

A Dark Business.

The *Leader* of Tuesday last contains the following extraordinary announcement to gentlemen of the black brigade, "Legal gentlemen are requested to take notice that the court opens at 9 p. m." What deed of darkness was to be perpetrated at the Assizes that required a nocturnal sitting. During the middle ages and in the French reign of terror, we know that victims of oppression were hurried to the bar at midnight and summarily sentenced to the rack or the guillotine; but, under the English Constitution, we have hitherto been accustomed to have justice administered in open day in the face of the world. Darkness and injustice are so associated together in our minds, that we cannot help suspecting that this unusual hour of meeting bodes some mischief to the liberties or rights of the people. Can the York Roads have had anything to do with it? It is not at all improbable that Mr. Beatty may have endeavoured by making a dark lantern meeting of our court of justice, to obtain surreptitiously a legal sanction to a public wrong. Perhaps a *coup d'etat* after the Napoleonic fashion may have been meditated. What a flagrant outrage on the liberty, of the subject it would have been, if "the hierarchy" had seized those blessed innocents, the Gowans, and others of that kidney and hurried them at midnight before a modern inquisition. The plot, if it existed, has failed, thanks, doubtless, to "the noble stand" taken by the *Watchman* and others "who have not bowed the knee to Baal." Whatever the cause of this strange innovation, it must and shall be explained. The interests of outraged Upper Canada and "sound Protestant principles" demand it and we call on Tom Ferguson to interrogate the government on the subject. Things have indeed come to a pretty pass.

Celebration Extraordinary.

There is a vague rumor afloat to which we do not know how much credence should be given, that the subscribers and readers of the *Globe* intend getting up a jubilee on the combined occasions of the discovery of oil in the breaes of Bothwell, and the conclusion of what had been feared would be the interminable Chronicles of Carlingford. These chronicles have, for the last several months, "like a wounded snake dragged their slow length along thro' the columns of that essentially gloomy journal, and all the patronizers of the big weekly must feel a pleasure in the thought that there will now be a chance for something of lightness and variety to take their place. The oleaginous developments of Bothwell are equally important, and we hope that the "Laird" will at length be beautifully rewarded for all the revilings which he has borne on account of the bonny swamps of Bothwell. If the fete we have heard hinted at does come off we prophesy a brilliant affair; it should indeed be delightful when illuminating oil is one of the motives.

A CONTRADICTION.—It is not true that the beauty of Carleton moved to bring the Editor of the *Gleaner* to the bar of the House. But any member wishing to do so will please engage rooms at Russell's and enclose to us a post-office order for \$50.

THE HIGHFALUTIN.

—The following article was picked up near the market, it was evidently intended for the *Irish Canadian*, but in order to circulate the writer's views, (the circulation of the *I. C.* being confined to its own office) we give it in the universally read *Gleaner*.

Arise ye brave and brilliant sons of Erin from the state of slothful sluggishness into which you have been thrown by the base machinations of the dastard sons of Albion. Arise! the bugle blast calls you to revenge the burning wrong inflicted on your nation by Britain's hireling and heretic crew. The Irish harp refuses to speak in tones of gladness and of mirth, as it did of yore, when Ireland's noble kings greeted her golden throne. Now, mournfully she bemoans the loss of Ireland's greatness, and laments the triumph of her foes. Irishmen, (or, in other words, Paddies) (Ed. G.) how long will ye consent to have the hoof of the tyrant placed upon your manly breast. How long will ye grovel in the dust, and crouch before your malignant enemies, whose foul and heinous crimes call loudly for retribution from a righteous heaven. Since the days of the Flood, aye, long before the creation of man, Hibernia swayed the sceptre of the globe. Much anterior to the time when Satan tempted Eve to pluck the pomal fruit, long ere this, the nations of the earth owned the sons of Erin for their kings. At a time when, all the rest of the world was plunged in Cimmeric darkness, and worse than an Egyptian moral gloom, Irish buttermilk, Hibernian skilleglas and Milesian potatoes were to be found in every part of the known world, in fine, in every part of the entire universe.

It is a well known fact that an enormous commercial traffic was carried on in the transportation of Irish potatoes, or Murphies as the Irish call them, to the planet Jupiter. As an evidence of this, we may point triumphantly to the ancient classic mythology, in any part of which you can find it mentioned with proud exultation, that Jupiter himself, was an ardent lover of this noblest specimen of Irish manufacture, and Hibernian skill. There too will you find that when the "King of Gods and men" was wroth and much enraged, and all heaven and earth grew black at the darkness of his lowering brow naught would appease the mighty God before whom all Olympus quailed and shook to its very base, naught he says would appease, but the sight of a murphy with its jacket on. Homer tells us that the "Cloud collecting Jove cast from the battlements of heaven Vulcan the glorious god of war." He tells us too that all day long he fell and lastly lit on Lemnos, with little life left lingering in his lefty lung. But why all this strife. Can any man whose reason holds her seat receive the silly explanation of the "Blind old man of Scio's rocky isle" that it was because he nobly battled for his mother Juno dear. No ten times one time no! Science all powerful in these latter days has clearly proved the fact that it was because Vulcan stole, aye and ate the potatoes boiled, which by right belonged to Jove. This was the true cause, this the reason of the row. Some distinguished classics too contend that on this noble fruit the name An-

broslin was conferred. But more of this anon. And now shall we, raised on food which fed the gods, on food of which the poets sung, shall we whose mines are full of fish, and waters full of coal, adown whose streets the tide of wealth and mighty greatness runs, upon whose fields the beautiful shamrock grew, whose land was freed from snails by Patrick the saint; shall we, whose mighty men have all the wurruld ruled, shall we descendants of the gods, sit slumbering 'neath the oppressive yoke of that god-forsaken land whose name is spoke in hell amid the approving shouts of fiends exulting, led on by Beelzebub their chief, no! no!! no!!! ten times two times no. Let us arise in the plenitude of our power and sweep from the face of the earth, this curse of humanity, this plagued spot of the world. Let us buckle on our armour now, and animated by one great glorious sublime motive, destroy every vestige of that hell protected power, whose wealth has been wrung from the hearts-blood of the wailin widows and orful orphans of the world, whose power has been basely and brutally bought by the seporific slavery of the wretched wretched riggling ragmuffins of roaring rampant Ireland. Arise ye martyrs and show your Patriotism. Murphy the Mick will lead you to victory or debt.

Marriage in High Life.

(From the *Globe*.)

Before another edition of the *Globe* appears, an event will have occurred exceeding in imposing character anything seen in Toronto since the visit of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales. We mean the great Marriage, the details of which will probably be officially promulgated before the day arrives, but to satisfy the universal curiosity on the subject, we give the following sketch from a trust-worthy correspondent:—

The arrangements are designed to be as far as possible in keeping with the late Royal Marriage. For this purpose the bride will be privately conveyed to the Island (intended to represent Denmark) in a row-boat, and thence brought back in a steamer expressly chartered for the purpose, accompanied by her relatives, and one or two young lords got together for the occasion. She will be met at the Queen's Wharf by the bridegroom, who will make his appearance in a government carriage drawn by six switch-tailed government horses accompanied by groomsmen carrying his prayer-book and cigar-case, preceded by two trumpeters and followed by a mounted escort. After tender enquiries as to sea-sickness, the procession, joined by friends, will move along Front and Yonge street.

Further proceedings may be thus summed up.—Salute from old Fort, if guns can be induced to go off.—Service intoned at Church; on leaving the sacred edifice the party will be preceded to their carriages by a few musical nautners led by Mr. Bonndertumble, M. R. C. S., who will sing the Laureate's recent marriage ode. A select few will then partake of cold pie and champagne.—Promiscuous dance in the evening.—Departure of happy couple amidst fireworks.—General illuminations.

CLERGYMEN WHO DESIRE RESIGNATION.—Dr. Colenso and Dr. Lawder.