

# THE GRUMBLER.

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NO. 24.

## THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1858.

### DIARY OF A POLL RANGER.

For the first time in our lives, we have taken an interest in the City Election. Having expressed a desire to see the fun, we were accommodated by Sheriff Jarvis with a seat in his carriage. Although we had desired to preserve a street macgaito, we were greeted by the Dogans of St. Patrick's Ward, who gave three enthusiastic cheers for the GRUMBLER. The Sheriff presently observed a large barrel of whiskey standing amidst the crowd. Immediately with that promptitude, for which he is so remarkable, he lifted the contraband article into his carriage. The said article was a great nuisance to us throughout our rounds, and not only for the moment, for our wife, Mrs. G., said when we came home that we decidedly smelt of whiskey. Entering the poll-booth, we found the utmost disorder prevailing. Landlords swearing their own tenants, and tenants swearing their landlords; father and son swearing each other; and everybody around doing a good deal of swearing and cursing on his own account. A number of excited Dogans were hurrahing for the people's man, though they didn't allege any plausible reason for his being the people's man, rather than anybody else's. Some yelled "Cameron and Protection," but Cameron gave them no protection just then, for some of them got their heads punched severely. The expectant crowd expected us to vote, but as soon as we declared ourselves neutral, raised a hideous howl, which so frightened the horses, that they dashed down Queen Street and only stopped, panting and foaming, at the poll-booth of St. David's Ward. Here we saw a combat between F. W. Cumberland and Gordon Brown, whose buggies became dead locked together. The bravo Frederick struck Gordon on the head with a heavy cane, and brought him down on one knee; but Gordon retorted with the butt end of a loaded whip, which laid the architect beneath the feet of his own horses. Gordon was immediately taken to goal by W. L. Allen, but was, we understand, finally restored to cheerfulness when provided with writing materials, by the aid of which, he composed an editorial on "Orange Rufianism" for Saturday's *Globe*. Just as the wretched Gordon was being conveyed to the jug, a number of rowdies seized on our whiskey barrel, which however, they found nearly empty, as the barrel was not of the soundest construction in the world, and the sheriff moreover, perspired considerably

through the head, and had been considerably reduced. We gave up this point, and dashed on towards St. John's Ward, where we found the coloured population in a state of tremendous excitement. They advanced towards our vehicle, and threatened to tear us from limb to limb if we did not treat all round. We reluctantly consented, with a sigh for our lost whiskey barrel, and stood whiskey-keys. Just then, Mr. Cameron drove up, and being called on for a speech, said,—“Cullud aw Electaws, very trous it is that you aw cullud men, but you aint Brown niggaws, but you aw Owango cullud.” Hereupon the crowd very justly pelted the Orange candidate till he dispersed himself to a little distance. At this juncture Mr. Brown arrived, and placing his thumb against his nose made a very contemptuous grimace at Mr. Cameron, who jumped out of his gig and gave chase. Long George rushed down the street with Cameron at his heels. George was gaining fast on his pursuer, when Capting Moodie sneaked out from behind the corner and crouched down in his way with an intent to hit him. The “Grit” saw the trick, and jumped right upon Moodie's back, crushing him to the earth, leaving him as a stumbling-block in the way of Cameron who fell over him and blooded his nose. Now had we re-entered our vehicle with the intention of driving away peaceably, but the hand of retributive justice was upon the electors of St. John's, and in its indiscriminate grasp it crushed many innocents. The trampling of steeds, the clash of sabres, and the hoarse word of military command were heard amid the shrieks of men, women and children, and Goodwin rode past at the head of the Yorkshire cavalry. Stunned and frightened, we arose, left my friend, the Sheriff, for dead, and went home to Mrs. G. who applied vinegar and brown paper to our temples, and wept over us till we fell asleep.

### The Great Navigator.

—Why was Captain Bob Moodie a greater navigator than Sir John Franklin?

Because Sir John only went to the North Pole, whilst yesterday Bob travelled from Poll to Poll.

### Cameron's Jugernaut.

—From the bullying conduct of an aldermanic and governmental painter in the present election and its complete failure, we should say that if a candidate wishes to get off the track he has only to engage St. Andrews Car(r).

### To the Afflicted.

—Mr. Amos Wright, a retiring politician, “whose sands of life have near run out,” will, on application, be happy to confer on those who suffer from *hard times* the secret of making six dollars a day, without labour, on receipt of a single postage stamp, to pay the expense of franking a reply.

### MICHAEL MULDOWDEY TO BARNEY.

Oh I Barney, ma boukitt, sure things now don't look ill,  
Indeed they're enought for a good spree;  
Aint there meetings each night, and sometimes we've a fight,  
Besides the election this week is to be.

There's Cameron and Brown, the great lamps of the town,  
Illuminate our ignorance almost every night,  
And smaller wax tapers likewise cut up capers,  
And outblazon themselves in ridiculous light.

There's a Cumberland and the Mason, ho talks of displacit'  
And squealint the voters of Brown from the Poll;  
And Conlin and Carr both swear that they are  
The Papists and Orangemen sure to control.

John Brady, tho' "Dogan," and Shairidon Hegan,  
And the second edition of Falsin', George Platt,  
Who vainly beseechit' he's not made for speechin',  
Is dragged to the chair notwithstanding his fat.

Then to blow the Brown bugle there's member McDougall,  
Hugh Miller, oily gammon, and a great many more,  
Who aro nightily declaminin' 'gainst the Ministry's schumin',  
Until, be my faith, its become quite a bore.

And lemon John Stokes, retails ice cream jokes  
Of Captin' Bob Moodie being both bought and sold;  
Whilst to keep up the fire, Justice Neil McIntyre  
Blew a fable Brown blast at the *Globe*; I am told.

Of course Orangemen too, as they usually do,  
Omnibusses of themselves completely must make;  
The grand district bill will be issued in full,  
Vote Cameron ye devils, our color's at stake.

But Cameron or not, they may all go to pot,  
I'd vote for the devil or Ogie R. first;  
Shure the dirty spalpeens have closed all the shobbeens,  
And Barney, my honey, I'm dying of thirst.

### A Sensitive Plant

“The Brown's rowdies aforesaid, on passing our Office, on their way to the Grit quarters, gave three groans for the *Colonist*. We hope they felt relieved.”—*Colonist*.

Ye philosophical and poetical editor of ye *Colonist* notices an unsuccessful attempt on the part of some Brown rowdies to disturb his self-complacency. Gazing at a book-shelf on which were ranged the works of Ricardo and Mill, side by side with the “Whole Duty of Man” and Brougham's “Statesmen,” by the clear light of a gas-jet, burning at the rate of 8 cents per cubic foot, ye editor counteth ye groans given for ye beloved *Colonist*, sneereth sardonically, and penneth ye small paragraph which cutteth to ye quick ye atrocious rowdies on ye following morning.

### Giving way of the Globe Buildings.

—From the heavy state in which Mr. Brown's spirits have been for some time past, and the immense weight of responsibility at present resting upon his shoulders, Mr. Cumberland recommended Mr. B. to keep on the first floor of the *Globe* Office. Disregarding this friendly advice, he ascended to the second flat, yesterday: in a moment the walls began to crack under the weight, and several large rents, now plainly visible in the front, testify to the correctness of Mr. Cumberland's engineering abilities.