

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1864.

(VOL. 2.—NO. 41.)

THE CRUMBLER

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-dealer in the city.
Persons wishing to subscribe to the GRUMBLER, will understand that from this date (May 1th) 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've a can for it;
A chiel's amang you talking notes,
And, faith, he'll prout it."

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1864.

"Now o'er my Heart."

AIR—"THE HARP OF TARA.

Now o'er my heart in sadness fads
Young Love's own tender dread;
In dreams alone my soul recalls
The bliss—the joy now fled;
So pales this heart where love still strays
In heavenly radiance o'er,
Sometimes e'en sorrow dims his rays
In conscious life once more.

No more to passion's fairy flight
My lonely heart now swells
As—Love's own music, wild and bright,
Breathes o'er my sweetest spells;
Yet ere unawake morning breaks
The spell wherein she lives,
In dreams this wounded heart still takes
The kiss which fancy gives.

Who is to Blame?

—The old Governor's residence, on King street, is really a disgrace to Toronto, and we care not whether it is through the stupidity of our representatives or the carelessness of the administration. In any case it is a disgrace, and we hope that the pair who represent us will take the matter up and insist upon the Ministry putting the house in order.

Lawyers' Attention.

—There is in St. James' Cemetery a notice that any one trespassing, &c., will be prosecuted according to law. We would be obliged if some legal friend would favor us with a case in point. We do remember, however, seeing a similar notice on a village church somewhere that "any person kicking hills against this church will be prosecuted according to law, or any other nuisance.

THEATRICAL.

On Monday night last was reproduced the old Burlesque of

"TORONTO COUNCIL; OR, THE DEVIL AMONG THE SENATORS."

To an extremely select audience from the Goose Pasture (St. Patrick's Ward), Cabbagetown and other classic Rhubarbs of the city.

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS.

Old Buzzwig, the Mayor.....*Mr. Squaratoes*
The Civic Pet, a Puge.....*Mr. Vance*
Rev. Mr. Stiggins, a Cobbler-Freacher,
whose particular vanity was champagne swizzles at the city's expense.*Mr. Sterling*
Falstaff, an Orator.....*Mr. Baxter*
Probuscus *alias* Nosey, a Brewer.....*Mr. Wallis*
Breeches, a Pettifogger.....*Mr. Canavan*
Bob Mudie, a Sea Captain.....*Mr. Moodie*
Dundreary.....*Ald. J. E. Smith*
Messengers, members of the T. P. F., reporters, &c.

SCENE.

Gorgeous chamber, glare, hubbub and murmur of many voices, Buzzwig in the civic chair, his hat cocked on one side, mouth pursed up, forefinger to forehead and looking over instead of through his specs, *tout ensemble* intended to convey an appearance of knowingness and intense attention to a very dirty, fat man, in very greasy clothes, having the appearance of a tallow chandler, who is spouting at the end of the Council Board, occasionally interrupting himself to pick his ear with his pocket-knife, which he wipes on the tail of his coat.

Dirty Fat Man.....*Falstaff*
Falstaff (loquitor)—folding his hands on his not the Corporation—

Your Worship, I would wish to know,
Whose province mought it be
To punish filthy men for chuckin filthier meat into the Bay;
Nay more, your Worship, the other day
Down to the Bay I went to have a swim and wash—

A thing for me, your Worship, most unusual—
I dived head foremost,
Not into the water, as intended,
But into a dead horse' faith,
In a very advanced stage of decomposition.
Isn't this a outrage on society?
Dead cats and dogs, your honor—

[A Row.

The Civic Pet, during the foregoing speech, has been gracefully reclining in his chair like a hunky puge as he is, with his ferocious dial plate just appearing above the festive Council Board, his eyes in quiet frenzy roving round the room till stung by a pungent remark of the Rev. Mr. Stiggins, he

jumps from his chair and proceeded for to demolish the puffy face of Rev. Shoemaker ("Tabloo!" Hair, toe nails, dust, ink bottles, police, yells and showers of bouquets in the shape of dead cats and bad eggs from the gallery, cries of arrest him! sit down! nigger in the pit! but order is now restored by the Puge kindly allowing the police to take him outside and then let him-in again, when he makes an apology to the rev. gent, who is lying across the table, his head banging over the edge and his tongue out, and who urbanely accepts the apology, but says pray don't do it again.
Buzzwig (looking over his specs)—Order!

This Probuscus, whose oratorical powers are very limited, thinks he must make a show of doing something, so he gets up, goes round the Board and whispers to the Sen. Captain Mudie, who he nods and Probuscus follows his nose to his seat, grunting audibly and pretending to be intensely delighted at something; of course he fondly imagines this entirely satisfies the feeo and independent electors in the gallery, who see that their respective Aldermen are at work for their interest.

Breeches here jumped up, and addressing old Buzzwig, who, bye-tae-bye, was taking a comfortable nap, said:—

Your Honor—Do not intend to make a buncombe speech or to indulge in personalities, but would merely remark that the hon. member for the Goose Pasture is a pup, and continues systematically to make a d—fool of hisself, and would ask him for the information of the other hon. members, whether the punishment of parties for throwing unpleasant bodies of dogs and cats into the "drink," had any connexion with the subject of a reward being offered to any one who would bury the much more unpleasant big pup now lying in St. Patrick's Ward, or with the subject of misegination, rep. by pop., or the separation of Hang and Chang, the Siamoses twins. With regard to the question of the city voting \$000 to the water works for supplying the city with water, I beg to say, your honor, that it is a thundering piece of rot making people pay for water who use it for neither drinking or ablutionary purposes, (St. Patrick's Ward for instance.) On the subject of an American Zollverein, or the treaty of Aixla Chappelle, I would remark to the worthy members present—

(Breeches here looked up and found they were not present, for during the speech the Pet and the Rev. Mr. Stiggins had been amusing themselves with a quiet game of euchre under the table—stakes, whisky for the crowd, Stiggins lost, and they had all gone out to take a drink at his expense.)

Buzzwig, suddenly waking up and thinking