

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 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 1st) 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 coats,
I redo you tent it;
A chiel's amang you makin' me, me,
And, faith, he'll mend it."

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1864.

WAR.*

By the lone pathway of an ancient torrent,
Whose silvery soul had long since passed away,
A tired soldier caught a sight abhorrent,
That in a patch of misty moonlight lay.

'Twas where the great, red sledges of the thunder
Had fall'n upon the anvil of the rocks,
And split the mighty masses all in sunder,
And tumbled them about in frothing blocks.

Arrested there, his pulses wildly flying,
And every hair erect upon his head,
He saw a form before him calmly lying—
It was a woman's, who had long been dead.

Her eyes were gone, and round her skull was
braided

A line of loathsome worms as in a wreath;
While from her face the flesh had wholly faded,
And a toad croaked between her ghastly teeth.

A stain upon her bosom, dark and dusty,
Suffused the robe that wrapt her still around;
For passing through it jagged fierce and rusty,
A bayonet pinned her to the very ground.

And as he still seemed morbidly to linger,
Unable such a ghostly scene to pass,
His eye caught something, on her fleshless finger,
That glittered in the moon among the grass.

Slowly he bent, but now too late to save her,
When with a cry, that roared the silent night,
He seized the gem—it was the ring he gave her
Ere he had gone to mingle in the fight.

And now the bayonet, from her breast he tears it,
And her bleached corse, embracing e'er and o'er,
Of through the lonely midnight wild he hears it,
A hopeless maniac forever more.

*Founded on an incident connected with the present American conflict.

"ONE LITTLE CODFISH."

INTERESTING INCIDENT, AND IMPORTANT CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL, MR. BROWN AND THE "GRUMBLER."

Codfish stories are good at all times—good for a laugh, at least; but we have had a particularly rich one in store for our readers for a good while back. It has been well salted and pickled, and is, therefore, none the worse for its keep. We all remember well the stirring comparison which M.

Cartier made, one night in the House, of 500,000 codfish in the Basin of Gaspe being equal to the same number of Clear Grits in the wilds of Waterloo and Wellington and Grey. And we remember, quite as distinctly, the loud, thundering, devastating tones of the *Globe's* indignation at such an outrage upon Upper Canada, as was the comparison

of 500,000 stalwart Reformers to 500,000 miserable denizens of the waters of Gaspe. Yes, Mr. Brown was terribly savage. Had poor, little M. Cartier been then within reach of the great Grit Chieftain we fear the *Globe's* sanctum would have been converted into a slaughter-house, and the Ontario seen gobbling up—without season or salt—the audacious Frenchman. M. Cartier, however, was not, at all, put about by Mr. Brown's clamor and threatening; he, evidently, bided his time for quiet, pleasant, good-humored revenge. And he had it, just in that stately, clever, polite way to be expected from thorough gentlemen who would desire to pay a person off who was not a gentleman. Well, in short, Lord Monck, who has been most particularly active of late in quieting troubled waters, in mixing oil and waters, reconciled discordant enemies, and bringing together, in fondly grip, the long-separated rivals for Canadian championships—we see this high peace-maker brought two no less personages together than M. Cartier and Mr. Brown. Face to face at my Lord's dinner table, with their legs playing snake-fence under my Lord's rare mahogany, did these warriors meet; but the war notes had ceased, the hatchet had been buried, and the two gentlemen met there as cordial guests of my Lord's. However, notwithstanding that the constitutional difficulty had just been settled, there was 'one little matter of indebtedness for which M. Cartier had not received his compound interest; so he thought he would obtain it there and then, and have the old set of books closed up entirely. Our plucky Frenchman was not long at the table when he twigged some of the very same kind of fish which had formerly appeared so horrible in the eyes of Mr. Brown. M. Cartier watched his opportunity, and, when certain of being noticed by all at the table, rose to

his feet, took one of the fish upon a fork, and looking over at Mr. Brown said—

"Voulez-vous one petite codfish, Monsieur Brown, mon ami?"

Never did a practical joke take better, and the dishes on my Lord's table verily danced with the clatter made by the guests. As for Mr. Brown, it was perfectly plain he did not relish the proceeding at all, and was heard to mutter something about "party and personal feelings" being continually outraged for the sake of "country." Whether there was collusion between M. Cartier and Mr. Monck, to have the fish on the table, we cannot say; but we do know that the incident really occurred. Nevertheless, to make sure of the truthfulness of the story we addressed the following note to the Governor-General—

DOWNING STREET,

TORONTO, Aug. 8, 1864.

To LORD MONCK, Governor of Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, Red River, Newfoundland, Anticosti, British Columbia, and all the other countries included in John A. Macdonald's and George Brown's Confederation—

Will your Lordship be kind enough to please oblige the undersigned by letting him know whether it is or is not true that M. Cartier offered to help Mr. Brown to codfish at your table, and whether there was a prior arrangement between you and M. Cartier, that that gentleman should have the privilege of acting as he has said to have done, without incurring your great displeasure; and also, whether, on account of the affair, Mr. Brown would have resigned had it not been for your persuading him not so to do. It is necessary that Upper Canada should be in no doubt as to either the truthfulness or falsity of the statement. I have taken every pains here to find out all about it, but am not yet satisfied. I have consulted with such leading Conservative men in this city as Mr. O'Neill, Carlisle & McConkey, Biley & May, Capt. Dick, Alderman Baxter and others. All these give no opinion on the matter. So to you do I appeal. An early answer will oblige,

Yours,

Loyal as ever,

GRUMBLER.

On Thursday we received the following mysterious answer in French:—

Monsieur "Grumbler," Toronto:

Je n'ai parlez pas l'Anglais. Voyez Monsieur Cartier.

(Signed)

GOVERNOR.

Determined to get some answer of satisfaction—a little displeased to find that we can only do business at the vice-regal residence in a foreign tongue—and not able to "see Monsieur Cartier," as