

CLIFFORD HALL.

A BALLAD.

I sing of a flash old bloke,
Which tried to take a girl,
For things which musn't be spoke,
Along of his "Clifford" pal.

The gal she was much too free,
As you shall now confess;
And was going to go with he,
For love of a satin dress.

But the covs as knowed her fast,
Arrived at these ere facts
Says he "May I be cussed
But a question or two I'll ax."

So to Captain Prince he goes,
Who was putting on his gloves—
Ses he, "I a sunthin knows,
And, I wants a couples of covs."

"For what? says the Captain bold,
Do you want these men of me,
Is it boning of noies or gold;
Or—A Leader conspiracy.

So he ups, and tells him all,
Of this here scandalous rig;
Says he, "Tis a nice young gal,
Along of a old brown wig."

"My gwacious" the captain said,
And away the hull of 'em went,
With the captain at their head,
Arter old Cent per Cent.

So at Clifford's house they call,
Which, as they passed the wicket,
They seen the very young gal
Along of a Railway ticket.

Which when the Captain saw it,
And did inspect the same,
Ses he "tis as I thought,
The gwal ain't much to bwane."

Her tears fell like the rain,
Which grief her bosom tore;
And she promised not again,
To do it never no more.

So long lives the covs so stout,
As spoilt the usurer's rig,
Which he ought to be draw out,
Along of his old brown wig.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Mon Cher Mons. Grumbler,

One small rascality met me in de Street yesterday, and gave me *de billet blancant*. "Monsieur Grumbler presents his compliments to Monsieur Crapand, and wishes to ask him in de most delicate manner possible, *if he wears a perruque? Saere, by gar, Sar*, I want to you buy, *sar, Ventre-bleau!* that I no wear nothing of de kind, and suppose I should choose to have de very delectable *plaisir* of doing so in cold *wearer*. I do not tink it is any of your business. Did you or did you not authorize dis small monstrouosity to do *dat very much by gar!* Dat is de gr-r-r-raid question

Yours for de present,

JAMAIS EN ARRISSE.

LATEST AS TO THE GAME OF DISUNION.—Both Davis and Lincoln have strong hands of black, and spades are trumps.



PROVINCIAL REGISTRY OFFICE FOR SERVANTS.

NOW'S THE TIME.

The subscribers beg to announce that they have opened a Registry Office for persons desirous of securing Government situations. The attention of the Opposition is directed to the very large number of persons who have been appointed to official positions through the exertions of our firm. Judge-ships, Registrars, and Collectors, secured at the shortest notice. The leader of the Opposition would do well to call and inspect our books as they may find something to suit them. Terms reasonable.

JOHN S. MACDONALD & Co.

PERSONAL COLUMN.

A la Leader.

— We regret to learn that W. Frederick Augustus Jones, Esq., has been troubled for some weeks with a severe cold in the head. He is, however, slowly recovering.

— We are authorized to state that Lieutenant Fitzfozle contemplates uniting himself in wedlock with the accomplished Miss Jemima Smith. Those desirous of witnessing the ceremony, have permission to do so, and are cordially invited to attend at St. Francis' Church, to-morrow, at 10 a.m., precisely. No tickets.

— Miss Simpkins is still confined to the house by a slight indisposition.

— Ensign Tit-mouse smoked three cigars last night, without feeling the least affected thereby.

— Capt. Pumpkin's bull-pup is not at all well. The dear creature has eaten a great deal, lately, and, it is supposed that it suffers from indigestion.

— Freddy Pink, Esq., took an airing on King Street, yesterday.

MR. FOLEY AND A JUDGESHIP.—We are authorised to state that there is not the slightest chance of Mr. Foley's being bought off, as he will indignantly reject any bribe, (under a Judgeship) that may be offered.

A NEW ACT OF PARLIAMENT.—To enable the Member for East Toronto to change his name from Aw. M. to Augustus Mortimer Smith.

Memo Mono, &c.

— John Sandfield lost his temper (we pity the poor fellow who finds it) and complained that members talked to the wall. He seems to have a nervous dread of the wall. Does he see the handwriting there?

Terms as Agreed on.

— The *Globe* treats Mr. McGee's attempt to liberalize them as a capital idea. If they were subsidized instead, would that be a *capitol* idea also? We think so.

A Sniff of Civil War.

— The other night a well known Scotch patriot was observed under an arch of the *Globe* office, manœuvring in a very mysterious manner. On drawing near, our informant tells us, he distinctly heard the following words sung by the patriot, in an undertone:

"Where, and O where, is my Highland laddie gone?
He's gone to fight the French for King George."

What he meant by these words is best known to the singer, but there may be a significance about them which we, in our ignorance don't thoroughly understand. It may have reference to a crusade against our Lower Canadian friends to be led by George Brown, which may have the effect of placing George on the Canadian throne. Who can tell? Will the *Leader* be kind enough to look into this matter?

SPECIAL NOTICES.

W. J. SHARP'S

IMPROVED BILLIARD TABLES, WITH SHARP'S PATENT CUSHIONS.

SUPERIOR TO ANY NOW IN USE.

Patented November 15, 1862. Manufactory, No. 148 Fulton Street, New York. Balls, Cues, Trisumings, &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.

JAMES KNAPP

BOATBUILDER (FROM KINGSTON.)

YONGE STREET WHARF, TORONTO.

Begs to inform the Public that he has removed to the above address, where he will attend personally to the building, repairing, and painting of Boats and Skiffs, on the most improved principles.

Boats taken care of by the Season, at a reasonable charge. Boats and Skiffs for sale and to let.

To any Professor Nelson is 'skilful is to say that which all men acknowledge. We go farther and say that he is a harmless necromancer, a benevolent magician. He resembles one of the good Genies of the Arabian Nights, who possessing marvellous powers, beneficently applied them all to the welfare of humanity.

C. A. Buckas.—Our friends initials are cab. If so what sort of cab? Why, a hansom cab to be sure. One of the real stamp, up to the myriad literary requirements of this fast age in every particular. The old pottering, almost stationary Hackney coaches are fast disappearing. We could show an example.

Walhalla was the Heaven of the Scandinavian Mythology. All kinds of pleasure abounded there, and mead and ale, (so the Norse legends say,) circulated perpetually. Our Toronto Walhalla is the Hall of Messrs. T. & J. Walls, King Street, as rarely a Dry Goods establishment, (though a first class one.) We suspect the Scandinavian heroes would not have patronized it, but for our own part we should much prefer the emporium of the Messrs. Walls, to the wassail and revelry of the long past Walhalla.