

PROCLAMATION.

GRUMBLER, by the grace of the Public, King, de-fender of the Faith:—

Know all women by these presents that we do institute, make, and appoint the following laws for the better government of that portion of our beloved subjects, known as females:—

1. No one coming under the denomination female shall on any account, or under any circumstances, or in any company, speak, until she has been first spoken to.
2. No female shall wear hoops.
3. No female shall wear bonnets.
4. No female shall "presume to make eyes" at any of our male subjects.
5. No female shall, during the prevalence of this hot weather, listen to any tender speeches from any of our male subjects.
6. No female shall sneeze, or otherwise give encouragement to any of our male subjects to make tender enquiries after their health.
7. No female shall elope this weather—except she can't help it.
8. No female shall indulge in ice-cream, for the present.
9. No female shall run away with any of our male subjects.
10. No female shall practice walking the tight-rope on the clothes' line, and imagine that she could walk across Niagara river.

CONCERTS.

We beg to direct the attention of the *Christian Guardian* to the account of a concert lately given at Caledonia, County Haldimand. The *Grand River Sacher* informs us that "it is happy to say that it is the best thing of the kind ever witnessed in that section." It further tells us that all kinds of Christians were present. The concert, it appears, was opened by a speech from a reverend gentleman. Mr. Crawford, the Scottish vocalist came next. Next were dissolving views, and very likely the performance concluded with prayer.

To all this we have nothing to say. The audience liked it, and, of course, it was all right. Will any enterprising conductor have the courage to introduce such a concert to the notice of the people of Toronto. The following would form an attractive programme:

- Opening prayer.....The Bishop.
- Nigger Breakdown.....Bowery Blackguard.
- "Hear me Norma".....Mddie. Piccolomini.
- "All round my hat".....Rev. Mr. Hardup.
- "Rolling Billows".....Karl Formes.
- "Roll up sleeve".....Tim Towzer
- "Scotch Reel"....John H. Cameron and Geo. Brown.

(Intermission.)

- "Hundredth Psalm".....All the Company.
- "Boxiana".....Bob Smith and Yankee Sullivan.
- "I dreamt I dwe!".....Md. Gria.
- "Heigh for Bob and Joan".....Rev. Mr. Jollynoose.
- "Punch and Judy".....Professor Blitz.
- "Prayer".....The Bishop.

FIRE INQUESTS.

Fire inquests afford a good opportunity for coroners to put money in their pockets—but they are apparently good for nothing else. Every week, some daring incendiary fires a building under the noses of our police, and escapes with impunity—neither the coroner nor the police being able to throw the smallest light on the identity of the criminal. We do not wish to be hard on coroners; but really we must insist on one conviction. As for the police the weather is hot just now, and it would be useless to rouse them from their proverbial laziness. When the incendiary is abroad, every man must be his own policeman.

We have heard a strange rumour regarding fire inquests, which we may as well state in order that its truth may be sifted. The past season has been a remarkably healthy one, and doctors' fees have fallen so low, as not only to be below par, but in some cases they have fallen out of sight altogether.

A private meeting of all the doctors that are coroners was held in a back room in the city, where the advisability of introducing the cholera or the yellow fever was discussed and only lost by a majority of one. A committee was then moved to induce people to commit suicide; but as none of the fraternity could be found to act on the committee, this motion was lost. The idea of fire inquests was then started, and after it had met with general approbation, a committee was struck to advocate the measure in public and to secure the necessary preliminaries. A committee was also appointed, whose duty it is to provide a fire at least once a week, until business becomes brisk.

We do not say that the above is true in every particular. Our informant may or may not have been a doctor. We desire to make the matter public, and to put the public on their guard.

CORRECTION.

NIAGARA FALLS, 16th July, 1859.

To the Editor of the Grumbler:

Sir:—Allow me to correct, through your valuable paper several false reports in the columns of our Provincial papers concerning the achievements of Monsieur Blondin. It is not true that Monsieur Blondin placed a thick sack over his head and walked across the rope perfectly blindfolded. I was an eye-witness to the performance on the day mentioned, and I distinctly state that the feat was not even attempted by the tight-rope dancer; the sack was placed round and encased the feet, not the head—of the expert acrobat, and thus enveloped he accomplished his perilous journey by a series of short jumps.

I am astonished too at the absence of verity in the reports of yesterday's performance with the wheel-barrow, instead of having the balance pole in his hand and the barrow attached to his person, he was attached to the barrow with his feet on the wheel, his face to the shore, and by a succession of strong sharp steps commonly known as the tread-mill march, he propelled the primitive vehicle safely to the opposite shore. In each hand he held a glass filled with water to the brim, which, so securely was he balanced, he brought successfully to the other side without spilling a single drop, and distributed amongst the admiring spectators.

Your obedient servant.

VERITAS.

TWELFTH OF JULY IN TORONTO.

By Our Special Reporter.

The sixty-ninth anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne was celebrated in Toronto on Tuesday last with more than ordinary eclat. Most of our prominent political and legal men assisted in keeping alive the glorious, pious and immortal memory of a great and good King William III, who freed us from Pope and popery, brass money and wooden shoes.

At 10 o'clock a. m., precisely, the members of the various lodges who had assembled in the large square opposite the *Globe* office, formed themselves into procession, brilliant with flags and music, and thence proceeded through the principal streets. The procession was headed by the Hon. John Hill-yard Cameron, Grand Master of the order, mounted on a splendid white charger, and dressed in kingly robes to resemble the illustrious Prince of Orange as he appeared at the famous battle. The Hon. Geo. Brown, who has been admitted an honorary member of the Society was chosen on account of his tall and commanding presence to walk before the band with the silver staff of drum-major. He was dressed in a complete set of blue armour, the same as worn by the ghost of Hamlet, the Royal Dane, when he the ambitious Norway slew; the royal coat was procured from the valuable collection of antiquities in possession of Mr. Marlowe, a lineal descendant of the Royal Dane, who kindly lent it for the occasion. Captain Robert Moodie, Ogle R. Gowan, and Richard Dempsey, Esqrs., acted as Marshalls for the lateral portion of the procession.

Arm in arm with Messrs. G. L. Allan and John Wilson we noticed Alderman O'Donohoe and Coroner Cotter, with Orange lilies in their button holes. The Coroner was very enthusiastic in his fraternization with his Orange friends; and when one of the sifers became exhausted with the heat and over exertion, he gallantly took the life and stepped into his place; the Alderman, not to be outdone, seized the big drum and beat an accompaniment to Cotter's brilliant and inspiring playing of the Protestant boys. At the conclusion of the duet, there were prolonged bursts of applause and cheers, and a demand for an encore, which was cheerfully complied with, the facetious coroner remarking that if D'Arcy McGee were there he would make him dance to it.

In the evening the Lodges supped at their respective Lodges, and everything passed off harmoniously and peaceably—may it ever be so.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

At this sultry season, when every one is hastening from town it is of some importance to the public to be directed to the right route and the right agent. As a vigilant guardian of the public interests we wish to call the attention of travellers to the office of Mr. SNAVER, in the Rossie Buildings, next the entrance to the Hotel, York street. Mr. SNAVER is the agent for the splendid American Steamers which ply between Lewiston, Toronto and Ogdensburg. Having made trial of these splendid boats ourselves, we recommend our friends in search of pleasure to avail themselves of Mr. SNAVER'S services. These boats leave every afternoon for the St. Lawrence at 5 p. m.; the accommodation on board is much superior to that on any other line, and persons enquire to the respective agents in search of pleasure to avail themselves of Mr. SNAVER'S services. These boats leave every afternoon for the St. Lawrence at 5 p. m.; the accommodation on board is much superior to that on any other line, and persons enquire to the respective agents in search of pleasure to avail themselves of Mr. SNAVER'S services. These boats leave every afternoon for the St. Lawrence at 5 p. m.; the accommodation on board is much superior to that on any other line, and persons enquire to the respective agents in search of pleasure to avail themselves of Mr. SNAVER'S services.

In a few days it is the intention of Mr. J. B. Ross to open a new Bread and Cracker Bakery, in Boulton's buildings, at the corner of Bay and Adelaide Streets. Mr. B. has at great cost fitted up an excellent bake-house, and erected two splendid ovens. We trust he will receive a large share of public patronage.