

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. 1.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1859.

NO. 44.

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"If there's a hole in a' your coat
I reek you tent it;
A chile's an'ang you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll pent it."

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THE REGENERATION OF THE PRESS.

When adversity impelled the *Colonist* and *Atlas* to plight their troth and unite their fortunes, the reverend editor announced as the mission of *Old Double*, the complete purification and regeneration of the press. The task was Herculean, the Augean stable was filled with the accumulated filth of the wretched politics we are blessed with, but into it was turned the limpid stream of *Colonist* editorial, and all was to be right again. Some how or other the scheme has failed; the stable remains as dirty as ever, and the stream has issued forth no longer clear as before, but defiled most terribly by the muck it essayed to remove. The editorial pool was troubled, and the infirm and diseased journalist was invited to step in and be healed, but its waters are so turbid and offensive, that no one has ventured to defile even the sole of his foot in the putrid mess; and it is daily stirred, till the delicate nostrils of people are hastily stopped as they pass by it. Let us take a late example from this self-appointed purist. On Thursday last a leader dripped from the editorial filter for public amelioration, entitled "The Grumbler's Throw." Those of our readers who do not see the journal are invited to look at the efforts of this paragon of journalistic perfection. Its style is unique, its language chaste, its vocabulary rich, its charity broad and ample. Mr. Brown, who does not pay anything to the oiling of the creaking machine, has many a polite and gentlemanly epithet applied to him.

You have but to place the name of Disraeli or Derby for the plebian and gentle one of Brown, and you immediately recognize a series of heavy hits which might possibly have appeared in some English organ of Palmerston. We even doubt that with all its ability the *Times* could ever have reached the acme of perfection achieved by *Old Double*, and we can well fancy the envy which crodres the hearts of the Printing House Square coterie, when they cast their jaundiced eyes over the columns of their Canadian contemporary. Mr. Brown and his party and policy are "frantic," "ridiculous," "mad," "absurd," "outrageous," "reckless," "arbitrary," "impudent," "arrogant," "audacious," "insolent," "false," "hypocritical," "rampant demagogue," "barefaced," "corrupt," "base," "greedy," "gluttonous," "pitiful," "bitter," "meanspirited," "de-

testable," "avaricious," "slanderer," "shameless," &c., &c.

This is what we call purifying with a vengeance; reformation in the highest sense of the word; no wonder that the editor offered to put his name to his exquisite productions, let it be attached to this philippic so that the matchless reformer's name may be passed down to the benisons of posterity. Yet even his mild and chivalrous attacks touch its sensitive conscience; it assures us that while "it is necessary to treat him with severity," it is "far from agreeable to ourselves."

If it does dabble in the puddle as a sow reverting to her first love, the mire, it lets us know that it felt very well when washed, and if it had its own way would undergo a fresh ablution. Yet it dabbles on day after day, defiling the luckless Brown, but bespattering itself still more. The whole dictionary of Billingsgate is exhausted; Webster and Johnson fail; the vocabulary of denunciation is beggared. "Faugh! we are sick of this man," quoth the purifier. So are we, as he has been belimed by *Old Double*. Who would'nt? Leave Brown alone a short time; retire, venerable but dotting granny to your chamber; your sickness is natural, but not incurable. Casto roil, jalap, or salts, will do wonders. Your tongue is furrowed and clammy; your breath foul, and your stomach weak; reform your system of dietetics, and your infirmity may, in spite of the weakness of age, be overcome. Above all, don't expose yourself at your time of life, to unnecessary excitement; nervous irritability may be fatal; be calm and you may yet survive to a still greener old age. *Old Double* is "sick." Wont somebody send for the doctor?

SQUARES—A WRINKLE.

Until last Thursday, we, like a great many others in Toronto, were under the impression that there were no public Squares in Toronto. But on reading the dailies of that date, we discover to our astonishment that there are several squares in our city, the existence of which we had never dreamt of. First we are told there is "Victoria Square," then there is "Clarence Square" and "St. George's Square." "McGill Square" comes next; after which we are made acquainted with several other squares, some existing actually, others only in perspective,—and one "crescent." A stranger reading an account of these "squares" and one "crescent" might be induced to believe that Toronto was a city of beautiful squares—whereas the fact is there does not exist—except on paper—a single public square in the city; and as for the "crescent," it only exists in the imagination of the excited individuals who composed the late Public Works' Committee of our city.

WHAT DOES HE MEAN?

The Session was approaching fast,
When through "Old Double's" columns passed
A query urged, and urged again,
In seemingly most anxious haste,
"What does he mean?"

"Old Double's" scribe was fiercely wild
On, on the agony he piled,
Till like a creaked tin kettle rung
The burden of the song he sung
"What does he mean?"

His brow was stern, his eyes beneath
Flash'd out like scizzors from their sheath,
As still he wrote, "Yes, tell me what,
What does he mean by Rep. by Pop.,
What does he mean?"

More wild the scribe's grey peepers glom'd,
Stiff, straight, on end his hair had grown,
As still he wrote with brow more stern,
"George Brown, you knave, I want to learn,
What do you mean?"

"Is Rep. by Pop. the thing it was?
Speak out Sir Brute and tell us pos.
Or has it, like all things you own,
This Rep. by Pop., a mourel grown?
We want to know."

"Ah! ah! you start, your false cheeks blanch,
Beware the gathering avalanche,
Beware red Sir's ripening crop,
You've sold the Grits on Rep. by Pop.,
You have you knave."

"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
You've sold yourself to *monton's* 'rod,'
Think not to go unscathed Sir Knave,
That Rep. by Pop. will prove your grave,
That's what it will."

"Old Double's" scribe now sighed a sigh,
A word will show the reason why,
Were George Brown dead beyond a doubt,
The scribe would have nothing to write about;
Poor used up scribe.

DR. RAE'S LECTURE.

Dr. Rae, the Arctic traveller who discovered the last traces we are ever likely to obtain of the ill-fated expedition of Sir John Franklin, will lecture in the Temperance Hall on Tuesday next, under the auspices of the Ontario Literary Society. The lecture will have special reference to the search for the lost explorers, and in addition to the interesting character of the subject, some of the relics found by the lecturer will be exhibited. No one is better qualified to impart information on this painfully interesting topic than Dr. Rae, who will speak from personal observation of Arctic travel. In addition, he is a resident of our sister city, Hamilton, and therefore entitled to the warmest support. We trust the Temperance Hall will be filled on the occasion.