

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.]

TORONTO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1863.

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THE GRUMBLER.

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THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I redo you tent it;
A chiel's amang you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it."

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1863.

Ode to the Hon. Sir H. Smith, Kt., M.P.P., ex-Speaker, &c., &c.

Supposed to have been written by Mr. G. Brown, prior

O Smith, thou hastest of Knights,
Thou lookest Sauch of all the Smiths,
We see thee struggling in thy tights
Like Sampson in Delilah's wights.

Thy florid countenance reveals
How hard it is to livs on speeches;
Nature abhors such copious meals,
At least, so our experience teaches.

Though Speaker, silent as a stock,
Unmoved by concords of sweet sounds,
Thou sitt'st, like Theseus on the rock,
Attached to thy twelve hundred pounds.

Though Clear Grits roar and Tories smirk,
Thy gravity is undisturbed:
Thou'tt serious as the steepest Turk
With facial muscles tightly curbed.

The rising orator, the first
Thine eye Cyclopaedia dicarri,
And all, perforce, must wait his burst,
Though every patriot before burns.

Erratic talkers stand in awe
Of thee, and of thy fatal shears;
O Smith, thy very word is law,
Thou Atropos of members' fears.

What peacock strutting in his glory,
With tail erect and flashing eye,
Seems vainer than this burly Tory
Clad in official frippery.

O Smith, sweet Hal, thou knichtly porpous,
Art certainly unique in kind;
It's sad to think that so much corpus
Is wasted on so little mind.

ADDRESS OF A HUNGRY MAN TO A FROZEN BEEF STEAK.—"Would that this too, too, solid flesh would thaw, melt and resolve it into a stew."

A SHORT POLITICAL SERMON.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MR. WILLIAM MACDOUGALL.

"Truth, crushed to earth, will rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers—
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies amid her worshippers."

History, it is said, repeats itself. Sometimes it does so in a very unpleasant manner. There will be wars and rumors of wars so long as the world lasts; "pugs" will smash each other's noses; and young men will court young women—but these things do not astonish a people ever on the *qui vive* for novelty. There are some peculiar ways, however, in which history repeats itself which are far from unpleasant; and, impelled with a desire to do justice to humanity, and especially that portion of it called politicians, THE GRUMBLER sits down to write his sermon—for written sermons are now the fashion.

Our text will be found above. So plain is it in its terms, and so forcible in expression, that it is unnecessary to divide it into firstly, secondly, &c., to fifteenthly, after the ordinary fashion, so we proceed at once to the application.

Mr. Macdougall—Last year you moved a resolution with regard to Rep. by Pop., which was just and right: That resolution expresses "Truth," as found in your text. This year you endeavour to crush "truth" to earth; but you can't do it. The "eternal years of God are hers" and it will rise again; it has risen, and now appears before you like a spectre to haunt your troubled imagination, and show the public how idle are your promises, and how insincere your fulminations. The bantling which you thrust aside is in other hands, and with its eyes open, now looks you full in the face, and though dumb, is no less eloquent, than if it were possessed of your own "unruly member."

"Error" in the text, represents yourself. You are wounded and writhes in pain. The agonies of the struggle are upon you, and soon you will "die amid her worshippers."

Such is the end of the politically wicked. They grow up like grass, and are soon cut down because of their iniquity. Let all sinners take warning from your sad fate.

Nautical.

—Mr. Seward, in his correspondence with Mr. Mercier lately published, says that the Constitution is the "sheet-anchor" of the Union. If W. H. is right, who will dare deny that the Ship of State is irretrievably lost?

Tempus Fugit.

—The *Globe* informs us that at the Victoria Skating Rink the other evening, there was a heavy fall of rain "between sick and seven." Query,—Who is the inventor of the new style of time-keeping? Or,—should he not be discovered—second query—was the *Globe* reporter "sick" on the occasion?

NOTICES OF MOTION.

The following notices have been placed on the Parliamentary papers:—

Mr. J. B. E. Dorian (*L'enfant Terrible*)—For the appointment of a select committee, consisting of himself and any other member he may name, to inquire into the advisability of the Government purchasing the farms of all the Lower Canada *habitants*. [This scheme is intended as a substitute for the *Credit Foncier* project of M. de Boucherville, who has not yet succeeded in raising money enough to pay for the printing of his glowing prospectus.]

Mr. T. Ferguson.—For a special Act of Parliament setting aside Nebo Lodge, Toronto, with the adjacent lot of land, as a distinct constituency; and to ensure the perpetual return to the House of Mr. Ogle R. Gowau.

Mr. Powell—(First notice.)—Enquiry of the Ministry as to what has become of the spicy jokes with which Mr. McGee and Mr. Foley used to enliven the House last year; and for the appointment of a deputation to visit President Lincoln and make enquiries as to the best means of encouraging the growth of humor among the members of the collective wisdom of the nation. (Second notice.)—For the appointment of a committee, consisting of himself and Mr. Rankin, to draw up a bill making the cultivation of whiskers and mustachios imperative in this Province, with power to send for persons and papers during the preliminary investigation. [It is understood that Lord Monck will be examined before the committee.]

Mr. Simpson.—Notice that on Thursday next he will make a full recantation of the errors of his past ways, and show clearly and distinctly that unless the present ministry be supported in Parliament the country will go headlong to the dogs. [Mem.—Mr. Simpson, it is but right to say, has no personal object in view in making this recantation. The office of Finance Minister he would not touch with a twenty-foot pole.—*Ed. Grumbler*.]

Mr. Mowat.—To punish as traitors to their country every elector of South Oxford who says "boo" to the election of Mr. George Brown.

Query.

—If it took a Harvey to discover the circulation of the blood, how many men would be required to discover the circulation of the *Globe*, *Leader*, and *Hamilton Times*.

Oave.

—We learn that at the next meeting of the city blowers an effort will be made to reduce Capt. Prince's salary ostensibly for reasons of economy, but really because he refuses to take a drink with every Henry, Dick and Tom of a City Councillor.—*Verbum saphendibus*

SOLILOQUY.

BY A MEMBER OF THE TEXTOTEM SOCIETY.

Cant see!—My eyes have both drawn in their horns;
And so, by Jove, have those two tips of mine.
My head!—But, must expect to feel the thorns,
When thus all night I guzzle rosy wine.

Cant stand!—Upon the bright blood of the vine—
The glorious vino that ought to be yelet "Ino"—
The amarantnine fountain of the Ithine,
I've spent, I have, per Bacco, all my rhino.

Cant move!—My jolly brain begins to swim:
But still, if I this mouth of wine can find,
Although the last, long pull has "doused my stin,"
By Jove! I think that I can "go it blind."

EX PEDE HERCULEM.

Straws, it is said, tell the direction in which the wind blows; although, in our opinion, thistle down is a much more sensitive barometer. Be this as it may, the fact is undoubted, that through media the most commonplace we are often made acquainted with results, the most startling and disclosures, the most profound. Dr. Franklin, through the simplest means possible, was enabled to draw "heaven's vengeance" from the clouds and carry a phial of it in his breeches pocket; and, in like manner, every astute and careful student of nature, or of its unsubstantial shadow—metaphysics, may, through unwearied application, be able to cry "eureka!" in relation to almost any subject that comes within the range of his investigations.

"Ex Pede Herculem!"—For instance;—When you perceive a gentleman's coat and waist-coat cut in the extreme of fashion—when you observe him bedizened with jewellery and sporting a pair of peg-top pants that give him the appearance of an inverted cone—when you discover, that he is flushed about the gills, through the agony he suffers from his short, tight patent-leather boots—when, from the shattered palm of his small, "colored kids" you are aware that he had spent upwards of an hour and a quarter in vainly endeavouring to safely ensconce his substantial digits within them—when you are conscious that he displays the most dazzling linen, a tinted neck-tie, an eye-glass and a cane, and wears the smallest possible mite of a hat set jauntily on a glossy head, which, owing to a pair of huge pendent mustaches, seems perched on his shoulders, like a clucking hen with relaxed wings; you may, we are convinced, reasonably infer from all this, that that gentleman is neither Lord Brougham nor Baron Humboldt; and what is more, that, in all human probability, he has never heard of either the one or the other; or, that if the names "Brougham" and "Humboldt" had ever casually reached his ears, he instantly identified the one as referring to a certain fashionable vehicle, and the other, most likely, to some watering place in Germany.

There is much to be gathered from the hair, that is strongly indicative of the man. In most cases, a luxuriant crop may be attributed simply to the mellowness of the soil or the richness of the pulpy compost beneath. The mustache and beard, however, are a truer index to the real state of his garret, as they come within the easy

range of his vision and the influence of his silken manipulations. The brigand sweep of the former, which leaves his nose peeping over the apex of a tremendous hirsute triangle, invariably indicates that embellic ferocity which generally exhausts, itself on any cat or dog that may happen to pass betwixt the wind and his nobility, or intrude upon his operations during dinner. Nor do we find in any of the various shapes which the mustache and beard are forced to assume, much more agreeable grounds for gratulation. The gentleman who shaves his chin only, till it presents the appearance of a peach stuck in a robin's nest, has not advanced, we think, materially; while he who keeps his upper lip alone smutched, has, certainly, gone to infinite trouble in securing a lid for his mouth. In short, the perverseness which prompts us to handle the razor unsparingly, is more bearable than that which induces us to cut up our faces into fancy patterns caught from every grade between the owl and the swallow, and which absorbs so many of the precious hours that make up the sum of human life.

These extravagances, then, may be fairly set down to the existence of a mental locker without a thorough or effective shot in it. Ginger Pop or Champagne Cider it may possess of course, but as for one sterling glass of old port—aye, or even brown stout,—don't you wish you may get it?

IMPORTANT CORRESPONDENCE.

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

As the representative of Her Majesty in this Colony, it must be to you a source of pride and gratification to perceive, that, during the administration of the Government of this Province, Canada is to be made by the United States, the first stepping stone towards the return of "Brother Jonathan" to his ancient allegiance.

The action recently taken by the Legislature of the State of Illinois in determining to send us two or three quasi members of parliament, is evidence the most conclusive that the "Union" has gone to the dogs, and that the age of wooden nutmegs "green backs," whittling and tobacco juice," is about to be numbered with the things that were. Men of means and of common sense are, my lord, now struggling to disengage themselves from the slough of republicanism, where Silas Slick—after having gauged his distance from a neighbouring spittoon—disposes of vegetables with his knife at the Presidents' table, and plays with the weapon like a Chinese Juggler, regretting only that his fork is not two pronged for the supplementary purposes of a tooth-pick. Yes, my lord, men of means and common sense are beginning to comprehend, that "order is heaven's first law" and that the quadrennial revolutions which prey upon the vitals of the Commonwealth and convert their country into a dice-box to be seized and shaken by a scething mob—by the unwashed rabble, are to be met effectively only, by a wise, humane, and hereditary monarchy and nobility, flanked by a loyal, moral and efficient standing army, and a State Church—for the state per se ought to profess one clearly defined and inextorable creed. These, my lord, are the bulwarks of a nation. In every age the

masses, when unrestricted, have assumed the character of a mob, and thus it is that the State of Illinois now makes its first step in the direction of dignified and intelligent freedom.

It is to be hoped, however, that the delegates about to visit us, will, if at all practicable, be kept beyond the range of the influence of Hon. George Brown, and that of the Hon. John A. Macdonald, as both those Scotch gentlemen, are I understand, determined to intrigue respectively for the new throne of Illinois, if the state be erected into a monarchy irrespective of Great Britain. Now my impression is, it is time to have some Irish in our Kings. The Scotch were a failure from James VI., downwards; and we all know, that although the English are decent enough in their way, there is a good deal of the stolidity of the German about them, and that they are deficient in that brilliant sparkle and quick perception which characterises the sons of the Emerald Isle. Give me a king that is able to say a witty thing over a glass of potticenn at night, and, with the utmost sang froid take the head off a refractory courtier in the morning. A monarch of this style is to be found in Ireland only, or amongst the sons of that beautiful land. Consequently, a draft upon Perth or South Simcoe would, I am satisfied, be more in accordance with the aspirations of our neighbours and the genius of the age, than any other disposition that could be made affecting them; reserving of course to the Hon. the President of the Council, the throne of the whole Yankee Empire when perfectly consolidated.

I trust my lord that I have not wearied your patience through my diffuseness upon this subject, and I hope, with equal sincerity, that any little awkwardness that may be anticipated in relation to the dinner habits, &c., of the delegates in question, may be removed by such private hints as your lordship may think proper to convey, either *vis voce* or by illustrations in the pantry; bearing always in mind—if I may be permitted to counsel your lordship—that Mr. Powell and Mr. Daly—two incorrigible mimics—are not to be of your first dinner party, or permitted to hold any conversation whatever with the distinguished Americans who are about to pay us a visit of such importance.

I have the honor to remain, with the most profound respect and admiration.

Your Lordships
Most Obedient Servant,

Britannia Cottage,
Dummer Street, 19th Feb. 1863.

The Ministry Dissected and Anatomically Arranged.

Mr. John S. Macdonald.....	the Head.
Mr. D'Arcy McGee.....	the Tongue.
Mr. Lorranger.....	the Mouth.
Mr. Foley.....	the Back-bone.
Mr. Howland.....	the Chest.
Mr. Morris.....	the Hand.
Mr. Bureau.....	the Foot.

Their supporters form the tail.

Shakespearean Illustration.

—The corpulent member for South Hastings excuses himself for accepting the late Government's crutches in the words of Falstaff—"Thou seest I have more flesh than other men; and therefore more frailty."

The Yankee Eagle and the Gallic Cook.

(SHOWING HOW THE FORMER DID WAS TAKEN DOWN,
AND WHO DID IT.)

An Eagle from its lofty nest
Looked North and South, and East and West,
And, through the prospect from its eyry
Sounded here and there both dark and dreary,
He scrouned aloud with selfish gloe—
"This continent belongs to me."

But hark! dofant notes are heard,
In answer to the bonstful bird,
So fiercely shrill, so loud, so near,
The bird of Jove turned pale with fear,
And scanned the sky with anxious eye
To find who dared with him to vie.

Below, upon a jutting rock,
In all his pride, a Gallic Cook
Again and yet again sent forth
A blast which echoed through the North,
And clashed his spurs with fierce delight,
Roady and oarful for a fight.

"Come down," he shouted, "hold-head come,
"Don't soar above your ancient chum;
"I've got a crow to pluck with you,
"To settle a little affair or two."
The Eagle heard, and like a kite
Came swiftly from his glidy height.

TERRY FINNEGAN'S LETTERS.

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

STANLY STREET, 18th Feb., 1863.

"Whips cut, away gray!" Now yez are at it,
hammer and tongs; and a good dale of pluck yez
showed in the absence of John A. and Mr. Galt,
in telling the Opposition, at the first start, that
yez were ready for anything, from a game of
marbles to a murder, regardin the discussion on
the speech from the Throne, or any other constitu-
tional joke that happened to turn up. John
Sanfield was at the bottom of this. Pon my
conshuns, I think Tom Daley is right. He has,
I am sure, been feedin some of yez wid a silver
tayspoon, and administerin homeopathic doses
of anti rep. by pop. fizzle, which have considera-
bly relaxed your system on the subject. Well,
your out of the fire any way, as you never were
an advocate for any sich fair play. Keep out of
it, mind Montheal, and linthen your breeches
pocket.

The Nor' West territory, the Inthercolonial Rail-
way, and the representation question are the
terrific reefs that lie before yez, and scarcely a
hair's breadth below the surface. Shirk the
whole of them, or yez are done for—that is, don't
legislate definitely upon any of them—mystify
them, and work up a militia bill, a bankruptcy
measuro, and the question of finances to a white
hate. Don't you persave that, in Upper Kianeda,
you have the Scylla of the *Globe* on the one side,
and the Charybdis of the *Ladder* on the other,
while in Lower Kianeda and in your own Councils
yez are no better off. Begorra, now is the
time that you must bring your experience on the
tight rope into requisition, and perform some lit-
tle fates that would be apt to astonish the Ravels
themselves, if they happened to be lookin on at
their agile pupil. Keep one leg parfetly loose for
any emergency whatever, and larn to change it
in the twinkling of an eye, and in such a way as
it will not be noticed by your own side of the
House at last.

Didn't tell you that George Brown would be
in upon yez afore long? Sure Mr. Crawford told
him at the meetin up here that the country

couldn't do without him—an observation which
has made our number very popular with the
Catholic party—so, what could he do but take
the gentleman at his word? South Oxford is, of
course, to be the ground for him, and the devil a
use in opposin him in that same place. "Moved
by the Hon. John A. Macdonalad, and seconded
by the Hon. George Brown." Wouldn't that be
funny? Be the powers of Moll Kelly, yez
wouldn't like it; and small blame to yez if any.
Still, more unlikely things have come to pass.

I am delighted to see the friendly feelin exhib-
ited by Tom Daly attords Michael, on the very
threshold of the present campaign. I'm sure afore
the session is closed, that Tom will have the
ladin contracts for carryin the mail betune
Stratford and Mitchell—a distance of upwards of
ten miles by rail. Howsomdever, he's rather a
kantankerous chap, and I'm afear'd the Post-
master General will have to do more than that
for him afore he goes over to yez, body and
bones; but there's no sayin what's in the futher.

Takin yez altogether, jest as yez are—Ministry
and Opposition, pon me sowkins, I don't
know what to make of yez. Whether at the
Council table or among the members on the gon-
hand side of the Speaker, be the mortal, yez all
appear to be at sixes and sevens. On both sides
of the House there are sisms of the most danger-
ous character. This comes of the unmixable
natshure of the Frinch and English elements.
The Upper Kianeda Opposition can't work their
Frinch allies, on the point affectin us most
vitaly; and so it is among the members of the
Cabinet. What, then, is to be done? Put your
trust in God, and desave every man that you
come across, particularly the Scotch. Rucollect
that you are now a Minister of the Crown, and
the representative of one of the most desperate
constituencies that ever returned a member to
Parliament; consequently you must retain your
position and the confidence of the Nontheaball
boys, if it was even at the expinse of a bunch of
skeleton keys, or an occasional half-hour's prac-
tice wid your lug glued against a thin partition
or your eye doin a little bit of fancy work through
an unsuspectin key-hole or a cracked windy-
shooter. It's not Irish, I know; but the devil a
thing else will do, so long as you're where you
are. Besides, mind you, there's no harm in
privately keepin a little vein of good humor open
attords the Opposition, and I'd always accompany
any sharp thing that I might be forced to say
of them wid a nate little laugh that wouldn't be
noticed much on my own side. Give Mike a
hint regardin this, and ask him to thry it when
he is makin a reply to Tom Daly next time.

The speech is a very able documint, for it does
not promise any sartin amount of any sartin
thing. That's jest where all its merits lie. Yez
did well not to spanshel yourselves up very tight
in it; for there are those who would have taken
instant advantage of it. The lines left open for
rethrate are various and well judged; but rucol-
lect, avourneen, there is a gulf at the end of each
of them that you must not suffer yourself to be
baten into. If you cannot maintain your position,
puzzle the innemy if you can, till you are
able to draw your breath and re-arrange your
forces. And if all goes to all, on the occasion of
the first flug of thruce, just whisper into his ear
that you'll dissolve the House if he does not give
up his capers; and my word to you, that he'll
open his eyes and pull a face the lenth of a fiddo
at that same information. That's where you have
him, me bouchal; for let me tell you, there are
some lads among both parties, that would rather
stretch a point to meet your views than jump,
undher existin circumstances, into the middle of
a general election.

We would have sint you down the makins of a
Provincial Sayerctory from this if we thought
you were in such a pinch; though indeed after

the keerhavin it 'got, the office was scarcely
worth the takin. Howsomdever, if yez had ap-
paled to the Chief Superintendent of Education up
here, no doubt he would have sint yez some one
of the three hundred imaginary Spartans that he
led at one payriod to the rescue of the late Lord
Metcalfe. These still remain among his "casual
advantages" and he is, I am informed, quite
ready to devote them to the sarvice of the gov-
ernment of the dry, no matter what its political
creed or character.

Don't you think I have sed enough? "Yis,
begorra," ses you, "too much." Well, I am done
now; although I cannot help expressin my anxiety
regardin the futher. Still, if you pay a modher-
ate share of attinshun to what I say, and don't
make John A. your implacable innemy, and keep
rubbin a frindly shouldier aginst George Brown
—although, be gochins, if a sartin peculiarly of
his country be taken into considerashun, it is he
that should be rubbin aginst you. If you take
my advice in this, I say, you may for long and
minny a day keep your fist up to your elbow in
the public chest, and remain so till Her Majesty
thinks proper to reward your eminent sarvics
wid the governorship of some of the Windward
Islands, and visions of British Guinna in the
distance.

Your lovin cousin,

TERRY FINNEGAN.

THE VISION OF B.

Nunc eras, et ex his fulgebat lumen aereus.

Night was the moon through clouds in grandeur
rolled,

And shone on haunted tower and barren wold,
Silvered cathedral spire and leafless tree,
And shone into the room of mighty B.
Great B, who did at last election run;
Great B, of councillors the chosen one,
In pleasant room, with civic spoils arrayed,
All wrapt in vision deep, great B was laid.
Mighty the visions that before him roll,
Tumultuous scenes of glory fill his soul—
His civic place he holds for many years;
In Parliament his burly form he rears;
Then Premier of the Government is seen;
On special misson Knighted by the Queen;
Canadian Governor he next does stand,
And now, to culminate the vision grand,
Flags wave, drums beat, and cannon thunder loud,
On gorgeous throne he sits amid the crowd,
Province no more, a mighty Empire we,
While swarming millions shout for Emperor B.

Alas! that ought should mar such vision bright
But clearest day will end in darkest night.
He sees afar in clouds, on eddies borne,
What seems the fragments of some paper torn.
Nearer and nearer yet they come in view,
And swell into a ghastly demon crew,
They sail on mighty wings of paper square,
On each is stamped the fated name they bear,
"Hospital Order," an unnumbered clan,
A body-curing demon leads the van.
Some modern Galens lead the attack in flank,
On comes the dread battalion, rank on rank.
Far, far away all pleasant sights are flown,
Before them—king, throne, people, all are gone.
B. woke in horror, with a shuddering groan
He cried—"I know them; they are all my own."
Flat on his face he hid in anguish fall,
And groined, "Alas! I wrote—I made them all!"
Then, in that time of inspiration dread,
Quoted aloud a book he'd never read:—

"So the struck nygle, stretched upon the plain,
No more through rowing clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own sifter on the fatal darrut,
That winged the shaft that quivered in his harret!"

A TEXT-BOOK FOR FUTURE (RAY) AGES.—Seward
on Diplomacy.

RANK-INIQUITY.

"He hoped they would exercise energy for the purpose of pulling down the *immoral cry* to remove the Government to Toronto."—*Mr. Rankin's Speech.*

Alas! Lancer Rankin,
Poor Rankin,
Unfortunate man'kin,
Poor Rankin,
Your standard of morals
Is wreathed with few laurels,
Lancer Rankin.

You're not a fit censor,
Poor Rankin,
Tho' a capital fencer,
Poor Rankin,
You're love for the moral
Didn't cause you to quarrel
With the gold you received
For the men you deceived,
Lancer Rankin.

It's "*immoral*," you say,
Poor Rankin,
To ask for fair play,
Poor Rankin.
It's clear that your brain,
In your lancer campaign,
Was unduly excited
And has not as yet righted,
Lancer Rankin.

MUSICAL.

WALLFLOWER LODGE,
18th February, 1863.

MY DEAR GRUMBLER.—

Be good enough to devise some remedy with a view to obviating the nuisance experienced by the real lovers of music in this city. In the Concert-room, the *artiste* and the sensitive and intelligent portion of the audience are, on almost every occasion, victimized by some gabby flirt and her brainless beau, who, without the slightest delicacy, or appreciation of what is exquisite, and without any consideration towards the feelings of others, keep up an unmeaning fusillade during the whole performance, to the annoyance and injustice of those who have paid their money to hear good music without let or hindrance.

Yery truly,
PHILO. BEETHOVEN.

ST. GEORGE'S CONCERT.

Space will not permit an extended notice of this Concert, which came off on Monday evening before an audience comprising the *elite* of our city. Miss Kate McDonald and Miss C. Morgan were the principal lady singers. Miss McDonald was all that could be desired. "Through the World," by Miss Morgan, Mr. Stewart and Dr. Woodfull, was the gem of the evening. The fine quality of Miss Morgan's voice, combined with a sweetness and vivacity seldom found in young singers, enables her to give that *fin*, sweet, natural, taste, which result in elegance. Mr. Stewart was very good, but has a weak and thin voice. Dr. Woodfull has musical talents of the highest order, and is one of the best bass singers we have had the pleasure of hearing for a long time.

Mr. Maddison sang "Beautiful Leaves" in his usual happy style. Mr. O'Hara had a well-deserved encore. We don't think that Mr. Ince "was himself at all," he sang without any expression or feeling. The concert, however, on the whole, was a perfect success.

AMATEUR CONCERTS.

We are glad that an effort is being made to free us from the torture of hearing bad singing at amateur concerts. Hitherto Toronto has been a by-word and a laughing stock among provincial musicians, for the wretchedness of its charitable concerts. The *Leader* is entitled to the fullest credit for the stand it has taken and the determination it evinces to deal with amateurs as they deserve. It is useless to say that they are exempt from criticism. By coming forward in public they invite it and there is no reason why we should be bored to gratify a love for display. Incompetency has no excuse. If criticism be distasteful, let incompetency give way, and merit will alone for its absence. Those who have no voice; those who have a cracked voice; those who have never had a voice; those who had a voice but have lost it like Falstaff "with hollowing and singing of anthems;" all may, with perfect propriety, resist the solicitations of admiring friends or the promptings of their own vanity and decline to appear as soloists. We have endured bad singing long enough. No city in the Province can boast of more or better amateurs than our own, and we can now afford to frown down the attempts of those incompetents who persist in "volunteering" their services on such occasions. What we want them to understand is, that though Charity may cover a multitude of sins, it does not hide defects in the voice, or bad taste, or imperfect execution. Those who are the means of thrusting aside better singers must expect to receive, and will receive their deserts. Swinge them soundly *Mr. Leader*; we'll stand to your back.

ROYAL LYCEUM.

The event of this week was the benefit of the popular member of the Lyceum Company, Mr. John Mathews. Mr. M's friends turned out to a man, and completely filled the house. The pieces for the evening were the fourth act of "The Wife," in which Mr. and Mrs. Ponder, "from the London Theatres," appeared for the first time before a Toronto audience. If Mrs. Ponder would get over a slight timidity, and not speak so fast, she would make a pleasing actress. Of Mr. Ponder, the least said the better. Mr. St. Maur appeared to better advantage in this piece than on any previous occasion. "The Vicissitudes of a Tobacco Twister," better known as "Sketches in India," was produced for the second piece, while a burlesque on Richard III. wound up the evening's entertainment. Mr. Mathews was assisted by several volunteers, among whom we may mention Mr. Richardson in a "contraband" jig, which was really excellent. Mr. Mack kept the house in roars by the bones playing, and drew forth an encore. Linden's Black Brigade was presented for the first time on Thursday evening, and promises to take well with the public.

A Modern Colbert.

The financial conquest sought to be obtained by the Hon. Mr. Alexander, through grinding and grating down the salaries of some already poorly-paid employes of the Government, must shed a halo round his head more brilliant than that which encircled the name of his famous prototype of Macedon, and secure to him the flattering appellation of Alexander the Grater.

HARD.—Mr. Cartier calls the *Solicitor General* west, a little beggar.

BOOTSLESS VICTORIES.—Those of the bare-footed Southern army.

The British American Commercial College.

Mr. Bates's College is still looking "onward," and if the present increase of pupils goes on for a time longer, we fear he cannot accommodate them. To get a sound business education, we say go to Mr. Bates. The terms are low, and a week's trial would give satisfaction. Application can be made either personally or by letter to Mr. Bates.

THE ATHENÆUM CONCERT HALL.

To spend a pleasant evening one should go to the Athenæum. New attractions are being added weekly with the greatest success. In addition to Mrs. Newton and "Little Ivy," we have this week Miss C. Newton and Mr. Newton, whom, with Messrs. Corrie and Aitken, form a powerful combination of talent. Mr. Newton sings "Silent Sam" and "Jack Rag's Statues" with much effect, while Mrs. N.'s "Rock me to Sleep, Mother," and the "Captive Greek Girl," are really well worth hearing. Little Ivy as the "Beggar Girl" and "The Dashing Little Zouave," draws forth plaudits from the audience. The spirited manager, Mr. Corrie, intends making more new additions, of which the public shall be duly notified.

SPECIAL EDITORIAL NOTICES.

Carlisle & McConkey's Terrapin Restaurant and Music Hall is, we can assure the public, one of the best places to while away an odd evening. The talented playing of Messrs. Bird, violinist, and Haberstock, pianist, is of itself enough to draw well. The Terrapin is literally crowded every night with delighted audiences, who justly appreciate the enterprise of the liberal proprietors. Messrs. Carlisle & McConkey intend at no distant period to bring before the public other attractions, which will thus place the Terrapin in the front rank among the Concert Halls of Canada.

Music Hall, on 25th, 26th, 27th and 28th Feb., 1863.—Sam Sharpley's Minstrels, Brass Band and Burlesque Opera Troupe, enlarged and improved for the season of 1863. The Mammoth Troupe of the world. Sixteen star performers. The Monitors of Minstrelsy, whose tour through the Eastern States has been a succession of brilliant triumphs, will introduce their great challenge programme as above, (everything entirely new,) produced in that inimitable style peculiar to these Ethiopian iron-clads. Admission 25 cents. No half-price. Doors open at 7 o'clock; commence at 7½ precisely.

It is an old proverb that "Good wine needs no bush," we might also say that with the exception of ourselves, friend C. A. BACUS, of Toronto Street, needs no Trumpeter to increase his fame as being the cheapest Book-seller, Stationer, and News Dealer in the City. Our eminent table groans under his contributions (samples) which represent the finest Stationery, west books and latest English and American Periodicals and Newspapers without number. His Stock represents every branch of the Trade, from the GRUMBLER to Worcester's quarto Dictionary, and a steel pen to a Paper-will—almost. We ask for him the patronage of our million of readers.

The only drawback to domestic happiness in many cases is the want of quiet in the home of our affections. How is this quiet to be brought about? Firstly—don't quarrel with your wife; secondly—amuse the baby. 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. Tannor has them for sale at the low price of \$3 00, to \$4 00. Who would be without them? Lot young husbands, old husbands, young wives and old wives procure them at once. Only keep the baby quiet, and the husband and father will stay at home o' nights. 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.