

THE POSTMASTER'S CHAIR.

[Supposed to be sung by SIDNEY SMITH to the tune of "The Old Arm Chair," the first day that his office was re-opened in Cobourg.]

I love it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that Postmaster's chair.
I've stuck to it long as a glorious price,
And oh! when I leave, tears will flow from my eyes;
Tis bound to twelve hundred hands to my heart,
Not one would I break, not a link would I start.
Would you know the spell? there's money made there,
And a glorious berth is that Postmaster's chair.

I'll many an hour I lingered near,
And watched Bobby Spence when the knave was here,
And drank in the words his smooth tongue would give,
To teach us poor Moderates how to live;
But his days rolled on and the last one fled,
My idol was shattered, poor Bobby fell dead,
And I heard, scarce the news my proud heart could bear,
That Macdonald would give me the Postmaster's chair.

But tis past, tis past, and I think of it now,
With quivering breath and throbbing brow;
For I feel, oh I feel, that the coming tide
Will knock from its perch my poor old hide.
Say it is folly and deem me weak,
That piteous tears course down my cheek.
But I love it, I love it, 'twill kill me to tear
My soul from the pickings and Postmaster's chair.

BOW-LEG CORRESPONDENCE.

The Canadian Ministers in England.—The Government Prosecutions.—Six and seven make thirteen.—Row between England and America.—Foreign gossip.—Higher than a kite, &c., &c., &c., &c.

LONDON, HALF-PAST FIVEING TIME, }
November 5th, 1858. }

They hang all the people in England, as far as I have had an opportunity of finding out, precisely at noon. The moment the fatal hour comes—as the man said when he was going to be married—back slides the bolt, and "pop goes the weasel." Well, after all, hanging or drowning, going off in a galloping consumption, or being galloped over by a regiment of dragoons, being blown from a cannon, or blown up by your mistress, it is all the same. "A horse is a horse," as Boudierby says; and death is death as I say.

Good gracious, what put that hanging into my head, when I should be thinking of dinner! Half-past twelve! Why there is not a soul in London; barring the fishes, that is not at dinner at this particular moment. Did you ever see all London go to dinner—no, to feed—at twelve o'clock, noon? No! Well, that is a sight that beats the lion's feeding all to bits.

But then, hold on! As to the Canadian Ministers over here. Cartier, Ross, and what the deuce is his name,* have all been presented to the Queen. Cartier made an awful business of it! While going up and paying his respects he was all right, but when he attempted to back out, like a horse getting out of a narrow lane-way, his sword got between his legs, and, lord save us, he tumbled right, or rather wrong, over before assistance could be rendered to him. Ross was almost as bad. When her Majesty extended her hand to him to kiss, he did not know what to do with it; so, after a little display of bashfulness, seeing it still extended, he seized it and shook it very heartily, to the great dismay of all the courtiers present. The other fellow,** whose name I cannot now think of, would have got on all right, were it not that he mistook one of the ladies in

waiting for the Queen, and insisted on kissing her hand, and kneeling before her; nor would he desist until the husband of the lady, mistaking this for a scandalous declaration of love, made several passes at him with his sword, which, however, although they wounded a tender spot, were by no means fatal.

Why people cannot mind their own affairs is incomprehensible—but certain it is that the people of London are so excited to learn the result of the "State trials" in Toronto, that they have ordered a regiment of horse-marines to be in readiness on the sea shore in order that, on the approach of the vessel bringing the news, the result may be at once made known throughout the length and breadth of the land. If the decision is in favour of the plaintiff, Wilson is to be ennobled with the title of Lord Skyhigh, and the other counsel are all to be elevated, it is said, whether by hanging or not has not yet transpired. If the defendant is victorious, Cameron, Eccles, and Harrison will be condemned to the most exquisite torture that it is possible to devise, namely—to read the Toronto *Colonist* every day in the year for six months to come.

The only further gossip I have is that England is not going to stand the filibustering tendencies of that fellow Walker, and that accordingly it has been determined on, that if Walker does not walk out soon, he will be walked into most gloriously; so you may expect a row on your side of the Atlantic some of these days.

Oh! by Jove, there was another important thing I wanted to say. You remember the time the 100th Regiment was being raised in Canada. Well, just at that time—but, mercy on us, the post closes in a minute and a half. Good bye, I'm in a devil of a hurry.

* Our Bow-legged friend evidently alludes to Hon. Mr. Galt, in both places marked with an asterisk.

OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

Another fight about brick drains vs. tile drains. The latter seem to be the cheapest, the most effectual, and the most enduring, but as they would interfere with the interests of some of the Irish labourers who live upon Corporation contracts, they are not to be thought of. How learnedly did Ardagh argue about them, what learning, what amazing erudition, what infinite knowledge, he displayed! Surely he has licked the blarney stone to some purpose. We believe seriously, and we say it after due consideration, that if "Sam" (the bull dog, not the Chief—we are always afraid lest the two should be confounded together,) had opened his mouth and spoken, he could not have done better. But as Sam did not speak, Craig thought he must, and so did Ramsay, and Purdy, and Wilcox, and a drunken idiot outside the bar, who imagined he could spout better than any of the others. A trial verified his opinion. Indignant at this interference with their prerogative, an active and intelligent member of the Police force (not the Chief,) was ordered to turn the fellow out. The "orator" took the proceeding very unkindly, much in the same way as our "worthy" Councilmen will take a like proceeding in January next.

The man in the jacket gave notice that he would ask the Corporation to reduce the next Mayor's

salary to £25. Bob acts from the purest motives. A desire to reduce the expenditure is the sole reason that actuates him. He does not want to make electioneering capital—not he. St. John's Ward will not have him upon any account, he knows that; then why should he manufacture "buncumb." If Mr. Wilson were not a respectable man; if he would let thieves slip loose, blackguards go unpunished, and protect Sherwood from the assaults made upon him, then Bob would vote him a salary of £500; but as matters now stand he cannot conscientiously do it.

We must not speak disrespectfully of Alderman Robert Moodie in future. He has become one of the "upper ten." A meeting of the city nobility was held in Purdy's tap-room the other night, and among those present were the "Conservative" members of the Council, together with George and Sam Platt, Harry Henry, Capt. Jacques, Billy Andrews, Johnny McKay, and other distinguished members of our Canadian aristocracy. It was there and then voted to receive Capt. Moodie into "good" society for the services he had rendered the Nobs in supporting Sam Sherwood and his thieves. Ogle R. Gowan offered to present him to the Governor General, but Bob said Mrs. Bilton had been beforehand and of the two old women he preferred the latter.

Broadly absurd query.

"What shall be done with our great criminals?" asks the Editor of the *Colonist*. We would suggest, as the speediest mode of getting rid of them, that they should be placed in solitary confinement for one month, with a file of "old double," that is the *Atlas* and *Colonist*, in each cell. Those who escaped the "meagrum," sure to be brought on by such a diabolical infliction, would be well entitled to a free pardon from the Governor General.

Political Independence.

We understand that Mr. Snelling, of Ross Mitchell notoriety, intends contesting the County of Grey with Mr. Hogan at the next election.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

It is said that the price of any article corresponds to its legitimate value and the desire that may exist for its use or consumption. If this profound axiom of commercial economy be true, it is proposed to enquire what may be the price of OTZRENS at the "Terrapin."

The approaching cold weather reminds us of the necessity of protecting not only our ears from the "ogor and nipping frost," but also to protect our hands and face from the effects of frequent exposure.

It is a perfect luxury when suffering from chills and other effects of cold, to be able at once to ally these sensations, and like ordinary mortals to perform our daily duties, shake hands with our friends, laugh and dance without being constantly reminded that "there no ills which we do know of," even if our philosophy assures us they are only skin-deep. Mr. J. T. Shapley, 78 Young street, has for several years prepared for sale, an article countenanced by the faculty, and in constant use by many respectable families of this city, which, by its almost magical effects, prevents the necessity of caution when going into the cold. The Fluid D'Aliver or Winter Fluid restores the skin when roughened and cracked by exposure, allays the itching pain, and produces a softness and pliability of the cutaneous texture almost child-like. These are recommendations which entitle the Winter Fluid to a fair trial, and the high character of the house by which it is prepared gives it a claim on the consideration of all those who may require a remedy of this description.