

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.]

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THE GRUMBLER

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Persons inserting 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," Post Office, Toronto, and not to any publisher or newsdealer in the city.

THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1863.

Song of the Ottawas Contractors.

What joy was ours when first we signed, our contracts so imposing O,
How merrily we drank our grog, and smoked our pipes reposing O,
And how we entertained our friends at grandest jollifications, sirs,
And promised them all sorts of things, in most sublime orations, sirs.

If over building of a house to builders fortune brought O,
We calculated this should pay, ourselves and those we brought O,
And if as yet our "pile" is small, (it's not so very high, sirs),
We hope you'll not suppose its so, because we didn't try, sirs.

We raised a "pile" when, at the first, the excavations sank O,
When first we laid the cellar walls, we put more cash in Bank, oh!
And if we could have kept the job until the floors were laid, sirs,
We'd laugh the Government to scorn, and our fortunes would be made, sirs.

We had good friends in Government, who paid our bills unread O,
Which showed that they were gentlemen, and perfectly well-bred, O,
But now *homines* who read if your bills and cut them down, sirs,
We can't consider gentlemen, they're fellows like that Brown, sirs.

We had a rule, a jolly rule, a most delightful one, O,
And by that rule's proportion true we charged for all work done, O,
Just simply—multiply by 10 the charges of the trade, sirs,
You cannot think what pleasant sums this small expedient made, sirs.

But suddenly—ah dreadfully—was stopped our operations, O,
The present Government walked in with all their bold intentions, O,
Down came a stern commission then, to see what we were doing, sirs,
We poor contractors took to bed, and dream't of trouble brewing, sirs.

They flourished out a mean report of every little job, O,
And dared, insidiously, to say we meant to rob, O,
O, when we saw that awful thing, we thought they couldn't fail, sirs,
To raise on all our hoarded cash, and walk us off to jail, sirs.

But ah! the news, the sorry news, that we have heard to-day O,
The Government are not so bad, but jolly fellows they, O,
We solemnly retract our words about their former tricks, sirs,
They're honourable gentlemen, and senatorial bricks, sirs.

We hear that we're to keep our cash—the cash we nabbed so neatly, O,
All that they called our robbery, they pardon us completely, O,
Oh! never was a Government so free from petty vices, sirs,
They mean to keep us still at work, and that at paying prices, sirs.

We honour such a Government, they're men of honour true, O,
But yet, to be consistent men, there's one thing they should do, O,
Just quietly, and secretly, the little fact we mention, sirs,
In future, let all robbers go, and give them all a pension, sirs!

A Crusade Against the Bonnages of the City Council.

It is reported that a petition similar to the following is in course of signature for presentation to the City Council:

To the Mayor and Corporation of the City of Toronto.

Humbly sheweth, that the slumbers of your petitioners, residing on Market Square, Front Street and Palace Street, were grievously disturbed by the bellowing, loud barking, and harangues of one of the members of your honourable body, yelet Cou. B—x—r, and the dogs that infest the Market Square. That when any subject is under discussion in the City Council, however trifling, the said Councilman at once raises his voice, giving the key note to the canine species aforesaid, and the slumbers of your petitioners are thereby grievously disturbed. Now your petitioners would respectfully pray, that means be immediately taken to restrain the "oratory" of the said Councilman; and the animals aforesaid, being deprived of their key note, will repose tranquilly, and thus peace and quietness will, on Monday nights, be restored to the neighbourhood inhabited by your petitioners. And your petitioners, as in duty bound, will ever pray, &c.

The GRUMBLER's advice to his friend, in the event of such a petition being introduced, is to move that it be thrown under the table. The worthy Council may talk too much now and then, but free speech is the birth-right of every Briton. Let him remember the last line of "Rule Britannia"—

"Britons never, never, never shall be slaves."

Not this Man—Another.

The Hon. Sidney Smith requests us to say, that the Sidney Smith who is at present engaged in the management of "The Seven Sisters," at the Royal Lyceum, is not the late Post-master General. This explanation is deemed necessary, as it was feared that the long experience of the late honourable representative of mail-bags in stage business, and the high reputation which he achieved as a comic actor, would have led the public to a misapprehension as to his present calling. He begs to say that he is still in the old play-house, though at present acting as "sup,"—the leading members of the company having been entirely changed.

A Promise Not Likely to be Fulfilled.—

Old Abe has promised "fighting Joe," that if he bags the whole of Lee's army within the next three months, his name will be altered by Act of Congress, from "Hooker," to Hook'em.

LETTER FROM A CONVICT.

(Sent to us in mistake—it should have been forwarded to the Editor of the Globe.)

Prov. Penitentiary, March 6th.

DEAR SIR,

As you kindly inserted in your influential journal a letter from an inmate of this industrial establishment, I would ask that you make me your debtor by communicating to the world the story of my wrongs, as contained in this epistle. This institution is a disgrace to a civilized community. Take my own case. True, I was tried and convicted of forgery, and sentenced to four years incarceration. But see what I suffer. I am not allowed an apartment to myself, but am compelled to associate with uneducated persons. I am forced to work from morning till night at degrading manual labor, and that too without compensation. The food is abominable. Think of water and porridge, and remember too that I was always used to all the delicacies of the season. When I do anything amiss, brutal keepers compel me to get on an instrument of torture called a tread-mill. My clothing is coarse, plain, and of an unfashionable cut. Just think of it. Every body is now wearing short coats with pockets at the side, while here I am with nothing but a loose sack. Although moustaches are in fashion I am not allowed even this slight gratification. My pants are of a very old fashioned style—not the slightest attempt at peg-tops. The only comfort I have is the thought that my hair is short, very short in fact, and, in this respect alone, am I like my fellow mortals outside. Trusting your vigorous pen will bring about a different state of things, by exposing the tyranny and cruelty of the keepers, I beg to subscribe myself as I am called here.

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