

# THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1863.

(VOL. I.--NO.43)

## THE GRUMBLER

Is published every SATURDAY MORNING, in time for the early Train. Copies may be had at all the News Depots. Subscription, \$1: Single copies, 3 cents.

Papers 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.

## THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats,  
I read you tent it;  
A child's among you taking notes,  
And, faith, he'll wunt it."

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1863.

### Abaddon and a "Bad'un."

Said Isaac Buchanan,

(That Hamilton cannon),

"This world it is strown with evil,

I'd wager a crown,

The decept of George Brown,  
Is in a straight line from the Devil."

"He lives every trace

Of his Devilish race,

For where the hair's gone from his head,

If you look narrowly

You plainly can see

Two small sprouting horns instead."

Now Hamilton Isaac

Do not for my sake,

Propagate such a scandalous story,

You must know very well,

Your legend a sell,

For the Devil was always a Tory.

The Devil a bit,

Is your true bred Grit,

The blame you put the wrong lad on,

But though you are wrong

I'll agree in my song,

Your true Grit is a right Abaddon."

"You mistake Sir, Bells and Bells too, are plenty here."—*The Athlynt.*

"What a shame to be sure" said a very respectable old lady, not to have a bell at a trumpet, or lamps, or anything else on these here street cars, and them poor conductors or conductioners, or whatever you calls 'em, I wonder their legs don't drop right off. Alderman Carr ought to be ashamed of hisself. Does he think the poor fellows is cheribuns which has wings, and no sitipons? "Madman" said we, with that happy suavity of

manner common to all grumblers, "you are misinformed, Alderman Carr is not the proprietor of the street cars, he spells his name, or rather he would say, his name is spelt Carr." "Lank" returned the old lady, "ony think, I thought his name bein the same, you see, a nateral mistake sir, wasn't it? "Bein much so," indeed, Madam, we replied, you are not far wrong, the real proprietor is Sir Fenwick Williams of Kara, the present Commander-in-chief of the troops in this country, but for prudential reasons, he conceals his connection with the street railway of Toronto, as no military man is allowed—"Sir, interrupted the old lady, a beggin of your pardon which I grants your grace, is the name of which you've bein a-mentionin' the proprietor's real name, or do he say "of Kara" just for a blind? "Madam," we said, "his title is of Kara, where this gentleman distinguished himself very much, he commanded the Turks in the famous defence of that city," we continued with the easy fluency of Russell himself.

"Sir," returned the old lady, a beggin of your parding, them is few as can tell me more than I knows: about Turks, my poor Stephen Butturd, (Butturd is my name Sir) chawed the same for many years for speesher which he allers smoked a Turkish pipe." "Madam," we responded gravely, "Do you really mean to say Mr. Stephen Butturd your late husband we presume?" "No Sir, again I interposed the retort of Stephen Butturd, and this time rather warmly, "he had his faults as all on us has, but a spryer man in the morning I never seen, no lateness about he," "My dear Madam said soothingly, "you slightly misapprehend us we meant deceased, dead"—"Oh I sir" returned the lady, "I really axes your parding. Dead he is in coorse, and has been three years come December, which I was a tellin' you of the thub that man chawed was surprisin, likewise the backer, a chaw of each the fust thing. One on one side on his mouth, 't'other 't'other, "which they counteraxes each other Betsy," but "Lord Sir" ejaculated the old lady. "Holler the conductioner, I ain't half a mile to go and there's no bells nor nothing there ought to be here" I hollered the conductioner, he hollered the driver the old lady hurried out "Bang" came down the centre lamp just missing the old lady's skirts, and "od drot you and your eussed lamps too, Gen. Williams ought to be ashamed of hisself" was the last exclamation of the old lady.

**Baloon Ascension at Rosedale.**  
—We understand Ald. Moodie is about making a baloon ascension from the above place. Will he oblige the citizens by taking Coun. Baxer and John McDonald with him for an infinite period.

**The Premier and Geology.**  
—Read this, O Canadians, and tremble:

Mr. John Sandfield Macdonald strongly condemned the grant for Geological purposes. He asked, what good had this establishment, employing a large and expensive staff, done for the country? When it was first proposed it was believed the children of the country would have been instructed in Geological science and that the mineral resources of the Province would have been developed. But what had been the result? They had reports full of Latin names and obscure technicalities, but, the people learned nothing from them. They had sent specimens of Minerals and Woods to the London Exhibition, but had any practical result followed.  
—*Leader.*

It will astonish Sir Wm. Logan to hear that he was expected to discharge the duties of a common school teacher, in addition to these his office entails. The objection that the Survey has not developed our mineral resources has something in it. Sir Wm. should at once "start a coal mine somewhere near Cornwall, and we are not averse to having a gold mine developed in the region of the Don Bridge. As for the reports being full of Latin names, we think it highly improper that they should be so. Latin is a delusion and a snare, hard to construe and difficult to translate—for such as the Premier: It cannot be expected that Mr. S. Macdonald should be constantly referring to his Andrews; he has neither time nor inclination for such work; and, as his acquaintance with Geological technicalities is very slight, he cannot be expected to delight in the Survey Reports. Our solution of the difficulty would be to expunge the Latin and the technicalities, and, by so doing, Sir Wm. Logan will enable the Sandfield Macdonalds to get along notwithstanding a defective education.

### CORRESPONDENCE

Quebec, Rue St. Genevieve, Sept. 21, 1863.  
Mon cher Grumblair,

Forgive me. Je vous prie, but as all de Government and our United Parliament of both sides de House have honored me with their acceptance of my invitation de hospitality, and with plus grand plaisir join me at my various party de dinner. I feel much anxious de de press of Upper Canada favor me by doing de some thing. I like my friend meet me in mine hous. Will you Mr. Grumblair as the head de profession printing, (I mean journalist) come also and dine at my maison, and bring all your character comique that the chambre dejeuner which I have erected in my grand maison may again re-echo au cable to our usual hilarite.

Yours plus grand respectuel ami,  
SIDORE THIBIDEAU,  
President de conseil Publique.

**A CROSS-STOCK.**

G rowl and grumble as you will  
 R eard ye cannot hope to find  
 U nless your palliots take the pill  
 M aking no fuss, and call it kind.  
 B enevolent souls who lash at crime,  
 L et not the guilty stop your pen,  
 E ver be just, punish in time,  
 R emember, Grumblers are but men.

**Coun. Baxter.**

— Gave notice, last week, that on to-morrow he will move that a committee, consisting of Ald. Moodie, J. Ritchey, Jr., Hugh Eiller, Dr. Agnew, Wilkin B. Butler and John Bugg, be appointed to ascertain what has become of \$190, collected to defray "Cheap Travelling"—Henderson's trip to Quebec. Committee to furnish security, that they will hand over the funds to subscribers upon receipt of same.

**The Two Independent Members.**

— Thomas Ferguson who never votes against the Opposition, and Aw. Mortimer Smith, who always votes with the ministry.

**The Member for West York Sings Dumb.**

— What is our old friend Howland about? We have been expecting every day he would distinguish himself with something about this high-falutin people. It is too bad that he is mum. Please do say something Mr. Howland?

**NOTICES OF MOTIONS.**

*Mr. John Macdonald.*—Bill to have a stone wall put round this "devolved and unhappy country," and to make Mr. Mortimer Smith, President of the University.

*Mr. McConkey.*—To erect a convent in the township of Oro, in consideration of past services to the moderate cause—also to erect new Parliament buildings in Orillia.

*Hon. Mr. Holland.*—Will move that Mr. Abe Lincoln be President of this highfalutin people and Secretary Chase as Finance Minister, Vice Holton joined the American army.

*Mr. Amos Wright.*—That John Duggan be banished to Hudson's Bay, and that California Metcalf be assistant member for East York.

*Mr. Meek and lowly Mowat.*—That he will move for a committee to investigate charges brought against present ministry, concerning Grand Trunk bribe. The committee to consist of Messrs. Chambers, Boves, Joly, Perrault, McDougall, Moodie, Poulin, Rankin and Brown, and to report when convenient.

**A Model Legislator**

— "Mr. Cowan said that constitutional law was useless, and cost an immense sum of money by consuming the time of the House."—*Parliamentary report.*

South Waterloo has reason to rejoice over her representative. Perhaps it is not so much constitutional law that is expensive, as the violation or want of it.

**LYCEUM.**

*City Hall Buildings.*

The management have great pleasure in informing the public, that on Monday evening next will be presented at this popular place of amusement 2 new pieces.

**PROGRAMME.**

Reception of Lord Lyons and no presentation.  
 Sir Frederick Blount Ald. Carr.  
 Bishop Thompson Ald. Sterling.  
 Iago Mr. Boves.  
 Foodles, (with song) Mr. Baxter.  
 Serrant Mr. Diokey.  
 Waiter Ald. Spruatt.  
 After which the charming young actresses—  
 Miss Mitchell, Miss Kerr,

Miss Baxter,  
 Will dance a fancy  
**PAS TROIS.**

To conclude with the after piece of

**PAYING HIBERNIAN SOCIETY.**

Mike Murphy Ald. Hynes.  
 Barney O'Shea Coun. O'Connell.  
 Never surrender Ald. Metcalf.  
 Old Usury Coun. Jarvis.  
 Vote on both sides Ald. Love.  
 Absent voter Ald. Moodie.  
 Please all parties Mr. Boves.

Performance commences at half-past seven.

Admission 5 cents.

J. Carr

J. G. Boves

Treasurer:  
 Manager.

**Notice to the Public.**

— It being desired to collect statistics as to the effects of the present changeable weather, those who have not a cold in the head or the throat will confer a favor by calling at the Mayor's office, and leaving their names.

**SCENE AT THE BEAR GARDEN.**

**Latest Political Acrobaticism.  
 Parliament House, Quebec.**

**HIGH AND LOFTY TUMBLING.**

The double somersault of the member for East Bant (Dr. B-w-n) performed upon a rope of sand before an astonished audience, on Friday last, and resulting in the Doctor tumbling *posteriore* into the opposition. Remuneration—a *quid pro quo* Casual advantages *in futuro*.

**Parliamentary Photograph.**

Hair a la lunatic, Spectacles, sur-naz. Blue and white striped neck-tie. An ear cutting shirt-collar of the last century. Brown-white cross-dressed waistcoat of several years standing. Seedy looking paletot. Hands under coat tails. Toute en semble, a diminutive specimen of mankind. Such is the personal appearance of a minister of the Crown, standing beside the clerk's table, addressing the committee in a cracked base-note-street-organ tone of voice, in the interest of the fishy denizens of Gaspe basin,

**YONGE STREET HOUSES.**

We are no Architect, nor yet Builder; yet hesitate not to declare our opinion, that some wooden houses now erecting on Yonge Street, are being built with much more regard to economy than safety or stability. Or may be, that timbers which any strong man could carry on his back, dancing a minnet at the same time, are strong enough for the framing of a two story house; and that scantlings which we could break across our knee are sufficient for the walls; but we don't believe it, and neither do we believe that such paltry erections ought to be allowed to go up.

For, just consider, these houses are to be lived in! Perhaps to be danced in; and that by individuals of fourteen stone and over! For it is very unlikely that the landlord would refuse dancing tenants, and certainly he would not insist on the visitors being weighed before commencing to trip the light fantastic. Just imagine Councilman Baxter for a moment; now he is gliding through the dance with the airy lightness of a sylph, his face radiant with smiles, his tongue dropping (not Altc but) sweetest sayings to his partner. Now, alas! he lies fathoms down in the collar, eyes full of plaster, skin torn by nails, the great equi-corporal circle of his substance sorely bashed in by fragments of timber, and bricks from the chimney. Sad, sad end for a City Councilman!

We hope the owner of these precious cobwebs has made some arrangement to keep off the wind, and prevent crows from rubbing themselves against the corners. Perhaps with proper support, to wit houses built above and below, a strong awning in front and shed in the rear, the gingerbread may remain perpendicular for a year or two, provided always that fat men are excluded; but by all means keep away the cows! Fancy a mountain of meat, weighing half a ton, grinding its huge bulk against the delicate fabric! Imagination refuses to contemplate the awful prospect.

And the foundation story? Broad, and deep and firm they ought to be, to carry the enormous weight of timber and nails used in the construction. How should we mourn, if some fine day the whole concern, tenants, miscellaneous live stock, and provender included, were to sink from the face of the earth and come out at the Antipodes? to their great astonishment and inconvenience. Very probably a misunderstanding with the natives would be the result; high words, blows, County Court and Bill Boulton. Again imagination shrinks back, appalled at the foul vision.

We hereby offer a reward of one hundred pounds to any person who will invent some method of building a wooden house without wood. But while we use wood, let the wood be fit for the purpose; and don't let us see timbers put into the walls, no thicker than half a dozen rats' tails. And now, having spoken our word to the wise, we wash our hands of a responsibility; of which let all men take notice, and govern themselves accordingly.

### The Departure of the Thirtieth.

Sparked the waves all brightly in the sun,  
The quay deserted showed the Thirtieth gone,  
Whirled by the fierce autumnal gale away,  
A bed of scarlet poppies flaunting gay ;  
A heap of fresh boiled lobsters fresh put in,  
On that vast slab which marks the Torpavin,  
Swallowed by hungry guests at waiter's hand ;  
Imago but faintly that deserted strand.  
Where rang the martial din, the pomp erowhilo,  
Crouched one poor maiden from the Emerald Isle,  
Affection drew her, but the envious tide,  
Faster bath drawn her Patrick from her side.  
Too late ! No farewell breathed from her  
manly lips,  
Has lighted with one ray Hopes dark eclipse.  
"Too late !" she groaned, "Ah me, too late ! too late !

And I wick backy here that can't be bate,  
Sure the last tinapeny I had I spint,  
A prinsit for my Pat afore he vint,  
Oh I wirra, but the drops will charrruge my eye,  
To think that he should lave, an I not by."  
While thus she monned, a rosate Hope upsprang,  
Softening affections unrequited paug,  
'Suro now this lacker ain't by no manes hurt  
If onst or twice it-tumbled in the dirt,  
An suru O'Leary is the deacent man,  
In deacency will take back' all he can,  
For these three plugs he'll give a quarrut of best,  
She said, and to the pleasant task herself the  
maid addressed.

### Mr. Howland on the Address.

Mr. Speaker,—I calculate I have the chair, I have sat and sat listening to Cartior and others, until I am right down sick. Mr. Speaker I am opposed to Mr. Scottle's motion, kaso why, if that carries, I am out of my situation pop, which I calculate would not be pleasant, the salary is not bad to tako those ero times, and as I am entitled to mino for past services. Haven't I been Finance Minister. Didn't I go amongst the Britishers on the other side of the big herring pond, didn't I see Gladstone, and didn't I tell him we wore a highfalutin people out here in Canada.

I guess I did (that's so). And didn't he laugh and look at me, and I calculate I asked him what he was laughing about, and he said hem and I told him I didn't understand him, at all? And he need not put on his hairs as we would not put up with it. Didn't I tell, we in Canada would stand none of the Britishers nonsense, (hear, hear) from Mr. Artemus Ward. Gentlemen may, (hear, hear) but these are my sentiments. Ain't I as good as Gladstone or any other man. By the invisible Jackson, the pious Mowatt, and cunning Brown. I am just as good, and I felt I could not put up with his bems, and I left for Canada.

Now, I say, we don't want a Millin Bill at all. Let the Britishers look after Canada if they want to, or coot de coot, which means just, luff it be. As to the duty on whiskey, I am prepared to argue that question, bekaeo I don't think there should be any duty on grain, and whiskey is made from grain, therefore, I say, let the whiskey question drop like a hot potato, and give your support to the present ministers; as their sedative and stimulating character is such, that all men must admire them, particularly McDougall, whose modesty is injuring the Ministry. And now, as John

McDonald says: with these few remarks, I take my seal. (Cheers and prolonged cheering.)

Vide Globe.

### The Horticultural Garden Committee, and the Band of the 30th.

These are the soldiers in fine array,  
'Composing the Band of the 30th gay,  
Who wore on that Saturday to play,  
At the Horticultural Grounds.

This is the Committee, always the same,  
Men of renown and liberal fame,  
Who on Mr. Williams put the blame,  
While their anger knew no bounds.

This is Williams the omnibus man,  
Who straight to the Leader Office ran,  
And says he "they never axed for the van,  
Or I would have gone with joy.

This is the boy with the ragged coat,  
Who forgot to deliver Williams his note,  
Wherefore you see he couldn't know it,  
Which put the blame on the boys.

These are the hookers all on 'em had,  
Whilst cussing that poor unfortunate lad.  
For though dirty and small, and poorly clad,  
Twas a real comfort, as all of em said,  
He was quite big enough to blame.

### TORONTO UNIVERSITY EXAMINATION.

We append a question paper forwarded anonymously, the answers lie before us (literally) for general learning, deep research, and patient investigation, we think them unrivalled. The deep learning of a Bacon, the mental grasp of an Airy, and the varied knowledge of a Brougham, are as it were, foreshadowed in the very clear and concise disentanglement of the following difficult series of questions.

Ques. 1. State the exact difference existin<sup>g</sup> between the ancient Procrustean bed and a modern bed of tulips?

2 In what way does Tom King trace his descent from the shepherd kings of Egypt?

3. State, in scientific terms, the connection between the piston of a flower, and the piston of a steam engine.

4 Explain concisely the cause of that appearance in the Heavens vulgarly called the milky way, at the same time account for the presence of milky matter in whey.

5 Logarithms are properly called Napiers bones, what connection would exist between them and the fossilized remains lately discovered in County Kerry, Ireland?

6 In what relation does the cochineal insect stand to the worm that dyeth not?

7 If Grattan and Burke wore coeval with the Flood of that day, how many cubits long would be the ark?

8 If the infamous Nina Sahib had been hung six years since, would the navigation of the Lachine rapids have been rendered less difficult in consequence?

9 Is any direct line of ancestry traceable between the Lender H. M. and Tubal Cain?

### Smith's Oration.

"Mr. A. M. SMITH said the reason he would vote against the report was that Mr. Todd supplied long speeches to Members, and he would gladly increase his salary if he would cut them down."

### Parliamentary Report.

The above is we believe is the longest oratorical effort, the member for Toronto East has ever been guilty of in the house. Taking the old saying for our guide that "brevity is the soul of wit, the speech must certainly be pronounced a masterpiece of wit, yet it lacks that spirit of high worded eloquence for which Mr. Smith was noted, and instances of which are thickly scattered over the reports of the City Council proceedings. Many a time and oft when the discussion of some important question was occupying the attention of the Council, many a time we say did the mind of the talented member, expanding with the importance of the occasion, give utterance to the sentiments that were swelling his manly buzzum, in such soul stirring phrase as hear, hear, that's so, your another, &c. We are glad to see that the activity of our members mind is still unimpaired, and has successfully resisted the brain softening effect of the corroding cases to which all great parliamentary men are subject. It is perhaps hardly necessary to mention that the effect of this able oratorical effort was immense, and immediately changed the opinions of those who were previously adverse to the view so ably and elaborately set forth by Mr. Smith.

We must add also that we consider that the effect produced by the speech was in a great measure due to the fact that M. Smith, with the commendable industry, learnt the whole of this lengthy oration off by heart, and also having recited it six times a day for three weeks to an elocution master, worked him up in all the necessary gestures to the graceful style in which he delivered himself of this, his master-piece, and we may say the most Demosthenic like oration which has ever been heard in our Legislative Assembly. The speech, we believe, on account of its extraordinary merit, is to be printed in a pamphlet form, and distributed throughout the world, and is to be further honored with a prominent place in a work on elocution as a model of oratory, equal if not superior to Pitt's best efforts. We congratulate Toronto on the honor which will thus be reflected on it, through the resplendent value of its representatives.

### SHAKESPEARE.

Were it not for the exertions of such Shakespearean enthusiasts as our old friend J. S. Lee, we would be apt to forget that the Shakespeare tercentenary will soon be upon us. Two years ago the Burn's riot worked all the eloquence of the Scots in all parts of the Globe. Surely a little notice might be taken of the tercentenary of the "myriad-minded" Englishman, especially, should take shame to themselves for their neglect in this matter. We hope Mr. Lee will receive every assistance from the St. George's Societies throughout the Province. If he does not, they may expect to hear from us on the subject. We can all unite to render the tercentenary in some degree worthy of the immortal Shakespeare.

THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

A young girl lately from Ireland, having the *maladie du pays* strongly on her, in vain entreated her friends for sufficient funds to enable her to return home. They refused, alleging she would soon prefer this country. The poor girl wandered into the woods, was missed, and on a search being made, it was found that the unfortunate victim to the strong love of country, had committed suicide.  
—See Leader.

Sitting sadly beneath the trees  
And listing their moaning roar,  
Does the Irish maiden dream;  
Of the far off Emerald shore?  
No tears in the heavy eyes,  
They see but an unbridged foam;  
And the heart in its yearning cries  
"Dear Mother, Oh! take me Home."

"Ah! mother mayourneen I mine,  
My heart it is sick with fears;  
And the voice of the trees,  
Sound strangely in my ears."

"The voices are strange and wild,  
They are mocking at those who roam;  
They whisper, The Irish child  
She shall never go home."

"Ah! mother do they say true?  
And is there no hope for me?  
Can I never come to you  
Across that desolate sea?"

Sadly the night sank down,  
And the sky was overpread,  
There's a sob and a parting sigh  
And the Irish maiden is dead.

A Chaperon on Rats.

We caught a rat this morning in a gin, having no dog, we applied to Betty, the general servant, who understands most things generally; "Drown him," she said with the true old country pronunciation of the verb; we did so immersing the rat and gin in a bucket of water. "That said we" sardoniously, if gin and water, with a touch of ratfish in it," said a friend of ours. "Keeping witty company sharpeneth the apprehension." We replied, "Just so" said our friend who is a Yankee of course we just so; we answered taking advantage of our friend's slip, "I said just so" he replied warmly. "If you are just so, prove it" retorted we, by paying the dollar you owe us. You bet we shouldn't catch a rat. "I am a wiser and better man" said he, and he handed over the dollar. *Dolor sed non tristitia* said we. So much for a chaperon rats.

WHY DIDST THOU TALK?

Let no mariner leave his Firefly, is a free translation of *ne utror ultra crepidam*. Bob Moodie, who, did not you suggest to the remarkable wisdom of the City Fathers the very dangerous experiment of selling the Inspectorship of the market. All men as a rule try to see their own and a little over, if they buy an office. And even sometimes try to see more than their own when they have one given them. If this latter position is not true, why Robert wast thou so long at Quebec?

Latest by Telegraph.  
Astounding Intelligence.

Amazing Information!  
**EVERYBODY INJURED.**  
**NOBODY HURT.**  
**SOMEBODY KILLED.**  
**ANYBODY WOUNDED.**  
&c. &c. &c.

We have just received the astounding, at the same time highly gratifying intelligence, that our respected, highly talented, universally esteemed fellow citizen, ROBERT MOODIE, Esq., M. L. C., has been offered the throne of Mexico. On receipt of the intelligence we set out at once to write a brilliant article on the glorious prospect for the future of this hitherto misgoverned country, but were at the same time prevented; and deeply grieved, by learning from that gentleman himself, that in consequence of his present Rosedale contract, and more especially because the Emperor of the French refused to allow him to wear his peacock and his coronation robe, and also refused point-blank to buy up the bowling alley, and what is still more tyrannical, to remove the Toronto Bay and Island to Mexico, and the Fire Fly to Mexico, for the use of the Royal Robert on Sundays, the Fire Fly too, being invaluable as a means of defence or attack in case of war—for these reasons, Mexico, we regret to say, will be deprived of the advantage arising from the superintendence of one who has many a time, and safely guided the Ship of State—the Fire Fly—over the stormy billows of the tempestuous ocean, the Bay into the desired haven—Yonge Street wharf or Glendinnings. But although we may sympathize with Mexico on her loss, and denounce the capricious despotism of the Emperor of the French who, by his refusal to gratify the reasonable requests of the Royal Bob, is responsible for all the evil results attendant on his refusal, notwithstanding all this we can congratulate our own city in general, on still having the advantage of the counsels of one whom the necessities of a misruled Kingdom, and the selfishness of a powerful Monarch were near snatching from us. The importance of the message may be inferred from the fact that the courier, who brought the official despatch, after riding post-haste, through France, England, and across the Atlantic ocean, without tasting food, stopped only three months at the Don Bridge, examining its architectural beauties, before declining his message; and then overcome by his superhuman exertion, and the anxieties attendant on a mission of such vast importance, immediately got off his horse and took a drink and a ham sandwich. Peace to his ashes.

We are informed too in advance of everybody that an immense battle was fought nowhere which all those who were uninjured, escaped severely un-

hurt." Nobody being molested the loss was terrible. Particulars in the next issue of the Evening Journal.

Advertisement.

1000 SPIRERS WANTED.—The undersigned desires to raise forthwith near the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, one hundred able bodied men. The wages will be \$10 a day. Fare paid to the work. Clothing and board supplied free. Constant employment.  
A. P. MACDONALD.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

W. J. SHARP'S  
IMPROVED BILLIARD TABLES, WITH  
SHARP'S PATENT CUSHIONS,  
SUPERIOR TO ANY NOW IN USE.  
Patented November 15, 1862. Manufactory, No. 148 Foltton Street, New York. Balls, Cues, Trimmings, &c. Old Cues long repaired. Orders by mail punctually attended to: None but the best tables made at this establishment.  
First class Marble or Slate Bed Billiard Tables from \$250 to \$375, according to style or size, on reasonable terms.

JAMES KNAPP

BOARDSHIPS, (FROM KINGSTON.)  
YONGE STREET WHARF, TORONTO.  
Begs to Inform the Public that he has removed to the above address, where he will attend personally to the building, re-painting, and painting of boats and skins, on the most improved principles.  
Also boats taken care of by the season, at a reasonable charge: Boats and skins for sale and let.

To say Professor Nelson is skillful is to say that which all men acknowledge. We go further and say that he is a harmless necromancer, a benevolent magician: He resembles one of the good Genies of the Arabian Nights, who possessing marvellous powers, beneficently applied them all to the welfare of humanity.

C. A. Eackas.—Our friends initials are cab. If so what sort of cab? Why, a handsome cab to be sure. One of the real stamp, up to the myriad literary requirements of this fast age in every particular. The old pottering, almost stationary Hackney coaches are fast disappearing. We could shew an example.

Wallhalla was the Heaven of the Scythian Mythology. All kinds of pleasure abounded there, and mead and ale, (so the Norse legends say), circulated perpetually. Our Toronto Wallhalla is the Hall of Messrs. T. & J. Walls; King Street, as merely a Dry Goods establishment; (though a first class one). We suspect the Scandinavian heroes would not have patronized it; but for our own part we should much prefer the emporium of the Messrs. Walls, to the wassail and revelry of the long past Wallhalla.