

POLICEMENS' MANUAL,

(Which is not generally known to be pasted inside every Constable's hat.)

While on duty, walk at a snail's pace; by this means you will be more liable to catch cold and rheumatism. This easy perambulation, moreover, will enable bad characters to calculate exactly when you will next come in sight, and thus you may avoid disagreeable collisions.

You are not required to soil your boots and character simultaneously by going down back streets or lanes, for by so doing you may see bad characters and be troubled to recognize them when brought before the city alcaid.

As reflection of any sort would tend to refine and weaken the physical force of the constable, you are strictly forbidden to think; keep your eyes and mouth wide open, as if in the practice of eternal vigilance.

If you should be out of the way when an alarm of fire is given, instantly rush into the street, cry "fire" frantically and then bolt off in the general chase; you are more likely to be in the way there than on your beat.

Should you wish to be suspended for a month, hint that constable Courtney does the Chief more service than he does the Chief's master, the public. The prescription has never been known to fail.

If you take a drunken fellow in charge who is a little merry and restive, be sure and apply the baton vigorously, there is no telling what we may be struck into the vulgar, by this energetic exercise of authority.

In short, if you are never in the way when you are wanted, and run against every one where you are not, if you see nobody in a mob and everybody with whom you have no concern, you will make a most efficient and trustworthy policeman.

IN A DILEMMA.

How happy could I be with either,
Were 't'other dear charmer away,—*Beggar's Opera.*

We will venture to say that the Double Majority question is not by any means the greatest difficulty with which our friend "John A" has to deal. In fact, as far as this is concerned, and Representation by Population, and sundry other questions, about which the Opposition are kicking up such an absurd rumpus, we are not in the least apprehensive. We rest in the full assurance that the Premier will, when the proper time arrives, have a way of his own for putting a final quietus to all such humbugging schemes. There is, however, another question which is attended with the greatest difficulty. In fact we understand that the Premier was, during the recess, heard to use very strong language in reference to it, calling it a "nuisance," &c. We allude to the appointment of Sheriff for Middlesex—three members of Parliament and supporters of the Government—viz, Macbeth, Carling and Talbot have each espoused the cause of a favorite candidate, and are alike importunate—of course but, one can succeed. How is the matter to be decided? John A would like to retain the trio—indeed he can ill afford to spare any adherents—yet how can he satisfy all and appoint only one Sheriff? Verily the position of Premier is "not a bed of roses."

A FUNNY FRACAS!

On Wednesday evening last, at a room in the Rossin House, there have been seen seated in various attitudes, the following gentlemen:—Mr. McLeod, M.P.P. for Essex, Mr. McClenighan, editor of the Woodstock Times, Mr W. L. Smart of Woodstock; and Mr. deBlaquiere, all of them officially connected with the Great Southern Railway. A question arose as to the existence of a certain contract for the construction of a portion of the road, understood to be in the possession of Mr. McLeod. Mr. McClenighan expressed his belief that no such contract existed, and desired to see the document produced. Mr. McLeod at once exhibited it, when Mr. McClenighan took it into his hand, and suddenly bolted from the room, through the corridor and down the stairs! McLeod and his friends of course gave chase,—overtook the thief, dragged him back to the room, forced the document from him, in a somewhat mutilated condition, and then gave him some very forcible and "striking" hints to leave the premises, which he did in a very short space of time!

The above is "a plain unvarnished tale" sworn to before the Police Magistrate yesterday, when Mr. McClenighan was charged with Larceny by Mr. McLeod, Col. Prince acting as Counsel for the latter. It is a pity that Mr. Arthur Rankin, who was the instigator of the foul deed, could not be made to suffer the merited punishment of such a dirty transaction. The defence set up was that Mr. McClenighan did not mean to steal the document, although not a particle of satisfaction was given as to what he did mean to do with it. The case was dismissed. THE GRUMBLER is disgusted.

THE FASHIONS.

If we were solemnly adjured to adduce the most conclusive proof that all sublunary affairs are un-fixed, given to fluctuation, and prone to mutation—to cite such an instance as would form the apex to the pyramid of facts which have already been collected from all parts of this terrestrial sphere—to mention the fact which of all other facts carries with it the most weight—to proclaim the great principle of the uncertainty of all human events with such evidence as could not be gainsaid or denied—we should lay our hands on our hearts, and cause the scoffing spirits of all unbelievers throughout the world to quake, and their knees to shake in their unrighteous pumps by pointing—not to so insignificant a fact as that the solar system is ever revolving, or that the millions of suns and systems in the boundless expanse of space, are forever on the move, like a squirrel on a treadmill—but simply and unostentatiously to the Toronto fashions. There, any one who takes the trouble to look, may see innumerable changes every twenty-four hours: to-day, sunshine and crinoline—delightful cause and effect: to-morrow, rain and woollen wrapper—abominable relative, agreeing with villainous antecedent. But we can pursue this deplorable state of things no farther—so we lay down our melancholy pen in disgust until the weather clears up.

CITY SIGHTS.

MY DEAR GRUMBLER,—I intend, with your permission, to favour you with an account of the various permanent and transitory wonders of our City; which wonders I will endeavour to behold through the medium of a benignant but judicious philanthropy. Last night, I slipped away from the paternal roof, laying my younger brother under a strict injunction not to "let our mother know I was out," and sidled away to Sidaway's Saloon. Passing among a number of dirty figures, and paying twenty-five cents to a dirty-faced man, we found ourselves at about 9 o'clock in the midst of a crowd of sporting gentry, who resembled, very much, some of the figures in Hogarth's pictures of the Rakes Progress. Two young coveys, of a Sunday School age, but anything but Sunday School countenances, were hammering each other in an open space in the middle. The next set-to was between Tom and Jim. Jim was not steady on his pins, and flinched a little, but his mind was superior. Tom being quick to strike, gave him two or three good wh's for his nob, but Jim brushed up, and setting hard at Tom, gibbed him severely in a bloated tavern-keeper's lap, into which he had fallen.

The last set-to was between Johnny Lazarus and his brother Harry:

1st Round.—Both cautious; Johnny resolute; Harry confident and springy. J. taps H. on the lint-box, H. retorts hard on the wind-bags; J. stoops forward in a right and left bit, both being stopped, but gets it hard on his right whispering gallery.

2nd, 3rd, and 4th Rounds in same style, but being told to "wind up," they went at it as follows:—

II. a little blown, J. fresh; H. goes in hard, but is repulsed and driven to the edge of the ring, and gets his gridiron well bruised. He recovers and gives it in well about the potato-trap and snuff-box, but raising his hand too high, gets a bit on the bag-pipes. At it pell-mell, love-taps exchanged freely; they lock in an attitude, separate, make their bow and depart.

During the evening we saw among the crowd various acquaintances, Stationer's Clerks, young men in the Dry-Goods business, &c. The general aspect of the company was not select. There were hardly twenty clean visages in the whole audience of about two hundred. We left the pit under the profound conviction that there was not a greater nursery for vagabondism in the city—no better school for youth to learn the perfect points of a blackguard.

Yours,

OCELLUS.

Ex fume dero lucem.

[The last Epigram of the Clear Grit Chief.
Good GRUMBLER, now cease 'gainst my project to write,
And let me bamboozle the town,
Remember you can't wash the Blackamoor white,
Nor make the mau fair who is Brown.

"Consistency thou art a Jewel."

— Beautifully illustrated by Mr. Geo. Brown on Thursday, by giving "Notice of Inquiry of the Ministry, whether it is their intention to advise His Excellency to appoint a Solicitor General, and if so, when the vacancy will be filled?" This motion from Mr. Brown, who has been representing two constituencies ever since Parliament assembled, without a word of explanation, is impudence of the coolest kind.