

tinually treading on their light dresses and tearing them. He begged pardon, and ventured to suggest that the heat of the sun was too much for them. Not a bit of it—if he was not uncomfortable. Uncomfortable! he liked the heat, he said, and never was happier in all his life—except when he was blown up on the Mississippi last summer—(between his teeth.) The hundred and first time down the promenade was accomplished; and Snooks began to make up his mind for a brain fever or sun stroke, or something of that sort, when,—lucky thought—just remembered that moment that his uncle was dying—(he never had an uncle). He must instantly go and see him. And Snooks was instantly conveyed home in a cab, and at his own request let down into a spring well, where he yet remains luxuriating in the delightful prospect all round him.

OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

Amid all the rant, clap-trap and bunkum of our dotard Fathers at their last meeting, there transpired an event full of significance, and directly affecting our city's welfare—we refer to the resignation of Councillor Carruthers. No reason is officially assigned for this step, and we cannot even surmise the cause thereof. Indeed, it is none of our business to inquire whether he was "blown" out by that great moral lever THE GRAMBLER, or forced to withdraw through fear of being "snuffed" out by the "Pound" law exemplar from the Ward of St. Patrick. Carruthers has warm friends, nevertheless, and a full complement of admirers. He won, by his uniform deportment, the strongest sympathies of the Blowers, who found no difficulty in simmering down to the "melting" mood, in passing their eulogies on the retiring Jelu. Brunel's rigidity of features relaxed, it is said, for the first time since his ejection from Northern Railway management; Read was so choked in his utterance, as to render ineffectual his attempts at articulation; Purdy buried his war hatchet, and avowed his forgetfulness of past differences; Boomer essayed a tribute with characteristic rustiness; Upton looked unutterably eloquent during the whole scene; and even the mute unobtrusive Carty revealed the workings of his heart by several long-drawn sighs. Would that THE GRAMBLER were allowed to interpose his sentiments on the occasion; but it could not be. We now, with all modesty, submit the following lament:

"Poor Carruthers has gone—from noisy freed,
Who long was the Cartor's hack:
He led such a damnable life with the Blowers,
We don't think he'll wish to go back."

It is now made manifest, that Messrs. Ewart and Moodie are the quintessences of morality, and possess within themselves an aggregate of virtue that could not be collected either in the walls of Parliament, or in a Free Church Conventicle. Most righteously did Alderman Ewart come out with a resolution to prevent Circus Exhibitions within the City, rightly conceiving such things subversive of good taste and polished manners. He argued it as an interference with home institutions, and considered the daily equestrian exercises of himself and the Chief of Police were sufficient to satisfy a correct taste. Sam was the acknowledged leader of the "Ring," and no one could make a better display of

full-blooded beasts than he did, with the paltry sum of \$1500 a year, allowed him by the Blowers. Alderman Carr took up the same line of argument, and "indignantly" viewed the bringing of a lot of circus scamps into the city. Councillor Craig dissented, and looked upon Circuses in the City, as beneficial to the country. Councillor Upton believed in Circusses, and attributed his present acuteness to what he in times past had learned from them. Councillor Smith went in for fun. Alderman Moodie reprobated all Shows, as, it took away from the poor man, by diverting the shillings from his bar-room. Aldermen Read and Boomer took legal flights, and so bewildered the Mayor, that he *sans ceremonie* declared the whole proceedings out of order. Alderman Ewart gave notice of a motion to alter the law affecting Theatrical exhibitions, &c., which, if intended as a check to rational amusements, will inevitably fall heavily on himself and Alderman Moodie, they being as much under obligation to procure a license for their performances as our friend John Nickinson, or the proprietors of a respectable Circus.

Messrs. Purdy and Dunn got into a wrangle about butcher shops, and kept it up with so much pertinacity, that on an appeal to the chair, they discovered Mr. Mayor had fled, their colleagues ditto; the Clerk and his fat boy were snoring soundly, while the Chief of Police was prostrate in a corner, singing the air of "I'd be a butcher boy, or die."

THE TEMPERANCE DEBATE.

Our readers will remember that Mr. Mackenzie took it into his head last week to have the public expelled from the gallery; now the hon. member never does anything without an object, and after intense investigation for this hot weather, we succeeded in getting a report. But our readers must not tell the Government, because we might be hauled up to the bar of the House; this, therefore is strictly private and confidential. When the *profanum vulgus* had retired, Mr. MACKENZIE rose to a question of privilege. In 1837 when he was rusticated north of Toronto with a company of Galloway Hill Invincibles, he found it highly beneficial to take a temperance horn to keep up his flagging (flag?) courage. In fact, though now he was willing to vote for the Maine Law to satisfy public clamour, he thought upon his sincerity, that it was the first duty of the legislator to show a proper degree of jollity. He wished to know whether it was true that the Attorney General West had actually so far forgotten himself, as to sign the pledge, and whether that was not a gross breach of the privileges a member ought to enjoy?

Mr. McGEE would also like to know whether the hon. gentleman was really about to join a secret society, called the Sons of Temperance, and if he had promised to act as an itinerant spouter when parliament arose?

Mr. POWELL.—Not a bit of it, shut up.
Mr. J. A. McDONALD rose under feelings of great embarrassment to answer the question of the hon. gentleman opposite. He must candidly admit that the hon. member for Lambton had inveigled him into the step deprecated by the hon. gentleman, but in justice to his own good sense, he would say that owing to the exciting and stimulating influence of office, he understood it to be an application for a shrievalty. At the same time he certainly had committed a great many errors—

Mr. BROWN.—Crimes and knaveries, you mean.
Mr. McDONALD did not mean anything of the sort; he said errors and he meant errors; he therefore thought it better to sign the pledge to avoid them for the future.

Mr. FORBES.—Hear! hear!

Mr. LORANGER, (in a diseased barrel-organ tone of voice.)—The honorable member had better mind his own business, and follow the Attorney General's example.

Mr. McDONALD.—At the same time he only meant to keep it white in office, and he hoped Mr. Brown would soon defeat him, and then he should give them all a jolly blow out.

Mr. TALBOT.—Well, that's better than I thought.
Hon. Mr. CAMERON felt that his country would give him an office for this.

Mr. FERRIS.—You deserve a drubbing for spoiling a jolly good fellow.

Hon. Mr. CAMERON.—The hon. member for Broom had better sweep his own floor before raising the dust on his. The hon. member proceeded to dilate on the astonishing progress of "the cause." He said their organization was now so perfect that a spy system was established. At every college dinner, and even in the drawing rooms of hon. members, young sprouts of the temperance movement would be present behind every chair to measure the wine bottles when the drinking was over and report to the Temperance Hall meetings in a proper Parisian style.

Mr. FERGOUSON.—I'm blowed if I ever heard of such a thing before, why that's just like the Spanish Inquisition I read every Sunday about in Foxe's Book of Martyrs.

Mr. SPEAKER said that he might be not exactly in order in expressing his opinion, but as this was a secret Session, he thought he might be allowed to give vent to his bursting heart.

Mr. MACKENZIE.—I object; I have no desire to see the gentleman's auricles and ventricles violently dissevered, but I think it would only be a just punishment for his tyrannical, I repeat, Mr. Speaker tyrannical conduct.

Mr. GOWAN had abstained from Spenking for fully four minutes, a thing he had never been guilty of before; but as the honorable and disloyal member—(Order, order), well the loyal member, he had acted as he always did, and confounded his bad opinion of him. From a note he had received from the Hon. Speaker, he would intimate to the House that that gentleman intended to say that the blow struck by the Attorney General, would not have fallen so heavy upon him as an old friend (here Mr. Gowan wept piteously) if he had only excepted port wine from the pledge. (Sympathetic cries of Hear! Hear!) A great altercation then ensued between the Hon. gentleman and Mr. Cameron; about the fluid from Oporto, the latter acted in an extremely violent manner demonstrating the truth of the popular opinion—that temperance in drinking is often synonymous with intemperance in every thing else. The House broke up in confusion, and an attempt was made to carry the Attorney General down to the bar in triumph, but virtue was mighty and it did prevail.

BUSINESS NOTICES.—SI EACH.

We feel assured we deserve well of our readers in this hot weather, by advising them to take a trip on these splendid steamers, the *Northerner* and *New York*, leaving here at 5 p. m. spending a splendid evening and cool night on the boat, waking in time to see the magnificent scenery of the St. Lawrence, and giving yourself up for cool enjoyment the rest of the day. You leave Ogdensburg at noon, and get back to Toronto the next morning, after spending another delightful night on the boat. Mr. Shaver, the Agent in Toronto, will be glad to give every information respecting the charges—which are moderate.

We have great pleasure in directing the attention of our numerous lady friends to the Jewelry establishment of Mr. O'Gorman, on Yonge, near King Street. His is a perfect *bijou* of a shop, and contains every conceivable article in the line, from a silver thimble to a chronometer. Mr. O'G. can fit a wedding ring better than any man we know, and as he is a great favourite with the ladies, we know it is only necessary to direct attention to his establishment to secure for him a large trade,