

A WRONG THAT MUST BE RIGHTED.

In an article with the above caption, the *Irish Canadian* bewails the absence of a Celtic nomenclature in Canada. England and Scotland, it shows by a tabular list, have given names to the majority of the Counties of Upper Canada, whilst poor Ireland is not favored with the christening of a single one.

It then calls on Mr. McGee, "as the chief guardian of our interests in Canada—the champion of our honor and our claims on posterity," to "give" the matter his attention, and as we suppose have the wrong righted, by re-baptizing our counties, cities, towns and villages, with high-sounding Celtic appellations. Now, we trust Mr. McGee, like a sensible man as he is, will do nothing of the kind, that he will be a little less jealously national than the *Irish Canadian*, and gives us new names for a new country. We know what associations cling around the old names and the old places beyond the sea, but the beautifully romantic legend of its celebrated wedding which lingers dearly in our memory should not induce us to change Toronto to Ballyporeen, nor should the sweet euphony of the Celtic name make us prefer Bally-sloogh-gutthery to Ontario. Many indeed, are the pretty names on Ireland's map, and our eye resting on it now can observe soft Ballinamuck, Newtownlinnua-raddy, and the quaint Lavleglish, Killballihone, Ballymagmurry, and a host of others, but we would not wish to see them transferred to our rough Canadian villages. We have a new world, new homes, new thoughts, and should have new names, and no mimicry of old things, as in our London the little, with its ridiculous Westminster bridge, and puny Thames. Everything should have a name and a fame of its own, and not be dependent on imitation for notice.

A Luscious Strawberry Smothered in Cream.

"As we write our window is open, and we look out upon a scene such as the lover courted when he rapturously invited his 'lady love' to meet him alone, that he might 'tell thee a tale,' oft told but none the less entrancing because old. Such scenes 'by moon light alone,' are, as far as our experience and observation go, very common, but such weather as we have had recently is not often seen at this season of the year, when ice and snow should be in abundance."

The above specimen of "splendiferous" writing appeared in the *Leader* of Wednesday, and gives every indication that the writer must have been "moon-struck." But he caps the climax when he says "such scenes 'by moon light alone,' are, as far as our experience and observation go, very common." Has the writer been out so often by moon light with his lady love that it has become a "very common" affair? "Familiarity," certainly, "breeds contempt," and such must have been the "experience" of the writer in the *Leader* when out walking with his Betsy Jane. He certainly deserves the "mitten," and ought to receive it without loss of time.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The following new books are announced as nearly ready:—

LES MISÉRABLES, by Victor Hugo—Part 6, "Bill Boulton." The illustrious Frenchman has kindly consented to write an additional part to his great work on the above unfortunate subject.

HONESTY THE WORST POLICY—A novel by John Nasmith, with notes by Charles McLennan. Printed at the *Globe* office.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF PAT CONLIN, an autobiography, with copious extracts from his speeches, and a full account of his political career while Councilman for St. Andrew's Ward.

THE LAW OF DEBTOR AND CREDITOR, a handy book for popular use, by W. H. Boulton. The author requests us to state that having failed in his desire for a public situation, he will in future devote himself entirely to literary pursuits. The same able writer announces "Pandora's Box," a work of fiction, and "Popular Ingratitude," a romantic poem in six cantos.

THE FEAST OF THE EPIPHANY, a devotional work by Sted. B. Campbell, returning officer for St. James' Ward, giving the opinions of Augustine, Chrysostom, Jerome, &c., on the subject. From the author's well-known theological talents, an able work may be anticipated. (N. B.—No connection with Bishop Colenso.)

NEGRO ON THE BRAIN, a medical treatise for general reading, with a full description of the symptoms, and an infallible recipe for its cure by Rev. Dr. Robinson, Kentucky, at present physician in ordinary to the *Globe* newspaper. Annotated by the Rev. Dr. Willis.

Ye storie of ye Cow and ye Milkere.

In ye ancient capital lived a man George Cary, wight and he lived by ye pap drained from ye government cow, one which he sucked with an instrument known as ye organ Mercury. And behold, there were two wights well nigh starved, who did desire sustenance from ye teats, the one was a Sheppard who stayed from his fold, but he was no sheppard for all that; the other did charcoal Black-burning. And they did importune ye wight Cary with many promises and professions, so that he did loan unto them ye organ. And furthermore, did they strive to drain the teats, but they were bunglers, and did sore distress ye cow and draw the nourishment therefrom, and did leave none for ye owner of ye organ. Then waxed he wroth and drove forth the pair, and took ye organ from them so that they were in want. Now so much with their bungling did they distress ye animal that she no more gave the pap until one astute man, Foote was he light—although his height was more than a foot, being a tall man—did apply to the teats a costly muck-lage from Canton which did suit unto a T, and the milk ran forth and he was much refreshed thereby. But the other wights did famish for lack thereby,

MORALE.—Let every man do his own milking and deal gently with ye teats which giveth out ye pap.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Some evening next week a grand concert will take place in Mr. Henry Beverley's Concert Hall, Bay Street, at which several distinguished amateurs will appear. The evening of the concert will be duly announced; the balance of the performers are awaiting the recovery of Mr. W. H. Boulton, who, we regret to hear, is seriously indisposed. The programme is as follows:—

Overture, to be played by Mr. Bowes' organ, the *Leader*.

Opening Chorus, "All is lost now," by the defeated candidates at the late election.

"Am I not fondly thine own," by Mr. Bowes. *Champion Jig*, by Mr. P. H. Medcalf.

"Pity the sorrows of a poor old man," by Mr. W. Higgins.

"Pop goes the *WHEEL*," by Mr. W. H. Boulton.

"Cheer up Sam," by Mr. Sherwood.

"Thou hast learned to love another," by Mr. Nasmith.

"The jolly little fat man," by Mr. Baxter, with a crutch accompaniment.

"I'll gang nae mair to yon town," by Mr. W. Higgins.

"A riding on the railroad," by Mr. Carr, accompanied by Mr. Easton.

"I am not mad," (by special request) by Mr. W. H. Boulton.

"Willie brewed a peck o' maut," by Alderman Wallace.

"Erin's Lament," by Mr. Mulvey.

"Lord Dundreary," a recitation with all the original hisps, by Mr. J. E. Smith.

"The power of Love," by the Alderman from St. James.

The West End Skating Pond.

—Mr. *Grumbler* tenders his thanks to Messrs. Riley & May, proprietors of the West End Skating Pond, for the present of a family season ticket. Mr. *Grumbler* has purchased skates for all the members of his family and they intend to turn out *en masse* on Saturday afternoon. Mr. *Grumbler* is well aware that many young ladies have had animated discussions relative to his personal appearance, and he begs to inform all interested persons that he will visit the pond on the day above mentioned, between the hours of two and four o'clock. He will wear a white hat, one of Finch's best over-coats and striped "unmentionables." Messrs. Riley & May have made a special arrangement with the "clerk of the weather" for good ice, and the ladies will be certain to see the Union Jack hoisted, and the red light burning opposite the Revere House. Mr. *Grumbler* was pleased to observe that the "West End" was the only pond on which there was good ice yesterday. He heartily wishes this fashionable pond every success, and hopes it will be covered with "good ice" during the season.

Shakespeare Illustrated.

The glass of fashion—the looking-glass. The mould of form—uniform.