

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

TORONTO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1864.

(VOL. 2.--NO. 52.)

THE GRUMBLER

Is published every SATURDAY MORNING, in time for the early Train. 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.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I tello you tont it;
A chiel's among you taking noice,
And, faith, he'll prout it."

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1864.

OURSELVES.

Close of the Second Volume of the New Series of the GRUMBLER.

With honest truthfulness we can assure our numerous readers that it is with the utmost diffidence we ever wield our *Grumbleric* quill in our own behalf, the more so from the very commencement of our existence, we marked out a course or path in which we have strictly continued, determined to avoid as far as in our power the follies of our larger contemporaries, the most conspicuous of which "self-puffing" has of late, like the Ladies nubias' been "all the rage," but as the present number brings to a close the Second Volume of our New Series of *Grumbings*, we deem the occasion for us peculiarly appropriate, to take a retrospective glance at our past career, view our present status with *vox populi*, and anticipate so far as we are justified by the present and the past, our probable chances of success in the future.

It is now some six years ago since our tiny bark was launched in the Sea of Public Opinion, and notwithstanding the dangers and the difficulties it has been subjected to in that period, here we are in 1864 with sound hull and uncorn sails. Our staunch little bark has had to encounter adverse winds, been tossed about by the breakers, yecept 'party-interests' and has had to buffet the doubtful and trying wave of Public Patronage. Yet, with all these and other innumerable "ills" which from our very birth we have been "their to" sailing under the protection, or in the interests of no political party or parties, we have outlived many, and should Fortune still continue to favor us with her cheering smile and benign influence hope to outlive many more.

At our first start we had purely a local circulation, at the close of this the Second Volume of the New Series, our subscription list includes Quebec

Montreal, Kingston, Belleville, Ottawa, Hamilton, London and most of the frontier and inland towns of the Province, at which places besides the resident subscribers, the news-depots and book-stores are kept regularly supplied. So much, therefore, with regard to our present *Status* with "the popular breath." In our past career it has been our lot to deal out with unsparing, tho' impartial, hand, chastisement to many were chastisement was due, and in so doing our Monitor was as it ever will be, the "public weal," and tho' many of our sayings and criticisms have given offence to those who felt the lash, the favorable notices by our contemporaries of the Press and our large and increasing list of subscribers, sustain us, and confirm us, in our conviction that our efforts are acknowledged and appreciated by the many.

It is therefore with satisfaction and gratification we present the closing number of the Second Volume of the New Series—satisfied that we have done our best to merit the approval of the Public,—gratified that we receive and enjoy it.

Trusting then that our continued efforts may increase and continue to share that liberal support in the Future that we at present receive and have been favor'd with in the past; and thanking our subscribers and Patrons for their past patronage and generosity, we leave our bark with a conscientious security to their care and guardianship in the uncertain future.

The Devil's Reply.

Ald. Jarvis having decided not to "run" at the coming contest for the Mayoralty, and the Grit party being as Paddy would have it "out of con-sair" with "ould squaretoes." Hugh Miller, Gordon Brown and others of that ilk, in a moment of despair despatched a *courier* to their much abused kinsman "Auld Cloutie" inviting him—being a Scotchman, as is demonstrated by his strong taste for sulphur, to run for the Mayoralty, and pledging him, in case he should accept, their undivided, unfinching, unanimous support to which his Satanic Majesty returned the following polite, tho' sarcastic reply declining the honor (?)

BRIMSTONE HALL, Nov., 1864.

Private—Belzeebub presents
To his warm friends his compliments
And much regrets to say that he
For Mayor their Candidate can't be,
Belzeebub in stating this
Hope's that 'twill not be te'en amiss
For by the Throne on which he sits
Assures his steadfast friends—the Grits
That isn't from any lukewarm lack

Of zeal or fire he thus holds back
As even "George" himsel' is not
For the Grit party more red-hot;
But the truth is that His Majesty's—
Sight's not so good as formerly
And as his faithful friend—the *Globe*
The Council's follies keen doth probe
And every weak, in truth declares
It's meetings less like men's than bears,
His Majesty must beg to be
Excused from such low Company,
For though with them he's not acquainted
His favorite sheet—the *Globe* has painted
Each Member's character so plain
He knows them all by deed and name
And from this information gained,
His act—refusing can't be blamed
For "who the devil" he'd like to know
With a single grain of sense would go
To sit and be bored with nonsensical stuff,
By B-x-t-rs kind, all wind and puff,
Or listen thro' a long debate
To St—r—lings wrath or D—k—ys prate,
Or hearken to the "buncombe speeches"
That Edwards, Hynes or B—nn—t preaches
Or loud applaud the "joking" man
Yecept councilman, John C—n—av—n,
Or like a blood-horse neigh the while
A Moodie's "rampageons with rilo"
Or else be Dunn'd for to commend
The "silent one" from the West End,
Or watch with ease a fery Love—
Breathe accents like a frightened dove,
Or to be tortured and not yell
With wringing of an unsound B—ll,
What honest man in all the land
Would link himself with such a band?
In short, though, from his tenderest years
Accustom'd to all sorts of "queers,"
Belzeebub much questions whether
He ever yet said mix'd together,
As 'twere in one capacious tub
Such a mess of civic silly-bub.
Therefore, impossible 'tis that he
Could stoop to such society
Thinking, (he owns tho' no great prig)
For one in his station 'twere *in'ra. dig.*
Meanwhile, he begs himself to dub,
Their Obedient Sorvant,
BELZEEBUB.