

THE GRUMBLER.

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WHOLE NO. 63.

THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1859.

THE WAR!

Most of our daily papers have given vent to a series of oracular views on the War Question. It now becomes our duty to give our opinion on the subject in a manner that will set the matter at rest for ever.

It will at once be evident that this is not the first war which has devastated Europe. When Alexander crossed the Indus and fought with Zenghis Khan, and laid the foundation of the principle of the Balance of Power, Europe learned her first great lesson in warfare. When Hannibal devastated the Coast of Guinea, and fought with the natives of the Cape of Good Hope, driving the British settlers therefrom, Europe was much younger than she is now. But since several of the powers of Europe have joined in mortal conflict, it will be evident to every intelligent observer that a considerable expenditure of blood and treasure is inevitable, inasmuch as no great wars have occurred in times past without loss of life. But to come to particulars. Let us correct various errors which have been committed by our contemporaries, especially the *Globe*, whose knowledge of Geography seems limited to a clear recognition of the boundary line between the two Provinces. In the first place it must be understood that Marshall Radetzky has been dead for a short time, and therefore will not take charge of the Sardinian forces. Again, Napoleon III is not the same person as Napoleon I, but is a relation of his. Moreover, the River Po does not, as is generally supposed—though its name is familiar enough in English Society—empty itself into the Atlantic Ocean, but into the Adriatic.—France is not in alliance with Austria, but is opposed to that power. Austria has not yet obtained possession of Italy, but is supposed to be aiming at something of that sort. The *Leader* has fallen into the singular mistake of imagining that Alessandria is in Egypt. The difference between this Italian city and the Egyptian one, is that the spelling of their respective names is somewhat different, and that one of them was named after Alexander the Great, and the other after John Alexander McDonald. The *Colonist* has made a mess of the whole affair. It mistakes Verceilli for Vermicelli, and says that the Austrians would get a ticket for soup if they want there; whereas we think that Turin

(tureen) the place where they would be most likely to get such an article.

The *Globe* says that the opposed powers are very likely to have a *brush* at the *Lago di Com(h)o*. We object, most emphatically, to any such frivolous and heartless jests on so serious a subject. We object also to such a jest as that of the *Leader*, who says that "the Austrians were not in a hurry to take decided measures, and evidently did not consider Parma as quite the cheese;" and again, that "the Austrians did not care a *straw* for Tuscany, but were, however, setting their *cap* at Leghorn."

These few remarks on the war in Italy will set the question at rest, for the next week, and after the lapse of that time the public may expect something more.

OSGOODE HALL.

May, 1859.

BY LORD MACAULAY.

CHAP. I.

I purpose to write the History of the last Terms' law Examination from the entrance of the Benchers into the examining Room to the quashing of the last bodies of the "awkward squad." I shall relate the course of mistakes which alienated the heart of Mr Gwynne from the majority of the young candidates for entrance. I shall relate how some got drunk before the examination; how some got drunk after it. How young Muddlehead did not know his Euclid, and young Brainless was deficient in Geography; how young Smartboy knew both; how young Cramhard raised his eyes to heaven, in gratitude to his preceptors, who had early and late hammered the impracticable lore into his impregnable numskull. I shall narrate all this in the thirteen volumes which are to follow the present one. Let us first cast a glance at the scene of these momentous transactions. The West wing of Osgoode Hall resounds with unusual clamour. The stairs leading from the Benchers Room to Molloy's Saloon are crowded. Students and Benchers pass and repass incessantly. Here a youthful applicant for entrance slides slowly down the bannisters with his Euclid between his teeth. On the landing, seven brawny boys successively hold the "stamping machine" at arms length. In another place the patriarch Molloy keeps at bay five precious juveniles. They interrogate him closely. The questions are beneath the dignity of History to repeat. Within a Room opening on the landing, three youths are seated. Three thumbed books are before them; watch them. We shall return to them anon.

The harsh thunder of rusty hinges is heard. A stout door opens, and five youths issue from the presence of the benchers. Grief, despair, envy, fear, these are the passions which play successively

open the features of the released individuals. They are surrounded by a crowd of anxious inquirers—"Wo were plucked?" was the only answer. "On Euclid?" "No, on Geography—Gwynne went heavily into the Italian war, and asked us what the Po emptied into. We knew it not. We were plucked." By this time, our three friends are in the presence of the Benchers. Heracles are given into their hands. Questions are put and missed in rapid succession. Still no cloud gathers on the face of the benchers. A pause succeeds. The Benchers take breath. Anxious looks are exchanged. The countenance of the inexorable Gwynne becomes corrugated like that of the scaly guardian of the Hesperian apples. He asks the momentous question "what does the Po empty into?" Two of the three faces blench. Four of the six knees tremble. Two of the unfortunates confess ignorance. The third beads forward and whispers his answer to the Examiners. * * * * *

* * * A glance of stupid amazement traverses the august circle, followed by a lively blush, and then by a horrified stare. One of the Benchers then said: "Young Man, you have perhaps erred through inexperience. Hush this matter up, and you may pass, along with your two companions." The young man wanted to pass, only to pass, to pass at any price. He signified his consent. The matter was apparently hushed up. It has since been let out it has become a matter of history.

(End of Chapter I.)

N. B.—Lord Macanlay will continue this work as soon as his Legislative duties shall permit.

PERFECTLY RIGHT.

The following sentence in a leading article in the *Leader* is so excessively true that we must immortalize the sentiment by giving it a place in our columns:

"When a prisoner is committed for three months, you have no right to convert the sentence into capital punishment, by inflicting a lingering death upon him."

The only objection we see to this statement is that the time at which the infliction of capital punishment by a lingering death expires is limited to three months. What is to become of prisoners committed for six months we should like to know if the right to inflict capital punishment on prisoners committed for three months is a disputed point, as the *Leader's* positive negative to the supposed affirmative assertion would lead us to believe it was. Following out the idea the *Leader* would seem to mean that imprisonment for two months should entail a punishment of being half killed; three months, sudden death; six months, roasting alive, with a choice of being flayed alive or compelled to read the back numbers of *Old Double* since the amalgamation.