

## THE ELECTION OF MAYOR.

FROM PUNCH'S OWN REPORTER.

Monday, January 21, 1850.

The Council elect met in the streets and at various places of refreshment during the morning, and at 12 o'clock adjourned to the City Hall. Your reporter attended. He ascended the steps of the magnificent hall of the city of Mgd, from which he commanded a delightful view of pig-meat, salt and fresh, and other edibles exhibited in the tunnels beneath. On entering the hall of the city of Mud, your reporter understanding that a bar was kept, asked for a branly smash, but met with a decided smasher from an individual who he was informed constituted the city police. This information your reporter believes cannot be relied on, because he has resided in Toronto for some weeks, and never saw a policeman, although he has been present in places where one was much needed. Not that the latter reason is of much weight, it being notorious that policemen are never to be found when they are wanted. Still your reporter is inclined to the belief that Toronto policemen are creatures of the imagination, mere corporation myths, and that as regards this imaginary body the people are paying for nothing; and here let your reporter observe that there is a great distinction between paying for nothing and having nothing to pay for.

Your reporter was greatly pleased with the interior arrangements of the council chamber, which seems admirably adapted for the purpose of making bunquin speeches: as its dimensions admit of a numerous assemblage of ragged boys, who "hang upon the eloquent and crooked yarns" of civic sages, previous to hanging upon yarn twisted after a different fashion. Your reporter was also much surprised at the cleanly appearance of the fathers of the city, and for some moments reflecting on the dirt of the child, was wrapt in deep contemplation until he was rapt over the knuckles by an elderly but austere individual for not taking his hat off. The Clerk of the Common Council (Mr. Daly) opened several books and the proceedings. He made two returns for St. Patrick's ward, whereupon Alderman Duggan contended that two returns was not one, and if not one, it was none; therefore although Mr. Daly had returned twice from St. Patrick, he, like Whittington, must return again. He contended that there was no such person as Alderman Campbell—

Alderman CAMPBELL, rising.—There is, here I am.

Alderman DUGGAN.—But you have no right to be here.

Alderman CAMPBELL.—But I am here.

Alderman DUGGAN.—Still I contend—

Alderman CAMPBELL.—Yet—

Alderman DUGGAN.—However—

Alderman CAMPBELL.—Still—

Alderman DUGGAN, very excited.—Silence, Sir, I—

Mr. C. DALY.—Hold your tongues, both of you—it's none of your business.

Mr. DALY was supported in his opinion by the majority of the Council, and it was decided that Alderman Campbell was present, of which fact the worthy gentleman himself seemed to be in doubt. However, being assured by the majority of the Council that he was amongst them, he gave vent to his pent-up feelings in a speech not remarkable for profound eloquence, and proposed Alderman Gurnett as one who would be an excellent fit for the Mayor's chair. He said a great many trying circumstances had occurred during the past year: indeed, trials connected with those circumstances were still in progress. Alderman Gurnett had done nothing last year, and as this year the Mayor's duties would be doubled; he had no doubt that Mr. Gurnett would double his last year's exertions. He concluded by hoping the proceedings would be conducted in a fair spirit.

Your reporter cannot help observing that a fair being a place in which barter is carried on, the latter observation shewed a corrupt motive, which your reporter is surprised should have been allowed to pass unnoticed.

Mr. Councilman RITCHEY seconded the nomination, and was loudly cheered by a dirty little boy in the gallery, who was summarily ejected from his elevated position.

Mr. Alderman DEMPSEY opposed the nomination on several broad grounds, to which he should confine himself, and thus narrow the question. Everybody in the Council was as good as

everybody, and nobody was not cleverer than anybody: and therefore everybody and anybody ought to be elected Mayor in their turn, and nobody ought to be excluded; and if nobody ought to be excluded, somebody was exactly the man who was wanted. He thought Mr. Alderman Gurnett was nobody, and that Alderman Duggan was somebody, and therefore ought to be elected.

Mr. Alderman DUGGAN was precisely of the same opinion.—He had no objection to Alderman Gurnett on public grounds, or even in the public streets, that is he had no objection to seeing the worthy Alderman walk up the College Avenue or Yonge Street, but it was mixing the honey of his existence with bitterest gall to see the Alderman's rotundity wearing out the private property of the corporation of the city of Mud—he meant the corporation throne or chair: besides he did not approve of a Mayor who was afraid of anybody. He would like a Mayor who, to use a Yankee term, was "a horse." He did not wish to accuse the late excellent chief magistrate of personal cowardice; but there was a cowardice of the breeches pocket, and with that most abject principle, the late worthy and much esteemed Mayor was deeply imbued. Mr. Alderman Duggan then satisfactorily proved that the Rebellion Losses Bill and the election of a Mayor were one and the same question, and that no man ought to be Mayor who was not prepared to proceed at once to Elmsley Hut, and request his Excellency Lord Elgin to emigrate to California or the Sandwich Islands—(that the latter is a consummation devoutly to be wished, your reporter admits, but he does not think it the legitimate duty of the Mayor of a city, in his capacity as Mayor, to insist upon anything of the kind.) Mr. Duggan concluded his speech by declaring his resolution never to vote for a man in fetters: which resolve your reporter thinks was perfectly correct, inasmuch as a man in fetters is generally mistaken for a criminal, and therefore not supposed to be an eligible judge.

Mr. Councilman SMITH was blown if he would 'nt vote for Alderman Gurnett, and if his constituents did 'nt like it they might lump it. He did 'nt care a fig for any of them, as he was perfectly prepared to give up the chair of the Council, and retire to the stool of the counting-house.

Mr. Smith's pluck produced a sensation, and after some observations from Mr. Dunn Ashfield, Mr. Alderman Gurnett was declared to be a Mayor, and on feeling himself once more at ease in his old arm chair, he gave vent to his gratitude in what is usually termed "a neat and appropriate speech." He said he was grateful for the honor they had bestowed upon him, and above all for the three hundred a-year and the eating and the drinking. He had not experienced much anxiety about filling the chair, although he was free to confess he had entertained considerable doubt. During the past year many rows had taken place, and having no attachment for a broken head, he felt an inclination to retire into private life for the time, and did so accordingly. Catch him at a row! Not if he knew it.—He did not desire to retain the office of Mayor any longer than the majority of the Council would vote for him—but he assured them he should stick to it as long as he could. It was all very well for gentlemen to talk about honor, but he meant to say the three hundred a-year and the eating and the drinking was worth consideration.

Tumultuous cheering here took place, and a motion of adjournment to Mrs. Dunlop's was put and carried.

## ON DITS.

On dit that Earl Grey will be out by the next packet, to lay the first stone of a monument to be erected to F. C. Capreol, the projector of Railway Lotteries.

On dit that Lord Elgin has consented to become the manager of the Toronto and Huron Railway, provided the \$100,000 prize is guaranteed to fall to his share. F. C. Capreol to be Governor General vice Lord Elgin promoted.

## CAUTION!!! AVOID THE POST OFFICE.

Delay is dangerous, therefore the Toronto Post Office must be the most dangerous place in the world.