

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

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THE CRUMBLER

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

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

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coasts,
I rele you tent it;
A chief's among you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it."

SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1863.

LOST.

Around her restless path the dark fog lay,
As though the dull, cold air were thick with crepe;
While through the deepening gloom she gropes her way—
A faintest slip, along that fatal cape.

And, though her form pale seems, tried and true,
And twice two hundred souls in her have faith,
A wondrous silence reigns among the crew,
That seems the forerunner of approaching death.

Then crash! O! God! she strikes a sunken rock!
And never shall she plough the waves again!
A long, wild cry accompanies the shock,
And all the sea is filled with drowning men!

With a pale throng the latest boat has gone—
Escaping swiftly, and in dire alarm,
From the mail swimmers, sinking one by one,
Till disappears the last upturned arm!

Toronto, 7th May, 1863.

The Concert Room.

On more than one occasion, we have noticed a certain class of concert-goers who, without the slightest consideration for the comforts or feelings of others, keep up, during the whole performance, an annoying fusillade of gabble, prominently indicative of coarse natures and badly furnished upper stories. We have no more reference to gentlemen only—if the term be not wholly applicable—and we trust that this practice may be discontinued, and at once. It is vulgar, ignorant and unjust. It is vulgar, because it entertains no respect for the predilections of others—it is ignorant, because it exhibits a lack of appreciation in relation to all that is beautiful in music, and it is unjust, because it interferes with the *artiste* and those who have paid their money to catch without interruption every note played or sung on the occasion. We trust that we shall not have to refer to this again; for should we be constrained to do so, most certainly we shall leave a broken string in the wound.

A VALUABLE HINT.

Nobody, we believe, doubts that the originator of all modern improvements is a certain newspaper which modestly forbids us to make the most remote allusion to. An improvement is eagerly demanded—may, is clamorously bellowed for. We furnish the improvement instantly. The improvement required is, that proceedings at law courts be rendered less insufferably tedious. Rejoice, Oh Public, the work is possible; that is, to the GRUMBLER. Let the business be in future conducted poetically—make them sing it all. Not only, Oh People, shall your heads be relieved from Court-ache, but your money shall be spared by the beneficent GRUMBLER. Law admission prices shall be charged, and crowds will flock there, and all courts whatsoever shall be self-supporting, and judicious appreciative people shall present pieces of plate to the Reforming GRUMBLER. (Mind our crest is three spurs couchant in a triangle wavy sinister—motto, "Look sharp.") Friends, Romans, Countrymen, behold the great Abduction Case as it should have been conducted, wedded to immortal rhyme—

Before the Magistrate. Enter Complainant Bridges, Defendant Bennett; and The Abducted One, with lawyers, spectators, and police, *ad libitum*.

Mr. Boomer.—Friends and fellow-citizens

When you cannot agree
You show decided wit and sense,
In coming straight to me.
Plaintiff's lawyer, prove your woes.
Defendant's lawyer, answer.

If on me you would impose,
You mistake your man, sir,
High fol de rol de rol de rol, Fol de rol de rido.

Witness called—Mrs. Bridges.

Plaze your blessed Honor. listen to my story.
May the sky resave yiz; may yiz die in glory.
Shure I lint her to thin, but just to kape for me
Only for a few days, an thats four years, ye see
Then says his reverence the Praste.—"Go snatch
her from the Orange Bastie."
Meddileroo, aroo, aroo, Meddileroo, aroo.

Mr. Bennett.

Honestly I took her, well, I kept her four years—
Graciously look on me, let me keep her more years—
All my wealth is hees alone, let me have her for
mine own.

Tiddy fol de rol de rido.

Mr. McMichael.

My client's grief my swelling heart is bursting,
List to his mournful tale.
The infant for its mother's love is thirsting,
Hark to its piteous wail.
The real mother all her right disowning
Renounced the child, you see.
Your Worship, give it him for whom I'm groaning,

The man who pays my fee.

Fol dol de rol, fol dol de rol, fol dol de rol de rido.

Mr. Crombie.

My brother's an excellent pleader, but still you must lucidly see,

Your Worship, of law a great reader, the law of the case is with me.

In statutes all consolidated, in section five thousand and four,

The rule it is forcibly stated, the child you must straightway restore,

His speech is an elegant fiction, Your Worship must very well know

The law gives you no jurisdiction—the child to my Client must go.

Tiddy fol de rol de rol, fol de rol de rol de rol,

Tiddy fol de rol de rol, fol de rol de rido

Mr. Boomer to Mrs. Bridges.

Very profound is my learning

And very profound is my view,

And I've not the least doubt in discerning

The child must be given to you.

(Chorus by Defendants and spectators) Boo hoo hoo, boo hoo hoo, boo hoo hoo-oo-oo

(Chorus for Complainant.) Tiddy fol de rol de rol, de rol,

Tiddy fol de rol de rido.

Mr. Bilton's Remonstrance.

PARLIAMENT HOUSE, QUABEK.

DEAR SIR,—I've heard till as how some finks is a libelin and a slanderin of me, the subscriber, by sayin as I danced wid the mumber for South Oxford on a late okashun. Now I nivir did no sich thing. I knows as well as me betters how a decent woman should conduct herself. It's not for nothin that I've been a member of the House for twenty years come the 12 of July. No one dar assert that I've ever been seen galivantin wid the other members, for I've made it a pint to keep them at a proper distance, though sich as Jon A. will be pokin fun at an owld woman. I knows perfectly wel that the mumber for S. O. was married ony a short time back and I wout be kreatin strife between man and wife by pokin and walszin wid him, for I knows by experiens what min's larts is when they're from home. Tho I did jine in a jig wid an honourable mumber, it was ony at the urgent sollicitashun of the House, and it wasn't wid the mumber for S. O., as I've already sed afore. Plaze publish this noat and oblige,

Sairey Bilton.

P. S.—You mustn't be takin my addressin yours as "dere," as provin that I name it. It's my official stile.

CABBAGE LOOKING UP.—Since Mr. Howland's budget speech, in which he stated that the duty on tobacco would be increased, cabbages have grown several inches.