

THE GRUMBLER.

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Persons enclosing their cards and \$1 will be favored with a special notice.

Correspondents will bear in mind that their letters must be pre-paid, that communications intended for insertion should be written, and only written on one side of the paper. Subscribers must not register their letters; for obvious reasons it is exceedingly inconvenient to us.

All letters to be addressed "The Grumbler," P. O. Toronto, and not to any publisher or news-dealer in the city.

Persons wishing to subscribe to the GRUMBLER, will understand that from this date (July 7th) we only receive yearly subscriptions. The sum (\$1) is small, and can easily be forwarded by all who desire our sheet.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I'll mend it for ye;
A child's amung you talking notes,
And, faith, he'll mend it."

SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1864.

TERRY FINNEGAN.

It will be perceived from our columns to-day, that the celebrated TERRY FINNEGAN is again before the public, in a second series of his inimitable Letters. We trust, most sincerely, that the merits of a writer such as he, as well as those of others recently engaged, may tend to sustain still further the patronage already so largely extended to the GRUMBLER.

NELLIE AND JERRY.

"THE CUP OF COLD POISON."

Two lovers did live away up on Park Lane,
The street called University is now just the same;
No two hearts ever seemed half so light,
Until did come this awful Friday night.

Nellie and Jerry in their own parlor did sit,
When Jerry declared the world he would quit;
Said Nellie: "Tell me, do tell me, dear Jerry,
Why this night you are not quite so merry?"

"All right, Nellie P—, I'm afloat, I'm afloat!
And when I'm gone you, Miss Nellie, can go it;
No more will your Jerry come to see you so gay,
No, no, Nellie dear, I'm away, I'm away!"

Up he did spring, put the bottle to his lip,
And down his throat the cold poison did slip;
Out of the room, then, poor Nellie did fly,
Nor did she once stop to bid her Jerry good bye.

Early at six did Nellie rush out from her room,
But she was too late instead of too soon;
For old Jerry did lay a very cold corpus,
Then quickly, indeed, there was a great rumpus.

For Mr. H—, the doctor, Nellie did go,
Her eyes full of tears, and her face full of woe;
Said Nellie: "Oh, doctor, dear doctor, my Jerry is
That I dono the deed it will sure to be said!" [dead,

Back to the house these two people did hurry,
The doctor, of course, in a professional fury;
There lay Jerry, the bottle down by his side,
"Oh!" said the doctor, "It's by poison he died."

So around the place the people did crowd,
While Nellie set to work and made a long shroud;
The Coroner came with his jurymen twelve,
And into the mystery they each went to delve.

The inquest was held, "the cause" was the question,
The verdict returned says: "He died from congeal-
The next thing to do do was J. C. to bury, [tion;
Away from the sight of poor Nellie P—y.

THE GREAT CANADIAN CIRCUS.

THE TOUR TO THE LOWER PROVINCES!

JOE RYMAL, BOSS SHOWMAN.

COLOSSAL EXHIBITION OF M. P. P.'S.

McGee & Ferrier, Ringmasters!

The public are, by this time, aware that the labors of Messrs. McGee and Ferrier to start a great show of Canadian M.P.P.'s on a tour to the Lower Provinces—New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island—have been attended with immense success. The circus is to move off in detachments, to Portland, commencing on Monday, and on Thursday the whole force will be congregated, when, during the afternoon of that day, the stock and belongings will be shipped on board of *bateauz* and schooners en route for St. John. No Canadian undertaking was ever conceived so likely to demonstrate the greatness of Canada, the fertility of her soil, and her capacities for stock-growing, as this one. Arrangements are most complete for a varied and interesting programme. Mr. Joe Rymal, M.P.P. for South Wentworth, has leased the "hull" concern, and will "run it" in his own interest—subject to the advice and desires of Messrs. McGee and Ferrier, who have undertaken to do the "walking gentlemen's" work, and to show off the circus to the best advantage. Mr. Rymal (well known as a prime stock-dealer) will bring with him, from South Wellington, his favorite animal "Stirton." The patent-pump movement will be demonstrated by an excellent *wood-en* model, sent to the show from West Brant. We would advise strangers to pay special notice to the West Brant contribution—explanations, in regular *wood-en* nutmeg and bass-*wood* ham verbiage, to be furnished by the speaking machine attached to the pump movement; there is a short stump arrangement belonging to the affair, to which people had better not go too close. East Brant will send, in charge of Dr. Bown, specimens of reversible lights and sliding scales; many of the curiosity-seekers in St. Johns will find the Dr.'s lectures, on discordan-

cies and mutations very interesting. Mr. Jackson, of Grey, will distribute copies of his various works on "Batchelor's Comforts" and the "Natural Charms and Beauties of Quebec." Mr. Bowman will have several jars and pots of sour-kroust, from North Waterloo; specimens of those particular ones which proved too sour for Mr. Foley are, also, sent. Mr. Notman, of North Wentworth, will exhibit gun models, squirrels, and foxes; these are rare collections, and, when the canvass is spread in the different cities, they will be in a side-show by themselves—the exhibitor will, probably, sit at the door and play a big bass fiddle to attract the crowd. West Toronto sends its representative, Mr. John McDonald, who, in the character of "John Wesley, Jr." will sing a new collection of hymns, to the tune of "our unhappy and divided country." Av. M. Smith, from East Toronto, will take up twenty minutes of the time of the audience in explaining the difference between a water-lot owner and a representative of the people; these remarks will be of value to the young legislators of the little Provinces. In the centre of the ring a small mound will be erected, upon which Mr. M. C. Cameron will appear, dressed in rooster's feathers, and constantly crowing in honor of his victory in North Ontario over McDougall; this feature of the show will be good. Lofy tumbling will be enacted by Mr. George Brown and Mr. Oliver Mowat; both of these india-rubber persons have practiced thoroughly in North Oxford and South Ontario, and we promise our friends below exhibitions of contortions which even Duverna (of Spalding & Rogers) could not equal. Mr. Brown will perform several interesting *solos*—the "Rep. by Pop." jig, and other airs, to be accompanied on the fiddle by Mr. Notman. The Great Onon-tio's "No Popery Howl" will be worth hearing, too; but we pity the ears of the spectators, for a mighty big noise it will make. In Canada that same "Howl" has torn trees up by the roots, laid men prostrate, and shook to the very foundations some of our finest institutions. We don't want to frighten the folks of Halifax and St. John, for, by all means, go and hear the "Howl," but see and have safe seats. Mr. McGee will take M. Cartier in charge, and show him along with other "animals not indigenous to Canada," the "descriptive" will be eloquently done by the member for Montreal West, who will explain the discrepancy in the character of the fertility of the soil in Montreal; while the West produces Irishmen, hale and hearty, the East, it will be demonstrated, is productive of little animals with long tails, which make very queer sounds. Mr. Rose, from Montreal Centre, will display a most beautifully designed "Union John,"—emblematic of the victory at the last general election, when discordant elements were

so successfully blended and harmonized thro' the efforts of the rose leaves, which so charmingly embraced and united, in sweetness and love, the East and the West of the great commercial metropolis. Mr. McConkey, from North Simcoe, will read an essay on "Ledger Influence;" this is another feature of the Canadian Circus likely to be useful to the legislators of the sister Provinces. Mr. Ferguson, from South Simcoe, has selected from his large flock a number of his best trained "lambs," and these will be exhibited along with a lot of full-statured Clear Grit sheep, to be brought from South Waterloo by Mr. Cowan. Mr. McKellar, from Kent, will appear in his great characters of "The Modest Man," and "Smooth Water runs Deep." At the conclusion of the performance the entire Ministry will appear, united tightly by a coalition grip, composed of the Masonic, the Odd Fellow, and the Orange; they will sing:

"We're a band of brothers!"

To be followed by a chorus from the few Oppositionists now in the House, from the air of

The man that couldn't get warm:
Slavery, slavery, but it cold!"

Mr. W. F. Powell, of Carleton, has been appointed clown of the circus, and we promise our Eastern friends a fund of wit and humor very rarely enjoyed.

Mr. Sandfield McDonald will, we are requested to announce, have a "sweat board" outside the canvass, where the member for Cornwall will ply his "little game" for the benefit of the Acadians who may wish to learn practically the value of a thorough knowledge of tricks and conjuror's wares.

A side-show entertainment will be given by the members of the Press who accompany the circus. The fine comedy of "Brotherly Love" will be presented—the two principal characters being the representatives of the *Leader* and *Globe*. The rest of the Press programme is as follows:—

"Ham fat man," by the editor of the *Hamilton Spectator*.

"The sprig of Shillelah," by the editor of the *Brantford Courier*.

"The Melroy Boys," by the editor of the *Hamilton Times*.

"The Emigrant's Lament," by the editor of the *Old Countryman*.

The Press show will conclude by Essays being read in the following order:—

"Government Patronage," by the editor of the *Freeman*.

"Patent Mining Tools," by the editor of the *London Free Press*, and late editor of the *Quebec Mercury*.

"Mucilage and Sealing Wax," by the editor of the *Quebec Chronicle*.

"Crystal Palaces," by the editor of the *Montreal Gazette*.

We never knew of a more attractive show than this. The above is but a mere outline of the great performance. "Biz" ought to be first-rate, and, no doubt, the enterprising showmen will return with a bountiful harvest. The *Grumbler's* readers will be regularly posted up as to the progress of the show.

"With thumbs turned back, they popularly kill."

My bump of curiosity being largely developed, it leads me into many scrapes, and, last Monday evening, led me to a place of no little notoriety for the gallantry of the lower order Britons, namely, to the *Bear Garden* at the City Hall, where (as a private circular, put into my hand into the street, exhibited me) there was to be a trial of skill exhibited between two renowned masters of the noble science of oratory, at seven o'clock precisely. I was not a little charmed with the peculiar wording of the challenge, which was written as follows:

"I, John Thomas Baxterino, lineal descendant of Sir John Falstaff of Puncheon, Alderman, Master of the noble science of Refined Oratory, hearing in most places where I go that Mayor le Metcaufe, of Donbank, C.M., proclaims himself to be my superior in the above science, do invite him to meet me, and exercise at the several weapons following, viz.: *bombast, speaking-against-time, personalities, vulgarities, and bad grammar.*"

If the style of John Thomas Baxterino approached that used by knight errants in former days, Mayor le Metcaufe returned answer in similar style, adding a little indignation at being challenged, and seeming to condescend to encounter John Thomas Baxterino, whom he apparently regarded as far beneath his notice. The acceptance was couched in the following words:—

"I, Mayor le Metcaufe, of Donbank, tracing my descent from Vulcan and Æolus, Grand Master of the noble science of Oratory, will not fail (D. V.) to meet this fair inviter at the time and place appointed, desiring fair play, and no favor.—VIVAT REGINA!"

As is my usual custom, I commenced to meditate and consider from what this custom took its rise, and, passing over the many scenes recalled to my mind occurring among the Greeks and Romans, I came to the conclusion that it was a relic of the days of the Red Cross Knights, Brilomart and Amoret, where many

"A gentle knight was pricking on the plaine,
Yield in mightie arms and silver shield,
To prove his prowess in a battles brave,
To winne him worshippe, and her grace to have."

And now I could not help lamenting that the terrible part of the ancient conflict is preserved, when the amorous side of it is forgotten—that we have retained the barbarity and lost the gallantry. How much more interest would the challenge have excited had it run: "I, John Thomas Baxterino, &c., for the love of Mary Jane Lightfoot, do assert that the said Mary Jane Lightfoot is the fairest of women, and will prove it by actual demonstration." Then the answer: "I, Mayor le Metcaufe, &c., do deny that Mary Jane Lightfoot is as fair as Polly Kildare. Let Polly Kildare look on, and I desire no favour." This would give things a different aspect, and the presence of ladies would animate the disputants with a more gallant incentive than the hope of propitiating the electors with a view to re-election. Yet, considering the thing wants such amendments, it was carried on with great spirit. John Thomas Baxterino came on first, preceded by an old trumpeter, who, entering the circle, proclaimed the result of last evening's con-

lict. There also entered with the daring Baxterino, a gentleman, whose name I could not learn, but evidently a faithful ally of his principal. This doughty champion (John Thomas) looked round upon the whole assembly, and, as he rolled from side to side with a stiff knee, he gave intimation of the purpose for which he was there. He is a man of five feet ten inches, or thereabouts, in height, of a round appearance, short, thick set, and stumpy, with a look of importance, and possessing a peculiar swagger, obtained from a habit of motion in military exercise.

The expectation of the spectators was now almost at its height, and the crowd pressing in soon filled the vacant space in the area and gallery, and Mayor le Metcaufe then entering, the whole assembly turned their eyes upon the champions. Metcaufe's second was an average sized man, who kept his head looking towards the ground, ruminating on figures, probably, as I was told he was a great financier. Baxterino had an audacious look that took the eye; Metcaufe, a perfect composure that engaged the judgment. And now the contest began. No one can describe the sudden concern in the whole assembly. The most disorderly crowd was at once as much engaged as if all their lives depended on each word spoken. But words fail me to describe the rest of the scene. Sentence followed sentence, invective followed invective, fiercer, still fiercer, grew the war of angry words, until it was nothing but a confused Babel of noises, the like of which I had never heard before. Lapsing into unconsciousness, I revived in time to hear Baxterino proclaimed victor, and led off for a guggle; Metcaufe's second following him, and declaring that he would, that day fortnight, fight him at the same weapons. Soon the crowd began to depart, each talking with his neighbour over the scene they had witnessed, and dilating on the merits of the two principals; and I thought it something in nature very unaccountable, on such occasions, to see the people take a certain painful gratification in beholding these encounters, where every sense we possess is offended. "*Paxius hoc aliquando quodque auditus.*"

Lake Simcoe.

— Will not some of our enterprising men put a good steamer on Lake Simcoe. There is a grand opening, as the people at the various points would assist any Company that would take the matter in hands. The Captain of the present boat by his stupid and silly conduct has forced parties who wish to visit Toronto to go round by Lindsay in preference to being forced into a boat with a man that is totally unfit for his position. Will not Perry or some other popular man take this matter up? North Ontario.

— We think that the County of North Ontario for the noble stand it has taken in rejecting McDougall should be called the Banner County—from the fact, that McKellar nor McKonzie or any of the mountebank crew were not allowed to have any meetings there during the late contests, but were given to understand that it was bad enough to have to listen to McDougall's lies without the assistance of the Prince of liars, McKollar. Well done, North Ontario!

NORTH ONTARIO.

Who killed McDougall?

"I," said Brother Jonathn,
"And I look to Washington,
We killed McDougall!"

Who saw him die?

"We," said the Electors,
"Our country's protectors,
We saw him die."

Who'll dig his grave?

Said the Leader: "Don't trouble,
With my spade and shovel
I'll dig his grave."

Who'll toll the bell?

"I," said the Globe,
"Though he called me rogue,
I'll toll the bell."

Who'll read the service?

"I," said Matthew Crooks,
"Without the aid of books
I'll do the service."

* M. C. Cameron.

TERRY FINNEGAN'S LETTERS.

SECOND SERIES.

To the Hon. Mr. McGee, down at Quebec, Minister of Agriculture, &c., or elsewhere.

STANLY STANNEY, 29th July, 1864.

Ah! then agrab, and it's how is every tether's lenth of you since last I dropt you a stave? Maybe you take me for one of the sivea sleepers, becase you didn't hear from me for the last few months. Be me sowkins, then, if you do, but its you that are the mistaken, boy; for the divel a bit of me but had both my eyes wide open, and one of them, at laste, clapt clane upon your own four bones since the first day of April last, if not for a thrife longer. Now that you're on those playful legs of yours again, perhaps you'll be able to tell me, allanah; whether I can consistently take a cup of tay wid the President of the Council, if he should ax me to do that same; for, you know, we're on spakin terms, since yez all began playin blind man's buff. Faith and sowl, to tell the truth, ever since he made that manly speech, and cut John Sandfield's wizen, I'm beginnin to take a liken to the man, Scotch thief and all, as he is. Begorra! wid all your boastsin, I'm not so sure that yez made more than one point out of the coolsibun. Upper Kinneda ought to have but six Cabinet Ministers; but it strikes me that she has got another, unbeknown to you—the *Globe*. Howsomdever, John A. and one or two others, bein about the premises, will be apt to keep everythin right.

So yez are all goin to fight again, aren't yez, whin yez get through wid this great confederashun job yez have on hand? We hear ducks on the Dublin road! Sorra noshan yez have of it. Ah! this kissin a boy—as Peggy Doolan sez—without intenda to marry him, sometimes turns out to be a very permanint thing. The divel a doubt of it! And I'm thinkin, that betune Galt, Cartier, John A., Brown, and yourself, that we have a hansum futher before us; and that yez will compose the

coort that will gobble up the oyster, and award to the Kinnadas a shell aich. Small blame to yez, if any. It is not every day in a man's life that he gets a pull at the pewther.

I suppose you'll be as lonely as a wran, down there, in a furz bush, without Michael. Well, bad scran to me, but that same boy is a decent fella, and its sorry I was when I hard that he was out from among yez. In regard to the intherests of the Irish in his part of the Province, his bein out won't make much difference, to be sure, as you are on the ground to give them a lift; but then, you know, remember that you don't forget, for some people are very short-sighted when they have a couple of cows at their doore. What a strange fatality follows the Irish, no matter how exalted their position. Whin Mike and myself were colingues, you had the shovels and he had the bags. Blur an turf! isn't it wonderful, intirely, that, no matter how or where we are placed, we are sure to have a little remindher at our elbow:

"You may brake, you may ruin the vase as you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

Wasn't it Tom Moore said that? In throth, it was, and the divil a thruer couplet he ever written; for, some how or other, if we only bought a ha'penny candle the wick would be all on one side. The very name of Tommy inspires me to give you a stave, right off, on as hansum a cratschure as ever stepped in shoe leather, that called in, a while ago, to see Biddy; and that took my fancy so much, I tould her that if I was only about forty years younger I'd be makin up to her. You know the family well—they are of the Clare's of Kish Carrigan. She was a Thracy, on her mother's side; and a decent girl her mother was whin we went to school together. Sure, I thought I saw her almost standing before me; not half an hour since, whin I got young again, on opening the doore for

KITTY CLARE.

Whin those dark eighteen-pounders of yours, Kitty Clare—
So relentlessly blazin away at me there—
Melt in rapturous tears to the low gushin tone
Of your first lullaby, whin you've suited alone
Wid a bright little dowry-checked stranger that thipples,
Wid his soft rosy lips, at your strawber'ry nipples,
All so smothered in cranio of their own for his sake,
Blur alive! what a beautiful picture you'll make!
And, besides, you can tacho him so nate, your own way;
From your hair and your eyes he can learn night and day,
And find roses and pearls in your teeth and your lips,
And the purest of snow at the fountain in his six,
Whin he hears that sweet voice of yours, Kitty aithore:
And whin'er you laze o'er him, asleep or awake,
Blur alive! what a beautiful picture you'll make!

What would poor Mulloy, or ould Jack Carroll, say to that, avick? Och! but it's myself that knows well what they'd say if they hard it; but what can I expect out here, whin the divil a one man in tin that I meet knows who made him, except by common report.

Well, Macdougall's bet; but bad cess to the bit of that will effect the collision, or whatever you call it. He's a smart fella, that boy, and won't be aisily shook off, let me tell you. Isn't it a wonder that he didn't mix more humanity wid his brains, and make common cause wid his fellas, to an extent greater than he has done. North Ontario fought a man, and not a principle. And if William Macdougall had even one jolly stroke of yourself or John A. in him, he wouldn't be now lookin for a constituency in any part of this Province.

There's a fella up here called Lanty Cummins, and I can't keep him from throwin up his hat all the time wid joy. "Terry," sez he, "your friends are now in and all right agin, and, seein that you have stuck to them through thick and thin, for many a long time, they'll be for fairly making a justice of the pace of you at last, or somethin wonderful." "Lanty," sez I, "you're an oman-drawn! Its whin a body's friends are out that they do everythin for him, and consider him worthy of bein placed in the resait of at laste fourteen thousand a year, on the first vacancy—that is, you know, that occurs while they're out." Poor Lanty wasn't up to it, and its well for him.

Although I have said a great dale in this letthur, its not much after all. I havn't yet given you my opinion on the late combinasuns, but may afore long. In the meanetime I may as well tell you that a good dale of the humor is squeezed out of me, and that I'm not half as jovial as I used to be, and have a noshan to get sour wid the whole world, owin to a toothache I've had for some months. I don't know much about Alick Galt, but I hear he's a decent, clever fella; and he need be, and God knows, to redeem some of the doins that's always going on among yez down there. John A. is, I know, in good health and sperrits since he has got nine boys in the Cabinet that will stick to him like broth to a soger, while the other three will, no doubt, behave honestly enough. Tell him from me, and rucollect my words, that he must make the personal acquaintance of the people of Western Kinnada more than he has done. He must take a thramp now and then amongst us, and show his pleasant pbiz to some of the min and wimmen among our growin towns, and about the back lakes, and through some of our more populous townships. That's the way for him to tie the ribbons upon his already enormous popularity. Give him the hint, and let him avail himself of it, whin his sarious and onerous duties will permit.

I'll hold you tuppence that there's as much sense in that as you'd get in the *Ladher*, the *Globe*, and the *Quebec Chronicle* for a week. There's Terry for you. And, seein that I have done so well, I'll just stop and subscribe myself,

Your lovin cousin,

TERRY FINNEGAN.

KINGSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

Our Kingston Correspondent having dug out for parts abroad, applications for that office will be received at the place of publication of this Journal until the 1st proximo. A list of the privileges, perquisites, and pickings of the Kingston Correspondent furnished at this office. Candidates for the post of Kingston Correspondent will be required to pass the following examination; and on such examination, to be successful, must obtain the maximum merit of 3000 marks.

QUESTIONS FOR EXAMINATION.

1. Define the duties of a correspondent of the *Grumbler*. 1st. towards the paper; 2nd. towards the natives to whom he is accredited; 3rd. towards himself.

2. Enumerate the places of public resort in the

quarry, note their distinctive features, and declare your conviction as to whether or not "Olorolari's" and the "Burnell" are the only two places therein where a chap may drink and leave without being annoyed by the vulgar attentions of bar-keepers.

3. Give an opinion as to what should, and what should not, be admitted into the columns of the *Gumbler*, with specimen papers on each, certified by the Mayor to be the original and *bona fide* production of the writer.

4. State in how many rounds King licked Heenan; the tactics of the bruisers respectively; and whether a poltogue, or shoulder bit, took the fight. If the latter, or the former, did not the combatants agree to "foight it out on this line?" Explain the terms "puss," "gob," "potato hole," and literally translate these expressions of the ring vernacular into the vulgar tongue.

5. Relate how Abe Lincoln squelched the delegation of homeopathic doctors, with any other anecdotes you may have heard related of the old "Yankee rail splitter."

6. "I stood beneath a hollow tree, the blast it hollow blew, I thought upon this hollow world and all its hollow crew, Ambition and its hollow schemes, the hollow hopes we follow, Imaginations hollow dreams, all hollow! hollow! hollow!" What proof can you assign in confirmation of the rumor that this memorable utterance of wisdom emanated from a wood-box in the corner of the City Hall, when C. S. Ross thanked his Lordship Lewis for certain real or supposed acts of grace at the Synod? If you can't prove that it issued from the wood-box in question, does the absence of such proof diminish the point?

7. Repeat the Commandments. If you can't repeat them all, repeat as many as you can.

8. What is the evidence in support of "Bully for all" having been the tune fiddled by Nero while Rome was burning? And what trustworthy testimony has this generation that Tacitus was not drawing the long bow himself, instead of Seneca's pupil.

9. Who was Sir Wm. Allen of the Isle? Describe his personal appearance and bearing, and give a synopsis of his celebrated encounter with and overthrow of the Knight of the Running Knot.

10. Give a succinct account, with dates, of the following persons: Jimmy Burk, Tom Keys, Sir H. Smith, Charley Johnston, Sam Shaw, Jack Waddell, R. M. Rose, Tom Motherell, and state in what respect modern literature is indebted to the former.

11. Declare the salary of Brigade-Major Shaw; state what he does for it, if you can, if you can't the omission won't be construed against you.

12. Is the present drought a visitation for taking Brown into the Government? If not, upon what other physical, moral, or political theory can the present afflicted state of the people be explained, and is there any hope of relief until North Ontario rejects seeming Bill?

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

VIEWER.—Will be glad to hear from you, please send address.

J. B.; HAMILTON.—Too late for this week's issue.

CIVIS.—Declined with thanks, rather too personal. **S. M.; OTTAWA.**—If you want paper, remit.

MILITARY APPOINTMENT.

We are very much pleased to hear that His Excellency the Governor General has thought fit and proper to promote a most worthy member of the "Queen's Own." We allude to the appointment of Mr. S.—th, to the position of Corporal. No member of the "Queen's Own" is more deserving of distinction than this young gentleman. Of a thorough English training, well drilled in deportment, and having an exalted appreciation of discipline and obedience, he, at an early stage of the formation of his Battalion, evinced more than ordinary aptitude for military life. No doubt it is entirely owing to his retiring manner and modesty ("almost to the manner born,") that Mr. S. has not long since received marks of His Excellency's high approval of his conduct, as one who has thus volunteered to bleed and die for Canada. With plenty of such sterling stuff as Corporal S. is made of, in our Volunteer Service, there need be no fear of our country; daring and courageous, manly, and possessing a degree of self-sovereignty within himself, he would readily lead men on to victory and triumph, where other officers might ruin an army from fear and indecision. We shall watch closely, and with interest, the course of the young Corporal, and feel certain that, ere another another year passes over us, still greater honours will attend him. Were Canada plunged into War, we are sure it would be with the newly made Corporal as it was with "The Bowld Soger Boy," for

In every town he'd march thro'
The Indians would be looking aro' the,
Crying, "Oh, my! he's a dourin',
The bowld Corporal S."

When right or left he'd go,
Sure you know, friend or foe,
Would get the band or too
From this bowld Corporal S.

THE "TERRAPIN."

The traveller or pleasure-seeker on visiting Toronto at once proceeds to inspect the principal public institutions, such as the University, Osgoode Hall, the Provincial Asylum, &c., &c., and as a matter of course, inquires where is the best Restaurant to be found? Such gross ignorance could only be exhibited by those residing out of this Province, for where is the man, be he pleasure-seeker man of business, or "otherwise" having any pretence to a knowledge of the public institutions of Canada, who could be unaware of the existence of the Terrapin—the very *no plus ultra* of Toronto attraction—

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,

I've "done" the Terrapin—if such there be, go, mark him well—aye—write him an old foggy—totally unfit for this progressive, country—in fact "behind the times." The cooling draughts which are served from its well-stocked bar—this warm weather make one think of a new paradise, and exclaim Oh! Oh! if there be an Elysium on earth it is here—it is here! What shall we say of its dining accommodations. Why, a man could almost live and grow fat by standing at the King street entrance, and there catching the savoury odour as it comes wafted from the regions of

cookerydom. Many a man has acquired an enviable Corporation on less substantial diet. Whilst the Coliseum stands, Rome shall stand! So say we of the Terrapin. Whilst the Terrapin continues to be patronized and supported, so long shall the "Queen City" be patronized by the travelling community in preference to less favoured cities.

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Ho! the Roast-beef of Old England! and Ho! the Old English Roast-beef! is the natural exclamation of any one entering the English Chop House of our friends on King Street, indeed, one feels as tho' he were again at home in the great Metropolitan—such is the style and taste displayed in the "getting up" of the dining department. He that length for a good substantial meal—let him seek the English Chop House. He that courteth quiet and order and wisheth but a simple "snack" let him patronize the English Chop House—or he that seeketh good Old English Ale or 'alf and 'alf there he will find it.