

A TRUE REPORT.

The St. Patrick's concert and ball came off with great spirit in St. Patrick's Hall, on Monday evening. There was the usual number of celebrities on the platform, amongst whom we noticed the leading spirit, the worthy President, who spoke to the vast assembly of wealth, beauty and fashion to the following effect:—

'Tis me plasin' duty to welcome the whole of ye to this concert to-night, and to return ye all the sancare thanks of the St. Patrick's Society for yer presents to-night. We will be most happy to avale ourselves of yer quarters,—manein' yer money or loose change. This bein' our annual concert in aid of charity, I hope it will sute well, and, if it doesn't bate me expectations, will come near \$500, which will cause ye all to open yer mouths and say, "Well done, Frank; we're glad we made ye Prsident." Now, whare's yer loyalty? Thousands flock in just for the curiosite, to see how I will address the Prins.—Poor sowl, how I loves him and his Ma! (I beg pardon, yer majestie.) I know she knows me, bekase she gived the Prins a litter of introduction to meself when he was comin' out, with a requisit that I would give him all the information which he required while in this kountrie; an' in the evint of his payin' a visit to the United States, if I would favor him with an introduction to General O'Neil, or some one compitent to give him a korriet estimate of the fitin' kapacity of the Fanian legions, which, av koorse, I will be glad to do, with a requisit that he will take care to dine with the ambassador what likes him best. As a matter ov koorse, I will instruct the residents of the capital to faist his roil 'ighness in a manner becoming the worthy visitor.—(you know I must drop royalty in Yankee land.) I would caution and remind you that you will have another chance of hearin' my flowin' vice, on another occasion,—the Lord spare me to yez,—on nixt St. Patrick's day, or rather the nite, for that's the time fools have their money loose. I don't like the custom of going away from your homes, unless you know that I am somewhere in the neighborhood to advise and korriet yez. For instance, to be plane with ye, I actually see young min in the room trying to intice Mr. Grinchuckle to join a lot of harem-skarem, devil-may-karem kind of chaps to go out to a place kalled Lachine, for the purpose of givin' certain fair creatures the chance of tasting the cratur' to the tune of "Tom and Jerry," which no doubt they will rilish at their journey's ind. The Lord bliss the mark, who will pay the piper? I can assure ye all, gentlemin and ladies, it won't come out of the funds of the Society, nor out of me hard arnins aither, but to the tune of two-fifty a head, supper included. I trust, me bise, ye will be in a position to take care of yersels, and not lave it to the fair ones who shares yer pleasures to do it. No, bise, it wouldn't be gentlemané, nor yet becoming Irish gentlemin, which, unquestionably, ye all are,—only the girls who are supposed to be ladies, and who doubts it? Now, me hearers, let the bill of fare fare well, and let there be no intoxicating lickens in the house. No smacking lips or close huggin' during the drive. It is hard to avoid it, provided the temperature is below zero; but it can be done, if all the ladies will sit on one side of the

"King-fisher" an' the gentlemin fornint them. Now me bise ye hunderstand me—ye will in the kourse of the evenin' be 'dressed by men of distinction like meself, but the one I would have been delighted to see on this platform, Mr. GRINCHUCKLE, declines, on the score of great business engagements, but encloses a \$100 bill apology, for which he'll except me thanks, whin he gets it. Letters of apology was also received from min of distinction, such as Sir George Cartier, who every body knows is a Knight, but didn't like to go out to-night! Poor Sir Geo! No more vacancies in the Post-office! Sir Francis, the once celebrated Colonial Governor, but now the Financial Agent of the Society, and who informs me I can draw on him to any extent I plases, also apologised. The next was from Mr. Hearn, of Quebec notoriety, who says "to have the pleasure of being for an evening in the midst of so large a number of Irishmen 'tried and not found wanting.'" What does he mane by "found wanting?" Does he mane the men in the gap? No, he was once tried by the Quebec Corporation. We trust that his period of exile is at an end; we should like to see him a resident of this place, for Quebec must be too narrow to hold him!—The next apology is from a thorough Irishman, and one who has the blood of the Blake within him. I trust he is plased with the Portrait we sent him. Letters were also received from many celebrated Canadians, known only by name.

Neither Judge Coursol nor the Recorder could be present, for fear of making the acquaintance of some of the spectators a few hours earlier than they otherwise should. So much for having liquor in a hall-room!

Mr. Huntington then addressed the audience; he alluded to the manner in which his loyalty had been impugned, and professed, in the words of O'Connell, that his was a disinterested loyalty, the result of judgment and principle. Poor man! who ever thought he had either one or the other. We trust he will know what loyalty is before long, and that when he does he will appreciate the model set to him, and all others of the worthy Society! Our worthy representative of the Western division made a few remarks. It was more his misfortune that he didn't say more; as it was he hoped every man present would one day occupy the very distinguished and high position which he held; but, although high he was, he was no less the better judge of pork!

Parliaments must multiply!

A PEW-SEVITE.

Rev. H. Ward Beecher evidently knows how to hit the taste of his people. He was guilty of one of the most bare-faced and shameless offences against common decency that could have been committed, and has immediately had his salary raised to \$20,000. The pews in his church are let by auction, and an Auctioneer, hammer in hand, stands in or near the pulpit, to knock them down to the highest bidder. It is the days of "Knocks" revived in a new form—Knox and Pewseyism. Knox, the hatter, was the highest bidder, his appearance being for-bidding.

No matter how long you have been married, never neglect to court your wife.