

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

TORONTO, SATURDAY MAY 21, 1864.

(VOL. 2.—NO. 25.)

THE GRUMBLER

Is published every SATURDAY MORNING, in time for the early Train. Copies may be had at all the News Depots. Subscription, \$1: Single copies, 3 cents.

Persons enclosing their cards and \$1 will be favored with a special notice.

Correspondents will bear in mind that their letters must be pre-paid, that communications intended for insertion should be written, and only written on one side of the paper. Subscribers must not register their letters; for obvious reasons it is exceedingly inconvenient to us.

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

Persons wishing to subscribe to the GRUMBLER, will understand that from this date (May 1th) we only receive yearly subscriptions. The sum (\$1) is small, and can easily be forwarded by all who desire our sheet.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in 'n' your coat,
I reke you reet it;
A child's aming you taking notes,
Aud, faith, he'll prent it."

SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1864.

IN MEMORIAM. J. G. B.

A deepened hush fell on that bright Spring day,
And men stood gravely, mournfully around;
A cloud came o'er the city, and the May
Breeds seemed to pass on with graver, sadder, sound.
Yet 'twas the flush of Spring. Ah! who shall say
In Spring! "The Summer comes," perchance, to thee;
Oh! never more shall the flushed melody
Of glorious Summer bring the wild birds call.
Propheet, thou doubtst! Yet see, half-mast high,
Saint George's banner waves all mournfully,
To mourn the best, the kindest, of us all!
Queen of the West! Thy wisest, noblest son,
Has laid him down to rest. All heinous
Attend his memory! Aye, and never a one
Of those that differed from him most, shall say,
We have not truest cause of grief, this sweet, but sad,
May day!

Joshua Outdo

The *Le' s r*, (that potent print) has outdone the great Jewish Commander. He caused the sun and moon to stay in the Valley of Ajalon, but the *Leader* has made two Wednesdays in one week, as the *Evening Leader* of Thursday, May 12th, was dated Wednesday, May 11th, and no one dared gainsay it. Had it not been an invasion on the sanctity of the Sabbath, we should certainly have gone to press Saturday and published the *Grumbler* on Sunday morning. We will not hint that our clever cotemporary is behind the times, although certainly behind the time.

The Mayor did not blow long enough to get up "a treat," last Monday night, hence he could not weld (wield) any influence.

Answers to Correspondents.

The Hon. George Brown does not play second fiddle to the Opposition orchestra, George skines as *base-viol*.

Programme of Proceedings to take place at Toronto, in celebration of the Queen's Birthday, 24th May, 1864.



The sun will rise precisely at 4 30 a.m., (Halifax currency.)

At 8 a.m., grand exhibition of flags.

At 11 a.m., procession of the Second Invincibles and Tenth Fencibles, commanded by Lord Frederick William Cumberlandland. His Lordship will wear the uniform of a Lieutenant-General, and will be preceded by a herald, and followed by a page carrying his spurs on a Northern Railway debenture. He will also be attended by a brilliant staff. The Second Invincibles and Tenth Fencibles will be preceded by their exultating Bands, which will perform with tolerable atrocity and remarkable vigor several intensely martial airs.

At 12 noon, a grand promenade of country folk, gorgeously decorated in all the colors of the rainbow. They will be received with salutes of fire-crackers, which will be kept up at intervals during the day.

From 1 to 4 p.m., a magnificent exhibition of cows, cats, 'geese, fowls, hogs and dogs, which will be liberally distributed throughout the city.

At 5 p.m., a grand review of three police constables at the City Hall, by His Excellency Captain Prince.

At 6 p.m., a grand civic procession, consisting of Alderman Baxter in his buggy, with a new wheel attached.

The whole to conclude at 8 p.m., by the splendid illumination in the neighbourhood of the Post Office, of three street lamps.

Scene in one of the Back Lanes of the City.

Old Mike Murphy, who is rather deaf, is in the act of emptying slops and other dirt into a lane while the Health Inspector is on his rounds.

Health Inspector (loquiter).—Holloo, Mike, remember no nuisance here, or you'll be fined.

Mike.—No saints here that you can find! The divil a saint in these parts, barrin' an old picture of St. Patrick in the house beyant, and he's got nary leg to stan on, for Patsy Conlin, the thelvin ruffin, tore the legs aff him this mornin' to light his pipe wid.

H. Inspector.—I was not speaking of "saluts," Mike; I was warning you against laying down any more nuisance in the lane.

Mike.—By the nose on your mug, but that's a lie, any how! "No saints," indade! You must have mighty quare "ol-olfuctive" narves—as Dr. Tumblety use to call them—if ye don't fule scints

and smells enough to choke all the lipphants in Indy, and smother all the bog-trotters in Ireland "No scints," indade! Saints of Paradise, but ye must have a mighty birvy could on yez not to par-carev them! They're strang enough to brade a *favour*, or the "karnal forbus," this swilteerin hot saison!

The Health Inspector, despairing of making Mike hear him, took out his note-book as if to mark the place as requiring his active professional interference; but the lane in question, as well as others in the city, are as filthy as ever. Let our City Fathers look to it, before it breeds a pestilence in our midst.

NOT SO BAD.

We give the following *morecau* for what it is worth. Some days ago a *mellow* Milesian—who had been imbibing with a "friend" rather more of the *cratur* than served to enable him to maintain his own specific gravity, or, indeed, that of the bystanders,—entered an establishment not 1000 miles from the Post Office, and "meandering" through the books, &c., up to the counter, where the worthy proprietor was, with his usual urbanity and attention, ministering to the intellectual wants of his customers.

Ah!" says Pat, "I've found the man of the *right stamp* at last. The top o' the mornin' to yez."

"The same to you," replied the proprietor, "what can I do for you?"

"I want a pint o' the bist Irish whiskey," says he.

"We don't sell anything of that kind here," was the answer.

"Oh, thin, was't I tould that ye sould the bist in Toronto!" rejoined Pat.

"It's a mistake," said our friend, "and, besides, you've had enough already this morning."

"Oh! but, ye see, its for me wife it is; Dr. Bluecaannon (his timp'rance himself) says she's got the Mulligatownys,' and must have a drap now and agin."

"Come, get out of this at once, or I'll call the police," said the proprietor.

But Pat, nothing daunted, said, "Sure and what are you goin to push me that way for, seein as how I've only got a small taste of yerself in me, Misher Bacchus (Backas)! And they say your place is the hid quarters for the bist potbeuc in the country, as you've got some that was in your ancistors, ould Bacchus's, cillar cinturies ago!"

This was too much for B's gravity, who retired to his desk to have his laugh out, while Pat "vamosed," having had, in our opinion, all the joke on his side.

"CHARLIE AND BESSIE."

A TRUE BALLAD.

"I am fair and good looking, and five feet nine,
But yet at one thing I must repine,
Of a girl with a fortune, I don't see a sign,
And 'tis, Oh! what a damnable luck is mine."
And thus sung the fool, St. K. D.

So he sauntered home on that fine Spring day,
When forth came briskly his landlady gay,
And says she, "Oh! Mister St. K. D., I say,
There's a note for you from some lady gay,"
Which delighted the fool, St. K. D.

He tore open the note, and what did he see?
Why, a true *lonier's* billet, from "pretty Bessie;"
And "Oh! Sir," it said, "you don't think of me,
Although I've a nice little property."
"Won't I?" chuckled the fool St. K. D.

"I've two hundred acres in dirty lands,
And of dollars, six thousand in banker's hands;
But, Oh! if on me you laid your hands,
Sure, 'tis I would be proud to obey your commands."
"Aye, aye!" said the poor fool, St. K. D.

So he wrote her a letter to meet at some trees,
And St. K. D. was punctual as pigeons to peas;
But the devil a bit came any "Bessies,"
But some loafing young villians did St. D. K. tease.
Which bothered this fool, St. K. D.

Well, at last they met, did these lovers twain,
And he kissed her once, and twice, and again;
Says he, "of your feet you ought to be vain,
Small threes are too big for you that much is plain."
"Oh, sir!" said "pretty Bessie."

Now she wasn't any young woman you see,
But a spirited lad they call "Charlie,"
Who had planted this thundering fool, St. K. D.,
And served our flapdoodle famously,
To that hungry fool, St. K. D.

The very next night, behold, "Charlie" got
A letter from St. K. D., all fierce and hot;
'My Bess, if a hundred dollars you've got,
Pray lend 'em at once, or I go to pot."
So he wrote, did the fool St. K. D.

"Charlie," acted "sweet Bessie," as good as gold,
And sent him a bill about forty years old,
With a note: "Oh! my dear one, I don't think it
strange,
Keep a hundred dollars, and send me the change."
And he did, did this fool, St. K. D.

The bill wasn't worth a d—n, you see,
But the change was capital currency;
And I hope its all spent, for our brave Charlie,
I hear, has been treating most furiously.
And so much for the fool, St. K. D.

"Patti cake, patti cake, baker's man!"
— The old nursery song is pleasant in the ear
of infancy, it opens the *ore rotundo* of childhood;
but, ah! how inferior to the cake of Middle Patti,
who has, in Paris, netted \$3000 dollars by one
benefit. Fortunate Martha! and yet more fortun-
ate Parisians!

GRITS AND CONSERVATIVES.

So the Grit Party, according to our big brother
over the way, has never held the place it *should*
have occupied in public estimation, because
the Hon. George Brown is an impracticable man.
This is admission with a vengeance, as flattering
to Mr. Brown as it is incorrect in reality; for it
represents the Great Ontario as the Atlas of the
whole party, the axle on which the Grit fabric
moves, and for want of grease (or oil, shall we
say?) the progress of the vehicle is arrested. This
is not so. George Brown may be the Achilles of
the Grit army, as the true Achilles was of the Gre-
cian; but Achilles sulked for a long time, and the
Grecians did without him. One man is not of so
much consequence after all. The place the Grit
party holds in public estimation, is due to its deeds.
Men see, with tolerable distinctness, that neither
Grit or Conservative party serve God so continuo-
usly; but that the service of Mammon occasion-
ally interrupts the worship of the political devotee.
The Circian blindestments of office throw their
soft charms alike around the Ministerial tyro, the
political old stager, and the men who, as opposi-
tionists, rivalled Aristides—as Ministerialists take
a more modern ensample—and adopt the Sir Robert
Walpole style of reasoning (that famous Minister
of George the Second,) who averred that, "all
men could be bought over, but some were so dam-
nably high-priced that they never were bought, and
so were considered politically virtuous." That
the acute Minister was wrong, and that his view
of the matter is a very debasing one, of course we
admit; but he was a tolerable judge of the weak-
nesses of mankind, and, as they say of surgeons,
"had seen a good deal of practice," and he wasn't
far wrong. It is mortifying to be compelled to
admit thus much; but truth is better than bosh.
Men in office should be narrowly watched, and
compelled to give an account of their stewardships.

We keep a sharp look out enough on our clerks,
on our servants, and our dependents in general;
but so stupidly bigoted are we in a case of *parti-
zanship*, that our man may do what seemeth him
good, and we still support him. One man swears
by John A., another by Isaac of Hamilton, a third
by George Brown, and each man's king "can do
no wrong," and we become tempters of these men,
for they know they can sin with impunity. Our
folly is childish, and should be amended. We re-
peat: Watch carefully the men in power, and see
whether they be just stewards or no. If they are
not, let them share the fate of the unjust steward
in the parable.

Plasterer's Hair for sale.

— We notice an advertisement, "Plasterer's
hair for sale, put up to suit persons wishing a
small quantity at a time." Why a plasterer's hair
should be in request for lockets, more than the
curvies of any other artificer, is a marvel to us;
but so it is, or why the advertisement? A plaster-
er is all very well in his way; but if we were to
present a locket to the mistress of our affections,
we certainly should not plaster her with hair which,
from the very avocation of a plasterer, must be of
a clear grit, or, at least, gritty character.

Suffer Little Children &c.

The Chief Magistrate of this fair City was hard-
ly correct in his views as regards the Crystal
Palace affair. A crusade against little children,
for such the refusal to grant the use of the build-
ing would have been, had the worthy but some-
what muddle-headed Mayor's views been adopted;
would be both ridiculous and cruel. Such a
course, too, would elevate the treasonable trash
talked on St. Patrick's Day, (with the trash-talk-
ers,) into some degree of importance.

The Protestant party may surely rest well con-
tent with Bishop Lynch's rebuke to the intolerant
and stupid bigots who will not leave well alone;
and who still persist in lugging Irish grievances into
Canada. If Ireland is wronged, these zealous talkers
have, at all events, fled the pit; and are safely
enough harboured here. What do they complain
of? The oppression of the Saxon? Why shelter
themselves under the British flag? Why not go
over the lines? They will be received with open
arms, (perhaps made to carry them,) and would
serve admirably to fill up the ranks of the decim-
ated Irish Brigades.

Matrimony.

— A decent despicable young man, by pro-
fession a shoemaker, wd like to hear from some
nice young lady who is well to do, with a voo to
entering the bonds of matrimony. I is 23 years
old, stans 5 feet 9 inches in my stokkin souls, and
ways 160 pounds, besides which I has the reputa-
tion of becin a first class workman. Please ad-
dress, A. Brown, Adelaide Street.

P.S.—No letters from Yorkville takin from the
post-offis.

Surplusage.

— A fashionable widow in the West End
advertises for a good cook with good referenc-
es, who can bake bread and milk a cow. We opine
that any good cook, especially with good referenc-
es, if she can bake at all, could bake bread.
And surely no one would suppose that she would
be called upon to milk a bull—unless, indeed, that
seductive beverage, commonly called bull's milk—
i. e., rum and milk—should be in great request at
the buxom widow's establishment.

To Collectors of Old Coins.

— The Board of Trade of this City desire
to purchase an English Shilling and Sixpence of
the present reign—the action taken by them in the
first place, to depreciate their value, having driven
them out of circulation in Upper Canada.

— Joe Rymal, the celebrated Country Clown,
has recently been creating great amusement at
the Quebec Circus, with one of his "stump
speeches." We are not surprised at the success
of the worthy member in raising the risible propen-
sities of the assembled wisdom—time was, not
many years ago, when Joe was quite an expert at
making a horse-laugh.

— It is rumoured A. W. Smith, M.P., is
about to commence his literary career by publish-
ing a treatise on "the best means of curing pork."

GEN. GRANT'S SOLO.

DIXIE'S LAND.

Away down South where live the rebels,
Fierco and barefoot, ragged devils,
Let's away, let's away, let's away for
Dixie's Land.
I'm bound to go like a streak of lightning,
And show them the way that I do the fighting,
Let's away, let's away, let's away for
Dixie's Land.
Don't I wish I was in Richmond,
I do, I do,
For Richmond straight I'll make my gait,
I'll lie or go to Richmond,
Away, away, away down South in Dixie,
Away, away, away down South in Dixie.

I thought I had old Lee in a mess,
When I made him clear right out of the wilder-
ness.

Let's away, let's away, let's away for
Dixie's Land.

But I found 'twas only another of his tricks,
To try and get me into a fix,

Let's away, let's away, let's away for
Dixie's Land.

Don't I wish I was in Richmond,
I do, I do,

For Richmond straight I'll make my gait,
I'll lie or go to Richmond,
Away, away, away down South in Dixie,
Away, away, away down South in Dixie.

Then don't you fret, jest hold yer hosses,
Never mind the Union losses,

Let's away, let's away, let's away for
Dixie's Land.

We'll hang Jeff Davis on a tree,
And all his nigger's we'll set free,

Let's away, let's away, let's away for
Dixie's Land.

When we get inter Richmond,

Away, away,

For Richmond straight we'er bound to take,
We'll lie or go to Richmond,
Away, away, away down South in Dixie,
Away, away, away down South in Dixie.
(More would be superfluous.)

Wanted.

— A young man aged twenty-two, of good prospects and prepossessing appearance, is desirous of marrying, providing he can meet with some agreeable young lady of moderate means and respectable connections, (beauty no object though preferable,) who would not mind sharing the joys and cares of matrimony with a person of literary habits and scholastic attainments. Correspondence solicited. Please address, Box 2647, Toronto P.O.

Seen the Error of his ways.

— We are glad to see Mr. Rankin has at last seen the error of his ways and is giving his support to the new Government. We rather like the Jim Crow movement after all!

Mayor Medcalf on his High Horse.

Ere "Old Square-toes" was raised to the civic chair, we warned our fellow citizens of the danger of placing a strong party man in the high and responsible position of Mayor; knowing, as we did, that an uneducated fanatic of either party, whether Orangeman or Ribbonman, was not likely to administer the affairs of the citizens with impartiality and without favour. Our voice was unheeded, and Mr. Medcalf, District Master of the Orange body, was duly elected, and took his seat as Mayor. Things have run on smoothly enough for a time; but on last Council night we were treated to a very fair specimen of what we can term nothing else save low-minded bigotry. The House of Providence, a Roman Catholic benevolent institution, applied for the use of the Crystal Palace, for the coming 24th, in aid of their institution—an institution that clothes, feeds and supports between two and three hundred orphan children. Now, we ask, what better opportunity for Mr. Medcalf to display his generosity of heart and liberality of mind, by using his influence in favour of the fatherless orphans? But "Old Square-toes" is not that style of man; he cannot understand what an orphan is; he cannot countenance a charitable institution, if that institution be of a different creed from his, or if that institution be under the management of those who belong to a different persuasion from himself. No! he must needs make a violent harangue, and use his every effort against the application, and insult and cast foul aspersions on the applicants. But we are glad to see the Council denounce such meanness by granting the use of the Palace to the House of Providence, and thus teach the Mayor that even a Protestant Council can and will do justice to their fellow citizens, without regard to creed or country. Out upon such a man, say we, he would disgrace a shebeen

Prominent Prophets.

— Prominent Officers in the Yankee army have predicted that Richmond would be in the possession of the Federals by the 18th of May, but we don't put much faith in prominent officers, or their prophecies. Sir John Falstaff was a prominent officer, when he recruited for Henry the Fourth, as far as his belly was concerned; and so was General Sir John Guttubury; but the one ran away at Shrewsbury and the other at Talavera. We hope the prophetic prominent are not of the same kidney.

Barbara's History.

— "Barbarous History, Price 50 cents," slowly read our revered grandmother, adjusting her spectacles the while, "I'm sure there's no need of those histories when we hear every day such horrid accounts from Virginny." "Darberries history, mam," said our second lad, who does not, we grieve to say, inherit the paternal gravity. "Oh, darberries, my dear, is it? Ah, that's very different; nothing better for a tart, beautiful acid, the times I've made 'em for my poor John. Ah, deary me!" and the good old lady fell into a reverie.

WHY IS GREEN ERIN THE PINK OF NATIONS?
Because it's a car-nation.

THE PRUDENT CHOICE.

Bacchus, they say's a jolly God,
Of laughing, jocund pleasure,
Beware, lest he, in merry mood,
Fill you too good a measure.
Another Bacchus (Backs) nearer us,
We'd rather recommend,
And promise him if he *back us*,
We'll back him to the end.
Crown ye the goblet, call on Bacchus, (Backas)
Where joy's urmix'd with pain,
He's always sure to shower on us,
Like Danae's golden rain!
Here's, one and all, a health to Backas!
Who'er refuse the toast
Deserves to be chang'd into Midas,
Or sent at once to roost.

MY DEAR GRUMBLER:—

Do not think, because I make the following remark, that I did at any time in the course of my life bear any ill-feelings towards Setters, but can you let my canine friends know why they are obliged to have their heads shut up in a wire cage all the time, while our worthy friend Capt. Prince, Chief of the Invincibles, can parade the streets with two of the above mentioned breed, without muzzles, even in the heat of the day; when a dog ought reasonably to be expected to go mad, even if not chased by forty policemen with batons crying mad dog, mad dog. Of course after a chase of two miles, the pursuers now numbering about 200, froth is seen on the mouth and of course he must be mad, and accordingly is shot. For the sake of my friends, throw some light on this subject and oblige,

DEFUNCT RETRIEVER.

— We understand that a patent pulpit extinguisher, arranged so as to run down in thirty minutes, is in the course of construction for St. James' Cathedral. Unfortunately, however, it was not ready for Whit-Sunday. We hope the Churchwardens will see that it is in operation next Sunday, or the Grumbler will be driven to worship elsewhere.

Spirited.

— Since the passing of the resolution against selling liquors in the House, the Members have determined, at the suggestion of Mr. Powell, to provide themselves with good-sized flasks, thus making every one his own bar-keeper. Good for you, Powell, "we look towards you and vinks."

Onionous.

— The Law Society have turned out upon this wide Canada of ours, quite a large number of newly-fledged lawyers to grow fat, as the "Reverend John" would have it, "on the vitals of this unhappy and divided country." This looks bad; could not our member get a bill passed prohibiting the making of any more "black bags." After his late Grand Jury Bill we think he would be able to do something to immortalize himself in this matter and save the country.

SOLILOQUY BY JOHN SANFIELD.

AFTER BANKIN'S VOTING WITH THE MINISTRY.

(A la Tom Moore.)

Oh for a tongue to curse the slave
Whose treach'ry, like a deadly blight,
Comes o'er the Councils of the brave,
And blasts them in their hour of might.
May the *Globe's* cup of wrath for him
Be filled with slanders to the brim,
With hopes that but allure to fly,
With joys that vanish while he sips,
Like "Office" bright that tempts the eye,
But when you've got it sorely nips;
His Country's foe, his party's shame,
Now lost alike to me and fame,
May he at last on some stout frame,
Political, be hung on high,
While "gifts," that shine in mockery nigh,
Are fading off, untouch'd unasted,
Like the once glorious hopes he blasted.
And when at last "to grass" he's sent,
To expiate his heinous sin,
Bury him in view of Parliament,
Seeing, yet feeling he can't get in.

Programme For the Queen's Birthday.

At midnight there will be a general discharge of fire-arms of all kinds, crackers, &c., after which the citizens will retire to rest. In the morning, or rather in the forenoon, there will be a grand procession formed at the *Gumblers* office, from which place it will move through the principal streets of the City in the following order:—

Grand Marshal,

Band of the Queen's Own Rifles,

The Mayor;

The Various Societies,

R. M. Allen, on his favourite charger, Maid of Kildare,

Maul's Band,

The Corporation, headed by Baxter on Lightfoot,
Harry Henry,

The Good Templars, headed by Nassau C. Gowan,
Band of the X Royals,

The Second and Tenth Battalions of Volunteers,
"Our Members,"

Band,

The *Gumblers*' Devil,

Citizens and Ragged Urethins generally,
Fenn, the Poor Man's Friend.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Publicans and Sinners.

— The *Springfield Republican* says:—"There is a rich promise of fruit this season." We hope, rather than think so, for Republicans have always erred in judgment, and we are almost disposed to think that the "Publicans and Sinners," should read "Republicans and Sinners." We are the more readily induced to adopt this theory from the fact that the Americanism sinner, instead of sinew, is always used by our cousins across the lines.

A NEW SYSTEM OF LOGIC.

His Highness Mayor Medcalf and His Magnificence Alderman Baxter, appear to have initiated an entirely new system of logic at the meeting of the City Council, last Monday Evening, which, for the benefit of the Community, they kindly illustrated by the following argument.

Proposition.—A Sermon was preached in St. Michael's Cathedral, on St. Patrick's Day, by a hare-brained Catholic Priest rejoicing in the name of White, in which the enforcement of British Acts of Parliament in generations long since passed away, was foolishly alluded to, in by no means complimentary language.

Conclusion.—All Roman Catholic are eternally preaching treason and neither they or their societies are deserving of any countenance or support.

Application.—The request of the Managers of the House of Providence for the use of the Crystal Palace on the 24th inst.,—in order that they may raise funds towards the support of the aged, the infirm, and the orphans of which they have charitably taken charge—ought to be peremptorily rejected.

We would very much like to know what were the reflections of His Highness and of His Magnificence when they laid their heads on their pillows that night. Was not the one like to "sounding brass" and the other to a "tingling cymbal."

Bunting

— Is defined "the material out of which flags are made." The idea was too good to escape that solemn joker and complete letter-writer, Saddler Edwards, so in his report of the so-called Mechanics' Institute, he proposes a vote of thanks to — Bunting, Esq., the *unflagging* something of the society. B. has been an excellent type-setter and foreman at the *Globe* Office for many years, and let his bunting wave to the breeze in whatever quarter of the world it may we wish him success—but really for Edwards to be making jokes and printing them is a little too much. Let him stick to his pig-skin!

Generals Wanted.

— The *Leader* advertises for some "general painters." As all the Northern Generals appear to be "gobbled up," which we suppose includes being killed, would not this be a fair chance for Carr, the new City Clerk, "Painter and Glazier, Queen Street West, Toronto." The advertiser does not insist upon reading and writing. Try it on, Carr.

The Levite on the Bear Question.

— Sir Edwin Landseer, the Apelles of the nineteenth century, has been painting a splendid picture of the great Polar bears. A reverend and ingenious friend of ours, on reading this intelligence, declared that the word *Polar* bear, was a palpable misnomer, as the climbing bears, those which really ascend poles, as the common brown and black bears, are the true Polar bears; "for," said he, with edifying gravity, "a Polar bear is a bear which will go up a pole, and," continued he, with a slight hiccup, (for we grieve to say that the Levite was slightly drunk,) "Am er not right, Sir? Hay, Sir?"

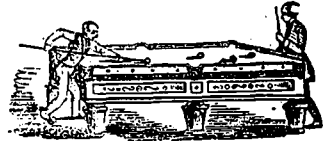
— We would advise Ald. Baxter to take something in his pocket to keep the blood warm the next time he goes to concerts.

— Our worthy Mayor first paid attention to the cultivation of flax and next to the use to which he would apply it. What profound wisdom, ye bravos; how long will ye abuse our patience?

SPECIAL NOTICES.

W. J. SHARP'S

IMPROVED BILLIARD TABLES, WITH



SHARP'S PATENT CUSHIONS,

SUPERIOR TO ANY NOW IN USE.

Patented November 15, 1862. Manufacturing, No. 148 Fulton Street, New York. Balls, Cues, Trimmings, &c. Old Cushions repaired. Orders by mail punctually attended to. None but the best tables made at this establishment.

First Class Marble or Slate Bed Billiard Tables from \$250 to \$375, according to style or size, on reasonable terms.

ST. LAWRENCE HALL,

TUESDAY & WEDNESDAY, MAY 24TH & 25TH.

Grand farewell travelling tour of the "Great Band of the World."

SAM SHARPLEY'S MINSTRELS,

BRASS BAND, BURLESQUE AND OPERA TROUPE.

The Heroes of a Hemisphere and Great Iron Clads will appear as above, introducing an entire new Programme, not yet copied by their many imitators.

Remember the date—Tuesday and Wednesday, May 24th and 25th, at St. Lawrence Hall.

Tickets—25 cents. Reserved Seats—50 cents.

Doors open at seven, to commence at eight o'clock.

SAM SHARPLEY,

Manager,

FRANK CILLEY,

Agent.

We observe with much pleasure the increasing demand for Dr. McLean's Celebrated Herb Medicines, prepared with studious care, to be harmless under any and all circumstances, while they have proved to be the much needed specifics, effecting most happy and wonderful cures when other modes of treatment, devised by men of acknowledged ability, had signally failed. We, therefore, advise the afflicted to call at the Doctor's Office, No. 184 King Street East, where they can get a list of his medicines, (with advice,) and directions for their use, free of charge. Thus affording a double benefit to a large class of the afflicted, otherwise beyond their reach.