

(For the Chronicles and Curiosities.)

PARLIAMENTARY INTELLIGENCE.

J. RYMAL'S SPEECH.

DEAR SIR.—The learned member for South Westworth, I am happy to say is making rapid advancement both in oratory and French. Havin' been unexpectedly called to Toronto a short time since, I determined to avail myself of the opportunity thus afforded me of visiting our renowned Parliament. On my way I attended the question came up regarding the lowering of the members' pay, and, after its having been discussed on at great length by various persons, Mr. Rymal rose to his feet, and, in a stentorian voice, spoke as follows:

"Gentlemen,—I feel it my duty on the present occasion to get up and stand before you as a speaker in this here house to enlighten you on the subject, as it seems to me ye'se doe-n't know nothin' 'bout what ye'se talkin, and also to give vent to my indignation feelins. The idea of lowerin our wages is composterous, as we have to spend so much here to keep up appearances and pay for our board and washin." (Laughter and a voice: "well now, that is good, old fellow, for you to say, when you know you live in a retired position with a coloured woman, who charges \$3 a week; and as for washing, why you know you take that home to y ur wife.")

RYMAL—"God darn y'ur dam fellers."

Yourn I'll kick you, so I will now, golly, if I don't."

Cries of—"Shame, shame."

RYMAL—"Well I ain't a goin to be insulted by the likes of him."

A VOICE—"Go on with your speech. Never mind him."

RYMAL—"Well by-darn so I will, fur he's too consarned ugly to be noticed by a gentleman like me, (cheers,) and I'll show m contempt of him by goin on with my remarks. I left off 'bout board and washin—well, now, that's all gospel truth, I swear it is, you needn't laugh. Then there's my large farm and nobody to mind it."

A VOICE—"Your wife will do that."

RYMAL.—By golly, my wife's a good deal better looking nor yourn. And so she could manage it, only she's in the way that ladies are who love their lords. (Tremendous cheers, and voices—"Go it Joe.") Well now I'll be darned if I can see anything to laugh at in that. (Hear, hear.) Can't my wife, by golly. (Cheers.) I reither guess so; for she's got—let me see, (counting his fingers,) there's Jerusha,—Molly—she's the old woman's pet, and Mary-Jane and Sally and five boys—four and five—that's nine—well we've got nine. Now I think that's not doin bad. (Laughter.) Now I've got to educate all these,

and that will cost me somethin. I've commenced givin them lessons in French, and I arnin them how to git up and make a stump speech, so that they may be as knowin as their daddy and foller in his footsteps. (Great laughter.) Their education will cost me a good deal, fur I'm bound on givin 'em un wan; fur education, gentlemen, is a glorious thing. If it had't been fur education what would I have been to-day? I'd have been as ignorant as the rest o' you. (Great sensation.) Then, there's my horse, the Prince Regent, standin in the stable from mornin to night doin nothin. (Laughter.) And, if I can't git away from this here consarned place to lead him round, I'll have to be paid pooty well to make up fur the loss. And now, gentlemen, in windin up this speech, jist let me say, that when my constituents 'lected me as their representative they knowed they was gettin a good un—wan that would never turn his coat like some others in this house and wan that they could rely on—and, as no man's business suffers more nor mine does, they was quite willin to giv me the pultry sum of \$6 a day. Though I was bred between the plough handles, I feels myself as good as any of you, for I am a gentleman as goes in for believin that one man's as good as another,—yes, and sometimes a good deal bet'er. (Laughter.) I will, therefore, take my chair, confidently hopin that after what I've said you'll all

come and not be such big fools as to take \$4 when you cau jist as well gi, \$6." (Long and continued cheering, under the felt and expressed sentiments that the labourer is worthy of his hire.—? ? ?)

(To the Editor of Chronicles.)

The City "Ambitious" and her Masters.

SIR,—In these times of commercial depression, Sheriffs'-sales and chancery decrees, it vivifies our drooping heart to have a peep now and again at the machinery which is now and has been in operation to bring about these formidable affairs. We like the genuine jolly chuckle—the tickle that in spontaneity shakes our visible sides. But, in these times, we hail cachination in any shape, neither thinking of, nor caring for, the philosophy of laughter. We care not whether the grimace we make may be traced by the physiognomist to the Sardouic or hilarious cause—we are content to grin from ear to ear, in the pure ecstasy of fun or relax our oral muscles with our tongue in our cheek. We shall not chop logic with our readers as to which is the most enjoyable and joyous. A laugh, however, we are determined on, and we enlist you all to shake it with us, and this is the subject:—

Councillor McDowell as Chairman of the special committee on salaries of civic officers laid the report of that select body before the conclave of the city fathers, the purport of which was that a reduction to the amount of some eleven hundred dollars had been agreed on and recommended to the Council for its judicious adoption.—Now, then, whether right or wrong, this reduction of the city disbursements would have been carried, but for a pretty little

notable collision between one of our worthy Aldermen and one of our equally worthy Councillors which eventuated as follows:—

Councillor—The Police Clerk—Why, Fenton's the man fr. the office—no doubt of it—we can't hear the alderman's voice—it does not matter, the affair is settled at any rate.

Alderman—Shut up. We don't want any of your talk in the matter at all.

Councillor—I don't want any of your talk.—If you give us any more of it I'll serve you again as you have been so well served before.

Alderman—(pointing at the Councillor)—I claim the protection of his Worship the Mayor, which protection was granted and guaranteed.

Councillor—I am not to be, and shall not be, insulted. My threat, your worship, was only intended to be conditional—dependent on the gentleman's behaviour.

Alderman—(Sotto voce)—I'll serve you out for this. When your special committee report comes up we'll give it the hoist—I tell you.

Sure enough the report and all its commendatory clauses got, as threatened by the worthy Alderman, the hoist. The joke is—whether it exhibits itself on the right or left side of the face of our citizens, or with a close mouth and the tongue in their cheek, that, but for this personal encounter, the two worthy city fathers would along with their adherents, have given a united vote, to the easing of the poor, oppressed "Ambitious" city of eleven hundred dollars annually! Fathers and Guardians—Councillors and Aldermen, pray remember the scape-goat—the Rate Payer.

Yours, &c.,

A CITIZEN.

Our latest European news informs us that France and Russia have entered into a treaty of alliance. "Whom the Gods wish to destroy they first make mad." If our intelligence be true such will shortly be the realized fate of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte.

Another Police Scrape.

Guardey vous—guardey tete—mind your head and clear the way. We warn our fellow citizens to take care. We employ and pay a police force for the purpose of protecting our persons and our property from the ruffian and the robber. How do these hired functionaries perform their duties? Why, thus, as we shall illustrate their conduct:—

A few night ago as one of our respectable townsmen was on his way home, he was assaulted, struck, and otherwise roughly handled by two persons, strange to him, whom he met on the most public street of the city—King street. Self preservation being recognized by all (Hamilton police practice notwithstanding), as the first law of nature, our brother citizen defended himself against his cowardly assailants. The fact of his so doing called forth the wrath of two of our police Constables, who, with all the corps, seem to claim as their prescription right all acts of offence and defence. The two officers in question freely made use of their batons on the cranium of our fellow citizen, and dragged him off—(resisting the villains!—of course to the cells. This affair presented to the worshipful police bench next morning, a beautiful case of magistratal adjudication. In the sapience of that august body the award was:—That the two nocturnal scamps should be fined \$10, and that their and policemen's victim should be mulcted of \$2. Good for the city treasury. Bah, Justice be bothered!