

DEMOCRATIC ORATORY.

Mr. Caleb Cushing on taking the chair of the Democratic National Convention delivered an address replete with information and admonition. The following scrap of information must have been at once fresh and startling:—

Gentlemen, you have come here from the green hills of the Eastern States—from the rich States of the Imperial center—from the sun-lighted plains of the South—from the fertile States of the mighty basin of the Mississippi—from the golden shores of the district Oregon and California. [Loud cheers.]

What a pretty piece of trash to be sure. "The green hills," as if New England monopolized all the verdant tints of the country, an idea abundantly controverted by the general character of the Convention. What "the imperial center" may mean we are at a loss to conceive; perhaps it should be "imperious." Whatever it may signify, we are assured that it is "rich," if it is only half as rich as the nonsense of the speech, it must be another "El Dorado." Then we have the "sun-lighted plains of the South" just as if old Phabus especially gloated over negro-selling and slave-lashing, and did not deign to thrive elsewhere. We always thought the South one of these "dark places of the earth, the habitations of cruelty." Caleb says it is not so, and, of course, we must believe him; chairmen of Democratic Conventions always tell the truth. The "mighty basin" of the Mississippi comes in for the next daub; but we must really object to Caleb's making it a stop-basin for the reception of his rhetorical messes. Looking at the whole stupid farrago of fustian its most natural effect should be laughter. Not a bit of it. "Loud cheers" is the parenthetical note of the reporter. In other words, the delegates were enraptured beyond measure, because Caleb told them that they had come from home; a fact—which probably never struck them before; though, indeed, before their labours are ended, we can fancy many of them parodying Touchstone's lament, "so now I am in Charleston, the more fool I, for when I was at home, I was in a better place." If Mr. Cushing could draw out so much enthusiasm by simply noting their absence from home; what effect might he not have produced if he had given the delegates the opportunity of answering that puzzling and mysterious interrogation of youth, "does your mother know you're out?"

Legal Advice.

—Are any of our readers defending a law suit? Do they wish to fight the matter off for an indefinite period? Then, take our advice and have the case tried before a special jury. Special jurymen never agree: they are always discharged without agreeing on a verdict: at least, in nine cases out of ten, our assertion will be found to be true. This is the reason why Insurance Companies, &c., get special juries. Hurrah! for special juries we say. We don't speak, however, from personal experience, as we never had the pleasure of appearing before a jury of any kind; although at one time we thought that our presence would have been required. The suggestion is good for all that, and we cordially recommend it to our numerous readers.

A Case of Suspended Animation.

—Mr. Brown taking nearly three years to discover that Dr. Connor was at one time, elected to a seat in the Legislative Assembly by a majority of one.

A SOLEMN WORK.

The Leader is guilty of perpetrating the following, when speaking of the planting of trees on the "Princes walk":

"It was somewhat amusing to notice the gravity of those engaged in the work of imbedding the roots; many of them looking as sober and thoughtful as if they were in the act of digging their own graves."

It is really too bad that on such a solemn occasion as that which the writer in *The Leader* was describing, he should have indulged in this heartless jest. Solemn indeed was it to us, when with a young maple shoot in hand, and dear Mrs. Grumbler and the domestic shoots hanging about us, we reached the spot to be hereafter known in the annals of our country's history as the "Princes' walk." Yea, doubly solemn was it, when spade in hand, we turned the clayey mould and embedded the root of the little sapling. What thoughts of the future loomed up before us as we watered it with our tears, led on by the dear partner of our joys and woes. We could see the countless thousands of yet-unborn Grumblers assembling around the spreading branches of a majestic maple, extolling the domestic and public virtues of our humble selves, and the wonderful sagacity of the long-past and almost-forgotten papa and mamma, who had thus enabled them to cherish a sweet remembrance of those by gone days. Changing our reflections we could see the little brats receiving at the hands of a care-worn and afflicted pedagogue, a most unmerciful flagellation with a sprig of the self-same maple. Was such an occasion as this, we repeat, a time to indulge in jest. Oh! cruel *Leader*, how hardened is thy paternal heart!

CORPORATION BLOWERS.

Verily, we have a nice lot of tinkers in our City Corporation. They call themselves Conservatives, and, in order we suppose to shew their conservatism, have commenced to tear down all those barriers which years of careful legislation have erected. Every safe-guard is going by the board; every by-law passed to prevent the city being plundered by jobbers, is being repealed. They have petitioned Parliament to rescind the act relating to the election of mayors by the people. They are about to repeal the by-law preventing persons having leases, &c., from the Corporation, from entering the Council. They have petitioned for a change in the management of the police so as to get the power into their own hands. We may well ask, are these Conservatives who are attempting to tinker the city by-laws and the "Municipal Act" in this way? The most extreme Radical would never think of acting thus. The most amusing part of it is, that it is such legal gentlemen as Ald. Moodie & Co. who are the prime movers in these schemes. How can Toronto fail to become great, powerful, rich and respected with Carr, Moodie & Co. at the helm? We pause for a reply.

Don't Believe It.

—The City Inspector reports that the *Globe* office is in imminent danger of falling. The Hon. John A. Macdonald writes us that this is the result of Foley, Connor & Co's undermining. With all due deference to the political sagacity and acumen of the Attorney General West, we must say we don't believe it.

TO HON. SIDNEY SMITH, P. M. G.

21, MASONIC HALL,
Toronto.

DEAR SMITH,—

'Tis said that absence conquers love,
But oh! I believe it not;
Dear Sidney Smith I'll try to prove
That you are not forgot.
Duty, alas! has made us part,
Yet, still, you are as dear—
As fixed in your dear Grumbler's heart
As when he had you here.

I know you're in the busy crowd,
Am sure you're still the same,
For what, indeed, could make you proud,
Who dares to say?—your fame.
And when I think of what you broke
Before you left our shore:
'Of grammar shattered at a stroke,
I love you all the more.

But Oh! I sometimes feel a pang,
To think how private pique
May twit you by your nasal twang,
When'er you rise to speak.

'Tis said that absence conquers love,
Sidney, believe it not,
Tho' absent, I shall strive to prove
Your grammar's not forgot.

Your faithful adviser,
MR. GAUMBLER.

HON. STONEY BUTTS,
London, England.

YANKEE JUSTICE.

The Hon. Caleb Cushing, the flower of the un-terrified Democracy, in his inaugural splutter to the Charleston Convention, says, amongst other equally stupid things, that it is "the high and noble part of the Democracy to strike down and conquer" "the stupid and half insane spirit of faction," meaning, we suppose, the Republican party. Now, we shall not go into the question of the "destiny" of either party; we only desire to call attention to the order of succession in the sentence from which we have quoted. It is John Bull's boast that he never hits a man when he's down. The Democrat, through Caleb, reverses the English maxim and calls upon his brother dough-faces to "strike down" their opponents first, and whop them (or "conquer" as Caleb hath it) afterwards. No wonder that there is no such thing as justice in niggerdom.

Nothing Strange.

—It is said that the number of incorrigible bachelors and disconsolate old maids who are taking part in the planting of the Prince's walk, is remarkable. We do not wonder at it, when one of the principal objects of inviting the citizens to plant those trees is the perpetuation of their names to future ages.

That's Right.

—Mr Dufresne says that he does not intend to get sick again, next session, since his old ailin (Alley) is gone. In case he should be indisposed again, the government intend bringing over Florence Nightingale to nurse him.

Wedded Bliss.

—A young couple, whose souls were knit together about three months ago, have spent a great portion of their leisure time, since then, in darnin' the tie that binds them.