

# THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1864.

(VOL. 2.—NO. 41.)

## 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 1th) we only receive yearly subscriptions. The sum (\$1) is small, and can easily be forwarded by all who desire our sheet.

## THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in s' your coats,  
I've got one in it;  
A chiel's among you talking notes,  
And, faith, he'll prout it."

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1864.

"Now o'er my Heart."

AIR—"THE HARP OF TARA.

Now o'er my heart in sadness fades  
Young Love's own tender dread;  
In dreams alone my soul recalls  
The bliss—the joy now fled;  
So pales this heart where love still strays  
In heavenly radiance o'er,  
Sometimes e'en sorrow dims his rays  
In conscious life once more.

No more to passion's fairy flight  
My lonely heart now swells  
As—Love's own music, wild and bright,  
Breathes o'er my sweetest spells;  
Yet ere unawake morning breaks  
The spell wherein she lives,  
In dreams this wounded heart still takes  
The kiss which fancy gives.

### Who is to Blame?

—The old Governor's residence, on King street, is really a disgrace to Toronto, and we care not whether it is through the stupidity of our representatives or the carelessness of the administration. In any case it is a disgrace, and we hope that the pair who represent us will take the matter up and insist upon the Ministry putting the house in order.

### Lawyers' Attention.

—There is in St. James' Cemetery a notice that any one trespassing, &c., will be prosecuted according to law. We would be obliged if some legal friend would favor us with a case in point. We do remember, however, seeing a similar notice on a village church somewhere that "any person kicking hills against this church will be prosecuted according to law, or any other nuisance.

## THEATRICAL.

On Monday night last was reproduced the old Burlesque of

"TORONTO COUNCIL; OR, THE DEVIL AMONG THE SENATORS."

To an extremely select audience from the Goose Pasture (St. Patrick's Ward), Cabbagetown and other classic Rhubarbs of the city.

### PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS.

Old Buzzwig, the Mayor.....*Mr. Squaratoes*  
The Civic Pet, a Puge.....*Mr. Vance*  
Rev. Mr. Stiggins, a Cobbler-Freacher,  
whose particular vanity was champagne swizzles at the city's expense.*Mr. Sterling*  
Falstaff, an Orator.....*Mr. Baxter*  
Probuscus *alias* Nosey, a Brewer.....*Mr. Wallis*  
Breeches, a Pettifogger.....*Mr. Canavan*  
Bob Mudie, a Sea Captain.....*Mr. Moodie*  
Dundreary.....*Ald. J. E. Smith*  
Messengers, members of the T. P. F., reporters, &c.

### SCENE.

Gorgeous chamber, glare, hubbub and murmur of many voices, Buzzwig in the civic chair, his hat cocked on one side, mouth pursed up, forefinger to forehead and looking over instead of through his specs, *tout ensemble* intended to convey an appearance of knowingness and intense attention to a very dirty, fat man, in very greasy clothes, having the appearance of a tallow chandler, who is spouting at the end of the Council Board, occasionally interrupting himself to pick his ear with his pocket-knife, which he wipes on the tail of his coat.

Dirty Fat Man.....*Falstaff*  
Falstaff (loquitor)—folding his hands on his not the Corporation—

Your Worship, I would wish to know,  
Whose province mought it be  
To punish filthy men for chuckin filthier meat into the Bay;  
Nay more, your Worship, the other day  
Down to the Bay I went to have a swim and wash—

A thing for me, your Worship, most unusual—  
I dived head foremost,  
Not into the water, as intended,  
But into a dead horse' faith,  
In a very advanced stage of decomposition.  
Isn't this a outrage on society?  
Dead cats and dogs, your honor—

[A Row.

The Civic Pet, during the foregoing speech, has been gracefully reclining in his chair like a hunky puge as he is, with his ferocious dial plate just appearing above the festive Council Board, his eyes in quiet frenzy roving round the room till stung by a pungent remark of the Rev. Mr. Stiggins, he

jumps from his chair and proceeded for to demolish the puffy face of Rev. Shoemaker ("Tabloo!" Hair, toe nails, dust, ink bottles, police, yells and showers of bouquets in the shape of dead cats and bad eggs from the gallery, cries of arrest him! sit down! nigger in the pit! but order is now restored by the Puge kindly allowing the police to take him outside and then let him-in again, when he makes an apology to the rev. gent, who is lying across the table, his head banging over the edge and his tongue out, and who urbanely accepts the apology, but says pray don't do it again.  
Buzzwig (looking over his specs)—Order!

This Probuscus, whose oratorical powers are very limited, thinks he must make a show of doing something, so he gets up, goes round the Board and whispers to the Sen. Captain Mudie, who he nods and Probuscus follows his nose to his seat, grunting audibly and pretending to be intensely delighted at something; of course he fondly imagines this entirely satisfies the feeo and independent electors in the gallery, who see that their respective Aldermen are at work for their interest.

Breeches here jumped up, and addressing old Buzzwig, who, bye-tae-bye, was taking a comfortable nap, said:—

Your Honor—Do not intend to make a buncombe speech or to indulge in personalities, but would merely remark that the hon. member for the Goose Pasture is a pup, and continues systematically to make a d—fool of himself, and would ask him for the information of the other hon. members, whether the punishment of parties for throwing unpleasant bodies of dogs and cats into the "drink," had any connexion with the subject of a reward being offered to any one who would bury the much more unpleasant big pup now lying in St. Patrick's Ward, or with the subject of misegination, rep. by pop., or the separation of Hang and Chang, the Siamoses twins. With regard to the question of the city voting \$900 to the water works for supplying the city with water, I beg to say, your honor, that it is a thundering piece of rot making people pay for water who use it for neither drinking or ablutionary purposes, (St. Patrick's Ward for instance.) On the subject of an American Zollverein, or the treaty of Aixla Chappelle, I would remark to the worthy members present—

(Breeches here looked up and found they were not present, for during the speech the Pet and the Rev. Mr. Stiggins had been amusing themselves with a quiet game of euchre under the table—stakes, whisky for the crowd, Stiggins lost, and they had all gone out to take a drink at his expense.)

Buzzwig, suddenly waking up and thinking

somebody had been saying something—Aiah?

Breeches now suggested that the Mayor should send a messenger to re-call the members which he did, and they strolled gently in with a most nonchalant air, each of them with a short black pipe, or a cigar in his face, appearing to enjoy it amazingly.

Dundreary here proposed that they should adjourn as there was nothing before the board and a great deal of incapacity for business behind it. The motion was unanimously carried, and they all jumped up, got over the tables, overturned the sleeping Buzzwig, who was being devoured by flies, one of the members (Falstaff) having playfully sprinkled him with sugar while asleep, and rushed out highly delighted with the amount of business put through, and all adjourned to a dog fight at "The Seeds Home," after which they got comfortably and helplessly drunk at some *shebang* in the market, and were taken home on their respective shuttles.

#### "The Prison—and the Courts."

To the close observer of human nature—the profound thinker—the man whose heart is saturated with that enviable desideratum—the milk of human kindness—no scene can present itself to his eye more pregnant with material for grave thought and deep speculation than that which a visit to the various Courts of Law and Governor Allan's castle affords: the degradation, depravity, wrong, privation, suffering, and the unmistakable evidence of "Man's inhumanity to man," which in some of these places meet the eye—sickens the heart and makes us turn away, thanking God, with the Pharisee, that we are not like other men.

Let us take a peep into that hall where Oadi Boomer reigns supreme—look at the dock, and see yon small, fair-faced, bright-eyed, youthful transgressor, scarce tall enough to see his Judge over the ledge of the degrading enclosure, who—perhaps may have left a hardworking, widowed mother shedding bitter tears for his first fall! That fine, flippant girl, with a bonnet showy as a bride's and worn (of course) after the approved fashion—she that has long since "shaken hands and parted" with honor and honesty—may have made a once happy home desolate, and more than one head prematurely grey!

Look in at the jail there—there's the room—that large one with bars in front, where those that are awaiting their trial are huddled together promiscuously—there they are, young and old, the downy cheek of youth and grey-haired old age already tottering on the brink of the grave, the ebullient plunderer of hon-roosts, the man charged with spilling his fellow's blood, and the respectably dressed trafficker in human flesh, committed under the Foreign Enlistment Act, alike breathing the same contaminating air!

There's a tradesman in his working dress—he has been a prisoner for some weeks, and his children wonder why he doesn't come home, as of old, at certain hours, and why their meals are scanty and irregular—they little dream, even if they

could comprehend it, that his name is in the "Calendar."

And then how coldly and formally its all gone through! "How say you—guilty or not guilty?" The verdict—the sentence! perhaps its a foolish notion, but when one looks at the occupants of the dock on such occasions one can't help picturing in the mind's eye the misery many of them have left as a legacy to those who will never approach its precincts.

Let us change the scene, and step with hat in hand to the Court of Chancery, at Osgoode Hall; here a different spectacle presents itself—the Court—the Judge—the counsel—the cause—putting one in mind of Jarndyce and Jarndyce, of Dickens' immortal fame. True, no guilty culprit trembling before the majesty of the law intrudes upon our vision; true, no outward sign of man's baseness meets our gaze. All is quiet, gravity and decorum; yet, here are cases conducted, recited and let us hope righted, that even surpass in the magnitude of their iniquity those we have heretofore referred to. But, enough of such grave subjects; 'twere useless to "grumble" over them, and we close these remarks, hoping they may prove food for digestion and reflection to those who heretofore may perchance have never given them a passing thought.

#### Beware of the Body Snatchers.

The illustrious flat-boatman who now presides over the destinies of the dis-United States has let loose a gang of jail birds upon the Canadian frontier, whose business is body snatching. These reptiles are as unscrupulous as their name would denote, being supplied with greenbacks by the body brokers in Buffalo, Detroit and Rochester they come over and invest it in whiskey or laudanum to suit the victim. This favorite "game" has hitherto been upon soldiers of the British army. The regiment now on duty in Canada were recruited mainly from the peasantry of Ireland, and it is therefore not surprising that an artful and scheming Yankee who succeeds in drugging them with rot-gut whisky should be able to persuade them that they have but to proceed to the other side of the lake in order to be transformed from private soldiers with fourpence a day, into gentlemen with rolls of greenbacks, with a Brigadier-Generalship and a Southern plantation in prospect. The dupe, it is true, very soon find out the cheat on arriving in Abraham's country, but unfortunately they discover it too late, and in the meantime the body snatcher has secured his "pile" and "ramosed the ranche."

If the men comprising our army could only read the future into which they rush, by light of the past, desertion for the purpose of swelling the ranks of Yankeeedom would soon cease. If the few scores of corpses now lying bleached under a Georgia sun, and who were but a short year ago happy and contented in the ranks of the British army, could speak all their tale of suffering and death, what horror it would strike into the hearts of the erring. This game of "body snatching," it must be remembered, is not carried on by the

emissaries of the American "body brokers" alone, but by a number of residents of Toronto, twenty-three of whose names we have in our possession, ready at any moment for publication. Moreover, first on the list is the name of one who, until lately, was connected with the principal body for the preservation of the peace in this city, and who, along with the rest of the gang, are under the surveillance of the police.

"Body snatching" is not exactly a subject for the columns of the *Grumbler*, but a strong British feeling and love for the Union Jack demands that we should warn unsuspecting persons of the snares that are set for them by these villains in human form.

#### Alas! Poor Yachting.

Yachting is certainly gone to the devil in Toronto, as every one will say who heard of or saw the wretched start of only two yachts for the Prince of Wales' Cup on Wednesday last. The "Gorilla," a splendid yacht, well fitted and complete in every respect, went off like a shot, and acquitted herself through the race like a thorough good boat, as she is. But the poor "Rivet," once the fastest and best yacht on the lakes, was allowed by her owner to go out in the most shameful state of neglect and want of repair, and to save the expending of a few dollars allows his boat to disgrace himself and the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, to which he belongs. With regard to the bosh which appeared in the *Globe* about the "Rivet" being nearly capsized, that was all nonsense, as the captain, one of the best yachtsmen in the Province, knew exactly what he was about, and had there been any real danger could have eased his boat by reefing or bearing away a couple of points, and all would have been dry and snug, but his object was to make the best time he could, and well it was done, for we consider, and were told by one of the crew of the "Gorilla," that it was only by the excellent management of the captain and the dog-headed pluck of the crew that the boat, with four planks under and three or four tons of water in her hold, was brought to her moorings only 47 minutes behind in a 75 mile race. Certainly, if we were the commodore of the R. C. Y. C. we should suggest to the owner that he had better fit up his boat as she should be, or else leave the club, for is it not too bad the R. C. Y. C. recognised by the Royal Yacht Club of England, should be disgraced by such a start for the cup presented to it by England's Prince?

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. O. BROCKVILLE—Yours came duly to hand. Will send you the balance of extra papers this week.

M. J. KINGSTON—We cannot insert your advertisement. You will find our terms on the first page, which we never deviate from.

E. A. T., LONDON—Received yours. Will make the desired change.

J. N., QUEBEC—Thanks. Received letter. Will send paper as desired.

The September number of the *Presbyterian* contains an article, in which the propriety of providing funds for the Leitch Chair is most energetically pressed on the public. It is mere waste of time to recapitulate the claims set forth in that miserable record of tea-drinking, subscription lists, vain-glorious accounts of donations, trashy obituary notices, and eulgings from their publications, yeletp the *Presbyterian*. Dr. Leitch needs no monument, no memorial chair. While the faintest remembrance of Queen's College exists his name will be connected with it. Has he not made it what it is? Before his advent it was simply an educational institution, doing its work unostentatiously, sending forth young men who have distinguished themselves in the learned professions, and other creditable walks in life, but then it was little known—very much thrown into the shade by its richer neighbor in Toronto. Now its fame is spread not only over the Province, but across the Atlantic. How great then the debt of gratitude due to the author of this distinction, and his true, worthy abettors. On his arrival in this country Dr. Leitch found men employed in the College who had spent years in the faithful discharge of their duties. One of the number had toiled in its service when its prospects were so gloomy that it was almost "hoping against hope" to expect it would ever rise—not only taking more than his own classes when they were deserted by a more worldly, wise colleague—but superintending a school in which the imperfectly educated were fitted for College. But these men obstructed Dr. Leitch's plans, not by obstructing him, for with that he never charged them, yet they were in his way, and must therefore be removed. As they could not be charged with faults sufficiently grave to warrant their dismissal, what remained for him to do, though his benevolent spirit recoiled from the bare idea of distressing his brethren, but to contrive some means by which he could accomplish his purpose whenever it suited his views to get rid of them. Will the world; will prosperity believe that in the nineteenth century men could be so wrong-headed as to cavil at such proceedings? Yet such is the melancholy truth. Nearly all murdered, and one who was pretty generally known in the literary and scientific world of Europe, though he had never appeared in the pages of *Good Words*, had the temerity to turn up his nose at the University and its gifted Principal, and leave this for another Province, though by so doing he broke down the Botanical Society, which had been in "so flourishing a condition that the venerated gentleman had almost appeared to have adopted it and an observatory when on a recent visit to Scotland. Soon after the dean of the medical faculty thought it beneath his dignity to be put down and picked up at will, and has resolved to have the rights that were guaranteed to him by the Royal Charter. The unhappy man was so entirely left to his own guidance that he would neither be brow-beaten or cajoled into holding his tongue when it was his pleasure to speak, and in

consequence he took his measures with his characteristic, sturdy independence, resigned his chair, and removed the valuable preparations that he would have left for the use of his successor had he been treated with ordinary civility. Civility to him was out of the question, to get rid of him was the object. The zeal and fidelity with which he had labored for the promotion of Science, and the prosperity of the medical school, undecieved, but of what avail was that? He would not be a fool.

Next on the list of abominations was one so hateful to a pious friend of Dr. L's that it was as great a grievance to his spirit to see him in his place in the College as it was of old to Harman to see Mordecai sitting at the King's gate. Can it be a matter of surprise that the fatherly love and Christian sympathy, so prominently brought before the world by the press, (if in no other way) should be enlisted in this same pious friend's behalf, that the statutes, their conjoint work, should be forced to rid him of a man who for years had the power of convicting him of deliberate falsehood. Instead of walking off, as it was reasonable to expect a poor friendless man would do, the wretch has appealed for redress to the laws of his country. Who that was acquainted with the over-to-be-lamented dignitary will doubt that had he had the slightest idea of such a course being resorted to he would never have put the College funds into the imminent jeopardy that now threaten them, or risked the very impertinent liberties that may be taken in the witness box. A very small part of the benefits conferred on the University have been hinted at, Dr. L. not only sought to break down, but to build up! Look at the professional status of the men he selected to fill the chairs in Queen's College. There rests his fame. No memorial chair need be endowed for him while so many may justly be regarded as proofs of his wisdom, tact and self-abnegation.

#### Dramabus in Kingstonibus Rodivivibus.

What says she, John; at it again? Yes, my dear. Well, says she, so long as you continue to perform as you did last night, fire away my funny fellow, my smiles approve you—so says "Thalid" to Mr. John Townsland, and so says the *Grumbler* on Saturday morning. Mr. John Townsend hit the right clout nail on the head when he served up comedy, garnished with farce, to the flints of the quarry last night. Mr. Townsend has given ear to the counsels of the *Grumbler*, which are never unwise, or followed in vain. Mr. Townsland has acted wisely in discarding the push and scarlet rags of the flunkey, for the sober and discreet garb of independence, which, however threadbare and seedy, conquers even Syeophants to respect. And in the bill of fare of yesternight evinces a subtle discrimination. What could be more to the taste of the scandale-monging, peeping, prying, satirical community of Kingston than a representation of their favorite diversion? In no place where the sun shines does the appetite for scandal and exaggeration exist like it does in the quarry, and in confirmation of our opinion we'll wager a tin sixpence on it against any place of a like population

in the world. It's no wonder then Paul Pry took like turpentine with a Kingston audience, and that at each "hope I don't intrude" of Mr. Lasene, with the simultaneous hoisting of his eye light, the house fell. By the way, Mr. Lasene plays Paul Pry well; excellently, if such can be said of any amateur who essays the part. He was text right, well-dressed, and that peculiar kink in his neck wonderfully heightened the effect of his performance, and enabled him to execute a flank movement on the pit without changing his base. Miss Florence played charmingly, "Oh that estates, degrees, &c., were purchased by the merit of the wearer." This young lady has all the requisite for perfection in her profession. *Naivete*, judgment, good looks, sweet sonorous voice, splendid articulation and never is unfaithful to nature. Our prognostication is that the highest niche in the temple of fame, is reserved for hers as a dramatic artist. Fame awaits the bidding of her genius and grows impatient of delay for the summons to adorn her brows with his immortal wreath. What disgust one turns to the minor parts which were filled up by louns and lumpkins. Of Mr. Robb we expected better than to grin and giggle like a cheshire cat when the part demanded gravity and an ovly expression of countenance, his articulation too, was wretched—

"He spoke and bowed with muttering jaws,  
The wondering circle grinned applause."

We understand the difficulty of amateurs doing the thing well, but, better for them to keep off the boards than mar the play, and make asses of themselves, intentionally—*verb. sap.* Mr. Franks would have played better if he had fumed and strutted less; be faithful to nature Mr. Franks for the futuro. A first rate bill is proposed for the next performance of the Amateur Company, it consists of the low comedy of "The Hole in the Wall, or, the Jailer Sold," written by Dick Corbett, and the hair curling, side splitting, roaring farce of "Furzer and the Sheriff, or, A Hard Road to Travel," with songs by Robert Mathews, Esq.

#### La Rue's Panorama of the War.

This extensive and well-known Panorama will exhibit in Toronto on Monday, and continue every evening during the week. Our exchanges are loud in their praises of it, and pronounce Mr. Whiston's entertainment fully worth the price of admission.

#### Furness and Monopoly.

— Mr. Furness thinks he has the citizens of Toronto in a tight place, and therefore insists that a very large amount should be paid for the supply of water to the citizens. We hope the members of the Council will not give in to him, but take the opinion of the rate-payers before allowing themselves to be fleeced by Furness & Co.

#### Statistics.

— We see it stated in a New York paper that there are no less than six thousand Brokers, and by a strange coincidence, six thousand Barbers—thereby, as we (the *Grumbler*) understand it, making in all "twelve thousand shavers."

**BROOKVILLE CORRESPONDENCE.**

The rhythmical wonder, promised last week, we now give below—*verbatim et literatim*, yo Gods of Jubiter-Brockville:

AN HISTORICAL, CATEGORICAL AND PIRENOLOGICAL DITTY.

(By Solomon Easton, P. P. B.)

"Who saw the dead?"

"We said Squire A. B.,  
"I and Michaelus Free  
Homeward from a spreo  
Coming right merrily,  
We saw the dead."

"What was the hour?"

"Scarce can I tell, alas!  
We'd got many a glass  
Of Heuston's *old pepper-sass*,  
Ere this had come to pass,  
An' knew not the hour."

"Who was abroad?"

"All the world snug a-bed—  
No sound of friendly tread  
Came to me; only ahead  
Led Mickey—*on the spread*—  
Toting it broad."

"Heard you the clock?"

"Never a stroke of bell  
Heard we, nor could we tell  
How pass'd the hours or well—  
Ours was the jolly spell  
That wish'd no clock."

"How look'd the night?"

"Seem'd to me rather dark,  
And Mickey, once a spark,  
Boasted o' many a lark,  
Setting the dogs a-bark  
On such a night."

"How came the dead?"

"Where at the corner stood  
Mickey, in singing mood,  
Bellowing strong an' good,  
He for *Miss Laurie* would  
Straight raise the dead."

"Raise them he did!

"Out of the darkness three  
Goblins or ghosts saw we  
Scampering jollily  
On to where Mickes Free  
Baw'd like'n kid."

"Then came the fun—

"Parted Mike's jaws in fright,  
Black grew his face an' white,  
And he—so tipsy-tight,  
Knowing not left from right—  
Started to run."

"Who stole the salt?"

"One of them ghosts afoot  
Straightway the question put  
Mike, without if or but,  
Tho' he sought to cut,  
Came to a halt."

"You stole the salt!"

"So said to Mister Free  
One of the goblins three,  
(when flesh an' blood was ho  
Here call'd, "O'Dogherty—  
Drinker of malt.")"

"Choke him to death!"

"Roundly swore other two,  
Making this ghostly crew—  
"Hark! old button-blue,

"You'd better pray a few—  
Whilst you're breath."

"'Mine's not the fault,  
Lustily blubbered Mike;  
'If ever I did the like  
May a just Heaven strike  
Turo' my thick head a spike—  
I stole no salt."

"Drag him along!"

"Shouted they, one an' all,  
Sang they out, great and small,  
Loud as they welt could bawl,  
Aye, tho' the sky should fall,  
Bring him along!"

"Do ask the Mayor?"

"Pleaded Sir Michael Free—  
Straight all the goblins three,  
Frighten'd as they could be,  
Turned for a look at me—  
*I was the Mayor!*"

"Just ask the Mayor!"

"Up again Mickey spoke,  
With a most deathly croak;  
They—an' you see the joke—  
So a run quickly broke,  
Leaving us there."

**The Terrapin.**

We are glad to see that the proprietors of the above popular restaurant (with that energy which has always characterized them) have already commenced refitting the front part of their establishment, which was recently destroyed by fire. The loss of the Terrapin would be a loss felt by most of our citizens, and the travelling community especially, as it has always been known as the only really first-class house in the city, and we might almost say in the province. We understand the proprietors have already sent their orders to England and France, for a large and full assorted stock of fancy goods, pipes, cigars, tobaccos, and all the concomitants connected with that part of their business. We heartily wish the worthy managers every success, and hope that the serious loss sustained by the m will soon be replaced.

"Oh! wad some bodie the gifte gie us  
To see oursel's as thiers see us!"

"My son," said a grave old Turk to "the hope of his declining years," on King street the other day—having come hither for the purpose of seeing the wonders of the New World—(and one of them in the shape of a Toronto swell, clad in the most approved mode, presenting itself just at that moment,) "remember that if you should ever be tempted to forsake God and His Prophet, you may become such a looking object as that."

Niagara for Ever.

The people of Toronto are delighted that Morrison is elected, for we will have one independent man in the House who will fight against the Water-lot Swindle. We suppose the geese in North Simcoe who voted for McConkey in preference to Morrison must be disgusted by this time. McConkey as M. P. P. and McMurrich as M. L. C. I Verily, we would not like to live in the locality.

**SPECIAL NOTICES.**

**THE TERRAPIN.**

**CARLISLE & M'CONKEY**

DEB TO INFORM THEIR MANY FRIENDS and patrons that during the refitting of the front portion of their

**RESTAURANT,**

LATELY

**DESTROYED BY FIRE,**

THE

**BUSINESS**

WILL BE

**CARRIED ON AS USUAL,**

And customers will be waited on with the same

**PROMPTITUDE AND ATTENTION.**

That has always characterized this Establishment.

Dinner served up from twelve to four o'clock:

ENTRANCE AT THE SIDE DOOR.

Toronto, September 10, 1864.

**ENLARGED & IMPROVED,**

**CORRECT & COMPLETE!**

**ROBERTSON'S**

**Canadian Railway Guide,**

**FOR SEPTEMBER.**

Published under the supervision of the Railway Companies.

**CONTENTS OF THE SEPTEMBER 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 WELLAND RAILWAY.
- THE LONDON AND PORT STANLEY.
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