

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. 2.—NO. 15.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1859.

WHOLE NO. 67.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coat
I redce you tent it;
A chief's amang you taking noice,
And, faith, he'll prent it.

SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1859.

THE WAR.

The great contest now disturbing the peace of Europe's fairest domain, Italy, has had its origin variously stated. Without desiring to depreciate the research which many eminent statesmen and journalists have bestowed it, or to sneer at their sapient conclusions, we beg to dissent from theirs and the popular opinion, and to offer a new, but correct one, of our own concerning the cause of the present war; the cause may be stated in one word, and that word is LAGER.

We do not give credence to the scandalous story of a New York journal's correspondent that Francis Joseph in an inebriated moment having drunk sixteen lagers, called Louis Napoleon a *parvenu*, and threw his seventeenth in the eyes of the French Ambassador. This we know to be untrue—from our intimate acquaintance with the character of the royal Hapsburgh, who is a thorough German, and too well posted up in the national drink to be inebriated in his sixteenth cup, and too much a lover of it to waste a pot on a beggarly Frenchman. Equally absurd is the "Parisian Gossip" that the late Austrian Ambassador, M. Hubner, at his diplomatic dinners, liquored his guests with lager instead of champagne, insulting thereby the young bloods of Paris, who insisted on the Emperor's declaring war forthwith, under the threat of a revolution if he refused. These are idle stories, but the attitude of Prussia, in this momentous period, is pregnant with significance. King Cluquet, standing "as it were" on the pinnacle of jollity, with a mug of lager in his right hand and barrel of ditto on his left, with legs outstretched, like the American eagle, one eye winking knowingly on Russia, and the other taking a birds-eye view of southern Europe, has made known his statements to the belligerents in the metaphorical but unequivocal words, "ТА-КЕ УМЕ КО-ОУСА." The public and emphatic homology of such a sentiment inspired the French Emperor with new courage and raised the price of lager three kreutzers per gallon. Seizing the opportunity, Louis let slip the dogs of war on the Austrians in their most unlagered moment, and the consequence will be Austrian annihilation unless the former price of lager is restored. We wait with impatience the result, in the meantime, bring in more lager.

THE RIFLE BAND.

It has been rumoured, with what truth we know not, that Toronto is soon to be deprived of the excellent Band of the R. C. R. Sles. We have been so long accustomed to expect them at the bazaars, concerts, dinners and balls, that we seem to possess a vested right to their services, and can hardly fancy that their removal is seriously entertained. Now, also, that "by the kindness of Col. Bradford" as the stereotyped phrase runs, we are favoured with a periodical display in University Park, can it be possible we shall lose them? Forbid it, Mr. Councilman Fell; and thou most prominent of city fathers, Finch, forbid it.

But to the purpose of our article, which was to *grumble*. With the prospect of their removal from the city before us, how have the pleasures we have derived from the stirring strains of their music been appreciated? Have they and their comrades of the Regiment always been properly treated when their services have been secured? We feel bound to say—no. Taking the complaints before us in order, we begin with the Russian guns. It is a fact that, up to the 10th of this month at any rate, the Riflemen, who laboured a whole day at the Crimean trophies, never received a farthing by way of recompense. Where was Holiwell the Count, the Prince of Artillerymen? Where was Paterson? where Cull? and what was the Mayor about, that this disgraceful neglect was permitted? As far as we are aware, they have never received anything to this day. We appoint a commission of the Count and Sergeant Major Cull to inquire into this matter and report next week.

Secondly, in reference to the Band: We are informed that it is the constant practice, particularly at the Rossin House, to keep the men, who contribute so much to the pleasure of a public dinner, supperless and liquorless within nose and ear shot of the feast and revelry at the tables. The dinner given to Lord Bury and the last University Dinner, have been specially mentioned. At the last a bottle of very inferior wine and one plate of crackers were doled out amongst twenty-four men. The Band men had certainly a right to complain that after blowing and puffing away for an hour and a half, this was the feast provided for them. We do not know whose fault it was. We simply state a fact, and we trust that in future some more tangible proof of appreciation will be given to the "talent and ability" displayed by the R. S. Band than a newspaper puff and a plate of stale crackers.

Pleasing Intelligence.

— Under the head "Interesting News," *Old Double*, the other day, had an account of the "Burning of the Ocean Steamer March."

A CAPITAL INVESTMENT.

FOR SALE CHEAP,

A FIRST-CLASS ONE OR TWO HORSE HEARSE.

For terms apply to

Messrs. LITTLE & GOULD,

Milton.

The advertiser was evidently afraid that his advertisement would be mistaken for a joke, if he made public the reasons usually assigned for disposing of a carriage: "The owner having no further use for it." As it is we look on the advertisement as genuine, although the names of the proprietors are suspicious. Mr. Little sells his hearse because the people of Milton are so lost to common sense that he has *little* or nothing to do; and Mr. Gould consents to the sale because his hearse won't bring him in any *gold*. Won't any body in Milton die, and thus save the firm of Messrs. *Little & Gould* from bankruptcy? Has nobody in Milton any regard for the feelings of the firm? Is the credit of an enterprising house to be destroyed because the Miltonians are so selfish, so uncivil, so cruel, as not to die? Will any enterprising young man in Toronto go up to Milton and commit either murder or suicide, in order to keep the one-horse hearse from becoming the prey of a stranger.

Milton is decidedly too healthy for the well-being of the two-horse hearse. It wants a little dash of small pox, or a mild visitation from the cholera, or a friendly visit from the fever and ague to sustain the credit of the two-horse hearse. And accordingly the hearse must be sold—and cheaply it is to be sold. What city in western Canada wants a capital sell? let it buy the hearse. What town wants to be cheaply sold? let it buy the hearse. Who wants a hearse? A capital investment. A cheap hearse. A hearse that is set well on its springs, and will not disturb its occupants! A comfortable hearse! Come, speak out, western Canada! A first-class hearse! for double or single harness. Why do not Messrs. Little & Gould advertise coffins to match?

Meannoss.

—We understand that two of our wholesale merchants refuse to close their establishments on Saturday afternoon, contrary to the almost universal custom of our merchants, during the summer. This meanness and illiberality to their employees cannot advantage them during this dull season, and as it is fraught with danger to the present beneficial arrangement, is deserving of severe censure, we trust they will forego their eagerness for money-making, and give their overworked clerks the much deserved recreative hours.