

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

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THE GRUMBLER

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All letters to be addressed "The Grumbler," P. O. Toronto, and not to any publisher or news-tender in the city.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in 'y' coat,
I resew you t'out it;
A child's among you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll peen it."

SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1865.

Songs for the Sentimental.

Of late I fondly heard thee pour
Love's incense in my ear!
Of late, thy lips repeat once more
The words I deemed sincere!
But—though the truth this heart may break,
I know thee false and no mistake!
My fancy, pictured to my heart
Thy boasted passion, pure;
Dreamed, thy affections void of art,
For ever would endure.
Alas! in vain my woe I smother!
I find thee very much more other!
Twas sweet to hear you sing of love,
But, when you talk of gold,
Your sordid—base design you prove,
And—for it must be told—
Slace from my soul the truth you drag—
"You let the cat out of the bag!"

A Lecture on Morality by Mr. Grumbler to the crowd outside the Sanctum Window.

Moral philosophers are the greatest fools in the world. I am a moral philosopher; I am no fool though. Who contradicts me? If any, speak, and come within reach of my shillelah! I am a moral philosopher of a new school. The schoolmaster is abroad and I am the schoolmaster; but if anybody says that I am abroad, I will knock him down. I am at home.

And now, good people, attend to me and you will hear something worth learning. The reason why I call all moral philosophers fools, is, because they have not gone properly to work. Each has given his own peculiar notions, merely, to this world. Now, different people have different opin-

ions; some like apples, and others prefer another sort of fruit, with which, no doubt, many of you are familiar. "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?"

My system of morality is the work of induction. I am very fond of Bacon—I mean the Bacon recommended to you by "the Society for the diffusion of useful knowledge"—Lord Bacon. I therefore study the actions of mankind, and draw my inferences accordingly. The people whose conduct I attend to are those who get on best in the world; for the object of all morality is to make ourselves happy, and so long as we are so, what, my good friends, does it signify?

The first thing that you must do in the study of morals is to get rid of all prejudices. Bacon and I quite agree on this point. By prejudices I mean your previous notions of right and wrong.

Dr. Johnson calls morality "the doctrine of the duties of life." In fair definition I agree. The doctor was a clever man. I admire the knock-down arguments he was so fond of; it is the way in which I usually reason myself. Now, the duties of life are two-fold—our duty to others and to ourselves. Our duty to ourselves is to be as comfortable as possible; our duty to others is, to make them assist us to the best of their ability in so doing. This is the plan on which all respectable persons act, and it is one which I have always followed myself. What are the consequences? See how popular I am; and what is more, observe how fat I have got! Here is a corporation for you! Here is a leg! what think you of such a cap as this? and of this stylish coat? Who says that I am not a fine fellow, and that my system is not almost as fine? Let him argue the point with me, if he dare!

Happiness consists in pursuing our inclinations without disturbance and without getting into trouble. Make it then, your first rule of conduct to do exactly as you please; that is, if you can. I am not like other moralists who talk one way and act in another. What I advise you to do is nothing more than what I practice myself, as you have very often observed, I dare say.

Be careful, to show invariably, a proper respect for the laws; that is to say, when you do anything illegal, take all the precautions that you can against being found out. Here, perhaps, my example is somewhat at variance with my doctrine; but I am stronger you know than the executive, and therefore, instead of my respecting it—it ought to respect me!

Be sure to keep a quiet conscience. In order that you may secure this greatest of blessings, never allow yourselves to regret any part of your past behaviour; and whenever you feel tempted to

do so, take the readiest means that you can think of to banish reflection, or, as Lord Byron very properly terms it—

"The blight of life, the demon Thought!"

You have observed that after having knocked any body on the head, I generally begin to dance and sing. This I do, not because I am troubled with any such weakness as remorse, but in order to instruct you. I do not mean to say that you are to conduct yourselves precisely in the same manner under similar circumstances; a pipe, or a glass, or a pinch of snuff—in short any means of diversion—will answer your purpose equally as well.

Adhere strictly to truth—whenever there is no occasion for lying. Be careful to conceal no one circumstance likely to redound to your credit. But when two principles clash, the weaker, my good people, must, as the saying is, go to the wall. If, therefore, it be to your interest to lie, do so, and do it boldly. No one would wear false hair who had hair of his own; and he who has none, must of course, wear a wig. Do not see any difference between false hair and false assertions; and I think a lie a very useful invention. It is like a coat or a pair of breeches—it serves to clothe the naked! But do not throw your falsifications away like a proper economy.

My friends, if you were to act in this way, in what department of commerce could you succeed? How could you get on in the world? What vagabond would employ you to defend his cause? What practice do you think you would be likely to procure as a physician, if you were to tell every old woman who fancied herself ill, that there was nothing the matter with her, or to prescribe abstinence to an alderman as a cure for indigestion? What would be your prospect in the church, where, not to mention a few other trifles, you would have, when you come to be a bishop, to say that you did not wish to be any such thing? No, my friends, truth is all very well where the telling of it is convenient; but when it is not, give me a bouncing lie. But that one lie, object the advocates of uniform veracity will require twenty more make it good; very well, then, tell them.

Ever have a due regard to the sanctity of oaths; this you will evince by never using them to support a fiction, except on high and solemn occasions, such as when you are about to be invested with some public dignity! But avoid any approach to a superstitious veneration for them; it is to keep those thin-skinned and impracticable individuals who are infected by this falling from the management of public affairs, that they have been in a great measure, devised.

Never break a promise, unless bound to do so by a previous one; and promise, from this time

to do anything that will put you to inconvenience. Never take what does not belong to you. For as a young tyro who formerly belonged to this office once pathetically expressed himself, he furnishing at the time in his own person, an illustration of the maxim:—

"Him as pris, wot isn't his'n
Ven' e's cotch' must go to pris'u"

But what is it that does not belong to you? I answer, whatever you cannot take with impunity. Never fail, however, to appropriate that which the law does not protect. This is a duty which you owe to yourselves. And in order that you may thoroughly carry out this principle, procure, if you can a legal education, because there are a great many flaws in titles, agreements, and the like, the knowledge of which will often enable you to lay hands on various kinds of property to which at first sight you might appear to have no claim.

Should you ever be so circumstanced as to be beyond the control of the law, you will, of course, be able to take whatever you want; because there will be nothing then that will not belong to you. This, my friends is a grand moral principle; and, illustrative of it, we have an example (as school-boys say in their themes) in Alexander the Great and besides in all other conquerors that ever lived from Nimrod down to Napoleon, and from U. S. Grant to Boast Butler inclusive.

Speak evil of no one behind his back, unless you are likely to get anything by so doing. On the contrary, have a good word to say, if you can, of everybody, provided that the person who is praised by you is likely to be informed of the circumstance. And, the more to display the generosity of your disposition, never hesitate, on convenient occasions, to bestow the highest eulogies on those who do not deserve them.

Be abstemious—in eating and drinking at your own expense; but when you feed at another person's consume as much as you can possibly digest. Let your behaviour always be distinguished by modesty! Never boast or brag, when you are likely to be disbelieved; and do not contradict your superiors—that is to say, when you are in the presence of people who are richer than yourselves, never express an opinion of your own.

Live peaceably with all mankind, if you can; but as you cannot, endeavor, as the next thing to settle all disputes as speedily as possible, by coming, without loss of time, to blows; provided always that the debate promises to be terminated, by reason of your superior strength, in your own favor, and that you are not likely to be taken up for knocking another person down. It is very true I individually never than this kind of discussion, whatever may be the strength and pretensions of my opponent; but then, I enjoy a consciousness of superiority over the whole world, which you, perhaps, may not feel, and which might, in some cases mislead you. I think, however, that a superior contempt for all but yourself is a very proper sentiment to entertain; and from what I observe of the conduct of certain teachers I imagine that this is what is meant by the word humility.

You must, nevertheless, be careful how you dis-

play it; do so only when you see an opportunity of overaweing and frightening those around you, so as to make them contribute to the great aim of your existence—self-gratification.

Be firm, but not obstinate. Never change your mind when the result of the alteration would be detrimental to your comfort and interest; but do not maintain an inconvenient inflexibility of purpose. Do not, for instance, in affairs of the heart, simply because you have declared, perhaps with an oath or two, that you will be constant till death, think it necessary to make any effort to remain so.

The case stands thus:—you enter into an agreement with a being whose aggregate of perfections is expressible we will say, by 20. Now, if they would always keep at that point, there might be some reason for your remaining unaltered, namely, your not being able to help it. But suppose they dwindle down to 19½, the person, that is, the whole sum of the qualities you admired, no longer exists, and you, of course, are absolved from your engagement. But mind, I do not say that you are justified in changing only in case of a change on the opposite side; you may very possibly become, simply tried. In this case your prior promise to yourself will absolve you from the performance of the one in question!

And now, my good friends, before we part, let me beg of you not to allow yourselves to be diverted from the right path by a parcel of cant. You will have my system stigmatized as selfish; and I advise you whenever you have occasion to speak of it in general society, to call it so too. You will also thus obtain a character for generosity; a very desirable thing to have if you can get it cheap. Selfish, indeed I is not self the axis of the earth out of which you were taken? The fact is, good people, that just as notions, the very opposite of truth have prevailed in matters of science, so have they, likewise, in those of morals.

A set of impracticable doctrines, under the name of virtue, have been preached up by your teachers; and it is only fortunate that they have been practised by so few; those few, having been, almost to a man, poisoned, strangled, burnt, or worse treated, for their pains.

But here comes the police, to interfere, as usual, with the dissemination of useful truths.

Farewell my good people; and whenever you are disposed for additional instruction, I can only say that I shall be very happy to afford it to you for a reasonable consideration.

New York Herald—Attention!

ALARMING FACT!!

GIVING AID TO THE SOUTH!

A "distinguished gentleman" who moves in high circles and whose veracity cannot be impugned, assures us that while walking along King street, he observed a well known resident of this city coming out of a baker's shop with a small loaf in his hand and after gaining the street, tearing it asunder and distributing the fragments with three confederates!

A voice from the Frontier

Our correspondent from the Front states that our men have not yet come with open collision with the enemy they were sent out to encounter but they have been subjected to attacks no less virulent by foes who entertain (judging by their actions) no less hostile feelings towards them than the most rabid of their American neighbours. I refer to a class that Linnæus would designate genius *Cinex lectularius*, or in vulgar parlance the *bed bug*, these formidable adversaries, are in all the tactics of modern warfare, and rival volunteers, in the intricacy celerity of their movements, they form *en masse*, and then *ecbillion* and go through divers other complicated manoeuvres, some times they form squares to resist attacks of cavalry, whenever they make a charge it is always with *fixed bayonets*, and they generally make their mark. They are by far the most insidious and dangerous of all the foes the volunteers have met with, hitherto. Many heartfelt prayers have been offered up that providence might demolish them as were the Assyrians of old, when several hundred thousand were destroyed in one night. Many of our heroic men called loudly upon Colonel Durie "or any other man," to lead them on to Glory and the attack, but that officer's instructions were to remain quietly within his intrenchments, until further orders, he has telegraphed to headquarters and is anxiously waiting a reply.

The Chief of Police

We have no particular love for Captain Prince the Chief of Police. As a man, perhaps, he affects airs and puts on an amount of style that he has no claim to; but as an officer of the Corporation he has, we think, performed his duties in a creditable and satisfactory manner. We dropped in at the meeting of the Council on Wednesday night and listened to such a tirade of abuse and virulence hurled at this Captain Prince, that it tended more than ever to convince us that he is the right man in the right place. Some of the members of this our model (?) Council who did attack him, did so, as was plainly evident, from spleen and spite, simply, we suppose, because Captain Prince won't trundle to them in their low election squabbles and drink bad whiskey with them in every second bar-room. It is too bad that year after year Councilman Bell seemed more resolute to reduce Captain Prince's salary with a view to get rid of him. Now all the resolutions that were ever moved could not effect this, even if they were to reduce the salary to \$100 per year. Captain Prince is bound to have by the Act of Parliament a reasonable salary, and \$1045, as recommended by the Commissioners, we think, is little enough. Captain Prince has important duties to attend to, ones that require care and attention, and it is to his faithful performance of these for the past four years that we owe the present efficient state of the City Police.

Don't let us hear ratepayers crying out that Coun. James didn't go in for reduction of expenditure in city matters. We saw him the other day riding up Yonge street in a wood sleigh to save the five cents omnibus fare. *Verb sap.*

Passports.

It would have thought that "Abner" would come
 such a groveling Yankee trick,
 When all his gold was spent "to hup"
 A hybrid sort of tax to stick
 Upon his neighbors, who have taken
 His greenbacks, though their faith was shaken.

An' adage says that drowning men
 Will catch at straws before they sink,
 Since Cass has failed, one Fessenden
 Has found the country on the brink
 Of ruin, and he now is willing
 To grab at every golden shilling.

They have oppressed with all their might
 The simple gulls at home, and now,
 Since whipped in every manly fight,
 They cast about them, to see how
 They can redeem in some slight measure
 The gold which Yankees so much treasure.

They urge that passports will prevent
 The raids they charge that we have aided.
 We "guess" their revenues are spent,
 And though they find themselves upbraided
 Their conscience to their interest leaves,
 The end will justify the means.

They're even lost their ancient tact,
 If they suppose "I will stop a raid."
 Or else they've done it to exact
 A sort of penitential aid,
 Because just now they have the power,
 But time will make them rue the hour.

The Volunteers.

We are informed that our gallant volunteers
 have begun to grumble already about their rations.
 Can these be the men who, a few weeks since, in
 the drill shed; while the fife and drum were dis-
 couraging their soul inspiring strains, stepped to the
 front "as one man" and declared they were will-
 ing to die in defence of their country and their
 Queen? Why cannot they put up with a little in-
 convenience or a little starvation? Is not the
 honor and glory of protecting their country's fron-
 tier against the invasion of enemies, or quieting
 any excursions of raiders from our soil sufficient to
 sustain them in their work? Are not the eyes of
 the whole country upon them, watching their every
 action? Cannot they submit to a few inconveni-
 ences while they occupy such an honorable posi-
 tion, while they are permitted to act as arbiters of
 the destinies of "bounty jumpers" and outlaws of
 the dominions of Uncle Sam? May not they en-
 joy the luxury of standing on the banks of the ma-
 gestic "Niagara," and gazing down upon its sur-
 face (frozen to the depth of two feet) while the
 thermometer is ten degrees below zero, and the
 sharp chilly winds of January are howling o'er
 their devoted heads. Are not these honors and
 pleasures sufficient to allure men away from their
 homes in the depth of winter—if they are not,
 then we must consider that patriotism has forsaken
 our land and we are not fit to enjoy freedom.

Kingston Correspondence.

The good old name of Gentleman,
 Borne without abuse,
 Defamed by every charlatan,
 And spoiled by all ignoble use.

It is generally taken for granted that Officers of
 Her Majesty's service are gentlemen, and to a cou-
 ple of residents of Kingston, belong the honor of
 dispelling the vulgar error and delusion. "On
 Sunday evening last at St. George's in the East,
 these persons were guilty of an act in the Lords
 Sanctuary, which for gross indecency and unchar-
 itableness is almost without a parallel in the an-
 nals of christianity. According to the announce-
 ment of the Church Wardens of this somewhat
 famous temple that the service would be free to all
 comers on Sunday evening, a couple of young
 men apparently mechanics attended the Cathedral
 and in their innocence entered a pew in which this
 brace of worthies was unseated. What was the
 conduct of two servants of Her Majesty, towards
 the strangers! to supply them with books and en-
 able them to follow the service would be the na-
 tural impulse of a gentleman and an English
 Churchman! not such indignant reader was the
 conduct of these officers—they promptly ordered
 the young men out, and although more than one
 Christian member of the congregation threw open
 his pew to them—they were so mortified with the
 rude rebuff that they left the church. Not the
 least deplorable feature of the rude act is that
 these young men were dissenters and must have
 gone away with a poor opinion of the doctrine
 which inculcates such morality in its disciples.
 This is the way to carry the good intention of the
 Church Wardens into effect. This is the way to
 reclaim lost souls led astray by false doctrines.
 This is the way to prove to dissenters the superi-
 ority of English Church discipline with a vengeance.
 Far be it from the writer to impugn the
 honor of these British officers as the representa-
 tives of a class; but there are black sheep in every
 fold.

Missus Reed's 'boordin hous'

Kingston, Canada, July 12, 1865.

Missus Editor

Dear Sir—

I write these few lines to tell you us how the
 grate & beautiful market hous heer ware consocod-
 ed by the devaurin element last nite, I rekoid it was
 about as imposin a ediffas as the stoopendus mind
 of man ever prodooed from his brane & the sut-
 lins genus what planned it. I have hearn loosed
 his intilltoles in consokanso uve the grate trouble
 he had a preparin uve the plans & a matoroin uve
 the drawins fur this ere grate bildin, his name war
 brawn & he war a citizin uve the glorious union
 whose perpetooil progris is a bein parraillised by
 this ere frattersidal war down South, which is
 zaxita the admirin gase of wonderin cruds thro-
 out the almitly univarse, whariver the star spang-
 led banner flotes and the name uve Sooard is hearn
 the tirent trimbels and Kings & pottnitates foll
 prostrait in the dust, say nothin uve liberatin
 niggers and irishmen from the oldum; the ract
 place uve Mister brouns berth is wol noth in York

state, Jefferson County, which is kalled arter him
 brounsvill, & has a popollation uve 200 & 12 soles
 & severil eminent bildins & a semenary whar the
 ded is entered in volts, includin the diseased Mis-
 ter broun & his widdir who surprised him butt a
 breof time on arth, a grate menny passuns uve
 noat is berried hear to, namely, a grate grono of
 Rip Van winkel who xpired in the year 1700 & 16
 The cox uve the fire is supposed by sum too B the
 huxtirs what occupies the sellers & which klaw
 uve the kommaneteer ar mutch adickt too smok-
 ing uve short pipes among the straw in the sellers
 butt Doctur Skinner, a vary larned kemnist hear,
 says as how in his opinun the fire was cozed be
 'spuntanus kumbustin uve the taller in the
 shambils, as grate quantites uve meet was kep
 thar fur the use uve the citizens, which is a lastin
 stigmo on the peepil of this provinsie to canvar
 sutch a klassick ediffas dezzined by a Amerian
 citizen too a commin meet shop fur the butchers.
 Sick transact glorious Monday—the conflagrashun
 war mitey sli tremenjus & the broed arch uve heerin
 war loaited with the reflexshun uve the flames,
 & the smel of burnin meet, the sparks was a flyen,
 the dorgs war a barkin, then men was a hollarin,
 the wynd was a blowin, the sno war a drifin, the
 frust was a freesin, the flames was a blazin, & the
 ingines war tremenjously a squirtin uve woter up-
 the doownd ediffas, & the roastin meet which they
 tried too saave fur the poor which is vary thick
 hear as it war kookd which wood saave fowel
 us kordwoods hi hear. I am engaged lecturin hear
 on the futir uve Kennady & Cunfederashun which
 is purty lookative too me; likewise the statesmen
 uve Kennady which toooney smokes & severil uve
 the commin koincil come to here and cheered; but
 my lectur was doownd to breof doorashun as the
 fire bells begun a ringin, & the odiense d rampa-
 gin & peakin thro the winder uve the lectur room.
 I seed the grate bildin rappt in flames & the spire
 & klok to in the generel conflagrashun which is a
 grate los to the corporashun, particularly the spire
 which was noo & surmounted by a yellor tin-rook-
 er which was erocketed last year be a sadlor fel-
 ler at a grate cost with a rops round his boddy fur
 feer heed sol down frum so grate a hite, which is
 300 & 10 feat hi. The diskripshun uve the grate
 fire aint vary grafack, but i hope u will xkuse the
 haaste uve

A WARD.

The Passport System...Identification.

The following is part of a conversation between
 two Yanks, which took place lately at the American
 Hotel:

1st Yankee—What's the news?

2nd Yankee—Oh! nothing much, they talk of
 moving Canada further West.

1st Yankee—Well, why don't they do so?

2nd Yankee—[It can't be done, requires a pass-
 port.

1st Yankee—Why don't they get a passport?

2nd Yankee—Well you see, the country is so
 unlike what it used to be, it can't be identified.

Amusements.

THE MASONIC BALL.

Hints for the Male Sex.

"Whatever the Masons take in hand, they carry thro' successfully," is with us in Toronto a time-honoured adage; and the Ball or Party which was given in their Hall last week, proved, not an exception to the general rule. It was really good. The bright eyes and bewitching faces of Toronto's beauties—warm friends of *The Grumbler*—rendered the scene at once brilliant and fascinating. Animate and inanimate Jewels adorned the persons of the manly masons! *Smiles* rich and rare made the "stern sex" happy! Terpsichore reigned triumphant: fairies nimble to sweet music's charms long tripp'd the light fantastic toe. To the Commitee every praise is due for the splendid success their efforts achieved. The *toilettes* of the fair sex were peculiarly Canadian, and, to our thinking, happily so, being "neat but not gaudy," and while on the subject of dress we hope a few hints for the benefit of one or two gentlemen who attended the Ball may not be taken amiss! *Rings* are indicators of superfluous cash. The more liberally the fingers are enriched, the greater assurance that the hand is never employed in any useful labour and is consequently only devoted to the ministration of indulgences and the exhibition of those elegant productions which distinguish the highly civilized gentleman from the highly tattooed savage.

Scuds should be selected with the greatest possible care and in our opinion the small gold one, only, can be worn by a perfect gentleman for whilst they perform their required office, they do not distract the attention from the quality and whiteness of your linen. Some that we have seen were evidently intended for cabinet pictures, rifle targets, and breast-plates.

And lastly, kid gloves should be drawn on the fingers and hands properly before entering the Ballroom! we have witnessed instances where the neglect of this seemed to occupy the gentleman's attention during the whole evening, and indeed, only received relief when the proceedings terminated.

The Theatre.

"Waiting for the Verdict," a new sensational domestic drama has had a successful run at our "little play box" this week. The piece was well put on the stage, and the groupings, &c., were got up with taste and judgment. The principal character was taken by McKean Buchanan, who, as Jonathan Roseblade was certainly effective. In the first act, however, he went at it a "little too steep" which rather marred the effect of his performance. Miss Buchanan, as Martha Roseblade, gave a faithful rendition of the loving and devoted wife. In the most trying scenes her acting was all that could be desired, and we can safely say that she appeared to better advantage than in any other part she has yet assumed on our boards. Mr. Pope, as Jasper Roseblade, was thoroughly up in his part—his acting, throughout the whole play was studied and careful, which cannot be said

of all his performances. Bliakney Brown, by Will J. Wiggins, was given with good effect; he is a popular actor and is fast becoming a favourite here. Perhaps less repetition of the phrase "There's nothing loike it," would have been better, as there is such a thing as overdoing a part. Hulford was good as usual, as also was Masters as Master Higson. Mr. Daly seemed altogether out of his element. Miss Myers, as Lady Emily, was easy and natural. Last, but not least, was Mr. Myers, as Jonas Hundle, the villainous old poacher, in which character he seemed perfectly at home.

On the whole, Manager Myers may congratulate himself on the success of the piece which has drawn as good houses as any that has been produced under his management.

Concert in Yorkville.

The classic suburb once more presents itself to the public gaze. It would not do to let people imagine that there was no life, no amusement, up there,—periodically they come out on "this world's stage" with effects more or less startling. This time it was not an elopement, but a concert—Venus has set and the muses are in the ascendant—a reformation—a change for the better, hurrah! We are always glad to hear of the moral improvement of our neighbors, and in this place especially there was room for it. It need not be told that the affair was successful; they always succeed when they want a thing. The "Dollie of Beauty," and "The Grass Willow" both sang, and all the "nobs" went to hear them. Mr. "Adonis" also displayed his fine form, and treated the company to a stave or two. The most noticeable feature in the performance was its length, and the dance at the end did not come off as the "old fogies" turned out in great force and put their veto on the Terpsichorean amusement.

Beast Butler Dismissed.

Hurrah! one good deed for Lincoln—and it augurs a better future—the blood-thirsty tyrant dethroned. All men must rejoice thereat. The man who flayed innocent men and defenceless women, shall wield the scourge no longer. The fiend incarnate who used the great power entrusted to him only to abuse it is dethroned. Human nature shudders at the outrages committed by this man, every good feeling in our nature revolts at the monstrosity of his character. A man who revelled not in the carnage of the battlefield, but in the tortures and distress of miserable defenceless human beings deserves the lowest depths of perpetual infamy. And if the height of the gallows (as in olden times was the case) is to be the measure of infamy, he deserves to be hanged on one ten times as high as that of Haman.

How to Escape the Draft.

"So many men, so many minds," and all these minds have offered their various suggestions as to the best method of escaping the draft. Some of the wise ones have taken this opportunity of enter-

ing into the hands of Hyman, and by constituting themselves members of the Home Guard, exempt themselves. Others of more reckless natures have blown their brains out, or met death in some ill-drawn form, on learning that "dead men would not be called upon to report for active service." Others of aeronautical turn have engaged balloons, by means of which they may visit the clouds and so get above the draft. Others again, of a subterranean nature have taken to the underground railway in hopes that they may escape by that mean. But of course these are and all will prove entirely fallacious. The only sure and reliable recipe for getting out of the way of the draft is in the possession of the *Grumbler*.

Answers to Correspondents.

YOUNG K.—Too personal, not at all suited for our columns.

O. B. PRESCOTT.—Are you satisfied with any answer. You cannot try it on us any more. We've lived too long in the Queen City to be caught by such as you.

NIAGARA VOLUNTEER.—Your 21 cents has gone to the dead letter office. Pay your epistles or get your Col. to frank them.

NEWS AGENCY, MONTREAL.—We sent 200 copies of last week's issue, and have increased order this week to 387, being all that was paid us in advance for.

News Agency.

The firm of Messrs. Rogers & Clayton, stands evidently foremost as being "up to time," in the delivery of English, American and Canadian periodicals, and papers. By their facilities they are enabled to supply news stuff with a promptness that surprises us. Their counters are always replete with the latest issues of the English and American press, and we can heartily recommend them to the support of the public.

Clothing.

It is a common saying that, "the tailor makes the man," and if we judge by the specimens of workmanship which are daily turned out of the clothing and tailoring establishment of Messrs. W. A. Murray & Co., King-street East, we must certainly endorse the sentiment. Toronto is so overrun with flash establishments, who puff and bloy in the advertising columns of our dailies, that really an establishment where custom clothing of substantial material and good workmanship is turned out, is lost sight of. We can cordially recommend the establishment of Messrs. W. A. Murray & Co. as being one of those where particular attention is paid to all custom orders and where one is sure of a good fit. W. A. M. & Co. have a large stock of coatings, vestings, and trousersing suitable for the present season and which are worthy of inspection.