

TITULAR.

"I've wandered by the hut side" with "Mary of the Glen."
 In the "Sweet summer even's," hear "The little chitty wren;"
 "Tell mother I die happy," "Down by the river side,"
 "She is waiting for us there," since "The day my mother died;"
 See "Yonder gal in blue," and "Sweet Marian Lee,"
 Along with "Old Bob Ridley," "Going out for a spree;"
 "Do they think of me at home,"—"I should really like to know,"
 "Is it any body's business if a gal has got a beau?"
 "She wore a wreath of roses," the night "When first we met,"
 In the "Valley of Chamourie,"—"I never can forget;"
 "'Tis but a little faded flower," "Oh! dear me, what a bore,"
 "I won her heart in autumn," with "The ring my mother wore,"
 "I know a pretty widow," they call "Widow Machree,"
 "I left my love in England," "In the cottage by the sea;"
 "I'm not myself at all," "Or any other man,"
 "The first dear thing that e'er I love'd," was "Black currant jam;"
 "When this cruel war is over," "No Irish need apply,"
 "My pretty Jane," "My dearest Jane," "Why do you look so shy?"
 "Oft in the stilly night," "We are marching along,"
 "When Richmond is taken," "Sing me an English song."

Answers to Correspondents.

No. 26.—Much obliged; we shall be happy to hear from you again.

VIRGILIS, QUEBEC.—You are too personal; we must decline inserting, with thanks.

X. Z., HAMILTON.—Many thanks; let us hear from you again soon.

G. A., TORONTO.—Too late for this week.

LISHTE.—We are polite dogs, and never bark at ladies.

T. J. R., KINGSTON.—Received \$10, will do as you desire.

TO CONTRIBUTORS IN GENERAL.—We would respectfully inform our readers that we will ever be happy to receive contributions *not* of a personal character; such contributions to be subject, however to the Editorial prerogative as to fitness for insertion or rejection.

THE "CULLED" BALL.

The great event is over. The 1st of August and its annual ball, "where colour reigns supreme," are of the things that were. It is needless for us to say that it was attended by the *elite* of the profession. Gentlemen of the long robe, we ask pardon, we do not mean you, we refer to the "ceiling artists." Owing to the bad ventilation the ball-room was very close. Jockey Club—de real Cologne—Florida water—and head-balts—loaded the air with odiferous perfumes. "Ha! Ha! Ha! Sambo, did you see me?" "No! what I see you for?" growled a barberous son of Ham near our elbow. "Eh! Didn't ye say me polkerin wif Miss Squash? Golly! Guess we cut a shine. Miss Peppermint, de extreme honah of de next galop wid you?"—Fearful of a "faint" taking place, we immediately left in search of medical assistance.

PUBLIC NOTICE.



The Public are hereby notified that the Honourable William McDougall is again at large. Any Constituency desiring his services will please make known their wishes at once. The Conservative party will support William as if he were their best friend; and it is only necessary that his name be announced to enlist their hearty sympathies and cordial co-operation.

(Signed,) J. A. McDONALD,
 G. BROWN,
 G. E. CARTIER.

Quebec, July, 1864.

ROYAL LYCEUM.

A very fair Company, selected principally from the New York Theatres, and under the management of C. M. Walcot, Junr., has been performing at this place of amusement, opening on Monday evening with Bourcicault's fine Comedy of "London Assurance," following it on Tuesday with the "School for Scandal," and on Wednesday with "The Ticket of Leave Man." This last piece, from the pen of the well known Mr. Tom Taylor, has earned for itself—as much from its faithful portrayal of nature as from the absorbing interest felt in the unfortunate class of beings from whom it takes its name—a wonderful run wherever it has been produced. In the Olympic Theatre of London, for instance, where it was first brought out, now considerably more than a year ago, it still keeps the boards—the best commentary on its merits. Robert Brierly, a Lancashire lad, and the "ticket man," is played very creditably by Mr. Walcot, while the James Dalton of Mr. Metkiff, the Hawkshaw of Mr. Maeder and the Green Jones of Mr. Sol. Smith, Junr., are all well rendered. Perhaps, the best played character in the piece is Melder Moss, an old Jew sharper and money lender, admirably sustained by Mr. Mark Smith. This gentleman has proved himself a finished actor in every thing he has undertaken. It is not often we have witnessed a finer than his rendition of Sir Peter Teazle, on the second night. Possessed of a splendid stage appearance, face capable of great expression, and a thorough knowledge of what is technically termed "stage business," Sheridan himself would have been proud of the representation of this, his greatest dramatic portrait. Of the ladies, Mrs. Mariow and Mrs. Walcot are decidedly improved since, as the Misses Virginia and Isabella Nickinson, they were members of the Company under the management of their late father, "glorious old John." Of Miss Plunkett and Mrs. Grattan, we have seen too little to be able to give a critical opinion as to their abilities.

The houses have been excellent, with a gradual increase on each preceding one, proving incontrovertibly the fact, that the more is seen of this company, the more are their efforts appreciated.

A SINGULAR CASE.

A printer is a slave, a very galley slave! and as his case is thus hard, it very often, though not necessarily, follows that he is a *hard case*. Frequently in a state of *comma* (coma), he is yet tolerably wide awake; yet are his ideas of colonization frequently foggy, although no one is more thoroughly posted on the *colon* question. It must be remarked that, with him, a *semicolon* never means a partial embrace. When hard at work, he screws his coinage to the sticking point, even at the risk of getting screwed himself; but he has one great fault, he *punctuates* without mercy the work of his best friend, and, if in a pamphlet form, does not hesitate an instant in sewing him up. In dress he is rather particular, prefers a *diamond* edition of a shirt pin to any other; but is not choice as to his food or drink, save that, in warm weather, he prefers lemonade in *quarto*.

Fair Warning.

Geo. Brown should know that the Conservatives are a tricky lot. They intend to oppose the election of every Grit, (although they will profess to assist in his return,) in order that should the present coalition fall through, the great Conservative, or devil-may-care party may have a majority at their back next session.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

That extensive News Dealer, Mr. A. S. Irving, is always in full blast, corner of King and Jordan Streets, where he keeps constantly on hand a large supply of Stationery, and any quantity of Novels and general reading matter. Mr. Irving has become a general favourite here, and deserves all the patronage that can be accorded to him.

GRANTHAM.—The above dealer in Coal Oil and Lamps has a large supply of the same at his establishment, 170 Yonge Street, where he is prepared to meet customers on the most liberal terms and with articles of a superior quality. Call upon Grantham and you will be satisfied of the truth of this brief paragraph.

We beg to call the attention of our "million" readers to the News Depot of Messrs. Rogers & Clayton, King Street West, where may be found all the Magazines, Periodicals, Newspapers and Novels of the day, not omitting to mention our little sheet, the GROWLER. The gentlemanly manner in which the place is conducted is worthy of the highest praise, and goes far to show how an establishment may be made to pay by the management thereof.

"The Shades of evening are deepening and the thin mists are rising in the valley." They are, are they? But what, we would like to know, have they to do with the delightful "Shades" we have to speak about? Nothing, whatever. They are two separate and distinct things, and though coolness permeates both, the latter is far superior to the former. Think not, dear reader, that we are in ignorance, for we have experienced the delights of both; but have to declare our choice solely and permanently fixed on the "Shades" saloon, for what with the iced liquor, the fragrant cigar, and other et ceteras attached to the place, who can wonder at our choice, and reprove us for being partial to that delightful retreat, the "Shades" King Street West.