

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. 2.—NO. 9.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1859.

WHOLE NO. 61.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in your coat
I need not tell it;
A child's among you taking notice,
And, faith, he'll print it."

SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1859.

GREAT SENSATION.

IMPORTANT LITERARY EVENT.

Macaulay, Dickens, and Bulwer, Contributors to the Grumbler.

THE LEDGER OUT-LEDGERED, &c., &c., &c.

It is with much pleasure we take this occasion to thank again the dear Public for their generous support, and to inform them that our gratitude is about to be more tangibly developed. We have made very extensive arrangements for the conduct of our Paper this year, and we assure them that no expense will be spared to make it the greatest Literary Paper on the Continent. Whatever genius can obtain, genius suggest, or art accomplish, shall be obtained, suggested, and accomplished for the entertainment, amusement, and instruction of the public. Regardless of the immense outlay necessary to the furtherance and completion of so gigantic a scheme, and the heavy loss which for a time he must sustain, our Publisher has, with that energy and go-ahead-iveness, and determinedness—not-to-be-oddone, which has ever characterised him, consummated arrangements with all the living Literary celebrities of the day, by which he will be enabled to lay before the public through the columns of this paper, Tales, Stories, Romances, and Essays, on Politics, Literature, and Art, with Poems upon all subjects, written expressly for this paper, the contributions of such men as Dickens, Thackeray, Bulwer, Tennyson, Carlyle, Macaulay, D'Israeli, Palmerston, Bright, Longfellow, Everett, Emerson. And that our paper may be unequalled in the magnitude of its enterprise, and the brilliancy and genius of its articles, a number of clairvoyant and spiritual reporters has been added to our regular staff, and by these media we shall be enabled to enlist in the ranks of our contributors, even the mighty dead.

Homer again shall lift his lofty head,
To sing of Troy extinguished, Hector dead;
Virgil his agricultural themes resume,
And Horace praise the festive drinking room;
And our own Shakespeares of Earth's bards, the chief,
Create now Hamlets and repeat Lear's grief;
Hump'd Richard's deeds, Othello's jealous fears,
And Desdemona's wrongs bring forth fresh tears.
Great Milton's mind sublimely explore,
And tell of Eden's Paradise once more.
Bristol's pale "marvellous boy" his parlements bring,
Of loving tynights and dainties one to sing.
The good Shelly wield his errant pen,
And Milton Keats resume the lyre again.

In fact the great constellation of genius which shall revolve around our centre, will be unprecedented in the annals of popular literature, no country may withhold its great minds from us—we shall summon them from the end of the world. Yea from other worlds shall we conjure them, ours shall be the harmonious den of literary lions of all species and all countries.

To-day we give an original poem by Sir Walter Scott, and a sketch by Lord Macaulay, the first instalments, of the contributions by great men, which are hereafter to raise our paper to the loftiest pinnacle on the temple of secular literature.

LORD MACAULAY AT THE POLICE COURT.

(Before G. Gurnett, Esq., P. M.)

[The Editors of THE GRUMBLER have much pleasure in announcing that they concluded an engagement with Lord Macaulay to report the Police Intelligence for the past week at a cost of \$100,000. A street row having occurred on — Street, we despatched his Lordship to the scene of the mass. The following is his graphic account of the marshalling of the prisoners to the Police office, their trial and sentence:]

The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of the Police Court; the hall which had resounded with the declamation of thirty thousand prisoners; the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Harry Henry; and the just absolution of Dandy Jim from Caroline; the hall where the eloquence of red-haired Sal had for a moment awed and melted victorious crushers, inflamed with just resentment; the hall where drunken Sambo had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage of a half-sober, yet very much drunken nigger. Neither constabulary, nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with wide awake crushers. The streets were kept clear by the Yorkville cavalry. The prisoners, robed in mud and tatters were marshalled by the beaks under Prince, Chief of Police. All the vagabonds in the city in their unwashed nastiness, attended to cheer points of fun. Near a hundred and seventy women, three-fourths of — Street, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the tribunal. The junior amazon led the way; Mol-in-the-wod, recently enabled for her gallant defence of Gallova-hill against the combined forces of Prince and Robinson.

The gray old walls were covered with scratches. The long gallery was crowded by such an audience as rarely excited the fears or the consternation of a policeman. There were gathered from all parts of a great free enlightened and prosperous city, dirt and female ugliness, filth and ignorance, the representatives of every knavery and every sin.

There were seen side by side the greatest pick-pocket and the greatest gonger of the age. The spectacle has allured the Bowery Scoundrel from those tussles which have broken the heads of so many bloods and rowdies, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons.

* * * * *
There were the members of the boxing society which fainted and exchanged hard raps under the rich canvas hangings of a travelling circus.

Seargent Cummins made proclamation. The culprits advanced to the bar with unsteady knees. * * * * * They looked like great scoundrels, and not good men. Their persons chawed up and emaciated, yet worthy of attention, from a slovenly carriage which, while it indicated the milling of the night past, showed also self-complacency and self-assurance; low and forbidding foreheads; brows gloomy but not penitent; faces torn and of a lively green on which were written as legibly as in the Police Magistrate's committal warrant—"Two months a piece at hard labor." Such was the aspect presented by the jerking up of the prisoners for a street row over night—and such was the decision of the judges.

"UPPER TEN" AGAIN.

Speaking of the performances of Miss Thompson and of the want of taste displayed by our community in not patronizing her to a full extent, the theatrical critic of the *Colonist* says:

"It passes our comprehension, how others, so far her inferiors, in beauty, talents and reputation, should have drawn out to their performances the self-styled "upper-ten" of the provincial metropolis, while Miss Thompson, with a few worthy exceptions, has been so painfully neglected."

With all due deference to the writer, the "upper ten" he allude to are not self-styled—inasmuch as the term is one of contempt and opprobrium and does not apply to more than ten or twenty empty-headed noodles in our city. Therefore he was wrong to imagine that their patronage was worth anything. With regard to the tenor of his remarks, Miss Thompson is not worse treated than Charles Matthews was—since when he visited us, to knowledge, he played some of his best characters to a "beggary account of empty benches." The people of Toronto just now seem to be afflicted by a disease of pocket, which may account for their want of good taste.

Reward.

—Lost or Stolen during the Session, a plank out of the Clear Grit platform, named "Representation by Population." Any one restoring the same to the *Globe* office, will be rewarded with the speech delivered by the Hon. Geo. Brown, in Temperance street, Anno Domini, 1856.