

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1863.

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THE GRUMBLER

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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.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coat,
I redo you tent it;
A chiel's naang you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it."

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1863.

Special Notice.

In consequence of two editions of our last week's issue being entirely exhausted, we re-print the articles on the "wig question," for the benefit of those who were unable to supply themselves with copies.

This is the Man with the Wig.

This is the pretty girl all so gay
To whom the man with the wig did say,
"Fly with me pretty one right away"
For at Detroit is such fine array,

Thus said the man with the wig.

This is our Slater the Dentist bold,
Who though he had neither notes or gold,
He changed one note for he up and told,
So his conscience was healed though he was sold,
By the man that wore the wig.

This is Captain Prince whom all of us loves,
Who straight dived on his very best gloves,
And so he "as sure as I lives and moves,
I'll read a lesson to these old coves,
And to all as wears a wig."

These are the peelers who stout and tall,
Come right across this foolish young gal,
As the Rouse of Clifford which was the Pal;
Wherefore she looked so white as the wall,
When she didn't see the wig.

These are her tears in a bottle kept,
Which a pint and a half she straightway wept;
Because of his wig from her bereft,
Though her grief (I think) was over the left,
For the loss of the wig brown wig.

Last—This is the service of silver plate
Six hundred ounces of solid weight—
Presented to Mr. Grumbler in state,
For the great service he'd done the state,
But not by the man with the wig.

By a Wiggled Old Bachelor.

— When does a wig resemble clarity?—

When it covers a multitude of sins.

Galloping Consumption.

— A cavalry raid.

TORONTO AND THE 30th BAND.

The City Council has neglected to acknowledge, in a substantial manner, the many kindnesses received from the Officers of the 30th. We hasten to make reparation for the slight. The following address embodies the sentiments of all our City Council and may be accepted, (in the absence of anything better) by the Officers without compromising themselves. We authorise Ald. Jarvis to present it in the name of the Corporation.

ADDRESS.

To Lt-Col. Pakenham, and Officers of the 30th Regt.

GENTLEMEN,—We have learned with the deepest regret that your regiment has been ordered to another part of the Province and, as it is probable that your fine band will accompany you, we take the opportunity of returning our hearty thanks for the pleasures we have enjoyed in listening to its performances. We have to congratulate ourselves on the fact that the bandmen have, on no occasion, been tempted to partake of intoxicating liquors at our expense. The evils of intemperance are so manifold and the members of the City Council are so well known as Teetotalers, that we have, on principle, denied ourselves the pleasure of supplying any dubious refreshments to your thirsty bandmen. Evil minded persons have, it is true, hinted that a little beer might have been acceptable to your men on warm days, after they had played for a couple of hours, but, we rejoice to say, that we resisted all extraneous pressure and allowed every member of the band to indulge to his heart's content in cold water, free of charge. In parting with you we shall ever remember the many kindnesses experienced at your hands, and hope that you also will cherish fondly the recollection of your stay in Toronto. Permit us, gentlemen, in conclusion, to present your excellent band with—a copy of this address as an acknowledgment of their services.

We remain, &c.,
THE TORONTO CITY COUNCIL.

NOTICES OF MOTIONS.

Mr. Burwell—A Bill to make the offices of constable and chimney-sweep elective.

Mr. Wright—A resolution to summon the reporter of the Leader to the Bar of the House for misrepresenting his remarks upon the seat of Government Question.

Mr. A. Mortimer Smith—A Bill to raise the standard of Education in the Upper Canada College and to insure his chances for re-election.

Hon. J. A. Macdonald—A Bill to make Sandfield civil—Rymal clever—Brown honest—Ferguson respectable—and to prevent John McDonald from being made the buffoon of the House.

A Fearful Thought.

— Music has charms to soothe the savage breast, but, it has entirely failed to make any proper impressions on the members of the City Council. Their treatment of the 30th Band has been scandalous in the extreme. A proper punishment for these gentlemen would be to sit forever in Council listening to the never ceasing strains of a dry-throated hand-organ, a dyspeptic bag-pipes and a cracked hurdy-gurdy. Perhaps the punishment would be too severe if it were made part of the sentence that Councilman Baxter should keep constantly singing *alto*, Councilman Bennett playing the triangle, Ald. Jarvis the bassoon, Ald. Carr the Jews-harp, Ald. Moodie the fiddle, and Dunn the drum.

Where is George Brown.

— Will the great Ontario be kind enough to give the word for the dismissal of that most foolish of Premiers, John Sandfield. He has been tried and found wanting, and George will do the country a favor by withdrawing the light of his countenance from him. "Throw Jonah overboard."

Kentish Fire.

— The Mayor of Kent is a very powerful Mayor, no doubt, but there are things which even he can't do. He may, for aught we know, be able to read and write, but, we are afraid his proclamation is his weak point. This worshipful gentleman is afraid of the small-pox and desires to throw every obstacle in the way of its progress, so he at once takes counsel with his council and they advise that something must be done. At great personal sacrifice of tissue, he thinks the matter over, and, at length, determines to pit himself against the dreaded pestilence. The following sees the light: "Caution!—The small-pox among the emigrants! by order of the Mayor." We much fear that this partakes slightly of inhumanity, not to say, despotism. Although the Premier does dislike immigrants it is no reason why they should become victims to disease. We grant the Mayor leave to amend his proclamation.

A Subject for Consideration.

— It must be gratifying to those who anticipate a war with the neighboring States to notice with what equanimity both sides surrender themselves prisoners of war. At one time, 10,000 Northerners will gracefully yield; at another, 30,000 Southerners, and so on. If we go to war with these people, we must make adequate preparation for the housing of the large number of prisoners that would throw themselves into our hands. They generally surrender in flocks, and it would greatly inconvenience our army to be encumbered with 40,000 or 50,000 prisoners.