ORATORICAL.

MR Ecoura's reply to the Chief Justice when requested to explain what sin Gaunul a was and what were its objects.

A paper devoted to fun, my lord, In which it is number one, my tord, Full of quaint little bits, Origin 1 airs,

And many a well turned pun, my lord.

Always up to the mark, my lord, Exposing deeds done in the dark, my lord, To the schemer's earpite, They aspear to all eyes, As clear as a fount in a pask, my lord.

In the House or the Council Hall, my lord, It crushes the knaves to the wall, my lord, Attacking abuse, Like a lien lot cost.

But kind to the week and small, my lord. Subjects lufty and low, my lord.

Subjects luft; and low, my lord,
By Tax Chumble a are taken in tow, my lord,
Wint ver it is,
Is an e of a quiz,

And fools must take many a blow, my lord.

An inquisitor armod with racks, my lord,
For punishing humbugs and quacks, my lord,
It delects every wile,
Of the Accust old Sic,
And keeps a rod steeped, for their backs, my lord.

Sometimes a bit of a croaker, my lord,
Yot always a mitth provoking, my lord,
Ard all this good cheer,
For a dollar a year,
So subscribe for this queer little joker, my lord.

THE THEATRE.

In our last notice of the temple of Muses on King Street we took occasion to inention the accessity of paying attention to detail in the getting up of a piece. We repeat our admonition. A sight faux pas, which a little attention would have obviated, is often more fertile to mar a plot or destroy the interest in a vices than great and apparent blunders. We have no doubt our fair Manageress will proveherself equal to the task of subdaing uncouch ban little, and beating common sense into the bides of those of our actors and actresses who, with a hesitating tone and awkward gesture, succeed admirably in much sing their parts, regardless of the feelings of the subjects.

The new season was opened in an auspicious manner on Easter Monday, by Simps m's drama, " Marco Spada," since which we have been treated to "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," and other pieces of m rit. If we seem to ignore Mc Marlowe's managerskip from a feeli g nearly altied to gallantry, we must compliment him on his Pepinelli He rendered the t at with judgment. Each time be appeared, "me and my dragoous," actually to k the bouse by s orm. Mr. Marlowe's Proteus was no: as good as the former character. The Speed of Mr. H. Thompson, and the Launce of Mr. Herbert were good readitions. Mr. Den Thompson's Ned Ryan was also good; but we cannot say the same of all his o her characters. Mrs. Fi zgerald ought to pay more attention to her intonnation. Her acting is correct -but we require to hear the text faultlessly.

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

m proved by the fitting up of two sea's. We shall shortly have a new building at to is rate.

We understand that these illustrious children the "Sons of Malta"—by the way who is the pater familias—will give Mr, Ma love whenefit on Mo day even 1g, when a good bill will be produced. In the early part of the day, those benevolent children will distribute loaves and fi hes to the bungry, from the theatre. Mry their shadows never be less.

YE NEW LIQUOR LAW.

It was half-past seven o'clock on Saturday evening that Jack Ginger and Paul Perriwig sa lied out for aramb'o. At twenty-five minutes to eight Jack declated that he was very thirsty, and precisely at be some moment Paul suggested on immediate adiournment to the "Thirty Souls" Welcome."

At twenty minutes to et he our heroes errived at the desired place, but to their dismay it was closed. The star of hope accmed to have set, for not a

friendly gl am could be discovered through the wind was above, or the chincks below.

"By Jove and General Jackson," exclaimed Ginger, as a sudden light—figurative, not real auddenly dawned upon him, "Campbell's infernal compulsory drunkenness bill is in operation."

Paul confessed his readiness to be compelled to get drunk forthwith.

Jack explained that the bill provided that the subject should get druck before seven o'clock on Saturdry evening, and proposed a further adjournment to the 'Jolly Dozy," the landlord of which knew him, tansmuch as he owed him a small account for sundry beers and pipes.

Arrived at the "Jolly Dogs," our friends were confounded to find it closed.

- "Barred and bolt d",ex slaimed Paul, as he thundered at the door with an oaken stick.
- "Yes, by Mare," responded Jack, "the bar has colted, or the bar is bolted, which amounts to the ame thing."
 - "What's to be done," says Paul.
- " Break the door," says Jack.
- "'Twon't do," says Paul.
- "Break the wind swe," says Juck.
- " Bera's the crushers," says Paul.

At this to two friends took their departure in a discor solute mood. In the course of their rambles, the vigilant Pau discorered a faint gleam of light through a chick in the door of the "Last Refuge," and immediately commenced thundering at the four right heartily. His efforts were useless, although aided by Jack, who kicked so furrously at the door that all the dogs in the neighbouring streets seemed on the point of breaking loose and cus sing to the scene of the noise. As a last resource, Ginger put his mouth to the key hole, and by lustily shouting "first fiell" at last succeeded in bringing a domestic to the door.

- "You can t came in," sai i a voice inside.
- "We mu t," says Jack; "here's a man who has just broke his leg, and he's dying with the thirst." "Go away," responded the voice.
- "It's impossible," returned Jack, "the man can't be moved without endangering his life. Can you Paul?"

"Certain death," responded Paul.

"No one but travellers can come in," insi :uated

"All right, unbolt the door," says Jack. "We're ut trave less in this valo of teace."

The door was now openol, and our friends were unhered into a back room hind with tobacco stock, apparently coming from the pipes of a cours of smokes, who were dimly visible through the fog. At cleven o'clock Paul might be seen with a pipe in one hand, a beer pot in the other, dricking "suc (h'c) sus (bio) sus-sess to Col-Campbell's 'pulsory toesication Bill!"

While Jack remons rated with him: "Pa-Paul, son of Joe (hie) son of Jaures, (hie) your drunk! 3b (hle) shame on Paul! Look at (hie) Look at me! Nota fef (hie) feather stirred ye-yet!"

At twelve o'clock Jack and Paul might be seen working their way up the stairs leading to their hamber, in rather a cork-ser-w fashion. An hour after Paul might te seen—that is if one had the eyes of an owl, for it was pitch dark—discussing the contents of his water jug, in rather an eager manaer. A slight accident occurred to him after behad satisfied himself—for on putting the jug back, owing to the darkness, and other causes needless to mention, be placed it just on the side of the table, from whence it descended to the floor with an alarming crash, as soon as he had taken his hand from it.

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

TPE KNIGHT OF THE DOLEFUL COUNTENANCE.

Sir E-ienne Pascal Tache (not for the world would we admit one sentence of the cherished nama) albeit a Colonel in the valorous Militia, is always ender-bearted; some perorus,-but they were detractors-have termed him soft. But on Friday evening the gullant night waxed wondrously luchtymose. As he depicted in glowing eloquence and broken English, the ingratitude of Upper Canada in not approciating the kindness of his countrymen in accepting two mill ons of dollars, his feelings overcame even the gallant Colonel. As he reflected on this monstrous ingratitude, he declared that his blood boiled within him, and tours of sorrow filled his eyes. Cruel Upper Canalians! Unfeeling Canadians, wi h hearts barder than the netner millstone, yo only laughed! Not so with us. Affected were we, desply affected; and by the aid of a friendly porpoise, who was taking a trip to England for the sake of his digestion, we despatched a note to the Poet Laur ate, suggesting the circumstance as an appropriate subject for an ole; the following has just arrived in time for press:

When, weep, weep,
White the blood doth boil, Sir E.,
Nover heed that the longue can't utter
The thoughts that arise in thee.

O, well for the greedy seignour, That shouts as he wins the pay; O, well for the moutens all, That sing as they carry the day.

And the members all arise, And they have easily messed the Bill; But on for one drop of the tears, That the eyes of the Colonel did fill !

Weep, weep, meep,
In coy place in the house, Sir E.1
But the slightest trace of the tears you shed
Not the suarpest sighted could see.