

# THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

TORONTO, SATURDAY MARCH 5, 1864.

(VOL. 2.—NO. 14.)

## THE GRUMBLER

Is published every SATURDAY MORNING, in time for the early Train. Copies may be had at all the News Depots. 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," P. O. Toronto, and not to any publisher or news-dealer in the city.

## THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats,  
I rade you tent it;  
A chief's amang you talking notes,  
And, faith, he'll prent it."

SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1864.

### TITULAR.

"In the making of books there is no end."

"Law's serious call," no summons is,  
From Rhadamantus Boomer,  
"Grant's Formul" are nothing worth,  
For healing any tumour;  
All "Paley's Evidences," give,  
No evidence of palls,  
Behind them look, you'll hardly see,  
Traces of "Old men's tales,"  
"Rowell's sheet almanac," will not,  
Find you in sheets, oh! maiden,  
The "Life of Greenwood" won't recall,  
The frests you have strayed in.  
The "Scarlet Letter," mentions not,  
Tom Ferguson's Red Lady;  
The grave "Josephus," won't recall,  
The "Life of Joseph Adey."  
The "Lay of the last minstrel," won't,  
Give you one egg in store,  
Nor will Macauley's "Lays of Rome,"  
Give you a shell the more.  
"Gray's elegy," perhaps you think,  
An eulogy of Gray's?  
But rest assured, that Gray himself,  
More highly thought of bays  
O'er "Bacon's Essays," strain your eyes,  
Throughout that wonderous work.  
Rash man, you'll not a rather find,  
Of bacon or of pork.  
"Newton's Principia," does not treat,  
Of "Principes" cigars,  
And Frederic Easton didn't write,  
The famous "Siege of Kars"  
To "Thomson's seasons," do not go,  
For reasoning your pies,  
"Never too late to mend," is wrong,

Late working spoils your eyes.  
"Lacon," I end; your Valentine,  
Remember, don't deceive her;  
And "Charles O'Malley," imitate,  
Rather than, "Charley Lever."

### Diary of an Officer on board one of the Ironclads off Charleston.

"A Committee will be granted to enquire into the causes of the inactivity of the ironclad fleet off Charleston."—*New York Herald.*

Feb. 10th.—Turned out at daybreak, every soul asleep on board, and quite right too. I wouldn't have stirred but I wanted a drink. Devil's own bother waking the steward, excused himself by saying he hadn't been in his berth three hours, as the gunroom officers had broiled bones and Roman punch, last night,—made me a finest cocktail, his hand shook I noticed, so did mine, turned in again, and slept quietly 'till they made it 12 o'clock. On deck with sextant, to look business and office like, all our fellows playing euchre on deck, as the day was warm. The captain said we needn't bother, the sun was all right, and so, he added, was he—*mem*, he ought to know, but he hiccupped fearfully. Admiral signalled something, nobody could make it out, so we laughed and went to dinner, captain stood champagne. Evening in old style, won thirty dollars at euchre, turned in late, *ebriolus* I think.

Feb. 11th.—Devilish thirsty again. Roused up steward. Old nipchess too drunk to make cocktail, so I took tangle by neat—slept till noon. Didn't carry up sextant to-day, master very sagely observed that 12 o'clock *would* come whether we made it so or no, so we are not going to bother about the darned thing again, euchre at night, and brandy punch, won three dollars.

Feb. 12th.—Captain's birthday, all the men treated by captain, who is a jolly good fellow, to ten hookers each. Grand procession to present captain with testimonial. Captain made a very good speech, and asked us all, luffs and reefers, to dine. Devilish good spread. Terrapin soup, canvass backs, real turtle, Moe's champagne in plonp—splendid desert, Liguors, Curacon, Noyeau, Maraschine, Kirschwasser and Goldwasser. St. Julian chret, and white Hermitage. Old Admiral signalling again, and we signalled back, made out *this* time, "Throw a shell to look active"—answered, "aye, aye, sir." Got up a shell, at least the officers did, for the crew were too lussy; dispute between gunner Adams and old Jeff the boatswain, as to how long the fuse should be, gunner Adams said a foot or more for a four mile range, Jeff said six inches was lashings, appealed to captain, he like a man of peace said, "split the differ-

ence," so cut it to nine, elevated mortar thirty degrees too much, so up the shell went, God knows where, and fell about a quarter of a mile from the ship. The first luff, who is a witty beggar, said the gunner had too *high notions*, and wasn't a good republican, gunner who was more elevated than his mortar, told him to go to—.

Feb. 13th.—Very fine day, mustered on deck, and the captain joined us in attention to our duties, cleared the decks after, and the band played the old airs, then dancing and larking till night, double allowance of grog to men, I did a good day's work, for I cleaned my revolver thoroughly, euchre again to any extent, lost forty drinks.

Feb. 14th.—Sunday, captain ordered paper to be served out to all the ship's company, every one writing valentines, those who couldn't write dictated, made up mail bag at 6 o'clock, and pulled aboard Flagship with it, papers from home—cuss their fault finding souls, what *do* they mean by calling the ironclads inactive?

Look twice e'er you leap once.

Our waggish *Leader* of public opinion, reminds the ladies that two months of "leap year" are already gone. We presume, to remind them that only ten months remain, in which they may avail themselves of the usual privilege. More thoughtful, though less witty, than our ponderous cotemporary, we would entreat them to look narrowly before they *do* leap.

An Oculist's Motto:

—"Mind you eye."

The new Ophthalmoscope has revealed the interesting fact, that the young lady who shed torrents of tears has a *cataract* in both eyes.

Osgoode Hall.

We think the Government would do better to appoint an Inspector to enquire into the state of the Registrar's Office, Osgoode Hall, than to appoint Mr. Grant prison inspector.

Mayor Medcalf on Sabbath Breaking.

Last Council night Mr. Mayor Medcalf was so good as to enlighten the dark unfashionable minds of the City Council, as to the fact of policemen having no Sunday—their duties compelling them to think as much of one day as the other. This is the first piece of news we have received from the "learned blacksmith." What a godless crew to keep the peace!

Morphy Commission.

We are happy to hear that Mr. Morphy has been appointed to clean out the hull (whole) master's office of the Court of Chancery. It is confidently expected that all the dirt accumulated there-in will cling to him.