

## A NURSERY RHYME.

AFTER DR. WATTS.

Whatever contests round St. Dave's,  
St. James' should rest in peace,  
Where Nasmith dwells and Love abounds,  
All rivalries should cease.

Moodie and Smith can both agree,  
And tis a shame to fight;  
When Nasmith, Love and Sterling,  
Fall out, and snarl and bite.

Remember, Love, you should not let,  
Envious ambition rise;  
Your finger nails were never made,  
To scratch out Nasmith's eyes.

## GRAND GYMNASIIC FESTIVAL.

The Provincial Turncoat Society have the pleasure to announce to their numerous friends and patrons, as well as to those who have the misfortune to be neither, that a grand gymnastic performance will take place at the ancient capital in the early part of next year. The public will be treated to various graceful evolutions and extraordinary feats such as have never before been witnessed in this or any other country. The programme is not entirely filled up as yet, as some of the performers are new to the business, and others have not done sufficient turning to make them proficient in the art. But the President has every confidence that, under the special training of the present instructors, the under-graduates will not be long in attaining a position which will be no disgrace to the favorable and ancient society to which they belong. The following programme is now presented for public approval:—

Dissolving views..... Mr. Angus Morrison.  
Extraordinary feat on the tight rope..... Mr. Foley.  
Zampilestration; or flying from one side of the House to the other..... Mr. Loranger.  
Astounding feats on the bar..... Mr. Wilson.  
Some wonderful Yankee tricks..... Mr. Howland.  
Superlatively graceful figures..... Mr. Jas. Morris.  
Hanging by the neck, with illustration from the rebellion of '37..... Mr. Cartier.  
Grand Tour..... Mr. J. A. Macdonald.  
Scientific use of the boxing gloves..... Mr. Tom Ferguson.  
Hanging by the neck, with illustration..... Mr. Tom Daly.  
Heavy Club feat, &c..... Mr. Sicotte.  
Running the nose as performed with wonderful success in '48..... Mr. McGeo.  
Astounding summersault..... Mr. Benjamin.  
New illustrations of the sliding scale..... Mr. Galt.  
Wonderful vaulting feat..... Mr. Robinson.  
Riding the high horse..... Sir Henry Smith.  
Extraordinary feats with the dumb-bells..... Mr. Amos Wright.

The President begs, by way of apology for the briefness of the programme, to say that some of the new members of the company have not yet fallen into their places, and others have not received their *solution* for previous damages received in their very arduous gyrations so that he is not able to lay down their individual lines of business; but he hopes that, with the aid of the existing committee, some of whom have been a long time in the turning line, the exhibition will be all that he claims for it.

N.B.—Members of the Society who are desirous of falling into place, will please apply immediately at Quebec, where they will obtain full particulars as to terms, conditions, &c.

### Abso Going to the Bad.

—We regret to learn that President Lincoln, after being a staunch cold-water man all his life, is in great danger of falling from the faith. He is so disgusted with the inefficiency of his generals, that he will dismiss Burnside forthwith, and take consolation in a *Hooker*. Where's the Hon. M. Cameron?

### Wiry.

—Since the advent of crinoline it is not proper to speak of a lady's age by the number of summers she has seen, but by her number of springs.

## TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Next week we intend to devote our special attention to municipal matters, with a special reference to the approaching elections; and we wish Aldermen and Councilmen, actual and expectant, to know that we intend to lash them all and sundry without mercy. Meanwhile we advise them to have the street crossings cleaned without delay; it is monstrous that in a city of 45,000 inhabitants, a lady cannot cross the two principal streets of the city without being ankle-deep in slush and mire. All other means failing, we propose that, instead of canvassing the city, the candidates employ their time by electioneering with the broom and shovel. The Mayor and Councilman Baxter had better set to work on the corner of King and Yonge Streets; one of the City Clerk's assistants holding a hat for the charitable offerings of the passers-by, who would cheerfully drop in a copper if their boots and shoes were spared from filth by the scavengers. Alderman Sterling and Sprout would do for Toronto Street, with Conlin as alms-collector. The other members might be distributed at Adelaide, Richmond, and Queen Streets, and at the Market, with Col. Prince and W. H. Boulton, who seem to have nothing else to do, as assistants. Let the experiment be tried, for the people of Toronto are not going to live in filth any longer.

## RATHER VERDANT.

A Mr. J. Wesley *Greene*, whose suggestive name ought to have rendered him an object of suspicion, has been playing a highly seasoned practical joke on Mr. President Lincoln and his sagacious Cabinet.

He actually made poor Abe believe that Jeff Davis had sent for him, *Greene*, from Pittsburg to Richmond, to constitute him envoy extraordinary to his Excellency of Washington, to negotiate peace between the belligerents and patch up the shattered Union. Instead of going about the matter at once, *Greene* posts to Chicago, being in his opinion the nearest road to Washington, from Richmond, and writes to the *Times* an account of his mission. The bait was immediately swallowed, and the green ones of Washington sent for the *Greene* of Pittsburg. Six solemn Cabinet consultations were held, a full account of which is unhappily withheld from the world. For the time *Greene* was the American idol; but alas! for republican constancy, the idol was soon dethroned by its own priests, and the President announces that he is an impostor. Imagine the English or French government sending for Sturge the Quaker, during the Crimean War, to hear that worthy's conversations with the Emperor of Russia, and you will have some faint idea of the ridiculous farce enacted for four days in Washington. Which was *green*, the dupes or the informant?

## "THE UPS AND DOWNS OF LIFE."

Thomas Batty Conolly, whose lecture on Florence Nightingale was listened to with so much pleasure a week or two ago, will deliver an address on the above subject on Monday evening next, in the Mechanics' Institute. We can cordially call upon our readers to favour Mr. Conolly with their presence on that occasion; we assure them they will enjoy no ordinary intellectual treat.

### A Vapoury Affair.

—The good old game of "seeking a needle in a bottle of hay," is now being played by the Recorder at the enquiry relative to the late fire at the Rossin House. So far there is nobody to blame, and the verdict will likely be—Toronto confessed that every man that day had done his duty.

## THE GOOD OLD GAME OF SCRATCH.

The ancient game of "Scratch me and I will scratch you," was played to perfection the other day at the Rossin House fire enquiry before the Recorder, when the following compliments were exchanged *vide Globe* report:—

Mr. Ashfield, Chief Engineer—I must say that I am under great obligations to Mr. Manning for the suggestions he gave me at the fire.

Mr. Manning—I have always found Mr. Ashfield willing to adopt a suggestion from any person capable of giving one.

Comment is useless. The ex-Alderman in paying this fine compliment surely forgot that the Chief Engineer said a day or two previously that the only thing he had to blame himself for, was in adopting the "suggestions" of Mr. Manning and others at the fire.

UNDER WHICH CHIEF, TORONTOIANS SPRAE, &c.—At the late fire at the "Rossin" a fireman was taken into custody for breaking through the ranks of the "gentleman in blue." He of course, resisted and Captain Prince coming forward exclaimed, "I am the Chief of Police take him away I will be responsible!" This remark came to the ears of Mr. Ashfield, Chief Engineer of the Fire Brigade, who interferred declaring that he was "Chief of Chiefs." This assumption of authority he of the gold-banded cap resented, coolly told the gentleman of the helmet that if he interferred he would consign him also to "durance vile" and ordered him to "move on." Now we humbly suggest that His Honor the Recorder should inform the good folks of Toronto under which Chief they live, and, at the same time, tell these gentlemen "who are clad with a little brief authority" to leave their dignity at home in times of fire and each attend to his own business. The Rossin House was burned down while they were wrangling about "who was chief."

## LETTER FROM A LADY.

MY DEAR GRUMBLER,

I am so glad to see you again. Went you say something about that horrid Mr. Baxter who tried to prevent us having our skating this winter, by refusing to allow the steam fire-engines flood the rinks? I think you might. Because he is big and can't skate himself, he wishes to prevent us. It is really too bad that we can not have exercise in a pleasing way, without some ugly—(isn't Mr. Baxter very ugly? I think he must be!)—man interferred. They talked about the engines being used only for their legitimate purpose, extinguishing fires; but I am quite sure that if they were made to throw cold water on some of the Council resolutions, nobody would think they had been misapplied. Do oblige us, dear Mr. GRUMBLER, and you will have the thanks of

LAURA.

P.S.—Mr. Councilman Bell—who is he?—and Alderman Sprout should be soundly abused for supporting so heartless a measure.

NOTE.—We agree with our fair correspondent, that the conduct of some of our City Fathers in this matter was decidedly reprehensible, and we can best give our censure by publishing her letter. As to the query about Councilman Baxter's personal appearance, we do not like to say he is absolutely ugly, but we can assure her he is neither as beautiful as an Adonis, nor as graceful as a Mercury.—Ed. G.

### A Calumny Refuted.

—The best argument against those who speak of the inferiority of African intellect, is to be found in the number of "intelligent contractors" who give information to Northern generals and correspondents.