

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

(We expect a leather medal for our improvement on Tennyson.)

Nary a step, nary a step,
Nary a step onward,
All in the mud, there
They stick by the hundred.
All, all along the route,
List to the driver's shout,
Trying, in vain, from out
Morass, and bog, and swamp, trying
To clear the track,
Stuck in the mud is the
Army of the Potomac.

Cannon to the right of them,
Cannon to the left of them,
Cannon behind them!

Nor volley'd, nor thundered,
Nor stormed at by shot nor shell,
There they are content to dwell,
When they will move no one can tell,
Tho' much it is wondered.
Will they e'er again come back,
Proudly marching neck to neck?
Columbia's favor'd crack
Army of the Potomac!

There they are, rider and horse,
With many full many a corse;
Not but the soldiers know
Some one has blundered.
Their's not the reason why,
Their's not to make reply,
Their's but to stick and die
In the fell Richmond track,
All that is left of them,
Left of the Army of the Potomac!

AMUSEMENTS.

In the above line things are at a discount. The Theatre is vacant, and likely to remain so for some time to come. The Amateurs raise a small splurge, at irregular intervals, in the old Apollo Hall, and, save a complimentary benefit to Pat Redmond and Matt Thompson, at the Apollo, on Tuesday night, we have nothing much to disturb the "spirit of our dream."—Sam Sharpley, with his troupe of ironclads, are expected to open here next month for a week. They have been taking in tons of the "O be joyful!" during their eastern tour, and intend to do likewise in Canada.

St. Patrick's Ward.

— Mr. Canavan is out in this ward, for Councilman. Put him in, say we. There is plenty of room in the Council for respectable men.

City Council.

— We believe our City Fathers have given out, or are about to give out, a contract for a staff of three professors of English grammar, writing, and general polisher. Respectfully we hope they will make such improvement during the next month that their friends wont know them. They need it sadly.

TO OUR AGENTS.

Our agents will please take notice that all orders for the next issue of the *Grumbler* must reach us by Thursday night. We have made arrangements for running off twice our usual edition and all may rely on being supplied promptly with copies.

The Police Court.

— We would respectfully ask the Police Magistrate, whether the requirements of justice are accomplished by permitting policemen and officials of the court to interfere when a prisoner is being tried, and make voluntary statements, *not under oath*, generally derogatory to the prisoner's character, &c. According to the most learned legal authors, the testimony, even *on oath*, of a policeman cannot be too closely criticised; and, we think, too much heed is given by the magistrate to the sometimes splenetic interference of gentlemen in blue. Mr. Cadi, remedy the evil.

Mission of Mercy.

—The Hon. Donald McDonald and Willio Henderson are going from door to door making collections to defray Election Expenses in Waterloo, Cobourg and Hamilton to secure election of Grit candidates.

The Dickey Bird.

— Ex-Councilman Dickey is holding forth every night in St. Patrick's Ward, to secure his election as Alderman. We like the ambition of the little bird and have no objection to his Election—provided always—he will keep quiet in the Council and not bore the members with long speeches, as one Baxter is enough for any ward.

Mr. Mayor.

— Dear Medcalf, take our good advice,
(Tis short—we write it in a hurry.)
Whene'er you speak, just try and spice,
A little more with Lindley Murray.

— Two things we hate to pay,—Gas Bills and Taxes.

Ald. Jarvis.

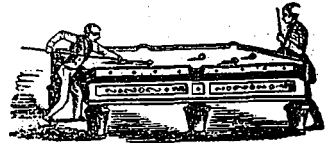
— We are exceedingly glad to see that Ald. Jarvis has, during his short time on the bench of the Police Court, "made his mark," by fining heavily and *imprisoning*, and very properly so, several well-known disorderly characters who, some way or other, have up to that time managed to escape a view of the interior of the jail. Go on Jarvis, you have the good wishes of our citizens in your work.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Friend Charley Backas still holds forth at No. 10 Toronto Street, where is to be obtained everything in the Book, Stationary and Periodical Business, of which he is a bright and shining light. Does City Hall Carr want a supply of office fixings, Charley can furnish him. Does the Hon. J. B. R. want to read again, Charley can cram him. Does anybody want anything, including *ourselves*. Charley Backas is there.

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NEW DINING SALOON.

Our old friend, ex-alderman James Smith, who for so many years conducted the "Albion" so well, has opened a new dining saloon on Church Street, a few doors North of King, which for style, size and comfort, is not surpassed by any in the City. As Mr. Smith has opened this establishment for the accommodation of professional and business men in particular, we hope they will extend to him that patronage so spirited an enterprise is deserving of.

ROBERTSON'S
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VICTORY SALOON.

Corner of Brock and Queen Streets, under the management of Mr. Thompson, has lost none of its old customers, but as time rolls on is daily acquiring new. Mr. Thompson's Bar is always well supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars, and is deserving of the patronage of those who wish to receive hospitable treatment. Friend Thompson has made himself quite a popular man in the West End of the City, so if the reader has not visited the Victory, let him quickly do so, or he will be considered behind the age.