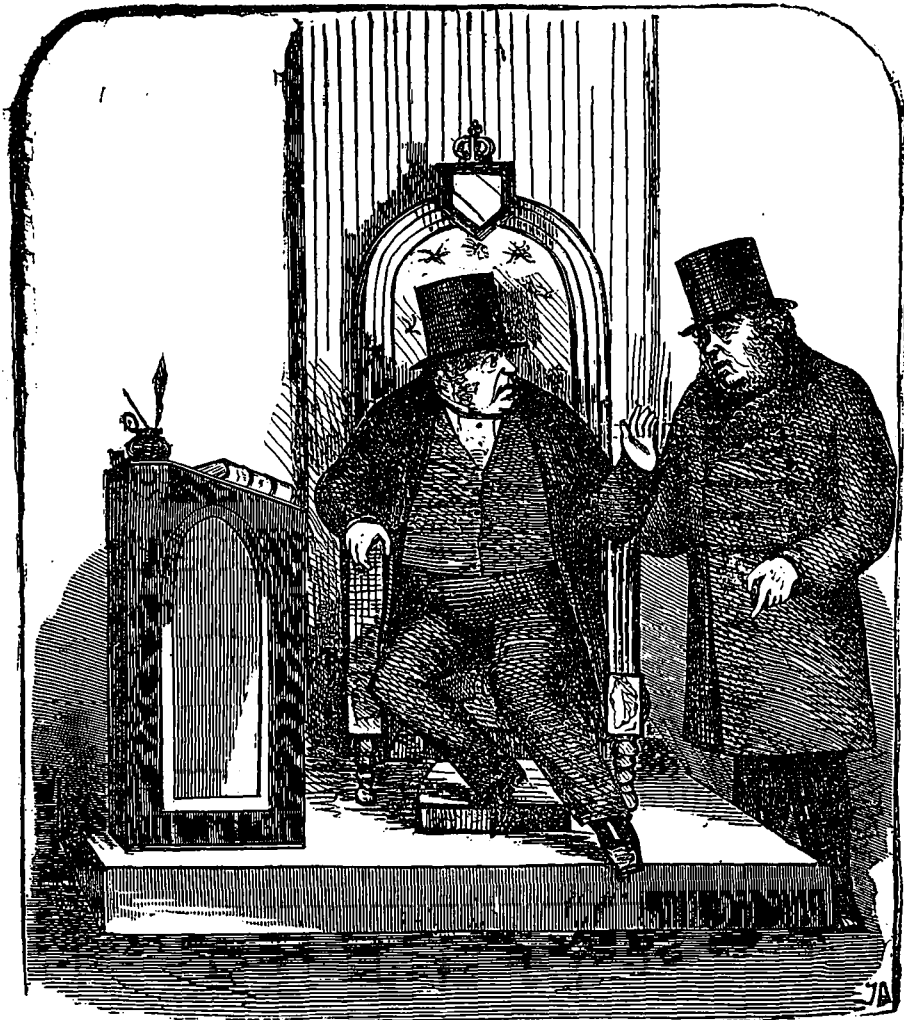


# THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

TORONTO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1864.

(VOL. 3--NO. 5:



OLD SQUARETOES :—"Excuse me, Sir, this Seat is engaged."

## THE GRUMBLER

Is published every SATURDAY MORNING, in time for the early Trains. 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 tude you tent it;  
A chief's among you taking notes,  
And, faith, he'll prevent 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 s'coddadlers 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 Millenium 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—*Este 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.
2. N. B.—If you intend to vote for a wrong candidate, wait half an hour later.
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?

## To the Polls.

The energy of some of the candidates is making the municipal contest somewhat brisker than might have been expected. Mr. Cameron and his friends in the Mayoralty struggle (for he has many friends who do not row in the same boat with him on this occasion) are working very vigorously but scarcely, we fancy, with any hope of success. No strong point can be made against Mr. Medcalf; no charge of corruption is mooted to his discredit; no tinge of partiality is detected by the Argus eyes of his opponents. In duties of a delicate and trying character, he has discharged his duty with great tact and without giving just cause of offence. Hence the people generally deem him worthy a second term of office, and see no reason for the opposition against him.

In St. David's we see that the *Riddle* is not presented for solution this year, so that electors will not be put to the trouble of *giving it up*. Messrs. Hynes and Vance will walk the course and Messrs. Adamson and Boustead are equally sure. The last named gentleman is one whom it would reflect great discredit upon the Ward to reject for an inferior man.

In St. Lawrence Ward, Messrs. Strachan and Ewart are perfectly secure as Alderman. On the whole we think Mr. O'Connell should be re-elected with his former colleagues; he has acted with impartiality even as against some of his co-religionists in those unfortunate troubles since the Fifth of November. During the year he has faithfully performed his duty and deserves his old seat.

In St. James' Ward, Mr. Sheard and Mr. Gooch are the best men who could be elected. Mr. James by his foolish ambition is likely to lose his plan at the Council Board and is not sufficiently active at any rate. For Councilmen there are four good men nominated, but there can be no question that Messrs. Geo. Beard and Jas. Frazer are in every way the most suitable.

In St. George, Messrs. T. Smith and Vickers should be elected Aldermen. The last named is a new man but he is well known in the city, and well esteemed as an active, honest business man. Messrs. Bennett and Tinning are sure of re-election and they fully merit it.

In St. Andrews, we have two excellent Aldermen now and we do not know what induced Mr. McLean to attempt to oust either of them. Messrs. Wallis and Godson are both faithful, hardworking members, though not given to clap-trap speaking on Monday evenings, and we think the electors will think twice before they prefer new hands at the business. Messrs. Bell and Spence are sure of re-election.

In St. Patrick's, Messrs. Dickey and Canavan will be elected and Messrs. Denison and Carroll. The latter though both young men yet untried are well known in the Ward, deserve the confidence of the electors.

In St. John's, the contest is virtually decided. Mr. Bugg's vampire proclivities will not be exercised next year. Messrs. Smith, Moodie, Boxall, and Greenlees will represent the noble Ward.

Whilst we speak with confidence of the results of the contest in the different wards, we of course, do not expect that candidates will be elected, if through apathy the electors neglect to exercise the franchise. To the polls, then early, and the elections will be concluded before the holiday is over.

## Fiat Justitia!

A New York paper states—that in that City during the past week no less than *sixty-two* murderers were committed to the *Tombs*. Glad, indeed are we to hear that Justice has once more resumed her sway in Gotham—that the law is not administered from henceforth by the knife, and the revolver—that men who have shed the blood of their fellow citizens, should be put out of the way, but while rejoicing that these men have received the just reward of their evil deeds. In the name of common humanity, let us hope that they were not *Tombs*, 'the bourne from which no Traveller returns,' without first having been submitted to the due course of *hanging* which the law provides.

## Local Correspondence.

(To the Editor of the Grumbler.)

I am a married man, and have a wife and six children. My income which is a very small one, is derived from standing all day behind a counter in a fashionable store in this city, and waiting upon fashionable ladies, and selling them fashionable silks, satins, shawls, and other articles in which to array themselves for their afternoon promenade up and down King Street. My wife who is only seven years older than when I married her still retains her charms, and fascinating manners, and protests at least three times, no, every two weeks that she loves me to distraction, that she "lives for me only," and that my comfort and happiness are constantly in her thoughts, at least fourteen hours out of every twenty four. But notwithstanding these declarations, she is constantly getting me into hot water—in fact since I entered into the bands of holy wed-lock I have never been out of it—not content with plain clothes for herself and the children, she persists day after day in running up enormous bills for the most costly stuffs. Not content with a plain leg of mutton she persists in feasting off Turkey and oyster sauce. Not content with residing in a small house in a quiet street, she assures me that she certainly could not live over a week at the outside, unless she has a large house in a lively neighbourhood, where there are "lots of people going by." The net result of all this is that about the 5th of January in every year, when the Christmas bills come in, is weeping and wailing, and I might almost say gnashing of teeth. There is in short a slight matrimonial mias. My wife first of all cries continuously for three minutes, then she flies out at me in a very angry manner, for having treated young Snooks to a cigar and glass of gin and water, about four months since, and lastly she dilates in most triumphant style on my extravagance in

expending three cents every week in the purchase of a *GRUMBLER*. This is too much for even a quiet man like me to bear, so I get angry and for two hours there is a jolly row, which generally ends by my wife kissing me and asking me to forgive her, which of course I have to do, and in my struggling for 51 out of the 52 weeks, to earn money enough to put matters straight again. These pleasing little events occur annually with so much regularity that I now look forward to them as a matter of course. Nevertheless, they make me miserable, I may say very miserable. In the course of a fortnight or so, there will be more bills and another row, and I fear the biggest one yet. In fact I so dread it that I am thinking seriously of painting myself black and going down South, or of drowning my cares in the flowing bowl until it doth run over, or in a fit of desperation, emigrating to a quiet retreat, and shutting myself for ever from the world in the beautiful and classical regions of Hoggs Hollow.

I am,

Mr. GRUMBLER,

Your heart broken and constant reader,

JEREMIAH JIGGINS.

## NOTE.

The Office of Drs. H. & M. will be closed from Friday 23rd at 1 o'clock until Tuesday morning, when it will open as usual.—vide *Thursday's Leader*.

O, dire and terrible calamity, what frightful evils do we see looming up before us, what foul crimes can this peaceful community have been guilty of that we should have such a frightful punishment meted out to us? What have we done that for 48 mortal hours the office of these well advertised gentlemen should be closed against the public? that these Therapeutical philanthropists, that these modern good Samaritans, clothed in the garb of Esculapian, should cease to practice their healing arts even tho' it be for a day or two; welcome midnight assaults of the Fenians, welcome raids and robberies, rather than that such a dreadful consummation should come to pass. All the ills that flesh is heir to, all the noxious diseases in Pandora's Box will have gained such headway, will have taken such deep root among our citizens between Friday afternoon and Tuesday morning, that it will require a long course of steaming and inhaling gas to subdue the pestilence. Better that the City should fall into the depths of Chlarydis, than that we should miserably perish by disease. Hope would entirely forsake our breast the world would become a mere blank to us had not the gracious promise of re-opening again been held out to us. Let all the people be joyful! let the Moon veil her face, and the Sun dance with joy, for on the memorable Tuesday morning, the 27th of December "the Office will be re-opened at the usual hour," steam will be turned on about nine o'clock, and the *gas generator* once more in full blast!

New Bug (g) Exterminator—James E Smith.

## The Theatre.

We read with pleasure the notices of Mr. Buchanan's impersonations of Shakespeare's characters. We went to the Lyceum and were disappointed. It is an imperative duty to the public that we present in fairness our opinions of such entertainments and any other course we hold to be a fraud against them.

Although willing to accord full praise to the management of Mr. Myers, and to acknowledge his efforts in our behalf fully commensurate with the support he gets. We are not, therefore, expected to applaud and puff the company including stars. To do this would be a fraud upon our citizens, who thus deceived, might waste their time and monies recklessly, attending stage performances. More than this, it would publish our incompetence as a people to appreciate the drama and discredit our intelligence in foreign estimation. To the numerous urged objections against the stage our only answer needs be—that under proper management and support, we thence may learn the highest uses of our language—its power, purity, correct pronunciation and melody.

Under the ordinary patronage of a Toronto audience, we have not the right to look for this perfection, and as a general principle we attack not the stock actor. But when a star walks our boards under superior pay, and heralded by European testimonials, we rightfully hold him responsible for his assumption and may grumble at his short-comings. Viewing the flaring panegyrics stereotyped and presented in our prints in favor of Mr. Buchanan, we might, upon the custom of advertising more than we <sup>should</sup> on hand, justify their publication; but in strict truth we must either disbelieve their authenticity or pity the innocence of a European press that could utter such twaddle. In short, to assert that "Mr. B. stands alone, superior to any actor of the present day" is simple nonsensical untruth. His voice is unmusical; his syllabic articulation is imperfect; his rendering of the text extremely faulty, and with many other defects it is apparent to any educated listener that his education is shockingly defective. In the pathetic he is sometimes ludicrous, so much so that we more than once heard several laugh when deep pathos was intended. His voice, we think, at one time may have been good, but at present it is of that husky guttural order that dissipates half-fashioned from the lips; and in those whispering tones of low soliloquy, &c., frequently the most beautiful passages of the play, you hear nothing—even on the nearer seats but a low rumbling noise.

We fully admit that in what is termed "stage business" Mr. B. appears familiar, and although in his speech, and gesture there are occasionally too much rant and wildness and an absence of that temperance that should "give it smoothness"—his action is good. Yet from the masters of the drama we want more than this. We must have chastity of style and purity of pronunciation. The pure English undefiled delivered from the text and cannot countenance such utter disregard, especially for Shakespeare as is constantly evinced by Mr. B.

It is known that many talented actors and actresses have in stage parlance "near been damned" for false rhythm, loose omission or interpolation of the text, an instance of which was the case of substitution of the word *kill* for *murder* in the line of Hamlet—"What wilt thou do? Thou wilt not murder me?" and knowing those things to be true, what fate could we assign Mr. B. We hope he is not too old or proud to be instructed, and we do not speak in malice when we direct his attention to some of the numerous and in his case inexcusable errors of his commission. We have not space to deal with many, but we will mention some that fell so gratefully upon our ears, the discord haunts us still. Othello, addressing the Duke and Senators—

"Rude am I in speech,  
And little" *gilded* "with the set of phrase of peace."

Again to Iago:  
"Thou hadst better have been born a dog,"—*a dog Iago.*

And "I'll tear her all to pieces"—*to pieces Iago,*  
Also, "Nor scar that whiter skin of hers thou snow,"  
"And (as) smooth as monumental alabaster."

In Richard:  
"Have no delight to pass away" *my hours.*

And in the last act:  
"Armed" (*all*) "in proof and led by shallow Richmond."

The italics mark the interpolations and perversions of the text, and surely none with any ear for poetry or music could justify or palliate the offence. And no man with such imperfections, so ignorant or reckless of the rhythm, prosody and structure of our language, can expect position with our first class readers. Not to mention names beyond the knowledge of our citizens, it must be palpable to every member of the audience who has heard Mr. Couldock or Mr. Vanderhoff, that in them there is such contrast of scholastic polish and refinement as strikes Mr. B. below the level of fair mediocrity. Of his "young, beautiful, and talented daughter," it is unnecessary to say more than that she has much to learn ere she can move as more than satellite to her father.

## Farini.

Last night we had the pleasure of witnessing the astonishing feats of this world renowned acrobat, and we are glad to say the house was crowded to excess. The audience seemed to thoroughly appreciate Farini's extraordinary agility. His appearance altogether is prepossessing, and the coolness with which he goes through the most difficult and perilous feats create a feeling akin to awe in the minds of his spectators. The wire rope on which his performances take place is about forty feet high, as high as could be strung in the city. During the performance he seemed perfectly at home whether with baskets on his feet, enveloped in a sack, turning a somersault or hanging by an arm or leg it was all the same. Owing to a bad stay in the rope Farini was unable to carry a man on his back as advertised, he will however perform the feat to-night. There will also be a performance on Monday and Tuesday evening, he well deserves crowded houses!

## The Rinks.

The skating has, on the whole, been excellent on the various rinks. The "Yorkville" and "Toronto" seem to lead the van, followed closely by the "Royal," "Victoria," and "West End." Dr. Agnew has been rather unfortunate in the flooding of the "Royal," but all difficulties have been overcome and a "merry crowd" sport themselves on its glassy surface every evening, while on gala occasions the band of the "10th" makes things "gay-er and merrier than ever."

## St. James Ward.

Let every independent voter, every man who has the interest of the city at heart, and who wishes to see good, sound, solid business men in the Council, go early and record his vote for Beard as Councilman. He who is able to manage with success his own private affairs is just the man we want at the Council Board.

## Our News Agents:

The GRUMBLER can be obtained from the following City News Agents:—Rogers & Clayton; R. S. Thompson; James Bennett (near Rossia House) John Rooney (Union Depot); M. Shevau, Arcade. Subscribers should send their subscriptions to our address, Toronto, Post Office, and not to any News Agent in the City. *By receiving the Grumbler direct from our office they save 25 cents postage in the year.*

## NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

Albums, Photographs, Portfolios, Purses, Pocket Books, Juvenile Books, Picture Books, Blank Visiting Cards, Conversation Cards, &c., &c., &c., at reduced prices, until after the holidays, at R. S. THOMPSON'S Stationery and News Depot, 49, King Street West, Toronto.

## THOMAS ROBINSON'S CLOTHING, DRY GOODS, & MILLINERY ESTABLISHMENT.

127 Yonge Street.

FOUR DOORS BELOW "BAY HORSE INN,"  
TORONTO.

The Cheapest place for Christmas Presents is

## MORPHY'S

Watches, Chains, Rings, Brooches, Jewelry of every description, &c.

141 Yonge Street, next the Bay Horse Inn.

## Christmas Presents!

A splendid assortment of Jewelry, suitable for Christmas and New Year Gifts at

152 Yonge Street,

J. W. MILLAR