

Parliamentary Intelligence.

From our own Special Correspondent.

TORONTO, March 17, 1869.

MY DEAR MR. BRANIGAN.—It would do you a power of good to be in Toronto about this time. Every day we have deputations from some place in Western Canada to protest against the impolitic Tariff Inspector General Galt is trying to impose on the business community of this young and growing country. The excitement attendant upon its introduction has filled the flapping sails of Brown and McGee with a temporary side-wind, which comes only in puffs, and will entirely die away so soon as this question has got its quietus. Brown is not elated over his prospect of power, for the premier of a day has come to the unpleasant conclusion that he cannot command the support of the House for an hour, even were he to be recalled to the responsible and honorable position he recently occupied for so brief a period. Yes, the man of broad protestant principles, who threw a firebrand amongst Irishmen of different religious creeds, and thus estranged them from each other, and afterwards entered into an alliance with D'Arcy Magee, has been found out a political knave, and has lost the confidence of all parties, except perhaps a few rabid Brownites, who place the Bible and the *Globe* on a par with each other. Brown was *poison*, when Magee turned up as an *antidote*—the one, thank goodness, neutralizes the influence of the other, and eventually, like the Kilkenny cats, they will eat each other up. Oil and water won't amalgamate—nor can D'Arcy's beautiful Milesian blarney soften down the harshness of the *bur* on Georgy's thistley tongue. No, Sir, Canadians have more sense than to permit themselves to be gulled by the clap-trap of either of these greedy adventurers.

In the House there is not much transpiring of general interest. While petitions are being received from all quarters in favor of a prohibitory liquor law, the brewers of this city are complaining that the impost of one per cent per gallon on certain liquors, is unjust and oppressive.

A bill has passed its second reading, having for its object the closing of all taverns and hotels, from 7 o'clock on Saturday night till Monday morning. It is likely to become law.

A homestead bill has also gone through a second reading. The country has long wanted a measure of this description.

St. Patrick's day here was very quiet, and quite unlike those of the olden time, when whisky and broken pates were the familiar characteristics of an occasion which ought to be marked by profound respect by every true Irishman.

Your *Chronicles and Curiosities* are extensively read here in the first circles—and not excluded from lady Head's breakfast room. John A. himself buys half-a-dozen copies; and the members stopping at the Rossin House create quite a demand for your spicy little bantering.

My friend, the editor of the *Old Countryman*, has just asked me to have a horn with him, and as I see John Sheridan and Marcus Talbot waiting in the hall, I don't expect to get away from them without having "a

little time," so good bye dear Terry for the present.

Yours,
SWEET WILLIAM.

SCENE:—The Market place—Market Clerk Collecting the Fees.

Clerk.—(Eyeing a woman who has just entered with eggs, thus soliloquizes.) Now, from the neatness of that woman's *tout ensemble* she must have come to market in a *vehicle* of some description; yet she will offer me fees for produce brought to market *by hand*. (To woman,—Madam, how came you into the city?

Woman.—On foot.

Clerk.—How far do you reside from here?

Woman.—At the Beach.

Clerk.—Why, that's a long way to walk; and how did you manage to keep your boots so clean, while the roads are so muddy?

Woman.—I came along the railway track.

Clerk.—And how far do you live from the railway?

Woman.—About a mile.

Clerk.—(Walking around woman and eyeing her skirt.) Why even your tail is not the least drabbed. Och, such a tidy body as you must be worth a fortune to a man.

Woman.—(Tendering Clerk a quarter.) Take the fees out of that.

Clerk.—No, you had better come to the Police Office, and let his worship see how clean your tail is after walking nine miles. I know how you came to town, and know also that you have not told the truth.

Woman.—(Indignantly rushing off, meets the "Dodger.") I'll see whether you can insult me in that way.

Dodger.—(Aside.) Now for revenge on Terry. (To woman.) I'll go with you to the Police office and we'll enter a complaint against the Market Clerk. [Exit Dodger and Beach woman at a furious pace, leaving Clerk and bystanders convulsed with laughter.]

[Finale.—Grand tableaux at the Police office.—Dodger, surrounded by a motley group, has just finished his harangue to the inexorable judge, and is feeling his right trouser pocket for the cots with one hand, while the other is wiping the perspiration from his manly brow. Slow curtain, and "Love's labor lost" is ended.—Terry's himself again.]

For the *Chronicles and Curiosities*.

PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS,
Toronto, March 15th, 1867.

Dear Sir;—You will please not to again insert in your valuable paper the advertisement, regarding the leading of my horse the Prince Regent, as I have sold a half share of him to George Brown, M.P.P.; and as we are therefore both interested in the matter, we shall endeavor to get through with our parliamentary affairs as quickly as possible, in order that I may be able during the coming season to lead him around myself, and thereby save considerable expense, besides doing some canvassing.

I remain, Yours, &c.

THE MEMBER FOR SOUTH WENTWORTH.

AR HIS OLD TRICK.—The dodging Chief Engineer of the Fire Brigade *has scarcely* assumed the *helm* ere he commences the *old game* which left our city without a fire brigade once before. Already he has submitted a By-law for the approval of the City Council, the provisions of which vest all power in himself. His signature is good for \$20 at a time, in behalf of the Brigade. How many times he may sign for the amount during a month or a week is not stated in the By-law, consequently the sum mentioned is merely a blind. Let the Council exercise judgment in this matter, or we shall have a repetition of former doings in the shape of fire works and other "jim cracks." Besides its passage will not be tolerated by those of the Brigade who know the dodging propensities of the once discarded and disgraced Chief. We would suggest the propriety of submitting the By-law to the different Companies ere it is entertained by the Council. A word to the wise is sufficient. It would be well, also, to ask what has become of the funds passing through the Chief's hands and belonging to No. 1 Rifle Company. Do the ex-Chief and other officers of the late Brigade approve of the contemplated By-law? We trow not.

MR. BRANIGAN: Sir,—I much regretted to see some strictures passed on that unfortunate *animal*, the post office clock, in your issue of last week, as I am credibly informed that things animate, i. e. the post office clerks, are themselves unable to keep time.

Daniel Webster had an anecdote of old Father Searl, the minister of his boyhood, which is too good to be lost. It was customary then to wear buckskin breeches in cold weather. One Sunday morning in the autumn, Father Searl brought his down from the garret; but the wasps had taken possession during summer, and were having a nice time of it. By dint of an effort, he got out the intruders and dressed for meeting. But while reading the scriptures to the congregation he felt a dagger from one of the enraged small waisted fellows, and jumped around the pulpit slapping his thighs. But the more he slapped and danced, the more they stung. The people thought him crazy and were in commotion as to what to do: but he explained the matter by saying "Brethren, don't be alarmed; the word of the Lord is in my mouth, but the Devil is in my breeches!" Webster always told it with glee to the ministers.

Two centuries ago not one in a hundred wore stockings. Fifty years ago not one boy in a thousand was allowed to run at large at night. Fifty years ago not one girl in a thousand made a waiting-maid of her mother. Wonderful improvements in this most wonderful age.

OUR LETTER BOX.—All letters and communications intended for the editor or for publication, should be addressed Box No. 129, Hamilton P. O.

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