

# THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

TORONTO, SATURDAY MARCH 12, 1864.

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## THE GRUMBLER

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Persons enclosing their cards and St will be favored with a special notice.

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## THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1864.

### A NEW SONG TO AN OLD LILT.

BY A HAMILTON BARD.

Maenab Street Kirk has noo gane geit,  
Whose members a' are wranglin,  
Would fain extend her priestly pow'r,  
Weo Colin Reid she's quarriin.

In days lang syne, when parsons preach'd  
The truths contain'd in Scripiter,  
Poor sinners a' were welcom'd then  
To hear, wi' godly rapter.

Maenab Street folks, wee itchin ears,  
Maun hae new-fangled notions;  
The guid auld doctrine's far too weak  
For Millenner'an potions.

The Parson Inglish glibly drops,  
Wi' handy imitation,  
For Brown's, Mackenzie's, Skinner's good,  
And Dewar's delectation.

The Police Kirk would happy be,  
If rid of Covenanters,  
Wha faces mak, and faithless talk  
Of doerines like to ranters.

The purpose is poor Reid to cast,  
As they shuff'd out poor "Doe,"  
For comments strange and statements rare,  
On Inglis cribbing gross.

A conclave met on third of May,  
To perfect the expulsion  
Of the poor sinner who had dar'd  
To call sic truth in question.

St. Crispin's star ascendant was I  
Most proudly ug'd Bob Hopkins,  
"Send for the Darbies!" "Bravo!" cried  
"Holy Donald" mannikins.

Young Morrison and Miller were  
Parties consenting all  
To this most wicked deacon's plot,  
With James Juched and Dingwall.

A Sabbath morn in June was set  
To prosecute the plan,  
A day by God with mercy fraught  
With blessings rich for man.

The coasts were clear'd, and feelers cast  
The lady of Auchinair,  
Who, in pretence of comfort's cause,  
Hoped "Colin was na' wair."

Hopkins, Dewar, and Inglis, too,  
Pray'd kindly Providence  
To further their nefarious scheme,  
And grant a gracious riddance.

The plans were laid, and Rice induc'd  
In David's place to stand;  
And Colin's pew, from end to end,  
Was full of Lamond's band.

A camp stool for a seat was brought,  
To place it in the aisle;  
But David and his deacons, too,  
Werè mad to show their bile.

With much ado they Colin seized,  
And roughly did him treat;  
They cast him forth right o'er the steps,  
And threw him in the street.

The poor man, with a broken back,  
Was caught up off the street  
By Belhouse, who, in English style,  
Did him most kindly treat.

Guid folks, scarce in pew and pulpit,  
Then listen tae oor tale,  
The unco guid in David's Kirk  
Are certain not to fail.

Poor sinners a' are under law,  
And nae more are explicit,  
To worship ye sic haughty men  
Frae toon and kintra picket.

Awee we talk that tells us a'  
That persecution's ow'r,  
Its nee far gane, the Police Kirk  
Out-Rome's the Jesuit's pow'r.

### OLD KING COLE.

A magnificent coal bed has been discovered in Minnesota. It is supposed to be the identical bed, on which old King Cole sat in state when he "called for his pipe, and called for his glass, and called for his fiddlers three." It is well known this jovial monarch emigrated on the declension of monarchy, (during the Protectorate of Cromwell) and most probably went to America in one of the Cunard Steamers, which were just then crossing the Atlantic, under the immediate superintendence of that gallant cavalier, Prince Rupert, and King Cole is supposed to have gone west; if so, the presence of his bed, after a lapse of two hundred years, is sufficiently accounted for. The seams are still in excellent condition, and, from the profusion of black diamonds, the whole affair is as splendid as unique.

### Corporation Blowers.

We fear we will have to devote a little more attention to the Corporation—they are beginning to be naughty boys again. We are getting back to the old days when we had the Purdy's, Ramsay's, and the Bugg's in the council. In our opinion the council chamber should be a place to transact the business of the city in a quiet and gentlemanly way, and not for the purpose of personal abuse. But we are free to confess our own hopes have been blasted during the last few Monday evenings—particularly last Monday night, when we had a disgraceful scene between Ald. Jarvis and Baxter—talking up the whole of the evening. If these gentlemen are desirous of getting up such scenes, they should select some place other than the council-chamber. Why not meet once a week in one of the taverns in St. George's or St. Patrick's Ward, get a number of the unwashed and go to work using the best style of Billings-gate. There is no doubt the audience would be edified and delighted. We throw like Baxter, and trust the hint thus thrown out will receive his distinguished consideration.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is no truth in the report that A. W. M. Smith is about to evacuate his seat for East Toronto, in favour of Mr. John Bell the would be Solicitor General West.

We believe Mr. McKeller has a few more poor relations who he wishes to provide for before he votes want of confidence in the present ministry.

You are correct, Mr. Mowatt did state at a public meeting in Whitby, that as a christian politician—he could not support or take office in any administration that would not make Rep. by Pop. a Cabinet Question.

We, like you, are waiting patiently for another of Mr. John McDonald's celebrated letters about this "unhappy and divided country."

We have not heard whether John Ritchey, Junr., or William Henderson have refunded amount they received to pay expenses of deputation to Quebec.

We fear their is no truth in the report that Com. Baxter is about starting to British Columbia to lecture on temperance.

We hear Mr. Morphy is in Quebec, looking after another commission, perhaps Mr. Grant's affairs at Osgoode Hall.

Ald. Jarvis receives no direct salary as chairman of the Wharves and Harbours Committee; but we suppose he manages in the same manner as Ald. Baxter on the Public Building Committee.