

TORONTO MARKETS.

Some of our mercantile friends, disgusted with the inaccuracies of market reports, have done us the honor to wish that we were in the habit of collecting them, in which case, they remark, "they'd know where they were." Right—and they may depend on the following:—

Considering the excessive heat of the day, the market was well supplied. Fresh meat getting high rapidly. Fresh butter inclined to be slippery, and went off quickly—in the sun. Tub butter not firm, but some of it very strong. Eggs brittle, but generally well sustained; however, with careless holders, fell rapidly. Wool, since the President's Proclamation, has risen greatly in importance, and is more plenty. The market has been excited by the news of a number of holders being decidedly in a state of suspension, Helena, Arkansas. Chickens were unsettled and squawky. Ducks in tremendous supply—particularly those in crinoline; the former variety reasonable, the latter the contrary—both kinds very noisy. Geese plenty—particularly those who ran about, gabbling of the capture of Vicksburg—all of this class were sold. Oats were heavy; but an arrival of Scotchmen calvened the market—and no oats are now to be had. Barley dull, except in its liquid form, which was placed in immense quantities, and holders became very lively. Rye was active—some large consumers of old ditto became so excessively active that they were fined by Mr. Boomer. Calves were lively and skipping. Pigs went off rapidly—down the wrong street. Not very quiet—especially when being stuck. Donkeys dull as usual—one very great one—couldn't understand the GRENADIAN. Pork—the market so greasy that our reporter slipped off.

Letter from an Old Salt.

JUNE 1ST.

MUSTER GRENADIER.—Split my canvas! I were at the review on the Queen's Birthday, and seed the volunteers, and the wrigglers, and the artillery snlutin—salutin indeed! if they'd seed us n'pavin out a salute in the old "Kill-ease," they'd have freshened their daylight's a bit; but what I were goin to make so bold as to speak of—I seed the Naval Brigade. Ay, ay, the Navals! Surely, it bothered me summat to see em, not but what they were rigged out all ataunto, jackets, trousers and hats, as if prayers were about to be said, and the decks all clear on a Sunday—but if they be in the service, why, snup my marl inspike, but it's not like the service under Nelson, as I were in, many a year ago. Precious little us claps in the "Victory" cared about muskits and bagnits—they was jollies tools, and good enough for em—but we was up to haadlin a cutlash—give and take, yard-arm to yard-arm, ay, ay, I says nothin, but can show some good slashes from the Mounseers—us claps could handle a ship's pistol too, none of your volvercers, but a good flint lock. Where were I? Blowed but I've lost reckonin. Avast there, here it were. I hails an old craft as told me as they was a splendid body o' sailors, as how they practised at targets on an island, 70 fathoms away, and drilled at the small-arms in a shed, and worked big guns on

shore, like a dock-yard resarco at Woollage; but bless your eyes, we dosen't call the Woollage chaps a Naval Brigade. Shut my dead-lights, says I, why if that's all their eddication, they'd all be sea-sick when the decks was cleared for action. Work guns ashore! my eyes! How'd they work a 42 in a gale—why, when they loosed a tackle they'd let the gun slap through the other side of the frigate, and send the hands to Davy Jones. What does they larn of the rise of the ship and allowance for motion? How'd they board, with a cutlash between their grinders, ay, or with a becket even to keep all fast? Bless em, they'd be worse than babbies. Now, if so be as how they'd listen to an old chnp as broke biscuit afore any on 'em was born—and mind you, although I dislikes their eddication, they're a fine-lookin lot as were on the ground, and looked as if so be they knowd how, they'd teach the Yankees a trick or two—if they'd got an old schooner and clap their guns aboard, cruise round a bit and practise in all weathers, larn boardin and cutlash exercise, I'm blest if they mightn't fetch in one o' them Yankee coal scuttles as they call Monitors, yet.

Your honor's sarvant to command,
TOMAS TOUGU.

P. S.—The Yankees brag as how they beat us on the lakes. Well, your honor, we were half manned with chaps eddicated like these—Newfoundland Fencibles—the called 'em, brave boys as ever lived, but only in the wag aboard ship, and so we lost our craft, and poor Tom Tough lost his star-board fin—which he don't vally a pinch o' biscuit. God save King George—I means Queen Victory.

ROBINSON AND MOODIE.

A DIALOGUE.

Robinson.

Ah! Bob, my boy, how get you on to-day? Stand here, for I've a thousand things to say; That old pea-jacket and those brilliant buttons— But as the French say "we'll to our nutsons."

(Bob stares)

O, Moodie, friend, say that the tale's not true, That I'm deserted to my fate by you. Many a time, when heavy cares of state Have racked my nerves, and addled my poor pate,

Has thought of thee dropped o'er me like a charm And storms of trouble lulled into a calm; Yet now—but say you still are true to me; And earn the grateful thanks of poor J. B.

Moodie.

Hold hard, my cove, I'll give that gas a stopper, If I said that, I'd tell a jolly whopper, I'm goin dead agin you, now d'ye see? You aint stid up for Upper Canadec; I'm for a man wot sticks to Rep. by Pop., You're not the cheese, so try some other shop. The Seat of Government and fewer taxes, And that the poor man gets whate'er he axes; Them's my opinions and by them I sticks, And so, J. B., I'm into you like bricks.

Robinson.

And does no pang of conscience e'er intrude In slumber, for this, base ingratitude?

Did not I perch thee, at thy ardent wish, (I mean no pun) as Overseer of Fish! 'Gainst Rep. by Pop., I went to please John A., But oft I voted quite the other way; My Georgian Bay speech, full of Attic salt, Figures which beat a Gladstone or a Galt, And eloquence that thrilled the House, Which all the while was silent as a mouse.

Moodie.

All gone to sleep: Think of my aching head And all the hours of which I robbed my bed.

Moodie.

Oh, pawaw! that's bosh; may do for a marine, But don't think Captin Bob so precious green, As for your spouting figures, I demur, You stole them all from ancient Rowland Burr And for your sleep, who think you'd care a winkle,

If you snored on as long as Rip Van Winkle? John, you're played out, so without being rude Ie Bids you a last adieu; that's Captin Moodie.

Robinson.

But don't you see, Bob, they can't last these Grits?

At the first vote, we'll knock them into fits; Then stick to me, your gain shall be my care, The fattest berth we make and have to spare—

Moodie.

It aint no go, your wheedling days are o'er, I'm for the poor man, Rep. by Pop., and sing "Hurrah for progress" and that sort of thing. Your hulk is leaky, sure to make a mull, Sea-weed and barnacles cling to your hull; Into dry dock, get snugly trimmed and taut, And folks may trust you, if indeed they ought.

Robinson.

Oh, treachery! foul as coal oil unrefined, The basest vice that taints the human mind; Great Caesar felt thee stab with Brutus' knife, Dante and Edwin James an exiled life Spent or is spending (as the case may be) Oh, Bob! to think thy shaft should injure me.

Moodie.

Oh! well you'll suffer in great company.

Robinson.

Add taunt to injury, but mark me well, You soon may have another tale to tell; McDonald's not elected yet, my boy, Mayhap to sorrow I may turn your joy, For if returned, and once more at my post, Call me a Clear Grit, Bob, if you don't roast. But come, once more I'd woo thee to my side, As the fond lover wos his youthful bride.

Moodie.

Say are you crazy, J. B.? pooh! man, Don't speak to me as if I was a woman!

Robinson.

You do not understand, I talked in tropes, But plainly, Bob, come, do not jump the ropes; Leave that low herd, take up your right position, That which befits one of your high condition; Enrol yourself in my refined Committee, And in two years, be Mayor of the city.