

HOLTON'S NOSE.

"There is one feature in his physiognomy which always stands out in bold relief, a nose that beggars description; and this is a species of barometer that indicates the temper of the man." It swells with fiery indignation and assumes prodigious proportions, which are easily marked by the dark back-ground, &c."—*Leader's Quebec Correspondence.*

"Thou art our admiral, thou hearest the lantern in the hoop, but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp."—*Sir John Palstaff to Lordolph.*

I sing of a nose; a wonderful nose,
So frightfully large that nobody knows,
All the uses it serves,—but its terrible blows,
Are a warning to friends and a terror to foes.

This wonderful nose, some people suppose,
Is a mischievous nose when it reddens and glows,
It swells in a trice and assumes such a size,
As to hide the whole face and to block up the eyes.

This wonderful nose, when shrunk in repose,
Resembles a beet indented by loes,
But then its proportions are not so amazing,
You wouldn't be startled unless by its blazing.

This wonderful nose, this mischievous nose,
Has a horrible habit of changing its pose,
'Tis a muscular nose, and the instant you spy it,
You say, What a troublesome nose to keep quiet.

This wonderful nose is not one of those,
You can tell all about if you know how it grows,
It's not a mere snub, nor a Romanish beak,
And slander would lie if you called it a Greek.

It's a wonderful, terrible, mischievous nose,
A troublesome, muscular, nondescript nose,
Barometer, beacon, and weapon as well,
An awful proboscis—that's all I can tell.

LYCEUM.

City Hall Buildings.

Manager and Wire puller J. G. Bowes,
Leader of Orchestra Mr. Boxall.
The best Talent engaged.

The Performance to commence with the serio-comic
drama, of

SETTLING WITH THE GRAND TRUNK.

PROGRAMME.

Aminadab Slek Ald. Sterling
Jemmy Twitcheer Coun. James
Shylock J. G. Bowes
Indignant Mr. Sproutt,
Columbine Mr. Baxter
Old Honesty Ald. Carr.

To be followed by a fancy dance by the accom-
plished young danseux

Miss Kerr, Miss Mitchell,

The whole to conclude with the roaring farce of
SENDING A DEPUTATION TO QUEBEC,

Jeremy Didler J. G. Bowes,
Pompous Mr. Bennett,
Verdant Ald. Smith,
Takin-in-and-done-for Mr. Sterling,
Paul Fry Mr. Dickey,

Reserved Seats for Ladies,

Performance to Commence at 7 o'clock.

BENEFIT CONCERTS.

Toronto contains about 50,000 inhabitants. An amateur concert to pay respectably, must have at least four hundred tickets sold, at fifty cents; that is to say, if one person in every 125 invests a half dollar for the good of musical Art, the concert will pay its unavoidable expenses, and leave something over a hundred dollars for the benefit of the performers. But, unfortunately, Toronto does not contain one in 125 willing to invest in such sort of security; and the result is that artists, believing themselves entitled to some acknowledgment from the public, instead of getting it, get a rebuff to their souls and depletion to their pockets; and after working hard for the concert, and then losing by it, they grow weary of the Art, distrustful of the public, ready for any moderate form of suicide. Think of that Toronto!

A person of fair musical ability settles down in Toronto. Their talent is soon discovered, and they are pressed to take part in charitable and other performances; they consent. No doubt they enjoy it, but there is always a portion of evil and unfriendly criticism to be borne, inconvenience to be put up with, expense to be undergone. After some years, an imprudent friend suggests a Benefit Concert. The public is supposed to be ready and anxious to manifest their appreciation of talent, and liberality; but the public don't see it in that light; it believes that the enjoyment of sinking and the credit of performing in public quite sufficient reward, and stays at home.

The history of Benefit Concerts in Toronto would form a capital chapter for some new work on "Disappointment." Anxious thought, incessant practice, unremitting endeavors to sell tickets, for a month beforehand; and then, a dismal collapse. Well, knowing that the thing has failed so often before, why do they persist in trying it again? Because they are conceited, and consider their ability and consequent claim upon the public, greater than any that has gone before; or, because they are confiding; and believe their friends promise to take tickets; or, because they are hard up for bullion, and afraid to run the risk of failure. And so they all go in.

Concerts for church purposes are better attended, because the object is more general, the clergyman interests himself in it, and in some places they have some bustling, officious *gentlewoman* to take the tickets by the hand, and force them off upon her acquaintance; how many can be so disposed of depends on the value of her friendship, and the quality of her champagne; but such assistance often has a sad, ultimate effect on amateur concerts, as the *protégées* of patronesses must of course be assigned an important place on the programme; the music is abominably bad, and people are more unwilling than ever to go to the next one.

If any friend asked our advice about giving a concert, we should counsel him, if he have five dollars to spare, to throw it into the lake at once and have no music, rather than lose fifty in trying to make more. If anybody asked our friend to assist at a concert for charitable purposes, we should

recommend him to be discreet; and not make a show of himself to further the objects of others; for some are excessively complainant when they are getting up a concert, but most serenely distant when the affair is over. And to the public we remark, if the singers can sing, and the music is good, go to it, and pay your fifty cents like a man! But not if the music or singers are bad. Charity has its rights, so has music, so has Decency and Public order; so never buy a ticket because you are forced to, and never go to hear a squaller!

Marriage in High Life.

Leader of Thursday.

JAMES—SMITH—On the 15th inst., at St. George's Church Georgia, by the Rev. Wm. Ritchie, John Turrel James, Esq., to Mary Meir Smith. The happy pair immediately after partaking of a splendid *dejeuner a la fourchette*, at Capt. Sibbald's hospitable mansion, of Eldon Hall, proceeded via Toronto and Quebec, for England.

The sumptuousness of the *dejeuner a la fourchette*, at Sibbald's, was the theme of universal remark. Below we give a diagram of the magnificently stored table, spread by the hospitable Captain for the happy pair and their rejoicing friends.

TOP

	Hot Sausages,	
Potatoes,		Greens,
	Pot Pie,	
Bacon,		Ham,
Rashers,		Rashers,
Greens,		Potatoes,
	Cold Sausages.	

BOTTOM.

Liqueurs—Morton's Proof, 1 gallon,
Tea, and water.
Any comments of ours would be superfluous.

Fatal Omission.

— We are sorry to see that the Militia Bill, lately introduced by the Premier, does not contain a provision for the encouragement of Boxing. Surely self defence is the first law of nature. However, it is gratifying to see that some members of the House are not above taking part in sparring exhibitions.

Cave Canem.

— It seems that the French Indies have screwed their courage to the stick-ing point—thanks to the example set by the Empress herself. A walking-cane is very handy at times in the hands of a strong minded danisel; it might prove dangerous to puppyism, and would, doubtless, answer the purpose of a *beau-je knife*.