

## The Markets.

The Fish Market is rather *low*, but its situation is probably owing to the popular delusion that 'if near the water, fresh the fish,' or the stock may be low owing to its being Lent, and not returned.

The demand has been chiefly for French houses, and a good many small fry have entered the market on their own *hook*.

Beef has been *high*, notwithstanding the limited demand during Lent, while Mutton and Veal move off slowly and suspiciously. Sales chiefly *live stock*. Venison has been *dear* all the past week.

The *Fowl* markets have been fairly sprinkled with bipeds of different species, but chiefly with geese, and to judge from the prices asked, we have no hesitation in saying that a good many got plucked.

Pork has been quiet and scarce; we only met with one *Cauchon* of a decent size, and he probatly did not exceed 2 cwt., including *bristles*!

Vegetables for home consumption and soup meagre, have been in demand and ruled high—sellers refusing to yield.

Fruit has been scarce, with the exception of oranges, and the Orangemen have had the market to themselves since the 17th ultimo.

Flowers are rarely met with, but occasionally one meets with a *Rose* and a *Gowan*, which have owed their appearance to the genial influences of "the House."

Flour of low qualities is scarce, the market having been cleared by the city bakers, and bread has risen accordingly.

Butter is "salt," but improves by washing. Dirty, for servants, scarce.

Groceries are plentiful and impudent, the supplies chiefly of light weight. Low priced Teas have been in demand for French houses, the better qualities are not to be met with.

Liquors of all kinds have *gone down* freely, but are only sold on limited time. Operations chiefly *rum*.

The Dry Goods Department has been attended by a *fair* lot of purchasers, and a good many parcels have changed hands. Hoops are low, and the fashions are altered. Brown Froek Coats have been introduced.

Money scarce.

## Patents of Invention Granted.

{ PATENT HUNBUG OFFICE,  
TORONTO, April, 1859.

MR. HOGAN.—For an improved pair of *Curling Tongs*.

MR. MCGEE.—For a patent weapon called "The McGee Pike." Orders for 300,000 received.

MR. PICHE.—For a "*Legislative Vocal Calliope*," warranted to go up to high C.

MR. GOWAN.—For a *Panacea for all ills*. One Commissioner at \$10 a day can conduct the whole business.

MR. CIMON.—For "a patent way of obtaining situations for brothers and other relations," called "The Nationality Evoker and Provider."

THE USHER OF THE BLACK ROD.—For an improved "*body supporter*," to prevent persons when bowing from snapping in two.

## Lines dedicated to the Prince of Toronto, by Policeman X of Y Division.

Cheer up my dear public no longer deplore,  
The reign of poor Sam and the bull-dog is o'er,  
We have got a new Chief, all creation he flogs,  
So let Sam now descend to his favorites the dogs.

Some people may sneer, but no taste they evince  
In sneering at one of perfection the Prince;  
He's an ornament now and will let in a pinch  
As a block for displaying the "cut" of a Finch.

What a dandified strut, what *h*-elegant *h*-air,  
What a cockneyfied lisp, what a languishing stare;  
Such loves of mustachious all curled with such grace,  
Such beautiful whiskers adorning his face;  
Such a cap and such trowsers all laced o'er with gold,  
All stamp him as run in nobility's mould.

Yet blinded by envy some plebians declare  
That his brains have been wasted manuring his hair;  
At hearing such statements I always feel pained,  
For how can so heavy a swell be hair-brained.

When Sam was in office he still might be found  
At the Court of Police all the season around,  
But our new Princely scion makes known his behest  
On notes from his office all stamped with his crest;  
If you call at his sanctum to ask for his aid,  
He refers you to subs of a much lower grade,  
While in wonder you're lost such being could choose  
An office so paltry as Chief of the Blues.

Then hurra for the Council that bent on reform,  
Are busy as pigs on the eve of a storm;  
Fifty pounds from poor Gurnett they stripped at a vote  
And applied it to buying our new Chief a laced coat;  
'Tis thus that our Council with equity rules,  
Putting trust in a Prince, yea the Prince of the

## Hudson Bay Territory.

It was with great pleasure we read the Speech of the Hon. Mr. Vankoughnet upon the Hudson's Bay Question—he takes a wise and statesmanlike view of it—knowing the difficulty there is in overtaking such a question, he deemed it wiser that Her Majesty's Government should deal with it in a prudent spirit, in the spirit of civilization and the spirit of colonization. It was impossible that Canada, with her limited influence and power, could assume the control of that country. If Great Britain offered them the whole territory it would only involve them in endless expense. They were the children of the British Empire, and they deserved to be dealt with as such. She should take upon her to settle this question, so that their rights hereafter may be determined without doubt. We have every confidence in the views of the Hon. Mr. Vankoughnet, who we have always considered, one of the wisest and most honest statesmen of the day. There is no man who has or could fill the office of Commissioner of Crown Lands in a more able and efficient manner. The amount of work, and the satisfaction given to all parties who have had business in the Department, is beyond conception. This arises, not only from his ability, but from his gentlemanly deportment, and the harmony with which he works with all those who are under him. It is to be hoped, if the Government moves to Quebec, that at all events our Upper Canada Crown Lands Department will remain at Toronto, —do away with all agencies, and let this one office transact all the business, which will put an end to jobbery and dissatisfaction.

## Old Brass.

A man on Queen Street advertises for old brass—we think if some of the members were sold, they would fetch their *full value*.

## Toronto Assizes.

BEFORE JUDGE OLDSTICK.

*Allen versus Wiman.*

Many incorrect versions of this great case having gone abroad, we deem it our duty to supply a correct report for the benefit of our readers, the world at large.

On entering the Court Room on the eventful morning, we found it crowded to excess. Cat calls, and loud cries of "Allen hold up your head, there's money bid for you," resounded from the densely crowded mass. Hardly had we taken the seat which the Judge offered us, by his side, when Mr. Allen rose up and addressed the jury in the following words:

MY LORD AND GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY,

It is with extreme reluctance that I appear as Plaintiff in the present case. Nothing but an earnest desire to preserve the sacredness of personal character from insult could have induced an individual of my retiring habits [cries of oh! oh! indeed] to occupy such a position. Mildness, benevolence, and politeness, form the basis of my character. Judge then of my astonishment when I found myself the subject of a series of malicious attacks from an individual so mean, so contemptible as the Defendant. I look upon him as a ruffian, as worse than a ruffian, a Clear Grit, a defamer, a—a—a cut purse. [Here the Judge called Mr. Allen to order, and asked him if this was a specimen of his boasted politeness.] My Lord I can prove the assertion from black and white, for as the poet says:

"He who steals my purse steals trash."

Mr. Eccles.—Yes; its not probable its contents ever amounted to more than two-and-six, and that in copper coin.

Mr. Allen—My Lord, I look to you for protection from insult and interruption, I said before, that the lump of benevolence in my head was as large as an ordinary cabbage.

Mr. Eccles—Then you acknowledge yourself a cabbage head.

Mr. Allen—How dare you address such remarks to me. Let me tell you, sir, that I, sir, am an Irish Barrister, sir, that I have conducted cases in the Four Courts, sir, a spot, sir, where you daren't show the tip of your red nose, you mutton-chopped ignoramus. Aha! you feel that thrust. It does me good to see you look so chop-fallen. Yes; I repeat it. My Lord and Gentlemen of the Jury, my benevolence has gained me many a mark of esteem; wretches without a shilling to help themselves, have presented me with *bedsteads* and bed-room furniture of a more brittle nature, out of pure gratitude for my exertions in their behalf. I accepted them because I did not wish to wound their feelings by a refusal. No base love of filthy lucre ever entered my sympathizing bosom. The community, anxious to bestow some mark of respect for my philanthropy, have applied to me the envied, the honorable, the—the—the sacred name of the *Burglar's friend*. [Mr. Allen's tears now flowed freely, even the Judge was moved, and subdued sobs were audible from the direction of the Jury box. Having wiped his eyes on his coat sleeve, Mr. Allen proceeded.] And these contemptable cubs, the editors of the *Grumbler*, have made my name as notorious as that of Townsend. They