

MORALITY AND DIGNITY.

What an exquisitely dignified position the members of the Lower House are assuming before the country. We refer not now to the bickerings of party strife, but to scenes which smack more of the rowdy tavern than the deliberations of a Legislative body. Out come the *Spectator* and *Colonist* charging members of the Opposition with being "disgracefully intoxicated" in the House; whilst the *Globe* and journals of that ilk return the compliment not only against ministerial members, but the most prominent man in the Ministry. We would willingly believe these allegations on both sides to be false, but as we are sworn to ferret out the truth, and grumble ferociously when the result demands the exercise of our peculiar vocation, we are bound to add that we are preparing ourselves for a tremendous onslaught, and shot and shell shall fly indiscriminately amongst offenders against decency on both sides of the House. We hear it rumored that one of the principal offenders has lately taken the pledge. Heaven send that this may be true, and give him sense enough to keep it. The *Colonist* will then be in a better position for denouncing the "Tam O' Shanter" of the opposition, and we shall be spared the effusion of a bottle of—"Todd's Patent Office Ink."

McGEE AND ANTI-McGEE.

Such are the names of the two factions into which our Catholic friends are divided. Mr. McGee has partially attached himself to Mr. Brown, and is bitterly opposed to the Government; the other party hate Brown as fervently, and of two evils prefer the Administration. Of course, it is not our province to say anything on the matter in dispute, we only desire to call the attention of the combatants to the fact, that there is such a thing as moderation in political discussion, and that there is no necessity for weekly papers to be so fearfully rabid; our daily journals are quite able to supply all the Billingsgate we are likely to want for sometime.

The *Catholic Citizen* in its last issue devotes 9 mortal columns to the utter annihilation of the lay Member for Montreal; in which the unfortunate name of McGee is mentioned exactly 100 times.

The *Mirror* is less severe, it only gives the poor fellow 6 columns, reserving the rest of the sheet for inestimably loyal devotion to sepoysm and Dr. Cahill.

Now surely this is rather too hard; it by no means accords with the characteristic generosity of Irishman.

If Mr. McGee is to be demolished, do it in a gentlemanly rapier style of article, don't blow him to pieces with a whole park of artillery. We were most amused, however, with an extremely frothy and thundery speech published in the *Citizen*.

Mr. Donovan seems to have all the milk of human kindness, which nature poured into his heart, soured by the last thunder storm, it is so extremely bitter. Will our readers peruse the column devoted to this gentleman's speech, and tell us frankly whether they are not charmed completely? For example:

"And is it because they had the manliness to resist the brutal ravings of an insane bigotry—because they withstood the turbulence of a grotesque rabid; you, you would visit their liberty with your discipline, &c. Are you prepared to stain your souls with this black ingratitude? have you stooped your hearts to

this rocery? Spurred, spat upon by this Brown, will you basely cringe and crawl, and kiss the rod that lashed you? Pardon me this language. If I could think you so mean-spirited that, cuffed and kicked you could crawl back and fawn and flatter, I should scorn in my soul to address you."

Isn't it "highfalutin" and grand, the very perfection of the ginger-beer school of eloquence? We put it to our contemporaries whether it is seemly in them to injure themselves and their cause in this manner; surely if Mr. McGee, whose talents entitle him to great consideration, has been traitorous to his friends, there is a milder way of telling both him and the public so. Virulence and rage are the most impotent weapons a man can use, even in defence of the worthiest cause.

JOGROT'S IMPRESSIONS.

SWAMPVILLE,

June 6teenth, 1858.

DEAR SIR,

As I had been up to your villadge for the first time, to see its curiosities, I have been a tellin of them to Mistar Peter Whipperwell, I spuse you've heard tell on Peter, hes our Skulemaster, and is a powerful grate schollard, who has been all throo rithmetic as far as practis, and noes jography, larnt me spellin and readin, and as I hed got a good eddicashun, Peter and me got a thinkin that it would be a fuat rats idee to rite about it to the *Globe*, which cums to beer ery weak, but sur, I will give you the preferrence, moar particularly as you are a goin to pay well for good correspondents. Mistar editur, when I seed your villadge, I thot of the beootiful lines of James Frederick Augustus Fitzdadelstring, the grate poet of Swampville, who writ a pomie of 6 thousand lines on the marrage of the Princes Royal, which hasnt been printed yet. The words are

My stars I below my snabbergenated eyes,
What shunks of brick and mortar rize.

But it apcers to me, Mr. Editur, that a good noshun of your houses woud look a leetle better if they got their faces washed, and some of the owners wudnt be the worse for doin the same to themselves. But what a hospitel place this of yours is and what a thirsty set you must be. Every second house asks travellers in to licker, and never says nothin about pay. But what puzzles me moast is the number of navill ossifers, which I seen at every corner, wearin blew coates and bright buttons, just like the pictur of Nelson on the sine-board, up to home. Instead of swords they carry big clubs, and luk mighty big an brave, and they arnt a bit proud neither, for I seen them myself a tawkin and a larkin with some pretty seedy lookin customers who carry long whips and aware at peoplo who, are passin. And they are very kind, too, sur, for I seed wun of them myself, a helpin a drunken man to home, and when he cudnt get him along easy, he bit him a rap over the hed, which you no 'was the best way to manage to bring him quietly, becous why he made him hold his jaw by first brakin it. They encourages manly sports, tu, for 2 men were a fightin like dogs up the street, and wan who was standin near didn't see 'em at furst, but happened to be lookin the other way, altho' I didn't see nothink thar. When he was told on it, he began to run, thow I ghud think he had the rumatiz from the way in which he did it, while some litlo boys kept a bawlin out his name, which I think was Mr. Peeler, which wud prov that he taiks off the coats of fightin men, and shows fare play. But the boys has just told me that there is a coon up in our naylorhood, so I must be off to chaise him; but I will write again next week.

Yours till deth,

JABEZ JOGROT.

A VICTIM.

Moses R. Cumming is in our opinion very guilty. But there are circumstances attending this case which make him more an object for pity than chastisement. The passive instrument of clever rogues, into whose toils he had fallen, he was conducted on the road to infamy by those whose age and position should have counselled and directed him into honorable paths. And now blasted in reputation at the outset of life, with the obloquy of the Province heaped upon him, with a ruined fortune, a stained name, a taunting conscience, and a young wife, he lies crest-fallen in the mire, abandoned by his friends, despised by every one. A year has almost elapsed since the prison gates closed upon him; and we have had time to weigh the conduct of the Andersons, the Kerbys, the McGafeys, the swindlers, the blacklegs, the cheats, who wanted but courage and position to perpetrate the crime which they forced their victim to be a party. And we but express honest public opinion when we say, that our authorities would act well if the unhappy Cummings were allowed to seek a new home in a distant land, where with his bitter experience he might regain his lost position, and make himself a useful member of society.

BUSINESS NOTICES.—\$1 EACH.

THE APOLLO Concert Rooms have become a permanent institution, and are worthy of abundant patronage. If you want to enjoy excellent music, a quit glass of lager beer, and a prime cigar, do not fail to drop in at the Apollo about 8 o'clock in the evening. Our word for it, Mr. Story, the proprietor, will see that nothing is wanting to make you comfortable.

THE GRUMBLER would most heartily commend to the notice of the public, the excellent arrangements at the New Terrapin Saloon. The proprietors, Messrs. CARLISLE & McCOMBER are doing every thing that possibly can be done to merit the patronage so liberally bestowed on them. Their attention and urbanity are not the least of the many attractions to pay a visit to their establishment, which under the new management surpasses the "St. Nicholas" in its palatial days.

In connection with this saloon, we must not omit to mention Mr. Spooner's Cigar and Tobacco stand in the Terrapin. For the best Havanas, Principes, or Opens, commend us to the case of Mr. S., who also has always on hand a good stock of tobaccos of the best kind,—indeed it is Mr. Spooner's intention to offer nothing but the best articles. The best recommendation is that his charges are moderate, and in some proportion to the value of the articles sold, which differs widely from other establishments in the same line. Try him, say we.

We are glad to know that there is a growing taste for literature in Toronto, and that the people are determined to gratify it, notwithstanding the hard times. The greater part of Mr. McMillen's immense stock of Books, which we noticed in our last, having become exhausted, he has been induced to import still further, and is just now in receipt of thirteen large cases of books in every department of literature. In order to show these off, he will be forced to sell at exceedingly low rates, and any one who has a dollar or two to spare cannot do better than to invest it with Mr. McMillen, whose rates are really fifty per-cent lower than the ordinary prices. By all means step in and examine his stock, private sales during the day and auction at night, at the Leader Buildings, King Street.

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