

# THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES—VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1860.

NO. 11.

## THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1860.

### GRAND PROGRAMME.

Alderman Carr's special committee, determined not to miss the opportunity of distinguishing themselves before the Prince, have at length agreed upon a programme which will at once snub the Mayor and immortalize his enemies. The ex-President of the Council, with his usual urbanity, has furnished us with a copy in advance of all our cotemporaries. We give the document, as prepared by Alderman Moodie, *verbatim et literatim*.—Whensomover the Prins has atrove at the deepo to be received by a saloot of ordinance to be let off from the Fire-Fly, and the Yacht Club barge wich will be rigged up for the ocaashun. After three cheers from the nobel Ward uv St. John, wich will be lead by Ald. Moodie, the adress of the counsel will be red out with tamerity and humilily by Counselman Higgins, who will be suported by Counselor Baxter and George Platt. Previous to this as soon as Higgins drys up, the *Prins* will respond with a short extempyary speche, and then forming in line too deep, a procession will form, to be deranged as follows:—

1st. Alderman Sherwood with his bull-dog, as chief martial. (We presume the writer means the Alderman to be Marshal and not the bull-dog.)

2nd. Alderman John Smith astrid of a huge beer-barrel wich he is to be giving of beer from to the peoplo.

3rd. Tablow on a lumber wagon; Ald. Vance and Coun. Smith as Heenan and Sayers in pugular attitood.

4th. The Malr's party in the Council heded by Ald. McMurrich, owl with ropes around their necks led by sed ropes in triumf by Harry Henry. To bare their own epigram thus ritten:—"They hev come to a outimely end by having keepen bad kumpey."

5th. Tablow wivacoous:—Councilman Conlia as one of the muses (with a reeth of parsley and turnip tops about his hed, and Mury's Gramer in his hand,) a reading of it to represent the genus of eddication.

6th. Group of Constables discharged by the Mair for belonging to Sekrit Sosities; each bearing the subscription:—"Am I not a man and a bruther?"

7th. Tablow onigmatical of the heathen deities, Charles Daly as Jupiter, Ammon; the Chief of Polico as Appollo; Councilman Baxter as Mercury; Coun. Higgins in female attire as Venus with the Mayor as Cupid; Ald Medcalf as Vulcan: the Deputy Chief as Hercules, represented as smashing the Nemean Lion, (Ald. J. E. Smith dressed in a buffalo robe);

Geo. Platt ds Bacchus dressed in tightis with a reeth of bary-ears and grape leaves round his hed and a quart pot of half-and-half in his hand.

8th. The Clear Grit Scovy manned by Ald. Moodie, with a toasting fork in his hand as Neptune, and Coun. Taylor decorated with sea-weed, and barnacles as a sea-nymph. H. R. H. the Prins will occupy the 4 deck.

The procession will move to York Street, up Queen Street to Park Lane, along Park Lane, Elm Street, Centre Street, Edward Street, Elizabeth Street. Thence by way of Bay Street, down Melinda and Gorborno Streets round to the Hay Market. Here H. R. H. will be weighed by Fisher and will go into Cornell's to lick. After whiskoying up the noble Prins will go to the Albion Hotel where he is to be the Gest of Mr. Ald. Smith. In the evening, the royal youth will go on a moonlite discursion in the Fire-fly, where rockets and other polytechnics will be let off. (As the tickets are limited, an early application to the Capting is necessary, Price 10 cents.)

We are obliged to defer the publication of the subsequent days proceedings to a future issue.

### ADAM I HAVE MISSED YOU.

AS SUNG BY THE CHIEF OF POLICE.

Oh! Adam is it you, Sir,  
Come again to town?  
I really tell you true, Sir,  
You have some laches grown.  
I thought you'd never come, Sir;  
My heart grew very sad;  
Till now I've looked quite glam, Sir,  
My treatment's been so bad.

The Council have abused me,  
Most frightfully, I say;  
Just like a dog they've used me,  
They've oven docked my pay.  
They aimed at you through me, Sir,  
And tried to spoil the Force;  
Yet I bore the brunt, you see, Sir,  
And would not leave the course.

I hope you'll now protect me,  
Else I shall surely fall:  
As you, Sir, did select me,  
A fall Sir, will spoil all.  
I cannot do without you,  
For Council nights I dread;  
I've thought so much about you,  
It's nearly turned my head.

### POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS EXTRAORDINARY

Our efficient Postmaster General intends to eclipse all his former efforts in the postal line by the introduction of a bill next session, which for novelty and grandeur of design will excel anything that has ever been attempted in this or any other country. The object of Mr. Smith's bill will be the establishment of postal communication between Canada and the Moon. A balloon of extraordinary dimensions will be constructed especially for the purpose, the contract for

which will be given to Mr. Baby. As Captain Moodie is the only man in the Province who has any experience in the matter of balloons he will be constituted aeronaut extraordinary for the occasion. It is thought there will be some difficulty in getting a gas sufficiently light to elevate a balloon with the enormous mail which it will carry, as high as the Moon. The common carburetted hydrogen is too heavy; but it is supposed the difficulty may be obviated by using Dr. Ryerson's spare gas for the purpose, should the reverend gentleman not explode before that time.

### A LIVE PRINCE.

A live Prince is a curiosity in its way. It is not often our eyes are blessed with a sight of such a dignitary. We are all anxious to do honor to him, and no one that we know of more than Ald. Carr. Why, in the name of common sense is he and others of his ilk making such laughing-stocks of themselves? On Thursday evening a meeting was called for the fifth or sixth time by this self-same dignified official for the purpose of hearing the views of the citizens in reference to the reception of the Prince of Wales, and exhibiting his own ignorance and pomposity. The secret is, why was not this meeting held? We think we can answer it. During the day our city was visited by the Prince de Joinville; and as anything in the shape of a Prince was welcome to the clutches of the Aldermanic painter he knocked the meeting in the head in order to fall foul of the Gallic Prince.

Rushing down Wellington-street at railroad speed, knocking all the old apple-women head over heels, he bolted into the American Hotel blowing at a fearful rate, and enquired for the Prince. The sporting son of Louis Philippe was too 'cute, however. Well was he aware of the consequence of falling into such hands, and in order to avoid such a calamity gave instruction to the servants to say he was not to be seen. Ald. Carr, on hearing this piece of information burst into tears, and it was not until a roaring whiskey-cock-tail was administered that he felt able to make his way home, lamenting the fate which could be so cruel as to deprive him of the honor either of presiding at a meeting of his "fellor-citizens," or doing the handsome to a full-fledged Prince. During the "we small hours of night" he was heard to repeat every now again,

That's the way the things are done,  
Carr obstructing Wilson—  
Wilson never up to the scratch,  
Pop—hic—hic—pop— — — — — sun.

Strange.

—The *Montreal Transcript* had an article on "Who built Victoria Bridge," and says that it is a *vezata* questio. Surely no person can tell the Editor, else it would not be very difficult to get a correct list from the contractors of those men who were engaged in building it.