

BROOKVILLE CORRESPONDENCE.

The rhythmical wonder, promised last week, we now give below—*verbatim et literatim*, yo Gods of Jubiter-Brockville:

AN HISTORICAL, CATEGORICAL AND PIRENOLOGICAL DITTY.

(By Solomon Easton, P. P. B.)

"Who saw the dead?"

"We said Squire A. B.,
"I and Michaelus Free
Homeward from a spreo
Coming right merrily,
We saw the dead."

"What was the hour?"

"Scarce can I tell, alas!
We'd got many a glass
Of Heuston's *old pepper-sass*,
Ere this had come to pass,
An' knew not the hour."

"Who was abroad?"

"All the world snug a-bed—
No sound of friendly tread
Came to me; only ahead
Led Mickey—*on the spread*—
Toting it broad."

"Heard you the clock?"

"Never a stroke of bell
Heard we, nor could we tell
How pass'd the hours or well—
Ours was the jolly spell
That wish'd no clock."

"How look'd the night?"

"Seem'd to me rather dark,
And Mickey, once a spark,
Boasted o' many a lark,
Setting the dogs a-bark
On such a night."

"How came the dead?"

Where at the corner stood
Mickey, in singing mood,
Bellowing strong an' good,
He for *Miss Laurie* would
Straight raise the dead.

"Raise them he did!

Out of the darkness three
Goblins or ghosts saw we
Scampering jollily
On to where Mickes Free
Baw'd like'n kid.

"Then came the fun—

Parted Mike's jaws in fright,
Black grew his face an' white,
And he—so tipsy-tight,
Knowing not left from right—
Started to run.

"Who stole the salt?"

One of them ghosts afoot
Straightway the question put
Mike, without if or but,
Tho' he sought to cut,
Came to a halt.

"You stole the salt!"

So said to Mister Free
One of the goblins three,
(when flesh an' blood was ho
Here call'd, "O'Dogherty—
Drinker of malt.")

"Choke him to death!"

Roundly swore other two,
Making this ghostly crew—
"Hark! old button-blue,

You'd better pray a few—
Whilst you're breath."

"Mine's not the fault,
Lustily blubbered Mike;
'If ever I did the like
May a just Heaven strike
Turo' my thick head a spike—
I stole no salt."

"Drag him along!"

Shouted they, one an' all,
Sang they out, great and small,
Loud as they welt could bawl,
Aye, tho' the sky should fall,
Bring him along!

"Do ask the Mayor?"

Pleaded Sir Michael Free—
Straight all the goblins three,
Frighten'd as they could be,
Turned for a look at me—
I was the Mayor!

"Just ask the Mayor!"

Up again Mickey spoke,
With a most deathly croak;
They—an' you see the joke—
So a run quickly broke,
Leaving us there."

The Terrapin.

We are glad to see that the proprietors of the above popular restaurant (with that energy which has always characterized them) have already commenced refitting the front part of their establishment, which was recently destroyed by fire. The loss of the Terrapin would be a loss felt by most of our citizens, and the travelling community especially, as it has always been known as the only really first-class house in the city, and we might almost say in the province. We understand the proprietors have already sent their orders to England and France, for a large and full assorted stock of fancy goods, pipes, cigars, tobaccos, and all the concomitants connected with that part of their business. We heartily wish the worthy managers every success, and hope that the serious loss sustained by the m will soon be replaced.

"Oh! wad some bodie the gifte gie us
To see oursel's as thiers see us!"

"My son," said a grave old Turk to "the hope of his declining years," on King street the other day—having come hither for the purpose of seeing the wonders of the New World—(and one of them in the shape of a Toronto swell, clad in the most approved mode, presenting itself just at that moment,) "remember that if you should ever be tempted to forsake God and His Prophet, you may become such a looking object as that."

Niagara for Ever.

The people of Toronto are delighted that Morrison is elected, for we will have one independent man in the House who will fight against the Water-lot Swindle. We suppose the geese in North Simcoe who voted for McConkey in preference to Morrison must be disgusted by this time. McConkey as M. P. P. and McMurrich as M. L. C. I Verily, we would not like to live in the locality.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

THE TERRAPIN.

CARLISLE & M'CONKEY

DEG TO INFORM THEIR MANY FRIENDS and patrons that during the refitting of the front portion of their

RESTAURANT,

LATELY

DESTROYED BY FIRE,

THE

BUSINESS

WILL BE

CARRIED ON AS USUAL,

And customers will be waited on with the same

PROMPTITUDE AND ATTENTION.

That has always characterized this Establishment.

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ENTRANCE AT THE SIDE DOOR.

Toronto, September 10, 1864.

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