

THE GRUMBLER

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THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1864.

1864.

Eighteen sixty-four is fast drawing to a close. Our next issue will behold the light of another year, still we maintain in good repute and ill repute the maxim *semper eadem*. The Grumbler has encountered many storms, while sailing over the boisterous sea of *Public Opinion*, but he has survived them all. Fear, interest, and affection have never had any influence in guiding his pen—and if his has been the unpleasant task of wielding the lash, every one of his readers must acknowledge that he has wielded it impartially. Threats of prosecutions; the frowns of those who occupy the high places of the earth, or the calumnious slanders of those who wish to attract the public attention to themselves by entering into a *word warfare* with him, have never caused him to swerve from his path, or depart from his principle of dealing out to all even handed justice. The latter class may take refuge in their own insignificance—for those beneath contempt it has ever been his practice to pass over in silence. The Grumbler has not a single regret to express at anything which he has said during the past year—not a single word to retract, and if some smarting under the lash entertain hard feelings toward him, he requests them to read his motto, consider their own acts and then ask themselves, candidly, if they have not deserved their castigation—eight long years have rolled by since first he beheld the light of day, and many changes both in men and affairs, he has seen in his time, all their defects he has marked, yet in no unfridly spirit. Administrations have gone in and out, governments have subverted, old views altered, and prejudices eradicated by the harbinger's light of progress, yet he is the same for he changes not with the times. If any word uttered by him has wounded the feelings of any of his readers or caused them pain, he hopes that may be forgotten, for he has always endeavored to discriminate between individuals themselves and their acts. Without descending in the smallest degree from the position which he has assumed as the censor of public morals, and public characters,—without attempting to extenuate, or gloss over any single expression of his during the last year, he feels it due to himself and his sub-

scribers to state that for the future, perhaps greater care shall be exercised to avoid personalities, so that not only all cause of complaint, but all semblance of such cause may be removed, except, from those whose acts are such that they have no right to be heard.

The same errors, the same imperfections however which existed heretofore, will continue to exist, to correct these will yet be his duty. Wherever he has seen corruption he has protested against it, whenever he has seen bribery he has denounced it and it would be strange indeed if he did not make some enemies, but he feels that the current of popular approbation is with him and it will bear him triumphantly through. Rivals have attempted to keep pace with him, some of the most powerful have decried him, and others have affected to treat him with contempt, but all have felt deeply the shafts of his sarcasm, all have listened to his warnings and profited by them. But still he "keeps on the even tenor of his way," alike indifferent to hate or scorn—and wishes all, friend and foe—a merry christmas, a happy New Year and many of them.

Volunteers without a Bounty!

After all the fuss Brother Jonathan has made about the enmity of this Province to the cause of the Union, our Canadian Volunteers have been obliged to turn out in his defence. We have been represented by the *N. Y. Herald* as bloodthirsty creatures who delight in nothing so much as the slaughter of our neighbours,—as snapping curs. whom, it was scarcely worth Abe Lincoln's while to notice. When Great Britain was to be menaced, with speedy and final annihilation, of course it was spoken of as a mere incident in Uncle Sam's triumphant progress over the throne of England, that Canada would be wiped out some fine morning before we were out of our beds. But no sooner do thirty Southern youngsters appear on the frontier in Vermont, than a sudden panic drives wild, and as General Napier said our militia were called on to protect the United States. The Government deserve some credit for thus heaping coals of fire upon Mr. Jonathan's head. For no purpose of defiance, not even for our own defence our brave boys have shouldered the rifle and left their homes to save his neighbour's bunks from robbery and his cities from pillage and flame. Sam's wife and children are perfectly secure and if he will just leavethis frontier to our protection and turn his attention to Richmond; Detroit, Buffalo, and Chicago, may trust implicitly to the protection of the much-abused Union Jack.

Senator Doolittle who is very busy in urging a grand display of bayonets, ought to be sent where he could *Do-much*, and the whole pack of brawlers against Britain should follow him to the front. Gen. Grant's army might be greatly re-inforced if he would get these howlers together with the whole horde of lazy scoundrels who, too cowardly to fight for their country, infest our cities. In return for the aid and protection we are about to give him and his. Abe Lincoln should certainly place at the Gov. General's disposal a respectable sum

of money to be distributed by way of bounty amongst his Canadian defenders. This is the least he can do to show his appreciation of our magnanimity in taking his border under the wing of Great Britain's mighty power.

An Epigram.

In merry old England it once was a rule—
That the King had a poet, musician, and fool,
But out here in Canada we're economic, you'll find
For in M——'tis well known all these are combined.

Our Dailies.

One would think by the conduct of the *Leader and Globe* that the time of the Millennium had arrived, the iron age had gone by and the golden age now present. The Lion may indeed be said to have laid down with the Lamb, but which are we to consider the Lamb and which the Lion, would perplex most people; nevertheless, it is very refreshing, to see these old and bitter antagonists, resting on their arms, and agreeing in such important questions as the Confederation and Fenianism. For once they are side by side, in peace and quiet, and since this state of things has commenced, each has indirectly admitted that there are some good qualities to be found in the other. Most people think that it is too good to last long, our own wish with regard to it may be expressed in two short words—*Esté perpetua*.

Advice to Voters.

1. Whatever you do "vote early," which being interpreted, signifies put in your vote before the final close of the pole.

N. B.—If you intend to vote for a wrong candidate, wait half an hour later.

2. As Monday is a public holiday, vote on Monday before noon for Medcalfe who kindly proclaimed it for your benefit, because you may be *unwell* next day and forget your benefactor.

3. If three candidates appear for the office of Alderman, boldly tell the Returning Officer that you have a right to vote for whom you please and when he tells you to vote for two Aldermen and two Councilmen, tell him that you wish to make three of Aldermen and you can have your way.

4. It is not contrary to law to vote twice; if you have two votes and a scrutineer should object tell him you are worth two of him which would settle the question.

4. The presence of police at the polling booth, is a disgraceful infringement of the liberty of the subject, so if he should offer any resistance to citizens you may knock him down by virtue of the Habeas Corpus Act.

St. John's Ward.

That prince of chisellers, Bugg, is before the electors of the Noble Ward, for 1865. Let every honest man pause before voting, and consider Bugg's former acts when at the Council Board. We wonder if he is as ready to take up arms in defence of his country as he was in 1837?