

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. 2.—NO. 31.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1859.

WHOLE NO. 33.

THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1859.

AU REVOIR.

It is now over a year and a half since we anxiously, and diffidently sent forth the first number of our little paper to the world. During this time, our career has been an eventful one. To the general public we have been indebted for a generous and constant appreciation; from those whose good opinion we highly prize, we have gladly received words of praise and commendation, as well as of admonition.

Fools and knaves have writhed under our lash; pettyfoggers have been stung to madness by our reproofs; politicians have been whipped into respectability and decency by our ridicule. Conscious of many short-comings, we still believe that our short career has not been without the best results; it is a matter of self-congratulation to us to remember how our failings have been borne with, how our merits have been extolled and appreciated. We must now retire from the scene for a few months; we drop the curtain for a time, so that when the "Provincial Spouting Apparatus" assumes her sway, we may start forth again with renewed vigor to the work. Our next number will be issued shortly after the opening of Parliament, when we hope to appear in a more attractive shape to claim a revival of the liberal public favour we have so long enjoyed. In the meantime, let recreant legislators tremble; they little think what a fearful gigantic rod we are laying up to pickle in the strongest of vinegar. Rogues, jobbers, and incapables of all sorts, how you would shudder, could you see how bitter is the gall we are keeping in store for you. Sidney Smith, Cartier, McIntyre, Gould, Moodie, and Gowan, our chief friends and clients, breathe again while you may, we have a whirlwind of ridicule for you yet.

What will the Rev. Old Double do to keep his name and fame alive in the world? During the three or four months of our vacation, how is he to keep life in his old bones? Will not some kind friend do the chafing for the dear old soul, till we start into activity again, to rub and worry him into unwanted vitality? And you, generous reader, who have kept us floating so long on the treacherous tide of journalism, we have much fun to come yet; you shall have many a good grin at the weaknesses of your rulers, at the waywardness of your politicians, at the incompetencies of your journalists, in the columns of THE GRUMBLER.

We are making, however, what we intended as a mere announcement, a long and tedious article.

With all our public we must part for a time; in memory of the happy times we have had, in view of those, we trust still to enjoy with you, we bid you a hearty good bye. Laying our pen aside; stirring up the pickle where our rod is laid carefully away, and composing our editorial brains for a good long holiday, we shall meet you all at the parliamentary Philippi. *Au Revoir.*

WHO PAID FOR THE BAND PERFORMANCES?

We do not know what our citizens generally think of it, but we think that it says little for the liberality of Toronto, that the expenses of the performances of the Rifle Band in the University Park, have been borne by one man,—and that man the one to whose exertions we are indebted for the initiation and successful conduct of this public musical entertainment. Mr. Pell, as every citizen of Toronto is aware, originated and carried out the idea of procuring excellent music for the people on their own grounds. The officers of the regiment kindly despatched the Band every week to perform for the benefit of the public; but the expense of omnibuses, refreshments, &c., for the men of course should have been paid by the city. The estimated expenditure during the season was \$100, and a subscription list was opened, headed by a liberal donation from Sheriff Jarvis, to defray these expenses. Will it be believed by those who have seen the Upper Ten of the city promenading in the Park at the time of the performances that \$13 is all that has been subscribed for so laudable a purpose? and, moreover, that Mr. Councilman Pell has advanced from his own pocket all the expenses attending these entertainments? It is a disgrace, indeed, that a gentleman who, as Chairman of the Public Walks and Garden Committee, has spent his time, and given his exertions in the public cause should, in addition, be forced by the abominable liberality of our citizens to pay for their amusements. Is there not shame enough, to use no higher term, is there not shame in the public mind to relieve Mr. Pell from the tax upon his private resources. It is not a private matter; it is one which concerns deeply the credit of the city. Who will make the first advance towards wiping away a slur upon the honour and honesty, not to say the liberality of the city?

THE LATEST.

We were rather surprised in paying a visit to the "object of our affections" this week, at the answer given by a unsophisticated servant maid, to our inquiry as to whether Miss—— was at home. With unaffected simplicity she informed us "that every one in the house was out." Of course we had nothing more to say, as we thought it not a bad way telling us that they were out as far as we were concerned. Doubtless this expression has taken the place of "not at home, sir," a fabrication in which females innocently indulge.

A Frantic Public's Importunities to the Grumbler on his Interregnum.

Toronto, October, 1859.

ADONABLE GRUMBLER,—For the love of all that is loveable, don't think of leaving us. Or if you needs must go, I conjure you by all that is good to leave me, or send me a lock of your hair.

Yours in desperation,

FANNY FIDDLESTICKS.

21 Nordheimer's Buildings.

DEAR FIDDLESTICKS,—We would be most happy to comply with your request, as we are going—were it not that we are—bald.

Yours truly,

GRUMBLER.

Toronto, 1859.

VERY DEAR SIR,—If you consent to carry on the publication of your most inestimable sheet in Toronto, I shall give you ten thousand thanks.

Yours affectionately,

Tom Tit.

21 Nordheimer's Buildings.

DEAR TIT,—Make it pounds, and its a bargain.

Yours till death,

GRUMBLER.

Toronto, October, '59.

MY DEAR SIR,—In this transitory vale of tears we have all to make concessions, and it is your duty to make every sacrifice, in order that the public may still have the benefit of your excellent journal.

Yours reverentially,

ELIAS SHIFFINS.

21 Nordheimer's Buildings.

DEAR SHIFFINS,—In this transitory vale of tears it is our duty to do nothing of the sort.

Yours indignantly,

GRUMBLER.

Canada, '59.

DEAR MR. GRUMBLER,—Pray do not discontinue your journal, and I'll give you—let me see,—a kiss.

Yours truly,

ANGELINA.

21 Nordheimer's Buildings.

DEAR ANGELINA,—Say a kiss for every number published after this week, and we shall raise our circulation to 100,000 immediately.

Yours truly,

GRUMBLER.

Toronto, October, '59.

DEAR SIR,—What the deuce are you going to shut up for?

Yours,

AN ENQUIRER.

21 Nordheimers's Buildings.

DEAR ENQUIRER,—What the devil's that to you?

Yours, GRUMBLER.