

JOHN A.

Diinna ask us gin we lo'e you,  
Troth we need na tell,  
Diinna ask us gin we lo'e you,  
Ask it o' yoursel.

Though the sports, wud tasks together share,  
Have long since pass'd away,  
And youth's bright dreams have followed them,  
Yet still we trust John A.

Now manhood's cares around us throng,  
And adverse battles rage,  
But the bands around our youthful hearts,  
Have finer grown with age.

Though the sports, wud tasks &c.

We know his honest manly heart,  
Holds sacred friendship's chain,  
We know that fraud, or sordid gain,  
Have never stain'd his name.

Though the sports, and tasks, &c.

Our country's interests are his own,  
Ours, too, are ne'er betray'd,  
As friend to friend and man to man,  
Our hope is on him stay'd.

Not bad.

— The City Chamberlain (whose lady, we regret to say, is in ill health) is desirous of visiting England and Scotland; and, for the better enabling him so to do, asks for a grant for \$500, for expenses, from the City Council, so that he may endeavour to dispose of city debentures in England. Now we profess to admire impudence; but really, Alexander, you suit us too well. We always thought you a modest man, but were not prepared to hear of such self-sacrificing efforts on behalf of the city. You are too generous by half.

Royalty in disrepute.

— We were reminded of the fickleness of the "vox populi" on visiting the Music Hall the other evening to hear Vandenhoff, when the "Royal mother," who resides on Front Street, entered at an unseasonable hour, and was greeted with a "tremendous cheering?"—not a bit of it, instead, a storm of hisses, clearly showing that even "Royalty" cannot disturb with impunity the equanimity of the sovereign people.

A rich idea.

— A prominent lawyer of this city on being called on for a song, at the St. Georges dinner, pleaded bad voice, hoarseness, &c., and, at last, after much pressing, modestly consented, and coolly pulled out of his coat pocket the song and music—he expected to be coaxed.

A HARD PILLOW FOR THE NORTH.—FORT PILLOW.

— A friend of ours remarked, by way of jest, to a Biddy, the other morning, whom he did not know, "It's a sharp morning, Bridget," to which she made reply, "Not half as sharp as yer honour's nose." Again, on meeting two daughters of Green Erin, he said to one of them, "I hope you are well?" to which the other replied, "nastauter," "She's betther nor whin she was sick."

CORPORATION CONCERT.



CITY HALL BUILDING, CITY HALL SQUARE.

MONDAY EVENING, MAY 1st, 1864.

GRAND BILL, UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF THE CITIZENS GENERALLY.

Overture by the City Council, *en masse*.

SONG:

If I had a thousand a year..... John Carr

VIOLIN SOLO:

Scratchings from the Duke of Argyll. Ald. Strachan

SONG:

Blow, blow ye winds..... Ald. Baxter

RECITATION AND DISSERTATION:

On "Salaries"..... Ald. Sterling

SONG:

The Jolly Fat Man..... Coun. Farrell

AMUSING DIALOGUE:

By..... Aids. Love & Dickey

STUMP SPEECH:

The benefits of a Western Market... Coun. Canavan

INTERMISSION.

SONG:

What man would be without a wife... Ald. Wallis

ESSAY:

The benefits of the Maine Liquor Law... Ald. Ewart

SONG:

What would I give to be Mayor?... Coun. Edwards

DISSERTATION:

On the Usury Laws..... Coun. James

SONG:

I'm not myself at all..... Coun. Dunn

A CAPITAL DISPLAY OF BUNCOMBE:

By..... Coun. Thompson

SONG:

The useful young mare..... Coun. Tinning

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN:

By..... Baxter and the Company

A large attendance is expected, and the arrangements are all under the immediate superintendance of

ALD. J. E. SMITH,

Wire-puller.

— The "Mammoth Circus" intends permanently locating at Quebec—having done Hamilton, West Northumberland, East and West Montreal, Kingston, Sherbrooke and Cataragus, in which places it has met with unbounded success. This troupe contains more "Stars" than any other heretofore exhibited in this country and have only to regret one accident since the commencement of their tour, viz.—at North Waterloo, where Mr. Foley, the celebrated "tumbler," having lost his seat from the Golden Chariot, broke his arm. At the enchanted palace, where they intend exhibiting when they reach Quebec, a goodly support has been secured, and "rougbs" of the "brown colour" will not be tolerated.—God save the Queen.

Great Rejoicing.

— In anticipation of the Hamilton Election, sundry of our Grit friends made great preparation. Dr. Agnew intended having an exhibition of laughing eyes, and the members of the party to have access free of charge. Lots of hot coffee, oatmeal and sulphur. But, alas! poor McElroy was beaten. Buchanan elected—supper postponed—oatmeal sent to Bruce—awaiting the Hon. Mr. McMurrich, who, we believe, is getting out a large importation, for his Election in September next.

Too Good to be True.

— There is no truth in the report that the Committee that collected funds to defray expenses to Quebec, have refunded the same. On the contrary, we hear Wallie went to Hamilton on Tuesday last, with funds which we supposed to be the balance collected from the dupes.

— The London *Free Press* states that the scow "Foley," bound from the West to Quebec, struck on the Grit rocks at Waterloo, last week, and became a total wreck. The underwriters have taken her off their books.

McCord on a Bust.

— Naughty *Leader*, why interfere with a good arrangement, let McCord go to England, why should he be kept at home to pine away, when a trip to the Covenanters grave would no doubt do him a great deal of good. The rate-payers don't care—let Mr. McCord enjoy himself, and sell the poor man's goods for taxes. Go in gentlemen, throw away the funds, but a day of reckoning is at hand.

City Council.

— We, the *Grumbler*, are surprised at the Council not voting us a bonus last Monday evening, considering the vast benefit the city has derived from our unremunerated services during the last year. Baxter, why did you forget us, when you had the opportunity of doing your country a service? Alas! how seldom do we meet with that prince of virtues—gratitude.

Dough-ty Nasmith.

— If ever bitter spleen rankled in the breast of man, it found a lurking-place in the bosom of John Nasmith against ex-Mayor Bowes, because, forsooth, the ex-mayor caused a quantity of light bread to be seized from the honest ex-Alderman's bread-cart, and given to the charitable institutions of Toronto. Our readers must be aware of the "conspiracy" in the matter of issuing tavern licenses, with which he charged Mr. Bowes, Mr. Gowan, and Mr. Boomer. Well, the trumpety charge has failed, and poor "Jock" will have to bottle up his ire until some new opportunity presents itself; but we would advise him strongly not to draw the cork until he is sure of his mark. The result of the last "affair" must recall to honest John's memory the old adage, "there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip."