

# THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.

TORONTO, JANUARY 1, 1869.

VOL. I—No. 1.

## THE GRUMBLER

is published every FRIDAY MORNING, in time for the early Trains. Copies may be had at all the News Depots. Subscriptions, \$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 register their letters; for obvious reasons it is exceedingly inconvenient to us.

All letters must be addressed "The Grumbler," P. O. Box, No. 1104, Toronto, and not to any publisher or news-dealer in the city.

Persons wishing to subscribe to the GRUMBLER, can do so by forwarding their address and the sum of \$1. We only receive yearly subscriptions.

Mr. Wm. W. Duffin is our authorized canvassing Agent, Office—63 Colborne Street, second door East of Church Street.

## THE GRUMBLER.

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

FRIDAY, JANUARY 1, 1869.

## THE GRUMBLER.

"Ridentem dicere verum quid vetat?"

What forbids one to say what is true in a laughing manner?

Start not, gentle reader, at the name, nor associate it in your mind with one long consigned to the tomb of all the Capulets," and suggest, in the latter stages of its mundane existence, of gradual decay and final dissolution; but all it as the harbinger of a more healthy and vigorous career, come to mingle with the thousand and one greetings that welcome you at this essentially festive season. For while its aim shall be "to extenuate nothing, nor set even aught in malice," it will avoid the least approach to low personality or invective, yet strive "to point a moral and adorn a tale." Its pleasant task shall be to smooth the wrinkles from the brow of care, endeavor, if possible, to relax the rigidity of dullness, (which often passes for wisdom), by occasionally presenting objects thro' a Claude Lorraine glass," and avoid the unmeaning frivolity so often foisted on the uninitiated wit. While it undertakes to furnish the lighter-loving community with an ample supply of the latter ingredient, fresh from the mint, and distributed by skilful and competent sources in various parts of the Dominion, it cannot, likewise, undertake to furnish comprehension, for there is a class of readers whose brains seen in a perpetual state of hibernation, and require to be thawed to requisite temperature before they can take in and appreciate a witticism without an accompanying explanation. Such are the individuals, if they catch the sound of a laugh, it acts upon them like thunder and turns them sour—and they would as soon chisel a joke on a tombstone

or enter it in their ledger, as let it pass their lips, thinking it equally out of place in any of these situations. Be it the object and mission of the Grumbler, in its new series, to elevate the tone of mirth by presenting nothing to its readers that shall offend against good taste, or be subversive of sound morals, lashing the vices and follies of the age with well-timed censure and unsparing hand, yet unscrupulously jealous of the sacred privacy of the domestic hearth, and uttering no sentiments that have a tendency to wound the prejudices of any religious body whatever. Thus will it lay claim to a large share of public patronage, and be instrumental in adding a few drops to the "ever bubbling springs of gladness which moisten and invigorate the universe. While it shall be the ambition of the present series to emulate the talent that ushered in its predecessor and promised for it a brilliant future, it will cautiously steer clear of the rocks and reefs on which youthful impetuosity and inexperience have so often stranded, and which even older hands have not been able entirely to avoid. And now, to our futuro patrons, whose name we fondly anticipate will be "Legion," we offer every good wish that this joyous season suggests, with a hope that the end of another year may find us at our post after having fulfilled the promises with which this series is inaugurated.

### A Grateful Apothecary.

Sir John Young, not being exempt from the 1000 ills which flesh is heir to, requires an occasional *bolus*, and the apothecary who has been honored with the contract for dredging the gubernatorial maw, ventilates his exuberant gratitude in the following "card"—published in the *Ottawa Times*:

### A CARD.

The subscriber having received the appointment of APOTHECARY AND CHEMIST TO HIS EXCELLENCY SIR JOHN YOUNG, begs leave thus publicly to acknowledge the kindness, and express his thanks.

J. BROWNE,

Licentiate Apothecary of Dublin.

Apothecaries Hall,  
67 Spart St. near the Queen's Printing House.  
Ottawa, December 17, 1868.

Without any special feeling of antipathy to the worthy *Licentiate*, we devoutly trust that his office will prove one of "honor" rather than "profit."

A PRANDIAL APOLOGY AND PLUM-PUDDING REASON.—"Pon my honor Miss ——" said Lieut. — of the —th Regiment, the other evening at the assembly. "I really quite forgot I was engaged to you for the last valse, but —ah! the fact is I am going to dine with the Blanks next week, and I'm obliged to earn my plum-pudding by doing the civil thing to the daughters, otherwise they'd have to do "wall-flower" all the evening, isn't it a horrid bore? But wait till they're gone, and won't we have a jolly dawson? eh!"

Observations—Astronomical and otherwise.

BY OUR NIGHT EDITOR.

Out of the grog-shop I've stepped in the street,  
Road, what's the matter? You're loose on your feet!  
Staggering, swaggering, reeling about,  
Road, you're in liquor, past question or doubt.

Gas-lamps, be quiet—stand up, if you please,  
What the deuce ails you? You're weak in the knees;  
Some on your heads—in the gutter some suak—  
Gas-lamps, I see it—You're all of you drunk.

Angels and ministers! Look at the moon,  
Shining up there like a paper balloon,  
Winking like mad at me:—Moon, I'm afraid—  
Now I'm convinced—oh! you tipsy old jade.

Here's a phenomenon: Look at the stars—  
Jupiter, Ceres, Uranus and Mars  
Dancing quadrilles; capered, shuffled, and hopped—  
Heavenly bodies! this ought to be stopped.

Down come the houses—each drunk as a king,  
Can't say I fancy much, this sort of thing;  
Inside the bar it was all safe and right,  
I shall go back there, and stop for the night.

[The writer of the above has not been sufficiently long on our staff to warrant us in vouching for his veracity, but we give his Christmas Eve experience, trusting that should it be slightly exaggerated, some of our 100,000 readers will contradict the report. We are, of course, not ignorant that this festive season is usually marked by considerable hilarity, but such a universal "bender" we have not before heard of.—Ed. GRUMBLER.]

### Notice to Correspondents and Intending Contributors.

We shall be happy, at all times, to receive communications on matters of public interest, and hereby respectfully invite contributions which shall combine amusement with instruction, from our friends in all parts of the Dominion, altho' the fact of our having taken "up arms against a sea of trouble," is known to only a very few of our literary friends, it has already attracted their regard, and engaged their warmest sympathies; so that we shall have a fresh stock of original matter to lay before our readers each succeeding week. Articles of a playful and harmless character, seasoned with a moderate quantity of attic salts and *our own piquante* will command our attention, provided, for always they come up to the literary stave dough, to which we aspire, and are not of the unpalatable form objectionable. We beg further of our back down to and for all, that we shall be responsible for the opinions *continued*.