

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

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THE GRUMBLER

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All letters to be addressed "The Grumbler," P. O. Toronto, and not to any publisher or news-dealer in the city.

Persons wishing to subscribe to the Grumbler, will understand that from this date (May 1st) we only receive yearly subscriptions. The sum (\$1) is small, and can easily be forwarded by all who desire our sheet.

THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1864.

City Journals.

A REVIEW.

What paper so modest and mild of late,
Its "Leader" is wont to soundly verate,
With *artful* selections of choice Billingsgate?
The Globe.

What paper self placed in Judgment sits
To laud John A. and punish the Grits,
And "bully" the Globe or go into fits?
The Leader.

And which one reflects so vivid and true,
Its *own* defects and others too,
And wallops the *Freeman* black and blue?
The Mirror.

And which one with dignity gives and takes
And often the *Mirror* shatters and shakes,
And's death on "George" and the land 'o cakes?
The Freeman.

And which one, splenetic, splutters and raves
'Bout Penians, Grand Centres, and patriots graves
And to the *Watchman* "undacent" behaves?
The Irish Canadian.

And who 'neath a bushel doth keep his light,
And blackguards the *Freeman* from morning till
night,
And waxes so fierce, but wont show fight?
The Watchman.

Who's ready to take up *no matter what cause*,
Being a natural "Junius" and "larned" in the laws
Who publishes a list headed 01st clause?
The Court Circular.

Who watches them all great and small,
Nor cares a fig how loud they may bawl,
But grumbles and pleases them all?
The Grumbler.

The Tale of Mac Mur Rich, for Little Boys, in one Syllable.

There was once an old boy named Mac Mur Rich, an odd name you will say, but he was a Scotch boy, and the Scotch have odd names at times. His real name was, I think, only Mac Mur, which means "the son of Mur," and Mur is the Scotch for "old cock," so I think some one of his race lived to be old in years gone by. Well, this Mac Mur Rich, as he was called, was at a large school down East, where the boys were well fed, and had pie and so on, and he liked the school so much, as it was a fine thing for a boy to get there; but he was a rum old bloke, and he was very close with his tin, and could not bear to pay the fees which a boy had to pay some time for his place. Well, a fine, bold boy of the name of Mac Fur Son (he was Scotch too) said, "I shall have your place, Mac Mur Rich, if I can get it." "No," says Mac Mur Rich, "you won't." Well, they tried both of them to get it, and Mac Fur Son he went round to ask the boys' votes, and he was a fine smart boy, and the boys who had votes liked the look of him, and he got a great lot of votes; but when Mac Mur Rich went round to them they said, "shell out your cobs" which means pay so much, but he said, "Oh, dear me! that won't do," and they said, "Well, then, you won't go back to school." "I am a right good boy," says he, "can you have the heart to turn me out?" "Like silk," they said; "if you won't shell out like a brick—Mac Fur Son is worth two of you—and so look out." Mac Mur Rich went home and took down his tin box, and when he heard the tink of the gold he had not the heart to part with it. "No, no," he said, "I can't; I can not. Oh, dear me!" and the end of it was that he went home, where he is now, and Mac Fur Son got the place, in spite of that other man Snyder, who tried hard to get in, but could not poll enough votes, which was "one good thing on Snyder."

Law Stamp Office—A Nuisance.

For the purpose of carrying out the new Law Stamp Act, which came into force on Saturday last, the 1st of October, the Government appointed a Mr. W. W. Baldwin as Solo Agent for the United Counties of York and Peel and the City of Toronto, for the sale of the Stamps, who has accordingly opened an office in Osgoode Hall, where only the Stamps can be obtained. Now it is all very well for legal gentlemen who require stamps at Osgoode Hall, to have said office, as it were, at their nose; but on the other hand, it is *equally inconvenient* for the business of the inferior Courts—near which most of the lawyers' offices are situate, and besides it is hardly fair to give one person the

exclusive monopoly of the sale of said stamps for both the United Counties and city.

Now, as the act provides that one or more agents may be appointed if necessary, we think the Government should at once appoint a person whose office would be in the centre of the city, thereby making a division of the fees, and at the same time removing a hardship that is already severely felt by professional gentlemen.

Who is to be Mayor for 1865?

Two weeks ago we asked the question, and hoped that the people would have taken the matter up before this, but we have heard nothing concerning the *Mayoralty*, with the exception of two long articles by our big brother of the *Globe*, who gives Mr. Medcalf a few backhanded slaps which must not be very pleasing to his Worship. We stated that Mr. M. was an honest, respectable man, but totally unfit for the position of Chief Magistrate of the City. The *Globe* seems to think all the difficulties that surround us are due to Mr. Medcalf, and recommends that the law should be so altered, that the Council could elect their own Mayor, which would enable the people to have a man capable of grappling with the city affairs. We don't wish to quarrel with this conclusion, but we ask the *Globe*, *Leader*, or any of our journals to bring a good name before the people, and we will pledge ourselves that the electors will sustain the recommendation; therefore, again we call upon the taxpayers to use all due diligence in this matter. Of Mr. Medcalf's incapacity, all will agree, and that it is really necessary that something should be done. We can only refer our readers to the city journals, who are devoting some little time to municipal matters. We still believe that Mr. Medcalf feels keenly his inability to discharge the duties of Mayor in a manner which would do him credit. We have no doubt if a first-class man were to offer himself as his successor, Mr. Medcalf would feel it his duty, from what he knows of the city affairs, to withdraw from the contest, and render all his assistance to redeem our credit, and place Toronto in the position, financially, that she held twelve months ago.

Sub Rosa—Liquor is. (Liquorice.)

The young Prince Imperial of France, we are told, presented the King of Spain with a rose. "I have nothing else to give," said the youthful heir of France, "but I beg your Majesty to remember I have Spanish blood in my veins." We are decidedly of opinion that the lad was put up to this speech by his astute mamma. Far more natural and childlike to have said, "I have some Spanish liquorice in my pocket—have some?"