

# THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES—VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1860.

NO. 1.

## THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1860.

### HERE WE ARE AGAIN!

DEAN PUBLIC.—It is with joy we greet you after an interregnum of five months. It was for your pleasure that we came into existence. It was for our own that we went out of it. Tired, however, of inglorious ease, and thirsting to avenge the insults inflicted upon unprotected society, we once more set our lance in rest and stand before you—or sit before you bestriding our favorite hobby, which ever expression you like best—the champion of every right, the foe of every wrong.

Since we vacated the Editorial Chair, great changes have taken place—though we cannot say that the occupants of high places have in any way changed. Scarcely was the ink dry which announced that almost-equal-to-a-national-calamity of an event to a sorrowful and if-the-truth-must-be-told-somewhat-fickle-minded-community, than a swarm of gad flies over-spread the land buzzing their puerile trash and vile personalities into the domestic ear. Scarcely had our Editorial Chair time to cool after we retired with honor from its cosy embrace, than a dreadful epidemic broke out, which spread itself from the farthest east to the most remote west, and from the highest north to the bottomless south. The consequences were alarming. Every tea-table became the home of banished jokes and exiled puns—every family circle, the Asylum of forbidden *jeux d'esprit*, and interdicted criticisms.

Nor did the evil end here. Fashion, never constant, went to the dogs completely, a fact which is the only way of counting for the number of puppies lately let loose upon society. Hoops expanded: Bonnets contracted. Hats lost all shapes their wearers all sense. Politics, too, became deranged. Members of Parliament began once more to play the very devil with common sense and grammar. While local aspirants after immortality cocked their tails and went off at an alarming rate.

All these evils demanded an immediate remedy. That remedy could be no other than the re-appearance of that friend of order, terror of fools, companion of wise men—THE GRUMBLER. Therefore, here we are: overflowing with benevolence, bursting with wit, and out-of-the-elbows with caustic. Once more we convert our sanctuary into a Reformatory Prison for the bad jokes and cast-away Joe-Millerisms that at present rove up and down society, appalling the nervous and disgusting the learned. Again we shall prepare our establishment to be the reservoir for all

the worthless suggestions, meaningless squibs and strained poems which at present addle the teeming brains of their luckless authors. All this we shall submit ourselves to and much more, if we can only secure the smiles of the ladies, the approval of the wise, and be able to write ourselves for the next century.

The Public's

Most faithful servant,

GRUMBLER.

### TO OUR READERS.

Here we are again  
Tumbling in pell-mell.  
How are all the folks?  
Hope they're pretty well.  
Here we are alive,  
Nimble and alert,  
Since we saw you last  
No one has been hurt.  
We have had a rest  
For a month or two,  
Now we're in our best  
Making hours to you.  
Ready for some fun  
Come from where it will,  
Now we're in the field  
A spiley Grumbler still.  
In our little sheet  
No side will we know,  
But all shabby tricks  
We'll not fail to show,  
Those who fish for spoils  
In the public dyke,  
Now may rest assured  
That they'll catch our pike.  
Not that we'll be spies  
On their every deed,  
But we'll dot their eyes  
If we see there's need.  
An approving look  
E'en a gracious smile,  
Tho we're rather sour,  
May affect our style  
Much more, kind support  
May affect our life,  
For we've need of gold  
To endure the strife.

### LETTERS TO PUBLIC MEN.

To Hon. J. C. Morrison, Solicitor General.

POOR LITTLE JOE,—

What on earth was John A. thinking of, when he made you Solicitor General? What, in the name of common sense, did he expect to accomplish by it? We thought, in our innocence, that, after your singularly unhappy breakdown in political life, you had resolved, with that worthless penitence which failure in a course like yours often produces, to amend your ways and become a quiet inoffensive, and, if possible, a useful member of society. With that avidity for office which has constituted you the forlorn hope of every government during the last decade, you looked to John A. for another place. Any place, a Commissionership, a Collectorship, a Registrarship, anything with nothing to do and a large salary for

doing it. You did not venture to lift your eyes to a shrivellity; your ambition hardly reached so far; if it did, your pocket failed you. John A. felt bound to take pity on you. You are of that pliant material, of which ministerial dummies are made; whether as Receiver General or Solicitor General, you make an excellent puppet whilst a shrewd leader works the wires. The Attorney General knew your use, but he also was aware of your weakness. He, therefore, gave you the Registrarship of the City of Toronto. The office, was suitably selected; the duties are not very laborious; and as scarcely an ordinary amount of talent is required, you were eminently fitted for the situation; had you chosen to remain, you might perhaps have profited yourself and done little or no harm to the country. The place was also chosen well. In moments when parliamentary reminiscences overwhelmed you with regret, the City of Toronto, a Governmental Hospital for political incurables would have afforded you a collector of the Customs, whose fate you shared and whose sympathy you have every right to claim. One would have thought these reminiscences would have taught you the vanity of your political aspirations. It was not so. You preferred to resign an office in which you could even shine, for another in which you cannot expect to triumph, inasmuch as you failed before. If you possessed the frail points of the Attorney-General, we could easily understand that, in a moment of weakness, you had been deluded into the step. We regret that even that screen will not mask your political nakedness. You possess the shrewdness of a mediocre man; you can tell when it is time for the rats to leave the Government bark; why did you enter it when the fates were warning most weather-cocks to leave it. You have taken passage in a doomed vessel; you have forsaken one berth where you were tolerably secure, for another from which your incompetency must soon hurl you.

Foolish little Joe, you have been misled, your good, easy temperament has been imposed upon. The Registrarship is gone and your false step seems irrevocable. But you may yet be saved. If South Ontario, Grey and other independent constituencies again refuse you, Niagara, the dry dock for such political hulks as you are, may still take you in for the necessary repairs. Should she also rebel, your only refuge is a Coronership. If you are wise, you will not delay in accepting the post. Running races with Death and Dr. Hallowell would improve your constitution and profitably employ your time. At any rate let the country know what John A. is going to do with you. It is tormenting to stumble over old political lumber in the corridors of government; you must be stowed away, and that quickly, the sooner the better for the public, as well as, your sympathizing enemy,

THE GRUMBLER.

P. S.—Please tell your Tory friend, the Speaker, that as I have all the Knighthood correspondence, I shall have something to say to him next week.

## THE "HUNGARIAN."

I.

Came sailing through the dismal gloom,  
The thickening gloom of winter-night  
Storm-darkened from the starry light,  
A sleeping ship to meet her doom.

A ship upon the midnight sea  
Hard by New Scotia's jagged shore—  
Unheard the nearing breakers' roar  
Amidst the hurricane's revelry!

Staggering over the sunken reef,  
She pitches right on rocks that gnash  
With cold, white foam,—and oh! the crash—  
It echoes yet to the ear of grief.

II.

O stillest peace, that doth submerge  
The stir of this uneasy life,—  
O dreamless sleep, ending the strife  
That vexeth e'en to earth's dim verge.

More tenderly than is thy wont  
Enfoldest thou some slumbering ones,  
Whose earthly into heavenly runs  
Unwetting life's last, parting brunt!

If else the change, wilt dost thou keep  
Thy rest for such,—an unwaved lake  
That into equal calm doth lake  
Some streamlet, fretting from its leap.

III.

Who may discourse with love forelorn?  
Who comfort speak to smitten hearts?  
Who dull the sorrow-pointed darts  
Which darken Heaven to those that mourn?

Vain words of human wisdom, cease;  
Teaze not with petty common place;  
Let dew distill of God's own grace  
And grief shall settle into peace.

## ANARCHY IN THE PAPAL STATES.

We all know that the Pope's children are not the most dutiful in the world. The inhabitants of the Romagna have risen in open rebellion. Many have been the attempts to explain the cause of this revolt; so afflicting to the good-natured Pius IX. Mr. D'Arcy McGee thinks all these attempts have hit wide of the mark, and that he alone is able to solve the mystery. At a late demonstration of sympathy for His Holiness at Quebec, Mr. McGee explained how it was that the Holy Father had lost the moral control of a portion of his subjects.

"My Theory" said he, "a theory gathered from the records of the past—that when Rome became the capital of Christendom, the fallen Archangel established his head-quarters very close at hand."

Where can the Junior Member for Montreal, and dictator-in-chief of 300,000 men have obtained this information? We suspect he is in possession of letters from the gallant veterans, Marshalls O'Donnell and McMahon, and less crafty than his Catholic brother in this city, Mr. Thomas Barry, has given publicity to their contents. At any rate it is well that the matter is known; and we suggest that the information now obtained be forwarded at once to the Vatican. When His Holiness comes to learn the cause of all his trouble, we apprehend that a few bulls will be sent among the insurgents which will very soon quiet their rampant apirits.

Light for the Ladies.

—How is the torch of Hymen ignited?  
With a spark of course.

## SONS OF MALTA.

A FULL AND TRUE EXPOSITION OF THE SECRETS AND MYSTERIES OF THE ORDER.

BY HARRY HENRY, ESQ.,  
Past Vice Grand Commander of the East end Lodge.

The following exposé of the mysteries of this singular Order, by a well known gentleman, may be relied on as authentic, and is the only full and correct account that has ever been made known to the public.

One great error of the uninitiated concerning the Sons of Malta, is the belief that all who have communication with their Lodges, or enter their encampment, as they term it, do so voluntarily. On the contrary, they do so on compulsion. In all large cities there is an organization of the most powerful and formidable men of the order, known as the Blue-bottle guard, which, by an intricate system of espionage, making it acquainted with the most minute particulars of a citizen's affairs, selects all eligible candidates for initiation to the sublime mysteries of the order. This rigid scrutiny is necessary for the exclusion of disreputable persons, who might reflect discredit on the order, and fully accounts for the non-admission of Teetotallers and Clear Grits.

When a selection has been made, two men of the guard are deputed to the selected party with a mandate from the Worshipful Grand Cadi, summoning him to the Outer Chamber or Hall of the magnificent Council of One. All reluctance on the part of the candidate to obey the mandate, is overcome by the use of talismans known as batons and darbies possessing marvellous magical power, and the candidate is transported—in most cases in a state of insensibility—to the "keep" of the outer encampment, an underground donjon-like room, from which all light is carefully excluded; here he gradually recovers sensibility, but only to exchange the unconscious state for one of appalling bewilderment. The darkness, confinement and solitary position of the candidate has its effect on his mind and nerve. The brain is confused, the hand unsteady, accompanied by racking headache and unquenchable thirst, creating a longing and desire for soda water or gin cocktails. In this semi-defunct condition he is released from the keep and ushered into the presence of the Worshipful Grand Cadi, who is clothed in oriental magnificence, seated on a dais-ed throne, summoned by janissaries of the blue-bottle guard. Being placed before the Grand Cadi he is thus addressed by him:—

II. II.—"On the recommendation of the most formidable blue-bottle guard, you have been selected to appear before this the sublime council of One, to be hero tested as to your fitness to enter the encampment of the original order of Malta. If the report of your eligibility shall be found faithful and true (as I have no doubt it will) you shall receive the warrant of this sublime council, therein to enter, and participate in all the privileges of this ancient brotherhood; if, on the other hand, you be deemed unworthy you can absquatulate and take your course."

Chorus of janissaries, in a whisper "That's so." Chief janissary, in a sepulchral tone—"silence."

Grand Cadi.—"In order that the sublime council of One may be further and more fully satisfied, touching your fitness and capabilities for the enjoyment of the privileges and immunities of this ancient brotherhood, privileges and immunities that have been known as exclusive to it for generations, prior to and

shall be sacred to it for generations subsequent, to the memory of man, it is deemed necessary that the testimony of credible and reliable witnesses be also had corroborative of the recommendation of the formidable blue bottle guard. Witnesses are then brought forward, who, after a very solemn preliminary ceremony, copiously interspersed with admonitions "to mind his eye," "keep a stiff upper lip" &c., &c., proceed to give their testimony on the following points:—Whether the candidate, during the past month, has been guilty of dereliction of morals in refusing a "horn" tendered at the expense of another? Whether at any time he has taken Lager or other "soft stuff", when he was aware that good Kommon Kandian was around, tending thereby to impoverish the intellect by bringing on a maudling, instead of a reliable state of drink?

Whether he has been seen to cling to a lamp post when he might have easily embraced the kerb stone?

After information of character is fully elicited by questions of the above nature, the Grand Cadi proceeds to explain to the candidate that the investigation was thus closely conducted for the purpose of furthering the great end and object of the order, the procurement of authentic information concerning the person who struck Billy Patterson, or what is equally desirable evidence, eriminating the man who stole the donkey. As he had no knowledge tending to advance to the order enlightenment on these great topics, further examination is waived for the present, but being found worthy in other respects, he is entitled and empowered to become a sojourner in the land of Jericho, the encampment of this universal and ancient order.

Chorus of Janissaries—

When fuzzy gets a Jolly dog,  
And don't no where to go,  
'Tis best he join the Malta boys  
Who dwell in Jericho,  
Who dwell in Jericho.  
And pass their time in jolliness, way down  
In Jericho.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE THEATRE.

The Lyceum has been re-opened by the old manager, Mr. Nickinson. We are happy to hear that the first performances have been successful; it is to be hoped that the return of the old lessee will be the inauguration of better things for the Theatre. At the same time we must impress upon Mr. Nickinson the necessity of keeping together a really good company and paying strict regard to the character as well as the rendition of the plays he introduces. If he will but secure sterling actors and respectable performances, we shall give him our best recommendation.

## DOCTORS DIFFER.

The following remedies have been propounded by the members of the faculty for the evils under which Canada at present labors:

Dr. SHERMAN:—Amputation of the rotten member.  
Dr. GALT:—Continued bleeding.  
Dr. J. A. McDONALD:—Cupping.  
Dr. MACKENZIE:—Transfusion of Yankee blood.  
Dr. BROWN:—Dislocation and re-setting with a new joint (authority).

Dr. GOWAN:—Plentiful doses of Orange peel.

## MEDLEY.

BY PHIL. GRADY.

[Ain—"Spring of Shillelah."]

Ah! then here's to the priests and the bishops, I say,  
And the Paddles that understand Patrick's Day,  
For the way that they're all sucking up for the Pope.  
And here's to Tom Barry that's ready to swear  
That the rickety legs of the spiritual chair  
Should enclose the Romagna and all common sense;  
Making reason shell out, to the last, Peter's penance,  
Or touching it up with the flumm-screns or rope.  
But, bad cess that D'Arcy McFee, there below—  
Tho' he lately made Brown and Mick Foley, we know,  
With the orange and blue wipe their Protestant shoes.—  
For when his constituents met one and all  
To deplore, in long speeches, the Vatican's fall,  
Sure he never came forward to open his lip  
In defence of a Pope that he once gave the slip,  
But went off on his rounds to appease Bishop Hughes.  
And here's to John A.—with his wonderful pie,  
Whose birds picked the mote out of many an eye  
That was struck with the "some joint authority" plan.  
Though the devil himself—and they say that he's cute—  
And his mother—if ever I e had one—to boot,  
Are not half smart enough for that slippery chiel,  
If they don't sand their paws when they grab at the col,  
And fry him until he can't jump off the pan.  
And there's Adam Wilson, that found the innere's nest,  
Conscientiously doing the worst for the best,  
Since he backed from the guggle right into the house,  
Though some people might be inclined to declare,  
'Twas to shew all the Province he shouldn't be there,  
And to get an occasional touch on the ear  
For dealing too largely in Chancery law.  
When he ought to exhibit some practical nousie.  
But now I am done with them all kin and kith  
As I find I'm as far down as Sidney Smith  
Who was asked by Lord Elgin so often to dine.  
For I cannot describe what he said to the Queen,  
Or the way he discussed Lindly Murray I woen,  
When Her Majesty coaxed him one evening to tay  
And a piping hot musk rat was placed in his way  
For the genius he showed in the Post Office line.

## A CHRONOLOGICAL BIOGRAPHY OF THE HONORABLE GEORGE BROWN.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO HIS ULTRA-ENTHUSIASTIC ADMIRERS.

- 1546.—George born.—It is not improbable that this "Jove-born" one first saw the light on the day in which the satellites of the planet Jupiter became known to men.
- 1570.—Like Hannibal, he is taken to his country's altars, where he swears eternal enmity to "corruption," and the French.
- 1604.—Manifests his love of justice, by denouncing another youth who had taken a smaller boy's marbles, and would not share—as per agreement.
- 1645.—George being now a comely youth, his father invents for him the "swallow-tailed" garment afterwards so well known in history.
- 1690.—The *Globe* established; and the name of which was suggested by the globular creations of some children who were seen blowing soap bubbles.
- 1718.—George—now Mr. Brown—takes under his protection one Hincks, but "amusing corruption afar" leaves him to his fate, and when last heard from, he was wandering a forlorn creature among the Atlantic Islands. A remarkable instance of the certainty of rewards and retributions to political men.
- 1730.—Loses an election to Parliament because he cannot ride on horseback. *Vide* Parl. Reports, speech of W. L. McKenzie.

1760 to 1800.—Mr. Brown gives his time chiefly to the consideration of a succession of new phenomena in political science, which he calls "Political Crises."

1822.—Mr. Brown, Mr. Robert Moodie and Mr. John Stokes unite in a trime hug, thus reviving in modern times the beautiful idea of the Three Graces.

1826.—Strength of the embrace grows unaccountably weak.

1858.—The introduction of a new dance, called by some the "Double Shuffle," in which Mr. Brown fails but receives the title of Honorable for his exertions.

1860.—*Dreadful confusion in the country; Political lights bobbing here and there, and upon the whole so confoundedly dark that Mr. Brown and the rest of us better "take heed lest we full."*

1885.—"Confusion worse confounded."

1910.—Mr. Brown learns French and defeats the "Government," and for the first time in his life asks "their intentions."

1935.—Sends all the French to France by his friend Sidney Smith's postal arrangement, concluded between the "English and French Governments and myself."

1950.—Succeeds in swallowing J. A. Macdonald.

1980.—Is himself seized by a conspiracy on the part of the Grand Trunk Company, who carry him on their railway, then extended to the Pacific, and "dump" him into their peaceful waters, producing an alkali *versus* acid effervescence.

1985.—His friends on the shore watch him as he floats sea-ward, and for the sad speeches of congenial spirits on that mournful occasion we refer our readers to the departure of Hiawatha, as narrated by Longfellow.

2000.—Political millenium.

N. B.—Mr. Sidney Smith's Biography will appear in our next.

## WHAT AN EDITOR TAKES "IN TRADE"

Chancing over the columns of a little sheet, cleft the *Sentinel*, which occasionally sees the light in this good city of Toronto, our eyes happened to fall on the following announcement in a very prominent position:—

### "Advertisements"

in this paper will be inserted at a reduced price for Cash or in Trade.

Well, what of that you say? Know then, you ten thousand and one readers of *The Grounder*, that the editor of the little sheet aforesaid is a reverend divine, entitled by virtue of a strict profession of adherence to the thirty-nine articles to wear a white choker. Turning to another part of the same paper, we learn the nature of the articles taken "in trade." There are "Alloa ale at the Vine," "Fountain Restaurant," "Oysters received daily at," &c. Enough that for the innum man. Then as regards the outer man we are informed, in addition to some tailor advertisement, that a certain "Hair-outer, wig-maker, perfumer, &c.," has removed to Yonge street. Brushing up, eh? Sly old divinity, we shall deem it necessary to have an eye on thy movements!

For the *Marines*.

—When is a ship a portion of fishing-tackle?  
When she's a float, or when she's a sinker.

## THE REASON: WHY.

Of all greedy things, your greedy parsons are the most contemptible. Holding fast with one hand to the spiritual, they feel the better able to lay hold of the material; on the same principle that a child holds fast to the door-post to get a better kick at a passing terrier. The Methodist Conference have cast longing eyes on the University endowment, utterly regardless of a clause in the tenth commandment having special reference to one's neighbor's goods. They profess to believe that a student cannot be a moral or good man unless his tympanum is properly hammered with theology as taught, and we trust practised, by the officers of Victoria College. It is true that Treasurers of Colleges have been known to burn accounts to mask embezzlements, at least we have heard so, and it might be well before dismantling a free, noble, unsectarian University, to see how it has been with Victoria College. It might be useful too, to ascertain how the moral mentors of youth have conducted themselves. In some Colleges, they have become besotted and degraded; it certainly cannot have been the case in the course of religious training at Colouurg, but we could not possibly do harm by the inquiry. Some Colleges that we have heard of, have shown one face to a sect and another to the world; their temple of Janus is always open, and their warfare has been systematically waged by assuring the church that they are sectarian, and the world that they are not. The authorities of Victoria College, we doubt not, would scorn so pitiable and dishonest a course, but the subject is a fair field for investigation. These are some of the reasons why both political parties hesitate to raze the noble fabric reared by the wisdom of our fathers, and dole out its noble ruins to satisfy the exigencies of a sect. At the same time, we by no means blame the pious and influential body of the church these clerical schemers misrepresent. We have reason to know that they have not a particle of sympathy with the movement, for two good reasons; first, that they have too long aided to unsectarian learning and pour forth its treasures for all, to turn at the beck of these conspirators now to mar their noble work. And secondly, because they have believed, from doleful experience, that you cannot put money into the lands of priests, whether Methodist or Catholic, without ensuring its misuse. When they, in common with the people at large, learn to ignore the past and stultify themselves, they will demolish the noble University which sheds so much lustre on the country, scatter its treasures to propagate the dogmas of sect, and proffer premiums for mediocrity; but they will not do it one moment sooner.

## BAD STATE OF MORALS.

We always knew that members of Parliament were a dreadfully bad set, but were not prepared for such a character of them as is given by one of themselves. Mr. Malcolm Cameron, a bright and shining light of the assembled wisdom, startled the weak nerves of the Christian Legislators the other day by declaring "If they all had justice done to them, none would see salvation, and this applied particularly to members of Parliament." Really this is a fearful state of things, and we would not be surprised if Dr. Cuninghams is right after all. But honest Malcolm is too desponding. Clear up old boy; remember, its never too late to mend.

### CARMEN AMOEBAEUM.

"*Donec gratius eram tibi.*"—HORACE.

HORATIUS MOSE.

As long as I stayed in the band,  
As long as I ran with the Mose,  
No chap through the breadth of the land  
Could boast more than I "your dear Mose."

But now that I've given up those,  
You won't come with me for a walk,  
You don't give my hand now a squeeze,  
And hardly permit me to talk.

LYDIA LIZZ.

As long as you flirted with me,  
And took no one else to the ball,  
I'm sure I'd every one see,  
I liked you much better than all.

HORATIUS MOSE.—(sullenly.)

Well.—Jane will not throw me away,  
To take up with some other one,  
*She'll* always have something to say,  
*She'll* walk when my day's work is done.

LYDIA LIZZ.—(becoming riled.)

I'm glad it has, now, come to that,  
As I shall go out—yes—to night.  
For I've been invited by *Mat*,  
"Need—yes—I shall go out of spite."

HORATIUS MOSE.—(entreatingly.)

O Lizzie—suppose I should try,  
To banish all thoughts of that *Miss*,  
Dost think that I could on the sly—  
Make up all again with a kiss.

LYDIA LIZZ.

The, *Mat* is a very nice chap,  
And wants to come courting of me,  
Yet Mose though thou'rt not worth a rap,  
I'll wed rest assured none but thee.

(Getting theatrical and throwing herself into an attitude.)

### POOR DEAR OLD LADY.

Oh, dear! oh, dear! Such an atrocious crime!  
We never thought that the human heart was capable  
of planning such an awful offence! So weak and  
defenceless, to say nothing of her sex, poor, dear,  
unprotected *Old Double*. Would you believe it? Mrs.  
*Grumbler* (dear creature) came in breathless the  
other morning, scalded our knees with the coffee,  
and anointed our best coat with buttered muffins, in  
telling us all about it. And what ever do you think  
it was? An inhuman, diabolical burglar of a fellow  
threatened to punch *old Double's* dear old head. At first  
we thought that, emulating the example of the delicate  
Mr. Toots, *Old Double* had been writing letters to  
herself for the sole pleasure of answering them. We,  
however, soon dismissed this theory. Well knowing  
the demure and witless character of the octogenarian  
matron. Unlike most of Toots' observations, the  
thing is "a matter of every consequence." It has  
indeed come to a pretty pass in this free and enlight-  
ened country, if a journal, notoriously stupid and  
pointless, is to be subjected to threatening letters for  
the first and only good act of its long life. Where  
is Major Nickinson and his rifles? where the killed  
followers of Smith? Why is not an escort instantly  
despatched to guard the old woman's out-goings and  
incomings. If our entreaties to the military are vain,  
we must call out "the old rables." To *Old Double's*  
aid. We have taken measures to secure Capt. Good-  
win's services as drill sergeant; and we have now  
pleasure in gazetted the appointments to office:—  
Colonel and General Nabob.—The *Old Countryman*;  
Lieutenant Colonel and ornament-in-general, Cor-  
oner Duggan; Captain, (with special care of the wine

department,) Councilman Baxter; Drummer, (with  
full liberty of perspiration,) George Platt. The other  
appointments will be duly announced; in the mean-  
time we may tell "a starving Coroner" who writes  
for the surgeon's place, that if he does not succeed in  
hunting up a calf or a corpse of some kind, we will  
think over it. With such an array of daring valour,  
and more particularly with such a commander, we may  
say to the old woman, "Hope on, hope over."—  
Nor burglars nor Grits need fret the deep profunder  
of her tranquility; she may trudge along in safety,  
with no weapons but her old, faded, gingham umbel-  
rella and superannuated pattens. Peace, poor,  
dear, nervous old soul!

### THE FIGHT FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

From our Special Correspondent.

PUG ALLEY,  
London, 3rd March, 1860.

The sporting men of England are all in a lively  
state of excitement about this great contest, and the  
most minute particulars concerning the "men" are  
sought after with eagerness, to satisfy the judg-  
ment of the knowing ones, or the curiosity of the  
non-combatant public. I have been fortunate enough  
to procure a few items, that may afford some gratifi-  
cation to your readers. The course of training of the  
Benicia boy, I have been witness of. (I am credibly  
informed that this was a privilege denied to H.R.H.  
Prince Albert and Lord John Russell, although a  
large sum of money, and the next vacant garter were  
offered; Lord Palmerston was admitted on account of  
his connection with P.R., where he is well known  
under the sobriquet of "Plucky Pam). The training  
is of the most vigorous muscle-developing nature.  
The boy rises at 3 a.m., and undergoes "rubbing  
down with a brick," not the common architectural  
red brick, but one used extensively here for toilette  
purposes, hence known as the *Bulk*-brick, the tritu-  
rated particles, filling the pores of the skin, fly off  
when the body is struck, and thus effect what is  
termed "throwing dust in the eyes" of an opponent.  
After the rubbing down; patent Mexican black-lead  
is applied with a whitewash brush; this is calculated  
to prevent his being "polished off" too quickly, it  
being a very difficult job "to take the shine out of"  
this preparation.

A short walk of fifteen miles or so, and the boy is  
permitted a slight repast of a dozen of eggs to yoke  
him into his business, egging him on in this way to  
get up his *pluck*, his trainers next *tether* him well to  
prove his ability for receiving punishment. An hour  
or two at this work, and he is allowed six pounds of  
beefsteaks and *two pots of half-and-half* to make him  
*d.i.*

He is now considered through the morning exer-  
cises, and well prepared to encounter and *counter*  
any gentleman willing to put on the gloves and have  
a friendly set-to.

BOB SLASHER.

### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters directed to us must be pre-paid; no  
others will be taken from the office. Persons desirous  
of sending contributions will please remember that  
we do not intend to make the *Grumbler* a general  
receiptacle for diseased and mal-formed literature; as  
a general rule, they are advised when they have  
written a smart thing to tear it up. We do not bind  
ourselves to insert communications in full, even when  
they possess some merit; we shall feel at liberty to  
chop, hack and mangle till the author would not  
know his own property, if we are so disposed.

We may state here that we shall, as far as possible,  
eschew every appearance of party bias; circum-  
stances may at times give a temporary tinge to our  
paper; we shall take care that it shall be no per-  
manent stain. If sufficient encouragement be given  
us we shall enlarge and illustrate the *Grumbler* at an  
early date. We throw ourselves upon public support  
and leave with our friends our future fate. It is for  
them to say whether our little waif shall perish or  
endure.

### THE DEPTH OF DEGRADATION.

Who has not heard of our new City Council? And  
who has not learned to respect and admire them? From  
The unseamy butler-looking individual, whose  
adipose person at present occupies the Presidential  
Chair, down to the fangless Councilman from St.  
Lawrence Ward, one and all of them demand our  
respect. A vulgarly scrupulous person might be  
tempted to ask how the oracular Ald. Jno. Smith can  
reconcile the occupation upon which he has recently  
entered with the requirements of the law; another  
might, with equal propriety, question Ald. Strachan's  
right to a seat at the board; for ourselves we regard  
such gratuitous impertinence with the contempt it  
desires. We admire "the windy aspiration of forced  
breath" pumped from the depths of Councilman Baxter;  
we love the naive simplicity of the erudite Conlin;  
we adore the soft mellifluous lisp of the scrappy  
Smith and we absolutely dote on the rude, inde-  
pendence and touch-and-go-ishness of the Chester-  
fieldian Sherwood. The very odour of the Council  
chamber, albeit sometimes unavowry, is dear to us.  
We are, therefore, naturally jealous of its dignity.  
We would sacrifice our life to conserve the immacu-  
late whiteness of Carr's delicate choker and we are  
never happier than when meditating the revolutions  
of Dunn's neckerchief around his vigorous jugular.  
But alas! for human loves and longings, the finest is  
being rubbed from the municipal greengrad; Moodie  
the ruthless, he of the Fire-fly, has become ashamed  
of them, and we are forced to burst asunder the cords  
of affection. Hear the sad story as narrated by that  
infallible chronicler, the *Globe*:—

"Even the chairman (Ald. Moodie) was disgusted,  
and threatened to leave the chair."

"There is a cruel force in that miserable dissyllable  
"even," perfectly killing. "There is matter in it  
indeed, if Moodie be disgusted." Something perfectly  
unpardonable must have transpired. As soon should  
we have suspected music from a mole, knowledge  
from a pig, honesty from a politician, as disgust from  
Moodie. We have hitherto stopped our auditory  
organs against the calumnies heaped on our dear  
City Fathers; we have not heeded the Siren voice of  
the *Globe* reporter, charmed he never so wisely; but  
now, we are indeed overwhelmed. If Moodie has  
really been disgusted, the lowest depth of degrada-  
tion has been reached by the unhappy Council.—  
Henceforth, we leave them to their fate, unpitied and  
forlorn.

### Where are the Police?

The following desperate attempt at wit  
was thrust into our letter box on Thursday:—"Why  
is a pun like Shylock in the fourth act of the Mer-  
chant of Venice? Because its a *jew desperate* (*jeu*  
*desprit*). Through the activity of Detective Greaves,  
we succeeded in capturing the miscreant who perpe-  
trated the above, but he was bulled out as usual by  
Captain Moodie, and immediately left for parts un-  
known.

### BUSINESS NOTICE.

As the summer is coming on and as it is very desirable to know  
where the best and the freshest Oysters can be had, we have  
much pleasure in recommending the establishment of Messrs.  
Rowe & Co., 60 King Street, 4 doors east of Toronto Street. As  
they own the celebrated *Pinkettes* *Boys* of the well-known  
"Count Oysters" they are not obliged to keep on hand at any  
time a heavy stock, which in warm weather would be liable to  
become "flat, stale and unprofitable," and the heavy on one's  
stomach. On the contrary they receive a *daily supply* of fresh,  
fat and well-formed "Bivalves." No lover of Oysters could  
ask us more to recommend an establishment than that they keep a  
constant supply of *fresh Oysters*. Their Oysters have stood the  
test, have been judged of by a committee specially appointed  
for the purpose, and have been pronounced by a competent  
jury to be the best in the market. In fact Rowe & Co. have their  
reputation as Merchants on their line "Bivalves," and solicit  
a call from all incredulous people who may be inclined to  
doubt the truthfulness of the above. Give them a call. We  
have to thank this firm for their very acceptable present of six  
cans, as we found them capital.

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