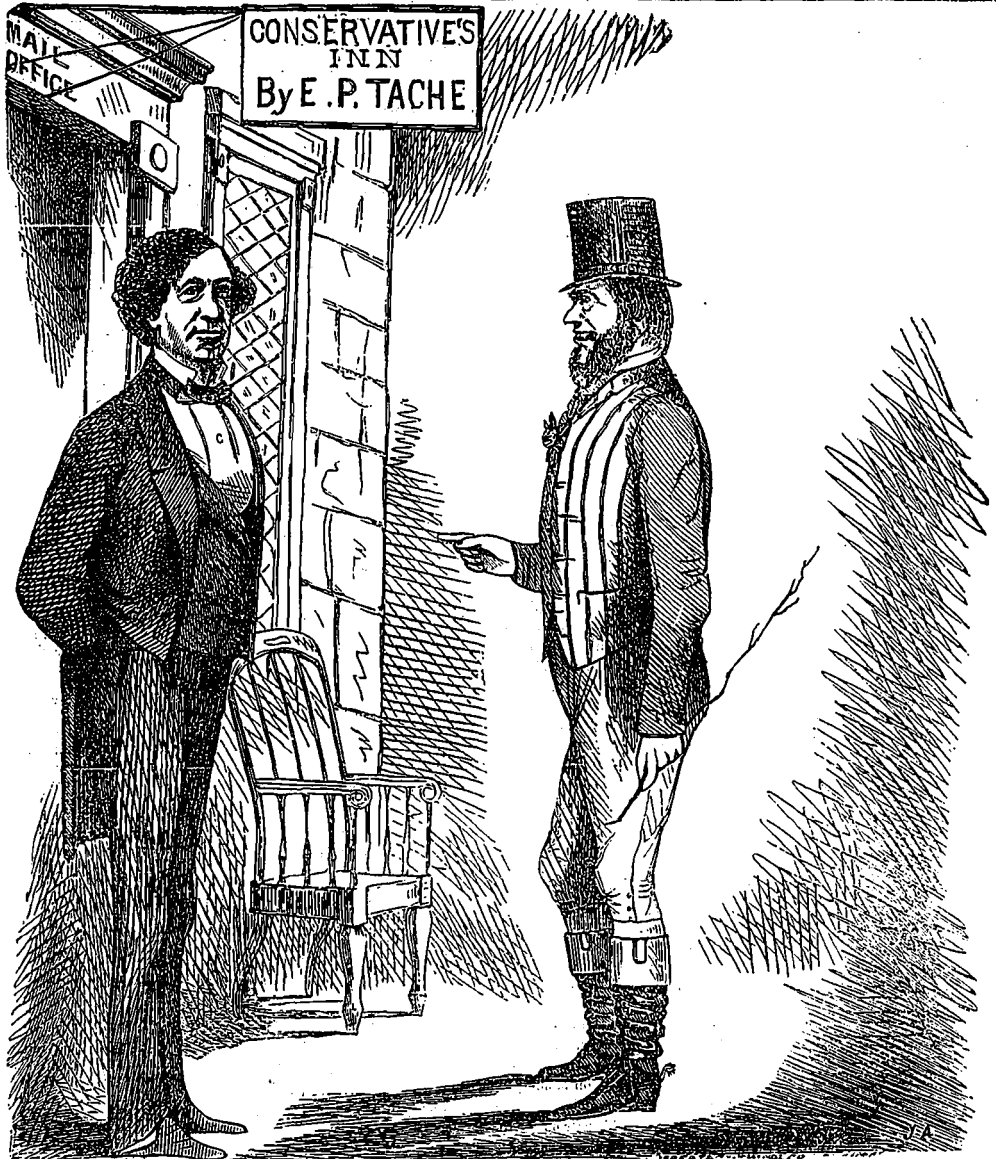


THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

TORONTO; SATURDAY MAY 7, 1864.

Vol. 2.—No. 23.



SIDNEY SMITH.—WELL, OLD CHUN, WHAT OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO? CAN'T I CARRY THE MAIL BAGS AGAIN?
JOHN A.—AH! I'M NOT BOSS NOW, SID., BETTER SEE TACHE.

THE GRUMBLER

Is published every SATURDAY MORNING, in time for the early Trains. 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-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 taling it;
A chief's among you feek incoz,
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.

Feast 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-eminence 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—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,
Datrachian 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,
Listen 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 halts;
Observe how he accumulates his gains,
By fleecing from his confrere's well-stock'd brains!

Mark his gravo air and hypocrite mein
When in religious company he's seen!
But view him well where'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 CRUMBLER! "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?

A REVERIE.

And thou art gone! yet still it seems
As if thou wert mirrord' in my dreams;
For thou hast bound me with a spell,
Which only those who've felt can tell.
Methought last night, I on my bed,
In wakeful restlessness, was led
To the same platform, where the ghost
Of Hamlet's father stood! and lost
In reverie 'twixt doubt and fear!
The Prince of Denmark then drew near;
A moment there I stood amazed!
When 'neath a bridge's arch I stood,
And saw a maid leap in the flood.
But, oh! the shudder that convuls'd
My inmost soul! which quick repuls'd
All other thoughts! 'till once again
My heart's pulse madly beat amain!
Anon, a maiden's form lay there,
Her tresses wet, her feet were bare;
They us'd her gently, as thou had'st,
And smooth'd her tresses as thou said'st;
When, lo! an angel there appears,
And wiping up the mourner's tears—
"Leave her,"—he said,—"I pray you leave her,
Unto her God and only Saviour."

The scene was chang'd! the charm was broke!
And Paddy's pipes had me awake!
Just echoing my voice, to tell,
To whisper mournfully "Farewell!"

N.B.—The point of the above lines will be at once understood by most of our readers who attended Vandenhoff's readings last Saturday Evening, the 30th of April. They consisted of the first act of Hamlet, the Bridge of Sighs and Paddy the Piper!

"THE LONG AND THE SHORT."

We forgot to make this announcement some time ago; but "better late than never." Mr. McNabb's was the first appointment of the late Grit Ministry, and Mr. Jackson's (Richards and Jackson) was the last appointment. They may, truly, be called the "Long and the Short" of the Sandfield government. Certainly there might have been a few more feathers for all the fuss that the dispensers of this *maximum minimum* spoils kicked up. Poor Mr. McNabb raised the standard of Grit patronage, and it was for little Jackson to let it down. These two worthies should have an oak tree planted to their honour in front of Osgoode Hall, with the whole Richards family as maids in attendance. Where, oh! where is A. Barber and an oration!

Inadmissible.

— A lady in the Eastern Division has sent us some lines to the memory of a defunct pet of the canine species. We beg, most very respectfully, to inform our fair correspondent that, in looking up the rules and regulations for our editorial guidance, under the heading of "Inadmissible" we find *Dog-grel* classed. *Satis*.

Look out for your Hall Doors!

— The June Conference of the Methodist body comes on the first of next month. Already some of the Menagorie are in town. Look out for your hall doors! These fellows carry long-tailed coats and deep pockets.

1864.  1864.

BAXTER'S LINE OF STAGES.

NOAH'S ARK ECLIPSED:

Clear the Track for the Corporation Line of Male and Female Stages!

FROM THE ASYLUM TO THE CITY HALL AND BACK IN SIXTY MINUTES OR MORE.

BAGGAGE, PERSONS, AND EYESIGHT,

AT RISK OF OWNERS, AND NO QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

HAVING bought out the valuable rights and effects of the Queen Street and City Hall Swift, Sure Line, the subscriber will streak it daily between the Asylum and City Hall, (touching at intermediate ports) for the conveyance of Corporation Mails.

Leaving the Asylum before the crows wake up in the morning, and arriving at John Cornell's, this side of City Hall, in time to wash faces. Returning, leaves City Hall after the crows have gone to roost, and reach the Asylum in time to join them. Passengers will please keep their mouths shut, for fear of losing their teeth; their hats on, for fear of losing their hair. No smoking about the fore wheels, for fear of fretting Baxter, and no loud talking, lest you awake the driver. Fare to suit Passengers. Dinner at Joe Gregor's. Office at Cornell's Hotel.

GEO. EWART,

General Agent.

BAXTER & Co.,

Sole Proprietors.

A CHOICE ARTICLE.

"Let not him that putteth on his armour, boast as him that taketh it off," said the wise man of old, and let not the successful (of to-day) and jubilant governmental party think that "to-morrow will be even as this day and much more abundant."

The man who sold the bear-skin before he hunted him, and in the subsequent chase was killed by the very bear whose hide he had so confidently disposed of, yet lives in the German proverb, an ensample of over-confidence; and the present Ministry may well bear his fate in mind. The carcass of the defunct Postmaster General still cumbereth the ground, and with the unburied dead around; surely this is no time to sing *Io Bacchan-te*. Look to it, gentlemen. Look to it! laughing philosophers of the Treasury benches; your foes are many and formidable, minor differences will be merged in a common hatred, and to your party, remember, still clings the fatal prestige of the "Family Compact," again we say, remember this!

Perfectly independent of party, as we are, and only anxious to obtain for the toiling masses and ourselves, good government and the *minimum* of taxation; which two things are the *Gemini*, the constellation, the *summum bonum*, the condensation of all political virtue, it will, perhaps, be worth while to review shortly the "present position."

John Sandfield Macdonald has fallen, from political weakness say his adversaries, shall we not rather say from the want of the cordial support of his friends? We do not believe John Sandfield is a second Catinle. John A., anything like a duplicate Ulysses, or the Patriarch of Hamilton, another Danton, though he does belong to the

Mountain. Mr. George Brown we take to be a very able and talented statesman, he is quoted as, possibly he is, an impracticable man; but to pelt him with mud always, *rurus atque rurus*, as a sturdy cotemporary and neighbour of ours is too much in the habit of doing, is neither graceful or just. Where they procure all their munitions of mad from, is to us a marvel. Surely it cannot be the accumulated filth of many a long years neglect of the York Roads, scraped from the old propriety boots? But we are straying from the question. Of these two parties, now so nearly balanced, which is the best to rule over us? One of them we must accept, that much is certain. Shall we take the genial John A., as his friends delight to call him, that "Prince of Jesters," as a Reverend, but very cankerous, friend of ours terms him. Shall we hail the talented McGee, who can whistle "The Star of Brunswick," "Over the Water to Charlie," or "The Star Spangled Banner," with all the facile grace of a German bullfuch? Shall we, (speaking figuratively) sit under the fig-tree of the Patriarch Isaac? who openly avows that Hamilton and the interests of Hamilton, are, and will be, his peculiar care, and that all other places may (politically speaking,) go to the Devil for him? Shall we entrust our purses to the tender care of Mr. Galt? who is a very Prince Fortunatus in liberality, but unluckily without the purse; and shall we recognize in Sir Etienne Tache, the representative of the dignity of Louis Quatorze, combined with the chivalry of the noble Montcalm? Or, to take the other side, shall we throw up our caps for George Brown, the pledged and plighted champion of reform? For John Sandfield, clever and able, a follower of expedients, and we allow, an admirable illustrator of the doctrine of expediency, though we honestly believe, not more so than most men are, when pressed by the inexorable Necessity. Shall we take Mr. Holt? he is, perhaps, a little more surly than accords with strict grace, but sagacious and painstaking; not a *couleur de rose* man, but one who will look financial difficulty in the face steadily enough, and that is something. I ask, which of those two parties should we choose? The choice will soon be permitted us, and the time and the hour loom heavily in the foreground. There is yet a breathing space, for which shall we declare? For those who are pledged solemnly, in the face of the whole Canadian people, to a strict financial Reform, a reform as needful to this young and struggling country, as water in the desert; or, shall we once more bow the knee to Baal and let men rule over us who, despising small savings, scoffing at financial thrift, will cry "peace, peace," until their unwise career has beggared a once flourishing country, and men see, in very sooth, the terrible handwriting on the wall, marking in fearful characters that hopeless insolvency which will fit us, only too readily, for annexation, anarchy, or any other evil thing.

Wanted Immediately.

— A few gold watches (out of order) to take to England, to be repaired at the Covenanter's care. Apply to A. T. McCord, Chamberlain.

To my Saturday Evening Customers.

Gentlemen, don't feel alarmed,
We're all alive and quite unharmed;
My business it has come to grief,
By orders issued from the chief.

Instead of the usual hour of eleven,
I'm now compelled to close at seven;
You can't come in to read the papers,
Talk politics, or treat your neighbours.

If I dispense to you one glass of ale,
Straightway I get three months in gaol,
'Twould please me in a sorry plight—
So, gentlemen, I wish you all good night.

And when you go away from hence,
Go home and pray for Captain Prince.

AMUSEMENTS.

A Mr. Friend, who claims to be from the St. James' Hall, London, has been giving a series of musical entertainments, during the past week, in the Music Hall. The show consists of a hardly passable daub in the shape of a moving diorama of scenes in England, Ireland and Scotland, interspersed with songs and melodies of the above countries. The audiences from the first were small and have been growing "smaller by degrees and beautifully less," and bid fair to become anatomic and microscopic should the exhibition continue for any longer period; in which case Mr. Friend will be the only friend which the exhibition shall have left, unless the *Gumbler* shall be considered so, for having noticed the arrangement. We've seen a good many shows in our day, but this show is the "sickest," we have been unfortunate enough to be bored with.—L. M. Gottschalk, the celebrated pianist, gives two concerts in the St. Lawrence Hall, next Wednesday and Thursday. He will be assisted by Mme. Amalia Patti, Strakosch and Sig. Carlo Patti, the talented violinist.

Alas! Libel.

— Ogle R. Gowan, it appears, is going to make the *Globe* people give him either a new and good character, or a few thousand dollars. McDougall, some years since, advised Brown to get an Act of Parliament passed securing to the "chief editor" a character. Perhaps Ogle R. had better try the same means. The son-in-law from South Simcoe could introduce the measure in suitably affectionate terms.

Depravity of the Board of School Trustees.

— Notwithstanding the article in last Saturday's *Globe*, asking who could expect anything decent from such characters as the Baxters, &c., in the City Council, the Board of Trustees have elected the same Baxter, by a unanimous vote, to the highest position in their circle, viz.: Chairman of the Board.

— The unfortunate Clerks connected with the City Office, who had their salaries raised on Monday night week, have not yet got over the impudence of those Members of Council who voted against raising their salaries, and then going and eating the oyster supper prepared for palates of the Clerk's friends alone. Impudence and meanness, who would have thought it.

THE "TERRAPIN."

We beg to recommend to the favorable notice of our numerous readers the "Terrapin" Saloon and Dining Restaurant, King Street, being, as it really is, the first class saloon of Western Canada. Its enterprising and gentlemanly proprietors, Messrs. Carlisle & McConkey, spare neither pains; time nor money in order to render their establishment faultless in all that conduces to the comfort of their many patrons. The bar is always supplied with the best brands to be procured or had, and the table is ever in receipt of "all the delicacies of the season." The dining table is "open" from 1 p.m. to 4 p.m.; and the large number of gentleman who daily find their way to its well-freighted boards speak volumes for the manner and style in which it is conducted. Connected with the bar is a "fancy" Tobaccoist and Cigar Store, well supplied with every brand, from the delightful Havana to the mild Cherokee; from the "fine cut" to the aristocratic "pig-tail," and a complete assortment of Meerschauim and fancy briar-root and clay pipes of every description. We are quite confident that the Messrs. Carlisle & McConkey regime need no "puff" at our hands to increase the popularity of their house—that would be quite superfluous; but we, in our humble manner, cheerfully accord our meed of praise and recommendation to all who may feel disposed to patronize an institution like the "Terrapin," knowing that it is deservedly merited.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- A. E., CHATHAM.—\$1. Fort William, as directed.
- WM. W., DUNBARTON.—Received 50 cents to date; 50 cents to 1st September, '64.
- D. G., PRESHOTT.—\$5. Notice inserted. 12 copies.
- D. C., BARRIE.—50 cents; 25 copies as directed.
- ADVERTISER.—We will insert your "ad" for \$100 per year.
- A. F., HESPELER.—50 cents; stopped.

The Great Ontario unavoidably detained.

— We are requested to make public the fact, for the benefit of the electors of South Oxford, that the Great Ontario is unavoidably detained from his Parliamentary duties until after the christening of his daughter. It is rumoured in court circles that the urchin is to be appropriately named "Chance."

Pagilistic.

— The sporting world will be glad to learn that there is some fun ahead. The friends of the new City Clerk have put him in training for an encounter with the civic editor of the *Globe*. The direct cause of this meeting arises from C. J. H. stopping Mr. Carr, yesterday, on the street, and asking him to spell "c-a-t." The insult, too, was offered right at the door of the Commercial College Harrah!

— We learn that the Hon. George Brown, in view of the recent action of the City Council in regard to the salaries, has concluded to raise the wages of all the officials in the *Globe* office.

Tenders Wanted.

— For the shingling of thirty-seven horses for the use of the Toronto Field Battery on the Queen's Birthday. Shingles to be laid four inches to the weather, in hair-mortar, nailed with two and-a-half inch wrought nails clinched on the inside.

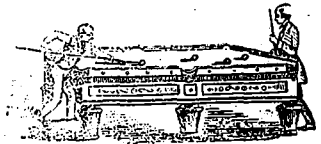
TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Pursuant to a notice in our last issue, all subscribers who have not remitted, as per accounts, have been struck off our subscription list.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

W. J. SHARP'S

IMPROVED BILLIARD TABLES, WITH



SHARP'S PATENT CUSHIONS.

SUPERIOR TO ANY NOW IN USE.

Patented November 15, 1862. Manufacturing, No. 148 Fulton Street, New York. Balls, Cues, Trimmings, &c. Old Cushions repaired. Orders by mail punctually attended to. None but the best tables made at this establishment.

First Class Marble or Slate Billiard Tables from \$250 to \$875, according to style or size, on reasonable terms.

GOODE'S HOTEL.

Corner of Rideau and Nicholas Streets, Ottawa City, Canada West. This Hotel will be found second to no other Hotel in the City for the best market can afford, either here or in the United States. His Bar is always supplied with the best of Wines and Liquors. Passengers and Baggage conveyed to and from the cars and boats free of charge. Horses and Carriages attached to the House. DAN GOODE, Proprietor.

ROBERTSON'S
Grand Trunk and Great Western Railroads,
Canadian Railway Guide,
FOR MAY,
Immediately on issue of Summer Time Tables
OF
ROBERTSON'S
Grand Trunk and Great Western Railroads,
Canadian Railway Guide,
FOR MAY,
PRICE TEN CENTS. For sale by all News Agents throughout the Continent.
C. A. BACKAS.