

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. 2.—NO. 15.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1859.

WHOLE NO. 67.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coat
I redce you tent it;
A chief's amang you taking noice,
And, faith, he'll prent it."

SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1859.

THE WAR.

The great contest now disturbing the peace of Europe's fairest domain, Italy, has had its origin variously stated. Without desiring to depreciate the research which many eminent statesmen and journalists have bestowed it, or to sneer at their sapient conclusions, we beg to dissent from theirs and the popular opinion, and to offer a new, but correct one, of our own concerning the cause of the present war; the cause may be stated in one word, and that word is LAGER.

We do not give credence to the scandalous story of a New York journal's correspondent that Francis Joseph in an inebriated moment having drunk sixteen lagers, called Louis Napoleon a *parvenu*, and threw his seventeenth in the eyes of the French Ambassador. This we know to be untrue—from our intimate acquaintance with the character of the royal Hapsburgh, who is a thorough German, and too well posted up in the national drink to be inebriated in his sixteenth cup, and too much a lover of it to waste a pot on a beggarly Frenchman. Equally absurd is the "Parisian Gossip" that the late Austrian Ambassador, M. Hubner, at his diplomatic dinners, liquored his guests with lager instead of champagne, insulting thereby the young bloods of Paris, who insisted on the Emperor's declaring war forthwith, under the threat of a revolution if he refused. These are idle stories, but the attitude of Prussia, in this momentous period, is pregnant with significance. King Cluquet, standing "as it were" on the pinnacle of jollity, with a mug of lager in his right hand and barrel of ditto on his left, with legs outstretched, like the American eagle, one eye winking knowingly on Russia, and the other taking a birds-eye view of southern Europe, has made known his statements to the belligerents in the metaphorical but unequivocal words, "ТА-КЕ УМЕ КО-ОУСА." The public and emphatic homology of such a sentiment inspired the French Emperor with new courage and raised the price of lager three kreutzers per gallon. Seizing the opportunity, Louis let slip the dogs of war on the Austrians in their most unlagered moment, and the consequence will be Austrian annihilation unless the former price of lager is restored. We wait with impatience the result, in the meantime, bring in more lager.

THE RIFLE BAND.

It has been rumoured, with what truth we know not, that Toronto is soon to be deprived of the excellent Band of the R. C. R. Sles. We have been so long accustomed to expect them at the bazaars, concerts, dinners and balls, that we seem to possess a vested right to their services, and can hardly fancy that their removal is seriously entertained. Now, also, that "by the kindness of Col. Bradford" as the stereotyped phrase runs, we are favoured with a periodical display in University Park, can it be possible we shall lose them? Forbid it, Mr. Councilman Fell; and thou most prominent of city fathers, Finch, forbid it.

But to the purpose of our article, which was to *grumble*. With the prospect of their removal from the city before us, how have the pleasures we have derived from the stirring strains of their music been appreciated? Have they and their comrades of the Regiment always been properly treated when their services have been secured? We feel bound to say—no. Taking the complaints before us in order, we begin with the Russian guns. It is a fact that, up to the 10th of this month at any rate, the Riflemen, who laboured a whole day at the Crimean trophies, never received a farthing by way of recompense. Where was Holiwell the Count, the Prince of Artillerymen? Where was Paterson? where Cull? and what was the Mayor about, that this disgraceful neglect was permitted? As far as we are aware, they have never received anything to this day. We appoint a commission of the Count and Sergeant Major Cull to inquire into this matter and report next week.

Secondly, in reference to the Band: We are informed that it is the constant practice, particularly at the Rossin House, to keep the men, who contribute so much to the pleasure of a public dinner, supperless and liquorless within nose and ear shot of the feast and revelry at the tables. The dinner given to Lord Bury and the last University Dinner, have been specially mentioned. At the last a bottle of very inferior wine and one plate of crackers were doled out amongst twenty-four men. The Band men had certainly a right to complain that after blowing and puffing away for an hour and a half, this was the feast provided for them. We do not know whose fault it was. We simply state a fact, and we trust that in future some more tangible proof of appreciation will be given to the "talent and ability" displayed by the R. S. Band than a newspaper puff and a plate of stale crackers.

Pleasing Intelligence.

—Under the head "Interesting News," *Old Double*, the other day, had an account of the "Burning of the Ocean Steamer March."

A CAPITAL INVESTMENT.

FOR SALE CHEAP,

A FIRST-CLASS ONE OR TWO HORSE HEARSE.

For terms apply to

Messrs. LITTLE & GOULD,

Milton.

The advertiser was evidently afraid that his advertisement would be mistaken for a joke, if he made public the reasons usually assigned for disposing of a carriage: "The owner having no further use for it." As it is we look on the advertisement as genuine, although the names of the proprietors are suspicious. Mr. Little sells his hearse because the people of Milton are so lost to common sense that he has *little* or nothing to do; and Mr. Gould consents to the sale because his hearse won't bring him in any *gold*. Won't any body in Milton die, and thus save the firm of Messrs. *Little & Gould* from bankruptcy? Has nobody in Milton any regard for the feelings of the firm? Is the credit of an enterprising house to be destroyed because the Miltonians are so selfish, so uncivil, so cruel, as not to die? Will any enterprising young man in Toronto go up to Milton and commit either murder or suicide, in order to keep the one-horse hearse from becoming the prey of a stranger.

Milton is decidedly too healthy for the well-being of the two-horse hearse. It wants a little dash of small pox, or a mild visitation from the cholera, or a friendly visit from the fever and ague to sustain the credit of the two-horse hearse. And accordingly the hearse must be sold—and cheaply it is to be sold. What city in western Canada wants a capital sell? let it buy the hearse. What town wants to be cheaply sold? let it buy the hearse. Who wants a hearse? A capital investment. A cheap hearse. A hearse that is set well on its springs, and will not disturb its occupants! A comfortable hearse! Come, speak out, western Canada! A first-class hearse! for double or single harness. Why do not Messrs. Little & Gould advertise coffins to match?

Meannoss.

—We understand that two of our wholesale merchants refuse to close their establishments on Saturday afternoon, contrary to the almost universal custom of our merchants, during the summer. This meanness and illiberality to their employees cannot advantage them during this dull season, and as it is fraught with danger to the present beneficial arrangement, is deserving of severe censure, we trust they will forego their eagerness for money-making, and give their overworked clerks the much deserved recreative hours.

THE MAD CRITIC AGAIN.

The *Streetsville Review*, since it has fallen into the hands of poor Mr. Robert M. Allen, has been filled with the wildest nonsense, that the wildest madman ever penned. This, of course, was naturally to be expected. Probably the poor fellow from keeping company—in a professional manner—with servants who had lost their characters, has arrived at the conclusion that it is a bad thing to lose one's character, and therefore he is determined to maintain his own in all its original luster. However it is, Mr. Allen does not scruple to publish in the most persistent manner, articles which are unapproachably ridiculous. As the *Theatre* is a weak point with him, we will treat the public to his opinion of the present opera troupe. The article commences as follows:

"The pleasing monotony of *tragic*, comic, and farcical theatrical amusements, have been temporarily superseded by the *higher class* of vocal dramatic entertainments."

This is certainly the first time a critic made the absurd mistake of classing tragedy amongst the *lower class* of dramatic entertainments. Again,

"The performance commencing with the exquisite, *unique play* of 'La Sonnambula.'"

Those who effect taste in theatrical matter, generally call "La Sonnambula" an *opera*. But with Mr. Allen, the case is different—"La Sonnambula" is a *play*—*unique play*! On the same principle that this critic calls an *opera* a *play*. Mr. Cooke, the *basso* of the troupe, is compared with Mario, the *tenor*; and naturally enough, unfortunate Mr. Cooke is found wanting:

"Mr. Cooke representing Count Rodolph, who although, a very superior singer, cannot by any means compare with the inimitable tenor, Mario."

But now comes the brightest sally of the critic:

"Miss Milner was the Sonnambulist, and a *more exquisite artiste never before*, we understand, sung so sweetly, so correctly, or so powerfully, as this gifted, tiny and highly gifted songstress."

The critic understands that "a more exquisite singer than Miss Milner never before sang so well as Miss Milner." The understanding of the critic is evidently, to use a common expression, "no-where." A better singer than Miss Milner never sang so well as Miss Milner! We defy bedlam to beat that. Mark the adjectives, too! Miss Milner is "gifted, tiny and highly gifted." How elegantly expressed! *Gifted and highly gifted!* Why not *small and tiny*? Either of the latter adjectives would be equally true.

Passing over a barren joke, perpetrated by the critic regardless of consequences, we come to the moral of the critique. To judge by its strain, it is evident that Mr. Allen is weak-minded enough to indulge in hopes of future happiness. The moral is contained in the following solemn nonsense:—

"If, as we read, the entertainments of another world principally consist in the vocal strains of praise that bursts incessantly from angelic lips, it is an *unmistakable evidence* that if vocal amusements are preferred on earth, that our *origin was for*, and our *tendencies are and should be* always directed to those realms of happiness where matchless songs of everlasting happiness never have an end."

Reduced to a recognizable shape, this extraordinary conclusion to a theatrical critique stands thus: If operas (for they are "vocal amusements") are

preferred on earth, it is "*unmistakable evidence*" that "our *origin*" was for "realms of happiness." This strange deduction is made dependent upon the realization of what "we read of the entertainments of another world." It is quite evident, from this bit of theology, that the law is not Mr. Allen's forte, since he sets down as *unmistakable evidence* what at best, according to his own showing, is only an *inference* depending upon two *ifs*. However, while saying this, we are forced to admit that Mr. Allen is evidently a loss to the Church. As it is, and we say it under correction—he may never attain to the dignity of Chief Justice of Upper Canada. But in the Church what is there to prevent him from attaining to a Bishopric? He is *young, handsome, of good education*, and has an elegant brogue. With these accomplishments, it is a pity he lies down his soaring intellect to the dry study of the law. Mr. Allen is, we are glad to see, a poet. At least, he shows good taste in his selection; for he winds up his theatrical notice by wishing, in the words of the poet, that he

—"were the viewless spirit of a sound!"

A wish that all his friends and enemies heartily concur in.

COOPER'S OPERA TROUPE.

The second, and we regret to say, last week of the engagement of this company, terminates this evening. We have seen with pleasure that their efforts have met so cordial and hearty a reception from our fellow citizens. During the week "Il Trovatore" and "The Barber of Seville" have been introduced, and several of the most successful operas produced last week, have been repeated. Did our space admit of it, we should desire to enter fully into the merits of each performance, but where such unqualified admiration has been expressed by every auditor, our task is comparatively easy. Miss Annie Milner's exquisite music, enchanting face and mischievous eye could not fail to elicit the most rapturous applause. Amongst the many beautiful airs she sang, we may venture to particularize "Lo, here the gentle lark," as the most pleasing and affecting. Miss Payne's acting in "Il Trovatore" excited unusual approval; she possesses dramatic talent of no mean order. Mr. Bowler combines with a sweet voice, great histrionic powers, and was heartily applauded in every character in which he appeared. Mr. Cook, the *basso*, though, as the sage of the *Streetsville Review* remarked, not quite as good a tenor as Mario, possesses an excellent voice and astonishing power of imitation and comic acting. His "Quack Doctor," in "L'Elisire d'Amore," and the Gipsy in "The Bohemian Girl" were extremely good.

Mr. Rudolphson has an excellent voice and great versatility in acting. In no character he has undertaken during this engagement, has he come short of our expectations, from Count Rodolpho in *Sonnambula*, to the withered old Doctor Bartolo, in "The Barber of Seville." His aria, "The heart bow'd down," in the Bohemian Girl, was most deservedly encored; indeed, we have noticed that he is, on the whole, the most reliable actor in the troupe. The whole company have deserved well of the public,

and though they have been liberally supported, Toronto has scarcely done its duty. This evening Miss Milner takes a farewell benefit, and the troupe make their last appearance in Toronto. We sincerely trust that the house will be worthy the occasion, and that the charming benefactress will find that Torontonians never weary in showing their appreciation of a sterling English artiste. We hope that arrangements will be made to insure their speedy return to our city; and in the meantime, we regretfully bid them farewell.

Mr. and Miss Richings, who were so extremely popular when they last visited Toronto, open their engagement on Monday. They are both capital performers; Miss Richings is an accomplished vocalist. We shall have something more to say about them next week; we trust we shall be able to say that they have been liberally patronized.

THREE CHEERS FOR GROGAN.

(From the *Streetsville Broadbrim*.)

The days of Head are numbered. He has been weighed in the Grit balances and found confoundedly deficient. The cries of Upper Canada have penetrated even the indurated tympanum of the Colonial Secretary. Canada will, we are happy to hear, soon be be-Headed. No more double shuffles, no more gubernatorial tyrannies; we shall now be righted, and Grogan is the man to do it. Perhaps some of our readers may desire to be informed as to the antecedents, character, personality, and probable future of Grogan. We know nothing of the illustrious Hibernian but his patronymic, but of this we are sure, Grogan may be ugly, Grogan may be greedy, Grogan may be ill-tempered, arbitrary and cantankerous, he is at least better than Head.

The very name of *Grogan* puts new spirits within us; we feel that the hour of deliverance draws nigh. Soon shall the tyranny which has so long overshadowed this fair Province, be blown like a traitorous seepoy, from the 68 pounder of retribution, and the lavender-water of reform shall deodorize the befouled garments of the body politic. We cry for a written constitution, but we will yield that, if we can only get Grogan in exchange. Let us rise in our might and yell vociferously for Grogan, till Imperial somnolency, shall vanish before our impetuosity. We do not speak without a due regard for historical precedent. Everybody knows what the people can do when they assume the birch-broom of indignation to cleanse the garret of iniquity. Why did Caesar cross the Tiber? To free his country. Why did Napoleon Bonaparte defeat Semiramis and plant the red-cross standard on the banks of the Mohawk? It was in defence of right; And shall we, the sons of sires who fought with Wolfe at the battle of the Nile, prove recreant? Never! Let us rush to the foot of the throne and demand Head's recall. If we are firm we may banish him to Botany Bay, and though he might survive, it would be capital punishment for *Head*. Let the war cry be Grogan; Grogan or Hincks, W. L. McKenzie, or John Mitchell, or even Sir John Dean Paul; anybody, everybody rather than that ogre, Head. A la lanterne with Head! Grogan for ever; Vive Grogan!

THE OPERA BEGINNETH TO OPERATE.

EFFUSION OF WITHERINGTON SPOON, GENT.

Dear GRAMMATEUR, tell me what to do,
My heart is to a precious stew;
Miss Milner 's got so sweet a voice,
She 's left to me no other choice
Than love and worship,
Love and praise,
Yes, love and worship
All my days.

And, oh, the sparks of her eye,
Her witching smile, her killing sight,
Such venom give to Cupid's dart
'T would thro' a very hermit's heart.
Then her lips, so divine,
I'd give the world
To press to mine,—
I'd give the world to press to mine.

This poor's maiden, Queen of Song,
To her my heart and love belong;
So fair her form, so great her art,
She's Prima Donna of my heart;
Prima Donna of my heart,
Of my heart!—
Yes, Prima Donna of my heart.

SERMON MAKING.

The *Leader* of the 22nd instant devotes an article to a new Sermon-making manufactory, established at New York. The *Leader* sneers at it. Perhaps the *Leader* thinks the price—10 cents each—at which Sermons are turned out, at the aforesaid establishment, too cheap. The *Leader* is published at 1½¢; why should not a Sermon be published at 6d. Does the *Leader* think that an establishment for the manufacture of sermons is a crying evil? Did the Editor of the *Leader* ever go to Church in Toronto? We trow not. If he did he would hesitate ere he curled his editorial nose in scorn at the idea of a sermon-manufacturing establishment. Where is the wrong in writing a sermon? Where is the sin in selling a sermon? If it is wrong to indite and sell sermons, what is his guilt who indites or publishes a daily paper? But a truce to trifling with the *Leader's* indefensible arguments.

Would to Heaven that a branch depot of this establishment for the manufacture of sermons was opened in Toronto. Would that the young Curates who talk their congregations to sleep on Sunday afternoons had the means of purchasing a sermon with a moderate share of common sense in it. Would that we were no more to be bored with weakly written sermons on points of religion.

Let it not be supposed, however, that we advocate of the lazy system of reading sermons. We hold the system in abhorrence. But if we are to suffer from written sermons, let them be as good as can be procured. The habit of reading sermons is a great evil. The man who cannot preach an extempore sermon cannot be said to have learned his profession. And it is notoriously true that the Ministers generally of our city are deficient in the art of preaching sermons. They not only read their sermons, but they read very indifferent ones. What would be thought of the Barrister who should stand up and read a speech to the jury upon an important case? It would certainly be his last brief. And yet Ministers do not blush to mount their pulpits,

Sunday after Sunday, and in a whining, sing-song voice read something out of a paper which they call a sermon. What would be thought of the Actor who should read his part, instead of acting it? He would be hissed off the stage. And yet Ministers are content, when they reach the pulpit, to unfold their dingy piece of paper and chirp forth something orthodox about religion. If we are to have written sermons eternally crammed down our throats, in Heaven's name, let them be of the best description; not the wisly-wisly stuff that we continually hear.

Why should we have written sermons at all? Ministers are supposed to have received a liberal education, and surely they ought to have studied the art of public speaking,—or else, why become Ministers. If not capable of speaking extemporarily in public, why not stick to writing religious works, and not fill the place of better men.

A written sermon has little power. It falls flat on the ear, and, in nine cases out of ten, sets the hearers to sleep—as if it were the bad composition of a schoolboy badly read. Toronto is full of those lazy Ministers, who will not take the trouble to study the art of public speaking. From the Cathedral down to the smallest Meeting-house it is all the same; only that in the latter we have a chance of hearing something genuine.

Laziness and the Bishop are the only reasons for the indiction of written sermons. Whether those are sufficient reasons or not, let the public judge. That written sermons are an indiction, no one will deny. They are as bad as written speeches. What a sensation a written ministerial explanation would make! How people would stare, if George Brown were to stand up at a meeting and read a speech against the Ministry, or if John A. were to retail his sarcasms second-hand from a piece of paper! And if a written speech would be ridiculous in such cases, is it not doubly so when the stakes are doubled. Surely if there is one place in the world in which the highest perfection of public speaking ought to be employed it is in the pulpit.

In conclusion, then, we must give our voice for the sermon-manufacturing establishment,—as long as the present system lasts. Let the *Leader* sneer as it pleases; the establishment is needed, and as the price of sermons is low it will likely flourish. The time may come when our pulpits will be renowned for their eloquence. The dawning of that period will be the deathblow of the sermon manufacturing monopoly. But, until then, we must endeavor to make the best of our present imperfect system.

Curious Indiotment.

The *Leader*, whose Police Reports are often more brief than intelligible, gives the following short and pithy account of a "sledge hammer case," so it heads it:

"THE SLEDGE HAMMER.

Margaret Reardon was also sent to the Recorder's Court on the charge of having in her possession a sledge hammer, the property of Patrick Reilly."

The adverb "also" would seem to mean that the female, Reardon, was not the only person sent to the Recorder's Court for having other people's property

in their possession; and if the *Leader* is correct in stating the charge against those prisoners, Mr. Gurnett, whose decisions are generally irreproachable, must have gone mad. What! send a woman to gaol simply because she had in her possession a sledge hammer, the property of another person. If this is to be the law, every person in Toronto, from the Governor General down, should be sent to gaol. For what person is there in our city that has not something or other in his possession, the property of which is vested in another person?

Surely, the *Leader*, in trying to be brief, has become libellous. Mr. Gurnett—although the *Globe* once said that he ordered a constable to "pat" a woman's back for a month—would not send a woman to stand her trial merely because she harboured her neighbour's sledge hammer under her roof. Perhaps the culprit was making striking experiments with the aforesaid sledge hammer. Margaret may have been taking 'the liberty with Mister Pat Reilly of beating a little common sense into his skull with the aforesaid sledge hammer—which, on the whole, might have been a hopeless if not a dangerous proceeding; as "a little learning is a dangerous thing;" and the operation may have considerably riled Mr. Reilly, and led to the promotion of Margaret to the Recorder's Court. However, now that Mr. Gurnett's unalterable fiat has gone forth, we must wait until the matter comes before the Recorder. If the *Leader* is correct, Margaret may rely on Duggan and Dismissal.

A Valuable Donation.

"The Superintendent of the House of Industry begs leave to acknowledge the donation of a piece of factory cotton from Mr. So-and-so."—*Colonist* of Thursday.

—We omit the name of the donor. He is no doubt a very good fellow. But we would suggest to the Superintendent of the House of Industry that in future, he should be more specific in naming the article he returns thanks for. "A piece of factory cotton" sounds, to our ears, very like "a piece of printed paper," or "a piece of rye bread," or "a piece of white chalk," or of anything else capable of being reduced to pieces; and which, though a suitable donation to a single young mendicant, when presented to an asylum, like the House of Industry, seems like sending one shirt to clothe an army. In expressing gratitude for future presents, the Superintendent would lose nothing by naming the number of inches or yards in the piece of cotton which was received. It would not take a very large piece of cotton to make a handkerchief, or thread a needle. We feel confident, however, that the piece of cotton in question was of larger dimensions than a handkerchief or a needleful of thread.

HISTORY IN THE SANCTUM.

In a late number of the *Daily Globe*, in one of those sage articles on the war, for which that journal is becoming famous, the editor tells us that the bravery of the Sardinians reminds of that of the "old Romans of the middle ages." Now we had heard of the Venetian republic, the Florentine republic, and the Genoese republic, but we were not aware that the natives of those mediæval States went by the name of "Romans." The next thing we shall hear of will be the New Yorkers of Kentucky, or the Turks of Hindostan. If the *Globe* goes on as fast as this, Sismond's history will have to be revised very speedily.

FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

BY SUBMUNDANE TELEGRAPH.

ANOTHER GREAT BATTLE.

TERRIFIC ENGAGEMENT.

IMMENSE SLAUGHTER.

VICTORY OF THE CONQUERORS.

DEFEAT OF THE CONQUERED.

Through the medium of the submundane magnesia telegraph, we are enabled to lay before our readers, in advance of all contemporaries, the particulars of another sanguinary combat.

Tuesday, 21st June, at 6 p.m., the main body of our army, comprising the York Field Battery, had a brush with the enemy. The Commander-in-Chief, Count Helliwell, gave the word of command to the battery, left wheel into line, advance limbers, oil trunnions, shake swords—forward. The enemy's position had not been completely ascertained, but from reliable sources of information it was supposed they were secreted behind two pine stumps on our right.

A brigade of the Yorkville Cavalry, under General Denison, was detailed to scour the country and uncover the enemy, which was successfully accomplished. With the exception of two men placed hors de combat in jumping the Creek, and the loss of a horseshoe, two helmets and a meerschmump pipe, the gallant troopers suffered triflingly.

The main division now came into action, opening with a terrific cannonade that lasted eight minutes this destructive fire forced the enemy to retreat to their line of fortifications, where they took up a strong position on a snake fence. Our army endeavored to ford the creek and drive them from this commanding position; but, it was so much swollen from being made the receptacle of two tubs of dirty soapsuds treacherously poured out by a neighboring washerwoman (bribed thereto by the enemy), they were compelled to relinquish the attempt.

They retired, however, in good order.

Darkness coming on, both armies retired. It is confidently expected that the combat will be renewed on Saturday, and "expectation stands on stilts" to see that bloody day.

From an accurate computation made on the field the loss is estimated at 5—panes of glass, 4 swallows, and a hedge-hog.

Lieutenant General Patterson's moustache was terrifically singed from a match in the hands of an artilleryman.

Lieutenant Frank Joseph was mortally—frightened.

Major Cull, slightly—kilt.

The plan of operations for next combat will be settled by Council of War, to meet at the Torrapiin on Friday.

TEMPERANCE.

The Hon. J. E. Vinton has been enlightening Toronto on the Temperance question. He delivered a public lecture in the Temperance Hall, on Thursday evening, which, the papers tell us, was prefaced by prayer. We were not present, but from the published reports, the lecture must have been a sublime thing. Before going into the marrow of the subject, he congratulated those present on the rather novel fact that—

"Temperance people rejoiced in the extension and dissemination of the principles of temperance."

This no doubt is a matter for congratulation, and we shall not quarrel with the temperance people for monopolizing all the joy arising therefrom. The lecturer next claims some special merits for temperance people, or to use his own expression for those endowed with this "god-like virtue." Wherever temperance was adopted, he says:

"The standard of morals was elevated, the mind was enlarged, and man approached nearer to the similitude of that Great Being, in whose image he was originally created."

This sentiment conveys a neat and delicate compliment to those benighted individuals who do not belong to the Temperance Association. The general prejudice is in favour of allowing elevated morals, enlarged minds, and other good qualities to many who have not the honor of belonging to the Temperance Association. But the Hon. J. E. Vinton will have it that those qualities are the special property of the members of the Temperance Association.

In order to clinch the matter of selling grog, and prove incontrovertibly that it is wrong, the lecturer asks three questions, the first of which is a specimen of the three:—

"Don't the business of liquor selling as such, cease to be a business the very moment it ceases to tempt men from their lawful callings, to the grogery—to make idle and worthless loungers of them—even criminals?"

We certainly will not attempt to answer the questions. But we should like to know, if it is not a business, what it is?

On the whole the lecture was a good specimen of the ridiculous, bombastic style adopted by American orators. And the "God-like virtue" of Temperance is only injured by such nonsense. By the way, which of the Gods do the temperance people claim as a tutelator. They cannot claim Love. Perhaps they claim Bacchus!

A MIGHTY POEM NIPPED IN THE BUD.

A recent number of a British Review, in a criticism on Hiawatha, and American poetry in general, asserts that no great poem has yet been produced by a native of this benighted continent. Pondering deeply on this remark, during a recent stroll in the classic shades of Brooks' bush we determined to remove the slur as soon as possible, or earlier if convenient. Scarcely had the resolve been formed when we found ourselves on the lake beach, near the bend of the island. The view from this spot was calculated to awaken feelings of awe and sublimity in the mind of the most illiterate heathen. Fancy then its effect upon the vivid imagination of

an ardent worshipper at the shrine of nature. To our right the slow but irresistible current of the Don swept silently under the Grand Trunk bridge, and past the machine step, out into the magnificent bay that forms the Southern boundary of our fair City. In front the placid waters of the Lake, extended interminably, bearing on their surface a mighty fleet of scows laden with cordwood. On the gunwales of these vessels, each with a short duceen between his teeth, sat the weather-beaten skippers. But why continue the description; prose is all too weak a medium for the conveyance of our feelings big with the prospect of future glory for ourselves and country. O that a fate so brilliant should be marred by an unhappy accident! Weaving the circumstance into verse may afford us some slight relief by obtaining the sympathy of our million and one readers. So here goes:—

Slow sank the sun above the golden west,
And scarce Ontario heaved his billowy breast;
And were it not that on the pebbly strand
A ripple broke, in which I dipped my hand
And felt his mighty pulse, I would have thought
That worn by tempests—which so oft had wrought
His waves to fury—his great heart was dead
And that no more he'd shake his crested head.

* * * * *
I'd wandered first and from the bench I rose,
The banks to clamber, that I might repose
In some lone nook, and their communion hold
With nature, and her varied charms unfold.
Beneath a giant elm, a moss-grown stoop
Half buried lay, I sat me down alone,
Thinking if Pope had seen the landscape here
His " Windsor Forest " were not half so dear.

Enrapt I gazed, and offered up a prayer
Unto the Genius of a spot so fair—
A prayer for language, that I might convey
The thoughts which filled me in my book away.
She seemed to answer, words in measure came,
Smould'ring ideas burst at once to flame;
And now, I cried, whole ages yet unborn—
Delightful thought!—shall listen to my song.
I grasped my pencil, and the paper spread,
But could not trace a letter with the lead.
(Some hint that it found lodgings in my head,
Not so: some demon had my pathway crossed;
His polix was broken and my penknife lost.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

We beg to call attention to the fact that Mr. Schreiber Colburn street, has just received a fresh supply of the finest Lager Beer. It is, without doubt, the finest in the City, and to those who desire a mild and refreshing summer beverage, we unhesitatingly recommend it. Mr. S. is exceedingly attentive and affable to his patrons, his house is kept in the best and most orderly style, and none of our readers will regret it if, following our advice, they give him an early call.

The lovers of cool and pleasant summer drinks can not be better gratified than in testing the excellent Soda Water, manufactured by the Milligan Brothers, at Mrs. Cook's Confectionery Establishment, Yonge Street, and supplied to all the principal saloons of the city. We can speak in high terms of this beverage, and hope it will be extensively used.

The attention of our city readers must on this have been called to that stately edifice erected on Bay Street, a few steps below King Street, known as "The Athenaeum." Mr. Prevett into of the Russia House, is the Lessee of that portion of the building devoted to a Restaurant, and from his well known ability as a caterer, his long experience both in England and in this country, we are persuaded he will give satisfaction. His selection of liquors, cigars, &c., is of the best class.

THE GRUMBLER

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