

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

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THE CRUMBLER

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Correspondents will bear in mind that their letters must be pre-paid, 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 'n' your coats,
I rote you fent it;
A chiel's amang you t'king notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it."

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1864.

THE INCOME TAX.

Of borrowing we've had enough,
Debentures of the devil snacks,
The interest is so very tough,
That now we've got an Income Tax.

Tell us not, 'tis British style,
To bear it we must not relax,
John Bull he, is a staidy fyle,
And well can stand an Income Tax.

He's generous also, and would think—
It shame to lay upon the backs,
Of labouring men, ready to sink,
The burden of an Income Tax.

We're too well off, you tell us then,
We live upon the best of snacks,
And we've a right to vote like men,
For this we pay an Income Tax.

The hobby of each Alderman,
And all their tribe of hungry snacks,
Must summoned be, oh, you be ——!
A warrant; or the Income Tax.

Street lamps we have that give not light,
Hydrants that nought but water lack,
Improvements all, of wondrous might,
To swell our little Income Tax.

Some years ago, our streets were good,
E'er slippery Easton laid his tracks,
O'er chancery bills we now must brood,
And pay them with an Income Tax.

Our esplanade, so very gay,
—A mass of filth and chimney-stacks,—
For this choice pleasure we must pay,
Our three and nine and Income Tax.

Now spend-thrifts, lay upon your oars,
We've had enough of paddy wheecks,
Count up your cash, and all old scores,
And save us from the Income Tax.

THE "MORPHY" COMMISSION.

The Cobourg farce is about played out and Mr. Commissioner Morphy, and Shylock Burns, the "fledgling" of the law, appointed by John Sandfield to prosecute the case, and persecute Sheriff Fortune, have returned to Toronto, sadder, and let us hope wiser men. The Cobourgers are a spirited people, and have sent a deputation to Quebec to represent at headquarters the low drivilling, inhuman conduct of the employees of the government in this disgraceful affair, we hope they will meet with the satisfaction there, denied there by John S. & Co. That the Cobourgers may have been benefitted by the presence of the "couple of worthys" in the way of sundry sales of "cocktails" we are much inclined to credit, not only from the fact of the "strange conduct" of the aforesaid individuals, for we are all very well aware that the "Morphy's" have a natural and national wackness for the crathur" we are the more ready to take this generous view of the transaction. From the account we have received of the closing part of the fizzle, the "scene" in which the son of the land o' cakes, threw himself as the Yankees say, to use the words of the illustrious poet whose name this Haynau of the law bears:

He clench'd his pamphlets in his fist,
He quoted and he hinted,
Till in a declamation—mist
His argument he tint it.
He gasp'd for it, he gasp'd for it,
He fand it was awn man,
But what his common sense cam short
He eked it out wi law man.

The Press Gang and the good Shepherd.

At the Quebec Rouge dinner, Mr. Sheppard of the "Mercury" returned thanks for the Press, for doing so the "Montreal Herald" and the "Transcript" take him to task pretty severely and indignantly deny his right to represent the legitimate "Fourth Estate." Now with all deference to the Editors of the "Herald" and "Transcript" we think they are wrong here, a stout yeoman may worthily reply to the toast of the "cheese press," Madame Chemisette may reasonably make an eloquent oration, were the "clothes press," proposed at a public festival, and we see no earthly reason why a political renegade who sells his sword to the highest bidder, a very free lance of the 19th century, should not reply for that portion of the Press, which he in his own person most worthily represents, the Press gang.

Street Railway.

Now that this road has changed hands, we trust that some arrangement may be entered into with the new company so that our principle carriage drive and thoroughfare, King Street, may be made comfortable and convenient for the public. At present, owing to the interference of the rails laid down in the middle of the street, vehicles are all but shaken to pieces and their inmates occasionally dashed about in no very comfortable way. The large rail cars monopolise the whole way, and render anything like an afternoon pleasure drive all but totally out of the question. The Corporation should see to this, and so arrange matters, that the cars shall stop at the foot of Yonge street, at almost any cost.

High Art.

— The other day a Concert was given in the Music Hall, with the following selections:— two duets in English; five songs in Italian, Latin, French and German; one nute and piano piece; which the people could understand; four violin and piano pieces, which they couldn't. Is that the sort of performance to make the people of Toronto love music.

Will you buy a dog?

— This very insulting question is sometimes put to gentlemen of the military profession by naughtily little boys. Since the recovery of Capt. Prince's setter, the joy of the police has vented itself in the purchase of canine companions and every constable wants to buy one. The result is that instead of plaguing the soldiers the query now is: "Policeman, will you buy a small pup?" which is regarded by the men as a great compliment.

Vanitas Vanitatem.

— A rural correspondent says that the Paris *Follet* has a very suitable name for a journal of the fashions, for as a worried Benedict, he knows that his wife's bonnets, shawls, mantles, crinoline, &c., &c., have shown nothing but *Jolly* for the last ten years, and very expensive folly too.

A Joke from Sandfield.

— Following in Abe Lincoln's footsteps, Sandfield Macdonald grows jocular apnce. As his fortunes grow more desperate, like Mark Tapley, he contrives to get jolly under creditable circumstances. Referring to the South Leeds election, he observed to Mowat: "This affair of Richard's will play the *dick-ens* with us." Mowat put on his specs, but could not see the joke; perhaps, our readers can.