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THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

TORONTO, SATURDAY FEBRUARY 13, 1864.

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THE GRUMBLER

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

Persons enclosing their cards and \$1 will be favored with a special notice.

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 steady 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 whacks,
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 weakness 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 clenched 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.

AULD JOHN NASMITH, MY JOE.

Auld John Nasmith, my Joe, John, at first when ye calist,
To try yer canny han' John, yer maister work was biseint,
But noo yer mony marvels, John, in working of the dough,
Have proved ye are nae common man, auld John Nasmith, my Joe.

Auld John Nasmith, my Joe, John, ye were my first conceit,
And I'll ne'er believe that sic as ye could ever wrong or cheat,
There's some folks say ye makit light, but I ne'er think it's so,
'Twad be better to digest ye ken, auld John Nasmith my Joe.

Auld John Nasmith, my Joe, John, when we were first acquaint,
To mix the flour and fixins, John, spier ye were content,
And noo ye'r gettin auld, John, yere step is gettin slow,
Ye should na mix in politics, auld John Nasmith, my Joe.

Auld John Nasmith, my Joe, John, some say ye're no great shakes,
At Speakin' but ye can't be boat ye know, John, makin' cakes,
Leave all the rest to gude George Brown, whist ye stick to your dough,
An' the baith o' us maun be happy yet, auld John Nasmith, my Joe.

KINGSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

KINGSTON, Feb. 9th, 1864.

DEAR GROWLER,—“A prophet is without honor in his own country” although an ancient aphorism has lost none of its application by its age. When our Rev. friend, Boanerges Baxter lectured us on the prophecies of the Maccabees and predicted the millenium in the fall, loafers here laughed at what they didn't understand, and considered the sages sermons amply compensated for by contributions of soldier's buttons and exhausted quids when the cantor was carried round—not so with yours &c., who although no convert to the novel dogmas of his Reverence, devoutly stid in a sence and noted the doctrine. Mr. Baxter declared that the approach of the millenium would be intimated by the signs of the times—that certain inexplicable occurrences totally irreconcilable with known phenomena would immediately precede the advent of that most important epoch in the history of the planet. If this theory of the holy man is a sound one, and the happening of the extraordinary events about to be related encourage that belief, then is the millenium near. The people here were suddenly startled this morning from their usual attitude of apathy by the announcement of the following occurrences in their midst.

1st. That John Fraser, Esq., presumptive Grievolentary Commissioner, gave a keg of coal- oil to the Kingston General Hospital, and at a

subsequent period of the day was actually taken in the act by Capt. Kelly of giving four pence in coppers to the poor blind man at Ferguson's corner.

2nd. That Archy Livingston, the expelled member of Catarqui and the rejected of Rideau wards sent a rams shoulder and six turnips to the Charity Ball for the benefit of the Scotch inmates of the House of Industry, with a positive expression that the aforesaid gift should fail if the condition enumbering the same was not strictly observed.

3rd. That Coun. Flynn, after the lapse of a fortnight had actually accounted with a customer for the proceeds of the sale of an old horse by auction for \$5, first deducting his commission on the sale 3s. 3d.

These events may appear to you, Mr. Editor, to be unworthy of the importance that I and others attach to them, but I can assure you that they are unusually regarded by people here as admitting of no explanation unless on Boanerges Baxter's theory—that they indicate the approach of that baleyn time when the lion and the lamb shall lie down together, and natures children war and rob no more.

[Although no disciple of the abstruse and recondite Boanerges Baxter, we cannot but agree with our correspondent, that events of so extraordinary a nature as he has related, justify the conclusion that they must surely portend some awful convulsion of society—perhaps the millenium? who knows? Fancy John Fraser and Archy Livingston distributing alone, and Tom Flynn become honest—we hope for all things after that—particularly that Tom will remit that small account he owes us. The next thing we expect to hear is that Sir Henry Smith has paid Dr. Barker for printing his last election address.—ED. GROWLER.]

Men or Physic

— In the Confederate House of Representatives Mr. Goode, of Virginia, said “his state could not stand another draft.” The hon. gentleman should be more clear in his language; does he refer to himself, as a valetudinarian,—which, for aught we know, he may be,—or does he mean to slander the State here presents? He should explain.

What's in a name.

— We see that a set of the U. C. Law Reports are for sale. One would really think the short description of them (as given in the advertisement in the *Leader*) was a waggish synopsis of the name and qualities of our worthy Mayor. They are announced as being *out of print*, in good condition, and *half calf*.

Hardly worth while.

— We see, as a telegram from Virginia, that “it is decidedly cool here to-day.” As this startling announcement is dated Feb. 10, one would almost fancy the operator getting cool, went to work to warm himself, and hence this precious piece of intelligence.

MUSICAL CRITIQUES.

AS THEY APPEAR DAILY.

Every day do we hear complaints of the abundant, illiterate, extremely ordinary way in which the *Globe* is accustomed to notice our Concerts and other musical entertainments. To say nothing of their being entirely devoid of information or interest, they are positively painful to read. What can the *Globe's* urbane and gentlemanly Chief be doing, does he see these melancholy profanations, or sanction them? Surely not. We noticed a very clever advertisement in the “Local” column of Wednesday's *Globe* of the stereotyping department, lately added to that establishment, in which the operator is reported to have been nearly scalded to death by the melted metal used in the process, &c. Now we don't object to their having a stereotype department, but we do object to their having stereotyped blank forms of reports of Concerts to be filled up *ad libitum*, and we consider it our duty to give a copy of the form used and to expose this fraud upon the musical public.

Concert LAST NIGHT.—The Concert..... last evening was a decided success, the hall being crowded to its utmost capacity. The performance commenced by M.....singing.....beautifully, for which she received a warm meed of praise.was then given by.....and was well received. M.....then sang in a delightfully pleasing manner.....and was loudly encored. M.....then sang.....in such a manner as to elicit a hearty encore. M.....then followed with.....in her usual effective style. M.....then sang that sweet ballad entitled.....so sweetly and touchingly as to elicit a loud encore. The National Anthem was then sung, which terminated the Concert. On the whole the performance passed off very well, and the Concert was decidedly the best of the season.

The Swiss Bell Ringers and the English.

— The Swiss Bell Ringers are here and they are a talented Company. The English *Belle-ringers* have been practising in Toronto for some time. We might notice the names of Captain Balfour &c., &c., as excellent performers of the art—as solo performers they ring the changes admirably.

“The Roman and the Tuscan,
The horses black and grey.”
—Lord Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome*.

— Mr. Anderson, of Tuscarora, lost a beautiful black mare, but through the vigilance of one of our detectives has happily succeeded in recovering her. Toronto can sympathize with Mr. Anderson, of Tuscarora, as the citizens have lately lost their famous grey Mayor. Let us hope the citizens of Toronto may be as fortunate as Mr. Anderson has been, and succeed in recovering their famous irony.

God save the mark!

— The star of pugilism is certainly in the ascendant, since we find the customs of the magic circle supply metaphors to the member for Huron and Bruce. He says “he will not support John A. (whose advent into power he locks on as a certainty) if he does not come up to the mark.”