

OUR FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

LIVERPOOL, October 2nd, 1858.

Ten minutes after I was appointed the foreign correspondent of THE GAZETTER I started for New York, and arrived just as the steamer for Europe was weighing anchor.

"You're too lato," says the captain, as he cast off the last hawser.

"You're not full," says I?

"There's not room to stand," says he.

"The deuce there's not," says I; "then, I'll sit or lie, if it's all the same to you."

"There's no doubt you'll lie, for its written in your countenance," says he.

With that, sir, I called the police, but the captain got up steam and started before the avenging hand of justice could overtake him. It is a melancholy thing to relate, but I assure you that in the City of New York such scenes are perpetrated with impunity every day, in the unblushing noon tide; and yet the New Yorkers are supposed to go to church twice on Sundays. It was only the other day that a gentleman, a friend of my own, told me of an instance that came under his own knowledge, in which a band of ruffians came upon a party of gentlemen who were playing at back-gammon in the very heart of the city; and on one of the gentlemen refusing to bite his own little finger off, the whole company were inhumanly murdered, and their heads stuck up in the most prominent parts of the city.

But this is only a digression, and no doubt you are well acquainted with the particulars long before this. To return to a narrative of my travels: We left New York on Wednesday—coaled at Halifax on Friday, and narrowly escaped running against Newfoundland on Sunday—for no other reason, as I believe, than that we were travelling on the Sabbath day.

"You'll not run on Sunday?" says I to the captain, the evening previous to our escape.

"No," says he, "if it keeps out of the way."

"Ha! ha!" says I, for I thought it best not to appear to notice his insolence.

"A grave responsibility rests with those who wilfully act in this manner," says I; "and I should like to know what you intend to do if you break the Sabbath to-morrow?"

"Splice it," says he, as he walked off.

Convinced that there was no use in casting the glittering gems of an oriental clime before animals forbidden to be carried by the pater-familias of the hook nose and olive complexion tribes, I took no further part in the management of the ship; and consequently you cannot feel any interest in the remaining portion of the voyage. The weather, on the whole, was fair; now and then we had a cat's paw, but the captain, who, I soon perceived, was an old hand, invariably made all taut on the first symptoms of danger. The main yards were braced, the fore-top heaved down, and the good vessel's weather eye brought up three points this side of windward. This was repeated with success three or four times in the course of the run. Once or twice we had to double our precautions. Great guns were the order of the day, and our ship bounded like a mad horse running away down King Street. When it was

pretty evident that we were in for it, the captain piped all hands to the lee quarter.

"Weather your top-sel; 'bout ship; haul her sixteen points east, by thirty-two and a half degrees west; and wear her stern gently round on the larboard tack," said he, in a voice that rode on the wings of the tempest.

"Aye! aye!" responded the gallant crew, and in a second we were trimming round in capital style.

"Keel her over," roared the captain, trumpet in hand, from the main shrouds.

"Steady's the word!" returned the crew. This movement saved us. One brief moment more and we should have been reposing with the salt cod at the bottom of the sea, while the sad billows of the mighty Atlantic rolled over us in melancholy grandeur. Now we were riding as easily as a duck in a mill pond. The remaining incidents of the voyage are soon disposed of. We rose at thirteen bells, and breakfasted; lunched half an hour afterwards, and were as clamorous as young sparrows for dinner before you could say "Jack Robinson!" When it was fine we rigged up a marquee mid-ships and danced until our toes ached. When it rained we got the ladies to smoke and drink, and we played the piano and talked scandal.

At three and three-quarter bells on the ninth nautical day we were out, land was descried.—Whereupon we crowded all sail, and ran for the nearest offing, which turned out to be Liverpool. We landed next day; and we were soon scattered all over. I have a great deal to say respecting this place; but I have borrowed so largely from my notes of the voyage that I am quite pumped out; so I will bid you farewell for the present.

Bow LEAS.

OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

Mr. Alderman D. B. Read is the special object of THE GAZETTER'S solicitude. He was emphatically the funny man at the Carter's theatre, City Hall last evening, and played the fool to admiration. Our Municipal Council is a great institution. Little Davy Read is an institution within that institution, in fact, in his own eyes, he is the whole Corporation. Witness the way in which he forbade the publication of the proceedings before the Police Commissioners in the Sherwood case. The idea of exposing Samuel's weakness to the gaze of the brutal mob, was more than he could bear; so he determined to prevent it, and issued his orders accordingly. Not often do we swallow without abundant cogitation the dictum of any of that long robed class, who bend in adoration before the shrine of Beelzebub, the lawyer's patron saint. But when D. B. Read, Esq., stated that he did not want a "row made about this matter in the newspapers," we did believe him. Nay, had Bishop Strachan himself come forward and attempted to convince us to the contrary, his efforts would have been as fruitless as the branches of the withered fig tree, so confirmed are we in the truth of the worthy Alderman's statement.

Having cooled down some eighty or ninety degrees, Davy next prepared to make a speech, and drew from his pocket so weighty a brief, that even the Blowers were awe struck. Raising himself to his full height, by which means he was just perceptible above the tables, he called upon the Mayor

to preserve order, while he endeavored to hammer an idea into the heads of the thick headed crew around him. But the Mayor, must have appeared to St. David's Alderman a most miserable donkey, when he refused to accede to so reasonable a request, under the paltry pretence that the subject was not in order. "Order, order!" echoed Davy unable to catch the meaning of the term, the idea that the business of any one else could take precedence before his, being an entire novelty to him. No matter who may be speaking or what may be doing, if a thought strikes St. David's *petit* Alderman, out it must come, slap, bang, head over heels, right into the middle of all else. Jumping down off his chair to the floor, [no inconsiderable jump for him,] he shrieks out in loudest tones to the Mayor, and joy beams from his countenance as though the words he wishes to utter would, despite the cold weather, place us all in a state of paradisaical plenty, [what would become of the tailors?] or bring about the millennium of which Jacob Cade spoke, when he promised that "seven-half-penny loaves should be sold for a penny," and that "he would make it felony to drink small beer," a crime by the way, of which Davy will never be accused. Not unfrequently has he interrupted Councillor Craig, when that worthy has been stumbling through one of his senseless speeches, "Sit down wi yer, ow dar yer interup me?" immediately salutes his ears. Ardagh, when placed in a similar position says, in his full toned Irish brogue—

"Misthur Mayor, I want for to know if yer Wiship considers the gentleman for to be order?" and Purdy declares such "a nunarrantable interruption to be inconsistent with the dignification of the Council." Having got through all these difficulties, however, our hero obtained a hearing upon the express promise that he would not detain the Council long. A number of members, however, who did not believe him, adjourned to the anti-room. But, summoning all our courage, we determined to brave it out.

The speech was something about a Mr. Salter; more we could not understand. To many means did we resort to quicken our perceptive faculties, but without result. We gazed earnestly into the face of Coun. Ramsay, and then into Sam's (the bull dog, not the chief) but no ray of intelligence was reflected from either. Our eyes sought the ceiling, but that was blank and dirty, a fact which need cause no wonder, when we consider the amount of gas nightly evolved in the chamber, next desiring to scratch our pole, hoping that would have a good effect, we borrowed Coun. Craig's pocket comb which he never uses, (of which any one who looks, at his noble head will be assured of,) was perfectly clean. All our efforts were useless; at the end of ten minutes we bolted, utterly unable to find out what Davy was driving at.

N. B.—We understand that David spok'd for twenty-five minutes, that Ald. Bugg and Sprdatt were rolled senseless out of the chamber, and that the constable on duty threatens to resign, if the Mayor allows any one to speak over a quarter of an hour. He says he has a strong constitution, but that it is rapidly breaking down under these afflictions.