

me a dead cut, and passed by as unconcernedly as if she had not danced and talked hour after hour with me the night before. I wish, sir, you would explain this curious phenomenon, which I am told is a common one with some of the young ladies here.

I remain, dear Sir,
Your disappointed friend,
D. FROMINDIA.

If impertinence is to be rebuked, much more so is impudence, and the following letter is the complaint of a young lady who sets forth a trespass of this kind with that command of herself as befits beauty and innocence, and yet with as much spirit and energy as sufficiently expresses her indignation:—

DEAREST GRUMBLER,—Some people not knowing the value of their eyes, and the purposes for which they are given us, are accustomed, and that without any regard to time, place or modesty, to disturb a large company with their impertinent eyes; and this is more particularly noticeable in our Cathedral, where one would suppose there should be nothing but devout supplication and attentive hearers. I am, sir, a member of that congregation and accustomed to behave myself as one should do during service; but several times lately I, and others with me, have been disturbed by one of these monstrous starrers. He is a head taller than any one in the church, and commands the attention of the whole congregation, to the annoyance of the devout part of the auditory; for what, with blushing, confusion and vexation, we can neither mind the prayers nor sermon. Your animadversion upon this insolence would be a great favor to

Your admiring friend,

ABABELLA Z.

We have frequently seen this peculiar sort of fellow, add do think there cannot be a greater aggravation of the offence than that it is committed where the criminal is protected by the sacredness of the places he violates. However, reason has no effect with such persons, and therefore, if next Sunday, this said barbarian does not conduct himself in a more proper way and become more humble, our friend Will Winkie has promised to take a seat opposite and stare against him in defence of the ladies. We anticipate great success from this, and hope that when Will confronts him, amid the smiles and kind looks of the ladies in whose service he is engaged, that the barbarian will have some shame, and feel a little of the pain he has so often put others to, of being out of countenance.

For the benefit of our correspondents we close with the following letter just received, which I hope may teach all a lesson:—

Ms. EDISON.—I wish to become one of your correspondents. If you like my style, say so.

Yours truly,
Tom-fo-n-Shoot.

Sir,—I suppose you will permit an old soldier to grumble as well as yourself. I cannot "stand at ease" under this singularly complicated combination movement on our flank. I have been called to "attention." If I have any "eyes left," I

command "eyes right" "and dress," and then "eyes front" and look the enemy in the face. We have been wheeling to the right and to the left in broken columns of divisions, subdivisions and sections long enough, let us now "wheel back into line" and "reform company." Yes, reform is now the watchword of both Reformers and Conservative martinetes.

We are called upon by our Leader to active service over the whole Globe. Must we perform manual labor or the manual exercises to accomplish this? Will he issue rations to the troops, or has he any rational object in view? Must we "mark time," step short, step out, march on the slow or the double, or perform the balance step? Must we extend our files and skirmish like sharpshooters, or close up, fix bayonets and charge shoulder to shoulder? Must we present arms to our friends or present at our enemies?

There have been some desertions from the ranks of the enemy and some volunteers into our own. There has been some clubbing of the old battalion. Extremes meet. The flanks have got into the centre of the line. Tache's granny dears have got mixed up with Cartier's light infantry. Are we changing our colors or deserting them? Are we trooping along with the awkward squad, or are we "heads up," recruiting our farces and brigading with worthy allies? Are we on our "guard"? Have we the countersign, or are we patrolling in the dark into an ambush without the parole? Are we armed with old Brown Bess, or only with Rep. by Pop guns? Have we blank cartridge or paper bullets? Are our caps dry? Are we ourselves primed? Are our flints fixed? Are our Armstrongs well sprung, or must we spring on the enemy for our munitions of war? Are we on a regular raid, or on a drunkhead eabbing party—a sort of sharp rifle practice? Are we up to drill, or only up to chiselling? Are we to take up new ground—a new position—or stick to the old Sand-field? Are we to make regular approaches to the enemy's stronghold, or are we to take it by storm? or must we raise the siege and retreat, or ground arms and surrender?

Yours,
CORPORAL TRIM.

4th August, 1864.

She is Coming!

Madame Anna Bishop, of world-wide fame, will give her first grand promenade concert for the season in the Horticultural Gardens, on Wednesday evening next. As to her success upon the occasion there cannot be a shadow of doubt; from the fact that in addition to her being a great *artiste*, she is a prime favorite with us. Since her last appearance amongst us we have had no songstress here worth listening to but Miss Phillips, and she, in our opinion, falls short of the execution, finish and pathos of Madame Anne. We are pleased to perceive that the Concert is to be under the direction of Mr. J. D. Humphreys, our popular and respected fellow citizen. This is another guarantee, were it required, that the evening will be an intellectual and a brilliant one; for Mr. Humphreys is not only a true *artiste* but thoroughly conversant

with a Toronto audience. A more tuneful and pleasing voice than his is seldom to be met with; while throwing the profession aside altogether, he possesses the admirable faculty of singing like a gentleman.

THE IRISH ELEMENT.

Is not the coincidence strange that all the members of the Upper Canadian section of the Cabinet are Scotch? Now, we have no earthly objection to a Scotchman, an Englishman or a Frenchman filling the highest place in the Councils of the State; but we certainly are of the opinion that the Irish element is altogether too powerful and important in this Province to be ignored as it seems to have been in the construction of the western branch of the present Administration. Of the genuine liberality of John A. in this connexion we have not a shadow of a doubt; for we believe him to be above all subordinate nationalities in the welfare of this country is at stake; but then others may not be as liberal as he. We ought to have at least one Irishman in the section of the Ministry just alluded to, if it were but out of compliment to the great body of the Irish people in this part of the Province. It would be wise to adopt our views upon this head; as, no matter how just and able the acts of the Cabinet as now constituted, a vast portion of the community would be more at ease if there were even one son of the sod seated at our end of the Council Table—*ver6, sap.*

Long Branch.

— "Fanny's" second letter from Long Branch will appear next week. "Fanny" seems in extacies with Mr. G—o L—s (son of her friend R—c) who is now at the sea-side. She speaks of a great deal of cooing and dreaming on the beach with G—c; she talks of "moonlit waters" and "sighing waves," and even wants to "die" there with him.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

D. W. WEBB,
PRODUCE, PROVISION AND GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANT.

Room No. 5 Steel's Building, P. O. Drawer 6076, Chicago, Ill. Advances made on McClellan & Co. on Shipments to Montreal. Refer to Bank of Montreal, Toronto; Ontario Bank, Hon. W. P. Howland.

It is of the utmost importance to buy at the right place, and having ourselves to disburse pretty extensively, the spot we find most to our advantage, is the well-known cheap establishment of Charlie Buckas, where you find all the latest Periodicals, Books, Stationery, &c. of the day. It is wondered how a man can sell at such prices as friend Charlie seems to sacrifice his goods. But the grand secret of his success is that his stock consists always of the very latest description of goods, which are cleared off in a few days to make room for fresh arrivals. The only fault to be found with this establishment is the crushing one has to endure before getting served; but even this is remedied by the prompt manner with which you are waited on by his polite employes. Any one having once purchased there will, no doubt, always find their way back to Charlie's, and will heartily join with us in saying that "he's a jolly good fellow, which nobody can deny"—as the old song goeth.