

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.]

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1863.

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THE GRUMBLER

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THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I red you tent it;
A chiel's among you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prout it."

SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1863.

\$100,000,000!

Where's the hundred million dollars, Uncle Sam! Uncle Sam?

Where's the hundred million dollars, Uncle Sam?

You have plenty of security
To reach through all fatality;
Pennsylvania will be surety,
And report it at maturity.

Believing you from this almighty jam, Uncle Sam!
Believing you from this almighty jam!

Your "green backs" are all gammon, Uncle Sam! Uncle Sam!

Your "green backs" are all gammon, Uncle Sam!
For your soldiers and your sailors,
And your artisans and tailors,
And contractors, they're made railers
Down even to your jailers.

For they know the fancy labels are but flam, Uncle Sam!
For they know the fancy labels are but flam!
But will the Germans trust you, Uncle Sam! Uncle Sam?
But will the Germans trust you, Uncle Sam?

Do you think your slippery nation,
That's so fond of population,
And now walloped to Larnation
By the Southern Confederation,
Is in any situation

To procure an ounce of gold or a drachm, Uncle Sam!
To procure an ounce of gold or a drachm!

You must try some other tack, Uncle Sam! Uncle Sam!
You must try some other tack, Uncle Sam!

Oh, you need not mind the scandal,
Try the basswood ham and candle,
Some new nutmeg or broom handle,
Or some baby thing to dandle.

But don't try this hundred million dollar sham, Uncle Sam!

But don't try this hundred dollar sham.

Revenons à nos Moutons.

—Hon. Mr. Alexander has brought up his Sheep Protection Bill again. We hope there is no latent design in it that does not appear on its face, and that the mover is not trying to pull the wool over our eyes. Above all things, we should like to know if Ferguson's lambs will be covered by its provisions.

HINTS FOR THE FINANCE MINISTER.

Mr. Howland appears to have great difficulty in making both ends meet, and no wonder he would, since so much of the intermediate body has gone to feed the hungry followers of the late Administration. Under the circumstances, the Grumbler readily accedes to the request of Mr. Howland to give him the benefit of his ripe judgment and long experience, and offers to him free gratis, for nothing, the following suggestions which it is fondly hoped will put an end to all croakings about revenue and expenditure, for at least a century to come.

An *ad valorem* tax of 50 per cent. upon all amateur singers, who, with cracked voices, or no voices at all, or voices that are worse than no voices, persist in thrusting themselves before the public. The duty to be levied, not according to the usual manner, but upon the estimate which the singers themselves place upon their vocal abilities.

The immediate annihilation of Parliament and the transference of all legislative power to the Grumbler.

The instantaneous execution of every man holding a place in the numerous "Commissions" of the day, particularly those on the Finance and Ottawa Commissions.

Such men as Foote and Blackburn to be buried in their own booty, and the printing of the department given to the *Globe* office. (Ahem!)

A tax of five shillings on every lady who is seen either in a ball-room or a theatre with any other man than her husband. The Grumbler is of opinion that in these days, a very large revenue might be derived from this source.

A tax of one penny upon every budding *literateur* who considers himself competent to write a work equal to Humboldt's "Cosmos," or Bulwer's "Strange Story." Small as the tax is, there can be no doubt that it would produce an immense revenue.

A tax of five shillings for each offence, upon every municipal wind-bag who considers himself justified in inflicting a speech of more than ten minutes long, upon his colleagues, at the waste of the public money.

Finally, the construction of the Georgian Bay Canal, and the passage of a bill rendering it compulsory on all western shippers to send their produce to the ocean by this route, at such a rate as will pay off the whole debt incurred in the construction of the canal in two years.

The Grumbler is confidently of opinion that the adoption of these suggestions by the Finance Minister, will inaugurate a new reign of prosperity in the country, and will finally lead to the abolition of all Custom Duties, when our tea

and sugars, and little "luxuries," as the politicians call them, will be allowed to come into the country without being in danger of sharing the fate of the Boston tea, some ninety years ago. *Verbum sap.*

A COURT OF EQUITY.

Ald. Medcalf says the Corporation of Toronto is a Court of Equity, which we take to be about the first joke ever perpetrated in the City Hall. We wish the worthy alderman or Councilman Baxter, (he wants something to subdue his corporosity,) would give us a book of the maxims and forms which govern this Court; it would be a negative example for the warning of all future generations. Dr. Rees is a creditor of the Corporation, as decided by arbitration, to the tune of \$507, and he has been kept out of his money till the interest has amounted to \$83. By agreement the costs were to have been paid by the party losing; but by a mistake of the City's own Solicitor, this was omitted from the arbitration bond. The Solicitor says it should have been there, and refers it to Ald. Medcalf's Court of Equity. Like Shylock, the majority refuse to pay the costs, because it is "not so nominated in the bond," thus violating one of the maxims of Equity Jurisprudence, "no man shall profit by his own wrong." Coun. Edwards thinks that after having the use of another man's money till the interest amounts to \$83, he ought to be well satisfied if they graciously give him the principal; while Coun. Bell, does not believe in paying any claims with the people's money; and the majority agree with him. It is fortunate that there is another Court of Equity, and we only hope that a jolly bill of costs will be added to the claim. Talk about lawyers' sharp practice, it's nothing to the pettifogging Corporation "Court of Equity."

Declaration of War.

With the utmost alarm we see it announced that the New York *Times* has declared war against Great Britain. In fact, it is even whispered in favoured circles, that like that journal itself, the whole of its staff have been "at sea" for some time, and are now hovering about the coast awaiting the arrival of the \$100,000,000 from Germany, with a view to completing some little necessaries in the way of equipments and stores, before making a final descent upon the heart of the Empire; all the munitions of war at their command being but simply ten thousand tons of "green backs" for wadding. It is considered in high quarters that this masterly stroke of the *Times*, or rather of Mr. Lincoln, will bring the war with the South to a final and satisfactory termination, at a quarter to six o'clock on Easter Sunday morning, the 6th inst. It is supposed that the Cabinet will receive a check from Germany covering the whole amount.