

# THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 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 7th) 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 redo you tent it;  
A chiel's amang you taking notes,  
And, faith, he'll prout it!"

SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1864.

### CAUSE AND EFFECT.

(WRITTEN BY OUR "DEVIL," FEELING PORTACALLY  
INCLINED ON THE EVE OF THE QUEEN'S BIRTH-DAY.)

My head with ceaseless pain is torn,  
Fast flow the tear drops from my eye,  
I curse the day I'er was born,  
And wish to lay me down and die;  
Bursts from my heart the frequent sigh,  
It checks the utterance of my tongue.  
But why complain of silence? Why?  
When all I speak is rash and wrong.

The untasted cup before me lies,  
What care I for its sparkle now?  
Before me other objects rise,  
I know not why—I know not how;  
My weary limbs beneath me bow,  
All useless is my unstrung hand,  
Why does this weight o'ershade my brow?  
Why doth my every nerve expand?

Why rends my head with racking pain?  
Why through my heart do sorrows pass?  
Why flow my tears like scalding rain?  
Why look my eyes like molten brass?  
And why from yonder brimming glass  
Of wine, untasted have I sbrunk,  
'Cause I can't lift it—for ails,  
I'm so pre-pod-fer-ous-ly drunk.

— Alderman Baxter took an airing in his buggy on Friday afternoon. This worthy Alderman appeared to be in excellent condition.

## LADIES, ATTENTION!

The Grumbler being, by the special favour of the Indies, their true and trusty knight-errant, ever ready and anxious to throw down the "gauntlet" and do battle in their cause, begs most respectfully to tender "a bit of advice" to young ladies, setting forth how they may know whether a young gallant is really "courting" them, or only paying them "polite attentions." The confounding the one with the other, has been the source of much trouble, both before and since the era of Pickwick and Mrs. Bardell.

A young man admires a pretty girl, and must manifest it. He can't help doing so for the life of him. The young lady has a tender heart, reaching out like vine-tendrils for something to cling to. She sees the admiration; is flattered; begins soon to love; expects some tender avowal; and perhaps gets so far as to decide that she will choose "a white satin under thin gauze," etc. At that very moment the gallant that she loves is popping the question to another damsel ten miles off.

Now the difficulty lies in not precisely understanding the difference between "polite attentions" and the tender manifestations of love. Admiring a pretty girl, and wishing to make a wife of her, are not always the same thing; and, therefore, it is necessary that the damsel should be upon the alert to discover to which class the attentions paid her by handsome and fashionable young gentlemen belong.

First, then, if a young man greets you in a loud, free, and hearty tone; if he knows precisely where to put his hat or his hands; if he stares you straight in the eye, with his own wide open; if he turns his back to you to speak to another; if he tells you who made his coat; if he squeezes your hand; if he cats heartily in your presence; if he fails to talk very kindly to your mother; if, in short, he sneezes when you are singing, criticizes your curls, or fails to be foolish in fifty ways every hour, then, don't fall in love with him for the world! He only admires you, let him do or say what he will.

On the other hand, if he be merry with everybody else, but quiet with you; if he be anxious to see that your tea is sufficiently sweetened, and your dear person well wrapped up, when you go out into the cold; if he talks very loud, and never looks you steadily in the eye; if his cheeks are red, and his nose only blushes, it is enough. If he romps with your sister, sighs like a pair of old bellows, looks solemn when you are addressed by another gentleman, and, in fact, is the most still, awkward, stupid, yet anxious of all your male friends, you may "go ahead," and make the poor fellow too happy for his skin to hold him!

Young ladies, keep your hearts in a case of good leather, or some other tough substance, until the "right one" is found, beyond doubt; after which, you can go on, and love, and "court," and be married and happy, without the least bit of trouble.

## LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. EDITOR.—Will you kindly, through your valuable paper, allow me to make a few remarks on the events of the present day? In the first place, I neither wish to vindicate the small boy, of whom I am going to speak, nor do I mean to condemn Captain Prince, our great and illustrious Peeler, who authorizes all the improvements, for which we must, if possible, be grateful, if even though it be for the loss of our favourite dog; and while on that subject, let me explain the true reason of this present great canine sacrifice. It does not quite originate from a disinterested inclination to benefit his country; but because the Captain and all his family have a natural fear of dogs. I do not say this without having had ocular demonstration of the fact—they would walk miles rather than come across one—nor do I mean to question the courage of the Captain, or any one of his family. They will make friends with, and, indeed, *mirabile dictu*, can admire a dog, if its owner is by, or if they have met the animal in its youth. You can now understand how it is the policeman's dogs can go about unmolested and unmuzzled; or, perhaps, he wisely considers that if it were necessary to muzzle his dogs, it would be necessary to take a similar precaution with himself, as he, notwithstanding his being a policeman, is the greatest puppy in town. You must, however, Mr. Editor, allow that Captain Prince's courage is unquestionable (?) All must remember how it was displayed during the Crimean war, and the amount that was collected for the presentation of "the white feather."

And now as to the small boy. While walking quietly along the street, my attention was attracted by fearful screams, which I discovered issued from the throat of a small boy, who had fallen into the clutches of one of the gallant Captain's valuable corps. On enquiry, I learned that the child was arrested for swearing, and was, moreover liable to one month's imprisonment in the common jail. It might have been a benefit to the boy, although I rather doubt it. I admit his fault was inexcusable, being of an age to know better; I am confident he must have been between five and six years. My suggestion would be, however, that, "as example is better than precept," it would be well for ye illustrious police constable, Capt. Prince, to commit himself to Fort Allen for the space of one month at hard labour, as there is not one of the name who can say three words without an oath