

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

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THE GRUMBLER.

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THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I needn't put it;
A child's among you taking notes,
Am't, faith, he'll pront it."

SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1864.

Lines suggested by the late sad catastrophe which befel Ensigns Acres and Brownrigg, (16th Regt.) on the morning of 9th April, 1864, while boating on Toronto Bay.

Last night we met them 'mid the festivo throng,
And mark'd their merry laughter, loud and long;
'Neath witching smiles, and dazling tapers bright,
Those manly features beam'd with living light.

We heard their tongues in honey'd accents speak,
With ears bent, eager some response to seek;
Eyes then met eyes, with glance which none can tell
But those who've "lov'd not wisely but too well."

Precachance the plighted troth! the word was given
Which blinds true hearts in union this side heaven!
"Romantic schemes and fraught with loveliness,
Filled these young breasts with thoughts of happiness.

Little didst! wot they, so soon the spell
That bound them should be broken by a knell,
Home on the dark and watery abyss:
To summon them to realms of woe and bliss!

Not as the spoiler comes, came death to them,
Girt on his brow with sickness' diadem;
But suddenly their youth and promise fair
Vanish'd from earth, as bubbles in mid air.

They fitted 'cross our path, fresh with fond hopes,
As bombs the chamois down the mountain slopes,
Appear'd a moment on this fleeting scene,
Then lost forever, as they ne'er had been!

And now Ontario's dark and deep blue wave
Hath furnish'd for these gallant youths a grave;
Far from the land wher'd that gave them birth
They sleep, no longer to awake on earth!

Sad was their fate! Heaven's unimpeded decree
Hath set these two young gallant soldiers free
From all we trust, save dross of human clay,
Which Christ's atoning blood hath wash'd away.

A change.

— It is said that the Ladies of Salt Lake City have resolved to change the word "Mormon" to the more appropriate term "more men." A significant change. How's that?

YE SHAKESPEARE OAK.

On Saturday last we manfully faced the pelting rain and elbowed our way through the crowd, for the purpose of witnessing the planting of the Shakespeare Oak and hearing the oration of George Anthony Barber as advertised in the *Leader*. Reader, were you there? If so, do you blame us for *grumbling* at the *barbarous* attempt at oratory exhibited on that occasion. We think you don't. True, the weather was unfavourable—but, oh ye shade of Shakespeare, that speech! We give a synopsis, ahem! Fellow countrymen, this is a most auspicious occasion.—(Voice: Shure an its *rainin like blazes*.)—We are gathered here to day to celebrate, as Englishmen only can, the greatest poet the world has produced.—Voice: Tom Moore for ever.—Ahem! We can never forget the days of our childhood.—(Thrus for you.)—We can never forget the rural scenery of England!—(Faith it can't hate Derry hills.)—I'm proud to be an Englishman.—(Maybe and I couldn't rub the consats out of ye in less time nor ye could spell phthisic, big as ye are.)—This is an English Oak.—(D—l the bit better is it fur that.)—May it be emblematical of our institutions.—(Shure it lanes all to wan side.)—Afording shelter to all who may seek a refugo beneath its branches.—(Sowl on it but there's a *dig* at D'Arcy.)—Ahem! you will excuse me if I treat—(I'll take a small decocksun of eye-wather wid crush'd limon in it,)—you to some poetic flowers pluck'd from the domain of the great player-poet, &c., &c.

Ahem! Canada is my adopted country,—(faith that's news, and didn't Harry Henry call the jail his City residence,)—but I was born in England and my love for the land of my youth, in the words of the great poet, "at each remove but drags a lengthening chain."—(Ye pelferin thafe, isn't that from Goldsmith—Bob Moodie couldn't do worse nor that whin, sez he, as Shakespeare says, "The flag that's braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze,"—and I think I can say, in safety, of Shakespeare, "We never shall see his likes again."—(Put a corker in his mouth—be me consience but he's a purty spaker.)—I hope I am not taking up too much time.—(Baxther an you shuk travel in the same harness.)—My friends, I thank you for your kind hearing.—(Shure an it's me that's sorry I can't return the compliment.—Such is but a small portion of the *oration* delivered on this interesting occasion; we, in mercy to our readers, refrain giving it in *extenso*. Suffice it, that our hopes of the morning "Lad but allured to fly," like "Pip," our Great Expectations were sadly crushed and we returned home from the great event speculating on the words of Scotland's bard:—

Oh, could some bodie the giftie gie us,

To see ourself as ithers see us,
It wad frae many a blunder free us,
A foolish notion.

CLEAR GRIT LAW.

We are authorized to state, that Mr. John Bell, Q.C., is in no manner to blame for the recent miscarriage of the great conspiracy indictment against Bowes, Gowan, and Boomer. It is true that the indictment did not contain the word "conspire," but that was the fault of "Mr. Bell's clerk." The draft, of course, was all right, and the wight of a clerk, of course, did not copy correctly. It is true that the indictment was preferred, although no leave of court or judge was first obtained, according to the statute in such case made and provided. That, also, was the aforesaid "wight." We understand that about three months since he was sent to the judge to obtain the necessary consent, but has never been heard of since. We rather think that a more reliable clerk will be found by the attorney employed to prefer an indictment against Messrs. John Nasmith, John McNab, John Bell, Gordon Brown, and Recorder Duggan, for having conspired, combined, and confederated together to have preferred an indictment contrary to the provisions of the *Veracious Indictment Act* against Bowes, Gowan, and Boomer. The tables are turned. Those who were so rabid to have law carried out illegally, may find that it can be carried out legally—to their own discomfort.

— The soul of the man that would cheat a printer must be so small, that if it were placed on a white plate, and the strongest lens that was ever manufactured brought to bear on it, one could not distinguish the minutest particle. A newspaper man, speaking to us a few months ago, said that a Mr. So and So lately denied three printing accounts. The remark passed, we thought nothing more of it; but about a week ago that man was sent to the Lunatic Asylum. What better fate could happen him?

— Mr. Fred. Cumberland has lately issued a time-table about as complicated as the English Bradshaw, but displaying less ability, and containing some superb blunders. For instance, that the Mail Train, North, connects with stage for Meaford, Owen Sound, &c., instead of, by steamboat. People generally, when they are travelling, procure a time-table for their guidance on the route, but we would advise them beware of the Northern Railway Time-Table. We must make some allowance for its being the first *literary production* of the "Colonel," and no doubt his brain was rather confused, but really Mr. Fred you should be more careful.