

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

TORONTO, SATURDAY MAY 21, 1864.

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THE GRUMBLER

Is 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.

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 register 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 1th) 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 'n' your coat,
I reile you reot it;
A child's aming you taking notes,
Aud, faith, he'll prent it."

SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1864.

IN MEMORIAM. J. G. B.

A deepened hush fell on that bright Spring day,
And men stood gravely, mournfully around;
A cloud came o'er the city, and the May
Breeds seemed to pass on with graver, sadder, sound.
Yet 'twas the flush of Spring. Ah! who shall say
In Spring! "The Summer comes," perchance, to thee;
Oh! never more shall the flushed melody
Of glorious Summer bring the wild birds call.
Propheet, thou doubtst! Yet see, half-mast high,
Saint George's banner waves all mournfully,
To mourn the best, the kindest, of us all!
Queen of the West! Thy wisest, noblest son,
Has laid him down to rest. All heinous
Attend his memory! Aye, and never a one
Of those that differed from him most, shall say,
We have not truest cause of grief, this sweet, but sad,
May day!

Joshua Outdo

The *Le* (that potent print) has outdone the great Jewish Commander. He caused the sun and moon to stay in the Valley of Ajalon, but the *Leader* has made two Wednesdays in one week, as the *Evening Leader* of Thursday, May 12th, was dated Wednesday, May 11th, and no one dared gainsay it. Had it not been an invasion on the sanctity of the Sabbath, we should certainly have gone to press Saturday and published the *Grumbler* on Sunday morning. We will not hint that our clever cotemporary is behind the times, although certainly behind the time.

The Mayor did not blow long enough to get up "a treat," last Monday night, hence he could not weld (wield) any influence.

Answers to Correspondents.

The Hon. George Brown does not play second fiddle to the Opposition orchestra, George skines as base-viol.

Programme of Proceedings to take place at Toronto, in celebration of the Queen's Birthday, 24th May, 1864.



The sun will rise precisely at 4 30 a.m., (Halifax currency.)

At 8 a.m., grand exhibition of flags.

At 11 a.m., procession of the Second Invincibles and Tenth Fencibles, commanded by Lord Frederick William Cumberlandland. His Lordship will wear the uniform of a Lieutenant-General, and will be preceded by a herald, and followed by a page carrying his spurs on a Northern Railway debutante. He will also be attended by a brilliant staff. The Second Invincibles and Tenth Fencibles will be preceded by their exultating Bands, which will perform with tolerable atrocity and remarkable vigor several intensely martial airs.

At 12 noon, a grand promenade of country folk, gorgeously decorated in all the colors of the rainbow. They will be received with salutes of fire-crackers, which will be kept up at intervals during the day.

From 1 to 4 p.m., a magnificent exhibition of cows, cats, 'geese, fowls, hogs and dogs, which will be liberally distributed throughout the city.

At 5 p.m., a grand review of three police constables at the City Hall, by His Excellency Captain Prince.

At 6 p.m., a grand civic procession, consisting of Alderman Baxter in his buggy, with a new wheel attached.

The whole to conclude at 8 p.m., by the splendid illumination in the neighbourhood of the Post Office, of three street lamps.

Scene in one of the Back Lanes of the City.

Old Mike Murphy, who is rather deaf, is in the act of emptying slops and other dirt into a lane while the Health Inspector is on his rounds.

Health Inspector (loquiter).—Holloo, Mike, remember no nuisance here, or you'll be fined.

Mike.—No saints here that you can find! The devil a saint in these parts, barrin' an old picture of St. Patrick in the house beyant, and he's got nary leg to stan on, for Patsy Conlin, the thelvin ruffin, tore the legs off him this mornin' to light his pipe wid.

H. Inspector.—I was not speaking of "saluts," Mike; I was warning you against laying down any more nuisance in the lane.

Mike.—By the nose on your mug, but that's a lie, any how! "No saints," indade! You must have mighty quare "ol-olfuctive" narves—as Dr. Tumblety use to call them—if ye don't fule scints

and smells enough to choke all the lipphants in Indy, and smother all the bog-trotters in Ireland "No scints," indade! Saints of Paradise, but ye must have a mighty birvy could on yez not to par-carev them! They're strang enough to brade a favour, or the "karnal forbus," this swilteerin hot saison!

The Health Inspector, despairing of making Mike hear him, took out his note-book as if to mark the place as requiring his active professional interference; but the lane in question, as well as others in the city, are as filthy as ever. Let our City Fathers look to it, before it breeds a pestilence in our midst.

NOT SO BAD.

We give the following *morecau* for what it is worth. Some days ago a *mellow* Milesian—who had been imbibing with a "friend" rather more of the *cratur* than served to enable him to maintain his own specific gravity, or, indeed, that of the bystanders,—entered an establishment not 1000 miles from the Post Office, and "meandering" through the books, &c., up to the counter, where the worthy proprietor was, with his usual urbanity and attention, ministering to the intellectual wants of his customers.

Ah!" says Pat, "I've found the man of the *right stamp* at last. The top o' the mornin' to yez."

"The same to you," replied the proprietor, "what can I do for you?"

"I want a pint o' the bist Irish whiskey," says he.

"We don't sell anything of that kind here," was the answer.

"Oh, thin, was't I tould that ye sould the bist in Toronto!" rejoined Pat.

"It's a mistake," said our friend, "and, besides, you've had enough already this morning."

"Oh! but, ye see, its for me wife it is; Dr. Bluecaannon (his timp'rance himself) says she's got the Mulligatownys,' and must have a drap now and agin."

"Come, get out of this at once, or I'll call the police," said the proprietor.

But Pat, nothing daunted, said, "Sure and what are you goin to push me that way for, seein as how I've only got a small taste of yerself in me, Mither Bacchus (Backus)! And they say your place is the hid quarters for the bist potebus in the country, as you've got some that was in your ancistors, ould Bacchus's, cillar cintures ago!"

This was too much for B's gravity, who retired to his desk to have his laugh out, while Pat "vamosed," having had, in our opinion, all the joke on his side.