

OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

We yielded our usual column last week to the touching wails of "Poor Piggy's Protest," and in doing so, we hope to receive a becoming tribute from our lovite, *The Old Countryman*, whose issues of late have been rendered *funny* by artistical embellishments, adumbrative of the sentiment expressed in the aforesaid "protest."

The last weekly gathering of the Blowers was formidable in numbers; but in scrutinizing the names of those recorded as present, we are severely puzzled to know whether there are animated bodies corresponding to all the names given; or whether they are slipped in to give additional force to the imbecility of the city managers. We are mystified with the name of Lennox—who in the world is he—what has he done—and how happens it he got to be a common Councilman? Again, there is Wilcocks, who, we ascertained, was sent to the Corporation stool by the Ward of St. Andrew. He evidently don't know what he is there for; and scarcely seems to possess instinct enough to accept an invitation to "liquor." Then there is Prettie, too, figuring in the list of attendants—and a pretty piece of machinery we are bound to believe he must be—remarkably unobtrusive, and likely to be as pretty at the close of his term of office, as when he entered it. Here then, is a trio, sifted from the Corporation rubbish, to whom, for the sake of putting to use, we will assign the position of bottle-holders to Messrs. Craig, Purdy and Carruthers; the six to constitute a Standing Committee to watch the pig interest, and report to the Council at proper intervals the steps necessary to be taken to insure the perpetuation of this invaluable city attraction.

Quite an amount of by-play was observable at the last two performances of the Blowers—calling into action some of the supernumerary force. Indeed, this class are very acceptable in the Corporation Chamber, and serve the purpose of an orchestra at a theatre, or a life and drum in an Orange procession. What use, for example, could be made of Councillor Sproatt, if he was not occasionally assigned a solo on his melodious clarinet, and allowed to blow off the effervescence engendered by constitutional ferment, and play fantastic airs on the mal-practices of the City Engineer, about whose qualifications he is as capable of judging, as the members of the padlock firm are of uttering truth. Councillor Upton is a good figure, and might at times entertain the audience with statuary exhibitions, *a la* Notter, to make up for the paucity of his mental organization. Mr. Ald. Dunn evinced fearful obstinacy, and pricked up his ears in a manner to lead ignorant persons to suppose he occupies a stall contiguous to the junior member for Toronto. Pathos is undoubtedly the feature in Councillor Purdy; the silly hold absolute sway over Councillor Smith; superlative stupidity will ever obtain the dominion of Ald. Carr; the utopian continually haunts Ald. Brunel; inordinate vanity mars the undeveloped cranium of Ald. Read; while mere animal instinct may be said to fill up the void of Councilman Carruthers's unfurnished brain. Others there are upon whom we shall have to pass judgment; we shall watch them closely, and deal with the strictest impartiality.

Among various items of business, a proposition was discussed for the gradual disgorgement by Bowes of the Ten Thousand. Our Canadian Titmouse proposes security on real estate for the judgment and costs, for the present, in consequence of the general money depression. We think the Blowers ought to deal leniently with one whose wit was made subservient to the schemes of a wittier; and while Titmouse is heartily despised, and could not be entrusted with a tax-collectorship by his fellow-citizen, the managing swindler in the concern, the Snap-ping hyena is basking in imperial smiles, and pompously arrayed in the robes of Vice-royalty.

A new licensing system has been added to the city ordinances, containing more immoral features than any that has yet emanated from the City Corporation. Toronto is fast becoming a Sodom of iniquity; every second house is being transformed into a groggery. The windows of our best edifices are hideous with long-necked bottles and half decayed edibles. The future, under the full exercise of this license law, is pregnant with giant evils; and unless a strong arm is interposed in our behalf, we cannot be surprised at a fate as summary as that visited upon the City of the Plains.

An Affair of Honour.

—We understand that the broth of a b'hey from North Simcoe, Brother Ferguson, took Cauchon's motion for the six months' hoist to the Orange Incorporation Bill, as a personal insult to himself. A hostile meeting is to take place this evening on the Fair Green, at fifty-five and three quarter minutes past 7 o'clock. Brother Ferguson has secured Mr. George Brown as his second, and Mons. Cauchon will be attended on the ground by T. D'Arcy McGee, Esq.

Parish of St. Sylvester.

—This famous parish, the scene of the Corrigan murder, and in later times of O'Farrell's extravagancies, must be a natural curiosity, enchanted ground rivaling Dunyan's famous dream land. Unquestionably there must be some queer work there which petrify the old fashioned notions of right and wrong. O'Farrell has treated us to so many wondrous revelations lately that we feel as though our credulity was being imposed on, and shall be tempted to place the existence of St. Sylvester in the category of myths, or else come to the conclusion that Captain Beelzebub has made it his head quarters upon terra firma.

An Exquisite Critic.

—The learned and refined individual who reviews for the *Colonist*, enlightens the weak understanding of his readers, on the subject of the new national song. "It is in 'G' he says—which must by no means be understood to stand for 'goose.' The theme is well conceived, and accompanied; he goes on to say, and when the passages modulate into 'D'—which again does not mean 'Dunce' they repose in the dominant—because we suppose D stands for dominant. And in this entrancing state he continues, they contrast *superbly* with the learning of the succeeding four bars. We give it up! It is a mile too high for our comprehension! But we suppose it is another of the *Colonist's* jokes.

A PEN AND INK SKETCH

OF A SCENE IN THE HOUSE A FEW NIGHTS AGO.

[The Grumbler pledges his veracity to the substantial correctness of the outlines.]

"I move Mr. Speaker this House adjourn."
Cries of No! No! Yes! Yes! Go on! I turn.
Uproar and confusion. Yes and Nay.
'Call the members in, Sergeant dear, if you please.'
Order! Ayes will say aye, and Noes say no!
'The motion's lost! Let the spouting flow.'

"I move Mr. Speaker that for the space
Of five minutes you leave your usual place."
Carried! The Speaker in solemn state
Leaves the Chair, when the top of his empty pate
Is nearly struck by a paper ball—
Plunged by P—w—ll, the dardest brute of all.
Now the fun begins; from east to west,
They pelt each other with school-boy zest.
Golly, how ailek! these Statesmen sage,
In the dignified paper war engage.

Slap, goes a stunner in Price's eye,
And Patrick mows, vigorously,
Whilst little Oberg, enjoying the fun,
And Pappacua shouts in French 'well done.'
Like ball they rattle, west, north and south,
Dah, goes a crammer in Notman's mouth.
Missing thought barely for the nonce,
The top of the Clear Gift Chiefman's sconce.
Hoy ho! more hot and furious still—
Slap! I dash I go the seats of the chairs with a will.

Crash! Bang! I tell me, isn't it fun
To see elderly gentles; from east to west,
In their juvenile frolics the hog satire,
And smask and crash to their learis desire.
Now the famous orthographic Gould,
Takes the floor and avers he's not to be fool'd.
Swing go the cautious against his hide,
But bravely they bravely for the nonce.
He catches them, hurst them left and right.
Bang! I thro's a winder for Hallow's White,
Slap! I dash I now the climax is near,
Crash! I goes the crystal chandelier.

See the sparkling pendants as well the floor.
Poor Gould votes the sad mishap a bore.
Fields up like a guilty dog his feet,
And ainks avny softly to his seat.
Whilst the galleites lost in wonder sit,
Deeming the scene for the place most fit.
Order! Sir! Speaker takes the chair,
Mr. Brown on his legs with a robust air;
Begs he will notice the fact most rare,
That strangers are up in the gallery there.
The mumble illes—Mr. Seangran clear
The rabble out, and be quick to hear!

A uod's like a wink to a sightless horse,
So the rabble abscquante sick of course.
The last one has left, shut closely the door,
That Brown may his vials of wrath outpour.
'Mr. Speaker, I tell these claps stop to their face,
I deem their proceedings a perfect disgrace.
The've lost all respect for themselves and for you, sir,
And I'm sure you'll agree with me quite! if you know, sir,
Not content with leaving you person august,
They've mised since you've left a most infamous dust.
They crashed and they swashed without favour or fear,
Till they smashed our big, beautiful glass chandelier!
I vow, sir, I'll leave, sir, this house like a 'Pop,'
If these here proceedings are not made to stop.

What the public will say to these smashes of glass,
I know not except they vote each one an 'Ass.
And worst, sir, our Premier most wondrously sage,
Saw it all without working himself in a rage.
I blush for him, sir, blush for them all,
For our dignity yielded in this inland pal.

And will but repent again ere I sit down,
That their conduct demands, sir, your distasteful frown."
The Grillo subsided, relieved from the weight
Of the indignation the thrust'd in pate
And 'Tis GRUMBLES but adds that he gained a wee nook
In our favour that night for the stand that he took.

The Theatre.

—The critics as well as the public seem to be somewhat divided on Miss Heron's merits, and to set the matter at rest, we proclaim that Miss Heron is an actress, powerful and original, whose capability for the delineation of the most trying scenes have seldom been surpassed on our boards. Her rendition of *Camille* displayed great histrionic talent and personal feeling, which at once won on the audience, and left an impression that will long be remembered. In the early part of the week "Dick Turpin" was produced to the great disgust of all sensible play-goers. We would recommend Mr. Biddles not to incur the expense of hiring an ass for the next representation of this piece, since he can play that distinguished part himself to the greatest advantage.