

Ye Butcher Boy to his loving Sallie.

When you read these lines, dear Sallie,
Smile my rosy, darling duck,
Or your loving butcher laddie,
Sure as fate will lose his pluck.

CORRESPONDENCE.

APRIL the 16th.

My dear Mr. Grumbular—For been a settin in my top attic a watchin the rain for two hours, an a thinkin that surely to goodness there never was a day more sooted to grumble than this, so thinks I'll set down and rite a few lines to Mr. G. and ease my mind concerning a few matters as is worryin me.

First and foremost, there's the gals as is makin such fools of themselves a runnin arter the red coats. It worridges me, Mr. G., to see women a treaten decent respectable young gentlemen like dirt, because they dont happen to wear a bit of red cloth. I was a walkin down King street a few days ago, when I seen with my own eyes—through my own spectacles—a gal walkin alongside a hossifer, who was on his horse, and stoopin down talkin to her all along the street! I went into a tobacconists to get my snuff, and tho' I'd been there a quarter of an hour, when I comed out agin she was comin back the same way. If she'd been a gal o' mine (but mine, thank goodness, is all boys except Mary Anne) I'd a shuther up for a month on bread and water!

The hossifers wouldnt run half so much arter the gals, if they didnt make sich fools of themselves, and my son (who is a full corporal in the Cavalry Marine Guards) says that the hossifers only laugh at the women behind their backs, and call them the "petticoat nuisance," and that if they only knew how much they were laughed at, they wouldnt make themselves so ridiculous. They are a goin to have a play to-morrow night—wont the women dress up and crowd the theater that's all! And they go and advertise themselves the "Gallous Martyrs," as if they couldnt say they was "soldiers a goin to play act."

It's preponderous! the way the gals go on, and hossifers wives dont lead sich a wonderfully happy life neither—so my son says. They have to be separated half the time from their husbands; and while they are frettin and a cryin their eyes out at home, their "large lords" (as genteel people say) is a playin up old gooseberry with the gals, and a passin themselves off for single men, and spendin their time a fox-hunting and gal-hunting! But there! it aint no use a talkin any more—women always was fools and always will be; and I think the men is quite right to laugh at em, as my boy says they do. It's only a wonder to me that the women dont see it. Howsomever, I'm done on that subject, and hope I have not intimidated on your valible time, Mr. G., with my persussion on gals.

I seen by the *Globe* newspaper that the "fight in still continues," and that "Moses fair from Heaven saw the gray transported, and their fleet iron-clads encored inside." It seems to me strange, for I thought Moses had better have stopped where

he was; but there—it's impossible to make out the papers now-a-days; indeed I dont think gals ought to be allowed to read em, for oven speeches on the present bill, "Supportin Schools," isnt fit to read. The Rev. Mr. Cheat-em ought to know better than use sich ondedent impressions as he did at the meetin. There's an old woman's settlements.

BETSEY TODD,
Irish Cousin to Mrs. Parthington.

MORE TROUBLE FOR LONDON.

London the little again figures in the Police Court for assaulting the military. John Kavanagh, in crossing the street, runs foul of Lieut. Tovey, R. E.,—result, a row, blows struck, caps knocked off, swords about to be drawn, and other dreadful things. What is wrong with the atmosphere of the "Forest City,"—where is the police—where is the gas-light—where is anything to keep these belligerent people from running amuck in this manner? Would it not be wise for General Williams to establish his headquarters in this fighting town, and keep them under by allopathic doses of martial law. He has already asserted that their sense of honour and justice can only be reached through their pockets, and threatened them with the removal of the troops, after the assault on Major Bowles, thereby depriving them of the profit and society of the galliant heroes; but since this has not had the desired effect, let him still appeal through their pockets and quarter more troops on them, himself included, and see if he cannot bring these Western cocknies to a state of peace. If that will not succeed after a good trial, we will give further advice if applied to.

Crazed Alderman and Councilman.

—It is said that a writ of *de inquiringdo lunatico* is about to be issued in the case of Alderman Moodie and Councilman Bennett. For the past week, since the Queen's Park meeting, they have been making frantic exhibitions through the streets and other resorts of the city, to the infinite terror of bar-maids and poodles.

A Slight Alteration.

—Bob Moodie said at the meeting in the Queen's Park that "time and ages will alter many things." We most decidedly say so too. Bob has had a good many kicks and cuffs since he was powder monkey down at the Battle of Prescott.

Wanted.

—An issue of the *London Prototype* without an editorial in which the *Free Press* is not mentioned, and an issue of the *News* in which both *Prototype* and *Free Press* do not get a crack.

A Question for a Quebec Pawn-Broker.

—The honor of the House is said to be pledged. How much did the pledger raise on the article—and how much would the pledger raise suppose he were to sell it by public auction? We doubt if he would raise the wind by it.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

N. G.—Can you be on hand early (Tuesday) next week?

NEWS AGENT.—Nos. 1, 2, 4, 6, 9, 10, 12, 15, and 18 of the present series of the *GAZETTE* are out of print.

SUB.—Suggests that Postmasters should subscribe for our paper, and not read those belonging to our regular subscribers, delaying and sometimes mislaying them. Let us but know the offenders and we'll post them.

BERTHA.—We are very sorry that we are unable to give you a proper description of the spring fashions. We are not a journal of fashion, but we may safely affirm that light dresses will be worn in warm weather. For other particulars you must apply to your milliner.

MUCK.—Agitate, agitate, petition the Council, do anything else you can think of, and probably by July you may succeed in inducing the City Fathers to have some regard for the citizens, and allow the streets to be cleaned of their superfluous mud.

VOLUNTEER.—If your Captain is so mean-spirited and self-willed, surely you can spur up an opposition to him which will insist upon his paying proper deference to the wishes of the members. The majority of them must be lost to all sense of self-respect, or they would have e'er this brought the overbearing commander to reason.

ORANGEMAN.—The institution of which you seem to be a worthy enquiring member, was instituted in the year A. D. 893 old style, contemporaneously with the existence of the celebrated Kilkenny cats one of which was of a bright Orange colour, doubtless originating the distinctive riband of your order. At so late a period as the present day, we are unable to lay our hands on any authentic record detailing the circumstances of the famous fight, or in what way it affected the Protestant religion of that time. Early files of the *Globe* may throw light on the subject.

MISSOURI.—The telegrams received at this office (certainly the most authentic of any on this continent) do not contain any reliable accounts of the capture of Charleston by the Federal fleet. The *New York Herald* and *Times* have full particulars to the surrender of the last lager beer saloon, which was vigorously defended by four Teutonic foreigners, aided by an ostracised Malayian, who performed prodigies, though only armed with a bottle of whiskey. The veracity of these journals is unquestionable—very unquestionable.

A Wise Resolve.

—We learn that it is the intention of the Church of England Synod, at its next meeting, to present the Hon. J. H. Cameron with a leather medal for his stand (?) on the Separate School question.