

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

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THE CRUMBLER

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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 rede you tont it;
A chiel's amang ye taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prunt it."

SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1864.

THE COALITION.

Thus spake the great Ontario:—"Come listen unto me,
Ye politicians one and all, of high or low degree,
And when I've told my story thro', with me you will agree,
My interests I have sacrificed for that of the coun-
try.

Ye can not find in Canada a single other man,
No matter what his creed may be, no matter what
his clan,

Who's served his party as I've served, who's fought
thro' thick and thin,
To keep John A. and Cartier out, and honest
Clear Grits in.

That Sandfield couldn't steer the ship, is now a
fact quite plain,
Although good men supported him with all their
might and main;

What tho' the people placed in him their confi-
dence and trust,
He bungled o'er and o'er again until the boiler
burst.

You know how then poor Tache was called upon
to form,
A crew well fit to manage her in sunshine or in
storm,

Well, they battled 'gainst us manfully, until their
fate was sealed,
For with superior numbers we drove them from the
field.

My friends, you must be well aware, that neither
one or other,

Could form a Cabinet so strong as to withstand
the other,
The only thing that could be done to save us from
perdition,
Was, to bury feelings and the past, and make a
Coalition.

That Coalition I have joined, the country for to
save,
Despite the sneers of Sandfield—tho' he call me
traitor, knave,
The Globe will still turn round, just as before I
ween,
And on its page *Corruptionist* will never more be
seen."

THE TIMES.

Never was the *Grumbler* called upon to record
such truly wonderful events as have transpired
in the political arena during the last week. No
sooner was the *coup de main* in the House of As-
sembly made known, than the wildest excitement
prevailed political circles here. When the morn-
ing papers of Saturday last made the announce-
ment that Mons. Cartier, John A. McDonald and
and the Clear Grit Champion were met in solemn
conclave; that Desfresure had crossed the floor of
the House and heartily shook by the hand his old
arch enemy the Hon. George Brown. When these
facts became known both Grits and Conservatives
were led to exclaim, "Surely the end cometh—
the Millenium draweth high." Proprietors of
City papers not absent from town, manifested the
greatest degree of excitement, and with their edi-
torial staff, were to be seen rushing wildly through
the streets and grasping by the hand all with
whom they came in contact. The effects produced
spread through the city like unto a mighty conta-
gion. Great surprise was manifested when old
Square Toes was observed to enter the grounds of
Bishop Lynch's palace, and in the very best of
good humour shook his Reverence by the hand.
Mike Murphy and Dick Reynolds also caught the
infection and when seen on the street appeared as
loving as two sucking ducks. Even the Editor of
the *Grumbler* did not escape the general excitement
that prevailed, his sanctum was invaded by up-
wards of five-thousand of the boys in the streets,
loudly proclaiming the sale of the *Evening Leader*
for a copper; and were determined not to make
their exit until the privilege was accorded them
of shaking hands with so important a personage.
The reception at the White House, of which we
had lately so graphic a description by George A.
Sala, was a mere bagatelle when compared with
the one witnessed at the *Grumbler* office. 10 a.m.,
Saturday, 18th inst. The *attaches* of the *Globe*
office were this morning surprised to see entering

into the building, a crowd of from six to seven
hundred of the *Leader* people, headed by the hon-
oured proprietor of that journal. The scene that
followed baffles description. Suffice it to say, that
after a general shaking of hands, suitable speeches
were delivered by Messrs. Beatty and Henning,
certain explanations made, and a satisfactory re-
conciliation took place between the two, hitherto,
antagonistic journals. After three hearty cheers
each for Mons. Cartier, John A. and the Hon.
George Brown, and three times three for Mr. Beatty
the company separated, to meet again at 11 a.m.,
Sunday, 19th inst., when a procession, consisting
of the employees of the *Globe* and *Leader*; a pro-
cession, we are warranted in saying, was much
larger than the one witnessed at St. Michael's
Cathedral the other day; left the *Globe* buildings
to attend the Disciples Synagogue on Shuter St.,
where a most elaborate discourse suitable for the
occasion was delivered by Mr. Beatty, from that
most appropriate text of holy writ, "A new com-
mand give I unto you, that ye love one another.
At 6 p.m., a much larger procession was marshal-
led from the *Leader* buildings to the same place,
and here, permit us to state, that the rush was so
great that hundreds were unable to obtain admis-
sion. The services were conducted by the well-
known Mr. Alderman Baxter, then devotional
exercises by Mr. Henning, after which Mr. Beatty
again delivered a most powerful discourse from
the following words, "Let brotherly love continue."
The Speaker was most energetic in exhortation,
graphic in description and sublime in application,
and we have every reason to suppose that the
effect produced will be seen in the columns of the
Globe and *Leader* many days hence.

News from the Caucasus.

— We see that the sense of the Liberal cau-
cus is, "that Mr. Brown ought to go into the
Cabinet. We protest against the conclusion ar-
rived at by these Caucasians, still more at enclosing
the gallant proportions of the Member for South
Oxford in any cabinet—he is far too large for a
Cabinet curiosity.

A beggarly reward.

— The King of Italy, Victor Emmanuel, has
sent to the Editor of the *Eco d'Italia* the Order
of St. Lazarus, as a recognition of his services in
the cause of Italian unity. This was a work of
supererogation on the part of the King; all the
Editors of our acquaintance are naturally of the
order of St. Lazarus.

Con. by Pat.

— Why is a person gettin' rheumatic like a
man lockin' a cupboard door?—Bekase he's turain
nchly, (a key.)