

THE LAY OF THE DAMAGER.

BY OUR HAMILTON BARD.

I am the man to talk about
Reduction of expenses;
To dish directors out and out,
And bring them to their senses.

They have to do just what I say,
Or, should they dare to kick,
I am the man who knows the way
To send them to Old Nick.

Director: Bah! I've got my pay
Secured to me for years;
The criegers darod not say me nay;
I wrench'd that from their fears.

For I have got a list of wrongs,
Ek'd from their own confessions;
What muffins they to wag their tongues
About their own transgressions!

Oh! well for me I had that power,
When I snubb'd Jamie Mac,
Or Johnnie Young, within an hour,
Had given me the sack.

That Savings' Bank. If Donald knew
The whole of that rascality,
Proprietors might get their due
Without a Court of Equity.

And then that bond of Richard J.,
And roguish R. P. S.,
'Twas lost, you know, by me one day,
But found again, I guess.

And mortgages, of which the less,
Just now, is said the better;
Oh! what a precious little mess
Were I to turn a—Traitor!

So Archy K., and William P.,
And cocky Johnnie Young,
Must each of them agree with me,
And ever hold his tongue.

Those mortgages, that little bond,
Are constantly before them;
First rate those mortgages, that bond,
To hold them in *terrorum*.

But, furthermore, I must confess,
That while I had been manager,
I could have done, nor worse, nor less,
Had I been simply damager.

Well, that is neither here nor there,
Directors must keep civil,
And quiet, too, or else, beware,
I'll send them to the d—!

The most necessary.

— Gold has been discovered in New Caledonia (one of the South Pacific Islands). We mentioned this to an excellent, but rather ignorant, Scotch friend of ours. "Aye, man! gowd is it ye're saying is there awa'? And the country's just settlin' w' kindly Scotch? Wad they bae sulphur there, div ye ken? It wad be mair necessary than gowd, to thae puir bodies."

A DICTIONARY FOR THE LADIES.

THE "GRUMBLER,"

Sollicitous to maintain and enhance that reputation for gallantry towards his fair readers, which it has ever been his pride to have merited, his much pleasure, not unmix'd with self-congratulation, in thus announcing to the loveliest portion of the creation the immediate appearance of a

DICTIONARY ENTIRELY AND EXCLUSIVELY FOR THEIR USE,

In which the signification of every word will be given in a strictly feminine sense; and the Orthography, as a point on which ladies like to be properly independent, will be studiously suppressed. The whole will be edited by

MADAME "GRUMBLER."

To which will be appended a little Manual, addressed confidentially by "Oursel;" to the ladies, and entitled,

"TEN MINUTES ADVICE ON THE CARE AND USE OF A HUSBAND;"

Or, "What to ask, and how to get it, so that the obstreperous bridegroom may become a meek and humble husband.

Specimen of the Work:—

HUSBAND.—A person who writes cheques, and dresses as his wife directs.

BREVE.—A domestic endearment for a husband.

MARRIAGE.—The only habit to which women are constant.

LOVER.—Any young man but a brother-in-law.

CLEVERMAN.—One alternative of a lover.

BROTHER.—The other alternative.

HOXSEMOON.—A wife's opportunity.

HORRID, HIDEOUS.—Terms of admiration elicited by the sight of a lovely face, any where but in looking-glass.

NICE, DEAR.—Expressions of delight at any thing, from a baby to a barrel-organ.

WRINKLE.—The first thing one lady sees in another's face.

TIME.—That which a lady remarks in a watch, but does not notice in the gross.

Ammunition bread.

— We see that one Thomas, substitute broker, tried to get one of our Canadian lads to enlist. Mr. Thomas pretended to hire him to drive a bread-waggon in Albany; but afterwards showed the cloven foot, and said he meant an ammunition waggon. Young Canada said he wished to earn his living, but had no taste for ammunition bread; that he was perfectly willing to engage in any rational undertaking, but he would not eat Uncle Sam's rations. Thomas then said, as he was so particular, he would give him his dessert, and hand him over as a deserter. The lad then tried to bolt; but the cholera of the unfortunate Thomas being up (despite the melting weather), he collared the Canadian-like brawn, but the Provost Marshal, on their arrival at Albany, soon put the matter straight, and the base *faitour* Thomas was sent to prison for an assault, and a battery without guns. Well done, Uncle Sam! more power to your elbow, and, Young Canada, beware!

Buried (Berried) but not Usung.

Jones, of King Street, has been tempting the Editor of the *Leader* with a "box of delicious strawberries;" a somewhat satirical friend of ours has dramatised the incident, in imitation of the temptation of Eve. Jones is the serpent, the strawberries take the place of the apple and the Editor is our first mother.

Scene draws, and discloses Editor in his sanctum writing an article on George Brown's perfidy.

Editor, Soliloquizes.—And thus far have I written, but it reads

More tamely than a diatribe *should* read;
'Tis thus confounded weather, which would make
An Alpine glacier pant and perspire.

Would that to me some friend, the cooling berry,
(Bearing the strawy prefix,) timeous, would bring.
And yet, saith my physician, (he be hanged,)
I must refrain from fruits acidulous.

Soft! who comes here?

Enter Jones with box of Strawberries.

Jones.—All hail! most learned pundit, as the sun
Drinks from the meanest puddle in his path;
Wilt thou, descending from Parnassian heights;
Deign to survey these berries, that the sight
Of the rich scarlet, set in emerald zone,
May pulse thy wandering fingers to that touch,
Of which taste forms the sequence; so that—

Editor, Sternly.—Jones, begone! Yet stay, I meant
not harshly,

But thou knowest, I am forbidden strawberries.
Why, then, comest thou with fragrance Subcan,
And blushing berries, craftily before me?
A serpent fruiterer?

Jones.—Oh! good my lord,

I did but crave acceptance of my gift.

Editor, Eagerly.—Gift, say'st thou Jones? That's
different, hand 'em here,

Blest is the giver! aye, far more than 'other;

Melius est dare quam accipere, Jones;

There's purest Latin for it—hand 'em here!

And my physician may go hang himself

In his own garters.

Jones.—Thanks my noble lord!

May I hope for favourable notice?

Editor.—Aye, good Jones,

In patience keep thy kidneys—*Thou shalt have it.*

[*Exit Jones.*]

Doing the Globe.

— A postman in the West of England has ridden the same penny for eighteen years, ten miles each day, and claims to have circumvented the Globe twice or thrice. We hear the proprietor of the *Leader* is in treaty with him.

Wood, or Cordwood?

— There is an announcement in the *Leader*, "Government wood just arrived, from four to five feet long. A friend of ours, somewhat remarkable for his obstinacy, would persist that this description was meant for the Member for East Brant. "Don't you know," said he, "he was always a supporter of John Sandfield's Government, and who can tell a fellow's exact height? Depend on't it be."