

RICHMOND OH!

Bold Grant has beaten General Lee,
And swept him right away;
But singular, as all can see,
It does not clear the way.

No, all these brilliant victories, ah! no! no! no!
They don't clear the track into Richmond, oh!

Ah! if I was bold General Grant,
I really should despond,
Those rebels always have some plant,
To turn us from Richmond.

For all these lots of victories, ah! no! no! no!
The don't, somehow, clear the track into Richmond, oh!

Ben Butler thrashes Beauregard,
And scatters him abroad;
Why surely that's a winning card,
But it doesn't clear the road.

No! all these slashing victories, ah! no! no! no!
They don't clear the track into Richmond, oh!

Horo's Sigel's licked poor Brockenridge,
Across the Shenandoah,
In a great flood, he swam the stream,
Another patriarch Noah.

Yet all these brilliant victories, ah! no! no! no!
They have not cleared the track into Richmond, oh!

Ben Butler said, some time ago,
"He had the City key,"
But surely he's misaid it,
Or gone upon the spree.

So all those victories and boasts, ah! no! no! no!
They haven't cleared the way to Richmond, oh!

Lee's army is demoralized,
And all of them are running,
But Grant is surely ill advised,
Or playing mighty cunning.

For all his eight day's victories, ah! no! no! no!
They haven't cleared the track to Richmond, oh!

It's really quite a mystery,
And one I can't unravel,
The South are licked most thoroughly,
But Grant he cannot travel.

No, he cannot travel city wards, ah! no! no! no!
For the track it isn't rightly clear to Richmond, oh!

Well, speculation is no use,
And I must close my song,
But, considering all their victories,
I think they're precious long.

When, with all their jolly victories, ah! no! no! no!
They haven't cleared the track into Richmond, oh!

We are told the way to Heaven,
Is a narrow way and straight,
And few there be that find it,
Or get right in thereat;

And—I mean to speak all reverently,
When I say, that so
Appears that dubious road to me,
The Road to Richmond, oh!

Baxter, after the sins he committed in the Council, called on Bishop Lynch to obtain absolution.

A NOBLE ANCESTRY.

From *Morgan's Canadian Parliamentary Companion*, recently published; we quote the following interesting biographical sketch:—

"S—e, J—n, [E—n—W. R.] Liberal, descended from an old and honorable family, in the County of Devon, England. Born at the Town of Kingsbridge, in the same County, 16th January, 1799. Educated in Devon and at London, England. Contested present seat at general election, 1861, and seated on petition, on the 23rd February, 1863. Re-elected at last general election. Married 12th May, 1825, Mary Anne, daughter of Joseph Stainburn, Esq., of Winnore, Yorkshire, whose maternal ancestress, Margaret Hopton, was eldest sister of Lord Hopton, Baron Stratton, of Armeley Hall, Yorkshire, Generalissimo of the forces of Charles I., in the West of England. Mr. S—e was for many years the Secretary of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, and is the author of many works, [which nobody has ever read.—Ed.] and public documents on the subject of slavery and the slave-trade, and the laws affecting the emancipated Colonies of Great Britain. Was also Secretary of the Great Peace Congresses held at Brussels in 1849, and at Paris in 1850. Pop. 10,688; No. of Voters 1,897. Glenbonner, St. Thomas, C. W.—J. S—e, 777: Price 747.

There can be no question as to the correctness of the details of this historical gem, as each person described in Mr. Morgan's useful little work, is an autobiographer.

THE GLOBE'S MUSICAL CRITIQUE.

We have before had reason to notice the wretched way in which the *Globe* is accustomed to notice our musical entertainments, and we cannot pass over this horrible specimen which appeared in last Friday week's *Globe*, too late for notice in our issue of th

The reporter of the *Globe* goeth to Gottschalk's concert; he begins his critique by saying that the audience was large and appreciative, but regrets that the first thing that was encored was an imitation of the Banjo on the Piano. He then says: "The applause he received was abundantly well deserved, for he produced from the instrument a flood of music which charmed, &c." That is, Mr. Gottschalk produced the flood from the piano; in the same way that Professor Anderson sometimes produces baby linen and unmentionable articles of apparel from the lining of a hat lent him by some obliging swell in the audience. The flood was so great, indeed, that the people had to stand on the benches to keep "out of the wet." The reporter now waxeth poetical, he says, speaking of Mr. G.'s "Home, sweet home,"—"he sounded the flue old air with a glorious variation, which, like the well-chosen settings of a jewel, served but to render its beauties the more apparent." Isn't this beautiful and original? We have heard various variations, but would like to know what variety the glorious one belongs to. With regard to the settings of the jewel, that is so stale that we will pass on. The reporter now goeth into the highfalutin or spread-eagle style. He says:—"The

faces of the audience were splendidly lighted up with smiles as the gay notes fell upon the ear." Is not this a melancholy specimen of departed reason? Perhaps though we are too severe, there may be a restaurant in the immediate vicinity of the Music Hall, which interfered with the sanity of the learned critic, his noodle may have been splendidly "lighted up" with bad whiskey when he put his gay notes on paper. He goes on to inform the musical public that Madame Strakosch sang "Ratanplan," with much gaiety and effect, and in response to the applause of the audience sang another selection from the "Daughter of the Regiment." "Tis better to laugh," &c. Now this would have been quite correct if it did not happen that this last is the drinking song in "Lucrezia Borgia," so we laughed accordingly. He concludes by saying the Piano was from the establishment of Messrs. Nordheimer, and stood well the severe trial to which it was put. We suppose Mr. G. threw the piano in the air, caught it on his nose, and balanced it there while he played the "Star Spangled Banner," and without allowing it to lose its balance, got up on it and danced a hoe down on the keys, which certainly was a severe trial. Now we want to know why the deuce the *Globe* can't get a musical man to attend a good concert such as this last, and give them a correct report of the entertainment and not offend the eyes and ears of the public with such puerile productions as heretofore. We have no doubt it could be done at a small cost, in accordance with the *Globe's* ideas of economy.

A Young Gentleman done "Brown."

Not many days ago a juvenile Lothario, impatient of the restraint imposed upon him by the lecture which was in the course of delivery by Professor Anderson at Osgoode Hall, called upon the learned gentleman in a somewhat oracular tone to "shut up, that he did not want any more of his lecture." The astonished functionary inwardly exclaimed, "*Obstipin, steterunquo como vos faucibus posit,*" and turning in the direction whence proceeded this unseemly interruption, took down the names of those who sat on the benches in the vicinity, threatening the loss of the term to them if they failed to divalge the name of the guilty party. "Mum" was the word until next day, when Mr. Anderson having had some inkling as to the aggressor, accused a certain gentleman of "challenge sating" notoriety, (we don't mean Hallowell but him whom he did Brown!) and called upon him to say whether such was the case or not. The foolish youth, instead of manfully acknowledging his fault and apologising before the class, insisted that it was someone sitting behind him that had interrupted the lecture, but upon being again "put on his honour," he swallowed the nauseous lie, and cried *peccavi*.

The consequence is, he has been "sent to Coventry," to rusticate and ruminate over *Blackstone* in his own *Brown* study for one term at least. Serve him right say we. Mr. Anderson deserves the *Crumbler's* best thanks for curtailing such *hypocritism*!