

GEN. GRANT'S SOLO.

DIXIE'S LAND.

Away down South where live the rebels,  
Fierco and barefoot, ragged devils,  
Let's away, let's away, let's away for  
Dixie's Land.  
I'm bound to go like a streak of lightning,  
And show them the way that I do the fighting,  
Let's away, let's away, let's away for  
Dixie's Land.

Don't I wish I was in Richmond,  
I do, I do,  
For Richmond straight I'll make my gait,  
I'll lie or go to Richmond,  
Away, away, away down South in Dixie,  
Away, away, away down South in Dixie.

I thought I had old Lee in a mess,  
When I made him clear right out of the wilder-  
ness,

Let's away, let's away, let's away for  
Dixie's Land.  
But I found 'twas only another of his tricks,  
To try and get me into a fix,  
Let's away, let's away, let's away for  
Dixie's Land.  
Don't I wish I was in Richmond,  
I do, I do,

For Richmond straight I'll make my gait,  
I'll lie or go to Richmond,  
Away, away, away down South in Dixie,  
Away, away, away down South in Dixie.

Then don't you fret, jest hold yer hosses,  
Never mind the Union losses,  
Let's away, let's away, let's away for  
Dixie's Land.

We'll hang Jeff Davis on a tree,  
And all his nigger's we'll set free,  
Let's away, let's away, let's away for  
Dixie's Land.

When we get inter Richmond,  
Away, away,  
For Richmond straight we'er bound to take,  
We'll lie or go to Richmond,  
Away, away, away down South in Dixie,  
Away, away, away down South in Dixie.  
(More would be superfluous.)

Wanted.

A young man aged twenty-two, of good prospects and prepossessing appearance, is desirous of marrying, providing he can meet with some agreeable young lady of moderate means and respectable connections, (beauty no object though preferable,) who would not mind sharing the joys and cares of matrimony with a person of literary habits and scholastic attainments. Correspondence solicited. Please address, Box 2647, Toronto P.O.

Seen the Error of his ways.

We are glad to see Mr. Rankin has at last seen the error of his ways and is giving his support to the new Government. We rather like the Jim Crow movement after all!

Mayor Medcalf on his High Horse.

Ere "Old Square-toes" was raised to the civic chair, we warned our fellow citizens of the danger of placing a strong party man in the high and responsible position of Mayor; knowing, as we did, that an uneducated fanatic of either party, whether Orangeman or Ribbonman, was not likely to administer the affairs of the citizens with impartiality and without favour. Our voice was unheeded, and Mr. Medcalf, District Master of the Orange body, was duly elected, and took his seat as Mayor. Things have run on smoothly enough for a time; but on last Council night we were treated to a very fair specimen of what we can term nothing else save low-minded bigotry. The House of Providence, a Roman Catholic benevolent institution, applied for the use of the Crystal Palace, for the coming 24th, in aid of their institution—an institution that clothes, feeds and supports between two and three hundred orphan children. Now, we ask, what better opportunity for Mr. Medcalf to display his generosity of heart and liberality of mind, by using his influence in favour of the fatherless orphans? But "Old Square-toes" is not that style of man; he cannot understand what an orphan is; he cannot countenance a charitable institution, if that institution be of a different creed from his, or if that institution be under the management of those who belong to a different persuasion from himself. No! he must needs make a violent harangue, and use his every effort against the application, and insult and cast foul aspersions on the applicants. But we are glad to see the Council denounce such meanness by granting the use of the Palace to the House of Providence, and thus teach the Mayor that even a Protestant Council can and will do justice to their fellow citizens, without regard to creed or country. Out upon such a man, say we, he would disgrace a shebeen

Prominent Prophets.

Prominent Officers in the Yankee army have predicted that Richmond would be in the possession of the Federals by the 18th of May, but we don't put much faith in prominent officers, or their prophecies. Sir John Falstaff was a prominent officer, when he recruited for Henry the Fourth, as far as his belly was concerned; and so was General Sir John Guttlebury; but the one ran away at Shrewsbury and the other at Talavera. We hope the prophetic prominent are not of the same kidney.

Barbara's History.

"Barbarous History, Price 50 cents," slowly read our revered grandmother, adjusting her spectacles the while, "I'm sure there's no need of those histories when we hear every day such horrid accounts from Virginny." "Darberries history, mam," said our second lad, who does not, we grieve to say, inherit the paternal gravity. "Oh, darberries, my dear, is it? Ah, that's very different; nothing better for a tart, beautiful acid, the times I've made 'em for my poor John. Ah, deary me!" and the good old lady fell into a reverie.

WHY IS GREEN ERIN THE PINK OF NATIONS?  
Because it's a car-nation.

THE PRUDENT CHOICE.

Bacchus, they say's a jolly God,  
Of laughing, jocund pleasure,  
Beware, lest he, in merry mood,  
Fill you too good a measure.  
Another Bacchus (Backs) nearer us,  
We'd rather recommend,  
And promise him if he *back us*,  
We'll back him to the end.  
Crown ye the goblet, call on Bacchus, (Backas)  
Where joy's urmix'd with pain,  
He's always sure to shower on us,  
Like Danae's golden rain!  
Here's, one and all, a health to Backas!  
Who'er refuse the toast  
Deserves to be chang'd into Midas,  
Or sent at once to roost.

MY DEAR GRUMBLER:—

Do not think, because I make the following remark, that I did at any time in the course of my life bear any ill-feelings towards Setters, but can you let my canine friends know why they are obliged to have their heads shut up in a wire cage all the time, while our worthy friend Capt. Prince, Chief of the Invincibles, can parade the streets with two of the above mentioned breed, without muzzles, even in the heat of the day; when a dog ought reasonably to be expected to go mad, even if not chased by forty policemen with batons crying mad dog, mad dog. Of course after a chase of two miles, the pursuers now numbering about 200, froth is seen on the mouth and of course he must be mad, and accordingly is shot. For the sake of my friends, throw some light on this subject and oblige,

DEFUNCT RETRIEVER.

We understand that a patent pulpit extinguisher, arranged so as to run down in thirty minutes, is in the course of construction for St. James' Cathedral. Unfortunately, however, it was not ready for Whit-Sunday. We hope the Churchwardens will see that it is in operation next Sunday, or the Grumbler will be driven to worship elsewhere.

Spirited.

Since the passing of the resolution against selling liquors in the House, the Members have determined, at the suggestion of Mr. Powell, to provide themselves with good-sized flasks, thus making every one his own bar-keeper. Good for you, Powell, "we look towards you and vinks."

Onionous.

The Law Society have turned out upon this wide Canada of ours, quite a large number of newly-fledged lawyers to grow fat, as the "Reverend John" would have it, "on the vitals of this unhappy and divided country." This looks bad; could not our member get a bill passed prohibiting the making of any more "black bags." After his late Grand Jury Bill we think he would be able to do something to immortalize himself in this matter and save the country.