

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.]

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THE GRUMBLER

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Persons inclosing their orders 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 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 coats,
I red you tent it;
A chiel's among you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prout it."

SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1863.

\$100,000,000!

Where's the hundred million dollars, Uncle Sam! Uncle Sam?

Where's the hundred million dollars, Uncle Sam?

You have plenty of security

To reach through all fatality;

Pennsylvania will be surety,

And report it at maturity.

Believing you from this almighty jam, Uncle Sam!

Believing you from this almighty jam!

Your "green backs" are all gammon, Uncle Sam! Uncle Sam!

Your "green backs" are all gammon, Uncle Sam!

For your soldiers and your sailors,

And your artisans and tailors,

And contractors, they've made railers

Down even to your jailers.

For they know the fancy labels are but flam, Uncle Sam!

For they know the fancy labels are but flam!

But will the Germans trust you, Uncle Sam! Uncle Sam?

But will the Germans trust you, Uncle Sam?

Do you think your slippery nation,

That's so fond of population,

And now walloped to Larnation

By the Southern Confederation,

Is in any situation

To procure an ounce of gold or a drachm, Uncle Sam!

To procure an ounce of gold or a drachm!

You must try some other tack, Uncle Sam! Uncle Sam!

You must try some other tack, Uncle Sam!

Oh, you need not mind the scandal,

Try the basswood ham and candle,

Some new nutmeg or broom handle,

Or some baby thing to dandle.

But don't try this hundred million dollar sham, Uncle Sam!

But don't try this hundred dollar sham.

Revenons à nos Moutons.

—Hon. Mr. Alexander has brought up his

Sheep Protection Bill again. We hope there is

no latent design in it that does not appear on its

face, and that the mover is not trying to pull the

wool over our eyes. Above all things, we should

like to know if Ferguson's lambs will be covered

by its provisions.

HINTS FOR THE FINANCE MINISTER.

Mr. Howland appears to have great difficulty in making both ends meet, and no wonder he would, since so much of the intermediate body has gone to feed the hungry followers of the late Administration. Under the circumstances, the Grumbler readily accedes to the request of Mr. Howland to give him the benefit of his ripe judgment and long experience, and offers to him free gratis, for nothing, the following suggestions which it is fondly hoped will put an end to all croakings about revenue and expenditure, for at least a century to come.

An *ad valorem* tax of 50 per cent. upon all amateur singers, who, with cracked voices, or no voices at all, or voices that are worse than no voices, persist in thrusting themselves before the public. The duty to be levied, not according to the usual manner, but upon the estimate which the singers themselves place upon their vocal abilities.

The immediate annihilation of Parliament and the transference of all legislative power to the Grumbler.

The instantaneous execution of every man holding a place in the numerous "Commissions" of the day, particularly those on the Finance and Ottawa Commissions.

Such men as Foote and Blackburn to be buried in their own boots, and the printing of the department given to the *Globe* office. (Ahem!)

A tax of five shillings on every lady who is seen either in a ball-room or a theatre with any other man than her husband. The Grumbler is of opinion that in these days, a very large revenue might be derived from this source.

A tax of one penny upon every budding *literateur* who considers himself competent to write a work equal to Humboldt's "Cosmos," or Bulwer's "Strange Story." Small as the tax is, there can be no doubt that it would produce an immense revenue.

A tax of five shillings for each offence, upon every municipal wind-bag who considers himself justified in inflicting a speech of more than ten minutes long, upon his colleagues, at the waste of the public money.

Finally, the construction of the Georgian Bay Canal, and the passage of a bill rendering it compulsory on all western shippers to send their produce to the ocean by this route, at such a rate as will pay off the whole debt incurred in the construction of the canal in two years.

The Grumbler is confidently of opinion that the adoption of these suggestions by the Finance Minister, will inaugurate a new reign of prosperity in the country, and will finally lead to the abolition of all Custom Duties, when our tea

and sugars, and little "luxuries," as the politicians call them, will be allowed to come into the country without being in danger of sharing the fate of the Boston tea, some ninety years ago. *Verbum sap.*

A COURT OF EQUITY.

Ald. Medcalf says the Corporation of Toronto is a Court of Equity, which we take to be about the first joke ever perpetrated in the City Hall. We wish the worthy alderman or Councilman Baxter, (he wants something to subdue his corporosity,) would give us a book of the maxims and forms which govern this Court; it would be a negative example for the warning of all future generations. Dr. Rees is a creditor of the Corporation, as decided by arbitration, to the tune of \$507, and he has been kept out of his money till the interest has amounted to \$83. By agreement the costs were to have been paid by the party losing; but by a mistake of the City's own Solicitor, this was omitted from the arbitration bond. The Solicitor says it should have been there, and refers it to Ald. Medcalf's Court of Equity. Like Shylock, the majority refuse to pay the costs, because it is "not so nominated in the bond," thus violating one of the maxims of Equity Jurisprudence, "no man shall profit by his own wrong." Coun. Edwards thinks that after having the use of another man's money till the interest amounts to \$83, he ought to be well satisfied if they graciously give him the principal; while Coun. Bell, does not believe in paying any claims with the people's money; and the majority agree with him. It is fortunate that there is another Court of Equity, and we only hope that a jolly bill of costs will be added to the claim. Talk about lawyers' sharp practice, it's nothing to the pettifogging Corporation "Court of Equity."

Declaration of War.

With the utmost alarm we see it announced that the New York *Times* has declared war against Great Britain. In fact, it is even whispered in favoured circles, that like that journal itself, the whole of its staff have been "at sea" for some time, and are now hovering about the coast awaiting the arrival of the \$100,000,000 from Germany, with a view to completing some little necessaries in the way of equipments and stores, before making a final descent upon the heart of the Empire; all the munitions of war at their command being but simply ten thousand tons of "green backs" for wadding. It is considered in high quarters that this masterly stroke of the *Times*, or rather of Mr. Lincoln, will bring the war with the South to a final and satisfactory termination, at a quarter to six o'clock on Easter Sunday morning, the 6th inst. It is supposed that the Cabinet will receive a check from Germany covering the whole amount.

DIALOGUES OF POLITICIANS.

VO. II.—MON. G. B. AND MON. W. M'D.

"If thou best he; but O how fall'n! how chang'd!"
—Mittos.

McD.—Comment vous portez-vous, mon cher
Geordie?

G. B.—Good heavens, Mac, you surely have
not been studying that barbarous dialect down at
Quebec.

McD.—I'll tell you what it is, Geordie; I be-
gin to think French a much sweeter and more
expressive language than our own, barring Gaelic.
Besides it is so *distingue*, you know, and as
Foley, Howland and Wilson are taking lessons
from Sicotte, I can't afford to be behind. I have
got as far as the verb "to have," and I intend to
hold on to it.

G. B.—Shade of the late lamented Arthur,
Duke of Wellington, Waterloo is indeed avenged
when even an aboriginal Clear Grit can unblush-
ingly boast his knowledge of the frog-eaters'
lingo. But, worse than that, I have heard that
you have been seen at high mass with Tessier,
and that you have actually been making free
with the holy water.

McD.—Of course, "when you are at Rome,"
you know the rest. But I plead, "not guilty,"
to the holy water.

G. B.—Can you deny that you were seen com-
ing from mass, with a pint bottle filled with it?

McD.—Whisht! let that flea stick to the wall;
I don't mind telling you that it was a bottle of
Loehnsagar that I bought before I went in, to
treat Foley and McGee. But what about joint
authority and the convention?

G. B.—Ah! you may well ask that. Did you
not propose the joint authority? Did you not
quote Lord Durham to back your resolution? And
was it not carried in that erudite and patriotic
assemblage in the St. Lawrence Hall? And yet
now you sacrifice popularity, consistency, peace
of mind, and the rights of Upper Canada, for a
mess of pottage, Clear Grit Esau as you are.

McD.—Joint authority, indeed! You ought to
be ashamed to look me in the face when you
utter those words. Do you think I'm a fool?
Didn't we perfectly understand that joint autho-
rity was to be a mere *ignis fatuus* to lure a few
Lower Canadian supporters, as unreal as the
sea-serpent, Barnum's woolly horse, or your own
consistency?

G. B.—But when we got into power, we could
have insisted on justice to Upper Canada; we
could have removed the yoke of the oppressor
from the neck of our enslaved and down-trodden
country.

McD.—Good for you. Put Ireland for Upper
Canada and a dash of the brogue, and one would
think it was Murphy the cooper talking.

G. B.—Ireland's wrongs are imaginary; alas!
Upper Canada's are too real.

McD.—To my thinking its about six of the
one and half-a-dozen of the other. You and
Murphy ought to go into business together under
the name and style of Brown, Murphy, & Co.,
Merchant Demagogues, Grievance-mongers,
Wholesale and Retail.

G. B.—You are trying to shirk the joint autho-
rity question; you can't deny that you proposed
it, so you don't want to hear anything about it.

McD.—Faith it's mighty little anybody would
hear about it, if you were in Howland's place.
But here's at you. Stay, pass the rosy: as Ho-
race says: "*Sicetis omnia dura deus proposuit*,"
the meaning of which you don't remember, be-
cause you never knew it. It signifies: "Tecto-
tallism's a hard road to travel."

G. B.—Well, here's reformation to you. That's
not bad, taken in moderation.

McD.—It's like your *Globe*'s editorials; a little
goes a long way. But, George, answer me a
few questions, for like yourself, I'm fond of the
Socratic mode of disputation. Didn't Sheppard,
yourself, Gordon and I concoct all the conven-
tion resolutions together in the editorial room?
Didn't you give me a had copper to toss with,
to decide which was to take Rep. by Pop, dissolu-
tion of the Union, or Joint Authority? And
didn't you and Sheppard both cry head, and
lead it was? Didn't you want to saddle me with
Dissolution which would have kept me forever
in opposition? But I was too cute, for on look-
ing at the copper, I found that both sides were
heads and nary tail.

G. B.—Oh that was an innocent mistake you
know, Mac; accidents will happen in the best
regulated sanctum.

McD.—One of your mistakes, it was, troth.
But to proceed. Didn't we send for some dice,
and throw for it. You threw 38, I threw 32, and
Sheppard 15; so you took the U. C. hobby-horse,
I had to take up joint authority, and Sheppard
had nothing for it but Dissolution. If I hadn't
luckily found that passage in Lord Durham's re-
port, goodness knows what would have become
of my bantling. As it was, I would not have
taken it, if you had not promised that Gordon
would get it carried.

G. B.—That bit from the report was capital.
The country Grits, like your full-blooded Yankee,
will swallow anything from a Lord.

McD.—Yes, and your town Grits too, if place
or pelf are to be made out of it. You'd better
not repeat that sentiment of yours in South
Oxford.

G. B.—But you have not yet explained your
consistency in forsaking joint authority.

McD.—How can a man forsake what he never
got hold of? I knew it was a shadow, and as I
never grasped it, how on earth can I be charged
with letting it go?

G. B.—Alas, Mac, I fear the unhealthy moral
atmosphere at Quebec has entirely un-manned
you. Leave your French taskmasters and em-
bark with me in the Clear Grit scow.

McD.—I will—

G. B.—Thanks, you are saved.

McD.—Not so fast.—I will, as the rats do the
ship, when it's going to the bottom.

G. B.—Then you are lost. [Exeunt ambo.]

A KNORRY POINT FOR GRIT M.P.'s.—Can a man
serve two masters, G. Brown and J. S. Macdonald?
The Easter recess may be profitably spent
in thinking over this.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT.

"People say that matters have been accommo-
dated. Is it not so. I tell you Mr. Sanfield
Macdonald has fallen. Unfortunately for him,
he found Mr. Sheppard on Sunday, and with him
was closeted from eight in the morning till after
ten. He was by him indoctrinated with all kinds
of notions by which to overcome the blow he had
received; and he went forth during the whole
of the day to ear-wig his followers, and bring
them to their senses. Mr. Sandfield Macdonald
is no longer master but servant.—*Quebec Corres-
pondent of the Montreal Gazette.*

This is nothing more than the Grumbler has
been aware of for a long time. A Sheppard is
the head and tail, the moving power of the
Administration, while the members of the Cab-
inet are the mere puppets of his will. Consider-
ing the important nature of this fact, would it
be out of place to consider the Administration
as a lot of sheep?

A DISCLAIMER.

Toronto, March 28th.

DEAR GRUMBLER—"What's in a name," has been
quoted from time immemorial, but I have found
occasion within the last few days to believe that
there is a good deal in a name, since I have had
the honor of being addressed on several occasions
as "Sister Monica," a title to which (as you are
no doubt aware) I have no claim, and I take the
present opportunity of stating that, having
changed my name once "for better, for, &c., &c.,"
I have no desire to do so again. Therefore, with
your permission, I shall now, and then assist to
"Paddle the Canoe," down THE GRUMBLER'S stream
of mirth, and without a "nom do guerre," shall
remain,

Ever yours,

NOT "SISTER MONICA,"
BUT ANOTHER FEMALE GRUMBLER.

AN ANOMALY.

DEDICATED TO MAYOR CORNISH.

Tectotallers strive with all their might,
To keep from whiskey, thirsty souls;
But strange that one whom cups delight,
Should show hostility to Bowl(s).

French Influence.

—Tom Ferguson objected to the U. C.
Grammar School Bill because it had not been
printed in French. We understand that the hon.
member is studying "notre langue" at the Sem-
inary under the immediate direction of the R. C.
Archbishop of Quebec. He refuses to read a bill
in English, and salutes every one he meets as
"Mounseer." It is time George Brown was down
there.

Pray, Excuse Me.

—We learn from the *New York Tribune*
that some Federal naval and military officers in
the vicinity of Vicksburg have declined to accept
a ball intended for them by the Confederate
forces now defending that city. It is thought,
however, that they may yet be induced to relent,
as the invitation will be pressed upon them in a
more substantial manner in a few days.

HAMLET IN A STATE OF BEER.

BY A FEMALE GRUMBLER.

To drink or not to drink, that is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler for a man to suffer
The desperate longings of outrageous thirst,
Or to take up the bottle against a sea of troubles,
And by drinking, end them? To drink—to
Stagger—no more; and by a fall, to say we get a
Head-ache and the thousand natural shocks,
Which the drunkard is heir to. 'Tis a
Consummation devoutly to be dreaded!
To fall—to sleep perchance—and awaken
In the Station-house! Aye! there's the rub!
For in that drunken scene, what falls, what
Bruises, what *fines* from "Boomer" may come
When we have shuffled off the jailer—
Should well be founded.

There's the cause that makes the drunkard's
So short a life. For who would bear
The jeers and scorns of men—the employer's
Wrong, the sober man's contumely—the pang
Of rejected love—the uncertainty of office—
And the spurs that patient sobriety of inebriety
Takes, when he himself might his life prolong
By taking "the pledge?" Who would then
"Mint julpis" drink—to reel and totter
Into a dirty gutter? when the dread of something
After one gets home—puzzles the will
And makes us rather throw the spirits
That we have away than fly.

To a wife's angry spirits we know too well of!
Thus whiskey does make drunkards of all
Who lack the native hue of resolution,
And man's nose is sickled o'er with the red cast
Of drink!—and all his limbs
Their currents turn awry
And lose the power—of equilibrium.

TERRY FINNEGAN'S LETTERS.

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

STANLEY SHREVEY, 1st April, 1863.

Anima mon dboull! but it was a blunder of
yez to adjourn until the ninth, when yez knows,
yourselves, that to-day, above all days in the
year, was cut for yez, in order to givo yez an
opportunitiy of introducin some of your princpal
mizzures wid effect, and displayin that profou
ed eloquence which, some time ago, kem
nigh purswadin Mr. Dinis, that he hadn't a
head upon his shoulders. But, be me sowl,
avouraien, you might not have been so restricted
in your application of the joke you perpetrated
upon that occasion, for let me tell you, there's
miny a Saint Dinis in the House that hasn't got
his head under his othter, atself, let alone upon
the top of his "spinal column," as larnedly ob
served by your own four bones. Howsomdiver,
the grater number of footballs you'll have at
your service; and if you only can get a good,
square rise at each of them when yez take sides
agin, I have no reason to doubt that you'll find
thim a good way on attords the bary. You have
had a grate dale of practice, I know, in this rela-

shun; and if any body entherains the slightest
misgivin upon the subject, I beg lave to refer
him to Mr. Clark of the *Thruze Witness*, who
has not, I believe, yet gone to India as private
sayeratary of the Duke of Newcastle.

Spakin of the Duke, wasn't it a dacent wink
he got from the Queen, to give John A. the gov
ernorship of the Australian Colonies? P'on my
sowkins, I dunna what to make of that same
move; and I'm afraid George Brown has been
at the bottom of it; for he has been harde to say
that if the late Attorney General West had his
desarts, he'd have been in Bottomy Bay long ago.
It was very bitter of him, wasn't it? But ather
all, as Mr. Brown didn't take tay wid the Queen
whin he was at home a short time ago, perhaps
there's no thruth in my surmises; I tell you
what it is, it's rather a difficult thing to put John
A. off the scent of this self-same Kinnedda when
he want lays his nose to the ground; and shure
I am, that he'd rather spiid the remainder of
his days in puttin an occasional knife into one or
the other of yez in the House, thin rulin an out
landish country where he would be liable at any
moment to be served up smokin hot as a choice
morsel to tickle the palate of some native chief
—although, indeed, barrin his brains, the devil
a much pickin there would be about him. Tisn't
Michael they'd have in it.

I'm very glad to see that that respectable
journal the *Picton Gazette*, has opened up a
channel in newspaper literature which has hith
erto remained unexplored, and which will, doubt
less, tend to exalt the Canadian press in the eyes
of all proud, generous and honorable men. The
simple field of Colonial politics, and the public
acts of public min appear altogether too con
tracted for the operashuns of a mind so compre
hensive as that of this "Thunderer." Conse
quently, widout the slightest hesitation he steps
from out the baten thrack, that has ever been
kept religiously by the rale gentleman, and dogs
the steps of his victim into private life with a
view to blazoning to the world the faults and
foibles which attach so plentifully to almost ivery
member of the human family. Arrah! ashore,
there's not a one single dhrop of Irish blood
in the fella that could be guilty of sich an act; and
I am happy to tell you, that the opinion, up
here, is unanimous, that he should be placed in
the category of the informer or the spy, and
banished from ivery dhrawin room and fire side
throughout the linth and breadth of the Province.

Blur alive couldn't yez manage to introduce
a Bill that would place yez in a position as fa
vourable as that occupied by Bishop Colenzo.
Begorra, he can't give up his situation, and whin
he was axed to do so by the Archbishop of Can
therbery, he tould his Grace that same. Like
the Irishman that caught the Tarther, he can't
get rid of it, and shure I am that the devil a one
of yez but would be glad to be tarred wid the
same brush. Ah! be the mortal, the clergy
always have it, down even to the best quarter
of mutton or the nicest bit of belly bacon. Small

blame to thim, if any. The speritual man's
seldom worth tuppence unless he occupies a well
built and substantial case; Mr. Pope and one or
two others, to the contrary notwithstanding.
Look for instance at the size of Dr. Cahill that
brought the moon on the stage the other night,
as well as the sun and siven stars, and see if I'm
not right regardin this earthly tinemint of ours.
He's as good a six foot four as ever was tould
on a recruitin standhard; and the ethyrial ker
nel seems to fill up ivery criviss of the outer
shell completely, and wid vigour the most un
diminished.

You may say what you like, but the Yankess
are the greatest people that ever flourished a
bowie knife or handled a revolver. Although
they have a little fancy job on hands at their own
door, shure nothin will do thim or the New York
Times but a crack at Great Britain and Ireland,
if any body will thrust them for the powder.
Isn't it amusin to see thim tossin up their old
goose of an eagle into the air in this way,
although the unfortshaunte fowl has come down
flop on his belly so often recently, that he's
nearly the shape of a pancake. Be dad, I think
Jeff. Davis is able to furnish thim wid sufficient
recreation in the way of war for some time to
come; and I'm sartin, if they had common sinse
they'd direct all their energies attords keepin off
that same joker from puttin a knife into the web
bin and half collapsed balloon of the windy
North, which he is apt to do at no very distant
period, or my name's not Terry Finnegan.
Sich downright impudence! Only fancy, a lot
of swaggerin bankrupts, wid an army of con
scripts and foreign mercenaries that doesn't pos
sess a general worth tuppence, and dispises the
cause which it was obliged to espouse through
force or poverty—only fancy, I say, sich Gas
cons holden out a threat to a people that, for
very pastime, would throw the nick of thim like
a young pullet, and sweep a sponge over the
yalla daub of their territory on the map of the
world. I'm gettin angry, I b'lieve, and as I
haven't another lafe of paper, I'll subscribe my
self as usual,

Your lovin cousin,
TERRY FINNEGAN.

An Error Corrected.

—The *Court Circular* states that Terry
son, in his Ode on the marriage of the Princess
Alexandra, has displayed great ignorance in as
sociating her name with many a Norse Sea-King
of the past; it being perfectly understood that
the Prince of Wales was the first and last see-king
of the Royal lady.

Vacillating.

—A correspondent says that the member
for Peterborough evidently does not know whether
to support or oppose the ministry; he is, in
fact, Haultain (halting) between two opinions.
We do not want any more like this.

MEMORABLE EPOCH.—Bishop Colenzo's appoint
ment to his See in Africa, it being the Natal day
of hopeless confusion in the Church.

The Decline and Fall of London the Less.

"Ishabod, Ishabod, the glory is departed."

From *The London Free Press*, August 1, 1863.

It is now only three weeks since the military shook off the dust of London from their feet, and alas, what a fearful change has passed over our fair city. Ruin and decay every where stares you in the face. Oh, Bowles! Bowles! this is terrible retribution. No longer through Dundas street roll luxuriant equipages with the fair unmarried daughters of the upper ten. There are no heroes now, the rattle of whose swords upon our sidewalks thrilled the tender susceptibilities of the fair. The pork-pie hat, the Balmoral skirt, with its attendant liver, and all the other little artifices of the matrimonial stock-brokers have disappeared. Even crinoline is shrivelled up in this "winter of our discontent." The Crystal Block is almost deserted. No longer do the farmers' female hopes linger wistfully in the gay streets of the city. The nurse with her perambulator is seen but seldom, for the red coat and green facings of her dear "63," have vanished from her sight like the happy dream of one who wakes from shadowy joys to toil and sadness. The lights burn dim in the shebeen shops, and the sound of martial revelry is heard in them no more. Thirty licensed victuallers have voluntarily "shuffled off this mortal coil" in despair, and the only consolation left us, is that whiskey is less adulterated than of yore. The measured tread of the piquet no longer strikes upon the ear of night. The grass grows thick upon the streets, in spite of the efforts of the cows to keep it in subjection; pigs wallow with impunity in the mud, and the geese hiss contemptuously at the hapless denizens of our city. We have no New Zealander in our immediate vicinity, so we must content ourselves with an "aboriginal Indian," and cannot help thinking, that gone the red man will stand upon the broken timbers of Westminster Bridge, (which is already going to the bad) and sketch the ruins of Robinson Hall; or, perhaps, waiting for the afternoon train, at what will then be only a flag station, him for the instruction of posterity the tottering walls of the Tecumseh House. There is one comfort, the rude cause of our desolation has suffered as well as we. Cornish is now only second engineer to a threshing machine, he drives the horses outside the barn. But enough of this, what is to be done in the premises? Business is suspended, ruin stares us in the face, the Sheriff's office is stacked with writs of *fieri facias*, and the public creditors themselves threaten to seize the whole city. Let us make one last effort to emerge from the sea of trouble or perish in the attempt. Carling, to the rescue! When trouble is brewing in the city, you ought surely to exercise your business talents on its behalf. "Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen," but first of all pay for your paper, ye Canadian Cockneys. Bowles! Cornish! O Sir Fenwick, the inexorable.

Verdant.

—Hon. George Brown stated at the St. Patrick's dinner, that when he was in Britain he took a long roll on the grass. The area he covered must have been "prodigious;" we only hope he did not bring home any of the colour of it on his person.

St. George's Concert in St. George's Church.

We dined an hour earlier, put on our most clerical necktie, and our best "go to meeting" manners on the 26th, to go (at the unusually early hour of half-past seven) to the Concert in St. George's Church. We entered with our customary good behaviour (reading the makers name inside our hat, which Mr. *Punch* informs us is the way all religious people enter a church), and having sat down most respectfully with our back to the altar, we began to prepare ourselves for the awful solemnity of the occasion! Just as we thought Dr. Fuller was about to say "Let us pray," he requested the persons in the Auditorium to refrain from applauding as much as possible, and of course, being of an obedient turn of mind, we congratulated ourselves upon the probability of not bursting our new kid gloves—and didn't. Everything went off well, with one or two exceptions—one being the fact, that the organ was very much out of tune, which made the singers in most cases sing ditto. During the intermission, a gentleman, whose name did not appear in the programme (and whom we first took to be a tuner), sat down to, or rather "squared up" to the organ, and from his manner—which seemed to convey the idea that all would be right now he was there—we naturally thought that he was about to regulate the stops, or do something to conduce to the better delivery of the sounds, which so far had been anything but harmonious or agreeable.

Contrary to our "Great Expectations," however, after he had extemporized for some time to his own edification (for it was certainly not ours), we arrived at the conclusion that he was merely amusing himself with a few extempore bars. It's a pity his performance was not put in the programme, for then we might have known what he was aiming at, with this innocent organic attempt which was given with much "abandonment," and only required a little more "Accarezzevole," and entire "Abkuzungen," to render this gentleman's effort quite captivating. We thought every two or three bars he was going into something, instead of which he went into nothing, and very properly stopped there.

Our little favorite, Miss Kate McDonald, sang as usual charmingly. In fact, we regretted much that we were not allowed to give proof of our great approbation of her sweet and exquisitely rendered solos, "With Verdure Clad," and "The Infant's Prayer." We would willingly burst a dozen pair of kids to greet our "Little Kate." Mrs. J. G. Beard, Jr., also deservedly won our royal favor, inasmuch that the lady possesses a fine sympathetic voice. Mr. Farley (as he always does whenever he is in a programme) gave us several rich vocal treats, and as everybody else appeared to do their best, gallantry forbids that we should grumble. We cannot conclude, however, without grumbling at not being allowed to exercise our own "Dasso Buffo" in "God save the Queen," since the conductor would not permit the audience to sing the chorus, but cruelly cut it out! When will Englishmen know their national anthem? Echo answers, "When."

ROYAL LYCEUM.

We beg to call special attention to the fact that Mr. George Evans, the talented artist of the Lyceum, takes his farewell benefit on Tuesday evening next. He will be assisted by several popular volunteers, and we trust that he will have a bumper house.

London Junior.

—Why is the Mayor of London, Jr., peculiarly unfortunate? Because he lost by his game at Bowl(s). Why is he very fortunate? Because he made a "strike" at Bowl(s). The author of these wretched conundrums keeps a ten pin alley.

Genealogical.

—Mr. Cartier will have it that he is descended from Jacques Cartier, the discoverer of Canada, and is in high dudgeon if any one disputes it. We shouldn't wonder if it be true, but the descent from the navigator to the politician is a very great one indeed.

The Evils of Intemperance.

Sir F. Williams, of Kars, (as the *Globe* carefully adds, as if the defence of that stronghold were a reproach to the General), ought to have taken the Mayor of London's name into consideration before he censured them so severely. It may be true that he was unusually "corned" on that occasion, but it is an undoubted fact that he is known to be always Corn-ish.

SPECIAL EDITORIAL NOTICES.

FOR BOOKS, STATIONERY and PERIODICALS, the Cheapest and Best establishment in Toronto, is that of friend C. A. BACKUS, near the Post Office, Toronto St.

Agents and Canvasers should apply early for samples of Brookes' & Rodds' Patent self-measuring and self-ventilating Funnel, 27 King Street West, Toronto, P.O. Box, 659. Sample forwarded on receipt of \$1. Liberal terms.

WARNER'S SOIREES.—We are pleased to see this well-conducted place of amusement so well patronized by our citizens. The fine vocalizations of the Newton family, and of Little Ivy especially, are excellent, and enough to draw a crowd anywhere. Beyond this, the enterprising proprietor has also engaged Mr. Aiken, already, probably, known as a good Vocalist and Pianist.

JUST RECEIVED direct from GEORGE NEWBOLD the celebrated print publisher, of 363 and 364 Strand, London, England. Life like photographs of TOM SAYERS, JOHN C. HEBNAN, JEM MACE, TOM KING, JOE GOSS, JIM DILLON, JEM WARD, HARRY BRUNTON, JACK McDONALD, BOB TRAVELS, ALIC KEENE, NAT LANGHAM, and every other Pugnacious in England. All the above are full size, in private dress and fighting attitude, framed and unframed. Specimens may be seen at E. R. & Co.'s and C. A. BACKUS' NEWS DEPOTS, TORONTO.

Those that are first in the market with their commodities are always those that reap the most advantages, and draw the largest custom. This may be truly said of E. R. & Co., 35 King Street West. Their papers, English, American or Canadian, are invariably in advance. They have lately introduced BOW BELLS, the PENNY ILLUSTRATED, and the HALF-PENNY MISCELLANEOUS, and the PENNY JOURNAL, which far surpasses American story papers. No one should pass E. R. & Co. without purchasing a sample, and certain it is that, when it has been perused, it will give so much mental pleasure that the easy work of purchasing other papers will be reported.

THE GRUMBLES would heartily commend to the notice of its million and one readers, the excellent arrangement at the Torrains. The enterprising proprietors, Messrs. Carlisle and McDonky, are doing everything that possibly can be done to merit the patronage so liberally bestowed on them. Their attention and urbanity are not the least of the many attractions to pay a visit to their establishment, which surpasses anything of the sort in the City, or even in Canada. Dinners and Suppers are served up on five minutes notice, at most reasonable charges. A musical entertainment takes place every evening, in the handsome Hall of the Torrains, under the patronage of Messrs. Bird and Harbortock.