

# THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1864.

VOL. 2.—NO. 30.

## THE CRUMBLER

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 7th) 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 rede you tont it;  
A chiel's amang you taking notes,  
And, faith, he'll prunt it."

SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1864.

### THE COALITION.

Thus spake the great Ontario:—"Come listen unto me,  
Ye politicians one and all, of high or low degree,  
And when I've told my story thro', with me you will agree,  
My interests I have sacrificed for that of the coun-  
try.

Ye can not find in Canada a single other man,  
No matter what his creed may be, no matter what  
his clan,  
Who's served his party as I've served, who's fought  
thro' thick and thin,  
To keep John A. and Cartier out, and honest  
Clear Grits in.

That Sandfield couldn't steer the ship, is now a  
fact quite plain,  
Although good men supported him with all their  
might and main;  
What tho' the people placed in him their confi-  
dence and trust,  
He bungled o'er and o'er again until the boiler  
burst.

You know how then poor Tache was called upon  
to form,  
A crew well fit to manage her in sunshine or in  
storm,  
Well, they battled 'gainst us manfully, until their  
fate was sealed,  
For with superior numbers we drove them from the  
field.

My friends, you must be well aware, that neither  
one or other,

Could form a Cabinet so strong as to withstand  
the other,  
The only thing that could be done to save us from  
perdition,  
Was, to bury feelings and the past, and make a  
Coalition.

That Coalition I have joined, the country for to  
save,  
Despite the sneers of Sandfield—tho' he call me  
traitor, knave,  
The Globe will still turn round, just as before I  
ween,  
And on its page *Corruptionist* will never more be  
seen."

### THE TIMES.

Never was the *Grumbler* called upon to record  
such truly wonderful events as have transpired  
in the political arena during the last week. No  
sooner was the *coup de main* in the House of As-  
sembly made known, than the wildest excitement  
prevailed political circles here. When the morn-  
ing papers of Saturday last made the announce-  
ment that Mons. Cartier, John A. McDonald and  
and the Clear Grit Champion were met in solemn  
conclave; that Desfresure had crossed the floor of  
the House and heartily shook by the hand his old  
arch enemy the Hon. George Brown. When these  
facts became known both Grits and Conservatives  
were led to exclaim, "Surely the end cometh—  
the Millenium draweth high." Proprietors of  
City papers not absent from town, manifested the  
greatest degree of excitement, and with their edi-  
torial staff, were to be seen rushing wildly through  
the streets and grasping by the hand all with  
whom they came in contact. The effects produced  
spread through the city like unto a mighty conta-  
gion. Great surprise was manifested when old  
Square Toes was observed to enter the grounds of  
Bishop Lynch's palace, and in the very best of  
good humour shook his Reverence by the hand.  
Mike Murphy and Dick Reynolds also caught the  
infection and when seen on the street appeared as  
loving as two sucking ducks. Even the Editor of  
the *Grumbler* did not escape the general excitement  
that prevailed, his sanctum was invaded by up-  
wards of five-thousand of the boys in the streets,  
loudly proclaiming the sale of the Evening *Leader*  
for a copper; and were determined not to make  
their exit until the privilege was accorded them  
of shaking hands with so important a personage.  
The reception at the White House, of which we  
had lately so graphic a description by George A.  
Sala, was a mere bagatelle when compared with  
the one witnessed at the *Grumbler* office. 10 a.m.,  
Saturday, 18th inst. The attaches of the *Globe*  
office were this morning surprised to see entering

into the building, a crowd of from six to seven  
hundred of the *Leader* people, headed by the hon-  
oured proprietor of that journal. The scene that  
followed baffles description. Suffice it to say, that  
after a general shaking of hands, suitable speeches  
were delivered by Messrs. Beatty and Henning,  
certain explanations made, and a satisfactory re-  
conciliation took place between the two, hitherto,  
antagonistic journals. After three hearty cheers  
each for Mons. Cartier, John A. and the Hon.  
George Brown, and three times three for Mr. Beatty  
the company separated, to meet again at 11 a.m.,  
Sunday, 19th inst., when a procession, consisting  
of the employees of the *Globe* and *Leader*; a pro-  
cession, we are warranted in saying, was much  
larger than the one witnessed at St. Michael's  
Cathedral the other day; left the *Globe* buildings  
to attend the Disciples Synagogue on Shuter St.,  
where a most elaborate discourse suitable for the  
occasion was delivered by Mr. Beatty, from that  
most appropriate text of holy writ, "A new com-  
mand give I unto you, that ye love one another.  
At 6 p.m., a much larger procession was marshal-  
led from the *Leader* buildings to the same place,  
and here, permit us to state, that the rush was so  
great that hundreds were unable to obtain admis-  
sion. The services were conducted by the well-  
known Mr. Alderman Baxter, then devotional  
exercises by Mr. Henning, after which Mr. Beatty  
again delivered a most powerful discourse from  
the following words, "Let brotherly love continue."  
The Speaker was most energetic in exhortation,  
graphic in description and sublime in application,  
and we have every reason to suppose that the  
effect produced will be seen in the columns of the  
*Globe* and *Leader* many days hence.

### News from the Caucasus.

— We see that the sense of the Liberal cau-  
cus is, "that Mr. Brown ought to go into the  
Cabinet. We protest against the conclusion ar-  
rived at by these Caucasians, still more at enclosing  
the gallant proportions of the Member for South  
Oxford in any cabinet—he is far too large for a  
Cabinet curiosity.

### A beggarly reward.

— The King of Italy, Victor Emmanuel, has  
sent to the Editor of the *Eco d'Italia* the Order  
of St. Lazarus, as a recognition of his services in  
the cause of Italian unity. This was a work of  
supererogation on the part of the King; all the  
Editors of our acquaintance are naturally of the  
order of St. Lazarus.

### Con. by Pat.

— Why is a person gettin' rheumatic like a  
man lockin' a cupboard door?—Bekase he's turnin'  
nchly, (a key.)

**THE LAY OF THE DAMAGER.**

BY OUR HAMILTON BARD.

I am the man to talk about  
Reduction of expenses;  
To dish directors out and out,  
And bring them to their senses.

They have to do just what I say,  
Or, should they dare to kick,  
I am the man who knows the way  
To send them to Old Nick.

Director: Bah! I've got my pay  
Secured to me for years;  
The criegers darod not say me nay;  
I wrench'd that from their fears.

For I have got a list of wrongs,  
Ek'd from their own confessions;  
What muffins they to wag their tongues  
About their own transgressions!

Oh! well for me I had that power,  
When I snubb'd Jamie Mac,  
Or Johnnie Young, within an hour,  
Had given me the sack.

That Savings' Bank. If Donald knew  
The whole of that rascality,  
Proprietors might get their due  
Without a Court of Equity.

And then that bond of Richard J.,  
And roguish R. P. S.,  
'Twas lost, you know, by me one day,  
But found again, I guess.

And mortgages, of which the less,  
Just now, is said the better;  
Oh! what a precious little mess  
Were I to turn a—Traitor!

So Archy K., and William P.,  
And cocky Johnnie Young,  
Must each of them agree with me,  
And ever hold his tongue.

Those mortgages, that little bond,  
Are constantly before them;  
First rate those mortgages, that bond,  
To hold them in *terrorum*.

But, furthermore, I must confess,  
That while I had been manager,  
I could have done, nor worse, nor less,  
Had I been simply damager.

Well, that is neither here nor there,  
Directors must keep civil,  
And quiet, too, or else, beware,  
I'll send them to the d—!

**The most necessary.**

— Gold has been discovered in New Caledonia (one of the South Pacific Islands). We mentioned this to an excellent, but rather ignorant, Scotch friend of ours. "Aye, man! gowd is it ye're saying is there awa'? And the country's just settlin' w' kindly Scotch? Wad they bae sulphur there, div ye ken? It wad be mair necessary than gowd to thees pair bodies."

**A DICTIONARY FOR THE LADIES.**

**THE "GRUMBLER,"**

Sollicitous to maintain and enhance that reputation for gallantry towards his fair readers, which it has ever been his pride to have merited, his much pleasure, not unmix'd with self-congratulation, in thus announcing to the loveliest portion of the creation the immediate appearance of a

**DICTIONARY ENTIRELY AND EXCLUSIVELY FOR THEIR USE,**

In which the signification of every word will be given in a strictly feminine sense; and the Orthography, as a point on which ladies like to be properly independent, will be studiously suppressed. The whole will be edited by

**MADAME "GRUMBLER."**

To which will be appended a little Manual, addressed confidentially by "Oursel;" to the ladies, and entitled,

**"TEN MINUTES ADVICE ON THE CARE AND USE OF A HUSBAND;"**

Or, "What to ask, and how to get it, so that the obstreperous bridegroom may become a meek and humble husband.

**Specimen of the Work:—**

**HUSBAND.**—A person who writes cheques, and dresses as his wife directs.

**BREVE.**—A domestic endearment for a husband.

**MARRIAGE.**—The only habit to which women are constant.

**LOVER.**—Any young man but a brother-in-law.

**CLEVERMAN.**—One alternative of a lover.

**BROTHER.**—The other alternative.

**HOXEMOON.**—A wife's opportunity.

**HORRID, HIDEOUS.**—Terms of admiration elicited by the sight of a lovely face, any where but in looking-glass.

**NICE, DEAR.**—Expressions of delight at any thing, from a baby to a barrel-organ.

**WRINKLE.**—The first thing one lady sees in another's face.

**TIME.**—That which a lady remarks in a watch, but does not notice in the gross.

**Ammunition bread.**

— We see that one Thomas, substitute broker, tried to get one of our Canadian lads to enlist. Mr. Thomas pretended to hire him to drive a bread-waggon in Albany; but afterwards showed the cloven foot, and said he meant an ammunition waggon. Young Canada said he wished to earn his living, but had no taste for ammunition bread; that he was perfectly willing to engage in any rational undertaking, but he would not eat Uncle Sam's rations. Thomas then said, as he was so particular, he would give him his dessert, and hand him over as a deserter. The lad then tried to bolt; but the cholera of the unfortunate Thomas being up (despite the melting weather), he collared the Canadian-like brawn, but the Provost Marshal, on their arrival at Albany, soon put the matter straight, and the base *faitour* Thomas was sent to prison for an assault, and a battery without guns. Well done, Uncle Sam! more power to your elbow, and, Young Canada, beware!

**Buried (Berried) but not Usung.**

Jones, of King Street, has been tempting the Editor of the *Leader* with a "box of delicious strawberries;" a somewhat satirical friend of ours has dramatised the incident, in imitation of the temptation of Eve. Jones is the serpent, the strawberries take the place of the apple and the Editor is our first mother.

*Scene draws, and discloses Editor in his sanctum writing an article on George Brown's perfidy.*

*Editor, Soliloquizes.*—And thus far have I written, but it reads

More tamely than a diatribe *should* read;  
'Tis thus confounded weather, which would make

An Alpine glacier pant and perspireate.  
Would that to me some friend, the cooling berry,

(Bearing the strawy prefix,) timeous, would bring.  
And yet, saith my physician, (he be hanged,)

I must refrain from fruits acidulous.  
Soft! who comes here?

*Enter Jones with box of Strawberries.*

*Jones.*—All hail! most learned pundit, as the sun  
Drinks from the meanest puddle in his path;

Wilt thou, descending from Parnassian heights;  
Deign to survey these berries, that the sight

Of the rich scarlet, set in emerald zone,  
May pulse thy wandering fingers to that touch,

Of which taste forms the sequence; so that—  
*Editor, Sternly.*—Jones, begone! Yet stay, I meant

not harshly,  
But thou knowest, I am forbidden strawberries.

Why, then, comest thou with fragrance Subcan,  
And blushing berries, craftily before me?

A serpent fruiterer?  
*Jones.*—Oh! good my lord,

I did but crave acceptance of my gift.  
*Editor, Eagerly.*—Gift, say'st thou Jones? That's

different, hand 'em here,  
Dlest is the giver! aye, far more than 'other;

*Melius est dare quam accipere, Jones;*  
There's purest Latin for it—hand 'em here!

And my physician may go hang himself  
In his own garters.

*Jones.*—Thanks my noble lord!

May I hope for favourable notice?  
*Editor.*—Aye, good Jones,

In patience keep thy kidneys—*Thou shalt have it.*  
[Exit Jones.]

**Doing the Globe.**

— A postman in the West of England has ridden the same penny for eighteen years, ten miles each day, and claims to have circumvented the Globe twice or thrice. We hear the proprietor of the *Leader* is in treaty with him.

**Wood, or Cordwood?**

— There is an announcement in the *Leader*, "Government wood just arrived, from four to five feet long. A friend of ours, somewhat remarkable for his obstinacy, would persist that this description was meant for the Member for East Brant. "Don't you know," said he, "he was always a supporter of John Sandfield's Government, and who can tell a fellow's exact height? Depend on't it be."

SONGS FOR THE SENTIMENTAL.

Away! away! ye hopes which stray,  
Like jeering spectres from the tomb!  
Ye cannot light the coming night,  
And shall not mock its gathering gloom.  
Though dark the cloud shall form my shroud,  
Though danger league with racking doubt.  
Away! Away! ye shall not stay,  
When all my joys are "up the spout!"

I little knew when first ye threw,  
Your brightening beams on coming hours,  
That time would see me turn from thee,  
And fly your sweet delusive powers.  
Now, nerved to woe, no more I'll know,  
How hope deferred makes mortals sick,  
The gathering storm may 'whelm my form,  
But I will suffer like a brick.

KINGSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR GRUMBLER:—

COUNTY COUNCIL.—"Ferguson and Perry, I hope ye will conclude your roguery on a rope. Three trees, two rampant and the other crossant, one halter pendant, and a ladder passant, in a field of azure clouded like the sky—because 'twixt air and earth I hope ye'll die. These arms for ye my muso has heraldized, and to exalt ye them she hath devised. Then, when ye bid the world the last good night, I squint upright and say, 'Gallows, claim thy right!'"

Surely, it can't be that the crop-eared scroviner and old grass eater are bent on mischief to the *Grumbler* for slandering slubberdegullion, and no less than summon you to the bar of the Council to answer for a breach of the privileges of that august conclave. "How we apples swim!" What important chaps those County Councillors are! "Yankee Doodle went to town, riding on a poney, he stuck a feather in his hat," &c., &c. But why do the heathen rage and imagine vain things? What careth the *Grumbler* for such picaninies as Ferguson, Perry, and Gibson, or the whole cabodul of the Council, and Mr. Warden to boot? not two shakes of a dying snake's tail! So restrain your wrath, gentls, your rage is impotent! I have intimated to the high and mighty Councillors the disposition of the Editorial plurality to condescend to attend at the bar of the Council ("Litle's"), if Bob Gibson treats.

SYNON OF ORANTO.—The journeyman soul-savers are in session here—of the tribe of Levi there came five thousand. Their annual visit is as great a scourge to the place they light upon as a flight of locusts. Nothing short of a public free feed in the Town Hall will now appease their clerical voracity—it is to come off on Thursday. On Tuesday, a concert was held in the City Hall, in aid of Barrieffield Church, and a large attendance of chokers was relied upon; but the entrance to the concert was fifty cents, and no chokers came. The feed will be free, the managers of it won't be disappointed only in their estimate of Gospel men's appetites: how these 'divine fellows will lay it in! The concert was a failure—the feed won't be, if the number of chokers at it is to be the measure of

success. Poor Knox that used to was the pink of fashion and the mould of form, the Cynosure of neighbouring eyes, is gone, dead! I mean civilly! He's in jail for debt, and couldn't sing at the concert. An application was made by the managers to bail him for an hour and a half, but the authorities at Castle Corbett were inexorable.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—His worship Creighton, as Chairman of the Board of Health, has directed that Beach, the editor of the *British American* newspaper, be thoroughly cleansed of filth by two policeman, in the market fountain, twice a week during the dog days, to prevent contagion to the citizens. Carman is making rapid progress under old John's adroit manipulations; Carruthers was boastfully alluding to the fact before an admiring lot of scraggy Grits, in front of Old Flynn's den den, this morning, who received the information with cheers.

KELLY.

THE ITALIAN OPERA.

During the past week Toronto has had a treat such as falls but seldom to its share, and the advent of a good Italian Opera Company created quite an excitement among the few of our citizens who take an interest in musical matters. On Saturday last we had the "Barber of Seville," perhaps the best work from Rossini's pen. Miss Phillips, as Rosina, proved herself not only a very fine singer, but also an excellent and charming actress. Her voice is of the sympathetic rich character of a good contralto, her execution is brilliant and highly finished, and we may well pronounce her one of the best singers who have ever visited us. Signor Susini's alto, as Bartolo, showed, that both as singer and actor, he occupies a high position, and we have no hesitation in pronouncing him among the best basso's at present living. In Signor Brignoli we were much disappointed and can hardly understand upon what ground that gentleman claims the very high reputation which he has gained; his voice seemed weak, his execution starchy and his acting absolutely abominably careless. On Monday last, as Erneste, in "Don Pasquale," he did, to a certain extent, redeem himself, and sang that delightful little gem, "Come gentili" finely. It is odious to find fault, but we think it right to blame the manner in which Sig. Brignoli treated the respectable and appreciating audience on Saturday, who had paid their money to hear a good performance, and not to see a fine opera spoiled by miserable and negligent acting and singing; we cannot too severely reprimand the impertinence of an artist who, like Sig. Brignoli, sits down to an instrument on the stage, (this time, and strange to say, a melodeon instead of a piano,) and while the opera is progressing, mar's the effect of harmony by *ad libitum* performances on his own account, evidently to his own delight, but excruciating to any ear. If such a thing had been done in London or Paris, or even in New York, Sig. Brignoli would have been hissed off the stage, and we wager that an artist who ever attempts such a thing again, may meet with his due reward in Toronto. Sig. Man-

cusini, as Figaro, acted well; and so did Sig. Locatelli, as Basilio. Monday evenings performance of "Don Pasquale," was delightful, and both Miss Phillips and Sig. Susini, surpassed themselves. The latter gentleman reminds one of "Loblache," the great prototype of all "bassi profondi." As Sig. Brignoli condescended to try and do better, and Mancusini, as usual, did his best, we must pronounce that performance a really delightful one. The amount of cutting out on both nights was frightful, but on that account we must not grumble too much, as the want of a chorus necessitated a good deal of cutting *co ipse*. On the whole we must express ourselves highly gratified, and wishing these charming artists every success, and hope that soon again we may have the pleasure of seeing them amongst us, whence they will be sure to meet with due appreciation and substantial reward.

1837; OR, HOWLAND vs. COTTON.

Mr. Howland appears to be one of those who do not forget old times or old friends. This has been just illustrated on the floor of the House, in relation to Mr. James Cotton, and the brother of that gentleman—the late Collector of Port Credit. We say Mr. Howland does not forget old times; for, in the memorable year of 1837, he was thrown into rather intimate relations with those gentlemen who, when the safety of the Province required it, were obliged to mount guard over him for the purpose of preventing him indulging in his American proclivities at the expense of the Crown of Great Britain. In fact, this Cotton guard, which, as everybody knows, is made up of genuine Paddies, had to watch the Yankee who had not then taken the oath of allegiance. This is why Mr. Howland has kept his nose primed ever since, and why he has snorted recently in the House of Assembly regarding them.

There is one thing we would direct Mr. Howland's attention to, and that is his open statement that the books and papers of the late Mr. Thomas Cotton show that gentleman a defaulter to the Government as Collector of the Port already mentioned. If he were in default, why did not the Administration of which Mr. Howland was Finance Minister make him pay the sum said to be due, when it is well known that Mr. Cotton is able to pay the alleged amount one hundred times over, and not feel it either? The fact is, the country is not so rich as to be able to permit a public officer to remain in default thus. Why not, then, make him foot the bill? The reason is obvious, Mr. Howland dared not bring an action for a single penny in the premises, well knowing that not only would he and his colleagues fail, but the two corrupt Inspectors, who sacrificed knowingly and deliberately this honest officer, would fail also, as the Province, in a very short period, will discern,

Trappe and trappers.

—The Monks of La. Trappe (Mont St. Bernard) are a strictly religious body; but the Trappers of the Rocky Mountains are not a strictly religious body.

**Epigram on a Heavy Corporation Member.**

If it be true man's tongue is like a steed,  
Which bears his mind—why then, none wonder  
need,

That B-x-rs tongue can run at such a rate,  
Because it only carries—feather weight.

When B-x-r speaks, his voice so shrill and loud,  
Fills with amazement all the listening crowd;  
But soon the wonder ceases when 'tis found,  
That empty vessels make the greatest sound.

**AMERICAN DESPATCH.**

**CAPTURE OF FORT DARLING.**

Fort Darling, Va., June 16, 1864.

To General Dix:

GENERAL,—I have the honour to communicate the successful capture of Fort Darling, with all the munitions of war, provisions, and entire garrison, by the forces under my command, at 1.30 a.m. this morning. The capture was effected in a novel and ingenious manner; and I beg to recommend the inventors and carriers out of the scheme to the favourable notice of the United States Government. A troop of acrobats, which were playing down South, finding their profession an indifferent one, some three months ago, enlisted in the 52nd Mass. Regiment, 4th corps. The leader, one Antonio Creppoli, an Italian, came to me yesterday, and said he could easily throw twenty men into Fort Darling, by means of the well-known acrobatic feat termed *la perche*, on the southern side of the Fort, where the walls are not above 18 feet high. I gave him permission to try his scheme, as he seemed confident of success, and the result has been the successful capture of the place. Exactly at 1 a.m. Creppoli commenced operations, and, by means of poles, threw (assisted by his comrades) no less than two hundred of the most daring of our men, fully armed and equipped, into the enemy's works. A scene of indescribable confusion followed; the enemy were completely surprised, and seemed thunderstricken at the appearance of such a force of armed men in the very heart of the fortress, whilst the presence of the valiant Creppoli, armed with his heavy *la perche* pole, running hither and thither (attended by his whole acrobatic company, similarly armed), shouting in broken English and good Italian, "Corpo di Baccho, Slay de Riboli, Slay de Riboli," and knocking the enemy down by scores, seemed to complete their confusion. The whole affray scarcely lasted ten minutes; and I have to report the capture of 14,180 prisoners, men of gigantic stature, all armed with (and skilled in the use of) the famous two-handed sword of the twelfth century; each man accoutred in a Milan hauberk of the finest mail, and furnished, beside, with the curious wheelgun of a later date. They assert that they are Jeff. Davis' own body-guard; and affirm that he will be unanimously elected "Emperor of South America," on the termination of the war; that the Imperial regalia and crown are now being manufactured by one Solomon Isaacs, a Jew, Petticoat Lane, London, England; and that Mr. Roebuck, M. P., and Messrs. Laird, and many other Englishmen of note, have

contributed towards defraying the expenses: the Marquis of Clanricarde, a well-known Southern sympathizer, giving a pair of handsome paste shoe-buckles.

(Signed) U. S. GRANT,  
Commanding Army of Potomac.

To General Dix, Washington.

**MEMORY BELLS.**

This is the title of a new song, but surely a worn out theme? Memory bells are common enough. Does not the migratory milkman's memory bell, awake the echoing morn, the dowy eve? Unless, indeed, you pay him weekly, in which case his due would not fall at eve, or be over due next morning. How often has the impatient peal of the door bell appealed to our memory, when the muffled and spiritless, though oft repeated knock, had summoned us in vain? Why do they ring discordant and harsh bells immediately before a railway train starts, but to jog your memory? And when in mature manhood you stumble on a lean married termagant Xantippe, who snubs her husband and viciously parasols her children; but smiles on you as an old acquaintance. Did you ever say, "Good Heavens! why that never can be Kathleen Mayourneen, that I was so desperately in love with?" Yes, my boy, that is your own Kathleen, that was to be; and the very beauty who jilted you and married young Lieut. Sap., (Sap-green, as he was familiarly termed, of the 16th Busters,) only Kathleen is a little altered, and does not exactly correspond with your memory belle of the year of grace, 1844. She is now, as the immortal one said:—  
"A sweet belle jangled out of tune, and harsh."

**The Cavalry Force and the Military School.**

Toronto, June 15, 1864.

SIR:—Being of a warlike nature, which am, besides, a military man, which, besides, have travelled in many quarters of this celestial ball, I am uncommon surprised to see such cavalry neglect. If so be Canada was drawn in for war—which, leastways, no one can say when or which—it would be, of course, in disadvantageously to encountering of the Yankees, where their cavalry corpses is uncommon strong. There, surely, do exist millions and trillions of young men in Canada which would die victorious with honour as a cavalry force; remembering what Young says in his "Night Thoughts," wrote on the battle-field:

"A soldier must most honourable lie,  
Or must most honourable die!"

Which, if drilled, would cost the country not no more than 'tothers. Wherefore, hoping some gent of eminence will look to this,

I am,

(Which my profession will not deny),

A CAPTAIN BRITISH ARMY.

The Editor of the *Leader*.

Con. by a Cockney.

— When is a hen most likely to hatch?—  
When she is in earnest, (her nest.)

**Can't be Beat.**

— We have heard of the man who was so thin he was often taken for his own shadow, but out West they have a man so fat they grease the cart-wheels with his shadow.

**The Evil most to be Dreaded.**

— A parson lately warning his congregation against swearing, said: "Oh, my bretheren, avoid the practice, for it's a great sin; and what's more, decidedly *ungenteel*."

**SPECIAL NOTICES.**

**REMOVAL,**

**ROBERTSON'S,**

**Canadian Railway Guide Office,**

HAS REMOVED FROM

**60 KING STREET EAST,**

—TO—

**NO. 5 "LEADER" BUILDINGS.**

ENLARGED & IMPROVED,

CORRECT & COMPLETE!

**ROBERTSON'S**

**Canadian Railway Guide,**

**FOR JULY.**

Published under the supervision of the Railway Companies.

**CONTENTS OF THE JUNE NUMBER:**

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