

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. I.

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NO. 14.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coat
I reede you tent it;
A chiel, samang you taking notes,
And, faith, be'll preeat it."

SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1858.

PROVINCIAL SPOUTING APPARATUS.—No. XIII.

I. A PLEA FOR PUBLIC MORALITY.

We verily believe that no British legislature, since the days of Walpole, has sported so recklessly with public morality as the present Parliament of Canada. We speak from no party stand-point; we care as little for Grit as for Tory, but we cannot refrain from directing public attention to the degrading position of their present rulers. Day after day, week after week, the most unjust charges are flung from one side of the House to the other; "drunkard," "liar," "embezzler," are the staple arguments in our Canadian legislature, and are laughed at and joked about with a callous indifference which would reflect no dishonour upon the inmates of Newgate. Legislation is completely forgotten; not a single measure worthy of a day's consideration has been introduced on either side of the House, and for all the good they have done, they had far better never have met. Assembling fresh from the hustings, the people naturally expected some attention to their wants, but how grievously were they disappointed. The first act of the new House was to elect as their Speaker a man notoriously unscrupulous in promoting party-ends, a man who had disgraced the House by the foulest language. Proceeding to the contested elections, both sides of the House seemed not to care a jot for the public interests; the only question which occurred to them was, how can we get another vote for our party? Follows, then whom a more unworthy man was never foisted upon any legislature, sits in the House as the fraudulent member for 300 false votes. Allyn represents Louis Napoleon and 15,000 other Quebec electors, and yet not only retains his seat in the cabinet a sworn adviser of the crown, but actually jests feebly at his own smartness. Buying and selling offices are recognized as part of our constitutional system, and members are found who can glibly quote precedents for them from the days of Walpole and Castlereagh. Mr. Cayley is charged recklessly with all sorts of crimes, and yet sits calmly under it as if it were no stain upon his good name. The opposition on the other hand, equally regardless of propriety oppose everything which comes from the Government without the slightest consideration. Mr. Brown protests one day against such an absurd proposition as the Double Majority, and the next declares that he will vote for it, to embarrass the Government. Every

where in the House, or in the press, in the public meeting, or in the village ale-house, Canadian politics are in the same horrible condition, and we can see no halting place short of bankruptcy in reputation and credit for the entire Province. The State doctors who recommend the nostrums of Representation and Federal Union as panaceas, are mere quacks; until public feeling frowns upon legislative recklessness, and rises many degrees in the scale of morality, all measures of a similar kind will be futile and ineffectual.

II. A BRIBE FROM BRYDGES.

The Great Western Railway Company desire an amendment to their Charter, and seem afraid that they won't get it; in order, therefore, to fire obtuse Legislators into a burst of zeal, they have appointed a special train (we don't mean of gunpowder) to aid their deliberations by a change of air. Cognizant of the weakness of some honorable Members, abundance of champagne will be provided, and things will be made generally comfortable. The Detroit people will, we suppose, do the hospitable to our noble Legislature, and Brydges will succeed in carrying the Company over its difficulties. Some extremely sensitive people are talking about attempting to bribe the House; but that is extremely absurd; no one could ever think of buying an act of Parliament from those who are so jealous of their dignity that they even frown upon Sheriffs who buy their offices, and indignantly turn them out instant. Besides, as the general complaint is that there is nothing sincere in our politicians, a little champagne would undoubtedly correct moral obtuseness; does not the old maxim say, "*In vino veritas*," and would not the result of this excursion be immediately beneficial to public integrity? Of course it would. Let no objection, then, be made to the trip; we see the wise intentions of the Company, and they would still further enhance the prosperity of the country by leaving Fellowes, Ferres, and others we might name, to benefit and bless the country lying to the west of the Detroit River.

Cayley.

Splutter, stammer, stammer,
Not at a loss for a crammer,
Or a second, to give it a hammer,
Pay the do'll his due,
E'en should he prove mighty scaly,
And misuse the swirl-about fall, oh!
Like a regular dundorhead Cayley,
What's that to you?

Sleeping Beauties.

Nothing that we have witnessed at the Parliament House this Session appeared half so transcendental and lovely, as the facial expression of the Members for East York and North Wellington, while calmly locked in the arms of morpheus, during the stormy debate in the Norfolk Shrievalty. This somniferous spell was produced by the "poisonous liquid" of their infatuated leader, who is crazing the brain of more than half his followers.

THE CIRCUS.

We confess we like a circus company to visit us once in a while, even although with the daring acts of horsemanship we are forced to swallow the clown's bad nonsense, and to enjoy the feats of agility and the fumes of bad tobacco at the same time, and, to crown all, to bear the pressure of a very uncommon crowd while admiring the extraordinary feats of strength. Kemp and Nixon's circus collected a great crowd of persons some three thousand five hundred. We never saw such dire rushing and crowding; we never experienced such martyrdom and mangling. Getting the tickets was bad enough, and we thought that having sustained bodily damage to the extent of two black shins and a pair of arms strained almost to dislocation, that we had suffered enough for our country; but these were only the beginning of sorrows. We had scarcely taken our seat when the platform broke, and we suddenly discovered the height we had been standing above the ground. We were jammed so tightly among a crowd of not over cleanly fellows, that we could not breathe for the space of five minutes. After enduring unheard of agonies, we reached the edge of the ring, and had just commenced to congratulate ourselves on our escape when a crush coming behind, we were precipitated half way across the circus. Having regained our place we were ordered to sit down. We expostulated that there were no seats, and that the state of our health could not permit us to sit on the damp earth. The crowd behind having squatted down, grew indignant, and suggested that we should be knocked down. We said we would like to see any rascal attempt it. A policeman came up and insisted on our going down on our hunkers. We said we'd see him hanged first, and to save appearances crossed over the ring. Here we were met by a storm of yells that we must go back. The horses were riding out, and things looked bad, when we saw a friend who made room for us. As to the performance we did not think much of it. The horses were indifferent, and the female clown just as pleasing as a female member of Parliament would be.

Criterion of Jollity bordering on intoxication.

When a party of young sparks—out on a lark—attempt to serenade a police station.

Barrie, to Wit.

What a pitiful, crusty set of curmudgeons the business men of Barrie must be. Only fancy getting up an excursion round their Bay, from which ladies are to be especially excluded. "The party must be all married men." Pah! for our part we would soon be a party to such a party. Exclude the dear creatures! the sweet little sunbeams of existence! Absurd. Either these business men of Barrie are, as they deserve to be, a decidedly henpecked generation, or they have made up their mind for a monstrous Drunk, that's our opinion.

WI' A WEE DRAP IN HIS EYE.

Gin a body meet a body,
Wi' a wee drap in his eye,
Need a body tell a body?
Perd apes the chiel was dry.
Every mon maun hae his glass,
'Mang the rest hae I,
So dinna blame the big folk gin,
They take it on the sly.
Amang a train there is a awain,
Lo'es getting fore too well;
I ken his name, but what's his name,
I denna care to tell.

Gin a body see a body,
North by East frae Brown,
Gin his body's for a toddy,
Need a body frown?
Every mon maun hae his glass,
'Mang the rest hae I.
So dinna blame the big folk gin,
Tho we drap' in the eye.
I ken a awain amang a train,
Lo'es getting fore too well,
But wham's his name or what's his name,
I dinna care to tell.

COLUMBUS II.

On Saturday last our adventurer and explorer Captain Moody, started on a voyage of discovery—to investigate the unknown straits of Moody. Gifted like Columbus I. with genius and enterprise worthy of the consideration of monarchs, Columbus II. met with no less disparagement and contumely at the hands of his Canadian patrons. Tickets to the number of 500 had been issued—including in cosmopolitan hospitality, all the members of both houses. THE GRUMBLER received a Press invitation of the most urgent tone, printed in gold letters on satin. At 3 o'clock punctually the editors of THE GRUMBLER appeared on Maitland's wharf, and were received with a round of deafening cheers. We looked for honorable guests but found none. We only saw Dr. Connor retreating, after having left his coat tail in the hand of his partner, Mr. Boomer, who had in vain besought him to remain and fraternize with the corporation. Mr. Potiphar Boomer was disappointed. Brown, John A. and John S., Foley, and Sicotte, Loranger and McGee, had all defalcated. Desertion was the order of the day. Why should Dr. Connor break through the rules of fashionable ingratitude? THE GRUMBLERS marched on board and encountered Aldermen Brunel, Moody, etc., as well as ex-Alderman Crooks. To the full swelling air of "A Life on the Ocean Wave," the *Fire-fly* moved from her moorings, and as Homer says, "The waves roared greatly beneath her prow." Precarious enough was our foot-hold on the deck amid the pigmy billows of the bay, but ahead, the white breakers of Magellan's, we beg pardon, Moody's Straits, loomed large and ghastly on our view, and as the *Fire-fly* cruvvetted like a Triton, and seemed with a deep plunge to snuff up the seething foam through her hawser-holes, panic and dismay spread like a prairie conflagration from stem to stern. Boomer and Brunel embraced each other in a futile attempt to steady themselves; both pitched head foremost into the furnace hold, and were with difficulty prevented from contributing to the propulsive force of the *Fire-fly* engine. * * * *
What sound is that which petrifies our nerves, and makes our hair stand on end like the British

bayonets at Waterloo? Crash! dash! thump! bump! and rumble! The band, the solace of our cries and our terrors, has subsided with a crash upon the floor! The fifer is half choked by a joint of his instrument, but saves himself by swallowing its amber mouth-piece; the drummer plunges into his drum, which commences to roll over board with him; but its progress is fortunately arrested by the prostrate form of councillorman Craig.

But tranquility is at length restored, the champagne begins to rise and ebb, in long glasses. Moody, Crooks, Brunel, Griffith, Boomer and Caruthers, speak long and nobly in behalf of "Piers and Protection." Excuses from members of Parliament are read. Mr. Charles Daly read a note from Mr. Brown,—

DEAR ROBERT—I'm busy reading over Cayley's budget, and can't get away just now. I'll come around with Sandfield in a skiff about 5 o'clock.

Yours, truly,
GEORDIE."

Mr. MOODIE—(sobbing)—Blow the budget. There's my right-hand man gone and been and deserted me.

Also from the Premier.

"DEAR MOODY—I've taken the pledge for three months, and don't like to break it on bad champagne.

Yours, etc.,
JOHN A."

From Malcolm Cameron.

"DEAR BOB—I'd come as quick as wink, only I've made John A. sign the pledge, and I must stay at home to watch him.

Yours,
COONEY."

From T. D'Arcy McGee.

"MY DEAR MOODY—Its preciously rough on the water to-day. My neck has escaped hemp so often that I'm rather afraid of the water.

Yours, faithfully,
T. D'ARCY MCGEE."

From Amos Wright, Esq.

"DEAR SIR—Having carefully ruminated over your proposition, I have come to the conclusion that as leader of a Class-Meeting, I cannot, with spiritual profit, attend a gathering which you yourself will one day find to be but "vanity and vexation of spirit."

Yours, more in sorrow than anger,
AMOS WRIGHT."

From Joseph Gould, Esq.

"DER SUN—From the honorous dooties of stait, and a nite skule I hev to itend, I must retire from yer kind invitashun, and believ me yer

Friend,
JOS. GOLD."

From M. Foley, Esq.

"DEAR SIR—Having already made a public exhibition of myself, I fear the evil effects of bad brandy, and consequently desire to absent myself from your journey of exploration.

M. FOLEY."

From Hon. Edmund Murney, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR—Will you be kind enough to go and be d—d, for an infernal, presumptuous son of a sea cook.

Here the exasperated Moodie, in the blindness of his rage, jammed Mr. Daly's beaver over his eyes, and pitched the whole correspondence into the water. * * * * *

I arrived home safe and sound, at about 7 o'clock P. M. I fell asleep and dreamed sagaciously on the vicissitudes of human existence, till next morning, when I became conscious of a thundering headache and wished myself in the boots of the ungrateful M. P. P.'s.

JUDAS MACCABEUS.

The third time is the charm, whether the attempt be to take up a stitch in an old wife's knitting, or the fulfilment of an augury on which may depend the fate of a nation; and who does not know that the juronillo who refuses a request "for the third and last time" is looked upon by his companions as something "neither brute nor human." Acting on the triple charm, the Rev. Mr. Onions has made a third and last attempt to seduce the people of Toronto, to listen to the composition of the greatest musician that ever lived. Time will show whether they are ignorant snobs or not. If the attempt fails—then may the ghost of our buried ancestors rise, and in their righteous indignation banish all musicians from our land.

THE THEATRE.

The exertions made by the manager to obviate the evils we complained of last week have been so strenuous, and the reformation which he has worked has been so complete that he is, without doubt, entitled to our everlasting and world-without-end-amen gratitude. And indeed to such a height has improvement been carried, that we have not the slightest doubt, that if the same praiseworthy perseverance is displayed for a few weeks more we shall have attained a state of theatrical perfection un-equalled "in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth." The despatch with which the scenes were shifted on the occasion of the production of the "Bottle Imp," was truly wonderful; the alacrity displayed by the performers, something more than human; the number of the audience, beyond all calculation. To elaborate all the bits of the great dramatic spectacle entitled the "Bottle Imp," would be about as hopeless as to expect some of the gentlemen who frequent the boxes to take off their hats during the performance, and abstain from their quidding abominations. Suffice it to say that this drama deserves to stand high in the order of spectacles. The *Imp* (Mr. Petric) *alias* Satan never before appeared to greater advantage on our stage; and his Highness has our thanks for the effective manner in which he accomplished his entrances and exits, or rather his appearances and disappearances. As we are a great admirer of Mr. Davidge, and as every one in the world knows it by this time, we need not now press the pleasure which he has afforded to us since his arrival, both as *Paul Pry* and *Jim Bags*, equally with the *Willibald* of the piece in question. We will not see his like in those and many other characters until we shall have the pleasure of seeing himself once more.

Goosebury Fo(o)ley.

— Messrs. Foley and J. A. McDonald had an animated discussion on Thursday evening, on the question whether a child who stole a goosebury ought to have trial by jury or be sentenced by a magistrate. The case is extremely important and will shortly be printed for the use of members; a copy bound in calf with a pot of goosebury jam to be given to the member for North Waterloo.

PSALM OF LIFE.

LONGFELLOW IMPROVED.

Tell me not, thence out of number,
That this life is but a dream,
Would it were for thee would stumber,
All those notes I must redeem.

Life is real, and in earnest,
So too often proves the goal;
Gold dust mizzles, but returneth
Seldom, fast upon my soul.

Not enjoyment, lots of sorrow
Plague us sorely on our way;
In these hard times each to-morrow
Seems still worse than to-day.

Art prolongs the time still fleeting,
When we must to the uproar brave;
And amidst a special meeting,
Hand our credit to the grave.

Och! 'tis just a wosome battle,
Scrambling, climbing on through life;
Kick'd and cuff'd like dricon cattle,
Sure I'm weary of the strife.

Then the future, oh! how pleasant,
Last V gone, and credit dead;
Dad enough's the living present,
Worse a prison over-board.

Lives of some men may remind us,
That with chissellings sublime,
We, like thoom, might leave behind us
Toolmarks on the bust of time.

Tool marks, that perchance another
In the dumps, might be full fain
Seeing, straight to call us brother,
And to chisel o'er again.

Shall we then be up and doing?
Seize the chisel ore too late?
Hang it no! we'll still keep honest
Heart, and leave the rest to fate.

OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

Balmy lake breezes and unadulterated fluids are all powerful in stimulating the exhausted energies of our Civic Rulers. "Firefly" excursions, happily, furnish these materials; and to the gallant and chivalrous Captain Moodie are they indebted for these weekly sanitary enjoyments. Thoroughly rejuvenated physically, the Blowers have returned to their desks, and have given evidence of their activity by moulding into shape a "Pound Law" for the good citizens who so generously confided their safe keeping to their hands.

We must admit, however, there were some exceptions, and singularly enough, both Carruthers and Parly manifested singular apathy in the final discussion of the Pound law. This, to us, appears inexplicable, in view of the laurels they earned on a former occasion on this matter. Perhaps, in this case, they philosophically consider the sense of their fellow-Blowers was against them, and rather than risk a concussion, tamely submitted to a bolt of fate that might otherwise have fallen upon them with disastrous force.

Ald. Read, the Mayor, Messrs. Sproatt, Ardagh, Carr and Ruff, appeared to be the most active promoters of the Pound law, and we do not know that they rendered themselves more than ordinarily ridiculous. We were not there to see, and consequently must accept this charitable conclusion. The Pound law was ratified, and if any of our readers feel anxious to know how it affects them, we must refer them to the City Ordinance.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Having, in our day, received numerous queer letters, we cannot do better than let our readers have a peep at some of them:—

DEAR GRUMBLER,—Snooks has been appointed a tide-waiter at Port Lookout. He owes me twenty-five cents. Pitch into him like a good soul and oblige.

SIMPKINS.

DEAR FELLOW,—Muggings met Hoop-de-doodle, the member for Snipesville, the other day, and they were both seen to enter a saloon and call for brandy and no water. What do you think of that? Publish this, and send me two papers.

Yours, &c.,
SUIFFINS.

MR. EDITOR,—Why is the senior member for Toronto like a bad half-penny stamp? Because he'll stick at nothing! I will not charge you anything for this contribution.

PASTERBOARD.

OLD SCRATCH,—Could you tell us what sort of weather we'll have this day week?

SCRAGOS.

An observer presents his compliments to the Editor of **THE GRUMBLER**, and begs to offer him the following hits:

HOW'S YOUR MOTHER, &c.

Illustrated by the Attorney General's walking down the left side of King-street, arm-in-arm with Young Blazes.

SATAN REBUKING SIN.

Thirteen houses burned up in Gaspe for want of water!

P. S.—Enclosed is a York-shilling for a half-quarter's subscription.

CADGER.

SIR,—Poor Jack's dog was most inhumanly run over by the Great Western cars last Wednesday. Blow up the directors and manager: wont you?

JUSTICE.

ESTEEMED GRUMBLER,—Come and dine with me every day for a fortnight! (No address.)

TIPPITYWITONIR.

ILLUSTRIOUS UNKNOWN,—Who the devil are you?

ANXIOUS INQUIRER.

(Postage, 3d.)

DEAR SIR,—Inclosed is an article (fifteen pages of closely-written foolscap) on the bill to incorporate the village of Scramdandy. Please insert it next week, and send me three copies. Yours till death.

A SUBSCRIBER.

MR. GRUMBLER,—Sparks and Barks have both been down here (Windsor). What are they up to? Ferret it out; wont you?

WIDEAWAKE.

GOOD MR. EDITOR,—There's Bill the hostler of our hinn (in Collingwood) has been and got married with old Mother Grubbs. Wont you rite a barticle on that ere subject? and oblige

TWO READERS.

DEAR CRUM,—Tell us in your next the shortest route to Oonalashka, also the length of the voyage and the cost, &c., &c.

A TRAVELLER.

RESPECTED SIR,—You will scarcely credit it, but the

Governor General has had the impudence, to refuse my son a commission in the 100th. I know you won't stand such rascality. In blowing up old Head, you might also touch up John A. and the ministry generally.

A SUFFERER.

MR. GRUMBLER,—Our friend Badger has been forced to take down a valuable sign on King-street. He looks to **THE GRUMBLER** to redress his wrongs, and smash up the atrocious Corporation.

AN INJURED INDIVIDUAL.

THE GRUMBLER would oblige me by stating in his next whether his mother knows he's out?

A VALUABLE CORRESPONDENT.

A FRIEND—Presents his compliments to the Editor of **THE GRUMBLER**, and assures him of his undying regard.

Hogan.

Sublimity's sublimated,
And 'I say' and 'I do say' are fated,
To be soundly bemouthed and berated,
When Hogan do Gray unfate.
What a would-be unmerciful slaughter,
If you ain't, sir, in raptures, you oughter."
Perhaps not with the milk and the water,
But yulet man at once to the curls.

Gems of Literature

—Culled from the leaders of public opinion in the metropolis of Canada collected by the "**GRUMBLER**" and respectfully dedicated to Billingsgate Market:—

Globe—"Contemptible trickery," "dishonest witness" (Cayley), "shufflings and evasions," "raffianly conduct," "coarseness," "perpetrating these infamous acts," &c., &c.

Colonist—"Bullying," "snivelling uncton," "impudence," "pilloried as liars," "trickery," "hypocrisy," "dirty piece of bunkum," "knavery" "lies" &c., &c.

Leader—"Desperation," "individual insanity," "infuriated ravings," "such a maniac," "horror of hemp necklaces," "fulsome and disgusting," &c., &c.

What do you think of that for men who profess the principles of a religion which exhorts to "keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile"?

Most Horrible.

—The Hon. Mr. Alley, the member for Louis Napoleon and General Havelock, has introduced a bill to deprive physicians guilty of felony, of their licenses. What a horrid state Lower Canada must be in, to be sure, even the doctors practice fraud there. Why not extend the provision to lawyers returned by bad votes. Mr. Alley and ourself "who have free souls," need entertain no apprehensions, let the galled jade wince, &c.

Oh! my Country.
—What a blessed family the Gowans are; they must have some compact with the last enemy of man; no sooner is the breath out of an honorable member, than up springs a Gowan to fill his seat. Before the corpse of Mr. Scatchard is consigned to its last resting place, up rises another of that house, inflated like his namesake, the Nassau balloon, and "consents to stand" in his place. If the electors of Middlesex have any regard for their country, as we are sure they have, they will not inflict a second Gowan upon the Parliament of this Province.

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 liberality 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 SUR,

As I hed been up to your villadge for the first time, to see its curiosities, I have been a tellin of them to Mistur Peter Whipperwel, 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 Fitziddelestring, 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 would 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 cudat 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 little 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 Oporas, 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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