

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

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THE GRUMBLER

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All letters to be addressed "The Grumbler," P. O. Toronto, and not to any publisher or news-vender in the city.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coat,
I rede you tent it;
A child's amaze you taking me,
Aye, faith, he'll pent it."

SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1864.

THE CLASSIC ALDERMAN.

A GUECIAN MODEL.

If beef and mutton to the world are dear,
At Baxter's board expect no common cheer.
A man of science he, whose only lore
Is classic greece, but living Greece no more!
Whene'er he sleeps, it is the rest of Baxter—
Not him of sainted men'sy somewhat laxer—
In strains more loud, and more profound, and deep,
Snores out this city buck, when fast asleep.
But once arouse him! see! him shake his mane!
You'd think the very welkin rang again!
Except when Jarvis plays his legal traps,
Then quick Bax vanishes, to Cornell's slopes.
Oh, cease, rude Loren's! cease your blustering talk,
Nor try each Council night some good to baulk,
Or if on silence you are not resolved,
In Carty's grease-pot you'll be quick dissolved.
Then, Oh, what spluttering! Oh, what odors then!
'Twill tempt the very hogs from out their pen,
And unwastr'd urchins, in the dirt that mope,
Will bless the day that gave them so much soap!
If, gentle readers, you perchance discover,
In eating swar'y sausages for supper,
A lock of lanky hair, a false eye-tooth,
A piece of any human thing, in sooth,
Some acts municipal, not half digested,
Suspect that some pork-butcher has invested
His means in buying Baxter's corporation,
To make fat sausages for all creation!
Tho' I've no wish the upper ten to scare,
Of softish sausage meat, I say, beware!
For often out on lonely nights we meet
Hords of big human hogs along the street,
Who feed on garbage, nor their families tend,
And on the Grumbler's sausage-board may end!

The Grand Master in grief.

— Is it true that Mr. J. H. Cameron was most desirous to accept office in the New Government, but that he feared lest his Parliamentary honours should be *pecked* off him, if he entered a cabinet with Mr. McGee?

PEE! FAW! FUM!!!

The relentless ogre of the *Globe* has just made a pleasant meal of a couple of his happy family, whom, for the last two years he permitted to feed peacefully at the public crib until they grew fat upon the spoils of the Province and supercilious through successful trickery and corruption. Wo mean, of course, "fat" in a figurative sense only; and as applying simply to the pocket; for, upon either Mr. Sandfield Macdonald or Mr. William Macdougall the grinders of our cotemporary could not have found much physical recreation; as from them both, united, a single ounce of good healthy victuals could not be scraped with an oyster knife. In the style of that disgusting old sinner, Saturn, he has nevertheless demolished them completely; although we are inclined to believe that they will disgreee sudy with his digestive organs and afflict him with nightmare for many a long year to come.

This Mr. Brown is certainly a very terrible fellow, and possessed of a most capacious stomach. His swallow is tremendous! With the facility of a Chinese juggler, he gulps in open day all his own promises and professions one after the other, and then devours his friends and allies like a crisp raddish for daring to emulate his example in any degree. He is at liberty to fraternize at any moment with politicians whom he had denounced as corrupt in the last degree; and assumes to himself the right of dictating to the Province in this relation, and of giving his party cries to the winds when it answers his purpose. For the past two years he has sung dumb on the representation question and made his bed with those who ignore it publicly and privately. And now when his patchwork has fallen to pieces, he seeks to revive the subject, and, touching the conduct of the Hon. Mr. Foley, repudiates the principles that he himself had inculcated and adopted. On the floor of the House he recommended that overtures should be made to the late Opposition for the purpose of sustaining a falling Government; and when he found that those overtures were made without respect to his own personal interests or assumed influence he repudiated them in a manner the most violent. A coalition that had the sanction of George Brown was all right; but a combination under any other circumstance was all wrong. Does the man think that those whom he has misled for years are to be born fools always? Are some of our Constituencies but pasteboard dancing masters of which he holds the string? Will North Waterloo pay attention to him or to Mr. William Macdougall—the broken figure-head of Rep. by Pop.—in the coming contest; or will West Northumberland pin its faith to the sleeve of a selfish and unpracticable politician who now appears to be discarded by all parties? We throw

not; and are satisfied, that the experience of the past two years has opened the eyes of many men who have been led astray by the sophistry and false battle cries through which he has disturbed the peace and harmony of the Province.

The fact is, Clear Criticism won't do. It is vulgar, revolutionary and corrupt. It has no respect for education, gentleman-like bearing, or the fitness of things. It is incapable of distinguishing between a shallow-brained third lawyer with disreputable antecedents and degraded instincts, and a statesman of the highest legal acquirements, the most astute understanding, and undoubted experience, capacity and honour. Without reference to character or qualification it goes among the high-ways and ledges and bills to the Councils of the State, the halt, the maimed and the blind, that had long wandered about in mental poverty, nothingness and rags, and that had never hoped for any amelioration of their condition. Consequently; "we'll none of it." And now that it is completely in the mire let us plant our feet firmly on it and hope that through the instrumentality of the able men who now preside over our destinies, the Province may recover from the paralysis with which it has so long been afflicted.

BLAIR AND TACHE.

Upon Mr. Fergusson-Blair's interview with Col. Tache, the gallant Col. was determined to answer only in monosyllables to all he said, in fact, to make his replies an *echo*, and nothing more. The following dialogue—which we have thrown into verse for the purpose of smoothing it, the tone of it, as spoken, having been on one side, at least, rather rough—ensued between the would-be premier and the Colonel:—

Mr. F. B.—Before we into minor details go,
Do I possess your confidence or no?

Col.—No.

Mr. F. B.—You shall not vex me, tho' your treat-
men's rough,
No, Monsieur, I am unnd of sterner stuff.

Col.—Stuff!

Mr. F. B.—Really if thus your visitor you flout,
A single syllable he can't get out.

Col.—Get out!

Mr. F. B.—But pray, sir, try me, time, indeed, will show
Unto what lengths to serve you I would go.

Col.—Go!

Mr. F. B.—We both have power, 'tis doubtful
which is greater—
These crooked words had better be made straighter.

Col.—Straighter (Traitor.)

Mr. F. B.—Farewell! and never in this friendly strain
(My proffer'd aid foregone) I breathe again.

Col.—Gone, I breathe again!

MIKE FOLEY, THE B'HOY.

Who hasna heard tell o' Mike Foley, the B'ho'y?
Oh! who hasna heard o' Mike Foley, the B'ho'y?
It isna the B'ho'y, but the coat that is on him,
Makes ilka aye talk o' Mike Foley, the B'ho'y.

When first it was made 'twas respectable stuff,
W'f never a hole in't, from shoulter to cuff,
The elbows were sound, and the oxters were hale,
An' there was not a tear in't, from collar to tail.

An' surely the coat had been serving him yet,
If it hadna been colour'd w'f something called Grit;
But *sunshine* and weather soon made it appear
That the colour was not either standing or clear.

When first the weespotties began to be seen,
Some thought it was touch'd w'f invisible green;
But others began in succession to follow,
Some white, an' some black, an' some orange or yellow.

The Grits got enraged when the changes they saw,
An' swore that his coat was no colour at a';
And when he denied it, got round him like rabbits,
And filled a' his coatie w'f "personal habits."

They tore it, an' holed it, an' made it look sae,
That it matter'd not Mike what the colour might be;
But Fortune smil'd on him, 'twas all in his eye,
He no could afford a new coatie to buy.

So all on a sudden Mike's coatie was new,
An' he swore 'twas the same, tho' the colour was Blue;
An' he's off now to Waterloo—not continental—
To fight out the Grits in his new regimental.

Here's fortune to Mike, an' his coatie of blue!
Success to his doings in North Waterloo!
Should the Grits raise around him a storm or a bluster,
Let Mike save his colour by wearing a duster.

HANDSOME ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

LETTER OF THANKS FROM THE HON. J. B. ROBINSON AND
ALDERMAN CAHR.

To the Editor of the Grumbler:

DEAR SIR,—The Hon. Wm. McDougall, when editing the *North American*, a few years ago, stated "That when Mr. Brown came to this country the greatest liar in the world was let loose upon the Province." Be kind enough to tender to the above named individual on our behalf, our grateful acknowledgements for the services rendered to us last week.

Faithfully yours,

JOHN BEVERLY ROBINSON,
JOHN CAHR.

THE HONOURABLES ALEX. CAMPBELL, BUCHANAN, FOLEY, AND COCKBURN, CERTAIN TO BE RE-ELECTED.—We understand that an agent of the Honourables Mr. Campbell, Buchanan, Foley and Cockburn has been in Toronto since Monday evening last, negotiating with the proprietor of the *Globe* newspaper for a systematic and continuous vilification of their characters, both public and private, (*a la Robinson*) until their elections are over. The only difficulty in the way of the negotiation was the uncertainty urged by the *Globe* of their being good cricketers. Sandfield, however, has just certified to this. So go it, Brown! The gentlemen are as good as elected.

WHETHER ARE WE DRIFTING?

Perhaps it may not be amiss should we—the *Grumbler*, whose avowed duty is to expose the follies and failings of our public men—devote a half column this week to the *personnel* of a few of our civic dignitaries—men, who, by some strange fatuity, have been elevated to positions of honour and emolument, without the slightest regard as to their ability or qualification to fit them for the same.

Our Chief Magistrate, Mr. Medcalf, we doubt not, is both an honest and a well meaning man; but he certainly does not possess that native modesty so characteristic of the true Irishman, that backwardness in coming forward, when backed by an unscrupulous clique, he thrusts himself, without education, without address, without qualification—we had almost said, without the necessary requirements of respectability—into the highest civic position our city affords. Fancy what a stranger would think of the refinement of the chief city of Upper Canada—the seat of the University, and the several colleges, and the fountain head of the Courts of Law—had he dropp'd into the Council chamber last Monday evening, and heard our *Mayor* telling a Councillor, in reply to a question, that he might as well ask him if he put "*Shugar* in his *tay*."

But the Mayor is not the only "ocular demonstration" of unfitness for office. Have we not a Chamberlain incapable of making an intelligent statement of the city finances, notwithstanding the high taxes the citizens are subjected to, in part, to reimburse him and his deputies. And lastly, we cannot but express our surprise that Mr. Carr should so far forget himself as to accept a situation—that of City Clerk—the fulfilment of the duties of which must always be a source of difficulty and annoyance to him. Here we must pause, as we descend still lower in the depths of civic ignorance and misqualification—the Common Council (with some honourable exceptions). Our heart fails us, we sicken at the prospect, and we give up the task of description in humiliating despair.

Change of business.

Mr. Brown begs to announce to his friends and the public generally that, on account of the hardness of the times, he has been compelled to leave the trade of cabinet-making, and has returned to his old Billingsgate occupation. Things look fishy at present, but he hopes by attention and assiduity to merit a renewal of public patronage. All the delicacies in season and out of season, always on hand.

State news.

The Washington telegram of Thursday afternoon informed us that "the army of the Potomac is immersed in mud." This is about as valuable as the information that the Dutch have taken Holland. The army has been in that condition ever since it was organized. In fact, President, cabinet, generals, and all, have long been in the same plight. One redeeming feature, however, brightens the darkness of the picture—they are not so neglectful of their departed statesmen as is represented. Though they have destroyed the freedom of their institution, they stick to *Clay*.

IMPROMPTU.

Yes, between you and me,
Thomas D'Arcy McGee,
And whatever our hot-headed people may say,
From beginning to end,
A more true-hearted friend,
The brave Irish have not in this Province to-day.

The experience you've had,
Honest, fevered and sad,
Full of false, fickle hopes, empty fancies and fears,
But possesses your soul,
With a hope to controul,
Those who blindly would rush into danger and tears.

A Clear-Grit Penitent.

—We have just heard with extreme satisfaction that the Hon Mr. McMurrich is about to retire from the representation of the Saugeen Division, in favour of a Highland gentleman of some brains at least, D. L. McPherson, Esq., now in Europe. Mr. McMurrich assigns as a reason for this move, an accumulation of sins upon his soul (?) while acting with the Grits for the past two years. He is now to be found in the cellar of Knox's Church every Tuesday and Friday, where he is prepared to drop a word in season into the ears of those who are prone to politics, although some ill-natured people say it is all an electioneering dodge. Can't we get an Irishman to come out for Saugeen?

More Light on the Subject.

—We understand that the Hon. Mr. Macdougall considers the establishment of a moveable line of demarcation between both sections of the Province as the only means by which the representation question can be met successfully. He is now, we learn, acting on the supposition that Belleville is in Lower Canada; and, should he visit Huron and Bruce is prepared even to admit that the boundary line runs at present slap through Cobourg. Mr. Mowat, and others of that ilk fall into the new idea with unbounded satisfaction.

Shameful Deception.

—The abuse of Mr. Robinson in the *Globe*, explained by a receipt being found on Finch's steps, King Street, in Mr. Brown's handwriting:—

"Received from the Hon. J. B. Robinson, an order on Mr. Finch for a new swallow-tailed coat, price \$16, being in full for the trouble taken by me in slaying Mr. Robinson in the *Globe*, so as to irritate his friends and secure his election as City Solicitor.
Geo. Brown."

Question.

—If the *Globe's* influence in the country is not stronger than in the city, how long will it take the Clear-Grits to get into office again?

An ambitious canary.

—The Dickey bird now representing St. Patrick's Ward, as Councillman, is pitching its notes a little too high when it aspires to the Aldermanic dignity. Ald. Baxter has a corporeal claim to such an illustrious distinction and is well qualified to fill even the Mayor's chair, but poor little Dickey would be quite lost. Did he ever read of the frog which fell a victim in its attempts to inflate itself to the dimensions of an ox?

THE HAMILTON BURGLARY.

A BALLAD.

Mr. Mewburn awoke in a fright,
And he saw by the dim gas light,
A burglar with pistol so bright,
All ready to chaw him up quite.

Mr. Mewburn, as you may suppose,
Shook audibly under the clothes;
Says he, (thus deceiving his foes),
"Mrs. M., it is time we arose?"

So he quietly got out of bed,
To where he'd some lucifers laid,
Which he threw at the burglar's head,
And then—Mr. Mewburn, he fled.

The robber ran off in the gloom,
Mr. M. bolted to the next room,
Where he speedily clapped up the chain,
And then—he breathed freely again

Says he, "I've escaped with my life,
And am safe from a murderous strife,
I'll fire off a gun, 'pon my life,
But Lord—I've forgotten my wife."

Well, he banged off the gun from the windy,
And the neighbours, a hearing the shindy,
Repaired to the house in a fright,
Where they found him chained up all tight.

Quoth he, as they opened the door,
"Thank heaven! my cruel fright is o'er,
Oh! 'tis true, 'skin for skin, for your life,
Only think, I forgot my dear wife."

CONVERSAZIONE IN U. C.

This grand affair is at last accomplished, and the General Committee and Faculty have succeeded in once more making asses of themselves. We would have thought that the public debates before empty benches were sufficient monition to these worthies, but Solomon says, "Though you bray a fool in a mortar, yet will not his folly depart from him." We hope the society will either get a sensible committee or never again trouble the community with another *Conversazione*. Dr. Mc—, as usual, was on hand to receive the lion share of honour. He early occupied a front seat, and the sycophant L— to ingratiate himself into the good graces of our worthy Pris, was ready to do the bidding of his master, who had gained him the position of Mathematical Tutor. L—'s introductory address was very fine, one great beauty was that it could be heard at least three feet.

W. E. F—, This skeinidder, so long desiring it, has at last exhibited his oratorical powers to the good people of Toronto. The great objection to the gentleman was the expression of his handsome face, reminding one of a hen on a hot gridiron. He evidently thought that he was doing something grand. We would advise him to bandage his face, put pebbles in his mouth and practice in a cave.

Mr. R—, This gentleman succeeded, if his design in playing was to "bore the audience." He has a remarkable faculty for interpreting a cheer into a call for an *encore*. This gentleman might be said to consist of five parts of conceit, four of audacity, one of nonsense.

Mr. K—, This young *Wilson* seemed highly

gratified with address. We might say "much said but little done." We suppose from the position of his hands during the barangue that he anticipated a "fire in the rear." It seems he has read Macaulay and wished to let the assembly know the fact. He was, undoubtedly, very graceful. We have learned that another chair is to be added to the University to learn the students to speak English. Prof. C— very kindly showed some experiments of the electric spark by rubbing the back of a black cat. The effect was considerably increased by old D— twisting the caudal appendage of the feline specimen.

An intermission of fifteen minutes was given to the wearied audience to enable them to undergo a general squeeze in the small room up-stairs and to view Prof. H—'s stuffed specimens. This was a great relief.

J. E. C— *alias* Emics,—Did good service in the choir, in fact, no man appeared so self-complacent in the whole vast assembly as Mr C—, while he was stroking his magnificent beard and singing very bass. It is a pity Mr. C— does not use hair-dye for his whiskers.

Mr. T—, This specimen of the *Asinine* order seemed determined to sing his part, and that well. We must say that his braying increased the melody. Mr. T— sings, *i. e.*, if a bull frog does.

The Gipsy Chorus was sung quite loudly by the Choir. Herr L— has not evidently had an opportunity to give the necessary training to the motley group, (all members of the Society.) The cheers by good musicians and the Professor himself were thought to be ironical or to show a depraved taste.

Mr. T—, This gentleman is the boarding house candidate for the prize in reading, consequently, was put up to display his abilities in that department. The piece consisted of three parts. Mr. T— announced that he would read them all. He read two and left the stage. A tolerable spirited cheer from his friends Mr. T— had no difficulty in interpreting into an *encore*. His jokes were well received.

Mr. D— sang "Come to me." The audience would have appreciated him much more if he had gone away from them. At the solicitation of his worthy relative, (Dr. Mc—) he superseded Mr. C— when called for an *encore*. On the whole, it was a bogus affair.

Mr. C—, the pot of the Society, whose services seem absolutely necessary on all occasions offered and as usual acquitted himself to his own satisfaction. It is supposed, from the manner in which Mr. C— spoke his piece, that it was a big thing. It is true the audience could not understand a word he said, but as Mr. C— is proficient in German the impression went round that he was discoursing in that beautiful language. The General Committee were delighted.

Mr. C— sang a beautiful solo, "God save my head," "God save my civvnt," "God save my shirt." He made music as a "cornstalk fiddle" does.

Mr. F—, This gentleman stood on his head during the entertainment for the special amuse-

ment of the audience. The symmetry of his feet and legs was quite marked. The effect was heightened by the jingle of coppers and ten cent pieces. So great a heap of coppers was collected, that we are authorised to state that this gentleman will open a broker's office in the city at an early day.

We understand that the performers were highly gratified with their own efforts. It is a fact that one of the principal performers made a speech congratulating the society on the success of his own and other actors performances. Such audacity it would be hard to equal. Folly, it seems, is not entirely without the walls of "University College.

Herr L.— retired in disgust.

Odd, man! where's auld Gordie Brown?

Odd, man! where's auld Gordie Brown?
Is he dead, man, or oot o' town?
I'd wad ye a siller crown
The Grits is a' clean done brown—
The big anes is runnin' aroun'
Wi' skellochs, and cryin' on Brown,
And in corners is whisperin' loun',
Or is tryin' to lauch wi' a frown—
While they're speerin' a' gates for George Brown.
Oh, man! 'tis a terrible woun'
To the Gritties wha follow George Brown,
That o' Gordie there inn a soun
Sin awa frae the House he gaed down.
Au' there inn a Grittie auld clown,
A leevin' in this very town,
Wha keens, mair than the wind blowing roun',
Whatever come of big Gordie Brown.

Not an Uncommon Want.

"A sitting-room and bed-room furnished with meals in private." This want is by no means uncommon. All sitting-rooms, as a rule, are better furnished than others. There is a melancholy grandeur about an unfurnished room, and the echoes cadence mournfully, and, perhaps, sweetly, on the ear of enthusiasm; but the grandeur, however romantic, is by no means available, and a comfortable arm chair, a well stuffed sofa, are as much evidences of enjoyment, as the *utility* of human affairs perhaps will admit. Meals in private are good, as they are by no means to be understood as *privations*, although necessarily *private rations*, and as such, becoming a *rational* being. Sancho Panza expresses himself strongly, (as would be expected in the case of such *strong* diet,) in favour of an onion and a crust behind a door, in preference to a public *festin*, or private *fasting*, although the honest squire was, as a rule, by no means *crustily* disposed. "Better," says the wise man, "a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith," but by no explication of this, doubtless, wise saying, would we be tempted to prefer turnip-tops, even were Alderman Love a participator in our Spartan meal; to Joe Gregor's goodly-bill of fare, should a Cardinal in a red hat, (guilty hatred, *oh!*) present himself as our *vis-a-vis*.

Quary for Sir W. Logan.

— If granite were suddenly endowed with sensation and reflection whom would it select as the exponent of its feelings? Glad-stone, of course.

"BIG FOR MY BRECKS."

(By a Hamilton Bard.)

In Glasgow lang syne I did aye unco weel,
An' mindit my wark like a dounce honest cheil,
But here in this country o' puddocks and creeks,
They tell me I'm growin' over big for my brecks.
Big for my brecks—big for my brecks,
I kenna what ails them at me and my brecks.

For the first year or twa I did brawly, ye ken,
And hung up my bonnet among the big ten,
Noo ilk Hamiltonian, as sideways he keeks,
Says there goes the ceil that's over big for his brecks.

Big for his brecks—big for his brecks,
Till wi' rage I am vera near burstin' my brecks.

But I'll e'en hne a new pair, altho' they be "DEAR,"
For without them I find that I canna do here,
For an auld farraat tailor's examined the steeks,
And faith he has jugget me cleau through the brecks.
Clean through the brecks—clean through the brecks,
It's a mercy I yet can say through the clean brecks.

Wi' a thousand a year I might weel mak a fen,
At hame I had just that divided by ten,
Sne I think I'll keep quiet and attend to my becks,
Least they send me hame skelpin wi'out any becks.
Wi'oot any brecks—wi'oot any brecks,
A lang-neckit laddie wi'oot any brecks.

AMUSEMENTS.

The Runsey Minstrel troupe performed on Saturday, Monday, and Tuesday last, at the Music Hall, to but middling business. The troupe is an excellent one, in fact, the best that has visited us this year.—Cool Burgess, of Sam Sharpley's Minstrels, is now in Toronto, "on furlough" from the corps *D'Ethiops*. Sam has been doing an immense business down in Maine, Massachusetts, and Connecticut, U. S. He "strikes" Canada in a few weeks, and wont pass Toronto by.—J. H. Neech and the Arabs were largely patronized at Lyceum, on Saturday, Monday, and Tuesday evenings last, as also at a *matinee* on Wednesday. Allan Halford is with them as business manager, and is as popular and good looking as ever.

The performance of the Toronto Dramatic Club at the Old Apollo Hall, on Tuesday next, is set apart for the benefit of Mr. C. A. Scadding when a host of volunteers will appear, including several gentlemen who, by their singing and reciting, have not a little added to the success of the late Mechanic's Institute Reunions. The bill is a capital one, and deserves an overflowing house.

Hamilton vs. Toronto.

—The Hon. Isaac is going to have the Deaf and Dumb Asylum removed from Toronto to Hamilton. All right, we have no objection provided the hon. gentleman is kept there as a patient. Even then, however, he would be scribbling his nonsense through the *Hamilton Spectator*; though to be sure, that would not matter much as nobody reads it. Of course we mean the nonsense, not the *Spectator*. Hem!

Said I, "Thou my Love hast seen."

Thus I questioned the sweet blush rose,
Of the loveliest flower that grows;
I ask, for I well suppose,
My love hath wither'd past:
"I charge thee, oh! beautiful flower,
By the Love God's magic power,
Oh, say in what leafy bowyer,
My lady hath hidden her fast?"

Low and sad was the flower's reply,
And she sigh'd as the roses sigh:
"Ah! naught of thy love know I,
But until this fatal morn;
As queen of these fairy bowyers,
I was honoured by all the flowers,
Now, dark seem the sunny hours,
Discrowned, I am left forlorn."

"The 'Vans.'"

—Toronto can boast of two celebrated "vans," one whose duty it is to mete out justice to our citizens, the other to carry them to the courts of justice. We propose, therefore, to change the title of the one to that of "Mr. Allen's carriage," so that the other can, uninterrupted, enjoy the appellation of "Chancellor."

Information Wanted.

—Will somebody inform us what is the oath taken by an Executive Councillor before entering on the duties of his office? We always had a vague notion that his duty, his sworn duty, was to advise the crown upon all matters touching the welfare and advancement of the Province as a whole, and not those of any particular locality. If so, how could Mr. Buchanan take it, when he declares that he entered the Ministry solely to benefit Hamilton? Are the opinions of the statesmen of Britain's regard the duty of a Minister as foolish in Mr. Buchanan's eyes as the doctrines of her political economists? Leave off quoting doggerel, Isaac, and form the inmost recesses of your chateau on the mountain give us a glimpse of your notion of a British Minister's duties and responsibilities.

Look-jaw

—We understand that Mr. J. A. Macdonald, before admitting Mr. Buchanan into the Cabinet, stipulated with that financial bore that he should keep his mouth closed during the remainder of the session. Isaac thinks that his genius is *titanic*, John A. wants it to be *titanic*.

N.B.—Dr. Parker is not the author of this joke.

Pretty Hard to Find.

—The *Leader* says, "The present is a new Ministry with a new policy, (?) and so little assailable is that policy, that it has so far escaped attacks from the Opposition." We should think so. It "has escaped attacks," for the simple reason that it has escaped observation. A political microscope would be absolutely necessary to render it visible to the naked eye, or "unassisted vision," as the Yankees prudishly phrase it. A policy which baffles detection may easily defy attack.

A CUT AT CARR.

What means the noise and shouting from afar?
Do you not know? 'Tis the painter Carr,
Whom our sage Council, in a jolly lark,
Appointed, last week, to be City Clerk.
Jupiter Sunfish! Any other man!
John Bunyan! Cromwell! Margaret! Mary Ann!
Could they not find, amongst so many scholars,
One better able to add up their dollars?
To think that of our Fathers, more than half
Should vote him in. It really makes one laugh.
Full many a member look'd aginst the while,
And even Carr himself was seen to smile,
While Baxter's corporation to the centre shook,
And the great Founder grinned and shut the book.
Ghost of departed Daly! When you hear
That such a man is sitting in your *cheer*,
Methinks from out the very tomb you'll come,
And gaze amazed while he adds up his sum,
Seize on his pen, his books and his subtractions,
And quickly turn him into vulgar fractions.

Political Gamblers.

—Some spiteful ministerial says that as the game is all up with the liberals of Lower Canada, they have gone into mourning. We think this is an indication that they are still ready to try the chances, for they may now be called the *Rouge et Noir* party.

A mad conundrum.

—The author of the following is now under the care of Dr. Workman:—

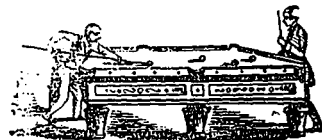
What's the difference between a man who has eaten too freely of a cured leg of pork, and one who has obtained office from the Premier of England?—The one is *hamp*-pered and the other is *pam*-pered.

Our City Members.

—We are surprised that John A. should have overlooked the claims of Aw. M., and the Rev. John, to seats in the New Government. The intelligence and ability of the Queen City has been adly snubbed.

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