

Birds of a Feather.

Lines, written by a sensitive young man on seeing a blackbird impaled on a thoughtless girls hat.

Whence did the cruel custom come
That's here of late set in,
Of wearing birds on woman's hats,
Impaled on a pin.

The practice is profoundly vain,
Between myself and you,
To murder thus a cock blackbird,
And very cruel too.

A single feather once sufficed
To deck a lady's bonnet,
Then next a wing—the whole bird now,
Must be stuck up upon it.

I met a damsel in the street,
My soul began to quake,
A glorious blackbird was pinned,
Upon her wide wake.

Says I, "relentless cruel wretch,
Take down that bird of song,"
Says she, "he aren't a tired yet,
He hain't been roostin long."

AMUSEMENTS.

Reader, were you ever at the "Varieties?" Of course you have been there; but were you there last night, and did you hear the really beautiful Madame Dolby sing "Kate Kearney?" because we were there, and we wouldn't have been anywhere else for a brace of Kohinoors in a hand-basket. Her voice has been haunting us all day. Billy Allen is the best negro comedian going, and that is saying something, too, for their name is legion, but in the "Essence of Old Virginny," he takes the shine out of all the scaramos we ever lifted an eyelid for. Lew Myers' performance on a common pair of bellows is enough to make a bull bellow with wonder. On our sacred word, we think Lew could play beautifully on a worn-out steel pen, and accompany himself with the inkstand. James Carlton and Johnny Crosher, sang that very beautiful and plaintive duet, "By the Sad Sea Waves," *exquisitely*—that is the only adverb we can scare up which *really* expresses their performance. This evening, remember, is James Carlton's last appearance, let it be *last*, if you like, but not *least*, he honestly deserves support; he sings to-night, "Break it Gently," a very gem of *Jem's* repertoire. We cannot speak at length of the singing of Fannie Archer, Nellie Howard, Jim Campbell, J. C. Wilson, and the dancing of Lizzie Ellsworth and Kitty Shimer, such a galaxy of talent, properly noticed, would fill our little sheet; but we must, *en passant*, remind our readers that next Tuesday, March 15, is the benefit of Miss F. Archer, as sweet a ballad singer as the Greek girl herself, in the "Last Days of Pompeii;" and know all men by these presents, that the very next week (alas! that we should have to pen it) is the closing week of the "Varieties."—Martin Murray's "Casino," Hamilton, has been doing a rushing

business during the past week. Nellie Huntley keeps the audience lively with her popular songs, and has made a good impression generally. Jimmy Leon, in his Irish songs, witticisms, and comicities, is also a "big card," and Murray is coming the hard stuff hand over fist. Leon and Harry Forbes take a joint complimentary benefit at the Theatre next Monday evening. The "pasteboards" are selling well. Charlie Daly has opened a "Free and Easy," under the *cof* of "the Office." Charlie has hosts of friends here, and "more too." Duprez and Green's troupe of "Ethiops" gave entertainments on the evenings on the 8th and 9th, in the City Hall, London. The hall, on each occasion, was filled to overflowing with the *elite* of the city. Long before the hour of opening the sale of tickets ceases. Sig. Gustave Bidaux, who, in "The Dying Young Hero," introduces the song, "Dear Mother, I've come Home to Die," was enthusiastically applauded, while his little son, Master George, in a nice ballad, was well received. The latter is following closely in the footsteps of his father. Gonsalo Bishop, the splendid basso, in "Good old Friends," made the house ring with applause. Gonsalo is one of the first in his line in "this America." Frank Kent, in a grand fancy dance, was, of course—for where is he not—well received; while the inimitable Charlie Reynolds, in his negro eccentricities, brought down the house with a vengeance. Charlie is a king amongst "burnt corkites." The troupe show this evening (Saturday) at St. Catharines, and on Monday at Buffalo, U. S. May success attend them, for with Duprez himself at the helm, how can it be otherwise.

LIST OF APPOINTMENTS.

Provincial Secretary's Office,

Quebec, March 8th, 1864.

His Excellency the Governor General, has been pleased to make the following appointments:—

William Bucatusky Baxter to be a Just Ass of the *piece* and *puny* Judge of the Quarter Sessions of the United Counties of Frontenac, Lennox and Addington, in the room and stead of Robert Sellers, Esq., whose services are hereby dispensed with.

Jimmy McKeon to be armourer sergeant to the 14th Regiment of Rifles, Kingston, in the place and stead of Tom Flynn, killed by the explosion of a knapsack.

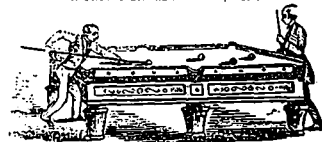
The Office of Brigade Major for Military District No. 3, Upper Canada, is hereby abolished, the volunteer force in the same, having been expended on the Brigade Major.

It is with mingled rage and regret that we observe in the *Gazette* the removal of Bob Sellers from the bench. The vengeance of a nation wronged will most assuredly descend on the stalking skeleton gambler that advised His Excellency to such a step. The people are aglashed with horror and every one you meet in Kingston exclaims, "Martin Murray's alas! what will become of the Quarter Sessions, what will the Court do without Bob Sellers."

LENGTH WITHOUT STRENGTH.

The order of Good Templars have forwarded two mammoth petitions to the Legislative Assembly only to prevent the sale of strong liquors, one and of one a quarter miles in length, the other two miles long, to obtain an act of incorporation for their Order. Whilst attributing the best motives to the Society, we cannot but think they are judicially blind, they send two miles of petition for their own incorporation and one and a quarter to prevent other people incorporating any liquors they might fancy.

W. J. SHARP'S IMPROVED BILLIARD TABLES, WITH



SHARP'S PATENT CUSHIONS.

SUBSTITUTION TO ANY NOW IN USE.
Patented November 15, 1862, manufactory, No 148 Fulton Street, New York. Balls, cues, Trimmings, &c. Old usages repaired. Orders by mail punctually attended to. Note that the best tables made at this establishment are First best Marble or Slate Best Billiard Tables from \$250 to \$375, according to style or size, on reasonable terms.

"Men are pleasant companions one hour, peevish bores the next; but Walter Scott shall charm, Bulwer shall fascinate, Charles Dickens shall bring the inimitable Sam Weller, or the ever jolly Mark Tapley to arouse me, and I may quit this pleasant company without even an excuse. Should I not be grateful to these master spirits? and not only to them, but to the skilled chooser of the good from the evil, the man who with unerring judgment separates the chaff from the corn?" So far a very good authority; in C. A. Backus behold the very man, who separates the chaff from the corn, the good from the evil, for the haply inexperienced scholar. For clear judgment, sound literary ability, and happiness of choice, we will back our good friend Charley, and consequently his enormous collection of books, against any book-seller under the canopy of Heaven.

There is Hogarth's marriage *à la mode* and Love *à la mode*, (though perhaps the less said about the last the better) but even to the former, being more of a *bon vivant* than an artist, we decidedly prefer Smith and Thoma's beef *à la mode*. A right good tender, nicely browned steak, we would *stuck* our existence on, and suffer nothing else to pass our lips; save! ah! we were forgetting, some of that rare ale, which a man drinking enough of, would be always in perfect health, though *ailing* considerable; and we would specially advise the afflicted loveborn youth, as the hermit does in the poem: "Ah, Father good! the youth he cried, And scarce repressed the parting tear, The venerable sage replied, "Come here, my lad, and have some beer!"

The Terrapin, "Le Terre a pang, Ah! Ha!" said a jovial looking Frenchman, as with his friend he left the hospitable portal of that famous Restaurant. By gar, *le Terre a pang* in mines' heart to quit you ah! Mon Dieu! *le Terre a pang* I shall be bad since I leave *le Terre a pang* I could find it in my heart to stay here always. So said the son of Gaul, and although we are not prepared to aver that the "Trois Femmes," Paris, and the Terrapin, Toronto, are the only places where a man can dine, yet, it would certainly puzzle us to say, where he could dine better than at the famous "Trois Femmes," or the equally famed Terrapin.