

THE GRUMBLER.

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WHOLE NO. 70.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your cast
I rede you teel it;
A chief's among you taking notice,
And, faith, he'll prent it."

SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1859.

THE EFFECTS OF THE HOT WEATHER.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

According to instructions from the head-quarters of wit and humor, No. 21 Masonic Hall, your correspondent proceeded to make such inquiries as would best enable him to judge of the effects of the heat upon the loyal subjects of the GRUMBLER in Toronto and in the world generally.

At an early hour on Wednesday morning I started on my tour of inquiry, having first, however, taken the precaution to fill my pockets with ice, and also to place a cake of ice in my hat,—expedients which are excellent preventatives against the heat, while they last, but which I do not think are all that they are cracked up to be; since ice has an awkward habit of melting in the sun, and the consequent warm bath is not the coolest thing in the world when the glass is ninety-seven in the shade. However, I am disagreeing.

Determined to see things as they really exist in the bosoms of families on a hot day, I made an unexpected call on my friend Mrs. Verygood, a charming old lady with six charming daughters. Having bribed the servant, I was ushered into the drawing-room unannounced, where I had learned the family were assembled. I regret I cannot give a minute description of what I saw; but, as well as I can now recollect, the mamma and her fair daughters were disposed in the most unstudied carelessness and the coolest *dishabille* imaginable around the room—some on chairs, others on sofas, and many on the carpet. As soon as I entered they all started, up and rushed hither and thither in such confusion, that I was forced to leave abruptly as I entered, which was to be regretted, as I had many questions to ask which I am sure would have elicited much useful information.

Being somewhat heated by this adventure, I wended my way to Tilly's and indulged in an ice-cream. While there I learned that during the prevalence of the hot weather 50,000 ice-creams had been daily consumed in our city, 45,000 plates of strawberries and cream, and about 250,000 sodawaters. Later in the day I made some inquiries as to the number of brandy smashes, sherry cobbleries, mint juleps, slings, cocktails, groaned lightnings, and other cooling summer drinks consumed here per diem. Of mint juleps 114,000 have daily disappeared; of brandy smashes the number has not

yet been ascertained, but it is enormous. Of the other beverages the consumption has been proportionately large,—that is, about sixteen horns a day to every man, woman and child in the city and neighborhood. Lemonades are in great request, and it is thought that if all the lemons used here within the past few days were laid in a straight line they would go twice round the island.

The making of these enquiries occupied me the greater part of the day, but I managed also to pick up the following items:—

Since the beginning of the post-week 136 servants have been worried to death by carrying glasses of ice-water to their mistresses.

200 mistresses have made up their minds to discharge their servants as soon as the weather moderates.

368 young gentlemen have slept on the roofs of their respective abodes.

275 husbands have quarrelled with their wives.

498 wives have quarrelled with their husbands.

600 young ladies have declared in the presence of gentlemen that they felt as if they could faint.

400 young ladies have pretended to faint.

2 young ladies fainted in reality.

5000 gentlemen made up their minds that it was highly dangerous to drink cold water in hot weather without qualifying it.

4,998 gentlemen arrived at the conclusion that brandy was not such a bad thing as a qualifier.

400 children have eaten too much fruit, and have been sick.

100 nurses have declared that children are very aggravating for getting sick.

500 young gentlemen have declared it too hot to sleep, and have consequently walked about the streets all night.

400 law-students have voted law a bore.

600 young ladies have imagined that they have fallen in love.

5 ladies have really fallen in love.

4,000 moonlight excursions and assignations have been planned.

100 have been carried out.

20,000 people have declared that the sermon last Sunday was the longest they ever heard.

40,000 people have declared that they cannot live if this hot weather lasts much longer.

0 person imagines that he would die if it were twice as hot.

10,000 have laid the blame of all their short-comings and misdeeds on the hot weather.

3 persons had their hearts melted and bestowed various odd coppers on the poor.

460 persons lost their temper and indulged in strong language, to the horror of their friends.

500,000 people remarked that Blondin will "cross the rope once too often."

30,000 strangers who went to see Blondin were swindled at the Falls.

300 young gentlemen have declared their wish to drive an ice-cart.

1 gentleman would do it if he had the chance. 20 creditors have found the climate too warm for them.

2 individuals declared that they have not found the weather hot as yet.

100 of their friends came to the conclusion that the aforesaid individuals were donkeys.

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

Once upon a time, and a very hard time it was, a whole people in a certain Paradise of a Colony, were wholly in the power of two giants, called Speculation and Adversity, who made terrible depredations among them, sparing neither rich nor poor, so that thousands of the colonists were reduced to a state of starvation, and thousands more stole away to another country, where matters looked much pleasanter. In the earlier stages of its history, the colony alluded to attained an uncommon prosperity, and that, too, in a manner the most surprising. Some pioneers penetrated its trackless woods, shouldering their pickaxes, and ever and anon one or other of the band laid himself aside quietly and carefully, for he had picked his way to fortune. Others there were who came along with spades, and out of the virgin earth they digged and delved fortunes also; for these were very fortunate times, and the land was very fertile and pleasant to live in. To enumerate a thousandth part of the queer ways in which strangers straggled into this Fortunate Colony is not our province. Suffice it to say that the majority of the people at present living there, began life in that extreme state of poverty, of which a church mouse is held to be the proper representative, and that before they became many years older, fortunes and competencies were as plentiful among them as blackberries.

Just at the period when this thriving Colony was toddling along the side walk to the highway of nations, it was pounced on by the giants aforementioned, and reduced to a wofully miserable condition. In this plight, its guardians deserted it to abuse and bound-down each other. They industriously circulated villainous reports of each other's character. Instead of rising to greatness and respect in the good old way, they exhausted themselves in trying to get rich by depreciating the reputation of others. Old calamities were brought up and ground new. When rogues fall out, however, honest men get their own. By and by, these guardians were set aside—the colony became great and flourishing—Members of Parliament became honest—Editors wrote no more dismal nonsense—Policemen were abolished—and the people generally were contented and happy.