

tamely submit to the encroachments and dictation of any one? If you do 'twill create a *revolution!* that's what's the matter. Stand upon your rights!! and if they try to force you by raising the price of cotton and steel, then we say (patriotically) *take to the barrels.* Where would your skirt-lifters be? How could you display your pretty little skating-boots *et cetera,* and your ducks of Balmoral—and where your comfort and happiness if you abandon the use of the crinoline? Ocho answers, "Where?"

### BROCKVILLE CORRESPONDENCE.

THE MOURNFUL EXPERIENCE OF YE FAST YOUNG MAN,  
SIR ROGER.  
Air—"Lord Lovell."

Sir Roger he sat in office so cool,  
A stroking his auburn beard,  
When up to his book-keeper's three-legged stool  
Came a lady presenting her keerd, keerd keerd,  
Came a lady presenting her keerd.

"When will you settle, Sir Roger," she said,  
"And pay me my bill," said she;  
"I'll pay when I'm ready," Sir Roger replied,  
"You may go to Hong Kong for me, me, me,  
You may go to Hong Kong for me."

"I wash for a living, Sir Roger," she said,  
"And its mighty tough work," said she;  
"You owe me twelve dozen an' five at the least,  
And its time that you settled my fee, fee, fee,  
And its time that you settled my fee."

Sir Roger turned white and then he turned red,  
As red as his auburn hair,  
"You're surely mistaken, good woman," he said,  
"I can't owe you more than a pair, pair, pair,  
I can't owe you more than a pair."

"There is no mistake, Sir Rogers," she said,  
"I've long wash'd your dicker's three;  
Have you never a thought that when I am dead  
My ghost an' those dicker's you'll see, see, see,  
My ghost an' those dicker's you'll see."

"I'll tell you my mind, Sir Roger," she said,  
"You deserve to be hang'd," said she;  
"I'd wager a trifle you'd rob a hen-roost  
As quickly as now you'd cheat me, me, me,  
As quickly as now you'd cheat me."

"And there's your barber, Sir Roger," she said,  
"He is to be pitied, I vow," said she,  
"He should shave every lock off your curly red  
head,  
If he's paid in the way you pay me, me, me,  
If he's paid in the way you pay me."

"A guinea-gold ring, Sir Roger, you flash—  
Give you a chance and it shows;  
If you're bent upon cutting a terrible dash,  
Why don't you get one for your nose, nose, nose,  
Why don't you get one for your nose."

"Sir Roger, you board in a grand, big house,  
And your learning the languages dead—  
Forget not the tale of the cheese an' the mouse,  
You may nibble a hole for your head, head, head,  
You may nibble a hole for your head."

### Gordon Brown.

Notwithstanding our inability to perceive any extraordinary amount of brightness or ability in the gentleman above named, yet we must confess our utter astonishment—aye, indignation, that a sheet lately started in this city should seek to throw approbrium upon one who, at least in his private capacity, is without reproach, and as far as his public character is concerned, has not done much harm, so far as we have been able to discover. The words "coward," "political cut-throat," "robber," "slanderer" and "assassin," we would only expect to find in papers of the *National Police Gazette* stamp—a paper published in New York, and noted for its brilliancy in Billingsgate flights. We protest on behalf of the Press against such American innovations being introduced amongst our Canadian journals, even in the shape of a satirical sheet, and we would advise the publishers of the "document" referred to, to be a little more choice in the selection of their phrases when bespattering the fame of respectable citizens. We feel confident the public will agree with us in condemning such uncalled for epithets being used towards Mr. Brown.

Oh, for a drink I was the subject of our thoughts as we wended our weary way up in the Western portion of the city, when a lucky thought struck us that our old friend Thompson lived in the vicinity. We immediately made tracks for his neat little place, where we were sure of a hearty welcome and prompt attention, as, indeed, is every one who favors him with a call. Any of our worthy citizens wandering up in that neighborhood, our advice to them is to drop in, and we will guarantee them the full value of their money and the right change back. His stock of Ales, Cigars, and Liquors, we can confidently recommend to any one having the least pretensions to be a judge of such articles. Don't forget the Victory Saloon, cor. of Brock and Queen Sts.

"Knowledge is power," an oft quoted saying, which we heartily coincide with, and our advice to those wishing that very useful acquirement is to call on our friend Rooney, of the Union Station, where he can be supplied with all the requisites. His stock of light literature, consisting of the latest novels, illustrated papers, periodicals and magazines of the day, for cheapness and variety cannot be excelled by any similar establishment in the Province. Before buying elsewhere give him a call, and remember his depot is at the Union Station.

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D. O. LA RUE, Agent.

B. PALMER, Advertising Agent,  
Toronto, September 7, 1864.]

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