

MR. ECKLES'S reply to the Chief Justice when requested to explain what the GAUZEIL was and what were its objects.

In the House or the Council Hall, my lord,
 It crushes the knaves to the wall, my lord,
 Attacking abuse,
 Like a lion lot one;
 But kind to the weak and small, my lord.

 Subjects buff and low, my lord,
 By THE CHURCHMAN are taken in tow, my lord,
 What ver it is,
 Is sure of a quiz,
 And fools must take many a blow, my lord.

 An Inquisitor armed with racks, my lord,
 For punishing humbugs and quacks, my lord,
 It detects every wile,
 Of the keenest old sle,
 And keeps a rod asleep, for their backs, my lord.

 Sometimes a bit of a croaker, my lord,
 Yet always a ninth provoking, my lord,
 As did all this good cheer,
 For a dollar a year,
 So subscribe for this queer little joker, my lord.

In our last notice of the temple of Muses on King Street we took occasion to mention the necessity of paying attention to detail in the getting up of a piece. We repeat our admonition. A slight *fauz pas*, which a little attention would have obviated, is often more fertile to mar a plot or destroy the interest in a piece than great and apparent blunders. We have no doubt our fair Managersess will prove herself equal to the task of subduing uncouth banality, and beating common sense into the hides of those of our actors and actresses who, with a hesitating tone and awkward gesture, succeed admirably in murdering their parts, regardless of the feelings of the audience.

Before we conclude we must express our thanks for the superb manner in which the boxes have been fixed up during the recess. Some time ago the outside of the Lyceum was embellished by four splendid lamps—now the inside of the theatre is

We understand that these illustrious children the "Sons of Malta"—by the way who is the *pater familias*—will give Mr. Malou a benefit on Monday evening, when a good bill will be produced. In the early part of the day, those benevolent children will distribute loaves and fishes to the hungry, from the theatre. My other shadows never be less.

"Certain death," responded Paul.

In the morning any one might have seen an old man outside the sleeping apartment of our friends, and their boots on close examination, could be found in the wash-hand basin.

Weep, weep, weep,
In any place in the house, St. E!
But the slightest trace of the tears you shed
Not the swarpest sighted could see.