

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1863.

(VOL. I.—NO. 23.)

THE CRUMBLER

Is published every SATURDAY MORNING, in time for the early Train. Copies may be had at all the News Depots. Subscription, \$1; Single copies, 3 cents.

Persons enclosing their cards and \$1 will be favored with a special notice.

Correspondents will bear in mind that their letters must be prepaid, that communications intended for insertion should be written, and only written on one side of the paper. Subscribers need not register their letters; for obvious reasons it is exceedingly inconvenient to us.

All letters to be addressed "The Grumbler," P. O. Toronto, and not to any publisher or news-dealer in the city.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coasts,
I rele you tent it;
A chief's among you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it."

SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1863.

LOST.

Around her restless path the dark fog lay,
As though the dull, cold air were thick with crepe;
While through the deepening gloom she gropes her way—
A faintest slip, along that fatal cape.

And, though her form pale seems, tried and true,
And twice two hundred souls in her have faith,
A wondrous silence reigns among the crew,
That seems the forerunner of approaching death.

That crash! O! God! she strikes a sunken rock!
And never shall she plough the waves again!
A long, wild cry accompanies the shock,
And all the sea is filled with drowning men!

With a pale throng the latest boat has gone—
Escaping swiftly, and in dire alarm,
From the mail swimmers, sinking one by one,
Till disappears the last upturned arm!

Toronto, 7th May, 1863.

The Concert Room.

On more than one occasion, we have noticed a certain class of concert-goers who, without the slightest consideration for the comforts or feelings of others, keep up, during the whole performance, an annoying fusillade of gabble, prominently indicative of coarse natures and badly furnished upper stories. We have now reference to gentlemen only—if the term be not wholly applicable—and we trust that this practice may be discontinued, and at once. It is vulgar, ignorant and unjust. It is vulgar, because it entertains no respect for the predilections of others—it is ignorant, because it exhibits a lack of appreciation in relation to all that is beautiful in music, and it is unjust, because it interferes with the *artiste* and those who have paid their money to catch without interruption every note played or sung on the occasion. We trust that we shall not have to refer to this again; for should we be constrained to do so, most certainly we shall leave a broken sting in the wound.

A VALUABLE HINT.

Nobody, we believe, doubts that the originator of all modern improvements is a certain newspaper which modestly forbids us to make the most remote allusion to. An improvement is eagerly demanded—may, is clamorously bellowed for. We furnish the improvement instantly. The improvement required is, that proceedings at law courts be rendered less insufferably tedious. Rejoice, Oh Public, the work is possible; that is, to the GRUMBLER. Let the business be in future conducted poetically—make them sing it all. Not only, Oh People, shall your heads be relieved from Court-ache, but your money shall be spared by the beneficent GRUMBLER. *Law*, admission prices shall be charged, and crowds will flock there, and all courts whatsoever shall be self-supporting, and judicious appreciative people shall present pieces of plate to the Reforming GRUMBLER. (Mind our crest is three spurs couchant in a triangle wavy sinister—motto, "Look sharp.") Friends, Romans, Countrymen, behold the great Abduction Case as it should have been conducted, wedded to immortal rhyme—

Before the Magistrate. Enter Complainant Bridges, Defendant Bennett; and The Abducted One, with lawyers, spectators, and police, *ad libitum*.

Mr. Boomer.—Friends and fellow-citizens

When you cannot agree
You show decided wit and sense,
In coming straight to me.
Plaintiff's lawyer, prove your woes.
Defendant's lawyer, answer.

If on me you would impose,
You mistake your man, sir,
High fol de rol de rol de rol, Fol de rol de rido.

Witness called—Mrs. Bridges.

Plaze your blessed Honor. listen to my story.
May the sky resave yiz; may yiz die in glory.
Shure I lint her to thin, but just to kape for me
Only for a few days, an thats four years, ye see
Then says his reverence the Praste.—"Go snatch
her from the Orange Bastie."
Meddileroo, aroo, aroo, Meddileroo, aroo.

Mr. Bennett.

Honestly I took her, well, I kept her four years—
Graciously look on me, let me keep her more years.
All my wealth is hees alone, let me have her for
mine own.

Tiddy fol de rol de rido.

Mr. McMichael.

My client's grief my swelling heart is bursting,
List to his mournful tale.
The infant for its mother's love is thirsting,
Hark to its piteous wail.
The real mother all her right disowning
Renounced the child, you see.
Your Worship, give it him for whom I'm groaning,

The man who pays my fee.

Fol dol de rol, fol dol de rol, fol dol de rol de rido.

Mr. Crombie.

My brother's an excellent pleader, but still you must lucidly see,

Your Worship, of law a great reader, the law of the case is with me.

In statutes all consolidated, in section five thousand and four,

The rule it is forcibly stated, the child you must straightway restore,

His speech is an elegant fiction, Your Worship must very well know

The law gives you no jurisdiction—the child to my Client must go.

Tiddy fol de rol de rol, fol de rol de rol de rol,

Tiddy fol de rol de rol, fol de rol de ri do

Mr. Boomer to Mrs. Bridges.

Very profound is my learning

And very profound is my view,

And I've not the least doubt in discerning

The child must be given to you.

(Chorus by Defendants and spectators) Boo hoo hoo, boo hoo hoo, boo hoo hoo-oo-oo

(Chorus for Complainant.) Tiddy fol de rol, fol de rol,

Tiddy fol de rol de rido.

Mr. Bilton's Remonstrance.

PARLIAMENT HOUSE, QUABEK.

DEAR SIR,—I've heard till as how some fanks is a libelin and a slanderin of me, the subscriber, by sayin as I danced wid the mumber for South Oxford on a late okashun. Now I nivir did no sich thing. I knows as well as me betters how a decent woman should conduct herself. It's not for nothin that I've been a member of the House for twenty years come the 12 of July. No one dar assert that I've ever been seen galivantin wid the other members, for I've made it a pint to keep them at a proper distance, though sich as Jon A. will be pokin fun at an owid woman. I knows perfectly wel that the mumber for S. O. was married ony a short time back and I wout be kreatin strife between man and wife by pokin and walszin wid him, for I knows by experiens what min's larts is when they're from home. Tho I did jine in a jig wid an honourable mumber, it was ony at the urgent sollicitashun of the House, and it wasnt wid the mumber for S. O., as I've already sed afore. Plaze publish this noat and oblige,

Sairey Bilton.

P. S.—You mustn't be takin my addressin yours as "dere," as provin that I name it. It's my official stile.

CABBAGES LOOKING UP.—Since Mr. Howland's budget speech, in which he stated that the duty on tobacco would be increased, cabbages have grown several inches.

A Dark Business.

The *Leader* of Tuesday last contains the following extraordinary announcement to gentlemen of the black brigade, "Legal gentlemen are requested to take notice that the court opens at 9 p. m." What deed of darkness was to be perpetrated at the Assizes that required a nocturnal sitting. During the middle ages and in the French reign of terror, we know that victims of oppression were hurried to the bar at midnight and summarily sentenced to the rack or the guillotine; but, under the English Constitution, we have hitherto been accustomed to have justice administered in open day in the face of the world. Darkness and injustice are so associated together in our minds, that we cannot help suspecting that this unusual hour of meeting bodes some mischief to the liberties or rights of the people. Can the York Roads have had anything to do with it? It is not at all improbable that Mr. Beatty may have endeavoured by making a dark lantern meeting of our court of justice, to obtain surreptitiously a legal sanction to a public wrong. Perhaps a *coup d'etat* after the Napoleonic fashion may have been meditated. What a flagrant outrage on the liberty, of the subject it would have been, if "the hierarchy" had seized those blessed innocents, the Gowans, and others of that kidney and hurried them at midnight before a modern inquisition. The plot, if it existed, has failed, thanks, doubtless, to "the noble stand" taken by the *Watchman* and others "who have not bowed the knee to Baal." Whatever the cause of this strange innovation, it must and shall be explained. The interests of outraged Upper Canada and "sound Protestant principles" demand it and we call on Tom Ferguson to interrogate the government on the subject. Things have indeed come to a pretty pass.

Celebration Extraordinary.

There is a vague rumor afloat to which we do not know how much credence should be given, that the subscribers and readers of the *Globe* intend getting up a jubilee on the combined occasions of the discovery of oil in the breaes of Bothwell, and the conclusion of what had been feared would be the interminable Chronicles of Carlingford. These chronicles have, for the last several months, "like a wounded snake dragged their slow length along thro' the columns of that essentially gloomy journal, and all the patronizers of the big weekly must feel a pleasure in the thought that there will now be a chance for something of lightness and variety to take their place. The oleaginous developments of Bothwell are equally important, and we hope that the "Laird" will at length be beautifully rewarded for all the revellings which he has borne on account of the bonny swamps of Bothwell. If the fete we have heard hinted at does come off we prophesy a brilliant affair; it should indeed be delightful when illuminating oil is one of the motives.

A CONTRADICTION.—It is not true that the beauty of Carleton moved to bring the Editor of the *Gleaner* to the bar of the House. But any member wishing to do so, will please engage rooms at Russell's and enclose to us a post-office order for \$50.

THE HIGHFALUTIN.

—The following article was picked up near the market, it was evidently intended for the *Irish Canadian*, but in order to circulate the writer's views, (the circulation of the *I. C.* being confined to its own office) we give it in the universally read *Gleaner*.

Arise ye brave and brilliant sons of Erin from the state of slothful sluggishness into which you have been thrown by the base machinations of the dastard sons of Albion. Arise! the bugle blast calls you to revenge the burning wrong inflicted on your nation by Britain's hireling and heretic crew. The Irish harp refuses to speak in tones of gladness and of mirth, as it did of yore, when Ireland's noble kings greeted her golden throne. Now, mournfully she bemoans the loss of Ireland's greatness, and laments the triumph of her foes. Irishmen, (or, in other words, Paddies) (Ed. G.) how long will ye consent to have the hoof of the tyrant placed upon your manly breast. How long will ye grovel in the dust, and crouch before your malignant enemies, whose foul and heinous crimes call loudly for retribution from a righteous heaven. Since the days of the Flood, aye, long before the creation of man, Hibernia swayed the sceptre of the globe. Much anterior to the time when Satan tempted Eve to pluck the pomal fruit, long ere this, the nations of the earth owned the sons of Erin for their kings. At a time when, all the rest of the world was plunged in Cimmeric darkness, and worse than an Egyptian moral gloom, Irish buttermilk, Hibernian skilleglas and Milesian potatoes were to be found in every part of the known world, in fine, in every part of the entire universe.

It is a well known fact that an enormous commercial traffic was carried on in the transportation of Irish potatoes, or Murphies as the Irish call them, to the planet Jupiter. As an evidence of this, we may point triumphantly to the ancient classic mythology, in any part of which you can find it mentioned with proud exultation, that Jupiter himself, was an ardent lover of this noblest specimen of Irish manufacture, and Hibernian skill. There too will you find that when the "King of Gods and men" was wroth and much enraged, and all heaven and earth grew black at the darkness of his lowering brow naught would appease the mighty God before whom all Olympus quailed and shook to its very base, naught he says would appease, but the sight of a murphy with its jacket on. Homer tells us that the "Cloud collecting Jove cast from the battlements of heaven Vulcan the glorious god of war." He tells us too that all day long he fell and lastly lit on Lemnos, with little life left lingering in his lefty lung. But why all this strife. Can any man whose reason holds her seat receive the silly explanation of the "Blind old man of Scio's rocky isle" that it was because he nobly battled for his mother Juno dear. No ten times one time no! Science all powerful in these latter days has clearly proved the fact that it was because Vulcan stole, aye and ate the potatoes boiled, which by right belonged to Jove. This was the true cause, this the reason of the row. Some distinguished classics too contend that on this noble fruit the name An-

brobia was conferred. But more of this anon. And now shall we, raised on food which fed the gods, on food of which the poets sung, shall we whose mines are full of fish, and waters full of coal, adown whose streets the tide of wealth and mighty greatness runs, upon whose fields the beautiful shamrock grew, whose land was freed from snails by Patrick the saint; shall we, whose mighty men have all the wurruld ruled, shall we descendants of the gods, sit slumbering 'neath the oppressive yoke of that god-forsaken land whose name is spoke in hell amid the approving shouts of fiends exulting, led on by Beezebub their chief, no! no!! no!!! ten times two times no. Let us arise in the plenitude of our power and sweep from the face of the earth, this curse of humanity, this plagued spot of the world. Let us buckle on our armour now, and animated by one great glorious sublime motive, destroy every vestige of that hell protected power, whose wealth has been wrung from the hearts-blood of the wailin widows and orful orphans of the world, whose power has been basely and brutally bought by the seporific slavery of the wretched wretched riggling ragmuffins of roaring rampant Ireland. Arise ye martyrs and show your Patriotism. Murphy the Mick will lead you to victory or debt.

Marriage in High Life.

(From the *Globe*.)

Before another edition of the *Globe* appears, an event will have occurred exceeding in imposing character anything seen in Toronto since the visit of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales. We mean the great Marriage, the details of which will probably be officially promulgated before the day arrives, but to satisfy the universal curiosity on the subject, we give the following sketch from a trust-worthy correspondent:—

The arrangements are designed to be as far as possible in keeping with the late Royal Marriage. For this purpose the bride will be privately conveyed to the Island (intended to represent Denmark) in a row-boat, and thence brought back in a steamer expressly chartered for the purpose, accompanied by her relatives, and one or two young lords got together for the occasion. She will be met at the Queen's Wharf by the bridegroom, who will make his appearance in a government carriage drawn by six switch-tailed government horses accompanied by groomsmen carrying his prayer-book and cigar-case, preceded by two trumpeters and followed by a mounted escort. After tender enquiries as to sea-sickness, the procession, joined by friends, will move along Front and Yonge street.

Further proceedings may be thus summed up.—Salute from old Fort, if guns can be induced to go off.—Service intoned at Church; on leaving the sacred edifice the party will be preceded to their carriages by a few musical nautners led by Mr. Bonndertumble, M. R. C. S., who will sing the Laureate's recent marriage ode. A select few will then partake of cold pie and champagne.—Promiscuous dance in the evening.—Departure of happy couple amidst fireworks.—General illuminations.

CLERGYMEN WHO DESIRE RESIGNATION.—Dr. Colenso and Dr. Lawder.

TERRY FINNEGAN'S LETTERS.

To the Hon. Mr. McFee, down at Quebec, Member of Parliament or elsewhere, President of the Council.

STANLEY STUBBS, 7th May, 1863.

Yerrah, Darcy astorch, had you iver the gout "Yon me sowkins," sez you to me, now, "unless the Lord is merciful, maybe its the g'out I'll have fast enough on this same vote that's soon to take place" But, that's not what I mane. Had you ever the rale gout, that would make you twist your mouth till it looked like the letter S on the broad of its back, or the flourish on the belly of a fiddler? Och! but that's the thing, unvarniced, that would prepare you to spind a pleasant hour or so at a divvellen tin party, where you'd be axed so minny interrestin little questions, and be generously plied wid cup after cup of what might I think be termed scandal broth, instead of anythin else. Be this as it may, let me tell you, that it was that same complaint in my right hand which kept me from givin you a stave these last few days; and the divil a quarer cure you ever harde of thin the one that brought me round so far as to be able to sind you this.

I was walkin along the sthreet the other night, as passable as any man from the County Tipperary could; whin a joker comes up behind me and gives me a fut that laid me on my left lug, about three feet from where he overtook me. "I beg your pardon" sez he, whin I got up, "but I thought it was Sweeney." "Did you," sez I, "take that?"—divvavin my right hand at the same time, without ever thinkin, and closing his left eye for the evenin, wid a teeh that, as ould as I was, tould him what I used to be. We had it for a minnit or two; but he was no match for me, for I gave him Lanty Phelan's thrip, and sint him home sinseless in a cart. The divil a gout had I since; and you may spre:ld the cure among the mimbbers, if you like, as it may be usef:l to some of thim yet, afore they are put to bed wid a shovel.

Which leg are you standin on at present? for the divil resave the bit if I know what advice to give you, the rope is gettin so sluck and unmanagable. Stand on the left, for you can use the right as a ballanse pole, and step off wid grater dacency if you're obliged to tury the flure once more. You'll come down 'tisy, as you have neither Rep. by Pop. nor Separate Schools hing round your neck like a mill-stone; havin niver fathered the one nor opposed the other. Begorra, that's somethin anyway; and its glad Mr. Evarianture is of it, I'm sure; for if you fell, he would be very sorry to see you dislocate that important seekshun of the spinal column upon which your dusky napper rests—the humane cratshure. Well, niver mind; if there's any differ yez are all alike, right and left; so its no matter to the country which of the calves are put to its fit.

Shure we had a grate concert up here the other night; and delighted I was wid the way that some rale ladies and gentlemn behaved themselves while the music was goin on. They kept up the natest little gigglin and talkin that ever was in the world; they were so aisy under their superior eddication;

and one or two of thim let their sticks fall, in the middle of some low soft tune or other, lookin round at the same time, wid the purest grin you ever saw, to see who was admirin thim; and quite plazed wid thimselfs and the breedin they larned among the refined gniathy that crowded nightly their spashus dhravin rooms. Oh! Darcy, alunnh, but you would be charmed with their indispineance, and how they didn't care a fig for the music, or anythin else. But, begorra, I believe its no wonder that they lallad and made sport; for there was a big fiddle, and a little fiddle, and a piano playin somethin they call, the "First movement, Grand Trio in C minor," by Beethoven. Faith it almost makes myself laff; and I'm sure if Dr. Strathy, Mr. Haig, and Mr. Sofge, had given thim "whop jaw bone with my doo jin doo" the divil a quieter set of people ever lay in a church-yard then they would have been. Darcy, don't you think that some of us are made of clay, and others made of clawber, wid an odd wisp through it?

I'm done now; and I'm thinkin that maybe you nor far from bein done yourself; although sorry I'd be for it. Hlowsomdiver, they can't take that tongue out of you, or twist that sconce of your shoulders, for they're your lawfl property. Consequently you're safe, no matter what turns up; although that's more then I can say for half of thim. Under this conviction, nivertheless, I can subscribe myself wid grate aise and satisfaction,

Your lovin cousin,

TERRY FINNEGAN.

P. S.—Do they make noise and grin at concerts down there in your place?

T. F.

THE POT AND THE KETTLE.

The *Irish Canadian* is not the only exponent of senseless fanaticism in Toronto. We have a stupid compound of bad English and senseless denunciation, called the *Watchman*, published in this city, which knocks the *Hibernian Society's* organ into the shade. Bathos and bigotry, dished up in a style which defies all the trammels of grammar and rhetoric, are weekly served up for the delectation of the more rabid of the Protestant faithful. The last number, however, throws every persons effort into the shade. After the usual amount of blather, (intensified from the *Hlobe*) about "Lower Canadian domination," "Popish drag," "gity serpent," "bowing the knee to Bual," &c., &c., what on earth do you think this sapient fanatic recommends? After stating that Lower Canada "is about to give us another cuff, and another kick," by keeping the government in Quebec; he actually proposes, in sober earnest, that the Upper Canadian members should secede and hold a parliament in Toronto, after the manner of the Confederate States. This looks something like action, and is really refreshing after the vaporing twaddle we have been treated to for some time past. We trust arrangements will be at once made to perfect the organization of the new government, and also to equip an army and navy. Should the Hon. George Brown join the rebels, he might justly claim the Presidency. Lieut. Col. Ogilvie R. Govan, from his

military experience at the battle of the Windmill will, of course, be appointed Commander-in-Chief; he would, of course, be assisted by General Tom Ferguson, General Hugh Miller, and General R. Reynolds. Dr. Agnew would ably superintend the medical department. The navy, under command of Admiral Bob Moodie, would require a thorough overhauling. The revolution produced by the iron-clads renders the *Fire-Ship* comparatively valueless. It must be at once covered with old railroad iron; the pilot box serving as a turret. The *Victoria*, from Hamilton, and the Cape Vincent ferry boats should be strengthened with similar armor plates. With a squadron like this, Admiral Bol, the *Peninsular* hero, could defy Admiral Fortier and the hireling tars of Lower Canada. The next step would be to get rid of the regular troops, who might, perhaps, be rather troublesome to Field Marshal Gorman and the new government. This may easily be done by electing a mayor in each city after the pattern of Cornish of London; if an officer be insulted in each city, Sir Fenwick Williams' dander will be aroused, and thus the only source of trouble to the great Protestant rebellion will be removed without the loss of one of the faithful. The ultimate success of the movement, like that of General Hooker, is "beyond doubt;" Jean Baptiste would be squelched, the hydra-headed monsters, Puseyism and Popery, strangled, and Upper Canada free. Of course N. C. Govan would be the Seward of the management, and do all the scribbling necessary and unnecessary with a verbosity and pomposity worthy of the American secretary himself. By all means let us have a rebellion, but, for any sake, let some one write the Declaration of Independence who has some regard for style and common sense, not the editor of the *Watchman*.

Contradiction.

We are requested to state that there is no truth in the assertion that Harry Henry left the city on account of the immorality of the inhabitants; nor in the report that he is going to offer himself as a candidate for the Legislative Council, in place of Malcolm Cameron the coon. Mr. Henry is, we believe, studying at Victoria College, with the intention of entering the Methodist ministry, and ultimately of succeeding Uberton Ryerson, the general superintendent of alteration, whom he so much resembles in character.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—The gentleman who was weak enough to send us an imitation of Terry Finnegan's letters, had better turn to the story of Bathyllus in connection with the *sic vos non vobis*, of Virgil—"How we apples swim."

IMPORTANT TO LANSCAMBE OPERATIVES.—The *Leader* has, we understand, just disposed of an overstock of Cotton, grown at Port Credit, which the proprietor has had on hand for some time, and was anxious to sell off at a nominal figure, far below cost. Strange that a commodity so valuable at this moment, should have lain so heavily and so long in the the market

The Supplementary Estimates,

By special favor, we have received the following list of supplementary estimates to be proposed to the House shortly:—

Salary of a compositor from the <i>Gleaner</i> office, to teach the Hon. M. Cameron (the new printer) his business.....	\$1,000 00
Printers devil to assist.....	500 00
To provide a new set of brains for Mr. Cauchon.....	1 00
Repairs to Mr. Ryerson's political morality.....	20 00
To purchase some of Mr. Dunkin's self-conceit for Mr. A. A. Dorion.....	10 00
For a bag to shake up J. A. McDonald and Geo. Brown together, with a view of seeing which will be the first to em-erge.....	50 00
To print 500 copies of Mr. Wright's orations for general circulation, say,....	2 00
To procure a foreign mission or something to get rid of Mr. Cartier.....	50 00
For a copy of Joe Miller for Mr. Ry-mal.....	50 00
To purchase bacon, eggs, and other palatable means of subsistence for the pupils of the U. C. College.....	500 00
To pay Dr. Ryerson's expenses to Nova Zembla.....	10 00
For a dancing-master to instruct Messrs. Benjamin and Baxter in the sailor's hornpipe.....	10 00
To furnish Godley the Court Yester-field with a few grains of common sense.....	10 00
To furnish paper pellets for mem-bers to throw at each other when in committee of the whole.....	10,000 00
For an intropreter to explain Isaac Buchanan's speeches.....	1 00
For obtaining a fac simile of Isaac Buchanan's laugh to send to the next World's Fair, as one of Canada's great-est curiosities.....	100 00

O Dear Doctor!

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?"

To the Editor of the *GLEANER*.

I have read, with the greatest dismay, the ac-counts given in the *Globe* of the quarrels and bick-erings amongst the doctors at the late inquests. I have a large number of olive-branches round my dining-table, in whose health I naturally feel a slight interest; in short, I am the mother of seven children. Several of them are at present indisposed from troubles which juvenile human flesh is heir to; but, for the life of me, I dare not consult the opinion of a doctor, knowing the present crude state of the medical profession. Dear Olivia is afflicted with the meneses, at least in my opinion (and, of course, I have not walked the hospital and can't be supposed to know) and I'm frightened almost to death that, if I were to call in Doctor Sniffle, he would pronounce it dyspepsia on the brain. Albert, as I suppose, has the whooping-cough, but who knows that Doctor Talking would not call it gout in the stomach, and have the dear-boy's leg cut off. The amiable and affectionate,

but somewhat mercantile, member, of the male sex, whom I have taken for better for worse,—in a word, my husband is suffering from some pains in what we commonly call the funny bone (though I never could see the wit in it) and he declares that, rather than see one of those funeral-looking doctors' carriages in front of his door, he would endorse a note for a member of the City Council, which is saying a good deal. The last undertaker's assistant (I mean doctor) who visited our house, said that he could not prescribe for me till he had taken the diagnosis, but I soon let him know that he should not take the diagnosis or any other noses out of my family, and he went away in a towering passion, to my great relief and the saving of a big bill. I'll buy Buchan's Domestic Medicine or Trill's Water cure and I'll do my own physic-ing in future; I can tell my own mind and that's more than most of the doctors can do, and when they can, they are always fighting with somebody else. Dr. Smith says it is, and Dr. Jones says it isn't, and Dr. Brown says they're both wrong. Talk about lawyers, they are angels to these scourges of the human race. I am getting in a rage, so I had bet-ter come to a stop; but if I hear any more of these abominable carryings on, you shall hear of it.

Yours in a pet,
Materfamilias.

Royal Lyceum.

Theatre goers will please remember that Miss Rosa France and Den Thompson takes a joint bene-fit this (Saturday) evening. Mrs. Rainford is 'up' for a benefit on Monday evening under the patron-age of the officers of the 30th Regt. We trust on both occasions to see crowded houses.

Marriage in Low Life.

—We understand that a matrimonial alliance is on the tapis between a well known contraband whitewasher, and the daughter of a respected and influential shoemaker residing in St John's Ward. The affair will doubtless come off with great eclat.

P. S. This notice is not published with any in-tention of drawing a crowd to witness the interest-ing ceremony.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

ROYAL LYCEUM.

MONDAY EVENING, MAY 11,
COMPLEMENTARY BENEFIT OF MRS. RAINFORD,
Under the patronage of the officers of the 30th Regiment.
THE WONDERFUL WOMAN

AND
THE TWO BUZZARDS.

The Band will be in attendance.
Admission as usual.

ROYAL LYCEUM.

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 9, 1863.
COMPLEMENTARY JOINT BENEFIT OF
MISS ROSA FRANCE AND DEN THOMPSON.
A GLORIOUS BILL!

TOM KING AND DICK TURPIN.
KNIGHTS OF THE ROAD.
Fair scene from the PEER OF DAY BOYS replete with
IRISH SONGS! CHORUSES!
JIGS! FACTION FIGHTS.

To conclude with
THE MARRIED LIFE! &c
Admission as usual.

ST. LAWRENCE HALL.
FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 8, 1863.
LAST NIGHT OF THE EXTRAORDINARY
ENGAGEMENT OF THE
BUCKLEY'S SERENADES
IN TORONTO.

When will be presented an entire change of New Music and Burlesque Opera. Doors open at seven o'clock. Concert to commence at eight.
Tickets, 25c. Front, 60c.

Out on Monday Morning.
A NEW SPORTING PAPER!

The Sporting Life.
A CANADIAN SPORTING PAPER!

A weekly chronicle devoted to the Turf, Field Sports, the Prize Ring, Regatta, Hunting, Angling, Cricket, Theoretical Literature, &c., &c.
The first number will contain a full, faithful, and graphic account of the Great Prize Fight for the
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Our friend Warner has as we have said, "toed the mark," by securing for his Corner Street, fresh music and other talent. In addition to his present great attraction of the Newton Family, he has engaged the talented Miss Nettie Curtis, who is an A. 1. article, having attained herself much reputation in tours through the Eastern States; also her brother, Willie Curtis, the infant Dummer, only four years old, a perfect wonder of a boy. Go and see them, in all menus.

While our Governments are in a state of perpetual anxiety with regard to the defence of the country, we in Toronto may congratulate ourselves on the possession of several well known to our citizens by the name of Thomas Walk, & Co. Dealers in Dry Goods, Auctioneers, &c. Although these Walk are situated on King Street only, yet their influence is felt all over the city. To these Walk the poor man looks for a defence against his greatest enemy poverty, as these Walk furnish him with goods, at such a cheap rate, that he is enabled to live sumptuously on a sum on which he would otherwise starve. Save every evening.

In a former number we stated and proved legiti-mally that civilization, demanded Carpets, and referred our readers to Jas. Baylis, & Co., who had been to prove it satisfactorily to those who could not see it. Jas. Baylis, & Co., assure us that they have had no trouble in supplying the civilized portion of the people of Toronto, with the Carpets which civilization de-mands. But unfortunately in every place there are two classes, the civilized and the uncivilized; now to the uncivil-ized we would say that the converse of our first statement is also true, viz., Carpets being civilization; consequently all those who purchase carpets (i. e., Jas. Baylis, & Co., being the only ones who confer this blessing) will immediately be re-warded with the in-dubitable blessing attendant on civiliza-tion.

191. 191. 191. Threadbare and somewhat shab-by had become the outer garments of our chief Editor, when conscious of the unprecedented success which attended the sale of the last issue of the *Gleaner* he was enabled to purchase an entire new suit. Entering the establishment of Mr. Neil McEneaney, Merchant Tailor, represented by the above well known numbers, he was astonished at the carefully selected stock exposed to his view, and the low rates asked for what appeared to be the best quality of goods. Attention and politeness on the part of the proprietor himself, enabled the editor to suit himself, and one week after being measured he was a much better dressed if not a hap-pier man. Don't forget the address, N. McEneaney, Merchant Tailor, 191 Yonge Street.