

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1864.

(VOL. 2.—NO. 38.)

THE GRUMBLER

Is published every SATURDAY Morning, in time for the early Trains. Copies may be had at all the Nova Depos. 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 furnished by all who desire our sheet.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I redo you fast it;
A child's anane you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it."

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1864.

AH! YES—AH! YES.

Ah! yes—for I remember well,
'Twas in the summer-twilight hour
Within a sweet secluded dell,
Where scarce the sunbeams over fell;
Although the cowslips felt their power,
And every time there came a shower
Perfumed it with a fragrant smell,
And shook out all their loveliness,
'Twas long ago—Ah! yes; Ah! yes.

'Twas close beside a silvery brook
That sang its journey through the vale,
Where willows in a golden stook,
Enclosed her in a lovely nook;
The while the amorous scented gale
Crept softly through their trembling pale,
And toyed with each dark shining tress,
'Twas thro we met—Ah! yes; Ah! yes.

A chaple of wild buds and leaves
Clasped, is in love, her graceful head,
Such as 'twas midnight fairy weaves,
And in a dream of rapture leaves
Upon some sleeping beauty's bed,
That she, while her fair bosom heaves,
May twine it with her snowy dress,
'Twas thro she sat—Ah! yes; Ah! yes.

Her eyes from out the water came,
Soon as my footsteps stirred the grass,
Two won'trous orbs of mellow flame,
With hidden depths that none may name,
And power that would not let me pass,
And I remained, alas! alas!
And trembling there stood to confess
How lost was I—Ah! yes; Ah! yes.

The words we spoke I cannot tell;
But they were hurried, warm and wild,
And as from both our lips they fell,

They round us wrought a fiercer spell,
And all our being so beguiled
That 'en the very passing child
The frenzy of our love might guess,
And frenzy 'twas—Ah! yes! Ah! yes!

The dream has long since passed away;
And I am still beside that stream;
But oh! how altered, old and grey,
And oh! how dim the waters play,
Because, because of that lost beam
That touched them with a sunny gleam,
When she had in her loveliness
Breathed in my ear—Ah! yes; Ah! yes.

THE GOVERNMENT.

Now that the Cabinet is complete with the exception of one seat, which doesn't amount to a row of pins anyway, we trust that the heads of departments will be on the *qui vive* and see that the Province is righted again after the upset given it by John Sandfield and some of his kidney. In this section of the country there are many grievances to be remedied, which require prompt treatment, and which will not bear holding over any longer. Where these ought out to be rectified let them be remedied at once; for to delay is to heap embarrassments unjustly upon the sufferers. In every case let us have right royal British fair-play. Let us have no one-sided private reports made sneakingly by the Clear Grits; but if a charge has been preferred against any man in this underhand manner, let him be furnished with a copy of it in plain black and white. There could be nothing so disgraceful on the part of any Government as to pronounce secretly upon any man without giving him an opportunity of defending himself or showing to the world, if placed in a position to do so, that his enemies were actuated by unworthy motives, and that they deserve the reprobation of every honest person. By Jove! fair play is a jewel, and we shall have it. The old Saxon blood is strong within us yet, and we shall submit no no secret inquisitions when any matter affecting the public is to be dealt with. Come, John A., come Mr. Galt, come Mr. Brown, besir yourselves and let justice be done although the heavens should fall. Show yourselves honest men, and the people of this Province will support and thank you.

Model Sidewalk.

— We advise the authorities in the different towns in Canada to send deputations to ex-Councilman Conlin, who has just completed a model sidewalk on Adelaide street. It's really worth inspecting, and Mr. O.—who is the sole "architect" of it (as well as of his own solid fortune)—will be glad to furnish all necessary information.

The Montreal "Telegraph."

This vituperate sheet has recently published a bitter paragraph in relation to the manner in which the excursionists to the Lower Provinces behaved themselves from the moment they left Portland until they reached St. John's. Now, our cotemporary ought not to be too exacting in connexion with this grand trip, for he must be aware that the incitement to excesses was very great, inasmuch as the guests of the Blue Nose—press and parliament—had the run of the kitchen without money and without price. It must have been no trifling affair to a poor, miserable, half-starved country editor, or a seedy city one, to have access at any hour of the day to a well furnished cellar and larder, where alone or in company he could gorge himself with beef and mutton, as well as facilitate a few hours repose through the instrumentality of some one of his favorite beverages. By Jove! great allowance should be made for the occupants of such a position, whether members of the fourth estate or representatives of the people. To be sure, in the long run our neighbors must have been sadly disgusted with such filthy gormandizing, but then what care gentleman? who are out on the booze for the opinion of a people who, after all, are partially foreigners. For so far, however, we are glad to learn that no deaths have taken place, although nearly the whole confraternity in question was, we hear, afflicted with *drop-sy*.

Mr. Brown and the Provincial Secretary.

We are informed upon most excellent authority that the President of the Council and his *Fidus Achates* were recently at Ottawa in search of that philosopher's stone, the need of which is now felt so severely by the rejected of North Ontario. Their reception at the seat of Government, that is to be, was not, we understand, flattering in any degree. There were neither bands nor bunting—neither speeches nor champagne. All was as dull as ditch water; and Mr. Macdougall felt it keenly. From this it is obvious that his success in that quarter is more than doubtful; notwithstanding that Mr. Alonzo Wright turned out upon the occasion and paid to the distinguished visitors all the attention that could possibly be expected from one man. We fear Mr. Brown will have to drop his new and sudden love, and look in some other direction for a colleague to manage the Bureau that is now being hawked about from post to pillar. What a pity it is that Mr. Joseph Gould has retired from public life; although we question whether he would venture upon accepting the post now in the market, unless he could be furnished with some new patent pen warranted to spell correctly.

Madam Anna Bishop's Concert.

The concert given by this splendid cantatrice in the Horticultural Gardens on Wednesday evening last was a distinguished success, notwithstanding some slight misunderstanding touching the early arrival of the music and music-stands of the band of the 16th. The *clic* of our city began pouring into the grounds at an early hour from every quarter, and were greeted upon their arrival by a very charming scene, beautifully illuminated with colored lamps, while the large rustic edifices in the centre of the gardens was finely decorated with flags and appropriate devices, all blazing with light and presenting an appearance the most picturesque imaginable. This large structure was soon crowded to its utmost capacity, and through the activity of the officers of the Horticultural Society—and we especially name Mr. Small, the Vice-President—was rendered comfortable for the vast audience that crowded it. The decorations were, we are informed, under the immediate direction of this gentleman; and certainly they reflect the highest credit upon him—particularly the large and brilliant central star that caught the admiration of all the moment the grounds were entered.

In the absence of Mr. Lancelles, who, by some means missed his connexion with the trains from the west, Mr. Pearson—a young gentleman of great musical taste and possessing a superb bass voice—opened the performance with "The Renegade," from Donizetti; and most charmingly did he render that grand song. Every note was full, round and even, and all his runs clean and manly. We advise Mr. Pearson to make music a profession, for most certainly he is native to it born; as the manner in which he was received on this occasion must have made apparent to him.

Of course, the appearance of the great cantatrice herself was the signal for such thunders of applause as always greet her wherever she moves. In splendid voice as usual, and looking as fresh and as happy as the flowers of May, she brought down the house at every pause throughout the evening—whether in the exquisite "Recitative and Aria," from the immortal Meyerbeer, or in the brilliant and characteristic flashes of "The Dashing White Sergeant," in which we catch a glimpse of the superb actress commingled with the magnificent singer. In short, everything that she sang was so delightfully executed that we can scarcely find words to express our admiration of her. In that simple song "The Beggar Girl," she wields a strange and fascinating power over every audience. Not that there appears to be much in the air itself; but the way in which she treats it possesses a charm which is absolutely irresistible.

Mr. Humphreys, too, sang "The Stirrup Cup"—a splendid and difficult song—finely. In addition, he was very effective in the trio from "Atila," in which he showed his careful and thorough training. This trio, we may observe, is of extreme beauty. It was sung by Madam Anna, Mr. Pearson and Mr. Humphreys, and were it not for some little difficulty regarding the pianoforte accompaniment, its rendition might have been pronounced perfect.

Miss Louisa Bishop has much improved in voice

since we last had the pleasure of hearing her, and sustained her position admirably throughout the evening. Her pianoforte solo was of the first order, and gave evidence of her long and thorough acquaintance with all the beauties and difficulties of that instrument.

Sedgwick is a very comic fellow, and a most wonderful Concertina player. His "Rhode's Andante" with all its elaborate and difficult variations, was not to be surpassed; his buffo songs, too, were everflowing with thorough humour, and very deservedly brought down the house on more than one occasion.

The Overture to "La Muette di Portici" and selections from "Martha," were charmingly performed by the fine band of the 16th, which, through the kindness of Col. Peacock and the officers of that popular regiment, was present upon the occasion. Toronto may well be proud that it possesses such an admirable band; for seldom did we hear a set of instruments in better tune or better handled than those belonging to it. About half past ten o'clock, God Save the Queen closed the performance, amid a brilliant display of fire-works, when all wended their way homeward, thoroughly satisfied with the evenings entertainment. We understand, with pleasure, that it is the intention of Madame Anna to give yet, before she bids us any lengthened adieu, one or two more concerts, the first of which is to take place in the Horticultural gardens on Tuesday evening next.

St. George's Pic Nic.

We recommend to the perusal of our readers a very able, though somewhat metaphysical essay on the above subject, which appeared in our cotemporary of the *Leader* on Tuesday last. Most assuredly the writer has invested the Mimico with an interest quite new and refreshing, as well as given a classical status to Pic Nic's quite agreeable and unique in its way. There are, however, one or two flights of the imagination as to numbers, knives and forks, and groves which it were better perhaps had they been pruned a little; but then the subject is for the most part an inspiring one, and in this view of the case we are inclined to overlook the trifling defect. There is, nevertheless one long sentence which we fancy requires some explanation, and which we quote for the benefit of our readers: "The officers and the executive committee started at seven to make the necessary preparations incident upon such an event; and it is no exaggeration to say they would have been formidable if failure had been the penalty of the fancy of the projectors." Now, the gentlemen who preceded Daniel in an attempt to decipher the terrible hand writing on the wall were not more puzzled than we have been with this little bit of logic, as well as with the application of the badly spelled or printed and imperfect latin quotation, "Idem velle idem nolle," which has been crammed into the article in question. Give us, we say, the old, Anglo Saxon yet for purely a newspaper subject. Newspapers are for the masses; and the masses generally are ignorant of the dead languages.

The Theatre.

Some how or other since old John Nickinson—peace to his ashes—left us, the drama has gone to the dogs in our midst. True that occasionally a few wandering and brilliant stars stray into our orbit; but their stay amongst us is transient only and seldom of a satisfactory nature to them. The fact is we are too grasping and matter-of-fact a set for this highly civilized and intellectual age. We are altogether too gross for the refinement of the stage; and may consequently be ranked with some of the minor intelligencies. Here we are, the capital, of Western Canada with as many airs and as many members of Parliament as the city of Dublin can boast of, and still we are unable to keep up a respectable audience for even a single week when visited by *artistes* of real ability. Some of our old curmudgeous may imagine that this is a matter of but small importance to our city; but let us tell them it is a very grave importance, for it is an undoubted fact that where forty or fifty thousand people are congregated together as we are, and when they are at the same time unable to sustain the usual sources of amusement the evidence is conclusive that neither their trade nor their finances are in a prosperous condition. This is just the long and the short of it; and until Toronto bestirs herself and remedies this case she will have to play second-fiddle to many a town in Western Canada of less pretensions.

The Athenæum Concert Hall.

This place of amusement seems to be quite the popular thing in Toronto, if we may judge from the crowded appearance of the houses every night. The performances seem to be conducted on a better principle than we have had for some time, and the audiences seem to be of a more respectable character. A great deal of that low ribaldry and slang that was formerly indulged in is not shown so much as we have seen. Under Mr. Murhard's good management this establishment is likely to become a permanency here.

Risley's Panorama of London & the Thames.

This magnificent work of art is now on exhibition at the Music Hall. From mere description our citizens can form no idea of its truthfulness and beauty. The Thames, from its source to the Pool below London, with its throng of shipping, is beautifully depicted with its splendid bridges, villas towns and cities, &c. London: too is produced with amazing effect. While looking on it, you actually imagine that you are absolutely among its towers, churches and paces. Every soul in our city capable of comprehending this unequalled panorama should visit the Music Hall at once; as we hear the proprietors of the work make but a limited stay amongst us.

Mr. Charles Lancelles.

This celebrated vocalist and pianist arrived in town yesterday; and will, we learn, take part in Madam Anna Bishop's concert at the Horticultural Gardens on Tuesday evening next.

Not a Doubt of it.

Confederation

Is a vexation;

Division is not so bad.

The rule of *three*

Puzzles me,

And George Brown sets me mad.

TERRY FINNEGAN'S LETTERS.

SECOND SERIES—NO. IV.

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

STANLEY STURRETT, 19th August, 1864.

Do you remember an ould song at home that they used to call "Ahl then, sweet bad luck to my mother-in-law?" To be sure you do; for the devil a minny min of my acquaintance but hums that same tune now and then; and some of them in a clear full voice that has main in it. Well, I harde Lanty Doolin at it last night over at the Cat and Maggie; but what do you suppose he did wid the last verse, but lenthened it out by schreech-ing, that you tear him at the Rowlin Mills, "Ahl! thin sweet bad luck to you D'Arcy McGee." "Get out of this," sez I to him, "you ill mannered spalpeen, to be takin the name of your betthers in your mouth in that way," sez I; "that's now out on co-federashun, and has jest returned from actin shotman to the Press and Parliamt in the Lower Prov'nces," sez I, "you disgrace of the world!" Bein a little lame he thried a pewther quart on me at a distace; but glory be to God, it only jest galled my temples; havin taken a likin to Nat Gallagher, who sat behind me. Faith and sowl, it was a pity of poor Lanty after all, for Nat and he were like brethers; and you'd think he'd go out of his senses as we were carryin him up to bed while they wait for the docther. It was an unfortunate affair altogether, and I wonder at Doolin, who was always a great frind of yours. I can't understand the thing at all; unless you have been doin somethin to the Irish—or what's next doore to it—doin nothin for them.

Well sure we got a hint of the doins of the whole of yez down among the Blue Noses from the Montreal *Telegraph*. Be dad! that same paper is equal to a moral, dandelion pill among society, for "it goes through it like a whillaluh! through a country village." Howsomdever, what I'd like to know is, did the editor get an invitashun—for if he didn't that would be accountin in some degree for the milk in the coco-nut. Be the gosht of a piper, he can't be far astray anyway; for its well I know that every man Jack of yez at this very moment looks like the remains of an ill spirit life or the first two lines of an humble petishun. Well! well! it isn't often yez get a chance at a couple of weeks work without the landlord's dirtyin one or two slates in the thrasackshun. But layin aside the atin and dhrinkin, can you tell me what brought yez down there, or whether it was for yez or the Lieutenant-Governor that the Royal Artillery fired the salute at Fredricton, for the correspondent of the *Ladher* doesn't seem to know? Begorra! I

never harde the like! Only fancy the British Army rasavin wid military honors an incongruous pack of unoffishal stragglers from the slums of the Press and Parliamt, together wid a few interlopers a little lower down if possible. Blur and turf! to be sure it wasn't the Lieutenant-Governor. It was the *Ladher* and the *Globe* and the McKellers they were shootin for, and the devil a thing else. The Lieutenant-Governor, indeed! Cock him up wid any sich doins whin the representatives of the Press and people of Upper Kinnada were to the fore. But what's the difference so long as yez have settled the subject of confederashun. And that yez have settled it there's not a shadow of doubt, or my name's not Terry Finnegan.

So yez are to meet round the Council Table at Quebec I hear on the 23rd I suppose yez will be off agin on the 24th, for this is fine weather for travelin. Well, whin yez assamble there will be a strange admixthir; but "variety is charmin," as the devil sed whin he painted his stomach pay green. There's one advice I'll give you any way, and that is, dont go to any getherin of the kind without a blackthorn, for Macdougall's as tuff as a nail and George is no joke, I hear, whin he's raised. Howiver, if John A., yourself, Galt, and Carther get into a corner among a few chairs, bottles and pewther inkstands, I have no fear of the result. Dhrop me a line when all is over, so as that I may know how you are.

Hups! yer sowl you! if we hadn't an evenin of it in the Horticultural gardens on Monday last.—The great English *Soprano*—there's edicashun for you—Madam Anna Bishop, gave us a grand concert there—assisted by her talented daughter, Miss Laweeza, Mr. Humphreys, our first tenor here, Mr. Preston a slupber *basso*, and Mr. Sedgwick a splindid, comic singer and concertina player.—Pon me sowkins I'm tellin you thruth when I say that the gardins were aequal to a dhrame, wid lights, flowers and crowds of livin bokays. Oh! murder in Irish! to see those bewtiful crasthurs gliden and sailen among the arbors and under the tinted lights which varigated the grounds and lit up the great rustic Hall in which the concert took place. There were thousands and thousands of them, like over grown birds of paradise, all floatin about in the most bewitchin manner in the world. Darcy! I was goin to say somethin; but I wont. Sorra sich delightful music I ever harde. There was Madame Anna, charmin as ever, batin out the very groves wid her clear ringin melodies and wonderful power and excecusum. Everythin she sang was exquisitely performed. Be the mortal man, she listed every man jack of us under the "dashin white sargent," and sent us anivellen into a corner wid "The beggar girl." In fact, the long and the short of it is, she'll have to make no altherashun in her singin when she steps across the thrashold of the other world. The Band of the 16th were present also, and contributed largely to the success of the entertainment, although there was some delay in the arrival of the music and music stands. She gives us one or two more concerts in the same grounds, the first of which is to take place on Tuesday evenin next, when we may expect another great thrate. I wish you were here so a

to be able to jidge for yourself; but, as I said afore, you have a bad ear for music.

I have done now, and have but barely time to say that it would be well of you when you see Denis Godly to tell him to give Lord Monck a hint, that it would be acceptable to the people of Western Kinnada if he would institute an enquiry into the Port Credit case, and the conduct of Misthor Thomas Worthington, in particular, in connexion wid that shameful affair. Justly or otherwise, the Assistant Commissioner of Customs, and his Collague Mr. Brunel, stand charged, before the Province, wid misdeeds that no government can pass over wid credit to themselves. And I am sartin that neither Mr. Brown, Mr. Galt, nor John A. has any desire to endorse corrupt practices on the part of any public offer, no matter what his status or parliamentary influence. That's plain talk for you; and pay atinshun to it. Let us have what you call rule British fair play, and no thraison or underhand work. Let us have an honest and imparshal investigashun, and then see if Mr. Thomas Worthington does not walk the plank. But Port Credit is not the only rod in pickles for him. I wish I could tell you somethin; but I can't entrust it to paper. Never, mind, you'll hear it soon enough, and so will he if he has not harde it already. His gunn is played out, so he may as well pack up; I suppose your head is bad. May the Lord brake hard forshune before you.

Your lovin cousin,

TERRY FINNEGAN.

P. S.—You left no boots here, only a pair that I wouldn't give tuppence for. Sure the soles was hanging off one of them. T. F.

Niagara.

We are happy to understand that that hardy, able and indefatigable son of Scotia, Angus Morrison, will beat Brown, black and blue, in this constituency. When we say Brown, we don't mean the honorable George, but a very respectable young man of that name, whom some of the St. Catharines people have induced to come forward and contest this constituency with the late clever representative of North Simcoe. Without throwing any reflection upon the capacity or abilities of Mr. Brown, we cannot discover how any body of electors could be prevailed upon to support an inexperienced and unsophisticated young person in preference to an old and educated member of the House, who could in five minutes effect more for them than such an individual as his opponent could in as many months. Verily, party is oftener as blind as a mole.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. M., BARRIE.—Will attend to it.

J. C., CHANDLY.—Please write.

J. T. B., HAMILTON.—It is of the utmost importance that it should be in on Wednesday morning.

R. S., STRATFORD.—Decidedly mean.

W. J., BOND HEAD.—Have not got one of the number you sent for.

TOO LATE.

On Monday evening as the steamer *City of Toronto* was approaching the pier a pleasure boat that was in the way was capsized and two unfortunate young girls drowned, when, had sufficient efforts been made, they might have escaped their sad fate.

See yonder pleasure-boat dancing so lightly,
O'er the fierce waters upon the dark Bay;
On she goes swiftly—the moon shining brightly,
Lending her magic to gladden the day.

Hark! those glad voices chattering so merrily,
Little they're thinking that death is so near;
Out on the still air those tones ring so cheerily,
Happy and joyous, nought dreaming of fear.

Close comes the steamer, stately and boldly,
Watch how her sharp prow cuts the blue wave;
Oh! how Ontario glistens so coldly,
Oh! what a place for a fair maidens grave.

Ye of the pleasure boat, say are ye dreaming,
See ye the danger that lies in your way;
Back those oars quickly with silver spray gleaming,
Strain every nerve now and back while you may.

Too late! Ah! too late, they have back'd the small oars,
Too late! ah! too late, they themselves try to save,
Too late! ah! too late, the shrill steam whistle roars,
The slight skiff has struck, and—they sink beneath the wave.

Had they a father,—had they a brother,
Was there no loving—no strong arm to save,
Was there no feeling one—was there none other,
No one to rescue them from their cold grave.

Our Canadian Representatives.

Save the mark! Certainly we have put our foot in it this time. Perhaps no Legislature or Press on the face of the whole habitable globe has ever turned out such a delegation to represent the interests of any people, no matter how low in the scale of refinement. We'll lay our head upon it, that there are not four men amongst the whole of them that can rehearse the Articles of the Christian Faith, or say the Lord's Prayer without stumbling—the pious figure-head of the *Globe* perhaps excepted. How then can we expect to benefit by this disorderly raid upon the Blue Noses or any other portion of the Provinces where civilization is not at a discount.

It may, however, be said that if the pride and intelligence of Canada have not been represented upon the present occasion its appetites and some of its *sub rosa* peculiarities have. This we presume to be beyond dispute; and if we could attain to the highest pitch of national importance through the exhibition of our powers in stowing away beef and bottled porter, if not something stronger than the latter; then indeed we should have no reason to complain; as scarcely a man of ours who has joined the mob in question; but is competent in this relation to represent any two constituencies in

this section of the Province, at least. Take them one and all, however, out of this physical display of their energies, and what are they? Merely a parcel of "sticks," some of whom have not brains enough to step from under the drop when it rains. Of course it is in some degree a palliative that Mr. McGee has taken the motley crowd under his wing, and that he can if he will redeem much of their ignorance and awkwardness; but how one man, no matter how muscular mentally or physically can father all the shortcomings of such a crew we cannot well perceive. We are, however, happy to learn that no deaths from eating have yet occurred, although in one or two cases, we hear, some near approaches to suffocation were made in this connection. Strange, that these instances were confined solely to the Grits; but then we all know what ravenous devils these gentry have always been.

Since writing the above we have been informed that this nondescript crowd or pseudo delegation, or whatever else you may call it, is now on its way back to our shores; and we are not surprised at so hasty a return. No doubt we shall soon hear of some nice doings while our representatives were quartering themselves on our generous neighbors; but it must be understood that our friends have themselves in some degree to blame, from not having regularly read for the last few years the *Globe* and the *Leader*. Had they done so, and inwardly digested, the rowdies whom they now send back to us would not have had an opportunity of performing a similar process at their expense.

A New Fire Annihilator.

It is a matter of some public interest that the fire springs and rivulets named in the Tully-Ashfield report—submitted to our sapient but gullible City Council, dated 30th April, 1864, as sources of water supplies for the extinguishing of fires in our progressive city—as if ashamed to become parties to this very shallow and unclean piece of jobbery, have of one accord, under the agency of "Old Sol," sullenly and silently disappeared; thereby declining to mingle their unsullied waters in a stream tending towards a gross pool of corruption. The originators of this admirable system of sky-farm engineering, however; not to be foiled in their attempts (no doubt in the interest of the city), it is said are again prepared to lay before the erudite city fathers, at their next Council Board, a fresh scheme in furtherance of the same desirable object, alike remarkable for its engineering skill and chemical ingenuity. It is proposed to construct five hundred thousand tanks, at convenient distances, into which the common sewers of the city are intended to discharge a never failing supply of liquid ammonia. Its chemical effects on fire are said to be something calculated to astonish those who happened to have the good or bad fortune of being witnesses to the conflagration at the Rossin House. A further development of the advantages derivable from the grosser matter contained in the aforesaid sewers, will be hereafter exhibited, for the special benefit of our indulgent and novelty-seeking citizens, for the additional

charge of one hundred dollars—on receipt of some hints expected from the London Sewers' Marine Company. Verily, we should be thankful. We have got men of progress, of talent, of disinterestedness in our midst.

Musical.

We notice with great pleasure that Carl Peiler, the able pianist and composer, has returned from Germany, where for the last two years he had been drinking in at Leipsic all the difficult mysteries of his profession. Toronto may well be proud of so valuable an accession to the number of its musical men; and we are confident that it will register its approbation of Mr. Peiler's return by extending to him the patronage which abilities so marked as his deserve.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

ENLARGED & IMPROVED,
CORRECT & COMPLETE!

ROBERTSON'S Canadian Railway Guide, FOR AUGUST.

Published under the supervision of the Railway Companies.

CONTENTS OF THE AUGUST NUMBER:
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.
THE NEW YORK CENTRAL.
THE PORT HOPE, LINDSAY, & BEAVERTON;
THE BUFFALO AND LAKE HURON.
THE NORTHERN OF CANADA.
THE PORT HOPE AND PETERBORO'.
THE OTTAWA AND PRESCOTT.
THE STANSTEAD, SHEFFORD, & CHAMBLY.
THE WELLS AND RAILWAY.
THE LONDON AND PORT STANLEY.
THE BROCKVILLE AND OTTAWA.
COMPARATIVE TIME TABLE.
CANADIAN POSTAL GUIDE.
CANADIAN BANK NOTE DETECTOR.
HOTEL GUIDE FOR THE CANADAS.
RULES FOR RAILROAD TRAVELLERS.
CANADIAN STEAM NAVIGATION GUIDE.

Making the Guide the most complete work of the kind ever published in Canada.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

J. ROSS ROBERTSON,

Publisher and Proprietor.

No. 5, the "Leader" Building.

NOTICE.

Managers and Superintendents of Canada Railways are respectfully requested to forward by the 23rd inst., a copy of their latest time tables, for publication in Robertson's Canadian Railway and Steam Navigation Guide, for the month of Sept. Also any other information useful to the travelling public. Address,

J. ROSS ROBERTSON,
CAN.-R. R. G. OFFICE,
5 Leader Buildings, Toronto, C. W.