

# THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1863.

(VOL. I.—NO. 38

## THE GRUMBLER

Is published every SATURDAY Morning, in time for the early Train. Copies may be had at all the News Depots. Subscription, \$1: Single copies, 3 cents.

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

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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.

## THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a your coats,  
I rode you sent it;  
A chiel's among you taking notes,  
And, faith, he'll greet it."

SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1863.

### JONAH.

Slept the dark waves as peacefully as sleeps a tired child;  
The moon a path of beauty flung o'er the waters wild;  
With silver tipped each tiny wave, that flood of argent light,  
What time the prophet guided him; for his unhalloed sight,  
The sea-bird stumbled on the oar, and all was hushed and still.

Save where the dark Bear mullinates the unaccomplished will,  
There toll the earthy mariners, and there, the gallant bark,  
Spreads her white wings, as for the light, o'er those waters dark;

Hoarse cries are heard, which yet the night gives in a softer key,

"Till the good ship, a thing of life, bounds o'er that trackless sea;

And, not till then—That messenger, in the embrace of night,  
Sought in Father's arms to drown the faithlessness of Flight,  
Flashed that path of silver light, across the waves no more,  
From the dim seaboard has sprung up a dark and sullen roar.  
The night hangs brooding o'er the waves, dark as a widow's veil,  
No breath of air from that dense void, ruffled the sluggish sail;

sulphurous and hot the night-air came, men scarcely seemed to breathe.

While from the curling waves came up that sharp and hissing hiss,

Which tells the watchful mariner far more than skies o'er-cast,

How from that quiet gloom shall spring the fiercest tempest blast,

So on this night—Rushed up the squall, and the wild sea awoke;

In one broad glare the Lightning played, and crashed the thunder-stroke;

The fierce gale bent the gallant mast, as bonds a boy the bow,  
The crests of heaving billows dashed over the deck as snow;

And through the roar of that wild night, the turmoil and the fear,

Still slept, as if regardless all, that unrepentant Bear—

Slept till the solemn lots were set, and his the dark one drawn,

And the fierce waves—that fated one—closed over at the dawn.

Then, as opposed, the wild waves sank—the tempest sobbed and fell,

As on the mother's bosom sinks the darling loved so well;

And the sweet sleep succeds to tears; silence to bitter cries;  
And wakes to Light, and life, and love, the child with tender eyes.

## THE POLITICAL JONAH.

AY course y've had that Jarrago Brown,  
Desired to be the Spaker?  
Bad when he come to Quaybeck town;  
Gorra! his chance was waker.

'Tis odd. A mighty civer man,  
Cannot more ary see;  
Divil a Presbiterian  
Can let the ould Pope be.

Yankoes, across Ontario's foam,  
May wish for to annex yes;  
But until Kinneda's at Rome,  
The Pope will never vox yes.

Bo Ogelay! Look at poor Jarrago,  
Long he's been gettin ready;  
And when he thought to make the charrage,  
He finds wor most oneaday.

Me splat in Frinch, and dancing stipe,  
All he could well afford;  
An siffer all these thral thrups,  
Got clane throwed overboard.

## THE GRUMBLER ABROAD.

### SECOND PAPER.

After worrying down our breakfast next morning, (the reader will please understand that there was no difficulty in disposing of the food when we had it fairly before us; the worry was in getting any put before us, as the hotel was full, and the colored gimmies in waiting seemed indisposed to put their shirt collars in danger of wilting from over exertion,) we were delighted at reading an announcement in the morning paper, "Col. Henry A. Morrow, of the 24th Regiment, will speak at Campus Martius this afternoon at 4 o'clock." Said we to ourselves, "we're bound to hear that speech."

At 2.30 we set out, determined to get every syllable from the Colonel's mouth that came out of it. Dropped in at a confectioners on the way for an ice cream; were much grieved at the sight of a one-armed warrior of some 18 years, who was also cooling his throat; couldn't help reflecting a little on the inconvenience of having only one arm to do your chores with, and also on the probability of a decrease in the population of the States if all her able-bodied men are maimed or killed in war. But presently, on noticing a little gallant of ten escort a damsel of eight into the saloon, and sip goodies *tele-a-tele* with her, with occasional glances and confidences that showed them to be old friends and fast lovers, our spirits rose again; and we presently left, concluding that a community when vows are plighted at ten, and sealed matrimonially at fifteen, need be in no fear of depopulation.

Having arrived at the Campus Martius, we had the pleasure of seeing the Colonel also arrive, though a quarter after his time. He lingered at entering, so that the crowd might show its good

breeding by cheering; but they abstained from showing it until the drummer gave a pretty strong hint on his parchment. At that, they lifted up their voices in a spasmodic, flatulent sort of a way; and then hastily subsided.

The meeting being organized by the appointment of a President, two Secretaries, and six Vice Presidents, the Colonel went in. After reminding the audience that less than a year since they had sent him with a regiment of Detroiters, the *creme de la creme* of the earth, (there was never made better men,) to the War, he declared himself prepared to account for their doings since; paid a tribute to the memory of those who had died or been slain in his hands; presumed that the audience didn't know what Pontoon bridges were, and told them; gave a general outline of the campaign on the Potomac, particularly of the battle of Gettysburg, which, owing to an unhappy concatenation of circumstances, he was compelled to witness: from a Church Steeple; and in a majestic outburst of heroism demanded to be allowed to bring back the remnant of his regiment (two hundred in number) to their native city, that their bodies might be refreshed, their souls revived, and their ranks refilled by their brethren; after which they and he would be ready and willing to leave their skeleton whitening on the ground, rather than yield to the insolent South. If ever Colonel Morrow's bones are left in the field of battle, we'll take it kindly if he send us word of the precise locality, as the sight would be interesting.

At Port Sarnia we noticed a trickling stream half a mile long of refuse oil from the refineries. It struck us that Dr. Ryerson would find a keg of it useful, when his pictures need repair, anyway, we throw out the hint.

A strange thing befell us at the same place. On leaving the Station, we travelled on far into the night, and again did some good travelling next morning; and yet found ourselves precisely where we had started from. Is anything wrong in the laying out of the country?

On reaching Guelph we noticed a perceptible lowering of the temperature, which a bystander informed us was owing to the stern gentility of the place. He also informed us that the trout of the neighborhood will not bite unless you have been regularly introduced to them. It struck us that the story smelt fishy.

On returning to our home, we found Mrs. G. and a cluster of lady friends weeping at a report that we had been drafted, and appointed Brigadier General in place of Butler. This is to let all know that we are no Brigadier General, but the Grumbler, yet! Let the virtuous rejoice; all other kinds beware; and weakling contemporaries keep out of the way!