

# THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1864.

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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 Depots. Subscription, \$1: Single copies, 5 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 tugger 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.

Persons wishing to subscribe to the GRUMBLER, will understand that from this date (May 7th) we only receive yearly subscriptions. The sum (\$1) is small, and can easily be forwarded by all who desire our sheet.

## THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats,  
I rode you tent;  
A chiel's a'nding you taking notes,  
And, faith, he'll peat it."

SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1864.

## THE BIRD AND THE MERCHANT.

A LAY OF ST. CATHARINES.

There is a merchant that lives at St. Catharines,  
And I hope, most sincerely, he'll see these lines;  
For, as cruelly yet has not half enough fines,  
He won't like half to see *Grumbler's* signs."

You see he went to church one day,  
And whilst he was there pretending to pray,  
A poor young bird, which had gotten astray,  
Fluttered all around 'till it got in his way.

There are many things a man ignores  
To do in *God's house*, he'd do out of doors;  
A tippler would not increase his scores,  
A gambler he wouldn't play all fours.

And mercy seems always abiding there,  
We ask it (and need it) in many a prayer;  
And seldom is staid that temple fair  
With red-eyed cruelty's wicked snare.

Now what did this man of godly cast?  
Why he lifted his hoof, the bird fluttered past,  
And his fellow worshippers shrank aghast  
As he crushed out its little life at last.

Then he wiped his mouth and prayed all the more,  
Whilst the mother bird hovered about the door;  
Now I'd wish to know if to heaven he'll soar,  
Or will he be told, *Friend, go down lower?*

Saccharine matter.

— A lady's sack, we see, is advertised as lost. An ingenious friend of ours suggests she might have given her lover lover the sack. Is so, surely she would have remembered it?

## NOTES.

HAMILTON, 12th July, 1864.

Arrived here this morning. Delighted to find that all was unity and brotherly love—I have no doubt of the truth of Baxter's reading of the prophets. The day was glorious in every sense. The brethren were met at the station by his Lordship Bishop Farrell, and a large number of our Catholic brethren; and, after forming a committee, waited on our worthy Mayor Medcalf with a request that he, with N. C. Gowan, J. H. Cameron, and G. L. Allan, would assist at the christening of the big bell about to be put up in the Cathedral. However, there was not time after the ceremony; but the Mayor said he would send up Capt. Prince and all the blue-coats of Toronto, to assist in placing the bell in the church. The procession then formed and marched to the Crystal Palace, where a grand spread was provided, and, after justice had been done to the inner man, the usual loyal toasts were given and responded to. Song and sentiment followed in rapid succession. His Lordship Bishop Farrell being called upon, gave in fine style, "July the 1st in old Bridgetown;" Song by Mayor McIlroy, "The sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green;" song by Wilson Kennedy, "Ham fat man;" song by Dr. Irvine, "The time I've lost in wooing;" song by C. Magill, "The flag that braved a thousand years;" song by Dr. McQueen, "A big bellied bottle;" song by John Smith, "John Barleycorn," accompanied by the bones.

[Ed. Gr.—This was picked up at the station, and must have been dropped by your "devil" who was just a little tight.]

## American War.

— Whilst we were expecting to have heard of another engagement near Richmond, we start, as if from a dream, and find Harper's Ferry again in the hands of the "rebels." Rebels, forsooth! men who have shown their patriotism, courage, and daring, and who have, for over three years, maintained the supremacy of their "Arms," are not, cannot be less than true patriots. The Confederates then, are now threatening the North, and we hear of an additional call for 30,000 militia to repel the "invasion." Has it, indeed, come to this? Abo calls for men to march to Richmond, whilst his own capital, not the enemy's, is threatened. Better give up the game at once, like a man, Uncle Sam, you're losing the "tricks."

## Con.

— What is the difference between a ham in a smoke-house and a wood nymph?—The one is a *ham-drying*, the other is a *hamadryad*, (hamadried.)

Correspondence between the Captain of the "Kearsage," and Mons. Bonfils, Commission Agent of the "Alabama."

U. S. S. S. "KEARSAGE," June 27, '64.

To Mons. Bonfils:

Sir,—Certain French pilot boats have carried some prisoners, belonging to me, into Oberbourg. That is, they would have been my prisoners if I had laid hold of them, after we had chewed up and sent to eternal smash that affraid pirate, the "Alabama." These officers and men are not the less my prisoners because I don't know one of 'em, and didn't take 'em; nary a cuss there which don't belong righteous and true to the star spangled banner. Therefore, I demand they come on board the "Kearsage," and give themselves up, or no mercy shall be showed in future. I should wish each prisoner to bring his kit, a few boxes of French plums, and a few cases of light French wines. And on these conditions they shall have the good word of one who kin whip the hull of the rebel lot,

JOHN A. WINSTLOW.

CHERRBOURG, June 21, 1864.

To John A. Winslow:

Sir,—I have receive your letters. It is the letter of a brave man. Yes; you accustomed to usage of war? No! What dam business—*par donnez moi*—is to you the *pauvre fellows* escape, and safe bestowed under the lilies of La Belle France? You catch all as you can; Monsieur Lancastré he catch all he can; and *crie crac*, he go off *pouf*, like the winds. You say, "Sir, of the 'Deerhound,' stop! render the men!" John Boulé say, "Who the h—l are you to cry, 'John Boulé,' stop? John stop when he get to Oowes. You want him? come you there." So say Jean. *I, moi parle*, do not say so strong as Jean, but, in effect, moche the same. You want Franco to give up poor fellows escape? Did Franco evare turn her face away from the unfortunates? Non! non! one thousand times. You shall have the man as was in the boats pilot, when the Yankee nation— that warlike and all-conquering nation—shall send a grande armee here, and conquer Franco as she is now conquering the South. Adieu, Monsieur! Excuse the plain speeching; but our Emperor is desirous (very moche) that no meestakes should arise.

I am, &c.,

BONFILS.

Selects e profanis.

— The Royal Mother (parti-coloured) Mrs. Abraham Lincoln (white), Mrs. Duckett (coloured), Mrs. John Nasmith (white).