

facility for the purpose. Dropped within its slightly opening folds, your *tiny* piece is concealed from the prying eye of curiosity; so much so, indeed, that not even the grim-looking M... n himself,—whose scowling brow is always bent over the plate, as if watching the amount thrown upon his paper contribution,—could detect the *artificial* from the *real*, or discover, by its *tintin nabulum*, the true value of that of which he is so notoriously fond, that he cannot forbear from collecting it even on the Sabbath.

### The Missing Medals.

The *Montreal Courier*, in a recent article on the subject, expresses a good deal of surprise at the non-delivery, to those for whom they were intended, of a number of silver medals which had been transmitted from England to Toronto, for distribution, among certain of the militia many years since, and very innocently asks where they are stored.

We are really surprised at the novelty of this question. Where can the *Courier* suppose silver articles of this kind to be, but in their proper place,—a *plate-basket*? But as the manner and alteration of shape in which they came there is a little curious, we shall endeavour to enlighten the *Courier* with the generally received version of a miracle, which could have been brought about by no other than the *highest Church influence*.

The story reads thus. The medals in question had been for some time lying in the vaults of the Bank of Upper Canada, which, as the result will show, was a regular *hot-el* affair,—and, on search having been subsequently made, were found to have melted away, exhibiting to the astonished gaze of those who witnessed the wondrous transformation, the much more useful and profitable shape of silver forks and spoons. Prayer and exorcism were had recourse to, to purge the metal of all that the devil might have had to do in the matter, and it was decided that they should, to prevent further evil, be strictly preserved within the custody of the Church. We have no doubt that many a man, who was entitled to a medal, has *handed* it before this; and we really cannot see why it has not been more usefully employed in conveying food to the stomach, instead of food to his vanity.

Besides, medals have now ceased to be an exclusive mark of distinction. Every body wears them. Almost every tenth breast in the Rifle Brigade is decorated with one. Had it been the *right*, it might have been assumed that it was for mere good firing at a target; but as it is the *left*,—that which it has been

supposed a crowned head or potentate had alone the privilege to adorn, it follows, of course, that all these are the reward of services in the field.

The Ancients of 1812, and other *long-forgotten days*, are seemingly delighted that the laurel has at last been bestowed upon them by the hand of their Sovereign. What folly! Who is to distinguish between the merit of the old soldier and the young? Suppose a regiment half filled with these crusty warriors to be garrisoned in the same town with the young fellows of the Rifles, not numbering half their years,—how is a civilian,—how is their country, whose approbation they are desirous to secure, to distinguish,—both wearing their decorations on the same breast,—between the man who has riddled his men of flesh, and him who has scattered his men of straw? The hand and will of the sovereign, has decorated the one, the hand and will of the subject the other; but who, save the initiated are to distinguish?

Sheer folly then, ye vain sticklers for the medal on the breast! Much better that they should be "*forked out*."

### The Fitzgibbon Claim.

Nothing is more painful than to exercise the calling of a critic, when compelled to take from the *merit of a work*, which has commanded the applause of the multitude, even while it has afforded it unbounded amusement. But duty is imperious, and its calls must be attended to.

At the close of our paragraph on the subject, last week, we boldly asserted that Colonel Fitzgibbon rather merited censure than reward for his Quixotic efforts to save Toronto from the hands of the rebels. And thus we prove it, even from his own pen:—

At page 20 of the book of claims set forth by Colonel Fitzgibbon, it is expressly stated that the city was saved from being set on fire, by a measure of his own, carried out in *direct disobedience of His Excellency's positive command*, conveyed to him personally.

Now, did Colonel Fitzgibbon ever hear of the drunken Jack Tar, who, in India, carried some fort, and planted on it the Union-Jack, much to the surprise of those who followed him, and beheld the act? and, if he has, does he not know that so far from being rewarded, or even thanked, for the capture, single-handed, of the redoubtable fortress, where he figured as *Jack*, the *Giant Killer*, he was severely reprimanded, and ordered not to carry any more forts in that manner,—a mandate he rather sulkily promised to obey.