

# THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

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## THE GRUMBLER

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

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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 furnished by all who desire our sheet.

## THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats,  
I redo you fast it;  
A child's anane you taking notes,  
And, faith, he'll prent it."

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1864.

AH! YES—AH! YES.

Ah! yes—for I remember well,  
'Twas in the summer-twilight hour  
Within a sweet secluded dell,  
Where scarce the sunbeams over fell;  
Although the cowslips felt their power,  
And every time there came a shower  
Perfumed it with a fragrant smell,  
And shook out all their loveliness,  
'Twas long ago—Ah! yes; Ah! yes.

'Twas close beside a silvery brook  
That sang its journey through the vale,  
Where willows in a golden stook,  
Enclosed her in a lovely nook;  
The while the amorous scented gale  
Crept softly through their trembling pale,  
And toyed with each dark shining tress,  
'Twas thro' we met—Ah! yes; Ah! yes.

A chaple of wild buds and leaves  
Clasped, is in love, her graceful head,  
Such as 'twas midnight fairy weaves,  
And in a dream of rapture leaves  
Upon some sleeping beauty's bed,  
That she, while her fair bosom heaves,  
May twine it with her snowy dress,  
'Twas thus she sat—Ah! yes; Ah! yes.

Her eyes from out the water came,  
Soon as my footsteps stirred the grass,  
Two won'trous orbs of mellow flame,  
With hidden depths that none may name,  
And power that would not let me pass,  
And I remained, alas! alas!  
And trembling there stood to confess  
How lost was I—Ah! yes; Ah! yes.

The words we spoke I cannot tell;  
But they were hurried, warm and wild,  
And as from both our lips they fell,

They round us wrought a fiercer spell,  
And all our being so beguiled  
That 'er the very passing child  
The frenzy of our love might guess,  
And frenzy 'twas—Ah! yes! Ah! yes!

The dream has long since passed away;  
And I am still beside that stream;  
But oh! how altered, old and grey,  
And oh! how dim the waters play,  
Because, because of that lost beam  
That touched them with a sunny gleam,  
When she had in her loveliness  
Breathed in my ear—Ah! yes; Ah! yes.

## THE GOVERNMENT.

Now that the Cabinet is complete with the exception of one seat, which doesn't amount to a row of pins anyway, we trust that the heads of departments will be on the *qui vive* and see that the Province is righted again after the upset given it by John Sandfield and some of his kidney. In this section of the country there are many grievances to be remedied, which require prompt treatment, and which will not bear holding over any longer. Where these ought out to be rectified let them be remedied at once; for to delay is to heap embarrassments unjustly upon the sufferers. In every case let us have right royal British fair-play. Let us have no one-sided private reports made sneakingly by the Clear Grits; but if a charge has been preferred against any man in this underhand manner, let him be furnished with a copy of it in plain black and white. There could be nothing so disgraceful on the part of any Government as to pronounce secretly upon any man without giving him an opportunity of defending himself or showing to the world, if placed in a position to do so, that his enemies were actuated by unworthy motives, and that they deserve the reprobation of every honest person. By Jove! fair play is a jewel, and we shall have it. The old Saxon blood is strong within us yet, and we shall submit no no secret inquisitions when any matter affecting the public is to be dealt with. Come, John A., come Mr. Galt, come Mr. Brown, besir yourselves and let justice be done although the heavens should fall. Show yourselves honest men, and the people of this Province will support and thank you.

## Model Sidewalk.

— We advise the authorities in the different towns in Canada to send deputations to ex-Councilman Conlin, who has just completed a model sidewalk on Adelaide street. It's really worth inspecting, and Mr. O.—who is the sole "architect" of it (as well as of his own solid fortune)—will be glad to furnish all necessary information.

## The Montreal "Telegraph."

This vituperate sheet has recently published a bitter paragraph in relation to the manner in which the excursionists to the Lower Provinces behaved themselves from the moment they left Portland until they reached St. John's. Now, our cotemporary ought not to be too exacting in connexion with this grand trip, for he must be aware that the incitement to excesses was very great, inasmuch as the guests of the Blue Nose—press and parliament—had the run of the kitchen without money and without price. It must have been no trifling affair to a poor, miserable, half-starved country editor, or a seedy city one, to have access at any hour of the day to a well furnished cellar and larder, where alone or in company he could gorge himself with beef and mutton, as well as facilitate a few hours repose through the instrumentality of some one of his favorite beverages. By Jove! great allowance should be made for the occupants of such a position, whether members of the fourth estate or representatives of the people. To be sure, in the long run our neighbors must have been sadly disgusted with such filthy gormandizing, but then what care gentleman? who are out on the booze for the opinion of a people who, after all, are partially foreigners. For so far, however, we are glad to learn that no deaths have taken place, although nearly the whole confraternity in question was, we hear, afflicted with *drop-sy*.

## Mr. Brown and the Provincial Secretary.

We are informed upon most excellent authority that the President of the Council and his *Fidus Achates* were recently at Ottawa in search of that philosopher's stone, the need of which is now felt so severely by the rejected of North Ontario. Their reception at the seat of Government, that is to be, was not, we understand, flattering in any degree. There were neither bands nor bunting—neither speeches nor champagne. All was as dull as ditch water; and Mr. Macdougall felt it keenly. From this it is obvious that his success in that quarter is more than doubtful; notwithstanding that Mr. Alonzo Wright turned out upon the occasion and paid to the distinguished visitors all the attention that could possibly be expected from one man. We fear Mr. Brown will have to drop his new and sudden love, and look in some other direction for a colleague to manage the Bureau that is now being hawked about from post to pillar. What a pity it is that Mr. Joseph Gould has retired from public life; although we question whether he would venture upon accepting the post now in the market, unless he could be furnished with some new patent pen warranted to spell correctly.