

M. Jeffrey Esq  
Richmond Th

# THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. 1.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1858.

NO. 32.

## THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in n' your coats  
I rede you tent it:  
A chief's among you taking notes,  
And, faith, he'll recit it."

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1858.

### ADDRESSES TO GENERAL WILLIAMS.

No sooner had the Committee of the Corporation met to draft an address to the illustrious defender of Kara, than a quarrel arose between Read and Brunel about politics; and so high raged the dispute that no address could be drafted, and the Committee in despair applied to outsiders for aid. The address adopted was the work of a carter, but as many of the rejected were really good, we commend one or two to eternal fame by inserting them in our paper:

A worthy councilman, well known for officious zeal without knowledge, sent the following:—

#### ILLUSTROUS GENERAL,

Welcome to Toronto, grate caroh of Kyars. The Carparation of Taranto has got up a bust for you, consistin of Champagne and other eatables and with one voice boorah for your safe arrival betwixt us. The kownail makes no doubt that you will see the number of sidewauks and lamp-postes which has bin put up sene we come into auis. It woud be worth yer wile to go down to the Boad of Wuks office and see what we done.

We dessey they aint got no sich side wauks in Kyars were we understand they aint got nothin but small stones like petrified taters to wauk on, which shows wot it is to have no intiligent sity kownail. We have got about sicksty polissimen to catch therevs and one for letting them go, which is therefore called the cheef and his name is Sam, and he has a bull-dog. It must have been hard to sife with the Roosians who are Mohomidans and little better than infidels and you must be as hard wurked as a member of the Fire Water and Gass.

Welcome uno more to Toronto; if you can stay til Monday nite you can see the Kounsil, and here the grata guns as Purdy and Ardagh, Dun and Mudy, and sech like, wich will be worth wile. May glorey, like a big buffler skin, alays cover yer.

A native of the States writes as follows:—

#### GREAT WILLIAMS—

When Mister More-of-you off, or whatever his name was, sot down aginst Kara, be thought he was some, and was going to take it right away. But we seen that he wur't til the cheese and kep sereno till you'd lick'd him which you did and chav'd him up in right old style, like Hickory Jackson at Noo Orleans. We don't therefore stand in no chores with you, but welcome yer old head to our clearin'. One of the men on our line, he's a brakesman, says, he is like you because he's the "Hero of Cars," which may be amusing to you as a Yankee joke.

To conclude in the words of the poet of Squirchville:—

General Williams's some, my boys,  
He heked the Roostans handy,  
Almost as well as if he'd ben  
A Yankee doodle dandy.

Chorus—Yankee doodle doodle do,  
A heap of lickings yearly,  
Sith General Williams done at least,  
One jolly thrashing clearly.

That General Scott's a greater man  
Air a feel by no means wisty,  
Yet Kara was pretty slick w'll own,  
Next to Dueny Visty.

Chorus—Yankee Doodle, &c.

The demigod of seventy-six,  
Could lick great Benny partly,  
And chaw up Wellington to boot,  
They were so stout and hearty.

Chorus—Yankee doodle, &c.

And yet the Britishers are some  
At any other nation,  
And General Williams' prap could wop  
The rest of all creation.

Chorus—Yankee doodle, &c.

To Kara and Williams then we'll give  
A smail glorification,  
For at Nova Scotia he was reared,  
Furnisht the Yankee nation.

Chorus—Yankee doodle, &c.

The last we give is from an M.P.:

#### SIR WILLIAM WILLIAMS,—

DEAR SIR,—I blove your an M.P., wich induces me to address you as sich. We are very much congratulated to see you at the metropolis of Kanada, wich will give you an idee of the grate country you are in, in which I am a member of Parliament of. I suppose the Terks have no illitened assembly which shows the blessius of freedom and that sort of thing; how did they vote the supplies to carry on the campain when you were bard up? But I suppose they imitated the grab game wich we do in Kanada, and you had a good deal of corruption. Wnt a hard time you must have had pushing down the Rooshians off the rampers [ramparts?] with the points of your muskets, or shooten them down with your double barreld baynets. Almost as bad as speaking aginst time in the House, which is bad and corrupt, so Mister Brown ses and I think so to. God save the Queen, as they say on the Theoter bills.

P. S.—Get Head recald which is a tyrant and a corruptionist.

#### Immediate:

TO THOS. FRERGUSON, ESQ, M.P.

—"Can a duck swim?" If so, what would have come of your duck in the Elora Mill Pond? [A fortnight given to reply.]

A Marine Landeman.

—Why ought a well-known batter of this city to have acknowledged the toast to the navy at the banquet to General Williams? Because he was the only "old Salt" present.

### BEAUTIES OF THE BAR.

Some men, either through callousness or dense stupidity, are impervious to any amount of "snaubing," and we know of no better representative of that class than Mr. R. M. Allen, Barristor at Law. Ever since this person's advent at the Toronto Bar he has given unmistakable evidence of his identity with the "bore" tribe; not your good humoured, harmless fellow, but a stupidly disgusting animal fit for nothing but to be kicked out of the way with the slightest possible amount of ceremony. From the first Mr. Allen has enjoyed a sufficiently unenviable notoriety, and certainly his demeanour at the present Assizes is not calculated to ingratiate him with the public.

Two unfortunate men, visitors to the late Exhibition are charged with stealing two bagatelle balls. Common sense would seem to indicate the propriety of engaging one counsel for their joint defence, but they pursue a different plan, and secure the services respectively of Mr. James Boulton and Mr. R. M. Allen. Owing to the unseemly bickerings of these two Beauties of the Bar, and the attempt of each to convict the other prisoner, a verdict of "Guilty" is found against both. But the end is not yet. The same prisoners are some days afterwards jointly charged with stealing a coat. The same counsel appear for the defence, and a similar but more intensely disgusting scene is enacted between them; until at length weary of their violent altercations, Judge Hagerty administers a severe reproof. True to himself, however, Mr. R. M. Allen continues to play his part in an exhibition which might be deemed amusing, were it not for the solemnity of the occasion and the serious interests involved. There is a point, however, beyond which even R. M. Allen cannot be allowed to outrage the feelings of the public, and he reached that point during the cross examination of a witness by invoking repeatedly, in a fearfully blasphemous manner, the name of the Almighty. Did R. M. Allen relish the storm of hisses which greeted him from the public, and the peremptory order of Judge Hagerty to sit down? Is he satisfied with himself? Has he reached the climax of insolent disregard of all propriety? Perhaps we are too harsh with him; it may be more correct, as well as more charitable, to look upon him as the victim of a disordered brain, and consequently an irresponsible agent; but in that case the sooner a place is found for him in the Asylum the better.

#### Important to the Speaker.

—Mr. Christie begs of THE GRUMBLER to inform Mr. Speaker Smith, that the speech in process of hatching through last Session, has just chipt the shell, and will make itself heard when Parliament meets. The egg wasn't addled at all. Offspring and parent doing as well as can be expected.