

OH! MAKE ME NOT AN ALDERMAN.

VIDE GLOBE POLICE REPORTS, FRIDAY 20th INST.

Take any shape but that—MADETH.

Oh make me not an Alderman,
Oh anything but that;
Oh make me not an Alderman
To dine on Turtle fat.

Spare, spare my ancient name, sire,
And honor, I implore,
And ask me not to enter e'er
The hated Council door.

I'll be a sable chimney sweep,
With brush and bag in hand;
I'll take a tinker's budget
And wander through the land.

To mend the pots and kettles
The maids shall bring to me;
And spite of soot and solder, sire,
I will contented be.

As corporation fiddler,
I'll gladly take a berth,
And as the wood I saw, sire,
I'll split it with my mirth.

Or that City bellman's office,
Oh give me that I pray,
I'll ring such weeping tones out
When children go astray.

'Tis just the thing would suit me,
I know I'd do it well;
And for half the ringo's wages
I'll ring old Knox's bell.

Enlist me in the Hundredth,
And to the war I'll go;
I'll kill and throw the Austrians
Into the River Po.

Or give me civic uniform,
As guardian of the peace;
How do'lieh snug I'd make myself
Enrolled in your Police.

Oh make me anything you like,
Or anything you can;
Make me Toronto's scavenger,
But not its Alderman.

THE LAST KICK OF UPPER CANADA.

The cup is full; the last drop of Upper Canada's degradation has been squeezed out of the wine-press of corruption. We had no idea that we were so far gone, but the *Globe* assures us that nothing short of a regular revolution will help us. The *Pilot* and the *Union*, and the *News*, have each proffered his remedy, but in vain. The *Globe* used to think that Rep. by Pop. was a tolerable sound idea, but as things have eventuated, it is like administering magnesia for consumption. We cannot see what is to become of this unhappy portion of the province; why does not the Galon of the *Globe* himself, enlighten us? He is sick of Rep. by Pop., he hates the the Double Majority, he won't have dissolution! he won't have federation; will any well-disposed member of the human family tell us what he will have? Lower Canada began to smile in August last, and we had some hopes that Upper Canada was to be saved, but Laberge seems as bad as the rest. Drummond grunts and even McGee shies. What

is to be done? What with the galvanic thores of the *Globe*, the frightful "reconstructions," "disstructions," and "dominations" which alarm one so at breakfast every morning, we have a sorry time of it. And then we have *Old Double* and the *Leader* screaming away about the "Two days' Premier," and to such a length do they now go, that they cannot discuss the Mexican imbroglio or the Italian war without halting near the "Brown-Dorion" by the way. This state of things is frightful. People may call it politics if they like, but for the life of us we cannot understand it.

THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

The arrangements made for the celebration of the Queen's Birth Day are of the most unsatisfactory nature. The Corporation refuse to appropriate any sum to procure fire-works. Many of the rifle-companies have been disbanded. The firemen, it is said, will not march in procession; nothing in fact is to be done. This, to say the least of it, is highly censurable in all concerned. A want of public spirit; a want of patriotism; a want of common sense is observable in this inattention in the observance of the greatest Canadian holiday in the year.

We believe that there is to be the semblance of a review. Such as it is it will be welcome. Excursions will be the chief feature in the day. The weather will no doubt be fine, and our citizens will have every facility to "play themselves." Captain Moodie, with his usual enterprise has carved out a moonlight excursion for the benefit of the public. A display of fire works from on board will make the *Fire Fly* an object of interest on her return home.

The Lyceum in the evening will receive its share of patronage, and the curtain will no doubt fall on thousands of merry faces and happy hearts—notwithstanding the foul and most unnatural conspiracy entered into by the members of the corporation and other wretches we have mentioned, to defraud our citizens out of their usual share of rejoicing on the Queen's Birth day.

STRANGE RUMOURS.

It is rumoured that apartments are being fitted up in the R. C. Palace for the reception of his Holiness the Pope.

It is rumoured that Dr. Ryerson endorses notes for the Editor-in-chief of the *Globe*.

It is rumoured that John S. Hogan does say that Austria must evacuate Italy.

It is rumoured that the Hon. Mr. Kierzkowski has gone over to raise the Poles.

It rumoured that the Yankees have concluded that they will not annex Canada.

FRAGMENT OF A LEADER.

Our devil being anxious to write a *Leader*, we gave him a chance. The following is part of one of the war:—

"What's the hods whether Austria knocks Italy into a cocked hat, or France mangles Austria—so

that the price of wheat goes up. Who cares two shako's of a devil's tail whether Russia takes off her coat, figuratively speaking, and piles on to Germany, or whether England swabs up Spain, and like all the other nations—so that printers' wages goes up, and provisions goes down. Vots the hods, we say again."

THINGS YOU NEVER SEE.

You never see a man pass behind a load of hay without taking out a wisp.

You never see a lady emerge from a store without looking both up and down the street.

You never see a man chasing his hat on a windy day without grinning, as if he rather liked it.

You never see a pig under a gate without bearing a great grunting.

You never see a man light his cigar with a hundred dollar bill.

You never see anything sensible in *Old Double*.
You never see a joke in the *Globe*.

You never see egotism in the *Leader*.
You never see a policeman near a row.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

All who have not seen the splendid Clock, manufactured by Mr. D. C. CARNEGIE, should call without delay at his store, on the north side of King Street, a few doors west of Yonge Street. It is one of the most ingenious things of the kind we have ever seen. Upon separate dials are accurately kept the time at Greenwich, Montreal, New York, and Chicago. The moon's appearance, her age, the month, and day of the month, are all marked; and within the case are a barometer and thermometer. Mr. Carnegie is one of the best workmen in the city, and he is as obliging as he is industrious and persevering. To any of our readers who want anything in the watchmaking line, we earnestly say, pay Carnegie a visit. Remember the Illuminated Clock.

The attention of our readers is directed to a very interesting and instructive exhibition to take place in the St. Lawrence Hall, on Monday and Tuesday evening next, consisting of a variety of philosophical experiments. The principle object of interest is a magnificent light produced from electricity, also a Drummond light, both of which we are informed are exceedingly curious and instructive; these with electrical experiments, dissolving views, an instructive lecture, and appropriate music, will make a very pleasant entertainment. There will be an exhibition on Tuesday afternoon (Queen's Birth-day) at 2 o'clock.

Stepping into the Terrapin the other day, we were pleased to perceive handsome decorations in progress in that most delightful of Saloons. As well were we delighted with the display of the choicest viands and varieties of the season, which under the magic hands of the skillful Soyer of the Terrapin, would tempt the palate of an anchorite.

We also notice with pleasure the constant arrival of new and fancy goods at Mr. Spooner's establishment. Whatever Spooner sells he is determined it shall be of first class character and we know of none who will establish a reputation in this respect sooner than the gentleman in question; for the choicest cigars the most elaborate pipes, and the odorous tobaccos command us to Spooner.

THE GRUMBLER.

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