

"BIG FOR MY BRECKS."

(By a Hamilton Bard.)

In Glasgow lang syne I did aye unco weel,
An' mindit my wark like a dounce honest cheil,
But here in this country o' puddocks and creeks,
They tell me I'm growin' over big for my brecks.
Big for my brecks—big for my brecks,
I kenna what ails them at me and my brecks.

For the first year or twa I did brawly, ye ken,
And hung up my bonnet among the big ten,
Noo ilk Hamiltonian, as sideways he keeks,
Says there goes the ceil that's over big for his brecks.

Big for his brecks—big for his brecks,
Till wi' rage I am vera near burstin' my brecks.

But I'll e'en hne a new pair, altho' they be "DEAR,"
For without them I find that I canna do here,
For an auld farraat tailor's examined the steeks,
And faith he has jugget me cleau through the brecks.
Clean through the brecks—clean through the brecks,
It's a mercy I yet can say through the clean brecks.

Wi' a thousand a year I might weel mak a fen,
At hame I had just that divided by ten,
Sne I think I'll keep quiet and attend to my becks,
Least they send me hame skelpin wi'out any becks.
Wi'oot any brecks—wi'oot any brecks,
A lang-neckit laddie wi'oot any brecks.

AMUSEMENTS.

The Runsey Minstrel troupe performed on Saturday, Monday, and Tuesday last, at the Music Hall, to but middling business. The troupe is an excellent one, in fact, the best that has visited us this year.—Cool Burgess, of Sam Sharpley's Minstrels, is now in Toronto, "on furlough" from the corps *D'Ethiops*. Sam has been doing an immense business down in Maine, Massachusetts, and Connecticut, U. S. He "strikes" Canada in a few weeks, and wont pass Toronto by.—J. H. Neech and the Arabs were largely patronized at Lyceum, on Saturday, Monday, and Tuesday evenings last, as also at a *matinee* on Wednesday. Allan Halford is with them as business manager, and is as popular and good looking as ever.

The performance of the Toronto Dramatic Club at the Old Apollo Hall, on Tuesday next, is set apart for the benefit of Mr. C. A. Scadding when a host of volunteers will appear, including several gentlemen who, by their singing and reciting, have not a little added to the success of the late Mechanic's Institute Reunions. The bill is a capital one, and deserves an overflowing house.

Hamilton vs. Toronto.

—The Hon. Isaac is going to have the Deaf and Dumb Asylum removed from Toronto to Hamilton. All right, we have no objection provided the hon. gentleman is kept there as a patient. Even then, however, he would be scribbling his nonsense through the *Hamilton Spectator*; though to be sure, that would not matter much as nobody reads it. Of course we mean the nonsense, not the *Spectator*. Hem!

Said I, "Thou my Love hast seen."

Thus I questioned the sweet blush rose,
Of the loveliest flower that grows;
I ask, for I well suppose,
My love hath bitherward past:
"I charge thee, oh! beautiful flower,
By the Love God's magic power,
Oh, say in what leafy bowyer,
My lady hath hidden her fast?"

Low and sad was the flower's reply,
And she sighed as the roses sigh:
"Ah! naught of thy love know I,
But until this fatal morn;
As queen of these fairy bowyers,
I was honoured by all the flowers,
Now, dark seem the sunny hours,
Discrowned, I am left forlorn."

"The 'Vans.'"

—Toronto can boast of two celebrated "vans," one whose duty it is to mete out justice to our citizens, the other to carry them to the courts of justice. We propose, therefore, to change the title of the one to that of "Mr. Allen's carriage," so that the other can, uninterrupted, enjoy the appellation of "Chancellor."

Information Wanted.

—Will somebody inform us what is the oath taken by an Executive Councillor before entering on the duties of his office? We always had a vague notion that his duty, his sworn duty, was to advise the crown upon all matters touching the welfare and advancement of the Province as a whole, and not those of any particular locality. If so, how could Mr. Buchanan take it, when he declares that he entered the Ministry solely to benefit Hamilton? Are the opinions of the statesmen of Britain's regard the duty of a Minister as foolish in Mr. Buchanan's eyes as the doctrines of her political economists? Leave off quoting doggerel, Isaac, and form the inmost recesses of your chateau on the mountain give us a glimpse of your notion of a British Minister's duties and responsibilities.

Look-jaw

—We understand that Mr. J. A. Macdonald, before admitting Mr. Buchanan into the Cabinet, stipulated with that financial bore that he should keep his mouth closed during the remainder of the session. Isaac thinks that his genius is *titanic*, John A. wants it to be *titanic*.

N.B.—Dr. Parker is not the author of this joke.

Pretty Hard to Find.

—The *Leader* says, "The present is a new Ministry with a new policy, (?) and so little assailable is that policy, that it has so far escaped attacks from the Opposition." We should think so. It "has escaped attacks," for the simple reason that it has escaped observation. A political microscope would be absolutely necessary to render it visible to the naked eye, or "unassisted vision," as the Yankees prudishly phrase it. A policy which baffles detection may easily defy attack.

A CUT AT CARR.

What means the noise and shouting from afar?
Do you not know? 'Tis the painter Carr,
Whom our sage Council, in a jolly lark,
Appointed, last week, to be City Clerk.
Jupiter Sunfish! Any other man!
John Bunyan! Cromwell! Margaret! Mary Ann!
Could they not find, amongst so many scholars,
One better able to add up their dollars?
To think that of our Fathers, more than half
Should vote him in. It really makes one laugh.
Full many a member look'd aginst the while,
And even Carr himself was seen to smile,
While Baxter's corporation to the centre shook,
And the great Founder grinned and shut the book.
Ghost of departed Daly! When you hear
That such a man is sitting in your *cheer*,
Methinks from out the very tomb you'll come,
And gaze amazed while he adds up his sum,
Seize on his pen, his books and his subtractions,
And quickly turn him into vulgar fractions.

Political Gamblers.

—Some spiteful ministerial says that as the game is all up with the liberals of Lower Canada, they have gone into mourning. We think this is an indication that they are still ready to try the chances, for they may now be called the *Rouge et Noir* party.

A mad conundrum.

—The author of the following is now under the care of Dr. Workman:—
What's the difference between a man who has eaten too freely of a cured leg of pork, and one who has obtained office from the Premier of England?—The one is *harp*-pered and the other is *pam*-pered.

Our City Members.

—We are surprised that John A. should have overlooked the claims of Aw. M., and the Rev. John, to seats in the New Government. The intelligence and ability of the Queen City has been adly snubbed.

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