

# THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1864.

(VOL. 2.—NO. 32.)

## THE GRUMBLER

Is published every SATURDAY MORNING, in time for the early Trains. Copies may be had at all the News Depots. Subscription, \$1: Single copies, 3 cents.

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 (May 1th) 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 rode you tent it;  
A chief's among you taking notes,  
And, faith, he'll prevent it."

SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1864.

### PEACE.

There's a sweet and a tender trace of thee,  
A down in the green wood glade;  
And a delicate track beside the sea,  
Of the print that thy foot hath made.  
But the sand has filled the print by the sea,  
And the leaves the tender trace;  
And I fear there shall never be rest for me,  
On this old earth's weary face.

### THE EDITORIAL EXCURSION.

(Correspondence of the "Leader.")

BY FORT A. TOM.

In accordance with the instructions from our *sanctum* (as well as in free obedience to the Emersonian mandate, that "fools should travel,") I took the complimentary ticket sent to Mr. Bealy, for the excursion on the New York Central Railway, and started off—with my trunks in an ambulance brought by me, some time ago, as a trophy, from the Potomac. I shall furnish the readers of the *Leader* as "concise" an account as possible of the trip. All health and *enmii* de-travelling will prevent me giving as full a description of the affair as there should be in a paper such as ours; and which every one said I represented in a most creditable manner. Indeed, I may here state that on the return home, at Albany, a resolution (in series) was unanimously carried, to the effect that the gentleman representing the Toronto *Leader* *Apollo* of the party: pretty, but not gaudy; unique, without being painfully symmetrical; witty, but not clownish; and intelligent, without any liability to the accusation of being a masculine blue-

stocking. Well, let me proceed; facts, and no more. I stepped aboard the cars at the Union Depot, and immediately took possession of the four seats secured in advance for me by the kindness of the Great Western people—not an extravagant number, neither, considering that I never, for a moment, forgot who I was. I had to get-off the cars to buy a *Leader*; I got on soon again, and remained there until we reached Oakville, where I stepped out and bought an orange and some green peas from a little girl. At Hamilton I purchased a hunk of pumpkin pie, and proceeded to the Bridge. And so the journey continued to Buffalo, where I had a great feast of pop-corn, roasted pea-nuts, and raisins. I then despatched my first letter home, to let the readers of the *Leader* know that I was that far safe and sound. I spent a few hours in visiting the canal boats, and afterwards sought the "Tip-top House," where, at dinner, I told the miscogenerator who waited on me to give me everything on the bill of fare; of course I had all the delicacies of the season, with a nice little bit of cocoa-nut for *desert*. Ah! with such luxuries, I began to think that there was considerable of a reality about old Emerson's locomoting "Paradise." Our ride on the "Central," to New York, was a nocturnal one; the cars were "blaweted" close, and the atmosphere strongly impregnated with the poisonous perfumes permeating the berths, from whence was emitted most unpleasant excrencences of vapory effluvia, which strode audaciously through the car, much to the inconvenience of myself, and diabolically unmindful of my presence. However, I had to bear with it all, in addition to the most provoking stoppages, made every hundred miles to "wood and water." Besides all this, several of the other editors snored awfully, and, consequently, kept me from reposing as calmly as if I were less disturbed. I was, also, compelled to lay along side of a fellow-traveller, instead of having a whole berth to myself; that, too, was a great bore, as one could not enjoy a participation in those somnambulistie gyrations in which a "living, a sensible, corpse" so fondly loves to revel, during the presence of extemporized unconsciousness. Truly, it was then I thought of homo and its sweetness, and the classic banks of the Humber and Don, with its voluptuous banks, and the free, virtuous air prevailing in Toronto. I felt big and courageous enough until we reached New York, in the morning, when I at once and intuitively took hold of the hand of my friend of the *Spectator*, who led me safely through the crowd of coaches, omnibusses, and expressmen. Thus embarrassed in that great city, and sensitive of one's own puniness, well did I find cause to exclaim: "God of our fathers; what is man?" Arriving at the St. Nicholas, I registered my name; and the book-

keeper immediately sent off two boys with a telegraph message, to let Mr. Bealy know that I was all right. A great many persons of distinction called upon me to inquire about the *Leader*, and to express cordial feelings of approval of the course our paper pursued with regard to the war. I thanked them very kindly, and was very much obliged to them for their attention; and, concomitant with their retreating footsteps, I could hear disconnected expressions of "fine fellow," "quite a gentleman," "very intelligent," "a credit to Canada." Of course, while this was just the same old story as to my *personnel* where I went, still it being *New York opinion*, I felt very considerably flattered, and inwardly congratulated the people on their sense and soundness of first impressions. On Sunday I was perfectly bored with the wives and daughters of senators, and ex-congressmen called upon me with invitations to drive in their carriages to various churches. I was compelled to decline one and all, in the face of the fact that there were some deuced fine girls among my visitors, said, too, to have money, and that, you know, is a man's great aim—to get a girl who has the "consols." I was determined, however, from the start, not to neglect my duty, but to look after the interests of our readers, who, I well knew, were anxious to hear the full particulars of the "Editorial Excursion." Thus I refrained from attending church, and spent what leisure time I had in explaining fully and concisely, to some distinguished ladies and gentleman from Washington, the Canadian opinion on the American war, and the cause of that opinion. They all wanted to know what sort of a man Mr. Bealy was, in consequence of the *Leader* taking the side of the South so strongly. They had heard of him, and wondered if he would ever come to New York and give them a speech. I said I could not tell. On Monday we had a grand sail round by Sandy Hook, and away upon the broad unfettered Ocean. Whilst thus out upon the ungovernable waters of the Atlantic, by request, I gave tuneful voice to

"The sea, the sea, the open sea!"

and, afterwards, I made an oration about the Press and its usefulness. My remarks were well received, and the next day I received many pressing invitations to at once become a citizen of the United States. Of course I had to decline the honour. The rest of our trip was all that could be expected, and I returned home very much pleased with the whole affair. The presents I received while away were nearly as numerous as those heaped upon the Japanese, and will be placed upon exhibition just-so soon as I can get them placed in catalogue and in order.

FORT A. TOM.

THE GRAVE OF THE ALABAMA.

A BALLAD.

"Both vessels made seven complete circles, at a distance of from a quarter to half a mile."—*English Paper.*

And they circled each other in mazy rounds,  
As the hawk swoops over head;  
And the Alabama, her decks of snow,  
Were plashed with a dabbled red.

And the scream of the shell and the whistle of shot,  
Came over the waters blue;  
'Till a hundred pound bolt from the Kearsago came,  
And cut the bold rover through.

Then stout Semmes looked alow and aloft,  
And he spake to his helmsman gray:  
"Now, thou art a bull-dog of English breed,  
Say, what of our chance to day?"

The helmsman gray took a pull at the wheel,  
And, "Well, Captain Semmes," says he;  
"That last big shot, it has given us h—,  
And then Yanks the victory.

"I hear the water a rushing fast,  
Through the ports on the larboard bow;  
And never back to North Caroline,  
Shall the proud Alabama go.

"For in forty fathoms of water deep,  
Full soon shall the good ship lie."  
"Then head her about," says Captain Semmes,  
"And a stretch for the shore we'll try."

So they headed her on for the Cherbourg shore,  
But she scudded her down full fast;  
And the green waves leaped through the lower ports,  
With the breath of the summer blast.

And the good ship groaned as a thing of life,  
And shivered as if in dread;  
And at last, with a long and a rolling lurch,  
Sank slowly by the head.

And now forty fathom beneath the waves,  
Does the bold Alabama lie;  
But both hull and mast, she fought to the last,  
And *that* is her lullaby.

And never commander of Yankee barque,  
But paled him when Semmes drew near;  
For from Sunda Straits to the North Sea dark,  
All knew the bold privateer.

'Till the *Kearsago* came with a double force,  
And might it has conquered nigh;  
Though Captain Semmes he swears hard and fast,  
"There are more ALABAMA'S still."

Con.

— When is the helm of one of "England's Men of War," like one of the best generals the South has produced?—When it is a-Loo.

— An American hearing that there was a fire in his neighbourhood, and that it might possibly consume his house, took the precaution to *bolt* his own door, that he might be, so far at least, before-hand with the devouring element.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Toronto, June 30, 1864.

DEAR GRUMBLER.—As every one seems anxious to propound some constitutional change, and in the *Leader* of June 30th the programme of a Mr. Paul J. Tickle is set forth at length, will you be kind enough to insert in your witty periodical my scheme, which, I flatter myself, is worthy of consideration. First: I would have the seat of the legislature fixed permanently. Ottawa, Quebec, and Montreal are, from locality, unnatural and false positions; and I propose that suitable buildings be erected on our Island, and that the "Ripple" be specially chartered, during the summer months, for the conveyance of members of the two chambers to and from the Island, and that, in winter, skates be provided free of charge. Should the bay be only partially frozen, the members must wait. Secondly: The maritime provinces should be called shortly, "Cab" (after Cabot); Lower Canada, "Brougham" (after the celebrated statesman); and Upper Canada, "Barouche," three significant, and, I flatter myself, relative terms. Thirdly: That the Mayor of Toronto, duly elected, shall be Viceroy over these three provinces, or, that the gallant Tom King shall be summoned from England, always with the permission of the Imperial Government. Fourthly: That once a year a species of Convention be held at Toronto, each of these grand divisions sending four members to the united Convention. That the Mayor, or Viceroy, be entitled to the casting vote, and that he shall preside over the deliberations of such Convention. Fifthly: That during the Convention the members shall dine alternately at the Terrapin, Joe Gregor's, and Smith's, and that one shilling and three pence be allowed for each member's beer and dinner. Sixthly: That Parliaments shall last twenty-one years, at least; and that the franchise shall be extended to all *bona fide* owners of a pig, a bagatelle board, or a good dry skittle ground. Seventhly: That the Upper House shall be elected for life, and that all the members shall be at least seventy years of age, so as to command that reverence due to grey hairs. Eighthly: That there be only one newspaper allowed to report the debates; and that the respective editors of the *Globe*, *Leader*, *Mirror*, *Irish Canadian*, *Freeman* and *Christian Guardian*, do toss up for the first choice.

Yours, &c., another

PAUL J. TICKLE

Excursionists.

— Cheap travelling seems to be the order of the day just now, and amongst the many places which, we think, is likely to be popular, is up to Sault Ste. Marie, on the steamer "Algoma." Lake Simcoe is also as pleasant as ever; but the drawbacks on this route, in the shape of a vulgar and impertinent captain, is likely—unless a new boat is put upon the route—to be very injurious to the people at Orillia and other points, as excursionists will not go twice on a trip where they are forced to put up with a boorish and unfit captain. We hope the parties interested in the route will remedy this evil by next summer.

Scene from the unfinished Drama of "Dannebrowne."

[*Curtain rises and discovers a Legislative Hall—Members in attendance—An air of wonder seems to pervade the assembly—A man of gigantic stature rises and speaks.*]

"Sir, unto you, the Speaker of this House—So called from *lucus sed non a lucendo*—I do address myself, in accents Northern, Which, haply, not all heeded, meet the ear Of listening patriots. Rude am I in person, Some say ungrainly—*there* opinions differ; But 'tis no matter. Here I take my stand, And hence proclaim, in voice all guttural (With natural emotion, that this day I, With the Attorney-General, sage Macdonald, My cherished Craftier, and the noble Galt, (Whose generous spirit Montreal well knows) I say, with these a solemn league have I Signed, sealed, and now proclaim it. Is there one Of all my followers, of undoubted Grit, Will charge me with wrong doing? Never a one! I know my motives, pure as icicles That point, with fingers fair and crystalline, From humble homestead, or Niagara's falls. What unto me is place, or power, or pension? Rather, far rather, would I kick my heels On Scottish greensward, rolling 'neath the sun, Than stand the Premier of this House to-day. For power is but a pillory, where the heart Freezes, too far removed from out the spell, The magic spell of friendship and of love.

Pie on this weakness! (*weeps*) these are honest Not onion born, but unadulterate brine, [tears, That now adown my cheeks are gently stealing. For, alas! I think— (M. Dorion interrupts: "Dorion! that mine old friends may shrink, and say, 'He has deserted us!' 'Tis hard to bear That cold, calm, quiet sneer, worse, Ah! much worse By far, than jeering taunt, than mocking laugh, For, from an enemy, these things are due, And we expect them, and so sternly brace Our minds and hearts to pitch of heroism; But when our friends, Ah me! that I should say so, Say, with abated breath, 'Twig the deserter,' 'Tis hard, indeed, 'tis hard! But yet, my country, Thou art engaged in my heart's inmost core."

(M. Dorion again interrupts him: "And de lofes and fishes so ver moche more!" [Great confusion—the curtain falls.]

Corporation Blowers.

— We are sorry to state that there is no improvement in the old ladies who look after our affairs at the City Hall. Night after night is wasted with useless discussion. Edwards moving senseless amendments; Strachan using elegant language; Baxter explaining, for the information of the Council, his share in contract for stone to the City; Canavan and Dickey about equal, and nearly as good as 23 per cent. James; and last, but not least, that classic old Mayor, who has about as much idea of what course the Mayor of Toronto should pursue in matters that may come up, as Councilman Dunn would with kid gloves. But when Medcalf is Mayor, who can object to Dunn as Councilman? More in our next.

## SONGS FOR THE SENTIMENTAL.

I am thine in ray gladness,  
I am thine in thy tears,  
My love it can change not,  
With absence or years.  
Were a dungeon thy dwelling,  
My home it should be,  
For its gloom would be sunshine  
If I were with thee.  
But the light has no beauty  
Of thee, love, bereft,  
I am thine and thine only,  
"Thine over the left."

As the wild Arab hails  
On his desolate way,  
The palm-tree which tells  
Where the cool fountains play;  
So thy presence is ever  
The herald of bliss,  
For there's love in thy smile  
And there's joy in thy kiss;  
Thou hast won me—then wear me,  
Of thee, love, bereft,  
I should fade like a flower,  
Yes! "over the left!"

## THE DAVENPORT CABINET.

The Davenport Cabinet, (Davenport Brothers,) seems a more extraordinary one than the Coalition one at Quebec. If we may judge by the account of the marvels said to be enacted therein. It seems that our worthy Mayor, (with his usual sagacity,) first proposed that there should be a detective committee in order, as he expressed himself, to prevent collision; and he suggested further that the city detectives should be employed; but a doubt as to whether it would be proper to employ detectives to watch conjuring, flashed across his worship's mind, and he gave up the idea. A friend of his then proposed, (no other in fact, we are given to understand, than the talented editor of the *Watchman*), that the Mayor and himself should form a committee. "I'm *sangine*, I'm *sangine*, we should find," said the worthy Editor, "that Popery is at the bottom of the whole of it, and that them brothers is Jesuits." "Nonsense, Dick," said the Mayor, "'t would be degrading of ourselves for to spy out conjurers' tricks. I'm no conjuror," said his worship, truthfully enough, so that Committee fell to the ground, and another was formed of two gentlemen much better fitted, (we should say,) to detect any imposture. The entertainment was given and the committee were active. They opened the Cabinet doors and shut them, inspected and superintended the knotty point of tying the mediums—encouraging the ancient mariner who performed that duty, by quoting *in medio tutissimus ibis*, and then ensued a scene not equalled since,

"Hoigh, diddle, diddle, the cat and the fiddle,  
The cow jumped over the moon;  
The little dog laughed to see such sport,  
'And the dish ran away with the spoon."

The trumpet walked gravely out of the Cabinet and proceeded slowly down the platform, borrowed

a light from a spectator, and producing a handsome cigar case lighted a real Havanna, bowing gracefully to the spectators meanwhile, saying in a distinct and rather fast voice, "Bring me a pint of half-and-half from the English Porter House, in the pewter, mind, damme!" The bell stepped out on the table and taking a cane from the hand of a gentleman present, wrote the following in a good firm hand:—

"Two sons of Adam on this table,  
You now can see, a *cane* and a *bell*."

The harp blunderig ungracefully along the platform to a lady's dress and very uncourtously only remarked, "That he was the harp of Tara's Halls and they couldn't expect any thing else." They then danced a four handed Scotch reel, the obliging and talented Editor of the *Watchman* making the fourth by the particular desire of Mr. Medcalf, and afterwards executed a beautiful "no Popery" dance, which *pas seul* was much admired. One of the two gentlemen composing the committee said that he had several times felt a ladies hand patting him on the back and in fact encouraging him, particularly when in his duty as a vigilance committee man he shut the cabinet door, but to so gallant and devoted an admirer of the fair sex as this gentleman is known to be, we think that a special notice by any female spirit is nothing to be wondered at. The committee men differed in their accounts of the strange bands which were protruded from time to time from the interior of the cabinet, one saying that the grasp was muscular the other comparing it to a pig's foot. Perhaps, the most singular part of the entertainment consisted of the flying guitar, which was announced as capable of carrying two people through the air. Some little hesitation was evinced at first, but Mr. Medcalf and Mr. Reynolds dared the risk, and were carried up and down the chamber with apparent ease. The Mayor said, on regaining *terra firma*, his feelings "were delightful," and Mr. Reynolds described the motion as most "perlickier delightful," and so closed the entertainment. As a successful manifestation of spiritualism, this exhibition was, we think, decidedly a failure; as an extraordinary and impudent display of humbug, it was a very decided success.

## North Ontario.

— Electors of North Ontario, now is the time for you to do your duty! Now is your opportunity to replace the shuffling "Jim Crow" politician who has so long misrepresented you, by electing an upright and honourable man, in the person of M. C. Cameron, Esq., to represent you! Canada expects that every man who is a loyal subject of the British Crown, in North Ontario, this time will "do his duty."

— We are informed, on good authority, that a prominent legal gentleman of the City has received instructions from the Government to take proceedings against two individuals, Grits of the first water, who have been holding back certain funds collected on the York Roads during the past year. More anon.

## TOO LATE!

Too late! too late! the rain has come at last,  
Sweet flowers! Ah! die not, and the help so near ye.  
But ye are stricken with the fierce sun blast  
And worn with watching; the faint earth is weary.  
Fresh buds may spring again, with equal glory,  
To die, as ye have died, withered by Fate.  
Restore our youth! Why that's an old world story  
As old as Genesis: Too late! too late!

## WEST TORONTO IN A SHADE.

About 14 months since Mr. John McDonald promised the Electors that if he was elected for West Toronto, we should have no vacant houses, as he would bring Parliament to Toronto—that our taxes would be lower, as he would insist upon the Ministry which he supported and make them take the jail off the hands of the City, also in all cases he would support the interests of his constituents. Well, how has Mr. McDonald kept his pledges? First he suffered a ministry whose avowed policy was that Parliament should not come back to Toronto. Secondly, he was either too stupid or too careless to urge upon his friends the taking of the jail as a reformatory. And lastly, the City has petitioned, for two sessions of Parliament, to have Assurance Company's taxed, and for a Bill to equalize the assessment, but these matters were too trifling for Mr. McDonald, although he could find time to oppose the City's interests in the Water Lot question, also to write silly letters about "our unhappy and divided country."

## A voice from the Commissariat.

— "We have them this pop, bet your pile on that! General Grant is a hero and a giant in war." We believe the gentleman who is the author of the classical sentence quoted above, is the Commissary General of the Army of the Potomac. An admirable judge, no doubt, of a bullock's flank, not so skilful, perhaps, in flanking an army; great on a salt pork question, but scarcely so learned in assault; a good judge of pickles, not sufficiently sharp to see that the Army of the Potomac is getting into one. As regards flour, no doubt a second Marshal Saxe; as to boots, another Blucher; but a capital provision general by no means indicates a general prevision.

## The Alabama.

— This noble little "Southerner" has, after a most remarkable career,—to use the words of our expressive friends on the other side of the lines—"kicked the bucket." Never before did any war vessel inflict so vast an amount of injury to an enemy as did the famous "290;" and it has been the surpris of every one that the United States, with all their vast maritime resources, were unable to destroy or capture the "terror of their merchantmen" ere this. As it is, her fate is worthy of her. Daring characterized her from the beginning, and daring her end. The combat was unequal, but she did not shrink from it. And it is, at all events, a source of satisfaction that her noble and gallant commander will have another opportunity of meeting on better terms of equality the "Kearsage," or any other "pot" of the United States Navy.

**THE NEW PARTNERSHIP.**

I am called Doctor George, the political quack,  
 And a quack of considerable standing and note;  
 I've clapp'd many a blister on many a back,  
 And cramm'd many a bolus down many a throat.  
 I have always stuck close, like the rest of my tribe,  
 And physick'd my patient as long as he'd pay;  
 And it's now that I'm ready to advise or prescribe,  
 Since I've hung up my shingle with Dr. Cartier.  
 This country has grown rather sickly of late,  
 For John A.'s reduced her almost to a shade;  
 And I've honestly told him for nights in debate,  
 He's a quack that should never have followed  
 the trade.  
 And Lord! how he'd fume and exultingly cry,  
 "Were you in my place, George, prny what  
 would you say?"  
 But now things have changed, so I must make reply,  
 I would do just the same as dear Dr. Cartier.  
 It's rather too bad if an ignorant elf,  
 Who has caught a rich patient 'twere madness  
 to kill,  
 Should have all the credit and pocket the pelf,  
 Whilst you are requested to furnish the skill.  
 No! No! *Amor patriæ's* a phrase I admire,  
 But I own to an *Amor* that stands in the way;  
 So my friends, should you'er my assistance  
 require,  
 If I'm not "just at home," call on Dr. Cartier.

Third Scene from the "Goldfields," as Played  
 in Quebec.

**DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.**

FIRST GOLD HUNTER..... { William Macdougall,  
 (Pres. of Gold Club.  
 SECOND GOLD HUNTER..... { Mr. Sandfield.  
 GOLD DIGGERS EMPLOYED BY THE { Jack Shovelle,  
 GOLD HUNTERS..... { Benjamin Picke.  
 SCENE—The Crown Lands of Canada. Enter 1st  
 and 2nd Gold Hunter.

First G. H.—Why, Jack, what would you have?  
 The thing is as clear as mud. We put down so  
 much apiece, and make quiet enquiries, and if any  
 gold lands have been paid upon, why then—

Second G. H.—Ah! what then?  
 First G. H.—Then? Why, Jack, you're turned  
 simpleton. Swear they never paid, twenty to one  
 there is no record, no receipt.

Second G. H.—Ah! but supposing they come  
 with a first instalment, you are bound to take it?  
 You in office, too?

First G. H.—Good money, Jack! Good money  
 I am bound to take; but not bad, Jack. You're  
 dull as dishwater. I will pus a case. Old patri-  
 arch backwoodsman comes to me: "Mornin', Sir.  
 I've brought the first instalment on our lot, \$20."  
 I turn to private book, and find patriarch's lot  
 marked "very auriferous part of Club Lands." I  
 smile, and say to patriarch, "What have you the  
 cash in, my friend?" "Notes, sir, one dollar bills."  
 "What bank?" "Don't know, sir, I'm no scholar."  
 "Well, my friend, I'll take 'em, and give you a  
 receipt accordingly; if they are good, all right;"  
 I send the notes up in presence of patriarch, who  
 has never seen sealing-wax, and thinks it good to  
 eat, large white sheet of paper, "See that, my  
 friend?" "All right, sir," and away he goes.

Second G. H.—Well, what then?  
 First G. H.—What then? Why this then, I  
 write in bogus notes, and seal packet. Sell patri-  
 arch's land to agent of our Club, who comes along,  
 provisionally, only the next week. Patriarch re-  
 monstrates. "I paid you the instalment, sir."  
 "You did, my friend, and here's the money back  
 again,—identical parcel, you'll observe?—but I  
 wouldn't advise you to pass it, you're too old for  
 Penitentiary. If you bring me bad money I can  
 not run after you; Government can't wait. The  
 land is sold; you'll be paid for your improve-  
 ments." Away he goes.

Second G. H.—Well, that's a bold game; but it  
 can't be right (*dubiously*).

First G. H.—Not right! My dear Jack, don't  
 you see that riches are a curse, and that, by re-  
 moving the temptation from this old buffer, I am  
 giving him a shove heavenward?

Second G. H.—Well, that's certainly true. A  
 gold mine on the poor fellow's lot might have been  
 a great temptation. Now, we are used to it, and  
 the poison carries its antidote with it. Still—

First G. H.—You are right, you be still, I'll  
 manage this matter.

(Enter Jack Shovelle and Benjamin Picke.)

J. S.—Mornin', gentlemen!  
 First G. H.—Been at work?  
 J. S.—Yes, sir—ce! Found some of the stuff on  
 the old patriarch's; pretty good there; here's some  
 bits (*shows some small nuggets*).

First G. H.—Good, good! Now mind, Jack,  
 not a word! Go round to all the lots marked, and  
 try 'em on the quiet, and give me notice if you  
 strike the stuff! If gold lands are to become the  
 property of every fool, Canada will go the devil  
 headlong.

Second G. H.—Well, there's a good deal in what  
 you say, too.

(*Exeunt omnes.*)

Wonders will never Cease.  
 — The *Leader*, a few days since, stated that  
 our old friend Joe Gould intended to oppose Vin-  
 cegar McDougall. We were astounded when we  
 read the announcement, but when we, by looking  
 over the *Leader*, saw that the Davenport Brothers  
 were in Toronto, we could understand the *Leader's*  
 mistake. What Joe Gould oppose McDougall?  
 The man that gave him the big chisel in the road  
 sale. It can't be. The Grits are bad enough for  
 anything, and if McDougall had been in opposition,  
 we could understand Joe opposing him, when there  
 was no chance of making anything out of him.  
 But McDougall has \$5,000 per annum, and can  
 assist Gould to defraud the country, therefore,  
 we say Joe support McDougall.

Forgive Us for Once.  
 — Why are the Hon. George Brown and the  
 Hon. John A. McDonald, like two persons with  
 only one intellect?—Because there is an under-  
 standing between them.

Note by a Northerner.  
 — There is a vast difference between "Twas  
 down in Alabama," and "The Alabama down."

**SPECIAL NOTICES.**

**ARRIVAL OF DR. LA'MERT**

IN TORONTO, O. W.

**TO THE NERVOUS AND DEBILITATED.**

Dr. L. La'Mert, of 37 Bedford Square, London  
 Member of the Royal College of Surgeons of Eng-  
 land; Licentiate of the Royal College of Physi-  
 cians of Edinburgh; M. D. of the University of  
 Erlangen, &c., begs to inform his Patients, and  
 others seeking Medical advice, that he has arrived  
 in Toronto on a Professional visit, and may be  
 consulted personally or by letter on all cases of  
 Nervous and Physical Debility, and on the various  
 disorders resulting from Sedentary Habits, Excess,  
 Accident or Climate, daily from 10 till 2, and 6  
 till 9, until the 30th of July, at 174, Adelaide St.,  
 West, in rear of the Upper Canada College, when  
 his visit will positively terminate. Where a secret  
 infirmity exists, involving the happiness of a life,  
 and that of others, reason and morality dictate the  
 necessity of its removal, for it is a fact that pre-  
 mature decline of the vigor of manhood, matrimonial  
 unhappiness, compulsory single life, local and  
 physical debility, etc., have their source in causes  
 the germ of which is planted in early life, and the  
 bitter fruit tasted long afterwards. The numerous  
 cures effected by Dr. La'Mert, during his previous  
 sojourn in Canada—some in cases which had been  
 pronounced hopeless—have led to many inquiries  
 as to the probability of his paying a Professional  
 visit to Toronto, and it is in consequence of these  
 enquiries that the above announcement is made.  
 The great experience derived by Dr. La'Mert, both  
 whilst assisting his father, Dr. Samuel La'Mert,  
 of London, in his extensive practice, and in the  
 various hospitals of Continental Europe, affords  
 an ample guarantee, to those seeking advice, of  
 being under the care of a legally-qualified Prac-  
 titioner. Dr. L. La'Mert's name is to be found in  
 the "Medical Register," published under the au-  
 thority of the Medical Council of Great Britain,  
 and is, consequently, not to be classed with the  
 names—in many cases assumed—of a horde of  
 adventurers, who, through the public press, seek  
 to impose upon the credulous and unwary, by the  
 publication of qualifications and the advocacy of  
 specifics that are never beneficial, and in most  
 cases positively injurious. Dr. La'Mert's work on  
 "Self-Preservation," with Engravings and Cases,  
 revised by Mr. L. La'Mert, Member of the Royal  
 College of Surgeons of England, &c., describes  
 how all the attributes of Manhood are lost or  
 suspended, how they can be invigorated and re-  
 stored to an advance period of life, and is intended  
 to enlighten thousands on important subjects, in  
 regard to which they are entirely ignorant. The  
 work may be had in Toronto, price 25cts, or free  
 by post for 50cts., of Mr. Backus, Bookseller, 170  
 Toronto Street, or of Dr. L. La'Mert, 174 Adelaide  
 Street West, until July 30th, 1864.

**ATHENÆUM MUSIC HALL**

**GRAND OPENING NIGHT!**  
**Wednesday Evening, July 13th, 1864,**  
 With the following splendid array of talented  
 performers:—

Miss Fanny Archer, Miss Leroy,  
 Miss Lizzie Estelle, Miss Antonio,  
 Signor Antonio and Son,  
 Messrs. St. Gardner, Pemberton, Lloyd,  
 And an efficient Orchestra.

N.B. Good order will be preserved.  
 ADMISSION (Including Refreshments) 15 CENTS.  
 HARRY MOHARD, Manager.