

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1863.

(VOL. I.--NO. 32

THE GRUMBLER

To be 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.

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THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coat,
I trowe you trowe it;
A child's anong you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll print it."

SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1863.

Ye Ballad of the Wornocute Warhorae.

"Whose cruel rede, thou ancient steede;
"Turned thee on evill daye,
"And changed the shoute of battaile route.
"The roaring of the fraye."

"For this dull rounde of barren grounde;
"Where weeds and Hemlocks grow;
"Where onné thee beates ye sunnes fierce hents,
"Ye driftes of wintrie snowe?"

Dropped that old steede, ye mumbled weede;
Uppelife his hollow eye,
And shooke againe his tangled mane,
Or ever he made replic.

"Noe more fierce frayes, noe glorious dayes,
"Nor battaile's rushing roar.
"The bugle blaste, for mee hath past;
"Lord George, me rides noe more."

"That battaile grime, I carried himme,
"When he the Premiere slewe,
"When for two dayes, hee made a raise,
"Ilimme, and his Clear Grit crewe.

"Those dayes are o'er—not anic more
"Shall I eat of the goode oatmealne,
"Or fall on the foe, like a whirlwinde goe,
"At the touch of a Northern heele."

The old steede snide—when over heade,
Sol the Cartier eagle screame—
In great surpris, I ope'd mine eyes,
Behold—I had dream'd a dreamee.

Thence in haste I ranne, to a cunning manne,
"And tell me, Father, aright,
"Of ye steede so olde, and the Baron bolde,
"Of which I have dream'd this night?"

"Lord George, said he, thou mayest nowe see

"Is none butte Syr Geordie Brown,
"A factious chield, as Johnnie Sandfild
"Will finde, whenne he joustes himme downe."

"And ye sorrre steede, that mumbled ye weede,
"Was Syr Geordie's favorite backe,
"Nowe manie a daye he's been putte awaye,
"No Syr Geordie upon his backe.

"Nunc and pedigree I giv unto thee,
"He was foaled in ye Clear Gritte shoppe,
"Where he once was a pette, and had mummie a
swette,
"And his name it is—Reppe by Poppe."

The Capture of Washington.

Washington is fallen, and the capital of the Northern States, with all its magazines, innumerable stores of material, munition, archives, &c., &c., is in the hands of the Confederates, and at the mercy of General Lee. The president, secretaries Seward and Welles, together with Major General Halleck—the notorious parson—Brownlow, II. B. Stowe (whose published departure for Europe is thus proved to be a canard) Horace Greeley of the *Tribune*, are all prisoners of war. The first named four having their liberty on parole. This most important news we received exactly two hours and ten minutes since; and, such are the resources of the GRUMBLER, now give to the world, we append three letters, which bear from their originality and simplicity the stamp of truth. Mr. Grimes's letter to ourselves is written by one of the oldest half-pay officers of the British army: long a most respectable inhabitant of Washington. He accompanied the Duke of York in his expedition in Holland toward the close of the last century. The second letter is written by a singularly intelligent coloured barber, long a resident in Toronto, to his brother who carries on the same profession in this city. The third is from a brave Irish soldier (Andy Hogan) long one of President Lincoln's body-guard; and is addressed to his cousin, an employe on our staff. We may say of the letters of the gallant veteran, that his memory though perfect as regards recent conversations, or events, in using scientific military terms, is sometimes at fault, apart from that the information given is wholly reliable, we give the letters precisely as they are written.

(To the Editor of the Grumbler.)

WASHINGTON, June 29, 1863.

RESPECTED SIR,—Trusting this said letter will find you enjoying of good health, as it leaves me at the present writing—I take the opportunity of rehearsing the capture of this city, yesterday June 28th by the Confederate forces under General Lee,

knowing said capture would prove interesting.

The first I knew of matter in hand was yesterday, being up at daybreak; being uneasy as to rumours. I was hardly dressed, and had not opened store, (you remember I keep a green grocery) when I was sent for by hands of Andy Hogan, which his letter is enclosed, to wait on General Halleck immediate—he having asked my advice many times during this bloody war; though never as I call to mind taking the same. I went up immediate, as I would to my old commander, His Royal Highness; whereby on the road I asked Andy if the report was true, "That the President had gone off in the night?" "Divil a fut," says he in his Irish way of speaking, "for," says he, "the ould man was down to the Jeneral before the light, and was atin taykettle broth with him, when the Jeneral orthered me to bring yez up at wanst Miesher Grimes." Says I, "Andy, Jin feared there's trouble coming?" "Thrubble," says he, "ye may say that same. By the Rock of Cashel, if the rebels aint here this day I niver cut turf. But whist!" says he, "here we are, and ould Abe is at the windy, telliu some of his quare stories, and atin the broth like a gossoon in Galway." So Andy shoved me up, and the General came out, and says he "Good morning, Grimes?" I saluted them both, and then General Halleck says, sharp out, "Grimes, Lee and the rebels is in force only four miles from the place we stand, and we have sure information that the assault will be made to-day. What shall we do?" "Muster all the men at the works, General Halleck," says I, "that the reserves shall be ready in case the redoubts are stormed, and have covering parties at all the salient angles."

The President and I, Greeley was took, I hear, in the disguise of niggers, blacked faces and all. Secretary Gideon Welles, and Secretary Seward, was took easy, both being in liquor, to drown trouble I do suppose. General Halleck was catched in the act of asking his own servant girl to hold his sword; that he might fall on it, as he told her Generals did years ago, when unlucky, whereby she getting frightened, likewise thinking the General had too much drink in him, she got frightened, and hollered, "thunder and fire;" immediate when the Confederate patrol came in and took him. But this should not be counted against him, as he had several glasses of rum and milk with the President; and had eat nothing but crackers and cheeso for four days, from over anxiousness.

Parson Brownlow was took in the disguise of a scavenger, which was very fitting to him, as he is a big blaggard, and a disgrace to his cloth, his language being always most ferocious. He went down on his knees to General Lee, and asked him to pardon him, and he would tell him many things,