

# THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1864.

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## THE GRUMBLER

Is published every SATURDAY MORNING, in time for the early Train. Copies may be had at all the News Depots. Subscription, \$1: Single copies, 8 cents.

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

Correspondents will bear in mind that their letters must be prepaid, 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 (May 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 coat,  
I redo you tent it;  
A chiel's amang you taking notes,  
And, faith, he'll prout it!"

SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1864.

### CAUSE AND EFFECT.

(WRITTEN BY OUR "DEVIL," FEELING PORTACALLY  
INCLINED ON THE EVE OF THE QUEEN'S BIRTH-DAY.)

My head with censeless pain is torn,  
Fast flow the tear drops from my eye,  
I curse the day I'er was born,  
And wish to lay me down and die;  
Bursts from my heart the frequent sigh,  
It checks the utterance of my tongue.  
But why complain of silence? Why?  
When all I speak is rash and wrong.

The untasted cup before me lies,  
What care I for its sparkle now?  
Before me other objects rise,  
I know not why—I know not how;  
My weary limbs beneath me bow,  
All useless is my unstrung hand,  
Why does this weight o'ershade my brow?  
Why doth my every nerve expand?

Why rends my head with racking pain?  
Why through my heart do sorrows pass?  
Why flow my tears like scalding rain?  
Why look my eyes like molten brass?  
And why from yonder brimming glass  
Of wine, untasted have I sbrunk,  
'Cause I can't lift it—for ails,  
I'm so pre-pod-fer-ous-ly drunk.

— Alderman Baxter took an airing in his buggy on Friday afternoon. This worthy Alderman appeared to be in excellent condition.

## LADIES, ATTENTION!

The Grumbler being, by the special favour of the Indies, their true and trusty knight-errant, ever ready and anxious to throw down the "gauntlet" and do battle in their cause, begs most respectfully to tender "a bit of advice" to young ladies, setting forth how they may know whether a young gallant is really "courting" them, or only paying them "polite attentions." The confounding the one with the other, has been the source of much trouble, both before and since the era of Pickwick and Mrs. Bardell.

A young man admires a pretty girl, and must manifest it. He can't help doing so for the life of him. The young lady has a tender heart, reaching out like vine-tendrils for something to cling to. She sees the admiration; is flattered; begins soon to love; expects some tender avowal; and perhaps gets so far as to decide that she will choose "a white satin under thin gauze," etc. At that very moment the gallant that she loves is popping the question to another damsel ten miles off.

Now the difficulty lies in not precisely understanding the difference between "polite attentions" and the tender manifestations of love. Admiring a pretty girl, and wishing to make a wife of her, are not always the same thing; and, therefore, it is necessary that the damsel should be upon the alert to discover to which class the attentions paid her by handsome and fashionable young gentlemen belong.

First, then, if a young man greets you in a loud, free, and hearty tone; if he knows precisely where to put his hat or his hands; if he stares you straight in the eye, with his own wide open; if he turns his back to you to speak to another; if he tells you who made his coat; if he squeezes your hand; if he cats heartily in your presence; if he fails to talk very kindly to your mother; if, in short, he sneezes when you are singing, criticizes your curls, or fails to be foolish in fifty ways every hour, then, don't fall in love with him for the world! He only admires you, let him do or say what he will.

On the other hand, if he be merry with everybody else, but quiet with you; if he be anxious to see that your tea is sufficiently sweetened, and your dear person well wrapped up, when you go out into the cold; if he talks very loud, and never looks you steadily in the eye; if his cheeks are red, and his nose only blushes, it is enough. If he romps with your sister, sighs like a pair of old bellows, looks solemn when you are addressed by another gentleman, and, in fact, is the most still, awkward, stupid, yet anxious of all your male friends, you may "go ahead," and make the poor fellow too happy for his skin to hold him!

Young ladies, keep your hearts in a case of good leather, or some other tough substance, until the "right one" is found, beyond doubt; after which, you can go on, and love, and "court," and be married and happy, without the least bit of trouble.

## LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. EDITOR.—Will you kindly, through your valuable paper, allow me to make a few remarks on the events of the present day? In the first place, I neither wish to vindicate the small boy, of whom I am going to speak, nor do I mean to condemn Captain Prince, our great and illustrious Peeler, who authorizes all the improvements, for which we must, if possible, be grateful, if even though it be for the loss of our favourite dog; and while on that subject, let me explain the true reason of this present great canine sacrifice. It does not quite originate from a disinterested inclination to benefit his country; but because the Captain and all his family have a natural fear of dogs. I do not say this without having had ocular demonstration of the fact—they would walk miles rather than come across one—nor do I mean to question the courage of the Captain, or any one of his family. They will make friends with, and, indeed, *mirabile dictu*, can admire a dog, if its owner is by, or if they have met the animal in its youth. You can now understand how it is the policeman's dogs can go about unmolested and unmuzzled; or, perhaps, he wisely considers that if it were necessary to muzzle his dogs, it would be necessary to take a similar precaution with himself, as he, notwithstanding his being a policeman, is the greatest puppy in town. You must, however, Mr. Editor, allow that Captain Prince's courage is unquestionable (?) All must remember how it was displayed during the Crimean war, and the amount that was collected for the presentation of "the white feather."

And now as to the small boy. While walking quietly along the street, my attention was attracted by fearful screams, which I discovered issued from the throat of a small boy, who had fallen into the clutches of one of the gallant Captain's valuable corps. On enquiry, I learned that the child was arrested for swearing, and was, moreover liable to one month's imprisonment in the common jail. It might have been a benefit to the boy, although I rather doubt it. I admit his fault was inexcusable, being of an age to know better; I am confident he must have been between five and six years. My suggestion would be, however, that, "as example is better than precept," it would be well for ye illustrious police constable, Capt. Prince, to commit himself to Fort Allen for the space of one month at hard labour, as there is not one of the name who can say three words without an oath

It would, I am sure, be a decided advantage to them all, and particularly so to Captain Prince, in more respects than one, as it would pull down some of his vulgar weight, and refine him generally.

Yours, an admirer of

"GAWD BLETH NA THOLE."

AD VALOREM.

ANOTHER HEROIC TORONTONIAN.

A few days ago a letter was received at the *Globe* office from Mr. Samuel Pudding, formerly of Toronto, and now serving in the Federal army. Mr. Pudding was well known and respected in this city, and is, indeed, an instance of a self-made soldier. He learned his drill under the portico of the *Globe* office, whilst waiting for "extras" or papers, which he sold, for some years, with considerable success; always having an acute eye to that change which we are proud to say, has at last occurred in his fortunes. He is now a Brigadier General in the Army of the Potomac, commanding the "True Grit Kentucky Chawers'" Brigade—a name the gallant General Mende has allowed the corps to take, in compliment to "Old Kentuck," as well as to that paper which has supported the Federal cause throughout. But we must let the letter of our promising young Clear Grit General speak for itself:—

REBELSQUASHI, LA., Apr. 15, 1864.

ДУАР БРОТНЕР.—I received your letter safely, and a thrill of joy ran through me from shako to bootheel, to find that you were pretty square and toeing the mark as of yore. Your weather, and occasionally (for misfortunes will occur) rebel, benton brother-soldier, in this valiant army, finds his padded breast (adorned with many a scar and medal) heave with the softer emotions, when he thinks of the daily joys of long ago, the nightly hooker, "the festive dances and the choral throng." But enough of this; stern Duty points the way. It is enough! I clear my throat and commence my narrative.

You wish me to give you a summary account of all my adventures, from the time I left the covered arched portals of the *Globe*, up to this period but, my dear Joey, I have passed through such scenes of blood and tumult—have snatched my food, with "hands incurranedined," from the camp-kettle so many times, whilst mounting my valiant charger, serrenking for the fray, and shouting "Ha! Ha!" at the top of his powerful lungs, whilst waiting for his warlike master—have sacked so many cities, and destroyed so many of the vile rebel scum—that it would be as impossible for me, in the limits of a short letter, to convey to you more than an *idea* of my warlike career, than it would be to compress the fine proportions of our former proprietor (I allude to the Hon. and respectable George Brown) into a flour barrel. So I must relate a few of the most stirring scenes, and your vivid fancy, my dear Joey, (you were always good at lying) must supply the remainder.

My first exploit, after I had joined the noble Federal army, and had been attached to the Kentuckian regiment—which now forms a portion of

the brigade I have the honour to command—was the following: It was shortly after the battle of Bull's Run—which, you will remember, was somewhat damaging to the reputation of the Federal arms, as some slight disorder occurred—Beauregard, flushed with success, conceived the idea of a night attack, but was uncertain about the position of our artillery, and, as our sentinels were more than ordinarily vigilant, no intelligence could be obtained. Hearing this from a deserter who came into camp, I disguised myself as an Ethiopian serrenader, and, armed only with my banjo, found my way to the Creole General's presence. He received me very graciously, and promised me \$20,000 if I would guide him to any spot where he could plainly detect the position of our batteries. I, accordingly, under the cloud of night, conducted him to a position, where, as previously had been arranged, stood twenty frowning batteries of five guns. "No go," whispered Beauregard. I conducted him to another position, behold! the same formidable artillery; another, and another, until the rebel General was completely assured that our camp lay in security, under the protection of four hundred heavy field guns. My ruse was a simple one. Our gallant General had, under my directions, caused 100 light quakers to be made to imitate heavy artillery; and, having concerted with me previously the points he would have them massed on, I showed the rebel General these points in succession, as I gave ample time to the troops employed to run the quakers from one point to another. I need hardly say no assault took place, and I received the money from Beauregard, and a promise of a commission from our then commander-in-chief; but this was merely strategy, and I know you, my dear Joey, would wish to hear something bloody and valiant, so listen, and you shall be gratified. I pass over the intervening scenes of bloodshed and tumult, of rapine and plunder, the martial din of the tented field, and the heroic battles we fought under General Pope. It was on the morning of the celebrated attack by General Burnside on Fredericksburgh, that I was sent for by that commander, who was in company with General Hooker, and some others, at headquarters. "And who may this be?" said the brave General Burnside. "This," returned Gen. Hooker, "is a pretty well mixed pudding for a soldier;" (you will observe, my dear Joey, he was playing on my name) "he is," continued he, "as brave a soldier as ever faced a foe." "Then," said General Burnside, "he will do. Pudding," said he, "we want to throw out a squadron of cavalry, to feel the enemy, will you lead them?" "I will your honour's glory," returned I, "from — to breakfast, and back." You see, my dear Joey, I had not then conversed at all with generals, or chiefs of division, and you will smile at the mistake I committed in saying "your honour's glory," as well as at the bold figure of speech I made use of afterwards. However, my readiness seemed to please the General. Thirty picked men, all mounted on Arabian chargers of the purest blood, (the General lending me his own Arab charger, "Mameluke,") were placed under my command, and with four revolvers in each man's girdle, and a well sharpened sabre in his

hand, ready drawn, we set forth at a hard gallop. The speed of the Arabian chargers you, my dear Joey, have heard of; it beats all. In four minutes and a half we had reached the rebel General Lee's nes, a distance of three and a quarter miles, and dashed up to his tent, cutting down hundreds of hoso who in vain sought to arrest our devastating course. I sprung from my horse, rushed into the General's tent, and, pocketing the plate on the breakfast table with one hand, seized General Lee with the other, who, overcome with alarm, clung to the leg of the table, and held it with the grasp of despair. At this instant, when Fortune seemed most to favour our bold and determined band, as ill luck would have it, I was seized with a giddiness, and was obliged to retire outside the tent, where the enemy, now fully alarmed, stood massed to receive us. All hope of capturing General Lee vanished, and, determining to do or die, we mounted our chargers, and with the war cry of the Moslem, "Allah il Allah," dashed against the foe. Whirling my sabre around my head, I cut down three foes at the first blow, and my comrades were equally successful; in short, although they opened a masked battery of howitzers right in our faces, and shelled us all the way to the camp, we miraculously escaped unurt. All my comrades were made Majors or Colonels, and I was, for my daring leadership, made a Brigadier General, a position equal to a Field Marshal of Volunteers. A grand banquet was given in our honour, at which I was the honoured guest and chief; and, after my health had been drank, amid thunders of applause, the brave Joe Hooker chanted a complimentary ballad of his own composition, entitled, "The Pudding without a cloth." Such, dear Joey, is the life of a soldier; such the reward of valour!

I remain,

Your affectionate soldier brother,

SAMMY PUDDING.

Brigadier Gen. commanding

"True Grit Kentucky Chawers."

Dolla(r) Dolla or Nursery Rhymes.

"The lady who found twenty dollars on Richmond Street West, will be suitably rewarded by leaving it at this office or at 55 Richmond Street West." We see this advertisement in the *Leader* of Thursday. May we draw conclusions? Has some ladybird, haply finding the snug little sum of \$20 hesitated, or at least delayed, to call at 55 Richmond Street West? It looks rather so, ladybird! Take the advice of an old and virtuous *Crumbler*. They have given you the office. Some feller has been and seen you. Restore the purse, although we don't prophecy much reward, barring the usual reward of virtue, (itself.) So ladybird, will your hands be clean, and sportive youth will not chant as they might otherwise do, the following lay in your charming ear:—

"Ladybird! ladybird! where have you been?"  
"I found twenty dollars in silk purse green."  
"Ladybird! ladybird! what next do you say?"  
"Why, I trotted straight home, and put 'em away."

RICHMOND OH!

Bold Grant has beaten General Lee,  
 And swept him right away;  
 But singular, as all can see,  
 It does not clear the way.  
 No, all these brilliant victories, ah! no! no! no!  
 They don't clear the track into Richmond, oh!

Ah! if I was bold General Grant,  
 I really should despond,  
 Those rebels always have some plant,  
 To turn us from Richmond.

For all these lots of victories, ah! no! no! no!  
 The don't, somehow, clear the track into Rich-  
 mond, oh!

Ben Butler thrashes Beauregard,  
 And scatters him abroad;  
 Why surely that's a winning card,  
 But it doesn't clear the road.

No! all these slashing victories, ah! no! no! no!  
 They don't clear the track into Richmond, oh!

Horo's Sigel's licked poor Brockenridge,  
 Across the Shenandoah,  
 In a great flood, he swam the stream,  
 Another patriarch Noah.

Yet all these brilliant victories, ah! no! no! no!  
 They have not cleared the track into Richmond, oh!

Ben Butler said, some time ago.  
 "He had the City key,"  
 But surely he's misaid it,  
 Or gone upon the spree.

So all those victories and boasts, ah! no! no! no!  
 They haven't cleared the way to Richmond, oh!

Lee's army is demoralized,  
 And all of them are running,  
 But Grant is surely ill advised,  
 Or playing mighty cunning.

For all his eight day's victories, ah! no! no! no!  
 They haven't cleared the track to Richmond, oh

It's really quite a mystery,  
 And one I can't unravel,  
 The South are licked most thoroughly,  
 But Grant he cannot travel.

No, he cannot travel city wards, ah! no! no! no!  
 For the track it isn't rightly clear to Richmond, oh

Well, speculation is no use,  
 And I must close my song,  
 But, considering all their victories,  
 I think they're precious long.

When, with all their jolly victories, ah! no! no! no!  
 They haven't cleared the track into Richmond, oh

We are told the way to Heaven,  
 Is a narrow way and straight,  
 And few there be that find it,  
 Or get right in thereat;  
 And—I mean to speak all reverently,  
 When I say, that so  
 Appears that dubious road to me,  
 The Road to Richmond, oh!

Baxter, after the sins he committed in the  
 council, called on Bishop Lynch to obtain absolu-  
 tion.

A NOBLE ANCESTRY.

From *Morgan's Canadian Parliamentary Com-  
 panion*, recently published; we quote the following  
 interesting biographical sketch:—  
 "S—e, J—n, [E—n—W. R.] Liberal, descended  
 from an old and honorable family, in the County  
 of Devon, England. Born at the Town of Kings-  
 bridge, in the same County, 16th January, 1799.  
 Educated in Devon and at London, England.  
 Contested present seat at general election, 1861,  
 and seated on petition, on the 23rd February, 1863.  
 Re-elected at last general election. Married  
 12th May, 1825, Mary Anne, daughter of Joseph  
 Stainburn, Esq., of Winnore, Yorkshire, whose  
 maternal ancestress, Margaret Hoyton, was eldest  
 sister of Lord Hoyton, Baron Stratton, of Armeley  
 Hall, Yorkshire, Generalissimo of the forces of  
 Charles I., in the West of England. Mr. S—e was  
 for many years the Secretary of the British and  
 Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, and is the author  
 of many works, [which nobody has ever read.—  
 Ed.] and public documents on the subject of  
 slavery and the slave-trade, and the laws affecting  
 the emancipated Colonies of Great Britain. Was  
 also Secretary of the Great Peace Congresses held  
 at Brussels in 1849, and at Paris in 1850. Pop.  
 10,688; No. of Voters 1,897. Glenbonner, St.  
 Thomas, C. W.—J. S—e, 777: Price 747.

There can be no question as to the correctness  
 of the details of this historical gem, as each per-  
 son described in Mr. Morgan's useful little work,  
 is an autobiographer.

THE GLOBE'S MUSICAL CRITIQUE.

We have before had reason to notice the wretched  
 way in which the *Globe* is accustomed to notice  
 our musical entertainments, and we cannot pass  
 over this horrible specimen which appeared in last  
 Friday week's *Globe*, too late for notice in our issue  
 of th

The reporter of the *Globe* goeth to Gottschalk's  
 concert; he begins his critique by saying that the  
 audience was large and appreciative, but regrets  
 that the first thing that was encored was an imi-  
 tation of the Banjo on the Piano. He then says:  
 "The applause he received was abundantly well  
 deserved, for he produced from the instrument a  
 flood of music which charmed, &c." That is, Mr.  
 Gottschalk produced the flood from the piano; in  
 the same way that Professor Anderson sometimes  
 produces baby linen and unmentionable articles of  
 apparel from the lining of a hat lent him by some  
 obliging swell in the audience. The flood was so  
 great, indeed, that the people had to stand on the  
 benches to keep "out of the wet." The reporter  
 now waxeth poetical, he says, speaking of Mr. G.'s  
 "Home, sweet home,"—"he sounded the flue old  
 air with a glorious variation, which, like the well-  
 chosen settings of a jewel, served but to render  
 its beauties the more apparent." Isn't this beauti-  
 ful and original? We have heard various varia-  
 tions, but would like to know what variety the  
 glorious one belongs to. With regard to the set-  
 tings of the jewel, that is so stale that we will  
 pass on. The reporter now goeth into the high-  
 falutin or spread-eagle style. He says:—"The

faces of the audience were splendidly lighted up  
 with smiles as the gay notes fell upon the ear."  
 Is not this a melancholy specimen of departed  
 reason? Perhaps though we are too severe, there  
 may be a restaurant in the immediate vicinity of  
 the Music Hall, which interfered with the sanity  
 of the learned critic, his noodle may have been  
 splendidly "lighted up" with bad whiskey when  
 he put his gay notes on paper. He goes on to in-  
 form the musical public that Madame Strakosch sang  
 "Ratanplan," with much gaiety and effect, and in  
 response to the applause of the audience sang  
 another selection from the "Daughter of the Regi-  
 ment." "Tis better to laugh," &c. Now this  
 would have been quite correct if it did not happen  
 that this last is the drinking song in "Lucrezia  
 Borgin," so we laughed accordingly. He con-  
 cludes by saying the Piano was from the establishment  
 of Messrs. Nordheimer, and stood well the severe  
 trial to which it was put. We suppose Mr. G.  
 threw the piano in the air, caught it on his nose,  
 and balanced it there while he played the "Star  
 Spangled Banner," and without allowing it to lose  
 its balance, got up on it and danced a hoe down  
 on the keys, which certainly was a severe trial.  
 Now we want to know why the deuce the *Globe*  
 can't get a musical man to attend a good concert  
 such as this last, and give them a correct report of  
 the entertainment and not offend the eyes and ears  
 of the public with such puerile productions as here-  
 tofore. We have no doubt it could be done at a  
 small cost, in accordance with the *Globe's* ideas  
 of economy.

A Young Gentleman done "Brown."

Not many days ago a juvenile Lothario, impa-  
 tent of the restraint imposed upon him by the  
 lecture which was in the course of delivery by  
 Professor Anderson at Osgoode Hall, called upon  
 the learned gentleman in a somewhat oracular  
 tone to "shut up, that he did not want any more  
 of his lecture." The astonished functionary inward-  
 ly exclaimed, "*Obstipin, steterunquo como vos fau-  
 cibus posit,*" and turning in the direction whence  
 proceeded this unseemly interruption, took down  
 the names of those who sat on the benches in the  
 vicinity, threatening the loss of the term to them  
 if they failed to divalge the name of the guilty  
 party. "Mum" was the word until next day, when  
 Mr. Anderson having had some inkling as to the  
 aggressor, accused a certain gentleman of "chal-  
 lenge sitting" notoriety, (we don't mean Hallowell  
 but him whom he did Brown!) and called upon  
 him to say whether such was the case or not.  
 The foolish youth, instead of manfully acknow-  
 ledging his fault and apologising before the class,  
 insisted that it was someone sitting behind him  
 that had interrupted the lecture, but upon being  
 again "put on his honour," he swallowed the nau-  
 cious lie, and cried *peccavi*.

The consequence is, he has been "sent to Coventry,"  
 to rusticate and ruminate over *Blackstone* in  
 his own *Brown* study for one term at least. Serve  
 him right say we. Mr. Anderson deserves the  
*Crumbler's* best thanks for curtailing such *hyp-  
 pyism!*

## THOU ART THE MAN.

Of all the wicked hypocrisies under the sun, perhaps, the most revolting is the hypocrisy of grief. We defame a man in the most cruel manner, we lie wholesale about him, we misrepresent his every action, accuse him of peccation, of robbery, of prostituting the powers of his official situation to his own private aggrandisement; and lo! in the full heat and spring-tide of our malevolence, the Great Reaper claims suddenly his victim. And we—what do we do? Shout for joy, and say, “a good riddance?” No, we lie on, in the face of God and man. We attend his remains decorously to the “house appointed for all living,” whither we have done our best to hurry him, and shed crocodile tears, and wipe our mouths and say, “we have done no evil.” Our exordium is an indignant one. It is so, for we do not simulate, we lay aside the cap and bells of the jester for once, and speak in bitter wrath and real indignation. If John Nasmith, ex-Alderman of the City of Toronto, see this article, and should ask us, (as, perhaps, he would do, for he is a Godly man and a ruling elder,) in the language of David to the Prophet, “Who hath done this thing?” we would answer in the words of the stern seer to the guilty king, “Thou art the man.” It is well said, “ *homo homini lupus,*” but this old, and (alas, that it should be so,) true adage, applied more especially to the open war waged by one man against another, to serve his own personal interests, or the like, at the expense of his brother. It is the more elegant rendering of that condensation of selfishness in words which disgraces the English language, “Every one for himself and God for us all.” But the latter is the bold brigand, the “stand and deliver” highwaymen of society, whose audacious boldness and open defiance of the golden rule; and as openly practised as acknowledged; and for the other, what shall we say? For that *malice*, that subtle unwinking malice which never sleeps? For that craven guilt which, dreading the law will yet whisper a man's life away, by foul inuendo and covert attack? Rely on it, that is the true devilish malice, for which there shall be one day a fearful accounting. “He that is without sin among ye, let him cast the first stone,” said our Lord on a very special occasion; but we venture to assert that no man has gone down to the Chambers of Death, humanely speaking, more free from wilful and premeditated sin, than our lamented friend, J. G. Bowes. We believe, nay we know him, to have been a truly upright and sincere man, loyal to his convictions, and firm to those good principles which he openly professed, and—privately carried out. But this man, as far superior to his traducers, as the heavens are above the earth, was hunted, if not to death, to the death; and we unhesitatingly aver that one of his bitterest enemies, one of his most sleepless and undying foes, was John Nasmith, a religious professor, a burning and a shining light, and why this enmity? Why this savage *vendetta*? Mr. Bowes some two years ago fulfilled a duty, he was solemnly bound to perform, thereby protecting his fellow citizens from fraud, and from that hour sprang up an un-

dying hatred in the bosom of John Nasmith, and filled his foggy soul. “Shall I not judge for these things, saith the Lord!”

## AMUSEMENTS.

Mrs. Jane English's celebrated “Troupe St. Denis,” have been performing at the Royal Lyceum since the 24th to crowded houses, and all lovers of the ballet have since been kept nightly on the “*qui vive*.” Mlle Rosita, whose daring feats on the tight-rope were the theme of universal admiration on the part of amusement seekers in all the principal Cities in the American Republic, as the great card of the Company. Mlle Eugonia Ravel too, by her graceful and artistic dancing, has won additional laurels. Henri Agouste's wonderful feats with bottles, oranges, &c., are a great attraction and repeatedly brought down the house. The performance concluded each evening with a laughable pantomime. Last night an entire change of programme was given, for the benefit of the charming Rosita, consisting, among the other good things, of M. Muller's great violin feat of playing on one string, after the style of Paganini, and his celebrated imitation of a church organ; the Gladiators, by Agouste, Caron, and La Petite Alphonse; soiree dansante, by Mlles Annetta, Eugonia, and Aubrey; magic violin, H. Agouste and Josef Caron; tight rope exercises, by Mlle Annetta and La Belle Rosita; extraordinary feats of equivoise, by Mons. Agouste, with the dancing bottles; and concluding with the comic pantomime of the Magic Box, replete with new scenes, tricks, and transformations. To-night Prof. Muller is up for a benefit, when, we trust, the house will be crowded. We cannot miss this opportunity of testifying to the artistic excellencies of this celebrated troupe without paying our meed of praise to their gentlemanly agent, Mr. Tip Corey, and congratulating the fair Manageress on having in her employ one in whom are centred all the essentials which go far to constitute a thorough man of business, as well as a truly reliable agent.

## Retiring by Columns.

— The Hon. George Brown, was, according to the *Leader*, about to retire from Parliamentary life altogether. The *Globe* throws cold water on the jubilant *Leader* by denying it. We can only account for the very great discrepancy in the two statements, by the complimentary supposition, that the Hon. George is such a host in himself, that he is obliged to retire *by columns*; i.e. those of the *Leader*.

## In Chancery.

— A small *gamin* put a bill into our hand to day. It was the tearful announcement of a Mr. Chant, that he was going to tear himself away from Toronto, and that this was *positively* the last week. *Dear know*, as the *leading article* writers say, what the my sells, but if our readers wait till next week, and Chant lie not, they won't have the ghost of a Chant's, (chance.)

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