

# THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1864.

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## THE GRUMBLER

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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 1th) 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 coat,  
I reed you tent it;  
A chiel's an'g' you t'king notes,  
And, faith, he'll prunt it."

SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1864.

### CLOUDS.

Wet nurses of the flowers,  
Come spread your wings between them and the sun  
Or they shall be undone,  
While passing through this waste of sultry hours.

Sweet odors on the plain  
And drooping violets in yonder vale,  
Are waiting, faint and pale,  
To breathe afresh and scent the blessed rain.

Come inden then with showers,  
And o'er the dusty hill and tangled mead  
Scatter the shining seed,  
That soon shall bloom, wet nurses of the flowers,

### Grand Speculation.

We have just been informed on creditable authority that a very important partnership, for the manufacture of Beet-root Sugar, has been recently entered into in this city by the Hon. Mr. Howland and Mr. John Watson, late of the Hamilton and Port Dover Road. Mr. Howland, we learn, will do the financing at home, while Mr. Watson proceeds again to France with a view to taking lessons in the manufacture of the article in question. It is thought, too, that the roads just mentioned have contributed in no small degree to the interests of the firm. We wish the co-partnership all the success it deserves. *See last page*

### Excursion to Nipissing.

— We understand that Mr. McDougall, with his committee on finance, consisting of William Henderson, Hugh Miller, Dr. Agnew, John Boyd and the colored paper pedlar, with sausage Wilson, are off for a trip to try and get a constituency for Vinegar William. Please, gentlemen, report progress upon your return, as we cannot believe there is a constituency in Upper Canada that would elect the rejected of North Ontario.

### Long Branch Correspondence of the "Grumbler."

LONG BRANCH, N. J.,  
Near New York, Aug. 1st, 1864.

This great watering-place has, during the present season, obtained a Canadian interest well worth mentioning in the columns of the *Grumbler*. I may remark, in the first place, however, that Long Branch is the resort of all the gay and festive people of New York. Here we always have the wives and daughters of Gotham's richest men; here we have, too, the fair actresses from Walcack's and Laura Keene's; and here, also, we have the lady relatives of Captains and Colonels, Majors and Generals who are off fighting for their country. Is it any wonder, then, that your highly esteemed citizen R—c L—s, Esq., should, above all other sea-side resorts, select Long Branch as the place for him to seek recuperation and enjoy that sweet and gentle female society of which it is well known he is such a thorough votary? No wonder, indeed. I have no doubt but the fact of Mr. L. being here will cause many of your Toronto people to visit this place in future seasons. When it became known at the hotels who he really was, an amount of attention and affectionate solicitude was manifested towards him very rarely extended to any foreigner. Besides his distinguished position both in Europe and Canada, there was such a winning way about his every movement that secured for him regular worship from the ladies. Never was there a pic-nic, a drive, a stroll along the beach, a dance, or a charade that Mr. L. did not take a prominent part. I could not have thought that a Canadian—especially at the present time of war—would ever be made the recipient of so much adoration. His advancing years formed no impediment; for all the fine girls were constantly in rivalry as to which "particular star" should be "the old man's darling." And as for the grass-widows, maidens, and ladies of ripened years, I can just tell you there was no end to the squabbling amongst them, as to who should have the moonlight walk with "Mr. L. from Canada." I do not know whether you appreciate our dear friend very much over in Toronto, but I give you notice we would like very much to have him with us all the time. We never got tired of him; his genial disposition, his rare vocalism, his ability to render himself agreeable to any company, his great fund of wit and humor, and his inexhaustible laughter-provoking narratives, made us all crazy about him. Not an evening passed but joyful Mr. L. thrilled every heart with the soul-

stirring way in which he he would sing Moore's fine words, commencing with—

"Oh, there's not in this wide world a valley so sweet."

Then his splendid tales of romance about the Lakes of Killarney, and the Vale of Avoca, perfectly entranced us all. The dear, sweet lump of loaf sugar! how I do wish he had remained longer with us. He is off now; and will be in your midst before this is in print. And, oh, before I forget, there was one very tip-top story which he used to tell us about some great big Padlock Sign out in front of a large store in Toronto. Well, now, the way he did tell that story beat us folks here, right out hollow. Oh do tell us "The Padlock Story, Mr. L." was the cry from a dozen ladies, perhaps twice a day. None of Bourcicaul's grand "pieces" ever "ran" so well in New York, as did good, dear Mr. L.'s "Padlock Story" run here. It was such a great story, about a Padlock going off on a trip very mysteriously, by itself, the constant laments of the owner, and the subsequent return of the stray property. As it was known that this dear bundle of charms (dear, dear Mr. L.) was going home, the ladies determined upon making him a present. On behalf of three hundred lady guests Mrs. H., of New York, waited on Mr. L. asking his consent to the presentation, which was at once granted in that gallant way so peculiar to our departed friend. The presentation, therefore, of a beautiful bouquet-holder took place in the large salon of the hotel. Mr. L. appeared deeply touched and, on being called upon for a speech, found it impossible for some minutes to give utterance. It was a splendid sight to see your noble Canadian standing here in the centre of our grand room with six hundred bright orbs fastened upon him—with laudsome faces beaming sunshine upon his lips—and sparing the exalted feelings which steamed from every endearing word he uttered. Mr. L. said, in acknowledging the complaint, that he had bathed in the dew from the lips of Ireland's fairest daughters, he had basked in the sunshine of Scotland's best wives, he had won the hearts of all Killarney, had feasted with Lords and danced with some of the loveliest daughters of noble England, but he desired to state, and he begged the three hundred fair women of America to believe him when he asserted it, that never—in all his various sojournings—had he felt such a magnificent stream of delight and happiness permeate his entire self as when out in the grand waters of Long Branch, surrounded by the bewitching persons (dressed in their red, blue and yellow flannel) of the wives and daughters of the United States. He sometimes thought that the billows of the Atlantic, in which he bathed, were scented with Jockey club and Lubin, and strewed with rose-leaves. Hardly a lady in the intoxicat-