

## THE TWO BLUE BAGS.

There were three crows sat on a stone,  
Our two Blue Bags, they are alone;  
The three Crows stuff themselves with beef,  
Our two Blue Bags have not a brief.

Our three Crows like to pick up pens,  
Our Blue Bags would like to pick up fees;  
But the horse it starves while the grass it grows,  
And I'd rather be one of the jolly Crows.

If a fat cow falls and no-crow is nigh,  
Look out, for they soon will darken the sky—  
A fat-client shall fall in a Blue Dag's den,  
But he shan't so easy get out again,

Yet one word more, whilst we're together,  
Our three Crows have not lost a feather;  
You may skin a flint, and may scrape a rag,  
But you can't pluck aught from a plucked Blue Bag.

To carry a blue bag is ungentle,  
A butcher should never carry his steel  
And a burglar who works beneath the stars,  
In decency hides his jenny crowsbars.

So a warning take by these remarks;  
The mighty sea hasn't all the sharks,  
A word to the wise as my rhyme I close,  
The Blue Bags are worse than the jolly Crows.

### Little Lessons for Little Politicians.

George Brown was a great Scotch boy, very fond of oatmeal and sheep-heads. Now as he had been bred up in Scotland, where these things are much eaten, this was very natural, and no one would have found fault with him, but he wanted every one to eat sheep-heads and oatmeal, too. So if he saw an English boy eating beef, or an Irish boy eating potatoes, or a French boy eating a frog, or the yellow frogs you see in the meadows, but another sort which is very good to eat, he would laugh and jest at them, and pat them with stones, or pieces of sulphur, which, last of all Scotch boys carry in their pockets, as many of them have the old Roman complaint, which, you will read in your Enfield's Speaker, Brutus (you remember about Brutus, do you not?) said Cassius had, when they disagreed, "an itching palm." Now this was very wrong of George Brown, and lost him many friends. Well after a time, there was a very good place for a strong youth in a large house, and George wanted much to get this place, and as he was pretty good friends with the Major Domo, (which means the head servant), for this head servant was a Scotch boy, too, and would frequently give George a sheep's head or two. You see, George Brown thought to get this place, as it was not very hard work, and the wages were good. The place was a charwoman's, I suppose you have heard of charwomen, who come to wash clothes, or a house, or help in any way. I think this place was something like a charwoman's place, that is, to keep the house in order. So George, who was a clumsy boy, saved up his money till it came to two dollars, and then he went to an old French

lady, who lived on S— A—, and asked her if she would teach him French and dancing, and she said yes, for she was good-natured, and wished him to get on; her name was Madame Tric Trac. So he paid her a York shilling a lesson, and you would have died with laughing to have seen George when he first begun to dance, and to have heard the funny way in which he spoke the French words. However, after a little while he improved and people would say when they saw him in the street, "On my word, George Brown is improved, did you see how he sprang over the gutter?" And George boasted among his friends, the Scotch boys, for he had hardly any other friends, that he would "shake a toe" in his enemies' faces yet. "Shake a toe" is Lowland Scotch for what we who speak English, should call, "kicking up our heels." Well, George had spent his two dollars; because to know a little French and dancing, was necessary to obtain the place in the large house. And now comes the sad part of the story; but there is a good moral in it, which is why, my little boy, I tell you this tale. The head servant was willing enough that George Brown should have the place, but it was only to be got by asking all the other servants of the house, and if more said he should not have it, than said he should have it, the head servant would most likely have lost his own good place, and be turned out. So, as there were English, Scotch, Irish, and French servants, George and the Major Domo went slyly about, asking them, to see how it would be, so as to know before the day of choosing the chairman came, all the Scotchmen said, "Oh aye man!" which means "Oh yes, lad!" but the English, and especially the French, and Irish, at whom George had often pelted stones and sulphur, merely because they went to a different church, and liked beef, potatoes, and frogs, instead of sheep heads, said "No, no!" So the head servant did not dare to bring George down forward, and George did not get the place, which was given to another boy, though not near so strong as George. So George, by his folly in pelting the Irish, and French, and English, lost the place, and spent his two dollars in vain, and I hear he has been crying ever since.

### ROSEDALE AGAIN.

Once more we must protest, and in sober earnest this time, against the malevolent stupidity which seems to outdo itself in trying to throw an undeserved odium on a fellow citizen; that, quite as respectable, and we believe in our secret souls, infinitely more so, than any of his would-be traducers. We had hoped that our jeering article "No Rose without a Thorn," in last week's Gleaner, would have exposed the stupid malice which persists in charging on Mr. Warner, the faults and follies of those disturbers of the harmony of the meeting at Rosedale, as the German Pic-nic. We would not be willingly severe, even on these men, for we have too good an opinion of all classes of our fellow citizens, to believe any of them, in cool blood, would try deliberately to injure so respectable and kind hearted a man, as the lessee of the Rosedale Pleasure Grounds. *In vino veritas*, if in

wine there is truth, in good liquors, which rejoice the soul of man, there is yet an element of discord, and unfortunately this dangerous element blossomed and bore fruit at Rosedale. If a man foolishly disturbs the public peace, the law very properly punishes him; but there is a whitelivered, craven-hearted, malice, which sleeps not, a "miching malicho," that, as the play says, "puls risbano 'neath men's pillows," venting itself in the dastard anonymous letter. The covert craven attack "did these (Heaven forgive us we were going to say gentlemen,) sorry knaves ever read Othello "What stab men in the dark?" Fie, fie on such rascals, they are the very sediment, the scum, the refuse of rascality. The unblushing rowdy who with bold front, kicks up a riot, and runs his fair chance of punishment therefor; is a Hero to these poor villains, who poison on the sly "and dig themselves dishonorable graves" in the good opinion of every honourable man. May they be mulcted as heavily as they deserve, and may Warner reap the fruit of his enterprise in spite of their craven hearts.

### Glorious News.

LATEST BY SPECIAL TELEGRAPHS.

Friday night, 11.59 p. m.

The good fight is won! The Government are coming back! Temporary buildings are to be fitted up!!! The temple of the Anaconda, nearly opposite the Globe office, will form an elegant summer residence for his excellency, the Governor General. The new jail is to be the Legislative Hall. The Fish Market will be divided, and will accommodate by tripartite division, for a time, the Crown Lands Department, the Bureau of Agriculture, and the Post-office. The Inspector General is to have an awning on the top of some eligible flat roof, not yet selected.

### PARLIAMENTARY MOTIONS.

Mr. Wright.—To summons the reporter of the Grumbler to the Bar of the House, for not reporting his speech on the important question of a new Bridge of the 5th Con. in York.

Hon. Mr. Howland.—That fine cut Tobacco be furnished to the Members for chewing purposes.

Mr. McMurich.—Resolved, that in the opinion of this House, no further duty be put upon oatmeal, and that scratching posts be erected in the County of Bruce.

Mr. Mowatt.—That during the absence of Mr. Ryerson, Mr. John McDonald be requested to act as chaplain with Capt. Moodie as assistant to the Honorable House.

### Is It True.

—Is it true that John Hilliard and Tom Ferguson offered the other day to sign a document with our city members, pledging themselves to support no government that would not make the removal of government to this city a certainty, and that our representatives refused to support and sign with them.