

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.]

TORONTO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1863.

[VOL. I.—No. 13.]

THE GRUMBLER

Is published every SATURDAY MORNING, in time for the early Trains. Copies may be had at all the News Depots. Subscription, \$1. Single copies, 3 cents.
Persons enclosing their cards and \$1 will be favored with a special notice.

Correspondents will bear in mind that their letters must be pre-paid, that communications intended for insertion should be written, and only written on one side of the paper. Subscribers must not register their letters; for obvious reasons it is exceedingly inconvenient to us. All letters to be addressed "The Grumbler," Post Office, Toronto, and not to any publisher or newsdealer in the city.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coat,
I rode you tent it;
A chief's an'ing you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prunt it."

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1863.

A LAMENT BY A GRIT.

"Dies iræ."

They're numbered with the past, those happy, happy days

When Grit was not synonymous with Tory,
When party battle-cries set Canada a-blaze,
And victor won and vanquished lost with glory.

No Popery" was played with all its variations,
On "Rep. by Pop." the sweetest chimes were rung,
And "Union-down" was text for countless Grit orations,
While "Joint Authority" was often sung.

Our great Onontio led his formidable host
(Ho double headed all his fiercest speeches,
And craven hearted ones who dared desert their post
Were damned in blackest type as graceless wretches.

Now—now, alas! what painful sights we see—
McDougall, Foley, with their servile benchmen,
Consorting daily with the Papist chief McGee,
And truckling shamefully to stupid Frenchmen.

Our cherished "Rep. by Pop." alas! is now no more,
And other dear ones lie in shameful graves.
O Grits, our choicest planks sored but to make a floor
Or spring-board for a company of knaves.

Fact, Sir!

—At the Washington anniversary dinner, the other night, the Chairman enlightened his hearers as to Uncle Abe's doings, (*sayings* tabooed), since he was smuggled in a Glangery cap and shawl into the White House; and wound up by declaring that Father Abraham had "astonished the whole world." Who dare deny to Mr. Thurston the merit of truthfulness? We thank thee for those words, Sir; you do the old man justice. His powers, in the way of astonishing the world are really remarkable; but he is of good size and portly bearing. The world wags along.

A QUESTION FOR POLITICAL ECONOMISTS.—How is it that gold never rises in one's pocket although at 170 in New York? When you ask a debtor to cash up, do you mean cash down?

Osgoode Hall Examination Questions.

FOR 1ST YEAR MEN.

(Dropped on Court Street by an examiner, who may have the manuscript by applying at the Grumbler office, 21 Nordheimer's Buildings.)

1. How many horses drew MAGNA CHARTA.
2. Do tenants in common always live on an open plain, and if they set up a defence to an action, does it destroy their title.
3. Is a butcher a joint tenant; if so, does Lord Monck hold the Governor-Generalship by the courtesy of England, or that of Canada.
4. What is a writ of attachment, and in what respect similar to a *billet doux*.
5. Has the Grumbler any "things personal?"
6. Could Mount Lebanon be arraigned for high treason?
7. In what reign did the Counts in a declaration receive their rank?
8. Would a "General issue," be a general without his shoe?
9. Was Judas Iscariot a law student?
10. If it take three Benchers to make a quorum how many would it take to make a forum?
11. Is the "Devil's Own," *in nudibus* or *in articulo mortis*. If so, what has become of the *scintilla juris*?
12. Is it civil in juries to go to sleep while Counsel is addressing them, and does such conduct come under the head of civil injuries?
13. Of what wood is the Queen's Bench made, soft maple or lignum vitæ, and does the Queen ever sit; if not, can she bring an action for deceit?
14. In connection with your last answer state your opinion as to the constituents of judicial dignity? Is vanity, or flippancy, or a liking for the sound of one's own voice, a necessary element? Give your reasons for your answer, and cite cases in point.
15. Find Smith's Mercantile Law in the library within ten minutes. (Note.—An extra half hour will be allowed candidates in order that a thorough search may be made.)

A Hint for Barnum.

—THE GRUMBLER suggests to Mr. Showman Barnum, whether a good thing might not be made if he were to take hold of the Menagerie now at Quebec. The "happy family," was not a circumstance to it. McGee hugging Macdougall; Foley in the same bed as Wilson; and all of them eating up themselves (something more than figuratively,) would seem to afford a means for turning an honest penny. Now that Tom Thumb is off the stage, the next best thing in all odds, is the "Quebec Menagerie."

ADAM—HIS SPEECH.

If the Solicitor General West has any friends in the House, we earnestly intreat them to put a stopper in his mouth, or appoint a body guard to look after the little man. It is perfectly evident that he needs something in the shape of a "vigilance committee," to keep him from perpetually making himself ridiculous. Poor little Adam! How could you be so foolish as to make that speech you did on the Double Majority? If you were unable to say anything about it, why in the name of common sense did you not know enough to hold your tongue? To prate about the difficulty of interpreting the United States' Constitution, and say plump and plain that you knew nothing about the Double Majority, which is the corner stone of your policy—if you have any policy beyond a tight grasp of the money bag—was certainly very stupid of you, indeed. If a man like Tom Ferguson, or Amos Wright, were to make such an example of himself, we could stand it; but coming from you—we'll we don't know what to make of it! except, indeed, that you will need to have the hand of a kidnapper placed upon your throttle. Take the advice of an old friend, and hold your tongue, when you have nothing to say, but what will rank you among the Dogberrys of Parliament. Ponder over the words of the old motto "*audi, vidi, tace*," as you hope for the reputation of a sensible man.

MODEST G. B.

We always knew Mr. Brown was a modest man; but really his simpering, and sighing, and blushing, and he would if they would, and he wouldn't if they wouldn't, is really too strong a dose for us. How cruel of these wicked men of Oxford to insist on G. B. stamping the county, when they knew so well that he had no desire to enter Parliament! How self-abnegating the conduct of the aforesaid G. B. in forsaking house and home, and the editorial sanctum, to represent the "sturdy yeomanry" of Oxford! But, after all, why should we talk thus; there is nothing new in it. Did not Cincinnatus leave his plough to serve the *Cives Romanes* in their days of trouble? And who ever doubted the sincerity of his motive? Out upon all slanderous thoughts. Mr. Brown is indeed a modest man, always ready to sacrifice himself on the shrine of duty to his country! *Exultemus!* There is a patriot among us. Let Rep. by Pop. jog on its weary way. We still live, and G. B. lives among us.

INQUIRY OF MINISTERS.—Does the Militia Bill provide for an examination in class X? Is the Sedimentary force to be exclusively Grit?

Mr. Scratchard, M.P.F., and Law Fees.

MEMORANDUM OBE IN ANTICIPATION OF A LEGAL RAID.

"By Mr. Scratchard.—A Bill to reduce Attorneys' fees," —Parliamentary Proceedings.

Hands off, indignant lawyers, touch not a single hair, Don't strive to knock his brains out, he's woe of them to spare.

It's true that he deserted, most cowardly, your ranks, But surely small Attorneys don't leave such spacious banks:

It's true he's scratched together a comfortable sum By scratching all the clients that he could overcome; It's true he never suffered a client to go free,

Or never yet rejected a handsome counsel fee, Or never struck an item from his most extensive bill, Or failed to grind a fellow, whom he put through the mill. Yes—yes, you've cause to grumble, but he's changed his course of life,

And, like a good Reformed one, applies the scalping knife To all his old companions, and gently lifts their hair, Then empties from their pockets the cash they have to spare.

It's ever so with converts, they're never calm in mind Until themselves have scuttled the ship they've left behind:

Or like all politicians who've seized the longest for crown, They never sleep securely till they've kicked their ladder down.

But yet, hands off, you lawyers, don't strike an M.P.P., You cannot curb a patriot whose every thought is free. Such men cannot be frightened—such men cannot be bought—

The people, nor the people, is the subject of their thought, Not that they seek more plaudits for deeds of high enterprise,

But yet when men are voters, such things one can't despise, Suspend him from his functions, unroll him if you please, But don't strike worthy Scratchard for cutting down your fees.

SPEECHES EXTRAORDINARY.

"Covering discretion with a coat of folly." —KING HENRY V.

The Globe, in its report of the celebration of Washington's birthday in Toronto, presents us with an elaborate nomenclature which professors of the elocutionary art would do well to adopt. Our contemporary divides speeches into several classes, and attaches to each a distinct technical name which possesses, not only the merit of originality, but also of simplicity. We give a few extracts to prove our assertion:

"Mr. H. J. Morse responded in a few excellent remarks."

"Mr. Jackson closed an excellent speech."

"Mr. E. Wiman responded in an excellent speech."

"The Chairman next gave a heart-stirring speech."

"Rev. Dr. Caldicott responded in an eloquent speech."

"Mr. E. Kimball responded in a capital speech."

"Mr. Phipps responded in a neat speech."

Were we hypercritical we might quarrel with the indefiniteness of the term "excellent," but we suppose the Globe intended to convey different ideas while using the same word. Owing doubtless to our obtuseness, we are unable to see the full force of the expression with its various shades of meaning. We are surprised that the speech of Dr. Caldicott was the only eloquent one delivered. However, it is gratifying not only to ourselves, but must be also to our American friends, to know that their esteemed Consul made the only "heart-stirring speech" of the evening.

Strange, Supernatural, yet most Authentic Nocturnal Adventure of a Traveller.

TIME—midnight. SCENE—a plain, through which winds the road to Toronto.

Enter a tall and stout, but rather ungainly Scotchman, travelling to Toronto.

Scotsman.—This is a maist unchancy looking bit, but I dinna believe in bogies—that is, no at hame. I wish I had stayed there; but I hae gotten the worth o' my journey. Ten—na—twal years subscription to the "Globe,"—a' paid. But its awfu' dowie here the noo. I hae aften ca'nd the Frenchmen deils, and my faith, thought they looked sae mony a time. Noo, if an odd aine suld be really sae, and come by the noo—Help us! What's you?

Enter the fiends Cartier and Macdonald.

Fiend Cartier.—Monsieur, I am most excessive, most allegizzer please at dis pleasant meeting.

Fiend Macdonald.—Good night, George. Here do we three meet again.

Scotsman.—It is sae! I see the cloven feet and uncel the brumstane, I ken ye brawly. But I am an unworthy member o' the Scots Kirk;—I ne'er did anything intentionally vary wrang, and I renounce ye, and a' your works!

Fiend M.—Come George, don't be frightened of me. You must hae heard of my reform, I'm a strict Temperance devil, now; strong advocate of Upper Canada rights, and all that. (Aside.) Wonder if there's any brandy to be had near. We want to enter into a slight agreement with you—mere business transaction.

Scotsman.—Ye'll be wanting to buy my soul. Get ye behind me! A'vant!—But just frae curiosity, how muckle wad ye gie? But na, I'll hear na mair frae ye. A'ff wi ye at a'nce, in the name o' the Convention—I wad say the—

Fiend C.—Monsieur, you labore undare mistake excessive. Had we dat article you mentioning, we should be most considerable confuse vat to do vid it. We vant you to hold one leetle Conventioning vid us, for de benefit of de Upper Canadie most exclusive.

Scotsman.—A Convention is a maist sovereign remedy for a' the eels o' my deastrackit country, and fra her sake, if ye hae anything to propose—feasible—I'll haud a'ne even wi ye.

Fiend M.—What we wish is simply this—to secure your powerful influence to our party, which, combined with ours, will hurl from power the present disgraceful Government, whose utter disregard of truth makes them infernally obnoxious to every Temperance—I mean to every lover of moral principals, and to substitute one which shall secure to both parties equal rights, which shall exercise retrenchment—the utmost retrenchment—shall put a complete stop to the present ruinous state of things—and shall free the Upper Canadians from all the financial and representation difficulties under which they at present labour.

Scotsman.—Eh, what the deil? Anything mair?

Fiend C.—And, Monsieur, north-western extensiong, economy, educationg—all dose tings you vant so moolie, shall be to you given. De

printeing shall be given to your office, you shall possess vat place you will choose—you will do vat you like quite imperieuse—for you leetle ting.

Scotsman.—Vana fine. What wad ye wish me to do?

Fiend M.—My dearest George, help us to get in power again, and all shall be done. The present rasicals can't last long; but we want your prestige with us. Commence writing for us at once—explain that you were grossly deceived—that we are the men for the country—and that you are determined to support us in future.

Scotsman.—Ane thing I must hae. Write me a body, signed by yoursels and twal o' your freonds, promising me a' the Upper Canadain measures wroethin sax weeks o' your accepting office, with suitable penality suld ye fail.

Fiend M.—(Aside to C., "He has us.")—My very dear sir, surely our honour is sufficient?

Fiend C.—(Aside to M., "De rasical")—Sae, mine sacred honour is most infinitively more preciousable to me dan my life.

Scotsman.—Nae doot, I ken your honours brawly. I want naething to do wi' ye—but if ye wad gie security—

Fiend C.—Detestable eater of porridge—horrid mousterte of barbariose hills—whom I despise more infinite dan Upper Canadians or Gaspe cod-fish—know dat we did propose your ruin most disgraceful, and dat we are now dreadfully determine to take your life! En avant! (They rush on the Scotsman.)

Scotsman.—I red ye weel, take care o' sknith. (Draws his knife.) See, there's a gully! (He stabs the fiends, but the knife passes through them without injuring; they are gaining the advantage.) I conjure ye begone, in the name of the MILITIA BILL! (Fiends shriek, and vanish in blue fire. Scotsman rises exhausted.)

Scotsman.—Lord be praised for a' his mercies. Suld I be spared to get hame, I shall tell my wife o' teis, wha speered at me whether was ony thing remarkable in Canada. (Exit.)

The Beauty of Carleton.—His Muddy Joke. "He denied that Ottawa was muddy. It did not speak well for the member for East Toronto to say this, who came from a city of mud; but, perhaps he said so, because there he had found his level."—Parliamentary Proceedings.

—If Mr. Crawford found his level in Ottawa mud, it is certain he is singular in this respect, for no Ottawa man up to this date, has been able to do as much. When once in Ottawa mud you sink, and you sink, and you sink, in fact like the public money, (set apart for the erection of the Government buildings), has sunk in Ottawa sand. We advise travellers to provide themselves with innumerable pairs of Wellington boots, so that in visiting Ottawa they may be prepared to leave a pair in each street. Even then they will only reach their hotel (without wet feet) by walking on the fences.

Card of Thanks.

—Mr. Powell, M.P.P., will accept of our thanks for the first joke of the session. We trust his bump of facetiousness may grow with his bump of factiousness, and that his humor may increase in the rate of his desire to see Ottawa made the permanent capital of Canada.

TERRY FINNEGAN'S LETTERS.

To the Hon. Mr. McGee, down at Quebec, Member of Parliament, or elsewhere, Presiding of the Council:

STANLEY STREET, 27th Feb., 1863.

Well done amock!—Well done, I say agin;—but it's yez that are swimmin wid yer head and shoulders above wather. Be japers, I admire Macdugall. Didn't he spit it out in style. Begorra, there's a decent dhrup in that fella afther all. He didn't mince the matter, but tould the Opposition plump and plane that he was only humbuggin thim last Sesshun on the representation question. Be my sowkins, he got out of the thing well, and I think did yez all some sarvice by his manliness. If I had my way of it, instead of increasin the number of representatives, I'd send a dozen or two of those already in parliment about their bizzness, and entrust the affairs of the country to a few sensible min not given over much to the gal, but anxious for the welfare of the province as a whole. Sure, alaunah, as long as it's English and Frinck and Frinck and English, yez will niver get along. Jean Baptiste will niver play succend fiddle to yez or us up here durin secula seculorum. And, whin I come to look into it, I think it's mane of some of us, now that we have got a thrifle more people in this seckshun of Kimada then the Frinck have below, to want to take advantage of it and disturb the equipoise which has existed so long and so happily.

I'm beginnin to alther my views altogether regardin your collagues, seen that they are successful and apt to remain in power some time. Isn't it wonderfule how soon we got an insight into the virtues of the winnin party? I'll be bound to you, that some of the journals that supported the late Ministry will soon begin to discover that yez have among yez some of the ablest and most disinterested statesmen that iver bruck the bread of life. Mind yez, it's yer own fault if they dont. Thiggen thu?—I dont know that yez may count much on the *Globe*, as it appears addicted to a sort of inveterate Joe-Humeism that my be inconyvariant, and turn out at the present moment to be somethin like the dog in the manger.

Och! mayourneen, but hadn't we the great Washington Anniversary dinner up here a night or two ago at the American Hotel. Be the man o' the moon, but the Yankee are soecally the most original people on the whole face of this "terrestrial sphere," as poor Paddy Mulannah used to say. What d'ye think, but there were as minny ladies as there were gentlemen present on that same occasion; and what's more, will you believe me whin I tell you that a devil a taste of anythin in the way of fluids was on the table durin the whole faste and throughout the evenin, but coid wather! Sorra word of lie is in it. Begorra if the successful gentleman, Misther Washington, whose anniversary they were commemoratin was a Washing tun, they could not have been more profuse of Lake Ontario on him then they were. It was a bitter coid night; and I hard it said by more than one of the party, that upwards of a dozen, who were present were attacked wid snowball and had to fly to a mustard plaster and somthin hot the moment they got released from their hy-

droopathic pinnance, and I'll give you my consins on it, that there was one fella tould me that he felt the short leg of a goose skath on his stomach for upwards of an hour, afore it got aisy. "The pleasure of wine wid you," says one joker to a lady opposit him out. "Over the left," says she, in the most refined little manner in the world, givin, at the same time, her dear little thumb two or three shoves over her beautiful shoulder, in a way that would put you so much in mind of home. Wasn't it plain to be among people that were so free and aisy wid aich other? None of yer starched up work; but the rare, prime republican stinment that cau dispinse wid yer oold country nonsense, wid sich bowin and scrapin and dhravin room cupers, and that looks upon ladies as well intiled as the sterner sex to take a knife and fork at a public dinner, and return thanks when their healths are proposed, as well as do some other nate little things. This may be new to you, but that it has, to some extent, obtained up here is an undoubted fact; and plazed I am that it has, the oold plan comes a little awkward to some people, and is not so aisy larned if you don't begin young, and in your own father's house.

Sure I saw your piether and Michael's in the *Illustrated Hamilton News*. The devil a thing does well about it but the dog-skin that's on your coat. You're not yourself at all in it. You look as black as the ace of spades and as gruff as a bear wid the tooth ache. As to Michael, from the way his lips are plated up, you'd sware that he was afther expectin or takin somethin that wasn't of a very disagreeable carraether. Howsomeriver he is not so nearly related to himself as you are; for barrin the specks and a sartin cut of the whiskers, he'd answer for any one of twinty gentlemen that I know of about fifteen stone aich. I must admit, nivertheless, that the artiste, whoever he is, has improved greatly since he gave us a sketch of the ruins of the Rossin House, and of the Grand Trunk Elevator by moonlight, when he injaneously inserted an over-grown ginger beer bottle wid its contents, being blown off on the wharf, and had the face to call it a steam engine, if you please.

I'm rather in good humour at how you're beavin yourself, although I know it goes agin your grain. You never were made for pace and quietness, and it's sure I am you're bottlin up somethin desperate for little Carther and one or two more of thim. You dont forget, avick, what he sed to you long ago up here, when you were talking to him about goin into parliment. It's a good sit down you gave him thim for that same, as well as minny a time since. Howsomeriver, you mustn't be so hard. Dont you know he's Frinck, and that his countrymin tried to give us a helpin hand in '98. Keep that in your mind, asthoroch, and resarve your fire for the mumber—that is to be—for South Oxford; for let me tell you that that's the boy that'll be apt to give you some trouble, unless yez take him into partnership or give him a private key of the public chest.

How is Misther Brantford? Is it thrue that he is about to turn his atinshun to the cultivation of late tobacky in his own constituency. It will be a great reluse to the poor man to get from amongst yez. Sure you know that I cant send you the quantity you ax for. Since the Chancellor and the two new Judges were appointed up here, there were upwards of ninety four gallons borred from me. I send you fifteen, but I know I might as well send you a muggin, whin yez all get together. Write and let me know at what paryod yez will be turned out.

Your lovlin cousin,

TERRY FINNEGAN.

"Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot," &c.

Unlimited respect for the Hon. George Brown urges us to call the attention of his friends to the possibility of his cutting, rudely and for ever, his old acquaintances, and the city which has long harbored the father of Rep. by Pop. In his speech at the Oxford nomination the other day, the reporter makes him say:—

"He, Mr. Brown, felt like a fish out of water at Toronto, and now that he had got back to the country, he hoped he should never return to Toronto again, for he was tired of it."

When we read this, we asked ourselves could it really be G. B. that spoke in this way. There is no mistake about it, however. The ex-leader is on the "rampage," and seems to be restrained by no bounds. Why should he thus turn his back upon old Toronto? Surely his defeat by the "free and enlightened" of the "Queen City," in the year of grace 1861, should not be enough to cause the wound he received on that occasion to still rankle in his breast, and desert his old familiar haunts? Have the dusty recesses of the *Globe* building no hold upon him that, he should thus wander into new and untrodden pastures "seeking rest," and mayhap "finding none?" Have home and relations no attractions for the new made Benedict? It would seem not; and, judging by the tone of G. B.'s remarks we would not be surprised to see, one of these days, in the great sheet itself, an advertisement after the "Lost, Stolen or Strayed" pattern, which sometimes meet our eyes in the daily journals; offering a reward for the recovery of the recusant hero. It is really a very alarming affair; and if Mr. Brown's friends have any interest in his welfare we advise them to send post haste to Oxford, such a batch of constables as will suffice to bring the strong man back to his old ways. What would be the fate of Rep. by Pop. if he were to wander for the remainder of his days amid the wild "bush" of Oxford? How would the finances of the country get along, if he were to disappear from the political arena, and pass his latter years among the rude backwoodsmen? The thought is too harrowing to dwell upon. He must be brought back, and the sooner his desperate case is attended to the better. *Carpe diem*, gentlemen!

Conventions Repudiated.

The father of numberless conventions, (the great G. B. himself,) having given up all hope of his own offspring, has recently announced that he will not for the future allow his name to be made the sport of political thimble-riggers. This sudden conversion may be traced to his newly acquired distaste for anything like Women's Rights Conventions.

In Memoriam.

The Northerners, it is said, have presented Mr. George Gordon with a *cane* for his services in upholding their cause. The Southerners should not be out-done. We suggest that they club together and present the Editor of the *Leader* with a cat-o-nine-tails.

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 eject 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 Oool 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.