

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. 2.—NO. 16.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1859.

WHOLE NO. 68.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats
I rede you gent it;
A chief's amang you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it.

SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1859.

THE NEW POSTAL REGULATIONS.

The atrocious Postal Law as polished and elaborated by the "onabul" P. M. G., is now published and in force in the Province. The *Globe*, magnifying its own importance, will have it that the abominable measure was conceived and brought into diabolical vitality solely to crush its own redoubtable existence. Now with that peculiar keenness of intellect which appertains to us, we know, in fact we had it from head quarters, that the storm which has just broken over editorial heads, was aimed solely and directly at THE GRUMBLER. The "onabul Sidney," albeit we have anxiously trained him from the dialect minus the wit of Joe Miller, into the paths of Murray and common sense, has not taken our efforts in a spirit of kindness;—hence the odious law of which we complain. What does he care for the cumbrous rhetoric of Grit editorials, he knows that no one ever cares to peruse them, but far otherwise, he too keenly feels it, with us. Cobourng snags aghast at the folly of its boasted luminary, Northumberland groans in spirit at our expose of the ignorance of its representative. Hence the new impost on newspapers. In his efforts to destroy the shark (i. e. ourselves) he is obliged to finish the existence of innumerable small fry (the *Globe*, &c.) on which we prey.

But there is one loophole through which with a little effort we may creep. "Periodicals devoted to education, agriculture, temperance or any branch of science" are to be free from the tax. Now there can be no doubt of it, that our sheets are almost entirely devoted to education. Have we not been the happy means of bringing Gould within the pale of civilization and evening classes? Have we not convicted Playfair of backsliding and brought him to the stool of repentance? Have we not taught the illustrious Sidney himself, no longer to murder his mother tongue. In short, is there a rascal who has not chastised, an abuse we have not censured, an offender we have not rebuked? We claim therefore to be a "periodical devoted to education" and therefore exempt.

With regard to agriculture, though not exclusively devoted to that branch, we claim to have done a little sub-soil ploughing *pro bono publico*, we have sown some good seed, we have harrowed the feelings of some miserable beings, and we have tried to

drain off many of the abuses which threaten the moral health of the province.

We certainly have forwarded the cause of temperance; for we can point to several illustrious M. P. P.'s whom, with the aid of the Hon. Mr. Cameron, we have turned from destruction. And, with regard to "science," we have dealt largely in the anatomy of snobs and fools, to say nothing of other "branches" we cannot now dwell upon. We claim therefore to have done some service in our day and generation; and we know that if fair play were shown to us, we should come under the exemption. Sidney, however, is inexorable, and we put on our armor to combat the knight of the mail-bags. Sidney, beware; you shall not vanquish the GRUMBLER.

NEWSPAPER MORALITY.

Whatever the Editor of the *Hamilton Times* may be as a politician, he certainly is a huge creature as a moralist. In Thursday's issue, beneath the leading fulmination of the sanctum, we have a severe reproof directed against Mons. Blondin for his redoubtable exploit at Niagara. Hear the wondrous insect:—

"We suppose that thousands will assemble to see the trick of this man, who dare thus to tangle with his life; and should he fall into the raging waters, they (the raging waters) will feast so richly on excitement and horror, that a public execution will be a tame scene to them in comparison. We think the authorities should prevent the demoralizing spectacle, and disappoint the sight-seers."

How sublime the moral. We trust that no rash young man will henceforth be wicked enough to emulate Blondin's example. The authorities ought certainly to have stopped "so demoralizing a spectacle," and the *Times* should have our warmest praise for protesting boldly against so villainous and risky a sight. On reading the article from which we have quoted, we felt overcome by the intense morality of our contemporary.

But how shall we express our astonishment when, on the first column of the third page of the same paper, we spied a most seducing invitation to view the sight, the execrable sight, denounced on the previous page of the same sheet. Full particulars of the stretching of the rope; ample accounts of wondrous feats, never intended to be performed, and tempting invitations to see the man who

Will rival the great catarrax as an object of interest to those who may go to the Falls this summer.

The moral lesson of the *Times* of Thursday last winds up by informing the "idle sight-seers" of the "wretched mountebank" that

Persons desiring to witness the feat can leave here at 9.45 this morning, and arrive at the Falls at 11.45; or they can go at 3.25 P. M.

And so on in returning morality. Morality, what would become of you, if your lessons were always taught after the fashion of the *Times*? Censure in leading article; praise and pulgery in the next page. A compromise between the interests of morality and those of the Great Western Railway. *W. H. P.*

A TARGET PRACTICE.

Gentle reader, can you picture Alexander the Great going to battle in patten, Hannibal fighting with kid gloves, Caesar defeating Pompey with an umbrella over his head, or Napoleon marching with a silk parasol? If you can, you may imagine the spectacle we are about to describe. This week, do no laugh, for it was really hot, a volunteer corps of the valiant defenders of Toronto went to ball practice in cabs. All the bravery of the "gentleman troop" of our city was cooped up in one horse hacks.

Kelly and Lavery, and their compeers in the backbone line, had the chief rifle company entirely at their mercy; one shy of their horses, one little jerk of the lines, and Toronto would have been defenceless. The Count and his daring volunter, several rifles, and a lean supply of ball cartridges would have been lost forever. Sitting upon the box, beside the amiable cabman, we capped one lieutenant, with parasol over his head, fan in one hand, and a smelling bottle in the other, battling against the sun for dear life.

Within the same vehicle, three riflemen were engaged in bringing to a fainting companion by a sponge dipped in rose-water. The Count, need we mention his revered name, 'tis Hollivell, sat on the box of a cab, sternly perspiring, cynically blowing at the fearful scene before and behind him, yet still collected if not cool. Ah! we thought; if that gallant corps were now called, at a moment's notice, to repel the invading Yankee, or the rebellious army of McGee, how would they rush forward at the call of honor and patriotism to beat back the odious foe. Arrived at the ground, the scene of mimic conflict upon Don's umbrageous banks, the troops alighted from their respective cabs, and at the word of command took soda-water and brandy as they alone can do. Anon advancing through the sultry path leading to the woods, the sonorous voice of the Count fell upon their perspiring auditory organs:—"Draw parasols," "expand parasols," "elevate parasols," "swelter." And on they walk, rifle in left hand, parasol in right; but it still grows warm; the rifles are heavy, and, though knapsacks, they are wearied beneath that sultry sun. Again till the woods re-echo his manly voice the "hossifer" cries out, "Drop rifles," "produce fans," "extend fans," "wave fans," "ventilate!"

And yet no ease could the gallant troop procure till at length seeing their spirits flag, the gallant Count allowed them to *flag-on*, in this style:—"Flask out," "Unscrew," "Pour out," "Liquor," and then giving the welcome word "subsidi," the "gentleman's troop" sank in slumber on the grass, beside the murmuring Don, and the last we heard of them was a shaky order from the commander-in-chief, given in a stutter, type cannot imitate or repeat, "Rouse up," "Eyes open," "Drink Fans," "Expand flasks," "Present parasols," &c., &c., and then we departed highly satisfied with the last ball practice begun in cabs, continued under parasols and consummated in whiskey. *W. H. P.*

DARK LANTERN CONSPIRACY.

From our own Reporter.

(As usual we have succeeded in getting a full and authentic report of the famous Reform Club Meeting, held in the dyest corner of the Temperance Hall some days ago.)

Harry Henry occupied the chair.

Hon. George Brown briefly explained the object of the meeting, which, amongst other things was to secure to Upper Canada a repeal of the Union—also a written constitution—also the repeal of all taxes—also the reduction of all rents—also an increase of all wages—also a general massacre of all French Canadians—also the millenium—also drinks all round.

Harry Henry had much pleasure in seconding the efforts of his hon. friend to secure the latter object. The weather just now, he might remark, was as hot as h—

Dr. Connor.—Order. Remember you are not in the Penitentiary, sir.

Mr. Henry was aware of the fact, since he had had his pockets picked within the last ten minutes.

Mr. Drummond reminded Mr. Henry, that as chairman he was not called upon to take part in the debate.

Mr. Henry, when interrupted by a growl from the Polar Bear, was about to remark, that the weather was as hot as he could wish it; and that therefore drinks all round was a christian-like proposition. In round numbers, he was good for two dozen drinks at the present moment.

Mr. Bob Moodie remarked that in his opinion, Mr. Henry was good for nothing.

Mr. Gould did not come to listen to such balderdash. He'd be dashed, if he did. (Sensation.) He had come to the meetin' to blow up the consternation. He'd be blow'd if he didn't. (Hear.) The gig-gugglery of the present system could not be carried out any how any longer. He'd be giggered if it could. (Hear, hear.) Upper Canada could lick Lower Canada any day. He'd be blessed if she couldn't. (Cheers.) Upper Canada warn't to be bamboozled. He'd be bammed if she was. (Vociferous applause.) Lower Canada was the meanest hole on the face of the creation. He'd be hanged if it warn't. (Wild cheering, and cries of so you will.) He could hammer six Frenchmen himself any day. He'd be beaten if he couldn't—(cries of hear, hear.) For himself he might say that he believed that there were many abler politicians in the world—(cries of "certainly not.")—(He was a mere hum—

A voice. Humbug. (Cheers.)

Mr. Gould was about to observe that he was a mere humble instrument—

Mr. Stokes never heard of such an instrument. He would like to know if it was a reform instrument of music?

Mr. Mowatt was not going to be excited. But he must remark, that a more ignorant, brutish, contemptible crew, he had never before fallen in with. (Cheers and counter cheers.)

Mr. McGee was not going to excited himself either,

but he might be allowed to observe that a more degraded, disgusting specimen of humanity, than the last speaker, did not exist; and he should have great pleasure therefore in falling out with him—(Confusion).

The Chairman enquired if either of the gentlemen wished to be personal; and both having disclaimed any such headlensh intention, the debate proceeded amicably.

Mr. Foley thought the time had arrived when the honest men of Upper Canada should stand up for their rights, irrespective of position.

Dr. Connor would like to know how a man could stand up irrespective of position. (Sensation.) In standing up, position was everything; and his hon. friend might as well speak of lying down without position—a feat which, although every one knew his hon. friend to be a notorious liar, he defied him to accomplish—(expression of astonishment).

Mr. Foley requested Mr. Brown to hold his coat while he walked into Connor, but on that gentleman's refusing to do so, Mr. Foley relaxed his muscle and sat down.

Mr. R. M. Allen as one of the honest men of Canada, begged to stand up for his rights.

Mr. Moodie suggested that if Mr. Allen insisted upon receiving his rights, a committee be at once struck, to toss him for forty-six hours in a blanket. (Cheers.)

Mr. Henry wished to draw the attention of those present to the object of the meeting.

Mr. Piche in that case would suggest that the corks should be drawn from the Lager Bier bottles in the corner.

Mr. Brown was for business.

Mr. Piche was also for business. (Hear and cheers.)

Mr. Brown would continue. He had with pain given up all hope—

Mr. McGee begged his friend's pardon. Paul Hope was not the name of the gentleman in question. The name of that individual was Adam Hope. (Uproar.)

Mr. Brown did not wish to be interrupted. He had several resolutions to propose if those present would lend him an ear.

Mr. Drummond would lend him two. (Consternation.)

Mr. Connor thought one would be large enough for all purposes. (Applause.)

Mr. Drummond didn't come to the meeting to be insulted. He'd rather be an ass to a cockle man any day than such an antiquated cock sparrow as his hon. friend. (Cheers.)

Mr. Gould desired to remark that during the prevalence of the present hot weather, he wished he was a brewer's horse. (Cries of hear, hear.)

Mr. Brown begged hon. gentlemen to shut up. The first resolution was—

"Be it resolved that all the newspapers in Upper Canada, except the *Globe*, be suppressed."

Cries of "carried."

Mr. Allen.—Lost.

Mr. Moodie. Dry up, Tuppenny.

Mr. Allen.—Dry up yourself.

Chairman.—Cork up, you rascal. Resolution's carried.

Mr. Brown proposed the second resolution:

"Be it resolved that the Governor-General's office be declared elective, and the Hon. G. Brown be declared duly elected thereto."

Mr. Stokes (precipitately)—Also he it resolved, that I've a contract for supplying Upper Canada with ice cream. Carried by myself.

Chairman—One at a time, gentlemen. First resolution carried. Second ditto.

Mr. Brown—Next resolution!—

"Be it resolved that Sir Edmund Head be hung, as a preliminary to the erection of Canada into a free nation."

Mr. Stokes suggested decapitation; but on a division, it was resolved to hang Sir Edmund and sell his family down South at an upset price of \$5.25.

Mr. Brown proposed the next resolution:—

"Be it resolved that Mr. Gould be instructed to draw up a written constitution."

Mr. Stokes, as a scholar and a colored gentleman, objected to the nomination of Mr. Gould.

Mr. Allen also objected. His motto was "the right man in the right place."

Mr. Moodie suggested that if those were Mr. Allen's sentiments, be (Mr. Allen) could have no objection to be hanged.

Mr. Gould did not write an extra-superfine hand; but, if nominated he would try and make himself intelligible. ("Hear," and cheers.)

Resolution carried.

Mr. Brown had another resolution:—

"Be it resolved that the present Ministry are guilty of high treason, and that the earliest opportunity be taken to execute them therefor."

Carried nem. con.

Mr. McGee did not understand how Mr. Brown came to move all the resolutions. He begged to move that he be appointed a committee to visit various parts of the world for his own amusement.

Dr. Connor begged to move as an amendment to the resolution, that the word "other" be inserted before the noun "world." ("Hear," and cheers.)

Mr. Drummond would move, as an amendment to the amendment, that the word "lower" be inserted before the substantive "world." (Great row.)

Mr. McGee did not object to this amendment, as he proposed to take both movers with him as travelling companions,—an arrangement which could not possibly be carried out, if the world to be explored was not to be found in low latitudes. (Cheering, and confusion.)

Dr. Connor would like to know what the devil Mr. McGee meant? (Cries of "Question.")

Mr. Bob Moodie begged the bellicose gentlemen to keep their tempers. People who had no resolution of their own should not quarrel about the resolutions of others. (General cries of "Put him out!")

Mr. Henry suggested, for the sake of peace and quietness, that Mr. McGee and Dr. Connor should fight it out on the lobby in an orthodox manner. (Sensation.)

Mr. Gould wasn't going to sit still and hear such blasphemy. ("Hear, hear.")

Mr. Henry war'n't blasphemous. ("Question.")

Mr. Gould considered that at all events Mr. Henry had used bad language. ("Hear, hear.")

Mr. Henry would be damned if he did. [Cheers.] He never used bad language in his life. [Uproar.]

Mr. Drummond moved that Mr. Henry had disgraced the Chair and be at once kicked out. [Confusion.]

Mr. Brown begged of gentlemen to compose themselves.

Mr. Henry would fight any man in the room. As for Mr. Drummond, he would double him up in a brace of shakes, and beat the devil's tattoo upon his vile parchment body.

Mr. Drummond was rapidly becoming excited,—but unfortunately could not fight with such a gall bird as Harry Henry. [Wild cheer.] However, if Mr. Brown or Dr. Connor would say "beans," he would have great pleasure in beating them into a mummy. [Cheers and cries of "Go it, old horse!"]

Mr. McGee was good for a row any day,—so he would commence, *sans ceremonie*, by knocking down his neighbor, who happened to be Mr. Brown.

Here a dreadful melee took place, beyond the powers of description; taking advantage of which, our Reporter went and "lickered" at the expense of the Reformers,—but, being caught in the act by Mr. Foley, he was reluctantly drawn into the scrimmage, where he performed such prodigies of valor that he was unable to turn in bed for a week.

THE MAYOR AND MENDICANCY.

At the last meeting of the City Council, an important suggestion was made by the Mayor. He proposed, as the destitution in our city was very great, and as the Corporation could do it without imposing a burthen upon the people, that a sum of \$40,000 should be expended in public works. The opening and widening of streets and sewers, the construction and embellishment of public parks, squares, and gardens, the completion of the Esplanade, are the objects on which this sum, it was said, might be expended with greatest advantage to the city; and if after the completion of all those works, the Corporation still have some money to spare for charitable purposes, contingent upon public improvement, we can aid its inventive genius by a thousand other suggestions. However, it is not probable that our services shall be required.

The works proposed to be accomplished are all above reproach. Our Esplanade is at present running to seed, and is total'y unfit for purposes of recreation, or the creation of anything, except feelings of disgust. If it were properly graded, planted with shade trees, and furnished with a footpath, it would be an ornament to the city. It would be equally an ornament if it were covered with warehouses and manufactories—but unless the Council adopt a resolution authorizing the construction of a warehouse for each member of the Corporation, the Esplanade will not be burthened with such things for some time to come.

The improvement of the University Park will

meet with public approbation. That part of the Park where the band play once a week is singularly uncultivated. It is full of treacherous pit falls, into which the unwary are sure to fall, and stumbling-blocks of sufficient proportions to level the pride of the loftiest; and, to crown all, after all these difficulties have been overcome with unflinching heroism and determination, there is not a seat to be had on which a lady can rest her weary bones. At any time such treatment would be barbarous, but when the sun is 90° in the shade, it is something worse.

In the way of street improvements, the pulling down of Stanley street would not be a bad idea. Let our city Fathers look well about, and if they cannot see a street on which improvements are more needed, let their watchword be: Move "on Stanley, on." Amongst the various public works which might be constructed, we would suggest the erection of an equestrian statue, to be made of putty, to R. M. Allan, Esq., Barrister-at law and licensed mad-man. It has long been a favorite project with the public to erect a gorgeous establishment for the printing and publishing of the GUMBLER, but for reasons best known to ourselves—we not having diva'ged them to mortal ear as yet—we beg to decline the honor.

If the public are bent on building, let a new Court House be erected. The present one is a dirty, filthy, hole-and-corner affair, the bane of all lawyers and judges, and a disgrace to the city. The public have our permission to erect a new theatre, if they like. An hospital for mad dogs might also be erected, and the head of the department presented with a seat in the Cabinet. In fact, there is no end to the list of public works which might be erected, and which would be both useful and ornamental in themselves, and would also give employment to the unemployed.

We will conclude by urging in all seriousness the adoption of the suggestion thrown out by the Mayor. At the present moment an immense number of people are out of employment, and a serious exodus is going on amongst our artisans of all trades. Those people whom distress drives from our midst are the bone and sinew of the country; and every reasonable effort should be made to retain them. Let the Corporation at their next meeting adopt such measures as the protection of Canada generally, and Toronto especially, demands.

THE GREAT TIGHT ROPE FEAT.

From our special penny-a-liner.

NIAGARA FALLS, June 30th, 1859.

I arrived here yesterday evening all serene, and after sundry hours and nine games of poker with several distinguished Americans, retired to my couch to receive the proper amount of rest to enable me to go through the duties of the next day. After an excellent rest—the heat of the weather, and the number of bugs considered—I arose just in time to have an eye opener with the Hon. Col. Franklin Swizzler, who, while partaking of his matutinal refreshment, expatiated eloquently on the excellence of "our institutions," cocktails in particular. During the day, I wandered about, surveying the mighty developments of nature, as my friend ex-

pressed it, until the hour when the great attempt was named to take place. As the hour approached, the stream of visitors pouring in its mighty numbers to witness the exploit, equalled in magnitude and commotion the great Niagara itself.

The renowned acrobat made his appearance at the promised hour, and his appearance was the signal for the discharge of two horse pistols, which announced to the impatient spectators his readiness to perform the work. And amidst the deafening cheers of the multitude, he ascended the cable, which is a portion of the Atlantic telegraph cable, specially purchased from Cyrus W. Field for this purpose. The moment the feet of the agile Blondin touched the cable he commenced his graceful evolutions, or, as a bystander termed it, "throwing himself," frequently pitched himself to a wonderful height—say forty feet—and alighting with extraordinary precision, on the tips of his nose, fingers and feet. After a ten minutes display of his agility, he called out in very passable English for a gin sling, which having imbibed he started on his perilous journey. All now was breathless suspense and silence; the mighty cataract stopped its flow and hushed its roar, the whirlpool ceased its whirl, and the rapids stayed their course; so terrific and impressive was the silence that the falling of a pin in Lewiston, 20 miles off, was distinctly heard. The undaunted Blondin tripped swiftly along to the centre of the river, where he lit a cigar and danced the Highland fling, and Paudsen O'Rafferty.

The *Maids of the Mist* now steamed up and laid to under the cable, and by a rope provided for the purpose Mons. Blondin slid head downwards on to the deck, where he brandy-and-watered with the Captain and then reascended. His feats now became more astonishing than ever, every eye was on him as he danced up and down on the slender cord. At this moment a terrific shudder ran through the crowd, a smothered cry, "he's down," escaped; but it was premature, he had caught the cord in his descent and was safely suspended by his eyebrows; he soon again righted himself and passed over to the other side, to receive the plaudits and quarters of the delighted multitude.

VENUS.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Extensive arrangements are being made to celebrate the fourth of July, in an appropriate manner. The following is a programme of proceedings:—

Early in the morning, several insane Americans will rise from their beds and fire several rounds of blank cartridge from their bed room windows.

Immediately after divers maledictions will ascend or descend, as the case may be, from the several individuals whom the aforesaid salute shall have awakened up most impudently.

Later in the day, dingy stripes of linen, with strange characters meant to represent the "stars and stripes" will be flaunting from strange attempts at flag staves.

Later in the day the Americans who honour us with their presence will be enjoying themselves in a rational manner, and talking away in a most irrational manner of the glories of the American nation.

No rows or symptoms of bad breeding need be expected, as our American cousins are always well behaved, and even if they say a few foolish things we like them so well that we soon forgive them. On the whole, everything will go off well, and it won't rain.

LOVE LETTERS.

Since the hot weather set in, we have been deluged with notes from young ladies and married ladies, complaining of various matters which are not altogether beyond our control. We therefore present the letters and replies, which we hope will be found satisfactory:

Dear Mr. Grumbler: Toronto, July 1, 1859.
I would like you to tell me if summer is a more congenial time for falling in love than winter?
Yours truly,
FANNY FLIMSEY.
GRUMBLER OFFICE, Friday afternoon.

Dear Fanny: Briefly, we cannot tell.
If we had the choice, we should toss up between spring and autumn.
Your devoted
GRUMBLER.
Toronto, June, 1859.

Dearest Mr. Grumbler: How can I cure my husband of jealousy?
Yours, &c.,
MARY MARROWBONES.

Dear Mesrs. Marrowbones,— Give him a pint and a half of strychnine.
Yours in haste,
GRUMBLER.
JUNE, 1859.

Good Mr. Grumbler,— I am sure I do not know what I have done to Tom; for last Sunday at church he gave his prayer-book to that wretch, Miss Scudge, and never noticed me. What's to be done, suppose he slights me again in that dreadful manner.
Yours forever,
JEAN JERRYMEDDLE.

Dear Jerry,— Stick a pin in his arm the moment he sins again. He'll notice you then.
Yours, &c.,
GRUMBLER.
JUNE 1859.

Dear Grumbler,— Pray tell me is it any harm to poison a jealous husband?
Your obliged,
ANNY ANSNIC.

Dear Anny,— Not a bit—if he's jealous without a cause.
Yours, &c.,
GRUMBLER.
JUNE, 1859.

Good Mr. Editor,— May I ask you, if a lady is privileged to swear at all, in hot weather.
Yours in a heat,
PHOENIX PHOSPHOROUS.

Dear Phosphorus,— Certainly. But then she must only swear she loves some one.
Yours, to command,
GRUMBLER.

Dearest Mr. Grumbler,— I love you to distraction. When shall we be married.
Yours, desperately,
TILLY TOUCHWOOD.
TORONTO, '59.

Dear Tilly,— Keep cool. We shall be married after Tuesday.
Yours, deliberately,
GRUMBLER.

Fragment of a Debate in the City Council.
PICKED UP BY A GRUMBLER NEAR THE FISH MARKET.

Ald. Smith.—The time has arrived when, Mr. Mayor, the resolution I am about to move should be moved: The sufferings of Ten Thousand Orangemen, who have for six months been excluded from the Toronto Police. [*Infarnal yelling and cries of go on, dry up sinner down.*] Excluded, I say, from the Police Force, because they have not been admitted. Where, let me ask you, would England have been, if Orangemen had not defended her rights, liberties and constitution, with their blood, when that Popish tyrant, Oliver Cromwell [*Cries of oh, oh! and cheers*] Yes, gentlemen, I repeat endeavoured to overthrow the great and glorious British Constitution with his infamous gunpowder plot. (*More yelling.*) Would England be now as the poet describes her,

"First flower of the earth,
And first gulf of the sea."

If Pio Nono and Guy Fawkes had been seated on her throne.

Order! Order!
Ald. O'Donohoe.—Mr. Mayor,—I rise to order.
Coun. Finch.—Coats and pants—will make them on shortest notice.

Ald. O'Donohoe to Finch.—No you goose—I rise to order—

Coun. Mitchell.—All right, brandy and water.
Ald. O'Donohoe.—Your worship, I will not be interrupted in this uncalled for undignified un—

His Worship.—Pray keep cool Mr. O'Donohoe, you make me nervous.

Ald. O'Donohoe.—I will, your worship, but where I hear such language from the foul mouth—

His Worship.—Confine yourself to the question of order.

Ald. O'Donohoe.—I will, sir, but what is the use of the present resolution? That is the question I would like to ask Mr. Ald. Smith; since members of recret, dark and midnight societies—(*groans*) have been excluded from the force, have we not had taller and bigger crushers? Let him look up in the handsome face of the Deputy and deny that if he can.

What have Orangemen done, or rather what have they not done? Did they not plough up, with the hoofs of war, the fair valleys of Gallow's Hill, was it not they who ruthlessly set the Thames on fire and broke the patriotic heart of Dan O'Connell.

Ald. Smith.—I rise to order, I, don't wish to interrupt so splendid a speaker, but I believe I have the ear of the house.

Ald. Ewart.—You have ears enough of your own already.

Yells of laughter. Cries of jokes from Ewart, put a nick in the post, feel your pockets, put him out, &c.

THE THEATRE.

The Opera Troupe, after ending their successful engagement with an extremely successful concert, left our city on Tuesday. On that evening Mr. Peter Richings and Miss Caroline Richings made their first appearance for three years at the Lyceum. We did expect that the enthusiasm which they met at their last visit would have been at any rate equalled during this week. But, whether from the excitement caused by the visit of the Opera Troupe and the reaction which naturally succeeds, or from the sultry weather, or from both causes, these excellent artistes have not received even a fair share of public patronage. Mr. Richings has been too long and favourably known in his class of character to need praise from us. Miss Richings is not only a very pleasing actress, but a vocalist of great ability; and she has shown during this week that her voice has not deteriorated since we saw her last. We do trust that during the remainder of their stay here, the public will make some substantial amends for their untoward neglect, during the present week. This evening Mrs. Mowat's excellent play of "Fashion" will be produced.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Hon. Erudite Smith's wonderful postal regulations came in force yesterday. The proportion of the penalty falling to our share, if paid in advance, is to amount to 6½ cents per quarter, or 26 cents per annum. If not paid in advance, each paper will cost a subscriber one cent when it reaches him. The choice is therefore generously given him of sending us a quarter dollar for a year's postage, or of paying 52 cents for the same purpose during the year. We trust that our subscribers will not only be prompt in transmitting their postage, but that some little trouble will be taken by our friends to recommend our publishers for the additional trouble and expense these abominable regulations will entail upon them by making a strong effort to extend the subscription list. Subscribers may pay the quarter or year's postage to the Postmasters of their own locality, instead of sending it to us.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received a note from a member of the University Dinner Committee complaining that the treatment of the Rifle Band at the Anniversary Festival was misrepresented in one article upon that subject last week. All we can say is that we know nothing of the matter further than the information we received on the subject. The Band do not so much complain of the Committee as of the way they have always been treated at the Rossin House. If we have wronged the Committee in any respect, we sincerely regret it; we have always endeavored to advance University interests, and in this matter we had no intention of casting a reproach upon it or the Committee.