

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.

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THE GRUMBLER

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Persons enclosing their cards, and \$1 will be sent 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 enter their letters; for obvious reasons, it is exceedingly inconvenient to us.

All letters to be addressed "The Grumbler," P. Toronto; and not to any publisher or newspaper in the city.

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THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1865.

HEARING THAT THE GRUMBLER WAS DEFUNCT.

They say the Grumbler's dead,
Laid down in his last bed,
They say the Grumbler's dead,
Toll the bell!

Sad were the tears we shed,
Our sorrowing hearts they bled,
To think our friend was dead,
Twas the knell!

Of joys for us departed,
We were well nigh broken hearted,
So to the lake we started,
To plunge in!

And down our sorrows there,
Beneath the moonlight glare,
But we thought 't would be cold fare,
So we didn't!

Then on onward home we sped
O'hill'd, hungry, to be fed,
And to our door werd led,
By the watchman!

We sat down in our chair,
Building castles in the air,
And swigg'd a journa rare,
"Pure glenlivet!"

We had just begun to smoke,
Perhaps you think we joke,
And mid a dream we woke,
Saw the Grumbler.

"Grieve not, I'm not dead yet,
(He said)" so do not fret,
"I'm glad that we have met,
O'er a tumbler!"

Me they tried to lick,
With an awkward Fenian pick,
"But twas blunt as my old stick,"
And it missed me!

"But that sneaking little elf,"
"Who picks up dirt for self,"
"And piles it on the shelf,"
For the "Leader!"

"Bespatter'd my best clothes,"
My career thus thought to close,
Now every body knows,
I'm not dead!

"For my spirit still doth breathe,"
"Which I gladly now beneath,"
"And with it a flowery wreath,"
Of everlasting!

OURSELVES.

The Grumbler in again presenting himself to his friends the public, feels that the office which he has reassumed is beset with peculiar difficulties, among which he may mention the want of confidence reposed by the people in journals of the same ilk as himself, owing to the many utter failures of mushroom papers which have nothing to support their pretentious but ignorance and stupidity. He claims and justly too, that he is the only aspirant to fame in his own line who has ever yet succeeded in this country. Eight long years of uninterrupted success have told him in words that are unmistakable, that his labours have been appreciated by the nation. When a few months ago, a victim who was suffering under the lash of his censure put all the machinery of the law in motion against him, and by working on the feelings of a sensitive jury of his townsmen obtained a heavy verdict against his publishers and thereby caused a temporary suspension of his issue, the whole province judging by the tone of its journals, viewed that suspension with regret, and trusted that at no distant day they would see their old friend's face again. That day has come and Mr Grumbler walks into his sanctum, brushes the dust from the forms, the cobwebs from the walls and takes up his pen with as much gusto as the regret he felt in laying it down. Since his last issue he has changed hands, employed a new staff, and greatly improved his means of communication. In every principal town in this Province he has engaged men of a varied and extensive range of observation who will keep him thoroughly posted up in all the current events of their respective spheres.

He will, however, pay particular attention to the internal affairs of this city and will

bring to light all the peccadilloes and errors, intentional or otherwise, of every citizen whatever be his creed or colour. In a country like this where political and party contests run so high—where the political code is, that none of our party can do wrong—while an opponent can do nothing which is right—he presumes to think a journal which is strictly neutral in politics and therefore not involved in the heat of the fray, which is totally devoid of interest and consequently of prejudice would be invaluable—and this is precisely the position he intends to assume. Neither Clear Grit, or Conservative, or Liberal may expect any money at his hands unless they remain in the straightforward path of honesty, integrity, and morality. He wishes to state moreover that it will always be a fixed principle of his to abstain from "personalities" of every description as much as possible, and so avoid the rock his predecessor have split upon. He intends to show no mercy to those who insist upon keeping in the *even tenor* of their way in wrongdoing, and who have hitherto been deaf to admonition—he will be uncompromising in his enmity to all mountebanks political or otherwise and hopes that all these may be taught that the way of transgressors is hard; all the delinquents in the community may have at no distant day have to thank him for a full expose of their doings and follies.

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TAILORS! LOOK OUT FOR ONE OF THE EFFECTS OF MORALS AS TAUGHT IN THE 19TH CENTURY.

On remonstrating, the other day with a friend for not paying his tailors' bill, he replied after a pause: "Well, I have hitherto considered it a breach of honesty and good faith not to pay a tailor, but upon pondering seriously on the fact that they were only rendered necessary by and therefore brought into the world co-svil with Sin! I have made up my mind that by paying them I respect their origin, and this contrary to Brother Mawnorm's teaching! (Such a fellow should be made to wear a worm-eaten fig leaf in winter, a sheep-skin breeches with the woolly side inwards in the dog days.

We think that the hard times hold out and encouraging prospect of the Sheriff's levies being as fully and fashionably attended as the Governor General's!"

In a drunkard's barometer the glass always points to "very dry!"