

# THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

TORONTO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1864.

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## 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 reed you tent it;  
A chiel's amang you taking notes,  
And, faith, he'll prent it."

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1864.

### Third Volume.

To day we present our readers with the first number of the Third Volume of the New Series. Having said so much in our issue of last week with regard to ourselves, past, present, and future, we do not intend to serve our friends with a re-hash of the dish this week, but simply to announce the fact of the opening of the Third Volume, and to remind our subscribers that they must at once remit their subscriptions in order to ensure the receipt of our paper. Tho' the times are undoubtedly hard, yet we must confess we have not had much cause to grumble with our patrons; for their liberality and punctuality has been the means of keeping us above board so far, and it is our hope that they will extend their kindness of the past to the future.

### ALL ABOUT THE SKATES.

The mis'ries of a married man  
Who's wife is fond of prate  
Is nothing to—lenny't who can  
The "curo" whose youngsters skate.

Now pa! I know you'll not be mean;  
You never were I know!  
I'd not for all the world be seen  
Out tramping in the snow  
With common little boots like these,  
You know they let in water!  
You will not let my poor toes freeze?  
You think more of your daughter!

Papa—that day he's just been paid  
—Installment on his mortgage  
Young Miss—how well her plan she's laid  
Says, *skating boots are the rage*  
Papa says "very well my dear!

What makes you look so funny!

I don't forget you—never fear  
—Go buy them, here's the money.

Oh! dear papa, *you are so kind,*  
Oh! wont they be so nice,  
If I a pair of skates could find,  
To show them on the ice,  
I'd be so happy, oh! I would  
(Rice Lewis keeps the best.)  
"You'll have them," (aside,) "my daughter should  
Not be behind the rest."

The boots and skates are quickly bought,  
The dear child looks so glad,  
Her battle tho's but partly fought,  
Again she tells her "dad,"  
Now, pa, you know I am no flirt,  
And am not hard on dress,  
But then *without* a skating skirt  
You know my skates are *useless*.

And then besides, dear pa, you know  
(No matter what you think)  
A skating I could *never* go  
Unless its at a Rink;  
A ticket will not cost you much,  
'Tis but a dollar or two,  
And then I'll have such good times—such,  
Do buy a ticket—do?

Foot man! perplexed, in sheer despair,  
And muttering 'bout his fate,  
Throws down the "rhino," there!—child, there!  
Go—peace be with you—skate.

### OUR CATHEDRAL.

#### Interesting Discussion in the vestry.

A special meeting of the Church Wardens of St. James' Church was called for Friday last, at the office of the Vestry Clerk in the Cathedral at ten a.m. As a matter of great moment involving the comfort and convenience of the congregation and the general management of the affairs of the Church were to be discussed, it was deemed courteous to invite those having the "spiritual" welfare of the Flock at heart; to be present upon the occasion.

Punctually at the hour named, the several Ministers entered, followed closely by Mr. Churchwarden Pompous, who, bowing stiffly to the Ministers, requested them to be seated. At this mo-

ment Mr. Churchwarden Flyaway appeared, and, nodding a familiar how d'yo do to those present, seated himself snugly.

The senior Churchwarden then took the chair, and proceeded to say, that if—Mr. Flyaway interrupting—bagg'd his worthy Brother would proceed in the usual way by having the minutes of their last meeting read,—at which suggestion Mr. Vestry Clerk shrugged his shoulders, and, having adjusted his spectacles, read as follows:—"A meeting of the churchwardens of St. James was announced to take place on Friday the 17th June last. There were present on the occasion Mr. Churchwarden Pompous and the Vestry Clerk. Mr. Pompous was about to submit a resolution, when his attention was called to the fact that there was no quorum, and the meeting immediately adjourned."

Mr. Flyaway wished it to be noted upon the minutes, before they were confirmed, that that meeting had been called at the height of the fishing season, when it was quite out of his power to be present. Mr. Pompous replied that the proceedings of that meeting had been correctly transcribed and he could not consent to add, from time to time, personal explanations of his worthy Brother's absence,—amid cries of Hear, hear! Carried!! Confirmed, the subject dropped.

Mr. Pompous then addressed the meeting. He said it must be within the recollection of gentlemen present, that very great dissatisfaction prevailed amongst the members of the congregation for a number of years.—prior, of course, to his acceptance of office,—at the manner in which the affairs of the Church had been managed. Extravagances had been committed of the most startling description. The affairs of the Church—by which he meant the details of its management—had been woefully neglected, and in some cases flagrantly overlooked, &c., by means of which the financial position of the Church had, he feared, at one time become almost irretrievably submerged!! Ahem. It was by Herculean exertion alone that he (the speaker) had ultimately succeeded in ejecting from the management of the Church his former co-Church warden. He had struggled hard for a length of time to effect this noble object, and his efforts had been rewarded. He took, however, no credit to himself; he was but an humble instrument in the hands of others in bringing about this most desirable change. This object accomplished, he had succeeded in obtaining for a coadjutor in office a gentleman who, for his geniality of disposition and financial skill, stood unequalled in the city. Under their united and untiring energy and zeal, he trusted matters would assume, and in fact he might say that they had now assumed, a healthier aspect. As an evidence of what they had already accomplished, he would mention that a