

A Hard Case.

This term, often applied, is a very expressive one, and is becoming every day more and more applicable to a large and increasing number of the youth of Canada. A boy of twelve lights his pipe now-n-days as soon as he is out of reach of his father's eye. At fourteen he takes a drink with the other b'hoys, and goes to the Atheneum. At seventeen he finds it necessary to "stick" some poor devil of a tailor, in order that he may lounge on King street with the other swells in the day, and fraternize with other beasts at night; and when he arrives at the age of twenty-one his character is formed. His capabilities of enjoyment are confined to two spheres—a whiskey mill in the day, a brothel at night. Yes, there are a hundred young men in Toronto to-day who have respectable fathers, and loving christian mothers—if they have not already broken their hearts—whose every day life is that of a vagabond. Yes, a vagabond! We know of no other name so appropriate. Do these young men reflect; or have their consciences been drowned with their morals? What are their hopes in this beautiful world? Do they not know; or, will they not learn, from the history of a thousand miserable wretches who have gone before them, that they are now laying the foundation for a life of misery and disgrace? Has not sufficient reason been left them by the devil they are continually thrusting down their throat, to teach them that every day and every year, it will be more and more difficult to begin a life of decency? We will take it for granted that they escape a jail and a lunatic asylum—is that all they live for? Is it the height of their ambition to walk the verge of hell without tumbling in? Is the respect of the good and true of no value to them? and what decent man respects the loafer of a bar-room, and the touter of a brothel. Do they not aspire to win the love of pure and noble women in this world, and thus achieve the height of happiness within the reach of man? God forbid that they should while they lead the life of a vagabond, and woe to the victim that thus forms an alliance with vice.

What cowards these hard cases are to allow whisky to conquer so easy a victory over their manhood. Where is their "will power"—the first attribute of a reasoning being? Have they not the courage left yet, to say I will be respectable, and to keep their word? We fear not; those who spend the half dozen years of their early manhood in debauchery, seldom reform, indeed, there is not much left worth reforming; every vestige of nobility and heroism has been wetted out of their system, every pure instinct has been destroyed by vile associations, every chivalric feeling has been trampled upon by bawds, and the last vestige of virtue has been swept away in a tornado of intoxication. What is there left, except, for the use we now make of them, to point this moral. Nothing! yes, there is something, besides, they should be a scare-crow warning to the rising generation, they are the vile contrasts, to those who live a life of purity

and virtue, they are the beacon on the tower of a moral pest house, for who that sees them, and knows their history, will not avoid the contamination of their society, in order to escape the abyss of infamy into which they have fallen.

The Blowers on the Way.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

(Per Sub-Marine Telegraph.)

We met at the Union station arrayed in all the finery com'atable from "the poor man's friend" and other kindred establishments. Baxter was the observed of all observers, owing to the extensive style of his "get-up." On his head was the Allen bat of Police Court notoriety. His coat was a blue-mixed, bottle-green, linsey-woolsey, and very dirty—said to have cost 4s at Wakefield's—the pattern made by four women—chalk-marks being still on it. Before starting, owing to the fear of the unknown dangers of railway traveling and other causes, the blowers individually invested ten cents in life insurance policies. At starting the chaplain, the Rev. Stiggins, opened the proceedings with prayer, after which he exhorted—warning all to eschew personalities and vulgarisms while on the trip—such conduct being only fit for the Council Chamber. At the close Councilman James officiated as precentor, and opened a basket of champagne to render his voice more liquid and mellow while giving pathetic effect to that touching old air, "I'd rather have a guinea than a one pound note."

The champagne was a donation from a city official, supplied by Baxter to said official at \$30 per basket, manufactured at the goose-pasture distillery, and infernal swill at that.

Every thing went well till reaching Cobourg, on leaving that station, Baxter missed S. M. McDowell, and insisted on stopping the train for him, the conductor refused, this refusal preyed so much on his feelings that he withdrew himself for a while to solitude, as was supposed, but on a rigorous search being instituted, he was discovered consolately sitting beside the engine-driver eating bread and beef, while the tears were hopping down cheeks. There was great rejoicing in his recovery for how could the citizens afford to lose the corporation of Toronto.

Nathan-el Dickey, President of the Young Mens Christian Association, produced a "deck" of the "devil's pichers" and engaged with Stiggins in a friendly game of eucbre, at which Nathan won his "tea-money." He abused the waiters at it, and afterwards thanked God for the little snack which he said many a poor devil would have made a meal of, (this little snack consisted of a feed—second only to Baxters).

Old "bus-wig" secured a deck berth in the sleeping car. Coun. Bennett and O'Connell sang at his head "rise, sons of William, rise." Oadi Boomer and Jailer Allen tried a few drinkables, which had the effect of transporting them to a greater state of bliss, than would send many an "unfortunate" down for 30 days. They declared that Baxter's tippie was "pizen", and a man

drinking it was not to be held responsible.

Coun. Canavan appeared rather excited, being most of the time in his shirt sleeves, it appeared as if his mind was not satisfied with the amount of cloth the tailor had put in his coat, its back of longitude was admirably adapted for taking back sights.

Tinning, Smith, and Thompson addressed the "ignoble vulgars" at Belleville. Major Robt. Donnison inspected the volunteers at Shannonville while the train had a speed of 40 miles per hour, his rendition of the famous "goose-stencil," appeared to delight them.

Vance took a right wing of the council, consisting of Canavan, Love and O'Connell off the train at Kingston, as they had got nauseated at Baxter's arrangements and company. Baxter remonstrated and urged that Mr. Brydges would meet the Excursionists at Montreal and ask them to tea, Vance and his wing "could not see" this, and called their fat friend a greasy impostor.

On the arrival of the train at Montreal, the huge member from the "goose-pasture" employed a detective to discover Brydges' invitation to tea, unsuccessfully. Bus-wig and Baxter's crowd had to carry themselves and dirty luggage to a *tripe shop* at the market. There was not a soul there "so mean as do them reverence," they gorged themselves at the rate of 20 cents each, including a horn of "all sorts," and started for Portland at 2.

Before leaving, their money run short, but James extricated them from their unpleasant dilemma by "doing bills" at discount.

Some ruffian stole the Mayor's left boot at Montreal, this he says will be a boot-less excursion for him. So mote it be.

Moral reflections in next week's *Grumbler*.

A Whoop from the Grumbler.

"Fiat Justitia ruat cœlum," say we, and as the Empress Eugenie has issued her fiat that "hoops shall be no more," in other words that the young and lovely, the graceful and symmetrical portion of the *Grumbler's* subjects, yclept the "fair sex," must abandon those indispensable articles of feminine apparel known as Crinolines. We, on our part, must and shall, as we have ever heretofore, take up the cause of our clients and battle as best we can against the cruel edicts of dear little Eugenie, "or any other man." What! the very idea is an absurdity—fancy our Jemima promenading King street *all in to a point* and swelling it in a "Shaker," No! No! No!

"There's naught but care on every hair,
In every hour that passes O:
What signifies the life o' man?
An' t'wars na for the lasses O?"

Auld Naturo swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes O:
Her pretence' han she tried on man,
And then sto made the lasses O.

An' when nian mak'it Crinoline,
Which ilka' thing surpasses O,
Auld Naturo strike't out wi' joy,
An' clâp' it on the lasses O."

Ladies! we appeal to you. Are you going to