

THE GRUMBLER

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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-agent 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 't' your coat,
I trole you t'ak it;
A chief's among you t'ing noce,
And, faith, he'll prout it."

SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1864.

CANADA TO GARIBALDI.

Hark! that voice from o'er the ocean,
Hear its tones so loud and clear,
Tones of gladness and devotion,
Welcoming a hero dear.

Dear to Britain, dear to Freeman,
Dear to Liberty and France,
Princes, Peasants, Statesmen,
Honour Garibaldi's name.

'Tis Britannia's, 'tis her meeting
With Italia's dearest son,
'Tis her heart-warm-loving greeting,
With earth's bravest, noblest one.

Faith him well, ye sons of England,
Ten-fold honour to him pay,
Comfort him with kindest words, and
Heed not what the world may say.

Hark! that voice from o'er the ocean,
Hear its tones so loud and clear,
Tones of gladness and devotion,
Welcoming a hero dear.

Echo! catch our million voices,
Waft them back to Britain's shore,
Canada's young heart rejoices,
Londer far than ocean's roar.

LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.

TORONTO, May 3, 1864.

DEAR GRUMBLER,—The public notice of our legal Boucher, of anti-religious notions notoriety, appears in the *Globe* and *Leader* of this date, and is in the words and figures following, that is to say:

W. M. BOUCHER,
LAWYER, Church Street, Toronto,

PRACTICES in all the Courts. Does "Pleadings" for those of the Profession not skilled in this difficult and important branch of the Law. Town business attended to, and "points looked up" and arranged for the profession at a distance. A partnership or a partner wanted.
Toronto, May 4.

And, as a precedent may be useful to the profession generally therefrom, by publishing it you will confer a lasting favour on that body.

Yours mutually,

Do LITTLE & Co.

THE RECORDER.

It is our sincere wish to avoid, as far as is possible, entering into personalities, but "circumstances alter cases," and we are sometimes compelled to leave the path we had marked down for our guidance, and rebuke openly, and without cover, parties who by their improper conduct demand at our hands a castigation. Toronto boasts of more local celebrities than any other city in the Province, from the brace of M.P.'s down to Harry Henry, the gentleman boarder of the new gal, and certainly we should be blessed indeed, were our Recorder to prove an exception to the general rule. To-day we find him as Judge of the Division Court, overruling Barristers and practitioners whose legal requirements are far superior to his own—and to-morrow we find him reversing judgment in cases similar to the one of yesterday; so that, in fact, lawyers felt timid in advising their clients, knowing the uncertainty of His Honour's deciding "according to law." His Honour, comprising in himself, a sound judgment, in his own estimation, superior and pre-eminent to all the law ever written.

Now, we believe, this worthy attempted, to the best of his ability, to secure a conviction against ex-Mayor Bowes *et al.*, in the License Conspiracy Case lately dismissed, and even went so far as to give evidence therein, but fortunately a *judge* and a *lawyer* were at the helm and the eccentric Recorder was "non-plussed." We wonder very much in what new scene the "uncertain judge" will enter his appearance.

D'Arcy and the Fenians.

How exceedingly pathetic is the appeal of the Hon. Thomas D'Arcy, to the few miserable ones that are said to exist in Canada under the cognomen of—"Fenians." Truly time works wonders—in everything, not only in men's flesh and blood, but also in their patriotic opinions and political views. We do not wish to say anything naughty of D'Arcy—in fact, we rather like him—but if report be true, D'Arcy's brother is a Colonel in the 69th Regt., Irish Brigade, Yankee "hog-trotters," whose late Colonel (Corcoran), was a "Fannian cinthrell," a regiment well-known since the Prince of Wales' visit, for its British loving proclivities. Have you ever tried to reform the opinions of your brother, D'Arcy? Eh!

Special Business Notice.

Mr. John A. McDonald, Cabinet Maker, Parliament Buildings, Quebec, begs to inform the public generally, that his establishment is now open for the Spring trade, and from his long experience and acknowledged tact and ability, hopes that his efforts may meet with a liberal share of public support. All sorts of Cabinet-ware kept constantly on hand—jobbing done to suit customers—reciprocity being his motto, he will, in turn, extend his patronage to those who may favour him with their custom. The public will do well to inspect his *stock* before going elsewhere.

N.B.—A "journeyman" wanted, to fill up the blank created by the "decease" of a late workman—must be well qualified.

The Valetudinarian in search of a Physician.

ADDRESSED—WITHOUT PERMISSION—TO ALL WHOM THE CAP FITS.

I met a wretched wight, a man of years,
Weary and sick, and worn with many cares;
"Whither, wilt tot'tring gait," I asked, "dost
stray?"

"The road that leads to health, ah, shew it pray,
Which ten long years I've search'd in vain to find,
With all my strength and vigor left behind;
Empty's my purse, swept out my ev'ry coffer,
And still with pain and nervousness I suffer.
Dr.'s *Thebeller* and *Somuchiteworse*,
Have each prescribed for me a different course,
Detractian puffers and *Sangrado* fools
Have ruin'd me, and now they seek more tools;
I've tried each sapient *alloe!* *homo!* *hydro*,
Until I'm made the victim of a Junto!

Who've register'd a vow, they'll not attend
Me any more, until my exchequer mend.
What shall I do? Ah! tell me friend, I say,
Where shall I go? Only just point the way."

"The road is easy, and the way is plain,
Liaten awhile, and I will try explain:
Be temperate, be chaste, be just, be kind,
Keeping the body sound, and clear the mind,
Avoid impostors, quacks, of every degree,
Thus, of disease, you'll keep the body free;
For while the patient's oft by my medicine lurd,
Nature already has the ailment cur'd."

But if you would the good Physician choose,
Him who would not your confidence abuse,
Select the man who is not fashion's slave,
Nor will about each new flegged doctrine rave,
Of manners gentle, with affections mild,
In skill a sage! docility a child!

Who spurns the arts that ignorance would use,
And ev'ry meaner action disapproves,
With lion's heart and woman's gentle touch,
Performs his duty o'er the fee he clutch.

Such is the man that I would choose as friend,
To heal my oft infirmities, and tend
My dying couch when life is ebbing fast,
And all its stern realities are past!

But would you know the man I should avoid,
With whom, on earth, I'd dread to be allied,
Whose vulgar air and look contaminate,
Gruff voice and p'derian insatiate,
Chill the affections, make the soul revolt
At each encounter with a bootless dolt!

Hear how he talks of patients he has cur'd,
(The wonder is he's been so long endur'd.)
And listen to his speech in tones oracular,
But, badly spoken in his own vernacular.

Hark, how he babbles of his neighbour's faults,
Forgetful of his own unseemly faults;
Observe how he accumulates his gains,
By fleecing from his confrere's well-stock'd brains!

Mark his grave air and hypocritic mein
When in religious company he's seen!
But view him well when e'er the mask's withdrawn,
How on the worldling he will wait and fawn.

And when he's best well-nigh filled his bloated purse,
Almost as full, indeed, as many a hearse;
When he has put forth all his vaunted skill,
And done the lion's share the grave to fill;

He boasts himself to be the great "Sir Oracle,"
Given in working ev'ry kind of miracle;
And when, like former patrons, he gets sick,
All turn their backs on him, save old friend Nick!

The common-sewers combine to form a ten!
The muddy pools maintain their calm career!
And when he dies, his monument shall be,
ALL O'er THE CEMETRY! "Circumspice!"

* Sir, come, spy, see!

Query?

—We wonder who was the eminent lawyer the *Globe* consulted in reference to the license question. Could it be John Bell?