

# THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.]

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1863.

[VOL. I.—No. 6.]

## THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats,  
I rale you tent it;  
A chiel's auning you takin' potes,  
And, faith, he'll preat it."

SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1863.

Mr Edmund Head and the Greek Throne.

What silent still? and silent all  
Ah no!—the voices of the dead  
Sound like a distant torrent's fall  
And anew, Let one living Head  
But one arise." —Don Juan.

Illustrious Edmund, skilled in "shall and will,"  
A Grecian niche, perhaps, you yet may fill;  
Your friend, the GRUMBLER, with the world awaits  
The ultimate decision of the Fates.  
As wonders, people say, will never cease,  
Who knows but Edmund may be Head of Greece.  
Their omega and alpha then would be,  
In English characters, a K. C. B.

We can't conceive what palpable objection  
The four great Powers would have to your election.  
For surely one who's governed wild Canadians  
Could hold in check the grittiest Areadians.  
Who can deny that Canada's a school  
Where embryo kings might fit themselves to rule?  
Here, hydra-headed faction rears its crest,  
And "questions" agitate the public breast;  
Here, keen Ambition mounts the hobby horse,  
And gallops up and down the public course—  
Slides down competitors with savage glee,  
And o'er their prostrate forms relentlessly  
Speeds onward in pursuit of power and place,  
O'er leaping "plutocrats" in its headlong race.  
Ahead, her blood-hounds, Bigamy and Cant,  
(A well-matched couple) snuff, growl, and rant,  
And sleuth-hound editors make sumptuous meals  
Of nimble-footed rivals' calves and heels—  
All must confess that no one but a fool  
Could fail to learn in such a trying school.

When their advantages are better known,  
We'll have more graduates ready for a throne;  
If nations only send in their petitions,  
We'll spare them any of our politicians.  
Who knows, the dumb Egyptian sphinx  
May clear its pipes to welcome Francis Hincks.  
Perhaps some savage tribe across the sea  
May take a liking to our friend McGee;  
Or should the fierce Algerians need a Dey,  
They're very welcome to our sly John A.  
If, too, the sandalled Persians need a Khan,  
Why Foley, there, would be their very man.  
Mighty we could accommodate the Tartars  
With one on whom to hang their stars and garters.  
The success, if they have a vacant crown,  
May find an Emperor in George Drown.

We see you, Edmund (in imagination),  
Already ruler of the whole Greek nation,  
And fancy what a tyrant you would make.  
And how your subjects would (poor devils) shake;  
We see the Greek Clergy criss upon your knees,  
Their bowels troubled by your stern decrees.  
And vainly strive to make you understand  
That dark corruption permeates the land.  
Unlucky Head that never learnt to speak  
In good Romance, that is modern Greek.  
Alas I sit true, though on the softest down,  
Uneasy lies the Head that wears a crown.

## Speeches of the Defeated Candidates for the Mayoralty.

Messrs. Sherwood, Henderson and Boulton, have kindly furnished us with the speeches which they intended to deliver at the Hall on Wednesday night. Mr. Henderson's is as follows:—

Gentlemen—Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, on this auspicious occasion I feel proud to have the honor of saying to you, that I feel proud; yes, gentlemen, pread's the word. And gentlemen, I can confidently say, without fear of contradiction, that had I been the only candidate for your votes, yes votes is the word; I feel confident I say, that I would have been elected without opposition, in fact, I may say, without fear of contradiction, I would have been unanimously elected. As I said in the beginning, gentlemen, I am unaccustomed to public speaking, and consequently I will not detain you on this auspicious occasion, but give place to my friend Mr. Sherwood, who I am proud to say, is next to me on the list.

Mr. Sherwood said,

Gentlemen—You have been pleased to elect me to stay at home, and I bow with all due resignation to your choice; if you had elected me I would have raised the city to an elevation of prosperity and power never before dreamed of. But, gentlemen, as you couldn't see it in that light, I feel sorry for you; if you had elected me I would have raised the breed of bull-pups and game-cocks, so that you would be the admiration of all mankind. But gentlemen, as you couldn't see it in that light, I feel sorry for you. In conclusion I may say, that I congratulate myself at being relieved from the onerous duties of the Mayoralty, which it is well known I never desired. (Applause.)

Mr. Boulton:

Gentlemen—This is the proudest moment of my life, after a contest in which a corrupt Mayor and a still more extravagant Corporation have exerted all their energies, squandered all the city funds, with which they have purchased the assistance of all the powers of darkness, together with the support of all the low and mean of this city. I say, notwithstanding all these agencies which have been at work against me, I feel proud to say that there are only three candidates above me; yes, gentlemen, and had there not been a conspiracy to prevent my voters who live on the Island, (and it is well known the vast majority of them live there,) had not these, I say, been prevented from coming to my aid, by the Mayor and Corporation buying up all the boats

on Lake Ontario, (and to shew you their attachment to me, gentlemen, I have but to assure you that 2,000 started in a body to swim over, but when they came in reach of Yonge Street wharf they were so exhausted that they immediately turned round and swam back again,) I would have been elected by an overwhelming majority.

At this point the crowd became so moved by Mr. B.'s eloquence, and swaying to and fro Mr. B. was seen suddenly to rush from the platform as though flying from his creditors; the crowd were so pleased at Mr. B.'s agility that they requested him to do it again; Mr. B. refused, but the crowd would not be denied, and consequently Mr. B. was so moved by their entreaty that he performed the feat again. Again the crowd requested, again Mr. B. denied, again was he moved to compliance; this comedy was completed in 6 acts, when Mr. B. seeing that it was to prevent his speaking delivered himself to the following effect: Gentlemen, it is useless for you to fancy that you stifle freedom of speech, in my case at least, by the use of violence, for I can assure you that my name, my religion, my politics, and my motto especially when pursued by my creditors, has ever been *Bill Boulton*. After this grand performance Mr. B. made a strategic movement and was lost to sight and memory dear, and the meeting broke up in confusion.

## The Showman and his Bell.

—A Showman without his Bell is like a Jews harp without a tongue, and accordingly when the Showman who lately contested the Mayoralty went on his rounds he picked up a Bell in St. Andrew's Ward. But that Bell gave forth an uncertain sound, and told a tale far from flattering about the gyrations of the political mountebank who was soliciting the suffrages of the people. A word of advice to W. H. B.—The next time you take the stump, give Bills big and little a clear berth; they are apt to make too much noise with their tongues, and do certainly more harm than good.

## Slavery in Canada.

—Notwithstanding the *Globe's* declaration of universal freedom in Canada, we can assure the foreign public, that Irish Canadians can be bought in the streets of Toronto at the small sum of five cents a piece.

## Not True.

—That Bishop Lynch, at the late Concert and Ball in aid of the House of Providence, danced a polka and sung a comic song, for which he has been divorced from the Church—not to marry again.