

ing assemblage but was moved to tears, and Mr. L. concluded by saying that—

"The monarch might forget the crown,
That on his head an hour had been;
But I'll remember thee, Long Branch,
And all that thou has done for me."

Poor Mr. L., we often speak of him, and if he sees these few lines on behalf of all the ladies here, he may accept them as assurances of lasting love and devotion from

FANNY.

KINGSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

RAILROAD JACK.

A Medico of Kingston, now known as Railway Jack,

For trying to do the navies with the railway track, Tired of pill and bolus, blister, draught and embrocation,

This Galen thought he'd try his hand at Railway speculation;

Accordingly another coon and he, for forty thousand pounds,

Agreed with Walter Shanly to build the track through town.

This sum of forty thousand pounds, which Shanly was to pay,

Was for the track when made complete, including right of way.

Then the Doctor and the other chap put their heads together, and

It was agreed that Railroad Jack for Alderman should stand;

Get elected to the Council, and labor night and day To get the Council, if he could, to buy the right of way.

Well, Jack got into the Council, and wrought with might and main

To work his scheme, but sure enough, man labors oft in vain!

In vain he showed the Council what good there would accrue

To the city and the natives, if the Grand Trunk once came through;

That houses would spring up apace, that rents would spring up too,

The girls would all get married—the Doctor has no few—

And paupers all would vanish if the G. T. R. came through.

But how to get it through, that's the question, Jack would say;

Let this Council vote five thousand pounds to buy the right of way.

Bill Allen, City Cerberus, got on the Doctor's trail, And with his florid rhetoric, poor Galen did assail;

He denounced him as a partner in the city Railway Job,

And his motive in the Council was the citizens to rob.

The Doctor blazed with fury and affected indignation,

And swore that Allen uttered a lying allegation;

But Billy had him by the hair—when the Medico was blowing,

He snipt a paper from his pouch, without his even knowing;

It proved to be the contract 'tween G. T. R. and Jack,

By which the latter was to make the City Railway track,

The Company was to pay Jack forty thousand pounds,

Which sum expressed was to include the right of way thro' town.

When Allen read this paper, the galleries gave a shout,

And the disconcerted Doctor grabbed his tile and bolted out,

And never after showed his mug in Council thereupon;

The citizens accordingly baptized him Railroad John.

But Railroad Jack, although the city funds he missed,

At other schemes of profit made tin hand over fist, And as the knack of getting rich is keeping what ones got,

Jack from this worldly doctrine has never sworn— a jot,

But piously, for years and years, he's hoarded up his gold,

And saved his powder in his youth to shoot it when he's old.

Now, since the Lords have come to town, and swelling it's the rage,

Jack has set up an Irish boy, and gorgeous equipage, And in his carriage, with his wife and family, in great state,

Jack lolls the Park at even like some lord or potentate,

And to distinguish that he's rich, *well-born*, and a' that,

He mounts a blackened wee tin pan on Paddy Murphy's hat.

To the Public.

Ladies and gentlemen, the agent of the GRUBBEN is now on his way eastward with a view to obtaining subscribers, and what are very properly termed the "sinews of war." We are satisfied that from your love of the humorous and thorough independence you will, one and all, respond to his genial call and extend to him that generous support, without which any undertaking must fall to the ground. For so far the success of the GRUBBEN has exceeded our most sanguine expectations; but still the daily increasing expenses incurred by the publication require, of course, additional aid. We trust, then, most sincerely that our agent shall be able on his return to give us a good account of our friends and the public generally; and as in duty bound we shall ever pray.

THE GROWLER.

We have received with pleasure, the first number of this handsome, clever, and witty little sheet. It is well got up, and the matter is most excellent. We wish our cotemporary every success.

Conundrum.

—If George Brown's father should be John A. Macdonald's son, what relation would Geordie be to Johnny?

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

VIEWER, TORONTO.—Will appear next week.

J. T.—Will see you personally.

J. R., QUEBEC.—Remit twenty dollars immediately.

G. K., CHICAGO.—Please write on receipt of notes.

J. C. T.—If you want paper remit.

MUSLIN WISPS.

An imported usage now obtains amongst us, the observance of which we recommend strongly to those hot-headed young gentlemen who are susceptible of even the slightest innovation in dress, and who in the aggregate may properly be termed sartorial eccentricities or the peripatetic advertisements of some of our most distinguished knights of the sheers. It is not to "peg tops," however, or to the various styles of dress which so frequently distress the wearer and amuse the public that we would direct their attention; but to the new style of hat recently adopted by some of our citizens, and introduced to us, if we mistake not, by some military gentlemen now amongst us. Doubtless most of our readers are familiar with the peculiarities of this unique tile, inasmuch as it may be seen at any hour of the day or night among our fashionable saloons or at the theatre, and as it is worn by men well up in years amongst us. The crown is totally enveloped in folds of snow-white muslin; presenting an appearance as if the wearer had thrust his head through it with his night-cap on, and permitted the leaf simply to rest on his protruding ears, while the body of the article disappears totally. White, we understand, to be the deepest description of mourning, and it has consequently been suggested to us that in the cases at issue it has been adopted as such for no inconsiderable quantity of departed brains. Indeed the supposition is by no means out of place from the fact, that when twisted around the head in the manner already described, it has a funereal aspect, and is highly suggestive of the driver of some hearse, who on a windy day was desirous of making things all taut about his upper story. This style of Golgotha is, we are informed, adopted with a view to keeping the head cool during the great heats of summer, and is supposed, consequently, to be a sort of antidote "to gin" cock-tails or sherry-cobbles. Of course the idea is conceived in profound ignorance, slightly adulterated with foppery; for such folds of cloth wound about a man's hat must necessarily prevent the escape of the exhalations constantly arising from the head, and thereby, to the prejudice of the health, obstruct the action of the pores. Nor can the turban of the East be cited as an authority on this subject, because the turban of the East is not built upon a hat. There is one medical gentleman in this city who, from the description of hat he wears in this weather, will, we think, agree with us—light and airy, of straw, and with the crown well ventilated; but it must be remembered that this gentleman's brains are still alive; and there is no necessity for his indulging in anything like lamentable dandyism.