

IMPORTANT CORRESPONDENCE.

To His Excellency the Right Hon. Charles Stanley Viscount Moxce, Governor General of British North America, &c., &c., &c.

MY LORD.

The social revolution which has been recently inaugurated in this city by a number of American gentlemen, ought, I am confident, to command the attention of the Legislature now in session, and that of your lordship in particular. Only fancy, my lord, at the anniversary dinner of a very respectable and excellent man—Mr. Washington—the health of Her Majesty the Queen of England was proposed in cold water, with the thermometer ranging between forty to fifty below zero;—and that, too, in the capital of Upper Canada,—the city of St. Francis Bond Head—the home of the Robinsons, the Hagermans, the Sherwoods and the Strahans! Is it not monstrous? To look for a spirited reply to any of the toasts given upon the occasion, was of course out of the question; so, as might be anticipated, every generous sentiment felt the crushing weight of the hydraulic pressure brought to bear upon it, notwithstanding the continuous rattling of the coal scuttle and the surreptitious introduction of hot air. Were I, my lord, to invoke the shade of Anacreon, and succeed in my appeal to "the vasty deep," what would the venerable and rubicund old bloke—if that be the proper orthography—say upon a subject so momentous? I am satisfied he would reject the intervening grape stone into the rosy cavern of his mouth, and, like Demosthenes, use the implacable substance against those foul innovators, who shake the standard of revolt in the face of whisky punch and even that of generous old port itself. "Man being reasonable, &c.," as observed, my lord, by the immortal Byron, goes to prove that we arrive at our proper status only after the seventh or eight tumbler. How then can it be expected that a rational conclusion could have been arrived at by those gentlemen who were indulging in a beverage that could, at a very simple expense, be turned into suds? My lord, appoint a committee composed of the Hon. John A. Macdonald, the Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee, and the Hon. Michael H. Foley, and William F. Powell, Esquire, M.P.E., with power to add to their numbers, there being no dearth of material, and we shall soon read such Yankee originalities out of society, and have the genuine "hip! hip! hurrah!" continued in all its integrity; and give to every loyal sentiment its legitimate warm bath, and, ere we send it to sleep for the night, give it its pint of mulled port with a stick of cinnamon in it; or as good a tumbler of pottien punch as ever drew a tear from a tender heart.

I have the honor to remain,
Your Lordship's most ob't serv't,

Britannia Lodge, SIMON GRAY.
Dummer Street, Feb. 27, 1863.

Mythologically Incorrect.

—Dr. Cahill, in one of his lectures, asserts that "Mercury was the Son of Venus." We refer the Dr. to Smith's classical dictionary where he will find that the "Herald of the Gods," was the Son of Jupiter and Maia.

A. Q. C. on Muscula.

—A learned Q. C., states he is thoroughly posted in pugilism, and can strike a blow at four feet. What an admirable guardian for infants and married women. Perhaps our worthy Chancellor will "make a note of it."

AQUEOUS.

Old Horace and his good friend Macenas would have shunned such company as that which sat down to dinner at the "American" on Monday last to do honor to the father of the Yankee Republic. No rich Falernian filled the bowls of the patriots—even "old Tom" was not seen within the walls where the good men toasted their country, and drank success to the king of nail-splitters. The *Leader* tells us that the toasts were drank with water.

How was this, good Mr. Thurston? How, Messieurs Vice-Chairmen? While waiting for an answer, divers thoughts suggest themselves. In your patriotic zeal, was your strange conduct meant to convince us that you think so little of Jeffdom that you throw cold water upon the "nation" which J. D. has created? Or, have you so hopelessly lost all confidence in the ship of state righting itself that the aforesaid cold water is meant to overwhelm it? Or, is it that the roots of the Republic are being so rapidly dried up that a little aqueous liquefaction might serve to keep the old tree from withering? Or, is it in the way of penance for the partialities of Young America for gin-slings and cock-tails that you deviated from the good old custom? Or, is it—but we must not proceed with these suggestions. Let us have the truth good folks, and THE GENTLEMAN will do you justice.

ROYAL LYCEUM.

Our theatrical affairs have been pretty dull for the past week. On Monday evening Mrs. Henry Linden took a benefit to a very respectable house. A new candidate for popular favor, in the person of Mr. W. M. Ward, has taken his stand on the Lyceum boards. We have not had sufficient opportunity to judge of his merit, but what we have seen of him puts us in mind of genuine good acting, such as has not been in our theatre since the days of old John Nickinson, of whose style, bye the bye, Mr. Ward has a slight tinge. Next week the sensation piece, "The Seven Sisters," will be brought out, which will no doubt have a good run.

ATHENÆUM CONCERT HALL.

The attractions added last week to the company at this popular temple of the Muses, have had the effect of crowding the hall to excess every night. Indeed the hall is altogether too small to accommodate the visitors even on the most ordinary occasions. We understand, however, that arrangements are being made to make it at least double its present size. We are sure this additional enterprise will be duly appreciated by the music-loving public. Notwithstanding the very fine vocalizations of the Newtons, we must confess our weakness for Mr. Corrie's inimitable humorous productions. We have heard his "Freedom of Opinion," his "Mr. Johnson," and his "Fireman Mose," and we conceive them to be *per excellence*, the best we have ever heard in the comic line. Mr. Aiken, tenor and pianist, still remains with the company, and is deservedly applauded every evening for his sweet ballad singing. He introduced a new fireman's song last week, written by Mr. Corrie, which met with great success. In fact every body who wishes to spend a pleasant evening should go to the Athenæum. We understand several novelties will be introduced next week.

SAM SHARPLEY'S MINSTRELS.

This inimitable troupe has met with the same perfect success in Toronto as in other Canadian cities. Hundreds have been turned away from the Music Hall, and to-night we anticipate a perfect jam. Sam Sharpley and Oool Burgess as "end" men are excellent. Sharpley's drolleries take the audience by storm. Our old friend Burgess toes the mark like a man, and is the identical Cool all over. Little Archie's singing is another good feature, and for it the little fellow deserves credit. The whole performance is first-class, and we cannot part with Sam Sharpley without saying—go ahead and prosper.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. J., N. Y.—Will write in a few days, when we will try and keep our side of the promise.

N. C.—You will perceive that it is inserted intact.

SPECIAL EDITORIAL NOTICES.

With a spirit and enterprise which has always characterized them, the firm of E. R. Hall & Co. have issued No. 1 of the Canadian Penny Song Book, containing ten popular ballads, all of which can be obtained for the small sum of a penny. When we remember that a penny is generally charged for a single ballad, then will be seen the advantages of E. R. H. & Co's book. There is no doubt that it will take the place of the vast number of American productions now circulating in Canada.

We with much pleasure call the attention of the public to the studio of Mr. Wm. St. Maur Dingham, Artist, No. 146 Yonge Street. Mr. Dingham has after a long study been enabled to turn out portraits of a high order, and a visit to his studio will convince the public that his paintings are not mere daubs, but finely finished works of art. Mr. B. was the first to introduce to the Toronto public Monocromatic drawing, which art any person with ordinary intellect can acquire in a course of fifteen lessons. Every connoisseur should call at his studio.

The only drawback to domestic happiness in many cases is the want of quiet in the home of our affections. Baby-amusement is an art only acquired by a long and arduous practice, and one naturally asks is there no short road to learning of this kind? We answer—Yes. Buy a Baby Jumper. Mrs. Tanner has them for sale at the low price of \$3.00 to \$4.00. Who would be without them? Let young husbands, old husbands, young wives and old wives, procure them at once. To gratify your wives, husbands purchase a Skirt Lifter at fifty cents. You will then have pleased your wife and quieted the baby, and thus ensured domestic peace and happiness.

Agents and Canvasers should apply early for samples of Brookes' & Todd's Patent Self-Measuring and Self-Ventilating Sump, 27 King Street West, Toronto, P.O. Box 569. Sample forwarded on receipt of \$1. Liberal terms.

The delicious flavour of Rowe and Co's oysters can't be attained by the by-valves of any other packer. Even now, the memory of our last supper of them steeped our faculties in the most delicious repose, and the thorns of Our Editorial Chair lose half their sharpness. Bilton, of the Agricultural Hall, Yonge St., is sole agent for their sale in Canada West. He is also doing the largest game business in the city—both fin and wing.—We patronise him—and grumble not—won't you.

Mr. G. W. Cary, of 164 Yonge Street, desires to call the attention of persons wishing to have their hair cut, to the fact, that he is most competent to discharge his duties properly. The different branches of his art, viz.: Shaving, Shampooing, &c., are at his finger's ends. Now a-days everybody wears short hair, and therefore all, but those who are bald, need an occasional application of the shears. Try Cary.