

**REV. DR. RYERSON'S LAMENT.**

I've been through life an ill-used man,  
Which every body knows,  
And those who choose my life to scan  
May see what heavy blows  
I've had to stand, On every hand  
Have I been treated ill;  
My good deeds all seem writ in sand,  
My bad ones live on still,  
Since first I defied my plous "Gross"  
I've had to fight my way,  
I used the church, I used the press,  
And always had my say;  
I tried to reinforce the Tories  
And aided Francis Head,  
I filled the *Guardian* full of stories  
For which the Tories "bled."  
The Methodists I tried to drag  
Into the Tory camp,  
But somehow they all seemed to lag  
Although I held the lamp,  
And from the pulpit showed the way  
With pointed dexter finger,  
And shouted at them "not to stay,  
"They'd loose all if they linger."  
That time my knowing brother said  
"A hypocrite I was  
In plous things; a renegade  
In politics." What cause  
Induced him thus to speak of me  
To find I have no else,  
I'm sure I never can agree  
To say that it was true.  
For that small service then I got  
My present pleasant place;  
Since then with tooth and nail I've fought,  
Running the devil a race.  
I've dabbled again in politics  
Trying to "do up" Brown,  
But yet, in spite of all my tricks,  
He managed to "take me down."  
I lately journeyed to Quebec,  
Neglecting "school affairs;"  
I swathed in white my reverend neck,  
And put on plous airs;  
But oh! I fell into the hands  
Of Philistines down there,  
Who thrashed me well, and spoiled my "bands,"  
And left me exposed and bare.  
They showed up how I had belied  
My former votes and acts,  
Until I could have almost cried  
To see those naked facts.  
Alas! I now must change my ways,  
Too true—I've schemed for years,  
I've been a shuffler all my days,  
I'll now repent in tears.  
*(Chorus of W. Methodist Preachers outside.)*  
Ryerson, Ryerson, you've ruined our chances,  
You spoiled all our plans, you've broken our lances.  
Ryerson, Edgy, there'll be no more petitions,  
For now we are laughed at by all politicians.

**Warning.**

We advise the contractor for the construction of the Government roads in Grey, (an ex-alderman of Toronto), not to apply unguardedly his well-known practice of chiselling and gouging, as in this case it might be highway robbery.  
Heed the warning voice.

**Presentation.**

We have been given to understand that the friends and admirers of Ald. John Smith intend presenting that worthy with a leather medal, on which will be inscribed in letters of brass, Section 73 of the Municipal Act. It will be hung up in the worthy Alderman's bar-room.

**OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.**

We, in common with the majority of the respectable ratepayers of Toronto, have been of late puzzled amazingly to know the utility of the City Council meetings. The lavish expenditure that is weekly made to entertain from fifty to a hundred seedy looking cases who drop in to see the performance, is in these hard times, (or ought to be), a matter requiring investigation. Why should our already over-taxed citizens be burdened with a long bill from the Gas Company, whose carburetted material throws a light only upon the contemptible wranglings of a worthless crew of corporate blood-suckers? Why should the police officials be withdrawn from their proper sphere of duty to grace and add a mock dignity to this weekly convention of civic fools? Are the loud-toned buncombe declamations of Alderman Sherwood, the puny whistling eloquence of Alderman J. E. Smith, or the illiterate discourse of the *flowery* Conlin, any compensation for the waste of city money? No! not even the wisdom of Sancho Panza from St. Patrick's Ward is an equivalent for it. During the proceedings of the last Council meeting, we doubted the solidity of this latter person's (we cannot use the word gentleman when speaking of members of the Corporation) corpus. He kept popping up and down, as a Scotch friend observed, "like a hen on a hot griddle." We fairly expected to see him mount to the roof at each time of rising. He shook his portly sides as if preparing to ascend. We recommend him to the notice of the aeronautic Bob. By a proper process of inflation this bag of wind might be made to assume a dimension in which he would be "a trifle lighter than air," and consequently fitted for the purpose of the aeronaut. Reference can with profit be made to Esops thrilling narrative of THE INFLATED FROG, ON THE BEER UP BLOWERS.

The amount of business transacted may be pretty accurately estimated from a speech unwittingly delivered by the Mayor, calling the Council's attention to the orders of the day. The first bill on which, although it had enjoyed that primal eminence for several months, had not yet been taken up. Truly is it a deliberative assembly, and its acts as worthy of chronicle as the laborious deliberations of the New-Hamburg Council, whose patient Clerk made his hebdomadal record, "The Council met this day and smoked six pipes."

Mr. Alderman John Smith has we observe, placed on the roll, a bill to regulate the hire of boats to inexperienced persons. At the present rate of progress, this useful measure will come up for discussion, when the grand-children of the originator will be men and women, and he slumbering peacefully in the silent tomb. In the meantime mercenary boat-lenders will have grown rich on the spendings of reckless youths, of whom numbers will have rushed heedlessly to their own destruction, unconscious of the protection about to be afforded them, if they would be obliging enough to wait for it.

This is a fair sample of the utility of the Common Council of Toronto. This is what we pay thousands of dollars every year for, and yet citizens we humbly submit to it. We thrust into the civic chamber a set of rude boors to spend our money and make laws for us. They succeed admirably in the spending duty, being nearly all needy chiselling bankrupts, but as to the law making, being too ignorant to frame a respectable measure, they wisely forbear attempting it.

The courtly etiquette of the chamber, the dignified bearing of its members as an example to their fellow citizens, however console us for the absence of laws. Alderman Strachan is a shining mirror of courtesy. When the Chairman of the Committee said he had pronounced a motion carried before the Alderman offered his amendment, the worthy Father replied in a loud angry tone, "You did nothing of the kind." This it will be noticed is an improvement on the lie direct, and no doubt will soon come greatly in vogue with loafers and rowdies.

A worthy Councilman when requested to remain at his seat to preserve a quorum, said he would be d— if he would, and stalked from the room. These are model city Fathers, and Toronto is proud of them, but the *Grumbler* has the lash ready, and will not spare it longer. We will show them up week after week in their true colors, and give to the scrutiny of the world their hideous carcass of corruption.

**LEGISLATION OF 1860.**

*(Not from the Leader.)*

The subjoined statement, in tabular form, of the sessional work of 1860 will be found useful for future reference. It is at the same time a curious compilation.

*Legislative Council.*

Bills introduced.....	53
" passed into law.....	25
" in course of preparation at the close of the Session .....	250
<i>(Note.—In addition to passing these bills they did everything that they were asked to do by the Lower House.)</i>	
Hours spent in doing nothing .....	40
Amount of compensation or salary not drawn from provincial treasury.....	\$00.00

*Legislative Assembly.*

Bills introduced.....	230
" passed into law.....	128
" intended to have been introduced.....	2,500
" which printers were unable to read on account of bad spelling.....	12
Hours absolutely wasted.....	2,000
Amount of breath expended (cubic feet).....	26,000,000
Nonsense and abuse in proportion to sense and argument.....	as 500 to 1
Amount of salaries not drawn by members entitled.....	\$00.00

*Still more variations.*

	Introduced.	Passed.
AIKINS .....	1	0
BENJAMIN .....	2	0
GOULD .....	1	0
M. CAMERON.....	5	1
McKELLAR.....	2	0
McMICKEEN.....	4	0
SHERWOOD.....	1	0
ROBLIN.....	1	0
GOWAN.....	4	1
MOWAT.....	5	1

**The Prince's Car.**

—It is evidently Ald. Carr's ambition to be known as "the Prince's Car," for he is doing all he can to prevent the Mayor from having anything to do with the reception of the Prince.