

# THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

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## THE GRUMBLER

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## THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1864.

### Songs for the Sentimental.

Fair Daphne has tresses as bright as the hue  
That illumines the West when a summer day  
closes;  
Her eyes seem like Violets laden with dew,  
Her lips will compare with the sweetest of roses.  
By Daphne's decree I am doom'd to despair,  
Though oft-times I've prayed, the fair maid to  
revoke it,  
"No—Willie I love?"—(thus will Daphne declare  
"Put that in your pipe," if you will, sir, and  
smoke it!")

Once I thought that she loved me (O! fatal deceit)  
For she wore at the dance the gay wreath I had  
twined her;  
She smiled, when I swore, that I envied each sweet  
And vow'd that in love's rosy chains I would  
bind her,  
I press'd her soft hand and a blush dyed her cheek  
"Oh! there's love" I exclaim'd, "in that eye's  
liquid glancing"  
She spoke, and I think I can still hear her speak  
"You know about love what a pig knows of  
dancing."

### Rhapsody in a Rain Shower.

#### A FRAGMENT.

It is related of a worthy and venerable prelate, that upon the occasion of an unusually protracted drought, his chaplain suggested the propriety, nay, manifest duty, of offering up the prayers prescribed by the rubric "for rain," and it is further added that his Lordship, on consulting the calendar, said "it would not be efficacious to offer up such prayers until the change of the moon." Whether this anecdote was manufactured to illustrate the well-known sagacity and forethought of the above distinguished personage or

not, it boots little to enquire; suffice it that whether the calendar has lately been consulted or not, the universal prayers for rain during the summer were answered and the earth—thirsty old soul—has been drinking with avidity, and is not satisfied yet. By the way, did it ever occur to any of your readers what a determined teetotaler this planet of ours is, an unmitigated water drinker, a confirmed hydropath in every sense of the term; sooth to say the old fellow deserves an infinite deal of credit for his self-denial, considering the number of temptations every moment thrown in his way, by his ungrateful guest mankind! If liberally supplied with his favorite beverage, he as liberally gives from his well-stored granaries, but once defraud him of his predestined dews, and he withholds his increase and becomes a prey to the withering and scorching influence of his superior—the sun—which, in the absence of genial showers, literally burns him up in his fury. Methinks old Mundus was taught a good lesson at the time of the flood, it is therefore easy to account for his proclivities—what a thousand pities man will not follow the example. Between ourselves, don't you think it was very unbecoming—to say the least of it—of the old patriarch to get drunk on the strength of mooring his scow on terra firma once more, it can only be charitably accounted for from his being left so high and dry with *nare-a-rat* (*Ararat*) near him to welcome his return to earth. Though some teetotalers aver that he had no excuse, being so well supplied with water all around.

From the long continuance of the dry, sunny weather the unclouded sky became absolutely monotonous, and we hailed the advent of a murky atmosphere as a substantial enjoyment and genuine relief. In this happy mood we sit down and ruminate and write, in our study, no matter how brown or even black it may be.

To the Dundreary's of the passing hour—the ephemera of a summer's day, who flutter and bask in the sunshine only—all wet is distasteful (except heavy wet); but surely it must be a great blessing when even the phlegmatic, dull, stupid old cabbages seem to enjoy it so much; mark how they twist themselves into every conceivable shape and form reservoirs to catch the descending drops, and how tenaciously they hold them in their embrace until insatiable old Sol sips them up again, or earth claims his share. Methinks the race of melons and cucumbers must feel marvellously better now that they can indulge their long pent-up appetites, and, like so many vegetable sloths, lie sucking the delicious nectar through their long tortuous probosces.

See the contrast exhibited on the approach or during the presence of rain by another tribe in the

adjoining field, more demonstrative in their character than their lowlier neighbors, who show no signs of gratitude, the whole family of grasses, wheat, corn, barley, &c., bend their graceful forms in token of thankfulness, or, if under the impulse of the passing storm, toss the accumulating drops around them as though influenced by some sudden paroxysm of boisterous joy, like the fish that has escaped the angler's hook and revels once more untrammelled in his native stream.

While the rain-storm continues we are transported in imagination to a very different scene which is being enacted in the heart of the city. It is washing-day. The sky has grown ashy pale, in a south-westerly direction, overhead the clouds have assumed an ominous deep leaden hue, occasionally streaked with vivid lightning. Notwithstanding these portentous harbingers of a coming storm, Biddy, who has been anxiously looking for rain to fill her barrel with soft water for the last six weeks, and has come to an open rupture with the next door neighbor for monopolizing more than her share of the pump—persists in hanging up the clothes on the line. The last clothes-pin has been used to secure the last remaining unmentionable "dannel toy," Biddy smiles complacently from underneath the sun bonnet upon her finished day's work, and with all the native grace and modesty of her sex presses her crinoline in closer proximity to her continuations lest the truant wind, conscious of her charms, might inflate her to the dimensions of a small balloon and waft her upwards through the realms of space, or peradventure, discover to the keen mundane glance, rents in arrear or solutions of continuity that had escaped the sharp eye of the darning needle.

### FENIANS AGAIN!

#### More Pike-work.

Hardly have we recovered from the effects of the first out-burst of Fenianism in our City than we are startled afresh by another and more fiendish display of the rufianism and cut-throatism of these double-dyed traitors. Encouraged by the terminus of the "pike" affair, they again insult and outrage the feelings of loyal citizens, by stealthily, like midnight assassins breaking into a lodge-room and there committing acts at once despicable, traitorous and vile. Are the people—the sovereign people—of Toronto going to submit to those things tamely and without dissent, we hope not, we trust not. And it is ours, as should be the devout wish of every British heart that beats amongst us that the dastardly perpetrators of the outrage committed in the Orange Lodge room, may speedily be brought to justice, and receive that punishment—we hope at the rope's end they so richly merit—they so justly deserve.