

A Chronology of the Most Important Events of the Past Year in Toronto.

Jan. 1st.—1862.—One of Old Jones' turkies died of loss of blood, after an operation on the throat. The person who performed the operation is unanimously acquitted of manslaughter at the trial which takes place before a jury, at six o'clock on the evening of the same day. Verdict.—"Kill another!"

Jan. 5th.—Mr. Sardanapalus Smith, and Miss Angelina Jones are married at Joineh Church, by the Rev. Mr. Tighemtight, who, (out of pure respect for the bridegroom,) presents the bride with a silver spoon engraved with her initials, "A. S. S."

Jan. 17th.—It being a rainy day, Mrs. Araminta McGaunnon, borrows old Jones' new silk umbrella, "for two minutes."

Feb. 3rd.—A French laundress calls on the Hon. John Jenkins for settlement of a quarters washing, and is informed that the hon. gentleman is "O. O. T.," (signifying out of Town,) but as on leaving she catches sight of the hon. gentleman behind the window curtains, she comes to the conclusion that the hon. gentleman is "O. O. T." (signifying "out of Tin,") and that she will "never wash him again!"

Feb. 14th, (St. Valentines Day.)—Old Jones' Cook—Betsy Jane Parker—receives a magnificent Valentine, which represents two lovers in a grove, encircled by roses, (or cabbages,) but as Betsy Jane happens to have a pug nose, red hair and squints with one eye, old Jones' youngest daughter hints at the probability of Betsy Jane's having sent herself the valentine in question, at which cruel remark Betsy Jane turns very red, (hair included,) squints worse than ever, and gives a months warning.

March 1st.—Nothing particular this month. Everybody being as "mad as a March hare," and so, not in any way accountable for their actions.

May 1st.—Mrs. Sardanapalus Smith again goes out shopping, but this time does not see "why a girl should be so mighty nice indeed, just because she happens to be married!" and so accepts Capt. Dashaway's invitation to a military pic-nic, early in June, without asking her darling Sardanapalus' leave.

June 8th.—Old Jones dies from laughter over THE GRUMBLER—at least he would, but THE GRUMBLER does not come out till later in the season—however old Jones dies—and is decently buried by the editors of the different journals in Toronto, with all the unpaid accounts of subscribers generally, for as there was not too lively a certainty of their ever being paid they will now be settled with old Jones to a "dead certainty."

Sep. 25th.—An M. P. receives a bad 60 cent piece in change, and being of a charitable turn of mind, generously puts it in the collection plate the following Sunday at Church! The name of the generous individual does not transpire.

Nov. 14th.—The Rossin House is found to be on fire, but owing to the valuable and efficient aid of the Toronto Fire Department, the fire is in a very short time allowed to burn itself out,

till the magnificent building is entirely destroyed. It is reported that one of the bystanders, wishing to aid the Fire Company in putting out the fire, actually threw a whole tumbler of water into the flames! As soon as the fire is discovered the bells (Belles) are heard loud and shrill. The ladies behave with unheard of courage—one lady being so perfectly calm as to faint away, but finding no gentleman near anxious to distinguish himself by carrying her out, she comes to the conclusion to walk out as fast as she can, and save her dry goods. Our tragic scene occurs in the midst of the confusion, viz.: A gentleman is seen tragically seated on a small portmanteau in one of the passages, and is heard to exclaim in a saint voice,—"Portar! portar! if some wascally portar does not come to my assistance I shall inevitably lose my portmanteau containing all my property! As the box in question no doubt contained the gentlemen's "bivains" some ladies help him out with it.

Dec. 20th.—Dramatic scenes and striking incidents in the matrimonial career of Mr. and Mrs. Sardanapalus Smith. Cause—an argument about their Xmas dinner—he wants goose and apple sauce—she wants roast beef, and asserts that he's "goose enough! besides is a tailor that he always wants a goose!" Mr. S. immediately proposes a divorce, which brings Mrs. S. to her senses, and goose is triumphant!

Dec. 31st.—Mr. Sardanapalus Smith does not see why he should always be tied to his adored Angelina's apron string, so goes out to dinner, and coming home at two o'clock in the morning slightly "salubrious," mistakes the baby for his adored Angelina's pet poodle puppy, and kicks it off the bed into the fireplace! And thus—sad to relate—perished a child who, though only three days old, had that very morning distinctly uttered a gurgling sound resembling "Gr-Gr-Gr-r-r-rah!" Evidently an infantine effort to ask for THE GRUMBLER!

TERRY FINNEGAN'S LETTERS.

To the Hon. Mr. McGee, down at Quebec, a Member of Parliament, or elsewhere, President of the Council:

STANLEY STREET, 6th March, 1863.

My word to you, I'm afraid of this letter. I spent last night wid a one-eyed man who did a little fancy work in ninety-eight, that didn't improve his glazin. After the fifth tumbler, "Terry" says he over to me, "what are they doin in Parlemin?" "What would ye give to know?" says I, bein a little taken aback at a question that would puzzle the ould boy himself. "Let me tell you" says he, "that they don't seem to know down there whether the grey goose or the white goose is the gandler, for they are puttin out convaynient min wid their election committees; and ruinin themselves wid their honesty."

"Thighim" says I, "but what's the difference as long as Brown's in, for he'll make disturbance enough to divart attinshun from any little eccentricities that they may indulge in at

the first onset." "God grant it," says he, not knowing very well what he was sayin, "but whin did you hear from him—I mane that bull-headed blacknized cousin of yours?" "Read that," says I, handin him over your last epistle which was written at an angle of forty-five, and apparently under a great disarrangement of the alphabet—"Blur and turf," says he, "do you mane to tell me, that there's any such under-standing betwene John Sanfield and John A.?" "There's the sworn President of the Council for it," says I, "and what more can you ax." "Thunder and agus," says he, "but I'm glad they're both Scotch!"—"Mannin the two other bukkies; "but don't you think he overstepped it, in lettin it out?" "Och! mavouneen," says I, "did you ever hear of the printhers eye bein put out on a protestant bible?" "And," says I agin, "I'd rather take him on Burness Poems, or on Hay's Balads of Ireland, if I wanted to put a lasp on his lip, than on anythin that hadn't the Maccabees in it." "That's sevar," says he, "but we'll have to take him as he is, and I'm afraid there's no help for it." "Lave it here!" says I, stretchin out my fist to him, "and if that was the way in which Ireland thrated all her distinguished sons, it would be so much the better for us. Minny a hole might be picked in that same man's coat; but if the saygulls were at him, like those in Hinawtha at the ribs of the king of fishes; they could never lave him naked, because annder all he wore Thomas Darcy McGee."

Well, God knows, people will begin to think that I'm layin it on wid a throwl; but the truth comes aisy to me, and if there's a strake of poetry in a body, he can no more hide it than the earth her primroses. Don't think I'm forgettin Michael; only that I began on you first, I could lade him handsomely through minny a paragraph. I'm glad that the paper's nearly done, for I feel in a similar condition myself. Howsomidiver, I have room for one line more, and that is just where I'll write

Your lovin cousin,
TERRY FINNEGAN.

Theatrical.

—The indefatigable Manager of the Lyceum has succeeded in securing those celebrated artists, the Editors of the *Globe* and *Leader*, for the burlesque now having such a successful run on the stage. These accomplished gymnasts will perform every night their extraordinary feat entitled "On the fence." No change in the prices.

Fatton to be Rewarded.

—The V. C. of Toronto University deserves to have some public acknowledgment of the services rendered by him to that institution, from which he receives an annual income. The University Association will receive subscriptions. It is the intention of some of the learned V. C.'s admirers to present to him a new pair of spectacles.