

THE GRUMBLER.

OL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1859.

NO. 59.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coat
I rede you tent it;
A chiel'annin' you taking notice,
Auld, faith, he'll prout it.

SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1859.

THE PROVINCIAL SPOUTING APPARATUS—No. VI

I.—LEGISLATIVE DULNESS.

You were not wont to be so dull.—*Richard III.*

The week which has just closed has been the dullest and most tiresome of the prosiest sessions we ever witnessed. No oratory, no wit, no particular readiness in business; a dull languor seems to have come over the House. Even Gowen has given up in despair, and for a whole week we have been saved his inflictions. Messrs. Scotte and Lorauger have taken refuge in the L. O. Law Courts while the good humored, easy-going Inspector General has been unfortunately confined to his house by illness. To give our readers an idea of the present distressing state of things we may state that Mr. Drummond has been compelled to turn wit, that the Attorney General West has had to turn his attention to his personal appearance, and that Benjamin has surrendered one pound of flesh this week to that inexorable Shylock,—*emui*. Won't somebody get up a vote of want of confidence, or an Arkansas fight, or tread on the Speaker's corns?—Anything for a little life.

II.—FLUNKETANA.

Unreal mockery, hence—*Macbeth*.

Of all the stupid and grotesque ceremonies it has been our good fortune to witness, the interchange of messages between the Houses of Parliament beats all. Three or four loud raps at the door of the House from a mallet or sledge hammer; the Sergeant-at-arms rises from his seat, and walks up to the table, bows three times to Mr. Speaker, and informs him that a messenger from the Legislative Council is getting his death of cold at the door. Mr. Speaker musters up his dignity, and with the air of a man who isn't afraid, and rather likes a little brisk excitement, instructs the Sergeant to admit the messenger. Grabbing "the bauble," and marching off triumphantly to the door which opens from the outside, he admits the ambassadors. Ector grave and serious clerk and brisk automaton with a black stick cocked up at an angle of 45°. Grave and serious clerk and brisk automaton bow the latter separating on a hinge half-way down the back, the former bowing all the way down. Sergeant and mace take charge of automaton, clerk marches up at the rate of 2 knots an hour, bowing three times to surly Speaker, whose imposing appearance is heightened by a cocked hat. Clerk reads message, retires bowing thrice as before,

reaches automaton, who catches the infection, and bows ecstatically; retires poked out by the mace. Speaker tells Sergeant to call them back as if on second thoughts be thought he had better have them strung up at once for their insolence, and informs that the House will reply "by a messenger of its own." Bows and scrapes as before; exempt grave and serious clerk and brisk automaton. Mace returns without damage; Sergeant sits down complacently; Speaker doffs his cap—and the agony is over.

The Great Moral Teacher and his Pupils, male and female.

Yesterday morning at ten o'clock, the extreme sentence of the law was carried into effect on the two unfortunate men, Fleming and O'Leary. The ground was muddy and the sky lowering, but this did not prevent nearly 10,000 persons of both sexes from waiting patiently for the "great moral lesson" Jack Ketch had in store for them. Females of the unfortunate class, females from the city and country, well dressed and apparently respectable, of all ages, contributed about one third of the motley crowd. Near the stern and grim framework of death, were gathered, joking and reckless spirits, speculating on the probable behaviour of the culprits; dabbling about in the mud, little urchins were amusing the wearied crowd by their antics. A man slipping in the mire, a horse starting upon the mob furnished a fund of amusement for ten minutes. Ever and anon a shout of meritment and exultation arose from a section of the crowd, and except a tear from a poor woman here, or a rebuke from a stern man in another place, there was no seriousness, no appreciation of the awful ceremony—no one talked of warning at the foot of the gallows. Oaths and brutal jests were heard in abundance; and when the poor wretches came up, we heard, "O'Leary will die game," "Fleming's scared," but nothing more; and when all was over—"They died easy" and "what a long fall," were the ejaculations of the hangman's pupils. Scenes of this sort have been better described before, and we only refer to the subject now for the purpose of asking if morality is advanced by such exhibitions? If Jack Ketch is an ameliorator of society let him ply his trade inside the jail walls, not in the presence of a callous and reckless crowd who disperse again to their daily tasks as unimpressed by the scene as if they had emerged from the heated atmosphere of a circus or a theatre. Above all, let us not give the reckless and heartless of the other sex an opportunity to gratify an idle curiosity or parade their hearts as at so awful a scene.

Daly's Bill.

A wag member from Lower Canada says, that Daly's bill to shut up the Ssloons from Saturday night till Monday morning, is a bill to compel people to get drunk before seven o'clock on Saturday evening.

ALL THE GREEN DOGANS ARE NOW ON THE BORDER.

Air—*Boyne-water.*

Round I round! Cowan and Sugar Jobn
Why d'nt you rouse to the drums of your order,
Rouse, rouse, Allan and Oglo R.
D'Arcy McGee has his men on the border.
Many a banner spread over the dogans' heads,
"Three Hundred Thousand" are paiting for glory.
Rouse and make ready their sons of true Orangemen,
Fight for the chiefs of the old Orange order.

Come from your lodges, and leave the goat grazing,
Come leave your grips, your pusses and sign,
Come to the stretch when the musons are lazine
Come in your scarlat and purple so fine.
Hear the drums beating and fifea loud repeating,
Head up my boys, march in good order,
D'Arcy rous the day, boast now how he may,
When the green dogans he brings o'er the border.

OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

The proceedings of our City Senate have not had a great deal of interest of late. The prevailing feature of the last two meetings has been that of dullness, and dreary have been the debates of our municipal parents. Mr. Alderman Smith feeling himself aggrieved from what he imagines to be a personal opposition, has tendered his resignation. We must confess that such a course is strongly suggestive of the boy who "went play" because of some petty occurrence. If our good friend is so thin-skinned as to be affected by the opposition and feel that must of necessity arise in such a body as the City Council, we were mistaken in our estimation of him, and regret that his prospects for public position are in consequence much lessened. We have, however, no right to criticise his motives nor his failings, but must regret that the city has lost for a time the services of an honest and very efficient Alderman.

With reference to the proceedings in the council, we have not much space to remark. Mr. Councilman Poll, has taken under his care the Public Walks and Parks of the city, he is as testy about any one interfering with his policy, as a hen with a brood of chickens. His colleague, Mr. Brunel, is of course in opposition, as he always is to anything he has't a hand in himself, and annoys poor Poll terribly. Captain Taylor's long promised and much expected speech, is in rapid course of preparation. It will be replete with the sound practical sense and emphatic language, for which the worthy captain is proverbial. We cannot but remark the improvement in Ald. Dunn. His constant watchfulness and frequent discoveries of "mare's nests," are the theme of general admiration. Neither can we allow the occasion to pass without noticing the industry of Councilman Finch, whose consumption of paper, pens and ink, lead to the belief that he is writing a volume—perhaps a History of the Goose.

Ye Gallant Colonel Playfair goeth to Ye Bal'.

Tell it not in Perth, let not the sound thereof reach Lanark.

SORSE.—Ye Big House o'f yo little Attorney General Cartier in St. George's Square.

Time—Half-past eight o'clock Sunday Evening, February 27th

THE GALLANT AND REVEREND COLONEL IS ANNOUNCED.

Cartier.—(Going forward to meet him.)

Ah I mon cher Colonel, how you do, old boy?
I welcome you with vast moomie big joy:
You are one jolly trump—by gar I moe say
We'll make 'zo hours fly vari quick away.
I introduce you, and I tell you, are,
Ye shall forget you have zo milk-white hair;
You lectio rogue, mo find you one marm tolle
To be your partner in zo next quadrille.

Ah I ab I mo make one joke—sare, while you stay,
You, Meester Playfair, give your heels fair play;
Mo'warn you though—beware zo Cupid's dart
Doe't make zo leetle hole, sare, in your heart.

Playfair.—(Who appears nervous and uneasy.)

Hush, brother Cartier—hem I excuse me, Sir,
Ah, I mean—I really must defer,
Today less sacred, such unballowed fan;
I dance no Sunday!—no! It can't be done;
How to lost'ner shall I dare to preach,
Poor, ruined souls of Lanark, if this breach
Of Heaven's command I boldly perpetrate?
No, Sir! we ministers at any rate,
For fear this wicked world should sneer and snuffe,
Daren't try on Sabbath day the "Double Shuffle."

Cartier.—

Ha! ha! he! he! one gari pretty joke—
Zo double shuffle—why you than have poke
One ballot fan at me—but come, by gar I moe cher,
You shall not be one reverend minister,
You are, zo Colonel Playfair, who have been
One gallant soldier of our gracious queen;
Zo priestman pray, zo soldier sare should feast;
I have invite zo soldier, not zo priest,
Diable, moe cher, you shall be ruled by mo,
And have one vat you call it? lectio spre.

Playfair.—

My Christian brother (aside)—may the fates go hang,
I can't forget my usual Sunday twang.
My dear—ahem!—confound it, Cartier, you
Have no conception what a storm would brew
Among the Lanark boobies, if they knew
I showed my sanctimonious phiz at all
Within a furlong of a Sunday ball.
The very thought of that perspective ahrine
Makes mo feel faint,—old fellow, where's the wiao?
I think a glass or two would do mo good.

Cartier.—

Ah I out, you lectio rogue, of course it would.
What you will have? Champagne—this way, old boy?
By gar I moe cher, I make you dance for joy.
Zo leetle bubbles in zo wine, again
Shall frisk, and dance, are, in your lectio brain.
It is tres bon, one—two—you take another,
Then you no call me more, zo Christian brother.

Playfair.—

Thanke, don't mind, by Jove, you air a trump;
Hug mo, old fellow, if I care a dump
What folks may say, guess now I'll take my fill;
And if I like to dance, why dance I will.
Fill up, old boss—oae more—come ahrine or rein,
And Lanark's Playfair let himself again.
Hence with all thoughts of sanctimonious snuffe,
I'm game, old fellow, for the double shuffle.

Cartier.—

Bravo I mon Colonel, I you love quite het,
Now you have sent zo minister to pot;
Now you have say zo leetle word "don't care,"
You are ones, twice, three times more welcome, sare.
I put you through, you shall ze hero be,
Zo premier guest of ye grand company;
But come, mon Colonel, have you like the same,
Zo blue-eyed and zo black-eyed jollie dame?
You no var nooch parteklar—then me say,

You dance with both to give them both fair play;
But, Colonel, come, we'll have before we join
Zo jollie dames oae leetle glass more wine?

Playfair.—

Perhaps you don't think, old boss, I'm up to snuff,
But sir, I kind o' guess I've had enough.
However, why, I calculate I'll take
Just one glass more—it can't much difference make.

Cartier.—

Ha! ha! I see ze frisky lectio bubble
Make you fit ood, but mind you no see double.
S'lut, mon Colonel, now you come with me,
I introduce you to ze fair lady.

(They go to join the ladies.)

Ye reverend Colonel is introduced to a charming little nymph
with Dawing singlett, and grows gallant.

Playfair.—(with a low bow and benignant smile.)

May I have the supreme felicity of dancing the next quadrille with Mademoiselle?

Nymph with the ringlets.

Avec grand plaisir Monsieur.

Playfair.—(In admiring smile.)

In Mademoiselle fond of dancing?

Nymph.—

Où en! et vous aurai Monsieur?

Playfair.—(Captivating smile.)

I,—oh yes! extremely, Mademoiselle, especially with (low bow) so fair a partner.

Nymph.—

Monsieur est bien galant.

The music strikes up and Playfair nudiously faces it.

Oh! it is a glorious sight to witness the heavy-headed soldier treading the mazes of the dance. Advanced military evolutions. Roture—exquisite grace. Turn particulier—charming smile and the slightest possible (of course involuntary) pressure of the little hand that trembles in his set to partner—Boussary thrown into the shade. Cross over—youthful agility and a faultless chaceer. Down—body bent, and a graceful war of the hand, attended with tremendous effect. Finish—partner led off in triumph, and Playfair the acknowledged lion of the room.

(Cartier advances to congratulate him.)

Cartier.—

Bravo I mon Colonel, I you vari much
Congratulate you have zo finish touch,
You are zo artiste rare in orory part;
By gar I you rogue you turn zo ladie heart.
You have two, three, six, sare, coques in maide,
And put zo gentishmooe all in zo shade.

Playfair.—

Why yes, old boss, I guess now I can come
A kind o' graceful double shuffle, some,
But I say, Cartier, do you—do you think
I really made six coquests?

Cartier.—

Do me tink?

Of course me tink, me know you have you rogue,
You lucky dog, you will be all zo rogue.
Have me no heard zo lots of ladies say,
They like to kies ze dear old Colonel—oh?

Ye gallant Colonel is in ecstasies and begs to be introduced
all round; in the meantime the curtain falls and leaves him
"zo lion of ze Bal'."

SCENE 2nd.—Time half-past one o'clock, a. m., Monday.

Ye gallant Colonel takes his leave. During his walk home
his head is in a continuous whirl; fair faces are still flitting
before him; bewitching eyes are still gazing at him, charming
smiles are still greeting him; but is he quite happy? Alas! no,
an indistinct feeling that something is wrong troubles him.
Ah! he has it at length; he remembers that it was Sunday
night; then he thinks of his Brother Ministers, of his disas-
sociations—of his constituents in Lanark, and devoutly hopes
that neither they, nor the *Globe* will ever hear of his presence
at zo ball.

N. B.—Although this was too tempting an incident to lose, we trust we have used it in a good humoured way, and as our readers will see in another column, we highly disapprove of the conduct of the *Globe* in admitting the reports of a spy into its columns.

AREA SNEAKS.

"A. W. M." which we may as well inform our readers stands for "A Witless Mortal," or in other words,—a fool, writes to the *Globe* that the Hon. Mr. Cartier gave a ball last Sunday at his residence, St. George's Square, and that to his profound consternation no less a person than poor Colonel Playfair was present. Now the reading public need not be told that if the Hon. Mr. Cartier were a Clear Grit, and Col. Playfair a member of the Opposition, "A Witless Mortal" might have written ten thousand letters to the *Globe*, making public his holy horror at the desecration, and not one of them would have seen the light. But the case was otherwise, and the witless creature in question was allowed the use of the *Globe's* columns.

In starting, we may as well state for the information of the few dull readers who do us the honor not to understand us, that we are not apologists for the practice of Sunday festivities. But we are the champions, we hope of fair play—and, let us add, of Play-fair too. We will not allow the sanctity and privacy of any fire-side to be invaded.

Is it not now beyond human patience that a man's private character and private life must be dogged by anonymous correspondents the events of the drawing-room printed in the daily newspapers. That the *Globe*, boasting of its large circulation and its enlightened views, should degrade itself to the character of a "Paul Pry" or a "Spy," displays a demoralization in the Press, that will cause every honest member of the Fourth Estate to blush for shame.

As to the merits or demerits of the case in question—we will only say that it is a matter of conscience, with which the public have as little right to interfere as with the religious belief of the Honorable gentlemen who gave the ball. We know that by taking advantage of the incident in another column we may be amenable to our own censure, but we none the less condemn the conduct of A. W. M. and all spies of that kidney.

A FINE PROSPECT.

The following advertisement appears in the *Globe*:
MEDICAL MAN WANTED.

A properly qualified medical man is wanted in a prosperous country village, 15 miles from Kingston.

The advertisement does not state what advantages go to make the village a prosperous opening for a medical man, but we suppose fever and ague, cholera, typhus fever, cholice, rheumatism, and galloping consumption, go to swell the list. If any of our readers think we have misapplied the word *prosperous*, let them interpret it as applying to the healthy and flourishing condition of the aforesaid village in arts and manufactures. In that case there would be no necessity to advertise in a Toronto paper for a medical man. So we must be right in our conjecture as to the *prosperous* opening. This is certainly a chance for any one with a great deal of impudence and a little knowledge of medicine.

A sign of the Times.

—Mr. Foley, M. P. P., seconding the abortive attempt to smuggle the bill for closing all saloons at seven o'clock on Saturday evening, through the Lower House. Wonders will never cease.

IMPORTANT TRIAL.

(REPORTED BY THE GRUMBLER'S OWN PHONOGRAPHER.)

We challenge the whole Reporters' Gallery to equal the wonderful feat just accomplished by Sam Strokeanddot, Esq., our short-hand reporter. The trial we are about to publish will, when it meets the eyes of our readers, have been taken down, copied out, printed and published before it has taken place. Truly this is an age of marvels. If Franklia had been told that newspaper genius could ever have reached this acme of perfection, would he have believed it?

(Before Mr. Justice Wigless.)

George Cartier, J. A. McDonald, A. T. Galt, Sidney Smith, and others, were charged with obtaining money under false pretences.

Mr. Boulton appeared for the Crown; Mr. Allen for the first three prisoners. The others were undefended.

Mr. Brown, who was trying to get on the jury, was challenged peremptorily by Allen; Mr. Gowan, who protested he was an independent man, by Mr. Boulton, and Mr. Hogan by both parties.

Mr. Boulton briefly opened the case and his snuff-box. He said that the prisoners had been pestering the province with a beggar's petition, which they called the Speech from the Throne, and had succeeded in gulling the public out of \$1,200 a-year on the pretence that they had something to their advantage to communicate. He then read the following advertisement which prisoners had inserted in the *Colonist*:—

To Mr. and Mrs. Canada and Family.—You are earnestly requested to call on the subscribers immediately, and you will hear of something greatly to your advantage.

Geo. E. CARTIER & Co.,
Old Hospital.

The prosecutors had called at various periods extending over four or five years, and during that time had paid out large sums of money. The prisoners were always talking about a policy, and said they required the said sums as a premium thereon, and to pay the surrogate court expenses for proving the last will and testament of one Hincks, now politically defunct. They had also made large promises about the Federal Union and the Hudson's Bay, but as the jury would see, the prosecutor had got nothing for the money he had paid. Mr. Boulton finished in an eloquent peroration and went off in a sneeze.

The prosecutor was then examined, and stated the facts as the learned counsel had done in his speech. He was evidently a man of good temper, but occasionally gave way to irritability on being prompted by Mr. Brown, who sat near the witness-box.

Cross examined by Mr. Allen.—Now, sir, look me right in the face, and tell me, sir-r-r, upon your oath, did you never receive any value for the money? Eh, ah! (Arms a kimbo, lips like the moon in the last stage of consumption.)

Prosecutor.—(Prompted by Brown.) Yes, sir.

Allen.—I thought so. What was it? Be careful, sir.

Prosecutor.—(prompted as before.) Yes, sir; bankruptcy, sir; ruin, sir; double shuffles, sir,—

Allen:—That will do, witness; don't get excited. You may go down.

Mr. Sicotte (one of the gang who turned Queen's evidence) was next called and stated that he knew the Government had no policy, particularly on the Seat of Government question. They intended to create family disturbances in the prosecutor's family and secure his money. (Sensation from Mr. Brown and Dr. Connor.)

Allen:—Now, Mr. Sicotte, you think yourself some, don't you?

Mr. Sicotte:—Some what?

Allen:—Pumpkins, sir; don't trifle with a man in my position.

Sicotte:—I don't understand, sir; enquire of Smith; he's a Yankee.

Allen:—Don't you think no small beer of yourself? (aside, got him now.)

Sicotte:—I'm not a brewer; ask Carling or some other professional man.

Allen:—This witness is obstinate, my Lord. Go down sir.

Mr. Gowan, after a great deal of bantering from the Crown Counsel, testified that he had once been employed in cleaning out the offices of defendants, and in running with messages to Huron and other places, and that he must admit that they diddle the prisoner out of his money.

Sidney Smith:—Now old hoss, what 'a' you got agin me?

Gowan:—Nothing, sare, I assure you.

Smith:—Didn't you endorse the Guvment?

Gowan:—No, sare, I'm an independent man; you wouldn't come to *ter-runs* with me.

Smith:—You were too darned greedy, and I *wunt* have nawthing more to do with you.

Allen:—Now sir, you say you are an independent man, what is that?

Gowan:—An independent man sir, is—ah—is—ah—is a man (Ferguson what is it?) yes, is—ah—is a man that supports the Government while they pay him and Wisy Warsaw.

Allen, (*severely*): Go down sir.

For the defence the principal witness relied on was an old lady who toddled up to the box in a very shakey style, with a faded gingham umbrella in her hand.

Her lank and awkward form was invested in a print gown, uninflated by hoops. The bonnet was of the last century, and extended eight inches in front of her head. Her face was wrinkled and crabbed; her eyes resembled boiled parsnips; her nose was in close confab with her chin; her mouth, in shape, was like a rainbow, in hue like anthracite coal. She chewed tobacco copiously, and winked wickedly. She was evidently a hard old woman.

His Lordship:—Sit down old lady; what is your name?

Witness (voice like a tenor saw); Old Double, please yer worship's ludship.

Allen:—Now my dear madam, you know the prisoners?

Old Double:—Yes, bless 'em, they've been very good to me in my infirmities.

Allen:—They're very generous aint they?

Old Double:—Yes, sir. When I was laid up with the rheumatiz and like to die, and when I got the McGeophobia which nigh killed me, they nussodme

and gave me candle and pap, just as if I was their mother. And when I was a 'most dead; leastways when my last husband Sheppard left me and I was married to Mr. Atlas, they ga' me all the broken vittals they had. (Prisoners adjust their shirt collars.)

Allen:—Now what sort of men are they?

Old Double:—Oh they're the honestest and honorablest and good-naturedest and philanthropicalist mon you ever seen.

Boulton:—What do the prisoners give you for your evidences?

Old Double:—Oh nothing to mention; only a few stationery pickings. You're impartinent and ungenteel, so you are, you'll make me faint, you cruel hippopotograph you.

Boulton:—Compose yourself, try this bottle,—sa! volatile.

Old Double:—I aint no Sal, and as to Volatile, she's dead three years ago. You're a discrupulous and obstropolous rhinokeroseros. Yaw! hoo! he! he! aw! (Hysteric, and is carried out.)

Allen:—Please,—Lordships,—Gentlemen,—Jury,—You've seen cruel conduct,—learned friend—Old lady—evidently respectable—noble sentiments—all that. In the words of Shakspeare—"Woman's a trump"—learned Counsel's not a trump. (Boulton gives Allen a touch on the left bliaker.) Lordship—commit counsel, contempt of court. About to say—interrupted by old fozzle—plead hot off. Prisoners obtained money, false pretences—so would Clear Grits if got the chance—therefore acquit clients. We hav'n't policy—ditto opposition—two blacks—one white—acquit prisoners. Clear as mud—prisoners guilty—prosecutors would be guilty if they could—therefore prisoners innocent. This is case for defence; convict if you dare. (Sinks triumphantly.)

The Judge said that the guilt of the Clear Grits had nothing to do with it. The learned Counsel could not play off the guilt of one against the other. It was no apology.

Jury, (without retiring):—Guilty, but recommended to mercy on account of their being cured with Old Double as an advocate, and Sidney Smith as a companion.

Judge:—Your verdict is a just one. The sentence of the court is a roasting from THE GRUMBLER when they deserve it.

"The Shoe Pinches."

—The above startling announcement has lately traced the columns of several of our contemporaries. In order that we may gain a little information respecting it, we submit the following queries: Who is the owner of the unpleasantly tight article? Is it worn on the right or left foot? Is it a high or a low shoe? Has it single or double soles? How many corns is the unfortunate wearer troubled with? or, finally, is he not in the habit of being *corned* at all?

A Whopper.

—A few days since an article in *Old Double* contained the following statement:—"We never make an assertion that we do not believe to be true." We morely wish to ask the Editor if he believes it possible to concoct a more monstrous bouncer than that single sentence puts forth?

SNOOKS AND HIS FRIEND ARE SOLD.

One can't command the wind and rain,
Nor yet their violence restrain.
If nights are wet, why wet they must be,
However much folks may feel crusty;
This fact promised, I'm free to tell
The queer adventure that befel
Snooks and his friend last Thursday night.
Reader, attention I invite.

For full three days Snooks had resolved,
(Though pondering oft the expense involved),
To attend the ball and concert to be
Got up by Madame J. Duvivier,
Snooks—like most people—had a friend,
Whom he pressed vigorously to attend
The coming ball, discoursing strong,
Of beauties fair, dark, short and long.

To make my story brief as may be,
This friend consented soon to go by;
"Tickets were bought—the night arrived,
A luckless night, for rain contrived
To pour in ceaseless torrents down
O'er the luckless streets of the luckless town.
So Snooks and friend resolved to cure not
If for the ball in time they there got.

At eight o'clock with care intense,
To get—regardless of expense—
Themselves up, Snooks and friend commene,
First came the shava—each sporting hair
Is soon removed with utmost care.
Next each with thoughts of conquest big,
Commences anxiously to rig,
In stulp shape his luxuriant wig.

Ere they thus far have quite completed,
Their anxious task one hour has fled;
At length with eager haste they don
A spotless shirt and serious con
The merits of black and white cravat;
Snooks sticks to this, his friend to that,
One half hour more and each with pride
Surveys the faultless bow just tied.

They breathe quite free,—they know the more
Sweats part of their task is o'er.
At ten behold them both arrayed,
Whiskers are brushed,—gold chains displayed,
White kids tried on—bancroftites scented;
Each with his "got up" quite contented;
And each with friendly zeal most willing
To swear the other looks quite killing.

At length they start, still the rain pours down
O'er the luckless streets of the luckless town;
But they heed it not—their dreams are bright
Of the whirling dance through the coming night;
Of angels in hoops—of fairy feet;
Of melting blue eyes and glances sweet;
Of quiet flirtations under the rose,
And of what besides—why nobody knows.

On, on they speed, they reach the Hall;
Confession! why where on earth's the ball?
No sound is heard—no lights are there—
The door is closed—in black despair
Snooks and his friend look on aguish,
And trembling each the other clasped
Teeth chattered—the grey white and cold,
Till Snooks with an effort yelled we're sold.

And sold they were—the luckless rain
Had rendered their "got up" all in vain.
The ball and concert were both postponed;
Snooks rashly swore, his friend but groaned.
But at length with resolute stern
From the pitiless Hall they boldly turn,
And wet through, dripping and all forlorn,
Dash into the Terrepin for a "horn."

READING ROOMS.

Toronto may now be said to be without a single public reading room. The Exchange reading room, long tottering on its lean shanks, may be said to have died of starvation. The Mechanics' Institute reading room, miserable, musty, and wretched as it is, cannot be said to live much less thrive. The most that can be said of it is, that it still cumbers the earth. There is little use in dwelling on the causes which have led to this disgraceful state of things. Of course nobody is to blame in the matter, neither the Committee of the Mechanics' Institute, nor the Board of Trade at the Exchange, nor individual officers, nor the public at large, are chargeable with the deaths of those Institutes. They died, as we all know, by the visitation of Heaven, and no one is accountable.

Well, after all, perhaps they are best dead. There is no denying that reading rooms are a nuisance; they lead to a general diffusion of knowledge, which our readers will readily admit, is often attended by fatal consequences. They men enable to form opinions of their own; and who will venture to assert that the mass of mankind are not much the worse for having any opinions of their own. They acquaint one with the news of the world; but what advantage is it to any man to know what passes in Timbuctoo or Kamskatcha. They keep many men from indulging in vicious habits, but is it not far better that vicious habits should be allowed to work out their own cure by the killing off of those wretches who indulge in them. They check idleness, and are incentives to industry; but let the idle starve, and thus become examples to mankind generally. They are a delightful recreation—Pshaw! mere cant.

Reading rooms, as we said before, are nuisances. Therefore we would be far from holding up the Committee at the Exchange, or the Committee at the Mechanics' Institute, as objects of censure; nor will we call the members thereof droozes, imbeciles, and public defaulters.

Those who have any doubt as to the decay and decomposition of reading rooms in Toronto, need only go into the Exchange. There the cold empty room will at once chill any latent desire for an hour's recreation. While the the herculean efforts necessary to find the morning papers, or to discover the latest quarterly amongst a heap of dirty periodicals a year old, will, we think, quench the aspirations of the most courageous seeker after knowledge.

The Mechanics' Institute is as bad if not worse. We will not allude to the miserable back-lane entrance to it, or the stale, unwholesome, musty smell, which salutes the nostrils of members, as they approach the dingy apartment known as the reading room. We will not dwell on the hopelessness of finding any information within its walls; or on the absurdity of expecting to find a thousand common place books in its library. We will not, in any way, allude to these things, as Dr. Connor says, while bringing up the subject in debate for the five hundredth time. Nor will we draw an invidious comparison between our dirty, miserable excuses for reading rooms, and the comfortable, pleasant,

spacious, well-stocked reading rooms of Hamilton, London, and other villages of less note. We will not say that Toronto ought to be ashamed of itself; and that she is in the hands of men who do not care three shanks of a dog's lamb's tale about the reading population. We will say none of these things. But simply repeat, that the officers set over our reading rooms deserve the undying gratitude of the reading community. A rope should, we think, be presented to each of them, with an address praying them to make use of it with all possible speed.

Who is Patrick Hughes?

—Mister Patrick Hughes, of Hughes Brothers, denies the existence of any other Patrick Hughes, who could have signed the North Wellington placard. Surely he knows, and if he don't, who can know. The thing is absurd that any but the real genuine Patrick exists, another man who signed the document and wrote to the *Globe*, must be an imposter. Yet we see by the proceedings of the City Council that among the applicants for the office of Pound-keeper there is a Patrick Hughes. Can it be possible that the Patrick Hughes of *Hughes Brothers*, is the Hughes that wants this honorable and lucrative office. If so, verily the hues have changed.

Carrying Deadly Weapons.

—If the boy Fleming had not been in the habit of carrying deadly weapons, he would not have been hanged yesterday morning. He was hanged that this growing and fatal practice might be checked. The protection of society, and the vindication of the laws, demanded the sacrifice; and it will be a pity, indeed, if a second example should be needed.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

For excellent and pure qualities of Tobacco, the best and most superb cigars, and the greatest variety of Plain and Fancy Pipes commended us to the next Store of Mr. BRADDER, King, just above Bay Street. Everything that the most craving smoker can desire, can be had at this establishment at very moderate rates, with attention and courtesy as well illustrated in Mr. Bendor's disposition and manner.

At the Apollo Concert Room to-night, a complimentary and farewell benefit is tendered to Mr. Cool Burgess, well known as one of the best negro delineators ever in this city. He will be assisted by his able colleagues, Mr. Redmond, Mr. J. Thompson, and several other favorites. We are sure the entertainment will be amusing, and we hope Mr. Burgess will have a full house.

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