

SOLILOQUY BY JOHN SANFIELD.

AFTER BANKIN'S VOTING WITH THE MINISTRY.

(A la Tom Moore.)

Oh for a tongue to curse the slave
Whose treach'ry, like a deadly blight,
Comes o'er the Councils of the brave,
And blasts them in their hour of might.
May the *Globe's* cup of wrath for him
Be filled with slanders to the brim,
With hopes that but allure to fly,
With joys that vanish while he sips,
Like "Office" bright that tempts the eye,
But when you've got it sorely nips ;
His Country's foe, his party's shame,
Now lost alike to me and fame,
May he at last on some stout frame,
Political, be hung on high,
While "gifts," that shine in mockery nigh,
Are fading off, untouch'd unasted,
Like the once glorious hopes he blasted.
And when at last "to grass" he's sent,
To expiate his heinous sin,
Bury him in view of Parliament,
Seeing, yet feeling he can't get in.

Programme For the Queen's Birthday.

At midnight there will be a general discharge of fire-arms of all kinds, crackers, &c., after which the citizens will retire to rest. In the morning, or rather in the forenoon, there will be a grand procession formed at the *Gumblers* office, from which place it will move through the principal streets of the City in the following order:—

Grand Marshal,

Band of the Queen's Own Rifles,

The Mayor;

The Various Societies,

R. M. Allen, on his favourite charger, Maid of Kildare,

Maul's Band,

The Corporation, headed by Baxter on Lightfoot,
Harry Henry,

The Good Templars' headed by Nassau C. Gowan,
Band of the X Royals,

The Second and Tenth Battalions of Volunteers,
"Our Members,"

Band,

The *Gumblers*' Devil,

Citizens and Ragged Urethins generally,
Fenn, the Poor Man's Friend.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Publicans and Sinners.

— The *Springfield Republican* says:—"There is a rich promise of fruit this season." We hope, rather than think so, for Republicans have always erred in judgment, and we are almost disposed to think that the "Publicans and Sinners," should read "Republicans and Sinners." We are the more readily induced to adopt this theory from the fact that the Americanism sinner, instead of sinew, is always used by our cousins across the lines.

A NEW SYSTEM OF LOGIC.

His Highness Mayor Medcalf and His Magnificence Alderman Baxter, appear to have initiated an entirely new system of logic at the meeting of the City Council, last Monday Evening, which, for the benefit of the Community, they kindly illustrated by the following argument.

Proposition.—A Sermon was preached in St. Michael's Cathedral, on St. Patrick's Day, by a hare-brained Catholic Priest rejoicing in the name of White, in which the enforcement of British Acts of Parliament in generations long since passed away, was foolishly alluded to, in by no means complimentary language.

Conclusion.—All Roman Catholic are eternally preaching treason and neither they or their societies are deserving of any countenance or support.

Application.—The request of the Managers of the House of Providence for the use of the Crystal Palace on the 24th inst.,—in order that they may raise funds towards the support of the aged, the infirm, and the orphans of which they have charitably taken charge—ought to be peremptorily rejected.

We would very much like to know what were the reflections of His Highness and of His Magnificence when they laid their heads on their pillows that night. Was not the one like to "sounding brass" and the other to a "tingling cymbal."

Bunting

— Is defined "the material out of which flags are made." The idea was too good to escape that solemn joker and complete letter-writer, Saddler Edwards, so in his report of the so-called Mechanics' Institute, he proposes a vote of thanks to — Bunting, Esq., the *unflagging* something of the society. B. has been an excellent type-setter and foreman at the *Globe* Office for many years, and let his bunting wave to the breeze in whatever quarter of the world it may we wish him success—but really for Edwards to be making jokes and printing them is a little too much. Let him stick to his pig-skin!

Generals Wanted.

— The *Leader* advertises for some "general painters." As all the Northern Generals appear to be "gobbled up," which we suppose includes being killed, would not this be a fair chance for Carr, the new City Clerk, "Painter and Glazier, Queen Street West, Toronto." The advertiser does not insist upon reading and writing. Try it on, Carr.

The Levite on the Bear Question.

— Sir Edwin Landseer, the Apelles of the nineteenth century, has been painting a splendid picture of the great Polar bears. A reverend and ingenious friend of ours, on reading this intelligence, declared that the word *Polar* bear, was a palpable misnomer, as the climbing bears, those which really ascend poles, as the common brown and black bears, are the true Polar bears; "for," said he, with edifying gravity, "a Polar bear is a bear which will go up a pole, and," continued he, with a slight hiccup, (for we grieve to say that the Levite was slightly drunk,) "Am er not right, Sir? Hay, Sir?"

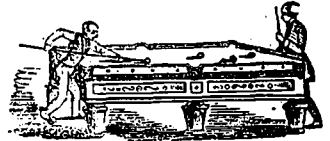
— We would advise Ald. Baxter to take something in his pocket to keep the blood warm the next time he goes to concerts.

— Our worthy Mayor first paid attention to the cultivation of flax and next to the use to which he would apply it. What profound wisdom, ye bravos; how long will ye abuse our patience?

SPECIAL NOTICES.

W. J. SHARP'S

IMPROVED BILLIARD TABLES, WITH



SHARP'S PATENT CUSHIONS,

SUPERIOR TO ANY NOW IN USE.

Patented November 15, 1862. Manufacturing, No. 148 Fulton Street, New York. Balls, Cues, Trimmings, &c. Old Cushions 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.

ST. LAWRENCE HALL,

TUESDAY & WEDNESDAY, MAY 24TH & 25TH.

Grand farewell travelling tour of the "Great Band of the World."

SAM SHARPLEY'S MINSTRELS,

BRASS BAND, BURLESQUE AND OPERA TROUPE.

The Heroes of a Hemisphere and Great Iron Clads will appear as above, introducing an entire new Programme, not yet copied by their many imitators.

Remember the date—Tuesday and Wednesday, May 24th and 25th, at St. Lawrence Hall.

Tickets—25 cents. Reserved Seats—50 cents.

Doors open at seven, to commence at eight o'clock.

SAM SHARPLEY,

Manager,

FRANK CILLEY,

Agent.

We observe with much pleasure the increasing demand for Dr. McLean's Celebrated Herb Medicines, prepared with studious care, to be harmless under any and all circumstances, while they have proved to be the much needed specifics, effecting most happy and wonderful cures when other modes of treatment, devised by men of acknowledged ability, had signally failed. We, therefore, advise the afflicted to call at the Doctor's Office, No. 184 King Street East, where they can get a list of his medicines, (with advice,) and directions for their use, free of charge. Thus affording a double benefit to a large class of the afflicted, otherwise beyond their reach.