

THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

A young girl lately from Ireland, having the *maladie du pays* strongly on her, in vain entreated her friends for sufficient funds to enable her to return home. They refused, alleging she would soon prefer this country. The poor girl wandered into the woods, was missed, and on a search being made, it was found that the unfortunate victim to the strong love of country, had committed suicide.
—See Leader.

Sitting sadly beneath the trees
And listing their moaning roar,
Does the Irish maiden dream;
Of the far off Emerald shore?
No tears in the heavy eyes,
They see but an unbridged foam;
And the heart in its yearning cries
"Dear Mother, Oh! take me Home."

"Ah! mother mayourneen I mine,
My heart it is sick with fears;
And the voice of the trees,
Sound strangely in my ears."

"The voices are strange and wild,
They are mocking at those who roam;
They whisper, The Irish child
She shall never go home."

"Ah! mother do they say true?
And is there no hope for me?
Can I never come to you
Across that desolate sea?"

Sadly the night sank down,
And the sky was overpread,
There's a sob and a parting sigh
And the Irish maiden is dead.

A Chaperon on Rats.

We caught a rat this morning in a gin, having no dog, we applied to Betty, the general servant, who understands most things generally; "Drown him," she said with the true old country pronunciation of the verb; we did so immersing the rat and gin in a bucket of water. "That said we" sardoniously, if gin and water, with a touch of ratfish in it," said a friend of ours. "Keeping witty company sharpeneth the apprehension." We replied, "Just so" said our friend who is a Yankee of course we just so; we answered taking advantage of our friends slip, "I said just so" he replied warmly. "If you are just so, prove it" retorted we; by paying the dollar you owe us. You bet we shouldn't catch a rat. "I am a wiser and better man" said he, and he handed over the dollar. *Dolor sed non tristitia* said we. So much for a chaperon rats.

WHY DIDST THOU TALK?

Let no mariner leave his Firefly, is a free translation of *ne utror ultra crepidam*. Bob Moodie, who, did not you suggest to the remarkable wisdom of the City Fathers the very dangerous experiment of selling the Inspectorship of the market. All men as a rule try to see their own and a little over, if they buy an office. And even sometimes try to see more than their own when they have one given them. If this latter position is not true, why Robert wast thou so long at Quebec?

Latest by Telegraph.
Astounding Intelligence.

Amazing Information!
EVERYBODY INJURED.
NOBODY HURT.
SOMEBODY KILLED.
ANYBODY WOUNDED.
&c. &c. &c.

We have just received the astounding, at the same time highly gratifying intelligence, that our respected, highly talented, universally esteemed fellow citizen, ROBERT MOODIE, Esq., M. L. C., has been offered the throne of Mexico. On receipt of the intelligence we set out at once to write a brilliant article on the glorious prospect for the future of this hitherto misgoverned country, but were at the same time prevented; and deeply grieved, by learning from that gentleman himself, that in consequence of his present Rosedale contract, and more especially because the Emperor of the French refused to allow him to wear his peacock and his coronation robe, and also refused point-blank to buy up the bowling alley, and what is still more tyrannical, to remove the Toronto Bay and Island to Mexico, and the Fire Fly to Mexico, for the use of the Royal Robert on Sundays, the Fire Fly too, being invaluable as a means of defence or attack in case of war—for these reasons, Mexico, we regret to say, will be deprived of the advantage arising from the superintendence of one who has many a time, and safely guided the Ship of State—the Fire Fly—over the stormy billows of the tempestuous ocean, the Bay into the desired haven—Yonge Street wharf or Glendinnings. But although we may sympathize with Mexico on her loss, and denounce the capricious despotism of the Emperor of the French who, by his refusal to gratify the reasonable requests of the Royal Bob, is responsible for all the evil results attendant on his refusal, notwithstanding all this we can congratulate our own city in general, on still having the advantage of the counsels of one whom the necessities of a misruled Kingdom, and the selfishness of a powerful Monarch were near snatching from us. The importance of the message may be inferred from the fact that the courier, who brought the official despatch, after riding post-haste, through France, England, and across the Atlantic ocean, without tasting food, stopped only three months at the Don Bridge, examining its architectural beauties, before declining his message; and then overcome by his superhuman exertion, and the anxieties attendant on a mission of such vast importance, immediately got off his horse and took a drink and a ham sandwich. Peace to his ashes.

We are informed too in advance of everybody that an immense battle was fought nowhere which all those who were uninjured, escaped severely un-

hurt." Nobody being molested the loss was terrible. Particulars in the next issue of the Evening Journal.

Advertisement.

1000 SPIRERS WANTED.—The undersigned desires to raise forthwith near the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, one hundred able bodied men. The wages will be \$10 a day. Fare paid to the work. Clothing and board supplied free. Constant employment.
A. P. MACDONALD.

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 Foltton Street, New York. Balls, Cues, Trimmings, &c. Old Cues long 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

BOARDSHEDDER, (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, re-painting, and painting of boats and skins, on the most improved principles.
Also boats taken care of by the season, at a reasonable charge: Boats and skins for sale and to let.

To say Professor Nelson is skillful is to say that which all men acknowledge. We go further 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. Eackas.—Our friends initials are cab. If so what sort of cab? Why, a handsome 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 shew an example.

Walhallia 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 Walhallia is the Hall of Messrs. T. & J. Walls; King Street, as merely 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 Walhallia.