

## MY FIGHTING LAD, TOM FERGUSSON.

AIR.—*Gallant brow, John Highlandman."*

SUNG BY OGLE R. GOWAN.

A broth of my lad was born,  
And peaceful men he held in scorn,  
But faithful to my reverend son,  
My fighting boy, Tom Fergusson.

Sing, hey, my big Tom Fergusson,  
Sing, ho, my big Tom Fergusson;  
There no'er was a lad so up to tau,  
As fighting big Tom Fergusson.

With stout shillelagh in his hand,  
And Orango "lanthe" at his command;  
The elector's beads he rapped upon—  
My fighting lad, Tom Fergusson.  
Chorus—Sing hey, &c.

He roved about from town to town,  
And mused himself by knocking down  
The Clear Gels in North Wollington,  
My fighting lad, Tom Fergusson.  
Chorus—Sing hey, &c.

Whist thro' Elera he did ride,  
His foes were gathered on each side,  
But the' he nobly snapped his gun,  
They beat my big Tom Fergusson.  
Chorus—Sing hey, &c.

Oh then they took him to the Court,  
But wo their triumph turned to sport,  
For justices we had put on,  
Dismissed my big Tom Fergusson.  
Chorus—Sing hey, &c.

And now he has no cause to mourn,  
To rowdying he may return,  
And go on as he has begun,  
My fighting big Tom Fergusson.  
Chorus—Sing hey, &c.

## A REVERIE OF THE HON. JOS. C. MORRISON,

in a fit of "The Blues," while on his way to the shades of his domestic retreat, beyond the first toll-gate, Youngs St.

And is it so? While my late colleagues are revelling in luxury from their ill-gotten gains, I have not even a five-cent piece to disarm the impudence of Jim Beatty's toll-collector, with a prospect before me as dark as a church beadle's. Surely the arts by which I have thriven will not fail me now, in this my hour of need—aye, of desperation. Baldwin's re-appearance on the public stage ought to help me; but, *nil desperandum*, something must be done in the meantime, and that quickly. Beatty, the rascal, can't he do something? I helped him to swindle the country out of these very roads. Let me think. A Grand Trunk Directorship might be turned to some account. Ross makes well by it. The Northern now isn't worth a feed of oats for my horse. There's that dog Spence shovled into the Custom House—he should have been provided for at home—and I, like an ass, left to flounder in poverty, from my own sheer modesty, to await the chances for another grab at the purse-strings. If I do get at them again, I will give them a pull that will do me good—a la Anderson. Ah! yes, happy thought, Haldimand is vacant; it has a bad odour, but I have a sensorium equal to it. Shuffling made me a politician, and shuffling may get me into Haldimand. I'll see Macdonald to-morrow, and immediately got out an Address. What shall I say?  
*Gentlemen Electors of Haldimand!*

The same whirlwind that swept to the four winds of heaven a corrupt Administration, carried with it also your late faithful Representative, upon which I beg to offer you my hearty congratulations.

The retirement of Mr. Mackenzie has led me to believe that a man of political standing only can hope to receive your favour. I have been quiescent for a little length of time to adjust thoroughly my domestic matters, (things too much overlooked by our great men) and am again ready for harness, both able and willing to saw your wood and draw your water.

I do not enter the field as a stranger. This magnificent section of the Western Peninsula has before been subject to my fostering care; and the inhabitants of Niagara only cut me because I would not relax my patriotism by cutting them.

I am an old Radical, and graduate of the same School as your late illustrious Representative, but took better care of my principles than he did, having never allowed mine to be auctioned at the insignificant figure of £500—although I stuck it into the Government once for £800, and afterwards at £1,200—every shilling of which has been spent for the good of the country. I am not a man, gentlemen, to waver in my faith, or yield to undue pressure. I glory too much in my pride of country to bring disgrace on a soil that has given birth to an O'Connell, a Curran, (my godfather,) a Sheridan, and last, though not least, a D'Arcy McGee.

I support all schemes for the advancement of the country, and have been identified with every gigantic bubble that have startled the world for five years past, except that of the Atlantic Telegraph. I have ever supported the Great Southern Railway, and having a personal stake in the Zimmerman estate, you can feel sure of my enthusiastic endeavours for its perfect consummation. I am now maturing a scheme for an unbroken chain of railway-communication to the Pacific, and being convinced of the feasibility of spanning the Huron and Superior lakes by an arched bridge, little now remains to be decided but the ways and means.

Finally, gentlemen, I am an advocate for Schools, Representation, and equal rights. Your local interests shall have my most serious attention—intending to do myself the honour of seeing you personally—when I will rock your babies, smoke your pipes, and drink your tea, in a manner that will leave you no room to doubt the affection of

Your humble servant,

Jos. C. Morrison.

## "Vitty for a Voman"

—A certain tidy female of our acquaintance having observed a young gentleman persist for some time in adorning her drawing-room carpet with his saliva, addressed him, "Sir, if I have any more of this spitting on my floor, you and I shall have a 'spat.'" The young gentleman went his way, and transgressed no more.

## Infamous and Unconstitutional Conduct.

—It will scarcely be credited that the Returning Officer of St. David's Ward had the audacity to administer the bribery oath, yesterday, to our old and highly respectable citizen, Harry Henry, Esq., who had, at great personal inconvenience, absented himself from professional duties, in order to poll an independent vote for Mr. J. H. Cameron. What next?

## OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

The apprehension of our faithful citizens was set at rest by the re-appearance of the Blowers in the Council seats on Monday last. No popular welcome greeted their prodigal footsteps back to the civic floor; and not a sympathetic cheer was given to dispel the gloom that shrouded their dissipated features. They bore all the marks of campaign warriors, fresh from the battle. Some had noses tinged with a deeper purple than many a Crimean hero; others displayed much laxity of limb, as if escaped from a rack; while a large number gave no other evidence of unusual indulgence than what can be daily noticed in the "drunk and disorderly" characters of the Police Court.

A part of the evening's business was a report submitted, exculpating the City Engineer from charges of incapacity and malversation made against him. It is a singular fact, that of the numerous staff of corporation officers, it would be a matter of difficulty to select from among them half-a-dozen respectable men; indeed, a man of character, if he has any other alternative in the world, should avoid their services as he would a pit-fall or a slough. Mr. Booth, we incline to think, having no personal knowledge, is above the truckling and fawning so characteristic of the corporative hangers-on, and, in consequence much too refined to serve his ignorant masters. A set of greedy commorants are continually on the watch, ready, on the least pretence, to seize upon the places of others, and such creatures as Sproatt, Carr, Boomer, Purdy, Strachan, Craig, Fox, Ramsay and Moodie, are only too willing to foist upon the city specimens of their kind.

We do not understand why the administration of the city's affairs should be committed to the care of ignoramuses and dotards. It is a puzzle beyond the comprehension of two-thirds of the rate-payers, why such an institution as Sam Sherwood should be paid for by them; why a Toronto Jailor should be encouraged in the prodigalities of a Nabob, and every mouth or two running through the country asking to be pitched into Parliament. He appears to be a sort of double-sucker, anxious to apply one to the Province and one to the citizens of Toronto—the latter he is still comfortably leeching. Again, there are two Inspectors, whose duties are to report all breaches of the city ordinances. Their modesty has passed into a proverb, as with every in-coming council comes their petition for increase of salary. This generally has the effect of a bonus being voted to them, and for another twelvemonth they go on their way rejoicing—filling up their time by guaging the liquors of unlicensed houses, and paying amorous attentions to ensy-going hostesses.

Much more could we say, and many corrupt devices could we expose if necessary, to exhibit the general rottenness of the city Administration. We do not charge the initiation of these things to the present Blowers; but we do wish, with sober earnestness, that the people would awake to their duty, and when next exercising their power, seek a new class of men, and strive to inaugurate a new order of things in a city that deserve to take better rank than she now does.