

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1858.

NO. 17.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats
I rode you tent it;
A chieftain among you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prevent it."

SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1858.

PROVINCIAL SPOUTING APPARATUS.—No. XVII.

Honorable gentlemen are actually becoming very Broughams in intellectual activity. From ten or eleven in the forenoon to the small hours again, do they work incessantly, and notwithstanding an occasional return of the old attack of talking, they really deserve credit for great industry. There has also been a change for the better in the manners of the House, for we don't think that the word "liar," has been uttered for fully eight days. We can only hope that this agreeable change is but the beginning of a permanent amendment in legislative etiquette.

I. THE TINKERS AGAIN.

The fit of talking to which we have just alluded, was a debate of the constitution-mongers, whose political digits are acting to tinker at the crazy vessel of state. We have little space and still less inclination to drag our readers through the mire of Representation, Federal Union, Double-Majority, and all the other little attempts to patch an old garment with new cloth; we desire only to record our protest against any further waste of time upon them. Every man in that House has a fixed and deliberate opinion on the question which no argument can change; and we should like very much to know why Mr. Langevin and gentlemen, who, like him, are mere tyroes in legislation, should bore the House for three or four hours in succession, when they are perfectly conscious no good end will be served. We know that it is desirable that the country should have a full exposition of the arguments on these questions, but two, or, at the most, three nights, would have been quite sufficient for this purpose.

Mr. Galt, who is really a giant among these intellectual pygmies, gave a full and statesmanlike exposition of his views in favour of the Federal Union. Mr. Brown has quite exhausted the Representation question, and his powerful and forcible manner leave nothing to be desired; while as for the Double Majority, it has certainly been discussed as *ad nauseam* by Mr. J. S. McDonald, and we are afraid to say how many Lower Canadian aspirants. Why then must Col. Playfair make a ninny of himself, and Mr. Drummond a peacock of himself, on these questions? By all means let us have a vote at once on all these questions; that they will all be negated every member is perfectly aware; why not, then, decide them at once, and wind up the business of the session?

II. ASTOUNDING RETRENCHMENT.

Hon. Mr. Cayley announced the other day that the Government intended a reduction of 20 per cent on their own salaries, and 10 per cent on those of the other officers in Governmental departments. We shall not discuss the first reduction; the hon. gentleman will get his £1000 a year at any rate, and that is certainly sufficient for his services; but what we most decidedly grumble at is the second proposal. We have in our eye a worthy employee of the Government, who receives £150 a year for his services, and another who draws £200 yearly. Smith and Jones have both large families; they find it quite as much as they can do, with their present salaries to make the miserable pittance cover their expenditure, and allow them to keep up that appearance before the world which a Government officer is expected to make. The times are hard, rents are high, and many of these men find themselves involved in serious and inextricable difficulties, and yet Mr. Cayley, after taking £250 off his own large salary, says to the poor man who does the drudgery of the executive, you must give me £15 or £20 off your hard-earned wages to reward Mr. Baby for his fit contracts, or shield the proprietor of the *Leader* from paying what he owes to the Government. There is certainly plenty of room for retrenchment, but surely it may be affected without grinding to the dust the poor clerks, many of whom toil for a lifetime in the public service, with patient industry and in uncomplaining obscurity.

III. "HOW THE DEVIL SHOULD I KNOW?"

When the Hon. Mr. Fifteen Thousand Alieyn requested an answer to the above polite and elegant interrogation, we thought he might have asked himself the question before he introduced his bill on poisons, a subject of which he confessed himself profoundly ignorant. Just fancy a bill which prohibits a chemist giving a drop of chloroform on a bit of wadding to stop a decayed tooth, without an order from a Justice of the Peace, and an entry of the unhappy offender's name, occupation, &c., in a black book. How the deuce should he know anything about it? Of course he could not be expected to know anything; Cabinet Ministers never do. The only poison Mr. Alieyn seems to understand is a soporific for Baby, and other hungry creatures of that sort.

Rock-a-by, Baby, at the list's top,
While the pap flows Mother Alieyn may stop,—
But when the chain breaks, Mother Alieyn will fall,
And down come the Government, and Baby all.

Birth.

—On the 6th instant, at Russell's Hotel, Mrs. Harris of the Montreal Pilot, of a Poken still-born. Mrs. Sairey Gamp had been engaged as wet nurse, but unfortunately her services were not required.

SONG OF THE RAPIDS.

Rushing, seething, boiling,
Crashing, tumbling, toiling,
Here, Maclestroms Hillputlaw,
With dancing convolution;
There, Niagara's on a small scale,
Making silly people all pale,
As they dash, dash along,
With their surging song,—
Surging fresh and strong
Like what? Like who?
Cayley, like you!

For ar'n't you a regular rapid, a whirlpool what involves us all in a rulo?

Ar'n't you going to have a Niagara Falls? of course you is look out! the storm's a brewin'.

Rushing, foaming, boiling,
Crashing, tumbling, toiling,
Loag Sault, Cascades, Cedars,
What awful angry brooders
Of fno fresh water broth,
From turmoil, funn and froth,
As you dash, dash along,—
Like what? Like who?
John A., like you!

And your molley crew; for what do you do for your yearly screw, but make molley bubbles!

But look out, ahead, for "Mary a red" will bring you to bed, and end all your troubles.

Right to a T.

—A rampant Clear-Grit friend of ours suggests that the title of the new organ is a typographical error. The publication of it was intended as a lament for the tottering government, and was therefore named Alas! not Atlas as the printer absurdly put it.

The Latest Infiction.

—Since that gigantic undertaking, the Toronto Esplanade, has been so far finished as to allow of trains running over it, the speeches of the honorable gentlemen who daily squander the public money on Front-street, have been embellished by the most exquisite or execrable, if you will, accompaniment ever heard. No sooner has the hon. member for Grey soared away into the sublime regions of elevated nonsense, than suddenly we hear a shriek which soon subsides into a bellowing roar from whence it passes into a dim and dismal groan, varied by swells and double-dotted-demi-semi-quavers, which generally last a quarter of an hour at a time. In vain do the playful members call out "order, order," and in vain does the Speaker caught napping, poor soul, this hot weather, hearing the dreadful sounds in a semi-somnambulistic state, start up, and insist on honorable gentlemen desisting from such unearthly yelling. The groans, and the shrieks and the yells keep it up, and if no other honorable gentleman will do it, we intend to move, as the only method, to lay the spirits of departed railroad bills—for such, we take it, kick up the row every night—that Messrs. McKenzie, Cartier, Foley, and Hogan be appointed a committee to reason with these midnight brawlers, and we are sure that the infiction will never be repeated for fear of a repetition of the proposed remedy.

CAYLEY IN SEARCH OF AN ORGAN.

ACT I.—*Roley Poley Campbell, solus, sitting in a thoughtful posture, in his hand a tin of subscribers for the Poker.*

It must be so. Poker thou biddest fair
Of mighty hoards of pap to be the heir.
My last born child! exulting do I set
My eyes on thee, thou budding Pilotet!
Loud in thy voice, and supple is thy tongue,
Bolder it lies, most fierce when in the wrong;
Though the foul budget in our nostrils stick,
Though from such food the Press's jacksals skirtak,
Yet thou my child with editorial slime,
(Like the foul reptiles of a tropic clime,
Anointing first the budget, in a trice,
Will suc: it down and say the morrow's nice.
Forthwith I bear thee to my loved John A.,
No richer gift o'er saw the light of day.

Exit.

ACT II.—*J. A. Macdonald, Sicotte and Cayley, discovered taking a temperance hour.*

John A.—The fact is, Cayley, much rests in a name,
And you and I would both be much to blame,
If when we baptize this here periodical,
We chose no better name than that ore, what d'ye
call?

Sicotte—The Poker?

John A.—Yes. We want the name to fit;
Our aims, to show both scholarship and wit.

Sicotte—I have a name would answer wondrous well.
In your school-days no doubt you have heard tell
Of that strong man who bore this world about him,
Till Newton taught it how to walk without him.

John A.—By Jove your right. An Atlas from our head,
Alone can turn the ruin that we dread.
And were a Hercules his sbaro to take,
That bi—d budget would make both backs aache.

Cayley [rearing]—This, from my oldest friend, is scarcely civil.

John A.—I wish your [fist] at—

Sicotte [interceding]—The times are evil.
Keep all hard words to rillyify your foes,
T'll not do good to tread on your own toes.

(Enter Roley Poley Campbell singing.)

Roley P.—“Won't you buy the Poker?”
“Can't you buy the Poker?”
Your chances, boys, are precious slim,
Unless you buy the Poker.

Cayley—Who is this strange, this brazen-fronted knave?

John A.—Hush, tis a tool of ours—a faithful slave,
Whose Pilot long has done us service.

Cayley—Gracious!
Is that the man who comes with brow audacious,
That cracked-brained Roley Poley, toilsome tool,
Hired with much pap both Provinces to fool?

Roley [sings]—“Here's to the Pilot that weathered the storm!”

John A.—Don't count your eggs before the're hatched, my boy
Restrain your premature and baseless joy;

We've tried you once, and more judicious judge it,
To try if other hands can save that bi—[here Cayley
pulls out his pocket handkerchief] eased budget.

Roley P. [distractedly]—Oh! Ah! Ho! ho! ho! Fire! Fire!

Cayley—The man is cracked, as sure as I'm a liar.

Roley P. [sings]—“Oh no I am not mad!”

John A. [consolingly]—There's good pap in the world as e'er
was swallowed.

For many years is bounteous pap you've swallowed,
For many years to come you'll do the same;
We have a Journal, Atlas is its name,
The saltiest projection of Mercator.
The fact is, you have come a little late, or,
We should have been most happy to install
You in the manum of this great Journal.
But a great Hunter from the west did come,
And made an offer for a moderate sum,
To keep us going till the session pass,
If you are not content, then go to grass.

Roley P.—[Exit] singing wildly,

“Thou hast learned to love another,
Thou has broken every vow, &c., &c.”

IMPORTANT MEDICAL CONSULTATION.

An extremely important meeting of physicians was held in the Provincial Hospital, Front Street, on Wednesday last, to take into consideration a serious malady, which has for some years afflicted Madame Hart Canada, and which bid fair to baffle all the efforts of the faculty. The unfortunate matron's disease has occasionally shaken her reason, and her fits of violent frenzy sometimes alarm the whole neighbourhood. Mr. Jonathan, who lives next door, has taken particular notice of these distressing attacks, and says that she is in a “pesky tar-nation lather.” When the doctors arrived, she was tolerably calm, but we observed that the sight of the family adviser, Dr. Sangrado Cayley, caused a wild twinkling of her eyelids, and a feeble clenching of her wasted fists. She said that all her troubles were caused by paternal harshness. About 18 years ago, her papa, Lord Johu de Bull, had forced her to espouse Monsieur Bas Canada, since which event she had been in incessant trouble. She had reared a numerous family, and had laboured hard to amass a competency for their future support; but her vile father had wasted it all, as she learned from Dr. Brown, upon a favorite scarlet lady of Italian birth; she was thus reduced to the indignity of supporting her own constantly increasing family, her lazy husband, and his unworthy favorites. She had no doubt that these afflictions, together with the contemptible incapacity of her medical adviser, had reduced her to this fearful state of debility.

Each of the doctors then felt the lady's pulse, looked at her tongue, which had an Orange tinge, that seemed to indicate yellow jaundice, and applied the stethoscope to her chest; they then nodding oracularly, retired into the adjoining apartment for consultation. During the whole of the conference, Madame H. Canada was incessantly troubling the learned gentlemen with messages which they styled petitions and ordered to be received, and that was the last heard of them.

Dr. Sangrado Cayley said he felt persuaded that nothing could cure her but a continuation of the lancet treatment. He had been bleeding her for four years, and felt assured that she could stand four years more of it, if necessary. He proposed to try cupping (we suppose he alluded to the crockery tax) which he knew would cure her speedily.

Dr. Brown, a graduate of a Scotch University, said, that it was quite clear to him that Sangrado's treatment had brought the patient to the brink of the grave. He thought that the increase of her family, and her domestic cares had caused the distemper, and proposed his renowned Representation by Population Pills, which would reduce the inflammation and purify the blood. He thought also, that a walk to the St. Lawrence Hall, on Friday next, would be beneficial; her lungs were weak, and a little shouting would do her a world of good.

Dr. Langevin who seemed to be a very talkative person, bored the meeting with a three hours' speech in bad English, after which he repeated it in French; he was understood to propound the Double Majority Ready Relief, as the only safe and efficacious article in the political pharmacopoeia. Doctors Sandfield McDonald, Thibaudeau and Cauchon agreed with this opinion.

Dr. McGee, who was a very sleek, winning sort of Hibernian said, that for his part, he differed with his brethren; he thought that there was an internal cancer, (we understood him to call it an Orange malady,) which he would undertake to uproot before they could whistle the “Sprig of Shillelagh.”

Dr. Galt, a portly comfortable looking man, who boasts a very large practice in the East, ventured to suggest a few bottles of a new specific, which he felt sure would be a perfect pnuance, he referred to his Patent Federal Union, anti-Brownite Refribuge, this, together with a persevering course of chalybeate water from the Grand Trunk Railway iron springs, would put her in a convalescent state in a week.

A Mr. Sidney Smith was about to offer his opinion but the meeting refused to hear him, because he had obtained his diploma from some unheard of Yankee College, and when asked to write out a prescription, did it in the Michigander dialect.

Dr. Buchanna advocated large doses of inconvertible paper, and also prescribed some mineral water, but would rather have it taken from the Great Southern springs than the Grank Trunk.

A great deal of discussion ensued; all the patent medicines were successively rejected, and Dr. Sangrado was left to bleed his patient to his heart's content for another year. A fearful fit having come upon the patient, the doctors took to their heels, and the meeting thus broke up in confusion.

Good for a 'Atter.

—A young friend of ours entered the other day into “Hats that are Hats” for the purpose of purchasing a “Palm Leaf Hat,” as it is called. He laid his hand on one that fitted him to perfection, and requested a short credit. Mr. Coleman looked distrustful, held out his hand indignity, and said, “Palma non sine Pulvere.”

A Hairbreadth Escape.

—We were the other night forcibly reminded of what slender threads hang the destiny of nations. The hon. Mr. Alleyne, in advocating a bill to amend the present loose system of selling poisons; stated in order to strengthen his arguments, that once upon a time, he himself had nearly fallen a victim to the present system! Let our readers just think of the loss the country would have sustained if the Hon. Commissioner of Public Works had kicked the bucket in the flower of his youth?

A lick for Lanark.

—A scribbler in the last number of the *Ferth Courier*, makes an indiscriminate attack on a recent School Exhibition in that town, because the Principal read an imaginative Essay, written by one of the boys, on a cruise in the *Ægean Sea*. Our rustic Thersites, ignorant that the “*Ægean*” was yet navigable, and that the fancy-cruise might have taken place a week or fortnight ago, as easily as in the era of Themistocles, sets down the whole as a “cogg” from Euripides or some other Latin (!) author. Certes, the viperous envy of this Bob's Lake manipulation can only be equalled by the immoderate ambition of the two young men who advertised in the *Globe* last fall their successful debut before the Homeromastix of Orgoode. We leave Joe to his merited obscurity.

CAYLEY'S BUNGLING BUDGET.

O the weary budget O,
The blundering, bungling budget O.
We're bad, we're sad, we're near hand-mad
W' Cayley's bungling budget O.

There's my said Granma, now w' glue,
Would clank and slip her drap o' tea;
Now death has closed her weary ee,
And a' through Cayley's budget.

O the weary, &c.

He's tax'd a-fresh our drap o' drink,
He's brought us down to rule's brisik,
Our tearful 'e'on will no play wink—
My curse be on the budget.

O the weary, &c.

He's nailed the sugars brown and white;
My wife does nought but jar and flite,
Frae morning till the fa' o' night,
She raves about the budget!

O the weary, &c.

She's that her drap o' nursing wike
That obscured her heart when like to time;
E'en now the brain begins to whine
And greet about the budget!

O the weary, &c.

Gi' we'd been hearty, crisp and wool,
Hou might ha' taxed the drap and pill;
But now our heads are like to reel
And rivo about the budget!

O the weary, &c.

There's twenty on our shoes and boots,
And twenty on our wearing clouts.
What next—we'll just gang like the brute,
The de'il be's the budget!

O the weary, &c.

Our rage o' shirts for Sunday wear,
That used to glance so bright and clear,
We now may stretch them w' the ten—
Ochone! the weary budget.

O the weary, &c.

The caps! the de'll may drive him east,
The duty on them he's increased;
Our twa my wife hugs to her breast,
When she thinks on the budget!

O the weary, &c.

When they are smashed, w' spirit mool,
We o'on man lap it at the crook,
Or some well-head to dip our book,
Wao sucks for Cayley's budget!

O the weary, &c.

Our chains, our curls, our wigs and rings,
And a' the bits o' 'laxer' things,
Upon them twenty down he brings,
In his infernal budget!

O the weary, &c.

But tent ye, Cayley, bungling loon,
Ther's some w' will pull your babel down;
Haud at him crouselly Geordy Brown,
And maud him w' his budget!

O the weary budget O,
The blundering, bungling budget O.
We're bad, we're sad, we're near hand-mad
W' Cayley's bungling budget O.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

We have been requested to announce the publication of the following Scientific, Political, and Literary Works, by distinguished members of the Provincial Parliament:—

Colonel Playfair—Collection of Speeches from the commencement of the British American League to present time. Thoughts on a Pacific Railroad. 65th edition. 5 vols. 4to.

Hon. Wm. Cayley—Obisollings by the Wayside.

Hon. Malcolm Cameron—Serious Reflections on the question "Who stole the Donkey?" 3 vols.

J. S. Logan—Sunderbund Version of Essay on Canada, with an addendum containing Hints on Sanscrit emigration.

John A. Macdonald—Receipt Book of Temperance Drinks, with an exposure of several vulgar errors with reference to Ginger Beer.

Solicitor General Rose—Treatise on Interjections, with an analysis of the rhetorical force of Aw! Aw! in Parliamentary speeches.

James M. Ferres—Refutation of the popular maxim "That a man ought not to laugh at his own jokes." Blue and Gold edition.

Mr. Burton—Manual of Etiquette, or "How to Behave?" with an appendix on Bass's Ale."—Diamond edition.

Mr. Powell—Thoughts on Reform, with particular reference to the Whisky Tax. Profusely illustrated with cuts.—2 vols. 12mo.

Mr. Baby—Pap for Papa, a juvenile story, illustrated with steel engravings of our Light-houses down below.

Mr. Dawson—Reflections on the propriety of establishing the office of Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests, and a hint at the right man for the place.

Mr. Loranger—Turn out your Toes, or the Reminiscences of a superannuated dancing master. 14 vols.

Mr. Drummond—Comments on Hamlet's advice to the Players, with an introduction on the defects of Demosthenes and Burke.

A Sleepy Nation.

—Whenever a time of political excitement occurs, the entire Caledonian race appears to be in a state of somnolency, and to require a periodical reveille, in the shape of an ugly yellow placard headed "Scotchmen awake." This is issued from some government printing office, and is designed to delude Irishmen into corresponding vigilance.—What in the world can have come over the Sandies that the whole race require, like Mr. Wardle's Joe in Pickwick, to be pinched out of dream-land on every emergency?

Energy of the Daily Press.

—In the first number of the *Atlas* we find the following example of the miraculous energy of its proprietors, "Reported for the Daily Atlas; Sandy Hook, July 8th; the Royal Mail Steamer *Africa* from Liverpool passed this point." We can almost see the reporter clinging frantically to a life-buoy, and then swimming ashore with the special dispatch for the *Atlas*. Or perhaps a sea-calf has been specially retained, on whose back the nattering Mercury of the *Atlas* writes the news, with a cut-throat for his instand; and then sails triumphantly into port with the message "in advance of all our contemporaries."

LOUISA TO APPLÉTART.

BY SANDY FORB, JR.

The pathetic history of Louisa and Appletart, so similar in its principle features to the thread of woes and sorrows which sowed up that famous pair of lovers, Eloisa and Abelard, is feelingly illustrated by the following epistle, which the vigilant Miss Crochet, of Diana Park (boarding school), snatched the other day from her pupil, Louisa, and sent to THE GRUMBLER:—

In this dread solitude, this ladies' school,
Whose dullness and the Misses Crochet rule,
And ever-jingling piano-forte's sound,
Why does my heart within its stay-lace bound?
Why do my thoughts beyond my Magdalen rove,
Abandon Ewing in the chase of love?
E'en Arrowsmith's wide seal will not contain
The soul that yearns to meet thy soul again.
Back from the post Eliza Jane returns,
With love's own insin' now my bosom burns.
Thou precious mislaid bears the Smashville mark,
Was ever such joy within a Missan Park!

Alas, though brightly burned my wick of joy,
Though for a time my bliss knew not alloy,
Yet what's an autograph, that soulless scribble,
How oft on those sweet moments do I flit,
When side by side through King street's busy throng,
Happy and proud, we gaily marched along,
Or arm in arm through some romantic street,
Where lovers after evening service meet;
Or strolled to see the Lunatic Asylum,
And sister institutions as men style 'em
Before professors when they wish to rile 'em.
But Oh! when on the wide road, on the common way,
When tea and bread and butter's put away,
When tasks are done and practice jumbled through,
And all my thoughts are of myself and you,
I think I see thee near thy Smashville home,
Stray through the streets, or on the common roams;
Strength in thy step, and bloom upon thy cheek,
Thy youth and beauty fresh as a green leek.
While from thy bosom bursts a heavy sigh,
Thy timbers shiver as thou pipst thine eye;
Yet keep thy pipes and shivers for my tomb,
Reserve thy grief for the dark cypress gloom,
No Ayer's Pills can snatch me from my fate,
Yet to my woe death can't but come too late.
I fade and die like some poor apple tree,
Removed by force from where it ought to be,
Thrown on the arid rocks to fry and sprout,
Oh law! Good night. Bless me, the candle's out.

THE THEATRE.

We regret exceedingly that our space will not admit of a lengthened notice of the beauty and talent combined in the person of our fair friend, Miss Coombs. Endowed with a winning face, an excellent figure and a fluently modulated voice, Miss Coombs also possesses the peculiar charm of a lady-like and dignified demeanor, which is never sacrificed to the empty applause of the foolish. We are sorry to say that her success has borne no proportion to her talents; however, our theatrical friends have an opportunity of redeeming their want of taste to-night, and we hope they will avail themselves of it.

We sincerely hope that this engagement will not be the last opportunity we shall have of enjoying Miss Coombs' excellent acting; we can assure her that the people of Toronto are by no means such bores as their conduct for the last week would seem to indicate.

Our politico-theatrical friends will be delighted to hear that the article which made such a sensation some time ago in the *Colonist*, is to be produced to-night in the shape of a Farce. And we understand—but we won't be positive about it—that the gentlemen who hatched "Whither are we Drifting?" are to sustain leading characters. The piece is to be brought forward with every attention to blue lights, &c., and we have no doubt, it will cause a decided sensation.

Notes and Queries.

—Will anybody oblige the *Atlas* with an answer to the following chaste and elegant little inquiries?

"Who does not see the cloven foot of the beast peeping out of the cobweb covering? And will the citizens of Toronto kiss its ugly toe? Will they bow down in adoration before the deformed idol of cunning, deceit, and selfishness, which the mock patriots prostrate to them under the garb of the love of country?"

It has been suggested that the *Atlas* must have been opened at the map of Africa, its language is so very dark.

SENTIMENTAL versus REAL.

Our good friend Solomon inserts the following bit-bit of sentimentalism in his last number:—

JUST MARRIED.

She stands down, looking on the sparkling tide
Of the bright river, hail in bashful tears,
Half bounding in joy to find herself a bride;
Her blue eyes glistening with an infant tear,
Her lips apart,
Her color raised, and you might almost hear
Her beating heart.

He sits beside the river's bank, his eyes
Upturned to her sweet face, with looks so full
Of admiration, as if earth supplies
To him no object half so beautiful
Close rivulet fair,
Has left his sister curls, and nesting lies
In his dark hair.

It is the twilight of a summer's eve,
A crimson flush just tips the western trees,
As tho' the lingering sunbeams sighed to leave
That loving couple fair, sweetening the breeze
With hinged words,
Mid flowers and rippling streams, low-humming bees
And singing birds.

Now this is very pretty, but as THE GRUMBLER has a morbid hatred for the spoony school of poetry, he feels it his duty to insert the following antidote:—

SIX MONTHS MARRIED.

She stands there, looking by the table's side,
Her arm upraised, 'twould make you to start to start
Her curs the day she found herself a bride,
Whilst each cheek glistens with a passionate tear,
Her lips apart,
Her voice so raised that it might almost fear
She'd burst her heart.

He lounges on the sofa, and his eyes,
With careless rove, up to her face look full,
As though in doubt he want or least supplies
Fuel most fit to feed his beautiful
Though storming fair,
Resolved at length in heedless calm, he lies
And plays with his dark hair.

It is the twilight, and full many an ere
Has thus been passed, whilst on the western trees
The sunbeams wait as though they sighed to leave
This six months married pair in such a breeze
Of angry words,

'I will,' 'you worthless man,' 'you wretch,' such sounds
As these
Frightening the birds.

QUIZ QUIDDLESTICKS.

A TOUCHING HISTORY.

Quiz Quiddlesticks rose, with the lark, that is, he rose with the mud frog, or a bull frog, which means the same thing in Canada; and being actuated by a no common spirit, he had the audacity to dance a very animated horn-pipe, notwithstanding that he well knew his friend, who lived in the room under him was the sourest individual between the poles. But what cared Quiz for anybody. He was going to a pic-nic that day; and had hired his sweet-heart and invited his horse—no, he meant he had invited his sweet-heart and hired a stunning turn out; and expected to meet dozens of handsome ladies, and to have such fun dancing with them on the green grass. At the very thought of the delight in store for him, he became suddenly musical, and plunged into "La Somnambula," much to the disgust of his fellow boarders, who swore at him loudly and fiercely; without at all cooling his ardour, however. Indeed, he became more outrageous than ever, for in his excitement he opened his door, and banged it again, upset his water jug, knocked the chairs about, and finally stamped out of the house as if he were a regiment of dragoons, and when every one thought he had taken their advice and gone to the devil, he suddenly came back and rung

furiouly at the street door, until every one was fairly crazed with anger; and then, when the door was opened by the sleepy maid, he suddenly remembered that he did not want anything.

Sented beside sweet Letty Titter, handling the "ribbons" with studied grace, and with a long string of carriages before and behind him, full of ladies, all going to the Pic-Nic, Quiz never felt so intoxicated with joy in all his life. He did not know what to do; and consequently he did everything he thought of. He complimented Miss Titter on her charming looks, and ere she could reply, had nearly upset her by driving into a ditch. Angered at this, he belaboured his horse, who, not being used to such treatment, gave unmistakable symptoms of kicking up a "shrine," as he called it. However, there would have been no danger if a young rascal had not thoughtlessly remarked aloud as Quiz's turn-out passed, "Oh my hi'st! vot a guy!" Stung to distraction by this uncalled for reflection, Quiz gave his noble beast such a heavy whack across the back, that in a moment he was off like a shot. In vain did Quiz strain every nerve to stop the runaway; and in vain did his friends advise him to "hold on to it." Away went Quiz's buggy full tilt against near-sighted Fobbs' buggy with four ladies in it, and away went Fobbs, ladies, and all into the ditch. Quiz lost his hat and his presence of mind at the same time. Miss Titter also lost her courage and her native modesty, and clasped poor Quiz so tightly in her distracted embrace that he was fain to beg of her not to strangle him. The horse left to his own course, scampered right on; bolted over hills, dashed through ruts; sent Quiz and his terrified Letty now up to the skies, and now bang down in his seat, until Quiz imagined that sudden death would be much preferable to such torture. Fortunately it is not necessary in this history to be minute, so we will at once state that in a time—Quiz does not know whether it was long or short—Quiz found himself standing in the road supporting the light of his eyes Miss Titter, while the horse and buggy stood beside him, the former looking very much blown, and the latter very dusty.

The pic-nicers came up in the course of time, and Fobbs' ladies being unharmed, the whole company started off for the appointed rendezvous, which, by the way, was on the sloping bank of a winding river in a secluded vale. In this delightful spot, harmony was the order of the day, until in an evil hour, some one proposed a boating excursion. Quiz undertook to manage a boat full of ladies. Unlucky dog! He had scarcely reached the middle of the stream, when the boat upset, and the whole party were immersed in the stream. Fortunately for Quiz—for he could not swim—he rose to the surface in the neighborhood of a young lady who wore very large hoops, and she humanely took him in charge, and floated him to shore. The other ladies were also saved by their hoops, which kept them afloat until they were rescued.

It was with no very pleasant feelings that Quiz assisted the luckless boatful to land, and he had no sooner done so, than he strayed away—to dry himself perhaps—to the top of a high hill. It is hard to say how far he would have gone, had not his ears been saluted by a terrific roar; and upon turning

round he discovered to his horror, a mad bull making straight for him. With the speed of lightning he bolted off and the infuriated bull after him. He came bowling down the hill like a ball projected from a cannon. Now running, now tumbling and rolling a considerable distance, until he reached his companions, who, contrary to the laws of humanity, laughed at him very heartily. Being in no humour to stand this, he singled out young Jones as a proper object on whom to vent his wrath, because he was his rival, and having enticed him into a quiet spot, beat him until he cried *peccavi*. After this, Quiz hunted up Letty, mounted his buggy, and started home, a watter and a wiser man than when he had started to go to the pic-nic.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. & K.—It was cruel to excite their curiosity and then fail to satisfy their desire for knowledge.—Of course you had a perfect right to act as you did, and you deserve credit for the manner you carried out the scheme, yet you should have had mercy on the poor fellows,—only phancy their phedinks."

L. W.—Suggests that Postmasters and their assistants should subscribe for our paper, and not read those belonging to our regular subscribers, delaying and sometimes mislaying them. Let us but know the offenders, and they shall have a publicity they never dreamed of.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

The Firmen of Companies One, Two, and Four, intend having an Excursion to Rochester on Thursday week, which promises to be one of the most pleasant affairs of the kind ever got up. The party will leave by the *Hughson*, which has been chartered for the occasion, on Thursday evening, and enjoy themselves all night on the boat, and arrive in Rochester in the morning, at which place they will spend the day, and will probably be entertained by the firmen of that city. Returning, they will leave Rochester in the evening, have another delightful night on the boat, and arrive in Toronto early Saturday morning. Nothing could be better arranged, and we sincerely hope, indeed we are sure, every one who takes advantage of the occasion will enjoy himself to his heart's content.

The art of Printing is nowhere brought to greater perfection than at the "CITY STEAM PRESS," which, under the excellent management of Mr. BLACKBURN, is noted as the best and cheapest establishment in the City. It is unnecessary that more should be said, as the work of the Office is seen on every wall, and in every public place, always well done. The charges are also moderate, and we can safely guarantee satisfaction to our readers if they patronize Mr. BLACKBURN'S Office.

THE APOLLO COFFEE ROOM is still sustained by its enterprising proprietor, with great spirit, and it is to be hoped his efforts will be met by continued patronage. The Room is well ventilated, the music and singing a credit to the city, and the whole arrangements perfect. Drop in, spend an hour at the APOLLO, and you will be entertained and refreshed.

We know of no place in this good City of ours, where the outer man can be more improved, than in CARV'S BATHING SALOON, which is situated near the foot of Yonge Street. In this establishment that most troublesome task of Shaving is rendered delightfully pleasant, while Hair-Cutting—which, heretofore, was a dreaded operation—is made a pleasant episode in the month's history. The Baths are luxuries cheap and beneficial, which it surprises us are not more used, especially in this hot weather. Mr. CARV, the proprietor of this Institution, can not be excelled in his line, and his intelligence and urbanity must secure him a large number of patrons. Give him a call.

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