

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1864.

(VOL. 2.—NO. 37.)

THE GRUMBLER

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All letters to be addressed "The Grumbler," P. O. Toronto, and not to any publisher or news-dealer in the city.

Persons wishing to subscribe to the GRUMBLER, will understand that from this date (May 1st) we only receive yearly subscriptions. The sum (\$1) is small, and can easily be forwarded by all who desire our sheet.

THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1864.

WAR.*

By the lone pathway of an ancient torrent,
Whose silvery soul had long since passed away,
A tired soldier caught a sight abhorrent,
That in a patch of misty moonlight lay.

'Twas where the great, red sledges of the thunder
Had fall'n upon the anvil of the rocks,
And split the mighty masses all in sunder,
And tumbled them about in frothing blocks.

Arrested there, his pulses wildly flying,
And every hair erect upon his head,
He saw a form before him calmly lying—
It was a woman's, who had long been dead.

Her eyes were gone, and round her skull was
braided

A line of loathsome worms as in a wreath;
While from her face the flesh had wholly faded,
And a toad croaked between her ghastly teeth.

A stain upon her bosom, dark and dusty,
Suffused the robe that wrapt her still around;
For passing through it jagged fierce and rusty,
A bayonet pinned her to the very ground.

And as he still seemed morbidly to linger,
Unable such a ghostly scene to pass,
His eye caught something, on her fleshless finger,
That glittered in the moon among the grass.

Slowly he bent, but now too late to save her,
When with a cry, that roared the silent night,
He seized the gem—it was the ring he gave her
Ere he had gone to mingle in the fight.

And now the bayonet, from her breast he tears it,
And her bleached corse, embracing e'er and o'er,
Of through the lonely midnight wild he hears it,
A hopeless maniac forever more.

*Founded on an incident connected with the present American conflict.

"ONE LITTLE CODFISH."

INTERESTING INCIDENT, AND IMPORTANT CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL, MR. BROWN AND THE "GRUMBLER."

Codfish stories are good at all times—good for a laugh, at least; but we have had a particularly rich one in store for our readers for a good while back. It has been well salted and pickled, and is, therefore, none the worse for its keep. We all remember well the stirring comparison which M.

Cartier made, one night in the House, of 500,000 codfish in the Basin of Gaspe being equal to the same number of Clear Grits in the wilds of Waterloo and Wellington and Grey. And we remember, quite as distinctly, the loud, thundering, devastating tones of the *Globe's* indignation at such an outrage upon Upper Canada, as was the comparison of 500,000 stalwart Reformers to 500,000 miserable denizens of the waters of Gaspe. Yes, Mr. Brown was terribly savage. Had poor, little M. Cartier been then within reach of the great Grit Chieftain we fear the *Globe's* sanctum would have been converted into a slaughter-house, and the Ontario seen gobbling up—without season or salt—the audacious Frenchman. M. Cartier, however, was not, at all, put about by Mr. Brown's clamor and threatening; he, evidently, bided his time for quiet, pleasant, good-humored revenge. And he had it, just in that stately, clever, polite way to be expected from thorough gentlemen who would desire to pay a person off who was not a gentleman. Well, in short, Lord Monck, who has been most particularly active of late in quieting troubled waters, in mixing oil and waters, reconciled discordant enemies, and bringing together, in fondly grip, the long-separated rivals for Canadian championships—we see this high peace-maker brought two no less personages together than M. Cartier and Mr. Brown. Face to face at my Lord's dinner table, with their legs playing snake-fence under my Lord's rare mahogany, did these warriors meet; but the war notes had ceased, the hatchet had been buried, and the two gentlemen met there as cordial guests of my Lord's. However, notwithstanding that the constitutional difficulty had just been settled, there was 'one little matter of indebtedness for which M. Cartier had not received his compound interest; so he thought he would obtain it there and then, and have the old set of books closed up entirely. Our plucky Frenchman was not long at the table when he twigged some of the very same kind of fish which had formerly appeared so horrible in the eyes of Mr. Brown. M. Cartier watched his opportunity, and, when certain of being noticed by all at the table, rose to

his feet, took one of the fish upon a fork, and looking over at Mr. Brown said—

"Voulez-vous one petite codfish, Monsieur Brown, mon ami?"

Never did a practical joke take better, and the dishes on my Lord's table verily danced with the clatter made by the guests. As for Mr. Brown, it was perfectly plain he did not relish the proceeding at all, and was heard to mutter something about "party and personal feelings" being continually outraged for the sake of "country." Whether there was collusion between M. Cartier and Mr. Monck, to have the fish on the table, we cannot say; but we do know that the incident really occurred. Nevertheless, to make sure of the truthfulness of the story we addressed the following note to the Governor-General—

Downing Street,

Toronto, Aug. 8, 1864.

To Lord Monck, Governor of Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, Red River, Newfoundland, Anticosti, British Columbia, and all the other countries included in John A. Macdonald's and George Brown's Confederation—

Will your Lordship be kind enough to please oblige the undersigned by letting him know whether it is or is not true that M. Cartier offered to help Mr. Brown to codfish at your table, and whether there was a prior arrangement between you and M. Cartier, that that gentleman should have the privilege of acting as he has said to have done, without incurring your great displeasure; and also, whether, on account of the affair, Mr. Brown would have resigned had it not been for your persuading him not so to do. It is necessary that Upper Canada should be in no doubt as to either the truthfulness or falsity of the statement. I have taken every pains here to find out all about it, but am not yet satisfied. I have consulted with such leading Conservative men in this city as Mr. O'Neill, Carlisle & McConkey, Biley & May, Capt. Dick, Alderman Baxter and others. All these give no opinion on the matter. So to you do I appeal. An early answer will oblige,

Yours,

Loyal as ever,

GRUMBLER.

On Thursday we received the following mysterious answer in French:—

Monsieur "Grumbler," Toronto:

Je n'ai parl  pas l'Anglais. Voyez Monsieur Cartier.

(Signed)

Governor.

Determined to get some answer of satisfaction—a little displeased to find that we can only do business at the vice-regal residence in a foreign tongue—and not able to "see Monsieur Cartier," as

directed, we telegraphed to Mr. Brown, at New York, the next day, asking him, in substance, what we hoped the Governor would have answered. Yesterday Mr. Brown replied as follows:—

WALL STREET, NEW YORK,

August 12th, 1864.

M. Cartier did wish me to have codfish. I have no reason to think that the Governor was in the least pleased with him. I would have resigned only for the Governor requesting me not to do so.

(Signed) G—E—B—N.

We have now placed the whole matter before our ten thousand readers—at some expense and trouble—and we trust they will be edified.

Coal Embargo.

"We are gratified to be able to say to the citizens of Toronto that our efforts to induce the American Government to remove the embargo laid upon the exportation of Anthracite coal in Canada had been successful," &c., &c.—*Vide Advertisement.*

As the public generally are not aware of the circumstances which led to the abolition by the United States Government of the embargo on Anthracite coal, we deem it only just to that able diplomatist, Mr. H. J. Morse, to narrate the interview he had with the President, and owing to which the obnoxious edict was rescinded. This we are fortunately able to do, as thanks to our ubiquitous character and invisibility, we are everywhere at the same time, and having on this occasion donned our Fortunatus' cloak were present, unseen, at the interview in question.

SCENE—THE WHITE HOUSE.

President Lincoln solus; whittling, spitting and speculating on what Grant would not do next. Enter a distinguished looking individual attired in a Lehigh hat, Briar Hill coat, Chippawa waist-coat, Mineral Ridge inexpressibles, Jackawanna boots and Maple tie, who addresses the President as follows:—

"I am deputed by myself and in my own interest to address you, Mr. President, on the subject of an act of yours which has been attended with the greatest pecuniary loss and inconvenience to myself. I allude to the embargo on Anthracite coal, and I feel certain from the known liberality of your views, that when I have fully stated my case you will see the propriety of at once abrogating the present law and again allow the exportation of that mineral to the Canadian shores. My name is Morse, Sir, of the great firm of H. J. Morse & Co., of Toronto, of whom you have doubtless heard.

PRESIDENT.—Damned if I ever did. I suppose then, Mr. Morse, you are retained, as the lawyers say, in re-Morse & Co.

Mr. Morse.—Hal hal hal! very good, indeed. Well, I may venture to say I am, and I entertain no feelings of remorse in taking up a case which I feel I can do such justice to. The fact is, Mr. President, this edict of yours has had the effect of injuring our trade very materially. We are quite out of the article alluded to, and is, you must admit, very galling to a sensitive firm like ours to see a rival in the same trade constantly alluding through the press to the "few tons of lump Lehigh" he has for sale, totally regardless of the feeling of those who have none to dispose of.

P.—Well, Mr. Morse, I didn't see what that's got to do with me. The fact is you Canuckers have been supplying that cursed Alabama and other British pirates with that coal, at least Seward tells me so, and therefore I don't see why Uncle Sam should let you have fuel for the purpose of roasting him.

Mr. M.—You talk like a book, Mr. President. The circumstance to which you refer was the act of a party who had no thoughts for his country's honor or of the mutual obligations which exist between the two countries. *Wy-att* the time it occurred there was, I assure you, the greatest indignation manifested (by those who hadn't had the same chance,) but you must not class me amongst these mercenary Canadians. No Sir-ree, I was born a free and independent citizen of the United States, and had the honor of serving under Governor Buckingham for more than a year, and I can pledge you my word as a coal merchant; and as a member of that glorious Republic which can whip all creation (except the South), that if you will only let me have a load or two of Scranton (I can sell it for Lehigh), I will not supply any of it to the blockade-runners. (Aside)—Wish I had the chance.

P.—Waal, as the "Kearsarge" has wiped out that bloody Alabama, there may not be much harm in trying you once more, particularly as our Government has agreed to prohibit its exportation from Canada. But are there many coal merchants in Toronto, Mr. Morse?

Mr. M.—Too many altogether, Mr. President, and that is an additional reason for my waiting on you now, as I can (should you agree to remove the embargo,) draw up a nice little sensational advertisement, which will have the effect of shaving the Beards, turn coffee into chicory, reduce Myles to furloughs, cabbage Taylor and gin me all the trade of the place. I shall allude to the exertions I have made with your Government and the success which has attended them, the grateful inhabitants of Toronto will as a matter of course rush in with orders, eager to reward such disinterested conduct on my part. My coffers will be filled to repletion, and I shall have the two-fold gratification of benefitting myself and serving my fellow-creatures. Ahem!

P.—I'm rather dubious about the amount of gratification you will derive from the latter act; but you're a smart chap, Mr. Morse, and as I've already agreed to take off the prohibition I don't see why you shouldn't make as much capital out of it as you can; so, as I think you've checked enough for anything, you may take credit to yourself for having obtained the concession, and try and make the Torontonians believe it. And now let's go and licker.

Exeunt ambo.

St. George's Society.

Those wishing to enjoy a pleasant day away from the cares and troubles of business, would do well to patronize the St. George's Society picnic, which will be the most excellent one of the season, and the low price at which tickets have been placed leaves it in the reach of everybody.

Miscegenation.

Knock the fetters from the slave, we say, and trample them in the dust forever, but do not betray the colored man or woman into a bondage more galling than they had previously suffered. Do not keep the sons and daughters of Ham trembling within the threshold of white society, well knowing that for generations to come they cannot, in this colony, commingle with us on terms of equality. On this head Christian theories go for nothing—on this head the pulpit is a transparent fraud! What minister of any religious sect who preaches weekly the claims of the colored man, has ever been known to give a mixed dinner party at his house where blacks and whites were invited indiscriminately; and after which a colored gentleman was asked to see a fair daughter of the opposite tint to her home? What pale-faced abolitionist amongst us has ever thrown his pew door open on Sunday and invited a respectably dressed Sambo, who was in search of a seat, to sit amongst his daughters or read from the same prayer book with one of them? Answer us this, and then we shall see how the case stands, and admit that Dr. Ryerson was correct when he permitted a poor colored girl to enter the Model School, and, amongst a whole host of scholars who reject her society, take up her lonely seat or one of the benches of the Second Division. This is a bold step of the Doctor, and one that he will have to retrace. He cannot override the prejudices of a whole community with such extraordinary ease; and, to him, inexpensive philanthropy. Let us not be misunderstood. If the colored population is to be one with us, we hail the circumstance as one of simple justice towards a down-trodden and injured portion of the great human brotherhood to which we belong; but this must be a work for society generally and not for one individual, who would make broad his phylactery at the expense of the many. When we see the urbane Doctor inviting this well behaved and decent young woman to tea—when we see her commingling with his family or placed, if even in possession of great worldly riches, within reach of a marriage, with his consent, to his son, then we shall believe in his sincerity; but not till then. True, he may use the hackneyed argument, that there are many white people with whom neither he nor any of his family would associate; but we meet him here by inquiring whether there are any colored people that he would become allied with under any circumstance whatever. Here's where we have him. And however he may, through the instrumentality of his pen or his tongue, seek to dispel the unjust prejudices which exist, unfortunately, against this much injured race, it was a daring and presumptuous, as well as a blind and cruel act of him to place himself, as Head Superintendent of Education, for Upper Canada, in direct antagonism to almost the whole population of this city; while it was equally mischievous of him, to subject a poor, innocent girl to the daily trials that she must undergo in the new sphere to which he has thought proper to transplant her. Clear-headed and far-seeing as the Doctor confessedly is, he cannot badger society

thus into forced relations. And we are only surprised that the Christianity which he essays to exercise here, had not taught him the larger charity of sparing so much pain to one who is no doubt worthy his fullest sympathy.

TERRY FINNEGAN'S LETTERS.

SECOND SERIES—NO. III.

To the Hon. Mr. McGee, down at Quebec, Minister of Agriculture, &c., &c.

STANLEY STREET, 11th August, 1864.

Mussha, glory be to God but this is the awful weather up here upon people over tin stone, or those fat, squat jokers' that are always carryin umberellas and moppin themselves in gateways or on the shady side of the street. Faith, as for meself I'm fairly bilte and smothered in dust, for the devil a tix-spoonful of rain has fallen here since the Lord knows whin. Some people say it's a judgment in consequence of the conlithun; but I'm thinkin that it's but very little interference that hivin has wid that same thing. We don't know at the same time, however, what to make of aich other about these parts, jest now, as we have nobody to pitch into politically. Sure, here I am, takin tay wid Brown wan'st or twice a week; and he tellin me of the sacrifices that yez were all willin to make for the poor people of this Province, good luck to them. "Terry," sez he to me no later then last night, "is it a dirty twelve hundred and fifty pounds a year and an odd little job in the way of prentin that would make me step over and shake hands wid John A. or your thrue and faithful frind D'Arcy in the way I have done?" "No," sez he, "I'd lave the likes of that to John Sandfield or some other theef;" sez he, "that was thryin to undermine me befor the country and take the bit out of the mouth of my new paper," sez he. "Blar an ouatherá wasn't it knowin of him to give the Geologist sich a nate tetch under the ankle?"

Since the hour that you were born did you iver see sich a state as the press of the country is in at this present writin? There's the *Quebec Chronicle*, that used to be admirin the *Ladher*, givin it a left hander now and thin; and there's the *Globe* itself, givin informasbur to those that belong to the three Church as to how they were to vote in North Ontaree. The moment that the Conservative and Grid ladders berried the hatpote, be me sowl it was deep in the skull of more than one gentleman on both sides of the House that they did it, cleavin the mumber for Cornwall to the gorget at the same time. Yerra, is that unfortunat eratsbure alive yet? for sorra a word I hear of him at all. I suppose he hasn't shown his nose in the Maratime Provinces wid the rest of them jest now. Be the gosht of a piper he knows better then that aftir his doins wih he stumbled into the Framiarship. Begorra! there's a grate dale of dirt somewhere. The Lord grant that none of it may be stickin to any of our skirts.

I hope you'll soon be able to send me a list of those that return alive from the say side aftir havin been on the battler for the best part of a month. Some of them will go off, of course, by

atin; but the majority, from what I can jidge, will take a shorter cut. No doubt, but you'll be among them, keepin them up up wid loyal speeches and showin the bewties of confederashun. Whatever you do wid them, however, don't attempt to sing; for, pon my sowl, you have a voice like a corn-crake, and poet and all as you are, you have no more idaya of music then a steam whisbel. Take my word for it, that its thruth I'm tellin you; and that if you open your mouth in the way of a song, you'll murder yourself in one direckshun, at laste, and that's aquel to threadin upon the toes of another. God himself made you especially for creatin disturbances in the ordinary way, without your thravlin out of your proper course, or indulgin in any refinin upon your capers, through the manes of the "Shan van vochth," or any other little air that opens up a back door into the heart. Stick to your ould thrade of basket makin, and the devil a man on this continant can hold a candle to you. McGee, aboo!

This city is gittin worse than the Liberty, Sorra mornin of our lives but we have a lot of blaggards up before the Polis Magistrate, and minny of them wid a decent coat on their back. The morals of this street too are not, I am sorry to say, improvin much. Biddy Mulligan made a cock sparra of her hizband last night by rippin his mouth open at both inds wid a knife so as that you could slip a small plate into it without ever tetchin skin or bone. The unfortunat woman, she got three months of solitary for it, while Barney thinks of joinin St. Michael's quire wih he gets better. Dhrop me a line and let me know how you're gettin on. I resaved the thriffo you sint me for the things, but stockings are as chape down wid yerselvs as wid us. I send, however, what'll jest answer you as well, although I could have got it tuppence a quart dearer only for that you bruck your year in sindia what you did. Give my respects to John A. and Galt, and tell them that the marble's waitin for them whin they kick the bucket.

Your lovin cousin,

TERRY FINNEGAN.

Royal Lyceum.

We are glad to say that the Theatre, under Mr. Walcot's management, has been a perfect success, crowded houses being the order of the day, or rather of the night. "Rosedale, or the Rifle Ball," was presented on Monday and Tuesday. This play, we think, rather lacked interest in the first two acts, but the finish was excellently performed and the tableaux well got up. On Wednesday "The fine old English Gentleman," and "Our American Cousin," were performed to an appreciative audience; and we cannot pass over Mr. Mark Smith's talented acting, in the former play, without notice. Thursday evening "The Ticket-of-leave Man," for Mrs. Walcot's benefit, was played to a house that showed how well our old Toronto favorite was appreciated. The management may congratulate themselves on success of their performances, and leave Toronto, we hope, with a substantial proof our regard for them.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

D. G., OTTAWA.—Will see you personally

J. R., QUEBEC.—Many thanks.

VIEWER.—Would like to hear from you next week.

CORRELL T.—Please send address.

J. F., WINDSOR.—Very good.

TORONTO CORRESPONDENCE.

"Whatever contradicts my sense, I hate to see and never can believe."

The word "Grumbler" being most usually understood to mean a certain person whose sole duty it is to grumble at everything new, strange or odd he sees around him, we seldom fail of many letters relating to various customs and fashionalities at present in vogue. Many of those received, however, we are compelled to put aside, as they are either too personal or deal of subjects too trivial to be mentioned. I may as well, therefore, once for all, inform my readers that it is not our intention to sink the dignity of this (our paper) with reflections upon Knickerbockers, Alexandra Cuffs or Pork Pies; but rather to enter into the passions of mankind, and to correct those depraved sentiments that give birth to all those little extravagances which appear in their outward dress and behaviour. With this as an introduction we publish the following, and commence with one from our so-called friend Will Snob:—

HONORED SIR,—We met at a ball last winter and enjoyed ourselves amazingly. I thank you for all your civilities, ever since having my acquaintance, whenever you meet me. But the other day you lifted your hat to me in the Park when I was walking with a young lady—one of our elite. She did not like your air and said she wondered what strange fellows I was acquainted with. Dear Sir, consider it as much as my life is worth, if she should think we were intimate. Therefore, I most earnestly entreat you for the future to take no manner of notice of

Sir, your obliged humble servant,

WILL SNOB.

A like impertinence is also very disagreeable to many people, and though differing a little in the shape in which it manifests itself, still it is to all intents and purposes the same. I trust that the following letter will prove beneficial to some:—

UPPER TEN COURT.

SIR,—Having unexpectedly received a pressing invitation to spend an evening with Lady Gay, I accepted it and went, promising myself a treat during these dull and warm days. Nine o'clock found me leading out to the lawn a stylish-looking young lady to be my partner in the dance about commencing. I had known her when quite a little girl, but not meeting her for years we had grown out of each other's acquaintance. Her ladyship, however, very kindly introduced me. She joined in conversation frankly and with ease, carrying it on with much spirit, in fact quite delighting me. Hour by hour passed very agreeably, and when the assembly broke up we parted as affectionately as if we had known each other for years. But fancy my surprise, Mr. GRUMBLER, when meeting her next day while promenading on King street, she gave

me a dead cut, and passed by as unconcernedly as if she had not danced and talked hour after hour with me the night before. I wish, sir, you would explain this curious phenomenon, which I am told is a common one with some of the young ladies here.

I remain, dear Sir,
Your disappointed friend,
D. FROMINDIA.

If impertinence is to be rebuked, much more so is impudence, and the following letter is the complaint of a young lady who sets forth a trespass of this kind with that command of herself as befits beauty and innocence, and yet with as much spirit and energy as sufficiently expresses her indignation:—

DEAREST GRUMBLER,—Some people not knowing the value of their eyes, and the purposes for which they are given us, are accustomed, and that without any regard to time, place or modesty, to disturb a large company with their impertinent eyes; and this is more particularly noticeable in our Cathedral, where one would suppose there should be nothing but devout supplication and attentive hearers. I am, sir, a member of that congregation and accustomed to behave myself as one should do during service; but several times lately I, and others with me, have been disturbed by one of these monstrous starrers. He is a head taller than any one in the church, and commands the attention of the whole congregation, to the annoyance of the devout part of the auditory; for what, with blushing, confusion and vexation, we can neither mind the prayers nor sermon. Your animadversion upon this insolence would be a great favor to

Your admiring friend,

ABABELLA Z.

We have frequently seen this peculiar sort of fellow, add do think there cannot be a greater aggravation of the offence than that it is committed where the criminal is protected by the sacredness of the places he violates. However, reason has no effect with such persons, and therefore, if next Sunday, this said barbarian does not conduct himself in a more proper way and become more humble, our friend Will Winkie has promised to take a seat opposite and stare against him in defence of the ladies. We anticipate great success from this, and hope that when Will confronts him, amid the smiles and kind looks of the ladies in whose service he is engaged, that the barbarian will have some shame, and feel a little of the pain he has so often put others to, of being out of countenance.

For the benefit of our correspondents we close with the following letter just received, which I hope may teach all a lesson:—

Ms. Editor,—I wish to become one of your correspondents. If you like my style, say so.

Yours truly,
Tom-fo-n-Shoot.

Sir,—I suppose you will permit an old soldier to grumble as well as yourself. I cannot "stand at ease" under this singularly complicated combination movement on our flank. I have been called to "attention." If I have any "eyes left," I

command "eyes right" "and dress," and then "eyes front" and look the enemy in the face. We have been wheeling to the right and to the left in broken columns of divisions, subdivisions and sections long enough, let us now "wheel back into line" and "reform company." Yes, reform is now the watchword of both Reformers and Conservative martinetes.

We are called upon by our Leader to active service over the whole Globe. Must we perform manual labor or the manual exercises to accomplish this? Will he issue rations to the troops, or has he any rational object in view? Must we "mark time," step short, step out, march on the slow or the double, or perform the balance step? Must we extend our files and skirmish like sharpshooters, or close up, fix bayonets and charge shoulder to shoulder? Must we present arms to our friends or present at our enemies?

There have been some desertions from the ranks of the enemy and some volunteers into our own. There has been some clubbing of the old battalion. Extremes meet. The flanks have got into the centre of the line. Tache's granny dears have got mixed up with Cartier's light infantry. Are we changing our colors or deserting them? Are we trooping along with the awkward squad, or are we "heads up," recruiting our farces and brigading with worthy allies? Are we on our "guard"? Have we the countersign, or are we patrolling in the dark into an ambush without the parole? Are we armed with old Brown Bess, or only with Rep. by Pop guns? Have we blank cartridge or paper bullets? Are our caps dry? Are we ourselves primed? Are our flints fixed? Are our Armstrongs well sprung, or must we spring on the enemy for our munitions of war? Are we on a regular raid, or on a drunkhead eabbing party—a sort of sharp rifle practice? Are we up to drill, or only up to chiselling? Are we to take up new ground—a new position—or stick to the old Sand-field? Are we to make regular approaches to the enemy's stronghold, or are we to take it by storm? or must we raise the siege and retreat, or ground arms and surrender?

Yours,
CORFOREL TRIM.

4th August, 1864.

She is Coming!

Madame Anna Bishop, of world-wide fame, will give her first grand promenade concert for the season in the Horticultural Gardens, on Wednesday evening next. As to her success upon the occasion there cannot be a shadow of doubt; from the fact that in addition to her being a great *artiste*, she is a prime favorite with us. Since her last appearance amongst us we have had no songstress here worth listening to but Miss Phillips, and she, in our opinion, falls short of the execution, finish and pathos of Madame Anne. We are pleased to perceive that the Concert is to be under the direction of Mr. J. D. Humphreys, our popular and respected fellow citizen. This is another guarantee, were it required, that the evening will be an intellectual and a brilliant one; for Mr. Humphreys is not only a true *artiste* but thoroughly conversant

with a Toronto audience. A more tuneful and pleasing voice than his is seldom to be met with; while throwing the profession aside altogether, he possesses the admirable faculty of singing like a gentleman.

THE IRISH ELEMENT.

Is not the coincidence strange that all the members of the Upper Canadian section of the Cabinet are Scotch? Now, we have no earthly objection to a Scotchman, an Englishman or a Frenchman filling the highest place in the Councils of the State; but we certainly are of the opinion that the Irish element is altogether too powerful and important in this Province to be ignored as it seems to have been in the construction of the western branch of the present Administration. Of the genuine liberality of John A. in this connexion we have not a shadow of a doubt; for we believe him to be above all subordinate nationalities in the welfare of this country is at stake; but then others may not be as liberal as he. We ought to have at least one Irishman in the section of the Ministry just alluded to, if it were but out of compliment to the great body of the Irish people in this part of the Province. It would be wise to adopt our views upon this head; as, no matter how just and able the acts of the Cabinet as now constituted, a vast portion of the community would be more at ease if there were even one son of the sod seated at our end of the Council Table—*ver6, sap.*

Long Branch.

— "Fanny's" second letter from Long Branch will appear next week. "Fanny" seems in extacies with Mr. G—o L—s (son of her friend R—c) who is now at the sea-side. She speaks of a great deal of cooing and dreaming on the beach with G—c; she talks of "moonlit waters" and "sighing waves," and even wants to "die" there with him.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

D. W. WEBB,
PRODUCE, PROVISION AND GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANT.

Room No. 5 Steel's Building, P. O. Drawer 6076, Chicago, Ill. Advances made on McClellan & Co. on Shipments to Montreal. Refer to Bank of Montreal, Toronto; Ontario Bank, Hon. W. P. Howland.

It is of the utmost importance to buy at the right place, and having ourselves to disburse pretty extensively, the spot we find most to our advantage, is the well-known cheap establishment of Charlie Buckas, where you find all the latest Periodicals, Books, Stationery, &c. of the day. It is wondered how a man can sell at such prices as friend Charlie seems to sacrifice his goods. But the grand secret of his success is that his stock consists always of the very latest description of goods, which are cleared off in a few days to make room for fresh arrivals. The only fault to be found with this establishment is the crushing one has to endure before getting served; but even this is remedied by the prompt manner with which you are waited on by his polite employees. Any one having once purchased there will, no doubt, always find their way back to Charlie's, and will heartily join with us in saying that "he's a jolly good fellow, which nobody can deny"—as the old song goeth.