

THE OLD KING'S CART;

"OR, 'TIS THE READY MONEY DOES IT."

"'Tis the ready money does it,"
 What means this saying smart,
 Said a friend of mine who twigg'd it
 On what named a baker's cart;
 He also said he spied it
 On hand bills from the town,
 Decorated with "cassidors,"
 And a King who looked a clown.

I said, perhaps its meaning
 May seem mystical to you,
 So I'll give you a slight wrinkle
 What the good for cash will do:
 Two tailors who were partners
 For a series of long years,
 Now cut each other fiercely
 With hand tiles keen as shears.

Each thought because he wielded
 A red hot goose with skill,
 He could not the town on fire
 With his *relatives* grey quill;
 For many weeks their folly
 To the school-boys was delight;
 For they called each other "huabugs,"
 And both of them are right.

Soon their tempers became soured,
 And they bullied the young men
 Whom cruel fate had driven
 To the King's or Lion's den;
 Both went frantic in attempting
 The city to surprise,
 And both were laid which one
 Could tell the biggest lies.

The tone of morals lowered,
 Others followed quickly after,
 And a braying scholar of the King's
 Gave the "Trado" some hearty laughter;
 He received of gloves a gross of pairs,
 And tried the folks to cozen,
 By a placard magnifying them
 To just 500 dozen.

"But this grey horse with the bread cart,
 Why does it trot round so?"
 "O," said I, "the bread that's brought there
 Too often turns out dough."
 He replied, "You're quite mistaken,
 For I went there once in fun;
 They found I was a raw one,
 And they sent me home well done."

"Not a bad hit for a green un,"
 I stated in reply,
 "But when you wish to purchase
 Some decent house just try;
 For bread carts and grey horses
 Must be kept up from the till,
 And the buyers pay the piper
 When they come to foot the bill."

A Candidate Overlooked.

The Conservative Convention have overlooked a very eligible candidate for Mayor, who would accept with avidity and hang on like grim death to the last. We are sure he would do nearly as well as Bowes; his name is,—John Duggan.

Shakespearean.

A Police Magistrate's Soliloquy & la Fallstaff:

"An I be not ashamed of our tipstaffs, I'm a soured Gurnett."

Found at last.

Mr. Alderman Read after considerable exploration has at length succeeded in getting the redoubtable mare's (Mayor's) nest.

A Braze of Queries.

Have comets tails?—Monday's Atlas.
 Have asses eyes?—Saturday's Grumbler.

THE BOW-LEG CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON, Nov. 1, 1858.

Here I am at last in the great city of London. I had always heard a great deal about it—but certainly I think it is generally spoken of in a very exaggerate strain. There is no denying that it is very large—much too large, I think, to be able to give a good account of itself. Why people will build large cities, is one of the mysteries which I suppose will never be satisfactorily accounted for. The chief institutions in this place as far as I have yet seen, are the pick-pockets' and the police—the latter of which may be said in the words of the poet: "to grow upon the thing, on which it feeds." There are innumerable societies established for the purpose of taking care of little orphans—and judging from the number of inmates in each of them, several thousands of the children in this city must be born without fathers or mothers. This is a very curious phenomenon, and I should not wonder if the climate had something to do with it.

Passing over a great deal of interesting gossip, I must come to important matters connected with Canada. Yesterday I had a long interview with the Colonial Secretary, at which Ross, Cartier and Galt, were also present. Several noble lords and members of the House of Commons, which by the way is built on the margin of the Thames, were in the room at the same time. Sir E. B. Lytton is a very ordinary, I might say ugly man, not unlike Mr. Samuel Sherwood, the Chief of Police. When I was ushered into the room, he was engaged in a game of chuck-farthing with Cartier, and judging by the outlandish noise they were making, the latter was not playing fair. As soon as I was introduced to him, he said—

"Where do you hail from?"
 "I beg your pardon, sir," says I, for I only heard the word *hail*, and I thought he had asked me to sing "Hail Columbia."

"Where did you tumble from?" he repeated, quite sharpe.

"Oh! I come from Toronto," I replied.
 "Where's Toronto, Forkings?" asked the Secretary of a lord of that name.

"When I was going to school, it was an Island in the South Sea, but probably it has grown to be a continent since," answered his lordship.

I was going to correct this blunder, when a little bell was rung and those present took their seats round a long table, the Secretary taking the chair. A great deal of conversation ensued on the weather and politics, and the best method to preserve herrings, after which a railroad accident that had occurred in Lapland, was freely discussed.

"By the way," says Galt to the Secretary, "talking of railroads, reminds me of your promise to fork over the blunt—those were the words he used—for the construction of our International Railroad."

"Did I promise?" says the Secretary.
 "Why, you were rather cautious—but a nod is as good as a wink for a blind horse, you know," Galt replied.

"I was not aware that you were blind, and besides you have mistaken your species," was the sly reply.

Galt was rather taken aback at this, but Cartier came to the rescue—

"Nous serons tout obscur si vous jetez aucun plus poudre dans nos yeux," says he in a coaxing voice.

"Vous-allez au diable pour un bas Francois aborigine," replied Sir Edward, evidently annoyed that Cartier was the best French scholar.

"J'espere que Monsieur le Secretaire pour le Colonies dehors il rendra le beau chose, et que il transmettra son nom a la posterite comme un regulier cheval a l'construction deye balustrade route," responded Cartier, not at all abashed by the Secretary's cruel insinuation.

"Regardez ici, Monsieur, quelconque votre infernal nome il est! j'ai un grand esprit pour au pitche vous sans le window, pour votre presumptueux flataire," was the only response made by the infuriated Secretary, as he abruptly rose from the council board.

"Regardez, vous Monsieur," he continued, as he crossed the room with rapid strides. "Vous ne pensez pas que je suis autant une grande goste que penser tout que vous recitez! Je liras Le Mond, Monsieur, cette un tres grand nouvelle papier qu'il publie some place dans votre execrable patrie. Et Le Mond nouvelle papier il recitez que vous et votre horriblement ministere ils serait kickevou'd dans le fond de Rouge mer."

After this explosion, the Canadian ministers looked blue enough. I knew at once that their game was up, so I went over and assured Sir Edward that that he was a regular brick; and after advising him that Canada would call him for ever after *pater patriae*, I took my leave. Sometime after, on passing Waterloo bridge, I saw Galt, Cartier and Rose, standing on it, gazing intently into the river. If they should commit suicide, I will open this letter to tell you.

* Our correspondent evidently means railroads,
 † The Globe newspaper, we suppose.

THE OPERA.

The *furors* which the opera created strengthens the idea that Toronto can support a first-rate theatre. The Lyceum did very well for a beginning, but it is manifestly too small when the *elite* of our fashionable and aristocratic community are obliged to descend to the inhabitants of the lower regions in the pit, or to ascend to the gods in the gallery, in order to hear an Opera. The performance was no doubt worth the sacrifice; and it is comforting to our manager to know, that while he is negotiating for the erection of that quintessence of all theatres, a front view of which may be already had on paper, all he has to do to have a repetition of this week's crowded houses, is to bring another good company here. In the meantime our stock company must not be overlooked. Our rich and fashionable patrons should not stop away from the Theatre until another Opera Troupe is present. The theatre, such as it is, should be made a fashionable rendezvous as it is in all fashionable cities, and then we would have a better theatre and better acting than we can ever hope for as long as Mr. Nickinson is left to struggle against weeks of beggarly empty benches, and then soundly rated because he does not advance the money to build a new theatre. Of course we know that our manager is not infallible, and we never forget to tell him so when there is any occasion—but we also know that he does not receive that general support which he deserves, from such an audience as was present on Thursday night.

We perceive by the bills that Mr. Coyne is re-engaged. We cannot say that he is a favourite of ours—he is too unrefined for our delicate nerves. Miss Marian plays with her brother.