

M. J. J. J.  
Richmond

# THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1858.

NO. 31.

## THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats  
I rofe you tent it;  
A chiel's amang you taking notes,  
And, thich, he'll prent it."

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1858.

### OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

Ofentimes has it happened when our very efficient police have succeeded in apprehending some notorious rascal, for whose depraved carcass the prison doors have long been gaping, that said rascal turns out to be a bosom friend of one of those gentlemen to whom the people have, in the exercise of their wisdom, confided the government of the city. Following the noble example thus set him, (though unshielded by the law,) our Chief of Police, a few days since, let loose upon society three rogues, but a short time previously apprehended for robbery. Who should dare to question the wisdom of the proceeding, who would be so bold as to charge this illustrious scion of the house of Sherwood with a dereliction of duty? He rested in sublimest security, never dreaming that an accuser would dare to step forth. "Towzer" slept peacefully upon his breast; no sound of approaching danger reached e'en the bull-dog's ear. Suddenly the storm burst, and Oadi Gurnett appears riding upon the wind. On Monday night last did this individual presume to lay "the facts of the case" before the "Common" Council, as he in his presumption dares to call that august body of which Ardagh, Wilcock, Davy Read and Griffith, are members. By what right does he force himself into notice? Does he know anything about the breeding of bull-dogs; does he understand the noble art of self-defence; is he an adept with the billiard cue or the dice box? We trow not, and wo unhesitatingly ask again by what right does he interfere with a man so superior to himself? In the words of the ancient and thrice noble Pistol, we indignantly demand:

"Shall dughill killes  
Confront the Hallicoe,  
And Sam-I-vol be  
Snub-bed?"

We trust not, let the Blowers treat Radaman thus as he deserves.

Councillor Griffith, of St. John's Ward, wants a bell, it appears. Several have been bought for "alarming" purposes, but their destination has not as yet been settled. If Mr. Griffiths had applied for a set of bells, we could better have understood his meaning, as we should at once have come to the conclusion that he intended to ornament his cap therewith, a *la Touchstone*. The worthy Councillor should bear in mind, however, that, the "fools" of olden days, were supposed to make their hoarers laugh by their wit, not at their nonsense. Perhaps, after all, no such idea entered the mind of Mr.

Griffiths; but whether or not it be the case, we would advise the electors of St. John's, should their representative succeed in procuring the bell for them, to hang it round his neck, that warning of his whereabouts may hereafter be given; for should they lose so great a treasure, how would they replace it! Such a contingency is by no means improbable. The poor youth often wanders in his imagination, and as that is on the most extended scale, great difficulty might be experienced in finding him, should he once lose himself in its mazes, unless some such precaution as that we propose, be at once adopted.

Yes! we think the notion is decidedly a good one; and something of the kind ought to be done with other members of the Council too. Davy Read, as Chairman of the Finance Committee, reported last Monday evening, against naming the streets on account of the expense. But it would cost comparatively little to label each member of the Council with his name. How great would be the advantage! Should Mr. Craig become daubed to more than an ordinary thickness with the dirt in which he delights to wallow, the stupid police officer, who cannot tell a gentleman from a black-guard under ordinary circumstances, would know he had not the latter to deal with, by once glancing at the label on the back of our friend. Davy Read and others will also appreciate the value of the proposal. We recommend it to their careful consideration.

### MR. BROWN'S DOOM SEALED.

This event, long pre-eminently desired by Ministers, Editors, and politicians generally of the Powell-Fellowes school, is, if we may credit the *Galt Reporter*, at length about to be consummated. But whose powerful hand is to light the taper of indignation and affix the crushing seal of doom?

We trust the reader won't laugh or look incredulous if we reply, "none other than our ancient friend William L. McKenzie's." The oracle of Galt is perfectly oracular upon the point, "McKenzie's opposition will seal Brown's doom." Isn't it too bad that William can't be quiet in his old age? Only fancy him buckling on his armour and carrying Brown by storm. We did think the time had arrived when the hero of '38 might repose upon his laurels; but no! again the trumpet sounds, and he boldly rushes to the conflict. Meanwhile the eyes of the rapt seer of Galt kindle with a lurid glare as they pierce the shrouded future, and behold the paw of the Lyon crushing the neck of his stalwart antagonist.

There were false prophets in the days of King Ahab, but of course the animal could not exist in the atmosphere of truth which pervades Canada in the 19th century. We trust, therefore, that Mr. Brown will receive timely information of the coming crash and hasten to get his house in order.

### MY SON TOM: OR MRS. TURTLE-DOVE'S COMPLAINT.

MY DEAR GRUMBLER,—I must really ask your advice about my son Tom, who is behaving in such a way as to throw his own dear father and mother and sisters into the greatest fright possible. He has taken a strange fancy for boxing, and is always rolling up his sleeve to show his muscle, in fact he is quite disgusting. He's got his own room fitted up with sparring matches about Horridgin and Mackey, and those brutes that tear each other to pieces. It is vain that I taught him his "dog's delight" when he was young, he says "dogs delight" is rubbish, and says gloves don't hurt a bit, and he broke my spectacles to shew me how near he could strike without hurting. Then he knocks all the bolsters to pieces with practising, as he says, in order to "give himself an arn."

It's not very long ago that he invited Professor Bloody S. Nott to spend the evening just when Springtoes the dancing master was giving Arabella and Lucia their lesson. The great brute began to make such remarks. When the poor girls were practising the promenade-step he grinned like a Cheshire cat, and said, "that's right my little dears, walk round and show your muscle." Then he asked me if I'd seen the last Clipper, where the fight between the Lancashire Bruiser and Yankee Bantam was described. When I said I hadn't, he said, "more's the pity—there's one of your daughters, just like the Bantam, for she's got a splendid arm, and her mug wouldn't spile easily, seeing as it's hard as a brick." Then Mr. Springtoes, like a nice polite man as he is, went to turn the animal out, but he got knocked into the fire, and my young rascal of a son cried, with laughing, and said, "never mind, mother, it's only his way, you'll soon get used to him."

And what's just as bad, he's always buying the Clipper and Bell's Life, and when I send him to town for my Waverly or the New York Ledger he always gets one of those odious sporting papers and says that it's much better than those love stories, and that I'm too old for sentiment and romance. In fact, sir, I expect to see him brought home insensible on a shutter to swear at me because I don't hear him knocking at half-past one in the morning.

Please give me some advice, and believe me,  
Yours truly,  
ARABELLA JANE TURTLEDOVE.

### An Artistic Criticism.

—Speaking of Mr. Shanley's report of the Ottawa ship canal, the *Leader* says, "that in point of artistic execution, it is such that it might be read with a cigar in your mouth."

QUEST.—Whether the editor did not slyly mean to insinuate that the report, like the cigar, would end in smoke?

*Richards*

**SLOW DOUBLE QUICK.**

The Blowers in Council assembled,  
Looking wondrously sage and grim,  
From the depths of their air-flow-jute paddles,  
Gave birth to a monstrous whim;  
First in paradox novel dealing  
They issued, stiff, solemn, and starchy  
A law, for the future compelling  
Fire Companies to march  
In slow double quick time.

What slow double quick time may mean,  
Whether "to run," or "leisurely stalk,"  
The head of a Webster would puzzle,  
So the Blowers define it—"a walk."  
All stupid indecorous haste,  
All eager, unruly desire  
To be first, these sage Blowers have checked,  
Men must march to a dre  
In slow double quick time.

Of course with the kindly intention,  
Of giving incendiaries more time  
To burn houses down by the hundred,  
And then 'scape scot free for their crime.  
These Blowers in Council assembled,  
Have determined, stiff, solemn and starch,  
To mule in a fire pound penalty,  
Any Fireman daring to march,  
Sare in slow double quick time.

With consistency worthy the paddles  
Of adle-head, shallow pate sages,  
They offer a prize to the first on the spot,  
Where a conflagration rages.  
And exit with a wisdom most wondrous,  
Give birth to a law in a hury,  
"We'll punish each Fireman daring to seem  
Or to be the least bit in a hury;  
Let them march in slow double quick time."

**GYMNASIUM OF FASHION.**

A young gentleman of this city, of unmistakable birth, unexceptionable breeding, and prepossessing exterior, who has been reduced in circumstances by his penchant for fashionable expenditure, begs to announce his intention of setting up a Gymnasium of Fashion, in which all the minutiae of genteel behaviour will be taught to young would-be swells in accordance with an original, but sound method. He will commence at the very rudiments, taking the pupil in hand just at the point where the dancing-master leaves him. A liberal education is not necessary for the pupil, as a dialect will be taught which is quite independent of grammar, and unadapted for the expression of literary or philosophical ideas. The said dialect consists of a number of the smaller and shorter sort of English words, cut and trimmed to the capacity and taste of the learner, and divested of all the masculine sounds of the alphabet, r's being *chass'd* with scrupulous vigilance.

Our professor will communicate his system in Lectures abundantly illustrated by models. He will keep his pupils well posted in the new fashions, and will be always ready to direct them to the most unexceptionable tailors. He will keep for their use a Library of Reference, containing a list of the residences, means, habits, and character of the individuals and families reckoned *ton* for the current year; the most recent intelligence of smashes in life, and the names of the tradesmen notorious for giving the longest "tick." Our professor plumes himself on his proficiency in the epistolary art, and is desirous of communicating some degree of it to those who may become his pupils. He will under-

take to teach the best styles of answering troublesome duos, accepting invitations from persons of *ton*, and declining those from ineligible individuals. A diversified collection of crinoline and hoop-models will be kept on hand, and awkward young men may improve their gait and make themselves less obnoxious in female society, by learning to steer among them, and by practising several hours a day the performance of promenading with a female model, (on castors,) commencing in both cases with smaller sized "circumstances," and using the larger ones as dexterity comes by habit.

The most approved mode of cutting troublesome acquaintances will also be communicated, and our professor flatters himself that any young gent of tolerable nous will after ten lessons be able to walk up and down King Street, at any time of the day, without discomposure, though he be in debt to every tradesman on the south side, and though a rail-car full of his country acquaintances greet him at every corner. Perfect success is guaranteed in this particular, as Messrs. Brown, Robinson, and Allan have tried the method, and consider it the only vermifuge, so to speak, sure to rid one of troublesome acquaintances after an election. Smoking is taught in a few lessons. Brandy, lager beer, etc., will be supplied to persons drinking for wagers. Gymnastics and callisthenics conducted on a new plan. model street-lamps are provided for gentlemen to break at one dollar a piece; wooden or gutta-percha policemen and skull-crackers supplied, but gentlemen are at liberty to bring their own policemen, which will be properly taken care of during their absence.

Our philanthropical friend intends to make his class select, so that no wood-cutters or organ-grinders need apply.

N. B. A liberal reduction made to Law Clerks and University Students.

**AN IMPROVEMENT ON HICKOCK'S FLORAL CONCERT.**

We understand it is the intention of the Governor General in the course of a few months to give a series of Vocal Concerts in the Hall of the Legislative Assembly. He will be assisted by some 130 performers, many of whom have been long in training for the purpose.

The music, entitled "A scramble for power," consists for the most part of solos, varied on rare occasions with duets and even chorusses.

Each performer may dress himself as he pleases, but all will wear some distinguishing color or badge—such as Brown, Red, Orange, Green, Blue, &c. Stages will be erected on each side of the hall, which is made to represent a Bear Garden, where the Bears will meet to choose their Leaders. This done, they will divide themselves into two parties, the Bleu-Moderates and Rouge-Grits, and each company will sing an opening chorus.

The Bleu-Moderates, having obtained possession of Power, will commence as follows:

Hail! Power, thou lofly Genius,  
Still on our banners dwell;  
They say you soon will leave us,  
We know 'tis false as he—l.  
Stay with us, lofly Genius.

After which the Rouge-Grits:

O! glorious Power, we supplicate thy smile,

Come death in our arms;  
Long have we wooed thee 'sh bestow at length  
Thy fascinating charms.  
Come glorious Power.

A footstep is heard approaching, and a Recluse enters the garden in search of retirement; he discovers speedily that he once left the place in disgust, but urged by old associations lingers and listens. Then follows a chorus in which all unite, "Who shall be King of the Bears," after which various Bears chaunt forth their respective claims to the crown; prominent amongst them, of course, will be heard the Leaders of the two parties, John A, large Orange favour, and Geordie, Rouge Brown ditto. Easter however arrives without a decision, and the Bears retire for a season, singing—

Welcome Easter doubly welcome.  
Each one now can rest himself,  
But oh, better far whilst resting,  
We can pocket still the pet,  
Sweet six dollars daily.

Part the second, represents the return of the Bears after the Easter recess; and the garden is once more vocal with the song of the Leaders to their troops:—

Come, noble Bears, your armour don,  
The "scramble" must not cease;  
Bleu Moderate and Rouge-Grit arouse,  
The time is passed for Peace.  
Arouse! arouse!

The Bears then proceed with their choice, but after much discussion they are unable to agree in their verdict, and refer the matter to the Recluse, who, it will be unnecessary to inform the spectator, is personated by Wm. Lyon Mackenzie. After long consideration, for the recluse has not much love for Geordie of the Rouge-Brown, and still less for John A., of the large Orange, he awards "Power" the prize to himself, and is straightway crowned King of the Bears. Then follows a chorus, and the Bears retire, some delighted, others in high dudgeon, leaving the new King of the Bears to close the performance with the following solo:

John A. and Geordie both are sold,  
And I the prize have won;  
Come with me joy, and say you think  
The thing was nobly done,  
Ha! Ha! was nobly done.

We have no wish to detract from the merit of Mr. Hickock's proposed Floral Concert, but to flatter ourselves that it's "no pumpkins," compared with the above.

Lead. —The manner in which a gentleman whose election is pending is treated by the Toronto dailies is sufficient to deter a man of moderately strong nerves from offering himself for Parliamentary honors. In the last part of the week the *Globe* was so sure of the success of its candidate that it persisted that his return would be "a tremendous blow at the Government." The other papers fought shy for a time; but the election having turned out the opposite of what had been expected, the four dailies drop the man whose return was to be followed by such dire effects; and seize on the winning man, as a lot of hungry cabmen would on a railroad passenger, each claiming him as his own individual property. Such conduct is dreadfully puerile.

It slightly bothers us to account for the fact that while our daily papers give sketches of the evidence in the most insignificant of petit larceny cases, they think it worth while to ignore the existence of the bar of Toronto, and their lofty flights of eloquence in our courts of justice. The high and noble estimate many of them have formed of the profession cannot be too often brought before the public, and in order to illustrate by example the style of reports we should like to see introduced, we give a faithful account of a case which has been entirely unnoticed by the journals:

REGINA vs. McSCROUCHER et al.

Matthew McScroucher and Tim Terrapin, were placed at the bar charged with stealing 35 onions, the property of Artaxerxes Artichoke.

Hon. J. H. Comealong, appeared for the Crown; Mr. Jacobus Bowllyn for McScroucher, and Mr. R. M. Awlyn for Terrapin.

Mr. Comealong opened the case.—May it please your Lordship, gentlemen of the Jury, this—aw—is a case of petit larceny—aw—an offence—aw—which you are doubtless awayaw is—aw—punishable—aw—by—aw—the law of the land. It would appear that—aw—the prisonaw at the bar passed the—aw stow, or—aw place of business of Artaxerxes Artichoke—aw—choke, and while the—aw—man was attending to some other—aw pawties, purloined—aw—the articles mentioned.

They were recovered from the—aw prison—aw—McScrouchaw, and hence the present trial. If—aw you, gentlemen of the Jury think that the prisonaw stole the vegetables, you may safely find a verdict of guilty, but—aw—if not, you had pawpaws betaw acquit them—aw.

Artichoke was called and testified to be disappearance of the onions.

Cross-examined by Mr. Awlyn—Now, Sir, where did you buy these onions?

Witness—I didn't buy them, I raised them.

Awlyn—You raised the price, you mean, ha! ha! well, he! he! now on your solemn oath, were these onions English or Spanish onions?

(Puts his arms a-kimbo and squints towards the Judge, compressing his lips as who should say "I've got him now.")

Witness—They were pickled onions.

Awlyn—Now, Sir, look me straight in the face [witness laughs outright] you dare to laugh, sir, again, and I'll annihilate you. Will you swear that there were 35 onions in that bag? Some little boy may have hooked 2 or 3 as he went to school; take care, sir—No provarication.

Witness—Well, I know there was 35, because I put them there only a minute before they were stolen.

Awlyn—Ah! well who was in the shop with you?

Witness—My wife and two customers.

Awlyn—Your wife? well is she the daughter of your father-in-law?

Witness—Generally speaking.

Awlyn—Did you see my client, my client you understand, Terrapin, at your door?

Witness—Yes!

Awlyn—Your wife's pretty good looking, isn't she? ha! ha!

Witness—Sir!

Awlyn—She is, I believe; now, will you swear that Terrapin, that is, my client, was'at casting sheep's eyes at your wife?

Witness—If you had been there I should have said some one was casting calf's eyes in that direction.

Awlyn—Answer my question, sir, was not Terrapin looking at your wife, and not stealing your onions?

Witness—Can't say, but when he had done looking at my wife, the onions were gone.

Mr. Bowllyn—Mr. Artichoke, of course, you are well known in the city, no one would doubt your word, in fact you are a jewel of a citizen, now, did you see McScroucher at the door?

Witness—No.

Bowllyn—Ah! I thought not; now, sir, please tell the jury if you ever saw him before to-day?

Witness—Not since I took the onions out of his coat pocket.

Bowllyn—Eh! oh! you took the onions out of his pocket; now, sir, don't you know that he bought those onions that morning? Speak out, sir, if you must perjure yourself, let us have plenty of witnesses. [Snauff's violently.]

Witness—I might have sold him 35 onions, but I didn't give him a bag with my name on it to hold them in.

Bowllyn—Now, didn't Terrapin steal some potatoes before?

Awlyn—I demur to the taters. The learned counsel ought to know better.

Bowllyn—The learned counsel, the knight of the red bag, is a fool.

After a brisk skirmish, the tater "element" was got rid of by mutual consent.

Mr. Awlyn—I have one question to ask. Where the potatoes pink eyes?

Witness—No.

Awlyn—Then you're out, for here's one of the potatoes, and it's a pink-eye.

After several other witnesses had been introduced and mangled by these foolish counsel who seemed determined to give the latest instance of a fall-out among rogues.

Mr. Awlyn rose and addressed the Jury:—

May it please your Lordship, &c.—The learned counsel has attempted to peach on my client; was ever anything more dishonourable than his exposition of conduct? The introduction of the tater element was unprecedented in the annals of forensic eloquence. I may say so fearlessly, for I do not care for the learned counsel. Innocence and my client are in danger; put them in one scale, and the other prisoner and 35 onions in the other, and I need not predict the result. Onions, gentlemen, that delightful vegetable whose savory flakes float through our soup, or garnish the gravy of our roast beefsteak. Onions of which Shakspeare has spoken in these memorable words:—

Onion, I'll try to write a verse about thee,  
What were our juicy steaks without thee;  
Cucumbers and onions are delicious,  
But without onions they are not nutritious;  
When brought too near to tender smollers,  
Thou bringst the tears into the eyes of fellers.

Can you think, Gentlemen, that my client was so lost to poetry as to deprive that inebriating creature of his onions. Never. Look into his face, and, with the exception of a black eye got in defending his country, did you ever see such an honest face? (Aside, Hold up your head, you fool.) The other prisoner was the wretch, was the knave who purloined the pickleables, he is the miscreant, deal with him accordingly. If you convict my client, he will lose all his hair, and those bewitching locks which now woo the zephyrs of the East, will, with the leaves of autumn, like Vilkins and his poisoned inamorata, "lie in one grave." Acquit the prisoner, and I shall get \$6 more, to say nothing of the triumph of justice; convict the other fellow, and in the words of Milton, "Nix cum arouse, we don't care." But witness thou genius of British liberty, witness thou shaggy lion, the emblem of British power; witness thou shades of Erskine and of Curran; witness the starry firmament, and thou resplendent sun, that my client never took those onions.

Mr. Awlyn then called Sam Spikey.  
Awlyn—You were in Toronto on the day Artichoke lost his onions?

Spikey—Yes.

Awlyn—Did you see Terrapin take these onions?

Spikey—No.

Awlyn—Ha! that will do.

Bowllyn—Did you see McScroucher steal them?

Spikey—No.

Bowllyn—Ha! again.

Mr. Comealong—Were you near—aw—Artichoke's stowaw?

Spikey—No, about a mile off. (Great laughter.)

Awlyn—Gentlemen, think of the sanctity of justice, and don't laugh, I beseech you; Witness, you saw my client have three onions, now will you tell me what sort they were?

Spikey—Spanish onions.

Awlyn—That settles the question, Artichoke's were pickled.

Mr. Bowllyn addressed the jury, but in a voice so loud and disagreeable that our reporter retired.

We understand, however, that he brought up the vexed tater question again, and that a fight ensued between him and Awlyn, both were committed for contempt of Court, their clients both convicted and sent to meditate for six months on the glorious profession of the Law, as represented in the two worthy gentlemen they had engaged to defend them.

The Races.

—We have received several communications complaining of the manner in which the Fall Races were carried on. One correspondent says—that the races did not commence till half-past three instead of one o'clock, as advertised, and accuses the stewards of lying and deceiving the public. Another is indignant that but two or three races were run on each of the three days, whereas they could all have run in the one day. Another protests that the only thing worth paying attention to on the ground, was the band of the R. O. R. Altogether it seems to us, that our sporting friends do not manage things well; and until they do, they cannot look for public support.

## GIVE ME SOMETHING TO COMFORT ME.

She sat by the street side werry,  
With loose dishevelled hair;  
Her head on her bosom lowly drooped,  
With an absent, vacant air;  
Her garments were soiled and time worn,  
A babe nestled close on her knee,  
Whilst with thick and husky voice she brought,  
"Give me something to comfort me."

I marked her throats she mournful sat,  
And murmured her touching plea,  
For slowly she still repeated "give,  
Give me something to comfort me."  
My heart was sad for the mother and babe,  
I pitied their mournful lot,  
And said in an earnest but gentle tone,  
"What would comfort you, tell me what?"  
She raised her eyes all blood shot and red,  
And murmured "some whiskey hot."

## THAT DESPATCH.

Our big brother, the *Globe*, pretends to be exceedingly anxious about the Colonial Secretary's despatch to Sir Edmund Head; it even has the effrontery to doubt the existence of the document in question. Now we beg to assure the *Globe* that it isn't in the least bit to add to its gratification that we give the controverted document from Downing Street to the world. Of course not;—we (like the *Atlas*) never would allow it to be "meanly wormed from us;" other motives actuate us, and a loftier inspiration guides our pen. Whether that inspiration emanates from Sir E. Head, we don't mean to gratify any impertinent curiosity by confessing. Let it suffice the *Globe* and the Grits to know that there is a despatch, and that the following is a correct copy:

TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE RIGHT HON. SIR EDMUND HEAD,  
BART., &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

Hail I thou great ruler of the gorgeous West,  
Where Deity in princely grandeur reigns,  
And huge Sublimity looks on with Godlike smile;  
Sir Edmund Head art thou! It seemeth meet  
That I up on the Altar most Divine  
Of Duty should make offering sacrificial;  
Should tender thee, thou Star of Light, our joint  
Congratulations on the sixty course  
Thou hast pursued through Ganah's dark crisis.  
Firm was thine attitude and Hero-like;  
The True, the Beautiful demanded this  
And not in vain, flung with new Life from thee,  
Their smile Eternal, like the effulgent God  
Of Day His glory pours. Who are the Grits?  
What are the Grins that thou shouldst stoop to them?  
Bow they before the Glorious Shiro of genius?  
Divine, Ethereal Genius! Have thy  
Bunk inspiration at the Altar front,  
Or threaded through the lore mysterious  
Of words auxiliary—of Shall and Will?  
Lore, they avow Poopy; the glorious Firm  
Which vests with Life the inconspicuous dream,  
And stamps the Ideal with form more credible  
Than wears the Actual? Read thy the Heart,  
That Labyrinth inscrutable, which commences with  
The True, the Good, the Beautiful, the Great  
Eternal Mystery of Nature's Soul?  
Pshaw! I those Grits have enviled grown ambitious.  
Who is their leader, this Phoenix Crown?  
A Clod, a soulless Clod, I'll warrant me  
Who ne'er has culled the luscious fruit displayed  
In "Polham" or "Riez," or more late,  
"What will he do with it," Who spurns with scorn  
That Pyramid of Lore, thy "Shall and Will."  
Too brutal far to worship at its base.  
Well dost thou know the Grits, our jolly souls  
Which woo the Truthful and the laudible,  
Can hold no audience with their meager clay.  
Taint not thy presence with it; cast it forth  
And laugh to scorn these blockades of men.

EDWARD LYTTON BULWER,  
Colonial Secretary.

If any unsophisticated reader should deem it strange that Sir E. L. Bulwer composes his despatches in Blank Verse, let them burden their memory with the fact, that the Colonial Secretary both a scholar and a poet.

## BOARDING HOUSES.

DEAR GRUMBLER:—

I've just entered the University, having distinguished myself very much in the Arts examination, and taken a Scholarship, that is, I should have taken one if I had got up my translation a little better, and if that confounded fellow Jones, hadn't got in my way. I intend to work very hard this winter, and want to get a nice place with a bed-room and a study, all to myself, pretty cheap, for \$4 at most. I called at a small house in ——— street, and a most amiable looking lady said she thought she could accommodate me, and showed me to a small bedroom.

LANDLADY.—There's a nice little room, and you have only two students with you here. You can have a large towel between you if you don't bring your own, and though they're doctors, I always makes them keep their skeleton things in the clothes press.

STUDENT.—Ahem. You can let me have a quiet room to study in of course.

LAND.—Well, if you don't like the bedroom for studying, though its warm enough, because its next door to the kitchen, you can go into the nursery if you'll only rock baby's cradle. The last students used to take it by turns, while I was a cooking and washing.

STUD.—(Indignant.) Well, I suppose you'll want me to go to Church with you next!

LAND.—Not every Sunday, as I likes somebody to watch the stove when I'm away, unless you don't want any dinner; but if you likes company, there's my aunt Sally will go with you if you've got a pew, but mind she's precious particular.

STUD.—(Contemptuously.) How much do you charge for all this.

LAND.—Four dollars, if you supply your own knife and fork, and soap, and bedclothes, but four and-a-half, if you don't. My aunt Sally—

STUD.—(Boiling over and going.) Aunt Sally be—

LAND.—(Slamming the door.) Those students are the impercentest, they're a—

I then departed and came to a larger and more respectable place. As I arrived about tea time, I sat down and partook of a very tolerable repast. The tea, it is true, was nothing extra, the butter was not above par, and the bread was a little sour, but I made allowances for hard times, and consented to go up stairs and look at the sitting room where three very "quiet, respectable, exemplary young men," were supposed to occupy their evenings profitably, and to be not averse to the introduction of one, and but one more into their sitting room. On entering the room, I encountered a villainous smell of stale tobacco smoke, and nearly fell as I stepped on a greasy pack of cards which had been resting on the floor since the previous evening. I was pressingly invited to take a seat at the table, a pipe was thrust into my mouth, I was asked whether I preferred my bitters hot or cold, and before I had time to utter a word of expostulation, found myself the temporary possessor of a fistful of cards, which were said to be my hand at whist. I was told that they had been looking out for some jolly sort of a fellow to make up the game, that they had been

compelled to play euker for some time past, but were now rejoiced at being able to return to whist. I don't know how I managed to escape, but I found myself within an hour, at the corner of Yonge and King Sts., out of breath, with the ace of clubs in my hand, a short black pipe in my mouth, and a dirty rowdy hat, smelling fearfully of tobacco, on my head. What I am to do I know not. I think I shall engage myself as footman to somebody, and try and study during my spare time. I see no other means of getting into serious company, and obtaining the comforts of life at the same time. If you have any advice to give, please give it.

Yours, in tribulation.  
ROMEO RUTZKUSS.

## THE TWO THEATRES.

The Royal Lyceum will be re-opened on Monday, with the long promised "Forty Thieves," in which Mr. Nickinson sustains "Ali Baba;" previous to which Mr. Marlowe will do his best in the eccentric line in a new comic drama—"Our Wife;" Miss Frost and Mr. Lee, we understand, will play leading characters. Our Manager must exert himself, for we believe that there is a rival in the field, Mr. Petrie having turned the Ontario Hall into a second Temple of the Muses. We are heartily glad of this, for we believe that the Drama has languished here for some time past, for the want of a little wholesome competition. We wish both undertakings all the success they will deserve.

## DIZZY HEIGHTS.

*The Height of Absurdity*—The *Atlas* writing a series of articles on the English press, and being stupid enough to believe that any body will read them.

*The Height of Presumption*—Mr. R. M. Allen thrusting himself into the Assize Court to display his imbecility.

*The Height of Consistency*—The Corporation offering a prize to the Engine Company who reach a fire first, and then forbidding them to move faster than a walk.

*The Height of Credulity*—Turning the key of a hydrant at a fire, and expecting any water.

*The Height of Impudence*—Nominating Mr. Ten Thousand Bows as Mayor.

*The Height of Folly*—Getting the *Globe* to support you as a Candidate for the Legislative Council.

*The Height of Disgrace*—Obtaining a seat in the City Corporation.

*The Height of Misfortune*—Getting a puff from the *Colonist*.

*The Height of Stupidity*—Jumping off the cars after a prisoner, and expecting any praise or reward from the Corporation.

## 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 the 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 persons sufficiently obvious. Publishing Office, No 21 Masonic Hall, (Northwester's New Buildings) Toronto Street.