

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

TORONTO, SATURDAY FEBRUARY 20, 1864.

VOL. 2.—No. 12

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 post-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 reele you tent it;
A chie's naming ye talking notes,
And, faith, he'll pent it."

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1864.

A LITTLE HOMŒOPATHIC SONG.

AIR.—*Paddy's Trip to Dublin.*

Fancy a man gone rabid from a bite,
Snapping from left to right,
And giving tongue like one of Scourge's hounds;
Terroric sounds!
The gaited neighbourhood, with horror cowering,
To his proper homœopathic mark,
Now might not "the least taste in life" of bark,
Stop his howl-wooping?
Nay, with a well-known remedy to fit him,
Would he not mend, if, with proper care,
He "took a hair"
By the way that fits him?
—Tom Hood—*Ode to Dr. Hahnemann.*

Good people, listen to my song,
And I will soon unfold, sirs,
A tale that isn't very long,
Nor is it very old, sirs.
Last night appeared in Lecture Hall,
A Hahnemannite man, sirs,
Who thus addressed both one and all,
Upon the human ban, sirs.

Sing, tu rul ur ul ur ul a,
Tu rul ur ul ido,
Tu rul ur ul ur ul a,
Tu rul ur ul ido.

"My friends," quoth he, "I wish to speak
Upon disease, its nature;
I crave attention while I seek
To explain its buncombe feature.
Now, when a man a fever gets,
Or any inflammation,
His skin is hot, his pulse it frets—
A nasty situation!

Sing, tu rul ur ul ur ul a, &c., &c.

"But this is not the true disease;
No, quite another thing, sirs;
Tho' raging hot without, he'd freeze
Tho Mercury within, sirs.
My definition, then, is this:
Disease is not the thing, sirs,
It is, which means of course it is—
To shorten theorizing, sirs.

Sing, tu rul ur ul ur ul a, &c., &c.

"In consequence disease does not
Exist in any place, sirs;
And where it is, there's not a jot,
No, not a single trace, sirs.
It is, tho', seated in the blood,
And in the nerves to boot, sirs;
And makes its presence understood,
By causing these to shoot, sirs.
Sing, tu rul ur ul ur ul a, &c., &c.

"Now when it fastens on, and twits
The nerves to great disorder,
Dane Nature always gives them fits,
When calling them to order;
And when it causes pain, you know,
It isn't pain at all, sirs;
So when the gout is in your toe,
You'll laugh—not scream and bawl, sirs.
Sing, tu rul ur ul ur ul a, &c., &c.

"Then when it's in the blood, you see,
It causes heat and pain, sirs,
And sad decline, of which, to me,
The cause is very plain, sirs.
For it is only but a rust,
Tho' varied in complexion—
But my! I've gone complete to rust
Upon this rusty question!
Sing, tu rul ur ul ur ul a, &c., &c.

"For oxygen is in the air,
And chlorine in the sea, sirs;
Thus far the cause is very clear—
At least it is to me, sirs.
And now to tell you all the rest:
This oxo-chloro-oxo
Gets taken down into the chest,
Which causes them to cough so.
Sing, tu rul ur ul ur ul a, &c., &c.

"Now Nature willed it so, to show
Similia libus curantur;
For when to sea consumptives go,
They're healed quite instanter.
Sing, tu rul ur ul ur ul a, &c., &c.

"O, many men not very far
From this experimenting,
Like unto open chimneys are—
Both smoke and rubbish venting.
'Tis plain, as everybody knows,
That when a chimney smokes, sirs,
If thus its open mouth you close,
'Tis always said it chokes, sirs.
Sing, tu rul ur ul ur ul a, &c., &c.

"If you thus illustration take,
And properly apply it,
It will an inflammation make,
Before you hardly spy it;
For when the smoke within's confined,
It causes excitation, sirs,
And soon you'll very likely find
A great conflagration, sirs.
Sing, tu rul ur ul ur ul a, &c., &c.

"To cure disease, I will suppose
Your nearest friend and neighbour
Has some dire day a bloody nose,
And life is quite in danger,
Go you to neighbour White or Black,
And hitting him a blow, sirs;

Observe how soon, *causa* the whack,
His nose begins to flow, sirs.
Sing, tu rul ur ul ur ul a, &c., &c.

"And if it flow, you may be sure,
By dealing such a lick, sirs,
On No. 1 't effect a cure,
And that, too, mighty quick, sirs.
Perhaps it may be, all this while,
You think I'm talking twaddle;
But 'tis, I swear, the German style,
Of thinking in the noddle."
Sing, tu rul ur ul ur ul a, &c., &c.

MORAL.

Some lectures they are mighty wise,
And some are precious droll, sirs;
'To name the Doctor's—Oh, my eyes!
I'd call it pretty cool, sirs.

A MURE(D).

All a bam (a).

— It seems the lucky Captain Semmes outwitted the captain of the *Vanderbilt*, in the Straits of Sunda, rather pretty particularly, the other day. The *Vanderbilt* had been chasing Semmes, but, under the cover of night, Semmes unshipped his funnel, and made a respectable barque of his notorious craft. He then 'bout ship, and stood on to meet the pursuer under easy sail. On, with the morning, came the *Vanderbilt*, hove down, and asked if they had seen a large steamer. "Aye, aye," returned Semmes, "going ahead full speed." On tore the *Vanderbilt*. Semmes reshipped his funnel, and stood on the opposite course. By this time, no doubt, the worthy Federal Captain has found that the information received from the innocent merchantman was all a bam (a) intelligence, or, in other words, flapdoodle.

Cover 'em by all means.

— In an order for drill, addressed to the No. 2 Volunteer Company, they are requested "to wear their covers on their *shuckoo*." What a *shuckoo* may be we don't pretend to guess, but doubtless the order for covering them is highly proper.

Wanted:

— TWO OR THREE VICE HANDS, TO WORK ON SAFER! This advertisement seems an anomalous one. If two or three hands skilled in vice are wanted, one would suppose Sergeant-Major Hastings could easily supply them from the great loafer class at present infesting Canada—*par parenthesis*, we suppose loafer is a corrupt German pronunciation of lover or lofer of strong drinks, or, possibly, an admirer or appropriator of other men's loaves—but to advertise for vicious men, and to expect them to perform "safe," that is, trustworthy work, is a madness which, although there may be a method in it, we are sure no Methodist would approve of.