

# THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1864.

(VOL. 2.—NO. 39.)

## 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 redo you tent it;  
A chiel's amang you taking notes,  
And, faith, he'll prunt it."

SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1864.

### TO-DAY—TO-MORROW.

Ah! me; ah! me; how many hearts  
May shout to-day in gladness,  
That ere to-morrow's sun may rise  
May weep in tears and sadness.  
Oh! changes great a day may bring,  
Of pleasure, or of sorrow,  
And they who sow in joy to-day  
May reap but grief to-morrow.

To-day, a man may live in wealth,  
Be pompous in his pride—  
To-morrow's sun may find him poor,  
Of even life denied.  
To-day his bark of life may float  
Upon the topmost wave;  
To-morrow's storms may wreck his craft,  
And send him to his grave.

To-day the heart of man lays plans  
For future days to come;  
To-morrow's hands may open wide  
The portals of the tomb.

To-day his life is of life's hopes,  
His spirit free as air—  
The demon of to-morrow sinks  
Him into mute despair.

Oh! let us then improve each hour,  
And work while yet 'tis day—  
For hours can never turn to us  
If idled once away.  
Oh! let us then employ our time  
In guarding against sorrow,  
And what we have to do to-day  
Postpone not till to-morrow.

— We have discovered a new mode to prevent the smell of cooking in a house. It is to have nothing for breakfast, and warm it over for dinner. You can take it cold for supper.

### Grand Fete in the Horticultural Gardens.

Owing to the immense success of Madame Anna Bishop, the undersigned has been induced to get up a grand demonstration for the benefit of the city, when the following members of the City Council, with others, will contribute to the amusements of the evening in the following order, under the patronage of His Worship the Mayor:—

Overture (By Cowbellani)..... *The City Bellman*  
Song, "There's nothing like Leather". *Ald. Sterling*  
Song and Chorus, "What a pity that

I'm a Bachelor..... *Ald. Wallis*  
Stump Speech, (as delivered weekly  
with great applause)..... *Ald. Dickey*

Anvil Chorus, (by special request of  
the Mayor)..... *Dickey & Thompson*  
Great display of "Gas" by..... *Ald. Baxter*

An interesting debate will here take place on the "law of the case," or how rules and by-laws are trampled under, by Messrs. Vance, Jarvis and Cannavan.

Song—"Boyne Water"..... *Ald. Bennett*  
Chorus—"What a happy trio are we,". *Love, Edwards & James*

Song—"Oh, wouldn't I like to be". *Ald. J. E. Smith*  
Song—"Fill up your glass,"..... *Ald. Ewart*  
Finale—"God Save the Queen," by *Baxter and the Company*

JOHN CARR, Manager.

### The Excursion of the M. P.'s.

After all the hubbub made previous to the starting of the excursion party to the sister Provinces, we are made aware that so far as the reception of "our lions" by the people, on their landing at St. John's, it has turned out a failure—that is to the "assembled wisdom" themselves. Undoubtedly they expected to create the same amount of enthusiasm on the part of the St. John's folk, as did Garibaldi with the Manchester people, and to be stared at and followed by ragged urchins, like the band of Dan Rice's, "or any other show." But, alas! for human expectations—how vain they are! Not a cheer greeted their arrival, and then only they found they were but common clay. No wonder the St. John's people did not doff their hats to them.

### TO NEWS AGENTS.

News Agents will, during the ensuing week, receive their accounts up to the end of the present year, which same must be remitted us by the 8th of September, 1864. From that date we intend to adhere rigidly to the system of *Cash in Advance*, and, therefore, all News Agents not conforming with the above will find their usual supply of papers stopped.

### Saugeen Division.

When we come to dwell on the respective merits of both the candidates who are now before the electors of this respectable division, we are absolutely astonished at the bare-faced audacity of that worthless, kiln-dried and selfish old curmudgeon—McMurrich—in again presenting himself before them as the opponent of Mr. McPherson—a gentleman of public spirit, education and influence. What has this hard-featured, close-fisted bigot and hypocrite done for the men of this division or for any man on earth save himself, that any soul in existence should stand up and support him? In the House and out of it, except in the matter of pounds, shillings and pence, he is a dummy, a driveller and a mere nonentity. Take his ledger from him, and in any civilized community he would not be raised to the dignity of "Pound-keeper," although he is a first-rate one in a certain sense. Here in this city, where he is known, he is regarded as an ill-favored, grasping and unpatriotic man. Nobody respects his character. There is a sour and acrid odor about him that would instantly destroy the sweetest dairy in the world. There is nothing winning or loveable about him. True to their instinct, children and the lower domestic animals shrink out of his path. He is never seen on the sunny side of the street; and a frank and joyous "good morning" has never fallen from his parched and pale lips. Morose, plodding and calculating, he spends his life between his store and his gloomy hermitage on Front street, around which the very daylight darkens. Unsosial and misanthropic, there are no friendly footprints upon his threshold. He is alone in the midst of multitudes; and smiles only at the chink of gold as it drops into the unrelaxable maw of his greedy purse. And this is the man who now asks a large and respectable body of electors, whose interests he has already so shamefully neglected, to send him again to the Upper House so as that he might misrepresent them for another four years, and pander to his own disreputable and miserly vanity. If they know him as well as he is known here they would hunt him out of the division, and treat him as naughty boys do a dog when they tie a kettle to his tail. Let them just take a single glance at the surroundings of both men. On the one hand they have an ill-bred, distorted and wretched specimen of humanity; on the other, a gentleman with the presence of a man, at least, and possessed of abilities calculated to confer substantial benefits upon any constituency that might select him as a representative, as well as upon the Province at large. Which of the two, then, will the men of this division have—McMurrich, who has already disgraced and sacrificed them, or McPherson, who comes before them

with clean hands, undoubted influence and acknowledged energy and abilities? Surely they need not pause to choose. The difference between black and white can be recognized readily by even the most common-place intelligence; and our impression consequently is that the Hon. John will be returned—not to the Upper House this time, but to the bosom of his family.

#### Grand Concert.

Madam Anna Bishop's second concert in the Horticultural Gardens on Tuesday evening last was, as usual, a brilliant success. Although other entertainments were going on in the city, still the building in the centre of the grounds was filled to its utmost capacity; and, had all the audience been beneath its roof, it would have been unable to give them even standing room. As on the former occasion, the structure and gardens were elegantly illuminated and decorated with appropriate devices, enlivened by occasional displays of fireworks. The performers were the same as those who appeared at the first concert, with the exception of Mr. Charles Lascelles, who is decidedly a fine singer and a superb pianist. On no occasion had Madam Anna appeared to more advantage before our citizens. She was in perfect voice, and ran through the difficult mazes of her songs, arias and recitatives with a facility, power and brilliancy entrancing in the last degree. Her magnificent treatment of the gem of the evening the *Recitative and Aria*, from Meyerbeer, was incomprehensibly beautiful; or, as the critic of the *Leader* has it, absolutely miraculous. All she said and sang was delicious. Her "Mexican Cancion" was admirably arch and characteristic, while her *Auld Robin Grey* was touching in the extreme. Her daughter, Miss Louisa Bishop, too, sang some very fine melodies most effectively, and contributed much to the enjoyment of the evening. We have but little new to say of Mr. Humphreys, Mr. Pearson and Mr. Sedgwick. They all distinguished themselves in the happiest manner possible. The "The Labor Watch" was finely sung by the latter two, while Mr. Sedgwick gave *Rule Britannia*, with elaborate variations, right royally on the concerting, and besides sang some very effective buffo songs. The band of "The Queen's Own," who have just got a set of new instruments, acquitted themselves, under their master, Mr. Murdock, in a very creditable manner, notwithstanding the absence of the piccolo. They played some excellent selections from "Lucretia Borgia," together with a very fine march at the opening of the performance. Their progress reflects great credit upon Mr. Murdock, who is, we know, thoroughly competent to make them all they ought to be. Of the concert announced for last night we are unable to speak until our next, as we go to press before it takes place. We are happy to learn that Madam Anna Bishop has generously responded to a call of the Mechanics' Institute to give yet another concert in the Music Hall, under the responsibility of the Institute, the members of which are desirous that the tickets shall be at a figure sufficiently low to command the largest possible audience.

#### The Cull'd Gentlemen on the Rampage.

Last Friday evening the St. Lawrence Hall was crowded by a motley assemblage of whites and blacks. The whites went to see a Yankee show; the blacks to express their sympathy with the great Rail-Splitter. Our "unhappy and divided country" very appropriately adorned the chair, supported by our pious and long-eared friend Ald. Sterling, who was attended by his chaplain. After a rambling, half prayer, and half exhortation by the chaplain, a long, lank, lean Yank, rejoicing in the name of King, exhibited two live Quadroon girls, and one live Octoroon boy to the audience. They all made a noise—which the reverend exhibitor called singing—and the Octoroon repeated a glorification of Stonewall Jackson's great Commissary-General Banks. It had been well drummed into him by the showman, and the boy got through it without mistake. The showman then made a statement, the object of which was to persuade simple-minded Torontonians and weak-minded cull'd folks, to put something in the plate towards supporting the live plunder taken by Mr. Linkum's army.

The great gun then came forward in the person of the Hon. S. S. Leigh of New York. This person in repeating the stale and stereotyped tales of the horrors of negro slavery in the South, and while of course we are opposed to slavery in the abstract, we know that the most of these rignaroles are manufactured in "Boston;" and there are plenty of coloured citizens who will give the same testimony. The speaker, however, occupied most of the time in a laudation to the Union Army and General Butler, and tried to excite the sympathies of his audience by a compliment to England for her efforts in the anti-slavery cause, forgetting that England had even by the emancipation Act itself recognised the rights of owners. Mr. Leigh got violently excited towards the end of his speech, denouncing all Southern men as man thieves and liars. This called forth hisses from the white persons present and brought out Mr. St. Lawrence an Anglo-Virginian, whose appearance on the platform was the signal for a round of yells and hootings from the friends of Messrs. Linkum, King, and Leigh.

Mr. St. Lawrence said as an Englishman on an English platform, he demanded the right of free speech, and amidst many interruptions by the Chairman and the audience, we caught the following sentences:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—We are not in Massachusetts or in New York to-night, where a free expression of opinion would consign me to Fort Lafayette; but in a land of free speech and a free press, and under the protection of the old Union Jack. The gentleman from New York has talked loudly of men-thieves. Who are the men-thieves? The men of the South, who are now defending their homes from the invader, or the Yankee nation, who are prosecuting this great negro-stealing raid? Who are the men-thieves? Let me tell you when this abolition agitation commenced, it began immediately after the men of Massachusetts had sold all their slaves to the South for the high-

est price they would bring, because they found the system unprofitable, and not because they found it wrong. They then went into two speculations; one was to steal negroes from the Border States, and transport them to Canada. The other was to fit out slavers for the coast of Africa and steal negroes from there, selling them to the South to fill the places of the others. Now, who are the men-thieves? The gentleman has spoken of the miseries of the slaves. Why, this war has produced more misery amongst white men than slavery has to negroes in a thousand years. The gentleman (Mr. King) comes from Massachusetts. What has his State produced? It has been famous for witch-burning. It gave birth to the bewhipped and bespangled Senator who said that he wanted an anti-Slavery Bible and an anti-Slavery God. It produced the "Beast" whose name stinks in the nostrils of every civilized man, in every civilized land. It produced this unholy and terrible war, and it has produced Mr. King, who comes here with his menagerie to try and filch money from innocent Canadians towards supporting the results of the Rail-Splitter's thieving raids.

These expressions so excited a portion of the audience that Mr. St. Lawrence was threatened with extermination and all sort of horrible deaths. He, however, succeeded in spoiling the Yankee's "game," as his collection certainly did not meet his expenses; for on this *expose*, and from fears of a general fight, most of the white persons present and many of the colored, left before the plate came round; and we think the gentleman, from Massachusetts must have been disappointed in his attempted raid on Canadian specie. That this assembly did not terminate in a fight is due to the efforts of the police.

#### A Public Nuisance.

During the concert on Tuesday evening last there were some persons seated in the vicinity of the platform, or rather, near the open space in front of it, who behaved themselves in a manner at once ill-bred, rude and ignorant. One person in particular, who sported an eye-glass and a pair of black whiskers, from his constant gabbling and giggling gave the utmost annoyance to all those about him, except to three or four ladies, (2) one of whom wished to know when Mr. Lass-kelless!!! was going to sing again. Such unmitigated nuisances should, irrespective of sex or station, be handed out of any respectable audience, and sent to amuse themselves at some point more in keeping with their breeding and education than the Horticultural Gardens.

#### A Curiosity.

—At the fire-engine house on Court street is to be seen the veritable set of harness formerly worn by Ald. Baxter's celebrated horse Lightfoot, (now defunct) undergoing a thorough course of repair, at the public expense, by the care-taker. Make a note of it—Mulvey.

#### Take a Note of It.

—If you see a wife carefully "footing" her husband's socks you may conclude that he will not find it difficult to foot her bills.

### The Retort Courteous.

Oh! no my dear, I'll not be rude,  
Be you soe'er uncivil;  
I'm more polite—my generous blood  
Would see you to the d—l.

### TERRY FINNEGAN'S LETTERS.

SECOND SERIES—NO. V.

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

STANLEY STREET, 26th August, 1864.

Be the hole o' me coat, Darcy, there's no use in talkin, but it's worse we're gettin' instead of better, and that daily. No matter what may be said to the contrary, we are deistin quietly into the arms of the neighborin republic, wid all its wars, commoshuns and shipplasters. The *Ladher* is right. We are democratic to the back bone, and there is no use of workin ourselves up into a white hate about confederashun, whin we all know that if we were confederated ten times over, we can't withstand the influences brought to bear upon us by thirty or forty millions of people, wid whom we are thradin, intharmarin and shakin hands hourly. Distressed and all as the Union is, there is more pluck, money and entherprise in it, in this the hour of its agony, than have ever characterised Kinnada from the first moment of its existence as a colony up to the present. Put that in your pipe and smoke it! And besides, the instability of Kinnadian instatshuns and politics is now becomin so oppressive, that a body, no matter how loyal, is half temptid to escape from a country where most public min are hopelessly selfish, and where no inconsiderable porshun of them are wholly unreliable. The fact is, here we are, neither fish, flesh nor fowl, wid our circulatin madium based upon the dearest metal in the world, while the Yankees are carryin on a gigantic war and all the machinery of the State through the instrumentality of their "greenbacks." Well never be worth tuppence until we throw spacie payments overboard, and adopt a paper currency like our republican frinds. So long as we are dependin upon the few bits of gold and silver among us, we'll have no imigrants flowin to our shores—we'll have no public works in constant and healthy progress in our midst—we'll have no manufactures in full blast; and, worse than all, the few people already in the colony will be creepin out of it one by one, until at last it will be nothin but a dead waste upon the map. Cut out work then for skilled and unskilled labor, and pay it wid "greenbacks," if you would ward off the evil day of annexation: for if you wait for the inaugurashun of grand internal improvements until you have sufficient goold to pay for them, the skin of a gooseberry will make you a jacket before you ever clap your eyes upon one prosperous hour for this country.

I'm glad to hear that yez all got back safe from the Lower Provinces. The Lord knows its more thin I expected. There is, however, one lower province that some of yez won't get out of so easy whin yez waset git into it. But what am I sayin,

whin the Scripthur tells us to judge not. Well, I see by the Halifax papers that the devil a much the press thought of yoz any way; and sure its myself that knew well that some Acadian or Blue-Nose would be on your thrack before yez bid thin good-bye. God grant that yez may have done some little good by your jant; but I'll forbear expressin an opinion upon it jist now. Whin I see the Rossin House rebuildin that has been lyin in ruins in the middle of our city for upwards of two years; and whin I see the crazy, dilapidated, old one-story frame house opposit the *Globe* office on King street givin place to some sightly, solid and useful structure, I'll begin to think that yez have done us no harm anyway.

I suppose that you'll admit that I'm no chickin in the way of experience: tetchin a black eye or a broken jaw. Well then if you do, let me tell you that the devil a sweeter little bit of work I ever witnessed thin I did the other night after the grand and brilliant concert given in the Horticultural Gardens, by the great English *artiste*, Madam Anna Bishop. It was a boy of the Rooneys that, from her bewtiful singin, took it into his head that she could be nothing else but Irish; and happened to say so to one Doyle that was sittin beside him listenin to the wonderfule liquid magic that she was powrin out over the audience. I couldn't exactly catch all they were sayin burrin that I harde Rooney say, "You lie, and I'll bate you whin you go out." I had my eye on both the lads you may be sure, and when the concert was over I dogged them to a quiet little spot in the grounds, whin they both-wint at it without athrippin. "Fair play, boys," sez I, "and isn't it better for yez to peal and not be givin your mothers too much to do wid the needle?" But the word was scarce out of my mouth whin I was laid flat wid a clout from an unknown quarter that fairly astonished me. "What brings you here spyin, you bloody peeler," sez a voice well known to me, "instead of lettin the boys settle their own affairs: in pase, you scroff of the world," it wint on. "Oh! blur and turf!" sez I, "Barney, is that you, or what has got into you?" "Oh! thunder and agers, Terry," sez he, "but I thought it was a peeler in the dark by the caushus way you were steppin along after them, for I harde them settlin upon takin it out here. and jist followed thin like yourself! But are ye hurt?" sez he, for who was it but young Barney Higgins, one of the Cappoch boys, "and the devil cut the hand off me," sez he, "for doin it," "Be me sowkins; I'm not killt," sez I, "only one of my eyes appears to way a pound at laste, and that manes something." "Faith it does," sez he, "but hadn't we better separate them." "Surely," sez I, bouncin over and layin hout of Doyle, who not knowin me, saked up my other eye, while Rooney got some how or other into grips wid Barney. Begorra! before I could say a word we were at it helther skethor, takin a rap where we could get it, until at last I cried out, "What d'ye mane, Pat Rooney and Jacky Doyle, ty goin on this way wid your frinds Barney Higgins and Terry Finnegan?" "Oh millia murder!" sez both of them, "what have we done at all; sure we thought it was

peelers in the dark!" "Com' along," sez I, "and let us wash ourselves and have a glass; but ope of you will have to lade me, for the devil a stim can I sec." Wid that they took me betune them and led me off, while Barney wint to Dr. Flatthery—a great may here—for some sticcin plaster, which be distributed among the whole of us at Andy Plian's. And sure enough, for the time we were at work, you'd say, if you saw us, we were not very idle. I am over it now, thank God; and, I think, between you and me, I'll not be so apt in futher to meddle wid any boys who are bent upon havin it out in that same way.

I hear that you are soon comin to Upper Kinnada to inaugurate a Sayeret Society, to be called "The Anti-American Plug." Well, I wish you and thin success, so long as it will tend to better our condishun as a people, and give the poor food and employment. Some of those days, I think, I'll lecter, myself, on this subject, and thin you will be able to add a few original idayas to your already large octok.

Your lovin cousin,

TERRY FINNEGAN.

### Ye Long-Robe on the "Ram-Page."

It is not a little amusing to see men who, when, by mere chance at times, clothed with a little brief authority, allow themselves to forget so far the common courtesies required by society towards their fellow-men as to make themselves not only appear ridiculous, but actually obnoxious. We wish to avoid, as far as we can, personalities, but when parties persistently offend, they must suffer the consequences, and feel the rod that is ever kept in steep for them. On Tuesday last, at a picnic given by the Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School at Cooper's Grove, a short distance from the city, it so happened that one of these "genus homo" of the kidney we have referred to, rejoicing in the combined appellations of Barrister-at-Law and Sunday School Supd. (save the mark—one cannot serve both God and Mammon)—made himself especially conspicuous, and insultingly official, by unnecessary and quite uncalled for remarks to some young men and ladies—guests of the committee—upon whom he thought proper to cast his venom. Should he think proper to quit the bar for the pulpit, we have no doubt Person Brownlow would find it difficult to maintain his old reputation without dividing the honors.

### Hogg's Tales.

— "Are you fond of Hogg's tales?" we ventured to ask of a "Hoggshollow" lady the other evening. "Yes, I likes 'em roasted, with salt on 'em," was the response. "No; but I mean, have you read Hogg's tales?" "No, indeed," said she, "our hogs are all white or black. I can't think there is a red one among them."

### Barroasm.

— Our old friend Baxter was likened by a brother Alderman last Council night to a mountebank. Surely he must have intended, as Artemus Ward has it, "sarcastic fancy." Baxter—the second edition of Sir John Falstaff stumbling somewhat;

What are they made of P

What are the M. P. P.'s made of?  
Country and self,  
Place, honor and self,  
"Well do this make that pass,"  
Retrenchment and gas,  
Free trade, federation—  
The "Weal of the Nation—  
Such are the M. P. P.'s made of.

What are the editors made of?  
Libels and puffing,  
Fresh troubles snuffing,  
Coalitions and Brown,  
Politics up and down,  
Vote for this and that—  
Chaff for the flats—  
Such are the editors made of.

What are the coroners made of?  
Accidents and suicide,  
Skin a fee for the hide,  
A coffin and death's head,  
Their prayer before bed—  
Ten dollars a case,  
And a very hard chase—  
Such are the coroners made of.

What are the lawyers made of?  
Smiles and smirks,  
Quibbles and quirks,  
Bills and manumits,  
Ejectments and writs,  
*Nisi prius* and *fieri facias*,  
And fees in all cases—  
Such are the lawyers made of.

What are the ladies made of?  
Bonnets and beaus,  
Bustles and furbelos,  
Corsets and crinoline,  
Scent and boudoine,  
Billetdoux and dances,  
Flirtations and glances—  
Such are the ladies made of.

What are the dandies made of?  
Patents and pegs,  
Bows and stiff-legs,  
Whiskers, essence of beer,  
And an aw-demme-nir,  
Cologne and starch,  
And brains on the march—  
Such are the dandies made of.

#### The City Baths.

"Oh! for a bath in some cool bathing place!"  
Such was our exclamation one scorching day last week, as in our sanatorium we sighed for the cooling influence of the limpid water wherein our wearied limbs to stretch. True, there was the great watering places, where every one is enjoying themselves and taking it cool, but not being able to leave the editorial chair, we contented ourselves with taking a bath in Messrs. Agnew & Wardell's new bath house, and we were truly delighted by the style, and appearance of cleanliness that pervaded the whole building; and as for the

baths themselves—well, our advice is to go and try them, and there is no doubt that any person having done the establishment will find their way back. There has lately been a new feature added to the establishment in the shape of sulphur, vapor and medicated baths, which are highly recommended. Great credit is due to the enterprising proprietors for supplying a want which has long been felt in this city. The establishment itself is a credit to the city, and is the largest in Canada.

#### BROOKVILLE CORRESPONDENCE.

Not long since the *Grumbler* dropped down to that modest little town called Brockville, and just at the corner of Main street and Court-House Avenue, where Richard III. deals out his law drugs in doses to suit purchasers, pounced upon a genuine poetical prodigy.

Brockville, as the story goes, is troubled with some very decided ills—signs that will move and barrels that must roll, be the night ever so dark, or the hour ever so late; and, worse than all these comes at times ghostly visions of poor souls "dead and gone." Amongst these "done and gone" gentry there happened along, once in a while, the spirit of one Signor F. Warbler Ollardi, a full-blooded descendant (all save his nose—a cross between a boiled beet and a turnip—and his heels, which, they say, were slightly out of gear from a mishap in the grafting,) of an ancient Spanish family, dating back time out of mind, and better known by our wise ones in heraldry as having had, for certain unknown services rendered to our liege monarchs in days of yore, the full run (garret and kitchen included,) of Kensington poor-house during a couple of centuries past. Another of the spiritual loafers is said to be the wandering soul of a defunct Irishman—one O'Dougherty, who couldn't be quiet in this world and won't be in the next; and a third goes abroad in the mortal shape of a small son of Benjamin, whose peace seems to have been broken in upon by the financial troubles of the Upper Canada Bank, the promises to pay of which institution it was the business of the "little man" to palm off upon the public.

It would seem that the Brockville rhyesters, in the production found by our *Grumbler*, was attempting the description of a very thrilling scene, wherein, at dead of night, their ghostships suddenly appear and accuse one Michael Free, Esq., J. P., with having had a hand in some salt scrape. The *Grumbler* is only too much afraid that Sir Poet, in the sublimity of his poetical throes, may have broken his back, as it were scarcely possible that so brilliant a fight could have been sustained without a wrench of the spinal column. Our readers will have the benefit of the rhyme in next week's issue.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. B., GRAND RIVER.—Will send paper on receipt of seventy-five cents.  
H. O., OTTAWA, C. W.—You will find terms, &c., in paper.  
J. W. T., KINGSTON.—Received the amount perfectly correct.

#### Latest News.

—Our editorial coat, owing to a recent trip to the country has become shabby and faded. Subscribers, pay up; don't disgrace yourselves by allowing such a—state of things.

#### SPECIAL NOTICES.

It is a great convenience to business men, whose homes are a mile away, to have in their very midst a well-conducted Chop House, where they are sure of good edibles well cooked. In Toronto we are well furnished in this respect, and while it would seem invidious to particularise, yet from experience we are bound to say that the English Chop House on King street stands second to no House in either Province. The gentlemanly cartor, Mr. L. H. Hunter, deserves the support of the business public, and we have no doubt that he gets it. The English Chop House was always a good House, but never better than it is at the present time.

ENLARGED & IMPROVED,  
CORRECT & COMPLETE!

## ROBERTSON'S Canadian Railway Guide, FOR AUGUST.

Published under the supervision of the Railway Companies.

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The latest Time Tables of

THE GREAT WESTERN OF CANADA,  
Main Line and Branches.  
THE GRAND TRUNK OF CANADA,  
Main Line and Branches.  
THE DETROIT AND MILWAUKEE.  
THE MICHIGAN CENTRAL.  
THE VERMONT CENTRAL.  
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