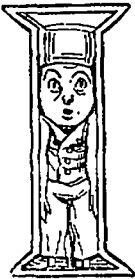


CITY POLICE.



F the Corporation wisecracks—the City Fathers—the Metropolitan Papas—the *Patres Conscripti* who preside over police and pipe-water, must place a billiard-table keeper at the head of the City Police, we would suggest the feasibility of conferring that office upon Bill Stewart, the pleasant though small proprietor of “Head-Quarters,” as a man in whom are combined to a very extraordinary amount, all those elements which constitute a fitness for the charge in question—a man whose superiority to Malo, in all the components which go to make up a Vidocque, must be obvious to any observer of character, who happens to have the honor of being acquainted with both parties. Perhaps some of the Intramural Dads have never even heard of Bill Stewart—the only way in which we can account for their stupidity in not at once appointing him: but we will enlighten the Incorporated Obscurity as to a few salient points of character, in which we conceive Bill Stewart to overtop Malo, as much as the French Church outtowers the debilitated lamp-post in the centre of the desert which stretches westwards from its base.

First then, as to *physique*, and the abilities, natural or acquired, which exalt their possessor from the degree of a mere man, to that of a most accomplished detective. Who has most eminently out-proteussed Proteus, and eclipsed for ever the glories of the “India-rubber man?”—nobody but Bill Stewart, who would require a private and exclusive Ovid, with two phonographic amanuenses, to sing of his endless metamorphoses. Walking the streets, Bill presents to the eye of the indifferent observer, the external developments of a man averaging—according to his style of shoeing—the height of, perhaps, fifty nine inches;—head rather large for perfect symmetry, and general expression of features, placid, with a lurking ambuscade of humor occasionally detected about the corners of his smile. How little of Bill Stewart is given to the world in that every-day guise; His principal physical characteristics are—ubiquity, unlimited mutability or power of transformation, and that delicacy of manipulation, or lightness of finger, so essential to the successful practice of the profitable alchemy, which insures the transmutation of the base ignoble deuce of clubs into the emblazoned Court-card, or the plain but gold-conferring ace of spades. By the combination of his first and second characteristics, a four hundred policeman power is obtained in the smallest compass compatible with the dignity of a man. The plotter of political changes is rolling quietly along in his carriage, confident that the rattle of wheels neutralises the whispers of “annexation” which he is pouring into the willing ear of a shadowy collaborateur,—safe, in his own conceit, as if walled up in a fire-proof council-chamber, with a deaf tyler on the door. But the blue pigeon that drops down from the parapet, keeping pace with the horses in short consecutive flights, has heard more of the last two minute’s conversation than either of them would choose to acknowledge. That palpable apparent blue pigeon is—Bill Stewart. Five minutes ago he was playing a sharp game of billiards at Head-Quarters;—a whisper from an invisible attendant spirit changed his fell purpose of “pocketing the red;”—accustomed to the habits of pigeons, he “willed himself” into the feathery form of a blue fan-tail, and, with the oats which he picked up in his progress, he picked up many grains of information, serving well the deep and mysterious purpose for which he has been deposited upon this ancient planet. This is but a “modern instance,” to illustrate the extraordinary gifts of William Stewart Esquire,—(he may be at our elbow, therefore let us be ceremonious and respectful,)—the very extraordinary capacities possessed by William Stewart, Esquire, and which should render him unrivalled as the Chief of a Force whose success in suppressing crime, must mainly depend upon their means of obtaining information as to its existence. Other transformations, of like adaptability to his purpose, are equally in his power. The very old lady, who, as she caresses her milk-white poodle—sole object of her affections next to herself,—audibly mumbles of a codicil to her will, cutting off her absent nephew in favor of poodle, puss, parrot and company, has, in the solitary flea which disturbs the corporeal and mental tranquility of her crisp and silken favorite,

an attentive listener—a faithful reporter of her charitable designs;—and an humble flea (William Stewart, Esq.) becomes the successful prosecutor of a *de lunatico inquirendo*. The base informer, who, by the wages of his ancient and respectable profession, is enabled to transfer from the books of Moss and Co. to his own whip-intended-for back, a suit of sufficient importance to enable him to figure in “Society,” entereth Head-Quarters, and calleth pompously for supper. The Welsh rabbit with which he is immediately served, differs slightly from its Cambrian congeners:—that Welsh rabbit is Will Stewart, Esq. who allows himself to be taken in for once,—and terribly sick is the misguided individual who has supped on him. But why should we multiply instances?—the task would be endless, and our purpose is already served.—Let the friends of Malo now come forward and make the best of their man. Hallo, you there sir! Councillor What’s your-name! did that big mealy-faced rook of yours ever change his unweildy corposity into the slender proportions of a gentlemanlike pigeon,—the lithe and active similitude of a vaulting flea,—or the sinewy and viscous consistency of rabbit of the land of St. David? Do you for a moment imagine that the doughy excrescence appointed by you as Captain of Police, could ever insinuate its ungainly bulk through the key-hole of private life,—a process rather easier to William Stewart Esquire than that of walking through the Gothic archway of a parish church? Can you conscientiously affirm that your beetle-browed *protege* is equal to the task so ably fulfilled by our talented nominee, of procuring, from the simple inspection of a conventional pack of cards, statistical information as to everything that occurs everywhere, and everybody that walks about in all manner of places, with the exception of Peter Groome whom no-body knows anything about whatever, and never did, not even William Stewart, Esquire? Are you prepared to prove that that gentleman cannot,—in a fair stand-up fight,—mould Malo into the classical form of amalgamation known as that of a cocked-hat? Will you, in default of physical endowments, put up your man for moral qualifications, in opposition to the gifted subject of our remarks? If you are prepared for any or all of these tests, come on, City Councillors, like men! But, if otherwise, send Malo back to his billiards—let him retire upon his ten-pins: or at least, if you *must* provide for him, dignify him not with the rank of Centurion; but place him in some capacity about the management of the pipe-water,—where, being doubtless well versed in the noble game of hazard, he would be sure to keep a sharp eye to the main.

And let the office of Chieftain of the City Police, be conferred upon William Stewart Esquire of Head-Quarters.

DOING SOMETHING USEFUL.

We are glad to see the corporation at work on the block pavement in Notre Dame Street. It was quite time.

Transcript, Sept. 4th.

The Transcript is glad and Punch is glad. The Corporation is at last employed in something useful. It is taking up its rotten pavements. May Punch in all humility ask this very stupid body when it means to mend its dirty ways? It is to be hoped that some of the members will not, enamoured as they are of foulness, stick in the mud they have cherished so long. If they do they will find but little assistance; few being desirous of coming into contact with any thing so fetid.

CRUMBS OF COMFORT.

Mr. Jollie, of 300 Broadway, N. Y. has published a song “Love’s warning serenade, with a likeness of Lola Montes.” Jollie thinks it jolly to make money out of the crimes and vices of his fellow creatures; and to ponder to the lowest passions of their nature. This is a species of go-a-head-attiveness which, of course, forms one of the crumbs of comfort to be picked up when we are annexed. Jollie is a jolly fellow and annexation will make us all jolly.

AGRICULTURAL NEWS.

Our familiar Peter Groome, informs us that Lord Elgin has been appointed Judge of Hens and Eggs, at the approaching Agricultural Show, to be held at Kingston, on the 18th instant.