

*Mr. Topsy  
Richmond*

# THE GRUMBLER.

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## THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coat  
I trelie you tent it;  
A chiel's naanng you takin' noot o'  
And, faith, he'll mend it."

SATURDAY, NOV. 6, 1858.

### NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

We are so enamoured of the pithy and pointed style of that prince of "firing" correspondents, the New York gentleman who enlightens the readers of the *Globe*, that in humble imitation of our august, but sometimes stupid, contemporary, we have engaged a rival to "Britannicus," who will furnish us with all the small "tork" of Gotham, in the true Yankee-o-phobic style. But why should we thus weary our readers? we will at once introduce our new acquisition.

New York, 1st Nov. 1858.

#### YANKEE MORALS.

Two men got tipsy yesterday (a common occurrence in this enlightened (?) Republic, and after a quarrel which is said to have lasted seven minutes, one of them named Tomlin, stabbed the other with a bowie-knife and swore several oaths afterwards.

#### MOB TYRANNY.

A man in Kracknobsky, in Nobraska, was put under the pump for publishing an attack on the Hon. Solon Spicky. What an illustration of American liberty.

#### A XANTIPPE.

A woman was brought up this morning for tearing her husband's hair off. The latter was an Englishman, and of course the case was dismissed: This is called justice.

#### MORB CRUELTY.

Three little boys with that precocity in crime which is the sad characteristic of American youth, were caught dipping a kitten's tail in turpentine, with a view of igniting the same, the police-constable [Q 50 I think], arrived just in time to prevent the cat-astrophe.

#### NATURAL DISGUST.

A Dutch black-log named Schmidenschorledowsters Wirelowitz, has been unconstrained to leave this wretched country in consequence of the number of tricks and knaveries practised at Bluff, which he is ignorant of. Even gamblers cannot subsist here.

#### CIVIC DEPRAVITY.

I have just seen two Aldermen of the city, go into Taylor's and no doubt they will get intoxicated there. Such are our rulers. I heard an Irishman declare yesterday, that his cousin had often heard it said that it was commonly reported that the Mayor consumes two dozen of champagne weekly.

#### NEW PUBLICATION.

A very interesting work has been issued, which

you should read—Scavengerism, or Washington proved to have been the son of a Dustman." The way in which the hero of the Yankees is demolished is quite edifying. Several houses in Chatham street look as if they were going to fall soon. I hope in my next to give you a list of Americans killed there.

### BRITANNICULUS.

#### Squabbling Again. Prototype vs. Free Press.

When will the press of Canada eschew those gross personalities which disgust the common sense reader? Metropolitan dailies, pretentious weeklies and obscure village journals are all open to the charge of waging this petty and disgraceful warfare; but for grossness and puerility we believe during the past few months the London *Prototype* has stood without a rival.

It may be very clever, very manly, to attempt to be witty upon the shape of one neighboring Editor's nose, or the amount of flesh upon another's body; to term one *Snouter* and the other *Starveling*, but if so, Mr. *Prototype*, we really can't appreciate either the wit or the dignity of the attempt; on the contrary, we are conscious of something approaching to a settled conviction that if betrays a childish spitefulness utterly disgraceful in the conductor of a daily journal.

Of the *Free Press* we can say but little, not having ready access to its columns, but of this we are sure, if the editor of the *Prototype* wishes to retain or secure the respect of his readers, he must cease to issue his almost daily dose of personal abuse, and puerile witticisms.

### THE THEATRES.

We again call the attention of our readers to the new Theatre which was opened by Mr. Patrie last Saturday in the Ontario Hall. The building is neatly and comfortably fitted up, and the acting, especially of the Manager, Mr. and Mrs. Hill, and Miss Carroll, decidedly above the usual standard of stock playing. Mr. Hardenburgh, an old favourite in Toronto, and several of the Company are expected to-day. Miss Wyette, the Florences, and young Booth, are to appear in rapid succession; all that is wanting is a larger share of popular support. This the Manager's arduous exertions for the cause of popular amusement entitle him to expect, and it will be a disgrace to the play-goers of Toronto if he is disappointed.

At the Lyceum, Mr. and Miss Coyne have been drawing respectable houses, and the worthy Manager has received a first-rate benefit. During the week a splendid Silver Trumpet, made by W. O. Morrison, was presented to Captain Jacques, his Company, (No. 2, Rescue,) having sold the greatest number of tickets for the Fironen's benefit. Next week Cooper's English Opera Troup will give four entertainments at the Lyceum, we hope with every success.

### POLICE INCOMPETENCY.

For the benefit of the Conservative Independent Anti-Clear Grit Mixed candidate for Mayor, and all, who, like him are determined to sustain "our brother-in-law," and to maintain the Police force as at present (dis)organized, we record a few of the complaints we have received, and shall repeat the dose if necessary, weekly, till the election.

1. Every Sunday afternoon a large number of dissolute-looking boys may be seen perched upon the gates of the Collego Avenue, entirely unmolested by the Police, to the great annoyance of every passer by.

2. Last Sunday evening a drunken man disturbed a congregation in the centre of the city, and not a constable could be found though all the vicinity was scoured to get one. They appear to be above walking the streets now they have such accommodating Commissioners.

2. Every Sunday evening for the last six months at least, a crowd of loafers have loitered for several hours at the corner of Yonge and Queen streets, insulting and shocking every one who passes by.—Whistling, chuckling, indecent and blasphemous language are the amusements of these gentry; and they generally have the policeman as an auditor, who seems to think the entertainment a great relief. Last Sunday not less than thirty boys were standing at the corner; how much longer shall this abominable nuisance be tolerated and patronized by the police force?

### REMARKABLE DISCOVERIES.

The man who does the Leaders for the daily *Atlas*, has evidently been out on a tour of discovery and the following sentence culled from Monday morning editorial sets before the public the result of his observations. We beg our readers to pause, and prepare themselves for something startling.

"Things are dreadfully flat. As you ride through the country there are no crops, no foliage, and the unevenness of the ground are bare and disagreeable."

Surely, the public are deeply indobted to the *Atlas* wisecrack for the above. "Things are dreadfully flat." What depth of research must have been necessary to arrive at this conclusion, seeing it has been the universal cry for twelve months past. "As you ride through the country there are no crops." How remarkable! especially as they were gathered in some two months since. "No foliage." Perfectly amazing in November, when old mother earth is, of course, usually clothed in her brightest dress. "The unevenness of the ground are bare and disagreeable." Absolutely startling that the ground should be bare when there are no crops, and no foliage. We do hope the *Atlas* in future will have some little consideration for our nerves; it's quite too much to expect us to bear up against the shock such a list of miraculous discoveries is calculated to inflict.