

but General Lee said he was too low a wretch for any Christian man, or gentleman, to speak to, and ordered him to close confinement. He went off crying, and saying he had never meant what he said, and would take his oath of allegiance immediate to the South, if they'd let him, for his heart had been always with them, but being a poor man with a expensive family; he had been drove to say what he had. He went snivelling along the streets to prison, and hollered the last thing, "God bless noble General Lee, and darn that old ass, Abe Lincoln," wherefore the officer in charge gave him three or four good ones with the flat of his sword to stop his blaggard mouth.

H. B. Stow' who they likewise took, dressed like an old woman, was dreadful cast down. he thought he was going to be hung, for stirring up the niggers; and when he was brought before General Lee, he whipped out a pocket Bible, and swore in a loud voice, before they could stop him, that he never wrote one word of "The Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin." He said his wife made him put his name to it, and that was all; and he said, she was a terrible ferocious woman, being part negro blood, though she went on writing about Eva's, and Uncle Tom's, and such trash. He told all this in the Guard House, where he was put, at first, and the soldiers giving him drink from their canteens, seeing he was low-hearted, he got quite jolly, and hollered: "I didn't write a word of the ous'd 'key.' The only key worth a darn is a Turkey." I heard that the President visited General Lee, who is still in Camp, last night; and that one of the sentries heard 'em laughin, and the President say, "confound the niggers, they're a nuisance anyway," so, perhaps, they're settling matters up. But, perhaps, Andy will know something of this, as he was with the President.

I am, Respectfully Sir,

Your faithful servant to command,

SAMUEL GRIMES.

Late Quarter Master, H. M. S.

### BIIBERY AND CORRUPTION.

#### THE LAST OF THE TORONTO ELECTION.

##### THE BATTLE OF THE POLLS.

Scene, *Terraily Street.*

Enter Captain Moodie and the Committee.

*Capt. M.*—"Pray be seated, gentlemen, our noble friend will be here very shortly, he promised to be here in half an hour. Meantime, give your orders—" *Jem*, (to attendant) have ye brought up the water? Cold Spring water!

*Jem.*—Yessir, one bucket, Sir.

*Capt. M.*—Shove along, bring another. (Exit *Jem.* *Capt.* soliloquises.

I never see a man drink so much water afore. Now, gentlemen, what is it to be?

*Com.*—Brandy, Brandy, Cap'n, we don't kill a pig every day.

*Capt. M.*—Certingly, gentlemen. Fourteen brandies, *Jem*! Well, gentlemen, here's luck, the Governor will be here directly, he's goin to address the electors out of the window, I see there's

quite a smart crowd down there; Ask them what they'll drink, *Jem*?

Door opens and enter Mr. J. McDonald. Committee cheer lustily, *Capt. M.* leading.

*Mr. M.*—Good evening, gentlemen, good evening. Moodie, a glass of water. I'm thirsty, gentlemen, from being in the dry goods line, Eh, gentlemen?

*Com. and Capt. M.*—Capital! Capital! Dry Goods, we're all dry goods here, Sir. Here's your health, *Mr. McDonald*.

*Capt. M.*—Now, Sir, if you are ready, the electors are waiting, (cheers from below of "McDonald for ever," Hooray, Hooray, Hooray." *Mr. McDonald* appears and bows gracefully. Hooray, Hooray, McDonald and Dry Goods for ever.

*Mr. M.*—Have ye plenty of water, Bob?

*Capt. M.*—Yes Sir, two buckets.

*Mr. M.*—All right, if I get bothered, Bob, wave your hand, and set em cheering—comes forward—Gentlemen, free and independent electors, I meet you here this evening with a great degree of pleasure, for I wish before the election, to put my views fully before you, to show you the whole piece, as well as the pattern. I am no orator, but, neither am I the nominee of any man, I am a plain merchant, with little knowledge of politics; but, a thorough knowledge of Dry Goods. Gentlemen, am I to blame? (No! no! and loud cheers.) My political education is hardly begun, but to no man, not even to George Brown himself, talented as you know him to be, will I tamely yield, if I may use the term, a Dry Goods precedence. The unthinking may laugh, but I will prove that Politics, and a knowledge of my profession are it not identical, inextricably woven together. Define the word Politics, that is, the course necessary to be pursued by any collection of individuals for their common welfare? Then let us examine man; he is defined by some Philosopher, as a plumbless, shivering biped; connect the man into Dry Goods, and he becomes what it is,—un clothed; not in connection with Dry Goods, he is scarcely above the Orang outang, or Chimpanzee; Clothe him, and he becomes what he is in his noblest type, the patriot, Philosopher, Sage, (tremendous cheering, go it *Macdonald*) Gentlemen, I think I have shown that a member of my profession may reasonably aspire to Parliamentary honors, in spite of illiterat, and may I add, ill-clothed Journalists. Gentlemen, thanking you sincerely for your custom, I would say, courteous attention, I devote this bumper to your very good healths; (Tremendous and long continued cheering, during which *Mr. Macdonald* disappeared and from Irish electors, "By Japers, 'twill bate Prince Rupert on his d'rop; but, asthore where are yez?" Electors rush into Saloon, and Scene closes:

Scene Third.

Front of a Polling Booth, Toronto, June 23, 1863: 12 30, p. m. Irish Elector and Election Agent.

*Fresh Elector.*—An now, Mister, God betune us na harrum! Ye wouldn't stick out wid a poor divil like me, for a paltry five dollar bill, an you wid the tashtins of money this day?

*Agent.*—I have positive orders, and must stick to 'em. Five dollars aint a bad days work, Tim? *Irish E.*—Tin dollars is better, sure didn't Crawford?

*Agent.*—Well, well, take hold, Tim, and go straight over, I'll go with ye. I've known people lose their way.—*Exeunt.*

Same Scene, 1, p. m. Enter English Elector and *Agent.* *English E.*, surlily.—I never got less than five pound at home, and I'm damned if I sell my vote for less than two here, that's ten dollars.

*Agent.*—My dear friend; don't talk quite so loud, step over with me, I dare say we shant disagree. *Exeunt.*

### TERRY FINNEGAN'S LETTERS.

To the Hon. Mr. McGee, down at Quabec, Member of Parliament, or elsewhere, &c., &c.

STANLEY STRETT, 11th July, 1853

Bad scan to me, but betune politics and the weather, if people of full habit, up here aren't sufferin at the rate of a dozen pocket-handkerchers a day; although in most cases I am free to confess that they seek to arrest this profusion of moisture on approved homeopathic principles—"like cures like"—notwithstandin that the medicine may be a little over hated and of a deeper color than gingerly makes its way through a wather tap. Well you me consias, 'twould amuse you to see the cool way in which the long, lane, thin follas, that you couldn't scrape an ounce off wid an oyslher-knife, occasionally eye the fat, round, squat jokers as they waddle along in the meltin sun, wid the bades glistenin on their forehead as thick as on a crapper of politien that was jest powered out of a tin gallon kag. Faith, my word to you, it is midlin hot anyway; and I was thinkin that maybe the New Ministry in their ardhour for economy and re-turinchment would advise our adoptin, durin the dog-days at laste, of the costume of the New Zealanders, which is simply a shirt-collar and a pair of spurs. I know, alannah, that minny a fella wouldn't look over well in them; but I'll hold you a taster, that the Irish will pass muster if the suggestion be adopted; and that's more then I can say for some other gentry that I could mention as aisy as I could say "Jack Robinson."

Well, begorra, the County of Essex is in for a perfect millianium! Isn't it a fortunate thin for it if it can only be kept up? Accordin to the returnin officer at the declaration, the divil a representative it has got. Ah! then, it would be well for half the constituencies in Kinnada, aist and west, if they were similarly situated, instead of lookin for an extension of the franchise, and slipin a few more bagles on our thrack. The divil a bit o' me but would rather have the ould Governor and Council at work agin, then see our intherests inthrusted to the keepin of a pack of omadhawns who scarcely know who made thin, except through common report, or have sinse enough to stand from under the d'rop whin it rains. Be japers! Constitutional Government has come to a purly pass whin it has only got sich implennints to work