

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.]

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1863.

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THE GRUMBLER

Is published every SATURDAY MORNING, in time for the early trains. Copies may be had at all the News Deposits. Subscription, \$1; Single copies, 3 cents.
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," Post Office, Toronto, and not to any publisher or newsdealer in the city.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I reele you tent it;
A chief's aming you taking notes,
And, fith, he'll prout it."

SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1863.

JOHN A. AT KINGSTON.

Did you hear how great John at the place called Kingston did address the big men of the city, And did make them all gazo in astonished amaze at his statements so wiso and so witty?

If you didn't it's true it's the better for you, for THE GRUMBLER releases this day,

The substance of all that he said in that hall, and all he intended to say.

"People of great Kingston town, folks who went with me to school;

Every man that's not a Grit, every man that's not a fool, Listen to me all to-night, while to you I plain may toll How my party has been wronged; how I've not been treated well.

They turned us out because they said we jobbed more than was right.

I do declare that none of us made half of what he might. Investigating Ottawa no doubt you did behold them, And previous little they found out (aside—to what I could have told 'em).

Their system of retrenchment, too, of which they make such fuss,

I say the mother country's plan's the only plan for us, Are we not Britons true and bold?—if so it's very clear, If they've got useless offices we ought to have none more.

Who don't approve this sentiment, a Briton he is none; He is a Grit most dangerous—he looks to Washington. I've followed British precedent in all the things I've done, I hope we'll have a debt like theirs before my course is run.

I hope to see a Court like theirs in glory shining here, And may our gold and silver sticks five thousand pounds a year.

Give us one Session more of power, the country shall be free;

Yes, free, and far beyond the reach of Grit economy. My French Canadian friends admire my plan of Government;

I never did a thing without their knowledge and consent. Far, far from mean economy their willing minds I led,

O, wouldn't we have jolly times if all the Grits were dead. They shall be dead politicians, their power shall soon be gone.

For very soon my phalanx French shall come triumphant on.

Shall sweep retrenching Grits away from each Department floor,

And put me high in place again, to fall again no more.

Then, then, my friends, I will not say what things I mean to do,

O, they are quite unspeakable, the joys I mean for you. How I shall save the country would take far too long to tell;

But, if you'll take my word for it, I'll do it very well.

Here's all your jolly good healths, my friends, before I leave the floor,

(Aside—) I never met so many fools within one room before.)

THE CHARLESTON FIZZLE.

EVERYBODY SATISFIED AND NOBODY HURT.

The greatest naval achievement on record duly "came off" according to programme on Tuesday the 7th inst, at 4 p.m. (In important matters of this sort, it is as well to be particular in dates.)

Having access to sources of information denied our daily contemporaries, we hasten to lay before our readers the very latest, and even still later intelligence. There can be little doubt that some "very tall fighting" was done; and we respectfully state to the shades of Messrs. Themistocles, Augustus, Frohisher, Blake, Nelson, and the late lamented Sir. C. Napier, that their exploits have been entirely eclipsed by the superior genius of Admiral Dupont, U.S.N.

Having succeeded in gaining defeats without number by land, it only needed a genius of sufficient brilliancy and valor to secure a naval Bull Run. This glorious result has been achieved by Admiral Dupont. He did not desire to take Charleston; indeed, he would have looked upon such a catastrophe as a peculiar misfortune. He was not defeated, because he did not want victory; in the bright lexicon of American strategy the destruction of a fleet means the successful taking of a "reconnoissance."

Having accomplished this gigantic undertaking, after nobly standing fire for the almost incredible space of thirty minutes, the American armada steamed into the broad Atlantic, as it is stated in one of our dispatches, "to sweep the fleets of France and England off the face of the deep."

We trust the latter will be able to take at least temporary refuge at Spithead; their ultimate destruction can scarcely be a matter of doubt. We give the Admiral's dispatch in advance of all our contemporaries:—

(By Mesmeric Telegraph.)

A LITTLE OFF CHARLESTON,

April 9, 1863.

To Hon. GIDEON WELLES,

Secretary of the Navy:

I have the honor to report that we have succeeded in taking a reconnoissance of Charleston, and have seen as much of its defences as we desire. Agreeably to instructions, our invincible iron clads crossed the bar on Friday in pursuit of knowledge, when the enemy with their wonted treachery opened a most ungentlemanly fire upon

us from Forts Sumter and Moultrie. The Ironsides (named, as you are aware, from Edmund the last of the old Saxon Dynasty of England) came to grief like its namesake; the turret of the Passaic resembled the hat of an inebriate who has slept in it all night on the floor of the lock-up; whilst the Patapsco met similar uncourteous treatment, in direct contravention of the Constitution of the United States. The Kookuk would have succeeded in reaching the city but for one unforeseen accident, she sank before she got there, a mishap which was very annoying to her brave officers and crew. "The Devil" which was intended to remove obstructions fell into the hands of the rebels, much to my chagrin, as from experience I should judge that they had mischief enough in their already. I hope, however, that President Lincoln has enough material in the Cabinet of Washington to supply the loss. The fleet deserve the greatest credit for their gallant conduct under fire; the entire force have cast imperishable lustre upon the dazzling glory of the American name, and without making invidious mention of individuals, I beg to recommend that all be made commodores without delay. Having brought the "reconnoissance" to a glorious termination, we left the enemy to his gloomy reflections, and steamed out the harbour at a rate which must have astounded Beauregard and his fellow rebels. The happy result of this glorious expedition proves that iron-clads are almost invincible, and can only fail from want of success.

Yours truly,

H. DUROV,

Rear Admiral in the Blues.

WANTED.

OLD Sermons—well thumbed—full of platitudes—those preached at Thorold ten years ago preferred.

Apply to the Church Wardens of St. George's Church, Toronto.

WANTED ALSO,

A Machine adapted for the reading of old Sermons—must be monotonous—if at all given to emphasis, it must be on wrong words and in wrong places.

Apply as above.

On Dit.

—That the Hon. George Brown has three fifteen-hour speeches ready to deliver before the close of the present session.

That Tom Ferguson will speak entirely in French next session.

That the Premier will appear in Highland costume at next levee.

A Lie.

—A new interpretation of LL.B., is *lie like blazes*. Decidedly not true.