

OUR BRASS BAND.

The instruments selected by the above-named band can hardly be described as costly, inasmuch as they consist exclusively of *penny trumpets*, each trumpeter has realized the privilege of selecting his own instrument, and it will be our distinction to accord that measure of praise to the several performers which we deem to be their due, the common herd have usually purchased *their* trumpets of such enterprising individuals as have gone in for "Self-Made Men," "Irishmen in Canada," "Biographical Dictionary," etc., and such a trifling consideration as that of a couple of hundred dollars was nothing for an instrument of sufficient volume, the greater adepts have however displayed more skill in the selection of their instruments, as well as in their pipings; in the exercise of our discrimination, we have decided to allot the gold medal to the distinguished manipulator who has eschewed trumpets supplied by "Self-Made Men," and has elected to avail himself of an infatuated spinster, a subject of monomania, as an instrument more suitable for the display of his skill, by virtue of our office we are enabled to invite our readers to participate with ourselves in the pleasure of listening to the strains of this trumpeter, as they have been conveyed through the medium of "A Temperance Story," of which the infatuated spinster above referred to is the authoress.

This story is adorned with engraved portraits of its hero, in two aspects, and with a different style of signature attached to each; one of its opening sentences informs us that "it is impossible that the noble Prohibition speech of Mr. Rose, to the Reform Clubs from up north, will be suffered by our Lord Jesus to lose its reward", another intimates that "it is very probable that a finer intellect than his (the hero's) does not exist; a single glance at his high, broad forehead, will tell you so, without a phrenologist going to the trouble of examining his head?" again "I thought my ears must have misled me when he said that Mr. Rose could not speak fluently. Oh, did I not wish that the reporter was supplied with pencil and paper, and bidden to take down one of those glowing addresses? What nimble fingers he would need, to keep pace with Mr. Rose! Why, one can hardly follow him in thought, for he is so eloquent," etc.

At this juncture, it may be well to intimate that the subject of this notice is one of those retiring individuals, whose modesty did not prevent all this, and much more of the same sort being printed and published at his own office.

We are favored with an illustration of the extreme sensitiveness of Mr. Rose, in the second chapter of this "Temperance Story," which is to the following effect—A reformed total abstainer remained to receive (what is styled) the communion at the church of which Mr. Rose is an office-bearer, on the cup being passed to this abstainer, he enquired if the wine were intoxicating, and as Mr. Rose was interrogated on the subject, he replied in the negative; "no sooner were the words out of his mouth, than (we are told) he almost fainted for fear there might be some mistake, and the reformed man again fall away."

It is confessedly refreshing to learn from so trustworthy an authority that we have a philanthropist of such acute sensibility amongst us, in these days of Temperance Colonization schemes, we had not been prepared to hear of any one being "in misery for some minutes, until the wine came to him, when he at once found it was all right," and the danger of the total-abstainer becoming a drunkard through tasting it had been averted!

The devoted authoress of this "Temperance Story" informs us that on the occasion of a pledge-signing, "a dissipated-looking person was brought up" by her hero, "who laid his white hand

on the man's shoulder as he added his name to the list of signatures." The least return which the admired Rose can make to his spinster admirer will be (when circumstances permit) the offer of his "white hand," accompanied by that of his warm heart.

Further on we read, in relation to the delivery of a speech at a temperance meeting "What a happy thing it was we were there! That was the longest speech I have heard Mr. Rose make but, oh, didn't it seem short? We could with pleasure have listened to him all night."

For our own part, we trust that this cheap style of advertisement will result in landing the estimable Mr. Rose in Parliament, under which circumstance, not only this Dominion, but the world at large may have the privilege of bending their ears to his eloquence for many nights. And yet perhaps our vulgar territorial ambition on behalf of Mr. Rose receives the rebuke which it merits, in the concluding words of this second chapter, for there we learn that "God has sent him of a truth, (himself being witness) and if ever there were a missionary, Brother George Maclean Rose is one!" A missionary, as we suppose, whose mission consists in manipulating stock in the Temperance Colonization Society, and in the Toronto Coffee House Association, in playing his part in the Board of Trade, in securing fat Government contracts, etc., etc.

In the third chapter, we find ourselves favored with a self-attested description of Mr. Rose's personal appearance, the modesty of which description reminds us of the bashful Wild. "Brother Rose has beautiful, dark, golden red hair, that's a fact," and further, he "has deep blue eyes which seem to look right through you, I believe he can read your very thoughts!"

As we pass to the fifth chapter, we learn, on the testimony of the infatuated authoress, that "Brother G. M. Rose spoke so grandly at a certain temperance meeting that it is utterly impossible to do justice to his remarks in any crude report," and further that "the recording angel" is the only person who, it appears, might possibly prove a successful shorthand copier of these impromptu addresses."

Among other qualifications and characteristics of this social nonpareil, we discover "that we should have to hunt high and low before we could find such another Treasurer;" and that "there is not a member who would wish the shadow of a slight to fall on our noble and kind-hearted Treasurer—Brother G. M. Rose." Again—"There is a business man for you! He is the President of two large publishing firms, and has any amount of business on his hands, but he is the very soul of honour!" It is, we suspect, eminently exceptional for persons to "carry their religion into everything, and to be just as much Christians in their offices as when they are at church taking the sacrament," but on the concurrent testimony of several witnesses, whom the spinster assembles we are assured that such is the case with the Rose of her admiration; the afore-named Rose has also allowed a witness to assure us that she "does not believe there is one man in a thousand who is like Mr. Rose." By way of confirming the testimony, another remarks that "With him preaching and practice certainly go hand in hand."

We have now survived the labor of wading through seven chapters (out of twenty) of adulation of the foregoing character, which before it met the public eye, was revised and sanctioned by the subject of it; it is necessarily intended to serve a purpose, but unless the readers happened to be insane, it is not easy to perceive how it can serve any except that of gratifying the most inordinate vanity.

N.B.—Lest Mr. Rose should suppose that there is any idea of retaliation, on the part of the Editor, in regard to Mr. Rose's refusal to pay thirty-seven (37) cents which are due to him from Mr. R., the Editor begs to state that the foregoing article was written at the time Mr. Rose refused to pay his debt, and told the Editor he might sue him for it if he liked.