

LOCKERMACHS, LAMMERMOOR HILLS, SCOTLAND,
October 7th, 1858.

To Miss CANADA NORTH AMERICA,

(Care of Mr. Grumbler, Toronto.)

MEM!

I'm uncw backward, Mem, at writing,
So pray excuse my Scotch inquiring;
The rumour's here, tho' it's clear and sitting,
And kicked and kneed,
Jaw-breaking, scandal, and back-biting
Among you folks,

You're set, cast down my bonnie birds;
I sit me down, a humely bardie,
To write to you a wee bit wordie,
What's thought about it;
Although some pleasure 'twill afford ye,
I little doubt it.

I hear Macdonald and his crew—
Base scullions! kist thy govden mow;
Thou thoughtst them steadfast, jeal and true,
By deed and word;
But o'er their thro' eyes the wool they drew,
My bonnie bird!

They saw thy lakos see glassy clear,
Thy forests stretching far and near,
Thy fertile lands their bounties rear,
Thy farms lockt;
They whispered in thy willing ear,
And fished thy pocket.

Corruption! drank thy cellar dry,
Miss-Role made thy bay-bee fly,
While tressch'rons sons of double dye—
Did whine and round them;
Cramm'd fu' wi' monie a graceless lie,
The Deil confound them!

Thy subject lot we deeply mourn,
By ranking Jars thy peace is torn;
We hear thy choaks free 'e'en to moro
Are scann'd dry;
Can name be found to pluck the thorn,
And "do or die"?

We see thee on thy three-log'd chair,
Plunged in the torrent of despair;
Thy coffin's toon, thy amary baro—
Nae pan or pot;
From Johnie Groat's to Herwick stair, —
We mourn thy lot!

Thy placid brow aces fair to see,
Decked round wi' leaves of maple tree,
Thy laughing een lit up wi' glee—
To gril and ama—
The stalwart hind, the bond, the free,
Thou welcome'd's!

Can name be found in a' your land,
To grasp lies with an honest hand,
And wi' a necromancer's wand,
Or cutgog strang—
Be up and learn the shuffling bard
Another sang?

There's Gentle Brown for years by-past,
A shoop-'e at yourself has cast;
And two three cair frae caud to west,
Did on the ca!
But Head gave them the back door blast,
Mistak killed them a'!

George spoke ye fair 'bout population,
Ho'd minister to ye occasion,
Ho'd sent ye word wi' free trade ration,
Porter and pies,
And trenchers filled wi' reformation—
Would reach the skies!

Religious sects might sink or swim,
At Kirk's he'd only glaucie and gloom,
Whan granite word w' free trade ration,
Though backed by knox—
Upon his nose he'd place his thumb,
And lock the box!

Be careful, Mem! just watch their doin'—
There's mischief in the camp a'bowin'
'Tween me and you, they's work your rule—
Tho'll gie ye beans,
While I subscribe myself low bowlie,
Yours, DANDY DEANS.

In the Heart of Mid Lothian, Jeannie Deans informs
the Duke of Argyll that she had an Aunt at Lock-
ermachus. We wonder if our correspondent is of
that ilk?—[ED. GRUMBLER.]

MOODIE FOR MAYOR.

Some one sent us last week a copy of a requisition to the "Capting," which runs in this way—

SIR—The undersigned rate-payers of the City of Toronto, having full confidence in your inclination [we have confidence enough in that ourselves.—Ed. G.] and ability (1) to all the office of Lord Mayor; and as a mark of their due appreciation of your unvaried exertions, &c., do solicit you to become a candidate for the above office and salary, and pledge ourselves, &c., &c.

We certainly think this is a good idea. We have had lawyers in the civic chair till we are sick of them, let us try a fresh water marine, and see what he can do for us. "Glorious St. John's" should at once arouse from its lethargy and strike boldly for the skipper. We know no man into whose hands we can more safely entrust the weal and fame of the "Queen of the West." While other men are, alas! too accessible to corruption; in Moodie we see the man who would, like Hercules, grapple with the Hydra which has so long lorded it over us. His dignified appearance and lordly mien point him out as the man upon whom, should His Majesty visit the most loyal city in her dominions, she would gladly bestow the honour of Knighthood; nay, we verily believe that if she saw Robert presiding in state over an intellectual council, she would instantly dub him the Earl de Firefly. Shall we then hesitate to raise to the Mayoralty a man whom royalty would delight to honour? Never! let the cry then be "Moodie for Mayor,"—the alliteration itself is so stirringly sublime that who can hesitate? To the rescue then, rally round the standard and return him at the head of the poll in January. We have been favoured with a copy of the address, and we eagerly publish it to our readers:—

To the Free and Independent—

GENTLEMAN—Ye's all know me to be an honest, incorruptible and consistent champion of the people. No man can say anything to the contrary, and if so be they can't then why aint I to be the first elected Mare? Echo axes the same question.—Did't I go in for Brown and did't I go against him agin and can any one then charge me with political feelins? Nare a one. Did't I sprinkle every dacent man's thirsty mouth with whiskey at the elections, and dont I always go in for free licker? In course I do. I've established a through line of steamers for public recreation to the Island and I aint a bit proud afor all my success. No, I'm always to be found at tail of the Firefly collecting the fare and piloting the passengers over the perils of the deep. My platform and ticket are well known but for the sake of the ignorant I give it agin—

1. Free liquor and no sponging.
 2. Sam Sherwood for Chief and a public feed for the bull-dog.
 3. R. N. Allen for city solicitor.
 4. No Schools; like Judge Hagarty, I dont think they are successful.
 5. Morality and all that sort of thing, but in moderation.
 6. No lawyers nor ne educated men in the council.
 7. The Mayor to do the work of the Chamberlano and Finance Committee, and no Auditors.
- Then throw up your caps, wipe your noses and

shout for Moodie. Moodie and tug-boats; Moodie and no cant; Moodie and light-houses; Moodie and cheap whiskey.

Come up to the scratch, my bravo boys,
Of the glorious Ward of St. John,
And vote for the lad of your choice,
Bob Moodie, the son of a gun.

I'll atolish, right off, all your taxes,
Education and above and all that;
Olvo yez all, boys, whatever you axes,
When I'm licking the Mayoralty fat.

Certain laws which I need'n't new mention,
Which are awkward at times to us all,
To repeal it's my honest intention,
So for Moodie continue to bawl.

Oh! say I'm the man that you chooses,
Free whiskey shall be my endeavour,
You "unwashed" with the bad boots and shoeses,
Cry "Moodie and liquor" for ever.

Yours fraternally,

BOB MOODIE.

WANTED—SOME ONE TO COMMIT SUICIDE.

In these columns devoted more especially to Momus, we would not willingly attempt to horrify our readers by any dismal tidings. But whatever may be the result, we certainly must give them a caution. The fact is, reader, your life is in danger. That's pos. From the man-trap recently set by Jim Boulton in Bay-street, there was some chance of escape; and a few people actually got off with a score of bruises or a broken leg or arm; but another trap has been set, and a human victim has been caught. A city coroner, whose "official position and standing as a medical man" have constituted him one of the little-great bores of Christendom, deliberately set another man-trap last week. That is to say, he left a coroner's warrant, duly signed and dated, in which twelve good men and true were summoned to hold an inquest touching the death of —somebody who was to be found dead during the week! That, we opine, is shoving death under people's noses—it's a conspiracy against the peace and dignity of our lady the Queen—an unwarrantable act—bad business—very. But the worst of the affair remains to be told. Next morning the body of a dead man was found floating in the bay! Why doesn't Sherwood arrest that Coroner? Why not hold an inquest on his doings? Why not summon two score witnesses who know nothing about the matter. Probably they know all about "the state of Denmark." Each witness is worth half a dollar a head, and, when, at the end of a fortnight the aggregate mass of nonsense has been committed to paper, the jury can be instructed to bring in a verdict in accordance with the evidence. Why not?—we indignantly repeat—and we pause for a reply.

Condition of the World if Agriculture were to become extinct.

"Thrones overturned—principallities and powers destroyed—would be the most trifling results! Religion, arts, science, all knowledge would disappear! Devotion, affection, charity, and virtue would be driven from the earth! Despair would overshadow us! Chaos would be restored! Hope would spread its silver wings, and merge herself in the realms of fruitless!"—*Colonist*, Oct. 20th, 1858.

N. B.—The above is from a mad correspondent of the *Colonist*, whom the editors evidently wanted to kill off by printing his maniacal ravings. It is the only plan by which you can get rid of a troublesome correspondent. Let him make a dreadful ass of himself once, and the chances are that you have done with him for ever afterwards.