

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 pront 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 *Grumblings*, 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.

CITY COUNCIL!

CITIZENS ATTENTION.
NEXT NIGHTS PROCEEDINGS.

Great Fun Anticipated!

IMPORTANT CHANGES!

B—X—T—R TO KEEP QUIET.

DUNN TO MAKE HIS MAIDEN SPEECH.

THE MAYOR AND THE PIKES.

BE SURE AND BE THERE!

We have reliable information from "good authority" that the next sitting of the City Council will be marked by a deviation from the usual programme in the conduct of the civic affairs that will make the event of particular interest to the citizens generally, and to the frequenters of the Council Chamber, particularly. Important changes are to take place—no personalities to be allowed! No scurrilous language or buncombe speeches are to be permitted. Ald. B—x—t—r is to keep quiet during the entire proceedings! further than calling out order! or, question! Councilman D—u—nn is (after a years preparation) to make his maiden speech on the "Western Market," great eloquence is anticipated, as our Reporter on passing the worthy Councilman's shop on Queen Street, bearing loud speaking within, listened to hear what was the matter, and took down in short hand the following, which we suppose was merely a rehearsal of that which is to be, "Mr. Mayor! I rise, to get up, (hem!) for to speak—subject Western Market (hem!) Mr. Mayor Western Market—rise to get up for to speak (Ahem!) Western Market is much needed in the Western part of the city, by the Western part of the people, and as I represent a Western Ward, therefore, on this subject I rise to get up for to speak! (our reporter says the gesticulation of the orator at this part of the proceedings was violent in the extreme) loping Mr. Mayor this Council will second my view on this subject. I stop to sit down to take my seat!

It will readily be seen that we are at last to have a sample of Demosthenian (?) oratory in our common-place Council Chamber. Mayor Medcalf is expected to give some startling revelations regarding the "pikes," and also to give a short sketch of the "siege of Derry" and the burning of "Skullabogue barn." There is every reason to believe the "jam" will be immense as the Mayor has provided 100 chairs to accommodate the "sovereign people" on this coming most auspicious occasion.

Horrible.

A correspondent wishes to know is it any wonder that Yorkville has acquired such an unenviable notoriety for "run-away matches," "divorce suits," "alimony cases" and other horrible crimes, when all its inhabitants are York-*Billians*.

Law and Lager.

A good story is told—which I'll give you in rhyme
I can't vouch of course for the placé or the time,
'Tis correct in the main, in regard to the rest
It happened "Down East"—if it wasn't 'out West'
Some place where the Maine Liquor Law is in force
And that is a thing you have heard of—of course.

A delinquent arrested
For breaking the Laws,
Although he protested
Was proved in the cause
By evidence clear
To have sold Lager Beer.

And here at once, a legal questions rose
Did Lager come within the Liquor Act?
The lawyers weighty arguments oppose
Each manifests a deal of legal tact,
And one was just arising to propose—
(And his request the Jury would have backed)
To bring the doubtful beverage into Court,
And pass it round to ascertain its sort.
Here 'twas suggested—"Call a Witness in
One competent to end this disputation
Who "knows the ropes" "the elephant has seen,"
Can answer to the question—this I mean
Does Lager Beer produce intoxication?
So shall we terminate this knotty question,
Without the risk of injuring our digestion.

A Dutchman—Yacop Gootlager—by name
Or something very much the same—
Was soon brought forward as a witness,
And surely none could doubt his fitness.

A constant smoker
A regular "soaker"
Lager, morning, noon and night,
His only employment,
His sole enjoyment.
Who so fitted to judge aright?

He supported himself, holding on with one hand,
And biccapped in Dutch, as he came to the stand

Being asked what he "think"

(A vulgar word
And seems absurd,
Excuse it this time

For it makes a good rhyme)

Whether Lager Beer would make a man drunk?

He replied, "I really vash not say
"I never trinks moolch of beer or vine,
"I only trinks feefty (50) glasses a tay,
"It never did me any harun—ach nein!
"Shtill I vash not know
"But it might be so,
"If a man vash to make of hisself von schwein!

The Golden City Billiard Parlor.

This splendid establishment opens this evening at 6 o'clock, in full working order. The enterprising proprietor, Mr. McGinn, deserves great credit for the superb manner in which he has got this really first-class Parlor up, we hope one and all will be on hand and give him a call, and no doubt having once called they will not fail to do so again.

Hypocrisy

There she sits with a face lengthened down as long as a main-mast, her eyes turned in the directions of her toes on the *qui vive* to catch some remark from those around her which she may possibly distort and construe into something "unbecoming a christian." You never see her lips move when in company, save religion is her theme; then Jupiter! how her eyes roll, and with what assumed sanctity she breathes out an atmosphere of religion, charity and piety! Should she happen to make a call on you on a week day with what greediness and avidity will she devour every particle of gossip you may be so good natured as to favour her with—no matter how "worldly," and what a budget of scandal she is sure to bring along with her! how her eyes will sparkle with unspeakable delight when she hears you tell her that Miss Bradshaw got the "mitten," or how young Jones ran away with old Miss Smithers—so old indeed she might be his mother! And with what fiendish delight will she tell you Thompsons weren't asked to the Greens' party, and then almost in the same breath will she relate how so-and-so had joined the church and embraced religion and a hundred and one other such like matters!

This is what we call *hypocrisy*; no doubt you have met with hundreds of such cases; we have, and we never meet with one of the tribe but we wish ourselves at Botany Bay or any other place at a safe distance from her (or his) company. They are *more to be dreaded* than a *thief* and more contaminating than a *leper*, they partake of the nature of pitch, touch them and you are certain to be defiled.

Examination Papers, June 10—12] A.M.

Under Chlorine "if a piece of paper be saturated with oil of turpentine and thrust into a bottle filled with chlorine, the chemical action of the latter upon the hydrogen is so violent as to cause inflammation, &c."

What means would you adapt for its arrest?

Under what circumstances would bleeding be necessary?

2. In what *light* would you regard the blues?

3. What is the specific gravity of the human countenance?

4. Give a description of the decided cell (sell) its characters, and mode of occurrence?

5. At what temperature does blood boil?

6. What bat flies without wings?

7. What bearings has the auricularis magnus on Darwin's development theory?

8. To what order would you refer the cube root?

9. What muscle is often found in a fluid state? (Levator montli.)

10. What part of the human system disappeared hundreds of years ago? (Hium fiat.)

11. When is an idea material? (When embodied in a look, and clothed in fine language.)

Parties wishing to renew their subscriptions, will please remit before the commencement of next volume.

Songs for the Sentimental.

Away! away! ye hopes which stray
Like joering spectres from the tomb!
Ye cannot light the coming night,
And shall not mock its gathering gloom;
Though dark the cloud shall form my shroud
Though danger league with racking doubt—
Away! away! ye shall not stay
When all my joys are "up the spout."

I little knew when first ye threw
Your brightening beams on coming hours,
That time would see me turn from thee
And fly your sweet delusive powers.
Now, nerved to woe, no more I'll know
How hope deferr'd makes mortal sick;
The gathering storm may whelm my form
But I will suffer "like a brick."

On Visiting my Former Home.

When'er we leave a spot we once held dear,
Remove to other scenes quite new and strange,
We want a something our lone hearts to cheer,
To reconcile us to the worldly change.

Our hearts still yearn to that loved spot once ours,
When memory wakens thoughts of other days,
We long to visit gardens, scenes, and bowers,
Once more to linger and around to gaze.

That day arrived, that once familiar home
I saw at last, with tears within my eyes—
The house so dear to me, before I roamed,
Where happy hours were spent, so much to prize.

Within that pleasant spot, what varied scenes
Flash on my busy mind, from night till morn!
Realities indeed—not idle dreams,
For there, ah there! three dearest sons were born

The trees I planted, now deprived of leaf,
A prey to wintry winds, their branches wave
Forlorn and desolate, increased my grief,
Alas! too late their beauteous forms to save.

The little garden, too, once filled with flowers,
Which gave me so much pleasure many a day,
Where I once spent such happy joyous hours
And where my children played so free and gay.

I upon the back window—there my eyes
Behold the churchyard and the old pine tree,
Beneath whose shade a dear friend now lies
Who once was good and kind and fond of me.

Alas! he's gone to his eternal rest,
His body mouldering beneath the sod,
His spirit joined the mansions of the blest,
I trust forever, sheltered by his God.

The Church to me was then a house of prayer,
Where I could feel a portion of that heaven
That paves the way, with watchfulness and care,
To find the road at last that leads to heaven.

My children were baptized within those walls,
So that my heart is often in that spot;
More joy to me it brings than stately halls,
Made me feel humble in my quiet cot.

But all are left behind—a fond adieu
To all kind neighbours and each bosom friend,
Those pleasing scenes I'll ever keep in view,
Which will remain till time to me shall end.

Farewell my home, my early home,
Adieu ye tranquil scenes, each passing hour,
Toronto claims me now, no more to roam
To let contentment shield me in her bower.

AMUSEMENTS.

The Holman Opera Troupe.

During this week we have had the pleasure of listening to the Holmans, and *certainly* we must confess that we have rarely of late been so highly gratified. Their performances were given with good taste and marked ability. On Wednesday evening the "Bohemian Girl" was produced to a very fair house, Arline being personated by Miss Sallie Holman. Her rendition of that charming aria, "I dream I dwell," was given with splendid effect, which we think is peculiarly suited to her sweet and flexible voice. The duets and quartette were also good. Mr. Holman sang the "Heart bowed down," and acted his part throughout with good taste. Miss Reynolds, as Thaddeus, might have been better; she lacks the energy and action required in that character. Devil'shoof was performed by Mr. W. Holman, who seemed to be thoroughly up in his part. The other members of this fine troupe did remarkably well in their several roles. The dancing of ——— Holman was really well executed, and merited that well-earned applause which was so heartily given. To Mr. Holman we tender our thanks for the *cartes de visite* of the troupe with which he has favoured us; and, in conclusion, we would say that Manager Myers deserves credit for his painstaking efforts of late in catering so happily to the public taste.

The Billiard Tournament.

The performances in the Music Hall during the last week which have just terminated, will, we hope, be the means of inciting a more lively interest in the "noble game" amongst Canadians generally. It is particularly gratifying to us that the highest score and championship has been made and won by a young citizen of the future Confederation. Cobourg has already acquired an enviable reputation for her love of and excellence in the manly sports; her steeple-chases are generally the best attended and best conducted in the Province, while her Regattas are no less brilliant than those of her more pretentious rivals—Kingston, Hamilton and Toronto, and at present and for the last three years she holds the Champion Cup, and we cannot but congratulate her clever young townsman, Mr. Jackes, at the result of his labors at the late tournament—labors which have been rewarded by so meritable and marked success.

Con. for Term Keepers.

Why is An—d—r—sn like a tailor who sells on "tick"? Because he quotes (coats) unprofitably

Federation.

Some people hardly understand,
The changes of position,
By public men throughout the land
The friends of Coalition.
You think it strange but you'll be led
To see by observation,
'Tis those by Government *rations fed*
Who favor *Federation*.

Punning.

There is an inveterate punster in this City whom danger cannot hinder from having his "fling," we remember him one time last winter, while skating on the Bay breaking thro' the ice, and when a friend who was endeavoring to extricate him from his dilemma, remarked "this is a nice situation you have got yourself into," our punster replied coolly "yes an—ice situation."

Why ought the children of thief to be burnt? Because *their Pa steals* (they're pastiles.)

The Policemen whom the *Globe* announced as having taken *one step forward* owing to Sergeant Major Hastings resignation, have, we perceive resumed their original position, that is to say *one step backward*, owing to the Serj's changing his mind—it is to be hoped they are now *standing at ease*.

The Royal Skating Rink.

Torontonians are to have a new and commodious skating rink on King Street, opposite the Rossin House. Dr. Agnew has the management of it, and from his well known popularity, we are sure that the "Royal" will be liberally supported.

The 'Victoria'

Our old friend Wardell is again at the helm of the Victoria Skating Rink. He has placed it in a thorough state of repair, and no expese has been spared to make it what it always has been, one of the first in the city.

The Montreal Terrapin.

Undoubtedly the best, most elegant and commodious Restaurant in the British Provinces, is the "Terrapin," Notre Dame street, Montreal. It is the *clysium of the connoisseur*, the home of the epicure, and the favourite establishment of the travelling public. In no similar establishment in the Canada is the *table d'hot* carried out in all its details to such a degree of perfection. Its Bar is always supplied with the virgin brands and best vintages; and to our friends and readers we would say should you visit Montreal, on no account fail to give the Terrapin a call, as by so doing you will have an opportunity of seeing for yourselves the beauty and magnificence in Restaurant appointments which only the "Terrapin," of all others can display.

"Term Time."

That tri-weekly visitor, known to the gentlemen of the long robe as "term," is again in on us and has brought along with it the usual locust-like swarm of young "limbs" from all parts—East, West, North and South. For the information of our readers who are not "posted," we may state that the examinations for admission to the Law Society—Attorney's and Barrister's takes place immediately preceding "term," and the number who have "passed" this time are unusually large. We are personally acquainted with many of them, and we—we congratulate them, though we are afraid we can't extend the compliment to the country.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. P. T.—Yours inserted, we cannot accede to your request before having further illustration of your powers on something local or Provincial—let us hear from you next week.

C. S. G.—We admire your productions very much. Could you not favor us with a stanza occasionally.

X. Y. Z.—Crowded out this week.

W. C. WROXERS.—Sent communication.

For the information of our readers we would say that will always be happy to receive contributions prosaical or rymical, "puns" or "jokes," "political hits," &c., without distinction to party favour.

G. P. Archer, Merchant Tailor.

There's a "bower of fashion" yeleft Archer's new store,

On King street near Bay where all the day long
In gayest possession a "swellish" crowd pour
To order new garments—made up for a "song."

That "bower" and its fashions I never forget
And oft when alone, in my brain flashes o'er
The thought are they taking down orders there yet
Is it through'd with "young nobbies" the same as of yore.

Mr. Archer's Establishment on King Street West has acquired by reason of the superior stylo finish, and workmanship of his employeess, and the first-class quality of goods *only* which he keeps constantly on hand, a reputation as a Merchant Tailor, *second to none on this Continent.* This is no newspaper puff, it is a fact well established and admitted, and the best guarantee of this is that his customer's list embraces the names of most of our leading citizens. Those who are in need of a "satisfactory garment" will do well to give Archer a call, who for a reasonable consideration, will, we are satisfied, meet their wishes, to use a common phrase "to their heart's content."

Business Notice!

We would call the attention of Hotel-keepers, families, and all those in need of superior household furniture, plain or fancy cabinet ware, to the large and elegant stock of Messrs. Hartill & Lockington, corner of Queen street and Spadina Avenue. Their show-room is now open to the public and is thoroughly replenished with the useful and the ornamental. Messrs. H. & L.'s contributions to the late Exhibition at the Crystal Palace here, added much to the general brilliancy and effect.

Victoria Skating Rink

Tickets for the above Rink can be had at Mr. C. A. Backas', newsdealer, Toronto street, where the list of subscribers can be seen. The rink has been put in thorough repair, and no expense will be spared to make it the best in the city.

O. WARDELL & Co.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

To keep pace with the latest novelties and fashions of the season, is the aim of our Retail Merchants generally, and it is an admitted fact that the establishment of Messrs. Fringlo & Co., corner of King and West Market Square, stands unrivalled in this respect. Their Fall and Winter stock of clothing is replete and of the newest description before buying elsewhere give them a call.

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