

A REVERIE.

And thou art gone! yet still it seems  
As if thou wert mirrord' in my dreams;  
For thou hast bound me with a spell,  
Which only those who've felt can tell.  
Methought last night, I on my bed,  
In wakeful restlessness, was led  
To the same platform, where the ghost  
Of Hamlet's father stood! and lost  
In reverie 'twixt doubt and fear!  
The Prince of Denmark then drew near;  
A moment there I stood amazed!  
When 'neath a bridge's arch I stood,  
And saw a maid leap in the flood.  
But, oh! the shudder that convuls'd  
My inmost soul! which quick repuls'd  
All other thoughts! 'till once again  
My heart's pulse madly beat amain!  
Anon, a maiden's form lay there,  
Her tresses wet, her feet were bare;  
They us'd her gently, as thou had'st,  
And smooth'd her tresses as thou said'st;  
When, lo! an angel there appears,  
And wiping up the mourner's tears—  
"Leave her,"—he said,—"I pray you leave her,  
Unto her God and only Saviour."

The scene was chang'd! the charm was broke!  
And Paddy's pipes had me awake!  
Just echoing my voice, to tell,  
To whisper mournfully "Farewell!"

N.B.—The point of the above lines will be at once understood by most of our readers who attended Vandenhoff's readings last Saturday Evening, the 30th of April. They consisted of the first act of Hamlet, the Bridge of Sighs and Paddy the Piper!

### "THE LONG AND THE SHORT."

We forgot to make this announcement some time ago; but "better late than never." Mr. McNabb's was the first appointment of the late Grit Ministry, and Mr. Jackson's (Richards and Jackson) was the last appointment. They may, truly, be called the "Long and the Short" of the Sandfield government. Certainly there might have been a few more feathers for all the fuss that the dispensers of this *maximum minimum* spoils kicked up. Poor Mr. McNabb raised the standard of Grit patronage, and it was for little Jackson to let it down. These two worthies should have an oak tree planted to their honour in front of Osgoode Hall, with the whole Richards family as maids in attendance. Where, oh! where is A. Barber and an oration!

### Inadmissible.

— A lady in the Eastern Division has sent us some lines to the memory of a defunct pet of the canine species. We beg, most very respectfully, to inform our fair correspondent that, in looking up the rules and regulations for our editorial guidance, under the heading of "Inadmissible" we find *Dog-gerel* classed. *Satis*.

Look out for your Hall Doors!

— The June Conference of the Methodist body comes on the first of next month. Already some of the Menagorie are in town. Look out for your hall doors! These fellows carry long-tailed coats and deep pockets.

1864.  1864.

### BAXTER'S LINE OF STAGES.

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GEO. EWART,

General Agent.

BAXTER &amp; Co.,

Sole Proprietors.

### A CHOICE ARTICLE.

"Let not him that putteth on his armour, boast as him that taketh it off," said the wise man of old, and let not the successful (of to-day) and jubilant governmental party think that "to-morrow will be even as this day and much more abundant."

The man who sold the bear-skin before he hunted him, and in the subsequent chase was killed by the very bear whose hide he had so confidently disposed of, yet lives in the German proverb, an ensample of over-confidence; and the present Ministry may well bear his fate in mind. The carcass of the defunct Postmaster General still cumbereth the ground, and with the unburied dead around; surely this is no time to sing *Io Bacchan-te*. Look to it, gentlemen. Look to it! laughing philosophers of the Treasury benches; your foes are many and formidable, minor differences will be merged in a common hatred, and to your party, remember, still clings the fatal prestige of the "Family Compact," again we say, remember this!

Perfectly independent of party, as we are, and only anxious to obtain for the toiling masses and ourselves, good government and the *minimum* of taxation; which two things are the *Gemini*, the constellation, the *summum bonum*, the condensation of all political virtue, it will, perhaps, be worth while to review shortly the "present position."

John Sandfield Macdonald has fallen, from political weakness say his adversaries, shall we not rather say from the want of the cordial support of his friends? We do not believe John Sandfield is a second Catinle. John A., anything like a duplicate Ulysses, or the Patriarch of Hamilton, another Danton, though he does belong to the

Mountain. Mr. George Brown we take to be a very able and talented statesman, he is quoted as, possibly he is, an impracticable man; but to pelt him with mud always, *rurus atque rurus*, as a sturdy cotemporary and neighbour of ours is too much in the habit of doing, is neither graceful or just. Where they procure all their munitions of mad from, is to us a marvel. Surely it cannot be the accumulated filth of many a long years neglect of the York Roads, scraped from the old propriety boots? But we are straying from the question. Of these two parties, now so nearly balanced, which is the best to rule over us? One of them we must accept, that much is certain. Shall we take the genial John A., as his friends delight to call him, that "Prince of Jesters," as a Reverend, but very cankerous, friend of ours terms him. Shall we hail the talented McGee, who can whistle "The Star of Brunswick," "Over the Water to Charlie," or "The Star Spangled Banner," with all the facile grace of a German bullfuch? Shall we, (speaking figuratively) sit under the fig-tree of the Patriarch Isaac? who openly avows that Hamilton and the interests of Hamilton, are, and will be, his peculiar care, and that all other places may (politically speaking,) go to the Devil for him? Shall we entrust our purses to the tender care of Mr. Galt? who is a very Prince Fortunatus in liberality, but unluckily without the purse; and shall we recognize in Sir Etienne Tache, the representative of the dignity of Louis Quatorze, combined with the chivalry of the noble Montcalm? Or, to take the other side, shall we throw up our caps for George Brown, the pledged and plighted champion of reform? For John Sandfield, clever and able, a follower of expedients, and we allow, an admirable illustrator of the doctrine of expediency, though we honestly believe, not more so than most men are, when pressed by the inexorable Necessity. Shall we take Mr. Holt? he is, perhaps, a little more surly than accords with strict grace, but sagacious and painstaking; not a *couleur de rose* man, but one who will look financial difficulty in the face steadily enough, and that is something. I ask, which of those two parties should we choose? The choice will soon be permitted us, and the time and the hour loon heavily in the foreground. There is yet a breathing space, for which shall we declare? For those who are pledged solemnly, in the face of the whole Canadian people, to a strict financial Reform, a reform as needful to this young and struggling country, as water in the desert; or, shall we once more bow the knee to Baal and let men rule over us who, despising small savings, scoffing at financial thrift, will cry "peace, peace," until their unwise career has beggared a once flourishing country, and men see, in very sooth, the terrible handwriting on the wall, marking in fearful characters that hopeless insolvency which will fit us, only too readily, for annexation, anarchy, or any other evil thing.

Wanted Immediately.

— A few gold watches (out of order) to take to England, to be repaired at the Covenanter's care. Apply to A. T. McCord, Chamberlain.