

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1863.

(VOL. I.—NO. 37)

• 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.

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Correspondents will bear in mind that their letters must be pre-paid, that communications intended for insertion should be written, and only written on one side of the paper. Subscribers must not register their letters; for obvious reasons it is exceedingly inconvenient to us.

All letters to be addressed "The Grumbler," P. O. Toronto, and not to any publisher or news-dealer in the city.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I telt ye tent it;
A chiel's aung ye taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prove it."

SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1863.

"VLACK'S" RETURN, or, The Virtue of Lager Beer

I treamed my tog was buck agin,
Do Zunday was one week;
I rose me up, and villed mine hips,
And to mine vrow did speak.

"One gallous vetch of Lager Beer,
Mein Got! I'll triak it down;
And don go search for mine poor tog—
All dro' this blessed town."

When mine vrow vetched the beer, I heard
Der raddo of a dchasin;
She hollero out, "Mein Lort!— Look here!
Do Thy's coom pack agin."

Mine heart it clattered to mine mouth,
Vor, lying at hins case—
Was mine poor tog, a stretched out,
A scratleth of blins vjase.

Mein Got! but I was happy den—
Mine vrow she laughed and gried;
Zed etc, "If he had not coom pack,
Door Gretchon must have tiol!"

Oh, zwoet was dat goot lager beer,
And zwoet do herrings small;
Put dat the valthful tog was pack,
Was pettermost of all.

Door Gretchon plessed do lager beer,
Zed aie, "Ho lase hins way,
And wo should never had him here,
Mit us die plessed day.

Never no more would he gummed pack,
But zuro so I to here,
I do believe mine poor old Vlack,
Smiled de goot Lager Beer.

Cartier on the Spree,

The very sublime manner in which Cartier spoke about the Hamilton mountain is said to have been caused by his being slightly elevated. If so, it is a wonder that instead of breaking his fast, he did not break his neck.

BILLS TO BE INTRODUCED.

Mr. Howland.—To remove obstructions to the navigation of the Humber.

Mr. Brown.—To authorise the use of Gaelic in the debates of the House.

Mr. Smith.—To deepen and widen the St. Lawrence Canals, and otherwise to throw Montreal in the shade.

Mr. Mc Dougall.—To prevent the sale or gift of whiskey on the Manitoulin Islands.

Jno McDonald.—To provide for the gradual extermination of French Canadians, Papists and other abominations.

McKellar.—To enable the Commander-in-chief to lend Abe Lincoln 12,000 of the active force of the Militia, to supply the place of Gen. Meade's army and destroy the slave power in the South.

Cartier.—To organize a fishery bureau to cure the Upper Canadian Cod-fish in general, and George Brown in particular.

Scotte.—To substitute the member for St. Hyacinth for the member for Hochelaga in the Government, and to constitute the former, standing Attorney General East.

McGee.—To provide for the infusion of some Tipperary blood in the Administration, by immigration or otherwise.

McConkey.—To make Orillia the Seat of Government, pending the completion of the Ottawa Buildings.

Jackson.—To purify election speakers from vulgarity and personalities.

Cameron.—To incorporate the R. Catholic hierarchy with the Grand Lodge of British North America, and make the Grand Master of the latter perpetual sovereign of the Scarlet over the combined body.

Mowat.—To civilize and settle Councilman Baxter, of Toronto; also to provide for his gradual reduction.

Foley.—To facilitate the banishment and extinction of the Scotch population of this Province; also to levy a tax on oatmeal.

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

"Mr. Buchanan," the *Spectator* says, "with princely liberality, gave him (Cartier) his breakfast." We should like to see the bill of fare of this "princely" breakfast. Ham and eggs with a cup of coffee only cost 25 cents on James Street; the price however, was probably higher on the mountain, where the hens have to get up earlier in the morning. We trust the princely Isaac did not forget *fritasséd* frogs, and some of the Gaspe cod-fish. In this unhappy city which has been given over to the Scotch, we could not afford to be so

princely. If he had stayed here long enough, however, there are plenty who would have given him his porridge.

Monsieur Tric Trac's Fortune.

SCENE.—Study of the Hon. George Brown, he is discovered sitting at a table writing.

Enter SANDIE hastily, with a letter.

G. B.—"Hout fe, Sandie. Ye're no blate, to jump in and out, like a fleec in a blanket. Ye suld be' knockit mon."

Sandie.—"Ye tauld me I suld come ben if any ither body werena' wi' ye, and I gettit this bit letter frae the fletcher."

G. B.—"The fletcher? I have nae bill wi' the auld fute; a' the sheep's heads ye payit for, and tha' trotters and baggis we consumit St. Andrew's day, he had the worth o' it, and mair, in advertisements."

Sandie.—"Sae I tauld him; I had a bit argement wi' the auld body about the sheeps head he sellit us afore the last ane. Says I, there's nae fletcher in a' braid Scotland would hae chargit four cawpers for a sheep's head the flees had speitt in, may-be a day or two, or mair. There were hail heaps o' maiggots, says I. Yo' dinna doohorro my maister's custom, I wuss ye nae ill, but if ye mend na yere manners I doubt ye'll lose it; besides, says I, the cawper ye gied me back was na a gu'de ane."

G. B.—"Ye speak richt Sandie, for ane; I wad liken ye to Balsam's ass, wna openit her mouth; but I wadna even mysel wi' the Prayphet. Whateen said the auld fute when ye tauld him maybe we wad patroncezo some ither fletcher?"

Sandie.—"Odd. He laught richt to my face. He's aue o' the Irishers and a Papeseh in the bargain, and says he in his Irish way o' talkin: 'Bad cess to the son of me mother, but I'll be bruck up entirely.' 'Conseeder my maister's poseition, says I. 'Consulther the Devil's tail,' says he; 'be gogstay,' says he, 'but it's tould agin me in the marraket, that I dhrove thrade in sheeps heads enthirely. Why the ould Englishman, above here, is botherin me; sez he, dinis, it's the cryin shame Nisther Brown doesn't be makin ye a Parleimat Mimber, sez he. Go to the Devil, sez I. I'm not jokin at all at all, sez he, Dinis, shure ye're sup-por'tin him wid sheeps heads at the prisint spakin, and 'twould be the calves head ye'd support him, wid down at Quaybec, if ye was a Mimber. It wouldn't be sich a mighty differ, Alannah!' and he burrist out wid the laffin. I was maist, crasse wi' him. And he said something mair, I wad na' like to tello ye."

G. B.—"Spake oot, Sandie, spake oot, publeek men is publeek praperty. That's the ane weo

thing that compensates us for a' our snicrefeshes."

Sandie.—"Ah, weel then, maister, he said, did the auld fesher, 'There's worrus muggets in yere mirsther's head than iver' wor in the auld ram's head ye tuk aff' wid ye, but,' says he, 'here's a letter, the auld Frinch man tould me to give ye, the men do be saying he has a hupe of monee lift him,' sae I took the bit writin and cam awa."

G. B.—"Ah weel, let's hae it, ye emecate the auld fesher's brogue richt weel, Sandie, but I dinna like the talk, it smells o' the auld hairlot clothed in scarlet. Odd, I maist forgettit, what did ye w' the cawper the auld Irisher gaed ye back. Ye didna gie it me?"

Sandie.—"Na, I slippit it between twa gude anes, and payit the auld milk-wife for ye're parrich milk the morn."

G. B.—"Ye suld na hae done that, Sandie. Ye suld na desheve any body. Did she na kee o' it?"

Sandie.—"Oh, man; she hadna gotten sax steps, when she turait at me—'Ye gieed me a bad cawper;' the auld haig screechit at me. I tuk my bible aith I gieed ye gude anes, I roorit at her; and sne I did, the gude anes; sho grumblit I was aye o' the Grits. That the muckle deevil wad mak his gruel o' the wickid auld limmer."

G. B.—"A' weel, Sandie, that's a cairless auld jaud, she spillit the milk yestereen, there's na muckle hairm done; but gie us auld Tric Trac's letter. (*Breaks open the letter and reads.*) Weel, weel, this beats n, Sandie, auld Tric Trac gotten a lairge estate and is aye o' the noblesse. Nobless, what 'ca' ye that? hae, mon? Dinna the Englishers say, *nobbie aye*, when they wad be speakin' o' a man, may be like mysel, in a high posession?"

Sandie.—"Ou, aye, they do; but they ca' steeks and ither things, nobbie anes. Ye mind the stick w' the gowd at tap, ye're brither had sin synce. Ao young Englisher said o' that, that's a nobbie aye."

G. B.—"Ou aye, but I'm maist certain nobless and nobbie aye is the same. Hark ye, Sandie, here's a bit note frae the auld leddy, the aye I learnt French and dancin' o', and aye frae her gude mon; auld Trek Trawk."

Sandie.—"I wad like to hear gin ye please, Sir."

G. B.—"Haud ye're ears open then," (*reads.*)

De Glob Office.

TO MONSIEUR JORGE BROWN,

MONSIEUR.—You wad de pleasures receive, when I ye informe of Monsieur Tric Trac's *bonne fortune*. He has intelligencing receive that by judgment fortunate and just; ah ciel! how just! how fortunate! that one large estate is come to im in Lowaire Oannada. In Parlmainit he will be seat. He is moche grateful to you, he has a let-taire wrote to you, I it enclosure, forgiv he, expression; de exultation, de viskepe, uniting, ave made im one trifail lgh; he roar for you loudace as tonner, 'Yere is mine Jorge,' say he, 'that I may im' embrace, dat I may im kees. Fesh im to me, I will him' kees' before. I sleeps, fesh me another hookaire to drink mine Jorge's eith, to taste im. He is grown gray as badgnes his country, serving, he says at Oxford. His yorkaires he shall ave back, every tam' one. Adieu, Monsieur

he giv a fete so soon as ye are arranged, in celebration. If you, Monsieur, attende not, it will a funeraile be. Receive, Monsieur, assurances of profoude esteem, from

THESSA TEO TRAC.

H. G. B.—"Weel, weel, there's na knowing whateen we may lippen to; odd, Sandie, the auld fellow will hae enish in baith pockets."

Sandie.—"I wad like to hae the rippin his pouches."

H. G. B.—"Whisht, Sandie, ye dinna mean it; whisht, here's the auld chappies bit scart enclosed in the auld ledy."

To Monsieur Jorge Brown of de Globe.

Mon cher ami Jorge,

I am with exultations devoured, I will you saparise. One day my Jorge, I am instructioning leetle mees at de pension, one Yorkaire a lessong. Ma fo, too moche often, a seepence libertee dree coppaires lessaire than I sharge. De morrows wad you in Parlmainit, we will be de two speakares, mine Jorge. We de turns will take—we will fresh laws pass—all publique papares shall be suppress one only shall remain—de mightee *Globe*, mi joli boy! De conducteur of de *Leadaire* that coquin clevar, shall be in de pillore one day, what sno I? two, dree, more as days; we will im pelle with eggs—monee is no object, I will de eggs buy. By Gar! dokes eggs, dey are lickare, and ave more savor, vat you call strong. We will de *Leadaire* offeccc destroy, de employes shall be deported, every one. Des Anglais and Paddies shall be keeked out of de contree. I am a Eugenet so well as you, mi old sliik—bloodi-end to de Pope. When Parlmainit is done, we will to Paris go, our wives shall stay here each other to console; it is best, mi jolly boy. Jorge, when shall I see you, when shall I you embrace? Yet another hookaire to your elih, my tundering Buck. Adieu! I go to bed, I am veri dronke—Vive in bagatelle, and confusion to the *Leadaire*.

TRIC TRAC.

H. G. B.—"The auld sinner."

Scene closes.

Presentation of Mace to "The Queen's Own."

Vide *Leader*, Aug. 10th.

We were surprised, though pleased, to find from the *Leader* of Aug. 10th, that the gallant James Mace has been presented in form to the "Queen's Own Volunteers." We like exhibitions of this sort of feeling; a secret tie unites one brave man to another, and although we, of course, own the modern gladiator does not hold the same status in society as those brave men who have pledged themselves, without fee or reward, and (would we could pen the contrary,) with but the minimum of encouragement, to defend with their lives all we hold dear on earth. Still, that the "Queen's Own" whom we believe to be as gallant a body of men as ever bugle sounded for, should honour true courage; albeit, perhaps, not shown in the worthiest way; is a fact we are glad and proud to recognize. We are just informed by a friend of ours usually well up in these matters, that the gallant Jem has come here, intent on making a match

with a well-known Q. C., of this city, at ench weight, for any sum which may suit the gentleman. James says, that having neglected his scriptural reading, he is determined to take a lesson in *Eccelesiastics*. This is the champion's sportive way of talking of the affair. To be brief, Mace says that in the event of the earned gift accepting his challenge, he will make his *sign manual* and *endorse it to bearer on delivery*, and will show his capability as a clerk by *grossing* the whole of the gent's attention. Notwithstanding the learned counsel's part admission, that "he can strike a blow at four feet," the gallant Mace, who seems rapidly becoming an adept in the common parlance of Canada, says, that he can *blow* very much farther than that, but that he does not do so, as such practices are opposed to the usual English custom. We hope this match may come off, and that it may eventually turn out a friendly triumph of Canada over England, Who knows? A Counsellor proverbially has a long head, and if the gallant Q. C.'s head be only, as we think not unlikely, as thick as it is long, it may be on the cards that James Mace returns to England a sadder and a wiser man? It is written, "In the multitude of Counsellors there is safety." The question to the speculative is, would a man be safe in backing one Counsellor, (even a four footer,) against such a man as James Mace?

P.S.—Since writing the above, we have received a dark intimation that we have been hoaxed, and that Jem Mace's arrival, his ecclesiastical wish to do business here, and all, are lying inventions. We do not believe one word of it. Settling aside our natural or rather preternatural sagacity. We refer to the "Local Intelligence" Column, of the *Leader*, any of our readers will there find a paragraph headed "Presentation of Mace to the Queen's Own." By this we stand or fall.

OUR HAMILTON CORRESPONDENCE.

A talented correspondent from Hamilton writes us under the signature of "Fustus" and want of space alone prevents our giving his letter in full. He must excuse us if we only refer to points. That Hamilton is pure and spotless, well we know. There are, we believe, two mountains at Hamilton. "Mons credit," and "mons debit;" the one natural, the other artificial. To turn the fountains off, and convert the city into the Sahara of the West, was an effort worthy of civic ingenuity. To let them play when the members of the Hibernian Society who notoriously drink nothing but whiskey, was a worthier.

We join cordially with our correspondent in hoping, that when the Coal Oil contract, *versus* the brilliant Gas, has expired, it will never be resuscitated. How could our friend write as injudiciously as he does, under such a dispensation? We couldn't.

Mr. Cartier's Courage.

At the Welland glorification the Canadian "Tiger Cat" boasted of his courage. Well he might after his doings, sayings, and toast drinkings at the Shebeen-house in Chambly, on the night of the 21st Nov., 1837; he must have something more than courage (*de brazen impudence*) to riot unblushing at the Table of the Queen.

THE WONDROUS TALE.

Said my love to me one day,
As we sat in the summer air,
"Some wondrous tale of the sea,
I prithee to me declare?"

"I have seen where the clustering pearls,
In a coral casque lie hid,
Between two coraline walls,
But none dared open the lid."

"Above were twin diamonds set,
And they were as seas of light;
They were arched, and fringed with jet,
And shone as the stars of night."

"Adown from the diamond caves,
Far, far beneath the pearls,
Lipped a thousand waves,
Of jet in a thousand curls."

Said my lady love to me,
And she raised her little hand;
"These are no tales of the sea,
Nor yet of a foreign land!"

"Thou art right, my love, my love,
I tell of no foreign shore;
I speak of my own sweet wife,
Of my darling, evermore."

"Thy teeth are the creamy pearls,
In the coraline glaucous white,
The jet, thy clustering curls,
And thine eyes are the stars of night."

NO ROSE WITHOUT A THORN.

Or Rosedale, either. The late disastrous affray at the Pleasure grounds of that name was one of the most fearful riots of modern times, and we are assured by a very intelligent contraband, Sip. Batters, who made his escape from New York during the late draft riots there; that for unbridled license, demoniac cruelty, loss of life, and the most wanton and lavish expenditure of soda-water bottles; the riot at the German picnic at Rosedale, exceeded the fearful scenes lately enacted at New York. Sip. Batters' testimony is clear and decisive, and we wonder why the master fend, the arch demon, the Abaddon of Toronto, the true lager bear Abrahams of the West, should yet, by an extraordinary oversight on the part of those who pretend to administer the laws, stalk with bold front through our yet palpitating city. We propose giving a slight sketch of the antecedents of this German Mephistopheles, who "rode on the bottles and surveyed the storm." We name no name, but if we utter a warning voice in vain, we have done our duty as a public Warner. Mephistopheles was born at Juggledunck, a village on the Pumpernickel River, October 11th, 1760, now nearly 123 years ago, but he still retains all the vigour of youth. Passing over his childhood, we find him at eleven years of age, the Captain and Leader of the most notorious gang of robbers then infesting the celebrated Black forest. His career, however, was cut short by his capture at the celebrated "bloody fight," at Juggledunck, his band being surrounded and completely destroyed, with the exception of their leader, by the celebrated Carl Ghabbenhauz, the Jonathan Wild of that day. Mephistopheles, our readers will know whom we mean, was condemned to be broken on the wheel. The sentence was duly carried into

effect, and the mutilated corpse (as was supposed,) of the young bandit, was thrown forth to the dogs and wild gazelles. But the extraordinary strength of his constitution, carried him through this fearful ordeal, and we next find him, ever foremost in daring wickedness, leading the wildest excesses of the mob in the famous 1780 riots, known as the "No Popery Riots." He it was who fired Newgate on that occasion, in order that he might as he jocosely observed, "hat goodor lights for jims pipein." Escaping to France, we trace him as the sanguinary leader of the famous "Rouge Culotte," band, during Robespierre's reign of terror, and there is every reason to believe that Danton, the giant and leader of the "Mountain," party, was betrayed by this bloodthirsty wretch, in revenge for refusing him a small portion of plug tobacco. "Gibia me blug, or I will you denounce," said this arch, villian to Danton. Danton, unfortunately, (the scene took place as a Restaurant,) dashed his plate of bacon and spring cabbage, in Warn—, Mophistopheles' face. Three days after the head of Danton rolled on the scaffold. His betrayer coolly drinking lager beer at the window of a cafe, in the disguise of a roasted chestnut seller. But our pen sickens and turns pale as we read the foul monstrosities of this arch fend. We trust we have, in happy unison with our larger cotemporaries, contriuted our share to the exposure of such a busting villian. May his lager beer turn sour, his glasses be broken, his picnic be massacres, (as the last was,) the songs of his fatherland fall spiritless on his ear. Let him be Anathema, Naranatha. May the dullest dogs avoid and contemn him. May he be even forsaken by Jones and Robinson; and, lower depth still, may he be abhorred even of Brown.

Scene at a Committee Meeting of the City Council.

PRESENT, STERLING, BAXTER, MOODIE, HYNER, DICKER.

Bell in the chair.

The question was brought forward as to who should accompany the Mayor to Quebec.

The chairman said that having received the contract from the School Trustees to paint the School houses it would be simply impossible for him to attend his worship on his voyage to the Lower Regions. The necessity of painting was admitted by all. The most virtuous practised it, he might instance Doctor Ryerson—the most vicious delighted in it, he might instance Jezebel—Leaving, however, the modern and ancient example as perhaps triflingly irrelevant—the question before them, was, who should they send to Quebec?

Baxter, Sterling, Moodie, "Send me," "Send me" "Send me."

"Order being restored, Alderman Sterling proceeded to say that he belonged heart and soul, liver and lungs, ahem, to the noble and disinterested party, ahem, known as the "Clear Grit" party. He had never been to Quebec, and thought that fact, together with his well known Clear Gritism should entitle him to the *pas* (the worthy

alderman pronounced it paws) on this occasion, ahem. He went on to say that he had supported A.W. M. Smith, and that Brother John McDonald preached in their Church, ahem. Two more reasons he submitted why his claims were paramount. There were five Scotchmen in the Cabinet, and as the laborer was worthy of his hire so he who had worked like a wiredrawer for his party, ahem, ahem. He should also have as well as others a chance of obtaining a fat situation and how could (this be effected if he were kept ignominious at home like a cat in a cupboard. Brunel got his expenses paid to Quebec and got a situation, ahem. Glover men were wanted, ahem; men who understood soles from eels, gentlemen would excuse the joke, ahem. He was born to be an upper leather and feeling such was his destiny he would now propose that they offered up a short prayer, ahem—for his safe return, or leastways, a good appointment, ahem.

Baxter wished to ask why they should pray for Sterling's safety—Sterling's claims were all bosh and so were his prayers—why should Sterling be sent indeed *pro bono publico*? He (Baxter) had imperilled his life even for the privileges of the Council by breaking his leg in their service.

Sterling.—You were drunk, Mr. Baxter, and disorderly, and wrestling furious—

Baxter.—"Do not interrupt me, Mr. Sterling, or, perhaps, I may ask you how you reached home after a certain supper? Did not brother Edward's and Love carry you, and did I not bring it before the Church, Ante-Ecclesium? Ain't that so?"

Sterling.—"They couldn't have carried you, Mr. Baxter."

Baxter.—"Gentlemen, I demand as a right, *fat justitia ruat cælum*, that I should be sent,—I should do credit, I trust, whilst Sterling can only get credit and use it in guzzling another man's champagne. I want to assist in the displacement of the present ministry, *de profundis clamavi*, I will call out of the deeps, and teach them to slight, as they have done this, the Capital of Canada, and may I add, gentlemen, the birth-place of John Baxter, *ubi lux, &c.*; and so, gentlemen I leave my case in your hands."

Dickey—"before commencing this important business let us sing a hymn of praise. Brother Moodie will please commence, and afterwards let him acknowledge his weakness and pray that he may be forgiven his frailty in giving out painting to a friend and getting his own house decorated gratis. 'If a man provide not for his own house he was worse than an infidel,' we are assured, but Moodie had stretched that injunction."

Moodie.—"Belay, belay, stopper your jaw, stow that; let's have a guinamer. Brother Sterling here will join us, I know?"

Dickey.—"Moodie, I cannot drink with you, you are yet burning bricks in Egypt."

Moodie.—"Pshaw! Brother McDonald has promised to now reve my rigging and make me as taut as the fore-top-bowline; so, if you like, we'll bowse up our jibs first, and have a spell of prayer after."

Dickey.—"No Moodie, you must obey the chair,

answer the helm as you would say." (Hear, hear, from Dickey and Baxter.)

Baxter.—"But will you vote for me?"
Dickey.—"No; Baxter; you could not keep sober, you would be worse than Sterling. If Gentlemen, and I speak, putting my own wishes and views entirely aside, if you send any one, it should be His Worship and your humble servant."
Bennett.—"Order, gentlemen, I am ashamed of you. I will vote for Sterling in the hope we may be quit of him for ever."

Chairman.—"Is it your wish, gentlemen, that His Worship and Mr. Sterling go to Quebec?"
All.—"Yes, yes, let 'em go for Heaven's sake, and have done with it."

Sterling.—"This is indeed gratifying, ahem! I have one quarter yet at the service of my friends; repair to Mrs. Trotter's and I will directly follow you, ahem. To enter saloons with a promiscuous crowd has been always my aversion, ahem; I occasionally visit Trotter's, but merely for spiritual purposes, as a Minister of the blessed truth, ahem. I then pray for the whole family and if mortal weakness require it, I may perhaps moisten my lips. Well, kind Brethren in this Committee, for your discriminating choice I thank you, and if the drink offering is but slight, as in verity I have bue one shekel, or quarter, rely on my making it up in to you my prayers."

Fourteen Reasons for Settling in Canada.

We have just seen a rather remarkable document with the above heading, signed "J. R. B., a resident of twenty-five years standing." Fourteen mock reasons are adduced for settling in Canada by this gentleman, who is apparently so tired of his twenty-five years standing, that he has taken to lying, instead, and to do him justice he lies like a combination of Ananias' and Sapphiras, from whom we doubt not, he is a direct delinquent descendant. Indeed, we have heard he has a Family Tree, carrying his ancestry much further back, in fact, up to Gehazi. The leprosy of the mind, at all events, seems to be hereditary. He says: does this descendant of the prophet's servant; "Truth lies at the bottom of a well." If this is so, he even makes truth lie, so extraordinary finished and ingenious a liar is "J. R. B." He is the very Parolles of modern times, out of his own mouth we have proved him to be a liar. We proceed to prove him a fool. If Canada is the Pandemonium he asserts it to be, why in the name of his great ancestor Gehazi, did not J. R. B. go back to England? Could he have made a livelihood there? Perhaps not; but he could have begged, and mendicity is more tolerable than mendacity. But he should have considered before enduring a twenty-five years exile that there are many posts open to so rarely gifted an individual as himself. As a billiard, or skittle sharp, good sound lying is absolutely requisite; and the successful proving an alibi for some ingenious burglar, might have procured J. R. B. many a good dinner. One word more, the Scotch have a homely but sensible proverb: "Scorn not the bush that fields (shelters) you." To his adopted country for so

long a time, Gehazi, we beg his pardon, J. R. B., owed much more courtesy, and an infinite deal more truth. Below we append this remarkable document—

1. When you are tired of the peace and comfort of your own land, and of living among people of your own class, and prefer a country peculiarly suited to tradesmen, mechanics and servants, and totally unsuited to gentlemen.—Go to CANADA.
 2. If you like a climate alternating between the Polar Regions and the Torrid Zone;
 3. If you wish to lose your money in the most aggravating ways;
 4. If you have no objection to be cheated and over-reached in every action, great and small;
 5. If you do not mind having your house and furniture destroyed by fire now and then;
 6. If you can reconcile yourself to live in an atmosphere of treachery, falsehood, and calumny. "Truth," says the proverb, "lies at the bottom of a well" You may search in vain the deepest well in Canada for a trace of her!
 7. If you like to have all your most private affairs made known, and your faults and shortcomings made the subject of public discussion.
 8. If you like your sons to grow up drunkards and gamblers, with the ideas, habits, and manners of grooms and stable-boys;
 9. If you desire to see your daughters forward, flippant flirts, with minds devoid of all ideas save dress and marriage;
 10. If you prefer to your own language, a jargon composed of the worst expressions and phraseology of the lowest classes of all nations;
 11. If you admire hearing the said jargon spoken through the nose and throat, instead of with the tongue;
 12. If you are satisfied to be, not the servant of servants; but their slave;
 13. If you can respect public men, whose God, king, and country is the mighty dollar, and whose sole idea of patriotism is to fill their own pockets, no matter at whose expense;
 14. If, in short, you are prepared to give up all that elevates or refines mankind and makes life endurable, and establish yourself where evil alone flourishes, and every good thing withers and dies; to live amidst a mongrel population, consisting, with few exceptions, of the refuse of all nations—without principle, honour, honesty, or even nationality—by all means
SETTLE IN CANADA!
- J. R. B.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Killing time during the dog days is about the hardest kind of work an individual can indulge in, unless it be attended by means of a good Novel, Paper, or Periodical. They are public benefactors therefore who deal in these things, and the greatest of whom in this city, we beg to inform the public is friend Charley Backus of Toronto St. To all of our readers who may be languishing—melting away or otherwise trying to get through this canine season, we recommend Charley's large Stock of Novels and other light reading matter, as the best in the city for Cheapness and Variety. It is quite needless to speak of himself personally as every one who knows and patronizes him knows him to be a jolly good fellow, and the Cheapest Bookeller, Stationer, and News Dealer in Toronto, N. B.—A large stock of GUMMERS always on hand, which will be exchanged for real estate or otherwise.

As the walls of Jericho fell down at the sound of the trumpet; so do Bank, Beauty, and Fashion; not exactly fall down, but "come down" (which is much better) at the shrine of Messrs. T. & J. Walls; and those ingenious novelties, with which that Temple of Fashion is decorated. We must change in relation to this superb establishment, Cassa's pithy sentiment, at Messrs. Walls; it is not I came, I saw, I conquered; but I came, I saw, and I was conquered, and Bangrado like, these jovial victories so depleted my purse, that since I have been almost afraid to pass the Golden Lion, though sorely importuned by my wife.

As a worthy student of the Solar system and as one who perfectly understands the true footing a man should have in society, let us introduce to our readers Mr. Jacobi of 118 York Street, Boot and Shoe maker—we crave pardon, and amend our term—"Artist in Boots and Shoes." Any one, at least, any shoemaker, can make boots and shoes, but to delicately mould the pliant calf skin to the foot of Beauty, or so clothe the manly foot (and remember *Ex pede*) that one is almost tempted to exclaim with Topsy, in admiration at the wondrously natural fit—"I spect they groved." To do this requires an anatomist and artist. In Mr. Jacobi behold both

Professor Nelson's Pectoral Cough Drops are, we believe, the only true remedy for that numerous train of Chest and Throat diseases which herald, alas, too often, that deadly decline of the vital powers we call Consumption. The extraordinary ramifications of this class of maladies so little understood, has induced Professor Nelson for many years, to give his undivided attention to this particular form of disease, and he has succeeded in producing a Remedy, namely his Pectoral Cough Drops, which, by wholly preventing those morbid secretions or instantly curing them, allow Consumption to gain no hold in the constitution. His great success renders every unnecessary. Remember his address, over Balin's book store, King St.

Sharp's Billiard Tables are acknowledged by the *Cogno*, scents to be equal to any in the world—and, singularly enough, where Sharp's Billiard Tables are, you are pretty sure. *Billiard Sharp* are *his*—there is an antagonism between the two. Betwixt the *Dei* *pitris* ultra of Billiard Tables and the nothing beyond of Blackguardism; there is fortunately a great gulph fixed. Long may it be so; and may Fortune's new Billiard Rooms, next the Theatre, to which we have peculiar pleasure in drawing the attention of our multitudinous readers, long flourish. May the gentlemanlike proprietor reap the due reward of his spirited outlay, and obliging demeanor to all comers. If there is a game in which healthful exercise and skill are capitally mingled, the noble game of Billiards may certainly claim that pre-eminence. Give Joe a call.

ROYAL LYCEUM.

MONDAY EVENING, 17 AUGUST, 1863.
GRAND RE-OPENING
MARGUERITE OF BURGUNDY,
OR THE
CHAMBER OF DEATH!
TO CONCLUDE WITH THE SCREAMING FARCE OF
THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER!
ET. PRICES AS USUAL!
COME ON! COME ALL!
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

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IMPROVED BILLIARD TABLES, WITH SHARP'S PATENT CUSHIONS,
SUPERIOR TO ANY NOW IN USE.
Patented November 16, 1862. Manufacturing, No. 148 Fulton Street, New York. Balls, Cues, Trimmings, &c. Old Cues less 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 \$575, according to style or size, on reasonable terms.

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