

to the end of the first innings we obtained from the umpires—

Brown c. Budding-out.....	0
Jones b. Corpulent.....	0
Robinson c. Budding-out b. Muscular....	0
Equestrian c. Budding-out.....	1
Smithers not out.....	0
Rattle b. Muscular.....	0
Byes 121, wides 1740.....	1861

1862

The other party were interrupted by the accident we have referred to, so we shall say nothing about it.

### I'M A BACHELOR JOLLY AND STOUT.

AS SUNG BY TOM OWKS, AT MR. GRUMBLER'S RE-UNION.

I'm a bachelor jolly and stout,  
I'm troubled with no earthly care;  
I have no one to knock me about,  
What a life, ha!—it suits to a hair.  
Ha! ha! wouldn't the married men stare,  
If they saw me at meals in my room,  
For I live on the faintest fare,  
And my servant is butler and groom.  
  
I've escaped from the nets of the fair,  
Tho' they've pestered me sorely through life,  
And I've kept pretty clear of the snare,  
Tho' they tried hard to get me a wife.  
No Sir-ee, tho' they gave me my pick  
Of the widows and knowing old maids;  
I replied, I'd as soon wed Old Nick,  
As any of these shrivelled, old blades.  
  
If I had n't kept out of their clutches,  
Yes, indeed, before this I'd have died.  
Ha! ha! ha! in fact 't was as much as  
I could do, when they ogled and stoged.  
Would it not be an anomaly,  
For me to be bothered and hurried;  
God, I'd have now a large family!  
By whom I'd be constantly worried.  
  
I'm the trustest of friends to myself,  
I may say that I always have been,  
My "intended" she's now on the shelf,  
And I'm happy, 'tis easily seen.  
For now 'tis my own lord-and-master  
And I've no one to order me round;  
I've no one to make me move faster  
Than I like, hence I'm jolly and sound.

(We wish it to be distinctly understood that we are not responsible for all the sentiments contained in this song. Our friend and boon companion, Tom Owks—Mrs. Grumbler is away in the country—is a notorious liar of that sex which we ourselves reverence, respect and love, and consequently a little indulgence must be extended to him; besides he was tired when he rose to sing it in obedience to an unanimous call. Ed. G.)

### JOKES THAT ARE NOT JOKES.

—It is no joke to bring a few friends home to have a good old time, and find your wife gone to visit her mother with the key of the cellar in her pocket.

—It is no joke to ask all the crowd to what they'll have, and find that you had left your cash in your other vest pocket.

—It is no joke when serenading your adorable Maria on that lovely moon light evening, to turn round and find that the family watch dog has broken his chain.

### RECEPTION OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Our clairvoyant reporter, who is possessed of the power of seeing into the "dim and misty" future, has supplied us with the following report of the manner in which His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales will be received in this city. The account, it will be perceived, is written in the past tense, as if the event had already transpired.

Scene I.—This is the reception scene at the railway station. Ald. Carr, with a choker of the most immaculate white and a face of the brightest roseate, (no allusion to an over-indulgence on the previous night), stands upon the platform of the Union Station in all the pomp and dignity of a mighty official. Simme Bujen-no Kanhi, first ambassador of the Japanese embassy to the President of the United States, couldn't "hold a candle" to him. (Here it may be necessary to state that on the day official information was received in this city of the visit of the Prince, Mayor Wilson was found drowned in a water barrel. All sorts of rumors were afloat in reference to how the dreadful calamity occurred, but to the present day it has not been satisfactorily explained). There stood Ald. Carr, however, in all the glory of his position, holding a roll of parchment in his hand of most unconscionable length. Around him thronged, with beating hearts and anxious countenances, the bright and shining stars of the City Council. Captain Moodie had donned the monkey jacket for the occasion, and it glided in all the beauty of an extra row of yellow buttons. A quid might be seen to move every now and again from the right cheek to the left, and from the left cheek to the right, and a slight salivation might be noticed for several feet around his dumphy person. It was currently reported that the worthy tar let fly a shot of the narcotic expectation at the Prince's eye on his approach to receive the address, but we believe there is no truth in the report; certainly we did not see anything of the sort, though we watched every movement of the dignified body with the greatest scrupulousness. Councilman Griffith looked as bland and an as stupidly good-natured as ever.

Ald. Sherwood had his bull-dog by his side, a circumstance which was near creating a deuce of a fuss. The railroad constables persisted in declaring that on such an occasion, when the eldest son of Her Britannic Majesty was to be received with all the honors of the first city in Upper Canada, bull-dogs could not be permitted to occupy a place on the platform. Ald. Sherwood persisted in declaring that the dog was as respectable and inoffensive an animal as any other on the platform—a statement which we did not choose to contradict. Ald. John Smith occupied a prominent position at the right side of his ponderous figure-head and leader, with the word "Albion" prominently set forth on the front of his hat. Whether this word had an allusion to the land which gave him birth, or to the hotel of which he is known to be the proprietor we cannot say. To us it was quite as ambiguous an utterance as any of the Delphic oracle, though others appeared to see the matter more clearly. Ald. McMurrich was there too, but appeared as if he might as well be away, for he did nothing but look on good-naturally at everything that was passing; he appeared, in fact, to be in the most blissful state of ignorance of everything mundane, except the gold trimmings of the Prince's habiliments, which he seemed to eye with peculiar pleasure.

Councilman Higgins looked the personification of the consolidated statutes, 91st clause and all, and seemed as if he had a *capias* on the body of some one. Ald. Strachan also figured in the crowd, but as he has no more right to be in the Council than the dirtiest "devil" in our office, we do not regard him as worth any further notice. Ald. Sprout talked away in his usual blustering manner, and treated all round from a wagon load of the most sparkling ginger-pop which it is possible to conceive; the repast was made a little more substantial by a plentiful supply of Nasmith's best crackers, all of which were supplied on speculation; it being supposed that the Prince might be induced to indulge in these superior articles during his stay in the city. *En passant*, we may state that all the members of the Council were not as sober-minded as Ald. McMurrich; there were occasionally some desperate attempts at the manufacture of wit, at which Councilmen Carruthers and Ardagh were pre-eminently happy. During one of these essays some one dared to impeach the cleanliness of the speculating representative of St. James' Ward, Ald. Fox; when Ald. Carty, good-naturedly, offered to supply, *gratis*, as much soap as would be necessary to produce the requisite state of purity on the external hide of his brother-member. However much we should like it, we cannot enter further into a description of the *personnel* of our civic dignitaries; the task might in any case, perhaps, be a work of supererogation, as they are already pretty well known.

At twenty-five minutes and a half past one, precisely, the Prince stepped from out a magnificent car expressly made by the Grand Trunk Company for his accommodation, followed by his entire retinue. Ald. Carr stepped forward and read the following address, which our reporter was given to understand was written by Ald. Moodie. This may account for the peculiarity of the style, which is neither that of Johnson nor of Cobbett; and of the orthography which is not that of Webster or Walker:—

"To is rile iness The prins of wales.

"**WELLS SIR**—we the Korprashun of this rile and glorius citee beg to appoche your rile persun on this hospishus okkashun.

"We are mitee glad, indeed, rile sir, to heer that your rile mother is in a state of blissful salubrity, and we see by the papers that she has taken to hoops.

"through you, mitee prince of Hengland, we return our sinserer thanks to your Rile mother that she has permitted you to visit this Part of er gloruous dominouns—"the brietest jem in the british crown"—as somebody says.

"On behalfe of this proude and butiful citee, we, the Korprashuns, hoffer you our congratulashuns on your safe hairline here. Here, rile sir, you will see sum of the most Tansidentallees (what a jaw-breaker for Bob!) butiful sites you ever seed. You will see hamong the rest, the prince's walk, called after you, which the groing generations of this present dny has planted.

"Agin, rile sir, hofferin U the hospitalitees of the citee, we visit you long life and success in all your hundertakings.

"and we remain, youre miteenesses umble and obedient servants,

"THE KORPORASHUN OF TORONTO."

[This part of the ceremony has already extended to such a length that we find it necessary to postpone the remainder of the account of this important reception until next week.]