

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. 2.—NO. 14.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1859.

WHOLE NO. 66

THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1859.

A PENNY-A-LINER IN DISTRESS.

Our contemporary the *Leader* groweth contumacious space. Not contented with demolishing the Austrians, George Brown, Adam Hope, Barthe, and other celebrities, he has actually fallen foul of our City Police. The Commissioners had the impudence to enquire into the police organization of other cities; (the Mayor had the effrontery to strive to obtain efficient officers and sober and intelligent men; the Chief had actually been base enough to hold a commission in Her Majesty's army; the Deputy Chief's offence is not directly stated, but we presume he was amenable to censure for venturing to have a tall, handsome exterior and gentlemanly manners: and all this without consulting the *Leader* in the matter. But as if to fill up the cup of constabular iniquity, the penny-a-liner's occupation was completely destroyed. "No information was to be given to the press!" Any policeman who crossed the "general order" might tremble in his boots, and if destitute of those expensive equipments, he was to be permitted to shudder in his shoes, or shiver in his slippers.

And if in the evil hour of temptation the eager emissary of the 8,357 newspaper, was seen in close confab. with No. 33, or any other vigilant and efficient officer, that moment No. 23 was to be unanimously invited to "pick up his traps" and remove. The iniquity of this Police regulation will be better understood when our readers reflect that the penny-a-liners have nothing to do now-a-days. The *Leader* buildings have been described till we have earnestly wished for their premature destruction; every shanty erected within a circle of five miles of the *Leader* office has been most graphically delineated; no one is murdered or poisoned by the doctors, and therefore the Coroners afford no palpium; what is to be done? As our dear valetudinarian contemporary says, "petit larceny, shop-lifting, and robberies," brought in a rich harvest to the penny-a-liner; and if, by the extraordinary publicity given to the discovery of crime, the criminal had ample time to escape the hands of justice, what matter? Every-body was informed and the reporter fished up his daily quota of items. Naughty Mayor Wilson, wicked Captain Prince, terrible good-looking, gigantic Deputy Chief, how dare you venture to judge what should be communicated to the public and what withheld? When, "as an evidence of public approval of the independence (!) of the

Leader, 8,357 new subscribers," as we are told in every extra, "have been added to the glorious list," why, why deny the smallest item of criminal information to so important a journal? We perfectly concur with our great contemporary that until "wisecracs" come to their senses, until every shoe that is stolen, is sent to "our office" for inspection, until they are duly warned to abscond, by timely notice in the press, and until the city items of "our journal" assume their wonted proportions, no public matters should receive a notice, save "in our advertising columns, at four-pence a line." We would suggest to our contemporary a "Thieves' Agency," by means of which, on payment of fourpence per line, timely notice might be given to any delinquent to escape from the claws of the vicious constabulary. If a number of the unattached and anxious-for-work members of the *Leader* corps were enrolled as an army of observation on Capt. Prince and his exceedingly vigilant police force, it might look well. By this means a sort of "Black Mail," as *Old Double* would say, might be established, and thieves could have the first hint of the discovery of their crimes; while at the same time money would fly into the proprietor's coffers, and the penny-a-liners would be forever out of grief.

NOTHING TO WRITE ABOUT.

Is the world growing wiser? Will nobody make a fool of himself? We have had pleasant words with some modern Harlequins, who seem to be sent into the world for the sole purpose of supporting comic newspapers in an involuntary sort of way. But these "master spirits" of absurdity have by our means become "rectified spirits," and we have nothing further to do with them. Moody, Allen and others have departed from the stage, and we are at a loss for a butt. Will somebody oblige us by going mad? If nobody becomes insane by next July, we intend to inculcate with canine virus a score of large white bulldogs with pink eyes, and send them raging through King street, and if, after that, we do not become witty, we'll hang our harp on a willow tree.

Certainly Not.

—*Old Double* commences a leading article on the war as follows:—

"We have more than once spoken of Austria's misgovernment of her Italian States. It is not thence to be inferred that the success of France and Sardinia in the present war is desirable."

Certainly not! no one, with any pretensions to common sense, would infer the desirability of a French triumph in Italy, because *Old Double*, "more than once spok of Austria's misgovernment."

THE LAST HOPE.

ADAM HOPE TO HON. GEORGE BROWN.

LONDON, June 16th, 1859.

DEAR SIR:—

I understand that, notwithstanding my very earnest appeal to you last week, you purpose writing another of your horrid long letters to me. Now, Sir, don't do it. If you do I'll be hanged if I read a word of it. I'll burn every copy of the *Globe* that I can lay my hands on, and I won't say that I won't bribe Sidney Smith to burn the London mail bags, in which—if you do write—your horrid dose will be conveyed to this peaceable city.

I don't object to sails or jilap! or even a protest-ed note. But your letter is worse than all these. Think of my credit! Think what the firm will say to it! It was only the other day that I went on my knees to my younger brother and asked him to father the responsibility of receiving your letters. But, although Charley fathered many responsibilities before now, he positively refused to be the sponsor of this one. So you see that my last hope was extinguished.

As a last resource, I beg to offer you the advertising of our house at any price a line you like, so that I receive no more letters from you. I object even to receive a letter containing your account, so I send you a check before hand. Advertise my putty and hardware as often as you like, and, confound it, let's hear no more from you.

In conclusion, I give you solemn warning not to trifle with the wishes of a man whom nervousness may any day drive to the perpetration of the most diabolical misdeeds, to use a mild expression.

Hoping to hear that you have turned Mormon, and gone on a mission to Salt Lake,

I remain,

Your obdt. servt.,

ADAM HOPE.

WHITHER ARE WE DRIFTING?

Canada will soon regain its primitive wildness. The time is fast approaching when a solitary aborigine shall wash his solitary net in Toronto Bay. The cause of this great change will not be the repeal of the union, or the introduction of a written constitution,—for we shall never be cursed with either the one or the other. But the change will be wrought by nature. Already the change has commenced. The blighting frost has used up our spring crops. We need not expect any summer this year. Next year, rewards will be issued for the recovery of autumn and winter. Next year chaos will have come again. Those who remain in the country will become barbarians, and live on horse flesh. Land on King street will be sold for a York shilling an acre, and the *Grumbler* will be the only existing paper in the Province.