

THE GRUMBLER.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1859.

WHOLE NO. 70.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your cast
I rede you teel it;
A chief's among you taking notice,
And, faith, he'll prent it.

SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1859.

THE EFFECTS OF THE HOT WEATHER.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

According to instructions from the head-quarters of wit and humor, No. 21 Masonic Hall, your correspondent proceeded to make such inquiries as would best enable him to judge of the effects of the heat upon the loyal subjects of the GRUMBLER in Toronto and in the world generally.

At an early hour on Wednesday morning I started on my tour of inquiry, having first, however, taken the precaution to fill my pockets with ice, and also to place a cake of ice in my hat,—expedients which are excellent preventatives against the heat, while they last, but which I do not think are all that they are cracked up to be; since ice has an awkward habit of melting in the sun, and the consequent warm bath is not the coolest thing in the world when the glass is ninety-seven in the shade. However, I am disagreeing.

Determined to see things as they really exist in the bosoms of families on a hot day, I made an unexpected call on my friend Mrs. Werygood, a charming old lady with six charming daughters. Having bribed the servant, I was ushered into the drawing-room unannounced, where I had learned the family were assembled. I regret I cannot give a minute description of what I saw; but, as well as I can now recollect, the mamma and her fair daughters were disposed in the most unstudied carelessness and the coolest *dishabille* imaginable around the room—some on chairs, others on sofas, and many on the carpet. As soon as I entered they all started, up and rushed hither and thither in such confusion, that I was forced to leave abruptly as I entered, which was to be regretted, as I had many questions to ask which I am sure would have elicited much useful information.

Being somewhat heated by this adventure, I wended my way to Tilly's and indulged in an ice-cream. While there I learned that during the prevalence of the hot weather 50,000 ice-creams had been daily consumed in our city, 45,000 plates of strawberries and cream, and about 250,000 sodawaters. Later in the day I made some inquiries as to the number of brandy smashes, sherry cobbleries, mint juleps, slings, cocktails, groaned lightnings, and other cooling summer drinks consumed here per diem. Of mint juleps 114,000 have daily disappeared; of brandy smashes the number has not

yet been ascertained, but it is enormous. Of the other beverages the consumption has been proportionately large,—that is, about sixteen horns a day to every man, woman and child in the city and neighborhood. Lemonades are in great request, and it is thought that if all the lemons used here within the past few days were laid in a straight line they would go twice round the—*island*.

The making of these enquiries occupied me the greater part of the day, but I managed also to pick up the following items:—

Since the beginning of the post-week 136 servants have been worried to death by carrying glasses of ice-water to their mistresses.

200 mistresses have made up their minds to discharge their servants as soon as the weather moderates.

368 young gentlemen have slept on the roofs of their respective abodes.

275 husbands have quarrelled with their wives.

498 wives have quarrelled with their husbands.

600 young ladies have declared in the presence of gentlemen that they felt as if they could faint.

400 young ladies have pretended to faint.

2 young ladies fainted in reality.

5000 gentlemen made up their minds that it was highly dangerous to drink cold water in hot weather without qualifying it.

4,998 gentlemen arrived at the conclusion that brandy was not such a bad thing as a qualifier.

400 children have eaten too much fruit, and have been sick.

100 nurses have declared that children are very aggravating for getting sick.

500 young gentlemen have declared it too hot to sleep, and have consequently walked about the streets all night.

400 law-students have voted law a bore.

600 young ladies have imagined that they have fallen in love.

5 ladies have really fallen in love.

4,000 moonlight excursions and assignations have been planned.

100 have been carried out.

20,000 people have declared that the sermon last Sunday was the longest they ever heard.

40,000 people have declared that they cannot live if this hot weather lasts much longer.

0 person imagines that he would die if it were twice as hot.

10,000 have laid the blame of all their short-comings and misdeeds on the hot weather.

3 persons had their hearts melted and bestowed various odd coppers on the poor.

460 persons lost their temper and indulged in strong language, to the horror of their friends.

500,000 people remarked that Blondin will "cross the rope once too often."

30,000 strangers who went to see Blondin were swindled at the Falls.

300 young gentlemen have declared their wish to drive an ice-cart.

1 gentleman would do it if he had the chance. 20 creditors have found the climate too warm for them.

2 individuals declared that they have not found the weather hot as yet.

100 of their friends came to the conclusion that the aforesaid individuals were donkeys.

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

Once upon a time, and a very hard time it was, a whole people in a certain Paradise of a Colony, were wholly in the power of two giants, called Speculation and Adversity, who made terrible depredations among them, sparing neither rich nor poor, so that thousands of the colonists were reduced to a state of starvation, and thousands more stole away to another country, where matters looked much pleasanter. In the earlier stages of its history, the colony alluded to attained an uncommon prosperity, and that, too, in a manner the most surprising. Some pioneers penetrated its trackless woods, shouldering their pickaxes, and ever and anon one or other of the band laid himself aside quietly and carefully, for he had picked his way to fortune. Others there were who came along with spades, and out of the virgin earth they digged and delved fortunes also; for these were very fortunate times, and the land was very fertile and pleasant to live in. To enumerate a thousandth part of the queer ways in which strangers straggled into this Fortunate Colony is not our province. Suffice it to say that the majority of the people at present living there, began life in that extreme state of poverty, of which a church mouse is held to be the proper representative, and that before they became many years older, fortunes and competencies were as plentiful among them as blackberries.

Just at the period when this thriving Colony was toddling along the side walk to the highway of nations, it was pounced on by the giants aforementioned, and reduced to a wofully miserable condition. In this plight, its guardians deserted it to abuse and bound-down each other. They industriously circulated villainous reports of each other's character. Instead of rising to greatness and respect in the good old way, they exhausted themselves in trying to get rich by depreciating the reputation of others. Old calamities were brought up and ground new. When rogues fall out, however, honest men get their own. By and by, these guardians were set aside—the colony became great and flourishing—Members of Parliament became honest—Editors wrote no more dismal nonsense—Policemen were abolished—and the people generally were contented and happy.

NELLES vs. UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

We have been exceedingly amused by the correspondence between the Rev. Mr. Nelles and "A Member of the University of Toronto." The University Senate, by that extraordinary piece of legislation, known as the Rolph Act, and by the outrageous appointments of the government, is to a large extent composed of avowed enemies of the institution. Mr. Nelles is one of these; happening by some extraordinary fatuity to be the head of an educational institution, he sits in the governing body of the University, takes £25 a year as an examiner, and yet rails at its government, sneers at its success, publicly aims his enmity to it, and strives unceasingly to compass its overthrow. The Methodist body established a college at Cobourg, and have liberally supported it; and it is to their credit that they do so. But in spite of the effort the injudicious rulers of that seminary make to conceal it, Victoria College is a denominational institution, supported by a sect and governed by their Conference. Mr. Nelles desires to share the spoils with the University. He cares little about the other denominational Colleges, so that Victoria comes in for its share.

Victoria College now receives £750 a-year, but looks with covetousness on the £16,000 which belong to its unsectarian neighbour. Let us look at the matter. Mr. Nelles would hardly be satisfied with less than £3,000. If the Methodist College is to get £3,000, Trinity should surely get an equal sum; Knox, albeit, quite unconsciously of the injustice done it, has an equal right in this matter, and may claim its slice; where would the matter end save in the entire spoliation of the noble institution into whose liberal halls, the rich and poor, the orthodox and the heterodox, may meet undisturbed by the petty bickerings of a wretched sectarianism.

Ah! but retorts Mr. Nelles, we do not make students subscribe to creed or test. It is true our institution is governed exclusively by one denomination; it is true that none but Methodist dogmas are inculcated therein; yet we are not denominational, for though we teach but one creed we do not make the students sign their names at its foot. Did it never strike Mr. Nelles that this is miserable sophistry, unworthy of a man of education and intelligence? The "Member of the University," giving way in rather a dastardly manner, proposes to constitute the Senate entirely of parsons, so as to secure a religious character to the national University.

Why pray? are laymen so devoid of religion, and morality, that they cannot secure the Christian character of the institution? Is all the sanctity of the Province, bound about the neck with a white neckcloth? Mr. Nelles seems to think that no one but one of his own denomination, can even teach with profit. The Episcopalian laymen, whose duty it is to unfold the riches of the earth, is quite unable to point out in the rocks their Maker's glory. The Unitarian clergyman, is so vile, in Mr. Nelles' eyes, as to be unable to raise the students' eyes from the plamage of the bird, or the gaudy hues of the butterfly, to Him who formed the one and adorned the other.

Nothing but the guiding eye of the Conference, or the fatherly supervision of the President of Vic-

toria is sufficient for these things. There never was a more miserable failure than the attempt to degrade the noble institution which should be, and is, the pride of this young land. Mr. Nelles may praise himself and his colleagues, and vaunt their superior moral worth as they please, but "the people of this province," to whom he appeals, have long ago settled for ever the question he attempts to raise, and look with displeasure upon the appointment of Senators, who take the money of the University and sit at her council, board to decry her name and plot her overthrow.

THE THEATRE.

Mr. Barry Sullivan commenced his engagement on Wednesday under rather unfavourable circumstances. The extreme heat of the weather and the terrible pressure of hard times combined against his engagement. We are happy, to say, however, that though by no means properly received, he met a more generous patronage than any of the artists who have lately visited Toronto. Miss Elise de Courcy, who has been engaged with Mr. Sullivan, is an extremely pleasing and promising young actress, and will make her mark in the profession. We were much pleased with Barry Sullivan's *Richelieu*. It was a master-piece of acting, and only required a more respectably sized audience to have made it a thorough triumph. Mr. G. S. Lee's *De Mauprat* was, as usual, very excellent; we are sorry, however, that some of the other parts were very imperfectly filled. Without particularizing, we must say that it is an extremely disagreeable thing for both Mr. Sullivan and the audience to see actors thrust into parts for which they are by no means fitted, and betraying the greatest ignorance of the text of the drama in which they act. We have every consideration for the difficulties under which the worthy manager labours in sustaining the Lyceum; but we cannot, consistently with our duty, be silent when an artist like Mr. Sullivan is compelled to carry on systematic prompting during the whole of so common a play as *Richelieu*, or to protract a fainting scene to an absurd length for lack of some one to drop the curtain at the proper time. Mr. Sullivan concludes his engagement this evening, and we trust that he will have a good bumper at parting.

Highly Important.

—We stop the press to announce that the *Leader* is even yet increasing! Two subscribers gave in their names yesterday. Truly this is the "people's paper;" 9782 in three months! Prodigious!!

Wanted:

—Any happy individual who has had more than five minutes' conversation with Angus Morrison and Sergeant Blazes who has not been bored with a tale of their deeds and sorrows on the "Ploughboy."

Important Announcement.

Sidney Smith has given us to understand, that in two weeks he will issue a full, faithful, and final history of the "Ploughboy" shipwreck—written by himself, illustrated by Angus Morrison, and exaggerated and magnified by John Duggan. We hope it will be the last that we shall hear of it.

RIVAL REPORTS.

The *Colonist* says that there were 7,000 present on Thursday, when Blondin crossed Niagara River on a tight-rope. The *Leader* says that there were 20,000 persons present on that occasion. The difference is only 13,000! We have heard of people "seeing double," but the *Leader* would appear to have "seen treble."

The *Colonist* says that when Blondin arrived at the Canadian side, after walking from the American side backwards, he was cool. The *Leader* informs its readers that when he arrived, he was "in a tremour from head to foot." Here again the *Leader's* nervous system would seem to have been badly shaken.

The *Leader* apologizes for Blondin's not having rested while wheeling the barrow over the rope, on the ground that it would have been inconvenient for him to sit down with the barrow "lashed to his sides." The reason may be sufficient. But the fact is, according to other authorities, Blondin did rest while crossing with the barrow. The *Colonist* made the same mistake as the *Leader*, which, however, only shows that *Old Double* cannot see single at times.

The following gem is the *Leader's* conclusion of the description of the feat:

"When he, [Blondin] reached the shore, the subdued silence gave way to a mighty cheer, which rose in one loud hurrah, as if involuntarily, from the great throng of assembled spectators."

"A mighty cheer "rising" in one loud hurrah," is just the sort of thing to break a "subdued silence" with the greatest effect. If the "mighty cheer" rose in two loud hurrahs, the effect would have been completely spoiled. Therefore we are glad the Americans have shown themselves people of taste.

THE ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY PIC-NIC.

Those of our readers who desire to take part in the best excursion and pic-nic of the season should not miss the opportunity offered by the St. George's Society for Tuesday next. They purpose starting for Bell Ewart by the Northern Road; thence by the steamer *Morning* on Lake Simcoe to Jackson's Point, where the party will spend four hours. The steamer is then to proceed to Barrie, where a dinner will be given at five o'clock. A more delightful trip could hardly be taken; and the opportunity any not again be given this season for enjoying a day's sail amongst the delightful scenery of Lake Simcoe for so reasonable a sum as the price of this excursion ticket. The proceeds of the trip are to be added to the charitable fund of this benevolent Society, and excursionists will thus, in addition to the pleasure they will themselves enjoy, aid in assisting the distressed sons and daughters of Old England. The excursion starts from the Union Station at 7 a. m. on Tuesday, and we sincerely trust that it will be entirely successful.

Probably.

—It is rumoured that the Hon. J. H. Cameron is about to take holy orders. His manner of reading the prayers on board the *Ploughboy* having convinced his friends that he is a loss to the Church.

YE YOUNG MAN, HIS GRIEF.

All pensive stood poor Theodore
The Terrapin before,
And nad the furtive glances cast
Within its spreading door.

And mournful was the look he gave
Awoop upon the ground,
And careless was the gaze he turned
Upon the fountains round.

A gloom was resting on his brow,
It inward sorrow spoke,
And yet nor sigh, nor curse, I ween,
From his heaving bosom broke.

While all the world around was bright,
And other hearts were glad,
Why did he silent stand, alone
Of all the people sad?

"Why sigh'st thou, gentle Theodore?
"Why fills that bitter tear?"
"Is there no balm to ease thy grief,
"No power to soothe thee near?"

Then calmly spoke poor Thee they then,
"I ain't got any woes,
"And that ere tear you saw was sweet
"A-runnin' down my nose.

"And I was thinkin' madly
"That I was dry as sin,
"And wonderin' how I'd raise a drink
"With nary cent of tin!"

LATER INTELLIGENCE.

FURTHER EFFECTS OF THE HOT WEATHER.

In order to enable your correspondent to make the necessary observations on the psychological effects of the extreme heat of the past week, he had himself carefully packed in one of Richey & Harris' patent cream freezers, and well bedded round with ice, so that neither the heat of prejudice nor of the weather might warp his imagination, or injure the frigid coolness of his judgment. At the very outset his frigidly was put to a severe test by a scorching paragraph in *Old Double*; but the freezer maintained its reputation, and the ice stood firm.

The Royal Lyceum and Barry Sullivan were the victims of poor granny's silly gossip. Hear all ye who attended the theatre last Wednesday evening. Listen ye favoured few who witnessed the brilliant rendition by Mr. Sullivan of the character of my Lord Cardinal. Listen, I implore, to the following: "This celebrated tragedian made his debut at a *fine house*. * * * His performance was one continued triumph to the close of the play, when he was vociferously summoned before the curtain." Now this may be all very fine, but as it doesn't happen to be true, we are inclined to have a different opinion.

We grant Mr. Sullivan's *debut*, we also grant that as far as Mr. Sullivan himself was concerned, his performance was "one continued triumph," but we deny most emphatically that his *debut* was made to "a fine house." We may mistake what that is, but our conception of fine theatrical houses is something more extensive than an audience of fifty. As to the performance, we are sorry to relate that the appreciation of Mr. Sullivan's acting was not equal to its merits; and we have to deprecate the turpitude of subs who paragraph on speculation, write wordy, nay, learned articles on what never was; but as the weather is so fearfully hot, we need not be surprised

if *Old Double's* troop try to refresh themselves by doing cool things.

The great *Globe* itself, has its paragraphic dog-days, the Clear Grit penny-a-liner has been overcome by the weather. Speaking of the last performance of Mons. Blondin, he goes thus sublimely into the graphic—"Yesterday Mons. Blondin threw all his former feats on the tight-rope over the Niagara into the shade." The compositional beauty of this sentence is excessively obvious and complete, but an inquisitive reader might be justified in putting a few interrogatories concerning the number, size and weight of the feats so unceremoniously consigned by the skillful acrobat over the Niagara into the shade—of the depth and consistence of the shade into which they were consigned, and whether it required any superhuman strength to throw them far enough to make them go decently over without interfering with or interrupting the functions of the unajestic Niagara. These are questions, we say, that might be put, but whether during the present lofty range of the thermometer, it would be judicious to put them or not, we leave the cool ones to determine.

That outside the editorial sanctum, the effect of extreme heat is perfectly visible, is demonstrated to a dead certainty in the advertisement of a Toronto Brewer in Tuesday's *Globe*, desiring to prevent the public from being taken in and done for by persons not strictly orthodox in their views of revealed morality, he announces through the columns of the Clear Grit sheet, "that he will not be accountable for any debts contracted in his name unless under his written order." This notice of caution the malt-man subscribes with his *mark*.—*Verb. sap. sat.*

Truly, if the hot weather continues, we know not what will become of our people, we would advise an emigration to the arctic regions. Bring on your north poles.

UNFORTUNATE INTELLIGENCE.

The latest intelligence from the Police Court being of a novel and startling nature, is, of course, inserted in the *Leader*. One day this week, according to this journal, there appeared at the bar "a respectable-looking, and intelligent, but unfortunate young girl, about sixteen or eighteen years of age." If respectability looks like that, now-a-days—what may it not decline to hereafter. And if that "and—intelligent—but—unfortunate" gal, was sixteen or eighteen years of age, what, we would like to know, was her weight and height? Do let an anxious inquirer know. This unfortunate female would farther appear to have been something of an eccentric character. The *Leader* says "she had a dignified hauteur about her countenance and a curl in her nose!" What sort of a curl was it, she wore in such an extraordinary place? Was it Auburn, or what was it? If it was a bright gold ring in her nose she wore, why couldn't the scribe say so? Again, it is said, "The young girl was silent. In fact she did not wish to speak at all, except when frequently pressed." The *Leader* appears to know all about her wishes. It does not state, however, who did the "pressing," it alludes to. Mr. Gurnett is rather to blame in allowing an unfortunate female to be pressed under his very nose, and this too, apparently, by one of the Press gang.

DAILY vs. WEEKLY.

On the 12th of July last Mr. Daly, M.P.P., addressed the Orangemen assembled in the University grounds, during the course of which he classed the *Gambler* with the *Globe* and *Freeman*, as part of the opposition Press, fit only to be pitched to the devil, or otherwise summarily disposed of. Now, were it not impossible for us to be angry with Mr. Daly, we would proceed immediately to flay him alive for placing us in such bad company. The *Gambler* is not an organ of the opposition; and as every one of common sense knows this to be true, why should Mr. Daly effect singularity. There is not a fool in Parliament that has not made a similar mistake; and so we suppose that we must forgive Mr. Daly for his blunder. Mr. Daly may have heard or read that we are not a part of the opposition; but he may not believe it. If he does not believe it, he is welcome to say so. When a young donkey throws back his ears and plants his four legs resolutely on the ground, you may thwack his back and kick his shanks and swim round his tail, but the obstinate creature won't stir. The young donkey won't be convinced that it is better to move on than to stand and be cudgled; therefore we will not attempt to shake the belief of the member for Perth. If a man deliberately dons a coat of impenetrable ignorance, you may argue with him but you cannot convince him. If a man has made up his mind to tell a whopper, it is useless to repeat the seventh commandment to him; therefore we will not trouble the hon. gentleman with any quotations.

In making these remarks, we would not be understood to cast any reflections on Mr. Daly. His friends know perfectly well what he is. The public who have heard his thrilling eloquence, and watched his disinterested and independent conduct in the House, also know what he is. Not to have seen Mr. Daly is a great loss. Not to know him is little less than a grievance. He is evidently the coming man! The eyes of Canada are fixed upon him, and it will be a joyful day for our glorious province when he grasps the reins of government. Let us hope that when that day arrives, Mr. Daly will make a proper use of those reins, and that, with the aid of a running nose and a cross beam, he will exhibit himself, the right man in the right place.

The "Poker."

— We beg to congratulate our cotemporary and rival on the increased importance it is about to assume. We trust that its enterprize will meet with the support of the public, and we hope soon to be able to announce a similar change in our own paper.

A Chance for Husbands.

— X. Blondin has offered to wheel any woman in a barrow on the tight rope over the Niagara River from the American to the Canadian side. Any husband having a wife to spare, has now an excellent opportunity of handing her name down to posterity.

PROCLAMATION.

GRUMBLER, by the grace of the Public, King, de-fender of the Faith:—

Know all women by these presents that we do institute, make, and appoint the following laws for the better government of that portion of our beloved subjects, known as females:—

1. No one coming under the denomination female shall on any account, or under any circumstances, or in any company, speak, until she has been first spoken to.
2. No female shall wear hoops.
3. No female shall wear bonnets.
4. No female shall "presume to make eyes" at any of our male subjects.
5. No female shall, during the prevalence of this hot weather, listen to any tender speeches from any of our male subjects.
6. No female shall sneeze, or otherwise give encouragement to any of our male subjects to make tender enquiries after their health.
7. No female shall elope this weather—except she can't help it.
8. No female shall indulge in ice-cream, for the present.
9. No female shall run away with any of our male subjects.
10. No female shall practice walking the tight-rope on the clothes' line, and imagine that she could walk across Niagara river.

CONCERTS.

We beg to direct the attention of the *Christian Guardian* to the account of a concert lately given at Caledonia, County Haldimand. The *Grand River Sacher* informs us that "it is happy to say that it is the best thing of the kind ever witnessed in that section." It further tells us that all kinds of Christians were present. The concert, it appears, was opened by a speech from a reverend gentleman. Mr. Crawford, the Scottish vocalist came next. Next were dissolving views, and very likely the performance concluded with prayer.

To all this we have nothing to say. The audience liked it, and, of course, it was all right. Will any enterprising conductor have the courage to introduce such a concert to the notice of the people of Toronto. The following would form an attractive programme:

- Opening prayer.....The Bishop.
- Nigger Breakdown.....Bowery Blackguard.
- "Hear me Norma".....Mddie. Piccolomini.
- "All round my hat".....Rev. Mr. Hardup.
- "Rolling Billows".....Karl Formes.
- "Roll up sleeve".....Tim Towzer
- "Scotch Reel"....John H. Cameron and Geo. Brown.

(Intermission.)

- "Hundredth Psalm".....All the Company.
- "Boxiana".....Bob Smith and Yankee Sullivan.
- "I dreamt I dwee".....Md. Gria.
- "Heigh for Bob and Joan".....Rev. Mr. Jollynoose.
- "Punch and Judy".....Professor Blitz.
- "Prayer".....The Bishop.

FIRE INQUESTS.

Fire inquests afford a good opportunity for coroners to put money in their pockets—but they are apparently good for nothing else. Every week, some daring incendiary fires a building under the noses of our police, and escapes with impunity—neither the coroner nor the police being able to throw the smallest light on the identity of the criminal. We do not wish to be hard on coroners; but really we must insist on one conviction. As for the police the weather is hot just now, and it would be useless to rouse them from their proverbial laziness. When the incendiary is abroad, every man must be his own policeman.

We have heard a strange rumour regarding fire inquests, which we may as well state in order that its truth may be sifted. The past season has been a remarkably healthy one, and doctors' fees have fallen so low, as not only to be below par, but in some cases they have fallen out of sight altogether.

A private meeting of all the doctors that are coroners was held in a back room in the city, where the advisability of introducing the cholera or the yellow fever was discussed and only lost by a majority of one. A committee was then moved to induce people to commit suicide; but as none of the fraternity could be found to act on the committee, this motion was lost. The idea of fire inquests was then started, and after it had met with general approbation, a committee was struck to advocate the measure in public and to secure the necessary preliminaries. A committee was also appointed, whose duty it is to provide a fire at least once a week, until business becomes brisk.

We do not say that the above is true in every particular. Our informant may or may not have been a doctor. We desire to make the matter public, and to put the public on their guard.

CORRECTION.

NIAGARA FALLS, 16th July, 1859.

To the Editor of the Grumbler:

Sir:—Allow me to correct, through your valuable paper several false reports in the columns of our Provincial papers concerning the achievements of Monsieur Blondin. It is not true that Monsieur Blondin placed a thick sack over his head and walked across the rope perfectly blindfolded. I was an eye-witness to the performance on the day mentioned, and I distinctly state that the feat was not even attempted by the tight-rope dancer; the sack was placed round and encased the feet, not the head—of the expert acrobat, and thus enveloped he accomplished his perilous journey by a series of short jumps.

I am astonished too at the absence of verity in the reports of yesterday's performance with the wheel-barrow, instead of having the balance pole in his hand and the barrow attached to his person, he was attached to the barrow with his feet on the wheel, his face to the shore, and by a succession of strong sharp steps commonly known as the tread-mill march, he propelled the primitive vehicle safely to the opposite shore. In each hand he held a glass filled with water to the brim, which, so securely was he balanced, he brought successfully to the other side without spilling a single drop, and distributed amongst the admiring spectators.

Your obedient servant.

VERITAS.

TWELFTH OF JULY IN TORONTO.

By Our Special Reporter.

The sixty-ninth anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne was celebrated in Toronto on Tuesday last with more than ordinary eclat. Most of our prominent political and legal men assisted in keeping alive the glorious, pious and immortal memory of a great and good King William III, who freed us from Pope and popery, brass money and wooden shoes.

At 10 o'clock a. m., precisely, the members of the various lodges who had assembled in the large square opposite the *Globe* office, formed themselves into procession, brilliant with flags and music, and thence proceeded through the principal streets. The procession was headed by the Hon. John Hill-yard Cameron, Grand Master of the order, mounted on a splendid white charger, and dressed in kingly robes to resemble the illustrious Prince of Orange as he appeared at the famous battle. The Hon. Geo. Brown, who has been admitted an honorary member of the Society was chosen on account of his tall and commanding presence to walk before the band with the silver staff of drum-major. He was dressed in a complete set of blue armour, the same as worn by the ghost of Hamlet, the Royal Dane, when he the ambitious Norway slew; the royal coat was procured from the valuable collection of antiquities in possession of Mr. Marlowe, a lineal descendant of the Royal Dane, who kindly lent it for the occasion. Captain Robert Moodie, Ogle R. Gowan, and Richard Dempsey, Esqrs., acted as Marshalls for the lateral portion of the procession.

Arm in arm with Messrs. G. L. Allan and John Wilson we noticed Alderman O'Donohoe and Coroner Cotter, with Orange lilies in their button holes. The Coroner was very enthusiastic in his fraternization with his Orange friends; and when one of the sifers became exhausted with the heat and over exertion, he gallantly took the life and stepped into his place; the Alderman, not to be outdone, seized the big drum and beat an accompaniment to Cotter's brilliant and inspiring playing of the Protestant boys. At the conclusion of the duet, there were prolonged bursts of applause and cheers, and a demand for an encore, which was cheerfully complied with, the facetious coroner remarking that if D'Arcy McGee were there he would make him dance to it.

In the evening the Lodges supped at their respective Lodges, and everything passed off harmoniously and peaceably—may it ever be so.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

At this sultry season, when every one is hastening from town it is of some importance to the public to be directed to the right route and the right agent. As a vigilant guardian of the public interests we wish to call the attention of travellers to the office of Mr. SNAVER, in the Rossie Buildings, next the entrance to the Hotel, York street. Mr. SNAVER is the agent for the splendid American Steamers which ply between Lewiston, Toronto and Ogdensburg. Having made trial of these splendid boats ourselves, we recommend our friends in search of pleasure to avail themselves of Mr. SNAVER'S services. These boats leave every afternoon for the St. Lawrence at 5 p. m.; the accommodation on board is much superior to that on any other line, and persons enquiring to the respective agents for the passage in either direction. To those going to the upper lake, or westward, we can also confidently recommend Mr. SNAVER as an affable, reliable and reasonable agent. He is agent for none but the best boats, and the public may place the utmost confidence in his integrity.

In a few days it is the intention of Mr. J. B. Ross to open a new Bread and Cracker Bakery, in Boulton's buildings, at the corner of Bay and Adelaide Streets. Mr. B. has at great cost fitted up an excellent bake-house, and erected two splendid ovens. We trust he will receive a large share of public patronage.