

YE LITTLE CARTIER AT WINDSOR.

The story of King Arthur old,
Is very memorable,
And so in future years will be
The laying of the cable.

Old Windsor is a famous place,
Its castle's stout and hoary,
But Cartier's added a new page
To the legends of its glory.

George Cartier is a funny dog,
In this you'll all agree sir,
With his queer funny torrier pbiz,
He went across the sea, sir;
He visited old Windsor,
Its castle stout and hoary,
And there he saw Victoria,
In the heyday of her glory.

He walked upon the terrace
Looking down upon the Thames,
And strutting there he thought himself
The biggest of do means.
He looked upon the river
Wandering slowly on its way, sir,
And said "mon Dieu, its very grand,
I'm grander though to-day, sir."

Old Windsor is a famous place,
Its castle's stout and hoary,
It has one round and lofty tower,
The tip top of its glory.

George Cartier he did mount the steps
That lead unto its summit,
And strutting there he swore by gar!
Its strong, I think I've come it.

Old Windsor is a famous place,
Its walls both high and great are,
Its castle has long suites of rooms,
That call-ed rooms of state are;
Grand rooms whose decorations look
Fit for some fairy elf, sir.
George gazed but thought of nought but this,
"I'm here in state myself, sir."

Old Windsor is a famous place,
And famous is its park, sir,
Prince Albert took George Cartier for
A walk just for a lark, sir.

Quoth Prince "tis an extensive place,
At home have you one such, sir?
Quoth Cartier puffing out his vest,
"I'm more extensive much, sir."

Old Windsor is a famous place,
And famous folks are there, sir,
Queen, Princes, lords and gentlemen,
With levies of the fair, sir.
Quoth Prince to Cartier don't you think
Our ladies handsome be, sir,

Quoth George—em I yes!—ah!—pretty well,
But only look at me, sir.

Old Windsor is a famous place,
Its castle's stout and hoary,
But Cartier's added a new page
To the legends of its glory.

For courtly pages long will laugh
About his torrier pbiz, sir,
And chuckle 'er the fun they had,
When he was there to quiz, sir.

Musical.

—We understand that arrangements are completed by Mr. Sugden, an excellent musician, for a grand vocal concert, in the Temperance Hall, on Tuesday, the 21st inst. It is the first thing of the kind in the Hall since its repairs have added so much to its appearance and comfort, and is under the patronage of the Temperance Reformation Society. Among the performers we may name Miss Kemp, Miss Clark, Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Poetter, Messrs. Roche, Baxter, Sugden, &c. We hope the effort will be highly successful.

OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

It will be no news to our readers that the *Leader* office is sadly in need of light—vilsome of long standing. But of all places in the world, where does James Beaty look for a remedy? To the City Council! There is but one other place where he would have been less likely to find it; the residence of Old Double to wit. Of course, he failed in his demand. Some kind creature proposed that a lamp should be placed before his door; but no sooner was the motion read, than a dozen members sprang to their feet, and pathetically pictured the Egyptian darkness of other places besides the *Leader* office. One for instance, who was converted during the late revival pleaded the claims of a church as preferable to those of the great Highwayman. He was of course, instantly refused. The GROUNDLEN is of opinion that the best thing Mr. Beaty can do, will be to catch Councilman Craig, stick him in the *sanctum sanctorum*, attach a pipe to his mouth, with a jet at one end, and if sufficient gas does not escape from it to light the whole building, why then the fellow will have lost his speech; that's all! Of course, the gas obtained by this means will need a great deal of purification. The cost of the lime alone for the purpose, renders the expediency of the plan in an economical point of view, exceedingly doubtful. It is probable too, that the idea of being made useful for once in his life, would break the worthy Councilman's heart.

How astonishing it is! Who will say that genius does not run through families now? We can prove it to demonstration. First, that all our Blowers are thoroughly devoted to the interest of the city, to the thorough abnegation of self must be admitted, and we don't see how any body can deny that. Then, this being granted, it follows that they will employ the highest order of talent to do our business. The Gaol Committee, of which Councilmen Ardagh and Fox are members, find, after careful enquiry, that a brother of the former gentleman and a son of the latter, are eminently fitted to execute work which is not required. So convinced are they of the unsurpassability of these two, that without seeking for the consent of the rest of the Blowers, without advertising for tenders, they give them jobs, in the execution of which the City will be the only gainer of course. *Vive la lumbee* as the *Globe* says!

Important Telegraphic Intelligence.

—The following item is among the telegraphic news of the *Europa*:

"The *Ariel* had such severe weather, that the Captain had his knee-pan broken by one of the seas that struck her."

At first sight this appears very unintelligible information. In the first place we are left to guess at the precise severity of the weather which could have broken the captain's knee-pan; and then we are left in the dark as to what the captain's knee-pan is? Very probably the knee-pan was the property of the captain of the *Ariel*, but from the use of the feminine gender, *her*, in the line following, we are forced to conclude that we do not know what the paragraph means. We never heard of the knee-pan of a ship, unless, indeed, when the camel, "the ship of the desert," was alluded to.

FILIBUSTERERS IN CANADA.

It would appear that our worthy cousins in the other side have a hearty contempt for Canadian laws and British subjects generally. In the first place, Snow—a bad man, no doubt, but still entitled to our protection by the law of nations—is dragged from our midst with Inquisitorial secrecy, by two scoundrels, one of whom, to the disgrace of the Hamilton Police, is still at their head, while the other fellow, a constable named Webster, is still unpunished in our midst. Then a demi-devil, named Tyler, an American police officer, had the dreadful temerity to come to a Canadian port, and, contrary to every law, human and divine, deliberately murder a Captain Jones, who had taken refuge under our flag. Less provocation than this has before now, led to years of national misery. What is to be done to Tyler? Are we to allow the Hamilton Chief of Police and constable Webster to escape merited punishment? If the death of Captain Jones is not amply atoned for; and if the Hamilton Chief of Police and constable Webster do not meet with sufficient chastisement from our local authorities, they will show themselves unfaithful and craven, and Canada will justly earn the contempt of every county in which the circumstances of the murder and the kidnapping may become known.

THE POLICE FORCE.

Those ambitious of obtaining the responsible and trust-worthy office of Police Constable are requested to cast their eye—the left one—over the following advertisement, in order that they may know whether they are qualified or not:—

CITY POLICE.

Wanted a number of men to act as Police Constables.

Those addicted to hard drinking and unlimited loafing are peculiarly adapted for the office. Physical development will not count much, for although a tall man is ornamental, yet, as a Constable is never expected to engage in any personal encounter with burglars and such like animals, a short man will just do as well. Any person imbued with a strong hatred of children and all innocent recreation, such as serenading, are particularly requested to send in their applications.

N. B. No character required.

W. No honest man need apply.

CHARACTERISTIC PROTOTYPEISM.

The following rich piece of nonsense is culled from our "joking" friend, the *London Prototype*:—

EAST BRANT.—We learn that Mr. O'Reilly has been elected for East Brant by a handsome majority over his Grit opponent, Finlayson.

Our excellent, contemporary, 'thes' appends the returns, which, strange to say, according to his own showing, give a majority of 34 for Finlayson. Of course this is to be received as another of those capital jokes which are making the fortune of the Proprietors of the *Prototype*; but mercy on us, can any body tell us where the joke is? What does it mean? Of course there must be something scurriously witty somewhere beneath the surface, but we can't find it out. Wont the *Prototype* enlighten us?