

MILITARY EXCURSION, 10th ROYALS, to Hamilton, Aug. 24.

"Why then let the Canakin clink, brave boys,
Why then let the Canakin clink;
A soldier's man, a life's but a span,
Why then let a soldier drink."

So said a very great rascal, but eminent scoundrels have anticipated, occasionally, very wholesome truths, and Iago was right enough, for once. Lord Bacon says, (no slight authority,) "that soldiers desire and deserve great easements, seeing the various hardships, cruel wars, and sad distraughts they are subjected to." We hope our gallant 10th Royals will never be subjected to the "sad distraughts," but, and we write in sad earnestness, for there are wars and rumours of wars disturbing the horizon, they may be. And who would not hope their holiday excursion to Hamilton of the 24th inst., may be as festive and joyous as the high festivals of brave men should be. We look on the 10th Royals with peculiar pride. The brave Canadian spirit of our forefathers is gallantly shewn in that noble corps, and the heroes of Queenston Heights, if dead, still are with us in their gallant descendants. "For God and Fatherland, rolled the old battlerey. Even so be it.

BUNCH OF KEYS LOST.

"Bunch of keys lost." There is a great deal of false feeling in these latter days, but there is a deal of callous inhumanity far more reprehensible. The former springs from an undue sensibility, a morbid humanity; if we may so express it. It pets the criminal, and ignores the honest son of toil, would furnish a Penitentiary Prisoner with a dressing case and a billiard table, leaving the unromantic labourer to plod his way through this weary work of day world, uncheered by sympathy, unhelped by those who profit by his labour. There is nothing interesting in him. The toiling struggler, the hero of small and never-ending sacrifices, the stout champion who resists for, ah, how many weary years? the temptations to indulgence, the desire to sit down and be at rest, to stay yet a little while at the green oasis of the desert of life, where the waters sparkle so freshly and so fair, where the green grass waves and the stately palm tree leads its grateful shade to the wearied wayfarer. A myriad of such men shall hardly make up, in the world's estimation, one Blenheim conqueror, one Victor of Assaye, and yet there is a higher court, and verily the verdict of this world may be set aside. But we are wandering. We began by saying that callous inhumanity was far worse than the error of a mistaken sensibility, and we have only to refer to the four opening words of this chapter to prove it. It is an advertisement merely, curt in its unmitigated brutality, economical in its cruelty. "Bunch of keys lost." It merely says, "The finder shall be suitably rewarded," and this is the sole recognition of suffering humanity. Alas, poor "Bunch," long familiarity with the world and its cruel usages, give an intuitive instinct, and put one as much in possession of the facts of this case as if we ourselves had written the advertisement. "Keys" is the

name of the Family Estate, and poor "Bunch," the half-idiotic, deformed, heir, has wandered away from the custody of his unfeeling guardian, possibly an interested relative; and thus, with not half the formality or half the care with which he would have made the loss of his favourite spaniel known does the hard hearted uncle tell the world of the poor lump-back's wandering. Poor fellow, poor Bunch! for thee no kind mother's eye glistens thoughtfully; no loving father plucks the ruddiest apple from the bough. Thou mayest rot in the deep, dark waters of the Don, for aught they know; for the waters of forgetfulness, the Lethean stream flows dark, and sullen, and stern, betwixt thy shattered frame and their deep love. But shame and double shame on the unfeeling tyrant who, perhaps by harsh severity, first drove thee forth, and then records thy loss by the poor advertisement; which, whilst it tells thy fate, at least perpetuates his shame. I had written thus far, when my second son, an intelligent boy, rushed into the room, a comical mixture of surprise indignation and joy sparkling in his eyes and pervading his whole demeanour. He held up a half dime of American origin, "Well my son," said I gravely, "what is the matter?" "Why dad," returned he, "you know there was an advertisement, 'Bunch of Keys lost,' the finder to be suitably rewarded, I found the keys just now, and the old, (here my son made use of a very irreverent term, for which I duly reproved him,) Buffer, (in fact, he said,) gave me half-a-dime only; however, the discount's off, that's one consolation." I will not; at least, I think I will not, theorize again; but, as a penance to myself and a warning to theorists in general, I publish this.

T. H. EORT, M.A.D.

Watchman, what of the Night!

It is an open question yet, and one pretty fiercely debated, occasionally, whether a watchman is simply one who carries a watch, or one who keeps watch and ward? If the Editor of the *Watchman* carries a watch, he is, perhaps, a watchman; but we fear we can hardly dub him as a watchman of passing or coming events, save in right of his chronometer. "Coming events cast (says the proverb,) their shadows before," but Her Most Gracious Majesty's Birthday, which falls on the 24th day of May, 1864, projects apparently a shadow as long as the tail of Halley's comet, to extend over a period of nine months. Or is our contemporary not serious, when, in reference to the proposed excursion of those gallant fellows, the 10th Royals, he trusts "they will enjoy themselves on the Queen's Birthday." We hope sincerely they will, for we believe the 10th Royals to be as brave a set of men as any under the sun, (bar none,) but we trust they will have many a festive day, and many a jovial meeting, before the celebration of the 24th of May, 1864. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." One thing we are assured of, that if our Yankee friends, belaguered the *Watchman* in his stronghold, and threatened to cast his type to the four winds of Heaven, the 10th Royals would not require a thousandth part the time to prepare for a fight, that this ingenious *Watchman* gives them to prepare for a feast.

The Honourable Mrs. Howland.

"The Honourable Mrs. Howland is at present in this city."—Toronto Correspondent of Hamilton Times.

Where there is a will there is a way, we presume, a way out of the difficulty? But this supposes a will. Now, we maintain that no man should be, surreptitiously or otherwise, married against his will; and when the offence is committed on an elderly gentleman, it is, indeed, a gross exaggeration of the assault. Yet this offence, the Toronto Correspondent of the *Hamilton Evening Times*, has committed on the Hon. Mr. Howland. Who shall picture the dismay, the horror, the consternation, of the Hon. Mr. Howland, if, in consequence of the reckless conduct of this world-defying, Toronto Correspondent, that gentleman awoke me one morning to all the consciousness of wedded bliss, and, for aught we know, to the cares of a numerous family?

THEATRE ROYAL, QUEBEC.

LESSEE & CASHIER L. H. HOLTON.
MANAGER LITTLE WALLBRIDGE
LEADER OF THE ORCHESTRA A. MCKENZIE.
CHAPELAIN JOHN MACDONALD.

ENGAGEMENT OF THE GREAT LAW OR NO LAW ACTOR,
JOHN SANDFIELD MACDONALD!

PROGRAMME.

Performance will commence with the constitutional play of
SUFFERING POLY, MARR, AND SICCOTTE.

Old Henery J. Sandfield MacDonald.
Meek and Lowly O. Mowatt.
Innocent Bill McDougall.
Victims of Vice McGeo. Foley.
Modesty L. Sicotte.
Pompos A. A. Drion.

The whole to conclude with the insipid farce,
THE SEAL OF GOVERNMENT AT TORONTO.

OR

DON'T YOU WISH YOU MAY GET IT!

THUNDER RIDGES GEO. BROWN.
Dupes Electors of Toronto.
Slippery Smooth John McDonald.
Sawney A. M. Smith.
Master Mechanic J. S. MacDonald.
Cheap Travelling Wully Henderson.

Box office open at 7 o'clock, performance to commence at 8, precisely.

John Ritchey Collector.
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Winding up of Mr. John McDonald's
Committee.

SCENE.—Reynold's Shoe Store, Yonge Street.
Présent, Alderman MOODIE, Squeaking RIDDLE, W. B. BUCKLE, HUGH MILLER, JOHN BUGG, DR. AONRW.
Chairman, MR. JOHN BUGG; BUTLER SCRIBBY.
Alderman Moodie.—"Gentlemen, 'To err is human, to forgive, divine.' I have been basely