

## THE RIFLE BAND.

It appears that we are to have no more of the weekly performances of the Rifle Band. The Thursday promenades which has been so successful, is to be stopped. The patrician silk will not again flaunt in the same atmosphere with the plebeian print (of "warranted fact colours,") and the exquisite's pogo-topps will not keep time with the mechanic's corduroys. The nursing maid's paradise—the coquette's hunting ground—the poor man's hour of healthful recreation are suddenly taken away.

Of course, no one is responsible for this but the military authorities; and we appeal to them to resume the afternoon's entertainment for at least a month longer.

Occasions will occur when by unfavorable weather or pressing engagements the Band may not be able to attend; but this is certainly not the case every week. Is it that Thursday is an unlucky day in the army? If so, why not change it to suit military convenience, but do not let the public be entirely deprived of their anticipated pleasure.

In connexion with this subject, we cannot help doing justice to the praiseworthy efforts of Mr. Councilman Pell in this matter, as well as in the entire department over which he presides. It is to him the public are indebted for the performances we have already had, and we know that no efforts of his will be spared to secure their continuance. By the way, we did understand that the expenses connected with the conveyance of the Band to and from the Park were to be defrayed by public subscription. Where is the list? and how many of the subscribers have paid up? It surely can hardly be true, that Mr. Pell has been mulcted in the entire sum paid for omnibuses; we should like to know if this is really the case. It would certainly be rather too bad, if in addition to the time and labour that gentleman expends for the public benefit, he should be compelled to defray the expenses of public recreation from his own pocket. How does it stand?

## BALLOON ASCENSION ALL A HUMBUG.

(To the Editor of the Grumbler.)

Toronto, Front St., Sept. 1859.

DEAR SIR,—It is a very extraordinary thing to me, how people will allow themselves to be egregiously humbugged. I can understand one or two persons being deceived by a plausible report—but that the population of a large city, and not of one city, but of twenty cities, should be hoaxed and played upon is something which, as I said before, I cannot understand.

Now, sir, of all the humbugs that ever existed, the recent account of the ascension of Professor Steiner in his balloon, Europe, from the vacant lot on Front street, beside the Revere House, is, I may say, the greatest. You will scarcely credit me, sir, but I assure you no such event never took place, at the place specified, or at any other place in the city of Toronto. The idea of a balloon ascension having taken place, from the vacant lot in question is absurd—its monstrous—in fact, sir, it is a—lie.

What man in Toronto saw the balloon on the day

in question, I should like to know. What man, woman, or child in Toronto, ever saw a balloon, I should like to know, not one. The balloon ascension has no foundation in fact, and in my opinion the report originated from some potty penny-a-liner or other.

To prove to you incontrovertibly that no balloon ascension took place from the vacant lot beside the Revere House, as was lately reported, I beg to inform you that I reside in the Revere House, and have done so for the last 15 years; and that on the day in which it was said the ascension took place, I was seated in a window in the Hotel over-looking the lot in question, and I positively affirm, and most solemnly declare that no balloon ascended, or could ascend without my seeing it. Not only was there no balloon ascension on that day, but there was no excitement or crowd beyond what may be observed in that locality every day in the year.

Hoping, sir, that you will correct the lying reports that are being circulated respecting the balloon ascension, I remain,

Your ob't serv't,

VERITAS.

P. S.—It is also an infernal lie, that some of the Government Departments have been moved from Toronto to Quebec.

## COUNCILMAN FINCH TO BOB HOODIE.

DEAR BOB,—Do not be led away by the Syron speeches of Professor Steiner, and consent to take a voyage with him through the air in his moester balloon. There can be no doubt in the mind of any sane man, but that he has been bribed by your political enemies to offer you a seat in his car, in order that you may be taken to the clouds, and there thrown overboard, and drehed to pieces in your fall. The aeronaut can easily excuse himself by saying, you were thrown over to lighten the balloon, his ballast being all expended, and the machine in imminent danger. Our corrupt judges would gladly receive evidence of this nature, and the offenders would go unpunished. I know your gallant heart laughs at this probability; but suppose you were able to master the intrepid aeronaut and maintain your seat, what security have you that he may not continue his journey to the moon, and hand you over to the authorities there, as a vagrant and have you hanged on the left end horn, or, sailing to the east, land you at Timbuctoo, or Orim Tartary. May not this very Steiner be a Missionary from Salt Lake, seeking convicts to Mormonism, who takes this means of conveying you to the kingdom of the Latter Day Saints, when perhaps you may be made an elder or something worse. Be warned in time; the members of our corrupt corporation have leagued themselves together for your destruction. When you are gone, what will prevent the Bugge, the Carrolls, and the Camoron's passing that obnoxious College Avenue Bill? Alas, who then will look after popular rights? Nobody, nobody. Think then no more of this adventure, leave the navigation of the air, and stick by your Firefly, and live at home in peace and contentment.

Anxiously and earnestly yours,

FINCH.

## A NEW LIGHT.

A small village rusbight called the *Advertiser* has recently been brought to light in Oakville. The ambitious little sheet has set to work not merely to reform the state and mend the morals of the times, but actually to subvert the Christian religion, sever Canada from Great Britain and annex her to the United States. The first of this sheet we have had the privilege of seeing is number ten, and we certainly had a penny's worth of amusement from it.

The leader tells us that for "reasons satisfactory to the proprietor" the publication of the new luminary is not to be suspended. His first article annihilates Christianity, and puts the *Advertiser* right with the world. After expressing his grief at what he calls the "idolatrious worship of the churches" he gravely tells that "if there is drunkenness, cheating, stealing," and a dozen other sins in the world, he, the editor of the *Advertiser* is not responsible for it. The perfidy of Louis Napoleon, the suicide of Do Marbas, the crimes of the Baltimore Rip Raps are not the fault of the *Advertiser*; his sheet, which is scarcely double our own, washes its hands of every crime.

He may add a virtue to the list, modesty, of which he is equally innocent. A great deal of illogical ribaldry fills the whole of this article. Then comes blast number two from the prophet of Democracy: he annihilates at one blow the cause of British supremacy, and threatens darkly and mysteriously, that if he, the *Advertiser*, from his log-sanctum in the flourishing town of Oakville, were to "raise the flag of armed revolution," to annex Canada to the enlightened slave-holders of Kentucky, sixteen states whose names he mentions would pour their armed legions and sweep us poor loyalists into the Hudson's Bay Territory.

Why does not our friend Brown hire this Canadian Garibaldi? Where on earth was he born, and who brought him up? Do let us know. We appear to have got a queer character among us, and we shall watch his progress with extreme anxiety. It might be as well to dispatch a couple of Lieutenant Paterson's men on the Firefly to look after him. At present, he very kindly re-assures us by consenting not to call on his Yankees for the present, but, heaven save us, there is no knowing what such a genius may effect. Adjutant Cull and Sergeant Gray to the rescue!

## METROPOLITAN CHORAL SOCIETY.

We are happy to hear that our old friends of this society are about to appear before the public again.

During the approaching Fair of the York Electoral Division Society an oratorio is to be produced before the public, if possible in the Crystal Palace. We trust that their efforts will be as successful, as we know they will be worthy of the most extended patronage.