

# THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1863.

(VOL. I.—NO. 37)

## • THE GRUMBLER

Is published every SATURDAY MORNING, in time for the early train. Copies may be had at all the News Depots. Subscription, \$1: Single copies, 3 cents.

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## THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coat,  
I telt ye tent it;  
A chiel's aung ye taking notes,  
And, faith, he'll prove it."

SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1863.

### "VLACK'S" RETURN, or, The Virtue of Lager Beer

I treamed my tog was buck agin,  
Do Zunday was one week;  
I rose me up, and villed mine hips,  
And to mine vrow did speak.

"One gallous vetch of Lager Beer,  
Mein Got! I'll triak it down;  
And don go search for mine poor tog—  
All dro' this blessed town."

When mine vrow vetched the beer, I heard  
Der raddo of a dcbain;  
She hollero out, "Mein Lort!— Look here!  
Do Thy's coom pack agin."

Mine heart it clattered to mine mouth,  
Vor, lying at hins case—  
Was mine poor tog, a stretched out,  
A scratclen of hins vjase.

Mein Got! but I was happy den—  
Mine vrow she laughed and gried;  
Zed etc, "If he had not coom pack,  
Door Gretchen must have tiol!"

Oh, zwoet was dat goot lager beer,  
And zwoet do herrings small;  
Put dat the valthful tog was pack,  
Was pettermost of all.

Door Gretchen plessed do lager beer,  
Zed aie, "Ho lase hins way,  
And wo should never had him here,  
Mit us die plessed day.

Never no more would he gummed pack,  
But zuro so I to here,  
I do believe mine poor old Vlack,  
Smiled de goot Lager Beer.

### Cartier on the Spree,

The very sublime manner in which Cartier spoke about the Hamilton mountain is said to have been caused by his being slightly elevated. If so, it is a wonder that instead of breaking his fast, he did not break his neck.

## BILLS TO BE INTRODUCED.

*Mr. Howland.*—To remove obstructions to the navigation of the Humber.

*Mr. Brown.*—To authorise the use of Gaelic in the debates of the House.

*Mr. Smith.*—To deepen and widen the St. Lawrence Canals, and otherwise to throw Montreal in the shade.

*Mr. Mc Dougall.*—To prevent the sale or gift of whiskey on the Manitoulin Islands.

*Jno McDonald.*—To provide for the gradual extermination of French Canadians, Papists and other abominations.

*McKellar.*—To enable the Commander-in-chief to lend Abe Lincoln 12,000 of the active force of the Militia, to supply the place of Gen. Meade's army and destroy the slave power in the South.

*Cartier.*—To organize a fishery bureau to cure the Upper Canadian Cod-fish in general, and George Brown in particular.

*Scotte.*—To substitute the member for St. Hyacinth for the member for Hochelaga in the Government, and to constitute the former, standing Attorney General East.

*McGee.*—To provide for the infusion of some Tipperary blood in the Administration, by immigration or otherwise.

*McConkey.*—To make Orillia the Seat of Government, pending the completion of the Ottawa Buildings.

*Jackson.*—To purify election speakers from vulgarity and personalities.

*Cameron.*—To incorporate the R. Catholic hierarchy with the Grand Lodge of British North America, and make the Grand Master of the latter perpetual sovereign of the Scarlet over the combined body.

*Mowat.*—To civilize and settle Councilman Baxter, of Toronto; also to provide for his gradual reduction.

*Foley.*—To facilitate the banishment and extinction of the Scotch population of this Province; also to levy a tax on oatmeal.

## THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

"Mr. Buchanan," the *Spectator* says, "with princely liberality, gave him (Cartier) his breakfast." We should like to see the bill of fare of this "princely" breakfast. Ham and eggs with a cup of coffee only cost 25 cents on James Street; the price however, was probably higher on the mountain, where the hens have to get up earlier in the morning. We trust the princely Isaac did not forget *fricasseed* frogs, and some of the Gaspe cod-fish. In this unhappy city which has been given over to the Scotch, we could not afford to be so

princely. If he had stayed here long enough, however, there are plenty who would have given him his porridge.

### Monsieur Tric Trac's Fortune.

SCENE.—Study of the Hon. George Brown, he is discovered sitting at a table writing.

Enter SANDIE hastily, with a letter.

G. B.—"Hout fe, Sandie. Ye're no blate, to jump in and out, like a fleec in a blanket. Ye suld be' knockit mon."

Sandie.—"Ye tauld me I suld come ben if any ither body werena' wi' ye, and I gettit this bit letter frae the flesher."

G. B.—The flesher? I have nae bill wi' the auld fute; a' the sheep's heads ye payit for, and tha' trotters and baggis we consumit St. Andrew's day, he had the worth o' it, and mair, in advertisements."

Sandie.—"Sae I tauld him; I had a bit argement wi' the auld body about the sheeps head he sellit us afore the last aue. Says I, there's nae flesher in a' braid Scotland would hae chargit four cawpers for a sheep's head the flees had speitt in, may-be a day or two, or mair. There were hail heaps o' maiggots, says I. Yo' dinna doohorro my maister's custom, I wuss ye nae ill, but if ye mend na yere manners I doubt ye'll lose it; besides, says I, the cawper ye gied me back was na a gu'de aue."

G. B.—"Ye speakit richt Sandie, for aue; I wad liken ye to Balsam's ass, wna openit her mouth; but I wadna even mysel wi' the Pray-phet. Whateen said the auld fute when ye tauld him maybe we wad patroncezo some ither flesher?"

Sandie.—"Odd. He laught richt to my face. He's aue o' the Irishers and a Papeesh in the bargain, and says he in his Irish way o' talkin: 'Bad cess to the son of me mother, but I'll be bruck up entirely.' 'Conseeder my maister's poseition, says I. 'Consulther the Devil's tail,' says he; 'be gogstay,' says he, 'but it's tould agin me in the marraket, that I dhrove thrade in sheep's heads enthlyre.' Why the ould Englishman, above here, is botherin me; sez he, dinis, it's the cryin shame Nisther Brown doesn't be makin ye a Parleimat Mimber, sez he. Go to the Devil, sez I. I'm not jokin at all at all, sez he, Dinis, shure ye're sup-por'tin him wid sheep's heads at the prisint speakin, and 'twould be the calves head ye'd support him, wid down at Quaybec, if ye was a Mimber. It wouldn't be sich a mighty differ, Alannah! and he burrist out wid the laffin. I was maist, crasse wi' him. And he said something mair, I wad na' like to be tollin ye."

G. B.—"Spake oot, Sandie, spake oot, publeek men is publeek praperty. That's the aue weo