

# THE GRUMBLER.

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## THE GRUMBLER

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## THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coat,  
I redo you tent it;  
A chief's aming you taking notes,  
And, faith, he'll print it."

SATURDAY, JUNE 6 1863.

### The Normal School Picture Gallery.

In our official character, as Protector of the Public Morals, we lately paid a visit to the Normal School Gallery of Paintings. Nothing could exceed the urbanity with which we were received by Dr. Ryerson, (the Founder and Filler of the Gallery;) the clerks; and other officials; and the janitor.

If we should, in the course of our remarks, let fall a word unfavorable to any work exhibited, let not the public suppose we do it from a love of fault-finding. When the GRUMBLER complains, something is wrong! let other periodicals do as they will, we stand for the truth—and the Public, whose servant as well as protector we are, shall know the truth also.

The Rev. Casual, in designing and bringing to pass this gallery, has done a good thing and we honor him for it.

Many of the paintings here stored are good copies of celebrated works; for instance, "St Jerome's last Communion," from Domenichino; "Hope," from Guido Reni; the "Madonna della Seggiola," from Raphael; the "Mother of Sorrows," from Sassoferrato. But then again, the Doctor has some how got into his hands, some of the most unhappy failures, pompous turgidities, and profane comicities that ever kept the flies off a newly papered wall; so we much fear that an ingenuous public might receive more harm than good from a general inspection. We ourselves have an interesting family, and we are anxious to give them every advantage of moral and aesthetical culture; but they shan't see the "Scourging of Christ," nor the "Ecce Homo," no,—not if we know it.

Ancient medals and traditions represent Christ as having a countenance, not beautiful, but expressive and finely formed. Titian, as copied by some unknown graceless vagabond, presents him to us

with a retreating forehead; lack-lustre eyes which don't match either in shape or color; mouth, chin, and beard apparently tied together, but slipped out of place; unclean eruptions of yellow starting out of the head at intervals; the whole having the appearance of having been broiled to remove any possible sharpness or brightness of tint. But this effort is masterly compared with the "Incredulity of St. Thomas." Alas, poor Rubens! here is his name tacked to one of the most imbecile villainies that ever fetched a crown, frame included: Christ, on the left, is more meanly handled than in the last. Some miscreant, with a complexion of leathery red; vacant eyes, set unequally in the head; and a shock of hair strongly resembling a used up quid in color and texture, is trying to look him in the face; another figure, still more savage, the face turned partly down to conceal a hideous squint, but allowing us to see enough to make our blood curdle, is leering upon him in front; while a harmless looking party on the right seems to be unceasingly trying to discover what it can all be about. So great is his eagerness to see what is going on, that his eyelid has outrun the eyes, and stands beyond it at least half an inch.

Nor does Murillo fare any better. Some individual (whom we hope Botany Bay may receive) has copied his "Adoration of the Shepherds." About the best thing in it is a brownish red earthenware basin at the foot of the bed. The head of the babe is idiotic; that of the mother reveals a type of ugliness so extreme that it approaches nothing we ever saw so much as the female head over the entrance to the Ontario Bank. The most sensible face in the whole group belongs to the dog.

Oh, Dr. Ryerson, Dr. Ryerson, why didn't you take us with you to help you make your selections! Well may the old masters say "From all bungling copyists, and careless collectors, posterity deliver us!"

### The Wandering Jew.

What's the matter with McDougall? He's strolling about the country from one county to another like a disembodied spirit, to which indeed he is the nearest corporeal resemblance we know of. With his gaunt, smileless face, which seems perpetually haunted with the ghost of the old *North American* newspaper, the *Agriculturalist* or *Rep. by Pop.*, he seems everlastingly on the move. From Perth to Oxford, from Oxford to Ontario, as if he were convinced one trial were severe enough for any constituency. We suppose he will next turn up in Huron and Bruce, or perhaps, like the late Mr. Baldwin, he will be Rimouski-ed, Eugène Sue, might re-write the Wandering Jew with great advantage after consulting Mr. D.'s biography.

### Our Special Telegraphs from Vicksburg.

Of course our readers wish for some really reliable and uncontradictory intelligence of the great series of battles and assaults, and we lay before them all we have yet received from the Federal reporters:—

May 24.—The Stars and Stripes swim over Vicksburg—the victory is complete—we have captured a million prisoners, 20,000 cannon, and innumerable stores and provisions. (This report I believe rather more true than the Bible, but wish Grant had signed it—President U. S.)

May 25.—We are on the instantaneous point of taking Vicksburg—it is holding out still, but it is systematically, morally, strategically, and simply impossible that it can hold out more than the hundredth part of a second, allowing for the variation of clock.

May 26.—As we expected yesterday, it has held out another day, but its capture is so sure that Gen. Pemberton has abjectly begged leave to surrender, if his life be spared—his troops be agrees shall be executed.

May 26, 12 noon.—Gen Grant accepts the offer, on condition that Pemberton shall sing "Hail Columbia," and "Droits always shall be slaves," standing on his head.

May 26, 1 p. m.—Pemberton accepts, if he is allowed an aide-de-camp to hold his feet up. Gen. Grant indignantly refuses. Capitulations are broken off. We are closing around the doomed city—it is ours in an hour—the rebellion is squashed—nations of the world, walk in—the Mississippi is open to commerce—England, your time is come. France, tremble. Hail, O! Columby!

May 27.—We have attacked it irresistibly—our forces have hurled themselves upon it—we have slaughtered the rebels—hardly one is left—Vicksburg is almost ours—we have been repulsed at all points—we have lost 2,000 killed—we feel all the better for it. Let none be discouraged.

May 28.—Another assault—we have made an awful impression—the rebels are determined to surrender in three minutes—they repulsed us merely mechanically—we have lost 3,000—we are delighted.

May 29.—Nothing can be more certain than that our next assault would have succeeded, as we were all aware that the rebels had laid down their arms, fell on their knees, and were practising a cry for mercy, to be repeated on our entrance—but the President has sent us word to take the place by regular approach, as the hot season is now here, and he wishes us to accustom ourselves to the yellow fever.

May 30.—Gen. Johnson this morning threw 10,000 troops into Vicksburg—and then took breakfast. Let him throw—the more he took the more prisoners we shall take.

May 31.—All the above is confirmed.