

OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

We are believers in the improbability of our species, niggers and City Councillors not excepted, and are rejoiced that we can bring forward a fact, in support of our theory regarding the latter body of men. The last evening upon which the Blowers met for the exchange of mutual congratulations, our oftentimes mentioned friend, Mr. Councilman Craig, gave notice that he would, on Monday night next, move that the thanks of the Corporation be presented to William Webster, constable, for his heroic conduct in jumping off the cars, in order to capture a rogue who had, *pro tempore*, escaped his clutches. What this second Hero of Cars (Kars) wants with the thanks of the Council we cannot divine. Perhaps Mr. Craig, poor fellow! thinks he will be doing the man some honour. If so, let us give him all credit for his intention. As for General Williams—we beg his pardon, Constable William—he will no doubt put up with the insult, provided it be accompanied with a consideration, which we recommend the Council to grant him.

The City Gaol, a subject very congenial to the taste of the Blowers, occupied much of their attention last evening. One might almost think they anticipate spending their declining years within its precincts, so anxious are they for its well doing. The Committee, however, who have the management of its affairs, have again got into hot water. Out of consideration for the ignorance of our City Papas, it is usual for contractors to send in their tenders for work upon *printed* forms, for as some of the gentlemen who have the manipulation thereof are scarcely able to tell great A from a chest of drawers, it must be plain to the meanest comprehension, or even to Councillor Purdy's, that written tenders would stand no chance of being read. This fact was exemplified in the case of the Committee on Police and Prisons, of which Councilman Ardagh is the most creditable member. Two tenders for gaol work were sent in, one from Mr. Ginty, another from Messrs. Skelsey and St. Clair, the latter being \$24,000 less than the former. Unfortunately it was, though precise in all other respects, *written* instead of *printed*, and, through the sheer inability of the committee to read it, was thrown on one side, and the acceptance of Mr. Ginty's offer recommended.

The saving of the \$24,000 was only effected by Ald. Smith, who, as he can read the manuscript, brought the matter before the Council and got it put to rights. The idea of questioning their decision roused the ire of those terrible birds of prey, Ardagh and Craig, but their outpoured indignation was mere child's play, (which it generally is) compared to the awful wrath of Bob Moody. This gentleman, since he has forwarded the defeats of Romain and Cameron, has done the city great service—he has generally stopped away from the deliberations of its municipal representatives. May he persevere in this useful course! We have many other clowns in the Council who spurn Lindley Murray who are independent of all grammar, except that of their own construction, who never gave utterance to ten words which were not enough to bring the blush to the cheek of the worst of the much maligned Cockney tribe;—but all these are left immeasurably behind by the "Capt." The subject of his address was as well chosen as his language;—

it was himself, his own noble self, monkey jacket and all. The rest of the corporation were rogues, chisellers, and political gougers, he alone was pure and consistent, witness the way in which he had

"Through all turns of veal and woe,
Followed big Georgie still."

These were the reasons he enunciated why \$24,000 more should be given for a contract than was asked. They satisfied him, we trust they will also satisfy the electors of the "noble Ward of St. John." If they should not, it will be well for Bob to pawn his watch and retire on the proceeds.

THE HERO OF KARS.

With that promptitude which has ever been the plague of Toronto and its blessed Corporation, Sir W. F. Williams was instantly invited to a public lunch after it was known that he was in town for a week or so; and afterwards Hamilton, with its characteristic forward impertinence, had invited the hero, to receive all the public honor which it was in the power of that little city to bestow.

Notwithstanding this unseemly haste, we were glad to see that the Corporation and citizens were not deaf to the urgent appeals which were made to them through the press to do the handsome thing to Sir William before he left us, and we congratulate them on the facility with which they recognized Sir William as no common sort of a hero, and the glibness of speech with which they told him so.

THE THEATRE.

Until Mr. Nickinson shall have erected a new theatre, or at least made the boxes of his present one more comfortable than they are at present, it is not likely that he will receive that reward, pecuniary speaking, which he is now justly entitled to. At present the theatre is not as well supported as it ought to be. Miss Frost has failed to draw crowded houses, Messrs. Marlowe and Lee expound excellent *rols*, to no purpose. The Misses Lyons smile their sweetest in vain. The new company go it strong without producing any extraordinary effect. And even Mr. Nickinson, the great favorite, who has had the good sense to forsake military duties for the higher duties of the drama, has not been able to induce the lazy public to visit that dingy Temple of the Muses on King Street West. And yet, for all that, good pieces have been got up, and the playing has been in most instances excellent. The comedy of "Our Wife" is an instance in point; and then there is the "Forty Thieves,"—why the *tableau* of the forty thieves coming over the mountain, was worth double the money paid for admittance.

Coroners.

—These Coroners are continually doing something ridiculous. Some time ago we had to distinguish one of them, and now Coroner Hollowell, a little cross-grained old fellow, must be getting up nice little "scenes" with the press and the jury, instead of acting like a man of common sense. We do not know why such men were made coroners, unless it was to deter people from committing suicide. For surely it must disturb any sensitive man's rest to have such a fuss kicked up over him as Coroner Hollowell and a few other coroners make it a practice to do.

MUSIC! MUSIC!

We referred some time ago to the attempt about to be made by Rev. G. Onions, to introduce a cheap series of musical performances in the City. We understand that the first of these will be given on or about Wednesday next, in the Crystal Palace.—Handel's Oratorio of Judas Maccabbus, will be performed in excellent style, and the price of admission will be only 25 cents. We earnestly appeal to the people of Toronto, to place this experiment at once beyond risk of failure. The opportunity was never given before for securing so pleasing and elevating an entertainment at so insignificant a price. The success of next week's performance will determine whether we are to have a series of these entertainments or not; should this attempt succeed, other oratorios will follow; if not, the musical character of the people of Toronto is much lower than we were led to believe. We submit too, that this is the best time for a combination of the two rival societies; if only for one occasion let them both lay aside their ordinary leaders, and by uniting for this performance, show what we can do in Toronto. It is surely worth trying, the ground is perfectly neutral, and much good may result from the movement. We have heard that many of the members of both societies refuse to aid Mr. Onions; if this be the fact, it does little credit to them, and we can only hope that those who really have the cause of innocent and elevating popular recreation at heart, will rally round Mr. Onions on this occasion, and secure a series of performances within the reach of the whole community.

A CHANGE AT LAST.

Although we could not but admire the depth and originality of genius exhibited by the *Leader*, in terming Mr. Brown, Mr. McGee's man Friday—the *Globe*, Mr. McGee's organ, and the Brown Dorion Government, Mr. McGee's Cabinet, &c., &c., still we confess that we became thoroughly weary of seeing the changes so incessantly rung upon Brown-McGeeism.

We panted for something new; we desired to see Mr. Brown placed before us in some other combination, and at length our wishes are gratified; the Scotch bug-bear has received a new baptism in the *Leader* font, and comes out as "Skeffington Connor's mystagogue." Bravo! Mr. *Leader*, try again; and who knows but, you may produce something still more strikingly effective.

Malignity.

—We are indebted to the telegraph report of the *Ariel's* news for the following paragraph:—
"A failure are progressing very favourably at Canton; cholera has made its appearance in the Chinese army."

We question whether the appearance of cholera in the Chinese army ought to have been considered a legitimate cause for congratulation, even when the British army was opposed to it in the field; but a treaty of peace having been concluded with the celestial empire, we confess we were unprepared for the above malign paragraph. Surely some other reason might be given for the improved appearance of affairs at Canton, than the outbreak of a terrible disease among the gentlemen of the pig-tail.

Philanthropy of the Tater.

"Raleigh's true philanthropy is embodied in the potato."—*Col.*
—Which of the potatoes is it in?—Ed. G.