

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

TORONTO, SATURDAY MARCH 12, 1864.

(VOL. 2.—NO. 15.)

THE GRUMBLER

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

Persons enclosing their cards and St 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.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede you tent it;
A child's amung you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it."

SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1864.

A NEW SONG TO AN OLD LILT.

BY A HAMILTON BARD.

Maenab Street Kirk has noo gane geit,
Whose members a' are wranglin,
Would fain extend her priestly pow'r,
Weo Colin Reid she's quarriin.

In days lang syne, when parsons preach'd
The truths contain'd in Scrip'ter,
Poor sinners a' were welcom'd then
To hear, wi' godly rapter.

Maenab Street folks, wee itchin ears,
Maun hae new-fangled notions;
The guid auld doctrine's far too weak
For Millenner'an potions.

The Parson Inglish glibly drops,
Wi' handy imitation,
For Brown's, Mackenzie's, Skinner's good,
And Dewar's delectation.

The Police Kirk would happy be,
If rid of Covenanters,
Wha faces mak, and faithless talk
Of doerines like to ranters.

The purpose is poor Reid to cast,
As they shuff'd out poor "Doe,"
For comments strange and statements rare,
On Inglish cribbing gross.

A conclave met on third of May,
To perfect the expulsion
Of the poor sinner who had dar'd
To call sic truth in question.

St. Crispin's star ascendant was I
Most proudly ug'd Bob Hopkins,
"Send for the Darbies!" "Bravo!" cried
"Holy Donald" mannikins.

Young Morrison and Miller were
Parties consenting all
To this most wicked deacon's plot,
With James Juchas and Dingwall.

A Sabbath morn in June was set
To prosecute the plan,
A day by God with mercy fraught
With blessings rich for man.

The coasts were clear'd, and feelers cast
The lady of Auchinair,
Who, in pretence of comfort's cause,
Hoped "Colin was na' wair."

Hopkins, Dewar, and Inglish, too,
Pray'd kindly Providence
To further their nefarious scheme,
And grant a gracious riddance.

The plans were laid, and Rice induc'd
In David's place to stand;
And Colin's pew, from end to end,
Was full of Lamond's band.

A camp stool for a seat was brought,
To place it in the aisle;
But David and his deacons, too,
Werè mad to show their bile.

With much ado they Colin seiz'd,
And roughly did him treat;
They cast him forth right o'er the steps,
And threw him in the street.

The poor man, with a broken back,
Was caught up off the street
By Belhouse, who, in English style,
Did him most kindly treat.

Guid folks, scarce in pew and pulpit,
Then listen tae oor tale,
The unco guid in David's Kirk
Are certain not to fail.

Poor sinners a' are under law,
And nae more are explicit,
To worship ye sic haughty men
Frae toon and kintra picket.

Awee we talk that tells us a'
That persecution's ow'r,
Its nee far gane, the Police Kirk
Out-Rome's the Jesuit's pow'r.

OLD KING COLE.

A magnificent coal bed has been discovered in Minnesota. It is supposed to be the identical bed on which old King Cole sat in state when he "called for his pipe, and called for his glass, and called for his fiddlers three." It is well known this jovial monarch emigrated on the declension of monarchy, (during the Protectorate of Cromwell) and most probably went to America in one of the Cunard Steamers, which were just then crossing the Atlantic, under the immediate superintendence of that gallant cavalier, Prince Rupert, and King Cole is supposed to have gone west; if so, the presence of his bed, after a lapse of two hundred years, is sufficiently accounted for. The seams are still in excellent condition, and, from the profusion of black diamonds, the whole affair is as splendid as unique.

Corporation Blowers.

We fear we will have to devote a little more attention to the Corporation—they are beginning to be naughty boys again. We are getting back to the old days when we had the Purdy's, Ramsay's, and the Bugg's in the council. In our opinion the council chamber should be a place to transact the business of the city in a quiet and gentlemanly way, and not for the purpose of personal abuse. But we are free to confess our own hopes have been blasted during the last few Monday evenings—particularly last Monday night, when we had a disgraceful scene between Ald. Jarvis and Baxter—talking up the whole of the evening. If these gentlemen are desirous of getting up such scenes, they should select some place other than the council-chamber. Why not meet once a week in one of the taverns in St. George's or St. Patrick's Ward, get a number of the unwashed and go to work using the best style of Billings-gate. There is no doubt the audience would be edified and delighted. We throw like Baxter, and trust the hint thus thrown out will receive his distinguished consideration.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is no truth in the report that A. W. M. Smith is about to vacate his seat for East Toronto, in favour of Mr. John Bell the would be Solicitor General West.

We believe Mr. McKeller has a few more poor relations who he wishes to provide for before he votes want of confidence in the present ministry.

You are correct, Mr. Mowatt did state at a public meeting in Whitby, that as a christian politician—he could not support or take office in any administration that would not make Rep. by Pop. a Cabinet Question.

We, like you, are waiting patiently for another of Mr. John McDonald's celebrated letters about this "unhappy and divided country."

We have not heard whether John Ritchey, Junr., or William Henderson have refunded amount they received to pay expenses of deputation to Quebec.

We fear their is no truth in the report that Com. Baxter is about starting to British Columbia to lecture on temperance.

We hear Mr. Morphy is in Quebec, looking after another commission, perhaps Mr. Grant's affairs at Osgoode Hall.

Ald. Jarvis receives no direct salary as chairman of the Wharves and Harbours Committee; but we suppose he manages in the same manner as Ald. Baxter on the Public Building Committee.

WARMOLL vs. HALLOWELL.

A VICTORIA RINK BALAD.

I, skater Warmoll, swear and say,
And solemnly protest,
That I am the judges, when they say,
Hallowell skates the best.

A good rough skater's Hallowell,
The river Don's his place,
Whereas *this* medal it was given,
Exclusively for grace.

Now just that point my friends declare.
Exactly is my game;
And I, who shouldn't say it, say—
I—really think the same.

Hallowell's good in a straight line.
But Lord, to see his curves!
And as precisely *there* I shine,
Why this my soul disturbs.

Say can he do the postman's rap,
A travelling on the ice?
Can he cut birds, and flowers, and trees,
And patterns trim and nice?

Can he hang o'er the inner edge,
Describing an ellipsis?
With one who—well, *why* shouldn't I speak?
Who all the world eclipses?

Not he indeed; and therefore I,
Protest against the judges,
Then arguments are, all my eye,
Their judgment, all a fudge is.

For grace, aplomb and dignity,
I can be the world surpass,
And he who won't agree with me,
May write himself an ass.

Defrauded thus, a girl would cry,
But grieving is but folly,
My straps may break, my skates may fly,
Warmoll *won't* be Warmolly.

Grand Temperance Demonstration, Quebec.

A public meeting will be held in the Temperance Hall in this City on Saturday evening next, at eight o'clock, when the chair will be taken by the Hon. Malcolm Cameron.

The following distinguished advocates of Temperance will address the meeting on the following subjects.

The Hon. J. A. McDonald, P. W. P.—"The order of the Sons of Temperance."

The Hon. Mr. Foley—"The advantage of a steady adherence to Temperance principles."

Mr. Wente, M. P. P.—"The Temperance Bill of 1863."

At the close of this meeting the Hon. Mr. McGee, will entertain the meeting by singing the patriotic song he composed on first visiting Niagara Falls. The Hon. Mr. Huntington to join in the chorus.

The Hon. Mr. Brown, assisted by the Hon. Mr. McDougall, will sing the popular Western song of Rep. by Pop., if they have not forgotten the words.

The casual advantages to be applied towards paying the cost of printing the short speeches of the Hon. G. E. Cartier, made during the session, in both languages, to be bound in half calf. Printing to be done at the Globe office.

Tickets, twenty-five cents each, to be had of Mr. T. R. Fergusson, M.P.P.

N.B.—No free passes.

The Reunion

We dropped into the Music Hall last night, and were electrified and very pleasantly so. Mr. Carter succeeded in bringing forward the wonderful "Lay of the bell" with the magnificent "Creation," which under the circumstances were admirably performed. The solos were better than we had a right to expect, and the choruses were even better still. We will not particularize, but we heard voices we fancy last night, destined to make a sensation in the musical world, and all true lovers of music must feel grateful to the talented and popular manager of the Musical Union Society, for the admirable manner in which, with the truest taste he has produced those mighty monuments of the greatest *maestros* the world has yet seen.

Upper Canada Colloge.

Toronto, March 4th 1864.

To the Editor of the Grumbler.

Sir,—Knowing the watchful interest you take in all matters affecting the welfare of the U. C. Colloge, I have the painful duty of informing you that, owing to peculiar and painful circumstances, on which I will not at present dilate; the services of a detective were required in this establishment, and a search instituted, necessary perhaps, but exceedingly painful to the feelings of one who remembers the tone of gentlemanly feeling once pervading this establishment. Sir, I contrast the former state of things with the present, and although I would not impugn any one, I heave a bitter sigh as I sign myself your

Sorrowing Correspondent,
ALUMNUS.

To the Editor of the Grumbler.

Toronto, March 7th, 1864.

Sir,—My attention has been called to a communication in your last issue, signed "Alumnus"—Sir, I do not intend to contradict the statement of Alumnus; but I was searched, and I am none the worse, and I utterly deny the implied allegation of "Alumnus," that the boys of this establishment are deficient in that gentlemanly tone he affects to regret as a thing of the past. They are, in a word, far superior to their predecessors. As regards "the preparations for advanced study" never at any period have the facilities been greater, never has the educational course been *one half as good*, the advent of the present authorities, burst with a mighty effort, the barriers erected by common place usage, and levelled those traditional absurdities which fettered the forward tramp of genius; and I may the more fearlessly assert this, as I am perhaps the oldest college boy on record; being in fact exactly (to-day) the age of our talented, energetic, painstaking, self-sacrificing Principal, and I now conclude by boasting myself to be,

A PRETTY OLD U. C. BOY.

"But that!" as the sheriff's officer said to his first floor window.

NATURAL CAUSES.

The pleasant temperature and the good skating of the last week have had their beneficial results. The one filled the fashionable promenade, and the various skating rinks, with old age, youth and beauty; while the other induced thrift, and a plentiful market. This is as it should be. You often hear persons talk of brilliant winter scenes, which the artist would call agreeably picturesque; or of a glacial phenomena that came within the observation of the speaker, and hold them up as the finest and most brilliant of natural spectacles. No doubt they are very striking to the eye of the beholder; but who would compare them with the scenes of animated loveliness to be viewed every day in our midst! The writer has experienced (so far as Canada will admit) a realization of the glacier theory; but never did he look upon anything so charming as the scene nature and art displayed a few evenings ago, on one of the principal skating rinks of our city. In some respects it was very beautiful. The graceful *pirouette* of some nymph-like form presented a strange contrast to the clumsy movements of the enthusiastic law student by her side. He who has a fine sense of the ludicrous would also enjoy the scene. Let him observe that elderly grandma feeling her way over the frozen surface, with arms extended, body bent forwards, toes turned in, and, altogether, maintaining a very uncertain equilibrium. The revivification of passing mortality may be desirable; but when it takes place in the front of so many difficulties we think it had better be dropped. Looking round in the crowd for an endorsement of our opinion, we fancy there can be detected on the countenance of that elderly gentleman standing near the goal, who married senility for her money, a smile expressive of hopes shortly to be realized. The first impulse is to be her saviour, to rush out, carry her in *notens volens*, and place her again by the side of him who so dearly loves her. This, however, is a tender subject, and we will drop it; but before doing so, it seems a duty to state our opinion on the question, which is: that ladies over the age of forty should not go skating! At another time we will give our reasons.

A suspect.

— "A suspicious British steamer, with arms, was seized at Malaga." So says a western paper. We object to the terms. If the steamer was really suspicious she would hardly have allowed herself to be seized.

What Ignorance!

— Mr. Medcalf and Councilman Bell waxing warm over Council Chamber etiquette last Monday evening, Mr. Medcalf asked the Council which was Mayor, he or Mr. Bell? No one answered him. We, judging from appearances, would have found no difficulty in deciding the question.

The noble House of McGee.

— The Montrealers are about to present D'Arcy McGee with a "new house." All the country asks for is a *change* in the management of theirs.

AN ESCAPEDE.

'Twas morn—the sun shone bright and warm,
And nature smiled in gentle mood,
O'er earth and sky, and lent a charm
To river, meadow, hill and wood.

'Twas morn—but not the early dawn,
For old and young, and grave and gay,
Were onward by the Church bells drawn,
"To read, to mark, to learn, to pry."

When, lo! appeared upon the scene,
Near Moira's banks, in wondrous guise,
A hatless man in silken sheen,
Of lady fair—a needed prize.

Many an eye was enger bent,
Many a nod, and wink, and stare,
Many an observation lent,
It's said, the luckless wight to scare.

Oh were he in the classic hall,
Where lately praised in accents trim,
He heard his patron blandly call
On list'ning throngs to honour him.

Where is the sage's mantle now?
Thou said, his youthful form to grace,
The laurel crown which on his brow,
That patron claim'd the right to place.

All vanish'd like the past years snow,
Naught left but the conviction drear,
That time on neither would bestow,
Titles which they're no right to wear.

NO MORE OF GOULA.

We read somewhere the other day an account of the "Fenian Brotherhood" we fancy, (but will not be sure,) in our sprightly contemporary, the *Irish Canadian*, and we were both edified and enlightened. But a new haze has arisen before our mental vision. We had shelved the question and had assumed that the F. B., in due time, were to become, possibly, the regenerators of Ireland, and so on. Well, what do the F. B. mean by their proceedings at the Rotunda, Dublin? What do they mean by driving The O'Donoghue, the truculent Editor of the *Nation*, &c., &c., out of the meeting. We had always imagined the O'Donoghue, though a little man, to be great in "Ireland for the Irish," "Erin go bragh," "The Emerald Isle," &c., &c., and surely the *Nation* man is strong enough to please any Saxon hater. But the great war cry of the enraged meeting seems to have been "no more of Goula," whatever that may mean. Surely, not our old friend Colclanion in an Irish dress? Has T. D. Sullivan, of the *Nation*, formerly committed himself by recommending this dish, or what the devil has he done? Why, "no more of Goula?" Does a horrible suspicion attach to T. D. Sullivan that he is a Goutle, like the fair *Amine* in the *Arabian Nights*, and feasts on disinterred corpses by the light of the moon, as she is said to have done? We know he disinter's festering memories, and mutual wrongs, to sell his paper, but that is natural enough, though not proper. But is the man a goutle, or is he a goutle suspect? Answer some one, for our mind is ill at ease.

Wanted.

A statement of the casual advantages of the Registrar's Office of the Court of Chancery for the last five years.

THE CITY COUNCIL.

BY OUR OWN REPORTER.

Alderman Jarvis moved, that the clause struck out of the report relative to the appointment of assessors and collectors during good behaviour, be restored.

Alderman Baxter objected, and was prepared to speak against time and eternity also, if needful, to defeat the motion. It was one of the glories of the British Constitution, and one in which the British Constitution exactly resembled his (the worthy Alderman's) own constitution; that it required a good deal of beef with its bread, and a great deal of bread with its beef, now this was exactly in accordance with his own.—(Cries of "spoke ten minutes.")

The Mayor—The worthy Alderman will keep to the question, as I wish to read a letter from Mr. R. Vanpunnick, Esquire, about some lots of water, or, leastways, some water lots.

Alderman Jarvis—I rise to a point of order, Mr. Mayor, it is too bad to allow the member for St. Patrick's thus to detain the Council.

Alderman Baxter—That is your opinion, Jarvey, but I shall occupy a seat here, or rather two, when you will be singing your penitential psalms in *Madec*, and wandering in melancholic mood by *black Avernus*.—(Laughter, and "sit down Baxter.")

The Mayor—I hope members will keep in order.

Alderman Baxter (patting his stomach)—Your worship will please observe that I am in very good order, excellent order.—(Laughter.)

The Mayor—The suspension of the rule for adjourning the Council at eleven o'clock is carried by a large majority.

Councilman Bell—Mr. Mayor, I protest against your ruling. Where is the majority you speak of?

The Mayor—I am the majority, and I will teach you that I am the *minority* also. Majore, Minore, and Ivica, don't try to impose on me, you thought I knew nothing of jography, but you see different.

Councilman Bell—I move, Mr. Mayor, that this Council do now adjourn.

The Mayor—I should like to know who has the adjourning of this Council if I haven't? I, who may be said as the head, to be the *founder* of the Council.

Councilman Bell—Oh, yes, Mr. Mayor, we acknowledge you are a founder, and that you are often foundered in the bargain! "Gravelled for lack of matter," as Rosalind says, in "As you like it."

The Mayor—That is a false statement. I have never had any contract for graveling any road, so your remark "as you like it" is entirely thrown away.

Councilman Bell—I was merely saying what Rosalind said, Mr. Mayor.

The Mayor—Well I adjourn the Council; but what Rosy Lind, or Jenny Lind either, has to do with me I can't make out.

The Council then adjourned.

NIGGER DISPUTES.

As the *Grumbler* was taking an evening promenade along that fashionable and classic street yeletp Sayer Street, overheard the following conversation between two "men and brothers," and considers it too good to be "unhonoured and un-sung."

"Look here! you d—d black nigger, what you do dat for, sar?"

"If you call black, sar? I'm as white as you, sar, any day, sar, you nigger, sar!"

"Look here agin, don't you call me nigger, sar; now don't you do it."

"Why not?"

"Nebber mind; I've told you on it, so don't you do it any more, you mighty low black, cos, if you do pat my dander up, and make me wraffy; I rader guess I'll smash in your niggers head, like a bust-up egg-shell. I see a ring-tailed roater, I tell yer!"

"Reckon I'm a pottamus. Don't you go to put my steam-up; d—d if I don't bust and scald you out. I'm nothing but a snorter—a pretty considerable long team and a couple of horses to spare; so jest be quiet, I tell yer, or I'll use you up uncommon sharp."

"You use me up! you! you! You an your wife and some nigger children was sold for a hundred and fifty dollars less dan dis nigger afore he come to Kinnady."

"Look here! don't you say dat agin; don't yer do it; I tell yer, don't yer do it; or I'll give you sich an abnighy everlastin staking, dat you shall pray for a cold ague as a holiday. I'm worff considerable more dollers den sich as you is worff cents. Didn't yer offer to gib you away, only you such dam trash, no one hab you, so at last you was sold to a blind man."

"What's dat! Here! Stand clar down dar behind, and get out ob de way in front; I'm just g'wine to take a ruu and butt dat nigger down to Queen Street. Let me go, do you hear? Golly, ef you hadn't held me, he'd a been berry small pieces by dis time. I'll break him up."

"You! You! Your low back-shins neber carry your black head fast enuff to catch dis elegant nigger. You just run. You'll find I'm nuffin but an alligator. You hab no more chance dan a black slug under de wheels of a plunder-train carriage. You is unnotisable by dis gentleman!"

We left.

"ENGLAND EXPECTS THAT EVERY MAN THIS DAY WILL DO HIS DUTY.—The Hon. John Young has had duty refunded to him by the Customs Revenue, to the amount of \$158 75. The Hon. John lost his kit in the Anglo Saxon, and imported articles to replace the same. The Custom duties thereon were remitted to him. He was the only passenger so favoured. The excuse would be, no doubt, that he was *doing his duty by his country*, and hence the allowance—we have not a word to say—he has very successfully *done his duty*."

Con.

What difference is there between a farrier and a doctor? Why, of course, because one is a horse-shoer, and the other is a cow-shoer (a-cow-shoer).

Birds of a Feather.

Lines, written by a sensitive young man on seeing a blackbird impaled on a thoughtless girls hat.

Whence did the cruel custom come
That's here of late set in,
Of wearing birds on woman's hats,
Impaled on a pin.

The practice is profoundly vain,
Between myself and you,
To murder thus a cock blackbird,
And very cruel too.

A single feather once sufficed
To deck a lady's bonnet,
Then next a wing—the whole bird now,
Must be stuck up upon it.

I met a damsel in the street,
My soul began to quake,
A glorious blackbird was pinned,
Upon her wide wake.

Says I, "relentless cruel wretch,
Take down that bird of song,"
Says she, "he aren't a tired yet,
He hain't been roostin long."

AMUSEMENTS.

Reader, were you ever at the "Varieties?" Of course you have been there; but were you there last night, and did you hear the really beautiful Madame Dolby sing "Kate Kearney?" because we were there, and we wouldn't have been anywhere else for a brace of Kohinoors in a hand-basket. Her voice has been haunting us all day. Billy Allen is the best negro comedian going, and that is saying something, too, for their name is legion, but in the "Essence of Old Virginny," he takes the shine out of all the scaramers we ever lifted an eyelid for. Lew Myers' performance on a common pair of bellows is enough to make a bull bellow with wonder. On our sacred word, we think Lew could play beautifully on a worn-out steel pen, and accompany himself with the inkstand. James Carlton and Johnny Crosher, sang that very beautiful and plaintive duet, "By the Sad Sea Waves," *exquisitely*—that is the only adverb we can scare up which *really* expresses their performance. This evening, remember, is James Carlton's last appearance, let it be *last*, if you like, but not *least*, he honestly deserves support; he sings to-night, "Break it Gently," a very gem of *Jem's* repertoire. We cannot speak at length of the singing of Fannie Archer, Nellie Howard, Jim Campbell, J. C. Wilson, and the dancing of Lizzie Ellsworth and Kitty Shimer, such a galaxy of talent, properly noticed, would fill our little sheet; but we must, *en passant*, remind our readers that next Tuesday, March 15, is the benefit of Miss F. Archer, as sweet a ballad singer as the Greek girl herself, in the "Last Days of Pompeii;" and know all men by these presents, that the very next week (alas! that we should have to pen it) is the closing week of the "Varieties."—Martin Murray's "Casino," Hamilton, has been doing a rushing

business during the past week. Nellie Huntley keeps the audience lively with her popular songs, and has made a good impression generally. Jimmy Leon, in his Irish songs, witticisms, and comicities, is also a "big card," and Murray is coming the hard stuff hand over fist. Leon and Harry Forbes take a joint complimentary benefit at the Theatre next Monday evening. The "pasteboards" are selling well. Charlie Daly has opened a "Free and Easy," under the *cof* of "the Office." Charlie has hosts of friends here, and "more too." Duprez and Green's troupe of "Ethiops" gave entertainments on the evenings on the 8th and 9th, in the City Hall, London. The hall, on each occasion, was filled to overflowing with the *elite* of the city. Long before the hour of opening the sale of tickets ceases. Sig. Gustave Bidaux, who, in "The Dying Young Hero," introduces the song, "Dear Mother, I've come Home to Die," was enthusiastically applauded, while his little son, Master George, in a nice ballad, was well received. The latter is following closely in the footsteps of his father. Gonsalo Bishop, the splendid basso, in "Good old Friends," made the house ring with applause. Gonsalo is one of the first in his line in "this America." Frank Kent, in a grand fancy dance, was, of course—for where is he not—well received; while the inimitable Charlie Reynolds, in his negro eccentricities, brought down the house with a vengeance. Charlie is a king amongst "burnt corkites." The troupe show this evening (Saturday) at St. Catharines, and on Monday at Buffalo, U. S. May success attend them, for with Duprez himself at the helm, how can it be otherwise.

LIST OF APPOINTMENTS.

Provincial Secretary's Office,
Quebec, March 8th, 1864.

His Excellency the Governor General, has been pleased to make the following appointments:—

William Bucatusky Baxter to be a Just Ass of the *piece* and *puny* Judge of the Quarter Sessions of the United Counties of Frontenac, Lennox and Addington, in the room and stead of Robert Sellers, Esq., whose services are hereby dispensed with.

Jimmy McKeon to be armourer sergeant to the 14th Regiment of Rifles, Kingston, in the place and stead of Tom Flynn, killed by the explosion of a knapsack.

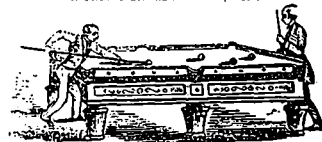
The Office of Brigade Major for Military District No. 3, Upper Canada, is hereby abolished, the volunteer force in the same, having been expended on the Brigade Major.

It is with mingled rage and regret that we observe in the *Gazette* the removal of Bob Sellers from the bench. The vengeance of a nation wronged will most assuredly descend on the stalking skeleton gambler that advised His Excellency to such a step. The people are aglashed with horror and every one you meet in Kingston exclaims, "Martin Murray's alas! what will become of the Quarter Sessions, what will the Court do without Bob Sellers."

LENGTH WITHOUT STRENGTH.

The order of Good Templars have forwarded two mammoth petitions to the Legislative Assembly only to prevent the sale of strong liquors, one and of one a quarter miles in length, the other two miles long, to obtain an act of incorporation for their Order. Whilst attributing the best motives to the Society, we cannot but think they are judicially blind, they send two miles of petition for their own incorporation and one and a quarter to prevent other people incorporating any liquors they might fancy.

W. J. SHARP'S
IMPROVED BILLIARD TABLES, WITH



SHARP'S PATENT CUSHIONS.

SUBSTITUTION TO ANY NOW IN USE.
Patented November 15, 1862, manufactory, No 148 Fulton Street, New York. Balls, cues, Trimmings, &c. Old usages repaired. Orders by mail punctually attended to. Note that the best tables made at this establishment are—
First best Marble or Slate Best Billiard Tables from \$250 to \$375, according to style or size, on reasonable terms.

"Men are pleasant companions one hour, peevish bores the next; but Walter Scott shall charm, Bulwer shall fascinate, Charles Dickens shall bring the inimitable Sam Weller, or the ever jolly Mark Tapley to arouse me, and I may quit this pleasant company without even an excuse. Should I not be grateful to these master spirits? and not only to them, but to the skilled chooser of the good from the evil, the man who with unerring judgment separates the chaff from the corn?" So far a very good authority; in C. A. Backus behold the very man, who separates the chaff from the corn, the good from the evil, for the haply inexperienced scholar. For clear judgment, sound literary ability, and happiness of choice, we will back our good friend Charley, and consequently his enormous collection of books, against any book-seller under the canopy of Heaven.

There is Hogarth's marriage *à la mode* and Love *à la mode*, (though perhaps the less said about the last the better) but even to the former, being more of a *bon vivant* than an artist, we decidedly prefer Smith and Thoma's beef *à la mode*. A right good tender, nicely browned steak, we would *stuck* our existence on, and suffer nothing else to pass our lips; save! ah! we were forgetting, some of that rare ale, which a man drinking enough of, would be always in perfect health, though *ailing* considerable; and we would specially advise the afflicted loveborn youth, as the hermit does in the poem:
"Ah, Father good! the youth he cried,
And scarce repressed the parting tear,
The venerable sage replied,
"Come here, my lad, and have some beer!"

The Terrapin, "Le Terre a pang, Ah! Ha!" said a jovial looking Frenchman, as with his friend he left the hospitable portal of that famous Restaurant. By gaw, *le Terre a pang* in mines' heart to quit you au! Mon Dieu! *le Terre a pang* I shall be bad since I leave *le Terre a pang* I could find it in my heart to stay here always. So said the son of Gaul, and although we are not prepared to aver that the "Trois Femmes," Paris, and the Terrapin, Toronto, are the only places where a man can dine, yet, it would certainly puzzle us to say, where he could dine better than at the famous "Trois Femmes," or the equally famed Terrapin.