

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1864.

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THE GRUMBLER

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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 redo you tent it;
A chiel's amang you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prunt it."

SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1864.

TO-DAY—TO-MORROW.

Ah! me; ah! me; how many hearts
May shout to-day in gladness,
That ere to-morrow's sun may rise
May weep in tears and sadness.
Oh! changes great a day may bring,
Of pleasure, or of sorrow,
And they who sow in joy to-day
May reap but grief to-morrow.

To-day, a man may live in wealth,
Be pompous in his pride—
To-morrow's sun may find him poor,
Of even life denied.
To-day his bark of life may float
Upon the topmost wave;
To-morrow's storms may wreck his craft,
And send him to his grave.

To-day the heart of man lays plans
For future days to come;
To-morrow's hands may open wide
The portals of the tomb.

To-day his life is of life's hopes,
His spirit free as air—
The demon of to-morrow sinks
Him into mute despair.

Oh! let us then improve each hour,
And work while yet 'tis day—
For hours can never turn to us
If idled once away.
Oh! let us then employ our time
In guarding against sorrow,
And what we have to do to-day
Postpone not till to-morrow.

— We have discovered a new mode to prevent the smell of cooking in a house. It is to have nothing for breakfast, and warm it over for dinner. You can take it cold for supper.

Grand Fete in the Horticultural Gardens.

Owing to the immense success of Madame Anna Bishop, the undersigned has been induced to get up a grand demonstration for the benefit of the city, when the following members of the City Council, with others, will contribute to the amusements of the evening in the following order, under the patronage of His Worship the Mayor:—

Overture (By Cowbellani)..... *The City Bellman*
Song, "There's nothing like Leather". *Ald. Sterling*
Song and Chorus, "What a pity that

I'm a Bachelor..... *Ald. Wallis*
Stump Speech, (as delivered weekly
with great applause)..... *Ald. Dickey*

Anvil Chorus, (by special request of
the Mayor)..... *Dickey & Thompson*

Great display of "Gas" by..... *Ald. Baxter*
An interesting debate will here take place on the "law of the case," or how rules and by-laws are trampled under, by Messrs. Vance, Jarvis and Cannavan.

Song—"Boyne Water"..... *Ald. Bennett*
Chorus—"What a happy trio are we,". *Love, Edwards & James*

Song—"Oh, wouldn't I like to be". *Ald. J. E. Smith*
Song—"Fill up your glass,"..... *Ald. Ewart*
Finale—"God Save the Queen," by *Baxter and the Company*

JOHN CARR, Manager.

The Excursion of the M. P.'s.

After all the hubbub made previous to the starting of the excursion party to the sister Provinces, we are made aware that so far as the reception of "our lions" by the people, on their landing at St. John's, it has turned out a failure—that is to the "assembled wisdom" themselves. Undoubtedly they expected to create the same amount of enthusiasm on the part of the St. John's folk, as did Garibaldi with the Manchester people, and to be stared at and followed by ragged urchins, like the band of Dan Rice's, "or any other show." But, alas for human expectations—how vain they are! Not a cheer greeted their arrival, and then only they found they were but common clay. No wonder the St. John's people did not doff their hats to them.

TO NEWS AGENTS.

News Agents will, during the ensuing week, receive their accounts up to the end of the present year, which same must be remitted us by the 8th of September, 1864. From that date we intend to adhere rigidly to the system of *Cash in Advance*, and, therefore, all News Agents not conforming with the above will find their usual supply of papers stopped.

Saugeen Division.

When we come to dwell on the respective merits of both the candidates who are now before the electors of this respectable division, we are absolutely astonished at the bare-faced audacity of that worthless, kiln-dried and selfish old curmudgeon—McMurrich—in again presenting himself before them as the opponent of Mr. McPherson—a gentleman of public spirit, education and influence. What has this hard-featured, close-fisted bigot and hypocrite done for the men of this division or for any man on earth save himself, that any soul in existence should stand up and support him? In the House and out of it, except in the matter of pounds, shillings and pence, he is a dummy, a driveller and a mere nonentity. Take his ledger from him, and in any civilized community he would not be raised to the dignity of "Pound-keeper," although he is a first-rate one in a certain sense. Here in this city, where he is known, he is regarded as an ill-favored, grasping and unpatriotic man. Nobody respects his character. There is a sour and acrid odor about him that would instantly destroy the sweetest dairy in the world. There is nothing winning or loveable about him. True to their instinct, children and the lower domestic animals shrink out of his path. He is never seen on the sunny side of the street; and a frank and joyous "good morning" has never fallen from his parched and pale lips. Morose, plodding and calculating, he spends his life between his store and his gloomy hermitage on Front street, around which the very daylight darkens. Unsosial and misanthropic, there are no friendly footprints upon his threshold. He is alone in the midst of multitudes; and smiles only at the chink of gold as it drops into the unrelaxable maw of his greedy purse. And this is the man who now asks a large and respectable body of electors, whose interests he has already so shamefully neglected, to send him again to the Upper House so as that he might misrepresent them for another four years, and pander to his own disreputable and miserly vanity. If they know him as well as he is known here they would hunt him out of the division, and treat him as naughty boys do a dog when they tie a kettle to his tail. Let them just take a single glance at the surroundings of both men. On the one hand they have an ill-bred, distorted and wretched specimen of humanity; on the other, a gentleman with the presence of a man, at least, and possessed of abilities calculated to confer substantial benefits upon any constituency that might select him as a representative, as well as upon the Province at large. Which of the two, then, will the men of this division have—McMurrich, who has already disgraced and sacrificed them, or McPherson, who comes before them