

# THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. 1.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1853.

NO. 16.

## THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coat  
I tude: you tent it;  
A chie's naming you taking noice,  
And, faith, he'll pent it."

SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1858.

### PROVINCIAL SPOUTING APPARATUS.—No. XV.

#### I. LEGISLATIVE ROWDINESS.

We think we may safely assert that the proceedings of the last 10 days in our model Legislature, have not been surpassed in the palmiest days of Congressional brutality and ruffianism. Never in a British legislature, certainly have such disgraceful scenes been enacted, and we feel painfully certain that unless public feeling, irrespective of political party, is made to tell powerfully upon the rowdies, another week will witness the introduction of the bowie-knife and revolver. From the Premier down to the most contemptible of his supporters, Burton, epithets have been employed, which would shock a London costumonger, and cause the blush of shame to suffuse the gills of the mackerel in Billingsgate market. The slang vocabulary is perfectly exhausted, and if the future is to be at all like the past, a new dictionary of rowdiness must be invented. We would suggest a committee of Burton, Powell and Cayley, to revise Johnson and invent substitutes for "liar," "brute," and "coward," the constant repetition of which has rendered them quite ineffective.

#### II. THE THREE BILLINGSGATE GRADUATES.

Did you ever see a picture of us three?—*Tenth Night*

A trio of the most prominent of these rascals is composed of Powell, Burton and Fellows, and with an admirable regard for the principle of division of labour, each has his appropriate occupation.

Mr. Powell's merits in the Bully Brooks department, now recognized as a part of the legislative system, are already so well known that we shall not injure his enviable reputation by our feeble advocacy. He is the spokesman of the trio, the other two not having courage (or brass) enough to do more than act the prize-fighter. He hails from the Ottawa, a district which has attained the singular honour of sending to Parliament the greatest ruffians in the country. This Hon. Ochesterfield, prides himself most on his personal charms, and having laid aside the profession of row, tries his hand at the rowdy, which he acts to the very life.

Nature assisted by the barber's pomatum, has succeeded in developing an elegant moustache, which droops gracefully like a weeping willow over his oral features and serves as an amusement for his playful digits in moments of ease, and a sure defence in war, from behind which bristling palisado he hurls red hot slang at all his foes. Intellec-

tually he may safely be characterized as lilliputian murrhines, but in other respects, he is a perfect Brobdignagian. If any one doubts his powers, let him read his last and greatest effort, directed against a respectable and esteemed gentleman of this city, whose grey hairs might surely have served as a flag of truce to this parliamentary Hango-ite. Rapiers and pistols are mere playthings to him, and not a night passes without a polite invitation to some unhappy member to a matutinal visit to the Garrison Commons to test his prowess. Whenever a dirty trick is to be played, a vile word to be used, or a bully required, the Carleton pet is always on hand.

Mr. Fellowes, the representative of Castleman and the Albany directory, is also well known. His slimy gait and downcast looks would have been sufficient to warrant Lavater in apprehending him as a dangerous character. He seldom speaks on his feet, but fulfils the duty assigned him, by rolling up his sleeves on appropriate occasions, and rolling his eye which looks like a fugitive from justice, dodging about under the cover of a wood-shed to escape detection. He is the fighting gentleman.

Mr. Burton is unknown to fame, indeed, we may be dragging him into a light which his nature *penchant* for obscurity may be unable to bear. He sits when necessary between the highest officers of the Crown, and fairly convulses them with laughter at his little pranks. He is a sort of vegetable marrow individual, with a gambling-house set of features, and adorns his limbs with a stay-out-all-nighting sort of red shirt. He superintends the shouting department. His principle merit lies in his lungs, which have evidently been developed at the expense of his brain, in other words, the pulmonary is more than the match for the cerebral. One evening last week he felt the duties of his station desperately, and yelled in a manner to excite the envy of Stokes the purveyor of refrigerated milk-skimmings. We should like to have said that he was drunk, but we cannot even give him that poor apology unless the prospect of the sweets of office has an insubriating tendency; McGee was too hard upon the Hon. Stentor, he certainly does not lead a chorus, not so low as to require any assistance he is a perfect chorus in himself. If an Oratorio is again attempted in this music-loathing city, Mr. Burton would make an excellent for substitute a hoarse trombone.

This, then, people of Canada, is the elegant trio, who beneath the approving smiles of the treasury benches are making your legislative assembly the sport and derision of the careless, and the source of anxious forebodings to all who desire the welfare and prosperity of their country.

#### III. A BEAR SILENCE.

One of the most outrageous attacks ever permitted in an English assembly was made last week, and who could make it better, by the hon. bully

from Carleton; we need scarcely say that we refer to the unmanly and gratuitous attempts to wound the feelings and injure the reputation of Mr. Brown through his aged father. We can understand fair parliamentary argument, we can even apologize for vehement personal assault, but the base and contemptible creature who could even entertain the thought of so ungenerous an attack as this, is far below any remonstrance. It was, however, so musical to some ears that it was considered admirable amusement, and the ministers of the Crown heard an opponent attacked in a manner which for coarseness and malice was never surpassed, and yet sat perfectly still, and never attempted to silence the outrage. We were particularly gratified with the speech of Mr. Brown, and we are not often so; it was a noble and manly appeal to the best feelings of our nature; an appeal which stands alone amid all the clap-trap of the session. We are sure that it was fully appreciated by honorable men on both sides of the House, and we were extremely pleased to see that the *Colonist* with a chivalrous feeling which did it credit, rose superior to the miserable ties of office, and vindicated an uncompromising opponent from so vile an onslaught. We wish the people of Carleton could be made aware of the disgrace and contumely they incur by sending to Parliament a man utterly lost not only to principle, but to all the feelings of honor or shame.

#### SHEPPARD'S SOLILOQUY.

To grind or not to grind, that is the question  
Whether 'tis better noiselessly to pocket  
The pay and profit of corruptionists;  
Or to set types against a set of rascals  
And by our thunder blast them? To turn,—to rat  
Once more?—and by our rattling say we burst  
That bubble, and the thousand dirtiest jobs  
That set adhere to?—'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wished. To turn?—to rat?—  
To rat! but then no pap;—ay, there's the rub;  
For from this summons all that lost may come  
When we have shuffled off this cursed thrall,  
And give up the precious pap with which  
They fill our paws: that is the mischief,  
That makes me scratch perplexedly my nob;  
For who would bear the scorn of honest men,  
The Norfolk wrong, the premier's capotiousness,  
Loranger's squeaking nonsense, Cayley's jobs,  
The insulence of Carleton, and the insult  
That a single manly article draws down,  
When he himself might blow them all sky-high  
With a bare stool-pipe! who would bother take  
To grant and sweat in our uneasy chair,  
Concocting pills miraculously false,  
But that the creed of losing our reward—  
The undisclosed contracts, 'gainst whose lures  
No editor is proof,—muzzles our mouths,  
And makes us rather bear the man we have  
Than fly to Brits who pant for jobs themselves?  
And thus the native weakness of our paper  
Is made more weakly from our being bought,  
And editorials of great pill and moment  
We've long replaced by tiresome twaddle  
And gained the name of Granny.

## THE QUEER OLD HUFFISH GENTLEMAN.

DEDICATED TO THE HON. MR. GAYLEY.

I'll sing you a fine new song,  
Made by a Grumbling pike,  
Of a queer old huffish gentleman,  
Who stomped at a fearful rate.  
He sat in the Front Street Mansion,  
In a pesky fizing state,  
Whilst they plucked his poor old heart-strings,  
'Bout interest, loans and date.  
Oh! the queer old huffish gentleman,  
The sport o' the present time.

In that old Hall close placed around,  
Were Smith, Scottle and Ross,  
Alloyn and yelping Cartier,  
With Mac of the "Jolly nose;"  
And in their midst this gentleman  
Was tweaked by all his foes,  
Till he clutched a black old inkstand,  
And swore he'd come to blows,  
Like a queer old huffish gentleman,  
The sport o' the present time.

Yes, though his locks were turned to grey,  
He fized and banged at Brown,  
And wiped the muckie rage and wrath  
From off his shiny crown.  
He swore, ah! no that wicked man,  
With a most vicious frown,  
Them chape with lies are popping up,  
But heavens! I'll pop them down."  
Like a queer old huffish gentleman,  
The sport o' the present time.

Revenge though sweet is sometimes balked,  
And hopes prove "all my eye,"  
So like the falling autumn leaves,  
This poor old man must die.  
They'll worry him 'bout wasted cash,  
'Bout loans made on the sty,  
Till up he'll turn his toes and breathe  
His last official sigh.  
Oh the poor old huffish gentleman,  
The sport o' the present time.

Yet surely this were better far,  
Than all this dorned parade  
Of credits to the asking fund,  
Which yet were never paid.  
I'm sick, upon my soul I am,  
Of such a masquerade.  
Let's have a real economist,  
A man who knows his trade,  
Not this poor old huffish gentleman,  
The sport of the present time.

## A PERSONAL DEBATE.

LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY, June, 1858.

A call of the House was made for Thursday in order that the members might have an opportunity of going into personal matters, and of blackguarding each other without stint. The House resolved itself into committee of the whole, and Mr. Benjamin was put in the chair, because it was understood that next to a good dinner that honorable gentleman loved a good row. The galleries were crowded, and great fun was expected, when

Mr. Hogan opened the discussion by remarking that only it was so infernally hot he would go over and violently assault the member for Middlesex, the tag-rag and bob-tail of a ministry who were continually cutting capers in the face of high Heaven. (Confusion.)

Mr. Talbot could safely say, that the honorable member for Grey was the perfectest bore in the house, except the junior member for Montreal. (Cries of go it, old horse.)

Mr. McGee drew a revolver, and fired at the Middlesex man, but only hit Mr. Alleyn, who happened to be asleep, on the head, from which the bullet rebounded, and knocked a glass of sherry out of John A.'s hand.

Mr. Burton suggested that the language used by honorable gentlemen was too mild. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. Hogan knocked the last speaker down, and being supported by the Chairman, challenged Mr. Angus Morrison to fight for laughing at him.

Mr. Talbot raised a question whether an individual like the member for Grey, who was ready to sell his body and soul for a consideration, (uproar,) had a right to be blown to blazes, like any gentleman. (Hear, hear; question.)

The Chairman decided that he had not. (Cheers.) Mr. Powell expressed an opinion that the member for Grey had no soul. (Vociferous cheering.)

Mr. Hogan drew a bowie-knife and went over to revenge himself on the members for Carlton and Middlesex, but, meeting with Mr. Foley on the way went and lickered.

Mr. McGee here enquired if the Provincial Secretary was in the House. (Sensation.)

Mr. Loranger replied by flinging an empty tumbler at Mr. McGee's head, and telling him that he had better keep his chat to himself. (Ironical cheering.)

Mr. McGee only wished to remark that the person he alluded to was no better than a ridiculous dancing master—"half minister, half monkey." [Loud applause.]

Mr. Loranger could not find words to express his contempt at the presumption of such a cheat the gallows, escaped convict, unburnt rascal, as the member who had just spoken. [Rapturous applause.]

Mr. McGee drew his revolver again, was about to shoot down the Provincial Secretary, when, seeing Col. Playfair dozing, he changed his mind and blew half of the gallant colonel's ear off.

Col. Playfair demurred against being shot at without notice. (hear, hear.)

The Chairman considered such conduct out of order.

Mr. Gowan said that no well educated gentleman could stand such a decision from the chair. [Cries of hold your prate.] He'd be hanged if he would.

The Chairman threw himself on the house to sustain him. [Cries of chair, chair.]

Mr. Brown persisted in saying that the Chairman should be thrown out of the window.

(A general rush was here made on the members for Leeds and Grenville, and as no one would take his part, he was promptly kicked out.)

Mr. Brown rose and informed the house that he considered these proceedings mere child's play. He was going to astonish them now. In the first place, the Inspector General was a liar. [Sensation.]

Hon. Mr. Cayley would like to know how?

Mr. Brown replied that it did not make the slightest difference how. The Inspector General was born a liar. (Cheers from the opposition.)

Mr. Wright wished to impress upon the House that that was in accordance with Scripture. (cries of "you don't say so.")

Hon. Mr. Cayley had only one reply to make; and that was this—(Here the hon. gentleman flung the inkstand at Mr. Brown's head.)

Mr. Christie, who was also baptized with the ink, roused himself and made his maiden speech in two sessions. He said very languidly "Hear—hear—hear!"

Mr. Hartman, thinking his silent friend had gone mad, threw a glass of water in his face, when a general row ensued on the opposition benches in which nobody was killed, much to the disgust of the ministerialists.

Mr. Brown continued: Next, the Attorney General had the foulest and filthiest mouth of any man this side of the pit of bribery and corruption. (Warm cheers from the opposition.)

Hon. John A. Macdonald was obliged to his polite and courteous friend.

Several members here grew indignant and protested that the language used by the Attorney General was unfit for the house. (Loud cries of hear, hear.)

Mr. Brown had not done yet. The member for Carlton was a pimping, lying, talebearer.

Mr. Powell responded that the senior member for Toronto lied up hill and down dale, and he challenged him to mortal combat. (Cheers.)

Mr. Brown was happy to say that he never so far forgot himself as to "go out," as it was called. [Silence.]

Mr. Powell begged to assure the member for Toronto that he was a coward—(cheers.)

Mr. Foley—to Mr. Brown—Blow up that drunk-en supporter of the Government in the *Globe* tomorrow.

(Mr. Ferguson came over and broke Mr. Foley's spectacles on his nose.)

Mr. Powell—The *Globe*—a ruffian paper, hounded on by a ruffian mind—has no terror for me. (Hear, hear, and immense applause.)

Mr. Brown would like to know how dare the member for Shefford say "hear, hear."

Mr. Drummond did so, because those were his opinions too. (Ironical cheers.)

Mr. Powell would not sit down without challenging the entire opposition individually and collectively.

No one accepting his polite invitation, the member for Carlton went down, and scorning to attack a single man, pitched into Brown and McDougall with the utmost vigour.

Mr. Folly suggested that Mr. Powell should be "rid on a rail," but receiving a blow in the paunch from J. S. McDonald, who mistook him for Mr. Benjamin, he lay down and became speechless.

Solicitor-General Rose strode across the House and seeing a suspicious-looking member asleep, knocked his hat clean over his eyes, before he discovered that he had assaulted the Postmaster General.

Hon. Mr. Smith, without clearly comprehending what was the row, laid violent hands on McKenzie's wig, which he was about carrying off in triumph, when the entire opposition rushed to recover their ensign. Bags was on the point of being did for, when the ministerial benches precipitated themselves on the opposition, and a bloody battle commenced, which lasted two days and two nights, after which both parties separated, buried their dead, and claimed the victory.

## MUTINY IN THE CAMP.

JOHN A. OBSTREPEROUS, THE COLONIST INDEPENDANT.

SOME Mt.—*John A. colloquising over Saturday mornings*  
*Colonist.*—*After having read the article on Mr. Brown's reply*  
*to Powell's attack.*

John A.—Why, what the mischief are these dolts at now!  
 Ten thousand thunders take them—here's a row!  
 A mutiny! My very camp in arms!

Confusion seize these conscientious souls!  
 This due regard to justice! Why, forsooth,  
 What earthly right have they to pry of "truth?"

What's "truth" to partly claims? I never wegh  
 With over hand the balance, nor swill they.  
 Give conscience to the winds while power remains;

They're 'neath my thumb—I hold—and will—the reins.  
 Must guide their course. (Enter Sicotte.) Ah, have you  
 seen

This cursed *Colonist's* new Brownite screen.  
 Sicotte.—You mean an article upon the attack,  
 Your fast friend Powell made? why, man, his back

Can bear it, and for my part, I  
 Am pleased our organ has thus generously  
 Before the public placed the matter right.

John A.—The matter right! Why, sir, 'yo think it right  
 That we should wash that arch fond Geo. Brown, white,  
 I look upon it as a party movement, sir!

We want, and I must have without demur,  
 A thick and thin support. I can't afford  
 To justify this Brown—a single word.

Powell's scamp! What then? You know that Brown  
 Must be by every stratagem put down.  
 Bih's too unscrupulous a man to lose;

And if he does at times lay on the screws  
 Most detestable that's not the point in hand.  
 Sicotte.—Well, Mac, I think that such support can bring

No strength worth having, and I'd rather fling  
 It overboard;—most certainly I deem  
 No harm can follow from the casual gleam

Of justice you condemn, for contra, though  
 I trust that popularity may flow.  
 Trust me, the public roars such brutish scenes,  
 And more than scorn a Cabinet that leans

Upon them for support. Most thinking men  
 Will deem our inspiration fed the *Colonist* you,  
 And credit us with a desire that these

Exhibits of brutality should cease.  
 John A.—I tell you no! I must retain each vote,  
 No matter, sir, what claims are in our boat,  
 I want them all; and more, our organs must

Support each one or else we stop the dust.  
 Nothink you too have lately clary grown  
 Of reputations other than your own.

Perhaps you're prepared still farther, sir, to go  
 And reap this popularity, most flow  
 Towards Mr. Brown. Purchases 't would please you more

If he and I at once should cross the floor!  
 But wait, I'm Premier yet, and bang me, sir,  
 I'll know which path my organs will prefer.

*Exits in a rage.*

SCENE 2nd.—*Colonist office.*—Morrison, Sheppard, David.  
 Sheppard.—You think the article will do, 'I've drawn it well.  
 Morrison.—Yes, yes. We will not drive the Premier wild;  
 And, though against my better nature it revolts,  
 We'll bolster up those Ministerial dolts.

Sheppard.—David, take this, and bring me back the proofs;  
 Ratle along with your young loutish hoofs.  
*Exit David, in a hurry, but is overruled by the Premier, who*  
*collars him, and dragging him into the Sanctum, bolts the*  
*door.*

John A.—Come back, you imp. Give up them MSS.  
 [Snatches the editorial.—Morrison and Sheppard proceed to  
 the rescue.]

Sit down ye slaves, and straightway send to press  
 A thundering salvo 'gainst the Glasgow mess!  
 Besift with foul abuse old Daddy Brown,  
 Tell how to sons the father's vice comes down;

Rate at the church, and into vigorous;  
 Bid all your rabid type in order line;  
 Sheppard.—No more can human blood be so withstand,  
 I'll read me looser from this inhuman band.

Morrison.—And I, good George, my chains saunter tear.  
 John A.—(Agitated, but furious).—They're golden chains, you  
 hounds.

Sheppard.— Oh I don't care.  
 Good-by corruption! Jobs! Hes! office! chink!!  
 I will be free, on an invoice were each link.

[Snatches the Editorial from John A.]  
 Give back that monument of starchy shame,  
 I am not now the fool that wrote that same.

[Seats himself at the table.]  
 Forth from my pen the stream of freedom flows—  
 [Shakes his left fist at John A.]

Just keep your paws off or I'll bleed your neck.  
 [After scraping for 15 seconds, rises with ten sheets of MS.  
 commencing "Whither are we drifting?"]

Morrison.—(Having read it).—Well done, my friend, you've  
 nicely kept aloof  
 From this blamed sinking raft, this tottering roof.

Consistency thou art a jewel, yet a "rat,"  
 Judicious and well-timed, oft comes quite pat.  
 Forth to the winds we spread our swelling sail  
 On dark corruptions rocks we turn our tail;

Despise the despot we revered before.  
 Dorth, just show that gentleman the door.  
 [Here our spirited and obedient devil, whom we have  
 since employed in THE GRAMBLER OFFICE, drags  
 the trembling and abashed Promoter by the coat  
 tails into the street.]

GRAND TABLEAU.—Blue fire. Morrison and Sheppard ring "The  
 last link is broken, etc." and curtain falls.

## YOUNG IRELAND IN A FUEY.

The disgraceful and raffian spirit daily exhibited  
 in the legislature is gradually infusing itself into  
 all classes of society. We have before us a so-called  
 religious journal, the *Catholic Citizen*, but for the  
 life of us we can't see in it any thing but the grossest  
 and most insulting attacks upon three public  
 men, Messrs. McGee, Hogan and Brown. We ask any  
 man who retains a spark of gentlemanly feeling, to  
 read the editorials in that paper of last Thursday.

The attack upon Mr. Brown is peculiarly virulent;  
 and though it has been our bad fortune to read  
 many gross attacks upon political opponents, a more  
 unqualified specimen of vitriol literature we never  
 encountered. Mr. Powell's insulting speech and  
 Mr. Brown's answer, certainly were quite sufficient.  
 Not so thinks the man of the *Citizen*, who forthwith  
 sits coolly down and pens an article of two columns  
 in length entitled "The Glasgow Cash-Box," filled  
 with the vilest epithets and most unmanly attacks  
 ever passed through the press. We refer our readers,  
 Catholic and Protestant, to the paper, and will  
 content ourselves with cullying a few flowers from  
 this elegant parterre.

Mr. Brown, and his course in public life, are characterized  
 in such gentle terms as the following:—"The whelp  
 of a runaway;" "pampered on the purloined viands  
 of the Glasgow cash-box;" "disrelish for the bread  
 of honesty;" "has practised successfully the lighter  
 manipulation of the pick-pocket;" "lazy scoundrelism;"  
 "blasted by the curse of God;" "moral errors of  
 unwhipt crime;" "the dregs of the 17th century  
 covenanting;" "brutal boundings;" "demoralizing  
 experience of thieves;" "cleansed from the brutality  
 of Glasgow criminality;" "like other brutes, can  
 only be reached through his hide;" "a ruffian;"  
 "unprincipled villain," &c., &c. These expressions  
 however are nothing to the general indecent tone  
 of the whole article, and the crafty and disingenuous  
 insinuation that Mr. Brown himself purloined  
 money from public funds. If the men who write  
 in his way had a particle of self-esteem, they would  
 never brutalise

themselves by charges which they know full  
 pointless both against Mr. Brown and his aged  
 parent, whose unobfounding character and  
 unblemished integrity should have protected  
 him from so atrocious an assault. But even  
 if Mr. Brown, sen. were, what no one knows  
 better than his maligners he is not, Mr. George  
 Brown is no more responsible for his errors  
 than the editor of the paper which abused  
 him. We are sure that the Catholics of  
 Western Canada, whose organ the *Citizen*  
 pretends to be, are far too generous and  
 warm-hearted to sanction such unchristian  
 and inhuman attacks as the one we have  
 commented upon.

## DOLOROUS DITTY.

Air.—"Blue Bells of Scotland."

John A. McL. cantat.  
 Oh where, and oh where is my Organ-Grinder gone?  
 Oh where, and oh where is my Organ-Grinder gone?  
 He's gone to add the Gills, and put vile  
 Gordie on my throne;  
 And its oh in my heart I wish he'd staid at home.

Oh what tunes, oh what tunes did my "smarrest  
 Organ" grind?  
 Oh what tunes, oh what tunes did my "smarrest  
 Organ" grind?  
 It ground much merry music, all to lull  
 the public mind;  
 But now its changed its note, and says  
 I ought to have resign'd.

And who knows, and who knows what made  
 the man so mad?  
 And who knows, and who knows what made  
 the man so mad?  
 He scoundered Brown and his respectable  
 old dad,  
 (Which the *Leather* wouldn't do so  
 I biew him up, by gad!

Suppose, and suppose, that the "*Leather*"  
 too should rat!  
 Suppose, and suppose, that the "*Leather*"  
 too should rat!  
 "Old Granny" would weep  
 for us, for we'd resign,  
 that's dat;  
 But its oh in my heart that I hope  
 it will not rat.

## THE THEATRE.

Charles Mathews' appearance at the Lyceum  
 will form an era to which we will look  
 back with fond regret. We have not room  
 to say all we would of him, but we will  
 particularize that scene in "As Cool as  
 a Cucumber" in which Mr. Plummer  
 (Charles Mathews) determines to make  
 love to Miss Honiton. We have laughed  
 again and again at the remembrance  
 of that delightful caricature. The brush  
 of Hogarth, or the pencil of Cruikshank  
 never produced anything more happily  
 ridiculous, more exquisitely funny,  
 and more free from all grossness as  
 was presented in that little scene.

In the character of Captain Clatter we  
 saw Mr. Mathews in a new sphere; and  
 although we did not enjoy his burlesque  
 with the same keen relish as his light  
 comedy, yet no gravity could hold out  
 against his powers of mimicry, his  
 inimitable songs, and torrent of words.  
 It is impossible to estimate the extent  
 of the calamity which those who have  
 not seen him have sustained.

By a new arrangement, we see that  
 Mr. Marlow becomes Manager; Mr. Petrie,  
 Stage manager; while Mr. Nickinson  
 still continues the Lessee of the Royal  
 Lyceum. The excellent manner in which  
 Mr. Nickinson discharged the duties of  
 manager renders it a difficult task for  
 any one to follow in his steps; but we  
 know enough of Mr. Marlow to foresee  
 that he will not fail to give satisfaction  
 in his new capacity. And as to Mr.  
 Petrie, we would not wish a better  
 stage-manager.

Charles Mathews takes his benefit to-night  
 (Sat. day.)

## THE WAILS OF AN INDIGNANT COCKNEY.

TORONTO GAOL, June 30th, 1858.

Vel' abnegative-ic lot is them P. reformment mon,  
Their blabrous haectious hinders my pen;  
They takes up a covey for looking a jib,  
But abubbing man's brains 'aint no manner o' aia.

Ven it comes to this province a penitent prig,  
Hil vadedo about hatter taking a svig;  
Hil spies a great gemman, a holoquent nob,  
And by haccident managed a tizzy to tob.

Vell, the fust thing I seed when I turned on my 'eel,  
Yok a great six foot peeler a munched some wool,  
At a halter, with cooliey as snug as could be,  
"You must come to the beak" Mr. Peeler, says 'e.

So 'e clapped on the dardice and holf to the beak;  
"Your vor-ship," says 'e, in a wolvey wreek meek,  
"This here's a swell mobber, a cockney you see,  
'E vos picking o' pockies in this conterere."

"Look o' yere, Mr. Curmett," rich hit vos the beak's name,  
I sees "hil you jug me 't would be a blowed shame,  
I peach lion myself to save waldie time,  
Howsoever'er I 's'it been a doing no crime."

"Tother day with Mellery, my pal, in the 'ours,  
Hil 'eard a French big viz as sleek as a mouse,  
A sayin' as 'ow 'twos Jolly good ion,  
To prig the blowventions from young Jonathan."

"My heyes, Macec boy, yere's a gofor hus pads,  
B'f'm blowed but them coolies would tickle hour dade,  
Hil's not no more wrog to nab blunt from a snob,  
Hil a poor feller's brain work hit's a prave to rob."

Says the beak with a starchy and vinegar face,  
"Young covey," sees 'e," you but hard to digence,  
Vot is right him the 'ows you'll learn, boy, bin time,  
Hil dono hout o' doors is a very great crime."

So 'e sent me to rear heat my muscles and bones,  
In this hill-looking jug a breaking of stones,  
Hil and his learned vich hit his a sad warning to prig,  
Noves take moral lessons from them there big rigs.

## UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

The Annual Convocation of the University of Billingsgate was held in the Hall, Front Street, on Saturday last; the Chancellor, Hon. Mr. Tread-on-the-tail-of-my-coat presiding. The following degrees were conferred:—

Mr. Powell, G. R. I. N. [Interpreted by a Yankee friend,—Greatest Rip in Natur']

Mr. Fellowes, A. D. O. A. F. A. F. [A devil of a fellow at fisticuffs.]

Mr. Robinson, M. D. [Morose Donkey.]

Mr. Murney, M. B. [Master of Blasphemy.]

Mr. Cayley, M. A. [Muff at Arithmetic.]

Mr. Burton, B. A. [Bellower Asinine.]

Mr. Gould, B. C. L. [Bachelor of Corrupt Language.]

Mr. Vankoughnet, D. C. L. [Duced Clever Lawyer.]

Colonel Prince, D. C. L. [Darkies' Constant Lover.]

Mr. Powell received the gold medal for the greatest proficiency in slang and abuse. The Professor, Signor Foul-Mouth, stated that though there had been great competition in this department, Mr. Powell had out-distanced every rival. His examination papers, which had been published in the *Globe*, showed the prodigious application of his talents, and to his fair hearers he might whisper, beautiful young friend. Messrs. Cayley and McDonald had both found themselves Billingsgate trumps, but Mr. Powell had been so well grounded by previous associations that their success was hardly expected; and the *Carlton Apollo* had ob-

tained his aureal prize, winning easily by five oaths, thirty "liars," and one "snoking demagogue."

Mr. Fellowes who was received with much applause by some ill-looking Yankee pedlars and shrimp women in the corner, came forward to receive the bully's scholarship from the hands of Professor Tipson Slasher. The learned gentleman said that he would back the Russell lamb against any man on the continent. Full particulars will appear in the next *N. Y. Clipper*, man ready and money down, &c.

Col. Gowau, who is only in his first year, but a regular scholar, having lipped the alphabet when he was only 15 seconds of ago, was rewarded with a golden gag. This ingenious prize is intended to be applied when fits of energetic talking, to which the young gentleman is very subject, come on. The extremely nervous and timorous character of this stupendously erudite student, was evident in a moment, and with characteristic consideration, the Billingsgate authorities had bestowed a prize which was at once an honour to the wearer and a check upon the improvident expenditure of the mental activity of this Admirable Crichton II.

Mr. Lurwell, also a student of the first year, was highly complimented by Professor Dead-Shot on his sanguinary disposition. [Loud cheers.] The young student had actually threatened a universal set-to throughout the Province, [cries of go it young un] and with a spirit never surpassed, had delayed his intention to shoulder a musket in the attack, in spite of all men generally, and the Kingston Johnny in particular. [A voice, die game, old boy.] He had much pleasure in giving him the prize for "tall talking" which had been instituted by the Mr. Keits of S. C., who took a deep interest in the success of the University. Many other prizes were awarded, but our space is limited. The meeting broke up with three cheers for the ring, and three groans for Chesterfield.

## OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

The subject of animation to the Blowers this week was the Northern Railroad, or rather, the propriety of memorializing Parliament to pass the Bill now before them to suspend their lien on this concern. Much deliberation ament the matter led to the conviction that it was a very proper proceeding, and they acted accordingly. This conversation in itself is trivial; but the commotion which the senior Blower from St. George's Ward invariably causes at the mere mention of this Railroad, inclines us to be curious, and to get at the why and wherefore of these foolish exhibitions. Ald. Read very properly contended, that the Northern Railroad had he much claim on the Government as the Grand Truck; and now that the Provincial lion was found to be an embarrassment to the former, they sought to have it suspended as was done in the case of the latter. Ald. Brunei thought he had the interests of Toronto at heart, and perhaps he had as much stake in the matter as any one else. We, of course, cannot pretend to dispute the stake Mr. Ald. Brunei has in this Railroad; but we are utterly at a loss to know what sort of a stake it is. It cannot his reputation as a Railroad manager—every one knows that—for as soon as his functions in that capacity terminated, so vanished with it his claims as an administrator of railway affairs. It may be

his stake consist in stock certificates; then again, we are loathe to believe he would risk investing in such a security while recklessly indulging his own extravagances. Possibly he may have had Bonds, for we have heard of his having hawked such materials among the capitalist of the city at fifty per cent discount; which if it be the case how came he, as a alarmed officer, to obtain the Bonds of the Company? Surely he was not allied, while in a position of trust, with the "Yankee speculators," or "Canadian jobbers." To be sure he was on terms of close intimacy with some of the Canadian contractors—too much so, it was whispered, to be disinterested. Wonder whether he was a silent partner of Cotton's in the Esplanade filling at and about the Railroad's wharf. Would it interest the citizens of Toronto to know what per centum was awarded him on the profits arising out of the building of the "J. C. Morrison." We do not impeach the worthy Blower, by any means; but we are suspicious of a man who takes every opportunity to vaunt his triumphs as a Railway Manager, and his incorruptibility as such. No doubt the free and independent of the Ward of St. George are proud of their representative, and we only seek to give them stronger grounds of confidence. But Ald. Brunei's enthusiasm leads him very frequently into a quagmire, for he says the Northern Railroad is controlled by foreigners in the interest of the "New York Central and Erie Railroads." The complaint would be well founded, if true; but such bosh will not obtain credence with anybody that can read. The Directors are all Canadians, save one! whose every interest centres in or about Toronto. This fact sufficiently refutes the impudent assertions of Mr. Ald. Brunei; and we will venture to say of either of them a desire to further the interests of Toronto as much as the ex-Railway Superintendent—a comparison would be odious. We hope to hear no more of his stakes in the Northern Railroad,—“it filled his purse with money;” and if he can be prudent we shall allow him to enjoy it.

## BUSINESS NOTICE.

At this season, when travelling is deemed essential to the proper relaxation of our bodies, it is a great boon to be informed how and where a journey can be performed with due regard to economy, and a full measure of recreation. We say, if your time allow of it, take the COLLINGWOOD ROUTE, and sojourn amid the cliffs of Mackinac, where no miasmatic breeze dare intrude itself; or push on to Milwaukee or Chicago, if you desire to witness the busy pulsations of life in the West. Should not that meet your taste, fly to the magnificent shores of the "Mississippi," and inhale the pure dry air of Minnesota. Secure yourself comfortable quarters at an hotel at St. Paul, taking good care to daily ramble the bluffs and prairies in the vicinity; and very soon you will feel yourself a giant in mind and body. Thence sail down the gently flowing river as far as St. Louis; see all you can there in the shortest space of time, and best retreat as fast as convenient in that country will allow. Your tickets for all these places, can be had at the Northern Railroad Office, Bay street, and foot of York street. The rates are much below any other route.

## THE GRUMBLER.

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