

somebody had been saying something—Aiah?

Breeches now suggested that the Mayor should send a messenger to re-call the members which he did, and they strolled gently in with a most nonchalant air, each of them with a short black pipe, or a cigar in his face, appearing to enjoy it amazingly.

Dundreary here proposed that they should adjourn as there was nothing before the board and a great deal of incapacity for business behind it. The motion was unanimously carried, and they all jumped up, got over the tables, overturned the sleeping Buzzwig, who was being devoured by flies, one of the members (Falstaff) having playfully sprinkled him with sugar while asleep, and rushed out highly delighted with the amount of business put through, and all adjourned to a dog fight at "The Seeds Home," after which they got comfortably and helplessly drunk at some *shebang* in the market, and were taken home on their respective shuttles.

"The Prison—and the Courts."

To the close observer of human nature—the profound thinker—the man whose heart is saturated with that enviable desideratum—the milk of human kindness—no scene can present itself to his eye more pregnant with material for grave thought and deep speculation than that which a visit to the various Courts of Law and Governor Allan's castle affords: the degradation, depravity, wrong, privation, suffering, and the unmistakable evidence of "Man's inhumanity to man," which in some of these places meet the eye—sickens the heart and makes us turn away, thanking God, with the Pharisee, that we are not like other men.

Let us take a peep into that hall where Oadi Boomer reigns supreme—look at the dock, and see yon small, fair-faced, bright-eyed, youthful transgressor, scarce tall enough to see his Judge over the ledge of the degrading enclosure, who—perhaps may have left a hardworking, widowed mother shedding bitter tears for his first fall! That fine, flippant girl, with a bonnet showy as a bride's and worn (of course) after the approved fashion—she that has long since "shaken hands and parted" with honor and honesty—may have made a once happy home desolate, and more than one head prematurely grey!

Look in at the jail there—there's the room—that large one with bars in front, where those that are awaiting their trial are huddled together promiscuously—there they are, young and old, the downy cheek of youth and grey-haired old age already tottering on the brink of the grave, the ebullient plunderer of hon-roosts, the man charged with spilling his fellow's blood, and the respectably dressed trafficker in human flesh, committed under the Foreign Enlistment Act, alike breathing the same contaminating air!

There's a tradesman in his working dress—he has been a prisoner for some weeks, and his children wonder why he doesn't come home, as of old, at certain hours, and why their meals are scanty and irregular—they little dream, even if they

could comprehend it, that his name is in the "Calendar."

And then how coldly and formally its all gone through! "How say you—guilty or not guilty?" The verdict—the sentence! perhaps its a foolish notion, but when one looks at the occupants of the dock on such occasions one can't help picturing in the mind's eye the misery many of them have left as a legacy to those who will never approach its precincts.

Let us change the scene, and step with hat in hand to the Court of Chancery, at Osgoode Hall; here a different spectacle presents itself—the Court—the Judge—the counsel—the cause—putting one in mind of Jarndyce and Jarndyce, of Dickens' immortal fame. True, no guilty culprit trembling before the majesty of the law intrudes upon our vision; true, no outward sign of man's baseness meets our gaze. All is quiet, gravity and decorum; yet, here are cases conducted, recited and let us hope righted, that even surpass in the magnitude of their iniquity those we have heretofore referred to. But, enough of such grave subjects; 'twere useless to "grumble" over them, and we close these remarks, hoping they may prove food for digestion and reflection to those who heretofore may perchance have never given them a passing thought.

Beware of the Body Snatchers.

The illustrious flat-boatman who now presides over the destinies of the dis-United States has let loose a gang of jail birds upon the Canadian frontier, whose business is body snatching. These reptiles are as unscrupulous as their name would denote, being supplied with greenbacks by the body brokers in Buffalo, Detroit and Rochester they come over and invest it in whiskey or laudanum to suit the victim. This favorite "game" has hitherto been upon soldiers of the British army. The regiment now on duty in Canada were recruited mainly from the peasantry of Ireland, and it is therefore not surprising that an artful and scheming Yankee who succeeds in drugging them with rot-gut whisky should be able to persuade them that they have but to proceed to the other side of the lake in order to be transformed from private soldiers with fourpence a day, into gentlemen with rolls of greenbacks, with a Brigadier-Generalship and a Southern plantation in prospect. The dupe, it is true, very soon find out the cheat on arriving in Abraham's country, but unfortunately they discover it too late, and in the meantime the body snatcher has secured his "pile" and "ramosed the ranche."

If the men comprising our army could only read the future into which they rush, by light of the past, desertion for the purpose of swelling the ranks of Yankeeedom would soon cease. If the few scores of corpses now lying bleached under a Georgia sun, and who were but a short year ago happy and contented in the ranks of the British army, could speak all their tale of suffering and death, what horror it would strike into the hearts of the erring. This game of "body snatching," it must be remembered, is not carried on by the

emissaries of the American "body brokers" alone, but by a number of residents of Toronto, twenty-three of whose names we have in our possession, ready at any moment for publication. Moreover, first on the list is the name of one who, until lately, was connected with the principal body for the preservation of the peace in this city, and who, along with the rest of the gang, are under the surveillance of the police.

"Body snatching" is not exactly a subject for the columns of the *Grumbler*, but a strong British feeling and love for the Union Jack demands that we should warn unsuspecting persons of the snares that are set for them by these villains in human form.

Alas! Poor Yachting.

Yachting is certainly gone to the devil in Toronto, as every one will say who heard of or saw the wretched start of only two yachts for the Prince of Wales' Cup on Wednesday last. The "Gorilla," a splendid yacht, well fitted and complete in every respect, went off like a shot, and acquitted herself through the race like a thorough good boat, as she is. But the poor "Rivet," once the fastest and best yacht on the lakes, was allowed by her owner to go out in the most shameful state of neglect and want of repair, and to save the expending of a few dollars allows his boat to disgrace himself and the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, to which he belongs. With regard to the bosh which appeared in the *Globe* about the "Rivet" being nearly capsized, that was all nonsense, as the captain, one of the best yachtsmen in the Province, knew exactly what he was about, and had there been any real danger could have eased his boat by reefing or bearing away a couple of points, and all would have been dry and snug, but his object was to make the best time he could, and well it was done, for we consider, and were told by one of the crew of the "Gorilla," that it was only by the excellent management of the captain and the dog-headed pluck of the crew that the boat, with four planks under and three or four tons of water in her hold, was brought to her moorings only 47 minutes behind in a 75 mile race. Certainly, if we were the commodore of the R. C. Y. C. we should suggest to the owner that he had better fit up his boat as she should be, or else leave the club, for is it not too bad the R. C. Y. C. recognised by the Royal Yacht Club of England, should be disgraced by such a start for the cup presented to it by England's Prince?

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. O. BROCKVILLE—Yours came duly to hand. Will send you the balance of extra papers this week.

M. J. KINGSTON—We cannot insert your advertisement. You will find our terms on the first page, which we never deviate from.

E. A. T., LONDON—Received yours. Will make the desired change.

J. N., QUEBEC—Thanks. Received letter. Will send paper as desired.