

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1863.

(VOL. I.—NO. 42)

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.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coat,
I redo you tent it;
A chiel's naang you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it."

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1863.

Special Notice.

In consequence of two editions of our last week's issue being entirely exhausted, we re-print the articles on the "wig question," for the benefit of those who were unable to supply themselves with copies.

This is the Man with the Wig.

This is the pretty girl all so gay
To whom the man with the wig did say,
"Fly with me pretty one right away"
For at Detroit is such fine array,

Thus said the man with the wig.

This is our Slater the Dentist bold,
Who though he had neither notes or gold,
He changed one note for he up and told,
So his conscience was healed though he was sold,
By the man that wore the wig.

This is Captain Prince whom all of us loves,
Who straight dived on his very best gloves,
And so he "as sure as I lives and moves,
I'll read a lesson to these old coves,
And to all as wears a wig."

These are the peelers who stout and tall,
Come right across this foolish young gal,
As the Rouse of Clifford which was the Pal;
Wherefore she looked so white as the wall,
When she didn't see the wig.

These are her tears in a bottle kept,
Which a pint and a half she straightway wept;
Because of his wig from her bereft,
Though her grief (I think) was over the left,
For the loss of the wig brown wig.

Last—This is the service of silver plate
Six hundred ounces of solid weight—
Presented to Mr. Grumbler in state,
For the great service he'd done the state,
But not by the man with the wig.

By a Wiggled Old Bachelor.

— When does a wig resemble clarity?—

When it covers a multitude of sins.

Galloping Consumption.

— A cavalry raid.

TORONTO AND THE 30th BAND.

The City Council has neglected to acknowledge, in a substantial manner, the many kindnesses received from the Officers of the 30th. We hasten to make reparation for the slight. The following address embodies the sentiments of all our City Council and may be accepted, (in the absence of anything better) by the Officers without compromising themselves. We authorise Ald. Jarvis to present it in the name of the Corporation.

ADDRESS.

To Lt-Col. Pakenham, and Officers of the 30th Regt.

GENTLEMEN,—We have learned with the deepest regret that your regiment has been ordered to another part of the Province and, as it is probable that your fine band will accompany you, we take the opportunity of returning our hearty thanks for the pleasures we have enjoyed in listening to its performances. We have to congratulate ourselves on the fact that the bandmen have, on no occasion, been tempted to partake of intoxicating liquors at our expense. The evils of intemperance are so manifold and the members of the City Council are so well known as Teetotalers, that we have, on principle, denied ourselves the pleasure of supplying any dubious refreshments to your thirsty bandmen. Evil minded persons have, it is true, hinted that a little beer might have been acceptable to your men on warm days, after they had played for a couple of hours, but, we rejoice to say, that we resisted all extraneous pressure and allowed every member of the band to indulge to his heart's content in cold water, free of charge. In parting with you we shall ever remember the many kindnesses experienced at your hands, and hope that you also will cherish fondly the recollection of your stay in Toronto. Permit us, gentlemen, in conclusion, to present your excellent band with—a copy of this address as an acknowledgment of their services.

We remain, &c.,
THE TORONTO CITY COUNCIL.

NOTICES OF MOTIONS.

Mr. Burwell—A Bill to make the offices of constable and chimney-sweep elective.

Mr. Wright—A resolution to summon the reporter of the Leader to the Bar of the House for misrepresenting his remarks upon the seat of Government Question.

Mr. A. Mortimer Smith—A Bill to raise the standard of Education in the Upper Canada College and to insure his chances for re-election.

Hon. J. A. Macdonald—A Bill to make Sandfield civil—Rymal clever—Brown honest—Ferguson respectable—and to prevent John McDonald from being made the buffoon of the House.

A Fearful Thought.

— Music has charms to soothe the savage breast, but, it has entirely failed to make any proper impressions on the members of the City Council. Their treatment of the 30th Band has been scandalous in the extreme. A proper punishment for these gentlemen would be to sit forever in Council listening to the never ceasing strains of a dry-throated hand-organ, a dyspeptic bag-pipes and a cracked hurdy-gurdy. Perhaps the punishment would be too severe if it were made part of the sentence that Councilman Baxter should keep constantly singing *alto*, Councilman Bennett playing the triangle, Ald. Jarvis the bassoon, Ald. Carr the jews-harp, Ald. Moodie the fiddle, and Dunn the drum.

Where is George Brown.

— Will the great Ontario be kind enough to give the word for the dismissal of that most foolish of Premiers, John Sandfield. He has been tried and found wanting, and George will do the country a favor by withdrawing the light of his countenance from him. "Throw Jonah overboard."

Kentish Fire.

— The Mayor of Kent is a very powerful Mayor, no doubt, but there are things which even he can't do. He may, for aught we know, be able to read and write, but, we are afraid his proclamation is his weak point. This worshipful gentleman is afraid of the small-pox and desires to throw every obstacle in the way of its progress, so he at once takes counsel with his council and they advise that something must be done. At great personal sacrifice of tissue, he thinks the matter over, and, at length, determines to pit himself against the dreaded pestilence. The following sees the light: "Caution!—The small-pox among the emigrants I by order of the Mayor." We much fear that this partakes slightly of inhumanity, not to say, despotism. Although the Premier does dislike immigrants it is no reason why they should become victims to disease. We grant the Mayor leave to amend his proclamation.

A Subject for Consideration.

— It must be gratifying to those who anticipate a war with the neighboring States to notice with what equanimity both sides surrender themselves prisoners of war. At one time, 10,000 Northerners will gracefully yield; at another, 30,000 Southerners, and so on. If we go to war with these people, we must make adequate preparation for the housing of the large number of prisoners that would throw themselves into our hands. They generally surrender in flocks, and it would greatly inconvenience our army to be encumbered with 40,000 or 50,000 prisoners.

HOLTON'S NOSE.

"There is one feature in his physiognomy which always stands out in bold relief, a nose that beggars description; and this is a species of barometer that indicates the temper of the man." It swells with fiery indignation and assumes prodigious proportions, which are easily marked by the dark back-ground, &c."—*Leader's Quebec Correspondence.*

"Thou art our admiral, thou hearest the lantern in the hoop, but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp."—*Sir John Palstaff to Lordolph.*

I sing of a nose; a wonderful nose,
So frightfully large that nobody knows,
All the uses it serves,—but its terrible blows,
Are a warning to friends and a terror to foes.

This wonderful nose, some people suppose,
Is a mischievous nose when it reddens and glows,
It swells in a trice and assumes such a size,
As to hide the whole face and to block up the eyes.

This wonderful nose, when shrunk in repose,
Resembles a beet indented by loes,
But then its proportions are not so amazing,
You wouldn't be startled unless by its blazing.

This wonderful nose, this mischievous nose,
Has a horrible habit of changing its pose,
'Tis a muscular nose, and the instant you spy it,
You say, What a troublesome nose to keep quiet.

This wonderful nose is not one of those,
You can tell all about if you know how it grows,
It's not a mere snub, nor a Romanish beak,
And slander would lie if you called it a Greek.

It's a wonderful, terrible, mischievous nose,
A troublesome, muscular, nondescript nose,
Barometer, beacon, and weapon as well,
An awful proboscis—that's all I can tell.

LYCEUM.

City Hall Buildings.

Manager and Wire puller J. G. Bowes,
Leader of Orchestra Mr. Boxall.
The best Talent engaged.

The Performance to commence with the serio-comic
drama, of

SETTLING WITH THE GRAND TRUNK.

PROGRAMME.

Aminadab Slek Ald. Sterling
Jemmy Twitcheer Coun. James
Shylock J. G. Bowes
Indignant Mr. Sproutt,
Columbine Mr. Baxter
Old Honesty Ald. Carr.

To be followed by a fancy dance by the accom-
plished young danseux

Miss Kerr, Miss Mitchell,

The whole to conclude with the roaring farce of
SENDING A DEPUTATION TO QUEBEC,

Jeremy Didler J. G. Bowes,
Pompous Mr. Bennett,
Verdant Ald. Smith,
Takin-in-and-done-for Mr. Sterling,
Paul Fry Mr. Dickey,

Reserved Seats for Ladies,

Performance to Commence at 7 o'clock.

BENEFIT CONCERTS.

Toronto contains about 50,000 inhabitants. An amateur concert to pay respectably, must have at least four hundred tickets sold, at fifty cents; that is to say, if one person in every 125 invests a half dollar for the good of musical Art, the concert will pay its unavoidable expenses, and leave something over a hundred dollars for the benefit of the performers. But, unfortunately, Toronto does not contain one in 125 willing to invest in such sort of security; and the result is that artists, believing themselves entitled to some acknowledgment from the public, instead of getting it, get a rebuff to their souls and depletion to their pockets; and after working hard for the concert, and then losing by it, they grow weary of the Art, distrustful of the public, ready for any moderate form of suicide. Think of that Toronto!

A person of fair musical ability settles down in Toronto. Their talent is soon discovered, and they are pressed to take part in charitable and other performances; they consent. No doubt they enjoy it, but there is always a portion of evil and unfriendly criticism to be borne, inconvenience to be put up with, expense to be undergone. After some years, an imprudent friend suggests a Benefit Concert. The public is supposed to be ready and anxious to manifest their appreciation of talent, and liberality; but the public don't see it in that light; it believes that the enjoyment of sinking and the credit of performing in public quite sufficient reward, and stays at home.

The history of Benefit Concerts in Toronto would form a capital chapter for some new work on "Disappointment." Anxious thought, incessant practice, unremitting endeavors to sell tickets, for a month beforehand; and then, a dismal collapse. Well, knowing that the thing has failed so often before, why do they persist in trying it again? Because they are conceited, and consider their ability and consequent claim upon the public, greater than any that has gone before; or, because they are confiding; and believe their friends promise to take tickets; or, because they are hard up for bullion, and afraid to run the risk of failure. And so they all go in.

Concerts for church purposes are better attended, because the object is more general, the clergyman interests himself in it, and in some places they have some bustling, officious *gentlewoman* to take the tickets by the hand, and force them off upon her acquaintance; how many can be so disposed of depends on the value of her friendship, and the quality of her champagne; but such assistance often has a sad, ultimate effect on amateur concerts, as the *protégées* of patronesses must of course be assigned an important place on the programme; the music is abominably bad, and people are more unwilling than ever to go to the next one.

If any friend asked our advice about giving a concert, we should counsel him, if he have five dollars to spare, to throw it into the lake at once and have no music, rather than lose fifty in trying to make more. If anybody asked our friend to assist at a concert for charitable purposes, we should

recommend him to be discreet; and not make a show of himself to further the objects of others; for some are excessively complainant when they are getting up a concert, but most serenely distant when the affair is over. And to the public we remark, if the singers can sing, and the music is good, go to it, and pay your fifty cents like a man! But not if the music or singers are bad. Charity has its rights, so has music, so has Decency and Public order; so never buy a ticket because you are forced to, and never go to hear a squaller!

Marriage in High Life.

Leader of Thursday.

JAMES—SMITH—On the 15th inst., at St. George's Church Georgia, by the Rev. Wm. Ritchie, John Turrel James, Esq., to Mary Meir Smith. The happy pair immediately after partaking of a splendid *dejeuner a la fourchette*, at Capt. Sibbald's hospitable mansion, of Eldon Hall, proceeded via Toronto and Quebec, for England.

The sumptuousness of the *dejeuner a la fourchette*, at Sibbald's, was the theme of universal remark. Below we give a diagram of the magnificently stored table, spread by the hospitable Captain for the happy pair and their rejoicing friends.

TOP

	Hot Sausages,	
Potatoes,		Greens,
	Pot Pie,	
Bacon,		Ham,
Rashers,		Rashers,
Greens,		Potatoes,
	Cold Sausages.	

BOTTOM.

Liqueurs—Morton's Proof, 1 gallon,
Tea, and water.
Any comments of ours would be superfluous.

Fatal Omission.

— We are sorry to see that the Militia Bill, lately introduced by the Premier, does not contain a provision for the encouragement of Boxing. Surely self defence is the first law of nature. However, it is gratifying to see that some members of the House are not above taking part in sparring exhibitions.

Cave Canem.

— It seems that the French Indies have screwed their courage to the stick-ing point—thanks to the example set by the Empress herself. A walking-cane is very handy at times in the hands of a strong minded danisel; it might prove dangerous to puppyism, and would, doubtless, answer the purpose of a *beau-je knife*.

The Cove Which Froached on the Wig.

S ay was it virtuous indignation,
L ed you to tell to his botheration,
A ll that you knew of his aberration,
T o the scandal lovers of this, our nation,
E ach has his opinion, and all Creation,
R esolves mine into your cosmédiation.

To all whom it may Concern.

— We are not in the habit of noticing the threats of those who think themselves aggrieved by anything that appears in our columns. We endeavor to deal with "matters and things" as they deserve, and while carefully avoiding subjects without our province, we shall not hesitate to lay on the lash where it is most felt, if we deem the transgressor deserving of such treatment. While speaking of this we may as well say, once for all, that a great deal of valuable time and foolscap may be saved to anonymous correspondents, if they will only remember that our columns are not intended to take the place of public sewers.

To our Readers.

— Ever on the alert to secure the highest native talent, *The Grumbler* made advances to the editor of the *Leader*, with the view of engaging his valuable services on the sensation department of our influential paper; but, we regret to state that our efforts were unsuccessful. The proprietor of the *Leader*, very improperly interfered in the matter, and fairly outbid us. His reason for so doing is patent. We merely chronicle the fact.

Light Come Light Go.

— Is a proverb to the wisdom of which, we would direct the attention of those unwise Buccolicals who will persist in bringing light butter to Toronto market, in spite of the constant seizures effected by the Fisher of those waters. Are the farmers so classically disposed, that they would seek to reimpose Troy weight on us instead of Avoirdupois? It would seem so. We are afraid in their resuscitation of the ancient, they forget the modern, and read *tres bien trois bien*.

The Levite's Outdone.

If the "Passer-by" call on the License Inspector at his office, the party he refers to shall be dealt with according to law, and the strictest secrecy observed. "In these touching terms the License Inspector of this city woos the coy "Passer-by" to help him to a penalty. Why didn't the Inspector add, as the purchasers of cast off clothes do, "Ladies and gentlemen attended at their own residences; the full value given in cash. We read of a passer-by long years ago, he did neither good nor harm. Our Toronto Levite wishes to outdo him. Let the protectors of the Revenue fulfil their duties, and there will be no need of amateur informers. A detective Improvisatore is not, except under very peculiar circumstances, a character to be admired.

Marriage in Low Life.

— *Jaculum isto mari nobilita a mare, mundi.*
Jack Ulum is to marry Nobby Bliza Mary, Monday.

AFTER WATTS.

BY MR. STERLING.

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
And M.P.P.'s to blow,
Let politicians growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature too.

But Councilmen should never let,
Their angry passions rise,
Their little tongues were never made,
To ——— each other's eyes.

QUEBEC EXPERIENCES.

AT THE SCOTCH TWINS FROM TORONTO.

Ah! brither Scots, ye dinna know,
The awfu' place ye sent us to,
Sae fit o' wickedness an' blow,
—W' out a Kirk,
An' nae a Meenister to show,
For sic a work.

Ye dinna ken this weekid spot
Sae crookit, ugly, lonesome, hot,
An' sic a spierin, chattering lot,
Fu' o' the deil,
W' out a single parritch-pot,
To get a meal.

An' then, the burnin, shinin lights,
O' politics, wba skirl o' nights,
Trowth, but they only need the tights,
To heat the play;
An' mak the House the best o' sights
O' the pristin day.

But, O! may heavin gie us grace,
To pity a' the inferior race,
Wha jabber French at sic a pace,
Ye dinna ken,
Whether they speak maist wi' the face,
Or w' the chin.

Just think o' sittin sax gude hours,
W' lugs fu' strebbil catchin showers,
O' talk—aye, sic a life is ours,
—We canna leave;
Ye maun nae trifle w' the powers
Wha haud your sleeve.

Sae muckle shave, muckle jaw,
Aneat the tinkerin o' the law,
Sic fighting over every flaw,
W' unco rakkit,
We canna tell ye 'bout them a',
We're sae distrackit.

Some deil took us frae our hame,
And drove us to expose our shame;
We dinna wish ye a' the same,
For flesh is weak,
So sud we fa', ye maun nae blame,
We canna speak.

Chairing A Member.

— The axiom that "the Major is more worthy than the minor," seems somewhat upset by the Speaker's recent decision in favour of the Hon. M. Perrault. It is rumoured that the happy possessor of the disputed chair, thanked Mr. Wallbridge in a witty and graceful note, addressed, "*Mon cher ami.*"

Olla Podrida.

First Irishman fresh from Quaybeck. "Ah! I now Paddy, tell me did D'Arcy seem scared of Sandie?"
Second Irishman. "Sorra bit. Fair he'd bate the two o' 'em, though they other put a ugly holt on him."

The Man With the Wig.

C ome live with me and be my love,
A n old Bloke sang in a shady grove;
W ith his dark wig and sober coat,
T o think he could sing such a note?
H e urrah for those who kind and stout,
R avelled the tangled skein about
A nd traced our capitals nicely out.

LESSONS IN NATURAL HISTORY FOR CHILDREN.

There was once a wicked old Hawk, and he used to lend money and wear a wig. He was a very demure, quiet looking old bird, but a very downy cove in reality. My dears you must not laugh and say, "Oh how could a Bird lend money and wear a wig? This one did, and so do many other Hawks, for there are human hawks as well as Bird Hawks. Well, this hawk when he met with a poor little bird away from her nest, would snap her up without ceremony. And he used to do it in this way, he would sit on a branch a good way off and croak, and say "Kaw-thra, Kaw-thra" and if a poor little bird ventured out to see this strange bird, and hear his strange voice, he would devour her body and bones. So one day he saw a very fine young bird, common enough in Canada, a Sahara Bird (*puella formosa* is the latin) and this bird was a long way from home, "Oh," says the old Hawk "here's a chance." So, he croaks away, Kaw-thra, Kaw-thra, and the young bird very foolishly listened to his croaking, and when he said to her "Now, sweet one, fly with me, and I will give you pretty Sahara, Oh, such fine things," the foolish thing agreed. So she asked him the way, for she was to go alone, and he gave her a card and said, "That's the ticket for you," and the foolish thing took it, and would surely have been devoured, if a kind man who knew something of this wicked old Hawk, had not gone to the Prince of the country, and he let him have two strong bluebirds (*Peeler defensio* is the Latin name.) You have often seen them in the street, and they caught the poor Sahara Bird just as she was going off. So the wicked old Hawk was disappointed, and if he does not keep pretty snug in his nest for the future he will get mauled, in fact I heard the great Leader bird pecked him handsomely yesterday, and so would the Globe bird too, I daresay, only the Globe bird is too pure and gentle, and never pecks any one.

Lost.

— Between Toronto and Quebec, certain fledges. The finder upon returning them to John Macdonald, M.P.P., Quebec, will be handsomely rewarded.

On Dr.

— What about that \$190? We have received no information as yet from Wallie Henderson or John Ritchey, Jr. Will Mr. Urquhart or some member of the committee let us know what has become of amount collected? Do let us know?

CLIFFORD HALL.

A BALLAD.

I sing of a flash old bloke,
Which tried to take a girl,
For things which musn't be spoke,
Along of his "Clifford" pal.

The gal she was much too free,
As you shall now confess;
And was going to go with he,
For love of a satin dress.

But the covs as knowed her fast,
Arrived at these ere facts
Says he "May I be cussed
But a question or two I'll ax."

So to Captain Prince he goes,
Who was putting on his gloves—
Ses he, "I a sunthin knows,
And, I wants a couples of covs."

"For what? says the Captain bold,
Do you want these men of me,
Is it boning of noies or gold;
Or—A Leader conspiracy.

So he ups, and tells him all,
Of this here scandalous rig;
Says he, "Tis a nice young gal,
Along of a old brown wig."

"My gwacious" the captain said,
And away the hull of 'em went,
With the captain at their head,
Arter old Cent per Cent.

So at Clifford's house they call,
Which, as they passed the wicket,
They seen the very young gal
Along of a Railway ticket.

Which when the Captain saw it,
And did inspect the same,
Ses he "tis as I thought,
The gwal ain't much to bwane."

Her tears fell like the rain,
Which grief her bosom tore;
And she promised not again,
To do it never no more.

So long lives the covs so stout,
As spoilt the usurer's rig,
Which he ought to be draw out,
Along of his old brown wig.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Mon Cher Mons. Grumbler,

One small rascality met me in de Street yesterday, and gave me *de billet blanc*. "Monsieur Grumbler presents his compliments to Monsieur Crapand, and wishes to ask him in de most delicate manner possible, *if he wears a perruque? Saare, by gar, Sar*, I want to you buy, *sar, Ventre-bleau!* that I no wear nothing of de kind, and suppose I should choose to have de very delectable *plaisir* of doing so in cold *wearer*. I do not tink it is any of your business. Did you or did you not authorize dis small monstrouosity to do *dat very much by gar!* Dat is de gr-r-r-rand question

Yours for de present,

JAMAIS EN ARRISSE.

LATEST AS TO THE GAME OF DISUNION.—Both Davis and Lincoln have strong hands of black, and spades are trumps.



PROVINCIAL REGISTRY OFFICE FOR SERVANTS.

NOW'S THE TIME.

The subscribers beg to announce that they have opened a Registry Office for persons desirous of securing Government situations. The attention of the Opposition is directed to the very large number of persons who have been appointed to official positions through the exertions of our firm. Judge-ships, Registrars, and Collectors, secured at the shortest notice. The leader of the Opposition would do well to call and inspect our books as they may find something to suit them. Terms reasonable.

JOHN S. MACDONALD & Co.

PERSONAL COLUMN.

A la Leader.

We regret to learn that W. Frederick Augustus Jones, Esq., has been troubled for some weeks with a severe cold in the head. He is, however, slowly recovering.

We are authorized to state that Lieutenant Fitzfozle contemplates uniting himself in wedlock with the accomplished Miss Jemima Smith. Those desirous of witnessing the ceremony, have permission to do so, and are cordially invited to attend at St. Francis' Church, to-morrow, at 10 a.m., precisely. No tickets.

Miss Simpkins is still confined to the house by a slight indisposition.

Ensign Tit-mouse smoked three cigars last night, without feeling the least affected thereby.

Capt. Pumpkin's bull-pup is not at all well. The dear creature has eaten a great deal, lately, and, it is supposed that it suffers from indigestion.

Freddy Pink, Esq., took an airing on King Street, yesterday.

MR. FOLEY AND A JUDGESHIP.—We are authorised to state that there is not the slightest chance of Mr. Foley's being bought off, as he will indignantly reject any bribe, (under a Judgeship) that may be offered.

A NEW ACT OF PARLIAMENT.—To enable the Member for East Toronto to change his name from Aw. M. to Augustus Mortimer Smith.

Memo Mono, &c.

John Sandfield lost his temper (we pity the poor fellow who finds it) and complained that members talked to the wall. He seems to have a nervous dread of the wall. Does he see the handwriting there?

Terms as Agreed on.

The *Globe* treats Mr. McGee's attempt to liberalize them as a capital idea. If they were subsidized instead, would that be a *capitol* idea also? We think so.

A Sniff of Civil War.

The other night a well known Scotch patriot was observed under an arch of the *Globe* office, manœuvring in a very mysterious manner. On drawing near, our informant tells us, he distinctly heard the following words sung by the patriot, in an undertone:

"Where, and O where, is my Highland laddie gone?
He's gone to fight the French for King George."

What he meant by these words is best known to the singer, but there may be a significance about them which we, in our ignorance don't thoroughly understand. It may have reference to a crusade against our Lower Canadian friends to be led by George Brown, which may have the effect of placing George on the Canadian throne. Who can tell? Will the *Leader* be kind enough to look into this matter?

SPECIAL NOTICES.

W. J. SHARP'S

IMPROVED BILLIARD TABLES, WITH SHARP'S PATENT CUSHIONS.

SUPERIOR TO ANY NOW IN USE.

Patented November 15, 1862. Manufactory, No. 148 Fulton Street, New York. Balls, Cues, Trisumings, &c. Old Cushions repaired. Orders by mail punctually attended to. None but the best tables made at this establishment.

First class Marble or Slate Bed Billiard Tables from \$250 to \$375, according to style or size, on reasonable terms.

JAMES KNAPP

BOATBUILDING (FROM KINGSTON.)

YONGE STREET WHARF, TORONTO.

Begs to inform the Public that he has removed to the above address, where he will attend personally to the building, repairing, and painting of Boats and Skiffs, on the most improved principles.

Boats taken care of by the Season, at a reasonable charge. Boats and Skiffs for sale and to let.

To any Professor Nelson is 'skilful is to say that which all men acknowledge. We go farther and say that he is a harmless necromancer, a benevolent magician. He resembles one of the good Genies of the Arabian Nights, who possessing marvellous powers, beneficently applied them all to the welfare of humanity.

C. A. Buckas.—Our friends initials are cab. If so what sort of cab? Why, a hansom cab to be sure. One of the real stamp, up to the myriad literary requirements of this fast age in every particular. The old pottering, almost stationary Hackney coaches are fast disappearing. We could show an example.

Walhalla was the Heaven of the Scandinavian Mythology. All kinds of pleasure abounded there, and mead and ale, (so the Norse legends say,) circulated perpetually. Our Toronto Walhalla is the Hall of Messrs. T. & J. Walls, King Street, as rarely a Dry Goods establishment, (though a first class one.) We suspect the Scandinavian heroes would not have patronized it, but for our own part we should much prefer the emporium of the Messrs. Walls, to the wassail and revelry of the long past Walhalla.