

**Epigram on a Heavy Corporation Member.**

If it be true man's tongue is like a steed,  
Which bears his mind—why then, none wonder  
need,

That B-x-rs tongue can run at such a rate,  
Because it only carries—feather weight.

When B-x-r speaks, his voice so shrill and loud,  
Fills with amazement all the listening crowd;  
But soon the wonder ceases when 'tis found,  
That empty vessels make the greatest sound.

**AMERICAN DESPATCH.**

**CAPTURE OF FORT DARLING.**

Fort Darling, Va., June 16, 1864.

To General Dix:

GENERAL,—I have the honour to communicate the successful capture of Fort Darling, with all the munitions of war, provisions, and entire garrison, by the forces under my command, at 1.30 a.m. this morning. The capture was effected in a novel and ingenious manner; and I beg to recommend the inventors and carriers out of the scheme to the favourable notice of the United States Government. A troop of acrobats, which were playing down South, finding their profession an indifferent one, some three months ago, enlisted in the 52nd Mass. Regiment, 4th corps. The leader, one Antonio Creppoli, an Italian, came to me yesterday, and said he could easily throw twenty men into Fort Darling, by means of the well-known acrobatic feat termed *la perche*, on the southern side of the Fort, where the walls are not above 18 feet high. I gave him permission to try his scheme, as he seemed confident of success, and the result has been the successful capture of the place. Exactly at 1 a.m. Creppoli commenced operations, and, by means of poles, threw (assisted by his comrades) no less than two hundred of the most daring of our men, fully armed and equipped, into the enemy's works. A scene of indescribable confusion followed; the enemy were completely surprised, and seemed thunderstricken at the appearance of such a force of armed men in the very heart of the fortress, whilst the presence of the valiant Creppoli, armed with his heavy *la perche* pole, running hither and thither (attended by his whole acrobatic company, similarly armed), shouting in broken English and good Italian, "Corpo di Baccho, Slay de Riboli, Slay de Riboli," and knocking the enemy down by scores, seemed to complete their confusion. The whole affray scarcely lasted ten minutes; and I have to report the capture of 14,180 prisoners, men of gigantic stature, all armed with (and skilled in the use of) the famous two-handed sword of the twelfth century; each man accoutred in a Milan hauberk of the finest mail, and furnished, beside, with the curious wheelgun of a later date. They assert that they are Jeff. Davis' own body-guard; and affirm that he will be unanimously elected "Emperor of South America," on the termination of the war; that the Imperial regalia and crown are now being manufactured by one Solomon Isaacs, a Jew, Petticoat Lane, London, England; and that Mr. Roebuck, M. P., and Messrs. Laird, and many other Englishmen of note, have

contributed towards defraying the expenses: the Marquis of Clanricarde, a well-known Southern sympathizer, giving a pair of handsome paste shoe-buckles.

(Signed) U. S. GRANT,  
Commanding Army of Potomac.

To General Dix, Washington.

**MEMORY BELLS.**

This is the title of a new song, but surely a worn out theme? Memory bells are common enough. Does not the migratory milkman's memory bell, awake the echoing morn, the dowy eve? Unless, indeed, you pay him weekly, in which case his due would not fall at eve, or be over due next morning. How often has the impatient peal of the door bell appealed to our memory, when the muffled and spiritless, though oft repeated knock, had summoned us in vain? Why do they ring discordant and harsh bells immediately before a railway train starts, but to jog your memory? And when in mature manhood you stumble on a lean married termagant Xantippe, who snubs her husband and viciously parasols her children; but smiles on you as an old acquaintance. Did you ever say, "Good Heavens! why that never can be Kathleen Mayourneen, that I was so desperately in love with?" Yes, my boy, that is your own Kathleen, that was to be; and the very beauty who jilted you and married young Lieut. Sap., (Sap-green, as he was familiarly termed, of the 16th Busters,) only Kathleen is a little altered, and does not exactly correspond with your memory belle of the year of grace, 1844. She is now, as the immortal one said:—  
"A sweet belle jangled out of tune, and harsh."

**The Cavalry Force and the Military School.**

Toronto, June 15, 1864.

SIR:—Being of a warlike nature, which am, besides, a military man, which, besides, have travelled in many quarters of this celestial ball, I am uncommon surprised to see such cavalry neglect. If so be Canada was drawn in for war—which, leastways, no one can say when or which—it would be, of course, in disadvantageously to encountering of the Yankees, where their cavalry corpses is uncommon strong. There, surely, do exist millions and trillions of young men in Canada which would die victorious with honour as a cavalry force; remembering what Young says in his "Night Thoughts," wrote on the battle-field:

"A soldier must most honourable live,  
Or must most honourable die!"

Which, if drilled, would cost the country not no more than 'tothers. Wherefore, hoping some gent of eminence will look to this,

I am,

(Which my profession will not deny),

A CAPTAIN BRITISH ARMY.

The Editor of the *Leader*.

Con. by a Cockney.

— When is a hen most likely to hatch?—  
When she is in earnest, (her nest.)

**Can't be Beat.**

— We have heard of the man who was so thin he was often taken for his own shadow, but out West they have a man so fat they grease the cart-wheels with his shadow.

**The Evil most to be Dreaded.**

— A parson lately warning his congregation against swearing, said: "Oh, my bretheren, avoid the practice, for it's a great sin; and what's more, decidedly *ungenteel*."

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