

# THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. 2.—NO. 29.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1859.

WHOLE NO. 81.

## THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats  
I rede you tent it;  
A chieftain's among you taking notice,  
And, faith, he'll mend it."

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1859.

### THE GRIT GATHERING.

#### *Full particulars of the Dark Lantern Conspiracy.*

The mystery which the *Globe* has attempted to throw over the recent grit meeting or council of war at the Rossin House has not deluded us. Every word spoken, every cigar smoked, every glass of whiskey drunk was known to us before the meeting was brought to a close. After several ineffectual attempts to bribe Mr. Joslin to secrete us in the apartment, we smuggled ourselves beneath the coat-tails of the Hon. Mr. Cameron, and slipped quietly under the sofa. The *Colonist's* reporter tried to use a similar dodge, but was ignominiously ejected at the point of the boot. But to our story. The room was very gloomy, but by the aid of some sulphureous mixture which was burning in an iron basin on the table, we recognized most of the party. High on a throne of royal state, the Grit chieftain was seated, his head was girt with a wreath of Scotch thistles; before him were three or four pairs of Colt's revolvers, and in his hand a steaming glass of hot Scotch. Around him we perceived Foley with his eyes shut and arms folded, nodding wisdom from the land of dreams. Malcolm Cameron was smuggling a bottle of beer into his coat pocket with one hand and using the other to enforce the Maine Law upon Dr. Connor whose coat button was considerably jerked in the process. After sometime spent in desultory conversation, Mr. Brown called for the opening chorus which came rolling out of the crowd in good style.

Mr. Mowat took the soprano, M. Cameron did the counter-tenor, and Mr. McDougall the tenor, whilst Foley and Connor growled out the most lugubrious bass.

This done, the Chairman called on Cameron for a song. After blushing and pouring a little he sang the following words to the air of "Buy a Broom!"—

From the Mod'rates, I come, not for principle caring,  
To the strong Gritish Camp to hobnob with George Brown;  
Then hear me, good masters, idlyly swoosing  
To Geordie, and buy me, ah! I buy up the coon  
Buy a coon? buy a coon? (spoken) buy a coon?  
I'll be faithful to Geordie, so please buy the coon.

To demolish that spider John A., I'm your man, sir,  
I'll expose the corruption I've basked in so long;  
I'll puzzle with questions they never can answer  
For in the Grit cause, George, I'm in hot and strong.  
Buy a coon? Buy a coon? (spoken) buy a coon?  
I'll fight like a dragon, so pray buy the coon.

As winter sets in, we must have agitation  
And who is so good for the stump as poor me,  
I can talk to the ladies and tickle the babies  
And wheedle the farmers as nice as can be.  
Buy a coon? buy a coon? (spoken) buy a coon?

A slight bit of cheering followed this song, and the bargain was at once struck, and the coon was bought, and shall we add, considerably sold, too? After some fussing the hon' gentleman consented to waive his Maine Law principles for a night, and pledge his new comrades in a brandy smash.

The Chairman then appealed to the meeting to go to business, and even volunteered to write out a constitution on the spot; Foley, however, expressed sundry bad wishes in reference to constitutions which, if printed, might offend "ears polite." So an amendment was carried to call a convention, and pitch the burden on their shoulders. The next topic of discussion was whiskey, which was so warmly debated, that all the caucus spoke at once, and great confusion ensued; Babel was not a circumstance to it.

Mr. Brown, to stop this chaotic state of things, volunteered to sing a song which he had himself composed:—

When the hopes of the Clear Grits were knocked on the head  
By the shuffles and tricks of John A.,  
When the hopes of their cash, sirs, and offices fat,  
Kept our bravo opposition at bay.  
In that horrible mess, when the *Globe* bellowed out  
Its heaviest thunders in vain,  
In the front of the battle, courageous and stout,  
I fought and I'll do it again.

The honourable gentleman was here interrupted by Foley, who said that the Chairman's singing was not worth a rap. Some discussion ensued about the merits of this objection, when some one proposed to send for the operatic critic of the *Leader*, to decide the question, but Gould put a veto on that, on the ground that "he wouldn't have nothing to do with no man what wouldn't talk plain English and not jabber Italian and other dead languages." This led to an animated discussion on philology, which was only ended by the freaks of one whiskey laden individual who knocked the Chairman's thistle crown down on his head, dyed Connor's hair with ashes from his pipe, and poured the contents of the whiskey bottle into McDougall's hat. After some time he was pacified and induced to sing a song, which he plentifully interlarded with hic-coughs and other kindred interpolations:

The man bowed down by weight of beer,  
To lamp-posts oft will cling;  
To gin and whiskey then he'll steer,  
'That only grief can bring.  
For those exciting drinks will bend  
With beer, and he'll be thrown,  
A constable 's the only friend  
He then can call his own.

The hicoughing and accompanying gestures here became so violent that several waiters were summoned and the unhappy but all too jolly gent was

removed to an adjacent dormitory, Dr. Connor here volunteered to sing God Save the Queen, which he managed to do by singing the words to the Old Hundredth. The chairman in the meantime had completed a glowing report for the *Globe*, and then declared the meeting dissolved. The last we saw of the company was a fiery Highlander trying to get the poker to dance a Highland-fling round the glasses on the table.

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