

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

TORONTO, SATURDAY APRIL 16, 1864.

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THE CRUMBLER

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Persons enclosing their cards and \$1 will be favored with a special notice.

Correspondents will bear in mind that their letters must be pre-paid, that communications intended for insertion should be written, and only written on one side of the paper. Subscribers must not register their letters; for obvious reasons it is exceedingly inconvenient to us.

All letters to be addressed "The Grumbler," T. O. Toronto, and not to any publisher or news-dealer in the city.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coat,
I rodo you tent it;
A chit's amang you taling noles,
And, faith, he'll p'rent it."

SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1864.

OURSELVES.

NOT In the next number of the GRUMBLER we intend presenting to our patrons a superb political cartoon, on the first page, evidencing our desire to emulate Punch, and deserve still father a continuance of the extensive patronage which we have hitherto received at their hands. We do not go into particulars as to the subject now in the engraver's hands; but we can affirm, with every degree of confidence, that it is one well suited to the times, and eminently calculated to embalm the physiognomy of some of our leading men. Send your orders early. GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

WHO KILLED THE GRITS?

Who kill'd the Grits?

"I," says John A.,
"Say what you may,
I killed the Grits."

Who saw them die?

"I, I, and I,"
Fifty M.P.'s did cry,
"I saw them die."

Who'll pack their clothes?

"I," says Lord Monck,
"In the people's Grand Trunk
I'll pack their clothes."

Who'll dig their grave?

"I," says old Tache,
"Very deep, pour les cachet,
I'll dig their grave."

Who'll be the sexton?

"I," says Jacques Cartier,
"Ah, Oui! tres volontiers!
I'll be the sexton."

Who'll be chief mourner?

"I," says George Brown,
"For I'm quite broken down,
I'll be chief mourner."

Who'll be the parson?

"I," says McGee,
"Leave that to me,
I'll be the parson."

Who'll sing the dirge?

"I," says Mick Foley,
"For chang'd am I wholly,
I'll sing the dirge."

Who'll play the organ?

"I," cried voices unnumber'd,
But o'er all, Beatty's thunder'd:
"I'll play the organ."

Who'll pay the bill?

"I," says A. Galt,
"For I'm ne'er in default,
I'll pay the bill."

MR. ALFRED BRUNEL.

On any person inform us as to the position of this honest and straightforward gentleman in connexion with the "Civil Service?" He does not appear to be rated an officer in any public department in the Blue Book for 1863, recently laid before Parliament, and yet we find him at the present moment, in his supreme ignorance, knocking the Customs officials about here and attempting to deal with matters necessarily beyond his grasp. Certainly the present Government cannot be aware of the unblushing impudence—the audacity of the man in this attempt to pawn his services still further on the public; and that, too, in the face of the damnable charges preferred through the press against him and Mr. Worthington, by the late out-door Surveyor of this Port. All this sudden zeal on the part of Mr. Brunel won't avail him or his corrupt and blundering colleagues one single iota. Evidences, the most conclusive, of their incapacity and infamous conduct relative to the Port Credit case—aye, and in connection with the Port of Toronto, too—are ready to be laid before the House when it meets. Simple, magnanimous and grateful Alfred, shake hands with your Clear Grit friends when you now leave the Custom House; for it is about the last time you'll meet them in your official capacity, if you really are a public officer. Alfred, honesty is the best policy. Don't hope against hope; for were you even conversant with the necessities of the department upon which you have been foisted, the government will, in self-defence, be obliged to dismiss both you and your friend. Yes, and so also would

it have been with the late government—worthless and all as it was—if your conduct had been brought before a Committee of the House. How will you face your vile report laid before Parliament on the 8th of April last? How will you explain the abstraction of the two documents that nail your delightful machinations in the Cotton case? How will you or your confere arrange the false entries made in that affair; and the corrupt negligence and hot haste in which you made your report, when you were in utter darkness, in Goderich. Ah! dear Alfred, we wish most heartily that Russel or Cotton had left you in Kingston jail, where they first found you; or that you had remained in the Van Ransseler army, that figured so prominently at Navy Island, rather than that you should have stepped across the lines and been guilty of performing such dirty work as has been assigned to you here. However, your time, with that of your precious colleague, has now come; and, in bidding you good bye, we recommend you to try the Canadian Board *once more*, in the hope of passing as a Provincial Land Surveyor, or else just step over into the States again and join the Federals; where your uniform is sure not to be jeopardized under the Ninety First Clause.

IMPORTANT CONTRACT.

We have just been informed that before the late Government tumbled to pieces Mr. Sandfield Macdonald authorised Stephen Richards, Esq., of this City, to contract for the building of three thousand scows, for the purpose of navigating the York Roads. During the winter, horses, it is alleged, were in some degree competent to drag an occasional vehicle to town over the ruts and through the frequent chasms to be found at intervals along the lines; but if four-footed animals were to be continued it was found that crocodiles only could perform the work through the mud; hence then—and in consequence of the distance of the Nile—the idea of the scows. We fear, after all is said and done, that these roads were better still in the hands of that corrupt and disaffected old villain of the *Leader*, than that the farmers and our City should be punished as they now are.

PROPOSED MODEL ADDRESS OF THE NEW MINISTRY TO UPPER CANADA:

Rickety, rickety, rack!
Whom I till we mount on your back,
Then we'll get on the good old track,
Rickety, rickety, rack!

PROPOSED PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL CIRCULAR OF THE NEW MINISTRY, TO SUNBURY UPPER CANADA PAPERS:

Chick, chick, chick, chick!
We'll soon have plenty of crumbs to pick!