

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1864.

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THE GRUMBLER

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Persons enclosing their cards and \$1 will be favored with a special notice.

Correspondents will bear in mind that their letters must be prepaid, 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.

Persons wishing to subscribe to the GRUMBLER, will understand that from this date (May 17th) we only receive yearly subscriptions. The sum (\$1) is small, and can easily be forwarded by all who desire our sheet.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede you tent it;
A chiel's amang you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prout it."

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1864.

Song of the Bachelor.*

The day is past, my labor's o'er,
To rest and peace I fly,
Where care, tormentor, dare not come,
My bosom to annoy;
Though wife nor children me await,
To greet me with a smile,
Content I live in simple state
Nor comfort lose the while.

Whatever the times, plenty or scant,
It's all the same to me;
My hostess grants me all I want
For a sufficient fee;
Her board is daily thrice supplied
With good and wholesome fare,
Where hunger keen is satisfied,
And plenty yet to spare.

In my neat chamber, lone, I find
A respite from my toil,
Where to improve my barren mind,
I burn the midnight oil;
No noisy brats my brain confuse,
My busy thoughts perplex,
For I have courted but the muse,
And always shunned "the sex."

Sometimes indeed my heart relents,
And pants for Hymen's joys;
And then I think of the high rents,
The little girls and boys,
And find my earnings won't maintain
A wife and children too;
Add to my passions I restrain
When'er inclined to woo.

Thus solitary I pursue
My unobtrusive way;
Nor dread "hard times" as others do
Who have bowed to Hymen's sway;
Then let all those who'd wish to live
A calm, contented life,
Enjoy whatever the world can give,
But ne'er enjoy a wife.

Long Branch Correspondence of the Grumbler.

"Tir Tor Houé,"

Close of the Season,

September 13th, 1864.

What must I say for not writing before, and giving the readers of the *Grumbler* my promised letter? Dear me! I'm all confused. There is so much to say about precious grandpa Padlock-Story-Teller, and about his gem of a son—G—, that I do not know how to begin. I have been sick; that is one solemn fact. Yes, the Toronto visitors have come and done it. It did not seem enough for old Mr. R—e L—s to arrive here with his slaughtering passions and prostrating manners, his coaxing ways and his inexhaustible budget of fun, fresh scented from the garden of Mōmūs; but he must needs go off home to Toronto, and send in his place Padlock-Story-Teller Jr.—the second edition of himself, though not much improved; terribly abridged, but not improved. Well, now, we all want to know if this G—e is really, truly, the production—the human invention—of the sire who was here a few weeks ago. We cannot say that we liked the youngster near as well as we did the old man; he did not have that elastic, unrestrained command of motion that his dear father used to exhibit when walking on the sparkling beach, or pacing the piazzas of the hotel. No, no, no; give us old grandpa with his very funny leg, his queer swing of the stick, and the comical set of the eye—not to say anything of the jaunty attitude of the caput-covering which used to shine so gaily. Indeed, we all used to have a scramble to see who should have the pleasure of brushing up the dear old gentleman's hat; and as for twigs for touching up the collar of his pretty coat—why we all had a twig and we all twigged dear grandpa's collar. I wonder if he has been as well cared for since he went home. We heard, here, that grandpa L—s has a fine house—no a castle—in Toronto; and that the Governor General always stops with him—that grandpa is quite a Lord in Canada, and that in England his ancestry is largely composed of nobility. Is G—e the only son? Has not that great man done something better for his country than that? One would think so. Certainly, the young'un put on airs, and dressed several times a day—

spent money and combed his hair in the middle—but, after all, he did not come to time, nor work himself into the good graces of us girls so thoroughly as his sire. Has G—e ever been to College? Or was he pitchforked into manhood—"got up" and all—without knowing anything whatever of the former twenty years? To us all, it seemed very like it. Gracious, goodness, we want the old man himself to come here once more. Perhaps he cannot come this year, for the season is just closing; but, the first thing next year he must do is to start for Long Branch, and cast himself into the arms of us angels. We hear that grandpa has been to the Falls, and St. Catherines, and all such little places, spending his time in trying to drive off, I suppose, his day dreams of Long Branch. But guess how, he couldn't do it. I know we haunt him, and do so we shall until the face of the dear creature once more illuminates the otherwise dull parlors of this place. Stacks of love to grandpa, and a special message to G—p to get up in the morning before his bed is made. More in futurity.

FANNY.

La Rue's Stratopatiëcon.

We had the pleasure of witnessing this interesting war show, and consider it the best we have seen, the mechanical part of the arrangement being exceedingly well managed. The armies on the march present a faithful picture of the scenes that are being enacted on the soil of our neighbors on the other side. Any one desiring to have a good idea of war, our advice is to go and see the above. Since we last saw Sam Cowell we have seen nothing to equal Mr. Whiston's comic entertainments, which is connected with the Stratopatiëcon, and alone is worth the price of admission. There will be an afternoon performance this afternoon, commencing at three o'clock.

Our M. P. P.'s on a Bust.

We understand that the two *brilliant* that represent Toronto in Parliament, are securing oatmeal to send to Sauguené to assist John McNutrich in his election. Could they not at the same time begin a canvass themselves for honest John, they could easily point out all that they have done for Toronto—"Seat of Government at Toronto," Re-building Governor's residence, drain on Church street, and a new book about being published by John McDonald, M.P.P.; on this unhappy and divided country, dedicated to Capt. Robt. Moore! We think the above recommendations would assist our members in John McNutrich's election.

*This don't contain "our sentiment."—Ed. Grumbler.