

IMPRESSIVE SPECTACLE.

About the middle of last week the rumble of Williams' Omnibus ceased in the streets of Toronto, and the hospitable doortop no longer bung invitingly down to the weary foot passengers of Yonge Street. Travellers perspired, and opened their eyes. "Has Williams departed this life?" said one. "Is he to be buried from one of his own hearses then?" said another. "Perhaps he has been screwed up in one of his own coffins by mistake," said another. "Not a bit of it," said a man sweating on his way from Yorkville, "his Omnibus are standing at the side of the ditch they are digging in Yonge Street." "But why doesn't he take us in one Omnibus to the South side of the ditch, and away up to Yorkville in the other," said a common-sense traveller. "Because he wants to get heavy damages from the Corporation for loss of time," said a legal traveller. The legal traveller was right. Mr. Williams is about to bring the case before the court, and has retained R. M. Allen as counsel. This eminent barrister has kindly showed us a copy of his intended speech, and we freely give it to the public.

"May it please your Lordship and Gentlemen of the Jury,

The whole collective History of British Jurisprudence, from the signing of Magna Charta by Hengist and Horsa, to the last case I had the pleasure of winning in this washful court, were it ransacked and rammaged with the aid of a microscope, would furnish nothing similar to the outrage upon the rights of a private, I might say a public and useful citizen, possessed of private rights, this outrage I say, which I shall presently induce the weighty arm of the Law to punish and avenge. The interest felt in this case by the world at large ought to be Provincial, ought to be national, and because why? Those who have had the advantages of a classical education will know, that the word *omnibus* means to *all, in, with, from, or by all*, and therefore I triumphantly conclude that this case ought to be a favorite to all, congenial in all bosoms, pleasant with all minds, listened to from all ears, and ought to be successful by all the Powers.

Gentlemen, let me come to my statements. On a certain day in August, some fiend opened a ditch across Yonge Street, under the pretext of municipal improvements, but solely, I believe, with the view of blasting my client's money-bags for life. My client's omnibuses were stopped; my client had to go on tick for groceries; he had to pawn a cow in plate for butter, and was obliged to give four of his depreiated omnibus tickets for a red herring. And, gentlemen, let me call your attention to the melancholy spectacle of Mr. Williams a sitting on a hydrant near this ditch on Yonge Street for three days and three nights a running, and watching those over-fed horses of his, and tying of horse-blankets around them for fear they might bust for want of exercise, for the horses, gentlemen, was detained, and so was the omnibuses because they couldn't get past to go to Yorkville and get back, because it would have been disruptive to the dignity of an omnibus driver and a Briton to be compelled to go back by any such gammon and spinach before he'd finished his journey. No wonder he did

not like Marcus Curtius' leap into the yawning chasm, but the ditch was so muddy that Marcus Curtius would have to wear top-boots to kill himself in it. Yes, gentlemen, if you wish to strike a decisive blow in favour of justice, if you wish to do justice to the shattered heart strings of my poor client, if you wish to compensate him for his three-days' watching and waiting, (and by the by I have had photographs prepared representing poor Mr. Williams with a tear in his eye, and quiver on his lip, and his quiver full of children standing in the background a gazing on their afflicted Pa); if you wish to do this you must make the corporation fork over \$750 damages; but if you wish by one fatal blow to discourage honest industry forever and dismantle the omnibuses of the world you will reject my appeal; and oh! if you do such a thing, may the evil genius of corns and bunions ravage your little toes; may you be obliged to walk a hundred miles with gravel in your boots, over dilapidated curb-stones and meet with never an omnibus to take you all that distance for five cents. (Here the MS comes to an abrupt termination.)

NEW BUILDINGS.

[From the Leader.]

We are happy to be able to inform the vastly increasing army of our subscribers, that in spite of the hard times there is an immense number of dwelling houses in course of erection in the city, principally among the upper tandom or *elite*. On Stanley street, at present, Cumberland and Storm are building for Mr. Robert Moodie, a most commodious, and in fact, a magnificent mansion, of the finest green Malachite, sent from Siberia, by Count Qurrykoff. The front will be embellished with a fine portico in *Bellico-Doric* style, the pillars being conducted of oyster-shells and antique lobster-cans, and a balustrade of dead marines will enclose a parterre, which will be planked with cockle shells, and silver bells, and cowslips, all of a row.

Kiras Tully is erecting a mansion for Alderman Dunn, not according to his own tastes, which are extremely correct, but after a pet model of the Alderman's. The site of the Building is directly opposite St. George's Church. The principal material to be employed is imitation marble; the windows will be set off with cows' horns and pigs' potticoes, and his large and commodious garden is being planked with mangel wormal, dandelions, and turnips. The garden wall will, for protection's sake, be surrounded with a moat, filled with putrid slaughterhouse drainings, into which during plunderers will be sure to be precipitated. *On dit*, that the window blinds will be formed of well-tanned hides. Instead of carpets the floors will be covered with tan-bark. Mr. Tully was at first disinclined to undertake this novel experiment in architecture, but he has been induced to go on with it, under strong protest.

Councilman Wiman will soon be in occupation of a very fine summer residence in the populous and fashionable neighborhood of Brooks's Bush. The foundation of the building will consist of back numbers of the *Grumbler*, as the Councilman wishes to have them kept out of his sight forever; we think

however, that the *Grumbler* is voluble enough to afford excellent specimens of "railing." There will be any amount of Nix-Nax about the exterior.

The *Leader* Office having been found insufficient to accommodate the increasing magnitude of the *Leader* concerns, Mr. Beatty has contrived to lease the new University Buildings for two years; and the University College will find a berth in the present *Leader* Office. The University Buildings not being sufficiently elaborate for a printing office, architects are invited to send in tenders for supplementary mouldings, carvings, etc. Mr. Morris has been hired by Mr. Maul to act as a model for new grotesque, and will be furnished with fresh copies of the *Grumbler* as they come out, in order that his contortions may be sufficiently ludicrous.

THE THEATRE.

During the greater part of the week, the principal feature in the Lyceum programme has been the wonderful tight-rope performances of M. Blondin. The renova this great *acrobat* has obtained by the daring feat now associated with his name, of course, secured rather better houses than usual. The wonderful ease with which M. Blondin performed the most difficult achievements on the rope, was most astonishing, and you had only to see the man to believe him able to do anything possible for man to perform on the rope.

Next Monday Mr. G. S. Lee takes a benefit, and we trust he will meet with something like an adequate reception at the hands of the public.

During the week, Mr. W. E. Burton, who stands at the head of comedians in America, will make his first appearance in this city. We are surely not expecting too much, when we express a hope that so renowned and talented a performer will receive a hearty welcome in Toronto.

DISTINGUISHED ARRIVALS.

We have much pleasure in chronicling the arrival in Toronto of Lord Ogleme, Lord Mullturry, and the Hon. J. S. McFlurry. These "distinguished personages" arrived on Tuesday last, from Niagara Falls, where they created quite a sensation during their prolonged stay of three hours. We understand that the democratic denizens of the adjoining Republic sojourning at Niagara, were quite captivated with the condescension and affability of the young nobleman, who graciously and liberally partook of cocktails and cigars at their expense, seemingly ignoring for the time, their own high blood and the plebeian extraction of their entertainers.

The citizens of Toronto who may be fortunate enough to make their acquaintance, no doubt will give them the respect and attention their high birth and position demand, and entertain them with a courtesy equal to their own.

Not so.

—It is not true that the College Avenue fence has been purchased by the Government to fence in Canada to prevent an invasion. Such, however, was their intention, but the Board of Works having reported it inconvenient for whitewashing, negotiations ceased. It has since been purchased by the Harbour Commissioners, and will be erected in the breach of the Island as a breakwater.