His glided rays lit up the west,  
Where Indians fondly place the blood,  
In Paradiso.

But as his radiant beams retired,  
They threw a light on things unspired,  
'Bout half-past four, that self-same day  
Upon the railroad's iron way  
When Towson's head was cut away,  
And he was killed.

All round the track, on tressels wood,  
On bolt, on bar, on ground was blood,  
Blood filled the gullies on each side,  
The culvert's and the sleepers dyed.  
On rail, on sleeper, track and ground,  
Blood I blood I and clotted hair were found  
Proclaiming that some horrid strife,  
Resulting in sad loss of life,  
Short time ago had here been rife.  
Perhaps some fellow's coward blow,  
Had struck and laid his victim low,  
With stones, with sticks, with flail or axe,  
Had on his corpus brought such cracks,  
As needs must finished him.

Thus thought and spoke policeman X,  
The troubling thought his soul did vex;  
His blood-soaked with legal ire,  
And justice set his heart on fire;  
The gaping crowd he thus addressed,  
Why stand ye there like fools possessed.  
Smithers, run for Prince, our Chief,  
Quick, move your pins, your stay be brief,  
Bring Stacy, Cummins, the detective force,  
We'll want their noses to scent out the corpse;

The Coroner must at once be sought,  
With haste let Hallowell be brought,  
Haste, too, for doctors three or four,  
Perhaps the dead they may restore;  
At least post mortem they can hold,  
And let the course of death be told.  
Bumpkin, you fool, stir up your stumps,  
And tell old Croft to bring his pumps,  
A man within the bay thro' lying,  
Who's either hanging, drowned, or dying,  
Which be can quickly tell, 'tis said,  
By simple pumping of the dead.

Police and doctors quickly came,  
Croft and Hallowell did the same;  
A score or two of little boys,  
Had also left their games and toys,  
To view this greater sport.

With grapples then they dragged about,  
Until they dragged the corpus out;  
But oh, the tale it did reveal,  
Did nervous make that gathering feel.  
Poor Towson from his watery bed,  
Was raised to air without a head;  
And as his headless corpse they view,  
I trow they wore in pretty stew;  
Folloeses mizzled, doctors fled,  
Hallowell from the scene was led,  
In laughter about the boys around,  
And with an oath Croft left the ground.

## TO PROPRIETORS OF NEWSPAPERS.

Our publishers, (Messrs. Wiman & Co.) tell us that a copy of THE GRUMBLER is sent to nearly every one of the papers in Canada. We in return receive nearly every newspaper worth reading in exchange.

We therefore have no reason to complain of the proprietors of newspapers—but give them our hearty thanks for the spirit of discernment which they display in this particular, not only towards us—but also towards some weak-minded relations of ours.

## THE THEATRE.

Since last week, we have had the pleasure of seeing Miss Charlotte Thompson play the heroine amongst other pieces in the "Rivals," "Eustache Bandin," and "Romeo and Juliet." In all these pieces she pleased us. In some of them she delighted us. She seems to have excellent command of the entire role of acting—whether it be the melting tenderness of the love-sick Juliet, the boisterous vivacity of Lady Gay Spanker, the capricious coquetry of the romantic Miss Harcastle, or the grief and despair of the wife of the unfortunate Eustache.

While giving her credit for general good acting, we cannot deny that some of her renditions recommend themselves to us with more force than others. But this arises not from the ill manner in which any character is played, but from the greater amount of feeling and expression which she throws into others. We cannot help remarking also that Miss Thompson runs no small risk of being flattered to her own detriment. She is young, and as we said before, she has acquired a fascinating style of acting, which reminds us of that dear little pet, Piccolomini; and in such cases critics always see through a glass darkly, while the general audience shut their eyes for a while to all blemishes. However, from what we have seen of her, we presume that Miss Thompson is more than a superficial student, and therefore we have no fear of her. As *Josephine de Beauvair* in "White Lies," Miss Thompson achieved another triumph. Her rendition of this character was a beautiful piece of acting.

We have now barely room to record the pleasure Mrs. Marlowe has given us during the past week in various characters, and the pain Mr. Halford inflicted on us every time, in the said week, that he substituted his own elegant "you was" for the more vulgar, yet common "you were of the text."—"Romeo and Juliet," was not well cast, yet we must give Mr. Loe's *Romeo* his credit. Mr. Marlowe's *Mercutio* was good; M. Ducaen's, *Count de Paris*, bad.

We understand that Miss Thompson is to be engaged next week. We hope that this is true, and that the public will have another opportunity of witnessing her correct and elegant rendition of the leading characters in those sterling old English comedies, which she excels so much in. By the way we must insist on a little more celerity on the part of our new stage manager.

## MISTER GRUMBLER,

Ma I ax your infloence to git me the birth of Post office here, for the nuse-papers only, and lett the other man kip charg off the letters, sum fok think that sum fok will git up readin papers, and June is thinks of stoppin sellin papers, coz the price will have to be rized, by the heatsons in the big house poosion on the half scent, in that kase I woud only want the birth for 6 months. If I gets it, I'll start a nuse-paper here to sport the ministry, every man to cum for his own paper cheaper and tel Smith to git all the pappers to cum round by the bridge til it brakes.

Ures to comeand,

A. DEXTERHAND.

Niaggerar Fawls,

April 16, 59.

P. S.—I cood boo the custum house officer two.

## TRULY AWFUL.

Speaking of the removal to Quebec, the *Globe* of Thursday thus proclaims its maudlin sentiments:

"Sir Edmund Head still sticks to his pretence of being forced into the Quebec removal by his Council. \* \* \* \* \* While he is saying this it has actually been agreed that a brick building shall be erected at Quebec for the use of the Government! Yes, actually, notwithstanding the frightful position of the finances, the ministry are about to undertake the construction of buildings which will be abandoned in four years."

From the style of the above, one would think it was penned by one of our editors, with the object of creating laughter, not indignation. As it is, we can scarcely believe that the Editor of the *Globe* was serious when he wrote it; since it is indeed rather funny to proclaim to the world with every semblance of got-up indignation that actually a brick house is about to be erected by the Government in Quebec. Such an atrocious event ought to be immediately followed by a repeal of the Union! Mark how the Editor prefaces the astounding announcement that the Government are about to commit the unheard of crime of erecting a brick house in Quebec, by the startling adverb "actually." Who does not hear their blood boil in reading the announcement "Actually a brick house!" Oh, Bloody Wars! what's the country coming to at all, at all, will be the universal exclamation on reading Thursday's *Globe*.

"Yes!" the *Globe* goes on to say, regaining its breath after this terrible exposure of the vile intentions of the Government, "actually (!) notwithstanding the frightful position of the finances, the Ministry are about to undertake the construction of buildings!" &c. Just think of it peacefully, people of Upper Canada, if you can. Imagine a brick house slowly rising on the plains of Quebec. Picture to yourselves windows, actually, being inserted in that aforesaid building; and actually as if to cap the climax, a roof being put upon it; and all this, notwithstanding the "frightful position" of the country. Why, it is enough to frighten the strongest-minded horse from his oats.

Talk of the sacking of Troy, of the burning of Rome, of the Deluge, or of the breaches in the Island! They were all child's play compared to this atrocious concoction of a vile ministry. We can scarcely trust ourselves to write on this explosive subject any longer, lest, like the Editor of the *Globe* we should magnify this brick house into buildings! We will therefore conclude by raising our antiquated beaver from off our noble brow, and asking the people of Upper Canada how long they are going to put up with this worst of Lower Canadian tyranny? Shall it go forth to the world that Upper Canada stood tamely by and allowed the Government calmly and to their own liking to erect a brick house actually in Quebec? Where is the noble spirit that actuated our sires? Where is that spirit of liberty, and that hatred of oppression that spurred on a Hampden and a Mackenzie to deeds of deathless fame?—Where's the Printer's Devil? Where's everything? Where's anything?—Where's the next case?