

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1863.

(VOL. I.—NO. 38

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, 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 prepared, 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 coats,
I rode you sent it;
A chiel's among you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll greet it."

SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1863.

JONAH.

Slept the dark waves as peacefully as sleeps a tired child;
The moon a path of beauty flung o'er the waters wild;
With silver tipped each tiny wave, that flood of argent light,
What time the prophet guided him; for his unhalloed sight,
The sea-bird stumbled on the oar, and all was hushed and still.

Save where the dark Bear mottled the unaccomplished will,
There toll the earnest mariners, and there, the gallant bark,
Spreads her white wings, as for the light, o'er those waters dark;

Hoarse cries are heard, which yet the night gives in a softer key,

"Till the good ship, a thing of life, bounds o'er that trackless sea;

And, not till then—That messenger, in the embrace of night,
Sought in Father's arms to drown the faithlessness of Flight,
Flashed that path of silver light, across the waves no more,
From the dim seaboard has sprung up a dark and sullen roar.
The night hangs brooding o'er the waves, dark as a widow's veil,

No breath of air from that dense void, ruffled the sluggish sail;

sulphurous and hot the night-air came, men scarcely seemed to breathe.

While from the curling waves came up that sharp and hissing gale,

Which tells the watchful mariner far more than skies o'er-cast,

How from that quiet gloom shall spring the fiercest tempest blast,

So on this night—Rushed up the squall, and the wild sea awoke;

In one broad glare the Lightning played, and crashed the thunder-stroke;

The fierce gale bent the gallant mast, as bonds a boy the bow,
The crests of heaving billows dashed over the deck as snow;

And through the roar of that wild night, the turmoil and the fear,

Still slept, as if regardless all, that unrepentant Bear—
Slept till the solemn lots were set, and his the dark one drawn,

And the fierce waves—that fated one—closed over at the dawn.

Then, as opposed, the wild waves sank—the tempest sobbed and fell,

As on the mother's bosom sinks the darling loved so well;

And the sweet sleep succeds to tears; silence to bitter cries;
And wakes to Light, and life, and love, the child with tender eyes.

THE POLITICAL JONAH.

AY course y've had that Jarrago Brown,
Desired to be the Spaker?
Bad when he come to Quaybeck town;
Gorra! his chance was waker.

'Tis odd. A mighty civer man,
Cannot more ary see;
Divil a Presbiterian
Can let the ould Pope be.

Yankoes, across Ontario's foam,
May wish for to annex yes;
But until Kinneda's at Rome,
The Pope will never vox yes.

Bo Ogelay! Look at poor Jarrago,
Long he's been gettin ready;
And when he thought to make the charrage,
He finds wor most oneaday.

Me splat in Frinch, and dancing stipe,
All he could well afford;
An siffer all these thral thrups,
Got clane throwed overboard.

THE GRUMBLER ABROAD.

SECOND PAPER.

After worrying down our breakfast next morning, (the reader will please understand that there was no difficulty in disposing of the food when we had it fairly before us; the worry was in getting any put before us, as the hotel was full, and the colored gimmies in waiting seemed indisposed to put their shirt collars in danger of wilting from over exertion,) we were delighted at reading an announcement in the morning paper, "Col. Henry A. Morrow, of the 24th Regiment, will speak at Campus Martius this afternoon at 4 o'clock." Said we to ourselves, "we're bound to hear that speech."

At 2.30 we set out, determined to get every syllable from the Colonel's mouth that came out of it. Dropped in at a confectioners on the way for an ice cream; were much grieved at the sight of a one-armed warrior of some 18 years, who was also cooling his throat; couldn't help reflecting a little on the inconvenience of having only one arm to do your chores with, and also on the probability of a decrease in the population of the States if all her able-bodied men are maimed or killed in war. But presently, on noticing a little gallant of ten escort a damsel of eight into the saloon, and sip goodies *tele-a-tele* with her, with occasional glances and confidences that showed them to be old friends and fast lovers, our spirits rose again; and we presently left, concluding that a community when vows are plighted at ten, and sealed matrimonially at fifteen, need be in no fear of depopulation.

Having arrived at the Campus Martius, we had the pleasure of seeing the Colonel also arrive, although a quarter after his time. He lingered at entering, so that the crowd might show its good

breeding by cheering; but they abstained from showing it until the drummer gave a pretty strong hint on his parchment. At that, they lifted up their voices in a spasmodic, flatulent sort of a way; and then hastily subsided.

The meeting being organized by the appointment of a President, two Secretaries, and six Vice Presidents, the Colonel went in. After reminding the audience that less than a year since they had sent him with a regiment of Detroiters, the *creme de la creme* of the earth, (there was never made better men,) to the War, he declared himself prepared to account for their doings since; paid a tribute to the memory of those who had died or been slain in his hands; presumed that the audience didn't know what Pontoon bridges were, and told them; gave a general outline of the campaign on the Potomac, particularly of the battle of Gettysburg, which, owing to an unhappy concatenation of circumstances, he was compelled to witness: from a Church Steeple; and in a majestic outburst of heroism demanded to be allowed to bring back the remnant of his regiment (two hundred in number) to their native city, that their bodies might be refreshed, their souls revived, and their ranks refilled by their brethren; after which they and he would be ready and willing to leave their skeleton whitening on the ground, rather than yield to the insolent South. If ever Colonel Morrow's bones are left in the field of battle, we'll take it kindly if he send us word of the precise locality, as the sight would be interesting.

At Port Sarnia we noticed a trickling stream half a mile long of refuse oil from the refineries. It struck us that Dr. Ryerson would find a keg of it useful, when his pictures need repair, anyway, we throw out the hint.

A strange thing befell us at the same place. On leaving the Station, we travelled on far into the night, and again did some good travelling next morning; and yet found ourselves precisely where we had started from. Is anything wrong in the laying out of the country?

On reaching Guelph we noticed a perceptible lowering of the temperature, which a bystander informed us was owing to the stern gentility of the place. He also informed us that the trout of the neighborhood will not bite unless you have been regularly introduced to them. It struck us that the story smelt fishy.

On returning to our home, we found Mrs. G. and a cluster of lady friends weeping at a report that we had been drafted, and appointed Brigadier General in place of Butler. This is to let all know that we are no Brigadier General, but the Grumbler, yet! Let the virtuous rejoice; all other kinds beware; and weakling contemporaries keep out of the way!

THE TWO BLUE BAGS.

There were three crows sat on a stone,
Our two Blue Bags, they are alone;
The three Crows stuff themselves with beef,
Our two Blue Bags have not a brief.

Our three Crows like to pick up pens,
Our Blue Bags would like to pick up fees;
But the horse it starves while the grass it grows,
And I'd rather be one of the jolly Crows.

If a fat cow falls and no-crow is nigh,
Look out, for they soon will darken the sky—
A fat-client shall fall in a Blue Dag's den,
But he shan't so easy get out again,

Yet one word more, whilst we're together,
Our three Crows have not lost a feather;
You may skin a flint, and may scrape a rag,
But you can't pluck aught from a plucked Blue Bag.

To carry a blue bag is ungentle,
A butcher should never carry his steel
And a burglar who works beneath the stars,
In decency hides his jenny crowsbars.

So a warning take by these remarks;
The mighty sea hasn't all the sharks,
A word to the wise as my rhyme I close,
The Blue Bags are worse than the jolly Crows.

Little Lessons for Little Politicians.

George Brown was a great Scotch boy, very fond of oatmeal and sheep-heads. Now as he had been bred up in Scotland, where these things are much eaten, this was very natural, and no one would have found fault with him, but he wanted every one to eat sheep-heads and oatmeal, too. So if he saw an English boy eating beef, or an Irish boy eating potatoes, or a French boy eating a frog, or the yellow frogs you see in the meadows, but another sort which is very good to eat, he would laugh and jest at them, and pat them with stones, or pieces of sulphur, which, last of all Scotch boys carry in their pockets, as many of them have the old Roman complaint, which, you will read in your Enfield's Speaker, Brutus (you remember about Brutus, do you not?) said Cassius had, when they disagreed, "an itching palm." Now this was very wrong of George Brown, and lost him many friends. Well after a time, there was a very good place for a strong youth in a large house, and George wanted much to get this place, and as he was pretty good friends with the Major Domo, (which means the head servant), for this head servant was a Scotch boy, too, and would frequently give George a sheep's head or two. You see, George Brown thought to get this place, as it was not very hard work, and the wages were good. The place was a charwoman's, I suppose you have heard of charwomen, who come to wash clothes, or a house, or help in any way. I think this place was something like a charwoman's place, that is, to keep the house in order. So George, who was a clumsy boy, saved up his money till it came to two dollars, and then he went to an old French

lady, who lived on S— A—, and asked her if she would teach him French and dancing, and she said yes, for she was good-natured, and wished him to get on; her name was Madame Tric Trac. So he paid her a York shilling a lesson, and you would have died with laughing to have seen George when he first begun to dance, and to have heard the funny way in which he spoke the French words. However, after a little while he improved and people would say when they saw him in the street, "On my word, George Brown is improved, did you see how he sprang over the gutter?" And George boasted among his friends, the Scotch boys, for he had hardly any other friends, that he would "shake a toe" in his enemies' faces yet. "Shake a toe" is Lowland Scotch for what we who speak English, should call, "kicking up our heels." Well, George had spent his two dollars; because to know a little French and dancing, was necessary to obtain the place in the large house. And now comes the sad part of the story; but there is a good moral in it, which is why, my little boy, I tell you this tale. The head servant was willing enough that George Brown should have the place, but it was only to be got by asking all the other servants of the house, and if more said he should not have it, than said he should have it, the head servant would most likely have lost his own good place, and be turned out. So, as there were English, Scotch, Irish, and French servants, George and the Major Domo went slyly about, asking them, to see how it would be, so as to know before the day of choosing the chairman came, all the Scotchmen said, "Oh aye man!" which means "Oh yes, lad!" but the English, and especially the French, and Irish, at whom George had often pelted stones and sulphur, merely because they went to a different church, and liked beef, potatoes, and frogs, instead of sheep heads, said "No, no!" So the head servant did not dare to bring George down forward, and George did not get the place, which was given to another boy, though not near so strong as George. So George, by his folly in pelting the Irish, and French, and English, lost the place, and spent his two dollars in vain, and I hear he has been crying ever since.

ROSEDALE AGAIN.

Once more we must protest, and in sober earnest this time, against the malevolent stupidity which seems to outdo itself in trying to throw an undeserved odium on a fellow citizen; that, quite as respectable, and we believe in our secret souls, infinitely more so, than any of his would-be traducers. We had hoped that our jeering article "No Rose without a Thorn," in last week's Gleaner, would have exposed the stupid malice which persists in charging on Mr. Warner, the faults and follies of those disturbers of the harmony of the meeting at Rosedale, as the German Pic-nic. We would not be willingly severe, even on these men, for we have too good an opinion of all classes of our fellow citizens, to believe any of them, in cool blood, would try deliberately to injure so respectable and kind hearted a man, as the lessee of the Rosedale Pleasure Grounds. *In vino veritas, in*

wine there is truth, in good liquors, which rejoice the soul of man, there is yet an element of discord, and unfortunately this dangerous element blossomed and bore fruit at Rosedale. If a man foolishly disturbs the public peace, the law very properly punishes him; but there is a whitelivered, craven-hearted, malice, which sleeps not, a "miching malicho," that, as the play says, "puls risbano 'neath men's pillows," venting itself in the dastard anonymous letter. The covert craven attack "did these (Heaven forgive us we were going to say gentlemen,) sorry knaves ever read Othello "What stab men in the dark?" Fie, fie on such rascals, they are the very sediment, the scum, the refuse of rascality. The unblushing rowdy who with bold front, kicks up a riot, and runs his fair chance of punishment therefor; is a Hero to these poor villains, who poison on the sly "and dig themselves dishonorable graves" in the good opinion of every honourable man. May they be mulcted as heavily as they deserve, and may Warner reap the fruit of his enterprise in spite of their craven hearts.

GLORIOUS NEWS.

LATEST BY SPECIAL TELEGRAPHS.

Friday night, 11.59 p. m.

The good fight is won! The Government are coming back! Temporary buildings are to be fitted up!!! The temple of the Anaconda, nearly opposite the Globe office, will form an elegant summer residence for his excellency, the Governor General. The new jail is to be the Legislative Hall. The Fish Market will be divided, and will accommodate by tripartite division, for a time, the Crown Lands Department, the Bureau of Agriculture, and the Post-office. The Inspector General is to have an awning on the top of some eligible flat roof, not yet selected.

PARLIAMENTARY MOTIONS.

Mr. Wright.—To summons the reporter of the Grumbler to the Bar of the House, for not reporting his speech on the important question of a new Bridge of the 5th Con. in York.

Hon. Mr. Howland.—That fine cut Tobacco be furnished to the Members for chewing purposes.

Mr. McMurich.—Resolved, that in the opinion of this House, no further duty be put upon oatmeal, and that scratching posts be erected in the County of Bruce.

Mr. Mowatt.—That during the absence of Mr. Ryerson, Mr. John McDonald be requested to act as chaplain with Capt. Moodie as assistant to the Honorable House.

Is It True.

—Is it true that John Hilliard and Tom Ferguson offered the other day to sign a document with our city members, pledging themselves to support no government that would not make the removal of government to this city a certainty, and that our representatives refused to support and sign with them.

MILITARY EXCURSION, 10th ROYALS, to Hamilton, Aug. 24.

"Why then let the Canakin clink, brave boys,
Why then let the Canakin clink;
A soldier's man, a life's but a span,
Why then let a soldier drink."

So said a very great rascal, but eminent scoundrels have anticipated, occasionally, very wholesome truths, and Iago was right enough, for once. Lord Bacon says, (no slight authority,) "that soldiers desire and deserve great easements, seeing the various hardships, cruel wars, and sad distraughts they are subjected to." We hope our gallant 10th Royals will never be subjected to the "sad distraughts," but, and we write in sad earnestness, for there are wars and rumours of wars disturbing the horizon, they may be. And who would not hope their holiday excursion to Hamilton of the 24th inst., may be as festive and joyous as the high festivals of brave men should be. We look on the 10th Royals with peculiar pride. The brave Canadian spirit of our forefathers is gallantly shewn in that noble corps, and the heroes of Queenston Heights, if dead, still are with us in their gallant descendants. "For God and Fatherland, rolled the old battlerey. Even so be it.

BUNCH OF KEYS LOST.

"Bunch of keys lost." There is a great deal of false feeling in these latter days, but there is a deal of callous inhumanity far more reprehensible. The former springs from an undue sensibility, a morbid humanity; if we may so express it. It pets the criminal, and ignores the honest son of toil, would furnish a Penitentiary Prisoner with a dressing case and a billiard table, leaving the unromantic labourer to plod his way through this weary work of day world, uncheered by sympathy, unhelped by those who profit by his labour. There is nothing interesting in him. The toiling struggler, the hero of small and never-ending sacrifices, the stout champion who resists for, ah, how many weary years? the temptations to indulgence, the desire to sit down and be at rest, to stay yet a little while at the green oasis of the desert of life, where the waters sparkle so freshly and so fair, where the green grass waves and the stately palm tree leads its grateful shade to the wearied wayfarer. A myriad of such men shall hardly make up, in the world's estimation, one Blenheim conqueror, one Victor of Assaye, and yet there is a higher court, and verily the verdict of this world may be set aside. But we are wandering. We began by saying that callous inhumanity was far worse than the error of a mistaken sensibility, and we have only to refer to the four opening words of this chapter to prove it. It is an advertisement merely, curt in its unmitigated brutality, economical in its cruelty. "Bunch of keys lost." It merely says, "The finder shall be suitably rewarded," and this is the sole recognition of suffering humanity. Alas, poor "Bunch," long familiarity with the world and its cruel usages, give an intuitive instinct, and put one as much in possession of the facts of this case as if we ourselves had written the advertisement. "Keys" is the

name of the Family Estate, and poor "Bunch," the half-idiotic, deformed, heir, has wandered away from the custody of his unfeeling guardian, possibly by an interested relative; and thus, with not half the formality or half the care with which he would have made the loss of his favourite spaniel known does the hard hearted uncle tell the world of the poor lump-back's wandering. Poor fellow, poor Bunch! for thee no kind mother's eye glisten thoughtfully; no loving father plucks the ruddiest apple from the bough. Thou mayest rot in the deep, dark waters of the Don, for aught they know; for the waters of forgetfulness, the Lethean stream flows dark, and sullen, and stern, betwixt thy shattered frame and their deep love. But shame and double shame on the unfeeling tyrant who, perhaps by harsh severity, first drove thee forth, and then records thy loss by the poor advertisement; which, whilst it tells thy fate, at least perpetuates his shame. I had written thus far, when my second son, an intelligent boy, rushed into the room, a comical mixture of surprise indignation and joy sparkling in his eyes and pervading his whole demeanour. He held up a half dime of American origin, "Well my son," said I gravely, "what is the matter?" "Why dad," returned he, "you know there was an advertisement, 'Bunch of Keys lost,' the finder to be suitably rewarded, I found the keys just now, and the old, (here my son made use of a very irreverent term, for which I duly reproved him,) Buffer, (in fact, he said,) gave me half-a-dime only; however, the discount's off, that's one consolation." I will not; at least, I think I will not, theorize again; but, as a penance to myself and a warning to theorists in general, I publish this.

T. H. EORT, M.A.D.

Watchman, what of the Night!

It is an open question yet, and one pretty fiercely debated, occasionally, whether a watchman is simply one who carries a watch, or one who keeps watch and ward? If the Editor of the *Watchman* carries a watch, he is, perhaps, a watchman; but we fear we can hardly dub him as a watchman of passing or coming events, save in right of his chronometer. "Coming events cast (says the proverb,) their shadows before," but Her Most Gracious Majesty's Birthday, which falls on the 24th day of May, 1864, projects apparently a shadow as long as the tail of Halley's comet, to extend over a period of nine months. Or is our contemporary not serious, when, in reference to the proposed excursion of those gallant fellows, the 10th Royals, he trusts "they will enjoy themselves on the Queen's Birthday." We hope sincerely they will, for we believe the 10th Royals to be as brave a set of men as any under the sun, (bar none,) but we trust they will have many a festive day, and many a jovial meeting, before the celebration of the 24th of May, 1864. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." One thing we are assured of, that if our Yankee friends, belaguered the *Watchman* in his stronghold, and threatened to cast his type to the four winds of Heaven, the 10th Royals would not require a thousandth part the time to prepare for a fight, that this ingenious *Watchman* gives them to prepare for a feast.

The Honourable Mrs. Howland.

"The Honourable Mrs. Howland is at present in this city."—*Toronto Correspondent of Hamilton Times.*

Where there is a will there is a way, we presume, a way out of the difficulty? But this supposes a will. Now, we maintain that no man should be, surreptitiously or otherwise, married against his will; and when the offence is committed on an elderly gentleman, it is, indeed, a gross exaggeration of the assault. Yet this offence, the *Toronto Correspondent of the Hamilton Evening Times*, has committed on the Hon. Mr. Howland. Who shall picture the dismay, the horror, the consternation, of the Hon. Mr. Howland, if, in consequence of the reckless conduct of this world-defying, *Toronto Correspondent*, that gentleman awoke me one morning to all the consciousness of wedded bliss, and, for aught we know, to the cares of a numerous family?

THEATRE ROYAL, QUEBEC.

LESSEE & CASHIER L. H. HOLTON.
MANAGER LITTLE WALLBRIDGE
LEADER OF THE ORCHESTRA A. MCKENZIE.
CHAPELLAIN JOHN MACDONALD.

ENGAGEMENT OF THE GREAT LAW OR NO LAW ACTOR,
JOHN SANDFIELD MACDONALD!

PROGRAMME.

Performance will commence with the constitutional play of
SUFFERING POLY, MARR, AND SICOOTTE.

Old Henery J. Sandfield MacDonald.
Meek and Lowly O. Mowatt.
Innocent Bill McDougall.
Victims of Vice McGeo. Foley.
Modesty L. Sicoote.
Pompos A. A. Drion.

The whole to conclude with the insipid farce,
THE SEAL OF GOVERNMENT AT TORONTO.

OR

DON'T YOU WISH YOU MAY GET IT!

THUNDER RIGGS GEO. BROWN.
Dupes Electors of Toronto.
Slippery Smooth John McDonald.
Sawney A. M. Smith.
Master Mechanic J. S. MacDonald.
Cheap Travelling Wully Henderson.

Box office open at 7 o'clock, performance to commence at 8, precisely.

John Ritchey Collector.
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Winding up of Mr. John McDonald's
Committee.

SCENE.—*Reynold's Shoe Store, Yonge Street.*

Présent, Alderman MOODIE, Squeaking RIDDLE, W. B. BURLIN, HUGH MILLER, JOHN BUGG, DR. AONRW.
Chairman, MR. JOHN BUGG; BUTLER SCRIBBY.
Alderman Moodie.—"Gentlemen, 'To err is human, to forgive, divine.' I have been basely

deceived, and in opposing my old benefactor, Mr. Robinson, I acknowledge I have acted the ungrateful cur; but, gentlemen, lured by the promises of Syrens who promised to discharge my few liabilities, and set me all a taunt once more, I left my first love, and deserted the noble wheaten loaf for the detested oatmeal. Pity and forgive me, Gents. Detested Scotchmen, wriggle themselves into all the vacant places, and I am left 'a rook for fools to gird at.' Yet a day may come."

Squeaking Riddle.—"Jontlemen, I too have been deceived. Detune the prayers at our matin-house; brother McDonald promised I should rape the binifits of the office of Leather Carrier. Begorra! the promise was all. If debts were to be paid in that chape way, it was Altherman Moodie would have the chance."

W. B. Butler.—"Gentlemen, I was promised to be made dog-slayer in ordinary to the Corporation, an office requiring zeal, humanity and discretion. I had arranged all with Hugh Miller, but some sulphur bearing Scotchman has ousted me. Reformers promise, but do not perform. I can appeal to Brother Bugg—he has seen jovial heart-stirring times—when contracts were made resembling the fat kine of Pharaoh's Dream; betwixt himself and Brother Rowland; Brother Rowland to be sure, had now quitted worldly things and had joined the Church, and if his heavenly contract turned out as profitably as his earthly ones had done, he would do well."

Mr. Bugg.—"Mr. Butler, my name should not be taken in vain in that may. By strict and unbending integrity, and a fabulous amount of self-denial, combined with hard work, I certainly have fobbed a little out of the Corporation, but your efforts were vain to hoist me into the Council. Alas! now there is nothing to be made."

Ald. Moodie.—"No, Bugg, shiver my timbers, the Noble Ward may do wrong occasionally, but they never will so foully desert their trust, as to vote for you. Elect a bed bug? They would scout the idea."

Dr. Agnew.—"Gentlemen, why murmur? What would you have? Our friends are in office, and we shall shortly get appointments. I fully expect one. Suppose George Brown has joined forces with Bishop Lynch, and turned Rep. by Pop. adrift? What of that? Could they not see with dog thankfulness, that the Irish were fast getting out, and that Scotchmen were fast getting in? What can friend Moodie expect? he must bear the burthen and heat of the day, before he can expect his reward. 'Gummers,' were not the sole business of life. Let us stick by our party and let Rep. by Pop. and such silly *gobemouche* cries, go to the deuce, from whence they came. McDonald is setting a worthy example by disregarding all, save the substantial sweets of office. Our party is the only watchword, the gain of our party the only common sense. Let us turn out all the cursed Orange crew, we owe it to ourselves, our children, and our creditors; (hear, hear, from Ald. Moodie), to get all we can, and, gentlemen, to keep all we can. Law or no law, we intend to win and will do so." (Deafening cheers.)

Coloured Butler here entered the room, and said.

"Dem are my sen'iments."

Ald. Moodie.—"Dr. Agnew, where is that \$500 you received? A division should be made."

Dr. Agnew.—"My dear friend, divisions in parties are ominous. Brother J. McDonald would tell you, a house divided against itself, cannot stand."

Squeaky Riddle.—"If McDonald does not keep his word, I am both done and undone."

Ald. Moodie.—"Brother Reynolds, show a light on your figure head, and tip us one of your jaw-cracking speeches to wind up with, and then we'll top our booms, and make a stretch to the Liquor Islands."

Ald. Jarvis and the Street Railway Co.'s Bonds

Sure we have a man in Toronto here,
Will any beat the bould buccanor.

Captain Semmes, of the famous *Alabama* takes Bonds of the Captains of the Yankee vessels he captures; which bonds become due when "the Confederate Government is recognized" and not before. But Alderman Jarvis beats Captain Semmes hollow, and rivals the famous Shylock, for, we understand the worthy Aldermen wished his Street Railway Bonds, due in about a quarter of a century, to be cashed at once. Semmes waits; Shylock, of Venice, waits; but the Alderman is as Betsey Gamp said, for having "the vally of the money immediate, which delays is dangerous."

SPECIAL NOTICES.

W. J. SHARP'S

IMPROVED BILLIARD TABLES, WITH

SHARP'S PATENT CUSHIONS,

SUPERIOR TO ANY NOW IN USE.

Patented November 16, 1862. Manufactory, No. 148 Fulton Street, New York. Balls, Cues, Trimmings, &c. Old Cues lions 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

BOATBUILDER, (FROM LIVERPOOL.)

TONGE STREET WHARF, MONTMONT.

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

Boats taken care of by the House, at a very moderate charge. Boats and Skiffs for sale and to let.

GRAND UNION

HOLIDAY EXCURSION!

READY! AYE! READY!

TENTH ROYAL REGIMENT AND

TORONTO NAVAL BRIGADE

FIRST ANNUAL

EXCURSION TO HAMILTON,

Under the patronage of this officers and men, and under the management of the non-commissioned officers, on MONDAY, AUGUST 24, 1863,

BY THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

The train will leave the Union Depot at 7.30, A. M., and returning will leave Hamilton at 7.40, P. M.

The proceeds to go towards extending the drill shed.

Full arrangements have been made in Hamilton, for the comfort and pleasure of the excursionists.

The splendid Brass and Quadrille Bands of the Regiment will be in attendance.

Tickets for Lady and Gent, \$1.50. Gent, \$1. Lady, 75 cts. Children, 50 cts. Volunteers to appear in uniform.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

A. KRATZ,
Treasurer.

E. COOK,
Secretary.

"The mistletoe hung in the castle halls,
The holly branch shone on the polished walls."

Really one would almost fancy the old song antipathy by the peculiar adjective, (polished) our courteous and polite firm, T. & J. Walls, Dry Goods Merchants, and Auctioneers, next door to the Golden Lion. Said the wise man of old "There is nothing new under the sun," but this was said a very long time ago, and the aforesaid wise man had never inspected the multifarious new and costly stock of Dry Goods, of all prices and qualities, at the splendid establishment of the enterprising firm of Meers Walls & Co., or our word on it, he would never have uttered such a libel; *Tempus edax rerum*. The wise man was the oracle of his day, and the walls in the old ballad were polished, but we can point out newer devices and more polished Walls, and not go out of King St. We may conclude with the words of the Persian poet, Jalgalak—

"Here youth and beauty sparkle. Reader mine,
If such the worshippers, what then the shrine?"

It is no disparagement to our immortal Nelson to say that the Professor of that name has won more victories in his way than the unrivalled admiral in his. The last did indeed verify to the letter, the words of the old song, "Britannia rules the Waves," but the gallant Frenchman whom he conquered, were visible, tangible opponents. The hectic glow, the glossy eye, the flushed cheek tall indeed of the wharfbounds of the deadly foe; but who shall drag forth the dark madry? "Noli me tangere" is the mocking motto of the dread Cam, assumption. Yet human skill can subvert even this insidious (this deadly foe) and the complete efficacy of Professor Nelson's "Pectoral Cough Drope" has been so fully and severely tested, as to render further comment indeed unnecessary. Remember the address, over Bain's Book store, King St. It is worth remembering.

It is in the beautiful romance of "The Crosseders" by the great Sir Walter Scott, that the gallant Sir Kenneth and Saladin the Saracen Sultan, after engaging in single combat, rosted as bravo men should do, amicably together in the parched waste beside the beautiful "Diamond of the Desert," a pure and crystalline spring which there gushed up, a sparkling gem in that arid waste. So beautifully is the incident related, that one almost realizes the parched breath of the fiery Sahara, the living freshness of the sparkling waters. Such a feeling thrilled through our frame when tolling in our vacation in a daily saltery as a Sirocco we passed where the Fountain Restaurant, No. 47 King St., once stood and found that Diamond of the Desert again in full play. Involuntarily we exclaimed, "Allah, Akbar!" and ventured in. Once there so cool, so tempting, so exquisitely was everything arranged, Billiard Rooms, &c., under the skilled supervision of Mr. J. Gregor; that we had to muster up all our energies to leave Alas, for mortal frailty!

"Such cool liquors such crystalline,
A saint might stay from Paradise."

Where and how shall we blow our 'Baccas? The Turk in his Divan blows his cloud of finest Latakia—The Red India grass, silent, and sombre, puffs his fragrant kinnik—The swarthy Arab passes the short-stemmed pipe from hand to hand around the midnight fire. Shall all those blow their 'baccas at will and shall we not blow our Backs? Forbid it Heaven, though for us, saloons sparkle not, and Divans are dreamland, we still have, thank Providence, the special sheet of the Grousester, and we now maintain, on the honor of a *Groumler*, *sans peur, sans reproche*, the Backs we blow to be as superior to all other stations in the city as is the lordly Latakia to the poorest pigtail. Do you want light Literature? Get half through Friend Charley's stock and you will be light as a cork, a fit companion for ornaments; though very possibly, from the time required, an arduous. Do you seek more solid food? Behold Reviews, Magazines, Novels, all the sterling (not Mr. Alderman Sterling) works of the age, in fact, Stamp? The daintiest of Envelopes? The pleasant of paper? All, all are here. Too much smoking may be injurious, but for honor, and enterprise, fair dealing, and kind heart, we cannot allow our Backs too much, *crede experio*.