

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

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THE CRUMBLER

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Correspondents will bear in mind that their letters must be legible, 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 do so.

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 coat,
I rede you tuck it;
A child's amang you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll preeit it."

SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1863.

The New Magazine Reviewed.

Forbear, dear Hind, for mercy's sake,
To such a mean advantage take
Of your position as commander.
To wreck your magazine and strand her,
For true statistics and dry dates,
Are not the surest, paying, freight,
Dry facts and figures, in their way,
Are good enough, but will not pay;
You'll therefore see a Cyclopaedia
Is not, just now, the thing to feed you.
And Mrs. H. just must a while
Upon the folly of your style;
Your musings may be true enough,
But we, perforce, must term them—stuff;
Again, you tell us nothing more
Than what's been said and writ before
A thousand times, and people will
Cry stay, when they have had their fill.
Dear Dr. S. at any rate,
Be accurate in what you state,
And let your antiquarian delving
Be not confined to your own shelving,
Others have tomes as well as you
In which you may find something new.
Oh, Mrs. M. pray stay thy pen
And write, if possible, of men
And women such as people know,
Of which there are plenty here below.
Alas dear Hind your first contains
Plenty of everything but brains.
Though all would try to do their worst,
They couldn't improve upon the first.
Let's hope (as now our task is done)
That No. 2. will rank "A 1."

Ex Post Facto Urbanity.

When some members, with more memory than manners, raised a huge guffaw at Mr. Cartier's no hanger for treason vote, that gentleman with his universally appreciated suavity merely hummed the well-known air,

"Still so gently o'er me stealing'
Memory will bring back the feeling—"

From our Correspondent at the Seat of War.

Dear GRUMBLER,—I hasten to give you details of the last action. The enemy had taken up a position; we went to make him lay it down, not being his. (I have just joined, and these things are explained to me by my comrades.) When near the enemy your men must be picked, therefore, all suspected of being skirmishers were at once thrown out. Our artillery having had hard work in coming, now commenced to play; the jovial enemy played for company; game of ball, very animating. We were ordered to attack the enemy in columns; I at once offered to attack him in your's, but was not heard. We then advanced at the double-quick, but I cannot say whether we got to it, not having seen it. The enemy were on top of a large hill, which we were ordered to carry. We rushed on—determined to take my share, though my gun was heavy enough already. The regiment in front of us covered themselves with glory. We came to a swamp and covered ourselves with mud. Was very tired now, could hardly stand, but was told to keep up, as a regiment, was coming to support us. Our cavalry were now advancing full speed on the enemy; I would not have been in their way back for any consideration. We were now ordered to charge the enemy. The first one I saw, I charged him solemnly not to hurt me, on which he knocked me insensible with the butt of his gun, and I write this from Hospital.

Yours,

Verisophte Green.

Camp Swampy, April 20, 1863.

A Letter from Jones the Great.

Dear GRUMBLER, Quebec, April 25, 1863:

I wish to lay before the public a few observations on my qualifications for the position I hold, both for the benefit of my fellow countrymen and, more particularly, for the information of the *Leader*. My education is the best afforded by a common school. In the three R's I am perfect. Thro' the *media* (note the Latin) of excellen translations, I have familiarized myself with the ancient classics, and the perusal of Chambers' Educational course has placed facts in my memory. My quotations are taken from the most authentic authors. I have studied eloquence as an art and have often times caused the waters of my native village creek to linger at my feet entranced by sweet tones and gracefully rounded sentences. Burke is always under my pillow, Webster in my pocket and Brougham in my hand. Demosthenes and Cicero (translations) are my solace and delight and I trust (having a good memory) that I am not far behind either of them in oratory.

Yours while breath lasts.

Jones,
Orator.

The Commander and the Londoners.

Sir Fenwick Williams has evidently mistaken his vocation; instead of coming to Canada as Commander of the Forces, he should have stayed in the East and tried for a berth as a Bashaw with three tails at least. This valiant and gallant commander is not even satisfied after he has brought the poor, scared cockneys of little London prostrate on their faces before him, whining *peccati*, by coarse invectives, in a letter. He is worse than his pound of flesh. He tells them that their "tardy apology" may have some weight with His High Mightiness relative to the removal of the troops from London, and then proceeds to abuse them on the conduct of their Cornish Mayor in lately constructed sentences, some of them over two inches in length. To be abused in poor English is bad enough, but when the inhabitants of a city are scolded at in a manner only to be rivaled by a Billingsgate fishwoman it is adding insult to injury. But it required an English sentence to carry out something that is quite foreign to Englishmen—"never strike a man while he is down." The commander has violated the great rule of English fair-play in this matter, and should therefore be sent to Coventry by all lovers of merrie England. The *Grumbler* pities the poor cockneys when he sees them kicked and cuffed in this manner by a commander who seems to be deficient in both the qualities that constitutes a gentleman—birth and education. But they had themselves to blame in the first place. They ought to have sent a proper reply to the first impertinent letter of Sir Fenwick. He is like "Major Wellington De Boots" in the play, all bounce; and only becomes respectable when "feebrook" pulls his nose to teach him civility.

"Put out your Pipe."

The famous "blast" of King James against tobacco smoking was a drop in the bucket when compared with the budget of Finance Minister Howland. The imbecile king talked of the evils of tobacco, the Hon. M. P. says, "Put out your pipe." His countrymen cannot accuse him of giving "aid and comfort to the enemy." The Federals do all they can to prevent the export of the fragrant weed from the South, and the Finance Minister by his budget says, stop the manufacture in Canada. The golden leaf of Virginia will soon be worth its weight in gold, not figuratively but literally. 'Tis a pity that the Hon. G. B. does not use the weed, but Mr. Galt will be sure to smoke him out, so that there is still a prospect of a few mechanics being colored in Canada. If this is the policy of the mere shams who at present administer the Government, the sooner they are smoked out the better.