

# THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1863.

(VOL. I.—NO. 30)

## 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.

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

Correspondents will bear in mind that their letters must be prepaid, that communications intended for insertion should be written, and only written on one side of the paper. Subscribers must not register their letters; for obvious reasons it is exceedingly inconvenient to us.

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 redo you tent it;  
A chief's among you taking notes,  
And, faith, he'll print it."

SATURDAY, JUNE 27 1863.

### Ballad of the Two Syr Johnnes.

It is Syr Johnne of Wellington,  
Ye valiant dry-godes knight;  
Has laid his clothyard baton downe,  
And girded him for fight.

"Now rouse thee, Syr Johnne Robinsonne,"  
"Cry up thy kith and clanne;  
"See from the town comes thundering downe,  
"Ye valiente drygodes manne."

Shimmer of steel, and smelle of meal,  
Telle of a northern foe;  
"Now rouse thee Syr John Robinsonne;  
"Sith thou wilt come to woe——"

Syr Johnne has roused him uppe, and called;  
"Seud Mulvey straight to mee,  
"A better squire none wold desire  
"In this extremittee."

No squire came to his lorde's desire,  
Backe, backe, the menials ranne;  
"Sir knight," they said, "Mulvey is dedde,  
"Or—with the drygodes manne."

"Now, arm me, varlets," quoth ye knight;  
"Fast rivet every guard;  
"For in this field, I'll shake the shield,  
"They call Saint Patrick's Ward."

Forth went the knight, his armour dighte;  
Two courses fiercely ranne,  
But from the selle, starke dedde he fell;  
Slaine by the drygodes manne.

Then o'er his corse, touched with remorse,  
Thus said the victor knight,  
"He'd ne'er been slaine, and he had tacc,  
"Saint Patrick's Ward arighte."

## ELECTION SCENE.

C. C. COMMITTEE ROOMS, TORONTO JUNE 19, 1863.

Chairman and Committee assembled.

Chairman (grizzled and Scotch) rises and addresses the meeting;—

Gentlemen, we haec meetit here the day for an extraordinary purpose. Noo, gentlemen, is the xara time to show the hail country that Scotchmen sticks shoulther to shoulther, we have met here I say, to show the proud Englishier, and the be-nighted Irishier, that Scotchmen is puttit forward by a maist gracious Providens, to tak this pair deestackit country in hand. Oh mon! I wad say gentlemen, when ane conseders the awfu waste that gaes on, frae ane yeare end to tither; the millions of bushels o grain manufactured into whiskey; (o' which nae drap ever gangs doon my thrapple) while nitreal is scarcely kenned, and parritch altogether neglectit; when we see siccan things as these, and when we see even the bread grippit awa' by they, wha sits under the shade of the Mither o' Hairlots, frae the maist honestest Tradesman; (but I winna speak o' that for ye maybe wad say I was praising mysel). "Cries of no! no!" "well said," "Honest John" "Weel, weel, gentlemen, since ye haec een broachit the subject, I will na stick to say that a thee griddle cakes, I wad say loaves, was maist unjustly seizit by the followers of the woman in scarlet. If loaves is forgettit thretty or forty hours—But wha's this? Mr. Smith? My gracious, how's a the day wi ye, Mr. Smith? gentlemen, three cheers for Mr. Smith, the People's Candidate." (Committee cheer lustily, honest John leading.)

Honest John.—How's a the day wi you, Mr. Smith?

Mr. Smith.—Brawly, brawly, Jock, how's a we ye gentlemen? I come up honest Jock, as we purtly agreed on down bye, you nicht, to try how I could innange in the speakin department. Ye see gentlemen, my hairnin was much neglectit, for my nuld father had enough to do to find seventeen of us in parritch, let alane schule lair—sae I thoct, and honest Jock here thoct, that I wadna speak to a crowdit assemblage till I tried my eloquensh on a few half drucken blinguards, wha wad cheer a' ye say sae long as ye keeppit the whiskey ganging; Jock! I haec ye gotten 'em a ready?

Honest John.—"A' ready, Mr. Smith, there's about thretty or mair of 'em, they haec drinkit sax gallons the noo, and wad haec been too drucken to cheer, but I stoppit the leequor, sae just gang forrit and open the light, and mak your speech; haed well to the English: pit yer address intill 'em, mon? (Mr. Smith steps forward and opens the window).

Scene.—A back yard with the free and indepen-

dent Electors in readiness.—Honest John, "Cheer Boys, Cheer, here's yer ain man, (hooray for Smith, hooray, hooray, Smith for ever, &c.) Honest John continues, "He's yer ain man; nae o' your gentlemen, naething o' the gentleman about him, I'm proud to say; wha has nae thoct for the struggling purt body, and wha disna ken, and dinna care, whot the purt man wants;" Irish Elector, "I want tin dollars, the divil a rap less; Didn't Crawford?"—Assemblage generally: "Shut up your head, Tim, all in good time, Mr. Smith's a gentleman." Honest John resumes: "Wha disna ken I say, what the purt man wants;" English Elector: "I want two pound, Queen Vic's heads, mind, or I'm not going to vote for any d—d Scotch;"—General assemblage: "Shut your mouth, silence, go on John;" Honest John continues: "I was sayin when ye puttin me out, wha disna ken what the purt man wants;" Scotch Elector partly drunk: "Bide a wee, bide a wee, Johnny; brawly I ken what I want; ye see Jock, I rentit a bit place for two dollars and a-half, and I'm maist twal dollars wrang, and ——" Honest John retires in despair and brings forward Mr. Smith. Cries of "order, order, silence, silence; three cheers for Mr. Smith, Hurray for the man o' the people, go it Smith, give it mouth, you'll do, d——n your education?"

Mr. Smith.—"Gentlemen.—Free and Independent Electors of the Eastern Division of Toronto. Gentlemen, I appear before you,"—Irish Elector, "Sure there he's right, he's at the windy." Cries of "order, silence;" (Orator continues, "Unaccustomed to specifying, but this I must say, as will be found per address, that I shall emulate and strive to have the Government in Toronto right off, or leastwise till the Public Houses in Ottawa; I should say Public Buildings, are finished." Coloured Elector, *sotto voce*, "Pubberlick Houses? My golly, what dat?" "For I don't think, or consider, though in course every one have his own opinions, and some likes apples, and some inions." (Great laughter, and "Brayvo Smith, you writes for the GRUMBLER,") "That Quebec is, as a body may say, exactly the thing for Upper Canada." Loud Cheers.

"I think that all Bankrupt Estates should be give up right off; and when the bankrupt has surrendered he should be showed quarter, as per last address; and obligated to begin the battle of life as good as new"—Brayvo Smith. "I shall put forward all as lies in my power for a renewal of the American Atrocity Act, which expires next year." I am opposed to the Intercolonial Railway, for burdens should not be throwed on the country which are embarrassing—"Well done Smith". The Locks on the St. Lawrence Canals should be both enlarged, and oiled if necessary, and with Rock Oil at 40 cents per gallon; the country will have no