

Mr. Gould wasn't going to sit still and hear such blasphemy. ("Hear, hear.")

Mr. Henry wasn't blasphemous. ("Question.")

Mr. Gould considered that at all events Mr. Henry had used bad language. ("Hear, hear.")

Mr. Henry would be damned if he did. [Cheers.] He never used bad language in his life. [Uproar.]

Mr. Drummond moved that Mr. Henry had disgraced the Chair and be at once kicked out. [Confusion.]

Mr. Brown begged of gentlemen to compose themselves.

Mr. Henry would fight any man in the room. As for Mr. Drummond, he would double him up in a brace of shakes, and beat the devil's tattoo upon his vile parchment body.

Mr. Drummond was rapidly becoming excited,—but unfortunately could not fight with such a gall bird as Harry Henry. [Wild cheer.] However, if Mr. Brown or Dr. Connor would say "beans," he would have great pleasure in beating them into a mummy. [Cheers and cries of "Go it, old horse!"]

Mr. McGee was good for a row any day,—so he would commence, *sans ceremonie*, by knocking down his neighbor, who happened to be Mr. Brown.

Here a dreadful melee took place, beyond the powers of description; taking advantage of which, our Reporter went and "lickered" at the expense of the Reformers,—but, being caught in the act by Mr. Foley, he was reluctantly drawn into the scrimmage, where he performed such prodigies of valor that he was unable to turn in bed for a week.

THE MAYOR AND MENDICANCY.

At the last meeting of the City Council, an important suggestion was made by the Mayor. He proposed, as the destitution in our city was very great, and as the Corporation could do it without imposing a burthen upon the people, that a sum of \$40,000 should be expended in public works. The opening and widening of streets and sewers, the construction and embellishment of public parks, squares, and gardens, the completion of the Esplanade, are the objects on which this sum, it was said, might be expended with greatest advantage to the city; and if after the completion of all those works, the Corporation still have some money to spare for charitable purposes, contingent upon public improvement, we can aid its inventive genius by a thousand other suggestions. However, it is not probable that our services shall be required.

The works proposed to be accomplished are all above reproach. Our Esplanade is at present running to seed, and is totally unfit for purposes of recreation, or the creation of anything, except feelings of disgust. If it were properly graded, planted with shade trees, and furnished with a footpath, it would be an ornament to the city. It would be equally an ornament if it were covered with warehouses and manufactories—but unless the Council adopt a resolution authorizing the construction of a warehouse for each member of the Corporation, the Esplanade will not be burthened with such things for some time to come.

The improvement of the University Park will

meet with public approbation. That part of the Park where the band play once a week is singularly uncultivated. It is full of treacherous pit falls, into which the unwary are sure to fall, and stumbling blocks of sufficient proportions to level the pride of the loftiest; and, to crown all, after all these difficulties have been overcome with unflinching heroism and determination, there is not a seat to be had on which a lady can rest her weary bones. At any time such treatment would be barbarous, but when the sun is 90° in the shade, it is something worse.

In the way of street improvements, the pulling down of Stanley street would not be a bad idea. Let our city Fathers look well about, and if they cannot see a street on which improvements are more needed, let their watchword be: Move "on Stanley, on." Amongst the various public works which might be constructed, we would suggest the erection of an equestrian statue, to be made of putty, to R. M. Allan, Esq., Barrister-at law and licensed mad-man. It has long been a favorite project with the public to erect a gorgeous establishment for the printing and publishing of the GUMBLER, but for reasons best known to ourselves—we not having divulged them to mortal ear as yet—we beg to decline the honor.

If the public are bent on building, let a new Court House be erected. The present one is a dirty, filthy, hole-and-corner affair, the bane of all lawyers and judges, and a disgrace to the city. The public have our permission to erect a new theatre, if they like. An hospital for mad dogs might also be erected, and the head of the department presented with a seat in the Cabinet. In fact, there is no end to the list of public works which might be erected, and which would be both useful and ornamental in themselves, and would also give employment to the unemployed.

We will conclude by urging in all seriousness the adoption of the suggestion thrown out by the Mayor. At the present moment an immense number of people are out of employment, and a serious exodus is going on amongst our artisans of all trades. Those people whom distress drives from our midst are the bone and sinew of the country; and every reasonable effort should be made to retain them. Let the Corporation at their next meeting adopt such measures as the protection of Canada generally, and Toronto especially, demands.

THE GREAT TIGHT ROPE FEAT.

From our special penny-a-liner.

NIAGARA FALLS, June 30th, 1859.

I arrived here yesterday evening all serene, and after sundry hours and nine games of poker with several distinguished Americans, retired to my couch to receive the proper amount of rest to enable me to go through the duties of the next day. After an excellent rest—the heat of the weather, and the number of bugs considered—I arose just in time to have an eye opener with the Hon. Col. Franklin Swizzler, who, while partaking of his matutinal refreshment, expatiated eloquently on the excellence of "our institutions," cocktails in particular. During the day, I wandered about, surveying the mighty developments of nature, as my friend ex-

pressed it, until the hour when the great attempt was named to take place. As the hour approached, the stream of visitors pouring in its mighty numbers to witness the exploit, equalled in magnitude and commotion the great Niagara itself.

The renowned acrobat made his appearance at the promised hour, and his appearance was the signal for the discharge of two horse pistols, which announced to the impatient spectators his readiness to perform the work. And amidst the deafening cheers of the multitude, he ascended the cable, which is a portion of the Atlantic telegraph cable, specially purchased from Cyrus W. Field for this purpose. The moment the feet of the agile Blondin touched the cable he commenced his graceful evolutions, or, as a bystander termed it, "throwing himself," frequently pitched himself to a wonderful height—say, forty feet—and alighting with extraordinary precision, on the tips of his nose, fingers and feet. After a ten minutes display of his agility, he called out in very passable English for a gin sling, which having imbibed he started on his perilous journey. All now was breathless suspense and silence; the mighty cataract stopped its flow and hushed its roar, the whirlpool ceased its whirl, and the rapids stayed their course; so terrific and impressive was the silence that the falling of a pin in Lewiston, 20 miles off, was distinctly heard. The undaunted Blondin tripped swiftly along to the centre of the river, where he lit a cigar and danced the Highland fling, and Paudsen O'Rafferty.

The *Maids of the Mist* now steamed up and laid to under the cable, and by a rope provided for the purpose Mons. Blondin slid head downwards on to the deck, where he brandy-and-watered with the Captain and then reascended. His feats now became more astonishing than ever, every eye was on him as he danced up and down on the slender cord. At this moment a terrific shudder ran through the crowd, a smothered cry, "he's down," escaped; but it was premature, he had caught the cord in his descent and was safely suspended by his eyebrows; he soon again righted himself and passed over to the other side, to receive the plaudits and quarters of the delighted multitude.

VENITAS.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Extensive arrangements are being made to celebrate the fourth of July, in an appropriate manner. The following is a programme of proceedings:—Early in the morning, several insane Americans will rise from their beds and fire several rounds of blank cartridge from their bed room windows.

Immediately after divers maledictions will ascend or descend, as the case may be, from the several individuals whom the aforesaid salute shall have awakened up most importunately.

Later in the day, dingy stripes of linen, with strange characters meant to represent the "stars and stripes" will be flaunting from strange attempts at flag staffs.

Later in the day the Americans who honour us with their presence will be enjoying themselves in a rational manner, and talking away in a most irrational manner of the glories of the American nation.

No rows or symptoms of bad breeding need be expected, as our American cousins are always well behaved, and even if they say a few foolish things we like them so well that we soon forgive them. On the whole, everything will go off well, and it won't rain.