

OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

Assured of having given satisfaction last week in commencing a sketch of the Blowers, we resume duty, and may possibly throw light on a few of them who are wont to hide themselves in Egyptian darkness. We forthwith drag before the curtain subject.

No. 7.—RAMSAY, illustrious, if on no other grounds than as successor of Carruthers. This man has a bottom of his own, and is popular with the jockeys of St. David's. His position in the commercial world is that of a retail dealer in malt liquors—inimitable in the amiabilities of "mine host." His spare bedroom contains a picture of William crossing the Boyne—one of Ogle R.'s Royal Charters, constituting Loyal Orange Lodge No. 444, in which a rare fraternity are monthly gathered together, Brother Ramsay supplying ale and fixings to fill up the vacancies caused by the pothery emanations of Protestant lungs. He plays whist excellently for the good of the house, is clever at the abductions of strong beer, and equal to any two policemen in fomenting a row.

No. 8.—FOX, not the one identified with the "Book of Martyrs," nor him referred to by Bosop, nor in any manner connected with Gray of fifth of November notoriety—but a *bona fide* inhabitant of the city, and Blower for the Ward of St. James. If Mr. Fox is cunning, what more natural? If sent among geese, may we not expect their being plucked? We do not advise his being hunted down, but prudence should dictate to him a retreat to his hole, where we are satisfied no good citizen would molest him.

No. 9.—DUNN, a delegate from St. Patrick, though not an Irishman. He is conspicuous for loquacity, and as profound as a cockatoo. Like Mr. Romain, he is free from the taint of education; and whatever the schoolmaam might have done for him in early life, it has not fructified to his own good or that of anybody else's. He has, in combination with deplorable statesmen, unmitigated stubbornness, aggravated to malignity by dotage. He is still susceptible to flattery, and can be coaxed into wearing a shirt collar on great Aldermanic occasions.

No. 10.—URTON, a promising Councillor, somewhat behind in manners, wit and discretion. He enjoys the advantage now of a good school, and we have no doubt, at the end of his term, will be able to tell the electors how many chairs there are in the City Hall—how often he was called upon to second a motion—the number of times he presided over committees of the whole, and the amount of stationery he wasted in the vain endeavor to concoct an original resolution. In his official seat he is sagely taciturn; but in some circumstances can be made to joke and laugh hoarsely. If allowed the privilege of a phrenologist, we should unhesitatingly say—profession most suitable—ox driver.

No. 11.—CRAIG, from the great central Ward of St. James. The first few months of his career stamped him as a clown, clever at wry faces, jumping and gymnastic exercises generally. He still has much marketable talent, and might add length to his purse by advertising himself as a performing calf, with only two legs. His exhibitions in the council have ceased to be a novelty; we recommend him to treat for a cattle stall at the approaching

fair, where hundreds would crowd around him, anxious to gaze at so wonderful a specimen of *luxus natura*.

No. 12.—CANNY, a stupid, good-natured Alderman from St. David's. He is devotedly attached to the interests of his Ward; but his soul cannot stretch beyond its limits. Every measure for the improvement of the western section of the city he steadily opposes, to make sure of the good will of his constituents. He doesn't boast of any sagacity, and is pulled, at the nose by his colleagues to suit their every caprice. In himself he is quite incapable of good or harm.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Bugaboo; or, the Lost Kanuck.—A Novel by Sir E. B. LYTTON. Armour & Co., Yonge Street.

That prolific and enchanting novelist, Sir E. B. Lytton, has at last honoured our province with a place in one of his greatest compositions. We give his reasons in an extract from the preface:—

As soon as the official duties of Colonial Secretary attracted my attention to the blooming Province of Canada, the eagle of fancy, which hovering aloft in mid-air had stretched its unwinking ken in every direction in search of the True, the Beautiful, and the Good, swooped westward and seized its Quarry in the Mystery Land, the Turbulent, Rugged yet Genius benisoned Domain of the Half-breed, the degenerate Gaul, and the Retrograded Re-barbarized Scion of British civilization."

Agala:—"Happy are we, who bask in the brightly-mild coruscule of the Eye of a matured Minerva, happy by contrast with those Nations, who living in the Hearts of Distant Continents, know the limits of their Domain; like the fair Nymphs of Atlantis, who know not the weight of their Golden Bracelets, because they had not got a Pair of Scales. Kanada the Fair, veils her Noble Proportions from the gaze of her Rude Denizens. To Read this Mystery, to Show to Kanadians the boundaries of their Realm, shall be the Aim of this Volume. The Lucre which my Talent gains, shall be devoted to the Purchase of Maps and Charts of every Statute to be conveyed beyond the Sea, and given into the hands of the Kanadians. Then shall the Untutored Men cease their Strife, when they know, in the words of Schiller, "Where's Where." When they know that Ottawa, the Fair child, nestling like a Canvass Back, in the Rushes of Lake Ontario, lies like a Pearly link between the two Provinces; then shall they embrace the Kness of their British Grand-mother, and confess their own incapacity to deal with the Egg of Self Government."

We cannot but admire Sir E. B.'s moderation. He evidently has his British prejudices; but they are not half so extravagant as those of the British Journals. His purpose, too, is very well intentioned. It is well known that we have no authentic map of Canada at present; and a lecture on Canada Geography by our worthy baronet, by Charles Dickens, or Charles Mackay, would be a novel and instructive performance.

Our author also corrects several erroneous impressions under which many well informed Britons have been labouring. 1. That the Cherokee dialect is the language principally spoken in the Canadian

Parliament; whereas, (as 'the Baronet avouches) a Choctaw slightly corrupted by French, is the one used. 2. That married women blacken their teeth. The Baronet explains that this a mistake arising from the excessive use of blackberry pie in Canadian families; the temporary stain resulting from this cause may naturally have misled observant travellers.

Chap. I. of the work commences with an ingenious dissolution on the word "Kanuck," which is therein stated to be derived from *KANUK*, a dog, and *IGWU*,—to have, because the inhabitants of Canada generally kept dogs when they wanted them.

Chap. II. introduces us fairly to the hero of the story; giving us moreover, a description of our city which, if somewhat fanciful forsooth, shews a remarkable fidelity in its general outline.

"Deeply locked in the embrace of two Headlands, which, stretching out into the Briny waves of Ontario, seemed prepared to thrust aside all the malign powers of nature that should attempt to injure its precious charge, lay the little hamlet of—Toronto. Close by the Bench stood several Cottages neatly constructed of white pine boards, which appeared in bright contrast with the dusky Wigwams scattered behind them, and on the neighboring heights. On rising ground to the left stood a variegated wigwam of huge size; above it waved the bunting of British sovereignty. Before the door, files of Indians of the Kennebec race, clad in "Morton's Proof," (a rude kind of Armour in use here amongst all classes in the absence of firearms) were performing some simple but graceful evolutions, to the sound of the "Indian Drum." Need we inform the intelligent reader that this was the viceregal residence; the home of the amiable Sir Edmund Head, whose conciliating disposition has adduced him to reside ever since his arrival, in an Indian Wigwam, with a view of propitiating the numerous warlike tribes of Indians which exercise so potent an influence on the politics of the Country.

"Far out from this imposing, but, alas, barbarous spectacle, on the glassy Bosom of slow-throbbing Ontario, floated a bark canoe, in which was seated a Youth of noble, but pensive, mien, whose flashing eye and thoughtful chin—(ah, 'tis the Lightning rumble of Thunder in the West)—called none proclaimed to be one of nature's nobility; absorbed in the columns of THE GUMBYEN, the only newspaper published in his native country, Kanada, he heeds not the warning cry of merciful Nature—but woe!"

The work is ingeniously contrived. The young man is driven out of sight of land by the thunder storm so vividly represented above, as browning, and finds himself next morning in the open sea. The winds and tides bear him to the mouth of the Saguenay, near Ottawa; he then sails up the river till he enters Lake Superior, and lands on the solitary island of Orillia, where he takes advantage of his compulsory leisure to compose an Epic Poem. This work being completed at the end of seven years, he returns to Toronto by the River Don, and publishes it in that city. The same and wealth-procured by this means, render him one of the most prominent men in the country, and he dies at a green old age, at his residence, Castle Frank, in Grosse Island, in the Georgian Bay.